Workers of all countries, unite!

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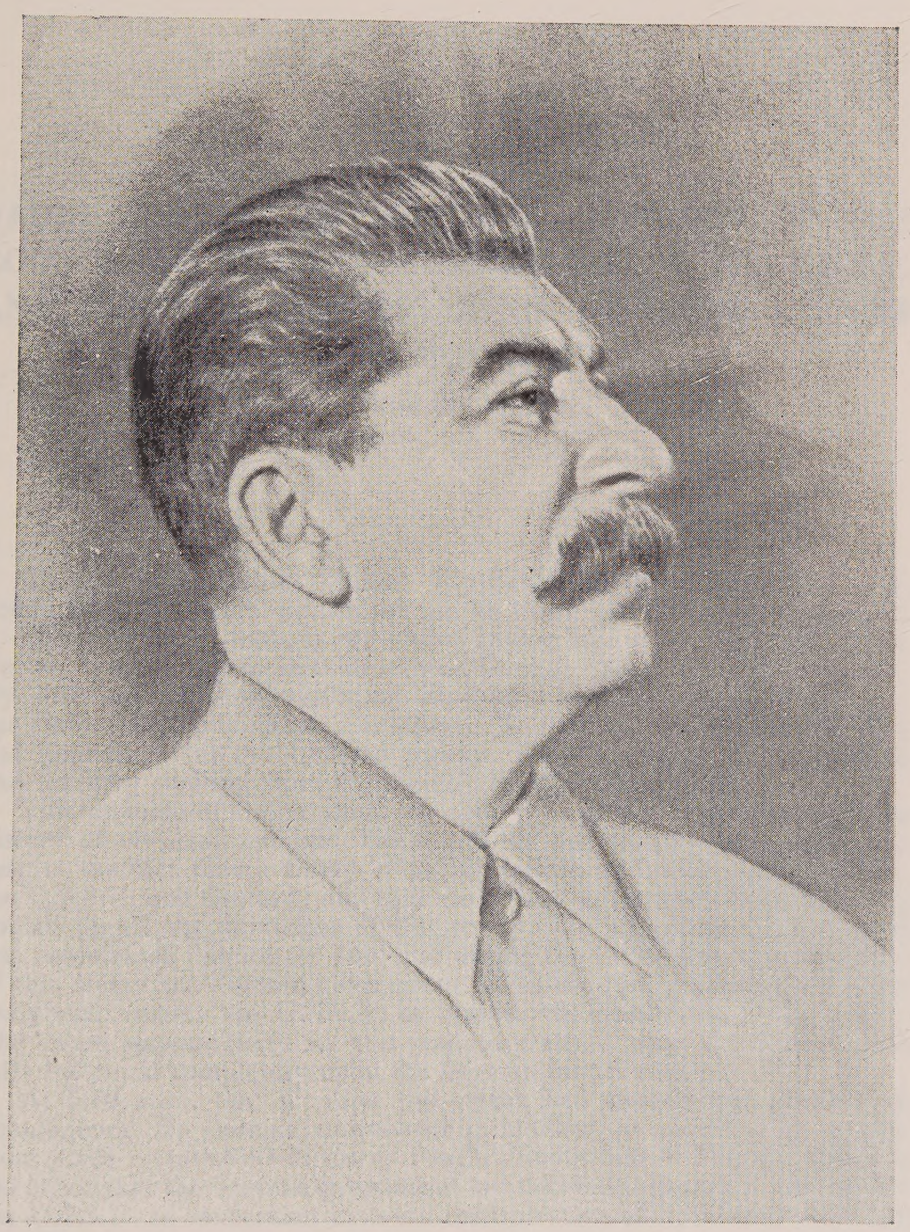


TOPICS OF THE DAY

RADIO ADDRESS OF THE VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF PEOPLE'S COMMISSARS OF THE U.S.S.R. AND PEOPLE'S COMMISSAR OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS V. M. MOLOTOV

June 22, 1941

Citizens of the Soviet Union! The Soviet government and its head, Comrade Stalin, have authorized me to make the following statement:

Today at 4 a.m. without any claims having been presented to the Soviet Union, without any declaration of war, German troops attacked our country, attacked our borders at many points and bombed from their airplanes our cities—Zhitomir, Kiev, Sevastopol, Kaunas and some others, killing and wounding over two hundred persons. There were also enemy air-raids and artillery shelling from Rumanian and Finnish territory.

This unheard-of attack upon our country is perfidy unparalleled in the history of civilized nations. The attack on our country was perpetrated despite the fact that a treaty of non-aggression had been signed between the U.S.S.R. and Germany and that the Soviet government most faithfully abided by all the provisions of this treaty. The attack upon our country was perpetrated despite the fact that during the entire period of operation of this treaty the German government could not find grounds for a single complaint against the U.S.S.R. as regards the observance of the treaty. The entire responsibility for this predatory attack upon the Soviet Union falls fully and completely upon the German fascist rulers.

At 5.30 a.m., that is, after the attack had already been perpetrated, Schulenburg, the German ambassador in Moscow, on behalf of his government made a statement to me as People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs to the effect that the German government has decided to launch a war against the U.S.S.R. in connection with the concentration of Red Army units near the Eastern German frontier.

In reply to this I stated on behalf of the Soviet government that until the very last moment the German government had not presented any claims to the Soviet government, that Germany attacked the U.S.S.R. despite the peaceable position of the Soviet Union, and that for this reason fascist Germany is the assailant.

On the instructions of the government of the Soviet Union I must also state that at no point had our troops or our air force committed any violation of the frontier and therefore the statement made this morning by the Rumanian radio to the effect that Soviet aircraft allegedly had fired on Rumanian aerodromes is a sheer lie and provocation. Likewise a lie and provocation is the whole declaration made today by Hitler, who is trying belatedly to concoct accusations charging the Soviet Union with failure to observe the Soviet-German pact.

Now that the attack on the Soviet Union has already been committed, the Soviet government has ordered our troops to repulse the predatory assault and to drive the German troops from the territory of our country.

This war has been forced upon us not by the German people, not by the German workers, peasants and intellectuals, whose sufferings we well understand, but by the clique of bloodthirsty fascist rulers of Germany, who have enslaved the French, the Czechs, the Poles, the Serbs, Norway, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Greece and other nations.

The government of the Soviet Union expresses its unshakable confidence that our valiant Army and Navy and the brave falcons of the Soviet Air Force will acquit themselves with honor in performing their duty to the fatherland, to the Soviet people, and will inflict a crushing blow upon the aggressor.

This is not the first time that our people has had to deal with the attack of an arrogant foe. At the time of the Napoleon's invasion of Russia our people's reply was a patriotic war and Napoleon suffered defeat and met his doom. It will be the same with Hitler, who in his arrogance has proclaimed a new crusade against our country. The Red Army and our whole people will again wage a victorious patriotic war for our country, for honor, for liberty.

The government of the Soviet Union expresses its firm conviction that the whole population of our country, all the workers, peasants and intellectuals, men and women, will conscientiously perform their duties and do their work. Our entire people must now stand solid and united as never before. Each one of us must demand of himself and of others a discipline, organization and self-denial worthy of real Soviet patriots, in order to provide for all the needs of the Red Army, Navy and Air Force, to ensure victory over the enemy.

The government calls upon you, citizens of the Soviet Union, to rally still more closely around our glorious Bolshevik Party, around our Soviet government, around our great leader, Comrade Stalin.

Ours is a righteous cause. The enemy will be routed. Victory will be ours.

RADIO BROADCAST BY JOSEPH STALIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE COMMITTEE OF DEFENCE

July 3, 1941

Comrades, Citizens, Brothers and Sisters, Men of our Army and Navy! My words are addressed to you, dear friends!

The perfidious military attack on our fatherland begun on June 22 by Hitler Germany is continuing. In spite of the heroic resistance of the Red Army, and although the enemy's finest divisions and finest air force units have already been smashed and have met their doom on the field of battle, the enemy continues to push forward, hurling fresh forces into the attack. Hitler's troops have succeeded in capturing Lithuania, a considerable part of Latvia, the western part of Byelorussia and part of Western Ukraine. The fascist aircraft is extending the range of their operations and are bombing Murmansk, Orsha, Moghilev, Smolensk, Kiev, Odessa and Sevastopol. Grave danger overhangs our country.

How could it have happened that our glorious Red Army surrendered a number of our cities and districts to the fascist armies? Is it really true that the German fascist troops are invincible, as the braggart fascist propagandists are ceaselessly trumpeting?

Of course not! History shows that there are no invincible armies and never have been. Napoleon's army was considered invincible, but it was beaten successively by the armies of Russia, England and Germany. Kaiser Wilhelm's German army in the period of the first imperialist war was also considered invincible, but it was beaten several times by Russian and Anglo-French forces, and was finally smashed by the Anglo-French forces. The same must be said of Hitler's German fascist army to-day. This army had not yet met with serious resistance on the continent of Europe. Only on our territory has it met with serious resistance. And if as a result of this resistance the finest divisions of Hitler's German fascist army have been defeated by our Red Army, it means that it too can be smashed and will be smashed, as were the armies of Napoleon and Wilhelm.

As to part of our territory having nevertheless been seized by the German fascist troops, this is chiefly due to the fact that the war of fascist Germany on the U.S.S.R. began under conditions that were favorable for the German forces and unfavorable for the Soviet forces. The fact of the matter is that the troops of Germany, being a country at war, were already fully mobilized, and the 170 divisions hurled by Germany against the U.S.S.R. and brought up to the Soviet frontiers were in a state of complete readiness, only awaiting the signal to move into action, whereas the Soviet troops had still to effect mobilization and move up to the frontiers. Of no little importance in this respect is the fact that fascist Germany suddenly and treacherously violated the non-aggression pact she had concluded in 1939 with the U.S.S.R., heedless of the fact that she would be regarded as the aggressor by the whole world. Naturally, our peace-loving country, not wishing to be the first to break the pact, could not resort to perfidy.

It may be asked, how could the Soviet Government have consented to conclude a non-aggression pact with such perfidious fiends as Hitler and Ribbentrop? Was this not an error on the part of the Soviet Government? Of course not! Non-aggression pacts are pacts of peace between two States. It was such a pact that Germany proposed to us in 1939. Could the Soviet Government have declined such a proposal? I think that not a single peace-loving State could decline a peace treaty with a neighboring State even though the latter were headed by such monsters and cannibals as Hitler and Ribbentrop. But that, of course, only on the one indispensable condition—that this peace treaty did not jeopardize, either directly or indirectly, the territorial integrity, independence and honor of the peace-loving State. As is well known, the non-aggression pact between Germany and the U.S.S.R. was precisely such a pact.

What did we gain by concluding the non-aggression pact with Germany? We secured our country peace for a year and a half and the opportunity of preparing its forces to repulse fascist Germany should she risk an attack on our country despite the pact. This was a definite advantage for us and a disadvantage for fascist Germany.

What has fascist Germany gained and what has she lost by perfidiously tearing up the pact and attacking the U.S.S.R.? She has gained a certain advantageous position for her troops for a short period of time, but she has lost politically by exposing herself in the eyes of the entire world as a bloodthirsty aggressor. There can be no doubt that this short-lived military gain for Germany is only an episode, while the tremendous political gain of the U.S.S.R. is a weighty and lasting factor that is bound to form the basis for the development of decisive military successes of the Red Army in the war with fascist Germany.

That is why our whole valiant Red Army, our whole valiant navy, all our falcons of the air, all the peoples of our country, all the finest men and women of Europe, America and Asia, finally, all the finest men and

women of Germany—denounce the treacherous acts of the German fascists, sympathize with the Soviet Government and approve its conduct, and see that ours is a just cause, that the enemy will be defeated, and that we are bound to win.

By virtue of this war which has been forced upon us, our country has come to death grips with its bitterest and most perfidious enemy—German fascism. Our troops are fighting heroically against an enemy armed to the teeth, abundantly supplied with tanks and aircraft. Overcoming innumerable difficulties, the Red Army and Red Navy are self-sacrificingly disputing every inch of Soviet soil. The main forces of the Red Army are coming into action equipped with thousands of tanks and airplanes. The men of the Red Army are displaying unexampled valor. Our resistance to the enemy is growing in strength and power. Side by side with the Red Army, the entire Soviet people are rising in defence of our native land.

What is required to put an end to the danger menacing our country, and what measures must be taken to smash the enemy?

Above all it is essential that our people, the Soviet people, should understand the full immensity of the danger that threatens our country and abandon all complacency, the carefreeness and mentality of peaceful constructive work which were so natural before the war, but which are fatal to-day when war has fundamentally changed the whole situation. The enemy is cruel and implacable. He is out to seize our lands watered with our sweat, to seize our grain and oil secured by the labor of our hands. He is out to restore the rule of the landlords, to restore tsarism, to destroy the national culture and the national State existence of the Russians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Lithuanians, Letts, Esthonians, Uzbeks, Tatars, Moldavians, Georgians, Armenians, Azerbaijanians and the other free peoples of the Soviet Union, to germanize them, to convert them into the slaves of German princes and barons. Thus the issue is one of life and death for the Soviet State, of life and death for the peoples of the U.S.S.R.; the issue is whether the peoples of the Soviet Union shall remain free or fall into slavery. The Soviet people must realize this and abandon all carefreeness; they must mobilize themselves and reorganize all their work on a new, wartime footing, where there can be no mercy to the enemy.

Further, there must be no room in our ranks for whimperers and cowards, for panic-mongers and deserters; our people must know no fear in the fight and must selflessly join our patriotic war of liberation, our war against the fascist enslavers. Lenin, the great founder of our State, used to say that the chief virtue of Soviet men and women must be courage, valor, fearlessness in struggle, readiness to fight together with the people against the enemies of our country. This splendid virtue of the Bolshevik must become the virtue of millions and millions of the Red Army, of the Red Navy, of all the peoples of the Soviet Union.

All our work must be immediately reconstructed on a war footing.

everything must be subordinated to the interests of the front and the task of organizing the demolition of the enemy. The peoples of the Soviet Union now see that there is no taming German fascism in its savage fury and hatred of our country, which has ensured all its working people labor in freedom and prosperity. The peoples of the Soviet Union must rise against the enemy and defend their rights and their land. The Red Army, Red Navy and all citizens of the Soviet Union must defend every inch of Soviet soil, must fight to the last drop of blood for our towns and villages, must display the daring, initiative and innate ability that are inherent in our people.

We must organize all-round assistance to the Red Army, ensure powerful reinforcements for its ranks and the supply of everything it requires; we must organize the rapid transport of troops and military freight and extensive aid to the wounded.

We must strengthen the Red Army's rear, subordinating all our work to this cause; all our industries must be got to work with greater intensity, to produce more rifles, machine-guns, artillery, bullets, shells, airplanes; we must organize the guarding of factories, power stations, telephonic and telegraphic communications, and arrange effective air raid protection in all localities.

We must wage a ruthless fight against all disorganizers of the rear, deserters, panic-mongers, rumor-mongers; we must exterminate spies, sabotage agents and enemy parachutists, rendering rapid aid in all this to our destroyer battalions. We must bear in mind that the enemy is crafty, unscrupulous, experienced in deception and the dissemination of false rumors. We must reckon with all this and not fall victims to stratagem. All who by their panic-mongering and cowardice hinder the work of defence, no matter who they may be, must be immediately haled before the military tribunal.

In case of a forced retreat of Red Army units, all rolling stock must be evacuated, the enemy must not be left a single engine, a single railway car, not a single pound of grain or gallon of fuel. The collective farmers must drive off all their cattle and turn over their grain to the safekeeping of the State authorities for transportation to the rear. All valuable property, including non-ferrous metals, grain and fuel, which cannot be withdrawn must be destroyed without fail.

In areas occupied by the enemy, guerilla units, mounted and foot, must be formed, sabotage groups must be organized to combat enemy units, to foment guerilla warfare everywhere, blow up bridges and roads, damage telephone and telegraph lines, set fire to forests, stores and transports. In occupied regions conditions must be made unbearable for the enemy and all his accomplices. They must be hounded and annihilated at every step, and all their measures frustrated.

This war with fascist Germany cannot be considered an ordinary war. It is not only a war between two armies, it is also a great war of the entire

Soviet people against the German fascist armies. The aim of this national war in defence of our country against the fascist oppressors is not only to eliminate the danger hanging over our country, but also to aid all the European peoples groaning under the yoke of German fascism. In this war of liberation we shall not be alone. In this great war we shall have true allies in the peoples of Europe and America, including the German people who is enslaved by the Hitlerite misrulers. Our war for the freedom of our country will merge with the struggle of the peoples of Europe and America for their independence, for democratic liberties. It will be a united front of the peoples standing for freedom and against enslavement and threats of enslavement by Hitler's fascist armies. In this connection the historic utterance of the British Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, regarding aid to the Soviet Union, and the declaration of the United States Government signifying readiness to render aid to our country, which can only evoke a feeling of gratitude in the hearts of the peoples of the Soviet Union, are fully comprehensible and symptomatic.

Comrades, our forces are numberless. The overweening enemy will soon learn this to his cost. Side by side with the Red Army many thousands of workers, collective farmers and intellectuals are rising to fight the enemy aggressor. The masses of our people will rise up in their millions. The working people of Moscow and Leningrad have already commenced to form huge Popular Guards in support of the Red Army. Such Popular Guards must be raised in every city which is in danger of enemy invasion; all the working people must be roused to defend with their lives their freedom, their honor, their country in this patriotic war against German fascism.

In order to ensure the rapid mobilization of all the forces of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. and to repulse the enemy who has treacherously attacked our country, a State Committee of Defence has been formed and the entire State authority has now been vested in it. The State Committee of Defence has entered on the performance of its functions and calls upon all our people to rally around the Party of Lenin—Stalin and around the Soviet Government, so as self-denyingly to support the Red Army and Red Navy, to demolish the enemy and secure victory.

All our forces for the support of our heroic Red Army and our glorious Red Navy!

All the forces of the people for the demolition of the enemy!

Forward to victory!

Writers and Intellectuals Voice Their Indignation

WHAT WE ARE DEFENDING

The program of the National-Socialists—the "nazis" (fascists)—is not given complete in Hitler's book. It includes only the things that can be admitted. The further development of their program embodies such delirious, sadistic and gory aims that it would be impolitic to avow them. But the behavior of the nazis in the countries they have occupied raises a fringe of the curtain on this "secret," the indications are all too obvious: slavery, hunger and brutalization await all who do not say firmly at the right time: "Better death than the victory of the nazis."

The nazis are hysterically self-confident. After their conquest of Poland and France, achieved mainly by bribery and diversive activities undermining the military strength of their adversaries, after their conquest of smaller countries which fell honorably before an enemy incomparably stronger than themselves, the nazis hastily proceeded to put into effect the further implications of their program. Thus in the concentration camps of Poland, where they are keeping Polish workers and Polish intellectuals, the mortality this spring was seventy per cent, now it is a hundred per cent. The population of Poland is being wiped out. In Norway the nazis rounded up several thousand citizens, put them on barges and set them adrift in the ocean. During their offensive in France the nazis took a sadistic delight in bombing defenceless towns crowded with refugees, flew low overhead "combing" them with machine-gun fire, crushing with their tanks everything that could be crushed, then along came the infantry, the nazis dragged children from their hiding places more dead than alive, gave them chocolate and had themselves photographed with them in order to circulate where necessary this "documentary evidence" of German "humaneness. . ." When it came to Serbia they no longer handed out chocolates nor did they have themselves photographed with children. A great many more facts could be cited like these.

All these exploits are inspired by the general national-socialist program which consists in the following: Europe, Asia, both Americas, all continents and islands are to be conquered. All rebellious elements who will not resign themselves to the loss of their independence are to be killed off. Juridically and materially all peoples are to become speaking animals, working on whatever terms may be dictated to them. If the nazis find that the population in any country is too large, they will reduce it, destroying the surplus in concentr-

ation camps or by other methods, less unwieldy. Then, after doing all this, like the Lord God, in six days, on the seventh day the nazis, as the blond, long-headed race supreme, are to begin to live a grand and glorious life, stuffing themselves with sausages, clinking their steins and bawling beery songs about their superhuman origin. . .

This is not taken from some Wellsian fantasy. This is exactly how they in the new Reichskanzlei in Berlin actually intend to put their program into effect. For this rivers of blood and tears are flowing, cities are crashing in flames, thousands of ships are being blown up and are sinking and tens of millions of the civilian population are dying of hunger.

To smash the armies of the Third Reich, to wipe off the face of the earth all nazis with their bloody barbarian plans, to give our country peace, tranquility, eternal freedom, abundance and every opportunity to continue her development along the path of the highest human freedom—this is the lofty and noble task that must be accomplished by us Russians and all the brother peoples of our Union.

The Germans counted on breaking into our country with tanks and bombers as they did into Poland, France and other States where victory had been cut and dried beforehand by their underhand work. On the frontiers of the U.S.S.R. they ran into a solid wall of steel and their blood flowed like water. The German armies, goaded into battle by the red hot brand of demoniac terror, encountered the mighty forces of a wise, brave, liberty-loving people who with sword and bayonet have driven intruders from the expanses of their native soil many times before in their history—Khazars, Polovtsi and Pechenegi, the Tatar hordes and the Teutonic knights, Poles, Swedes, the French of Napoleon and the Germans of Wilhelm. . . "They have all come and gone."

In former days our people shouldered arms well realizing that they would get little thanks either from prince, minion or peer. But they were fervently devoted to their land, their unmotherly country, they believed with a faith nothing could extinguish that a day of justice would come, that they would throw all the parasites off their backs and the land of Russia would be their land, and they would turn it to golden fields under the plow from ocean to ocean.

In the patriotic war of 1918—1920 the white armies harassed our country on all sides; yet ruined as she was, famished, her people dying of typhus, after two years of a bloody and seemingly unequal struggle, she broke the encirclement, drove out and destroyed her enemies and began to build a new life. The people derived strength from labor transformed by the light of a great ideal, from an ardent belief in happiness, from their devotion to a country where the smoke is fragrant and bread is sweet.

So what mercy from us can the nazis expect now that they are driving the German people against our steel fortresses that are sweeping into battle like a hurricane, against the roaring muzzles of the monsters emplaced on our rings of fortifications, against our numberless airplanes and the bayonets of the Red Army?. .

Are we so few? Or from Perm to Taurida,
From Finland's chilly rocks to fiery Colchida,
From the Kremlin's startled spires
To the slumbering walls of China,
In bristling armor shining
Will not all Russia rise?
(Pushkin)

There is one trait in the Russian character. In life's difficult moments, in times of adversity he easily relinquishes the things he has grown used to, that made up his daily life. He may just have been an ordinary man, one of many. He is called upon to be a hero and he becomes one. . . And that is quite natural to him. . . In the old days, when they were taking recruits, some boy with his head newly shaved would run loose for three days, dance with the girls, then sing plaintive songs with his face propped in the palm of his hand and say goodbye to his father and mother. After this, quite a different man, stern, fearless, jealous of his country's honor he would cross the glaciers of the Alps with Suvorov, his firm bayonet would repulse Murat's cuirassiers near Moscow, or he would stand in clean linen grounding arms under the deadly bullets of Plevna, waiting for the order to attack those impregnable heights.

Three young fellows came to serve together in the Red Army from different villages. What kind of young fellows they were before this, good or bad, nobody knows. They were put in the tank corps and sent into action. Their tank ran far ahead into the enemy's infantry lines. It was crippled and soon ran out of ammunition. When enemy soldiers crept near to take them alive, the three young fellows got out of the tank, each having left one bullet for himself. They raised their weapons to their temples and so did not surrender. Glory to these proud soldiers, who died for the honor of their country and the army!

A pursuit pilot told me: "Enemy planes swarmed round me like bees. My neck hurt from having to turn my head this way and that all the time. I was so carried away that I shouted at the top of my voice. I knocked three of them down and looked for a fourth. Now the sky was over my head, now the earth, now the sun was on the right, now on the left. I somersaulted, dived and shot up again. I drew a bead on one fellow, then a pursuit plane came in sight from under me, hung under my nose for the thousandth part of a second; I saw the face of the man, strong, bearded, there was hatred in his eyes and a plea for mercy. . . He turned a somersault, and smoke poured out of his plane. Suddenly all the power went out of my leg as though I had got the cramp. That meant I was wounded. Then something hit me in the shoulder. My machine-gun belt was empty. I had nothing to shoot with. I began to make off—my left arm hung helpless. And it was a long way to the airfield. If only, I thought, my eyes don't go misty with loss of blood; and they did too, but I was already landing on the airfield without my landing gear, straight on the plane's belly."

For more than half a century I have seen my country in her fight for liberty, undergoing her amazing transformation. I remember the dead silence of the reign of Alexander III; the poverty-stricken village with the hay ricks, thatched roofs and the willows on the side of the rivulet winding in the steppes. I look back into the past and the faces rise before me, clever, cleanly, unhurried, dignified people. . . There is the father of one of my playmates, Alexander Sizov, a handsome man with a fair curly beard, a born athlete. At holiday times, when one side of the village fought the other side in the snow drifts, Sizov would glance through the window with a smile in his eyes, go out and stand near the gates. And when the calls for his assistance

were very urgent he would put on his mittens and jokingly overthrow the whole front rank of the opposing side. In a thin sheepskin jerkin and with a scarf wound round his neck he would walk a hundred versts with a cartload of wheat, carrying his meager annual income to town. Today some grandson of his is hurling himself like an angry falcon at German bombing planes.

I remember a cottage with a warm stove, a young girl sitting at a hand loom and a calf sleeping on straw behind a board in the corner. We children sat on benches round the table and listened to a tall one-eyed old man who looked like a horse. He told us fairy tales. He used to go begging from village to village and slept where he could get shelter. The young woman at the loom said softly: "Why do you tell terrible things all the time? Tell us something happy for a change." "I don't know any, my dear, I never heard or saw anything happy," and he fixed his one terrible eye on us. "There, the children—they will perhaps see and hear something happy. . . ."

I remember the year 1914, when millions of people were given arms. The people, in their simple wisdom, understood that the first and sacred thing was to drive the enemy from their soil. The Siberian army corps jumped straight off the troop trains into bayonet charges, and there was nothing more terrible in that war than the Russian bayonet charges. And it was only because of the ignorance, stupidity, the utter incompetence of the tsarist high command, with wholesale defalcations, robbery, profiteering and treachery, that the Russian people did not win that war.

Twenty five years have passed.

"Wipe off the earth the fascist barbarians"! Soviet war poster by N. Dolgorukov

The land from ocean to ocean is murmuring with the golden wheat and rye of the collective farms, gardens are blooming and cotton plantations are flourishing where but recently whirled the sterile sand. The smoke rises from tens of thousands of factories. Perhaps that same grandson of Alexander Sizov, a Hercules like himself, has gone underground to dig a hundred tons of coal in one shift. Thousand-ton hammers, shaking the earth, have begun to forge weapons for the Red Army, the army of freedom, an army which is the defender of peace, the highest culture, prosperity and happiness on earth.

This is my country, my native land, my fatherland,—there is no feeling in life warmer, deeper and more sacred than love of you. . .

ALEXEI TOLSTOY

WE WILL WIN

In this patriotic war we will win. The Cossacks of the Don have always been in the front ranks of the defenders of the sacred frontiers of our country. We are confident that you will continue the glorious militant traditions and will fight the enemy as your grandfathers fought Napoleon, and your fathers the troops of the Kaiser.

Long live Stalin! Long live the great Soviet people!

(From a speech by M. SHOLOKHOV at a meeting in Veshenskaya held in honor of the mobilized leaving for the front.)

WE ARE WITH YOU

It was only a few days ago that, like Lazarus emerging from the tomb, I left occupied France for Moscow, my spirit weighed down with the sufferings of my countrymen and with the ignominy to which the treachery of our fascists had condemned our country.

I travelled through a gloomy and somber military camp into which Germany has been transformed. And I should like to note here some facts: first, the spectacle of Berlin, where the people seem to be sadder than the people of Paris, and where the destructive effect of the air bombardments are visible right in the very heart of the city. The Opera House was burnt to the ground a few nights ago, and dozens of houses on Unter den Linden stand without roofs or upper stories.

The next day, in the train that was carrying me towards the Soviet frontier, a conductress approached me in the corridor and asked:

"How far are you going?"

"To the U.S.S.R."

"Really? To Riga?"

"No, to Moscow."

"To Moscow, you don't say? I have never had the luck to go there. . . And how are things in Moscow today?"

"Well, there is peace," I answered cautiously.

"Peace! . . Peace! . . " She sighed deeply. And then, with sudden animation: "There will be no more peace for us. Only war, endless war. Our masters now want the Ukraine and the oil of the Caucasus."

She stopped abruptly at the sight of two S.A. officers. They asked her whether there was a restaurant car on the train. She had already told me there was not, but she directed them towards the end of the corridor, and as they turned away, she gave me a sly wink. She resumed the conversation, but in a lower tone.

"Where do you come from, Berlin?"

"No, Paris."

Her curiosity was fired:

"From Pa-ris! Pa-ris! Can it be? And how are things there?"

I made a sweeping gesture with my hand:

"Not a thing left, everything swept clean."

"Yes," she murmured, "yes, the fascist leaves nothing wherever he passes."

A very shrewd international observer in Berlin had said to me:

"The population are absolutely indifferent to the victories. There is only one question on the lips of all Germans, high and low: when is it going to end?"

The greatest fear the German soldiers in France betrayed in conversation with our people was that Germany might be embroiled in war with the U.S.S.R. There are thousands of facts to bear this out.

They are already deeply dispirited over the length of the war. The hesitation and embarrassment of the nazi General Staff in solving the problem of crossing the English Channel is now manifest to all and fills the German soldiers with uneasiness. But their greatest anxiety, of which they make no concealment and are always expressing, is that they might be sent to fight the Soviet Union.

Several regiments quartered in the Lower Loire had been suddenly ordered to leave for Poland. The men thought that this meant imminent war with the U.S.S.R., and as they were entrained they wept and cried: "We are lost!"

And so I arrived the other day in the U.S.S.R. full of these thoughts and pictures. What a relief to see a people at once peaceful and strong, a country industrious and armed, a government wise and vigilant! And how proud the sight of this great part of humanity, which was engaged in peaceful labor, which has done away with misery, poverty and illiteracy!

And this is the country which Hitler and his band have now brutally attacked without reason, pretext or warning! This is the civilization they have sworn to annihilate!

These are the things, Soviet comrades, we are going to defend together.

In the name of the writers of France, shot, imprisoned, forced into silence or exile if they refuse to serve the fascist master, I want to declare our profound solidarity with you in your fight. Once again, as in 1917 and in the days of the Civil War, the eyes of the world are turned towards you.

This war that has been forced upon you is a continuation of the wars of emancipation that purged the Soviet territory of the hordes of Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenich and Wrangel.

Yesterday I went to Red Square and stood a long time contemplating the Mausoleum where Lenin reposes, and the Kremlin where the wise Stalin keeps vigil. It is a great joy and consolation to know that Stalin exists, that he is here, and guiding the Soviet Union in this just war as he guided it in its just peace. The very care he took to preserve this peace so long is a pledge of the vigor with which the war will be waged.

And yesterday, alone on Red Square, on behalf of the writers of France whose voice has been stifled, on behalf of our great teachers of the past—Hugo, Stendhal, Balzac, Voltaire, Rousseau, Molière, Corneille, Rabelais, Montaigne—I, their unworthy ambassador, who had no title to speak in their name except that I was here, whispered softly:

"Stalin, we are with you!"

JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH
French writer. Now in the Soviet Union

THE UKRAINIAN PEOPLE HAVE RISEN

One hot summer day, during the German occupation of the Ukraine some peasants were brought under escort to the station where I spent my childhood. They were hostages. An officer came out from the commandant's headquarters, poked an old man with his stick and hissed:

"Swine."

He said something in German to a subordinate officer, the latter saluted, turned to the arrested peasants and made a speech in a broken Russian. It was a brief speech. I do not now remember exactly what quantities of bacon, cows, sheep, eggs, chickens, and grain he demanded; but after he had read off the amounts from a paper he said:

"If you don't deliver, you'll be shot to-morrow."

The peasants kept silent. The officer thought that they had not understood his threat.

"You don't understand?" he said. "Well, I'll explain."

He took a rifle from a soldier and pointed it at the peasants.

"To-morrow," he said as he slammed the lock, "it will be bang at you."

A husky peasant, all covered with dust, answered calmly:

"You may shoot today, because anyhow you won't get a thing; you've taken everything away."

The officer came closer to the peasant, raised his hand to strike a blow, but stopped short. In the surrounding villages the bells began to toll. Soon the two companies of German soldiers were seen running post-haste to the station. On all sides the yellow fields were dotted with black points. The station was encircled by these black points, which were closing in rapidly as they were growing in size. It was insurgent Ukrainian peasants. They were coming armed with rifles, sabres, scythes, axes.

The Germans rushed to the roundhouse, but there were none of the engine drivers, and in all the locomotives the fire-boxes had been extinguished. The bells in the villages were tolling ever more insistently.

