Workers of all countries, unite!

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

MOSCOW*

Moscow has assumed an air of grim austerity. This ancient Russian city, with which the Russians and all the peoples of the Soviet Union connect nearly the whole of their history and their cultural and political life, has changed its aspect these days. Moscow is preparing gallantly for its defence. Soldiers of the Red Army and battalions of armed Moscow workers pass through the streets. Grim and tense are the faces of the Moscow workers. The population in general has acquired a distinct military carriage, while the young people are crowding into the more dangerous war professions. The women are taking charge of the wounded and go to the front as nurses and workers of sanitation. The population of Moscow is preparing to defend the beloved city with all its revolutionary spirit and resolution. The enemy shall not pass! Such is the war cry of the capital of the great Soviet State voiced in the heart of every inhabitant.

The foe is making every effort to reach Moscow. Throwing into the battle all their main forces, the hitlerites try to pierce our defence, to dislodge our troops and to seize the city no matter what the cost. The German army command sends into battle its reserves, brings up its air forces and large numbers of guns and tanks towards Moscow. The hitlerites are increasing their provocative activities, spreading rumours intended to cause a panic, sending their spies and saboteurs into our rear, leaving not a stone unturned in the attempt to shatter our ranks and disorganize our defence. The enemy is foaming at the mouth with viciousness. In the battle for Moscow, Hitler is losing many dozens of thousands of his men, but the heroic resistance of the Red Army not only fails to weaken, but becomes, on the contrary, more stubborn from day to day, for the people have sent their staunchest sons to defend the capital; and the battle for Moscow daily grows fiercer. Many hundreds of thousands of people and thousands of airplanes and tanks are taking part in these bitter fights. A battle of a magnitude never before witnessed in the world is developing.

Why then does the enemy make such efforts to reach Moscow? Why, disregarding the loss in the battles at Moscow of several dozens of thousands of his soldiers and officers, of many hundreds of tanks, airplanes and cannons, and the annihilation of millions of Germans in the cauldron of war, does Hitler still continue hurling more hundreds of thousands of his soldiers to be slaughtered, solely to achieve success at Moscow?

In answering this question three considerations are to be taken into account.

First. Matters stand now with hitlerism as follows: it is imperative for the fascists to advance at any cost on the Eastern front, thereby preparing the ground to dupe the German population somewhat longer and to let loose another wave of nationalism and chauvinistic revelry in Germany. It would then be possible, to an accompaniment of yells about "victories," to continue hiding for some time yet from the broad masses of the German

* This article was written during the sombre period of the German onslaught on the Soviet capital.

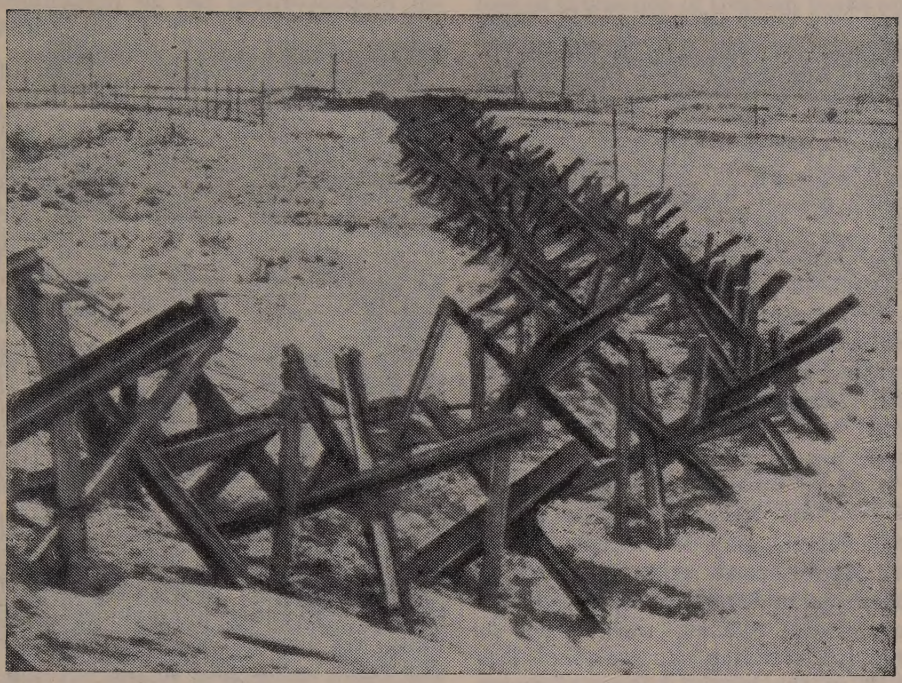
people its brutal face of an enemy of the people and killer of workers. Otherwise, the battle will result in a stoppage of the offensive of the Hitler hordes; the war would then become long and drawn out, and this would mean the beginning of the end of fascism itself and of the German army, and a rapid growth of indignation and discontent amongst the peoples of Germany and in the countries occupied by the Germans, in other words the downfall of hitlerism. This explains why the high command of the German fascist troops, disregarding the fact that the youngest part of the German people is being decimated during such a short time, throws one division after the other into the offensive, subjecting them to the fire of our troops. Hitler the cannibal reasons as follows: let ten million Germans perish, as long as it makes it possible to preserve one's own gang and the bloody cannibal-like regime. This is why Hitler and his hordes are rushing towards Moscow, and this explains why the German armies, disregarding all losses, press eastwards. There is only one way open to them—to push on and on, pillaging, ruining and enslaving towns and villages, or otherwise stop in their advance, sink in the mire of a drawn-out war and perish.

Second. Hitlerism means the destruction of nations. Its aim consists in decreasing the population of the earth by many millions, changing the remaining workers into uncomplaining, silent slaves, who shall carry out the orders of the storm troopers and of the German landlords. Hitlerism does not care how many millions of Germans will perish on the battle-field and how many millions of people of other nations may be exterminated by the bloody fiends in the course of the war. Hitlerism is awake only to one rule: the more people killed in this war, the better. To Hitler war isisman's natural state. "People have started to kill each other from the moment they could not help it," says Hitler the cannibal. "What is the purpose of war? The annihilation o the enemy." But Hitler aims not merely at the annihilation of his enemies. Rauschning, a former coworker of Hitler in the nazi party, writes in his book entitled *Hitler told me* that Hitler had told him that he would take upon his conscience the death of ten million Germans in conquering more "living space." This explains why Hitler drives hundreds of thousands of his soldiers into slaughter. Mass murder of people and the destruction of nations—such is the essence of hitlerism.

Third. If Hitler has sacrified many dozens of thousands of German soldiers and officers in his offensive against Odessa, Kiev, Smolensk, Tallin, Gomel and other cities in the Soviet Union, then in his advance against Moscow he disregards the loss even of hundreds of thousands of his men.

But even now it is obvious how gravely the German fascist command had miscalculated its plan for the capture of Moscow. In planning the offensive against Moscow the fascists based their calculations on the experience which they had gained in Europe. Under the pressure of Hitler's gang many capitals of European countries fell in a few days. That is how Warsaw and Amsterdam, Copenhagen and Paris, Belgrade and Athens were crushed. But the Hitler beasts soon found out to their sorrow that Paris, sold and betrayed by the criminal Daladier—Pétain clique, was something quite different from revolutionary Moscow, full of heroic, staunch resolution and courage to fight hitlerism to the last drop of blood, to the total destruction of the mad fascist dogs.

The people of Moscow and Leningrad, just like the workers of all Soviet towns and villages, defend their fatherland stoutly, for well do they see that their fatherland and all achievements of the proletarian revolution are threatened with the gravest danger



Anti-tank defences at the approaches to Moscow

which had ever arisen in the 24 years of Soviet power. In their struggle with their worst enemy the people of Moscow and Leningrad and all the citizens of the Soviet Union are guided by what Lenin had pointed out,—namely, that a revolutionary people has sufficient strength to hold its conquests against the onslaught of any enemy. The people of Moscow and Leningrad, like all the toilers of the land of Soviets, are guided by J. Stalin's statement to the effect that the war between Hitler Germany and the Soviet Union is a struggle for life and death and that there can be no middle ground in this war: it is either the complete débâcle of hitlerism, by straining all the strength of the people to defend our fatherland, or enslavement and annihilation of the peoples inhabiting the Soviet Union for long years to come and the abolition of the State independence and culture of all the peoples of the U.S.S.R.

It is not for the first time that Moscow is being threatened by an enemy invasion. In 1918—1919 hordes of imperialists and whiteguards were pushing on towards Moscow. In those days Moscow was also in grave and imminent danger. But Moscow drew up from its very bosom an inexhaustible source of revolutionary strength; it defended itself, repulsed the enemy and dealt him a blow from which he could not recover. Lenin said at that time that the solution to the problem was to be found in Moscow's workers' quarters. The workers of Moscow with one accord formed workers' detachments; they volunteered by dozens of thousands for the front, they forged arms for the army day and night, and so they won. It was then that Lenin had said: it should not be forgotten that such a proletarian force like that of Moscow and Leningrad cannot exist in any other city.

More than twenty years have elapsed since then. Now Moscow is threa-

tened by a much stronger and far more perfidious enemy, who is aiming to destroy our people. But Moscow and its forces have also changed. The Moscow workers, employees and intellectuals have rallied and united around the Soviet power, around the bolshevik party. The organization and might of the workers of Moscow have grown immensely.

Moscow, like the entire land of Soviets, cannot be defeated. Moscow is not merely a city with a population of more than three million people. Moscow is the Soviet people itself. A people resolved to defend to the last its country, its liberty, independence and culture.

During the first few months of the war, the German and Italian press could not understand why the Soviet people are fighting the enemy so bravely, standing up to the last ditch in the heroic defence of every inch of Soviet territory. They invented scores of all kinds of explanations for the reason of a fighting firmness unseen in any previous war. Certain papers explained the tenacity with which the men of the Red Army are fighting by implications that the men and commanders of the Red Army did not believe in the hereafter life and the immortality of the soul. Some explained this courage and stubbornness of the Soviet fighters by the influence exercised by the bolsheviks on the army. Others wrote openly that the Red Army men are valiantly defending their country because by doing so they are defending their people, their lives and their power.

Indeed, the Soviet warriors defend their fatherland fearlessly, as a result of which each inch of Soviet territory which the fascist scoundrels seize is copiously drenched in the blood of the hitlerites.

The Soviet fighters, like all the Soviet people, and among them the people of Moscow, Leningrad and Rostov, like all the citizens of every city and village in the Soviet Union, have something worth defending.

The Soviet warrior is a citizen of a free and powerful socialist land, the son of a martial, courageous and liberty-loving people. Our freedom and honour have been won by the struggle waged by many generations of our people. The citizen of the Soviet Union does not want to surrender this liberty, and he is not going to surrender it.

The Soviet warrior is a member of the great family of the many-national Soviet Union. In a struggle waged during several dozens of years this warrior has won the right to live and to prosper for every nationality, irrespective of history, race and cultural development. He has tasted the fruit of the liberation of peoples and of their unity under a single socialist State. He does not want to surrender this right to life and to the development of all the peoples, and he is not going to surrender it.

After a lasting struggle the Soviet warrior has won the right to have his own State and culture. He has tasted the fruit of Soviet culture for himself and his children. Not only is he a worker, a peasant, an intellectual, a warrior of the Red Army,—he is an active political figure as well. With his own hand he has created his country, building it up and fortifying it for himself and for his children. He does not want to surrender this country so that the Hitler gangs may despoil it. Never will he give it up to the hitlerite fiends.

The Soviet warrior sees also that not merely soldiers of an alien army have been launched against him. It is not an ordinary adversary that is fighting him, but a savage, deadly enemy with whom no peace or agreement is possible.

All this explains the steadfastness, tenacity and unusual heroism inherent in the Soviet fighter, commander and political worker, a heroism which has called forth the amazement and

admiration of the entire modern civilized world.

Whatever our people have won by a long and difficult struggle in the course of generations and whatever they have created with their own hands in the course of the 24 years since the October Revolution, has in the eyes of the Soviet people been embodied in Moscow. This is why Moscow is so dear and sacred to every citizen of the Soviet Union. Moscow is not merely a capital, it is the fatherland. It is not merely a Soviet city, it is the embodiment of the wisdom and happiness of the Soviet people. It is not only a congregation of more than three million inhabitants—workers, peasants, employees, men, women and children—it is an inexhaustible source of revolutionary spirit and creative work and of a deep conviction of the historical rightfulness of our cause.

It is therefore easy to understand why, advancing on Moscow, the enemy throws into battle all his reserves, all his forces, sparing not the lives of hundreds of thousands of his soldiers and paying no attention to the loss of thousands of German tanks and airplanes.

It is no mere coincidence that the nearer the enemy gets to Moscow, the heavier are his losses. Only during the last offensive against Moscow, which took place in the month of October, the German fascist troops lost many dozens of thousands of soldiers and officers as well as enormous quantities of arms and munitions. During their offensive against Moscow the Germans have already lost more men than they did in conquering several European countries. And with each step which brings the enemy closer to Moscow, he will lose more and more men and arms.

The enemy is pressing towards Moscow. Moscow is threatened by the most serious and grave danger since the time when the workers and peasants of our country have won power.

But Moscow has inexhaustible forces, reserves and revolutionary initiative, which are enough to resist any enemy.

At the approaches to Moscow the enemy is and will be losing hundreds

Troops leaving for the front

of thousands of his soldiers. Here he will be bled white under the blows delivered by the Red Army units and by the workers' volunteer battalions.

In preparing for the defense of Moscow and sending fresh dozens and hundreds of thousands of fighters to the front, the Soviet people steadily and daily forge the premises necessary for the victory over the enemy. And the Soviet people have all possibilities of being victorious over hitlerism. The country counts close to 200 million Soviet people. They own a vast country with enormous natural resources and brilliant strategic possibilities to wage a lasting war. A powerful industry exists in the East, which provides and will continue providing the Red Army with whatever is necessary to win a victory over the enemy. The Soviet people have powerful friends and allies among many democratic countries, in particular Great Britain and the United States of America. And lastly they have the will and the ability to fight their deadly enemy until they achieve a complete victory. And the history of wars shows us that in war wins the one who has a deeper and stronger rear and more powerful reserves, and who defends a historically rightful cause.

To overcome the enemy all Soviet people are required to show the utmost organization, steadiness, and a readiness to sacrifice everything in the defense of the fatherland. It is necessary to observe strictly the regulations issued by the State Defense Committee, which are of utmost importance to the defense of Moscow, and which call upon all the workers of the capital to "maintain order and tranquility and to render every assistance to the Red Army which defends Moscow."

The Soviet people are defending a just cause. In the end, as a result of a lasting, cruel and hard struggle, the Soviet people will be victorious over its deadly enemy, shall maintain its liberty, State independence, culture and life, and forever free its land from the fascist pestilence.

G. ALEXANDROV

Moscow on guard

SCIENCE AND WAR

The whole of the Soviet people, including our scientists, are well aware of the fact that we can drive out the odious invaders with the least detriment to the country only if we strain to the utmost all our efforts. It is well understood that we are engaged in a life-and-death struggle. Under the yoke of the fascists it is not only the collective farmer who is converted into a slave of the German landlord: the Soviet scientist equally loses his possibilities of engaging in free creative work and the happy lot of serving his country and world culture. This awareness is the chief stimulant of the constant ascension of the work of our scientists.

If in peacetime one might have reproached our scientists occasionally for their inability sometimes to interlink their work with the urgent practical needs of our national economy, for academic abstractness, which, by dint of still surviving ancient habits, at times characterized the scientific activities of certain research men,—at present the danger of losing their freedom and their desire to participate in the salvation of their country have stirred the spirit of our scientists and directed their efforts toward the solution of the most vital problems of the present moment. They are applying all their faculties to the goal of finding, as quickly as possible, all necessary answers to the problems raised by the war. Thus, for instance, I have personal knowledge of several instances where certain Soviet mathematicians, who were absorbed before the war in profound and abstruse problems of mathematical theory which were within the ken of only a small circle of specialists (and in their practical application were far in advance of the requirements of the present time), have nowadays successfully concentrated their minds on such pressing questions as the calculation of the trajectories of shells, or the elaboration of the most correct methods of shooting with due consideration of the very important achievements of the modern mathematical theory of probability.

The wartime work of Soviet scientists may be classified as follows:

Some are working on problems that widely affect our national economy: the investigation of raw material bases, of substitutes, of the utilization of waste products, etc. This is particularly important under present conditions when we have temporarily lost certain raw material bases and have been compelled to transfer the centre of our industry far eastward. The special Commission of the Academy of Sciences in Sverdlovsk which is dealing with these problems has already achieved important results.

Moreover, war conditions limit the utilization of a certain part of our resources and the importation of many kinds of raw materials. It thus becomes necessary to find substitutes for them. This is a very big task which has been tackled primarily by our chemists. Balsam salves, for instance, offer one of the many possible illustrations. We all know that the import from abroad of Peruvian balsam, a vital ingredient of Vishnevsky's healing salve so familiar to thousands of our wounded men, is attained

nowadays with great difficulties. Experiments are now being carried out at one of the institutes of the Academy with a new, synthetic substitute of this salve. There will be no shortage of this substitute, and apparently its medicinal qualities are not inferior to those of the original Peruvian balsam.

Another spacious field of work for our scientists lies in their capacities of acting as industrial consultants with the aim of developing industry's productive powers to a maximum, improving the technology of production, increasing output and correcting the utilization of raw material resources. This consultational work is quite a big job on the hands of our men of science. At times it is carried on in the most practical way: a number of scientists will take a trip to the factories concerned and give their advice on the very spot. This work is so variegated and performed on so vast a scale that it is often even difficult to appraise in full its importance.

Then there is a third domain which concerns the improvement of armaments and of the methods of defence.

We are aware that the principal types of our armaments have passed muster despite the expectations of certain malevolent critics from Western Europe who fondled the thought that only capitalist conditions favoured the development of the inventive faculty. J. Stalin said that our tanks and aircraft were no worse than the tanks and aircraft of our adversary. This fact in itself is highly indicative. Everybody knows that our aircraft industry is still quite young and that it sprang up almost exclusively after the Revolution. Of course, at the outset we had to study and copy that which had already been accomplished in the field of aviation in the West. But we were quick to pass through the period of copying, and our aircraft industry has already for a long time been developing along its own independent lines of creative thought. It would be no exaggeration to say that our success in this endeavour is to be attributed primarily to Soviet science. Thus, the degree of perfection of a modern airplane is determined almost entirely by the ability to calculate the profile of its wings and its fuselage so that the machine may encounter the least resistance in its flight. Experience has shown that the slightest deviation from theoretically computed profiles may considerably lower the flying qualities of the plane. This is one of the most complicated and interesting problems of present-day aerodynamics. The theoretical research work done in this domain by a group of young Soviet scientists, disciples of the school of Zhukovsky and Chaplygin, has in many respects considerably outstripped the work of notable European researchers. Without this work the high efficiency of our air force, which enables it to inflict such shattering blows on the air squadrons of our enemies, would have been absolutely impossible.

Our scientists fully realize that in the output of armaments one must not rest for an instant on the laurels of the past, and that only the incessant improvement of our military equipment can bring us nearer to the hour of final victory. In this province untold opportunities present themselves to the scientific thought. Our scientists make full use of these opportunities to strengthen the defensive power of our country. Even if it were reasonable to speak of them later in this article, it would be difficult to enumerate all the large and small enterprises in this domain that are now in hand and are already producing results.

It is interesting to note that there is not a single field of scientific lore that could not contribute its share in modern warfare. There exists no speciality whose representatives could not usefully contribute to the service of

the fatherland in their particular field of knowledge. New tasks, like that which was assigned to physiologists of studying the possibilities of sharpening the eyesight of observers, which may be attained by a certain diet or certain medicinal means, are not solitary instances. Even such, as it would seem, perfectly peacetime occupations as, for instance, the study of cuneiform inscriptions, can be of great service during war. Experience has shown this to be so in the last war when specialists in the decipherment of such inscriptions and of hieroglyphics proved to be the quickest and cleverest discoverers of the keys to enemy codes and secret ciphers. Our botanists are working out rules of camouflage in accordance with the seasonal changes in plant cover; our historians are rendering effective aid in combating the unscrupulous, pseudo-scientific propaganda of the fascists, etc.

The struggle now being waged is replete with exceptional stimuli to scientific thought. The wartime tension we are now experiencing brings out most sharply the weak spots in our national economy, technique and organization, points out with the greatest precision those fields where first aid must be rendered to the State and defines the social demands on science. While, on the one hand, war includes many victims in its toll and gives rise to much destruction, yet, on the other hand, the great advance in scientific work throughout the country, which should be still more intensified, will not be lost even in peacetime. The new possibilities in the development of our technique and our national economy which are brought forward during the war will be of use during the post-war period. This is confirmed by the experience of history. It is a generally known fact, for instance, that when the continental blockade cut off France from her colonies, which supplied her with cane sugar, Napoleon "ordered" his savants to find new sources for the obtainment of sugar. As a result of systematic research work the French scientists arrived at the method of extracting sugar from beets, the most standartized and widespread method today. Again, during the Imperialist War of 1914 to 1918, Germany, who experienced a keen shortage of saltpetre, mastered and made use on a wide scale of the fixation of the nitrogen of the air, a method which Haber, its inventor, was unable to introduce in industry before the war. This saved Germany from a swift defeat. Since the war, the synthesis of ammonia has been extensively applied all over the world and formed the basis for obtaining powerful fertilizers.

During the course of the present war the appearance of quite a number of such inventions may undoubtedly be expected. Circumstances do not permit me to speak more definitely of the scientific work carried on in our country, but it is already evident that war conditions will bring about a further improvement in the quality of our air forces, will make our motors more efficient, will teach us how to obtain greater productivity in industry while employing fewer people, and, finally, our creative ideas in the field of theory shall be brought still closer to the practical needs of the country. On the whole the general achievements of the Soviet Union will make the whole universe aware of all the strength and vantage points of socialist economy, as the basis for a magnificent development of scientific thought in the service of world civilization.

Prof. P. KAPITSA,
Member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

WORDS OF TRUTH

We who sincerely love Germany and whom the hitlerite clique have therefore persecuted and driven into exile, were all profoundly stirred by Stalin's order-of-the-day issued on the twenty-fourth birthday of the Red Army, and cordially welcomed it. It is as if in this order-of-the-day history itself is addressing us in its own stern and incorruptible language. Stalin's words inspire confidence, they breathe an invincible faith in victory, whereas the Hitler clique either endeavour by hysterical cries to fend off the just retribution of history, or are compelled to resort to sinister threats against their own people and to croak of the downfall of Germany in the case of military defeat.

The deeds of the Red Army are immortal; the heroism with which the Soviet people in this patriotic war are defending their country against the invading fascist hordes is amazing. Everything grandest that human imagination could visualize is being realized here. In this furious carnage has matured a generation of heroes such as no other nation has produced.

The victories scored by the Red Army are won on behalf of the freedom of mankind in general. All those who prize liberty look upon the victories of the Red Army as a sure guarantee that the bloody shadow of fascism is powerless to eclipse the light of liberty.

Every new position captured by the Red Army, every town it retakes is in a manner of speaking a "Let there be light!"—as though this war were a new creation of the universe which will separate light from darkness for many generations to come. For thousands of people who love liberty, the hour in which the Red Army heroically rose up to oppose the fascist invaders and dispelled the myth of their invincibility was the first ray of light after a long period of oppressive gloom, the first free glimpse into the free future, the first day on which they again felt that they were human beings.

What our great writer Heinrich Mann wrote, has come true: "Our destiny will be decided by the Red Army. . . Words here are essentially speaking nothing. Even the most forceful of them sound dull and unconvincing, for they are pronounced at a moment of unparalleled superfluity of action, of sacrifices, of intense existence, of indomitable and fateful forces that have thrown off their fetters. Only the vow remains legitimate. . ."

Thus, on the day of celebration of the twenty-fourth birthday of the Red Army they took the vow, all of them and individually each one for whom liberty is as essential as air. And thus took the vow the Red Army, whose victories promise the dawn of liberty for all mankind. And the rays of this dawn will dispel the gloom that envelops Germany.

In his order-of-the-day Stalin said:

"It is sometimes irresponsibly stated in the foreign press that the aim of the Red Army is to exterminate the German people and to destroy the German State. That, of course, is witless claptrap and a silly libel on the Red Army. The Red Army has not and could not have any such

idiotic aims. The aim of the Red Army is to drive the enemy from our country and to free Soviet soil from the German-fascist invaders. It is highly probable that the war for the liberation of the Soviet land will lead to the expulsion or annihilation of the Hitler clique. We would welcome such an outcome. But it would be absurd to identify the Hitler clique with the German people, with the German State. History teaches us that Hitlers come and go, but that the German people, the German State remains."

What a contrast between the tasks set before the Red Army in this order-of-the-day and the tasks which the hitlerite clique set the fascist army! The Red Army is not infected with the spirit of national differentiation, it is trained in the principle of the equality of all nations, whereas the fascist army is based precisely on the principle of national differentiation.

The Red Army has one single aim, namely: to liberate its country from the fascist invaders. The aim set the fascist army is to turn country after country into a colony of the hangmen. The aim set the fascist army is to exterminate other nations, the Slav nations in the first place.

This is not the raving of a madman or a libel on the German fascist army; it is borne out by thousands of documents and by the whole conduct of the Hitler clique and of their docile army. And when German soldiers carry about with them photographs of the men and women they have hanged or tortured to death, this is not because of their personal tastes. Such atrocities are enjoined upon the German soldiers as their duty, and whoever obeys these orders unwillingly, runs the risk of falling under suspicion and having to bear the fascist penalty, that is to disappear from the face of the earth.

Two armies! Two worlds!

Stalin's order-of-the-day has brought out in all its breadth and depth the fundamental difference between the Red Army and the fascist army, and the words of the leader of the Soviet people are endowed with that all-compelling power which is possessed only by the truth.

Hitler and Germany are not one and the same thing. Hitler has never succeeded in uniting the German people beneath his bloody heel, in welding it into an alliance in which all would willingly and gladly join him in his military campaigns and in the end that will follow him to his doom. The Soviet people have most certainly not forgotten the heroic efforts of the finest among the Germans to oppose the establishment of the hitlerite regime. The Soviet people have most certainly not forgotten the jails, torture-chambers and concentration camps set up by the Hitler clique in Germany since 1933, nor have they forgotten all the secret and open assassinations by means of which Hitler paved his way to power.

The names of those whom Hitler delivered over to the hangman's axe are deeply engraved in the memory and in the heart of every Soviet citizen. Revolutionary traditions are still alive in Germany. Examples have not yet vanished from Germany of people, men and women who sincerely love their country, risking their lives for their convictions, and in word and deed fighting for liberty and for the welfare of their native land. So it was in the last world war; so it was at the time of the gloomy post-war anarchy; and so it was at the time when Hitler with threats and terrorism held Germany in a state of siege.

In their inarticulate and unconscious murmurings and their universal and passionate longing for peace, the letters sent home by German soldiers at the front and the letters from home to the men at the front betray the profound process of fermentation which

is taking place in the minds and hearts of the German people.

The resistance and the victories of the Red Army have opened the eyes of many to the truth.

Some write home that the Russian people have induced them to ponder over many things; some say that in the Red Army they have encountered something that is incomprehensible to them; while others think that everyone in particular and all in general whom they meet in Russia differ from anybody they have met before.

It is not for nothing that the order-of-the-day mentions the name of Maxim Gorky, and that Stalin quotes his aphorism: "If the enemy does not surrender, he must be annihilated."

The program of militant humanism, everything noble and elevated created by man in the realm of moral values, everything in Maxim Gorky's works is indissolubly associated with that new and wise future which men of the twentieth century regard as their inalienable possession. Maxim Gorky's life and works are not only permeated with a passionate love of his own people: they are also filled with a loving and profound interest in the destiny of other nations.

We hail Stalin's order-of-the-day as a message to the German people, a message revealing to them, plunged as they are in terror, anxiety and doubt wavering and groping for a way of salvation, the real truth, in contrast to the fascist lies. Stalin's order-of-the-day restores the truth.

Hitler has done his utmost to exterminate the German people. Hitler is their most malignant, dastardly and mortal enemy. The Hitler clique know neither measure nor restraint in their pursuit of the path that will lead Germany to her doom.

Stalin's order-of-the-day inspires and calls again to life a new and free Germany. The term of existence of the "Third Reich," as the fascists call their Germany, is set. Its "millenial rule" will one day be regarded as the most sinister and bloody episode in Germany's history. But immortal Germany—the Germany which, like the German people and the German State, will go on living—will eternally cherish in the hearts of its freedom-loving citizens the memory of the Red Army, of the Soviet people, of the sacrifices which, in their patriotic war against the fascist invaders, they bore for their own liberty, and thereby for the liberty of the new Germany.