The distant noise was growing louder and more articulate. "Death to the hangmen, death, death!" were the words that rose above the noise.

The ring was closing. The German machine-guns began to rattle. But the grim mass of people approached ever nearer and besieged the station. When the sun set there was not a single German left alive.

During the night the railway workers fitted out an armored train. The Ukraine was up in arms, the people hurled themselves upon the mad dogs, drove the armies of occupation from their land.

Hitler's hordes are again on the march in quest of Ukrainian bacon, wheat, sugar.

But like the stalks of the ripening wheat in the flowering Ukraine, our whole people has risen to destroy the mad dogs. Together with its great brother—the Russian people—the Ukrainian people smashed the hordes of Napoleon. The famed regiments of Shchors, joined by the insurgent peasants, fought and routed the German troops of occupation. A worse rout awaits the invaders now. The mighty Ukrainian people, reunited in the great family of our country, armed with the most up-to-date weapons, will destroy the contemptible fascist barbarians who have enslaved the French people and our brother Slavs.

At the gates of our mighty country the mad dogs will find not bacon, wheat and sugar, but their death.

With the name of the great Stalin in our hearts, we will win the fight for liberty, for honor, for our country.

A. KORNEICHUK
Ukrainian playwright

WE ARE FIRM

The German fascists have attacked our frontiers! Perfidiously, without warning! There are no words to convey the anger which filled me when I heard this news. The fascist beast is raging. The beast who grabbed foreign territories and cruelly dealt with innocent peoples, now wants to try his strength against us! But in this he will fail!

We will all be of one mind! We will be firm! All forces, all our attention to the one task—to vanquish the hated enemy! Let us rally more closely around our Communist Party, around Comrade Stalin!

PAVLO TYCHINA
Ukrainian poet, Member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

THE ENEMIES OF CIVILIZATION MUST BE DESTROYED

Hitler is turning Germany into a graveyard. He is the most cynical betrayer of the interests of the German people. He is sacrificing the present and future of our whole people for the sake of his mad plans of world dominion. The brown plague of Hitler fascism has brought ruin to the German working people and to many other peoples of Europe. Today these armed barbarians are attacking the Soviet land, which they want to rob and enslave. But now they are confronted by the Soviet Union. The Red Army and the entire Soviet people have but one slogan:

Annihilate the enemies of civilization!

Hitler attacked the Soviet country against the will and desire of the German people. The German workers, peasants and intellectuals are imbued with feelings of friendship for the Soviet Union and with the desire for peace with it. I am convinced that to devote all my energy to fight in the ranks of the Soviet people and repulse the fascist aggressors is the best and most effective way to fight for the liberation of Germany, of my beloved German people, from the fascist oppressors. By fighting against fascism I am doing my duty to my own German people.

WILLI BREDEL
German anti-fascist writer, residing in the Soviet Union

MY COUNTRY

I walk through Red Square. It is the second day of the war, and the people are all busy—some at meetings, some at the mobilization points, some working with renewed effort, practically without pause or rest. And yet an endless column, several lines deep, stretches along the entire square, from the building of the Historical Museum—a line to Lenin's Mausoleum.

Workers, Red Army men, working women, engineers, students—one word is on the lips of all:

"War!"

In these two years of the imperialist war we have often pronounced this word—"war." It gnawed at our heart when the fascist hordes drenched France with blood, when the war flared up in the deserts of Africa, when ships went to the bottom of the sea in the Mediterranean, when Greece perished, when the Slavonic peoples of the Balkans were treacherously destroyed, when we heard their groans, when the pall of gloom descended upon Europe.

We stood, our fists tightened and teeth clenched. We were prepared for the attack of any enemy. We were not preparing to attack anyone. We merely looked sharp—we have been accustomed to peril.

And now war has come to the frontiers of my country, of my beloved homeland—to my fields, to my mills and factories, to my schools and libraries, to everything that belongs to me as a Soviet citizen; war has been forced on us by the dregs and scum of mankind, war wants to swallow up my culture.

Swallow up? Burn down? Destroy? Never!

I am a Russian. My country stretches from the White Sea to the Pacific Ocean. It was my ancestors who followed Yermak through the steppes and taiga of Siberia; it was they who fought in the regiments of Peter the Great; their horses drank water from the Rhine, and their banners waved in the wind on the streets of Berlin; it was they who defended the country as they stood shoulder to shoulder on the fields of Borodino, and it was from them, from my ancestors, that, abandoning his arms and equipment, deserting his guard, the never defeated Napoleon fled in panic. It was they, the peasants of Ryazan, Tambov, Tula, Siberia, that defeated Napoleon and buried his army in their then very meager fields. The Russian people refused to surrender their land to the enemy, and have never surrendered it to anyone, no matter how heavy the ordeal!

My people waited. My people had faith in the future—in a bright and solid future. They fought for this future in Razin's "hundreds," in Pugachev's regiments, on the Presnya in Moscow in 1905. They said: "If we don't attain happiness, our children will."

And their hopes came true.

There came Lenin.

There came Stalin.

There came the October Revolution.

It was then that my people achieved the greatest victory of victories, a victory such as no people had ever achieved before!

My people had a State separated by frontiers from other States. It was called Russia. But within the frontiers of that State there were frontiers of other peoples, and those peoples—"aliens," as they were called in those days—were oppressed, and the ruling classes endeavored to keep them apart from the Russian people. In this they did not always and in all cases succeed. Russia's

progressive people always abhorred the slightest hint at Russian chauvinism.

The October Revolution did not extend the geographic frontier of the State. But it destroyed the frontiers within the State, it put an end to Great-Russian chauvinism. It was this fact that lent our country unprecedented power and strength.

Take myself. I have remained a Russian, just as I was before. But new brothers found room in my heart—brothers of whom I had heard but whose hearts I had not known. I became fond of them, I love them forever. Ukrainians, Kazakhs, Armenians, Georgians, Uzbeks, Turkmenians. . . a great many large and small brother-nations. I came to understand many languages and learned about many cultures. I began to see Georgia, Armenia, Kazakhstan, Ukraine, Byelorussia in a new light.

Brothers!

We are brothers; we are comrades; we are fighters in the cause of Socialism—we, the sons of the great Soviet Union. That is why we have survived and will survive every sort of hardship; that is why we have beaten and shall beat any enemy. We are brothers, and we are defending our big, bright home which we have been building for twenty-three years, from the very first days of the October Revolution, and shall continue building. This home is our Socialist fatherland.

We have been preparing for the moment when the perfidious and bitter foe would creep out of his hole to steal upon our house and set fire to it. This moment has come. My heart palpitated when I heard this word—"war"; it resounded loud in my heart. It was the bugle call of my country, my fatherland, my

"Death to the fascist reptile"!
By A. Kokorsky

happy and proud land of Socialism! It has stirred me from head to foot, and I feel that my country needs me even more than ever before. And it is my duty to respond to this call, to do the will of my homeland.

Work—we shall work as we have never worked before!

Give our lives we shall in a battle which our ancestors may envy and our descendants will remember with pride.

We shall attain victory for our country. And I see the omen of this victory. It is here! It is the unanimity of our Party, of our country, the will of our Stalin and our people, of all the peoples of our great country.

VSEVOLOD IVANOV

MAXIM RYLSKY

WORDS OF WRATH

The enemy by stealth approaching in the night
Perfidiously attacked our peaceful land. . .
But never yet from battle for what's right
Has shrunk the Bolshevik's toil-hardened hand.

All dripping blood before us gapes his maw,
His growls the air like peals of thunder rend.
But we have never bowed to any foe—
United we under one banner stand.

We are the people, we are warriors all;
Ours is a holy and unbounded wrath.
The sacred fire now flaming in our soul
Will turn to ash the hosts of fascist rats.

In us is Stalin's might invincible and great
And in our hearts lives Lenin's sacred word.
So then the hand that first the sword hath raised
The first shall be to perish by the sword.

Translated from the Ukrainian
by Louis Zellikoff

GREAT DAYS

Our people have always been filled with a great hatred for fascism. Grown in battles for their civil liberties, having forever won the right to creative labor, our people have an organic innermost abhorrence for spiritual bondage which is the "essence" of fascism.

Nothing can quench this hatred.

In the course of its heroic life the Soviet nation has learned to be on its guard against any manoeuvres of its enemies. The enemy has thrown down his mask—and the longstanding, intransigent and inexhaustible hatred, a truly holy hatred, for the enemy has seized hold of every Soviet man.

He will never forget these days.

Everything that has made up his life, everything that he has loved and cherished for himself and his descendants, is threatened by the insolent gangster attack.

There is nothing unexpected in this "news." Even our school-children have always known perfectly well that sooner or later we would be confronted by fascism, and that it is our historic destiny to march over the smoking ruins of the regime of monsters and obscurantists.

That day has come.

It started as the days preceding it. But that day, at 12.15 p.m. Molotov spoke.

And the capital rose to a man.

To the call of the Government, Moscow responded simply and in unison—with a great organization.

The city maintained organized silence at night.

Merged with the land, it lived a strenuous life full of will.

The defenders of the country streamed to the rallying points. Fathers, mothers, sisters, wives came to see them off. Everywhere people spoke about work—strenuous heroic work for the defence of the country.

"See that you squeeze the maximum out of yourself, father!" said a son to his father.

"Sure!" was the brief reply of the father, a fitter working in a Moscow factory.

The people, to a man, have risen to this holy patriotic war. They want to wage it. They know that it is a just war. They are confident of their victory.

June 23—the second day of the war. Discipline and organization are still more strictly observed. It seems as if men have unfolded themselves, become more State-conscious, more definite in purpose, animated.

There is one cause now—the war: and one aim—victory.

It starts with one's tool, one's broom, one's hay-mower.

One is determined to be thrice as strong as before! . .

Not an hour's rest! Not an hour of idleness! . .

Comrade Gladyshev, a tramway worker who has come to the mobilization point to see off his son, speaks warmly to the young defenders of the country, telling them his idea of fascism:

"There are bees," he says, "and there are locusts. The bee gathers bits and drops for its production. Now, we are like bees. The fascists are locusts. Absolutely locusts. There is no flower that a locust loves, nor can it build anything for itself. All it can do is eat. After it has eaten the grain it attacks the orchards, after it is through with the orchards it rushes upon the flowers. . . There can be no friendship between a bee and a locust. Am I right?"

The young people laugh and readily support the elderly speaker.

"It's a fact, they are locusts!" continues Gladyshev, "they must be destroyed to the last one of them! To a zero! It's a very plain piece of arithmetic—to a zero!"

And his artless speech is accepted by all as their own, for this thought inspires all.

Victory! That is the sense and inspiration of our life.

"We will give the bandits no quarter!" says someone, and at once this phrase is taken up by dozens of people, for everything that one utters today from the bottom of one's heart is not something personal—it is the sentiment of all of the people.

For all have been taught by Stalin to have confidence in their strength, and all have been united by Stalin into one great and noble heart!

P. PAVLENKO

THE PEOPLE FIGHT FOR LIBERTY

Like vandals did the fascists, the wreckers of culture, overrun the fields of Belgium and Holland, France and Norway, Serbia and Greece.

The fascists are tearing my liberty-loving Serbian people to pieces. The beasts attacked the peaceful peoples of Yugoslavia, their defenceless towns and villages. For several months now the blood-stained jackboot of fascism has been trampling upon the land of Yugoslavia. The savage hordes are crushing and destroying the culture of a nation whose sole offence consisted in that that it refused to bow to fascism, that it desired to work in peace, to live in friendship with other nations.

A terrible ordeal has fallen to the lot of the Yunaks, the heroic people of Yugoslavia. But there is no force capable of destroying our nation, our will to independence, our country, our culture. The Hitlerites, who shrink from nothing in their inhuman violence, cannot destroy the Serbian people. The Serbs cherish their age-long traditions of heroism, and now, too, they are expressing their hatred for the fascists at every step. We all burn with the passionate will to fight the aggressors.

Take care, you fascist, our partisan's
Bullet your heart will pierce.
Our mountains tall we'll encircle
With storm-clouds heavy and fierce.
One day we'll be free like the sea—
Our liberty when we regain.
Black sorrow will smite you and death,
If you stand in our way again.

The ancient songs of the heroic epics of the Yunaks again resound in the mountains of Romania, Durmitra, Komovina. These songs are a call to struggle. The Yugoslavian people are waging a courageous fight against the invaders. Scores of thousands of partisan units attack German garrisons, destroy railway lines, blow up bridges and munitions stores.

To the struggle of the Yugoslavian people for their liberty the aggressors retaliate with mass shootings of hostages—children, women and old men. In all the Yugoslavian towns and villages the German command has posted announcements in which the fascist barbarians threaten: "100 Serbs will be shot for every slain German soldier."

But the fascist barbarians are powerless to cope with the might of the people fighting for the liberty of their country. The partisan detachments are hiding in the mountains and forests, and the entire population is doing everything to help them, sharing with them their meager food, carrying maize bread to them. They seize arms from German soldiers. And the more gallows the fascist build, the more villages they set on fire, the greater is the hatred of the Yugoslavian people for them, the more powerful is the people's will to achieve victory, to liberate their beautiful country from the robbers.

The Yugoslavian people extend a friendly and grateful hand to the Soviet people.

We are with you, free peoples of the land of Soviets! We are at one with you in the struggle against the fascists, against Hitler's robber gangs.

RADULE STIENSKY
Serbian poet and writer

THE ENEMY WILL BE ANNIHILATED

It is difficult to speak when the heart is aflame and we need icy coolness. . . The hour of war has struck—the hour which the wise tact of our Government had put off as long as possible. The enemy of all mankind has broken into the gates of our house which we are peacefully building, into our flowering garden. He has come intoxicated with the vengeance he has wrecked upon peaceful peoples.

The hideous paw of the beast is raised over our country, poised to deliver a mortal blow. There is no measure or limit to our love for our country, there is no measure or limit to the anger of the people, just as there is no measure or limit to the power and valor of the people. We are confident, we have no doubt that the blow aimed at us will fall upon the head of the enemy. And this blow will be fatal for him;

for truth and the power of the people are against the world gangster Hitler and all his infamous henchmen.

Now as ever before the inexhaustible force of our work and the abundance of our people's patriotism is the pledge of our victory over the enemies of humanity. We also know that this will not be an easy victory. We are all prepared for any sacrifices. In this hour, our great and heroic people demands heroic deeds from each of us. And each of us is prepared to perform the great historic duty, the duty of fighting for our sacred homeland.

The enemy is fierce and bloodthirsty, but we have no fear of him. If the enemy does not surrender, he must be destroyed. With this slogan we have achieved victory in the past, are achieving victory now, and will achieve victory in future.

K. TRENEV
Soviet playwright

DEFEND THE COUNTRY

There are surprises that do not surprise.

Bombs dropping on Kiev and Sevastopol, volleys from our Western frontier, Comrade Molotov's proud and strong words which resounded throughout our country at midday on June 22—have we not expected something of the sort during all these years since the fascists seized power in Germany? Has not this certainty lived in the heart of every Soviet citizen—the certainty that one day will be the day of a sudden leap of the beast of prey covered with the blood of many peoples?

But too much blood has been shed in Europe. The paws of the beast will slip. Its claws can't find a firm hold. Europe is drenched in blood—and blood will be the ruin of the beast.

The treacherous night leap of the beast of prey will not be consummated. And it is our mission, the mission of the Soviet people, to deliver the smashing blow to the beast.

The nations of Europe remember well that the Russian people rose from the depths of its steppes each time some conqueror took it into his insane mind to try by means of spears, bayonets or long-range guns to compel it and other peoples to revert to the dark ages of the history of mankind, to the threadbare forms of the stupid dictatorship of a soldier.

We are rising again to defend our country, our honor, our liberty. We are rising, not on the steppes of old Russia, but in the vast spaces of the Soviet Union. We are rising to a man—with a single will, a single heart, a single mind.

To arms, comrades and friends! Our weapons are everywhere—on our ships, in our aircraft, in our tanks, in our factories, fields, mines. Every additional grain in the harvest is an additional bullet fired at the enemy. Every additional piece of coal is an additional shell. Each glass of fuel is precious—for it is this very glass that may be needed by a Soviet airplane penetrating far into the rear of the enemy. Each thought of ours and each word is a weapon—it will help cut short the leap of the frenzied beast, it will help us achieve victory for the sake of the future happiness of the peoples.

LEONID SOBOLEV

DESTROYERS OF HUMAN CULTURE

The attack upon the Soviet Union is fascism's last stake in its criminal game. This game is directed against the cultural treasures created in the course of the entire history of humanity.

Goebbels and vandals like him uttered that classical aphorism: "When I hear the word culture I draw my automatic." This is precisely the sort of men that were needed in order to trample culture.

It required limitless contempt for science, civilization and even the dictates of common sense, to bring forth that freakishly absurd historical "theory" of a German race destined to rule the world and subjugate all other races. It required the combination of exceptional ignorance and truly brutal cruelty to begin to put this "theory" into effect by enslaving neighboring countries.

As we know, the result of the application of this "theory" is that both conquerors and conquered—the "superior race" as well as the "inferior"—are desperately starving, and the granaries, the most fertile lands of Europe have been turned one after the other (with truly lightning speed) into fields devastated as if by locusts. The criminal nature and absurdity of the very idea of turning history back to the Middle Ages is obvious.

We have no doubt that, in this momentous hour of history, the hearts of all those in Europe who treasure the cultural progress of humanity are with the Soviet Union, which will deal the crushing blow to the arrogant cut-throats.

E. TARLE

Member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. author of biography of Napoleon

WE WILL PERFORM OUR DUTY

Our country has seen many enemies whose defeated hordes she hurled back or destroyed. This time it will be the same. The true sons of our country, all Soviet patriots, will rise to a man against the force that brings gloom and hatred, against the enemies of all laboring humanity, who are blinded in their conceit. The enslavers of many nations of Europe, they will find their grave on the frontiers of our country where our steel falcons in the sky, and our tanks, artillery, machine-guns and bayonets on land, guard our liberty which was won with the blood of the people. The peoples of the Soviet Union are united, they are welded together by the great love for their multi-national country, they are welded around the invincible Bolshevik Party, they are welded by the great genius of Stalin.

Let the enemy know that we will fight everywhere—on land, in the air, on water and under water, until not a single enemy soldier and not a single enemy tank remains on our land. To the last drop of blood, to the last breath the sons of the Soviet land will fight to defend the honor, independence and liberty of their country. Everyone will perform his duty with the calm of a Soviet citizen and the courage of a fighter.

N. TIKHONOV

MY PEOPLE IS NOT TO BLAME

In the eyes of the whole world the name of Italy is covered with shame. This is the handiwork of the puppet Caesar, the hangman of the Italian people, Marshal Everyone-Beats-Me—Benito Mussolini.

The Italian people, which shed so much of its blood fighting for the liberation of its country from foreign yoke, especially the German yoke, the people which under the banners of Garibaldi fought for the liberty of other peoples—in America, in Greece, in France—this people has now been placed under the heel of Hitler fascism.

Thousands upon thousands of the finest sons of the Italian people are languishing in prisons, in hard labor camps, or in exile on cursed islands. They are being tortured, driven mad, killed.

And what about Italian culture? It is inconceivable to what depths of degradation it has been brought by fascism. The great Italians—Dante, Michel-Angelo, Giordano Bruno, Galileo—are practically forgotten in contemporary Italy. The names of these and other great Italians are of no "use" to the barbarians ruling the country. In 1922, the number of books, newspapers and magazines published in Italy was at 22,000; by 1935 it had been reduced to 5,000. There is no doubt that between 1935 and 1941 fascist Italy continued to "progress" in the same direction.

Out of every 1,600 inhabitants of fascist Italy, only one spends money on books.

The further extension of the war zone means new misfortunes, new privations and new sacrifices for the Italian people. The pocket Caesar and his clique are leading the country to catastrophe.

But my people is not to blame. My people did not and does not want this war, and it is especially hostile to the war waged by fascism against the Soviet Union.

GIOVANNI GERMANETTO

ART WORKERS WITH THE WHOLE NATION

As one of oldest workers in the fields of Soviet art, I deem it my duty to declare with full confidence and profound responsibility for my words: in our theatrical world there is not a man or woman who was not filled with national anger and patriotic enthusiasm at the news of the monstrous perfidy of the German fascist government.

At the moment of the highest creative effort, the actor yields with all his nerves, with the entire force of his will and thought to the fervor of the emotions which he portrays at the given moment. To-day he is possessed of the feeling of the grandeur and justice of Soviet patriotism. He is prepared to defend his country. I am firmly convinced that the Soviet theater will do everything to make its work useful and necessary for the accomplishment of the great national tasks we are now facing—to defend the country, to lend every assistance to our valiant Red Army in its fight to smash the hated enemy.

V. NEMIROVICH-DANCHENKO

STALIN WILL LEAD US TO CERTAIN AND FINAL VICTORY

The brutal fascist gang, jeopardizing the interests of its own people, hurled the German army upon us. What is its purpose? Why does this gang hate the peaceful and happy life of the U.S.S.R., where, in less than 25 years, culture, technology and science have progressed more than anywhere and at any time, where the standard of the people is improving with each hour, where no man exploits the labor of others, where the scientist knows that his work serves the people directly?

They hate us because our country belongs, on the basis of equality, to the working people themselves—from collective farmer to scientist.

Since we have been challenged, we shall fight!

We know that this will be a hard fight, that it will demand great sacrifices on our part; but the world will see that never in all history has there been a country as united and firm as the Soviet Union.

We, citizens of a truly democratic country, will give all our strength and all our abilities in this struggle. We are all profoundly confident that Stalin will lead us to certain and final victory.

P. L. KAPITSA

Member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

THE FASCIST HYENA IS DIGGING ITS OWN GRAVE

The most loathsome, the vilest and foulest of all beasts—the hyena—combines bloodthirstiness, insatiableness and perfidiousness. It is a beast abhorred by all living things. Such a beast is fascism—insatiable in its thirst for conquest, in its thirst for blood, perfidious and treacherous beyond all limits.

The hyena likes to dig up graves. To-day the fascist hyena has begun to dig a grave for itself. Hitler is repeating Napoleon's experience. By attacking the Soviet frontiers he has hastened the coming of the end of his rule of bestiality.

The new patriotic war that has now begun will show the fascists that any attempt upon the sacred land of the Soviet people is doomed to failure, for the Soviet Union, all the people of its many nations, is united and solid by virtue of the complete equality of all its sons.

I. ORBELI

Member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

ORGANIZATION, DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL

The gang of fascist dogs has forced war upon the Soviet people. The Soviet people have always been prepared to wage a great patriotic war to the final victory over the enemy. In this war that has been forced upon us, victory will be ours, fascism will be smashed and destroyed. The peoples of the Soviet Union are fighting for their country, for honor, for liberty, for the happiness won in

bloody battles against tsardom, the white-guards and invaders, for the great achievements of Socialism recorded in the Stalin Constitution.

Workers, collective farmers, agronomists, scientists, all the Soviet people will display the greatest organization, self-denial and discipline, such as is worthy of true Soviet patriots. Everyone will work at his post to accelerate the victory of the heroic Red Army and Navy.

T. LYSENKO

Member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

A LETTER TO THE INTELLIGENTSIA OF ESTHONIA

The Esthonian people know from their own experience what it means to be under the heavy jackboot of the German barons and capitalists. The rule of the German barons at the time of the occupation is still fresh in our memory. The Esthonian intelligentsia is well aware what German fascism means, what its attitude is to other, "second-rate" peoples.

We Esthonians are equal members of the great Socialist family of nations, and we will all do our sacred duty in this great patriotic war. Every Esthonian worker and peasant, and every Esthonian intellectual, will firmly stand at his post. Hitler's designs will be thwarted. Justice and truth are on our side!

Professor Y. NUUT
President of the Tallinn Polytechnical Institute

JOHANNES R. BECHER

THE RECIPE OF FASCISM

First take commonest stupidity—
In all times it in plenty can be had;
Then next, take malice, lies, cupidity,
To this you craven treachery then add.

Of lust for pow'r a mighty doze now take
And mix it thoroughly with vanity;
Nor at race-madness let your spirit quake—
Then add some "nothing" and inanity.

And finally—hypocrisy—a flask:
The long-sought mixture ready is for you.
How is this potion to be used, you ask?

An empty head. You fill it with this brew.
Behold! now thoughts evolve, and deeds grow ripe
Barbarity's own prototype!

Translated from the German
by Louis Zellikoff

I SHALL DEFEND MY COUNTRY

Yesterday I applied as volunteer in the Popular Guards for the destruction of fascism. My heart is filled with the same feelings of patriotism and love for my country as are the hearts of millions of other Soviet people. These feelings are manifested in the ardent desire to defend our homeland against the hated enemy, to exterminate to the last the fascist reptile.

I shall defend my country and I stand ready to carry out any task assigned to me without sparing my strength or my life. And if need be—with gun or pen in my hand, I shall give myself unreservedly to the defence of our great country, to the destruction of the enemy, to victory.

Like a powerful avalanche our 200,000,000 people will sweep down on the enemy. This force will strike the mortal blow crushing the fascist hordes.

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH

Stalin Prize winner

AGAINST FASCIST BARBARISM

From my own experience as a citizen of Czechoslovakia, I know well what fascism means.

Our people was one of the first in Europe to fall victim to fascist aggression.

"The stronger the rear — the stronger the front."
Soviet war poster, calling upon women to take men's place in the factory, mine, field etc. *By O. Eiges*

In addition to plundering Czechoslovakia, Hitler has deprived her of any opportunity for national and cultural development. The Czech university has been dispersed, the theaters have been germanized, everything that has been created by human genius through the ages, including the entire Russian literature, has been thrown out from the libraries.

As a man active in the international cultural movement, I know well what fascism has brought the other countries which it has subjugated. It has brought them plunder, the destruction of culture, the suppression of all that is progressive, and the promotion of the dark elements, of the scum of nations.

Hitler is proud of his hostility to culture on principle. Hitler boasts, for instance, that he never reads anything. That is characteristic of the bestial, barbarous face of fascism.

For its unparalleled cynicism and infamy, Hitler's robber attack upon the Soviet Union surpasses all his previous crimes.

Prof. Z. R. NEJEDLY

The Final Sacred War

Words by V. Lebedev-Kumach
Music by M. Blanter

Now see arise our Soviet Land
To fight to bitter death
The fascist gang, the German band,
The cursed hordes of death.

REFRAIN

Let noble fury's passion soar
In each breast flaming bright—
The war is on—the people's war,
Our sacred final fight.

We differ as the day to night,
We foes eternal are:
For freedom and for peace we fight—
And they, for evil pow'r.

REFRAIN

We shall repulse the slaughterers
Of noble human minds,
The ravishers and torturers,
The scourge of all mankind.

REFRAIN

They dare not o'er our country fly—
Those wings of black portent;
They dare not our fields defile,
'Tis there they'll meet their death.

REFRAIN

We'll put a bullet in the brains
Of fascist foul offspring,
And then we'll dig a deep deep grave—
This offal there we'll fling.

REFRAIN

We'll fight with all our energy,
With hand and heart and soul
To keep our Soviet Union free,
Our glorious country whole.

REFRAIN

Now see arise our Soviet Land
To fight to bitter death
The fascist gang, the German band,
The cursed hordes of death.

REFRAIN:

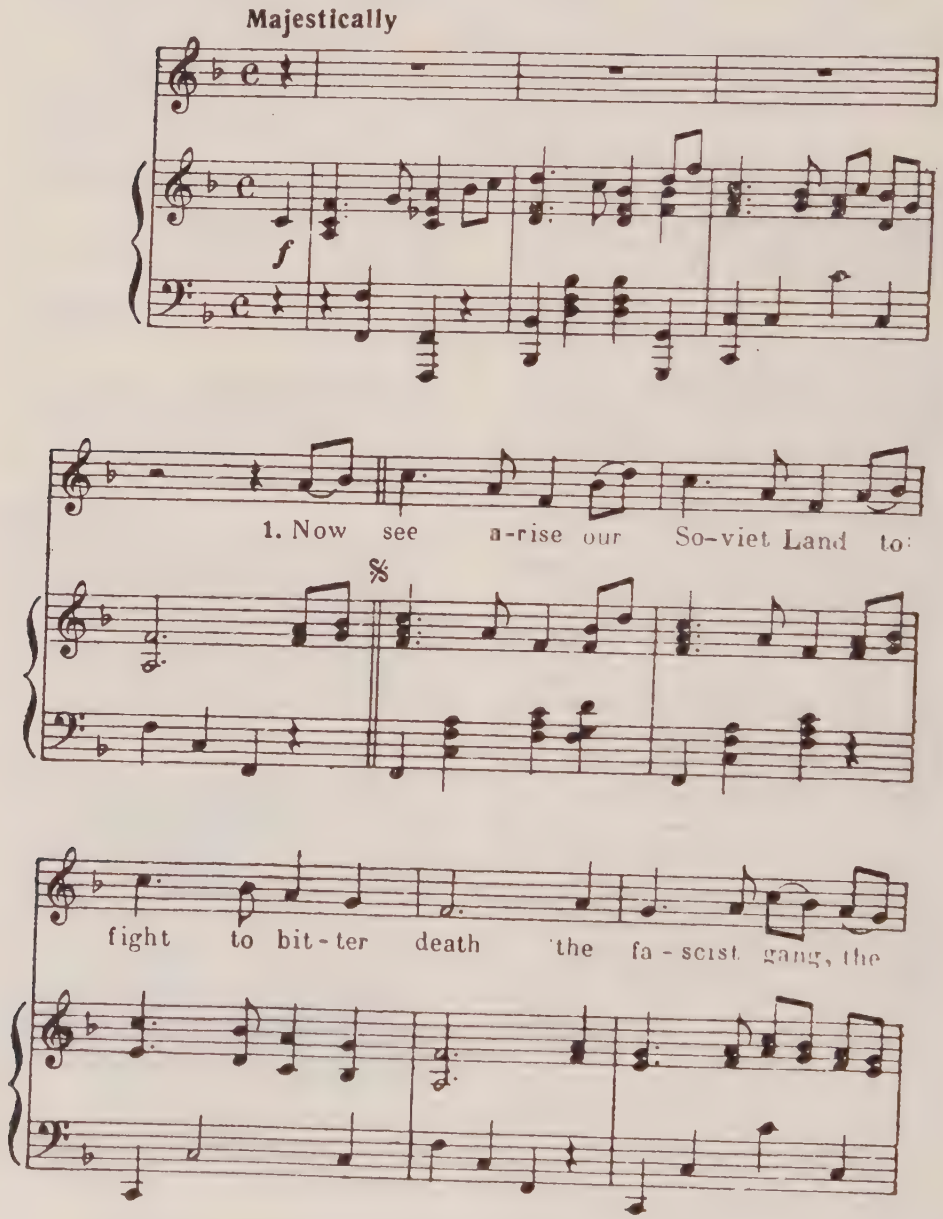
Let noble fury's passion soar
In each breast flaming bright—
The war is on—our people's war,
Our sacred final fight.