Never shall we forget this historic order-of-the-day No. 55—Stalin's order-of-the-day.

JOHANNES R. BECHER

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

DOWN SOUTH

From behind the smoking, sombre pyramids of the slagbanks the sun is rising. With astonishing swiftness the violet shadows on the snow grow pale; then the roofs of the miners' dwellings, the windows fluffed with rime, the frosted boughs of the wayside maples and the far-away blue snow-clad hill-tops, flame all at once into dazzling rose-colour, and still more intolerably bright becomes the glare from the well-worn, polished road.

East to West stretch the black columns of people moving along the broad highway. A few men in the rear of one of the columns slacken their pace to roll some cigarettes which they light up.

"Who are all these people?" my companion asks. "Are you going on defence-work, by any chance?"

A broad-shouldered, stocky man in a greasy, padded jacket inhales with evident satisfaction the pungent smoke of the coarse, home-grown tobacco before he replies:

"The masters of the Don Coal-fields—that's who we are, and we're off now to put the flooded and blown-up pits in order. See?"

Then the stragglers run to catch up with the rest, and once again, in the clear frosty air, their footsteps merge with the ringing, mensured tread of hundreds of others like themselves, the real masters of the Don Coal-fields, on their way to restore the ruined coal-pits.

There are old folk and middle-aged folk, and very young folk in the ranks. And if the worker bowed with ages but returning to his job seems the embodiment of the Don Coal-fields' past, then the middle-aged and the striplings stand for the present and the future. But the flower of the coal-fields' youth will not be found among these marching men: the young and able are far away with Provalov's Division in the West, with the innumerable units of the Red Army, fighting for the liberation of their own Don Coal-fields, for the victory of their great country.

* * *

The rumbling of the Italian big guns is answered by our artillery. The battle, which has gone on all night long, starts with renewed force at daybreak. The German and Italian units in the Don Coal-fields' Area defend themselves with the fury of despair. It is hard for them to leave the warm houses, to take leave of places so rich in fuel, and flee into the white steppe, where the low-blowing snow-blizzard hisses and the wild blast sears like flame and pierces to the very bone.

Yet flee they must. The thrusts of our troops force them more and more frequently to change their quarters; leaving arms and equipment on the roads, they retreat hastily westward.

On the Southern, more than on any other front perhaps, the polyglot nature of the fascist soldiery is most widely represented. Whom will you not find in the contingents of war-prisoners brought in by our men? Germans, Italians and Rumanians

prevail in this scum of disarmed cutthroats who until recently worked their will on the peaceable population of the Ukraine; but there are Finns and Hungarians among them, too. It may be truly said of them:

Of faces and dress what a jumble,
Of dialects, tribes and conditions,
From jail, cell and cottage humble—
Drawn here by their "grabbing" ambitions!

(Pushkin)

It is precisely plunder and robbery that has brought this flock of rogues and hangmen together under the black banner with the crooked fascist swastika. It might have been of these thieves, incendiaries and murderers, who with their glumy spirit of manhating have turned our flourishing regions into "waste lands," that Pushkin said:

...Hazard, blood, debauch and fraud—
The links this dreadful kindred bind;
He theirs is who with heart of stone
Has passed through guilt of every kind,
Who slays with cool and steady hand
The weak who may not him withstand,
Who makes of infants' moans a jest,
Who ne'er forgives, nor ever spares,
And like to youth at love's behest,
To foulest deeds with joy repairs.

In captivity they undergo, outwardly at least, a striking alteration. See them crowding together in the big room, shivering and blowing on their fingers to warm them. Their unshaven faces are dirty and dull, their eyes hold an expression of sadness that resembles somethus almost human. The long-unwashed bodies and filthy uniforms give off a heavy, pungent canine odour. The cock's feathers on the helmets of the Italian *bersaglieri* are pitifully bedraggled now. Gone with the wind is the grooming and swagger of these Germans who have grown scruffy in the trenches. An Italian officer wearing woolen stockings stripped off from some collective-farm woman holds out his hand humbly for a cigarette and mumbles haltingly that he has not had a smoke for fifty days.

That is how they look here. But let us hear what someone who saw them in very different circumstances has to say. Old Kolesnichenko, a collective-farmer who only recently escaped from the fascists' clutches, has a habit of raising his hand to the collar of his worn shirt as though even that easy-fitting band chokes him. And he tells us, taking his time over the story:

"... Evening was coming on when a number of their motor-cyclists whisked through the village. Then six tanks came by, and after these the infantry—the latter in lorries and on foot. By nightfall a special unit was quartered on us: each of the soldiers had black lightnings painted on the sides of his helmet and looked the very devil. . .

Then it started—and it turns one sick and bitter to think of it. They drove a lot of our lasses into the schoolhouse, some of them were literally dragged through the snow. After they'd flouted and ill-treated the girls all they wanted, they murdered three of them—Martha Solokhina, Dunyasha Pilipenko and a young married woman from the next village,—killed them here in the schoolhouse, pulled the bodies out into the yard and laid them by the steps, one on top of the other, crosswise.

All through that night the Germans were prowling about our yard, butchering the fowls and the cattle, and making the women cook for them. They went through every trunk and pantry and store-room. . . And to hear the cattle bellowing, the dogs howling, and the girls wailing for the dead—you'd think the whole place was on fire. It was awful to go out even in the yard with a din like that going on, believe me!

It quietened down a bit towards morning, and at daybreak I went outside my gate. The first thing I see is my neighbour, Trofim Bidyuzhny, stretched out by the well and the

bucket lying beside him. He'd been killed because he went out for a bucket of water, and by German laws civilians aren't allowed out even for ordinary needs at night-time. Next morning they shot another victim, a youngster of twelve. It seems he'd gone up to have a look at one of their motor-bikes—you know how keen boys are on anything like that. A German standing on the steps of the house fired his revolver at the boy and did for him. They wouldn't even let us bury our dead. Think what the mother felt seeing her boy lying there! She'd look out of the window—he was lying by the barn with the snow drifting over him—and after just one glance she'd fall to the ground like dead. Her folks had to splash water over her incessantly to bring her round. I saw the dead child when they drove us out to the assembly. I had to go past the house, and I saw him. . . the little kid twisted up and frozen to the ground. The murdered girls were lying outside the school-house with their skirts pulled over their heads and tied with telephone wire, and their legs all in bruises. Anyone who had to pass the school-house went round and kept at a distance. The corpses were only taken up and buried after that unit had left the village."

Absently, the old man took the proffered cigarette and twirled it in his fingers. After a short silence he went on with his story.

"Four of them were quartered on us. The first day they killed the farrow-sow and two sheep. Part of the meat they gobbled up right there on the spot, the rest they took with them, the sheepskins as well. From early morning they were rummaging about in the trunks and the pantry, and picking out whatever suited them. Ay, they took a deal of stuff away with them, and on the last day they got round to my felt-boots. Already dressed for the march they were, they'd started the engines of the lorries and everything, when a big chap with braid on his sleeve pointed to my boots and made a sign that I was to take them off. I couldn't but be sorry to think of parting with the last things I had to put on my feet, so I begged him not to take them. At that this blackguard with the braid went white with rage, grabbed his rifle and pressed the point of the bayonet to my throat. He shouted at me—what, I don't know—and my old woman started crying and wailing: 'Take them off quick, before he kills you!'

I was in a bit of a fright, and kept silent, and I just couldn't bend down. 'I'm done for now,' I thought to myself. Then the German gave me such a kick in the belly that I fell down on the bench and couldn't catch my breath. I kept opening my mouth as if I was yawning, but not a breath could I draw, and everything went dark in my eyes. . . But my old woman hopped up to me quick as any young one, pulled off my boots and held them out to the German. He was getting ready for another whack at me, I suppose he was going to slay me, but when he saw the things he had taken a fancy to in my old woman's hands, he thought better of it. He took them, spat in my face and started to put them on. The three men with him were standing in the doorway, laughing. The big fellow got into my felt-boots, stuck his own boots into his sack, and gave a nasty crooked kind of sneer as he went out ahead of the others.

Well, we got rid of that lot, and after a while another unit comes along and acts in the same fashion. The result was that in a few days the village was picked as clean as a whistle."

"A nice sort of army, that!" exclaimed the young lieutenant with the cheerful, freckled face, who had been listening to the conversation.

"Army indeed! They haven't any army," the old man said sternly. "They may have had one once, but they've certainly not got it now.

Leastways, I haven't seen anything of it. I've been in the army myself in my time. I was in the Russo-Japanese war, and I fought the fathers of these Germans, too. I think I know the way things ought to be in the army, but the like of this I've never seen.

Who ever heard in those days of soldiers being allowed to rob civilians and carry sacks of loot about with them? I'm not going to say we weren't tempted by eatables when we found them, but I'm sure we never touched baby's diapers or dragged the last pair of boots off old folks' feet, or made war on little children, or slaughtered women. But these Germans aren't forbidden anything these days, they can do anything that enters their minds. Then, too, an army should be in uniform. And how are they dressed? Here's one in an army overcoat, another in a sheepskin jacket taken off my neighbour's back, a third in a woman's grey blanket-cloth coat worn over his uniform. . . Of course, they all have guns, but if it comes to that, so did the evil fellows who used to haunt the highways and waylay people.

So I had different lots of lodgers in my house: one day one party, next day—another, and all from different countries. 'I'm a Pole,' one would tell you. 'I'm Hungarian,' another would say. The third mightn't say anything, but you could tell for certain by his stealthy eye and the cut of his jib that he was a rogue, that is to say a German. . . Well, I never believed those who called themselves one thing and another. 'You're lying,' I thought to myself, 'curse the lot of you! There's nothing of the Pole or the Hungarian about you. If you were a Pole, you'd fight for your own Poland, and if you were a Hungarian—for your own Hungary. But you're as like as toadstools growing on the same dunghill, breathing the same stink. . .

I saw the following thing, for instance. A German NCO comes into the house and gabbles something to one of these soldiers who calls himself a Hungarian. And the Hungarian, as I can see plainly, can't make out a single word, but just shrugs his shoulders and spreads out his hands, with the silliest look in his eyes you ever saw. Then the Hungarian starts to talk in his own lingo, and it's the NCO's turn to shrug and twitch, and he gets so mad that even his cheeks flush.

They stand there ready to butt one other like a couple of rams, each of them gabbling in his own tongue and neither able to understand the other. That's the way it is with them, they haven't got a common tongue till it comes to robbery, and then you'll find they all talk the same: give us bread, eggs, milk, potatoes; or else—'kaput,' they say, and either brandish their bayonets or rattle a box of matches threatening to set your house on fire. Talk about an army: what sort of an army can that be where all of them look as if they'd just been let out of the same prison?"

It was a frosty night. A fine hot coal fire was burning in the stove. The old man took his worn overcoat from the head of the bed, and grunting started to put it on. With his arms half in and half out of the sleeves, he repeated stubbornly once more:

"They haven't any army. I'm telling you that, believe me."

It was then that in a staid, respectful manner, the lieutenant said:

"You're right, of course, but they have their own idea, too, that they're fighting for."

The old man paused in the act of thrusting his arms into the sleeves, and then, as though recovering from his astonishment, demanded sternly:

"What idea can you be talking about? They haven't any idea, and I don't think it's the proper word to use about them."

"They have an idea still," the lieutenant insisted, attempting to

hide the smile which was lurking in his eyes.

Sitting down on the bed, the old man peered into the lieutenant's face. His reddish-grizzled brows were knitted and his tone was official and rather cutting as he said:

"Perhaps you'll kindly explain this idea of theirs to me, comrade commander, because I'm a man of very little schooling and maybe I haven't understood the word aright. . ."

"Don't get vexed," the lieutenant said conciliatingly. "Their idea is exactly as you've told us in your story. About five days ago we surrounded a baggage-train of theirs—over thirty carts. The Germans lay down by them and opened fire. It was all up with them, they had no chance, but they weren't giving in. Alongside me lay a young fellow who had just come out with the reinforcements. When he saw how determined the Germans seemed to defend themselves, he said: 'It would seem that these fascists are fighting for an idea of some kind, comrade lieutenant. Look—they don't want to give in.' 'Just wait till we've killed them,' I said, 'and then we'll see what kind of an idea theirs is.'

Well, we wiped them out neatly and then started to look through the bales and bundles. The baggage-train was going home, and I don't need to tell you what they send home besides wounded. We ripped open one big bundle, it was full of children's shoes, cotton dress-lengths and other materials, women's coats—some of fur, some of the lighter kind,—bags of millet, galoshes and all sorts of stuff. We looked in another sack and found much the same thing. Then I called the boy who had suspected the Germans of fighting for an idea, and said to him: 'Do you see what they've got here in these sacks?' He said: 'Yes, I can see.' 'Well, now, you're looking at the whole idea they're fighting for,' I told him. 'And you can stuff this idea of theirs into a sack, and it'll have a calico lining. Understand?' 'Oh, now, I see what they're up to,' he said and laughed."

The old man had been listening attentively to the lieutenant, but when he spoke there was undisguised superiority in his voice.

"This isn't the right kind of talk, sonny, even though you are a commander. You don't know what an idea is. Now let me explain it to you. The chairman of our collective farm, Ivan Cherepitsa, would say for example: 'I've got an idea it would be a good thing to bank up the weir at Sukhaya Balka and breed carp in the pond.' The village took up the idea, carried it out, and the result was that just before the war we got a ton-and-a-half of carp for the market, without counting all that went to the dining-rooms.

Another time he'd say: 'Well, citizens, how about building a mill with a turbine?' It wasn't very long before the mill was ready. Folks from the nearest collective farms used to bring their grain to us to grind. Then again, there was an idea in starting bee-keeping, and buying Silesian-breed sheep, and plenty of other things that are good on a farm.

Now you see what we mean by an idea? It means, my lad, something which benefits the people. And here you go hitching the word on to highway robbery. You should call things by their proper names—robbery is robbery, and that's what it's commonly known for. Do the Germans rob us? They don't ever miss a chance, do they? That means that the very word 'idea' is far beyond them, and you can't utter it anywhere in connection with them, lest it get soiled from the neighbourhood of these blackguards. You young folks haven't come yet to a full understanding of many things in life. And believe me—what I'm telling you is right."

* * *

. . . The enemy is still fighting fiercely, and even mentions a spring offensive, but when spring comes round those who will be doing the fighting are not the Germans who trampled our land last year. Those lost colour, faded hopelessly when they felt the devastating blows of the Red Army. A prisoner of war, Lance-corporal Wilhelm Woitzik, of No. 3 Company of the 160th Snipers' Battalion of the 60th Motor-division, says:

"The words 'home' and 'back to Germany' have become a sort of parole with the soldiers."

When asked to give the salient points of the reservists called up in his battalion, this by no means unobservant corporal replied:

"The soldiers of the fresh contingents have one new feature: they are always silent and they smoke a lot."

Quite a curious trait! Well, let us see what kind of an offensive the enemy will manage with reservists of this kind!

DEAD SKULLS INSTEAD OF HUMAN HEADS

Goebbels: Only eight months passed, but how changed their countenances are!

Cartoon by Kukryniksy

V. STAVSKY

COSSACKS

A brief item appeared in the newspapers the other day telling about a cavalry raid far behind the lines of the Germans. New reports and events eclipsed this report about the daring sortie carried out by the Cossacks. We were forcefully reminded, however, of the exploits of our cavalrymen by the decision of the Council of People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R., promoting Colonel L. M. Dovator and Colonel I. A. Pliyev to the rank of major-generals.

Ever green in the memory of the Soviet people are the heroic exploits of our Red cavalry men in the civil war. The almost legendary First Mounted Army, organized and fostered by J. Stalin, inflicted many a smashing blow on the white-guards. A halo of glory surrounds the deeds and campaigns of our cavalry.

And today, even under conditions of modern warfare, cavalry constitutes a vital branch of the armed forces. Some military theoreticians have, indeed, gone so far as to assert that cavalry has outlived its day, that it stands no chance against mechanized infantry, tanks, artillery and aviation. The raid, deep into the rear of the Germans, carried out by the Cossack units under the command of the now Major-general Dovator, only serves to demonstrate once again the full force of a cavalry onslaught against the enemy, the real worth of cavalry, equipped with modern technique, in a given theatre of war.

* * *

Towards evening a thick mist settled down over the whole countryside, covering it as though with a grey shroud. Colonel Dovator, regimental commissar Fyodor Tulikov, the squadron commanders and commissars dispersed amongst the different units, to where the men had already been lined up. In the gathering darkness they addressed the Cossacks, spoke to them of the glorious aims of the righteous patriotic war against fascism, and explained in detail, so that it was clear to each and every Cossack, the task that lay ahead of them.

A glowing vision that seemed to quicken their heartbeats flashed through their mind's eye, a vision of the vast expanses of their native Kuban steppes, the alluring charm of the mountain peaks of the Caucasus, the rapturous thrill of the foot-hills, blue in the distance, the dazzling white of the houses in the *stanitzas*, the dear faces of their near ones. Burnished gold in the mid-day sun seem the heavy ears of ripened wheat. The sunflowers seem to radiate light. A slight breeze rustles the dense thicket of Indian corn. And in the pastures countless herds of cattle and horses graze. What a mighty force inherent in the people to have transformed and beautified the face of this precious land! And all this, this happy life of the Soviet people, is threatened with death and damnation at the hands of the fascist vandals! . .

"Never in our life will we allow this to happen! We're ready to go through thick and thin, but crush this viper we will!" This was the reply Georgi Krivorotko gave.

His knotted hand rested instinctively on the hilt of his heavy sabre, and both hand and hilt seemed to be moulded from a single cast. Junior lieutenant Krivorotko moved towards his friends, mates of his from the *stanitza* of Voznessenskaya. These nine friends had worked together in one brigade, tilled this fertile land. All of them had been assigned to the same Cossack unit.

Georgi Krivorotko was promoted to the rank of junior lieutenant out here, at the front. He was the first, together with his platoon, to fling himself at the enemy, and his was the first bullet to find a billet among the fascists.

At the head of an outpost he cantered into one small village. Scattered about the street were a hundred and fifty or so infantrymen whom he mistook at a distance to be Red Army men. With his force of three Cossacks he came within thirty metres of them. The Germans immediately took cover and opened fire with their automatics. Krivorotko swerved to the right and pulled his horse up near the side of a house. "Dismount!" he ordered. In a flash the Cossacks were out of their saddles and began to answer the fire of the fascists. With the first round from his light machine-gun Krivorotko accounted for a dozen Germans. The enemy fell back.

"Not bad for a start!" Krivorotko commented winking merrily at his friend Savin. They fixed themselves up as comfortably as possible in the hole they had jumped headlong into. The horses were behind the house, out of the line of fire, tapping their hoofs impatiently, their ears pricked up.

All of a sudden they heard the siren of a motor-car. Glancing over his shoulder, Krivorotko noticed a German automobile and let fly at it with his machine-gun. The bullets rattled against the metal body of the car. The chauffeur and his passengers collapsed heavily in their seats. Left to itself, the car ran for a dozen yards or so and then ended up with a crash in the roadside ditch.

"Again not bad!" Krivorotko remarked.

A short while after a motor-cyclist came rattling down the road at a smart pace. Krivorotko fired at him point-blank. Already dead, the fascist on the motor-cycle barged into the log wall of a well and toppled over with the machine on top of him. One of the Cossacks dashed up to the junior lieutenant.

"The Germans are surrounding us," he cried in a hoarse voice. "It's about time we cleared out."

"Quit that!" Krivorotko cut him short. "You just try—and I'll give you what for! Up with you on the roof of that barn, and see that you keep your eyes skinned!"

In a second the Cossack had scrambled up on top of the roof. Krivorotko and his friends kept on blazing away. Methodically, one after the other, the Cossacks accounted for eight German cars with their complement of fascist passengers and six motor-cyclists. From time to time the lookout on the roof reported dryly in a business-like, matter-of-fact tone that the Germans were continuing their attempts to surround them. When bullets from a German automatic began to whiz by from somewhere to one side, Krivorotko decided that it was time to get away. One by one, at his orders, the Cossacks slipped through the danger zone. Without a scratch they managed to get out of the village and under the cover of a nearby wood.

This first scrap gave Krivorotko assurance that victory was certain and taught him to have confidence in the buoyant bravery of his comrades, and in himself.

And now, with keen interest and a warm glow in his heart, he looked at his friends in the ranks and at Colonel Dovator, not very tall, brisk and agile, and Krivorotko smiled. His broad shoulders drew back, he

Cossacks are joining up as volunteers

shifted his sturdy body from one foot to another, and on his darkly tanned rugged face which looked as though hewn out of a piece of tawny oak, flitted a look of scorn that boded ill to the enemy.

"Won't I let the fascists have it in the morning!" his look seemed to say.

In the murky darkness before the dawn, Colonel Dovator gave the order for the Cossacks to dismount. The orderlies led away the horses. The foals gnawed and whinnied.

"The Germans might hear us," was the thought in Krivorotko's mind. "We should have taken less foals on an excursion like this!"

In the early dawn, having crept right up to the German lines, the Cossacks engaged the enemy near the villages of P. and U. At the same time a shock group was making its way to the centre of the German's defence zone. Like grim shadows they move on, without firing a single shot, without a sound. The mist was so thick that the flare rockets fired by the Germans looked like dull balls without lighting up the ground in the least.

The fighting in the vicinity of the villages grew more intense. German mines and shells were bursting all around, machine-guns kept up a continuous rat-tat-tat, and the explosions of hand-grenades added to the din. All of a sudden a rousing Cossack "hurrah" filled the air, and the Cossacks broke into the village. Now was the time to launch out at the enemy in real earnest and break through his lines. With the exultant battle-cry of victory: "For our country, for Stalin, forward!" junior lieutenant Krivorotko, at the head of his platoon, charged the German trenches. And after him, tearing down at the enemy, came what seemed a never-ending succession of platoons, squadrons, regiments, a precipitate Cossack stream that carried all before it.

The German line of defence had been broken through. Demolishing the enemy with fire and rifle butt, with bayonet and sabre, the Cossacks hacked a way through to the rear of the Germans. Catching sight of an enemy sniper who had concealed himself in some stacks of corn, Krivorotko immediately ran him through.

A mighty "hurrah" resounded from

every side. And from every side came the terrified cries of the Germans. A fascist battalion commander attempted to rally his panic-stricken soldiers, but a well-aimed Cossack bullet laid him low.

Day came. The mist was fast dispersing. Every minute was precious. A gateway for the cavalry had already been forced open. Colonel Dovator immediately issued the order, and the orderlies came up leading the horses.

And now, in mounted order, the Cossacks dashed on into the rear of the enemy. Soon the main forces of the raiding party had occupied the woods far behind the enemy's lines. Here, the Cossacks who had been killed in forcing the breach were laid to rest. With bared heads the cavalrymen paid their last respects to their fallen comrades. And here too, in this woods, the wounded were left behind with a strong body-guard to take care of them. The wounded, all to a man, through swamp and thicket were carried to safety by junior lieutenant Vassily Buslov, a modest and jolly comrade who had only recently been called up and who before the war had been the secretary of a district committee of the Young Communist League in the Ordjonikidze Territory.

And that was how the raid began.

* * *

He was thin and of medium height. His face, too, was thin and gaunt. But his brown eyes simply sparkled with laughter, with a sort of sly mirth. His strong big teeth seemed to glisten mischievously. And wherever squadron commander, senior lieutenant Pyotr Tkatch was, there was sure to be plenty of fun. In all the regiment his squadron was considered the jolliest. This feeling of exhilaration not only made itself felt when they stopped to camp, but also in battle.

Senior lieutenant Tkatch's squadron enjoyed fame not only for being a jolly one, but also for being lucky. In all the battles the squadron had fought, they had only lost two men killed and two wounded. And this despite the fact that senior lieutenant Tkatch had led his squadron behind the enemy's rear to a depth of almost a hundred kilometers. The squadron had to its account several enemy tanks and many hundreds of Germans who were cut or mown down. It stands to reason that to command the squadron required not only the jolly nature that was senior lieutenant Tkatch's but also military skill, fearlessness and the true heart of a Soviet citizen.

On one occasion the squadron received orders to dismount and drive the Germans from the trenches they occupied on the fringe of a forest. Directing one platoon to make a frontal attack, the senior lieutenant at the head of the rest of the squadron made a circuit, and utilizing every dip in the ground to creep up unawares, attacked the enemy on the flank.

"Forward!"—Acting to suit his command, senior lieutenant Tkatch was the first to jump up and make a dash for the woods where the enemy was ensconed. A second later he had thrown himself flat behind a tree. A German hand-grenade thrown by a ginger-whiskered sergeant burst within five yards of him without causing any damage. But a Soviet hand-grenade thrown by the senior lieutenant spelled the end for a German heavy machine-gun together with its crew and the ginger-whiskered sergeant into the bargain. Within a few minutes, the Germans had been driven out of the woods.

A few days later the squadron had to operate independently at quite an appreciable distance from the main forces of the raiding party. The Germans concentrated their armoured cars against senior lieutenant Tkatch's unit. During the night he managed to give the enemy the slip, but this did

uot exclude the possibility that the armoured cars would be hot on his track the next day. The squadron commander decided to resort to cunning. Appropriating a tractor that had been abandoned by somebody near the roadside, he ordered one of his men to start the engine and drive the machine within a short distance of a village occupied by the Germans. The tractor rattled along, its caterpillars creating a terrible din. Shortly afterwards the scouts reported that the Germans were setting mines around the village.

Senior lieutenant Tkatch could not have been better pleased. He withdrew his squadron to a nearby thicket and awaited results. The next morning the German armoured cars came in sight along the road, and the Cossacks watched with glee how the leading car blew up when it struck a German mine.

The Cossacks had a hearty laugh at the expense of the enemy.

* * *

Before joining the army, political guide Alexander Borisaiko, 27 years of age, was a district instructor of the Communist Party. Alexander Borisaiko received his first baptism of fire only about a fortnight before taking part in the raid behind the enemy's lines. The squadron to which he was attached occupied the outskirts of a village, its orders being to protect the night march of the raiding party against unforseen events. The Germans, sensing that something was up, opened fire with tracer shells. The effect was exceedingly picturesque and frightful. Whizzing by in every direction and giving forth a reddish light, the shells seemed to tear the inky blackness of the night into shreds. At dawn the Germans launched their armoured cars into the attack. Political guide Alexander Borisaiko quickly made the round of the Cossacks, verified their readiness to repulse the enemy and cheered them up with a hearty word. The German armoured cars, spitting out fire from their machine-guns, drew ever nearer. The first car was already on a level with the makeshift trench in which Borisaiko was. In a flash he was over the top, and with a bundle of hand-grenades he blew up the formidable car. A well aimed shell accounted for another. The rest decided that it was time to beat a retreat.

Everyday at dusk, and sometimes under cover of night, the squadron would sum up the results of the day's fighting. The squadron commander and the political guide always had a word of praise and encouragement for those who distinguished themselves by their valour and daring, while those who did not conduct themselves in a fit and proper manner came in for scathing criticism. Alexander Borisaiko cemented the Communist Party members in the squadron. Members of the Party were included in every reconnoitring party, in every scouting group. And the Communists inspired the rest of the men by their daring and courage in battle.

During the entire period of the raid the political guide was indefatigable, evoking the surprise of all the Cossacks by his endurance. On one occasion scouts reported that three enemy tanks were approaching. The commander of the squadron gave orders to obstruct the road. Travelling at a rapid speed, the tanks approached the obstruction, but catching sight of it, they made to turn about.

Senior lieutenant Tkatch snapped out an order to pelt the tanks with hand-grenades.

Armed with a bundle of hand-grenades and fire-bottles, Borisaiko slipped behind the trunk of a giant pine tree within two metres of the road. When the tank was on a level with the tree, the political guide aimed a fire-bottle at the engines. Bits of glass flew in every direction, the tank was ablaze. A second tank approached his place of concealment.

In the coolest manner possible, Borisaiko let the second tank have a bundle of hand-grenades and a fire-bottle. A deafening explosion followed, and this one, too, flared up like a torch. The turret was thrown open, and two members of the crew, their faces distorted with fear and terror, jumped out. But a hand-grenade thrown by the imperturbable political guide accounted for the fascists. Just then the third German tank slipped past the blazing tanks and disappeared in the distance.

Borisaiko's face was a picture of disappointment. All he needed was another fire-bottle—and the third tank would have followed in the wake of the first two.

* * *

To try and draw out private Mikhail Stupakov and make him speak about his exploits at the front was no easy matter. Only from his comrades did I hear the story of how he saved senior lieutenant Tkatch's life and how together with a number of other Cossacks he captured a fascist armoured car and a motor-cycle. When the squadron was cut off, it was he, riding bare-back, who slipped through the enemy's lines and delivered dispatches to the regiment. On another occasion he captured single-handed two heavy machine-guns. He was always the first to volunteer to go on reconnoitring expeditions, and, in general, during the entire period of the raid he was always first in everything.

But when I talked to him and tried to draw him on to speak about himself, he merely replied:

"I always promptly carried out all orders."

Army in action.

The Red cavalry

WANDA WASILEWSKA

WHAT HAPPENED IN A UKRAINIAN CABIN

"Granny! Hey, granny!"

Anissia looked up. Natalka was calling her from the other side of the wicker fence.

"What's up?"

"May I come in for a minute?"

"And why not? Come in if you want to," Anissia mumbled in her grouchy way.

"Granny!"

"Well, what is it now?"

"The Germans are coming, granny."

Anissia gave a scornful shrug. She had been hearing this kind of talk for days. They were coming, were they? Well, and what if they were? Even Germans would let an old bundle of bones like herself die in peace, she supposed. If they were coming, let them come. What was that to an old woman like herself? . . .

"Granny, we're all going off to the woods. Daddy's going and I'm going, in short everyone of us. . ."

"Well, go on, then. And I'll sit here and keep myself warm in the sun. . ."

"Granny, there are two Red Army men in our garden."

"What's that? Who did you say is in the garden?"

"Two Red Army men, I'm saying, are in the little hut behind the plum-trees in our garden."

"Well, so what of it? Did you take a fancy to one of them, or something?"

Natalka heaved a sigh. Squatting down on her heels, she looked steadily into the faded old eyes clouded by a cataract and explained loudly, emphatically:

"Granny, these are wounded Red Army men. We can't take them along with us. They're lying down and they must not be moved an inch. Do you understand?"

"Why, yes, I do. They ought to be out in the sunshine, maybe. . ."

"No, granny; they're too badly wounded, you see. And we're all clearing out to the woods. The Germans may be here any minute now. . . Granny, someone ought to look after these two, and, you know, give them a drink of water now and then. Do you see what I mean?"

"Why shouldn't I see?"

"And would you be able to do that much for them?"

"Why not?"

Natalka stroked the trembling, wrinkled hand.

"Well, then, so long, granny. . . I believe we'll soon be back again. . . and now I'll run for it."

Her bare feet flashed in the sunlight as she ran. Anissia shook her head.

"That girl springs about like a goat. . . Well now, old bones, let's go and see where those two are."

She struggled painfully to her feet. It was hardest of all to get up. But once she was standing, her aching feet somehow bore her along.

Anissia went round the fence and entered the neighbouring garden. Two wounded men were lying on the straw in the little hut. The old woman knelt down alongside of her wards and scrutinized them.

One of the wounded men awoke

from the feverish doze into which he had fallen and raised his bandaged head.

"Who's there?" he cried.

"Hush, hush! It's granny Anissia come to see you. Just lie still, lie still."

"Water. . ."

"Water? Why, certainly, I'll bring you some water, my laddie, I'll bring you everything, don't you worry."

The old woman could not understand where she found strength all of a sudden. The shooting pain in her old legs ceased. She quite forgot all about it. She drew some water from the well, filled a pitcher and returned into the garden to the hut behind the plum-trees:

"Here, have a drink, have a drink, ducky!"

Then she set the pitcher down near the wounded men and dragged herself slowly homewards. Sitting down once more on the doorstep, she fell into a doze herself, worn out by the cares of the day. The chill of the evening air roused her. With a great effort she shuffled out to have a look at the wounded men, then returned home.

"Well, the day's over at last. . ."

Next morning three men entered her barn yard. She could hear the harsh sounds of an alien tongue. Granny Anissia was not frightened at all. What did she care for the Germans? She who had maybe only a few days now to wait for her death, for that death that was so long in coming.

The newcomers yelled and yelled, and finally went away. Anissia thought that was the end of it. But no sooner did she rise from the doorstep than the yard was full of them.

"Is this your house?"

She raised an arm to shade her eyes from the strong sunlight. Someone spoke Ukrainian; the words she recognized but the accent sounded harsh and hoarse. She did not feel inclined to speak to these men.

However, the officer in charge was persistent:

"Answer us, is this your house?"

"Yes, it's mine. . . And what of it?"

"Open the door!"

"But it is open," Anissia said in surprise.

"Open it when you're told to!" the interpreter shouted at her.

Slowly, painfully, groaning and gasping, she rose and, leaning heavily on her stick, entered the cabin. The officers followed her.

"Are you alone in the house?" they asked.

"All alone. . . It's ten years now that I've been alone. . ."

They left her in peace, settled down on the bench and the bed and began to talk about something boisterously. She waited a minute or so and then moved towards the door. A heavy hand fell upon her frail shoulder and forced her back. She understood that they were keeping her indoors.

The colonel had a long talk with the interpreter.

"Keep an eye on her. She's old and blind, but the devil only knows what she may be up to. She might bring someone down on us before you have time to catch your breath."

When the interpreter explained to Anissia that she must stay in the cabin, she nodded her head obediently several times in compliance. She didn't mind. If she had to stay indoors, she would.

She clambered up to the top of the tall stove that offered a convenient place for sleeping, and fell into a doze. The Germans were talking loudly, laying out maps on the table, quarrelling, whistling, stamping their feet shod in hobnailed boots. None of this bothered her. She kept on dozing.

But towards evening she became very uneasy. Out there in the little hut under the plum-trees the water in the pitcher must have given out long ago. The poor lads were doubtlessly waiting impatiently for granny

Anissia. They did not know what had happened and they would think the old woman had forgotten them or was just too lazy to come. . .

She was wide awake now and looking attentively at what was going on. The room was full of Germans. They were even crowding the doorway and pacing up and down the passage. A sentry stood at the threshold. There was no chance of slipping out unnoticed now. Grunting and groaning she got down from the stove.

"Where are you going?"

The interpreter seemed to have popped up from under the ground like a Jack-in-the-box. She pushed away his detaining hand angrily with her stick.

"The impudence of this fellow? I'm going to a place where a person occasionally needs to go. See?"

He stepped back, but when she was outside she noticed that he was following close on her heels. She shrugged her shoulders.

These Germans were afraid of an old woman, it seemed. . . Well, let them keep an eye on her if they want to. . .

She went back to her place on the stove. But the anxiety about the two men grew and oppressed her more and more.

For a long time she tossed and turned on the bedding, sighing heavily. When sleep came to her at last, she dreamed of the two men. And oh, how they were calling for her, how loudly they were asking for water! So loudly indeed that Anissia awoke with a start. She felt at once that something was wrong. Peeping down from the stove, the old woman fancied she must still be dreaming.

The officers were sitting round the table on the wooden stools and on the bed. Before them, supported on either side by soldiers, stood those two men from the hut under the plum-trees. It seemed to granny Anissia that the scales which had been growing over her eyes for years suddenly fell away. She witnessed now something the like of which she had never seen in all her life.

The colonel sat in the middle. The interpreter was standing at the table, beside the wounded men. The colonel would fire a question at them, and the interpreter would immediately catch it up and repeat it in his gruff, hoarse voice.

"What unit do you belong to?"

Even up there on her stove Anissia could hear the heavy breathing of the wounded men. They gasped painfully for air through parched lips, breathing with effort. They swayed on their feet, but the hands of the German soldiers held them up, roughly but firmly.

"What unit?"

They did not answer. The colonel struck the table angrily with his fist.

"Tell them I'll stand no nonsense, do you hear?"

Anissia caught the cruel, menacing note in his voice. She felt her heart thumping fast. It beat as it had not beaten for many, many years, and the old woman thought that the men around the table must surely hear the turmoil that was tearing at her breast. But no one glanced up at the stove-shelf. All eyes were fixed on those two who stood reeling before the table, supported by the rough hands of the soldiers.

"What unit are you from?"

The one with the wounded head drew a deep breath. Granny Anissia waited, trembling from head to foot.

"I won't tell you."

"No? Now then, Hans, help him out. He can't get the words through his teeth; give him some aid, will you?"

The soldier raised his fist and struck the wounded man full in the face. The head bound up with the dirty, blood-caked bandage fell back helplessly. But with a supreme effort of will-power the man steadied himself.

"Where's the army?"

"I don't know."

"Where are the villagers?"

"I don't know. . . I never saw any of them," the wounded man panted hoarsely.

The colonel was in a fury. Savagely he crumpled the papers scattered before him.

"Hans, he never saw anybody. . . Do you understand, he never saw the people. . . Just help his eyesight along a bit, can you? You know what I mean; he's got to see. . ."

The Red Army man fell to the ground. Anissia raised herself. No, no—she must be mistaken; it couldn't be, her old eyes were deceiving her! The soldier took out his bayonet. Two soldiers sat on the prostrate man. Then with a careful, almost gentle movement the first soldier drove the blade into the wounded man's left eye. An inhuman, strangled shriek rent the air. It ceased almost immediately.

"Finish him off!" the colonel ordered. "Bring the next one! Question him too."

Anissia hastily hid her head under the quilt. She stopped up her ears so as not to hear, pressed her hands to her eyes that she might not see. With a groan she cursed this life of hers that had dragged on for ninety-one long years and now brought her to this ghastly night. She cursed her eyes because they had not lost their sight in time, had not become altogether blinded with the cataract. They had seen! She cursed her ears: they had not lost their auditory faculty in time. They had been able to hear that!

Through the quilt the old ears caught groans and the despairing monotonous cry of the tortured man.

"I don't know! I won't tell!"

At last, silence fell. But even then she could not bring herself to look out from under the quilt. Finally she poked her head out. The Germans were evidently getting ready for sleep, loosening their belts, pulling off their boots. They closed the wooden shutters over the windows, bolted the door. The soldiers were camped outside the cabin, and the sentry paced up and down in front of the door, but the officers, it was clear, trusted no one and nothing on earth. The colonel himself went to inspect the bolt and tried the door. He examined the shutters and even came up to the stove to see if the old woman was asleep.

Anissia hastily shut her eyes and tried to breathe evenly and quietly.

The lamp was extinguished. Anissia felt her arms and legs stiffen, growing heavier than lead.

She waited. Time dragged on slowly, oh, so painfully slowly! In the sinister gloom the seconds dragged out into eternity. Time was at a standstill. Anissia's hands and feet were quite numb now, and icy beads of perspiration covered her brow and her back. Still, she must do it!

Someone was snoring already. Anissia rose noiselessly on the stove. She fancied that she could be seen in the darkness and that every movement she made could be heard. But they were fast asleep. Sniffling and snoring could be heard from all sides now. The officers were sprawling on straw on the floor; the colonel occupied the bed. She lowered one leg cautiously over the side of the stove. Waited. Nobody stirred. Then she worked the other leg over. That was all right, too. After that she slid with the utmost care off the stove. If only her heart, this heart that would keep beating like an alarm-bell, did not waken them! But no, they slumbered peacefully on; it was the deep, heavy sleep of weary men. Anissia groped her way to the door. Holding her breath, she turned the key in the lock once more and then took it out of the keyhole. She drove the bolts of the shutters in still deeper. What strength there was in these trembling, swollen hands! The door was tightly shut. So were the windows. Now no one would molest them in their sleep, no one would come prying into the cabin,

no one would disturb the German officers at their night's rest.

She waited a little, then fumbled under the bench. Yes, the bottle was in its proper place. A full bottle. Natalka just happened recently to have brought her a full bottle from the shop and had put it under the bench.

Anissia pulled out the cork. Noiselessly she stooped over the bed and slowly, carefully sprinkled kerosene on the straw at the colonel's feet. Then she stepped back a pace and just as slowly and carefully poured some kerosene on the floor where the officers were lying. And on the threshold, and everywhere.

The beams of the hut were dry, the boards were dry, too. For how many years had the house been standing! Everything was as dry as straw. Straw—oh yes, that was it exactly. . . She sprinkled the straw bedding carefully.

With trembling old fingers she felt near the stove for the matches. She remembered having had some matches. To be sure, there they were in their usual place.

Flinging the quilt over her head, she struck the match under cover. And even so it seemed to her that the tiny explosion rang out louder than a shot. Yet all remained still in the cabin. Rhythmic snoring told her that the fagged out men were wrapped in their heavy slumber. She bent down and applied the burning match to the floor, but could no longer raise herself. The swift flame crept over the straw, darted like a snake among the stalks, spread swiftly everywhere like gushing water.

Anissia watched the flames in fascination; she could not take her eyes off them. She did not feel her kerosene-soaked skirts catch fire.

When one of the sleepers who was first to start up raised a cry of alarm, the hut was already enveloped in all-devouring swiftly mounting flames. Someone was pounding desperately at the door.

Granny Anissia struggled to her feet and immediately pitched headlong into the flames. Her last thought was that all doors and windows are tightly closed and bolted, and that no one could possibly open them.

V. KETLINSKAYA

WILL-POWER

It happened in the days when ever fewer fighter-planes stood in the aerodrome and battles were daily and fierce. Every pilot had to make many flights a day, fighting single-handed against the numbers of the enemy, making up for the shortage of planes by his flying-skill and daring.

All except one of the pilots had returned on this particular day. They were expecting Aliev to turn up any moment. He did not come. Popov, the avio-technician, was standing, gloomy and motionless, in the middle of the field, staring steadily up at the whitish-grey film of cloud that hid the sky. It was his plane that had not returned.

The squadron-commander came out on the flying-field and stood in the midst of his pilots by the rows of machines, all cleverly and deftly camouflaged.

Both men and commander were silent. Moisture gathered in the commander's eyes, but it might have been from staring so long and earnestly at the sky.

"It's seven minutes past one already," someone said.

They hung about waiting for half-an-hour, but still there was no sign of Aliev.

Then suddenly Popov let out an exultant yell:

"He's coming!"

The airplane was hardly in sight yet, but Popov's eyes had discerned through the white mists a tiny silvery speck.

"Here he is!"

The commander turned away abruptly, brushed the moisture from his eyes, then looked sternly at his watch:

"One-sixteen."

A strange fever seemed to shake the plane. Now that it was coming nearer every minute, they could see how it swayed and shuddered. It was descending, preparing to land, but somehow uncertainly, in fits and starts, as though it were plunging desperately, steered by an unskilful pilot.

Nevertheless, Aliev managed a three-point landing before the plane gave a convulsive helpless jerk and reeled over. At this juncture Aliev ought to have jumped out of the cockpit as usual. He did not.

"Fetch a doctor!" the squadron-commander said briefly as he ran over to the plane, followed by the airmen and mechanics. Popov was the first to reach it and the first to notice the bullet-pierced wing-surfaces, the twisted tail-assembly,—not that he was thinking of the machine just now, but even in his anxiety he could not help casting a professional eye over it. He jumped on to the wing surface and stopped, transfixed.

Half-an-hour before that Aliev had taken on three enemy fighter-planes in single combat. He had only one advantage over them—his pluck. It was this pluck of his that had done for one of his enemies in a desperate sudden attack. The fascist machine

had gone spinning to destruction in flame and smoke.

"That's the fifth!" Aliev had shouted, as though he could be heard through the noise. He meant that it was the fifth time he had won. The intoxicated joy of battle seized him. The sixth and seventh were advancing on him, but, full of confidence in victory, he headed straight for them:

"One against two—well, that's not so bad. We can have a bit of a fight."

"Now you can jolly well look out!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

In a moment he was in the thick of it, climbing, dropping, buzzing like a wasp around the enemy planes and pouring lead into them. He got it hot, too; he could feel the tremor that shook his faithful craft every time a bullet struck her. Then he was stung in the shoulder and in the left arm just above the wrist. A bullet pinged against the wheel, another whizzed past his face and grazed his forehead. He turned and twisted to avoid the fire, but irresistibly impelled by the fierce desire for victory, dashed into battle again and again. Young and self-confident, he was incapable of retreating. No thought of death visited his mind; he wanted to live, it was for the sake of living that he flung himself so eagerly into the fray, for to him life meant victory and skilful flying and the exemplary service of his people; meant, too, the triumph of his cause, his truth, his art. He was twenty-three; hand, brain and nerve obeyed his will with unfailing precision and promptitude.

"Now, then, number six!" and he drove headlong for the enemy fighter. They were rushing at each other. Aliev waited, his whole body tense. "He won't stick it, he'll swerve right now, this very instant," he repeated, resisting a natural desire to swerve himself. The fascist was the first to do so. Aliev sent a volley into him, but simultaneously sensed rather than saw the second enemy plane close behind him. A stabbing pain in the shoulder-blade wrung a cry of agony from him. His head swam. He clenched his teeth hard, and consciousness returned. In a trail of smoke enemy number six was rapidly disappearing from view. Only one left now. "It's equal chances now—that's the stuff!"—and he dropped suddenly to get rid of the fascist hanging on his tail.

Another bullet lodged in his jaw. A savage pain tore his hands from the steering-wheel. The plane reeled over and dropped sharply. He straightened out with an effort. His mouth was full of blood, it choked him. Another machine-gun volley shook the plane and two bullets struck him, in the neck and arm. Now both arms were wounded. Dark stains spread on the wheel. But the battle was not over yet. The enemy was not out. Aliev overcame his agony and climbed. The thirst for revenge, victory and life drove him on, on into the last duel to the death.

Only when the fascist plane, deprived of the controlling hand, nose-dived awkwardly, did Aliev look about him at the suddenly empty spaces of the sky and realize with sudden anger and dismay that he was quite alone, wounded in many places, weak from loss of blood, pain and fatigue, and with very little gas left in the tank of a badly-damaged plane, over enemy occupied territory. . . Numbers five and seven which he had sent to their death were burning down below, number six was disappearing in a trail of smoke. He still remained in possession of his damaged, but faithful aircraft, his wounded body from which the life-blood was flowing, and his will. Nothing else was left in all that vast and empty sky. But somewhere, not very far away on the eastern horizon lay his own country, wounded, too, like he was, but still strong of will, and home to that dear country he had to drag himself and his broken machine—no matter what the

cost, he must drag the machine there. . .

So he steered in the direction of his country.

The flight could not have taken very long. He had gone up at 12 o'clock, about fifteen minutes had passed till the encounter with the enemy, and the battle had lasted from seven to ten minutes, he thought. . . A glance at the sky told him that it could not be long after midday. But it seemed to Aliev that hours had passed. It was not exactly the jaw, the back, the hands or the shoulder that ached, the whole body was one terrible ache, as though there was not a sound spot in it. And it required a superhuman effort to keep his seat, keep his eyes open, and see all that it was necessary to see in order to hang on to the wheel and steer.

He climbed as high as he could, so that he would have a chance to plane downwards, should the gas give out. But at a high altitude his heart beat so fast that it became painful. The blood rushed to his head, and sang in his ears, and that was painful, too. He felt so ill that he closed his eyes for a moment and leaned back in his seat, but the searing pain in his back drove him forwards again, to lean his breast on the wheel. "Am I really going to die?" he suddenly thought. And the thought no longer seemed monstrous, as it had before. Now it meant peace, release from pain, from the swimming sensation in his head, from the clotted blood in his mouth, and the stubborn effort of guiding his craft.

"It's a lie!" he wanted to shout, but he could not utter a sound. Struggling up, he leaned over and looked downwards, saw the flying puffs of smoke and the flashes, thought to himself: "I'm over the firing-line," and turned down the aerial path to where his own aerodrome lay shrouded in the milky vapour. "I've got to forget about all this pain and think of nothing but steering," he resolved, and seemed to manage it. The pain left him. The plane flew straight and steadily. Only the earth grew very distant and misty, the sky seemed lifelessly faded and wan, and all his movements slow and not his own.

Aliev lost consciousness.

The airplane had been noticed from the ground. Gun-crews hastened to the enemy anti-aircraft batteries. White puffs danced about the swaying, stumbling machine.

Aliev only noticed that he was under fire when his machine was flung to one side by the wave of an explosion. He straightened out, and, struggling to keep his eyes fixed on what lay before him, turned and twisted to avoid the shells. But it became more and more difficult to keep his eyes open. Easiest of all would be to close them and meet his death in a last fatal spin. "Yes, that's what I want," he said to himself, and the admission was death itself. He closed his eyes and let go of the wheel. . . For an instant he gave himself up to the blissful sensation of release from everything. Then the thought—what about the machine?—pierced his befogged brain like a needle. There was life in the old plane yet, Popov could patch her up and send her out to fight again. . . His comrades would be waiting for him at the aerodrome and wouldn't leave it—just as he had never left it—till the last fighter came back.

"No! He mustn't give in yet—no matter what!"

He manoeuvred skilfully, making it difficult for the fascist gunners to aim. His indomitable will gathered the remains of his failing strength and directed them towards steering homewards across the firing line. Shrapnel struck the fuselage, another bit flew into the cockpit and pierced his leg. Aliev noted the new wound with complete indifference. Nothing could stop him now—he was going to take his machine home. The explo-

sions were left behind. Beneath him lay his own land.

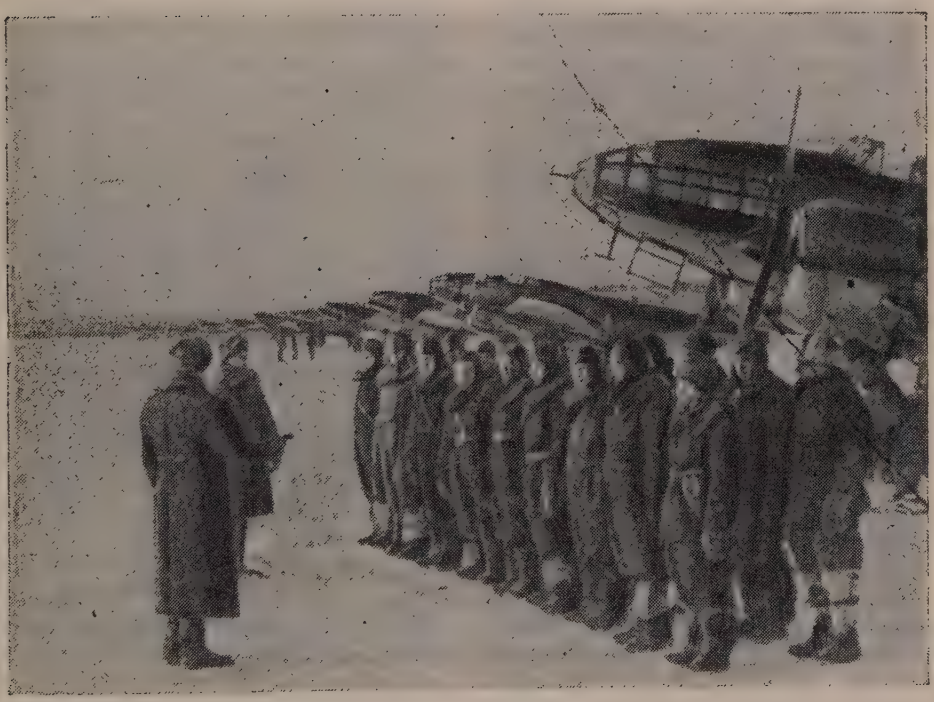
The plane staggered again and seemed to plunge downwards. Aliev closed his eyes for a second, but opened them again to locate the aerodrome. He found it and guided his machine down along the path to it.

He had no strength left now, only the will to go on. And the will was stronger than death. The will of the master shut off the engine, planed downwards to the flying-field and achieved the proper three-point landing.

The doctor found seventeen wounds, three of them mortal.

"I can't understand it at all," he said. "He couldn't possibly have flown in this state."

But Aliev's comrades understood, and, taking off their flying-helmets, stood a few moments in silence.



Soviet pilots are always on the alert and ready to rush on the enemy

PAUL SCHÖNBRUNN

HATE

Sergent-major Lenk's body came to the surface about noon. He was noticed by the guard patrolling the bridge. Soon after that, he was pulled ashore. His red whiskers were covered with slime, and his face, which in life had been covered with brown freckles, had turned green.

The heat of the July sun was scorching, and large bluebottles crawled slowly over the dead man's face. Nobody evinced any desire to approach the corps to cover its face.

After a while, an automobile appeared on the road. There were three German officers in it, sitting up stiff and rigid, their eyes staring straight ahead of them, as though they were on parade. They were driven by a sickly-looking, narrow chested chauffeur, wearing a uniform several sizes too large for him. He halted the machine in the shade of the drooping branches of a willow, so that the sun wouldn't bother the officers.

One of them, a stout officer, with a large paunch, stood up in the automobile and commanded curtly:

"Fetch the body here."

The soldiers, grunting, lifted the unwieldy dead body, carried it to the car and hesitatingly lowered it in the dust of the road. The stout officer looked scornfully at the swollen corps and said:

"The villains—they drowned him! Do you see the mark of the loaded rope on his neck?"

In a low voice, he exchanged a few words with one of the officers, after which he stood up again and shouted loudly, as though on parade:

"For the murder of our brave sergeant-major Hans Lenk, we shall shoot one hundred of the local population. Start with those over there!"

And his fleshy stumpy hand pointed to a group of children, who stood about a dozen paces from the road, digging their bare toes into the dust, as they stared with silent curiosity at what was happening.

The soldiers shuffled in confusion. The children, ignorant of what was going on, continued staring at the automobile and the dead body lying in the dust.

The stout officer swore at the soldiers, drew a long pistol from his light-yellow leather holster and carefully aimed. One of the youngsters, a lad of about eight years, in a faded, patched cotton shirt, screamed, flung his arms wide and fell. A red stain slowly spread over his shirt.

The other children with cries and shrieks started running. The officers stood up in their automobile and opened fire. They aimed at the spines of the running children and with each shot counted cooly:

"Ein. . ."

"Zwei. . ."

"Drei. . ."

A tiny, fair-haired little girl managed to run furthest. Her plaits, tied with little blue ribbons, bounced on her back in time to her flying steps as she ran. But she too stumbled and fell.

Women had come pouring out of the little workers' settlement at the sound of the firing. The sergeant-major followed by the soldiers ran towards them with their rifles at the ready. The air was filled with volleys of shots, women's cries and the moans of the wounded.

Shortly afterwards, the sergeant-major returned to the automobile and, saluting, reported jerkily:

"Twenty-seven persons shot. There are no more inhabitants in the settlement. All the men have disappeared."

"Fighting with the partisans, the bandits!" exclaimed the stout officer.

The patrol remained behind to guard the bridge, and the automobile with its three officers wheeled round and raced back to the city. The chauffeur huddled still lower in his seat, with his neck stretched before him as though he were expecting a blow in the back.

The automobile drove into the town. Chestnut trees were in bloom along the streets. It was a small Polish town, with badly paved streets and high wooden crossings at the street corners to enable the villagers to keep out of the autumn mud. The automobile bumped and bumped over the uneven road. But the officers sat stock still, their cold eyes staring indifferently ahead.

The automobile stopped before a private mansion surrounded by a large garden. This house had belonged to the local druggist. But its owner had been sent to work in the fields of Germany long ago, and his wife had entered the service of the German colonel, and the house was now the headquarters of the commandant of the town.

The officers alighted from the car, passed the sentinel who paced the sidewalk with measured, heavy strides of his feet encased in wide, short top-boots, yellowed with age.

Soon after, arrests were made in the little town. The prisoners were taken to the commandant headquarters where they were immediately shot against the tall stone garden-wall, where delicate violet irises and gilly-flowers grew thickly. The army clerk, a young fellow with light grey eyes and a red, sunburnt nose, methodically booked the names of the victims, one after the other.

The stout officer sat in his office at his desk, listening to the uneven rattling of the rifle fire.

"I'll teach these cattle what it means to drown German soldiers!" said he, as his adjutant entered.

The adjutant, saluting, laid a pile of papers on the desk.

"Ninety-nine shot," he reported with a military snap, and suddenly smiled.

His upper lip, with his tiny black moustache, curled revealing a set of small, strong teeth.

The colonel raised his head, stared at his adjutant in amazement, and asked in a scornful voice:

"Do you mean to say that there's not another Pole in the town?"

"They have arrested another three," said the adjutant insinuatingly.

"And don't you know what to do with them?" asked the colonel, inhaling the smoke of his cigarette and throwing himself back in his armchair. "Shoot the three of them. We're not going to let them loose, are we?"

"Perhaps we ought to question them?" said the adjutant, looking expectantly at the colonel. "Let's have them tell us where the partisans have gone to. . . Their tongues will loosen up under the barrel of our German rifles."

"You might try," said the colonel. "Do whatever you like with them."

The adjutant clicked his heels, saluted and turned towards the door.