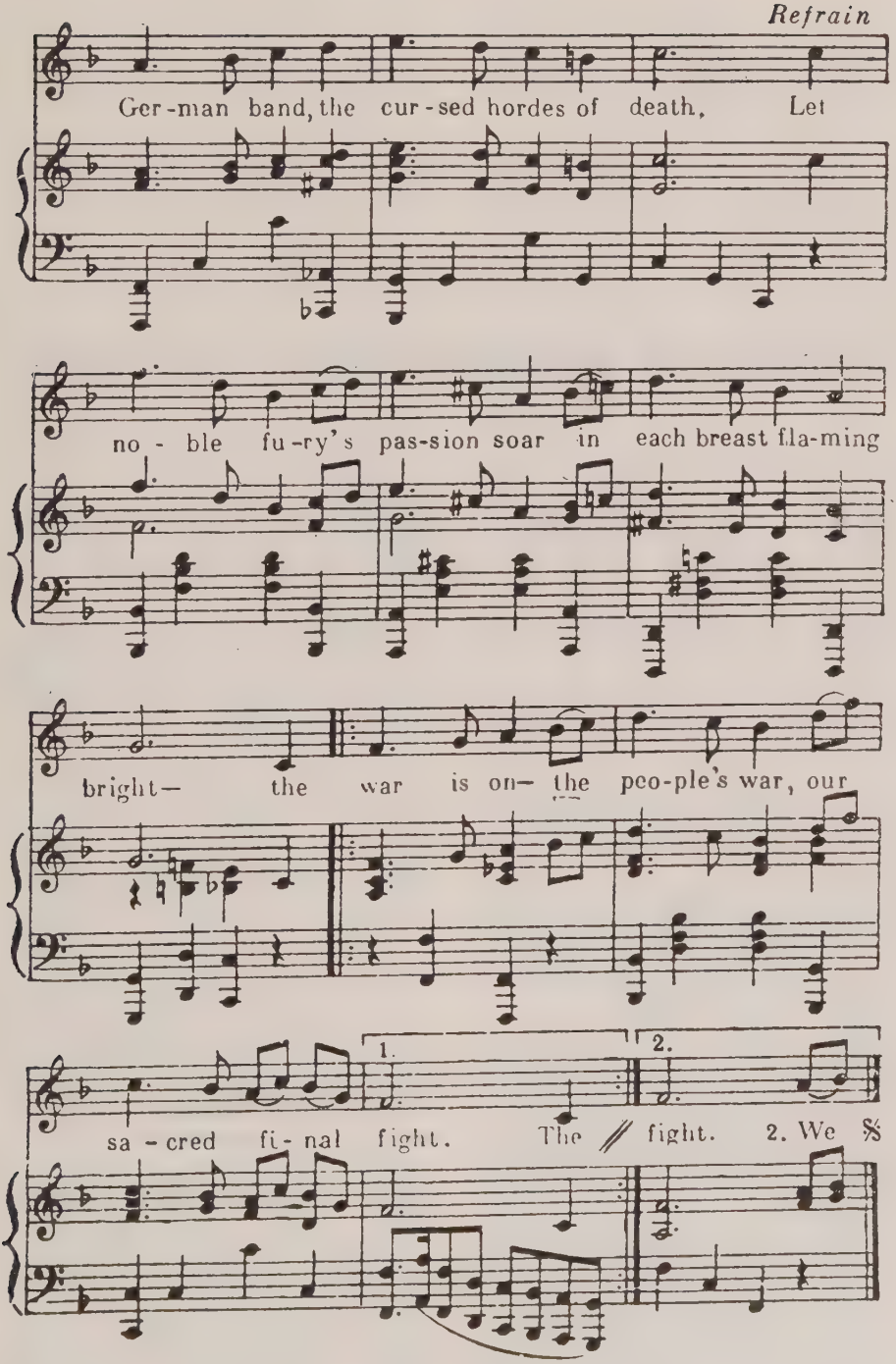
Translated by Louis Zellikoff

THE FINAL SACRED WAR

Words by V. LEBEDEV-KUMACH

Music by M. BLANTER




Refrain
Ger-man band, the cur-sed hordes of death. Let
no - ble fu-ry's pas-sion soar in each breast fla-ming
bright— the war is on— the peo-ple's war, our
1.
2.
sa - cred fi- nal fight. The // fight. 2. We

G. ALEXANDROV

Fascism—the Diabolical Enemy of Mankind

GERMANY'S PRESENT RULERS

These wretched degenerates of history, as Maxim Gorky aptly called the German fascists, these pot-house frequenters, these perpetrators of nearly every crime committed in Germany in recent years, these brigands who have usurped power and evoked universal derision by calling themselves "national-socialists," have for several years already been engineering one bloody shambles after another.

Never has Germany known such ignominious pages in her history as during the bandit rule of this gang of unbridled adventurers, of Hitler and his thugs.

The country which produced Goethe and Lessing, Heine and Beethoven, Hegel and Marx is for the time being compelled by threat of the bayonet and the hangman's noose to suffer in silence, to tolerate the sanguinary orgies, the unscrupulous machinations and criminal activities of its arrogant but shortsighted governors. Having risen to power, Hitler and his iniquitous gang have embroiled the majority of the population of the world in war, have perfidiously broken all their pledges, have already annihilated and are continuing to annihilate hundreds of thousands of Germany's sons, the flower of her youth; they are trampling under foot and exterminating all that is progressive, honest and freedom-loving in the German people, plunging that nation and the other nations of Europe into one continuous holocaust of war.

Who are these unscrupulous adventurers, these frothing curs branded with the mark of the swastika, who recognize no law but violence nakedly exercised for the revival of the days of slavery? Who are these creatures in whose eyes everything may be bought and sold and nothing is sacred, who are ready at any moment to commit the most frightful and bloodthirsty crimes for the gratification of their selfish and vicious instincts and ambitions?

These brutes, whose names are a curse to millions and will always be pronounced by the peoples of the world with hatred and loathing, these sinister degenerates—Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Frick, Ribbentrop and the rest—are creatures with the most checkered pasts. But there is one thing they have in common—their malevol-

ent and ferocious hatred of the masses, both of Germany and of other countries. This, incidentally, is admitted by the fascists themselves. A book recently published by one of them, Hans Freier, frankly and officially asserts that "it is with the support of all kinds of riff-raff that the political genius builds up the splendor of his rule."

In the eyes of the fascist ruling clique of Germany there is no enemy more terrible than their own people. They fear them and hate them. Political adventurers and bandits that they are, they cannot look upon the people otherwise. In Hitler's opinion, "the minds of the masses are limited, their intelligence negligible;" the people are "naturally lazy." Hitler's chief lieutenant in matters of demagogy and stupefying the minds of the people, Goebbels, recommends "an appeal to the most primitive instincts of the mass."

Destruction, devastation, extermination! Concentration camp, scaffold, firing squad!—these are the words most frequently to be met with in the speeches and writings of the present rulers of Germany when they address the people. These men have an instinctive loathing of everything new and progressive. Words like progress and national freedom fill them with nausea, fear and rage. Narrow-minded and doltish, but crafty and brazen demagogues, they have a craving for blood and are interested only in things calculated to foment new wars and bloody collisions among the nations. To them war is the "normal" state of mankind. Life is war!—that is the catchword which the German command is constantly hammering into the minds of its soldiers, for peaceful constructive labor spells death to the bloodthirsty fascist monster, whereas the death of workers, peasants, intellectuals is the means by which they hope to preserve their brigand rule to the detriment of the interests of the people. It was not for nothing that Hitler, with the cynicism of a hired assassin, declared: "I am war!"

Is it not obvious that Hitler and his dastardly gang, who strode to power over the corpses of thousands of German workers, peasants, scientists and writers, who have made banditry the one instrument of their policy, who know no limit in their predatory military adventures, and who have created a government of spies, provocators, "beer-house politicians," hangmen and thugs, cannot win and are bound to be utterly crushed and annihilated?

FASCISM—MANKIND'S MOST MALIGNANT ENEMY

There is no more malevolent enemy of human progress and advancement than fascism.

It is the major enemy of all nations and States, for it is out to enslave and exterminate them. Fascism is a diabolical movement, the foe of all peoples. The fascists, the scum and dregs of the present social system in Germany and Italy, regard their accomplices in their bloody misdeeds as a "superior race," whose mission it is to subjugate the other, supposedly "inferior races," and live at their expense. In the wake of the fascist armies comes the destruction of all the achievements of modern civilization, of all cultural progress and liberties won by the nations. Fascism is the enemy of the people; it means—as the state of the countries occupied by Germany and Italy shows—the abolition of their national independence and of their integrity as nations and States, the dismantling of their

industries, the robbery of all food stocks, and hence the starvation and death of thousands and millions of men, women and children.

The real aim of the fascist rulers is manifest from the policy they are pursuing in the occupied countries—in France, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania. Foodstuffs and articles of prime necessity are confiscated from the population and sent to Germany; the country is drained of raw materials, machinery and equipment; peaceful inhabitants are driven in thousands to the fields of Germany and there made to toil like slaves in humiliation day and night under the lash and the bayonet; the starving and emaciated people are shot down at the least murmur of protest at the order and pleasure of the "Führer," are hanged on the nearest tree, or driven into filthy and noisome holes known as concentration camps.

The anger of the people of the occupied and conquered countries against the fascist rulers is a formidable force. History knows many an instance of the fierce resentment of subjugated but freedom-loving peoples acquiring such explosive power as to throw off the yoke of the foreign conquerors. To-day there is plenty of cause for the gathering wrath and indignation of the peoples.

The overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of France are observing the ruthless treatment of their country by the fascist barbarians with clenched fists and a passionate desire to see the utter annihilation of their tormentors; Dutchmen, Belgians, Danes and Norwegians cherish the one thought of avenging the humiliations and indignities heaped upon them by fascist Germany. Scores of thousands of Belgian and Danish workers have been forcibly dispatched to Germany, there to work like slaves; these countries have been drained of all their agricultural stocks, bought up at ridiculous prices fixed by the Germans themselves, which has spelled widespread ruin for the peasants; fascist bloodhounds have been appointed directors of schools and universities in the occupied countries. All this was bound to arouse fierce hatred and resentment towards the invaders.

Never will the Polish people forget their sufferings and torments. Thousands of their sons have been brutally murdered by the fascists in the sight of the population; tens of thousands of Polish families have been driven from their homes and their property turned over to Germans; to this day, in Polish cities and villages, houses are raided and girls and young women violated and consigned to the brothels as white slaves.

Not much different is the situation in the other occupied countries—in Bohemia and Yugoslavia, Greece and Rumania.

That after all this the conquered peoples of Europe should fiercely and passionately desire the extermination of fascism and of Hitler's whole vile pack is not surprising. It is only natural that their one urge should be to assist the defeat of fascism in this war with every means in their power.

Is it not obvious that fascism, which has proclaimed the subjugation and enthrallment of all other nations as its supreme aim, slavery as its supreme principle, and hatred and bloodshed as its supreme ideal, cannot win in the end and is bound to be annihilated?

Is it not obvious that this brood of fascist fiends who now rule Germany, who have brought down brutal suffering and hardship on the German people, who are obli-

terating their glorious traditions and even every progressive sentiment and thought, and are splitting them into slave-owners and slaves—is it not obvious that this fiendish brood cannot win, and is bound to be crushed and ruthlessly wiped from the face of the earth?

FASCISM—THE FOE OF CIVILIZATION

What were the first "cultural" acts of Hitler and his bandits when they arrived in power?

The first thing they did was to make bonfires of the university and public libraries. Following in the footsteps of Torquemada, the Grand Inquisitor of medieval Spain, these modern inquisitors, the fascist barbarians, arranged public auto-da-fés of books and manuscripts and consigned over twenty million volumes to the flames amidst the plaudits of a few hundred wretched degenerates. In Berlin alone "ten thousand centners" of scientific and literary works were first dumped into the stables of the mounted police and then set fire to in the main streets of the city. But the incineration of the works of Gorky and Barbusse, of Heine and Hugo, of Romain Rolland and Ludwig Renn was only the beginning. Suspicious and mistrustful of science and progressive literature, guided by Hitler's maxim that "the intellectuals are the scum of the nation," the fascist jesuits brutally murdered scores of scientists, savants and men of letters, and drove into exile men like Einstein, Mann and Feuchtwanger and Germany's finest composers, conductors, dramatists, actors and artists. The Jewish pogroms and the law on compulsory castration are only samples of their fiendish misdeeds.

Fascist drill-sergeants have been placed at the head of the schools, higher educational establishments and big libraries. Their mentality and policy are expressed in the words of the rector of the University of Frankfurt: "The aim of our university education," he said, "is not pure science, but the science of the soldier." The fascist Minister of Education declared: "Loyalty is the prime virtue of the ordinary man. The more intelligent he is, the weaker is his sense of loyalty."

And so we find the fascist rulers themselves admitting that the more stupid their people are, the better it is for fascism. Fascism and reason, fascism and learning are concepts as antithetical as earth and sky, north and south, darkness and light. This attitude towards knowledge and enlightenment reveals the vile and despicable essence of the fascist policy and the fascist "ideology." Goebbels himself said in this connection: "Intellect is dangerous to the formation of character. . . I loathe everything intellectual, I am nauseated by the printed word."

These are the bitter fruits offered the German people by the "enlightening" activities of the fascists, by their "contempt for learning and hatred of thought."

Is it not obvious that a country which is eradicating higher education (Germany is experiencing a shortage of over 30,000 engineers!), closing down libraries, preaching hatred of humanity, and expelling its finest scientists and writers cannot win and is bound to be vanquished?

THE FASCIST MONSTER WILL BE CRUSHED

Maxim Gorky said several years ago that the degenerates of his-

tory in Germany were again, as in the nineteenth century, advancing the soldier to the role of ruler of the world.

This is not the first time the soldier has been advanced to this role in Germany. But even under different historical conditions, as at Lake Chudskoe, or in the outskirts of Berlin, or in the fields of the Ukraine, when the Germans were not confronted by such a formidable and redoubtable force as the great Soviet people and their valiant Red Army, they were utterly routed.

Our people know that they are faced with a powerful and unscrupulous foe. They know that the struggle will demand every ounce of their energy and the energy of their army. But they also know and are confident that victory will be theirs.

Every Soviet citizen remembers the fine words of our leader and teacher, Comrade Stalin: "Some think that war should be organized by a 'superior race,' say, the German 'race,' against an 'inferior race,' primarily against the Slavs; that only such a war can provide a way out of the situation, for it is the mission of the 'superior race' to fructify the 'inferior race' and rule over it. Let us assume that this queer theory, which is as far removed from science as the sky from earth, let us assume that this queer theory is put into practice. What may be the upshot? It is well known that ancient Rome looked upon the ancestors of the present-day Germans and French in the same way as the representatives of the 'superior race' now look upon the Slavonic tribes. It is well known that ancient Rome treated them as an 'inferior race,' as 'barbarians,' destined to live in eternal subordination to the 'superior race', to 'great Rome'; and between ourselves be it said, ancient Rome had some grounds for this, which cannot be said of the representatives of the 'superior race' of today."

The fascist cut-throats proclaim themselves a "superior race," whose mission it is to rule the world.

A "superior race"!—could anything be more farcical?

Not even a Molière could have invented a more caustic epithet for these modern barbarians.

This hotbed of perversion, of prostitution and homosexualism a "superior race"!

These inhuman and bloodthirsty gangsters a "superior race"!

This brood of scoundrels that have substituted soul-destroying military drill for education, the barrack-room for the halls of science, the soldier for the artist, the cheapest quackery for medicine, the ravings of a madman for human reason a "superior race"!

These modern cannibals, with their "ideology," designed to convert the mass of the people into a uniform herd of docile cattle, into mechanical robots and slaves, a "superior race"!

Otto Strasser, Hitler's quondam lieutenant who fled from Germany, recently published a book called *Germany Tomorrow*. No one can deny that if anybody knew anything about the Hitler gang and the German army it was Strasser. But this man has no great faith in Hitlerism in a really serious war. "The defeat of Hitler and his system of destruction," he says, "the defeat of the forces of devastation in this war is no less certain than Hitler's rise to power and the outbreak of the present war."

And to that there is nothing to add.

But one thing Strasser could not foresee, namely that German fascism would meet its doom under

the blows of the valorous army of the Soviet Union.

And it is with fierce indignation and righteous wrath that the Red Army will deal its crushing blow. There can be only one answer to Hitler's provocation; Mayakovsky expressed it in the burning words:

From west to east,
from north to south
let the workers talk
to the fascist hounds
in the only tongue
they understand:
fire
and sword
and the biting wit
of the bayonet's edge.

The crafty and unscrupulous foe cannot escape the hand of the Soviet people and their mighty and formidable Red Army. Every blow will be avenged by ten. The fascist monster will be crushed!

"A steel avalanche will crush the enemy"!
Poster by V. Odintsov

BELLES-LETTRES

L. SOBOLEV

In a Submarine

For the last five days no one in the submarine had slept much. The northern gale in this long, narrow gulf squeezed in between steep crags was like a blast through a narrow chimney. The icy water tossed into great waves, was disturbed to its uttermost depths and try as it would, the submarine could not manage to descend to give the man a change to eat some hot food and get a bit of sleep: the huge waves tossed the draft dangerously near the boulders, now and again simply washing it up to the surface.

And when at last the boat entered a calm section and the cook managed finally to serve some borshch and coffee, the commander ordered everyone off to bed except the shift on duty. Only a few men remained in the navigation compartment. The boat ploughed along smoothly slightly below the surface with scarcely a roll.

There was something comforting about the buzzing of the gyrocompass, the steering gear indicator clicked peacefully, there was a pleasant homey smell of dinner and the only reminders of the long days of the blockade just over was the dampness that had steeped into everything on board and the significant little crosses on the chart, denoting the points at which enemy transports had been sunk by the submarine.

The boat has stayed on in the gulf as long as was humanly possible. A thick crust of ice had already formed along the water's edge and it was time to return to the base. Its supply of fuel, shells and torpedoes not yet exhausted, however, the boat continued to guard the route leading to the enemy side. This was neither stubbornness nor "playing for the grandstands," it was dictated by the needs of the war.

The war had to be snuffed out right here: the enemy's only route for supplying its forces with shells, arms and ammunition had to be blocked at all costs. The gulf was like the ashpit of a burning furnace: close it and the fire at the front, deprived of its explosive feed, would be extinguished and thousands of human lives would be saved. And the fact that beside one of the little crosses stood a date only two days back proved that the submarine had not stayed behind for nothing: the enemy, confident that the winter storms had forced the Soviet submarines to lift the block-

ade, had attempted to transport war supplies. But these supplies had gone up in a useless firework display, shedding a lurid glow over the dark snow clouds, and a fiery cloud of smoke testified to the presence of the Soviet submarines.

But the boat dare not linger any longer. The winter was unusually severe, the passes between the islands were liable to freeze at any moment and then the bay would be a cross between a trap and a grave. So immediately after the attack, the commander set his course for the south, heading for the straits as fast as he could before the only outlet to the sea became icebound.

By dawn the boat approached the straits. The commander was on the conning tower alone. From that vantage point he took his bearings on the surviving lighthouses and communicated them to the navigation officer down below. For some reason the commander was a long time coming down. At last his legs appeared on the steps as he closed the upper hatch and gave orders to submerge. The boat sank to a short distance below the surface, out of sight of the coastal batteries, and very soon seemed to be passing between the islands, for the pitching gradually subsided. It was then that the commander ordered the crew to rest. He sent the navigation officer off to sleep as well, and remained on duty alone.

He pored over the map for a long while, pausing in his study only to issue a brief command to change the course, adhering strictly to the safe fairwater he had chanced upon some time back, and no one on duty suspected that anything was wrong. Only Vyaznov, the boatswain, an experienced helmsman, observed that the commander was not quite himself that day: he turned the pages of the navigation tables, drew some queer lines on the chart further south of the straits, took out a heap of meteorological telegrams and turned back to the tables again.

"Once in a hundred years isn't much consolation for me..." he growled at last under his breath.

The boatswain looked up questioningly but was ordered curtly to watch out for the depth, and the commander bent over the map again.

All this was singularly unlike the commander's customary calm and pleasant manner. Watching him covertly the boatswain surmised that he had come to some decision. He put away the tables and weather reports, rubbed out the pencil markings on the chart, and making a dot on the course somewhere far ahead in the open sea, wrapped himself in his mackintosh and sat down on the stool.

Little by little the boat began to come to life, for the weariest man must sleep his fill some time.

The cook popped his head in the doorway asking for permission to serve breakfast (although that was scarcely the name for the meal served at that hour). Again pleasant odors of cooking floated over the boat. Cocoa this time. The commander drank down a glass and summoning the navigation officer ordered him to follow the course as outlined, not to rise to the surface on any account and to wake him up half an hour before the boat arrived at the point marked on the chart.

When he returned to the navigation compartment it was clear that sleep had by no means refreshed him. He seemed not to have rested at all. His cheeks were sunken and haggard, his inflamed eyes blinked painfully at the light. He exchanged a few words with his lieutenant, dismissed him and sat down again on his folding stool. Boatswain Vyaznov was again at

the controls. The sound of voices subsided as the men took advantage of the calm sailing to get some more sleep. In a low tone the commander ordered the bulkheads leading to the navigation compartment closed and then commanded softly:

"Comrade boatswain, lift her up to the periscope level. But go easy."

The electrician turned toward the switch to raise the periscope but the commander stopped him with a gesture. Vyaznov carefully moved the elevator control, the prow of the boat lifted and the hand of the depth indicator shifted to the left. But when it had crawled past the figure at which the periscope, had it been up, would have already been above the surface, the boat reeled as though the tower had hit some hard obstacle that prevented it rising through the water. A dull roar came from above.

"So that's it," said the commander. "Bring her down again, Vyaznov."

The boatswain shifted the controls again shooting a swift glance at the commander. The latter caught his eye and laughed mirthlessly. He made a curve on the map with his calipers, marking a new point on the chart. Then he turned to the men around him.

"Comrade boatswain," he said, "call the next watch, and you go off to rest with your shift. Come back in three hours and we'll try again. It has to end somewhere... But not a word to anyone yet, no need to worry the others, get me?"

The watch changed, the smooth sailing continued and no one except those who had just been relieved suspected that the boat was proceeding under a thick ceiling of unbroken ice.

The Baltic Sea had not frozen in this particular section for a hundred years and the commander could not have foreseen this phenomenon. When the boat was approaching the straits that first dawn and he had seen the smooth white field ahead instead of a dark choppy sea, he had realized that even this violent storm could not prevent the waters between the islands from freezing, and he had no alternative but to dive under the ice and pass below the frozen straits, coming up far out at sea, at the point where the water moved incessently in huge restless breakers that could never freeze.

And so the boat had dived under the ice, the southern edge of which was the devil knows where, but somewhere it certainly must be. Must be... but was it?

The point at which he had made his first attempt to rise was ten miles south of the ice border on the straits set forth in the navigation tables as the only case on record in the past hundred years. Those extra ten miles had been an allowance for the severity of the winter. And yet, even this far south the ice was a solid sheet.

Nowhere is it so important to restrain one's imagination as in a submarine. Give it rein for a moment and you would at once visualize two white lines blotting out the black figures denoting the depth and moving toward each other from the north and south. They came together noiselessly, and somewhere down below a doomed submarine tossed about helplessly. But such visions had to be dismissed at once. For they weakened one's will, one's presence of mind, one's resolve. And that meant the end. Not only for oneself but for those whose lives had been entrusted to one's superior knowledge and talent as commander. One had to think of something else: where could the other end of the ice be? It must be somewhere.

To turn to the tables for guidance on this point was useless. The manual had admitted frankly, like the old fogey it was, that it could remember nothing of the kind having happened for the last century. To ask others merely meant disturbing their equanimity and self-control qualities essential at critical moments. All one could do was to sit tight and wait for three hours to pass before making another attempt to rise.

But when three hours later the boatswain Vyaznov returned with his shift it turned out that the problem of the ice ceiling that hung over the boat like a coffin lid was no longer the concern of the commander and those who had witnessed the attempt to rise. The commander's experiment had betrayed itself to the men by the list and by the curious noise overhead. The commander understood the meaning of the glances that had been thrown at him by the men who had passed through the navigation compartment in the past three hours. No need now to spare the crew's nerves.

He pressed his lips to the speaking tube connected with the rest of the boat and explained the situation briefly to the whole crew. Then he gave the signal to rise.

This time the boat attacked the ice squarely. It threw itself fiercely against the solid covering. The tower scratched the underside of the ice. The motors shut off and the ballast compartment blown clear, the submarine launched its onslaught in a desperate attempt to break through the vast ice layer that had bound the Baltic, and the men standing at their posts sweated in every pore as though they themselves with their own shoulders were straining every muscle to smash the ominous ceiling.

But it remained solid and unyielding and the little submarine withdrew below water again as the swift goldfish retreates from the relentless glass walls of its aquarium.

Down below the commander ordered the batteries to be tested. The power was given out. Not enough now to take the boat back to the bay, where the water was still clear. He studied the chart again, rapidly estimating the power of winds, depths, currents. Then he changed the course sharply to the west of the base and left the compartment.

There is a limit to everything—the strongest selfcontrol and courage must give way some time. One's strength had been taxed too far. The men were outwardly calm, some of them even cracked a joke or two, but as they passed through the boat, the commander caught their unspoken question in their glances.

He went into the cabin, took a book from the shelf and returning to the central post sat down to read.

He seemed completely engrossed in the book, turning the leaves from time to time and chuckling at some amusing passage. And the men who passed by on real or invented errands saw their commander sitting quietly and reading as though everything was quite as it should be. What was the sense of worrying and speculating if the commander could sit there so calmly and read a book?

But Vyaznov, the boatswain, caught the commander's glance as he raised his eyes to look at the clock. And what he saw in those weary bloodshot eyes made his heart turn over in his breast and for an instant he saw the scale on the depth-sounder through a mist.

At the time he had set for himself the commander closed the book and got up from his chair. Again the signal was given to rise. Once more the boat went up and again

came that nasty shock as the conning tower hit the ice. But suddenly the hand of the depth-sounder, which had stood still for an instant, swerved sharply to the left and pointed to zero.

They raised the periscope. Its glass eye revealed broken ice floes floating on all sides. The boat rocked and the commander kept his eye glued to the periscope as the parched traveller presses his lips greedily to water found in the desert, and the thin sliver of daylight played on his reddened eyeball. When he turned his head he was his calm assured self again.

"Make a note on page 112 of the tables," he said to the navigation officer, "the edge of the ice can sometimes reach a latitude of. . . Get the figures from the chart. . . Start the diesels."

He climbed up the ladder, and as he forced open the upper hatch there was a tinkling shower of icicles. A breath of fresh frosty air swept down through the tower, a wave tilted the boat and the commander's book slipped off the chair onto the floor.

Boatswain Vyaznov lifted it up carefully and placed it beside the tables, glancing at the title as he did so. "Georgian Fairy Tales," he read.

Soviet navy in action

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

On the Don

The Red Army recruits are on their way to the village square. Two youngsters of about seven and ten run ahead of me arm in arm. Their parents are right behind me. He is a strapping man, a tractor-driver by the look of him, in a neatly darned blue overall suit and a freshly laundered shirt, she a young, darkskinned woman. Her lips are pressed tightly together, and her eyelids are reddened with weeping. As they come abreast I overhear her remark in low tones to her husband:

"These bloody Germans again! They just couldn't see us living peacefully. . . Fedya, see you give them a good trouncing!"

The burly Fedya wipes his sweaty hands on his handkerchief and smiles condescendingly.

"Listen here, woman," he booms in his deep bass voice, "you've been at it all night. Don't you worry, I know a thing or two myself. You'd better see to it when you get back home that you tell that brigade leader of yours if he keeps on making more haystacks like the ones we saw on the way up by Gniloy meadow we'll come and skin him. Don't forget now!"

The woman is about to say something but her husband makes a gesture of impatience and says in the most masculine voice he can muster:

"For goodness' sake, woman, that'll do! When we get to the square they'll tell us what to do a lot better than you can."

The mobilized men stand in stern rows beside the platform. The square is crowded with relatives and friends who had come to see the men off. On the platform stands Yakov Zemlyakov, a huge Cossack with a powerful chest.

"I'm an old soldier myself, a Red partisan. Been through the whole civil war. I've brought up a son. He's an artilleryman like his father. He fought the White Finns. He was wounded and now he's fighting the German fascists. As a good artilleryman myself I couldn't stand the fascist treachery, so I have asked the War Commissariat to take me as a volunteer in the same unit as my son, so that we can drive out the fascist swine together just as twenty years ago we drove out the white-guard swine! I want to go to the front as a Communist and have asked the Party organization to accept me as a candidate."

Roman Vypryaskin, a young Cossack, is the next speaker.

"The Finnish white-guards killed my brother," he says, "I want to volunteer for the Red Army and go to the Finnish front to take my brother's place and avenge his death!"

"I have two sons in the Red Army," says old man Pravdenko, a worker. "One in the air force, the other in the infantry. I, their father, have ordered them to kill the enemy without mercy, wipe them out completely on land and in the air. And if they need help, old as I am, I shall take up my rifle and join them at the front."

The winter wheat has ripened. Tall, thick and luscious it stands in a wall of solid green. The rye is the height of a man. The dark green ears heavy with grain bend low swaying in the breeze.

To avoid our car, a horseman turned his horse into the field of rye and disappeared from view. His mount and his white shirt were hidden and only the peak of his Cossack cap showed scarlet through the waving green, like the head of a poppy.

We stopped the car. The horseman rode out to meet us.

"Look at that beautiful rye," he said pointing to the field. "And these bloody Germans want to lay their paws on it. . . Well, just let them try, we'll show 'em! Got a smoke on you? Been away from home two days now and have run out of tobacco. But what's the news from the front?"

We told him what we had heard in the last two news bulletins. He stroked his greyish white whiskers.

"Our young folk are fighting like hell at the front, but can you imagine what it will be like when we chaps who have been through three wars get there? We'll cut them up into ribbons, we will. Oh, yes, we'll show them."

The old Cossack dismounted. He sat on his haunches his back to the wind and lit his cigarette, without letting go of the reins.

"How is it in your village?" we ask him, "what are the older Cossacks saying about the war?"

"We're all saying the same thing: get the haymaking done and the harvest in as fast as we can. But if the Red Army needs us before the work is done, we're ready. The womenfolk will get to do the work without us. You know yourselves what good tractor-drivers and combine-operators we've made of them." The Cossack winks slyly. "The Soviet government don't let the grass grow under its feet. Sure it's quieter living down here in the steppes but we Cossacks never did care much for a quiet life. And we'll gladly go to fight in this war. The people's wrath against Hitler is great. What's the matter with him, can't he live without war? But this here is going to be one war too many for him."

He puffed in silence for a while, keeping his eye on his horse who peacefully cropped the grass beside him.

"When I heard Comrade Molotov's speech on Sunday everything seemed to turn over inside me. Couldn't sleep a wink that night for thinking. Last year the field wreckers gave us no peace, now Hitler is starting—all to make trouble for the people. What kind of a fella is this Hitler anyhow, what kind of a poisonous insect is he that he settles on everything and tries to destroy it? Then I remembered the World War and all the Germans I killed then. . . Eight of them I cut down with this here hand of mine. All in attacks." The Cossack smiles a little sheepishly. "Now I can talk about this though I was always a bit shy to mention it before. They gave me

two St. George crosses and three medals that time. Think I got them for nothing? You bet I didn't. So there I was lying awake the other night thinking, and suddenly I remembered I'd read somewhere that Hitler had fought in that war too. And a thought struck me so forcibly I sat up in bed and said aloud: 'Why the hell wasn't he one of those eight? One swipe and I could have cut him in two!' The wife wakes up and says: 'Who's that you're cutting up now?' 'Hitler,' says I, 'the bastard! Go to sleep, Nastasya, you don't understand these things.'"

The Cossack snuffed out his cigarette butt between two fingers and climbed into the saddle.

"Well, he'll get it in the neck this time," he said, then turning to me he added sternly: "Next time you go to Moscow, Alexandrych, tell those who are close to Comrade Stalin that the Don Cossacks of all ages are ready for service. Well, good luck. I'm off to give the womenfolk a hand with the haymaking!"

A minute later the horseman was gone, leaving light clouds of dust in his wake.

That evening a group of collective farmers gathered around the Mokhov village Soviet. Kuznetsov, an elderly farmer with sunken cheeks, was talking in a low voice his huge, calloused hands lying quietly on his knees.

". . . I was wounded when they took me prisoner. Before I was properly recovered they sent me to work. Harnessed eight of us to the plough. We plowed German soil. Then they sent us to the mines. Eight tons of coal we had to load in one shift. But we didn't have the strength to do more than two. So they beat us. They stood you face to the wall and hit the back of your head so your face would hit the wall. Then they put us in a barbed wire cage. It was made so low you could only sit on your haunches. Two hours sitting in that position and they'd have to drag you out of there with a pitchfork, for you could never crawl out by yourself. . ." Kuznetsov looked at his listeners with his gentle brown eyes and continued in the same calm tone: "Look at me: I'm skinny and feeble enough as it is but I weigh seventy kilograms and over there during those two and a half years I never weighed more than forty kilograms. That's what they did to me!"

A few seconds of silence, and the low dispassionate voice of Kuznetsov proceeds:

"Two of my sons are fighting the German fascists right now. And I've been thinking that it's about time I went too. Only you'll have to excuse me, citizens, I shan't take any prisoners. I just couldn't do it."

There was a tense silence. Kuznetsov stared down at his brown trembling hands.

"I just can't help it, citizens," he said in a louder voice. "They took my health from me. . . And if I have to fight them now maybe I'll take their soldiers prisoners, but not the officers. No, I just couldn't do it! I stood enough over there from those officers! So that you'll have to excuse me. . ." And he stood up, tall and gaunt, his eyes gleaming with a spark of hatred that made them look young.

On the second day of the war the whole village Vashayevskaya, young and old, came out onto the fields. Even those who had been released from work long since because of their age were there. The old folks were put to cleaning out the barn not far from the village. An ancient grandad, mouldy with years, was scraping the grass with his spade.

"How can you work sitting down, grandad?"

"My back won't bend, my lad, it's easier for me this way."

But when one of the old women working near the barn remarked: "You ought to go home, grandfather, we'll get along without you," the old man raised his pale, child-like eyes and replied sternly: "I have three grand-children at the front fighting the Germans. I've got to help them some way. You're too young to teach me. Wait till you've lived as long as I have, and then you'll know something perhaps!"

Two emotions are alive in the hearts of the Don Cossacks: love for their country and the great Stalin, and a seething hatred for the fascist invaders. The love will be eternal, but the hatred will last until the enemy is finally routed.

Woe to him who has awakened this hatred and the cold anger of the people!

"The Quiet Don over the Danube."
Drawing by N. Semenov
Cover of the magazine "Crocodile"

O. DESNYAK

Battalions Crossed the Desna...