"Just a minute!" cried his colonel. "I'll come with you!"

They went out into the garden. Around a black alder which bloomed in front of the balcony, the bees buzzed monotonously. A colony of ants had made a road across the balcony steps and were busily running to and fro.

The colonel descended, walking

along the path which had been freshly sprinkled with yellow sand.

The wall was lined with dead bodies. The German soldiers stood by, their tunic collars unbuttoned, their rifles resting against the wall. As soon as they saw the officers approaching, they stiffened up, snatched their rifles and stood at attention.

At the far end of the garden, near a clump of blossoming cornelian cherry tree, stood three persons: a seventeen-year-old girl, her hair gathered under a narrow blue headband; an old man in a white patched and darned jacket of coarse silk, and a youngster, wearing a black cotton suit.

"Are you relations?" asked the colonel curtly.

"No," replied the old man hastily.

The colonel glanced at the prisoners indifferently and informed them that two of them would be released if they told him where the partisans had gone to.

The old man straightened the white silk string which served him as a tie, buttoned his worn coat and said rapidly:

"I do not know any of the partisans. I have heard nothing at all about the partisans, *Pan* Officer."

The colonel threw a questioning glance to the adjutant, and then turned his eyes on the youngster.

"Perhaps you know?" he queried.

The youngster stood silent, only his lips quivered. The colonel waved his hand and stepped aside. Two soldiers aimed their rifles, shots rang out and were immediately caught up by the echo. The youngster sat down suddenly and then slowly rolled over on his side.

"Now then have you remembered where the partisans are hiding?" said the colonel, turning towards the old man.

"Shoot!" came the reply, and he waved his hand, a tired old man's gesture.

The colonel pulled out his long pistol and shot point-blank. The old man fell, as though that shot was all he had been waiting for. The girl stood silent, nervously picking at a cornelian cherry leaf with her fingers.

"Well, now we will speak with you," said the colonel deliberately. "You saw how we treat insurgents?"

The girl did not answer, she only drew a deep breath. The officers looked at her expectantly.

And suddenly, drawing a deeper breath, the girl burst into a song.

"Be quiet, you!" yelled the colonel, and his large steel teeth gleamed.

But the girl must have hardly heard him. She was singing that old song of the Warsaw workers, the song of the Polish revolutionaries, the proud "Warsawianka." And her voice floated over the dead bodies, the murdered men and women, above the blossoming garden and far away over the garden-wall.

A scattered volley rattled out.

The colonel abruptly turned about and marched off to his headquarters.

"What was she singing?" he asked, as he mounted the balcony stairs.

"I don't know", replied his adjutant irresolutely.

A truck snorted heavily near the garden-wall. The soldiers were piling the dead bodies in it.

The next morning, the colonel failed to make his appearance at the headquarters. They telephoned to his house, but the servant replied that the Herr Officer had not come home last night. A few days later, the body of a German officer was thrown up by the river, near the bridge.

He lay on the river bank, and no one evinced any desire to close the dead eyes. The swollen lips were open wide, and his large steel teeth gleamed dully in his mouth. Four of the patrol stood near the body, the sweat slowly trickling down their faces, but they were afraid to wipe it away.

A few minutes later, an automobile drove up — a poor Polish Fiat model. There were several officers in it, sit-

ting stiff and motionless and staring straight ahead of them. When the car came to a stop, one of them stood up in his seat, threw a hasty glance at the dead body and said in a slightly trembling voice:

"That's the colonel!"

The sergeant-major of the bridge patrol approached the automobile and, standing at attention, saluted.

The adjutant opened the door, but before he could get out of the car, an explosion rent the air and the bridge rose into the air, broke in two and crashed into the river. Flaming sparks flew high and fell again on a column of gasoline trucks which were approaching the bridge head.

"Back!" yelled the adjutant.

The car spurted, swerved sharply and, raising a thick cloud of dust, raced off along the road. The open door, which in their haste the officers had forgotten to close, banged with great force against the side of the car. The officers huddled in the car, fearing to look behind them in the direction of the deafening volleys of explosions as the gasoline tanks exploded. The chauffeur alone sat upright, and now his short coat made of coarse olive-green cloth seemed to fit him better.

Y. YANOVSKY

SON

"Comrade Red Army man, my dear son! I know neither your name nor your surname. I call you son because my own son is no more. I lost him a few days ago. At work I have no time to think of my own affairs. Our textile mill is overfulfilling its plan. My fellow workers are all understanding and do whatever they can for me. But when I get home, I look at his picture and think of all the things I didn't say to him, of all the times I might have kissed him and pressed his precious head to my breast.

I have written these few lines, and now I sit back resting. The clock is ticking on the wall, the faucet is dripping monotonously, and the cat is washing itself and purring—a sure sign that guests are coming. What wouldn't I give for that one familiar step and the tramp of his heels!

"Mother," he said, "you must understand the hate that I feel when the fascists torture the living body of our motherland. I must volunteer if I have anything of a Young Communist in me. I'll loose my respect for you if you put up any objection."

My own dearest Young Communist! How well I knew you! As soon as you saw that mother was not crying—was even trying to smile—you immediately gave a sigh of relief, made a few hasty preparations for leaving and ran off to your girl, Valya.

The two of them came back together, both in military uniform. I had no idea that it would happen so soon. They left for the same front. The days passed, and there was a constant ringing in my ears, as if I had taken quinine.

One day, when I came to work, they handed me a letter at the gate.

"Be brave, mother, our dear man is dead." It was Valya's handwriting. As I walked to my machine, everyone asked: "What has happened, dear?" But the one single phrase had burned itself into my brain:

"Be brave, mother, our dear man is dead. . ."

I wove the words into the cloth several thousand times that day. I wanted them to stay there forever, but they kept slipping out again and again.

I couldn't go home after work and stayed in the Red Corner. Valya had written everything in detail. How he went out on reconnoissance. His comrades wrote that he was an excellent scout. How he and another man were surrounded. How they fought back, accounting for dozens of Germans. How their bullets and hand-grenades gave out, and our boy remained alive, while his comrade died of wounds.

Then our boy, alone, attacked with his bayonet. He was wounded and fell to the ground. But he was not yet dead, and they began to torture him horribly. Why did they do that? Can that have been right or just? How could their eyes have looked at such a thing? Comrade Red Army man, my dear unknown son, ask those monsters, let them answer a Soviet mother's question. . . Let them answer for it, let the waters of the Dnieper boil and the earth refuse their dog's blood, and the heavens shudder!

Before the whole world, I raise my hand and strike Hitler's army full in the face. Bear that mark of scorn

and contempt, you villains, you vile scoundrels and bandits! You will never wash away the mark of the blow of a mother's hand!

You cut his breast with knives while he was still alive. You hacked off his hand while he was still alive. You cut off his ears while he was still alive. You burned out his eyes. He was still alive and spat in your bestial faces. Such sons has our great people, these are the knights of our Soviet Ukraine—you heard not a groan from him. Then you crushed him with a tank. . . Oh, may you be damned forever, may you be accursed in life and in death!

He is no more. I sit in the Red Corner at the factory, and my sorrow bears me down.

Sobs burst from me irresistibly. I have wept so much, I don't know where the tears come from. My neighbour embraced me and said:

"Cry as much as you like. I'll help."

We cried together our eyes out. You don't know, dear son, how we women can cry. The tears of a bereaved mother are bitter indeed. But I shall weep no more. The Soviet cause I fight for needs dry eyes.

With this letter, I am sending my pure blood for transfusion. My friend and I have decided to do whatever we possibly can for victory. Though our part is not great, we have but one thought—to win. No less than 200% output at work. At home—defence circles.

My dear Red Army man! Have faith in my mother's blood. It will heal your wounds. It will fill your soul with still greater faith in victory. No matter how much of your precious blood you may have lost in battle,—we, mothers, sisters, wives, will fill your veins again with life-giving warm blood.

These spots you see on the paper—they were not there when I was writing the letter, but when I finished I suddenly noticed them. . . I don't think it has rained in the room, but still there are drops. . . Everyone here sends you his best and is as proud of you as if you were his own son.

Your mother."

FRIEDRICH WOLF

KIKI

(A Tale of Fascist France in 1940)

Kiki was a small, black English setter, with wonderfully wise, light brown eyes, and long, soft ears flapping like fly-whisks with every movement. But the best thing about Kiki was that he could laugh. When you stroked him and talked to him caressingly, he would draw up his upper lip, wrinkle his nose, show his white teeth and laugh. You could not doubt that Kiki was smiling at you.

No one knew how Kiki came to our hellish penal camp on the borders of the Pyrenees. One day he just appeared there, and went to work with us. When the section from our barrack fell in early for *corvée*—outside labour—Kiki was standing there by the section foreman, who was also a prisoner; and when we marched off in columns of three, Kiki trotted off with us, jumping about in front of the first group and barking in delight. He accompanied us on road-making, on field work, on the construction of our own cemetery; in the evening he accompanied us home. We kept him in our Spanish International Brigade barrack. He was our pet. Two hundred healthy men had to have some object on which to lavish their affection, and there were no women there. Kiki was our pet. We shared with him the meagre scraps of meat in our rations, we brushed his long, soft coat. Each group in the barrack had a special corner belonging to Kiki, for he liked occasionally to change his quarters. But his favourite place was by young Bertel, a twenty-one-year-old Viennese worker, who had fought with the Chapayev battalion on the Cordova front and by Madrid. In the evenings Bertel would talk for hours with Kiki in his Vienna dialect, and Kiki would gaze at him with his wise eyes and laugh and whine with pleasure, It was remarkable, too, that Kiki would take food from no one except the people in our barrack, and he knew everyone of them. But the guards—the *Gardes Mobiles* and the sergeants—he avoided as much as possible. Undoubtedly, Kiki had character.

One midday Bertel, the boy from Vienna, came home with his group looking very upset. The guards had tried to "play football" with him outside at work, because he had not carried the paving stones fast enough for their liking. To "play football" meant that a prisoner had to run with a heavy paving stone at top speed from one guard to another and back. One of the *Gardes Mobiles* would command: "Corner!" and the prisoner had to lay down the stone; the other commanded: "Goal!" and the prisoner had to pick up the stone again and run with it to the first guard. This would continue until the breathless prisoner was completely exhausted. Bertel had simply refused to submit to this senseless sadism. One of the guards had struck him on the head with a rubber trucheon and knocked him down, whereupon Kiki had rushed barking at the guard. He tore a

piece out of the guard's trousers and disappeared.

From that time on, Kiki hated the guards and kept well out of their way. The guards, for their part, pelted him with stones. He could no longer come into the barracks.

* * *

In addition to the four hundred heavily armed *Gardes Mobiles,* two companies of an infantry battalion were stationed outside to watch us. These infantrymen, unlike the old guards who had been brought from the colonies, were workers and peasants mobilized from Southern France, good-natured, jolly fellows. Kiki showed good sense when he moved over to their quarters.

One day our section had to be present *"Au drapeau"* at six o'clock in the morning. With a column of the infantry battalion, we had to salute the colours when the flag was raised at the main entrance to the camp. We marched to the camp entrance, led by our section foreman, wheeled, and took up our position. Next came the infantry detachment, the officer and the trumpeter at the head, and fell in opposite us. The corporal approached the camp sentry who was arranging the flag and the line. Behind the officer's back, the soldiers opposite winked at us: one man, a stout red-headed fellow, made faces, another stretched out his leg, and Kiki began to do his physical jerks—jumping backwards and forwards over the soldier's outstretched leg. We hardly knew how to contain our laughter. At this moment the officer commanded:

"Garde à vous! Présentez les armes! Au drapeau!"

The trumpet sounded, the infantry presented arms, our prisoners' section turned their heads to the right where the tricolore was slowly mounting the pole. Once more the trumpet sounded. This time Kiki, who had taken up his position at the right wing beside the trumpeter, began to "sing." He sang like an opera star practising high notes. He howled heart rendingly. All solemnity flew to the winds. Hand at the salute, the officer glared furiously at the singing Kiki, then after the command "At ease!" had been given, he ordered the dog to be shot if he showed up in the camp again. The sentry chased Kiki out through the gate with blows from his rifle butt.

Of course, by midday Kiki was back again. But his canine understanding told him very plainly that the soldiers' barracks now held the greatest danger for him, so once more he appeared in our barracks inside the barbed wire. He was received with all due honour, each one of us brought him a piece of bread and cheese and left-overs of meat. Bertel was in the seventh heaven. He took Kiki into his bunk, an upper one, and started a long conversation with him, in which praise and reprimand were mixed in equal dozes. Then there was the "American," an old sailor who bragged that he had once earned a thousand dollars in one week in Los Angeles. He addressed himself to Kiki:

"You little idiot, able to get out of the barbed wire and stays here with us, little fool!"

But Bertel defended Kiki:

"He belongs to us; he's a volunteer here, just as we were in Spain!"

To play safe, however, Kiki was tied up on the upper row of bunks, near Bertel's straw mattress. For the present it was better for him not to show himself outside. But at every whistle or trumpet blast, at every command of the guard, Kiki whined softly. He wanted badly to be taking part in things when his comrades from the barrack fell in or marched off.

And one midday he was actually there. Our section had just fallen in for *corvée,* when suddenly—we could hardly believe our eyes—there stood

Kiki as in former days, at the right wing, a piece of broken string still hanging from his neck. One of us smuggled him quickly into the rear ranks, but as ill-luck would have it, the same officer who had been on duty when Kiki "sang" was at the gates when we marched out. He ordered the dog to be taken aside and shot. Of course, we took care to put Kiki down in such a way as to give him a good chance to make off. And now there began a wild chase for the dog by all the guards on duty. Kiki was hunted back and forth through the barbed wire like a desperate political offender. The guards pelted him with stones, but Kiki was too quick for them. At last they penned him in under the eight-fold barbed wire entanglement near the canteen attached to our quarters. There he was, but they could not get at him. The whole guard, almost fifteen hundred strong, had gathered about the barbed wire entanglement, and many an ugly word was hurled at them, for Kiki was ours. Some day we might find ourselves caught in the barbed wire like that.

At this point the sergeant-major approached. He ordered the guard to fix bayonets, as though preparing to storm an enemy position. Kiki sat silently in the barbed wire and gazed at us questioningly with his wise eyes. We turned to the sergeant-major:

"Sergeant-major, leave it to us! We'll get the dog to come out, and then put him outside the camp!"

The sergeant-major glared at us as much as to say: "You and your dog, you're all the same breed!" He took a carabine and with the bayonet began himself to stab at the dog. Kiki avoided the thrust and moved to the other side, but there also a guard lunged at the animal. Kiki howled. And we also began to howl, and started a thousandfold "Huhuhuhu. . ." interspersed with whistles and threats at the guards. It was an infernal concert. Now the guards turned on us with rifle butts and bayonets. The sergeant-major pulled out his whistle to give the alarm. Even the owner of the canteen—"*La bonne mère*" or "the usurious aunt"—left her canteen and came to the barbed wire to watch the exciting scene with her two daughters, the lovely, voluptuous twenty-year-old Mimi and fifteen-year-old Peppa. At the sight of the bayonets pointed at us, "*La bonne mère*" screached and disappeared at once. Mimi also retreated, and stood peeping out of the doorway. But little Peppa ran up to the sergeant-major and tore the whistle from his mouth. Everything happened in a flash, and next moment the guards were driving us back into the barracks with their bayonets.

But where was Kiki? During the tumult he had got away. The sergeant-major came into our barrack in a furious rage, we had to fall in while the guards crawled all over our bunks and threw everything about. But it was no good—Kiki was nowhere to be found.

There was a spy in our barrack, "Max the Rat." Once we had sewn a dead rat in his sleeve to pay him out for some of his dirty work. He must have given Bertel away, for the sergeant-major had Bertel taken off.

In the middle of the night one of our cooks came to us, looking for Bertel. When he heard that Bertel was in the dungeon, he asked for the comrade who was a doctor. What was up? He led me behind the kitchen, into the shed for coal and wood, and there lay Kiki on two sacks, behind a pile of coal. A bandage was round his right hind foot and another round his ribs, and he was breathing with difficulty. He had crawled through the barbed wire during the confusion, and comrades had picked him up and brought him round the back way to the kitchen. Kiki wagged his tail when he saw me, one of the people from his barrack. He even drew up

his lip and tried to laugh, but that was too much for him. His wounds were too serious, not so much the foot as the stab in the body. The lung had been pierced and a thick clot of blood could be seen between the fifth and sixth rib. He was taking small, shallow breaths, so as to use the lungs as little as possible. I ordered rest, a diet of condensed milk and water, and hundred per cent silence.

During that same night something else occurred. In the middle of the night the upper bunk, in which "Max the Rat" slept, suddenly collapsed. Several of us fell upon the stool pigeon for hurting us in his fall. Max yelled that we were murdering him. Next morning he was taken to hospital with a broken foot. He vowed that he would rather walk barefoot through hell than spend another night in our quarters.

So we were rid of that stool pigeon. But at what a price?

* * *

Of course, next morning the whole of our barrack knew where Kiki was, but no one else learned about it. Kiki's condition changed drastically. He could take only milk soup. After five days Bertel came out of the dungeon. His head was bandaged up, his right eye was black and blue, and two front teeth were missing. We prepared a festive reception for him. Our cook made dumplings and baked cakes. Late that evening we told him Kiki's whereabouts.

When Bertel entered the shed, Kiki whined with delight. He jumped up, licked Bertel's hands and face, and now he really did laugh, drew up his upper lip and showed his teeth. But that joyful leap cost him dear: Kiki began to spit blood.

Next midday, when Bertel went into the canteen to buy a tin of milk, Peppa was standing behind her older sister, Mimi. She looked attentively at Bertel's bruised face. Of course, she knew why Bertel had been arrested and Bertel had a very clear recollection of how the fifteen-year-old girl had sprung at the sergeant-major and torn the signal whistle out of his hand. At the time he had wondered how she came to know Spanish, but on this side of the Pyrenees there has always been quite a population of Spanish and Catalonian descent. He looked at Peppa, and Peppa looked seriously at him; and suddenly she winked, as though at an old comrade.

With his tin of milk in his hand, Bertel went thoughtfully over the dusty, dark grey camp yard to his barrack. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"You forgot your tin of milk!" said Peppa.

Bertel hesitated.

"It's for you, from me. *Salud!*" she said softly and ran back to the canteen.

After his joyful leap in Bertel's honour, Kiki's condition became definitely worse. He ate nothing. We needed fresh milk for him. We needed to get him to a veterinary, the wound was turning septic. Bertel was given permission to ask Peppa's help. As Peppa always brought goods for the kitchen, this was easy. Every day Peppa brought a pint of fresh milk with the margarine and other groceries. She would crouch in front of Kiki and hold a saucer to his mouth, while Bertel supported his head. Kiki would obediently swallow a few drops, to please his two young friends, but that was as much as he could manage. The two of them would often sit an hour or more in the shed by Kiki's bed. First they talked only to Kiki, then about Kiki, then about the camp, the sergeants, about her big sister Mimi and how their mother forced her to go to the officers at night so that she could keep the canteen, and how the sergeants had once tried to start something with her, Peppa, in the wash house, but she had given one sergeant-major a box on the ear and bitten another one's

thumb till the beast yelled with pain. Bertel had to tell her all about Spain. Peppa had relatives on the other side of the Pyrenees. It was her people for whom young Bertel had fought, and their language, which he also spoke, was her mother-tongue. Why was it that he had fought for Spain? And Bertel had to tell her how three years ago he had stolen secretly from his mother's house at night—his father had been lost in the first world war, and he was her only son. But his mother had heard him and ran to the door, she had thrown herself down and embraced his knees, he fell to the floor together with her, she implored him not to go, she invoked the Mother of God, she boxed his ears, she kissed him, but nevertheless he managed to tear himself free; he had to pass many frontiers, but he wanted to fight together with the Spanish people for their freedom. . . And then after the defeat he found himself behind barbed wire in St.-Cyprian in January 1939, then behind barbed wire in another camp, and now behind barbed wire here.

"And what does your mother write in her letter to you?"

Bertel was silent.

"Haven't you written to her?"

"Yes."

"And she hasn't answered?"

"Perhaps she hasn't received my letters."

Peppa had taken his hand. When Bertel looked at her, he saw large tears running from her big dark eyes.

"*Peccenio!*" she said, although she herself was smaller than Bertel. Bertel in confusion searched for his handkerchief and wiped her face. Kiki had crawled closer to them, and nudged Bertel softly with his snout. Perhaps he thought Bertel was taking too many liberties, perhaps he was just jealous.

* * *

From that time on, the two young people met regularly beside Kiki. There was no veterinary to be found, all were at the front. One day Peppa asked Bertel:

"Wouldn't you like to be free? I can help you. I know one of the guards, he would let you through at night, if I were nice to him."

Bertel explained to her that he did not want to escape alone, that that was nothing for him to decide alone, and that he would sooner knock the guard's eyes out than allow for Peppa to be "nice to him."

"You'd knock his eyes out, *Peccenio?*" laughed Peppa, and then she kissed Bertel on the mouth, again and again, because it was pleasant and because Bertel remained still, while Kiki whined softly, this time, as it seemed, with pleasure. But he did not whine for long—even this slight sound evidently hurt him—him who once, on the trumpet signal "*au drapeau!*" had easily sung in the highest soprano.

"But at the same time," asked Peppa, "why may you not be free, even if you yourself do not wish it?"

And Bertel explained to his friend the meaning of comradeship, solidarity, discipline and voluntary obedience.

And now let us take it that this story took place not in one camp alone, but in many of the French camps—I myself was in five of them. Take it that Peppa is not called Peppa at all, and Bertel something quite different from Bertel; he has left France a long time ago. The whole thing is partly invention, but all the same, it has happened in dozens of places. You understand what I mean! Good, now I'll bring Kiki's story to an end.

* * *

Peppa was to try again to find a veterinary in the town who could prescribe something for Kiki, to stop the wound going septic. As she had to

go into the town, we all gave her letters to deliver. We could have simply given her the letters to smuggle out, as we often did with people, but Bertel considered it only right to warn her that she was taking a risk,—we were under martial law. Peppa replied that she was ready to risk more than that if necessary. We received answers to our letters within two days, again through Peppa. Peppa was a courageous, clever and reliable girl. She was our friend, and our friendship waxed stronger and stronger while Kiki lay dying.

We stood there at night, eight of us, in the small coal hut. Bertel held Kiki in his arms. He moistened the dog's muzzle with cold tea, and Kiki lapped up a little of it. But he was too weak. He looked at us, one after the other, and seemed dissatisfied. He was looking for something. Then Alek said to Bertel:

"Give him to me; he wants to see you!"

Carefully Bertel handed the dying Kiki to Alek, crouched down before him and talked to him softly in his Viennese dialect. "Where's our Kiki then? Where's our own doggie? Where's my best friend?" And Kiki recognized his friend. He had not the strength to wag his tail, but he raised his upper lip slightly so that the white teeth shone. Kiki was laughing for the last time. Then he closed his beautiful, wise, light brown eyes.

"Kiki, one thing I promise you, your death is also going down on the reckoning," said Alek.

* * *

The whole night long, the barrack said its last farewell to Kiki. All the time, five to ten men were creeping across the yard. Many there were who thought like Alek. Half the night those in the barrack lay wakeful and talked about Kiki, our dead comrade.

It was only at midday the next day that Peppa learned of Kiki's death. In the night she came to the barbed wire, and we threw a small sack over to her. She buried Kiki outside on free earth. She has promised to show us his grave some day.

WILLI BREDEL

THE MOORLAND PEASANT

When the Germans invaded the Soviet Union in June 1941, they came to a village where the only living soul to be seen was an old peasant, who stood before the door of his hut bowing continually; even when addressed, he did not cease bowing. The soldiers began to laugh at the queer old fellow, but the lieutenant, a slender, dapper officer, shouted in a rage: "Hey! Hey! Can't you hear me, you?"

Another officer approached, a reporter who had been detailed to this troop on account of his knowledge of the Russian language. After the officer's explosion of rage, the old man had stopped bowing, and stood there leaning on a rough stick, his head with its tangled beard pushed somewhat forward, looking into the faces of the strangers.

"Where are the people belonging to this village?" asked the interpreter,

"Run away!" The old man pointed to the other side of the river.

"Why have they run away?"

"They were afraid of the Germans," answered the old man with a smile.

"H'm! . . And you weren't afraid, then?"

"I? . . No!" The old man drew back his head with a look of surprise. "Why, I know the Germans!"

"Ah! How so?"

"I was a prisoner of war in Germany, sir. In the first war that was. In Mecklenburg. Yes, yes, I know the Germans all right."

"And so you're not afraid of the Germans?"

"Why, no, I know the Germans," repeated the old man.

"Well, what is he saying?" the commanding officer wanted to know. The reporter repeated the gist of the conversation.

"Ask him if there are partisans about this district."

In reply to the interpreter's question, the old man shook his head, smiling, then crossed himself and replied:

"Eh, poor things! They're afraid, just afraid!"

The troop, eighty strong, remained in the village. The soldiers forced their way into the houses, ransacked every corner, every cupboard, and swore at finding nothing of any use to them. Then they lighted fires and warmed up the food they had brought with them or boiled water for tea. The officer, his adjutant and the reporter took up their quarters in the old peasant's hut, spread out a map on the only table and held a council of war, while the old man sat quietly in a corner. Every now and then the officers turned to him with a question.

"I say, old man, is there a boat here?"

The old fellow nodded: "Yes, we have a boat."

"Tell me, must we go along the railway line, or is there a shorter road to Nogoso?"

"You can go along the railway line if you want, certainly, but there's a shorter way across the moor."

The officer's finger traced a line on the map.

"If there are partisans here, they're sure to be by the railway. And—yes, that's right, this path here, over the stream and through this wood—that's not half so long."

They called the peasant to the table, and asked him if he knew the path over the stream and through the wood to Nogoso. He looked hard at the map, then declared that he could make nothing of it. But the path to Nogoso, he knew that well enough. Forty years he'd been living on the moor. You went over the stream, through a wood, and Nogoso was just beyond it.

"We'll take the old man with us," said the officer, "that's the safest way."

They made themselves as comfortable as possible in the room, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and continued talking with their host till they went to sleep. They made him tell them how he had come to be taken prisoner, and the room echoed with loud, mocking, malicious laughter when he described how he had sunk to his neck in the Masurian marshes in 1914. Finally the officers slept, only the old peasant remained awake, crouching in his corner, listening to the heavy, regular steps of the sentries pacing the village from end to end.

It was a still, sultry June night. The small window stood wide open, and from his corner the old man could see part of the sky and a few stars. From time to time he could hear the ripple of the Yasselda, which flowed past the back of his house. But not a sound came from the moor. That was dead land, lifeless from time immemorial. Only insects lived on it, and hummed above the few scattered bushes. Beyond the moor came the big forest, and then Nogoso.

The old man pondered within himself. They had come from Pinsk. . . From Pinsk? Then it was they who had driven all the Jews together and murdered them, who had plundered the villages and tortured the chairman of the Soviet and hanged him on a tree. Eh, these dogs, these cursed swine ! . . They couldn't ride, no conveyance had been left for them. And the rails were torn up. . . Would they really march along the railway line? Would Volodya and Petrov be clever enough to keep a watch on them? . . How they had laughed at his sinking to his neck in the bog ! . . How they had laughed! How they had laughed! . .

Although it was long after midnight when the old man fell asleep, he was already awake when his uninvited guests were roused. Dawn was breaking, and a fresh wind was blowing, a wind that must have come from afar, for it carried little of the smell of decay always clinging to the moor.

The Germans stamped noisily through the room. Behind the house, soldiers were washing themselves in the stream, and the officer had wedged a small mirror between two door beams and was shaving. The reporter, a bald man with two large scars on his chin—the old man could see him better now—stood before the peasant in his shirt sleeves.

"You are to guide us."

"Where to?" asked the old man, astonished.

"To Nogoso."

"But the rails go right there!"

"No, not that way, over the moor."

"Over the moor?" repeated the old man.

"You know the way, don't you?"

"Of course, sir, but my legs. . . You see, sir, it's this way, my legs aren't up to it now!"

"What's that he's saying?" asked the officer, pausing in his shaving.

"He doesn't want to. He says he can't walk far."

"Doesn't want to? Well, that's a good sign," said the officer. "Tell him he's got to come."

The old man groaned and complained, hobbled in front of the house with his gnarled stick and wanted to show the officer his bad feet, but it

was all of no avail; as soon as the men had fallen in, the old man had to take his place in front between the officer and the reporter.

It took some time for all eighty men to cross the stream in the little boat, and then there were still two machine-guns and several boxes to be taken. The old man, who all this time was standing there watching it all with feigned indifference, thought that Volodya had had plenty of time to note everything and guess the Germans' plans.