The novel *Battalions Cróss the Desna. . .* by the Ukrainian writer O. Desnyak shows the struggle waged by the Ukrainian people against the German invaders in 1918. The action takes place in a Ukrainian village and its environs which became the place of big historical events.

All over the Ukraine the people rose against the German invaders. Wherever the enemy appeared brave and courageous guerilla detachments formed to help and support the young Red Army.

In the course of centuries the Great-Russian people have learned and mastered the art of carrying on guerilla warfare. In the present sacred war for liberation against the fascist barbarians the peoples of the U.S.S.R. do their utmost to follow Stalin's call: "In occupied regions conditions must be made unbearable for the enemy and all his accomplices. They must be hounded and annihilated at every step, and all their measures frustrated."

To-day Desnyak's novel sounds like documentary evidence and an example of the unbending courage of the Soviet people in their fight against the arrogant invaders.

The novel shows the famous army leader of the Civil War, Shchors, under whose leadership the Soviet regular troops together with the guerilla units dealt a crushing blow at the German invaders.

We are publishing below three chapters of the novel, with Shchors as the central figure.

The other characters: Navodnyuk, Pavlo, his fiancée, Maryanka, and other organizers of and participants in the guerilla movement personify the courageous, freedom-loving Ukrainian people who are fighting heroically for their country and liberty.

MARYANKA

The sun had not yet risen above the lime trees in the Sobolevsky garden when the bugle was sounded on the steps of the school. The Germans were going off to the forest to hunt the guerilla fighters. They ran out onto the street forming platoons and hauling machine-guns with them. Schultz, his hair neatly combed but his eyes heavy with sleep, appeared on the steps. He pulled down his tunic with a resolute gesture and strode over to his company. The Germans stood stiffly at attention. The sunbeams played on their helmets and the flat blades of their bayonets. Raising his right hand with a sharp movement Schultz addressed the soldiers. They stood with sullen faces looking dully into the distance.

Schultz barked out a command. The first platoon moved off and marched down the street with measured tread. The men in the front ranks carried machine-guns. The second, third and fourth platoons followed.

Barely had the Germans disappeared around the bend than from

behind the cherry trees that grew in the Brovchenko garden stepped Maryanka. The girl stood by the gate for a while then walked slowly down the street past the school. The German sentry was dozing as usual at the crossroads. On the steps of the schoolhouse, his bayonet at his side, walked an orderly. Through the open gates the girl saw three other Germans in the school yard beside the field kitchen. No sound issued from the school itself.

Passing the sentry Maryanka descended the hill to the river. The girl paid no heed to the lush beauty of the meadows, she did not hear the merry clamor of children's voices at the dam by the bridge. Maryanka's eyes were glued to the dense hedge that surrounded the manor house garden. As she stepped onto the bridge she cast a look around and seeing no one besides the children took off her kerchief and waved it.

Out of the bushes appeared Navodnyuk, with Pavlo, Boyar and the rest of the partisans behind him. Crouching low, they made their way to the neighboring garden and climbed over the fence. Maryanka ran up to them.

"Everything is arranged, Dmitro Tikhonovich," she said in an agitated whisper.

"Fine. You're not scared, are you? Haven't forgotten what we agreed upon last night?"

"No."

"Well, here goes!"

The guerilla fighters crossed the garden and crowled up the hill. Breathing quickly, Maryanka fixed her blouse, felt the belt at her waist and began to climb the hill after the men. The sentry still stood at the crossroads. Maryanka slowed down. Her hands began to tremble and she did not know what to do with them. It seemed to her that she was walking with broad firm strides, yet she approached the sentry with barely perceptible movement. Feeling stifled, she pushed back her kerchief. A breeze wafted from the street cooled her cheek. Before reaching the corner she crouched against the fence at about ten paces from the German sentry. From the school around the corner she was not visible. The sentry turned toward her, looked at her questioningly and shrugged his shoulders. He shifted his rifle. Maryanka looked him in the eyes and beckoned to him with her finger.

"Was?" he inquired coming closer. Standing now within three paces of her, he too was invisible from the school. Maryanka glanced round again. They were alone in the lane. The German stood with his legs apart, a strong sturdily built fellow. Maryanka looked at his clean-shaven chin and the cold gray eyes. She whipped her revolver out from under her blouse.

"Hands up!" she cried, and drawing herself up to her full height she pointed the muzzle at the German's breast, biting her lips. Taken completely by surprise, the sentry fumbled for the strap of his rifle staring at the tiny hole in the muzzle of the revolver. The soldier felt again at his chest and slowly raised his hands. Surprise and fear were written on his countenance.

Maryanka's shout was the signal for the partisans. They came leaping over the fence, and at sight of them the sentry fell to his knees and began to plead with them in German. They disarmed him and pointed to the dam. The German leapt to his feet and ran swiftly down the hill toward the river. Keeping close to the fence, Navodnyuk peered stealthily around the corner. The orderly was sitting on the steps within fifty feet of them. Navodnyuk waved his hand. The rifle locks clicked.

"Run for it!"

The handful of partisans ran toward the school. Navodnyuk waving a hand grenade leapt up the

steps ahead of the others. Before the orderly had time to move he was looking into the rifles of Boyar and Peskovy. Klessun, Yakovenko and Shurshavy from the gateway had other Germans covered.

"Hands up!" commanded Brovchenko in German.

The orderly backed away into the corner, and Navodnyuk, Boyar and Ananius dashed into staff headquarters.

"Take all weapons and destroy all papers!" ordered Navodnyuk.

Boyar noticed a machine-gun by the door. He hauled it outside and placed it on the doorstep. Navodnyuk rushed to Schultz' room. It was locked.

"Come on, Ananius, give us a hand!"

Ananius seized the doorhandle and gave a powerful tug. It gave way. On the table were neatly folded papers. Navodnyuk took up one sheet on which was a long list of names of peasants on whom fines were to be levied. Hastily he thrust the paper into his pocket.

"Ananius, smash the telephone."

Navodnyuk tore up the paper. Ananius disconnected the telephones and broke them against the window frame. The floor was littered with torn documents, maps, reports, fragments of telephones, bullets.

In the meantime Klessun and his comrades had driven the Germans into the barn, overturned the field kitchen, spilling its contents, harnessed a pair of horses to the heavy German cart and drove up to the steps.

"Load on the machine-gun and rifles. Take all the ammunition you can find!" ordered Navodnyuk.

The partisans loaded rifles, soldiers' coats and boots onto the cart. Maryanka helped the men. In ten minutes all was ready.

"Let's go!"

Peskovy took the driver's seat. The horses set off at a lively trot. The partisans hot and perspiring brought up the rear.

"Climb on, Maryanka, come along with us. You'll be our Red Cross nurse. You'll be shot if you stay here," Navodnyuk said, helping the girl onto the cart. As the cart rattled down the road, people ran out to see what was happening but returned at once to their yards. As the partisans were passing onto the bridge, Miron Gorovy caught up with them.

"Dmitro Tikhonovich, friends," he begged, "take me with you. I'll drive for you. I can't stay on here. Let me go along!"

"Come on, then, Miron. We're going to fight the Germans. We have plenty of weapons now."

The horses turned left toward the meadows. Beyond over the Desna stood the dark forest, mysterious and silent.

BOGUNITES

After three nights' march Navodnyuk's partisan detachment tromped wearily into Unech and joined the Bogunites.

A fine rain was falling. The wind whistled eerily in the naked bushes and trees. The night was dark and cold. Taking advantage of the darkness, the battalions crossed the "demarcation line." The Bogunites walked in silence, there was no conversation, no commands. Each man remembered Shchors' warning not to smoke.

Near the forest they slowed down and the commanders went up to Shchors for last minute orders. He checked up to see whether each of them knew his place in battle and with a wave of his hand led the way to the left. One battalion detached itself from the others and followed Shchors. The darkness swallowed it

up. The regiment had Robchik village well covered from three sides.

"Close ranks!" the command was whispered through the ranks. In the darkness Navodnyuk could make out the tall figure of Ananius next to him, with Klessun, Malyshenko, the two Sjards and Dorosh beyond. Little Shurshavy brought up the rear of the platoon. As the noiseless command reached them the men drew themselves up and began to step more confidently splashing through the puddles as they went. With measured tread the platoon marched to the spot Shchors had designated. The fact that the regiment was already in action, that the platoon was marching forward in high spirit, that the men were anxious to get at the enemy as soon as possible, filled Dmitro with a gladness that made him want to sing a rousing march tune at the top of his voice. He marched at the head of his platoon and he was confident of victory. He knew that the men were thirsting for battle, and the thought made him step firmer. Their commander's mood communicated itself to the men.

The advance column slowed down a bit. In two minutes they had altered their formation and were descending to the valley. In the distance a light glimmered here and there in a semi-circle. The Germans were there. The lights reminded the old soldiers of past battles with the Germans near Pinsk, Riga and in the Carpathians.

The Bogunites crossed the valley and climbed the hill. The soil clung to their boots hampering their movements. But as they sighted the enemy camp the Bogunites forgot their fatigue. Fingers tightened around rifles. Many of the men were all for dashing forward at once but the commander held the hotheaded ones in check. "Halt and await the signal!" was the command.

The lights in the German camp lit up the dark earth of the dug-outs. Somewhere in the front lines the figures of the sentries and soldiers grouped around fires were visible. Now and again a horse was heard whinning in the darkness and snatches of German cursing reached the partisans. It was obvious that the Germans were not expecting an attack.

The Bogunites peered into the darkness trying to gauge the distance between them and the enemy. All of them—both men and commanders—were impatient to begin. Navodnyuk had to caution them to silence. Suddenly a rocket burst somewhere in their vicinity. Its long fiery tail hung for an instant above the ground and went out.

"Hurrah!" came the cry through the stillness from the other side of the German camp. Shchors was leading his battalion into attack.

The Bogunites dashed toward the German dug-outs. Without glancing round, Navodnyuk led his platoon toward the bonfires. He could hear Ananius breathing heavily behind him. Malyshenko, Klesun and Dorosh came running in a broken line. The rest were submerged in darkness. The frightened German patrolmen were firing at random into the air. A handful of soldiers leapt out of the dug-outs, ran helplessly this way and that, shouting and cursing. The officers rapped out commands. Somewhere to the left a machine-gun started rattling. A giant bee seemed to be buzzing over the heads of the Bogunites. The German gun was firing. A shell flew over and burst far away in the woods. The Bogunites dropped onto their bellies. Their rifles spoke in unison and were answered by the rat-a-tat of the Lewis guns. Shchors and his battalion were pushing forward on the opposite side. Realizing that they were surrounded, the Germans made a desperate attempt to escape on the right flank in the direction

of the woods. Navodnyuk crawled over to Boyar.

"Grisha, cut off their retreat with the machine-gun."

Boyar and Klessun dragged the gun onto the hillock under cover of bush. The next minute Grigori was directing a leaden hail at the slope leading to the valley. The Germans fell back.

"Hurrah!" came from the direction of Shchors' battalion.

The Bogunites leapt up and ran toward the dug-out, firing as they went. The Germans fired at them from dug-outs and behind trees but they could not check the onrush. They fell back only to encounter the machine-guns of Shchors; they crowded together in frightened desperate huddle, some of them threw down their arms and dropped onto the ground begging for mercy.

The Bogunites tightened their ring. All prisoners were quickly disarmed.

Within half an hour Shchors received the report that the Bogunites had taken three field guns, six machine-guns, several hundred rifles, shells, bullets and a whole supply train.

By dawn the Bogunites had occupied their first village—Robchik.

SHCHORS' COMMAND

The Gomel-Bakhmach railway junction was their next objective. "Capture Klintsy at once", was Shchors' order.

The regiment set out at night. Battalion after battalion approached the small town surrounded by a dense ring of forests. Shchors galloped from one flank to another, giving final instructions, conferring with his army.

"Send out a scouting party! Report every ten minutes!"

The frosty morning found the Bogunites ready for battle. The units impatiently awaited the command to begin the attack. On a hill under the pines stood Shchors with a group of commanders. Down below, Navodnyuk's platoon was stationed on both sides of the road. Dmitro stood beside Shchors. Through the bluish haze before him he could make out the dim contours of houses, factory chimneys, churches. On the square by the field kitchens were groups of Germans; platoons were marching down the streets. At the crossroads leading to the outskirts of the town the figures of sentries could be discerned. Presently a number of horsemen rode out of one of the yards and galloped out of the town.

"Scouts. . . Stop them!" Shchors ordered in low tones.

Brovchenko saluted and ran down the hill. The men waited tensely. The Sjards fidgeted nervously. Navodnyuk glanced wrathfully at Logvin and wagged a threatening finger.

"Company, fire!" came the command breaking the tension. One volley, followed by a second and third. The machine-guns rattled nervously. A loud echo reverberated across the meadow. The Germans dropped onto the ground. A broken line of smoke hovered above them. Bullets whistled and whined over the heads of the Bogunites. A gun boomed forth, followed by the piercing howl of a shell that seemed to stand still in midair as though searching for a place to fall. At last it fell somewhere in the woods. The next shell fell nearer. Frozen clods of earth flew at the Bogunites. The Germans continued firing from the ground. The rat-a-tat of the machine-guns drowned out the commands.

And suddenly the Germans ceased firing: they were taking their bearings. Odd words of command reached the other side, and the enemy detachments began to approach the Bogunites. The Germans ran forward crouching, taking cover wherever

they could and crawling on their bellies on the open field. The Bogunites aimed at their helmets. The Germans came slowly forward.

"Run, brothers, they'll cut us down like cabbages!" cried Peskovy. He turned and crawled hastily on his stomach away from the line of fire.

The Sjards followed suit. Navodnyuk turned pale and ignoring the bullets rose to his feet and barred the way.

"Back!"

"It's an attack. . . Dmitro, save yourself. . ."

"Back!" cried Navodnyuk and raised his hand with the grenade in it. "Follow me!"

Without turning round he run to meet the enemy. The platoon rose to follow their commander, the whole company did the same and with their rifles at the charge hurled themselves down the hill. The German machine-guns barked and a leaden hail met the Bogunites. All Dmitro saw before him was a broken line of helmets and a group of small pines behind from which the machine-gun was spitting. It was then that Dmitro felt the weight of the grenade in his hand. With a wide sweep of his arm he flung it with all his strength into the pines. A column of fire leapt up, and a harsh dry noise echoed in his ears. The machine-gun was silenced. The helmets crawled downward. The Germans leapt to their feet and ran, firing at random as they went. Boyar chased them with rounds from his machine-gun. A wild cheer burst from a thousand throats all along the front: "Hurrah!"

Outside the town the enemy halted, took up a convenient position and waited. A shrapnel barrage was laid on the Bogunites.

"Down!" came the command.

The Bogunites took up positions on the ground hiding behind the German corpses.

A fierce cross fire began. Both sides attacked the front line. The Bogunites brought their guns into play. The shells exploded on the enemy side, tearing up the frozen earth, sowing panic in the German ranks. Their rifle muzzles were scorching and the water in the machine-gun casing was boiling. But the battle went on. . .

Autumn days are short and the space between midday and sunset seemed particularly brief that day. By night the frost grew more severe, and the ground hardened. But the enemy did not give up his positions. That evening Shchors' command to prepare for attack was passed through the ranks.

Impatiently the men waited, chocking their bullets, and looking restlessly up the road from which the attack was to start. Suddenly Shchors appeared by the flank with a light machine-gun in his hands. His black leather jacket stood out sharply against the gray background of the fields. His straight, slender, resolute figure moved swiftly toward the enemy. . . The German machine-guns howled. Shchors ran forward. Bullets fell all round him, describing deadly invisible circuits. Shchors did not bend before the German bullets but ran steadily forward.

"Forward!"

The Bogunites rose to follow their commander. A loud cheer rose from the ranks, echoing over the woods. The machine-guns working furiously sowed death. But the Bogunites pushed forward. And the closer they came to the enemy, the faster they went.

Navodnyuk noticed Ananius beside him. He was breathing fast, his face was flaming and his hands gripped his rifle on whose sharp-edged bayonet the sun played faintly. Another few steps—and they would be entering the town in pursuit of the enemy.

Suddenly Ananius stumbled and fell.

"Get up!" said Dmitro giving him his hand.

But Ananius did not take it. With fingers outspread he was clawing at the decayed grass. Navodnyuk bent down and shook his comrade by the shoulder. Ananius' head dropped face downwards. A thick stream of blood flowed from the back of the neck.

"Ananius!"

Dmitro dropped to his knees and grasped his comrade's head. The eyes were glassy, the look of grim resolve with which Ananius had just been marching on the enemy was transfixed there.

"Goodbye, pal!" Dmitro kissed Ananius' cold lips and rose to his feet.

Ambulance carts were coming from the direction of the forest. Maryanka walked alongside one of them. Dmitro waved his hat and motioned toward Ananius.

"Why did I do that? They don't take dead men," Dmitro reflected as he ran to catch up with his platoon.

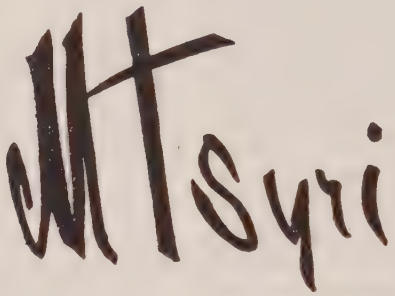
The Germans were hiding in the streets. The Bogunites advanced into the town hot in pursuit. There was some desultory shooting in alleys and backyards, but the real fighting has subsided. . .

Within a few minutes the Red flag was flying over Klintsy.

The prisoners were disarmed and the trophies were counted: guns, machine-guns, rifles, shells, bullets, a supply train. Installed on the premises of what had been German headquarters, Shchors was questioning prisoners and enrolling Klintsy workers into his regiment.

POEMS

M. Y. LERMONTOV



I did but taste a little honey,
and, lo, I must die.
I. Samuel

I

Not very many years ago,
Where merging, boisterhously flow
Aragva and Kura aracing,
Like sisters tenderly embracing,
An ancient monastery stood.
From 'round a hill o'ergrown with wood
One still can see its battered walls,
A tower, crypts and caved-in stalls.
But fragrant incense smoke no more
Does to the vaulted ceiling soar,
And monks no longer at late hours
Sing hymns and pray for sins of ours.
Just one lone keeper of the ruin,
An ancient man, white as the moon,
Forgotten since by men and fate,
Keeps dusting off each tombstone plate,
On which inscriptions old narrate
Of bygone days the splendid glory
And of the kingdom's end the story:
How once a king, aggrieved by worry,
And weary of the crown he wore,
His land to Russia handed o'er.
Since then descended Heaven's grace
On Georgia, now a peaceful place.
No longer enemies she fears.
Behind a wall of friendly spears
In peace she flourished all these years.

II

Once from the mountain range to town
A Russian general rode down.
A captive had he in his care,
A lad so young he could not bear
The hardships of the strenuous ride
And took quite sick. He almost died.
That frail and lean six-year-old child,
Like a gazelle was shy and wild,
And, brave like all his kin and kith,
He bore his illness with clenched teeth.
Persisting in a sullen mood
He proudly waved away all foods;
Not even once the faintest sigh
Escaped his lips—he wished to die.
Then out of pity one old monk
Took care of him and nursed along
Until he made him well again.
The child with him remained since then.
But timid, shy of childish joys,

* A Georgian word, meaning "a non-serving monk" or lay brother.

Most by himself at first the boy
Would wander shunning each and all,
And as if urged by some vague call
He yearningly would often gaze
Toward the east, where lived his race.
But as the years passed by he lost
His first aversion for his host;
He learned fast the stranger's tongue,
And was then christened by the monk.
He was about to take the oath,
Though still a youth put on the cloth,
When suddenly he disappeared
One autumn night. The friars feared
That he got lost in the dense wood.
They searched for him the neighborhood
And found him just a battered wreck
And in a faint. They brought him back.
A deathly pallor on his face,
Emaciat'd, with wand'ring gaze,
He lay there weak and hardly stirred.
When asked what had to him occurr'd
He answered not a single word,
He was so listless. It was clear
That he was ebbing; and in fear
That die confessionless he might,
A monk came to perform the rite
And get his will and last appeal
And for his soul in prayer kneel.
The youth, with his remaining strength,
Got up and talked then quite at length.

III

"You came to hear what I confess.
I thank you, kind old man, I guess
I really should before you ease
My mind and aching heart appease.
I never harmed anyone,
And anything I've ever done
So drab is you would hardly care
To hear—and could his soul one bare?
My life was short and all in jail,
Without excitements, dull and pale.
Like mine two lives I'd given away
For one of action, strife and play.
In all my life but one desire
I had, that burnt in me like fire,
And whirled my soul like in a storm,
And gnawed my bosom like a warm;
It called me forth from stuffy cells,
From prayers and from ringing bells
Into the wonderland, where life
Is full of battles and of strife;
Where mountains through the clouds high rise
In rocky peaks clear to the skies;
Where brave men are like eagles free—
And free like them I craved to be.
This passion nourished I with tears,
And sufferings, and hopes and fears.
All this I openly admit
And no forgiveness do I need.

IV

'I heard it many times before,
You saved my life, old man. What for?
So lonesome and morose I've grown—
A torn leaf by the tempest blown,
A child by heart, a monk by fate,
Who ventured not beyond yon gate.
Grown up behind these somber walls,
No one I 'father, mother' called.
Your aim, old man, I know t'was set
To make me these sweet names forget.
In vain! Their sound with me was born.
I saw the others, not forlorn
Like me, had homes and friends and kin,
But I nor kinsman knew nor e'en
A grave of someone that was dear.
So not to waste in vain a tear
I swore then at my soul's behest
To go into the world in quest
Of someone that I could caress
And to my burning bosom press—
Someone perhaps unknown to me,
But dear as one's own folks can be.
But oh! these dreams are gone fore'er!
I'll never see my homeland, ne'er!
And as I lived an orphaned slave
So I'll descend soon to my grave.

V

"Of death I'm not afraid at all.
In the eternal, silent cold
All sufferings are sooth'd, I'm told.
But I regret so soon to go!

I am so young yet! Did you know
Of rampant youth the reveries?
Or did you always live in peace
And never knew of love the bliss,
Were never stung by hate and fast
Your heart ne'er pounded in your breast
At sight of sunlit field or flow'r,
Or when on top the corner tow'r
A pigeon, frightened by a squall,
You'd see there hiding in a hole,
In a wide crevice ot the wall?
You're old and gray; I heard you tell
The world is just a gloomy hell,
That no desire's left in your breast.
What of it? Yours the time to rest—
You have so much you can forget—
You lived so long! I did not yet.

VI

"You want to know, what did I see
While outside I roamed light and free?
Luxurious fields and high hills crowned
With growing green trees all around,
Which, like a dancing, jolly crowd,
Would sway and rustling sing aloud.
And piles of giant rocks I saw
Through which swift mountain rivers flow.
Their hidden thoughts, I think, I know:
Their stony arms outstretch'd in space,
They yearn each other to embrace.
But days pass by and years fast fleet,
And they will never, never meet.
I saw the line of a mountain range,
As in a dream fantastic, strange,
Like altar smoke to sky aspires,
So rose in mist its rocky spires.
Emerging from some resting place
The clouds above them swiftly raced
Toward the East—like caravans
Of birds white-wing's from distant lands.
And through the distant haze I saw
The Caucasus like diamonds glow,
Immutable, eternal, gray.
And then I felt so carefree, gay—
I know not why. My heart rejoiced.
I heard an inner secret voice—
It said that once I lived there too.
Then suddenly it seemed I knew—
The past—it clearer, clearer grew.

VII

"My father's cosy hut, so small,
Set in the gorge, I now recalled,
And others wide around it scattered.
I heard again the distant clatter
Of droves returning from the meadows
At sunset with the evening shadows.
I heard dogs barking in the gorge.
Remembered I how at our porch
Old venerables gravely crooned,
Their daggers lit up by the moon. . .
It all came back, it seemed a dream—
The pictures flitted in a stream. . .
And then my father, like alive,
I saw in armor clad arrive.
I heard again of mail the ring,
I saw his rifle on its sling
And full of pride his eyes austere.
My sisters also did appear—
Their laughing eyes I saw again.
And heard the singing of the twain
As they over my cradle bent.
Myself I saw, the way I went
Down to the roaring stream each day
There in the golden sand to play.
And I recalled our peaceful nest,
Where all the family to rest
Would gather at the fireplace
And sing or tell of bygone days,
How people lived in other climes,
And what life was in olden times.

VIII

"You want to know what I achieved
When I was free? I simply lived.
Without these blissful days, these three,
My life would sadder be to me
And gloomier than your old age.
Long since I craved to leave my cage,
Walk through the fields and see the world,
If it's as splendid as I heard;
To find out whether we are born
To sing and laugh or just to mourn.
So one pitch-dark and stormy night,

When you were stricken all with fright
And in the church you kneeled and prayed,
I ran away. Like with old friends
With lightning gladly I shook hands,
The thunderstorm I embraced
And with the flying clouds I raced.
What could you give me in exchange
Of that grand friendship—strange,
Shortlived, but so sincere and warm
Between a stormy heart and storm?

IX

"I kept on running. I ran far.
Where to—I did not know. No star
Did light my way. I took no rest.
It gave me joy to fill my breast
With the fresh, fragrant air of woods,
To smell the earth and leaves and roots.
For many hours thus did I race.
Then listened I—there was no chase.
So I lay down amid tall grass.
The storm ceased. The night had passed;
A streak of pale gray morning light
The earth and sky together tied.
Against the sky I saw a line
Of jagged peaks—a strange design.
I lay there silently and heark'd.
A jackal in the distance barked,
And glittering with scaly skin
A snake into a hole crawled in.
I was not scared of them the least,
For I myself was like a beast,
Avoiding men I prowled at night,
And like a snake I crawled to hide.

X

"Deep hown beneath, swelled by the flood,
A rushing mountain river flow'd.
Its voice was like the thunderstorm's.
Like thousand angry beasts' its roaring.
Its talk I understood quite well—
It argued in a raving spell,
Expressing its eternal grudge
Against the stones it could not budge.

The thunderstorm I embraced...
Woodcut by F. Konstantinov

Then heard I birds sing somewhere close.
The glowing morning sun arose
And painted East a golden rose.
The leaves drooped wet; the rustling trees
Sway'd faintly in the morning breeze.
The sleepy flow'rs sent forth their scent.
Like they, my head I then unbent
And look'd around. . . I do not hide
That I was stricken with great fright,
For of the chasm right on the edge
I lay on an o'erhanging ledge,
From which deep down led, out of sight,
Of giant stairs a rocky flight,
Down which the devil only stepped
When he to his inferno crept.

XI

"'Round me God's garden blossomed gay.
The irridescent earth's array
Still glistened after the night's show'rs—

Still lingered tears on leaves and flow'rs.
Transparent, green, to trees still clung
The vines. Like jewell'd earrings hung
From them in clusters luscious grapes.
My eyes drank in the diff'rent shapes
Of distant stately mountain crests.
Again I lay me down to rest
And listen to sweet nature's verse.
I heard the thickets hold converse
Of secrets of the universe.
All nature's sounds were merged in one—
A hymn was sung in unison,
A solemn chant. There only lack'd
The voice of man. All that I reck'd,
Of all the thoughts I cherish'd then
There's not a trace left. Yet again
I like repeating them to you,
That I again may live them through.
The vault of heaven was so bright
That one could even see the flight
Of angels, and so clear and blue
That all I wanted then to do
Was eyes and soul drown in its view.
But noontide sun my dreams dispers'd—
I soon the torments felt of thirst.

XII

"So to the stream then from the height
I started on my downward flight.
From slab to slab myself I flung
And to some scattered bushes clung.
'Neath me a stone at times would fall
And with a roaring boom down roll
To be engulfed by the swift stream
That would shoot up in spray like steam.
Youth daring is when free it is—
I, hanging over the abyss,
Of danger had no fear at all,
But down the precipice's wall
I rushed. I reached the water's brink
And greedily began to drink.
Then suddenly—of steps the sound,
A singing voice. . . In one big bound
Amid the shrubs I shelter found.
And, fill'd with unaccountable fear,
I timidly began to peer
And listen eagerly. Quite near
The sweet voice of a Georgian lass
I heard, as lightly through the grass
She walk'd toward the river bank
And cheerful, blithe and happy sang
As if she'd never had a care.
I watched enchanted from my lair.
Her song was simple, I must state,
But it into my heart went straight,
And every day at dusk I hear
Some spirit sing it in my ear.

XIII

"While holding high her jug of clay
The Georgian maiden picked her way
Among the rocks and boulders sprightly;
Each time on stones she stumbled slightly,
She laughed at her own clumsiness.
She wore a poor and simple dress.
But when she gracefully threw back
Her veil, I saw her sunburnt neck,
Her dark tanned breast and browned face;
I saw her lips, so scarlet, blaze
A torrid heat. Her fathomless
Dark eyes were full of such caress
And passion, that it stirred my blood,
Which to my head rushed in a flood.
I lost my sense. No more a thing
Do I remember but the ring
Of water gurgling in her jug.
A rustle. . . And when I awoke
I saw the maiden was gone far.
Still holding high on head her jar,
Not minding all its heavy weight,
She walked just like a poplar straight,
More slowly now, but lightly still,
To where clung tight to a step hill
Two huts, like twins, by one roof cover'd.
A bluish smoke above them hover'd.
I saw the softly op'ning door,
And saw it closing—nothing more.
Old man, my anguish never could
You understand, and, if you would,
I'd be right sorry, for it should
Forever stay with me alone
Until the time when I am gone.

XIV

"By all the hardship of that day
Exhausted in the shade I lay.
The soothing sleep my eyes soon closed,
And in my dream as I reposed
I saw again each lovely trait
Of the enchanting Georgian maid.
A poignant sorrow stangely sweet
My heart oppressed. T'was hard to breathe,
And I woke up. Above me high
The moon swam in the nightly sky;
A lonely cloud was on its trail
As if preparing to assail
And swallow up the fleeting prey.
The silent darkness held full sway
O'er all the world. The moon was gone.
The snowy mountain peaks alone—
A fringe of silver—far off shone.
Between its banks the river splash'd
And over rocks its water dash'd.
In the young maiden's hut a light
Now flared, now vanished from my sight. . .
Up in the sky at midnight's hour
Thus flares and vanishes a star.
I wished. . . But no, I did not dare
To go and ask for shelter there.
Besides, my goal—it had been set—
T'was to my fatherland to get.
The hunger's pangs I therefore quelled
And by my one desire impelled
I silently and fill'd with dread
Walk'd through the forest straight ahead.
But of the peaks I soon lost sight
And frantic stray'd on through the night.

XV

"In vain I in my great despair
Through tangled briars tried to tear;
All round were trees and shrubs and furze—
The farther I advanced the worse
The ancient forest got, more dense.
It seemed there was no way from thence.
The night stared with a million eyes
Through shrubs and twigs. In vain advice
I sought by climbing up a tree,
For not a thing my eyes could see
But jagged forest all around.
Then raging fell I to the ground
And bit the earth and tossed and crept
And like a child I sobbed and wept.
My tears were gushing in a flood.
And yet, believe me, 'pon my oath,
I wanted not the help of men—
To them a stranger was I then.
And if I in a weakness' spell
Had uttered e'en a single yell,
My tongue, old man, as sure as fate
I would have torn out in my hate.

XVI

"As you recall, in childhood years
I never once shed any tears,
But here I wept without all shame—
For who could hear me but the same
Dark forest and the moon up high?
Its light fell on a glade near-by,
Surrounded with the black, dense wall
Of bush and trees so somber and tall.
Then suddenly across the glade
There darted past a silent shade;
Two eyes, each like a glowing spark,
Like flash of lightning pierced the dark;
And all at once from somewhere jumped
A beast into the glade. He romped
And rolled there on the moss and sand.
It was a panther—in this land
Of all the wild the mighty lord.
He gnawed a bone and gaily purr'd,
Now wagged he playfully his tail,
Now at the moon stared with a wail.
His fur was of a silver hue.
It was too late to hide, I knew.
A horned limb that near me lay
I picked up, ready for the fray.
My heart was stirred; I craved for fight
And blood. I felt no fright.
I'm sorry that in other ways
I destined was to spend my days.
Were I led by a kinder fate,
I'm sure: among our youth I'd rate
A warrior, and among the best.

XVII

"I waited. In the dark at last
He smelled a foe. And suddenly
A drawn-out howl emitted he,
A mournful moan. Then angrily
His paw began to dig the earth
And toss around the clods of dirt.
He reared, elastically bent
And leaped—a frightful death it meant.
But I forestalled him. On his brow
I caught him with a crushing blow.
He groaned just like man, but, though
The blood from his wide forehead gushed
In a dark wave, he at me rushed
In fury with a leap again.
And then the mortal fight began.