In single file, the soldiers began to move across the swampy moor, which lay before them like a grey-green desert and stank like the plague. The sun had not yet risen, but already swarms of insects hung around the soldiers.

"Three hours?" asked the reporter.

"Not more," replied the old man, and hobbled steadfastly along with his stick in front of the soldiers, who followed one after the other along the barely visible path in a long chain. The reporter stuck to the heels of the old man. When the latter had to stop and rest, which frequently happened, the men had to do the same, and the old man took the chance to take careful stock of officers and men.

On and on they went through the deserted moor and fallow land. The old man stopped more and more often to rest, he panted, wheezed and leaned heavily on his stick. Happening to glance up at the officer, his eye was drawn to the latter's steel helmet. He pointed to it, asking:

"Isn't that a death's-head?"

"That's right, old man, it's a death's-head."

The peasant looked at the other soldiers' helmets.

"Do all the Germans wear death's-heads?"

"No, not all of them, only we."

"And why you?"

"Because we have no fear of death!"

"I see," said the old man, and continued to look at the death's-heads.

"We are the Führer's best soldiers, old man," explained the reporter.

"What Führer?" the old man wanted to know.

"Adolf Hitler," was the reply. "The leader of the Germans!"

"I see."

"Come on, get on!" urged the officer.

They continued on their way, plodding along one after the other. The humming of insects filled the air as they swarmed like a cloud of dust over the marshy ground in the weak rays of the newly risen sun. There was not a sound to be heard except this humming and the squelching of the heavy army boots in the bog. No one had a word to say. Even the old man had no more questions to ask. The officer growled imprecations on the godforsaken place.

Suddenly the old man stopped and listened, staring straight ahead of him.

"What can you see there?" the reporter asked at once.

"Nothing! Nothing!" answered the old man excitedly. "But. . . but. . ."

"But what?"

"Yes, but. . . Lord, is this the right way we're going?"

"Wha-at?" shouted the reporter. "You see here, old 'un, if you. . ."

"It's all right, sir," the old man reassured him. "I must just think a minute."

Everyone stared at the old man standing there, leaning on his stick, gazing over the moor. He pointed to something.

"That's where the wood should be. There! Yes, and Nogoso should be there! And this way. . ."

The old man turned to the reporter.

"Just a moment, sir, I must think out the right way. A moment!" and the old man hobbled ahead.

"Halt!" shouted the reporter. "I'll go with you!"

The old man and his companion,

who had quietly pulled out his revolver, moved silently forward, while the officer and soldiers remained behind. With his gnarled stick the old man tested the swampy path, shook his head and then went on.

"Here! Here, you!" shouted the officer. The old man waved his hand.

"A moment! Just a moment!"

The reporter was also losing patience.

"Is it the right way, then?"

"Yes, it seems like it! Of course, sir!" And they went on again.

Suddenly a shot rang out. One single shot, but it seemed to split in two the silence of the moor. The reporter had crumpled up sideways with a low cry, and lay in the bog, but the old man, nimble as a youth, leapt over the marshy surface and in an instant had sunk from sight behind a low bush.

The officer shouted orders. Shots rang out in the wilderness. The soldiers attempted to bring one of the machine-guns into position, but on leaving the path they sank in the morass up to their waists, and their cries for help mingled with the sound of the firing. The officer made an attempt to find the path which the old man and the reporter had taken, missed it, struggled some steps further forward and finally sank over his knees in the thick slime. And now shots began to come from the opposite direction as well, single shots to be sure, but each shot brought down one of the soldiers who stood there not daring to move for fear they might sink in the mire.

The old peasant behind the bush encouraged the boy lying near him, as the latter fired shot after shot.

"Shoot them, Volodya! Shoot down the dogs! Show that you're a Voroshilov sniper! Death's-heads they wear, the cursed swine, and it was death they wanted to bring us! Let them find it themselves, the death they were bringing us! Shoot, Volodya! . . Look, the officer can't get any further, he's stuck. Heaven bless our moor, now we know what it's good for! Shoot! . . Hear how they're screaming, those who did not fear death! . . Petrov and Vanka are shooting well, over there! . . Shoot, Volodya! . . There's that one sinking, the son-of-a-bitch! And how he laughed when I told him how I sank to the neck! Shoot! Don't let one of them get away! They can't get away! The moor's holding them fast—our moor!"

Not one of the death's-heads got away. Those who did not fall under the bullets of the partisans sank in the bog. And when the thick mud had risen to the officer's neck, the old man crawled up to him and shouted in his face:

"To the neck! Ha! Ha! Perish, you scoundrel! We'll strangle you like mad dogs! You cannibals! You brigands! You Death's-Heads!"

The moorland peasant continued hurling his curses into the fear-distorted face of the officer, till the brown morass had swallowed it up.

Towards evening the old man returned alone to his village.

LUIGI SPADA

ONE GLASS LESS

Cavaliere Balli was the owner of a small shop, in which he employed ten workers under the supervision of foreman Cicio, a jovial Neapolitan about forty years of age.

The workers, who were nearly all of them natives of Lombardy, thought "Don Cicio" amusing, with his sing-song Neapolitan accent, his funny gesticulation, and puffy good-natured face.

His round belly, too, seemed amusing, as it bespoke, it seemed, its owner's peaceable equanimity, his wise love for quiet and order.

The cavaliere, as the master was generally called, was a man of an entirely different type—a lanky dark fellow with bulging eyes and bushy brows. He was nervous, smoked like a Turk, and his hand, which held the cigarette, often shook as if with the palsy.

That morning, when the cavaliere came down to his office, his hair was tousled worse than usual, his eyes were red and protruded from their orbits; the pen which he held in his shaking hairy hand did not move across the paper. He looked like a man haunted by a persistent, oppressive thought.

Suddenly the door was flung open and the cavaliere's wife, a carelessly dressed, young blonde with powerful hips, rushed into the room. She was dishevelled and panted with excitement, as if she had just escaped from a house on fire.

On the floor above, where husband and wife had their lodgings, a stormy scene had taken place that morning, which had been interrupted by the cavaliere's flight.

Almost always during such domestic battles the husband would run from the scene, and the signora would keep after him until she had spoken her mind. That was what happened this time too. After slamming the door behind her, she rushed over to the desk at which her husband was now sitting.

"If this continues," she said in a somewhat husky, muffled voice, as if afraid that she might be overheard, "if this continues, you'll drive me to an early grave. Why, to shout such things when the servant is on the other side of the wall! Why, if she begins to tell tales, we are lost! Are you off your head? And you call yourself a family man, a loving husband! Don't forget that you are in the organization, think of your party ticket!"

It was like a match applied to a powder-keg. The cavaliere exploded; he banged his fist on the desk and cried:

"Will you leave me alone, won't you? Why have you come to torment me? Better go over to the Tax Administration for me. Do you know that one more such tax—and we'll have to close up shop? And as for the party ticket, you can have it, you can use it to fan yourself with in hot weather.

Mine is a small business, only ten workers, and I am in debt up to my neck. All the profit goes to the big money-bags. Do you understand that? Small manufacturers, like ourselves, have got no chance whatever! Do you understand that? If you don't, get out, knit socks and sweep the floors, but leave me alone! I am choking as it is, without your nagging me!"

The signora came closer to her husband, put an arm around him and began to stroke his hair.

"Listen, Dino," she said. "Let's not get excited. It's better to show a patient attitude. . . nothing good can come of it, if you don't. . ."

The cavaliere pushed away his wife's arm and, tired of the stormy scene, flopped into the arm-chair at the desk.

The signora sat down next to him and began fixing her hair. Profound silence ensued; all that could be heard was the ticking of the ancient clock that hung on the wall to the left of a large portrait of Mussolini.

The bell rang twice. The signora hurriedly buttoned her dress which was partly open at the breast, and said: "Come in!"

The door opened wide and the tall frame of the segretario federale solemnly swam into the room. The segretario was dark complexioned, well-fed, and ribbons and marks of distinction adorned his well-developed chest. He had the bearing of a man accustomed to ordering people around: a firm step, sweeping gestures, a sullen and searching look.

With a sharp movement he gave the "Roman" salute and then said in a friendly tone:

"Good morning, cavaliere!"

"How do you do, how do you do?" answered signor Balli hastily as he jumped from his chair with his arm extended in the salute.

The signora slightly paled at the unexpected appearance; then, taking herself in hand, she twisteb her face in a smile of welcome. Cackling like a hen, she became active and began to fuss around; her ample bosom shook with every motion she made.

"Come over here, please! What an honour! Here, take the arm-chair! Why are you standing? Sit down! Do sit down, please!"

With a majestic movement, the segretario lounged in the arm-chair, crossed his legs and, looking downward, began to talk. In a small town people know each other well personally, and it is considered good form to recall the past.

"We're old men now," the segretario said languidly. "When I recall my youth, the energy I possessed in those days, I can't help feeling that I've grown heavy. Sometimes I wonder myself how I managed as much as I did. After a whole day's work in a lawyer's office I would come home, have a quick bite, change into my black shirt, put a gun in my pocket and go in a fast car to take part in a punitive expedition. We would shoot, shout, sing, come back home late in the evening—and not a trace of fatigue. I could come home, change my clothes, and become transformed in a trice—a frock-coat, a starched collar, hair neatly parted. The day isn't over, there's a sweetheart waiting for you, a walk, a ball. . . and after that a game of poker till three o'clock in the morning, and at eight o'clock you're on your feet again and start a new day. . . How remote are those times! Thirteen years have passed! Everything has become legalized, we have law and order. We're married, have children, and—what's worse of all—we've grown heavy. . . We're growing fat, my friend, we're growing fat!"

The segretario remained silent for a few moments, his eyes fixed on the toe of his shoe; then he turned his head sharply toward the cavaliere and said:

"But at the Duce's word of com-

mand, we'll become young again, won't we, signore Balli?"

"Certainly! Certainly!" Balli replied, as he stroked his chin with his right hand and shaped his lips into a special kind of smile, of which the signora alone knew the secret. Its mechanism consisted in the following: he bared his teeth and part of his gums a bit, as a result of which two deep wrinkles creased his thin cheeks; his eyes at the same time remained entirely cold.

Balli could not make out what was the reason for the unexpected visit, and that worried him. A circumstance which the loving wife did not fail to perceive. Casting an angry glance at her husband, she turned to the guest and began to babble rapidly:

"Of course, of course! Take Dino—when he reads the papers he often bangs the table with his fist, shouting that it's time to take hold of the blackjack again. I know why. It's all those emigrants! He often forgets to eat sometimes. I coax him: 'Dino, dear, do eat something, you don't want to go crazy on account of politics!' But he wouldn't listen to me—just sits there and bangs the table!"

"Yes, yes, we know our cavaliere," retorted the segretario. "He has always been an exemplary patriot. That's why I've come to him today."

These words threw the cavaliere into a fever, but he stretched his lips to form his usual smile, bowed slightly to acknowledge the compliment, and rising a little from his chair, said:

"I am at your disposal."

"It's a question of a small contribution," the segretario continued negligently. "A subscription has been opened for the construction of a new Fascist Hall. Naturally, contributions are voluntary; but I have never had any doubt about your own patriotic sentiments or about those of your employees. As regards the amount, we take into consideration the hard times and don't expect too much. Every worker, however, is expected to contribute at least ten lire. Since the new building will house the trade unions too, it would be simply indecent if their contributions amounted to anything less than ten lire. You yourself need only contribute fifty lire, and the foreman we expect to subscribe at least twenty lire. You must understand that we are compelled to make some preliminary suggestions, since—I don't, of course, refer to you—there are unscrupulous persons who think they can get off by subscribing some pittance. We will have to publish a report later. It will be read and checked up above, and if the result doesn't come up to the mark, they will say that our propaganda is poor, that there is no fascist spirit in our town, and the like."

All this the segretario said quietly, often lowering his eyes, and with an air of indifference. After the last words he fixed his eyes on Balli, trying to read in the latter's face what impression his words had made on the cavaliere. But the segretario could make out nothing, for Balli had immediately taken refuge in the salutary smile. Two clues that might have betrayed him remained a dark secret: the saliva which the cavaliere swallowed in lieu of swearing and the kick which he administered to his wife under the table. The signora, on her part, in order to prompt her husband to make a prudent reply, trod gently on his foot.

"We'll do everything possible," said the cavaliere and, taking hold of his tie with two fingers, again rose a little from his chair.

"Of course!" the wife broke in. "Of course! A Fascist Hall is a necessary thing. My husband has long dreamed about it, and our workers too."

"Yes," the segretario added calmly, "the finances have to be augmented by the contributions of the people. To be sure, it isn't so pleasant to knock at door after door, but it's

useful, very useful, I assure you; in this way, we can find out who's a friend and who's an enemy. And this is necessary, very, very much so."

He rose and, bowing politely to the signora, went towards the door, accompanied by the cavaliere who limply raised his arm in the Roman salute as he saw him out.

Before leaving, the segretario said confidentially to Balli:

"So it's agreed: subscriptions are voluntary, we don't compel anybody. But," he added, still more lowering his voice, "if you notice among your workers any manifestation of anti-national sentiments, if you hear any unbecoming utterances, let me know about it. That will be useful."

Then he said loudly: "Good day, cavaliere!", vigorously shook his host's hand, smiled affably and left.

The moment the door was shut, the signora pounced upon her husband as if ready to strangle him.

"Shut up! Wait at least until he's out of earshot. What if he hears us, God forbid!"

By way of letting off steam, the cavaliere pushed the poor signora so vigorously that she was fairly hurled on the small couch.

Nervously the cavaliere paced up and down the room. He tried to find the proper words to say. Then he began to mumble something, and his voice sounded ever louder, like a gathering storm.

"We're growing fat! We've grown heavy! It is you who are growing fat, because for thirteen years you've been grabbing the best chunks right and left. But I am not growing fat! I am melting away, like a candle. And now this subscription! They suck you to the bone! Pay and keep silence!—that's the watchword. The bigwigs are growing fat, while we little fellows have to starve. They stupefy you with all sorts of bunk, big words, titles. Cavaliere here and cavaliere there. I wish they'd given me a horse or at least a lame donkey instead of the title. Do you know how all this is going to end? We'll go bankrupt and shut up our shop to the strains of the Royal March! At best we'll have enough left to buy ourselves some bast for clothing and a rope to hang ourselves with!"

The signora watched his face carefully, and when she thought that he had exhausted his steam she came over, tenderly snuggled close to him and said in a conciliatory voice:

"Now, why are you so angry? . . . You mustn't let yourself get so upset! The best thing to do is to get the subscription arranged properly so as to remain on good terms with these people. You know as well as I what a recommendation by the segretario is worth! We need the good-will of the bank! Credits! Deferment of payments! The segretario is a power; he is the master of the town! So be wise, Dino!"

The cavaliere said nothing. Silently he looked down at the floor, like a petulant child. Then, apparently having found a way out of the situation, he said:

"The foreman will have to canvass the workers for the subscriptions. Call Cicio here!"

The signora put her fingers to her lips in a warning gesture and said smiling:

"I wonder how Cicio will like it? But, then, it will be difficult to guess. Cicio is a cautious fellow, he doesn't like to show people what's on his mind. He's terribly afraid of you, because he sees your badge, thinks that you are a friend of the segretario federale and an intransigent fascist. That's why he conceals his feelings when he is in our presence. He plays a part all the time, and does it very cleverly."

Cicio was almost always in good humour, except when his pocket was being raided and when he felt that some powers above him did not let him wag his tongue. He had a ha-

bit of singing loudly when he passed through the yard that connected the office with the shop. That singing had its secret meaning—it was an invitation to the cavaliere's maid, a young peasant girl to whom he was strongly attracted, to appear in the window.

Several minutes later the cavaliere and his spouse heard the foreman's heavy footsteps and low voice, in which he feelingly sang the words of an old Neapolitan song of love and fidelity to the grave.

The signora could not help smiling—for the first time since the recent storm.

"Go ahead, and sing," said the cavaliere. "We'll see how you'll sing presently."

"Good morning, signora! Good morning, cavaliere!"

It was Don Cicio, who entered the room breezily and with a vigorous motion gave the Roman salute.

"Sit down, I must talk to you about an important matter," said Balli at once. "You, of course, understand, it's my duty and your duty. . . to help, cooperate. . . support the government, which is solicitous of my welfare, your welfare—in brief, everybody's welfare. . . You know this better than I. . ."

Balli seemed to have difficulty finding the proper words. But Cicio, guessing which way the wind was blowing, immediately tried to liven up the conversation.

"Sure!" he exclaimed as he waved his arms and rolled his eyes. "Everybody agrees with this! And I have always said so. We must cooperate as much as we can, lend a hand, help. . . "

"Well, then," the cavaliere broke in as he tapped the subscription list on the table. "A new Fascist Hall is to be built, and every worker in our shop must contribute at least ten lire. You call a meeting of the workers and explain to them that the new Fascist Hall will house the fascist trade union organizations too, which protect their interests. Then they will subscribe more willingly. You yourself may contribute twenty lire—you're not expected to do more than that."

"Bene, bene, bene!" Cicio replied with a low bow. "Only tell me,please, is this subscription voluntary or not? It is certainly a good cause, but as it happens I expect to have some extra expenses this month and I should like to know whether the other contributions mightn't serve the purpose, without my personally subscribing. . . "

"Of course, the contributions are voluntary," the cavaliere exclaimed reddening. "But it would be absurd if those higher placed did not show an example. The workers must be encouraged and, besides. . . you know how things are. . . it needs but the slightest suspicion, and there's sure to be talk about the lack of patriotic sentiment, and. . . "

As soon as Cicio realized that his suggestion turned out to be useless, and dangerous into the bargain, he was swift to change the tune and cried out, bowing again:

"All right! All right! All right! Give me the list, and I'll be the first to subscribe. Don't misunderstand me, signore cavaliere," he added, his hand on his heart. "May I get the pip if I meant to say anything offensive to government! May I never again see my brother who lives in America! May I. . . "

"Enough! Enough!" Balli interrupted him, anxious to finish the conversation. "Go, and come back with the subscriptions."

Cicio took the list, gave the salute and disappeared behind the door.

"A regular fox," thought Balli, as he answered the salute.

On his way back to the shop Cicio did not sing. He even did not look up to the window, although the good-looking maid was smiling at him coquettishly behind the curtain. These

"voluntary" subscriptions infuriated him and fanned the spirit of dissatisfaction which had been latent in him for quite a long time.

Cicio was not a fighter by nature, he had no intention of getting mixed up in politics, all he desired was a tolerable quiet life. But he was extremely irritated by two circumstances: one, that his meagre wages were mercilessly being eaten into on all sides; and, the other, that he was always bound to look around before saying anything, as if some insidious forces were dogging his steps. He was no hero, and in the course of long years had learned to give vent to his irritation without betraying himself. He would talk to himself through clenched teeth, cursing fascist bigwigs whom he happened to meet in the street and swearing at the enthusiastic reporters of the *Corriere della Sera* who described in glowing colours all sorts of processions, fire displays and official celebrations, and at those who constantly invented new taxes and new wage-cuts. Apart from these, there were a thousand little things that irritated Cicio; every day they buzzed around his head like swarms of locusts.

But there was one sphere where Cicio felt absolutely free, where there were no laws, nor Special Courts, where he was absolute lord and master. That was his "realm of thought"—the sphere of his imagination.

As he was passing through the yard and thinking of the conversation with his master, Cicio recalled all the cusswords he knew and told them off one by one, like beads in a rosary:

"The devil's puppet! That's what he calls voluntary subscription, with the rope round your neck! Goggle-eyed villain! I'd tie you to the propeller of an airplane and let you swirl there till doomsday! They suck all your blood to the last drop! Worse than the Bourbons! The Bourbons, it was said, governed the country by means of gallows, bread and celebrations; there isn't much bread now—that's true—but plenty of the rest. Still and all, there's bound to come a time of retribution! T'is bound to come!"

It goes without saying that all these words did not cross Cicio's lips, he uttered them only in thought. It was Fontana who spoke them aloud. Fontana was an old, loyal friend of his. He worked at a turning lathe in a room separated from the rest of the shop.

Cicio liked Fontana, because the turner boldly gave utterance to what Cicio never dared to express. One may be cautious and suspicious, one may look round at every word, but one has to have at least one friend whom one can trust, of whom one is certain that he will never betray. Without such a friend one is liable to suffocate. And so now Cicio hurried to Fontana like a child that seeks protection by burying its head in its mother's apron. He rushed into the little room where the turner was working. Beside Fontana there was another worker in the room, the taciturn blacksmith from Bologna, who was nicknamed "Handsome." Fontana had had a hard job persuading Cicio that the Bolognan might be included among the few persons who could be trusted.

When he beheld the excited Cicio, Fontana stopped the machine and gazed at him in surprise.

"Look here," Cicio shouted. "I have to make a speech. A subscription has been announced. Everyone must cough up ten lire! Ten lire each for a new Fascist Hall!"

"Have you gone nuts?" Fontana asked scornfully. "Are you trying to propagandize us here?"

"It's very dangerous to refuse," Cicio went on in a tone of despair. "This much I've been given clearly to understand."

The idea that he would have to make a speech tormented him most.

"What can I say?" he complained.

"What should I say when I'm full of bile?"

"What you should say?" Fontana said mockingly. "You tell them a parable. Once upon a time there lived a dog, an ass and a cow. They lived on top of a hill near the Italian frontier. Once the cow said: 'What a wonderful country is Italy! I have heard it said that it is the land of happiness. Suppose I go there and find happiness. . . .' And so she went. But a few days later she came back as lean as she could be, tears flowing from her eyes, her knees shaking; she could hardly climb up the hill. 'What's the matter with you?' cried the dog and ass, on the verge of tears themselves at the pitiful sight. 'Alas!' said the cow, 'they kept milking me there all the time, from morning till night. If I hadn't managed to escape I'd be dead now.' 'Well,' remarked the dog, 'I, at any rate, am safe. No such danger threatens me there.' And he scurried across the frontier. But in a few days he came back. 'Help! Help!' he cried. 'They're after me! They want to muzzle me! What an unfortunate country! Never will I set foot there again!' The ass smiled and, assuming a superior air, said: 'You aren't clever enough, my friends. Now, I am going to try my luck.' And he went. The dog and the cow waited for him long, but he never returned. A week later they got a wire. It said: 'Alala! Great honours, responsible post! There's only one dangerous rival.' The dog and the cow were extremely envious, and in the hope that their luck might turn, too, they sent a wire asking: 'Who's the rival?' A few hours later came the reply: 'The parrot.' The dog and the cow exchanged angry glances and, with heads sunk, departed forever from the Italian frontier."

"Not bad, not bad at all!" said the usually silent Bolognan, as he laughed heartily.

Cicio, however, was angry.

"That's the kind of advice I get from you!" he said bitterly. "Instead of sympathizing with me, you're making fun."

"Take it easy," retorted Fontana. "You don't know what to say about the subscription? Well, just don't say anything. None of us will give a single centesimo. If in each case all refuse, the Tribunal will soon have to close shop. At heart everybody is cursing. But everybody keeps silence, everybody is afraid to make the slightest move. It's high time we started something. . . ."

Cicio did not let him finish. Utterly infuriated, he began to shout:

"You egoists! Egoists! I wish you were in my hide! What am I to do, if even friends won't help?"

In despair he seized the bench and flung it down on the floor. Then he kicked the door open and rushed violently out into the yard.

Just then the other door, from the shop, opened and one of the new workers, a short man with a yellowish face, who had been nicknamed "Chinaman," came into the room, carrying a bar of iron. He had small, very shifty and restless eyes. "Chinaman" put down the bar of iron and, stealing a glance around the room, hastened to leave.

"I don't like the guy," the Bolognan said to Fontana. "I wonder whether he overheard what you said."

Fontana shrugged his shoulders and retorted sharply:

"Ah! Our life isn't worth much anyhow!"

"Handsome" lowered his head and, after reflecting a moment, said:

"Yes, but nevertheless it is better to act more methodically."

Fifteen minutes later the bell announced an intermission. Fontana and the Bolognan went out into the yard. Cicio, still angry, passed by without saying a word. The workers crowded round him. He put on his glasses, bent down his head like a

bull about to charge; his neck became crimson.

He waved the subscription list and began to shout like a drill-sergeant training fresh recruits. His speech was a jumble of meaningless words, without beginning or end. Only in concluding he uttered a few words that the listeners could make out:

"The subscription is voluntary—that's what the master said! I am not going to force anybody!"

"Voluntary?" one of the workers asked timidly.

"Yes, voluntary!" Cicio shouted in reply, waving the list and shouting like a vendor at a fish-market.

"Then I won't subscribe," Fontana announced loudly.

"Nor I," joined in another of the workers; and so, one after the other, they all refused to subscribe. Even "Chinaman" said: "No!"

Then they dispersed. Only the speaker remained standing in the middle of the yard, his arms crossed, his head bent, like a bull in the arena—he and a thirteen-year-old apprentice who worked in the shop and who now lingered on. Timidly he came over to Cicio and in a voice that betrayed fear asked:

"Tell me, please, will nothing happen to me if I don't give the ten lire? My shoes are all torn, and I don't know. . . "

Cicio seemed to have just been waiting for somebody on whom to vent the anger that raged within him. He turned upon the apprentice and, waving his arms as if going to hit him, cried:

"How many times must I repeat the same thing? Blockhead! Impertinent imp! Scram!"

When Cicio brought the subscription list back to the master, the latter's fury knew no bounds.

"Did you tell the workers that the subscription was voluntary?" he demanded.

"Of course, cavaliere, just as you said, in those very words."

"I said 'voluntary.' Yes. But you have to pronounce the word properly. You must savour it with pepper and salt! I think, I'll have to talk to them myself," he added through set teeth. "Go get them together again!"

When the cavaliere appeared before the workers, it was obvious that he was excited and anxious to be through as quickly as possible.

"Subscription is voluntary," he began quietly, and nervously fingered his tie, "there is no doubt about that."

The word "voluntary" he pronounced in a hurry, so that it was hardly audible. Then, as if to encourage himself, he began to shout like a clown at a fair:

"But it is a question of everyone's patriotic duty! Do you expect me to tolerate such indifference in my shop? Do you want us to be the talk of the town? Do you want people to say that my workers don't give a snap for anything, that patriotic duty doesn't exist for them? Is that what you want?"

Balli selected one worker who stood nearest to him and asked him point-blank whether he was going to subscribe. The worker, taken unawares, began to mumble something in his confusion, lowered his head and said: "Sure."

Then the cavaliere resumed his speech. Now he spoke softly again, as at the beginning, and so fast that he seemed to be mumbling a prayer. "This being the case and to avoid any delays, I will deduct your contributions from your pay next Saturday. Is that clear to all?" With these words Balli hastily withdrew.

The overwhelmed workers remained standing a little longer and then dispersed in silence. "Chinaman" scrutinized every face, and his small penetrating eyes shifted restlessly.

Fontana was angry. He began to swear:

"Cowards! Dispersing like sheep! This is the time to protest! This is when we ought to put an end to things!

We are being robbed on all sides! If we all rose, these gentlemen would be trembling in fear and would no longer dare to put a noose round our necks."

The Bolognan poked Fontana with his elbow. "Chinaman" stood right next to him. Cicio grew deathly pale. He moved away rapidly from Fontana and, without looking round, made his way into the shop.

When they were alone, Fontana said excitedly to the Bolognan:

"But somebody has got to start, don't you see?"

"Handsome" answered calmly as usual:

"Yes, yes, but there must be method."

Next morning unexpected guests invaded Balli's shop—five plain-clothesmen. Three of them led away Fontana and the Bolognan. The other two came over to Cicio:

"You'll have to come along with us," they said. "There are some explanations you are expected to give."

Cicio grew pale, his knees began to shake, his head swam in a mist. He took several steps in silence, then his head cleared up somewhat. At the door he stopped short and began to resist like a mule.

"I am an honest man," he insisted, "I am not doing any harm and I respect the laws."

"Move on and don't try to get funny," said one of the men gruffly, and Cicio was pushed ahead in a rather abrupt way.

On the way Cicio thought of all the things he had read in the *Corriere della Sera* about the Special Courts, and beads of cold sweat stood out on his forehead.

In the semi-darkness of the corridor at the headquarters of the political police, dirty and gloomy like a grave, Cicio discerned the Bolognan. The latter signalled to him with his head, but they could not talk to each other and had to wait until they would be called to the chief.

It was obvious that the gravest charge had been made against Fontana. He was interrogated for a long time. Half-an-hour later, when Cicio and the Bolognan were called into the office of the chief, Fontana was not there. He had apparently been led out by another door.

At the desk sat a dark-haired man with mustache like a brush. His cheeks were flushed, betraying great irritation. Cicio made a low bow and smiled politely. The chief cast a stern glance at him, and picking up his pen said:

"Give a detailed account of yourself."

Encouraged by the chief's Neapolitan accent, Cicio took a step forward, twisted his face into a friendly smile and, leaning on the table, said affably:

"We will have no difficulty in understanding each other—we are fellow-Neapolitans, I see."

The chief uncoiled like a spring.

"How dare you? Hands off the desk! One step back! And answer my questions without beating about the bush!"

Cicio's blood froze in his veins. He staggered like a drunken man, made two bows and remained silent.

The chief also wrote down the name, surname and other details relating to "Handsome," who preserved perfect calm. The chief was apparently in a rage after his talk with Fontana; red in the face, he kept on shouting:

"None of your cheek! Listen when you're talked to! Give clear answers! You've been Fontana's best friend in the shop, haven't you? With whom has Fontana associated outside the shop?"

"I don't know, I never met him outside the shop," the Bolognan replied coldly.

Cicio, on the other hand, clasped

his hands together as if in prayer and, raising his eyes skyward, exclaimed:

"Who has ever cared about Fontana's private affairs? Do you think, signore chief, that I would have the crust to tell an untruth to a personage like you? Is it likely that I, Cicio Pallotti, a man who well knows what his civic duty is, a respected citizen. . ."

"Enough! Cut that out! . . . Tell me whether Fontana has been connected with any political group."

"Holy heavens! What do I hear?" Cicio cried out, as he rolled his eyes and raised his hands to his head. "Do you think that Fontana would have dared to confide such crimes to me, Cicio Pallotti, of all people, to a citizen who enjoys everybody's respect, who. . ."

"That's enough! Snap out of it!" the chief ordered in a state of extreme annoyance. He rang the bell and shouted:

"Bring in Fontana!"

Fontana appeared supported by policemen; they practically dragged him in. There were no injuries on his face, but he was terribly pale and his eyes glittered as if in fever. When Fontana saw his friends, he tried to break loose from the policemen's hold and cried out:

"Tell everybody they beat me with a whip on the chest and neck! They. . ."

But the policemen pounced upon him and stopped his mouth. Cicio felt the shivers run down his spine. It was as if a long cold needle had been driven into his spinal column.

"You belong to an illegal political group opposed to the government," said the chief to Fontana. "It is useless for you to deny this. Thereby you are only making things worse for yourself. Confess, because we are in possession of irrefutable evidence."

But Fontana remained indomitable. He paid no attention to the questions, but gave utterance to all the things that occupied his mind:

"What do you want of me?" he shouted. "I know what I am talking about! They beat me! That's an infamy! It's atrocious! The day of vengeance will come!"

The chief lost control over himself, banged the table and cried out:

"Take him away to cell No. 2!"

Cicio immediately guessed what "No. 2" might mean, and instinctively drew closer to the Bolognan.

"To what political group do you belong?" the chief shouted turning to Cicio. " Confess! Unless you want to follow Fontana!"

Cicio saw that he was lost. He rallied all his strength, held out his hand and began to cry, agitated and incoherently:

"I don't know and don't understand anything about this! I come from a respectable family, my grandfather was a follower of Garibaldi, I can even show the list where all the medals are enumerated. I stand for law and order! Formerly I used to drink, but lately I haven't taken a drop! Ask anybody you like! I have no debts and I have harmed nobody! My brother, who is now in America, is a veteran of the Tripoli war. Another brother—the son of father's first wife—was a sergeant! . . I. . ."

"Enough! Enough!" the chief interrupted him. Then, turning to the Bolognan, he asked: "And what are your political views?"

"I am not interested in politics," the Bolognan answered calmly.

"And what, pray, are you interested in?"

"Sports and mechanics," came the imperturbable reply.

The chief rose and began to pace the room nervously. Then gave the peremptory order:

"Throw these two ninnies out of here!"

When they came out, the two friends parted and, to be on the safe side, decided not to meet for some time to come. Cicio realized that hi

peaceful life was gone. Everything was in a state of confusion, everything had changed. Life had seized him by the scruff of his neck and was whirling him as if in a tempest. When he returned home, he found out that his lodgings had been searched. The mattresses were cut open, tufts of down stuck out from the ripped pillows that had been thrown about all over the floor. The cupboard was open, letters and photographs lay scattered on the floor near an overturned chair.

Cicio's thoughts raged. He pictured himself standing in the office of the chief of the political police and deriding him. He composed passionate tirades, pictures of rebellion flashed before his mind's eye, he conjured up hideous and arrogant faces into which he spat with relish. His feelings surged in him with irrepressible force, and he feared that he might soon give vent to them like Fontana, and would finally express his overflowing agitation in some action.

That night Cicio did not sleep a wink; Fontana's pale face and his glittering eyes haunted him all night.

Next morning Theresa, the cavaliere's maidservant, came to visit him. A deep colour played on her high cheekbones, and she carried in her hand a bunch of verdure. At any other time Cicio would have burst out in song from sheer happiness. Now, however, he listened absentmindedly to the girl's chatter, out of which his mind only registered a piece of news that she kept repeating like a refrain: the cavaliere was very excited, the signora was weeping all the time. She supposed that they would go bankrupt any day now.

When, before parting, Theresa flung herself into his arms, Cicio felt nothing but senile weariness. Life for him was becoming ever more troublesome and incomprehensible. This feeling never abandoned him, not only when at home, but also in the hours of work.

Next Saturday the workers received no pay, and all had a premonition of what was to happen on Monday. It was cold and cloudy that morning. The gate to the shop was shut and the cluster of workers who crowded in front of it looked like a crowd at a cemetery after a funeral. They were shivering in the wind, with hunched shoulders, and kept their hands in their pockets. No one said a word. Only when Cicio appeared on the scene, the word "bankrupt" was uttered and the men began to consider the news.

It was all finished. The little world in which those men had worked for several years had suddenly vanished.

"And the cavaliere?"

"He has been taken to the hospital," said one of the workers who was apparently better informed than the others.

"And the signora?"

"She has taken refuge in the house of her paramour, a rich wine merchant."

"And what about Theresa?"

"She is going back to the country, she's now packing up her things"

The workers began slowly to disperse; soon they disappeared in the neighbouring streets and alleys, lost in the crowds of passers-by. Jobless... as many others. It was the end. The little apprentice was the last to walk away from the gate. He cried bitterly, because he had been cheated out of his hard-earned money.

Cicio's first thought was about the four-hundred lires he had put aside; if he lived frugally, that money could last him a month. But what farther? The future seemed as dark as the night. For a man of a ripe age, after many years of toil, it is a serious matter to find himself without any means of livelihood.

But what tormented him most was the thought about his friend Fontana. Often he pictured himself

entering the prison, breaking all the locks, binding the guards, searching for Fontana, finding him in a dark cell, lifting him up, embracing him and taking him out into the open, in the sun; and his heart rejoiced at the thought of freedom.

Fontana had been his closest friend. He knew how to express the sentiments which Cicio suppressed and kept hidden in his "realm of thought." He gave shape to the vague ideas that stirred in the brain of the naive and ignorant Cicio. Fontana had read books and papers to him. Fontana had succeeded in arousing his interest in things. And he felt that he especially needed Fontana just then, when life, overwhelming him with all its weight, had nearly crushed him.

To Cicio the arrest of Fontana was like a personal insult. He never ceased thinking of it. Full of agitation, he recalled all the details of the arrest, and his thoughts constantly returned to the object of his sorrow.

Cicio walked away from the gate. The Bolognan walked alongside of him, his hands in his pockets and looking ahead intently and as if lost in thought.

"Something ought to be done to help Fontana," said Cicio.

"Handsome" seemed to be preoccupied with his thoughts.

"Ought, ought to!" he retorted in a tone of annoyance. "There are many dissatisfied persons who curse, swear, criticize; but there are many more who are indifferent, who wander about aimlessly, doing nothing, their hands in their pockets."

Cicio felt ashamed. "I am that kind," he said. "But what am I to do? I am not an educated man. What can be expected of me?"

"That's not true! That's absolutely wrong!" the Bolognan objected heatedly as if stung to the quick. "Courage is not a science." He seized Cicio's hand, drew him closer and whispered into his ear his invariable motto: "What is needed is method! Don't you understand? Method! When will you get it into your Neapolitan head?"

The Bolognan pushed his friend away, and Cicio began to ruminate on the meaning of the word "method" although he could not quite see what the Bolognan was driving at. They walked on in silence, and Cicio recalled Fontana's words: "Somebody has got to start! Somebody has got to start!"

The two friends went into a little restaurant where they used to have wine every evening together with Fontana.

When Cicio's puffy face appeared in the door of the restaurant, the waiter picked up three glasses on the bar and placed them on the nearest table. Cicio immediately noticed the mistake and, when the waiter came over with the bottle of wine, he slowly pushed away one of the glasses and said softly, looking the waiter in the eyes:

"One glass less."

Cicio's tone surprised the waiter. He looked at the door as if expecting somebody to appear there, and then asked uncertainly:

"One glass less?"

"One glass less," Cicio repeated sullenly.

The waiter took away the glass and disappeared rapidly. For a long time they sat there in silence. Cicio stared at the empty chair across the table, where Fontana had been wont to sit, and he became even more sullen. Finally he could not stand the strain any more. No longer caring whether he could be overheard, Cicio began to talk. His cheeks glowed, his hand clenched into a fist.

"What a horrible thing!" he said. "Here a man disappears, and nobody even knows about it. The papers are mum. As if it were a dog that's disappeared! Everyone goes his own

way, quite indifferent! Nobody gives it even a thought!"

The Bolognan jumped to his feet. He called the waiter, paid the bill and went out with Cicio into the long, practically deserted street. It was cold and there was not a soul in sight. At first they walked in silence. Then the Bolognan looked around, took off his hat, thrust his hand under the lining and produced a sheet of paper on which something was printed in very small type.

He rapidly explained to Cicio what it was and pointed to an article in which Fontana's name stood out in bold type. Cicio bent his head and read several sentences: "Honest workers are being arrested and beaten up in police stations." "Who is the worker Fontana? A sincere man, a man who dared utter what others thought."

"An illegal newspaper!" said Cicio and looked at the Bolognan with bulging eyes. This was the first time in his life he saw an illegal newspaper. He stopped, read some again, repeated two or three of the sentences in an undertone, and said warmly:

"Yes, yes! That's right! He was an honest and sincere man, Fontana, and he is kept in prison! He is being beaten up! Yes! This must be made known to all!"

They walked on in silence for some time, then the Bolognan said:

"The cobbler on Mazzini Street hasn't heard about it yet, and he's a true friend, you know. He ought to get a chance to read this newspaper."

"Give it to me, I'll take it over," said Cicio.

The Bolognan scrutinized his friend and slowly handed him the paper. Then he raised his forefinger and said: "But. . . you must keep mum."

"Don't worry," answered Cicio, on whom it was beginning to dawn what the Bolognan really meant by the word "method."

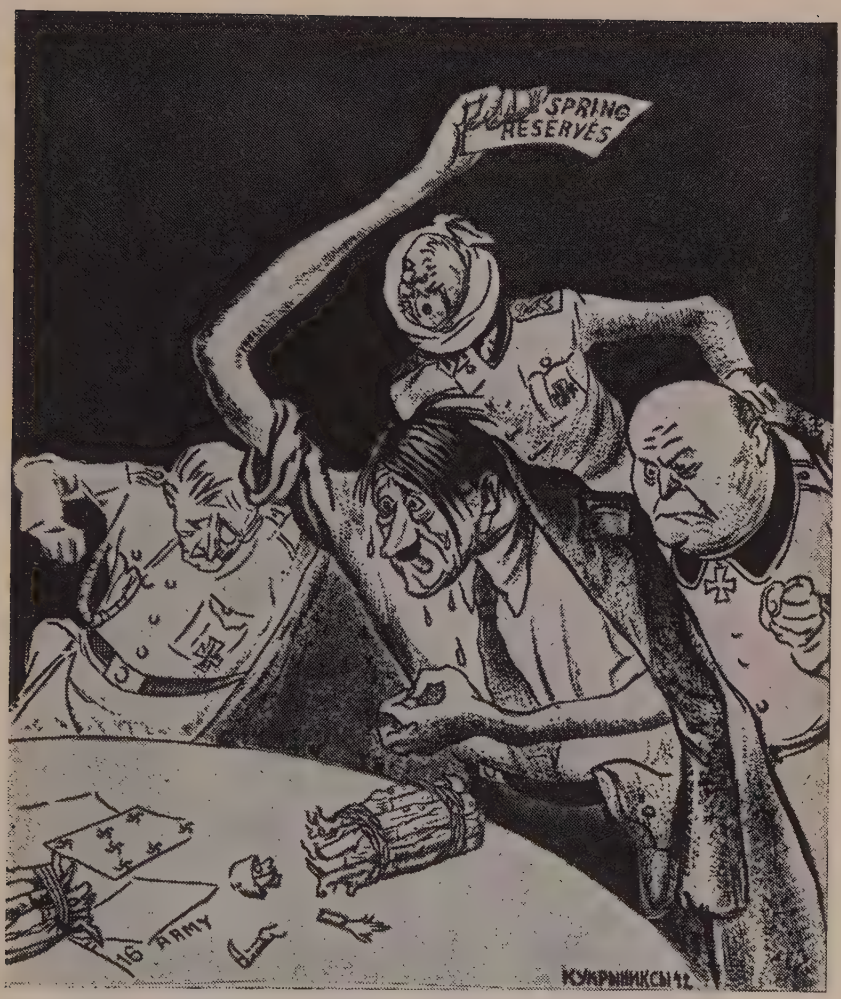
Soon they parted, and Cicio turned toward Mazzini Street. He walked, lost in thought, feeling that for the first time in his life he was doing something important and exciting. He felt as if he were crossing the borderline of his hidden "realm of thought." He felt that he was entering a grim, merciless world, a world full of snares.

Cicio pressed the leaflet nervously in his pocket, heard the crackling of the paper and looked around attentively. He made a mental note of everything he saw in the street, even of the most insignificant things and events. The passers-by appeared to him in an entirely different light. "If they only suspected what I've got in my pocket, any one of them could become the master of my life," he thought as he glanced furtively at the passers-by, trying to catch the expressions on their faces.

Suddenly he collided with a fascist in uniform. Cicio turned his gaze toward the sign over a store, but out of the corner of his eye he intently watched every movement of the fascist. The latter looked at him with sleepy eyes, lighted a pipe, spat and indifferently proceeded on his way, wrapping himself in his grey-green raincoat.

Cicio continued toward his destination. Often he turned around to look back. But the ice had been broken, the first step had been taken. Cicio walked toward Mazzini Street. From time to time it seemed to him that he heard Fontana's warm and sincere voice saying:

"Everybody is cursing, but everybody is afraid to make a move. It's high time we started something. . ."



Banco! *Cartoon by Kukryniksy*

A LESSON

—I'll seize the town of Petersburg!—
Cried out the Führer wildly.
—The same was said by Hindenburg,—
The Kaiser answered mildly.

—The Soviet star of scarlet sheen,
I'll put it down and crush it!
—They made it, in nineteen eighteen,
Quite hot for me, in Russia.

—Discomfiture I'll never know!—
Declared the Führer tartly.
The dead one gravely said:—Oh no,
You will get beaten smartly.

—I'll smash them all to smithereens ,
You bet, they'll look right funny!
—So, in the year nineteen eighteen,
I used to brag, my honey.

—I'll rally up in forty-two
And start on the offensive!
—A mighty rout's in store for you,—
Replied the shadow, pensive.

—The final battle is just ahead!—
Exclaimed the Führer boldly.
—Defeated, who from Moscow fled?—
The Kaiser asked him coldly.

—I'll strike from both the front and rear!—
The Führer thundered madly.
—There's room for you in coffin here,—
The ghost suggested sadly.

IN HSTORY

Text by S. MARSHAK
Cartoon by Kukryniksy

English translation by N. DVORETSKAYA

P O E T R Y

JOHANNES R. BECHER

TO THE MURDERER'S FACE

I have no fear to meet the murderous glare
But calmly stand and shall not yield a line.
'Tis you who have perforce my gaze to bear,
I know—the strength of all my class is mine.
And should you blind me—make my eyes quite dead—
My skin and hands would serve me in their stead.

You'll not deceive me with your hollow might,
Your bovine forehead and the brutal chin,
Your jowl of the assassin—grim and tight—
Nor with your lips that are so long and thin.

I see your eyes—it's fear that looms therein,
Your inner self is rotting, foul and sore.
There's not a man among you hopes you'll win.
My vision's clear, I see you to the core.

English translation by N. DVORETSKAYA

ONDRA LYSOHORSKY

LONDON

(From the poem "The Song of the Mother")

A tower of strength—like Moscow in the East—
Stands London in the West, she will not yield,
Proud and unflinching; yet if even healed
Her smarting wounds can never be appeased.

The old cathedrals will not be the same—
However well restored they are anon—
As those that grew and ripened into fame
Bedewed with tears of centuries by-gone.

Though with a step quite firm and countenance fair
Will London trend the years that are not yet—
Her ever youthful brow will always bear
The mark of thorns—lest London should forget

The blackness of those nights,—it clung like glue—
On people's roofs the flames of hell's own sport,
And thousands of dear lives, which were cut short
By Death in Brown that mocked at those he slew.

English translation by N. DVORETSKAYA

FIGHT THE OGRE!

A Serbian Folk Song

A minstrel sang 'mid the forest,
Where the boughs interwine so closely,
He sang of the burnt out Belgrad
The doleful Serbian ballads:
"— Our peaceful lands are invaded
By hordes of the foes accursed,
Our fields are trampled by ogres.
Oh, great and deep is our sorrow!
The fascists they are like foxes—
As cunning and as malicious."
But a fox came out of the thicket
And spoke to the grey-haired minstrel:
"—Old man, thou hast deeply wronged
The tribe of us silvan foxes.
Though nature has made us malicious,
Yet know thou must that the fascists
Are more malicious and cunning."

The minstrel sang 'mid the forest,
Where the boughs interwine so closely,
He sang of the burnt out Belgrad
The mournful Serbian ballads:
"—Our peaceful lands are invaded
By hordes of the foes accursed,
Our fields are trampled by ogres.
Oh, deep and great is our sorrow!
Like savage wolves are the fascists—
As cruel and as ferocious."
But the wolves came out of the thicket,
They spoke to the grey-haired minstrel:
"—Old man, thou hast deeply wronged
Our tribe of the forest-dwellers.
Though we were born to be cruel,
Yet know thou must that the fascists
Are more ferocious and savage."

The minstrel sang 'mid the forest
Where the boughs interwine so closely,
He sang of the burnt out Belgrad
The doleful Serbian ballads:
"— Our peaceful lands are invaded
By hordes of the foes accursed,
Our fields are trampled by ogres.
Oh, deep and great is our sorrow!
Like feral hogs are the fascists—
As filthy they are and as wicked."
But the hogs came out of the thicket,
They spoke to the grey-haired minstrel:
"— Old man, thou hast deeply wronged
The filthy hogs of the forest.
Though we were born to be wicked,
Yet worse by far are the fascists."

The minstrel sings 'mid the forest,
Where the boughs interwine so closely,
He sings of the burnt out Belgrad,
He sings of the valour unbroken:
"— You gallant friends, fight the ogre,
You gallant friends, have no mercy—
He's worse than the crawling reptile,
More cruel than beasts of the forest."

English translation by N. DVORETSKAYA

At the Front*

The German attack on the Soviet Union has now been transformed in the Central sector, where the nazis launched their first great drive on Moscow, from a *Blitzkrieg* into a *Sitzkrieg*; their lightning drive has spent itself there; they have been pushed right back beyond Yelnya, and in certain sectors they have already begun to dig in for the winter. The really cold weather which is rapidly approaching will be the crucial test for the nazis. Can they survive the Russian winter?

When I visited this sector, where I spent a week at the front with the Red Army about the middle of September, I had a good opportunity to judge of the Russians' morale, their food, clothing, equipment, and of the rolling plains and deep forests which form the setting for the terrific battles now being fought to a bitter end.

I am convinced that whatever happens to the nazis, the Red Army will weather all winter difficulties with its morale unimpaired. These Russian peasants and workers in uniform are bonny fighters; more, they have a capacity for endurance such as I have met in no other people. These natural qualities are reinforced by excellent clothing, ample food, and solidly-built dug-outs which, they told me, would be quite cosy under the snow. Their winter uniforms consist of jackets and trousers padded with cotton wool, such as the Chinese also wear, caps of immitation fur, woolen gloves, felt snow-boots, and sheepskin fur-lined overcoats. Each man's outfit remains his personal property.

Russia's slogan at present is: "Everything for the Front!" I saw how this was carried out in practice. Each man eats as much bread as he wants. In addition he gets a hot meat meal at least once daily. They also have a tasty variety of tinned fish and meats, a daily sugar ration, and their famous kasha, which is a sort of gruel or porridge made from cereals. In a hospital only a few kilometers from the front there was even wine for the wounded. There were also masses of cigarettes.

The most eerie experience I had at the front was driving along a Russian road late at night, which ran parallel to the German lines. The Germans were sending up green illumination rockets all along their front, to spot any Russian patrols that might be out after them. The reason for this sinister firework display was explained to me by the commander of a famous division on this front, which had recaptured several kilometers of Russian soil from the nazis. "Our division," said the colonel, "has specialized in night fighting. We destroyed in three night engagements two hundred German vehicles, one hundred tanks, four batteries, including one heavy one, and twelve trench-mortar batteries. The Germans are as scared as hell of our night patrols, and when we attack them they flee in panic, throwing down their weapons and leaving their tanks behind them. In these three night engagements they

* Owing to circumstances which have arisen as a result of the war, we did not have the possibility of publishing Mrs. Charlotte Haldane's very interesting article earlier.

We are therefore offering it now to our readers in the 1st issue of our magazine for the year 1942.

retreated fourteen kilometers, leaving much equipment and many prisoners behind them. At night they make a lot of noise just to keep their courage up, and fire thousands of rockets to try and spot our patrols. We are only too glad of this illumination free of charge!"

I had many an opportunity of seeing the famous Russian roads for myself. For the exception of several main highways in excellent condition, transportation depends principally on unpaved roads. In this part of the country there is no stone, only mile after mile of sand and clay. Consequently the unpaved roads, which in peace-time were quite adequate to bear the peasants' horse-drawn carts, have become rapidly churned up by motor transport, so that under a shower of the heavy Russian rain they become absolute bogs and quagmires. The Russians don't mind. They are superb drivers and can get through anything; if the road is unuseable, they just drive on the verge and even, as I saw them do, through dense forests. But in addition to motor transport they have thousands of horses; beautiful, swift, wiry little beasts, very well fed and groomed. General-lieutenant Sokolovsky told me that already the Germans in many parts of this front are being obliged to change over from mechanized to horse transport. This is partly why they have ceased to advance in this sector and are already digging in for the winter at many points. Just imagine what it will mean to them when the snow starts to fall—three and four feet deep. All the time, apart from being pushed back by the advancing Red Army, their rear and lines of communications are being harassed day and night by partisan detachments. As far back as Minsk and even further to the West, they only hold the main roads; the partisans and local peasants circulate freely on all the side-roads, along the forest tracks and secret paths known only to themselves, and are in constant communication with the Red Army. The effect on the nerves of the Germans of these conditions, which will continue to get worse, can already be seen. In an advanced German artillery observation post on the recaptured battle-field at the village Ushakovo, the Russians found bottles and bottles of Russian brandy and vodka and also German brandy. I went over this position with lieutenant-colonel Revzine, a Russian officer who spoke perfect French.

I saw with my own eyes that the Russian claims with regard to the accuracy of their artillery fire are not exaggerated; they had got the range of the German positions perfectly, and had peppered them with shells large and small; I saw hundreds of shell-cases of all calibres lying around amid a net-work of trenches and ruined dug-outs.

I must finally say a word about the women serving with the Red Army. They are magnificent strapping girls, volunteers to the Army, accepted for perfect health and vitality as much as for intelligence and ability. I listened whilst a young Russian girl interpreter interrogated some German prisoners; I shall never forget her expression of quiet, cold, implacable contempt. Women don't take part in the fighting; there are plenty of well trained men for that job. But feminine intelligence comes in very useful for reconnoissance work, and these brave girls carry out this extremely dangerous and difficult task supremely well. There are of course thousands of women doctors and nurses serving at the front; I met several of them within only a few hundred yards from the actual front-line. We talked whilst the nazis were putting over quite a pretty little artillery barrage; so the conversation had to be cut short.

I slept for a night in a front-line hospital, on a stretcher-bed in a tent-ward. It was pouring with rain outside, but inside all was snug and cosy; the

tent was heated by a very adequate wood-burning stove. I saw some of the wounded, who are very well cared for; there are drugs and anaesthetics enough and even wine for those who need a special stimulant. In many cases the wounded are evacuated by airplanes piloted not only by men, but also by women and even by young girls; some of these heroines have been killed by the merciless Messerschmidts, to whom a Red Cross on a plane, far from acting as a deterrent, is a positive incentive to loosen their machine-guns.

Further behind the lines girls and women act as military clerks and secretaries and are also largely employed in the commissariat department. In the re-captured town of Yelnya I saw two young girls drive up in a pony-drawn peasant cart packed with food for the soldiers, and watched them distribute the rations to the men. The relations between the men and the women are excellent; the soldiers treat them with as much respect as if they were their own sisters. And so, in the wider sense, they are.

I am absolutely convinced that the Red Army will come through this winter with its morale unimpaired. The worse climatic conditions get, the more pleased they are, because they know that the rigours of the Russian climate will be a thousand times worse for their hated enemies than for themselves. They will go on fighting until the last nazi is obliterated or forced to withdraw from their beloved Russian soil. Their slogan: "Ours is a righteous cause; the enemy will be routed," is not a mere pious wish, but a firm statement of the belief and determination of the entire Soviet people.

CHARLOTTE HALDANE

Four Comrades

They were a friendly crew. Lieutenant Brovtsyn, tank commander, and Severin, driver-mechanic, had the warmest affection for Finkelstein, the loader who was always cracking jokes, and Shcherbina, the turret-gunner nicknamed the slow-coach. The latter two returned their affection with interest. The friendship of the four men had been tried and tested in numerous battles, they had worked hard together, rested together and helped one another with rough masculine tenderness.

* * *

The crew had not slept for more than two days. The tank hurried along over roads and pathways, through forests and fields, fulfilling one assignment after another. The crew scarcely had time to load their machine when the order came to attack.

The four men worked with accustomed efficiency leading their steel giant into battle. Few words passed between them, for they understood one another perfectly. They were now on their way to outflank an enemy column, an artillery battalion that was firing at Soviet positions.

Contrary to their expectations the road was deserted and the tank rattled along raising a thick cloud of dust. Brovtsyn actually permitted himself the luxury of opening the upper trap-door. He and Semyon Finkelstein stuck their heads out and inhaled the sweet fresh air. The commander admired the sight of the rising hills.

But not for long. A flame shot up out of the woods in the distance. The enemy batteries were at work.

In an instant the trap-door was slammed to. From the position o the tank the enemy battery was clearly visible. "Fire!" came the

command, and Finkelstein began to feed out shell after shell to Shcherbina. As the gunner steadied his aim the enemy guns were silenced one after another.

"Come on, Senya, let's have 'em."

The tank shifted its position when a shell from a heavy gun exploded next to it. And Finkelstein kept handing out the shells to Shcherbina who meticulously continued to fire them.

A thunderous explosion shook the carcass of the tank. For a moment Brovtsyn lost consciousness, but recovered next moment with a sharp pain in his arm. But not this frightened him. Finkelstein and Shcherbina were lying in distorted positions, stiffly against the steel walls of the tank. Were they killed?

"What's happened, boys?"

There was no reply. Scanning their faces the lieutenant started with horror and grief:

"Senya, what is it? Shcherbina, what's happened?"

Both men had their eyes tightly covered with their hands. Blood oozed through their fingers.

"I can't see anything," whispered Finkelstein.

"I can't see anything," slowly muttered Shcherbina.

It was imperative to get moving to save both men and machines. But it was more imperative to shoot and keep on shooting in order to break through the firing zone.

"Senya," Brovtsyn said in a trembling voice, "think you could still feed shells?"

"Yes. . ." murmured Finkelstein, and rising to his feet this Soviet man, tying his handkerchief over his sightless eyes, felt for a shell and raised it. The armoured giant came to life again. No sooner were the shells served then the shots went off. The tank lounged forward, heading towards the Soviet front-line, shooting at the enemy as it went.