XVIII

"Quick, like a flash, before he struck,
My weapon in his throat I stuck
And turned it twice. He yelped with pain
And gripped me. In a trice we twain
Lay on the ground. Like snakes enlaced,

He reared, elastically bent
And leaped—a frightful death it meant.
Woodcut by F. Konstantinov

And stronger than two friends embraced,
We roll'd in struggle fierce engaged.
Thus in the dark the battle raged.
I was ferocious in that fight.
Just like the beast I tried to bite,
And just like him was howling, crazed,
As if I had myself been raised
Among wild packs of wolves or hounds
And never heard or knew the sounds
Of human voice and human speech—
As if from birth I did but screech. . .
The panther started to relent;
I felt how limp his body went
Within my hold. His strength was spent.
But once more ere he breath'd his last,
He squeezed and nearly crushed my breast.
His wrathful eyes, already glazed,
At his triumphant foe he raised,
Then snapped his teeth he with a clank
And into sleep eternal sank.
But face to face in open fight,
Like it behooves a brave, he died.

XIX

"You still can see the marks of claws
On me—they haven't healed, nor closed;
But soon like with a balmy oil
They will be cooled in dampened soil,
Fore'er will death remove their sting.
That time of wounds I did not think,
And all my power gathering
I wandered further unafraid.
But t'was in vain I challenged fate,
Who once again a trick me play'd.

XX

"I quit the wood. The sun was out;
The moon with its escorting crowd
Of stars had dwindled down to naught
In early morning's radiance caught.
The wood with sound was now alive,
The valley woke up like a hive,
And smoke rose from the village site.
I looked around—and terrified
I gasped at the familiar sight,
Which told me now the bitter tale
That I was back at my old jail,

That all my dreams had been in vain,
In vain the sufferings and pain.
I had but glanced at God's great earth,
Of blissful freedom I the worth
Had just found out—and yet I must
Already carry to the dust
The longings for my native place,
The taunt of cheated hopes must face
And of your pity the disgrace!
Still full of doubt I thought it was
A horrid dream that soon would pass
And I would wake and all'd be well.
But when I heard a tolling bell
I knew t'was of my hopes the knell;
For I its peals could recognize,
Which many a time from childish eyes
Still shut by sleep had driv'n away
The visions of a happy day,
Of people that my kin I call'd,
Of steppes and freedom wild and bold,
Of swift and fiery mighty steeds,
Of battles and of valiant deeds
When I alone would hundreds fight
And vanquish them and put to flight! . .
I listened without tear or sigh,
With listless soul and hollow eye.
The ringing seemed to me a cry
Wrung cruelly from my own heart
Which someone pounded very hard
With iron rods. I understood
There was no hope, that never would
I in my fatherland set foot.

XXI

"I know I well deserve my lot.
A horse would never fail to trot
Straight home, and by the shortest route,
Were in a steppe he left alone,
His clumsy rider overthrown!
But what am I against that horse?
My breast is full both of remorse
And hope and longing and desire.
But t'is a feeble, hollow fire—
The play of fancy, mind's grimace:
On me my prison left its trace!
I am like a pale flower grown
Within the shade of barren stone—
Long hesitated it to ope
Its buds, while cherishing the hope
Of life to come from sunshine's rays.
Thus passed in hope it many days
Until this flow'r a kindly hand
Did to a rosegarden transplant.
On every side the flowers fair
With balmy fragrance filled the air;
But not the one in shadow bred—
Singed by the sun it drooped its head.

XXII

"Just like that flow'r I felt I burned
There in the blazing sun. I yearned
In vain on grass to find relief;
For to my brow each blade and leaf
A thorn was in a thorny wreath.
The earth itself with fire breath'd.
I thought I swooned. My eyes saw red,
And sparks were flying 'round my head.
From white-hot rocks a vapor streamed,
And all God's earth was sunk, it seemed,
In a deep slumber of despair.
Ne'er once a sound disturbed the air—
Not even a rail's crying shrill,
Nor a lone grasshopper's dry trill.
A snake just in the dried weeds played.
His spine like an engraved old blade,
In gold and silver wrought, there glittered.
Now lazily he'd crawl and slither
While furrowing the sandy soil,
Then suddenly he'd quickly coil
And like a tightly wound-up spring
Himself into the brush would fling.

XXIII

"The air transparent was and still.
The silhouettes of two tall hills
Were in the distance seen. On one
Our cloister's walls and towers shone.
Aragva and Kura beneath
Were crowning with a foamy wreath
The islands lying between them,
And washed the bushes' roots and stems.
I tried to rise, but everything
Before me circled in a ring.
I tried to lift my voice and cry—
My tongue was numb, my throat was dry,
Then I became delirious,

And visions strange before me rose;
It seemed to me that I was drowned
In a deep stream. I looked around—
The eerie dusk I saw at first,
And quenching my eternal thirst
There poured into my open mouth
An ever flowing ice-cold spout.
I was afraid to fall asleep—
It was so pleasant in the deep.
The waves were crowding fast each other;
The sunlight through the crystal water
Like moonlight mellow was and dim,
And basking in its light there swim
I saw of fishes a gay shoal.
One of them clearly I recall:
Affable, playful, tender, bold,
She fondled me with scales of gold.
She swam in circles round my head,
And her green eyes were kind and sad.
Her voice, like of a silver lyre,
Sang words I could not but admire
And wonder at—they were so sweet
And strange. I heard her thus entreat
And sing to me: 'Do please,
My child, with me remain:
In water there's a life of ease,
In water there's no pain.
I'll call my jolly sisters here—
We'll dance a circle dance
And make you happy, gay, my dear,
And brighten up your glance.
Soft is your bed of water grass,
Your cover lucid, bright.
In happy dreams your days will pass
In their long endless flight.
My dear, I do not care to hide
That I'm in love with you—
I love you like a cooling tide,
Like my own life I do.'
A long time listened I to her
And I imagined that the stir
Of mumbling waves was in that song.
The fever left me before long
And in a faint I deeply sunk.

XXIV

"There I was found then and picked up.
The rest you know, so I may stop.
You may believe or not believe—
I do not care. I only grieve
My cold, numb body will not smoulder
Beneath my native gorge's boulder,
And no one in my fatherland
Will ever know of my torment.

XXV

"Good bye, old man! let's have your hand!
You feel mine burns? This fire, now fanned,
Glowed in my breast since days long past.
With nought to feed on, now at last
It through its prison walls hath burnt—
And ready is it to return
To him who gives both rest and pain.
But what have I of this to gain?
What if it's true that rest obtain
My soul will there in paradise
That far beyond the cloudland lies?
For just some minutes in the land
Where I my happy childhood spent
Among the rocks beyond yon range
All paradise I would exchange.

XXVI

"Until I die, please, do not wait,
But carry me behind the gate,
Away from this old stuffy room,
Into our garden where there bloom
Acacias 'mid grass brightly green;
Where in the sunshine quivering
Transparent golden is each leaf.
There of the air a fragrant whiff
With my last breath will I drink in.
From there the Caucasus is seen.
Perhaps the wind waft to me here
Will greetings from my home so dear;
A loving voice before my end
I'll hear and think it is a friend,
Or brother, bending o'er me low
And wiping off my dying brow
The sweat so cold, and rocking me
To sleep with my home's melody—
With this sweet thought I will be gone
In peace, not cursing anyone."

Translated by
L. C. Rosenberg and Leon Talmy

VLADIMIR YERMILOV

Gorky—Staunch Fighter Against Fascism

Maxim Gorky's life and writings are an embodiment and reflection of the finest qualities of the Russian people—its strength, courage and endurance, its native talent, its unquenchable passion for freedom and enlightment, its profound patriotism, combined with a no less profound faith in humanity at large, in its reason, its strivings after happiness and a respect for the integrity, the dignity and rights of other nations.

These qualities are the polar antithesis of all that German and Italian fascism stands for. Fascism has a cynical contempt for nations and people in general. Its gangster chiefs, the fascist dictators, are bent on establishing their unrestricted rule over the whole terrestrial globe, and for that reason they trample human reason and intelligence underfoot. Fascism strives to eradicate from the minds of people the very thought of the possibility of joy and happiness. The only joy the fascist degenerates are capable of is a sadistic hatred, the vicious glee of the tormentor. Fascism would establish the rule of eternal darkness on earth and plunge the whole of mankind into a nauseating cesspool. Such is the fantastic dream of those self-styled "supermen," the arch-brigands Hitler and Mussolini. If rats who went frenzy with fury and fear were able not only to bite but also to speak, they would, naturally, speak in the language of Hitler and Mussolini.

Gorky, a champion of the right of the people to happiness, was a stalward foe of fascism. He took up the cudgels against it long before the fascists in Germany had made their bid for power. A full year before Hitler's "coronation," he wrote in one of his articles:

"Italian fascism is dreaming of a Roman empire, while Hitler proclaims: 'Fascism will raise the German people above all mankind. . .' Words cannot express how beggarly and despicable, how senseless and repugnant all this is. Mussolini is of the opinion that never before have the 'peoples' so passionately desired strong rule." And what is this "strong fascist rule"? Gorky defined it as the rule of "dolls with crowns stuck at a rekish angle on their heads and with brains of lead beneath their scarps." But the rule of these leaden-brained rogues is the "raving and agony of the doomed. . ." "A writer, in describing the dying, often makes them recall their past, their childhood and youth. . . Ah! If we could but restore the feudal order !—these are the prime 'ideas of the free-booters' of fascism!"

In Gorky, a writer honored and revered by all progressive men, the "race" theories of the fascists

evoked profound detestation. He mastered his revulsion and compelled himself to wade through the fascist propaganda, with its savage advocacy of persecution of other peoples, in order to call the attention of all civilized men and women to the fascist danger.

The essence of fascism, wrote Gorky, "was presented with the naive cynicism of a savage in Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter* by a certain Alfred Rosenberg." Rosenberg's article had been called forth by the court sentence imposed in pre-fascist Germany on five fascists who had tortured to death a Pole at Beuthen. The murder had been committed in such "horribly sadistic manner" that "the court, though terrorized by the fascist gangsters, could not but sentence the murderers to death." True, under threat of Hitler's gang, the sentence was subsequently modified. Gorky quoted Alfred Rosenberg, one of the brigands of present fascist Germany:

"The liberal law in force asserts that men are equal. . . Five men have been sentenced to death for killing a Pole, moreover, a Bolshevik. The sentence of the court contradicts the elementary feeling of the self-defence of the nation. We are fighting the world-outlook of the liberals just as that of the Marxists. To us, human souls are not equal to each other, man is not equal to man. Our aim is: a strong German Man. It is only the preaching of inequality that will give Germany political freedom."

In other words, it is only the preaching of inequality that can give "freedom" to the arbitrariness of the German clique.

"A strong German Man" in the conception of Hitler's henchmen means a handful of five German man-clad rats who take delight in tormenting one human being for the only reason that he is a Pole!

After quoting from Alfred Rosenberg's article, which is the mad raving of a professional tormentor, Gorky pointed out:

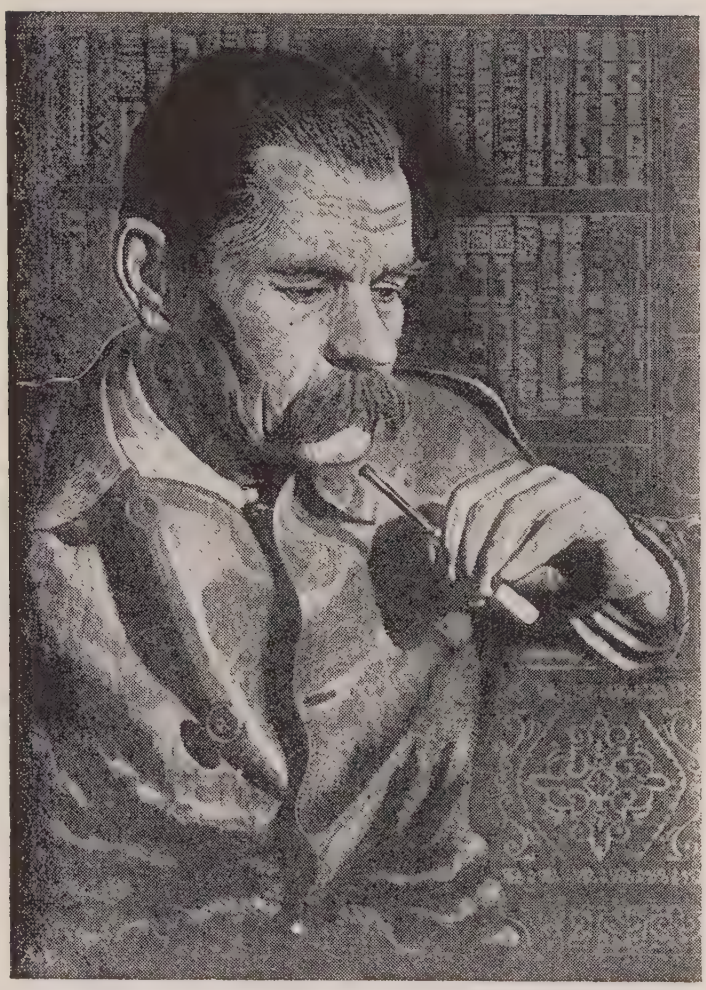
"This raving is the essence of fascism. . . In order to have come to it, it had been necessary to "outgrow" and "outlive" Goethe and Kant, Schiller and Fichte and another hundred of the greatest philosophers, poets, composers and artists."

In his article "On Whose Side, Craftsmen of Culture?" he called upon the intellectuals of the world to take up the cudgels against the German fascist preaching of race enmity. "Do you need it,do your children? And what good is it to you, this doctrine of 'race purity'?" He gave an example:

"Saukel, the leader of the Hitlerites in Thüringen, has ordered the national-socialist group in Weimar to protest against Thomas Mann, Walther von Molo and Professor Henri Lichtenberger of the Sorbonne attending the forthcoming ceremonies on the occasion of the centenary of the death of Goethe. Saukel objects to the persons named on the grounds of their non-Aryan origin."

When the fascists came to power in Germany, they simply murdered, imprisoned or drove out of Germany many sincere and honest intellectuals who refused to capitulate to Hitler. Gorky proclaimed that the "triumph" of the fascists would be "as transient as it is noisy," and he called upon the intellectuals of the world to voice their protest against that "caste of irresponsible marauders."

"Fascism's theoreticians and men of action are unscrupulous adventurers. . ." wrote Gorky in his article "On Culture." "Fascism preaches the right of the German race to rule over the whole world, over all other races. . . This theory of the world hegemony of the



Maxim Gorky. A woodcut by A. Soloveichik

white race... permits them (the Germans) to regard not only all colored peoples, but even their white European neighbors as barbarians, only fit to be enslaved or exterminated."

Today we can see how right Gorky was. In the eyes of the fascists, the Poles are a "nation of menials" whose destiny it is to serve the German "masters"; the French are a nation of "wild boars," a "mongrel breed of Negroes and Jews," and so on and so forth. All nations except the Germans are inferior, according to the fascist "theoreticians." But an "aristocratic" regime, in Hitler's opinion, is needed even among the Germans themselves, for even in Germany there are many "inferior" people—all those, in other words, who are overcome with shame at the degradation to which the fascist scum have reduced the German people.

Humanist that he was, Gorky called for a campaign of hatred and resistance to the "rank brigandage of rampant fascism," which implied "the rejection of culture and the preaching of war." The more savage and unbridled the Hitlerite gang became, the more convinced

Gorky was of its intrinsic brutishness. "Fascism is becoming ever more arrogant in its sadism and bloodthirstiness," he wrote in 1935. "A 'new gospel' has been announced, the 'race' theory—a puerile and disgusting invention of a senile and incurably decomposing brain."

The ravings of the fascists on the subject of race were intended solely as a justification of their banditry, Gorky declared. "Fascism and the race theory is the crass and cynical preaching of armed brigandage."

Gorky foresaw the possible line of development of the repulsive "potentialities" of fascism.

"To-day," he wrote in 1934, "they are preaching and putting into effect anti-Semitism; to-morrow they will revert to the preaching of anti-Slavism, will rake up all the slanders against the Slavs. . . and forget how much has been contributed to German culture by the Poles, the Baltic peoples and the Czechs." He also foresaw that Hitler would provoke "enmity and war of the German race against the Latins and the Anglo-Saxons." The Hitlerite demagogy could only thrive in an atmosphere of universal hostility to all and everything.

In an article entitled "Brief Account of an Unsavory History" (1934), he summed up the results of fascist rule in Germany as follows: "An increase of murders, encouraged by the impunity with which fascists and policemen daily murder workers in the streets in broad daylight, education in the petty-bourgeois 'anarchy of despair,' a spreading epidemic of suicides, growth of prostitution, including the prostitution of children, the undermining of the physical strength of the population. . ."

Fascism not only undermines the physical strength of the German people, but also exercises a corrupting moral influence on them.

How does fascism "educate" its children?

"The psychology of these children," Gorky wrote, "is best characterized by the following fact which took place in Germany in the beginning of May 1934, in the city of Essen:

"Heinz Christen, a boy of fourteen, killed his friend, Fritz Walkenhorst, thirteen. In a coldblooded manner the murderer related how he had dug a grave for his friend, how he pushed him alive into it and pressed his face into the earth until he ceased breathing. The reason for his act, he said, was that he wanted Walkenhorst's uniform of a Hitler scout."

Heinz Christen had been reading fascist newspapers, seeing fascist films, stupid but capable of corrupting weak minds, had been listening to the speeches of Hitler, Goebbels and Rosenberg. And Heinz Christen had to come to the conclusion that his friend, younger than himself, was not a "hundred percenter," and that it would be looked upon as a feat if "a strong German Man" destroyed a weaker man. Moreover, since that "non-hundred percenter" Walkenhorst had been the owner of something that attracted him, Heinz Christen.

"Arming adolescents and youths," writes Gorky, "apart from revolvers, with obsolete nationalist and racial ideas, and training the younger generation in social cynicism and a sadistic passion for murder and destruction," fascism is converting the youth "into a poison, to be instilled into the blood of an army equipped with the latest mechanical weapons of human extermination."

History has never known a phenomenon more sinister than fascism. When it will be destroyed, it will

be remembered as a fantastic and loathsome nightmare.

These degenerate outcasts, Gorky said, "have nothing to pride themselves on except their Hitlers, pigmies suffering from megalomania."

Answering the perfidious enemy blow for blow, we nevertheless know that he is strong and that the fight will be a stubborn one. Of this Gorky warned us. "The enemy is strong," he said. "Driven by fear of extinction, he will fight savagely to preserve his bedraggled life." But we also know that our army is strong, splendidly equipped both with up-to-date machines and fortified with great ideals—the ideals of liberty, of the honor of our Socialist country and of a patriotic war. And we are fully aware of the strength which lofty ideals give the men at the front. This was expressed simply and sagely by Nikolai Ostrovsky, Young Communist League member and writer, a disciple of Gorky's, in his novel *How the Steel Was Tempered*. Pavel Korchagin, the hero of the novel, reads the *Gadfly* to the men at the front. When he finishes, one of them remarks: "Yes, there are men like that. He could never have stuck it out, if it hadn't been for his ideals; but once he has an ideal he is capable of anything..." Ostrovsky shows that it was precisely an ideal that inspired the men when "seventeen times they went into the attack"—and in the end carried everything before them. Ideals are the foundation of all genuine heroism. And that is what the fascists have not got. Demagogy is a poor and perishable surrogate.

Gorky never rested from his fight against fascism. In the brief speech with which he opened the First All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers in August 1934, he particularly stressed the necessity of combatting the "sanguinary attempts" of the reactionaries to "revert by way of fascism to the fanaticism of the feudal Middle Ages." In another speech at the Congress he referred to Hitler as a "festering sore."

Locked to-day in a life and death struggle with the German fascist hordes that have invaded our country, we know that Gorky's spirit is with us in this sacred, grave, patriotic war. We know that in every line he wrote this great writer is with us. He is with us as an ardent and passionate publicist, as a warrior, as a Man. And lined up with him on our side in our patriotic war is all our great Russian literature. In his address at the meeting on June 20, 1936, called to revere the memory of the dead Gorky, V. M. Molotov declared that for "his powerful influence on Russian literature, Gorky stands with such giants as Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy, as the one who best carried on in our times their great traditions."

One of the most noteworthy traditions of Russian classical literature is its aspiration for the heroic, a reflection of the national character of our people. Russian literature has always tended to depict men of strong will; it dreamed of a hero that would be "bold and forthright," like Pushkin's knight; brave, single-minded and magnanimous, like Gogol's Taras Bulba, and inspired by the "power of only one thought, of only one but ardent passion," like Lermontov's Mtsyri. Our literature has helped to train men who *love deeds of valor* and are capable of accomplishing them; it has dreamed of men who would be ready to take up the sword against all sinister forces inimical to the honor, liberty and independence of our people and country.

Gorky both followed and furthered this tradition. His principal hero

was always like Danko, proud of spirit and ready to lift up his heart as a torch lighting the road to reason and liberty. Gorky's highest praise of a man was: "He's a good fighter!" Of this type was Nil, the locomotive driver, the hero of the play *Philistines*, a man capable of figthing stubbornly and heroically; and so were Pavel Vlasov and his mother, the latter representative of the finest qualities of the Russian women—the genuine Mother of the whole Russian people; and so too were the positive heroes of the play *Enemies* and of other of Gorky's works—all of them warriors battling the dark forces of reaction and obscurantism, true representatives of the great Russian people.

Gorky was a true patriot who loved his country, and we find his works full of expressions of this love of country and of national dignity, put in the mouths of ordinary, rank-and-file Russian people.

"And I want to tell you from the bottom of my heart—our Russians are a fine people. . . a sterling people, a gifted people!" says Tiunov, the "factory artisan," in *Okurov Town*.

"I recall," Gorky relates, "a man I met on one of the wharves. . . on the Kama. He was a tall, fair-headed giant of a fellow, with an artful look in his eyes and the face of a mischievous youngster. It was Sunday, one of these hot, festive days when all on earth turn their best side to the sun and seem to be telling it that it is not squandering its bright energy, its life-giving rays in vain. The young fellow stood smiling to himself, and the smile grew more and more intoxicated; his face seemed radiant with pleasure. Suddenly, he tore his cap from his head, dashed it with all his force into the water of the golden river, and cried:

"'Eh, Kama, you darling river—I love you! I'll never foresake you!'

"Yes, many a good thing have I seen in my life."

Gorky had a fine feeling for and a splendid knowledge of the breadth, the potentialities, the heroic endurance of his people. His autobiographical trilogy—*My Childhood, In the World* and *My Universities*—are at the same time a story of the Russian people, of its strength and ability to overcome all obstacles. The hero of the trilogy is a true reflection of the Russian national character.

"I see the Russian people before me, an exceptional and incredibly talented people," Gorky said.

It was this profound knowledge of the creative powers of the Russian people that enabled him to make the brilliant prophesy which he placed in the mouth of one of the characters in the novel *Mother*:

"What fine people they are, Nilovna! I mean the young workers. How sturdy, how sensitive, what a passion for knowledge! You have only to look at them and you can't help feeling certain that Russia one day will be the foremost democracy in the world."

How brilliantly these prophetic words have been borne out! Yes, our country has become the foremost democracy in the world. The Stalin Constitution is the most democratic in history. Gorky knew that in a fight for their country, for Stalin, all the peoples of the U.S.S.R. together with the heroic Russian people would display miracles of courage and initiative, for "to us (to each of us) belongs the richest country in the world, richest in the variety of its natural wealth, its mineral resources and the talents of its population."

Gorky was proud of the past history of his country. Let us recall, for instance, the record Matvey Kozhemyakin made in his diary:

"Mark was telling us to-day what foreigners used to say about Russian people in olden times. One of the Greek kings remarked that the Slavonic peoples treasured their honor and liberty so highly that nothing could persuade them into submission. The Arabs also wrote in terms of eulogy; so did the Norwegians and others, all remarking on the intelligence, industry and courage of the people. . . Frederick, tzar of the Germans, said that 'they are stupid and suspicious. . .'"

Frederick's words of insult directed against our people are not surprising. Our people made the German noble caste under Frederick feel the weight of the Russian forces. Let it not be forgotten that Russian troops have marched through the streets of Berlin.

Gorky always called for a study of the past of our country. Highly significant to-day is his reference to the fact that at the beginning of the nineteenth century "Napoleon Bonaparte was a victim of this grand dream (of the hegemony of one nation over all others). . . As we know, gathering an army from all parts of Europe, he marched on Moscow, where his eagles got their wings frozen off. . .

"It is worth looking back on the past—history is a good teacher."

Napoleon's army was the strongest in its day, but we know how the contest ended. Napoleon seemed all-powerful, but he proved to be no match for the Russian giant. What, then, shall we say of Hitler and his attempt to imitate Napoleon?

This garrulous maniac says in his incredibly ferocious book *Mein Kampf* that he wants to "return to the point" at which German aggression against Russia broke off "600 years ago!" He is of course referring to the invasion of Russian territory by the knights of the Teutonic Order in 1240—41 and the spoliation by these savage curs of the lands of Novgorod. But Alexander Nevsky routed the aggressors "on the ice of Lake Chudskoye, so that the scoundrels were finally hurled from the Russian frontier" (Marx).

Is that the point Hitler wants to return to? He may rest assured that the Russian, Ukrainian, Byelorussian and the other fraternal Soviet peoples will return him to the point to which they have already returned many a lover of armed aggression.

Gorky foretold the struggle we are now waging:

"That will be a war in which there will rise up against the army of deceived slaves and defenders of a savage inhuman power. . . an army in which every man will be fully conscious that he is fighting for his liberty, for the right to be the sole master of his country. And he is bound to win."

Gorky was a fighter in every fibre of his being. Pyotr Zalomov, the prototype of Pavel Vlasov, relates in his reminiscences:

"At our first meeting, Gorky embraced me warmly. . . I told him that he would never write anything finer than the *Song of the Falcon* and that in a fight I would defend him staunchly. 'And I shall defend you staunchly,' he replied."

In one of the articles he wrote in his later years, Gorky said that, old as he was, he would go in the ranks in the war the Red Army would be called upon to wage. An army in which a Man like Gorky dreamed of being a rank-and-file soldier cannot but be invincible!

Gorky's books and articles helped to train good fighters. "Life demands strong and tough men," he declared in his *Reply to Correspondents* (1929). The article *To the Workers of Magnitogorsk and Others* (1931) ends with words that today sound as a command and behest to all of us:

"Your strength, comrades, is invincible. You have proved that in the Civil War, and you are proving it again in your daily work. Your strength is invincible, and it is your pledge of victory over all obstacles. You must overcome everything—and you will. I cordially grasp your mighty hands."

It is to each of us, to our heroic flyer, our tankmen, our seamen, our infantry, the workers of our mills and factories, our collective farmers, our office workers and our intellectuals, that these words of our Gorky, of our great Russian Man, of our proud Falcon, are addressed.

Yes, we must overcome every difficulty—and we will. We, the men and women of all the Soviet peoples, are accustomed both to joys and to difficulties. We are of the people that bred Lenin and Stalin, Lomonosov and Radishchev, Pushkin and Lermontov, Suvorov and Kutuzov, Belinsky and Chernyshevsky, Shevchenko and Rust'hveli, Chkalov and Papanin, Gorky and Pavlov. We know how to work, we know how to fight, we know how to appreciate happiness, and we know the proud joy of labor.

The day of battle has come! However long the fight may last, every moment will be filled with patriotic pride. We—Russians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Georgians, Karelians, Armenians, Azerbaijanians, Lithuanians, Esthonians, Latvians, and other peoples of the Soviet Union—are battling in the vanguard of contemporary progressive mankind against the blood-thirsty monster of fascism—and in this fight the monster will find his grave. We know that in this struggle we have the sympathy of all honest men all over the world, that lined up on one side is all that is best and finest, the upholders of the most glorious traditions in the history of all nations and peoples. And we remember Gorky's words: "Each of us must be a flaming torch. . ."

In an address in Penza, in 1919, to Red Army men leaving for the front, M. Kalinin said: "A man is valued and called great only when he has performed some difficult task. A man that only does something easy does not earn the title great; a nation that has only coped with small difficulties is not called great. Only the nation that has overcome huge difficulties, that has stood the test of bitter trials is called a great nation".

Ours is a righteous cause. The enemy will be routed. Victory will be ours.

The fascists fear the truth. That is why they have barbarically destroyed on their bonfires the books of Gorky, together with those of other writers, the finest writers of the different peoples. That is why they bribed the scoundrels of the Fifth Column, now happily destroyed, and sent hired assassins to slay Gorky.

But Gorky lives. He is with us in our labors and our battles. And it is with a new force and fervor that his words resound:

"If the enemy does not surrender, he must be destroyed."

S. N. SERGEYEV-TSENSKY

My Correspondence and Acquaintance With Maxim Gorky

My work was first published in leading magazines in January 1902. I lived at the time in the provinces, earning my living by teaching in various towns.

My novels and stories I generally sent to whichever publication offered to print them, and until the end of 1906 I had never seen a single editorial office nor met a single writer.

The first real, live writer I saw was A. Kuprin, who came in the autumn of 1906 to Alushta, where I had just built my "workshop"—the small house on the hillside in which I live and work to this day.

Kuprin persuaded me to go to St. Petersburg (I had already given up teaching by then) to arrange with the publishing house established under the auspices of his magazine *Sovremenny Mir* (Contemporary World) for the publication of my manuscripts, of which sufficient had accumulated to fill three volumes.

Here I made the acquaintance of a number of editors who had been publishing my stuff for several years, and met a few writers. Gorky, however, was not in Russia at the time, for after the Moscow uprising of 1905 he had left the country.

Of all the Russian men of letters in those days he was the only one I sincerely admired, and had done so ever since 1895 when, as still a green, immature youngster, I had read his *Chelkash* in *Russkoye Bogatstvo* (Russian Wealth).

I formed no close friendships with any of the writers, did not join a single literary group, made occasional but brief visits to the big cities and continued to live isolated and aloof, spending my time either in my "workshop" or travelling through Russia, penetrating to some of its remotest and wildest corners.

I had no idea what Alexei Maximovich thought of me as a writer. But one day—it was in 1912—I received the following letter from Nedolin [pseudonym of S. A. Poperek, whose works appeared in the magazine *Lebed* (Swan), published in Moscow]:

"September 28, 1912.

"Dear Sergei Nikolayevich,

"I have just received a letter from Gorky to whom I wrote recently on business and mentioned in passing my talks with you.

"Here is a passage from his letter regarding yourself:

"'As for Tsensky, you are right in your judgment: he is a writer of great note, the most outstanding, interesting and promising fig-

ure in all of our contemporary literature. The sketches he is now writing are outlines for a large canvas, and I hope to God he tackles it! I enjoy his writing immensely and follow everything that issues from his pen. Kindly convey to him my most hearty greetings.'"

I received my first letter from Alexei Maximovich in 1916 when, after having been mobilized at the very outbreak of the world war, I was at last permitted to retire.

Again I settled down in my little house in Alushta, but for the life of me, I could not force myself to take up my pen.

But Moscow and Petrograd, which I continued to shun as before, went on living their usual lives. Periodicals kept on coming out, and I received offers to write for them. I refused.

I sent a similar reply to Alexei Maximovich's letters in which he suggested that I contribute to a number of magazines and anthologies; in writing it, I remember I carefully considered all my reasons for turning down his offer.

When Wrangel had been driven out and the Crimea taken at last by the Red Army, postal communication with Moscow and Petrograd was restored. In the beginning of 1921 I wrote to Alexei Maximovich, this time a good substantial letter. In it, I asked him how things stood with regard to literature, what the possibilities of publishing fiction in magazines were, whether the latter were appearing and what the situation was as regards publication of books, if publishing houses existed. There was a grave famine in the Crimea at the time.

In the meantime I sent Gorky my novel *Valya*, Part One of the *Transfiguration* epos, which had just been put out by the Crimean Publishing House. I received the following letter in reply:

"Read *Transfiguration*, and was delighted, stirred—that's a very fine book you have written, S. N., very fine indeed! It wrings the soul and kindles the mind, as does everything good and genuinely Russian. Such things always affect me in this way: my heart rejoices, weeps tears of joy: oh, how splendid it is, and how Russian, how much a part of us, of myself! . .

"I have read your books most carefully in the past; I believe I have felt your honest and courageous quest for form, but I cannot say that your words always reached me, there was much that I did not understand and some things that annoyed me, that seemed deliberate play for effect. But in this book I, the reader, see you as a Russian artist of great magnitude, a master of the written word, a penetrating visionary, and landscape painter, an artist unsurpassed here nowadays. For although it is unfinished and is to be continued in another five volumes, this book of yours seems to flow like a song. Your landscapes are a magnificent novelty in Russian literature. I may say this, for the scenes you describe I have seen myself. No doubt the wiseacres will tell you: 'But this is panpsychic.' Don't believe them. It is merely real, genuine art. . .

"I could praise you at great length but I fear it might bore you. I ask you to believe that my praise is sincere, for, after all, I have no ulterior motives; there is only one thing I want, namely, to share with you the joy that you yourself have given me.

"Will you go on with this book? It is absolutely essential that you do. The beginning makes it incum-

bent upon you to continue this epos to the dimensions of a *War and Peace*. I wish you good health and press your hand. You are a fine writer, very fine. I do not know whether it is necessary to tell you this, but I feel you ought to have no doubts whatever on this score.

"A. Peshkov.
"Freiburg, Hotel Kiburg."

Thanks to A. M.'s efforts, Part One of *Transfiguration* was translated into English and arrangements made for its publication by a New York publisher. Alexei Maximovich himself wrote the preface to this translation in 1924. The same preface was published in the French edition as well. I shall cite those extracts from it which were published in the *Krasnaya Gazeta* (Red Gazette) in a translation from the English by K. Chukovsky:

"Sergeyev-Tsensky began to write nearly twenty years ago. His early stories attracted the attention of critics and readers by the originality of style and the choice of theme. Interest was keen but somewhat suspicious and perhaps even hostile. . . People who read books merely for entertainment, to forget the dullness of their life if only for a time, instinctively sensed that this was no writer for them: he was too serious. For those who considered art an instrument for the study of life, his style was too intricate, too weighted with imagery and revelations and not always sufficiently comprehensible. The critics chafed. They did not know into what category to place Sergeyev-Tsensky—the category of romanticists or realists. . .

"Tsensky wrote slowly and sparingly. Each of his stories was written in a style different from that of the preceding one. It was clear that he was making a desperate search for the form that would satisfy him.

"Amazed by the unusual form, the critics and readers did not notice the profound content of Sergeyev-Tsensky's writings. Not until his *Sorrowful Fields* appeared did they realize how great was his gift and how significant his themes."

"In my opinion," says M. Gorky, "Tsensky's *Transfiguration* is the greatest book that has appeared in Russian in the past twenty four years. It is written in a splendid, earthy, lively language. It is as harmonious as a symphony, permeated with wise love and human compassion. This book places Tsensky in a class with the great masters of old Russian literature."

The second part of *Transfiguration* I dispatched to Y. P. Peshkova in Moscow at an address A. M. had given me. I let Alexei Maximovich know about it at Sorrento, from where he replied with the following letter:

"Dear Sergei Nikolayevich,

"Yekaterina Pavlovna has not written to me for about five weeks, but she will be coming here by the end of the month and will no doubt bring the manuscripts with her.

"I have written to Lengiz (Leningrad State Publishing House.—*Ed.*) about the need of putting out a complete edition of your works: I am sorry that they were late in making this offer to you themselves. There are some good book-lovers and splendid people working in the Lengiz. They are putting out a six-volume edition of Prishvin.

" 'What is it like in Sorrento?' you ask. It is March here, *pazzo*, quite crazy. The wind blows, the rain beats down, then the sun pops out from behind the clouds, a pungent steam rises from the earth and an hour later it is raining again, the wind is whistling,

wild waves roam over the gulf and dash themselves against the shore, and one remembers Goncharov on the *Frigate Pallada*. But the almond trees have already blossomed, the apricots and peaches are in bloom, the furze is out, and the hills are covered with violets, daisies and cyclamen. 'The air is heavy with perfume,' the devil it is, for I suffer from asthma and the perfumes suffocate me.

"I do not live in Sorrento proper but about a 15 minutes' walk from it in the completely isolated house belonging to Duke—save the mark!—Serra Capriola. One of his forbears was ambassador to the court of Alexander I, and married Princess Vyazemskaya, so there courses a drop of our untamed Russian blood in the veins of mine host. He is an amusing old creature. He and his two maiden daughters who ought to have been married long ago live with us in perfect amity, and as hosts they are ideal: everything in their household is falling apart, everything is eternally being repaired and falling to pieces again as fast as it is fixed. The duke dreams of breeding bisons, although there is no room here for even a cow to graze what with all the vineyards, orange and lemon and various other fruit trees growing all over the place. It is beautiful here; not quite as oleographic as in the Crimea, nor as austere as the Caucasus, the Black Sea Coast, that is; but somehow different and—indescribable. Torquato Tasso was a native of Sorrento and being here it is easy to understand him.

"Wishing you good health and everything of the best,

"A. Peshkov."

Doomed to Destruction, the second part of *Transfiguration*, which I had sent from Alushta to Y. P. Peshkova in Moscow, were taken by her to Sorrento at the end of March 1927 as A. M. had expected.

Here is the letter he wrote me after reading the manuscript:

"Yesterday Yekaterina Pavlovna brought your manuscripts—I wired you about it at once. It was my birthday, with guests, flowers and all the rest of it, but I shut myself up in my room morning till night reading *Transfiguration*, and nearly wept aloud from the joy of finding that you are such a fine artist and Russian to your very marrow; and also from pity for the people you have so marvelously depicted. Your old man Syromolotov is a monumental character. But might I suggest that Irtyshev is presented somewhat too subjectively? There is something of the Smerdyakov about him, a sin that writers of anti-Socialist sentiments have always committed, but to you, an artist spiritually free, it is somehow unbecoming. You will forgive me for my frankness, I trust?

"*Transfiguration* will be translated without delay and a new publisher sought at the same time, since the publisher of the first volume appears to have gone bankrupt. . .

"I press your hand warmly, Sergei Nikolayevich, and with best wishes, remain

"A. Peshkov.

"Sorrento, March 28, 1927."

"Dear Sergei Nikolayevich,

"...The second volume of your book will evidently be put out by the successor of the publisher of the first volume. By the end of the month we will know more about it.

"To-day is the first day of Easter, and what a day, my dear Sergei Nikolayevich! The daisies—they grow in bushes here—are in bloom, and so are the geraniums, roses,

Japanese maple, mimosa; the furze has blossomed, the wistaria is out, forget-me-nots and all sorts of trees and plants whose names I do not know. The pepper tree is also in bloom. Yesterday we had quite a rain that revived everything after several hot, dry days. My wild granddaughter Marfa, the Scamp, roams about the garden flirting with the 12-year-old son of Ivan Volny—there is a writer by that name. The boy was born in Capri, lived in Naples, speaks almost no Russian, goes to school, is called 'the king of Latin' and is promoted grade to grade without examinations 'as an example to the others.' And his father comes from Oryol, Malo-Archangelsky uyezd, a common muzhik. On the whole here in Europe Russian children are highly esteemed and their talents evoke the general admiration of their teachers.

"Best wishes,

"A. Peshkov.

"April 17, 1927."

An interesting letter of Gorky's is one written in reply to mine in which I compared him to Lev Tolstoy, observing that unlike Tolstoy he was not growing old:

"Dear Sergei Nikolayevich,

"Are you perfectly sure that your books 'will not appear?' I have heard that the Gosizdat (State Publishing House.—*Ed.*) wants to 'buy them over' from the *Mysl*, with the object of publishing them itself, as it is doing with Prishvin and someone else. Perhaps you will permit me to inquire what is being done over there with your books?

"My novel, I suppose, will be a 'chronicle' and of interest as factual material, but if it should be said that the book was not written by an artist, I shall accept the criticism as just. You observe that I 'do not grow old.' That is bad. I believe I am one of those people for whom it is essential to grow old.

"It seems to me you are wrong in saying that L. N. Tolstoy 'aged suddenly'; I think he was born with the mind of an old man, a dullish, heavy mind that was so ridiculously and so terribly puny as compared with his monster of a talent. Tolstoy early felt the tragic disparity between these two qualities of his, and that is why he disliked reason, why he reviled and *fought* it all his life. He became a preacher against reason; hence the coldness and poverty of his message. The artist in him was 'throttled' by this very same reason, as is evident from his letters and diary of the 'forties and 'fifties. In 1855 he had already decided to 'dedicate his whole life to the founding of a new religion'—the man who had just written *The Cossacks* and a number of other splendid things. His 'new religion' was nothing more than a desperate and absolutely unsuccessful attempt on the part of a rationalist prone to misanthropy to free himself from a rationalism whose narrowness cramped his talent. Everything written about Tolstoy until now was stupid and false because it was written from too *close* quarters, and you know, looking at a vast building at close range one sees only the details and not the whole.

"We only began to see Pushkin 70 years after his death. For 20 years we have been gaping in wonderment and we can't see him properly yet. Tolstoy, of course, is less than Pushkin, but he is also tremendous, and for a long time it will not be possible to perceive him completely. His personality and work marvelously climaxed a whole epoch in our history.

"You complain that the 'preach-

ers' are seizing the artists by the throat? [1]

"My dear S. N., but this has always been the case.

"One Tatar poet from Kazan dying of starvation and consumption put it very well when he said: 'From the iron cage of the world flee, my young soul, flee.'

"In the repetition of the word 'flee' I detect a ring of gladness. As for myself, of course I prefer the joy of living—for I find it *terribly* interesting, this business of living.

"All very well, but the heat here is not worse than where you are, not a single rainfall since May! The grape harvest will be splendid. Take care of yourself, my dear S. N.

"A. Peshkov.

"July 18, 1927."

In my reply to this letter of Alexei Maximovich's I had evidently written that the *Mysl*, a private publishing firm in Leningrad, was putting out a few of my old books, for he mentions at the beginning of his next letter:

"I was very glad to hear that your books are appearing at last, dear Sergei Nikolayevich. I anticipate the pleasure of re-reading *Sorrowful Fields*, my favorite. Indeed all your books are extremely precious to me; *The Helen Mine* perhaps less than the others, although I must say that I read it so long ago that I do not remember it very well. And I am afraid I did not read it too carefully. I am sending you the Berlin edition of *Forty Years*. Although you praised the excerpts from this chronicle I think you will not like it as a whole. This book deals essentially with life's captives, the rebels perforce and for some other reason that is unclear even to myself, I suppose. No doubt this 'unclarity' has a bad effect on the book. Well, it can't be helped!

"What you say about Tolstoy (L. N.) and 'We Artists' is very good. How true.

"The clouds that floated from where you are 'toward Sorrento' I did see on the horizon, but nothing came of them! It is eleven in the evening and I am sitting in a room with doors open to the east, north and west, and yet I am wet with perspiration. The cicadas are raising a terrific din, an enormous moon hangs in the sky over the hill, a donkey is braying—for water, most likely—the water supply in the cisterns is giving out. Bad. Old timers, of course, claim they have never known another summer like this. Vesuvius was astonishingly beautiful on the moonless nights; like a vast altar to some evil spirit, and the little white cottages crouched so touchingly at its feet, like lumps of sugar. And yesterday, on the eve of the Assumption, bonfires were lit in the gardens on the hills above Sorrento—it is an ancient custom, a parting sacrifice to Ceres, the goddess of fertility—a magnificent sight. They burnt the roots of Italian pine and olive trees, which give a crimson flame. They love fêtes here and know how to celebrate, and to work as well. They work all the year round.

[1] I feel that this passage requires some explanation. A few lines above A. M. wrote: "The artist in him was 'throttled' by this very same reason."

In my letter I wrote about Lev Tolstoy and Gogol being divided into artists and preachers (of religious faith), the "preacher in them having the artist by the throat" (my own words). This I viewed as the "greatest calamity in the history of Russian literature after the violent deaths of Pushkin and Lermontov."

A. M. in his reply to me seems to generalize on this point, apparently believing that the element of the artist in the soul of a man of letters is usually strongly controlled by the "preacher," i. e. "the reason," as he said with regard to L. Tolstoy.—*S.-T.*

The soil is tilled by hand, of course; instead of ploughing they hoe the soil with mattocks to a depth of about a meter.

"To-morrow I too have something to celebrate: my granddaughter will be two.

"Take care of yourself, dear S. N. Best wishes,

"A. Peshkov.

"Sorrento, August 16, 1927."

The book Gorky mentioned, a profound and broadly conceived work, struck me as the best of all he had written. I wrote to him about it and received the following reply:

"I am deeply moved, happily so, by your appraisal of *Samghin*. It is, I feel, too flattering. I should like to know what shortcomings you find in the book. Please let me know; I shall be extremely grateful. I have faith in such an exacting artist as yourself.

"I fear for the second volume—the abundance of material, both ideas and impressions, simply weighs me down.

"The deacon's ballad *Deacon* I confess I wrote myself. I have been familiar with 'narrative' verse since childhood, learned it from my grandmother and could reel off 'seditious' speeches in verse by the hour; one fellow in Murom once asked me: 'And now perhaps you'll talk like a human being?' Whereupon he outdid me by reciting that marvelous nonsense about Ilya Muromets' love affair with the 'prince-damsel' Yengolycheva, and he recited it magnificently. My love for this type of verse was well nurtured by Orina Fedosova.

"You, of course, understood me correctly: Samghin is not a hero, he is one of the 'bondslaves of life.' Before nineteen hundred and six he will have his moments of active interference in reality, but only moments. The Moscow insurrection will set him free, but not for long—after a while he will again be a captive.

"Sergei Nikolayevich, my dear man—we Russians are after all a splendid people: the longer I live, the more firmly I am convinced of it. And if only we could feel the tragic enchantment of life, the amazing beauty of creations, to what great summits we might attain!

"I have read *Snake*, [1] it is very well done, and of course I was glad to hear that *Transfiguration* is to be published at last.

"Will your books be out soon? And will you send them to me? Please do.

"Once again let me thank you most kindly,

"A. Peshkov.

"September 18, 1927."

At about this time we in the Soviet Union were preparing to celebrate Alexei Maximovich's 60th birthday. I wrote to him about it and my joy at our coming meeting.

In reply came the following letter:

"Dear Sergei Nikolayevich!

"I have received *Cruelty* and already thanked you for the gift. With this letter I am sending you my book.

"I shall begin publishing *Samghin* in January in *Novy Mir*. I'm afraid I have drawn it out miles longer than I expected.

"I disagree with you about Man. To me Man is not 'pitiful,' indeed, no. I know that his hold on this earth is none too firm, and much, it is true, will always be concealed from him, much indeed that he ought to know about himself, and the world, and that 'he has in his blood a painful ulcer, particularly painful in old age,' as Lev Tolstoy confessed, and not only he, by the

[1] My story *Old Snake*, first printed in the *Krasnaya Nov* magazine.—*S.-T.*

way. All this is true, and, if you wish, it is all deeply humiliating, all of it. And perhaps it is just for this reason that I, who am also a human being, have for him an unfailing feeling of friendliness.

"He is such a dear, clumsy, mischievous and—you feel this keenly yourself—pitiful child, even in his happiest moments. But what delights me most is his daring, not so much the daring that has taught him to fly like a bird and to do all sorts of other things of the same order, but the audacity of his tireless searching. 'And futile.' Let it be futile if you wish. 'It is not for paradise that we live, but for our dream of paradise,' said one old sectarian, a gloomy creature, who hated me with a cold and, I should say, criminal hatred when I was still a youth. But that was well said. Dreamers, eccentrics, 'derelicts,' I like them best of all.

"Your mournful words about the 'wretchedness' of Man I can only accept as words. This does not imply that I deny their sincerity. Alas, you moralists! At every given moment man is sincere and equal unto himself. Pretending? Why, of course! But after all he pretends in order to put himself on an equal footing with something above his level. And I have often observed that while pretending he gives himself away. . . It is sometimes a game played with oneself, and frequently, a fatal game.

"It is a great theme, Man is; S. N. is the first-rate artist who understands the importance, delicacy and profound charm of this theme.

"Goodbye and be well,

"A. Peshkov.

"Sorrento, Dec. 20."

In one of his subsequent letters Alexei Maximovich sent me his preface to the translation into Magyar of Part One of *Transfiguration*:

"Sergei Sergeyev-Tsensky has been working in Russian letters for more than 20 years and now, judging by the magnitude of his talent, in my opinion, he and Mikhail Prishvin are its leading representatives.

"A man whose talent is in a class by itself, his first stories puzzled both readers and critics. For it was too obvious that he was nothing like the realists Bunin, Gorky and Kuprin who were popular at the time, yet it was clear that neither was he akin to the 'symbolists,' the somewhat belated successors of the French 'decadents.' The genuine and profound originality of his form and his language confronted his critics—the not too expert ones—with the question: who is this new and apparently capricious artist? How was one to place him? And since he did not fit into the customary categories, the critics preferred not to speak of him at all. The young author, however, was not the least put out by this usual non-recognition of talent. His next stories left the wiseacres more in a quandary than ever. I do not remember which of them understood—or whether it was understood at all—that the man was searching for the best, the most perfect form in which to express his emotions, images and ideas.

"Not being a critic, I cannot presume to give a detailed appraisal of the creative methods of this author, for I fear that my subjectivism might interfere with the Magyar readers deriving enjoyment by themselves from the fine design of his work. In short, the literary career of Sergeyev-Tsensky was one of the most difficult of careers. And essentially such it has remained to this day.

"It is still clear to only a few—although it is growing more evident all the time—that in Sergeyev-Tsensky Russian literature has one of the most brilliant continuators

of the titanic work of its classic writers—Tolstoy, Gogol, Dostoyevsky and Leskov. That which is typically Russian in Sergeyev-Tsensky's books, just like in the works of the authors I have mentioned, does not overshadow the universal, the tragic contradictions of our life.

"The novel *Transfiguration* now recommended to the Magyars is the beginning of a colossal epos depicting the life of the Russian intelligentsia on the eve of 1914—1918. . .

"But this first volume is a complete book by itself, as is the second published last year. In the Russian language *Transfiguration* reads like music. Though this music might not reach the Magyar ear, the reader will, I am certain, feel the lyrical beauty of the descriptions of Crimean nature, the amazing softness and, at the same time, the clarity of imagery.

"I should like to feel that the Magyars will understand and will feel also that beautiful compassion for men, for human beings, which the author himself feels so keenly, and which he has generously bestowed on his fine tale so replete with human sadness.

"M. Gorky."

When he returned from Italy in 1928, Gorky, it will be remembered, did not settle down in Moscow but travelled tirelessly all over the Soviet Union taking note of the advances his country had made in his absence. Reports of his trips were published in the press at that time. In July I received a telegram from Gorky: "Dropped in to see you in Alushta. Did not find you. Will be in Yalta up to July 17. Lenin Embankment, Hotel Marino. Gorky."

Further on I shall speak of this meeting with Gorky and of the closer acquaintance that followed it.

Having lived in Alushta from the end of 1915 until 1928 without leaving the place, I knew nothing about the active role Gorky played on the Commission for the Improvement of Conditions of Scientists during the hard years of economic ruin. But as for his efforts on behalf of the writers, judging by letters I received, I gained a picture of a man of quite unusual magnitude. Not a writer, but a Gogol's Dnieper with all the stars in the literary sky—great and small—"reflected in its bosom: not a single one would escape him unless by flickering out in the sky!"

With all my long experience in the field of literature I had never come across such a passion for literature, for writing and at the same time such a respect for the reader. But I express myself badly—I simply should have refused to believe it possible were it not for Gorky's letters.

What enchanted me above all in Gorky's letters was that every line of them glowed with an unquenchable love for life, an avid desire to see and know everything, an amazing ability to see and a no less amazing faculty for forgetting nothing.

His detailed descriptions of his environment in the outskirts of Sorrento always delighted me.

But to me, an artist first and foremost, such descriptive passages in his letters did not only conjure up a picture of the scenery around Duke Serra Capriola's villa where he lived, but mainly of himself, his remarkable soul that responded to everything in life. And sitting in the bus on the way from Alushta to Yalta to meet Gorky, riding over an exceedingly steep and winding road which afforded with every passing moment a new picture of mountain and sea that differed from the previous in color and contour, I was already finding that

common ground so essential in the personal acquaintance of two people of such different natures as Gorky and myself; it was as if I was going not to Yalta but Sorrento.

And then at last the Marino Hotel and I climbing to the second floor, where I beheld a number of men in white shirts standing at the head of the stairs. Among them was Alexei Maximovich.

He was smiling, but I felt he was scrutinizing me carefully and the small flight of a few steps seemed very long indeed. And the higher I climbed, the more uneasy and awkward I felt; but at last I reached the top and a pair of long arms embraced me and I felt his tears on my cheek. . . I was moved beyond words.

At last I was face to face with the man who had written me such inspired and inspiring letters, a man exceptional not only because of his unusual destiny, not only because of his genius, but also because of his tremendous influence on those around him, the man to whom I had been irresistibly drawn from my early youth.

Here then was this volcano of ideas and images—tall, slightly stoop-shouldered, lean, a lightweight to look at, with yellow mustache, wrinkles, shaven head, light eyes lit up from within, eyes capable of weeping from joy. . . The long, broad hands surprised me too—all that was left of the Alexei Peshkov of earlier days who was noted for his physical strength. Now these huge hands were all out of proportion to his narrow shoulders and spare figure.

It is difficult to describe occasions like this. . .

All the distance that separated me from the "unbearably famous" author of *The Lower Depths*, *Mother*, and *Klim Samghin* seemed to be swept away instantaneously by the broad, long, friendly hands. Gorky's companions went off to the waterfront to order supper on the "Pier," and we sat down to tea and talked about something near and dear to both of us—literature.

Although I had given Alexei Maximovich quite a detailed account in my letters of how I intended building up my *Transfiguration* epos, he nevertheless asked for more details. I had to explain once more that the first volume of the work, the novel *Valya* he had liked so much, had been written as far back as 1914, but that I had not wished to publish it in book form because the war broke out and it was not at all timely; that in the second volume, *Doomed to Destruction*, the character Irtyshev was not a revolutionary at all but an agent provocateur employed by the secret police, and that the real revolutionaries would come in the subsequent volumes; that the epos would include novels about both the World War and the Civil War.

Evidently the reason for this great interest on Gorky's part in my work was that he was himself working at the time on his epic work *Forty Years—the Life of Klim Samghin*. His methods of writing, however, were totally different from mine: he did not wish to divide his narrative into parts, let alone into chapters. I remember we discussed this innovation and wondered why the thick magazines and newspapers were publishing separate excerpts from this huge novel.

I said in passing that I had liked in *Klim Samghin* the description of Easter night in Moscow, but Alexei Maximovich hastened to disagree:

"Ah, but I made a blunder there just the same! An inexcusable mistake: I forgot completely that on that night exactly at 12 o'clock the cannons were fired in Moscow!"

It would seem that the thousands

of pages he had written were full enough of detail and that the inadvertent dropping of such a thing as cannon fire on Easter night should not have worried Gorky; but it did, and that was typical of his thoroughness.

What did we talk about? About Turgenev, about Leskov, about Dostoyevsky, about Rabindranath Tagore, about Proust. . .

At that time I had a very definite opinion about Gorky not only as a great artist, but as a great pedagogue as well, a Russian Pestalozzi. I must confess, however, that it was precisely this close combination of two such conflicting traits in one person that puzzled me more than anything else. I did not wish to repeat Dostoyevsky's words: "Man is expansive, very expansive, I should take him in a bit!" On the contrary—the scope and breadth of the man here was magnificent; only they demanded some explanation.

Gogol too, as everyone knows, was a pedagogue in his youth. He even attained a professorship; not in some out-of-the-way provincial university either, but right in the capital. But he was rapidly disillusioned and retired, "spat goodbye at the university," as he put it, and remained a writer.

Lev Tolstoy also conceived the idea of disseminating enlightenment from Yasnaya Polyana.

And yet rarely have these two professions ever co-existed amicably in one person.

The writer and artist spends his whole life searching for something new—he is dynamic by his very nature; the pedagogue on the other hand deals with given and firmly established premises—he is static. Even if he teaches literature, he lectures only about writers recognized as classics.

Speaking about Gorky as a great pedagogue, I have in mind not his teaching in the school on Capri where he showed himself an outstanding schoolman, but his work, absolutely exceptional for both scope and significance, with literary novices, beginners.

During our first long talk even this brilliant pedagogue in Gorky retreated to the background, and the artist was in the fore, an artist, who, incidentally, was head over heels in love with life, hungry for everything new that life had to offer, and above all and primarily searching for new people.

And I was just that sort of new person that Alexei Maximovich was looking for. . .

The following day I left my room early—I do not think I slept at all that night, which is quite natural—and went for a walk along the waterfront. All of a sudden I heard someone calling me; it was Alexei Maximovich who had sent for me. Sitting on the "Pier" having his breakfast, he had seen me strolling along and was inviting me to join him. I was surprised to find him looking so fresh, for he could not have slept more than three or four hours.

Among Alexei Maximovich's travelling companions was a medical student named Kolya, who had once been a homeless waif, but studied to take the entrance examinations at a workers' training school under the guidance of A. S. Makarenko, late author of *A Pedagogical Poem*.

Gorky, who was patron of this Commune (it was named after him), had stopped there on his way to the Crimea and had taken Kolya along with him on the trip which no doubt was an extremely instructive experience for the boy.

"Where will you go from here, Alexei Maximovich?" I inquired.

"By boat to the Caucasus and then by rail to Baku, that is the itinerary."

"And Kolya goes with you?"

"Most certainly."

After coffee Alexei Maximovich and I were left to ourselves to continue the conversation begun the evening before.

His vast novel *The Life of Klim Samghin*, then far from completed, obviously occupied Gorky's mind completely at that time for he broke off in the middle of our conversation and turned to me with a most unexpected question:

"Tell me, which in your opinion will live longer, an epic or a lyrical work?"

"An epic work, being difficult to remember from beginning to end, usually lives in libraries," I replied. "Lyrical works, since they are on a smaller scale, are more easily committed to memory. Hence it follows that the purpose of the two is far from identical, and to establish the relative longevity of the one or the other is extremely difficult."

My answer was obviously evasive but Alexei Maximovich was just as obviously determined to obtain a direct reply, and so we began to analyze the epos of the ancient Hindus and Persians and the lyrical works of the same ancient Persians, after which we considered the epos and lyric of the Greeks and Romans; then we turned to the Middle Ages and modern times and found that in the final analysis both of us remembered the epic works better than the lyrical.

"So you see," Alexei Maximovich remarked in a tone of extreme satisfaction, "it is the epic that lives longer after all!"

"But perhaps it is merely because we are both prose writers," I observed. "If we were lyrical poets we might have come to the opposite conclusion. . ."

At midday we set off by car for Ai-Petri. The road leading to the summit of this mountain winds erratically amid a dense pine forest.

It was only later that I realized to the full what tremendous organizational ability was latent in Gorky, but here on Ai-Petri I had my first inkling of it. It was with pride of ownership that he looked around him as we climbed to the top of the mountain.

The grass which could never have been very luxurious on the chalkstone soil had been consumed by herds of sheep. Beside the meteorological station located nearby stood a few dwarfed young pines that had been planted there, and beyond jutted the jagged, naked "battlement" of Ai-Petri with a sheer drop on either side.

But down below, the Crimean coast spread itself out before our eyes—a scene astonishingly beautiful and still so rugged.

I had never climbed Ai-Petri before and I was naturally interested in the strata of rock. Observing this, Alexei Maximovich turned to me with a smile:

"I guessed that you were a mining engineer, am I right?"

"Not at all! What on earth could have made you think so?" I asked in surprise.

"How could you have written your *The Helen Mine* if you weren't a mining engineer?" It was Gorky's turn to sound surprised.

So I had to tell him how I had written that book after spending not more than two days in Makeyevka (Donbas) in 1913, because in those days it was difficult to obtain permission to go down a mine.

The view that opened on all sides from Ai-Petri naturally led us to speak about art and I discovered that Alexei Maximovich was quite an authority on Italian painting of the Renaissance period and later. He had obviously been a frequent visitor at the picture galleries in Naples and Rome, for he spoke of these in greater detail,

although he mentioned all the more outstanding works of art in Venice, Florence and Milan as well.

Ever since then the flat stones of the Ai-Petri plateau scorched by the summer sun and covered with patches of lime are always associated in my mind with the picture galleries of Italy, and the connecting link between them is the tall, yellow-mustached man in white cap and gray jacket who swung his long arms with broad sweeping movements.

When our cars bore us swiftly downward they did not stop at Yalta but went straight through to Gurzuf. Alexei Maximovich had been invited to dine at the rest home of the members of the Central Executive Committee in Suuk-Su.

The dinner, incidentally, was over long before our car pulled up outside the dining room and only the administration of the rest home and the house physician came out to meet Alexei Maximovich; but the two bottles of 110-year-old port and muscatel, with which they treated Gorky, amply compensated for everything.

Even he had never tasted anything like it: the wine was as thick as oil.

"What wine, what wine!" he kept repeating, shaking his head in admiration. "How does that proverb go about wine like this, you probably remember it," he turned to me.

But I could not think of the appropriate proverb, so he endeavored to remember it himself:

"Don't you really remember? Something about 'Where there's pie, there am I. . .'"

"Cheese and beer, we are here," I added. "But there isn't anything about wine."

"Oh, you can't be as exacting as all that," remarked Alexei Maximovich, and repeating both sayings he added: "But with wine like this flowing, you won't get us away from here until we've drunk it all to the bottom!"

By that time the after-dinner nap hour in the rest home was drawing to a close, somewhat earlier than usual, I believe, since everyone was anxious to see Gorky. Alexei Maximovich was invited into the garden to have his picture taken with a group of vacationers; before long he had discovered a number of acquaintances from Moscow.

He did not spend much time there. On the way back to Yalta he spoke with enthusiasm about what he had just seen.

"Splendid idea, eh, Sergei Nikolayevich, to hand such palaces over to the workers for rest homes?.. And just before you came I went to Livadia. . . Just imagine it, peasants resting in the tsar's palace—that's a sight for you! The old Russia is gone and forgotten and those who were once plain muzhiks are sitting comfortably in the tsar's palace looking out of the window and saying: 'All this is ours. . .' That's splendid!"

Pride for his country and joy at the seven-league strides with which it was now advancing in freedom permeated all of Gorky's being.

The very fact that the country was recovering so rapidly from the famine and devastation of 1919 and 1921 was a source of tremendous joy to him. He had, of course, enough imagination to envision that which in the very near future would grow from the seed of the new that had been planted thickly over the fresh and well-ploughed soil.

He beamed all over when he spoke of all this, for he saw so clearly and in such detail all that would inevitably come to pass in our country within a few decades. . .

"What after all, comrades, are a mere ten years for such an immense country as ours? Ten years! Why, it's no time at all!"

One of Gorky's travelling companions was a Crimean transport worker. Turning to me Alexei Maximovich said:

"Here in the Crimea too there is much, very much that is new. Now, you want to see it all with you own eyes, don't you? Why don't you write to this comrade in Simferopol or telephone him and ask him to send you a car? Then you can go wherever you wish and see whatever interests you. . . Believe me, Sergei Nikolayevich, you really ought to keep in touch with all the latest developments!"

That evening we stayed later on the "Pier" than all the other customers, and when we came out the embankment was deserted but for the workers who were paving the road, filling the air with the pungent tarry odor of asphalt.

I marvelled at Alexei Maximovich's vitality notwithstanding his illness: for now at the end of what had seemed to me a long and exhausting day he seemed as vigorous, energetic and alert as in the morning, although he had not rested more than ten minutes all day.

The next morning he left Yalta.

Before he departed we had coffee together for the last time on the hospitable "Pier." This time Alexei Maximovich spoke about himself, about his intention to write a long novel when *Samghin* was finished.

From what he said I gathered that for this purpose he had to visit the coast of the Caspian Sea in the vicinity of Baku, after which he wanted to see Armenia and Georgia, and that the purpose of his trip was mainly to gather material for this new book.

As I recall, the impression I obtained at the time was that the book was to be something of an adventure story.

With that colossal fund of impressions Gorky possessed, a novel of this type might indeed be unusually striking; but, as we know, the idea did not materialize.

But now the cars were waiting outside the Marino and Alexei Maximovich was told that it was time to depart.

Had we said all we had wanted to say to each other? Of course not—we had merely begun to talk in these two days, and now the cars with their shining bodies were already there waiting pitilessly to carry away to the far-off Caspian, him who had grown so dear to me.

We embraced at parting and again my cheek was wet with his tears. . .

"Shall I send you my books, Sergei Nikolayevich?"

"Please do!" I begged. "I have scarcely any of them. And your photograph as well!"

For the last time my eyes caught and held the eyes of Gorky that seemed illumined from within, and then his car disappeared around the bend.

In the book he had intended writing there was to be a scene in which a child standing on the shore of the Caspian Sea suddenly sees a horseman mounted on a wondrous steed flash into view, bathed in the golden rays of the setting sun. But in an instant the rider wheels his horse around and gallops off as swift as an arrow along the shore, disappearing from sight behind the sand dunes and leaving the child transfixed with wonder at the radiant vision.

For some time after Alexei Maximovich's departure I felt something like that little child out of his unwritten story.

I went to the Caucasus about 10 days after I returned from Yalta. This trip, incidentally, supplied me with material for my story *How to Hide From Time*. It also gave me the joy of another and altogether unexpected meeting with Gorky in Vladikavkaz (now Orjonikidze)

whither I had gone from Mineralniye Vody to take a trip along the famous Georgian-Military Highway.

As soon as I arrived at the Vladikavkaz railway station I learned that Gorky was there.

Within two minutes I was sitting beside Alexei Maximovich in his parlor-car, which was attached to a train about to leave for the north.

"Well, Alexei Maximovich, how did you find Baku?" I asked.