To Finkelstein each new shell seemed heavier than the last. His eyes smarted, his arms and head ached. But he mustn't give in.

"Here you are, comrade commander, load her up, and let 'em have it! I may be blind but our guns can see."

And Finkelstein stood there with his bandaged eyes feeding the gun.

Two kilometers further on a heavy enemy shell disabled the tank's gun. Another smashed up the tread. It was no use staying in the tank any longer.

Slowly Brovtsyn and Severin helped their comrades out onto the road. The approaching twilight night still save for them.

But the wounded men could not go much further.

Come what will! Brovtsyn laid Finkelstein and Shcherbina in a hollow, dropped down beside the machine-gun with Severin and decided to defend the heroes' lives to the bitter end.

The lieutenant glanced around and his heart missed a beat. Without saying a word to one another, without seeing a thing before them, both wounded men had pulled out their revolvers and aimed them in the direction from which an enemy attack was expected.

One hour passed. Two hours. The lieutenant was tortured, tortured by the sense of his own helplessness. But there was nothing to be done.

The pale moonlight lit up the faces of Finkelstein and Shcherbina who lay still with their revolvers pointed at the distance. Brovtsyn suggested to Severin that they should carry the wounded men to safety. He rose to his feet but for a long time the words would not come. Before him lay two men for whom he would gladly give his life. They were heroes, his comrades-in-arms. Simple, yet legendary people, Soviet people.

At last Brovtsyn found his voice.

"Senya, can you hear me?"

"Yes. . ." whispered Finkelstein.

The lieutenant cought his breath.

"Do you hear me, Shcherbina?"

Silence.

"Do you hear me, Shcherbina?" the lieutenant implored.

Not a sound in reply. Brovtsyn's hands went up to his heart; he felt his heart was running away with him. But that moment a strange idea struck him. With a terrific effort of will he controlled his voice and in the tone of stern command said:

"Comrade Shcherbina, are you asleep?"

A moment passed. It seemed an age. But at last a hollow voice reached Brovtsyn:

"No, I am not sleeping. . . comrade commander. . ."

The lieutenant made no attempt to wipe away the tears that flowed down his cheeks. He was not ashamed of them, not if the whole world were staring at him. Sorrow choked him. But with his sorrow was mingled a tremendous pride, a genuine admiration and a boundless happiness.

* * *

Half an hour later, all four heroes were picked up in a tank by Red Army man Yellin of the same regiment.

A. BEZYMENSKY

Partisans' Tales

1. The Fascists "Establish Order"

The village of Z. The "chief", a Gestapo agent, with the aid of an interpreter, is holding an assembly. Only the greybeards and women have assembled. They stand glum, silent, waiting for what will happen next.

The chief's speech is brief, but impressive. The obsequious interpreter translates:

"Order first and foremost. I shall permit no disorder. Red Army men are to be handed over to the commandant's office. Anyone attempting to hide them—to be shot. If partisans show up, anyone trying to keep it dark—to be shot. Taxes to be paid promptly, on time. Anyone failing to pay—to be shot. Is that clear?"

The peasants are silent.

"We are establishing a government to represent you people, a village elder. He will take his orders from me, and you from him. We haven't been able to find a suitable man in your village. I advise you to elect this one here. See?"

A gloomy-looking man steps out from behind the "chief's" back. There's a stirring and muttering amongst the peasants.

"But it's Vaska, the forester. He was kicked out as a thief and a drunkard. . ."

„This man gets my vote. Who else is for our village elder?"

Not a sound. People's hands seem to be stuck fast to their sides, they don't seem able to raise them.

„That's fine. No one against. Unanimous. Elder, get to work. And you—off home with you!"

This is the way the fascists "establish village administration institutions" on Soviet soil.

But the Germans don't always manage to put in an elder completely loyal to them. And even "loyal" ones, the moment partisans appear in the neighbourhood, aren't any too keen on displaying their loyalty. Sometimes it happens that a group of partisans drop into a village, come to an agreement with the peasants about supplying them with provisions, and then say to the elder:

"Make a collection, in an hour and a half. Deliver everything to such and such a shed. And we'll wait. Just show us how snappy you can make it."

The village elder is at first reluctant, he makes a wry face. But there's nothing for it; he goes round from house to house. "The Germans," he thinks to himself, "are a long way off, and the partisans are right here; I'd better look after my own skin."

So far as order and administration go, the fascists' affairs are precarious in the collective farm. However terrorized the collective farmer may be, he has his own thoughts, and is only waiting for the return of his own folk.

2. The Locusts

It began with the horses. The moment they came into the district, the fascists

took the best collective-farm horses for their baggage carts and left in exchange broken-winded and crippled hacks.

Then the locusts came swarming. At first they instituted a sort of barter. They loaded up a lot of Soviet cheap tobacco, matches and kerosene that they'd stolen in village shops and stores, onto trucks, and then the whole gang would descend on a village.

"Look here! We'll exchange our goods for eggs, hens, lard, meat, lambs. . ."

But the peasants rather fought shy of this "barter"; and soon the fascists themselves decided to abandon these round-about methods and began simply to take whatever came to hand. The orderlies of the Herr officers took, the staff cooks took, the Herr officers themselves took, and the privates took; anybody who had a mind to plunder just went and did it.

Fascists have enormous appetites, but rather weak nerves. These chicken-hunters are scared of the partisans.

The partisans tell of two instances.

The peasants of the village of Ch. had selected ten rams and two calves for the partisans, and put them in a pen. And just then a detachment of German forager-marauders in a truck happened along. They come to the pen and ask the old man left there to keep an eye on the animals: "Whose cattle are these?"

The old man is rather a simpleton. He just said bluntly: "For the partisans. I'm waiting for them—they ought to be here any minute to get them."

A hubbub arose among the Germans. They began clicking their triggers but nonetheless made tracks for the lorry. The leader of the gang made a signal. The chauffeur stepped on the gas. The lorry was off. The Germans had done a bunk—nothing to be seen of them but a cloud of dust whirling down the road.

The other case was in the village of Y. Two partisans had dropped in. They were walking along the back-yards. They hear a noise in the street. An old collective-farm woman is raising hell, as she tries to drag a basket of eggs out of the hands of a German soldier. Another soldier is standing alongside helping his mate. She is an old woman with a mind and a tongue of her own.

"Let go, you heathens! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you ugly mugs! If the eggs had'nt been snatched right from under the hen, the chicks might have been hatching any moment. . ."

The German hangs onto the basket. He says something in his own language. It's clear he's lost his temper, and is ready to start using his fists.

Here the old woman notices the partisans. Carried beyond caution with her wrath, she points at them.

"Look, you bastard, the partisans have come! They'll show you a thing or two for taking eggs away from under a sitting hen."

The Germans heard the familiar word "partisan." They saw two unarmed people, dropped the basket, and scampered out of the village like a shot. Neither hide nor hair of them to be seen.

The partisans tell the story and laugh: "They're brave only when they're behind tanks. Take them away from their iron-clads, and they make a poor show. They're afraid of the Russians' way of getting to business."

3. How They Lie

As soon as the Germans take some Soviet district, they begin their "agitational" ravings. They brag about the defeat of the Red Army, about the destruction of Soviet planes and tanks; and the conclusion naturally follows: be quiet and submissive; you've got nothing to hope for.

It often happens that the Germans land themselves in the soup with their unconscionable lies.

A German officer is holding a meeting in the village of Zh. He is telling cock and bull stories about Moscow and Leningrad. The collective farmers sit and listen to the distant rumble of the long-range guns.

A milkmaid gets up and asks the German: "And what's that noise we can hear?"

The officer, without turning a hair, barks out:

"Those are our sappers blowing up mines left by the bolsheviks on the highway."

The milkmaid isn't quelled:

"They must have laid a lot of mines there. For five days they've been blowing them up, and haven't got to the end of them yet."

The officer went purple. Suddenly he yelled in a voice shrill with rage:

"Silence, you! Listen to what the German officer says, or. . ."

Certainly the milkmaid was silent. And the rest too. But it was clear enough to them: "You're lying, you fascist mug, both about Leningrad and about Moscow. It's all lies from beginning to end."

4. The Partisans' Friends

No sooner has the fascist with his hob-nailed boot stepped on Soviet soil than immediately, like a persistent shadow, the partisan begins trailing him.

Our north-western districts are rich in extensive forests. And it is in these forests that the avengers gather,—people who have decided that they would sooner die than submit to the alien.

In almost every village the partisans have their loyal and fearless friends. They speak with filial love of the old non-party school-teacher of the village of L. With pride and gratitude the partisans tell of the old collective farmer Ivan Borissovich, of Ivan Mikhailovich, and of the young school-teacher, comrade S. With full knowledge of what awaits them as the penalty for having anything to do with the partisans, these Russian patriots help the detachments and are always ready to hide partisans, to warn them of an impending raid.

This love for the partisans finds various modes of expression.

On one occasion a German officer came to the village of D. with an interpreter to hold a meeting about the harvest. They put a chain of sentries round the village and summoned the peasants to the assembly. The officer eyeing those present suspiciously, asked: "Are you sure you haven't got any disguised Red Army men or partisans here?" The whole meeting responded in chorus: "We've got no partisans here. Where should we get them from?" And there were actually more than ten partisans in this crowd encircled by the German sentries.

In the village of Z., the scouts R. and S. were staying overnight with one of the collective farmers. Suddenly some German soldiers knocked at the door. S. managed to slip out into the yard, R. remained in the house.

The Germans started on the householder: "Show us your documents!" The farmer handed over his collective-farm membership book, and while the soldiers were looking at it, slipped over his milk-delivery paper to the partisan.

The German "guests," having checked up the householder's documents, turned to the partisan. The latter hands over the milk-delivery paper with one hand, and with the other quietly pulls out a hand-grenade from his pocket and keeps it under the table—in case of complications.

The Germans don't know a blasted word of the language. They turn the paper round and round in their hands: there's a stamp, and some columns with numbers filled in. Everything, apparently, in order. They take a jug of soured cream from the table and depart.

Two partisan scouts got into the same kind of fix in the village of R. They were spending the night in a hayshed belonging to an old collective-farm woman. At five o'clock in the morning, some German foragers coming for hay caught them unawares. They started poking about in the hay, and, lo and behold, there were legs sticking out. Who's this? But the old woman, without batting an eyelash, striking her hand on her breast, says: "It's my son. Don't you believe me? It's my very own son!" The partisan was saved.

Once there was a worse predicament. The partisan B. had a grenade explode by accident in a house. A woman was killed, and a youngster wounded. The noise brought the whole village running up. The Germans followed. Quickly the collective farmers decided not to give the partisan away. They hid him in the cellar, and when two Germans came, the wounded youngster took the blame on himself, said that he had found the grenade in the fields, had been tampering with it and it had exploded. So everything went off all right.

5. *The Voice of the Fatherland*

The tall trunks of the slender timber firs crowd in serried ranks. It is a clear, sunny morning. But here in the forest cool twilight reigns. Dew that never dries glistens dimly on the glossy leaves of the bilberry bushes and the green carpet of soft forest moss. Silence. Not a living soul. And suddenly into this silent wilderness, to which is faintly borne from afar the sound of an artillery cannonade, the song breaks:

Great and spacious is my native land. . .

And the familiar voice of the announcer says clearly and distinctly:

"Moscow calling! Moscow calling!"

The voice of the fatherland! The voice which has always filled the heart of the Soviet man and woman with the stirring music of pride and joy.

But how to express the feelings of this former teacher, who is now radio-operator and best scout of the partisan detachment? Eagerly he tries to pick up the words through the crackling of the static. His rapid pencil flies continually along the ruled lines of a grey school copy-book, taking down the communiqué of the Soviet Information Bureau.

The music has hardly sounded in the forest when the partisans, appearing as though by magic, begin crowding round the teacher-radio-operator. They follow the movements of his scurrying pencil, now smiling, now frowning sternly and anxiously.

"That is the end of the morning bulletin. . ."

The radio-operator switches off the radio. He retires behind the massive trunk of a century-old fir, from which the tap-tapping of a typewriter is soon heard.

Half-an-hour later, the partisans receive thin sheets of paper, closely packed with typed material, and scatter to the neighbouring villages.

The true and inspiring voice of the fatherland will reach from heart to heart in the

peasants' houses, dispersing the poison fog of fascist lies. To carry the truth about the fatherland to the people, the partisans make use of the most daring methods of agitation, don't hesitate to run risks.

The village of Zh. An assembly, at which the German "chief" has been spinning various trumped-up yarns about the Soviet Union and the Red Army, has just ended. The car rattles away, bearing off the "agitator" and his convoy. But the collective farmers, men and women, don't disperse. And when the noise of the car has died away, a man with a short blond beard, standing behind the trunk of an old tree, steps out into their midst:

"Now, comrades collective farmers, after the stinking fascist lies, listen to what is really being done in our Soviet State. . ."

Soviet planes fly over the village. They fly high. Like a flock of white doves, a cloud of leaflets float down from them and settle on roofs, in back-gardens, in the fields.

People run to pick up the leaflets. They read them, carefully hiding them as far as possible from the prying eyes of the fascists and their hangers-on.

In the leaflets they hear the voice of the fatherland, so dear, so familiar, so close to the heart.

A. SURKOV

Twenty-eight Heroes

When guardsmen fall in battle, a winged glory descends from their war banner and stands invisibly in the guard of honour.

Far and wide throughout the country spread the fame of the valourous deed of the twenty-eight guardsmen of General Panfilov's division who heroically laid down their lives on the battle-field. Their names had not even yet been established, the details of their exploit were not known yet, and their bodies still lay on enemy-held soil, when the renown of the wonderful valour of the twenty-eight Soviet knights was known on all the war fronts.

Today these details have been established and we are able to reconstruct in full the picture of the heroic end of these twenty-eight valiant men.

It happened on November 16th, 1941. The enemy's panzer columns had broken through to the Volokolamsk road and were planning to storm into Moscow without even stopping to cool their motors. The 316th Rifle Division, now known as General Panfilov's 8th Red Banner Division of the Guards, barred their way. J. Stalin had issued the order that the Germans must be stopped at all costs, and an impregnable wall of Soviet defence rose up to impede the onrush of the hitlerites.

Colonel Kaprov's regiment was defending a line stretching from Hill 251, through the village of Petelino, to the railway junction of Dubosekovo. On the left flank, straddling the railway line, was a unit commanded by sergeant Dobrobabin. That day scouts had reported that the Germans were preparing a new onslaught. In the villages of Krassikovo, Zhdanovo and Muromtsevo they had concentrated over 80 tanks, two regiments of infantry, six mine-thrower and four gun batteries, and strong detachments of automatic riflemen and motor-cyclists. The battle began.

We now know that before the twenty-eight heroes, crouching in that small trench close to the railway junction, beat off the attack of the powerful tank column, they had withstood the assault of enemy automatic riflemen in a battle that had lasted for several hours. The nazis had taken advantage of a concealed approach on the left flank of the regiment's defence. They had not expected to meet with any serious resistance. The twenty-eight guardsmen silently watched the enemy's approach. Sergeant Dobrobabin assigned each man his duty. The Germans advanced at full height, as though on a walk. They were already within 150 yards of the trench. A strange and unnatural stillness reigned. It was then that the sergeant put two fingers to his lips and the silence was broken by the well-known ancient piercing Russian whistle. This was so unexpected that for an instant the enemy halted in hesitation. Our light machine-guns and rifles began to rattle. Their accurate fire wrought instantaneous devastation in the nazis' ranks.

The attack of the German riflemen was repulsed. Over seventy enemy corpses lay strewn on the ground. The faces of the tired men in the trenches were stained with powder. But they were happy; they were happy to have matched strength with the enemy and to have stood the test with credit. However, they did not know yet what was in store for them; they were not aware that the hardest was still to come.

Tanks! Twenty armour-plated monsters were moving towards the line defended by the twenty-eight guardsmen. The men exchanged glances. The odds were far too heavy. Suddenly they heard a familiar voice:

"Hullo, boys!"

It was Klochkov, the political instructor

of the company. His real name has only recently been ascertained. The country glorified him as Diyev. But that, it appears, was a nickname. It was given him by a Red Army man, a Ukrainian by the name of Bondarenko, who once remarked: "Our political instructor is always on the go," using the Ukrainian word "*diye*" for describing "on the go." And indeed, Klochkov was never at rest for a moment, no one even knew when he slept. Always active and tireless, he was loved by the men as an older brother, as a venerated father. Bondarenko's words caught on not only in the company but even in the regiment. It was only in the records that the political instructor figured as Klochkov. Even the regimental commander called him Diyev.

Klochkov was the first to notice the direction in which the enemy tank column was moving, and hurried to the trench.

"Well, friends," he exclaimed gaily, "twenty tanks, that makes less than one a piece. That's not much!"

The men smiled.

When Klochkov was making his way to the trench, he realized fully what was in store for him and his comrades. Now, however, he was joking; noticing the approving glances of the men, he thought to himself: "We shall hold out to the last." There they stood before him, those with whom he was to share death and glory.

The time has come for the country to learn the proud names of the men in that trench. They are: Vassily Klochkov, Ivan Dobrobabin, Ivan Shepetkov, Abram Kryuchkov, Gavriil Mitin, Alikbai Kassayev, Grigory Petrenko, Narsutbai Essibulatov, Dmitry Kaleinikov, Ivan Natarov, Grigory Shemyakin, Pyotr Dutov, Nikolai Mitchenko, Dushankul Shapokov, Grigory Konkin, Ivan Shadrin, Nikolai Moskalenko, Pyotr Emtsov, Daniil Kuzhebergenov, Dmitry Timofeyev, Nikolai Trofimov, Yakov Bondarenko, Illarion Vassilyev, Nikolai Bolotov, Grigory Bezrodny, Mustapha Senirbayev, Nikolai Maximov, Nikolai Ananyev.

There was a twenty-ninth man. But he turned out to be a coward and traitor. He was the only one to raise his hands when from a German tank that had forced its way to the very edge of the trench came the summons from a German corporal: "Surrender!" There he stood miserably trembling, repulsive in his cringing cowardice. To whom was he bowing the knee, the wretch? A volley rang out. Several of the guardsmen firing simultaneously, by a common impulse and without command, laid the recreant low. Thus the fatherland itself punished the base traitor.

The battle lasted for over four hours. The fascist mailed fist failed to batter down the line defended by the guardsmen. They damaged the enemy's tanks with anti-tank guns, and set fire to them with fuel bottles. Fourteen tanks stood motionless and impotent on the field of battle. But sergeant Dobrobabin, Shemyakin, Konkin, Shadrin, Timofeyev and Trofimov were already killed, and Petrenko lay bleeding to death on the straw which covered the bottom of the trench. At that moment, through the dusk of the twilight, a second column of tanks appeared, among them several heavy ones. Klochkov eounded-thirty of them. There was no doubt they were moving down to the railway junction, towards the trench where the valiant guardsmen lay. You were a little out in your reckoning, brave political instructor Diyev! You said that the tanks were less than one man apiece. Now they were more than two apiece. Infuse new strength into your sons,. o Motherland: let them not flinch in this hour of trial!

Klochkov, his eyes inflamed from overt strain, glanced at his comrades.

"Thirty tanks, friends," he said. "It looks as if we shall all have to die. Russia is immense, but there is no place to retreat: behind us lies Moscow."

The tanks were bearing down on the trench. Bondarenko, with one arm wounded, leaned towards Klochkov and embraced him with the other. "Let's kiss each other, Diyev," he said. And all those in the trench who were still alive kissed one another. Then they grasped their weapons and made ready their hand-grenades. The tanks draw closer and closer. Now they are at the very brink of the trench. The fearless heroes rise up to meet them.

Thirty minutes of battle, and the guardsmen's ammunition gives out. One man after another is struck low. Moskalenko perishes under a tank beating at its steel plate with his hands. Kuzhebergenov marches straight against the muzzle of a machine-gun and drops dead. About a dozen tanks had been shattered and set on fire. Klochkov, grasping his last bundle of hand-grenades, dashes towards a heavy tank which had just crushed Bezrodny beneath its tread. He manages to shatter the monster's caterpillar and, riddled by bullets, sinks to the ground.

Klochkov is killed. No, he breathes yet, but bleeding to death. Nearby, his head almost touching Klochkov's, lay wounded Natarov. As the tanks thunder and rattle past them, Klochkov whispers to his comrade: "We are dying, brother. . . One day the country will remember us. . . If you come out of this alive, tell our. . ."

Before he could finish the sentence, he breathed his last. Thus died Klochkov who laid down his life in glory and valour on the field of battle.

All this was recounted by Natarov as he lay on his death-bed in the hospital to which he was later traced. That same night he had crawled on his hands and feet into a forest, where he wandered, faint and bleeding, for several days, until he lit upon a party of our scouts. Natarov, the last of the twenty-eight heroic guardsmen, is dead. He conveyed to us who are still alive their last behest. Its meaning was understood by the country at a time when all the details of what had happened there at the railway junction of Dubosekovo had not yet been learned. We know what Klochkov wanted to say at that moment when death hovered inexorably over him. Our people themselves completed the thought of the dying man and in the name of the fallen heroes voiced it as follows: "We have sacrificed our lives on the altar of our country. Do not shed tears over our lifeless bodies. Clench your teeth and be staunch. We knew for what we were going to die for. We have fulfilled our duty as soldiers, we have barred the way to the enemy. Go, fight the fascists and remember: it is victory or death! You have no other choice, just as we had none. We perished, but we were victorious."

This dying behest lives in the hearts of the men of the Red Army. The sun of victory shines ever brighter on their banners. The enemy is retreating. He is being pursued by the kin brothers of the heroic guardsmen; their hand is pitiless, their vengeance ruthless.

* * *

It was a quiet frosty morning when we drove to the scene of the famous battle. That memorable morning of November 16th must have been just as clear and frosty as this. Our troops had recaptured Dubosekovo. There had been a blizzard the night before, and we made our way over the snowy waste, while the sappers crept carefully ahead of us seeking out mines.

"Here we are," said captain Gundilovich.

All around stretched the even, snowy plain. To the left, beyond a small copse, the railway track could be seen. To the right stood some solitary fir-trees. There was nothing to recall the events that had been enacted here.

We fell to work with our spades. Gradually the site of the battle began to emerge from beneath the blanket of snow. Here was a section of the trench's breastwork. There was a corner of the dug-out. A spade struck something metallic, and a helmet was turned up, followed by a dirk. We continued our excavations, working ourselves deep into the soil, and little by little the trench took shape again. The clumps of snow were now of a reddish-yellow hue: it was the stain of blood, preserved in the icy crystals like precious liquid in delicate vases. We now came upon it everywhere, this sacred blood of the fallen heroes—on the lower logs of the dug-out, on an open gas-mask, on a tent-sheet, and on the snow all around.

A body appears—first a leg, then the torso. Egorov, the commissar of the regiment, colonel Kaprov, Galushko, chief of the political department, and captain Gundilovich tenderly lift the corpse of the dead hero. His head has been crushed. It is impossible to ascertain who he is, the calm and serious Kryuchkov, Essibulatov or perhaps the merry sergeant Dobrobabin. It is not Klochkov, for we have learned that the local inhabitants, who knew the fiery political instructor well, had in secret from the Germans removed his body and buried it behind the cabin of the railway-track watchman. The dead man was laid on the ground. The pockets of his greatcoat, tunic and breeches had been rifled: there was not a single paper or document in them. The Germans had taken them, together with the dead man's fur cap and topboots. By his side, on the floor of the trench, we found a notebook; but it was still blank and the only inscription in it was the number of a rifle: No. 21789. Let us remember it. That rifle had done yeoman service.

We stood gazing at the fresh grave mound. A platoon of young Panfilov guardsmen stood lined up near it. Many a time had they been told the story of the twenty-eight, and now they had themselves seen one of them.

We stood in silent grief, with bared heads. I saw the grey hair of that old soldier, colonel Kaprov, standing in front of his new fledgling guardsmen whom he would rear to be eagles in future battles. Galushko, the chief of the political department of the division, pronounced a moving funeral oration: "We hear your dying words, heroes. We shall remember your last behest. We shall do our utmost to be worthy of your courage and valour."

A solemn triple volley is fired over the grave. It is echoed by the mighty thunder of our heavy guns. Our batteries are stationed not far behind us, and several kilometers ahead the battle is raging. And in our mind's eye the dead guardsmen appeared so vividly that it seems that in a moment they will rise, wreathed in glory, from their graves and dash to the scene of battle where our regiments are pressing their advance. Thus, in the minds of the living the dead are immortalized.

A. KRIVITSKY

THEORIE AND CRITIQUES

Cannibals in the Making

"A bomber plane can carry a load of one 350 klg. high-explosive bomb, three 100 klg. bombs, four chemical bombs of 150 klgs. each, and 200 incendiary bombs of 1 klg. each, per flight.

"a) What is the carrying capacity of the said bomber plane?

"b) What is the ratio of the various items enumerated to the total load?

"c) How many more incendiary bombs of 0.5 klg. each could the bomber carry if its carrying capacity be increased by 50%?"

This problem has not been taken by us from a manual used by some special German aviation school. This mathematical problem is quoted from the *National-Socialist Arithmetic Book* by Erika Mann in her highly interesting book *Ten Million Children* published in Amsterdam in 1938.

In 1934, when the above mentioned arithmetic book was first published, bomber planes and high-explosive bombs were not yet an everyday feature in the lives of the European peoples, as they are today. The fascist mentors, however, knew perfectly well that it would be their pupils who would be called upon to carry out the program of military aggression defined in the Führer's *Mein Kampf*, that on their pupils would devolve the disgraceful task of causing the blood and tears of women and children, to flow freely throughout Europe and to transform independent and liberty-loving countries into fascist prison yards.

The authors of the fascist arithmetic books not only stuffed the children's minds with bomber planes loaded with chemical bombs and high-explosive bombs, but also indicated for the benefit of their young pupils the exact routes these bombers would take in the future. Otto Zolle, the author of *National-Socialist Textbook*, poses the following mathematical problem for the children to ponder over:

"How many hours would it require a bomber plane flying at the rate of 175 klms. an hour to fly:

"a) from Berlin to Moscow—distance: 1,925 klms.

"b) from Berlin to Copenhagen—distance: 481 klms.

"c) from Berlin to Warsaw—distance 817 klms."

Arithmetic was not the only subject which the fascist schools utilized for this purpose. The peace-time curriculum of chemistry, for instance, included such subjects as the comparative effects of various poison gases, the composition of the gases and methods of production. These were the themes the secondary school students had to sweat over. No commentaries are required to understand that the study of such "lighter" subjects as history, literature or the notorious "race science" was simply reduced to the brazen propagation of chauvinistic hatred for all other nations, to the dissemination of a glaring lie anent the victories and special mission of Germany "which, under the leadership of the Führer, was destined to conquer the whole world."

Even such innocent subjects as drawing were also harnessed in the fascist schools to serve the same purpose—to fashion the children into thouroughgoing bandits and thugs.

Subjects recommended by the autho-

rities to be treated during drawing lessons simply astound one by their barefaced singleness of purpose. Secondary school boys and girls in times of peace are instructed to depict "air raids, air troops landing in the rear of the enemy, the effects of an explosion, blazing houses, the silhouettes of troops in gas masks," etc.

"This is the direction in which the minds of the child must be guided by his teacher in order to train him to serve our cause." This is the unexampled cynicism with which the author of the *National-Socialist Textbook* concludes his course of instruction.

"Starting with the ABC," writes Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, "and right down to every theatrical performance, cinema film, poster and advertisement—everything must serve one sublime mission: that one passionate prayer be ever present on the lips of the child: 'Almighty God, when the hour strikes, bless our arms!' "

And in fascist Germany children were being brought up and trained for this "one hour" only. From their first hazy conceptions about the world around them everything they came in contact with was so arranged as to distort their views and ideas, blight their very nature, kill all human traits in them, compress their ambitions and energies within the narrow confines of banditry and misanthropy.

The primers with their coloured pictures all helped to serve one purpose—to inculcate in the mind of the child a stolid, savage hatred for the "perfidious, filthy, beastly Slav who is incapable of any cultural accomplishments," for the "predatory Englishmen," for the "negroid" Frenchmen and for the Jew "with the enormous nose, thick lips and curling hair, symptoms of racial inferiority." And in his first easy readers the child was treated to a choice selection of unsavory, equivocal epithets and calumny with regards to all other peoples the world over.

As soon as the child reached an age when he could reason for himself, he was given to understand that he did not belong to his people, to society, to his family, but to the Führer.