"Have you ever been there?" he inquired in his turn.

"Yes, exactly 20 years ago. I passed through there; I was taking a trip at the time from Samara on the Volga to Tashkent, thence to Kokand, Samarkand, Bokhara. From Bokhara I got through to Krasnovodsk and from there I crossed the Caspian to Baku," I recalled. "But I must confess I couldn't stay longer than a day in Baku. There was a terrific stench of oil in the town, absolutely no avoiding it!"

"Well, just imagine, the air nowadays is as pure as it could be!" Gorky exclaimed (he was extremely animated, quite at his best, I should say). "Not the slightest whiff of oil. I don't like the smell of oil myself—who does? What a handsome city it is now! I was even wondering whether it wasn't handsomer than Naples. I mean it! Fine parks laid out everywhere! And as for the oil, I saw a plant there that refines the crude oil to a point where it actually becomes edible—you know, the oil they use for canned goods! It's a fact. Everything in that plant is done by machinery and no more than eight men operating the machines. Think of it! And you should see all of the new, tall buildings they have managed to put up in this time! . . And the people! Sergei Nikolayevich, you absolutely must go there yourself! . . Just imagine—they come out on the platform, these men, all oily, dirty, sweaty and how they *can talk!* When on earth have they had the time to learn to talk like that—it's positively miraculous!"

"You wanted to visit Armenia too, didn't you, Alexei Maximovich? Have you been there?"

"Just coming from there now! Up at Lake Gokcha they treated me to trout that weighed half a pood. It's a fact!"

"I doubt whether any trout could weigh that much. Why, that's a monster, not a trout! Never heard of such a thing. . ."

But Alexei Maximovich seized me by the arm.

"I'm telling you, it was a trout! You see what a country we live in: maybe no such trout does exist anywhere else, but here it does! . . And have you ever seen a highway like this Georgian-Military anywhere! No, because there could not possibly be anything like it anywhere else! I have just made the trip."

"I intend doing the same thing to-morrow, if only as far as Kazbek station, and perhaps all the way to Tiflis."

"Ever been to Tiflis before?"

"Yes, the time I could not stand the odor of Baku I went to Tiflis and spent a few days there before moving on to Batum."

"And how did you travel on the Georgian-Military Highway in those days?"

"I didn't travel at all. Never saw the road."

"What? Never saw it?" Alexei Maximovich was as horrified as though I had confessed to some awful crime. I merely laughed.

"I simply didn't have a chance to see it," I said.

But Gorky's face had grown suddenly grave, he leaned forward and raising his left hand with the forefinger pointed upward, said in surprisingly solemn tones:

"Now suppose that you had suddenly died and appeared before your Maker, and he had said to you:

'For thee, Sergeyev-Tsensky, have I created all this beauty, but thou. . . has not. . . seen it!'"

One might of course have smiled at his jest—as indeed I did at first impulse—but it gave one food for reflection and I did reflect later on after I had taken leave of this remarkable man who strove with all the intensity of his great being to prove the truth of the idea behind this jest.

How could it be that there was something beautiful that I, an artist, had not seen? How could it be that there was something that I, a scholar, did not know? How could it be that there was something that I, a workman, could not make? And how could it be that all of us by our common effort could not remake this world which exists solely in order that we might remake it in our own way, so that all trout should weigh half a pood, that oil for canned goods could be made out of crude oil, that the men, sweaty and oil-stained, should walk onto the platform and talk like Demosthenes, Aeschylus, Pericles; that the notoriously oily, smelly workmen's town of Baku should by the beauty of her streets, squares, parks and conveniences outshine the dandified Naples? . .

But in order to remake everything, one, of course, must see everything, know everything, want to do everything, be able to do everything.

After his visit to Russia in 1928, Gorky returned to Sorrento, but it was like the return of a bee weighed down by pollen: not only did he take back with him a multitude of new impressions, but also a host of cares and all sorts of obligations he had undertaken. His circle of correspondents could not but expand, and expand it did quite substantially.

I continued to remain a writer, an artist, and nothing more. Gorky became a public man on an "all-Union scale." Under such circumstances correspondence with him naturally waned; this is one reason why he wrote so seldom to me in these subsequent years. Another reason was that during each of his visits to the Soviet Union, and later, when he finally left Italy and took up his residence in the U.S.S.R., we saw a good deal of each other. Our talks, however, were no longer on literary themes but on matters which engaged his attention completely for their own sake, and which interested me merely as material for my writing.

I must say, however, that this material was extremely difficult for a novelist to handle and to master it as an artist should master his subject matter required more than talent alone.

But while I have spoken of the rehabilitation theme as being most difficult, it is true that all the other themes proposed by Gorky were extremely difficult although the tremendous abundance of material on these themes did create the illusion that given the desire and determination to work they could be tackled. Alexei Maximovich was still swamped with the manuscripts he edited.

He was overloaded with work. Nevertheless it was at this period (1929) that his plays *Yegor Bulychev* and *Dostigayev* appeared; at the same time he continued to work on *Samghin* and revised *Vassa Zheleznova*, to say nothing of the numerous articles on literary and other themes published in the newspapers. His capacity for work was phenomenal. But whenever we met he was as interested to hear about my work as ever.

Inasmuch as all the news about our achievements reached him, I could add nothing new to the conversation on this score. If, for instance, I happened to say:

"I met a rice grower the other day

who wants to grow rice right outside of Moscow," Alexei Maximovich would at once respond:

"Ah, yes! On the Yakhroma River, you mean? Yes, yes, I've heard about it!"

Or if I said:

"You know, I happened to visit an iron and steel plant in Kerch. There is plenty of ore in the neighborhood but it is too powdery and only 30 per cent, so they bring ore in from Krivoi Rog. But there is a veteran inhabitant there who says he knows of some deposits of 60 per cent ore, not powdery at all and quite near to Kerch. . . ."

Whereupon Alexei Maximovich would rise swiftly from his chair, walk over to the cupboard, take out a heavy chunk of iron ore and place it before me:

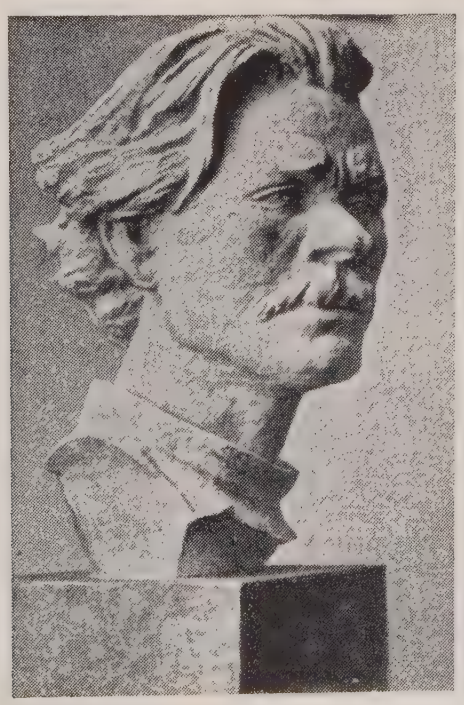
"Here it is! They're mining it already!"

On the other hand he himself was always brimming over with all kinds of news. One day he announced in great excitement:

"You know what people we have out in the Ussuri district? They trap tigers! Catch them like kittens and sell them to the zoological gardens! They supply our Ussuri tigers to foreign zoos. Imagine that?"

"What people we have. . ." This was what fed Gorky's enthusiasm in the latter years of his life, and was not this great enthusiasm of his closely related to his great talent as an artist?

But I am not writing about Gorky's significance as a writer, public man, — my task is far narrower: I am recalling my personal acquaintance with him in the hope that Gorky's future biographer might perhaps find a line or two that will help to draw the portrait of this great proletarian writer, if not perhaps from these reminiscences of mine then, at any rate, from his letters to me.



Bust of Maxim Gorky by Vera Mukhina

Valeri Chkalov addresses an election meeting. A still from the film

A Film About a Great Flier

Valeri Chkalov, sturdy son of the Russian people, hailed from the Volga Region. Among splendid Stalinist fliers he was the bravest and the most fearless. Even during his lifetime his name became the synonym of courage, perseverance and resolution. A tireless seeker of unexplored routes, ever ready for new exploits, Chkalov was known to millions.

Chkalov's feats are inscribed in the annals of the most daring feats of mankind. That is why it is so important that literature and art should portray for the benefit of posterity one of the foremost men of the Stalin epoch.

The film *Valeri Chkalov* has recently been released. I can hardly find words to express the deep emotions it evoked in me. It is indeed a true picture, full of vitality and profound humaneness.

Soviet film artists have created a magnificent, immortal monument to the great flier. On the screen I saw Valeri Chkalov, vigorous, jolly and exuberant as ever, the Chkalov as I had known him, the man who had always had my deepest respect and admiration. He was a man of rare qualities, a man with a big and warm heart and amazing courage. And it is precisely this man, the embodiment of endurance, equanimity, perseverance and skill, I saw on the screen.

The film reveals the complexity of his life and the formation of his character. V. Belokurov, who does a brilliant piece of acting, succeeded in assimilating and portraying those very features that have always distinguished Chkalov: force of character, a passion and an enormous capacity for work, and rare charm.

The scenario writers have convincingly shown the difficult profound psychological process of the formation of Valeri's character.

We see Valeri in his younger days dreaming of how he would destroy the enemies of his country. He prepares himself for this task. And what at times appears to be rash, daredevil acts is in reality serious training, a desire to test his own powers as a future pilot of a destroyer plane. His wonderful talent was brought out to the fullest when he was ordered to test new planes.

Of decisive significance in his life were his meetings and talks with Stalin. Stalin (played by M. Gelovani) appears only in two scenes, but throughout the film one feels that it is Stalin who guides Chkalov in all his glorious feats. The meeting between Chkalov and Stalin on the eve of the world-famous flight of the heroic crew from Moscow to America leaves an unforgetable impression.

The scene shows Stalin's study. In the middle of the room is a huge globe. A

map covers the desk. Bending over the map, in deep meditation, is Stalin. The quiet of the night is broken by the solemn chimes coming from the Kremlin clock tower. In quiet and measured tones Stalin says:

"For instance, you, Comrade Chkalov. You are a flier, a test pilot, many a time you have been entrusted with expensive machines. . . And this too is a test flight. . . The whole world will follow your flight. . . it will want to see what the Bolsheviks, with their Five-Year Plans, are capable of!"

"I understand, Comrade Stalin," says Chkalov in a low voice.

"The people and the plants that have built your plane and fitted it out for the flight. . . Our entire technical knowledge, aeronautics, science. . . *(Stalin paces slowly towards the window.)* The life and the work of the people behind those innumerable lights. . . And not they alone. . . . The blood shed in the long struggle, the years of suffering and toil of our entire people have made this flight possible. . ."

And, as if mentally weighing the full responsibility of the Government's decision, he concludes:

"All this, you see, we have to entrust to you in this flight to demonstrate to the whole world. . ."

Shaken to the marrow, Chkalov bends his head:

"You are right, Comrade Stalin," he says in a voice that can hardly be heard. "We are not ready yet for such a flight."

Then Stalin, in a genial, resolute voice says:

"Now that you understand its every aspect, I'm sure that you are ready for the flight."

And offering him his hand he adds:

"Have it your way, Comrade Chkalov. . . ."

A beautifully played and delicately laid scene! One can't help but recall Chkalov's words:

"After having met our great leader my life has become richer, my flying more disciplined, and it seems as if new, tremendous vitality has filled my being to help me be of still greater service to my fatherland."

These meetings with Stalin determined all his further activities, all his great feats which brought glory to the Soviet people.

The scene in the park when Chkalov meets his fiancée is extremely lyrical. Another splendid scene is when Chkalov, the pilot of an "air-bus," dreams of a light-winged destroyer plane, of speed, of daring feats in the air, of acrobatics. Here, as in other scenes, we see

Welcome in America upon completion of Chkalov's transpolar flight. A still from the film

the relations between him and his wife, who, like a wise and staunch comrade, has always a cheerful word to encourage him in moments of trial. This is a true, a splendidly rendered scene, a scene which is so familiar to us fliers. The scenes in the cock-pit during the flight to America leave a lasting impression.

Sergo Orjonikidze as played by S. Mezhinsky radiates warmth and sincerity. Of the other actors mention should be made of V. Vanin (Pal Palych) and B. Zhukovsky (Aleshin). The acting is forceful and convincing.

The scenario writers G. Baidukov, D. Tarasov and B. Chirskov; the director M. Kalatozov, as well as the entire cast, have created a truly great film. The "shots" in the air by the cameraman A. Ginsburg, are masterfully done. Particularly well photographed is the air-duel, the flight when the landing gear gets jammed, and when the plane flies under the Troitsky bridge.

The sound-recording is faultless, the photography excellent, the scenery on a very high level.

This is a splendid achievement for the entire collective of the "Lenfilm" Studio that has produced this film!

COLONEL V. GORANOV
Hero of the Soviet Union

Fine Portrayal of Chkalov

The Soviet cinema can be congratulated on achieving another success—the film *Chkalov* was enthusiastically received by the Soviet public.

Valeri Pavlovich Chkalov, the great flier of our times, was immensely popular in the U.S.S.R. His memory will forever be cherished by the Soviet people. His fame spread far beyond the borders of the Soviet Union. Chkalov's exploits made history in man's conquest of the air and his name is known to millions the world over. Centuries will pass but the names of Chkalov, Baidukov and Belyakov will be known to mankind as the pioneers, the Soviet pilots, who blazed a trail from the U.S.S.R. to the U.S.A.

Chkalov's was a stormy and purposeful life. Stalin immediately recognized his true merits among thousands of other airmen.

Chkalov was a flier second to none but at the beginning of his career he could find no application for his skill.

The film shows the trials Chkalov had to undergo because of the mediocrities around him who could not evaluate the true worth of this superb pursuit flier and test pilot. We see him giving vent to his feelings, as it were, by attempting a daredevil flight under the span of a bridge, scattering a herd of cows, or doing stunt flights above the house of his fiancé. The upshot of it was that army pilot Valeri Chkalov was advised to switch over from a military plane to a Junkers passenger plane, a one hundred percent "civilian" ship. As it happened it fell to the lot of the author of these lines to turn over the Junkers machine to Chkalov and take him up the first time to demonstrate with what care this "aerial omnibus" had to be handled.

Chkalov flew according to schedule carrying the usual run of passengers on his Junkers plane. His wife Olga lived in constant fear that one day he would again play one of his daredevil tricks in the air, but Chkalov assured her that he would "deliver them as fit and fresh as new-laid eggs." But during these dog-days Chkalov in his mind's eye was at the controls of a pursuit plane or performing feats of acrobatics or launching out on some grand flight.

Chkalov's old commander gets him a job as a test pilot. Introducing him to the designer he recommends him as "the pilot who can fly your plane," and the designer as a man "whose planes do not fly but crash."

Chkalov throws himself heart and soul into his new work. As a result of his efforts he proves the worth of the designer's latest production on which serial production is started. The scene in the plant director's office is well done. The director, however, is over-cautious and gives orders to stop production of the "suspicious-looking" plane. After a stormy argument Chkalov finally brings the director round to see his point of view.

The plane is tested in flight by Chkalov, but it crashes on landing. People's Commissar Sergo Orjonikidze is the first to reach Chkalov. "A splendid machine," are Chkalov's first words, "all it needs is fixing up a bit."

During an aerial parade Chkalov amazes all by his virtuosity: he outdoes his friend Baidukov in acrobatics. But when he is about to land he discovers that one of his landing gears has jammed. He gains altitude, puts the plane through a series of intricate stunts in an effort to dislodge the gear. The thought of saving himself by resorting to his parachute and leaving the plane to its fate never

Meeting of Stalin and Chkalov on March 2, 1935, as reproduced on the screen. M. Gelovani takes the role of Stalin, P. Osokin plays the part of Gorky

even enters his head; that is out of the question, for the plane is an experimental model and took millions of rubles to develop. All this takes place in the presence of a half a million spectators, in the presence of Stalin. "Order him to leave the machine," Stalin says. By superhuman effort Chkalov finally succeeds in releasing the jammed part and makes a successful landing. He is given a rousing welcome by the other pilots.

An unforgetable moment in the film is the conversation between Stalin and Chkalov at the airdrome. "You are more precious to us than any machine," Stalin tells him. This meeting was a turning point in the life of Chkalov.

I remember the change in Chkalov after his meeting with Stalin. Chkalov was a different man. He seemed to scintillate happiness and joy. Stalin's words that man is the most precious thing in our country penetrated deep into his heart. Chkalov became the very embodiment of energy, he felt the urge to repay his country, his government, Comrade Stalin, for the high regard for him, for the honor his Socialist country accorded him.

Chkalov conceived the idea of a flight from Moscow to Kamchatka and carried it into effect. Next came the daring project of a flight across the North Pole. It was thanks to the assistance rendered personally by Comrade Stalin that Chkalov and his associates were able to realize this pioneering flight. The meetings between Stalin and Chkalov, Stalin's study, are splendidly presented in the film which holds the unflagging interest of the audience.

The flight across the North Pole, the struggle against ice coating on the wings, the shortage of oxygen—all these episodes are vividly portrayed on the screen. Bleeding profusely from the nose Chkalov orders that the last oxygen be given to Baidukov, who was piloting the plane. And finally the United States and the landing.

In addition to scenes taken by the studio the film also includes shots from newsreels taken on Chkalov's return from the United States.

On viewing this film, we, who knew Chkalov as a man who loved life, feel sad at the thought that he is no longer with us.

This film is the forerunner of a whole series which will depict all that Chkalov did for the benefit of his country, for the glory of the Stalinist air fleet. Herein is the great service rendered by the cast which has produced a splendid film.

M. SLEPNEV
Hero of the Soviet Union

SOVIET WAR POSTERS

"Route and exterminate the enemy"!

By Kukryniksy

"Annihilate the fascist hordes"!
By Boim and Bochkov

"Destroy the fascist reptile"!
By A. Kokorsky

"The Red Army will destroy the rat, Hitler, as the Russian people destroyed Napoleon in 1812"
By Kukryniksy

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS

DENIS DAVYDOV'S "MILITARY NOTES"

When Denis Davydov, the famous commander of partisan troops in the War for the Fatherland in 1812, was dismissed from the army, he set to work on his *Military Notes*. A volume of the *Military Notes* has just been issued as one of the Series of Memoirs published by the State Literary Publishing House.

The volume includes the poet's reminiscences of Suvorov and Kulnev and essays on the campaigns of the partisan forces and regular army troops in the wars of 1805—1814. One section of the book, entitled "Anecdotes about various persons", consists of short notes, descriptions, and odd bits of information regarding contemporary events and persons.

Denis Davydov, author of "Military Notes". Painting by Orest Kiprensky

Davydov began to write his *Military Notes* many years after his debut in literature. Even in his early poems he brought a fresh note into literature. These verses were entirely free of the conventionalities of classical verse, and breathed an irony that went far beyond the bounds of mere poetic licence. Some of his poems, imbued with the spirit of liberty, circulated in hand-written copies among circles of an oppositional frame of mind.

Davydov was regarded as the pioneer of the guerilla movement in the War of 1812. He was immortalized by Tolstoy as the daredevil partisan Vaska Denisov, in *War and Peace*. Pushkin and Belinsky extolled his military deeds. Sir Walter Scott, who had a portrait of the poet and soldier in his study, wrote of Davydov as of "a famous man, whose exploits at a time when his fatherland was in danger were truly astounding."

The battle at Borodino had not yet taken place when Davydov suggested to Kutuzov through Bagration his plan of conducting an active campaign of guerilla warfare. With a troop of one hundred Cossacks and hussars he penetrated far into the rear of the enemy. From then on began the exceptionally masterly and faring "flying raids" of the partisan Denis Davydov. His heroic detachment would appear like a bolt from the blue in the most unexpected places. Operating with success in the Kaluga and Smolensk provinces and the Western region which were occupied by Napoleon, Denis Davydov's partisans constantly harrassed the enemy's lines of communication and rendered *hors de combat* entire formations of the French army. With a small detachment, hardly one thousand sabres strong, Denis Davydov routed a French corps under the command of General Augereau, and took over two thousand prisoners of war.

An ardent follower of the great Suvorov, Denis Davydov excellently assimilated the militant spirit of the science of Victory. He acquired a perfect command of this science. In 1814, after Napoleon had been driven out of Russia, Denis Davydov and his detachment of five

Partisans of the Patriotic War of 1812

hundred Cossacks, operating far ahead of the regular army forces, swooped down on the city of Dresden and captured it routing the corps of General Durutte.

Denis Davydov was undoubtedly a gifted military leader, but of especial importance was the part he played in the war of 1812, when his genius divined "the moral power of the people rising to heroism" and he felt the poetic vigor of heroism, in defending his fatherland. And for that reason the "Diary of Guerilla Actions in 1812," forming the central part of the *Military Notes*, is of especial interest to us, both for the wealth of its data and for the lofty spirit in which it is written. "Thus we fought, even on the move, from August 29 to September 8," wrote Davydov. "I shall never forget those terrible days. I took part in bloody actions both before and since. I have passed nights on my feet, resting my head on the saddle on my horse's back, my hand on the halter. . . But not ten days, not ten nights in succession, and only as a matter of life and death, and not of honor."

Davydov's *Military Notes* describe vivid episdes in the heroic struggle of the Russian army and the victories it gained over the army of Napoleon which at hat ime was considered the bes in Europe

He portrays in striking colors the outstanding Russian soldiers—Suvorov, Bagration, Kutusov. There are splendid pen-pictures of rank-and-file members of his partisan detachment.

Denis Davydov knew the Russian soldier well. He had seen him swooping down like a whirlwind in a cavalry attack, in the mêlée of a bayonet charge, in difficult and complicated marches. Only a knowledge of the fighting qualities of the Russian soldier such as his, only a love of his country such as his, could have inspired such lines as these: "Russia has never yet risen to her full gigantic stature. Woe to her enemies if she should ever do so."

Belinsky's genius prompted a remarkably true description of Denis Davydov—the poet, military writer and soldier, remarkable "not only for his exemplary courage and chivalrous inspiration, but also as a gifted military leader."

All the morits of this remarkable man are reflected in his *Military Notes*. Genuine poetic talent, intermingled with excellent accomplishments in military writing, and the whole imbued with the noble spirit of an ardent patriot and fearless soldier.

Military Notes have gained great popularity among the reading public.

A. KOTOV

NEW SIDELIGHT ON FAMOUS WRITER

N. Piksanov has written a highly interesting book which throws a new sidelight on the famous writer. Gorky the poet is a subject hitherto insufficiently dealt with by Soviet critics. Not many see in Gorky, the great prose writer, Gorky the poet.

It must be said to the credit of the author, a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., that he has succeeded in drawing a convincing picture of the true value of Gorky's poetry, and the profound and organic influence it exercised on his writings.

His book *Gorky the Poet* (The State Literary Publishing House) is the result of many years of labor. The first rough draft, the scaffolding of the present book, appeared as early as 1932, under the title *Gorky the Writer of Verse*. At that time Piksanov made a thorough study of all of Gorky's writings and extracted from them dozens of poems and sketches of poetry, as well as Gorky's opinion on the merits of his own poetry in different periods of his life.

Gorky's poetical tale *Death and the Maiden* (published in *International Literature* No. 3, 1938) won the following comment from J. Stalin: "This piece is stronger than Goethe's *Faust* (on the theme of) love's conquest over death." This comment, which was made on October 11, 1931, and first published in the press in 1937, discloses the profoundly optimistic, central idea underlying the poem.

In recent years the interest in Gorky's poetry has grown considerably, and N. Piksanov draws from it the following correct conclusion: "It is now obvious that a study of Gorky's poetry is most important in making a general study of the great writer."

Piksanov shows the steady development of Gorky's poetical talent: the poetry of his adolescent period, in which social motives began to assert themselves; the poetry in the years when Gorky tramped the country, when the young writer began to be more critical of his writings; the poetry in the period when Gorky lived through a personal crisis, verses breathing despondency and resignation; and, finally, the period of maturity and optimism.

The year 1892 was a landmark in Gorky's life. That year he published his first story, *Makar Chudra*, and wrote numerous poems. It was in that year too that he wrote the beautiful poetical tale *Death and the Maiden* which subsequently was so highly appraised by Stalin.

"This was the shore," declares Piksanov, "from which Gorky launched out into a new creative path, a path which led to the creation of such poems as *The Song of the Stormy Petrel* and *The Song of the Falcon.*"

To the last days of his life Gorky aspired towards romanticism, towards epical poetry. In 1931 Gorky wrote in an introduction to *The Poet's Library* series:

"Life demands epical poetry. . . never before has life laid such demands on the poet, and on the writer in general, as today. . ."

As Piksanov convincingly brings out in his book, Gorky was constantly developing and perfecting his poetical vocabulary. Proof of this can be found in his verses, parodies, in the story about Smertyashkin, directed against Sologub's sepulchral lyricism; in his series of poems which are organically interwoven in the artistic canvas of *Okurov's Town*; and in the poems included in his plays.

The great demands he himself laid on his writings held him back from a hasty publication of his poems. The poetical tale *Death and the Maiden* was published twenty-five years after it had been written. Some of his poems he destroyed, others he kept hidden for years, sometimes rewriting them anew. In 1933 he confessed to Vsevolod Ivanov:

"I write poetry every day."

There definitely exists a close tie between Gorky's prose and poetry. Anton Chekhov, who had an unusually fine feeling for literature, wrote to Gorky in 1899, after having read his *Sketches and Stories*: "Your writings are musical." Thus he stressed in Gorky's prose what is so deeply inherent in Gorky: his melodiousness, rhythm.

This new book about Gorky enriches our knowledge of the life and creative work of the great writer.

N. VORONOV

PUBLISH COLLECTION OF ARTICLES BY GORKY

A collection of Maxim Gorky's lesser-known articles on literature and art that has recently been issued by the State Literary Publishing House affords the layman an opportunity of becoming acquainted with material hitherto accessible only to Gorky scholars. Relating to various periods, the articles are not only of historical value in tracing the writer's development and the literary struggle of those years but in many cases present interest in the light of present-day problems.

In his articles on the Russian writers who were his contemporaries and on the

Gorky reading his poem "Death and the Maiden" to Comrades Stalin, Molotov and Voroshilov on October 11, 1931. Painting by A. Yar-Kravchenko. Next to Gorky is his son Maxim

literary tendencies of his day, Gorky appears before us as an irreconcilable fighter against philistinism in life and literature, stigmatizing various periodicals which cultivated cheap tastes among their readers. He takes up the cudgels against all writing that is shallow and petty, that leaves no impression on the reader's mind. Gorky always regarded literature as a medium for uplifting man's social activity and remoulding the country spiritually.

Of particular interest is his article on Chekhov's story *In the Ravine*, in which Gorky disputes with the critics who regard Chekhov as a writer devoid of principles. He sees in Chekhov an implacable foe of philistinism, his ally in the fight against it.

A large section of the book is devoted to statements on West-European literature that have never before been collected or systematized. Here the reader will find articles and items about both contemporaries and writers of the past, among them Balzac, Anatole France, Stendhal, Romain Rolland, Henri Barbusse, Johannes Becher and Stefan Zweig. From the articles we see once again that Gorky held the progressive literature of the West in high esteem but at the same time he castigated all that was rotten and hideous.

Also included in the collection are articles on Soviet literature and addresses to gatherings of young writers.

I. N.

A NEW NOVEL BY JOHANNES R. BECHER

Following the publication, in recent years, of several volumes of verse (*The Seeker of Happiness and the Seven Ordeals*, *Sonnets* and *Rebirth*), J. Becher, the anti-fascist German poet, has presented his readers with a new work in prose, the novel *Abschied* (Farewell), published by Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga, Moscow.

The action takes place between 1900 and 1914. The author depicts the deve-

lopment of a young man who grows up in the family of a high official, a State Prosecutor in the city of Munich. The story is told in the first person and takes the reader into the inner world of the hero, Hans Gastl, showing him his development, making him share in the joys and sorrows, ambitions and strivings of the child and adolescent; the reader is given a deep insight into the soul of a talented young man thirsting for experience. Life is not at all easy for Hans Gastl, the son of the State Prosecutor. His father, punctilious and respectable, pedantic and scrupulous, an avowed German nationalist, governs his household strictly, according to fixed rules and regulations. His mother received a liberal education, but she is completely under her husband's thumb. His teachers by no means spare the rod. He is strictly forbidden to have any truck with the children of "inferior" parents. A member of the middle class belongs to "the better people" and should not mix with the "common rabble." These are the precepts regulating the life in which Hans Gastl grows up. The youth soon begins to rebel against all these prohibitions. His is an inquiring mind and he likes to find out things. Hans seeks another world in the society of Xaver, the plain-spoken officer's batman, who sings ancient folksongs to the tune of his accordion; in confidential conversation with his nurse, Christine, who fondled him from birth; in his friendship with the son of Hartinger, the tailor. But this world is hidden from him as if behind seven doors. The bounds set by his training in his parents' house constantly exercise a restraining influence upon him. The author gives us a vivid picture of the struggle between "good" and "evil" within the youth, showing how he strives to "become different," and how, finally, his aversion to the atmosphere of his parents' home gradually turns into resistance, and resistance develops into rebellion, still further fostered and enhanced by the reading of books. The young man's mood finds an echo in the advice of Richard Dehmel in his *Song to My Son*:

And if of duty filial
To thee, my son, your father speaks—
Thou heed him not! Thou heed him not!

And then we read in the novel: "One day I felt that I was old and strong enough to challenge my father—to challenge the State, which faced me every day at table."

Hans Gastl now commences to look at his father's world with critical eyes; he begins to discern the false notes in his father's "patriotic tirades," and, finally, the rebellion against his father's middle-class household develops into a rebellion—at first of an abstractly nihilist, anarchist nature—which stifles the noblest hopes and aspirations of men, which turns men into wolves.

Though the father-and-son theme represents the background of the novel, it is not the author's aim to portray the antagonism of two generations. Becher's main object is to give us a picture of middle class education in Germany in the years preceding 1914.

Becher has by no means followed the line of least resistance. Hans Gastl is not depicted to capture our sympathy at first sight. The author does not spare his hero, who is often shown in pitiable situations. Time and again we are horrified at the sight of this young man's spinelessness, cupidity and inhumanity, who not only steals money and allows another to be whipped for his crime, but assists in the corporal punishment of his friend. Becher's drastic portrayal of these and other scenes make us shudder. He shows us the depths from which his hero has to win his way up the narrow, tortuous path to the heights. But this renders the development of the character all the more convincing, and we believe that the hero's decisions have been made as a result of struggle and honest convictions.

The novel is also a contribution to the history of German fascism. Such characters as Director Förtsch, the sadistic, brutal students Feck and Freyschlag are the prototypes of the future "Gestapo Units for Special Assignements." The book enables the reader to discern the deep political relationships of those days, true, as seen through the eyes of an adolescent, a still immature being.

The novel is written in the first person. Instead of action the author often gives us glimpses into the thoughts and dreams of his hero, who is fond of communing with himself and of retrospecting. The author also often resorts to symbolism, which at times has a somewhat disturbing effect. Now and then the author seems to violate the nature of his hero by ascribing to him philosophical ideas which can hardly be expected of him. But these are minor faults, which by no means lessen the strong impression left by this highly instructive book written in what may be described as "musical prose."

HEINZ WILLMANN

STORY OF A LIFE WELL SPENT

A life well spent—that is what one wants to say about Natalya Pflaumer after reading her autobiographical novel. One cannot but feel a deep respect and admira-

tion for the author, for here is the story of a woman who devoted herself heart and soul to the upbringing and education of children that were not her own. Not her own, that is, as far as kith or kin are concerned, but her own in that both she and they are members of Soviet society, and are linked by that most powerful of bonds: a common cause.

My Family makes fascinating reading. Written in a simple and unpretentious style, it is an extremely moving human document. It is truthful in the extreme, so much so that one experiences Natalya Pflaumer's joys and sorrows as keenly as though they were one's own.

Natalya Pflaumer went through a hard school in pre-revolutionary Russia. An illegitimate child, she experienced the full brunt of the humiliations and insults that were heaped on persons of her kind. But she battled her way through these obstacles, and struck out into life as a village schoolteacher.

That she was a talented pedagogue from the outset we see from her modest and simple account of how she taught her pupils. Teaching was difficult in the poverty-stricken Russian village of old, but she managed to inclinate in the peasant children an interest in and love for study.

Perhaps he greatest sorrow of Natalya Pflaumer's life was that her marriage brought no children. But however hard a blow this was, she did not let it dishearten her. She poured out her tenderness and love for children on the five homeless waifs she adopted.

The adoption of these children can by no means be likened to the whim of a bored and well-to-do woman: Natalya Pflaumer was neither bored with life nor any too well-to-do; nor, on the other hand, can the wholeheartedness with which she gave herself up to these youngsters be likened to self-abnegation. What lay at the root of her actions was a supreme optimism, and the best proof one could want of this is to be found in the children themselves.

The first, Sergei, she adopted in 1919. A half-starved, emaciated child of three, he was leading a blind beggar about the streets. Pity welled up in her heart the instant she set eyes on him. She followed them home and found that they lived in a dark, damp cellar.

At once she made up her mind. And an hour later, the formalities of adoption over, she returned home with the child, with her son. It is not difficult to imagine her joy when the boy, washed, fed and petted, first addressed her as "Mama."

The second child was a girl, Lena, whose mother died when she was several months old. When Lena's father, a neighbor of the Pflaumers, had to go away on a long business trip, they adopted her.

Several years later Lena's father took her back. The couple had a hard time getting over this loss, and decided to adopt another child, this time from an infants' home. That is how the two-year-old Tatar girl Zhenya became a member of the family.

Shortly after, Lena's father died, and the girl returned to the Pflaumers.

It was some years later, when the three children had grown up, when Sergei was working and Zhenya and Lena were pupils in the upper grades, that Natalya Pflaumer adopted two more children. Vasya and Valya were their names.

How did she bring up her children? If one were to collect all the hints on child upbringing scattered throughout the book, they would make a splendid pedagogical treatise in which every theoretical premise would have a sound basis in practice.

"Every member of the family worked. Above all else we valued achievements in work," she writes.

Naturally, coercion was never used. The children were brought up to like work because they were always given tasks that took their likes and abilities into account. An unwritten law in the family was respect for the labor of others.

The Pflaumers never lied to the children, and consequently the children never got the habit of lying. They never made promises to the children that they did not carry out, and consequently the children learned to keep their word.

At first Lena was the only one who knew the truth about her parentage. But once, in the heat of an argument, she blurted out to the others what she had heard from her father. That was a difficult day.

Natalya Pflaumer found the simple words that alone were capable of saving the situation. To quote from the book:

"Very well," I said, "let it be granted that I am not your real mother. . . What of it? Are you loved any less than other children are by their real parents? Do we take less care of you? Are you treated with less affection? Are you so badly off with us?"

As always it was Sergei who settled matters.

"That's enough, girls, what's the sense of making so much fuss!" he exclaimed, rising suddenly and bringing his fist down on the table. "That'll do. Real mother or not, she's *our* mother." He put all the stress he could into the word "our." "And now, don't you think it's time for some tea. . ."

Perhaps this discovery even welded the family closer together.

Of course, in the U.S.S.R. such a family could not remain unknown forever. When the Moscow Soviet learned of the Pflaumers, it immediately rendered them material aid. Then the newspapers began to write about them.

Soon the Pflaumers were literally flooded with letters. Some were addressed directly to the children, others to the family as a whole, and still others to the couple. They included simple greetings and well wishes, requests for details about themselves, and finally questions about child upbringing.

Natalya Pflaumer answered all the letters, and, need it be said, her replies could well be the basis for a significant educational treatise, so practical and valuable was the advice she gave.

In November 1935 the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R. awarded a Certificate of Honor to David and Natalya Pflaumer, "who have displayed an example of high consciousness in bringing up five homeless children." Together with the Certificate, the Pflaumers received a grant of 15,000 rubles. At the same time Natalya Pflaumer's husband, who is an engineer, received a tidy sum for the children from his office.

"It always seemed to me that people received awards for heroic deeds, for something out of the ordinary. But what have we done that was so outstanding?" It was with such modest words that Natalya Pflaumer received the news that an award had been conferred on her.

The eldest two children are now quite independent. Sergei is a flier, married, and the father of a family. Lena is also married, and has a baby of her own. A new generation is growing up. As for Zhenya, she has a good voice and is learning to sing, while Valya goes to school. Little Vasya still stays at home: he is the chief help about the house.

Enthusiasm and joy are the keynote in this active, industrious family.

"I am getting on for seventy," Pflaumer writes at the end of her book. "As usual, I get up at five, and set the samovar going. On early summer mornings I love to sit alone on the porch over a cup of strong tea and gaze into the distance, thinking of the past and the future.

"Yes, the future!"

Indeed, could it be otherwise? For Natalya Pflaumer has put all her life into this splendid future of the land of Socialism.

L. B.

The Pflaumer family: first row, left to right, are Natalya Pflaumer, Valya, Lena with her daughter Vera, Vasya and David Pflaumer. Standing is Zhenya

FIRST VOLUME OF PAVLOV'S COLLECTED WORKS OUT

The first volume of a five-volume edition of the collected works of the great Soviet scientist P. Pavlov has been put out by the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. In addition to all of Pavlov's major works and articles, and papers published in Russian and foreign journals, the edition will contain the minutes of his addresses at meetings of scientific societies.

There are three sections to the first volume: 1) social-scientific articles; 2) articles on the physiology of blood circulation, and 3) articles on the physiology of the nervous system.

Of particular interest is the first section, which shows Pavlov as an ardent Soviet patriot. In an interview in July 1935 he made the following statement:

". . . I very, very much want to live a long time yet. . . At least to a hundred. . . and even more!. . .

"I want to live long because my laboratories are flourishing as never before. The Soviet Government has expended millions to further my scientific work and on the construction of laboratories. . .

"In everything I do, I always bear in mind that above all I am serving, to the best of my abilities, my country."

SUVOROV'S BOOK ON ART OF WARFARE

A veritable mine of information, much of which is instructive and holds good even to this day, is contained in *Science of Victory* by Field-Marshal Suvorov, famous Russian army leader of the latter half of the eighteenth century, which has been put out by the Military Publishing House of the People's Commissariat of Defence of the U.S.S.R. At the time it was first published this thin volume created a real revolution in the art of warfare.

Suvorov's motto: "Every soldier must understand his manoeuvre," was based on a profound understanding of the psychology of the Russian soldier. He speaks laconically and significantly of his "three military arts," namely, the ability to gauge things rapidly, to act quickly and forcefully. Although the art of warfare has changed fundamentally since then, these three factors remain criterions of military skill.

Soviet People Rise to Defend Their Country

The whole Soviet people have risen to the defence of their country which has been perfidiously attacked by the fascist hordes. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, from huge industrial centers like Leningrad and Moscow to distant settlements in Central Asia and the Far East, Soviet citizens, men and women, are devoting all their energies to fight the fascist invaders. One thought, one resolve—to wipe fascism off the face of the earth—unites the Soviet workers, collective farmers and intellectuals, 200 million strong.

AMONG THE WRITERS

Soviet writers, men of science and art are in the front ranks of those waging the great patriotic war against the fascist barbarians. Large meetings of writers, scientists, actors, artists, teachers and university students have been held all over the Soviet Union.

"We know that the might of the Soviet people is invincible and we have no doubt that victory will be ours!" declared A. Fadeyev, secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, addressing a meeting of Moscow men of letters.

"The writers of the Land of Soviets know their place in this decisive combat," he went on. "Many of us will fight gun in hand, others will fight with their pens. Colossal work is expected of us, for we are one of the advance detachments of the Soviet intelligentsia. A single will to victory is needed now, more than ever before. We will rally still closer around the great Stalin. We will give all our strength to the defence of our country; the enemy who has dared to attack our home land, shall be annihilated."

Wanda Wasilewska, renowned Polish authoress, addressed a meeting in Kiev. Her fervent speech was delivered in Polish, a language spoken as freely and openly as all others in the U.S.S.R. but which is banned in fascist Germany.

"I have just arrived from the front," she said. "I have seen how valiantly the Red warriors are fighting for every inch of their native land. Only for freedom, for liberty can people fight like that. . . For the first time the German fascists have met an army that can fight and knows what it is fighting for; that is why this army will win."

A resolution passed by Soviet writers of Tajikistan declares:

"We, Soviet writers of sunny Tajikistan, consider ourselves mobilized and are ready at the first call of the Party and the Government to shoulder our rifles, to join the ranks of the valorous Red Army and defend the country."

Similar resolutions are expressed by writers' organizations in all the Soviet republics.

WORK OF SOVIET PUBLISHERS

The biggest publishing houses in the U.S.S.R. are busy issuing huge editions (belles-lettres, essays, articles) devoted to the great patriotic war the Soviet people are waging against fascism. The State Literary Publishing House is preparing a number of books describing the struggle of the Soviet people against the German invaders in 1918. "Machine-Gun Crew," an excerpt from M. Sholokhov's novel *And Quiet Flows the Don*, and "Wind from the Ukraine," from Vsevolod Ivanov's book *Parkhomenko*, are to be published in edition of 200,000 copies.

A volume entitled *How the German Invaders Were Driven Out of the Ukraine in 1918* will include excerpts from literary works and a number of historical documents.

War and anti-fascist poems by Vladimir

Young patriots doing their share. A group of girls pasting up war posters

Mayakovsky and the texts for war songs by Lebedev-Kumach entitled *For Our Country! For Stalin!* are also being published.

The same publishing house is preparing a 250,000 copy edition of "The Battle of Borodino" from Lev Tolstoy's great novel *War and Peace*. The entire novel will be put out in a new edition of 100,000 copies. A volume of patriotic and martial verse by Pushkin, Lermontov, Denis Davydov (poet and guerilla fighter in the war against Napoleon) and other Russian poets of the nineteenth century is on the list of new publications.

The Gorky Institute of World Literature of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. is compiling a volume of articles showing Gorky as a fighter against fascism. The same Institute is also putting out a book *World Literature and the Struggle Against Fascism.*

Academician E. Tarle has completed *Two Patriotić Wars*, a new book on the struggle of the Russian people against Napoleon's invasion in 1812 and on the patriotic war against Hitler's savage hordes. The book gives an account of the preparations made for the Russian campaign by the armies of Napoleon who had boasted in 1811: "Within three years I shall rule the world."

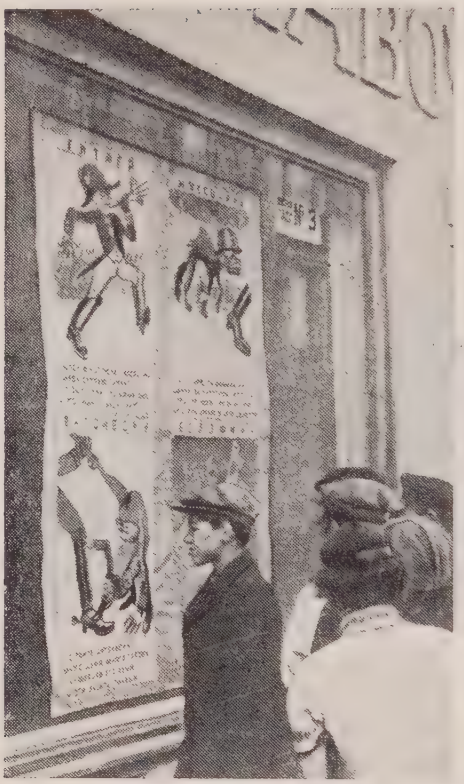
The author gives a picture of the patriotic fervor that gripped the whole country at that time, describes the guerilla detachments of peasants who hunted the French soldiers in groups, keeping on the heels of the French regiments, and outlines the activities of Russian military commanders and leaders of guerilla detachments.

The crossing of the Russian frontiers by Napoleon's troops on June 24, 1812, was the beginning of the end of the European domination of Napoleon.

On June 22, 1941, an army sent by Hitler who is accustomed to easy victories over poorly equipped armies, treacherously attacked the Soviet land. But in the fight with the mighty Soviet Union this pygmy will suffer a crushing defeat that will lead to the liberation of the European peoples he has enslaved.

"TASS ILLUSTRATED WINDOWS"

A large group of Moscow writers and artists have revived the militant tradition of Vladimir Mayakovsky's "Rosta Illustrated Windows," a series of caricatures supplied with biting verses whose barb was directed against the enemies of the young republic of Soviets during the Civil War. In their "Tass Illustrated Windows" to-day Moscow writers and artists aim to respond to the events of the day by drawings and verses, to reflect the heroic deeds of the valorous Red Army, the exploits of the Soviet people on the labor



At a "TASS Illustrated Window"

front, and level acrid ridicule at Hitlers' despicable bands of jackals.

The best Soviet artists, poets and writers are working on these caricatures which are posted up in all parts of the capital, at railway stations, subway stations, at the big plants and factories, on squares and in the Parks of Culture and Rest, as well as in the larger provincial towns.

AMONG SOVIET SCIENTISTS

As soon as the news of the perfidious attack on Soviet frontiers by the fascist hordes reached them, the leading scientists of the Soviet Union met in the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. to discuss practical ways and means of adapting their work to the needs of the war.

Academician Kapitsa stressed the importance of rendering the army command the most direct assistance in the solution of vital scientific problems that arise in the process of fighting.

Many other academicians forwarded practical proposals.

A group of distinguished scientists, including academicians, addressed a message "To the scientists of the world" which states in part: "It is essential for all progressive people concerned about the future of mankind to unite their efforts to prevent bestial fascism from turning the world back to the Middle Ages and from retarding the development of world culture for many generations. All who value the cultural heritage of the ages, all who hold sacred the lofty ideals of science and humanism, should exert every effort to bring about the annihilation of the insane and dangerous enemy."

The Moscow Scientists' House is the scene of great activity these days. More than 3,000 scientists and their wives have mobilized their forces to help the front and the rear. Scientists, specialists, academicians, agronomists and biochemists are preparing to go to the collective and State farms to help bring in this year's bumper crop. The wives and daughters of scientists are attending First Aid and Nursing classes, learning to sew and take care of the children of those who have gone to the front.

SOVIET THEATER AND THE WAR

The bond of kinship between the Soviet theater and the men fighting for their country was formed way back in the Civil War days. At the front and in the rear Soviet actors helped the men to do their duty, inspiring them to patriotism and heroism, to bravery and valor. Now in the first days of the war the best theaters of the country are busy rehearsing new patriotic plays. The Moscow Art Theater is producing *Field-Marshal Suvorov*, by the Soviet playwrights A. Bekhterev and I. Rasumovsky, and *Sailors from Catarro*, by the anti-fascist German writer Friedrich Wolf. The Leningrad Soviet Theater is rehearsing *The Keys of Berlin*, a patriotic play by K. Finn and M. Gus showing the heroism of the Russian troops who smashed the army of Frederick II.

Peoples Artists of the U.S.S.R., distinguished actors, young members of theater troupes and entire theater companies are sending telegrams to the Committee on Arts of the Council of People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R. asking to be sent to the front to perform for the men in the firing lines. The Committee began to form troupes of theater and concert artists immediately after the war began, and the news of this measure has been received with tremendous enthusiasm by all the workers of the Soviet stage. In the first days of the war more than forty such

groups numbering some seven hundred artists of different genres, were formed. Many of them performed at mobilization stations in Moscow before leaving for the front. During the first seven days of mobilization they gave four hundred fifty concerts for the mobilized men in Moscow alone.

The same holds good for the theater troupes in other parts of the country.

The Voronezh theater and concert organizations gave forty four concerts at recruiting stations in the first three days of mobilization, the best professional and amateur ensembles taking part.

A group from the Yaroslavl Philharmony is performing at concerts given for Red Army men before being sent to the front. Fifty local artists have organized three troupes to serve the town's garrison and mobilization points. These concerts are tremendously popular with the troops. One unit sent the Philharmony a letter saying: "We, the men of N. command, enjoyed your concert greatly. We promise you that when we get to the front we'll give Hitler something to remember us by. . ."

WAR SONGS

Inspired by patriotic feeling, Soviet composers are writing new songs of the Soviet people's fight for their country, for honor, for liberty. D. Shostakovich, Stalin Prize winner, is finishing an overture on war themes. Composer I. Dzerzhinsky is writing the music for a patriotic song: *Rise, Soviet People.* Tomilin and Voloshinov are composing march tunes. A. Alexandrov has written the music to Lebedev-Kumach's words for a song entitled *Arise, Great Land.* Rheingold Gliere is the author of a marching song *The End of Hitler* (words by Doronin), and T. Khrennikov has written the music to S. Solodar's words *Soar Aloft, Proud Falcons.*

The Central Composers' Club in Moscow resembles a staff headquarter these days. Celebrated Soviet musicians whose names are known far beyond the borders of the U.S.S.R. are working together with poets and writers on new war songs and military marches, many of which are already on the press.

Gliere and Muradeli have written some inspiring march tunes. P. Akulenko's *Victory Is Ahead* is simple but powerful. Muradeli's song *We Shall Rout the Fascists* is an emotional, temperamental piece of music. Songs by D. Kabalevsky, I. Neimark, D. Vasilyev-Buglai and other composers are of a similarly high level.

The Red Army and the concert troupes performing for the men at the front have received some splendid new martial songs in the very first days of the war.

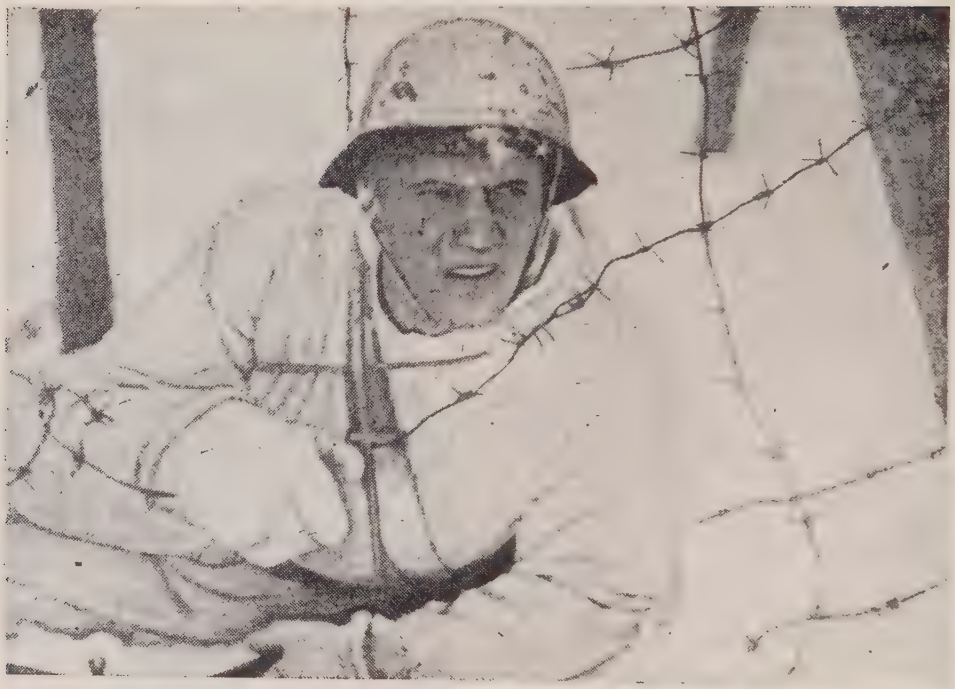
NEW WAR FILMS

The Soviet cinema is not lagging behind the other forms of Soviet art these days. Within a few days of the treacherous attack of the fascists on Soviet frontiers, the cinemas all over the country were demonstrating films on war themes.

The first films of this kind to be released were short reels on air and chemical defence. Films like *How to Black Out an Apartment House, How to Combat Incendiary Bombs, Poison Gases,* and *Air Raid Alarm,* teaching the people what to do in air raids and how to treat victims of gas attacks, are shown in all the cinemas of the capital and other towns and are extremely popular.

At the request of the public many cinemas are showing old and well-known anti-fascist films like *The Oppenheim Family, Professor Mamlock, Swamp Soldiers,* and patriotic films like *Alexander Nevsky, Shchors* and *Chapayev.*

A recruiting point. Recruits before leaving for the front supply themselves with literature



A still from the film "In the Rear of the Enemy"

Moscow Art Theater voices indignation against Hitler's perfidious attack on the Soviet Union. V. Sakhnovsky, a leading regisseur of the theater, addressing the meeting

The Leningrad Film Studio has completed the shooting of a short reel entitled *Girls at the Front*, featuring Lola Fedorina who plays the part of "Chizhik," the little Red Cross nurse, in *Front Line Friends*. The script for this film is taken direct from life—Fedorina is a student of a Leningrad medical institute. The film shows her impassioned speech and the departure of the ambulance detachment for the front.

The same studio is working on the films *Retribution* and *United Family* and a number of educational films.

The Moscow Film Studio is busy putting out five films on war and anti-fascist themes, showing the brave defenders of the country, Red Army men, commanders, airmen, Red Cross nurses. B. Chirkov, well-known film actor, is starred in *Antosha Rybkin*, the story of a Red Army cook who helps to repulse an enemy attack on a railway station.

The writers L. Leonov, V. Katayev, V. Gusev and many others are writing the scripts for war films. A. Medvedkin, film director, has written the script for a film concert of Russian war songs. Regisseur I. Pyryev is working on a scenario for a film *Tractor-Drivers at the Front*, featuring Klim Yarko and other characters from the popular film *Tractor-Drivers*.

EXHIBITION OF HEROISM OF GREAT RUSSIAN PEOPLE

The Heroic Spirit of the Russian People is the title of a large exhibition opened in the Museum of Revolution housed in the former Winter Palace in Leningrad. Paintings, sculptures, engravings, lithographs, leaflets, posters, prints, photographs, trophy standards and other exhibits trace the history of the Russian people's fight for their country.

In the section devoted to the Patriotic War of 1812 are engravings and drawings showing the bravery of the Russian soldiers and guerilla fighters, portraits of Field-Marshal Kutuzov, General Bagration, and Figner and Davydov, two leaders of the guerilla movement.

Much space is devoted to illustrating the victories gained by Russian arms in the war of 1914—1918, particularly the famous Brussilov breach on the south-western front. Rough amateur prints show the destruction of the German cruiser *Magdeburg* sunk by the Russian sailors.

The section *Civil War in the U.S.S.R.* tells the story of the struggle against the German invaders in the Ukraine in 1918.

The exhibition also includes displays on the war against the Finnish Whites on the Karelian Isthmus and the war against the worst enemy of mankind—German fascism. Photographs of Red Army and Navy men, valiant defenders of their country, are prominently displayed.

Soviet Art students are seething with activities. Art students seen making copies of original "TASS Illustrated Windows," intended for wide circulation in front and rear

An English language group at the Foreign Literature Library

FOREIGN LITERATURE LIBRARY ROUNDS OUT TWENTY YEARS

Twenty years of activity have been rounded out by the Central Library of Foreign Literature in Moscow. From a small institution with a few readers it has grown into a library that is visited by 1,500 people daily; it developed into an important research center which aids in the study of foreign languages and popularizes the works of classics and modern authors. Last year it had 32,000 subscribers on its rolls.

The library has about 300,000 books in 27 foreign languages, mostly English, French, German, Italian and Spanish, including the complete work of the classic writers beginning with the twelfth century.

With its many reference manuals and books on the history of literature, the library has become a scientific center which renders considerable help to students of western literature and linguistics.

The services the library renders are much broader than those accorded ordinarily by similar institutions. To reach a broader circle of readers, it has organized branches in all the largest factories and mills of the capital, and during the summer months it sets up branches in the parks of culture and rest. It has helped other libraries to organize foreign literature departments, passed on to them its experience and initiated inter-library exchange of books, thus helping to popularize foreign literature in the Soviet Union.

Since 1930 the library has maintained, both at its main building and its branches, special consultation services for persons studying foreign languages. Here the reader can find everything he needs, text books, dictionaries, phonetical tables and phonograph records, and what is more he can practise conversation and obtain the advice of qualified instructors. Last year the library provided such service to more than 2,500 subscribers.

Considerable work is conducted by the library to popularize classic and modern literature by means of lectures, symposiums, exhibitions and get-together of readers with foreign authors and scholars visiting the U.S.S.R. In 1940 alone the library arranged more than 100 such lectures and reports and organized a number of exhibitions.

In the last two years lectures have been held on Shakespeare, English literature of the fourteenth to the eighteenth century and the Victorian period, the works of G. Meredith, Thomas Hardy, etc. Literary evening are arranged on important jubilees, with the participation of actors.

Books on exhibition are supplied with annotations and critical essays which enable the reader to gain a broad view of the writer and his epoch. The library staff has prepared bibliographies of Shakespeare and other classics.

Great success was enjoyed by an exhibition of the English realistic novel of the nineteenth century organized last year. The exhibition, which was opened at the library premises, was subsequently transferred to the Palace of culture of one of the largest plants in Moscow.

This year the library has arranged a large exhibition on the major works of world literature from the twelfth to the twentieth century. Some 600 books by English, French and German writers, including a number of rare editions, are on view.

Since 1940 the library has been a scientific research center for other public libraries, advising them on the methods of circulating foreign literature, etc.

YOUNG ARTISTS EXHIBIT IN ALL-RUSSIAN CONTEST

Six hundred and twenty-four works of 250 young artists are on view at a special exhibition opened at the halls of the All-Union Artists' Cooperative. This exhibition represents the final round of the contest of young artists held in the regions and autonomous republics of the R.S.F.S.R.

As many as 290 exhibitions were held in the course of the first two rounds. Several thousand works were submitted by more than 700 artists for the first round, with 464 artists qualifying for the second.

Among those who qualified for the finals are 145 with a higher art education, 80 with a secondary art education and 25 graduates of elementary art schools.

Moscow artists figure prominently at the exhibition. Outstanding among their work is a large canvas by R. Orlovsky, entitled *Lenin and Stalin Examining a Civil War Map.* Views of the capital, Moscow River and scenic spots in the city's environs are the subjects of most of the works by Moscow artists.

Their native city and its environs is likewise the dominating theme in the effort of the Leningrad artists. A. Yar-Kravchenko exhibits a canvas showing M. Gorky reading his tale *Death and the Maiden* to Comrades Stalin, Molotov and Voroshilov.

The paintings of young artists from the periphery transport the spectator to the vast spaces of the Volga, the mountains of North Caucasus, the Urals, the Far East, Bashkiria and Yakutia.

"This exhibition should serve as a stimulus for the further creative development of young artists," writes *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. "Even a cursory survey of the exhibition shows that among the young artists there are many gifted people, good painters with a keen perception of nature, impassioned and fine masters of the brush, sculptors with a steady hand."

ART EXHIBITIONS IN MOSCOW

The 35 years Honored Art Worker P. P. Konchalovsky has devoted himself to art is traced in an exhibition of his works opened of late in Moscow. His early work bears traces of the strong influence French impressionists had over him. The coloration and style in several of his canvases remind one of such masters as Van Gogh or Cezanne. The work done in later years, however, reveals a sharply defined individual style which matured into a robust, life-asserting realism. For his inspired glorification of nature, Konchalovsky holds a place of distinction in painting.

The artist is also noted for his portraits of the composer Serge Prokofieff, the writers A. Fadeyev, Vsevo-

"Lenin and Stalin Examining a Civil War Map." Painting by R. Orlovsky

lod Ivanov and K. Trenev which are among the best in Soviet art. The painting *Pushkin*, which took the artist eight years to complete, holds a central place at the exhibition.

Another exhibition open in the capital is devoted to the works of M. N. Yakovlev. It was arranged on the occasion of the artist's sixtieth birthday and consists of canvases and drawings representing his work from 1904 to 1940. Many years of this period Yakovlev spent abroad for reasons of health, the Soviet Government providing him with the means for taking the necessary treatments.

Yakovlev's canvases depict the banks of the Dnieper in the Ukraine, landscapes of Central Russia, the mountains of Alsace, the shores of Flanders, the ancient streets of quiet Bruges and the squares of Paris. His works have been exhibited in Belgium and France.

The artist's latest works have found their themes from nature near Moscow, the Lenin Hills and quiet paths bathed in sunshine.

Partisans. Sculpture by I. Batrakov, a collective farmer. On display at Moscow exhibition of folk art devoted to the defence of the U.S.S.R.

EUROPE UNDER THE HEEL OF FASCIST TERROR

All European countries overrun by the hordes of Hitlerite fascists are the scene of bestial terror, countless arrests, hunger and privation. With fire and sword the fascist rulers of Germany are attempting to turn the population of the captured countries into their subservient slaves. Particularly vicious is their persecution of intellectuals, of men of science and art.

Hitler's governer in the Poznan Province, the hangman Greiser, in a speech on the occasion of the anniversary of fascist rule in that province, stated:

"One must keep away from the Poles as far as possible and manifest no sympathy whatsoever for them. . . Mixed marriages are impermissible. The German is the master in this country, while the Pole is his servant. The German is the full-fledged master and the Pole is a subject of the protectorate. . ."

This line of demarcation between the "masters," the Germans, and the slaves, the Poles, is drawn in every phase of life with ruthless brutality. Poles have no right to live in districts or houses inhabited by Germans. There are special railway coaches and buses for Germans. Even the cinemas are divided into "clean" or "unclean", *i. e.*, for Germans or Poles. The usurpers are setting up special "German centers," German apartment houses, German theaters, hotels, restaurants, etc. The fascist *Frankfurter Zeitung* recently reported about the "attainments" of the fascists: "By order of the chief of the Warsaw Area, a special German district has been set up in Warsaw where all Germans residing and working in the city are to settle. Poles are forbidden to live in that section."

The German fascists are directing all their efforts to the physical extermination of the Polish people, of their language and culture. The monuments to the great Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz in Warsaw and Cracow have been destroyed by the fascist barbarians. A similar fate has befallen the monuments to other Polish writers and poets. Streets named in honor of Polish writers and scientists have been renamed.

Cultural life is at a standstill. Libraries have been shut down and tens of thousands of books burned or destroyed. Most of the theaters are closed, likewise all Polish universities, middle and technical schools.

Seventy-five percent of all the children are deprived even of an elementary education.

"We are forbidden to speak Polish on the streets," a Polish worker in Gdynia told a correspondent of the Swedish *Ny Dag*. "If a German officer or policeman happens to overhear a conversation in Polish he orders to change it to German or to shut up. . . The invaders forbid us to visit each other, no sooner will a few people get together then the gestapo will raid the place and arrest everyone present. Owners of cafés have been compelled to post a sign: 'Polish conversation strictly forbidden.' The authorities have forbidden the publication of Polish newspapers and books in Gdynia."

A similar situation prevails in Czechoslovakia. German fascism stifles and destroys Czech culture. Its aim is to crush and stamp out the spiritual life of the Czech people. The fascists fear that cultural institutions by fostering in the population the sense of national dignity strengthen their striving for independence and hatred for fascism. Hence, the vicious campaign against schools, libraries, universities, against the Czech intellectuals. Czech professors and students are barred from all public libraries. The fascist vandals have closed the Prague picture gallery which has the world's finest collection of the works of Czech artists.

With cynical frankness the fascist *Koelnische Zeitung* describes how German fascism is "germanizing" Czechoslovakia: "The German characters of Prague," writes the paper, "is becoming more and more evident. The streets are enlivened by the presence of German soldiers, officials, and workers, who are brought here for forced labor. At one time Prague was a center for the dissemination of emigré literature. To-day German books and German pictures are being sold instead. Names of streets and squares and advertisement signs are written not only in Czech but also in German."

To this, however, should be added that the "Prague street scene" is enlivened not only by German soldiers but by fiery antifascist inscriptions, posters and slogans. The Czech people express their hatred for the fascist enslavers by strong devotion to their national culture, their own literature, art and music.

In Rumania the domination of the German fascists had been marked by a cruel persecution of the intellectuals. The Rumanian *Universul* reports that by order of Stoichescu, Minister of Justice, schools in Slatin and Vaslau have been closed and their premises used for prisons. The bulk of the schools in Bulgaria have been closed and German occupation troops quartered on the premises.

No less severe is the persecution of intellectuals in Hungary. The Hungarian *Esti Kurir* reports that the Hungarian court sentenced to prison Frenze Erdel, a young writer, for an article published as far back as 1937. Another Hungarian newspaper *Magyar Nemzet* reports the decision of the disciplinary commission on the case of Zita Seletskaya, an actress, whose only "crime" was that she refused to tour Germany together with an Hungarian theater. She has been forbidden to appear in the theater or act in the films for six months.

The Swedish newspapers tell of the arrest in Oslo of a number of prominent Norwegians, among them the well-known writer Everland. The pretext for the arrest was the protest of Norwegian public organizations against the terror of the German invaders. According to the *Svenska Dagbladet* many Norwegian artists have been debarred from the stage for life following a recent theater strike in Oslo. A number of actors including Leif Juster, Rolf Cristenson, Georg Lekkeberg, Laas Lasse Segelke and others have been arrested. The *Aftonbladet* writes that the theater strike was caused by repressive measures of the authorities against actors who refused to participate in radio concerts arranged by the fascists.

In spite of the horrible terror, mass shootings and concentration camps in all the countries under the heel of German fascism, a mighty wave of wrath and indignation is rising. Indicative of the sentiments of the people in these countries is the song sung by the Norwegians:

Be Norwegian! Let the nazis feel your wrath,
Those scoundrels who invaded us in the dark of night
With guns and tanks. . .
Be a Norwegian! Let the fascists feel your hatred.

They are ravishing our land and stealing our food.
They bomb and murder,
They burn our homes. . .
Be a Norwegian! Do not forget your country's sufferings.

Sow hatred for the fascist bandits everywhere.
Hold your weapons ready.
Bide your time,
And the order to strike will come. . .

About Our Contributors

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