"German children belong to the Führer." This is the motto that greets the child at every step, that permeates the entire system of fascist education. And in the hands of the Führer education is but a means of training automatons whose one purpose in life is to carry out his program of bloody crime. Education of this type required special cadres.

The fascist persecutions swept through the schools like a plague. Already by 1934, the overwhelming majority of the teachers had been dismissed for various "crimes" ranging from "racial inferiority" to "objectivity" in their teaching methods. In his official report Bechtler, one of the national-socialist "authorities" in matters of education, shows what became with the staff of teachers in Germany by 1937. 97 per cent of the teachers were by that time members of the "National-Socialist League of German Teachers." "Of these 97 per cent," says Bechtler, "32 per cent are members of the national-socialist party; 700 teachers wear the badge of honour of the national-socialist party. Teachers have contributed from their ranks 7 *Gauleiters*, 78 *Kreisleiters* and 2,000 leading officials. . . These facts convincingly prove that the German pedagogues are serving the national-socialist movement. German pedagogues can and must be regarded as worthy representatives of the movement."

The majority of the German "pedagogues" are quite pleased with the task the Führer has set them. Not only do they actively apply their talents to the serial production of thoroughgoing scoundrels which the fascist schools actually turn out, but entertain a feeling of smug, menial pride "for the confidence their master shows them."

"We, German pedagogues," wrote

one highly placed official by the name of Grünberg in an article entitled "Military Ideas and the Schools," "must discard all notions that our fundamental task is to impart knowledge. The coming military campaigns of the German people will determine whether the German teachers are worthy members of the German people and of the Third Reich."

The set purpose of "German schooling" was determined by "the coming campaigns" which predatory, aggressive fascism was designing against its neighbours. Willy Ziegler speaks about this quite frankly in an article entitled "Military Training," published in the *Deutsche Schule*, organ of the National-Socialist League of German Teachers. "Military training," he writes, "is not merely one of the features of education in general, but the very core of our pedagogical system."

Views such as these, of course, predetermine the method of appraising pupils in the fascist schools. According to this method of assessment, "knowledge and talent" are relegated to the background. The determining factor is "hereditary and general racial features," "character,"—that is to say, natural disposition towards misanthropy and barrack-room discipline, and "physical assets." Thus the perfect specimen is a husky lout with the mentality of a cretin and the natural disposition of a bully and spy. And this is the type that the German pedagogues praise as the flower, the hope of the nation.

Only three per cent of the German pedagogues do not belong to the National-Socialist League of German Teachers. But this modest handful which cannot pride itself on racial purity or the gangster mentality of the pedagogical *Gauleiters* mentioned in Bechtler's report, are causing "no little trouble to the movement". This can be seen from the official pedagogical magazines which carry any amount of sneaking little articles against those teachers who dare to introduce into their profession that odious spirit of "objectivity," that is to say, who attempt to teach schoolchildren arithmetic without making any mention of chemical bombs. And the young jackanapes too, who try to curry favour with the literary magnates on the Hitler youth papers, likewise direct their malice against the remnant of old teachers who have not yet been rounded up. This only testifies to the brute fear and bestial hatred fascism has towards all knowledge and culture.

The schools have been crushed, trampled on by the *Gauleiters* and their like, by the "German pedagogues" who apprehensively yet scrupulously are poisoning the minds of the children in their charge, teaching them to pay obedience to the policeman's club, to the power of the chemical bomb, to the Führer. And yet apprehensively. What if some utter scoundrel of a pre-Hitler teacher will simply, without the yelping of a jackal, tell the children of the lands beyond their borders, of the foreign countries he had himself visited in former years! What if he suddenly takes it into his head to tell them simply, without garbling, the truth about Lessing or about Goethe! No, even after all the "purging" and the "hereditary trees," after all the spying and sneaking, the "movement" cannot yet consider the schools as being one hundred per cent reliable, fully immune to the possible harmful influence of some "rank outsider" of a teacher. The fascist chieftains stand in dread of such "pernicious" influences seeping even into the boarding schools of a barrack-room type inaugurated by Bernhardt Rust whose word on questions of training is law, the very same Bernhardt Rust who during the first imperialist world war sent the following telegram to his four-year-old son from the front: "Today amidst the rumbling of the guns I was awarded

the Iron Cross. Your heroic father."

It is of interest to note that this Bernhardt Rust is responsible for the issuance of a special government decree introducing corporal punishment in fascist schools.

But in order that a youngster be constantly made to feel that he "belongs to the Führer," another, more vicious and more reliable circle is required that will keep him out of reach of the normal everyday world, keep him from developing as befits a normal human being. This part is filled by the Hitler Youth League. This league, as well as the *Jungvolk* for young boys and the corresponding organizations for girls, is voluntary only in words. Actually, the slogan: "The whole youth belongs to the Führer" is carried into effect in a compulsory manner. The public rhetoric of Baldur von Schirach, the Führer of the fascist youth, appealing to join the fascist youth and children's organizations voluntarily, is complemented by a secret decision of December 1, 1936, making it obligatory for all youths to enrol in these organizations.

The tasks of the Hitler Youth League and of the kindred organizations are clear and simple: to render all young people absolutely immune to chance "pre-Hitler" or "anti-Hitler" influence which the family or even the schools are liable to exert.

The Hitler Youth League with its barrack-room discipline elevated to a virtue, irreclaimable beastliness, gross hooliganism, vile torment of the young and weak as the legitimate prey of the bully, and the licentious deification of the Führer, gives the polishing touch to the education of the thugs and hoodlums put out by the fascist schools. Even in the physical training of the youth the fascists go to the same savage extremes. Fifty kilometer marches without even a rest overtax the strength of the ten and twelve-year-old lads and are the prime cause of various sicknesses. Shooting practice and war games at night time always end in cases of grave injuries and even in death accidents. Their strength overtaxed, the children's senses become numbed, blunted by the never-ending drilling and training, reprimands and punishments, and lack of sleep. The level of knowledge of the German schoolchildren is in inverse proportion to their activity in the youth organizations. This interesting fact, which testifies once again to the indissoluble bond between fascism and ignorance and savage brutality, caused the government to adopt a special decision which hardly speaks to the credit of the fascist youth organizations. In a strictly confidential order the government prohibited the school authorities from enumerating in the characters given to students on leaving school the offices held by the bearer in the youth organizations.

This fact, which at first glance seems to be rather mysterious and unwarranted for, is very easily explained. Ideology is all very well in its place, but business is business—this is how the managing directors of business organizations look at things. And accordingly, even the most meek and obedient director or manager will think twice before taking into his employment a youngster who judging by his character was extremely active in the youth organizations. The employer knows full well that he will have an ignorant young jackanape on his hands, who besides being overbearing and lazy is a potential sneak.

If the express purpose of the training given to youngsters in the Hitler organizations is to turn them into savage and obedient brutes capable, without giving a thought, of burning, pillaging and massacring the civilians, of torturing the wounded and of perishing in order to bring fame to the Führer,—the training of girls in the League of German Girls serves a different aim. Young girls are subject-

ed to the same beastly and degrading drilling as the boys with the addition, however, that from early age the one thought drummed into their minds is that their prime duty is to be "mothers," the producers of future soldiers, the human machines for manufacturing cannon fodder for the coming military adventures of the Führer. The reports that have appeared in the world press about the copulation stations organized by the government for the procreation of German made, racially pure excrement, has a prehistory of its own in the utterances and writings of the fascist leaders. In his *Myth of the Twentieth Century* Alfred Rosenberg declares the following: "The Germany of the future will regard a childless woman—married or unmarried—as a unfit member of the national community." This sentiment is echoed by one Ernst Bergmann in his *Cognition and Spirit of Motherhood*, who in a less florid style comes to the point much more bluntly. "Monogamy," quotes this oracle, "is tantamount to sheer indecency and harmful to the race. And where it really exists—though, fortunately, in reality there is practically no such thing—the race is bound to degenerate. In every rationally organized State, a woman who has not given birth should be regarded as lacking in decency. There are any number of suitable young men who are ever ready to offer their services to the other sex. Happily one male can serve twenty females."

As we see, the program of the copulation stations which fascism is introducing today has long ago matured in the minds of the fascist "theoreticians." These are the vile, beastly notions of love, marriage and motherhood which Hitler's youth organizations instil in the minds of the German girls.

Germany can boast of an incredibly high percentage of pregnant girls ranging from 14 to 16. Small wonder that the initial letters of the German Girls' League—B. D. M. (*Bund Deutscher Mädel*)—is interpreted by many: *Bubi, drück mich* (Squeeze me, young man).

Besides military drill, marches, shooting practice at night and hooligan demonstrations against all would-be rebels in the Third Reich, the young cannibals of both sexes find time to stage plays and parades dealing with political themes. The purport of these spectacles is to depict and propagate in dramatic style hatred toward the whole world and to prostrate before the Germany's plans of aggression. The songs that accompany these "playful antics" run approximately as follows:

My chest criss-crossed with a thousand shots,
My loaded rifle speaks true,
A hand-grenade in my hand—
Now, Bolshevik, I dare you!
Drum, my little drummer-boy!
Bom! Bom! Bom!
Off we go to Moscow
With the first rays of the sun.
And when we reach Moscow
We'll thrash the Bolsheviks.
Oh, how the roses will blossom
When we attack their territory!

These are the kind of songs children sang in Hitler Germany some six or seven years ago, right from the very first day the fascists came to power.

Facts published daily in the Soviet press all go to show that those of the German fascist troops who grew up under the Hitler regime are most conspicuous for their stupidity, savagery, blind obedience and callousness. These numbskulls can hardly imagine that the German people ever lived differently. Of course, the fascist army has no few unmitigated scoundrels in its ranks of a more mature age, professional cut-throats who won their spurs in the army of Wilhelm II and who in 1914—1918 robbed and plundered Belgium and France, Poland, Lithuania and the Ukraine. But those

whipper-snappers who today are having their first taste of human blood, to whom torturing wounded men, shooting children in cold blood, raping women and girls is something new, are giving vent to their fiendish lusts with particular relish. The fascist training has borne fruit. Racial conceit that knows no bounds, blind ferocious hatred for the Slavonic peoples, *sang-froid* of the gangster in perpetrating the most foul deeds—this is the exuberant crop from the seeds which were implanted in the minds of the young by the Germany of Hitler, the fascist schools and the fascist youth organizations. Fascism has begotten a ghoulish, a monstrous generation. The words of the song which the fascist soldiers of today sung when they were children have come true in part—Hitler launched them across the Russian border. But not roses are blossoming on their way. A veritable graveyard of fascist tanks battered out of all recognition by our Red Army men and valiant partisans, the wrecks of what were once fascist planes shattered to pieces by our heroic Stalin airmen, mountains of corpses of once the flower of the fascist army, who have found an ignoble end on Soviet territory,—mark the course of the fascist hordes who dared to violate the precious Soviet land. The fascists fight perfidiously, savagely, arrogantly, as only soldiers can fight who go into battle for an ignominous, bloody, anti-people's cause. But the mentality of a robot and the fierceness of a drunkard are no substitutes for real courage. More and more often the fascist hordes are thrown into consternation by the genuine valour of the Soviet troops and the stern anger of the Soviet people. They become overpowered by panic, fear—the inevitable sequence to fierce drunkeness, the natural consequence of a mental vacuum and baseness.

The resistance of the Soviet people in their Great Patriotic War against fascism is growing stronger with every passing day. With them, increasing their ranks, is the grim-visaged army of the Slavonic peoples subjugated at present by fascism. The Slavonic peoples are rising to give battle in the great war for emancipation. And all over the world, all the people to whom liberty is dear, all advanced and progressive humanity, is taking part in this great and sacred war. On their side, too, are ranged the best and finest sons of the German people.

The thugs raised by fascism, its shock troop, are threatened not only by the wrath of the mighty coalition of peoples fighting against fascist Germany, but also by the wrath of the German people which inevitably will rise against the brown scum that has besmirched its life. Just and terrible retribution awaits the fascist degenerates, the inveterate enemies of the Slavs and of all peoples throughout the world, the inveterate enemies of the degraded and enslaved German people.

E. KNIPOVICH

Meetings with Bernard Shaw

When in July 1931, ten years ago, it became known that Shaw intended to visit the Soviet Union, the whole world press saw in it not only a literary sensation, but a political event.

In a private letter, Shaw wrote that he had long wished, greatly wished to make Stalin's acquaintance, and that there was only one English writer whom he envied—Wells. Shaw envied Wells because he had had the opportunity of speaking with Lenin. "Let all writers in centuries to come envy me, too," wrote Shaw, "because I had the chance to shake hands with Stalin!"

Shaw came to Moscow.

I met Bernard Shaw. I quote our conversations on the basis of notes I made either at the moment or on the same day and which I later checked with those made by Lunacharsky.

When talking with me, Lunacharsky said:

"We Soviet writers talked with Shaw in English and in German. In English Shaw's language was so brilliant and original, and in German so original and bad, and his biting, cutting aphorisms shot out in all directions with such devilish swiftness, that it should be considered a great achievement to have been able to note down even the gist of it. Anyone claiming to be able to do more than that is misleading."

Shaw is very thin, very tall and very agile. He has a fine, resonant voice and accompanies his words with abrupt gestures. On his pale face, fringed with a red beard, already nearly white, is a constant, mocking smile.

A. Koonen in the role of Joan d'Arc in the play by B. Shaw. Produced at the Kamerny Theatre in 1923

In Moscow, Shaw shook every hand extended to him with such warmth that one might have thought he was meeting with old and well-beloved friends whom he had not seen for a long time. And by a strange whim of fate, he actually did meet an old "acquaintance": on the station platform he spoke with a young Irish student who had been born in the same house as Shaw. Shaw was very pleased at meeting his fellow-townsman. However it was not of Dublin they

talked, but of Moscow. On learning that the Irish student had come to Moscow only for a short time to study, Shaw shook his head disapprovingly.

"If I were as young as you," he said, "I would come and settle in Moscow for good, and only go to Dublin occasionally, to teach others."

A few days later Shaw met a group of Soviet writers at the State Publishing House. He was interested in our attitude to socialist construction, wished to learn the principles of Soviet criticism and our relations with the reading public and with the publishing houses. Thoughtfully he listened to our explanations. But when Nicolai Ognev told him of our relations with the publishing houses, he started to laugh heartily, and after asking a few details, wrote something down:

"For the information of those who aver that there always and everywhere has been, is and will be exploitation: in the capitalist world the publishing houses greatly exploit the writers, but in the Soviet Union it turns out that the writers 'exploit' the publishing houses!"

Shaw was very much interested in the condition of the national minority writers who write in their native languages, and in young writers, in their earnings, and above all as to who pays attention to their training and how.

"When I first began to write, things were much harder. If I said that I was hungry, I might be exaggerating, but it would be an untruth to say that I was not in need. I wrote five novels quickly one after the other, and not one of them found a publisher. I tried to get them accepted by nearly all the publishers in England, America and Australia. Just as several decades later some of my plays went the rounds of almost all the theatres (with some success), so my novels then went the rounds of nearly all the publishers, but without any success. My novel *Cashel Byron's Profession* broke the record. That novel, if my memory does not fail me, was rejected by exactly sixty publishers. True, since then it has had as many reprints as rejections. Of course, I am not telling you this in order to praise my novel, but only to show you the good business sense of the publishers. They realized that a somewhat antiquated novel of the old Shaw would be more profitable than the too lively novel of the young Shaw could have been at that time. Thus, almost the whole of my life was accompanied by financial worries: when I was young, I did not know how to make enough money to live on, and later did not know what to do with the streams of money pouring in upon me."

On hearing that we were intending to have a formal celebration of his seventieth birthday in the House of Trade Unions, Shaw looked far from pleased.

"When I was invited to the celebrations of Shakespeare's birthday," he said, "I answered that I do not even celebrate my own birthday, why then should I celebrate Shakespeare's? My argument sufficed. Perhaps the same argument, somewhat modified, will suffice for you: I did not even celebrate Shakespeare's birthday, then why should I celebrate Bernard Shaw's?"

But that argument did not satisfy us. Shaw, who, as I learned from himself, had not celebrated a birthday since he was twelve years old, now celebrated his birthday, and celebrated it in the Soviet Union. And in the speech which he made on that occasion in the Hall of Columns of the House of Trade Unions, he spoke not of his own past, but of the future of humanity.

B., a professor of literature at one of the American universities, was in Moscow. Professor B., who spoke Russian fluently, was here studying Soviet literature, intending to write

a book showing its social nature. As a result of systematic work between October 1930 and July 1931, he had succeeded in collecting a considerable amount of material.

Bernard Shaw was well acquainted with professor B., whose father had been his friend in childhood. And professor B. felt it his duty to visit Shaw, in order to give him the benefit of his experience and understanding of Soviet life, and above all Soviet literature. Shaw received the American professor in a very friendly way and spent four hours with him. I do not know what that meeting did for to Shaw, but after the visit the professor decided to discard his ten months' work and start collecting material anew—from another angle.

"Believe me," said professor B., "during the whole four hours we talked about the Soviet Union and Shaw did not make one sarcastic remark. What that means, can only be appreciated by one who knows the great humorist well. I saw before me a totally new Shaw. It was a wonderful experience."

But I, owing to a special combination of circumstances, was able to see the great humorist not only in a serious moment, but even when he was, to a certain extent, embarrassed.

Shaw wanted to visit one of the rest homes outside Moscow. I was to come and fetch him. I arrived punctually at the hotel "Metropole," but Shaw was not there. For a long time I waited for him, and when he finally returned home, I learned that he had just been received by J. Stalin. I noticed that there was something different about our guest, and I enquired about his experiences and the impressions left by his meeting with J. Stalin.

Always ready with a witty reply, Shaw on this occasion hesitated for a long time, and at last said, slowly, thoughtfully:

"A writer, just like a mason or a boxer, must know his strength and his limitations. If he wants to do a good job, he must set himself a task demanding all his strength. If he does not want to suffer a fiasco, he must not take upon himself that which is obviously beyond his powers.

A scene from the first act of B. Shaw's "Pygmalion" at the Theatre of Satire, Moscow, 1938

I will not attempt to describe the impression Stalin made upon me. Perhaps sometime, after several years, I shall write about it. But most probably not. Let future writers draw their own conclusions from the fact that I, who have never yet been accused of modesty, did not feel my powers equal to this task."

When we were seeing Shaw off at the station, someone asked him:

"We hope, Comrade Shaw, that you will remain a friend of the Soviet Union?"

"Up to the day of my death, most certainly," answered Shaw, "but I hope—afterwards, too."

BELA ILLES

My Constant Companions

I was a confused, incoherent lad of sixteen. Quite by chance, I came across an English hand-book on a push cart and bought it for twenty-five copecks. The beginning and end of the book were torn out; but I soon began to copy out in chalk on the roof (I had no paper) the craziest phrases:

"Have you a one-eyed aunt who buys canaries and buffaloes at the baker's?"

"Does the shy lad love the granddaughter of his little daughter?"

I had spent some five months at this fruitful labour when finally, to my infinite joy, I discovered that I could—true, with great difficulty—already read English.

It was a feast of feasts for me.

A Jewish book-binder I knew presented me with a book, *The Poetical Works of Edgar Allen Poe*. I opened the book and read aloud with delight:

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary. . .
etc.

I was far from understanding every word, but this only heightened the illusion of mystery which the great poet tried to attain. And though I pronounced English in my own peculiar way (and a fantastic way it was!), the lines seemed like celestial music to me. I immediately learned them by heart and declaimed them from the red hot roofs of the gay little southern town (I was a house-painter, and spent the greater part of my life on roof-tops).

If, by some miracle, an English passer-by had heard me, he would, of course, never have guessed that he was listening to what was supposed to be his native tongue. I was particularly fascinated by *Ulalume*, and repeated the poem thousands of times, like a fakir reciting his devotions. As a matter of fact, it was not so much the contents of the poem that allured me as the refined, insinuating music. Then came the Algernon Charles Swinburne period in my reading. At present I am rather indifferent to his wonderful rhymes, but at that time his *Hymn to Proserpine*, *Ave atque Vale* and *Hertha* threw me into an ecstacy of delight.

Then winter came, and with it my work as a house-painter came to a stop. I devoted all my enforced leisure to constant, absorbed reading. I devoured all the English books in the public library of our town with the voraciousness of a boy in his teens—a Russian boy especially. Now I am amazed as to how I could have, in so short a time, waded through Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson, William Hazlitt, and Macaulay's *History of England*, and his immortal *Critical Essays*—which has, even up to now, remained one of my favourite books—and De Quincey's *Essays of an Opium Eater*, and Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and *Peippa Passes* by Robert Browning, which I attempted to translate—into very bungling, clumsy poetry.

In short, I created a fantastic world of my own, of which I was the only inhabitant, brimming over with an enthusiasm which I could share with none.

There was not a soul among those around me who was even faintly interested in the things that seethed within me at the time. To me Dr. Samuel Johnson, described in Boswell's four-volume biography, was more real than the people with whom I came into contact in everyday life. The square on which Amelia Sedley in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*

lived was more familiar to me, more lifelike than the street in which I lived. Nicholas Nickleby's mother, Toots in *Dombey and Son*, Miss Gamp in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mr. Weller in *Pickwick*—all of them at that time became my "constant companions," from whom I shall be inseparable till the end of my days.

Strangely enough, Byron, so beloved in Russia, left me absolutely cold. His collected letters in the book by Thomas Moore revealed his poetic genius to me more fully than all his lauded poems. Only *Beppo* and *Don Juan* delighted me, and these chiefly for the brilliant poetic technique displayed in them.

Some two years went by. Then came a day I shall never forget. A drunken sailor in the port hitched himself onto me, insistently pressing upon me a bottle of rum he had smuggled in. I told him that I didn't drink, upon which he slipped some kind of a book into my hand. "Banned," he said with a wink. The book proved to be Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, and I gave him twenty copecks for it. I had hardly succeeded in reaching home when I became a Whitmanite. I plunged into the book like an anchor into the ocean depths. Its colossal breadth overwhelmed me. I began to see everything about me through the eyes of Walt Whitman, and when I read *Song of Myself (One's Self I Sing)* it seemed it was about myself. I realized that the aim of my life was to preach Walt Whitman. And as I was sincerely sorry for those of my friends and acquaintances who could not read him, I began a translation for them in order to share my happiness with them. This was the inception of my book of translations from Whitman, issued in St.-Petersburg in 1907 by the publishers of the "Young People's Circle." My translations were very naïve. I have been correcting and polishing them up all my life. Some three years ago the ninth edition of the book appeared, and I have prepared the tenth—with a number of articles about the "Good grey poet." I have since reread all the literature I could possibly get on Walt Whitman—John Addington Symonds, Stedman, Horace Traubell, Newton Arvin and Edgar Lee Masters—and have written a book on him which will soon be published.

Although my basic work is devoted to Russian literature, for which I have a passionate love, particularly Nekrassov and others of his time, I consider myself deeply indebted to English letters. When I wrote my articles on Russian writers, I felt the tremendous assistance afforded me by that great master of historical portraits, Lytton Strachey, and his school. And before writing my poems for children, I steeped myself in English nursery rhymes, Lewis Carroll's *Alice*, Edward Lear's *Nonsense Books* and A. A. Milne's poems. Although in most cases my tales are entirely original, and are based on Russian folklore, I should hardly have been bold enough to write them had I not had behind me this phalanx of mighty English innovators.

In 1918, immediately after the October Revolution, Maxim Gorky proclaimed a grand cause, into which I was drawn. This was *Universal Literature*. Gorky set to work to publish for the new Soviet intelligentsia *all* the best books in existence—Greek, Italian, French, Japanese, Chinese, English—translated as well as they could possibly be into Russian. This publishing program was so great that the editorial board spent almost a year in drawing it up. The editorial board included scientists, academicians, writers, etc. I too was invited to take charge of the section devoted to English and American letters; and I spent three years at this work. Gorky was a great connoisseur of American and English literature. He taught me to love Thomas

Hardy, Joseph Conrad, Kipling, Chesterton, G. H. Lawrence, John Synge, Masefield—and I still have the letters he wrote me on Howells, O'Henry, Galsworthy and Henry James.

In Gorky's mind, *Universal Literature* was to serve the ideals of the fraternity, friendship and mutual understanding of the peoples. It expressed the deepest veneration for the ancient and modern culture of all mankind. Now, at a time when fiendish fascist instincts are running rampant, when the magnificent humanism Europe has suffered for and won is in mortal danger, Gorky's idea takes on particularly great moral beauty. And it seems to me that, side by side with the Russian, the literature which has more than any other served this humanistic idea of the rapprochement and mutual understanding of people is English literature, which has given the world a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, a Shelley and a Charles Dickens.

K. CHUKOVSKY

Hitler's Penal Jails

The State Literary Publishing House, Moscow, has brought out an abridged edition of Wolfgang Langhoff's well-known book, *Swamp Soldiers*. In Switzerland, in 1935 alone, *Swamp Soldiers* went through twenty-nine German editions and has been translated into nine foreign languages. Its publication at the present moment, when the Soviet people are fighting in a patriotic war in defence of their country against Hitler Germany, is very opportune. Langhoff's book presents the reader with an extremely clear picture of the blood-drenched torture chamber which the Hitler monsters have made of enslaved Germany.

Langhoff is an actor by profession. His participation in workers' theatre groups in pre-Hitler Germany was considered by the Gestapo butchers as quite sufficient grounds for throwing him into one of the most frightful concentration camps of the Third Reich. His was the fate of thousands of other people whom the fascist jailors, with or without reason, considered to be opponents of their regime of terror and banditry and summarily sentenced to penal servitude in putrid swamps where they were subjected to torture and mockery. Langhoff spent thirteen months in various concentration camps, and in his book he describes simply and unaffectedly all that he suffered during that time. "I sweer that everything I have written is the truth," he declares in the preface.

Langhoff presents us with a portrait gallery of fascist jailors, who stopped at nothing to degrade the human dignity of their victims and turn them into timid, obedient slaves.

"For months at a stretch," writes Langhoff, "we stayed in the swamp, up to our knees in mire; our spades would frequently catch in the huge roots and stumps of sunken trees; we would see snakes coiling in the warm heather; often someone would fall, and the prisoners, accompanied by a guard, would carry him off to the hospital. And always, the incessant slave-driving, the never-ending stream of abuse, and the tormenting feeling of being no longer a human being but a beast of burden."

Inhuman, brutal drill is one of the favourite methods for transforming a human being into a robot—the happy state of the "ideal" citizen in "Hitlerland." "Heaven help you if you don't maintain an exact

three-pace distance. The prisoner will get a knock on the jaw or a kick in the stomach."

Day by day, the fascist hangmen tortured the prisoners, methodically, systematically. Senseless toil intended to turn the strongest man into a wreck; torture, murder in cold blood "while attempting to escape"—this is the daily routine in the concentration camps, these are the inevitable attributes of the fascist "new order," this is the program which Hitler and his clique hold in store for all those who dare to stand in the path of the "superior German race" towards world domination.

Langhoff indignantly brushes aside the absurd attempts of the fascist hack-writers of Goebbels' department to "refute" the truth of the horrors in the fascist jails.

"I spent thirteen months in German prisons and concentration camps," declares Langhoff. "I talked with hundreds of prisoners from all parts of Germany. For thirteen months I was a victim and a witness of fiendish outrages, while at the same time the radio and the newspapers of the Third Reich were day in and day out shouting themselves hoarse for the world to hear: 'Cruel treatment of helpless prisoners is unworthy of a German citizen! . . .'

"For thirteen months I learned to know that false morality, that mixture of sadism and sentimentality, blood-thirsty brutality and hypocrisy. During the whole of that thirteen months I never heard of a single case of anyone being punished for ill-treating prisoners.

"On the contrary, tried murderers and flay-flints received rapid promotion and achieved higher posts and decorations."

Despite the unbearable conditions of life in the camps, the prisoners never lost courage. Langhoff shows how the prisoners of Papenburg felt themselves to be a firmly cemented collective, a unit which no wiles of the jailors could break up.

Not everlasting is the dyke,
Not endless is the winter,

sang the "swamp soldiers" as they were marched off with shouldered spades.

Langhoff ends his book with a bitter denunciation of those who have degraded and trampled on his country, and made of it a land of dastardly assassins and bandits, whose weapons are murder and treachery and who have resurrected all the horrors of barbarism.

The concentration camp into which Langhoff and his comrades were incarcerated was not very far from the Dutch border. Only a short distance separated them from Holland, at that time still free. Today the brown plague holds sway in that country too, as well as in Norway, Denmark, Poland, Czechoslovakia and other countries which are being trampled by the fascist jackboot.

Perfidiously violating their treaty obligations, the German fascists broke into the territory of the Soviet Union. They have set up their concentration camps in the districts they have temporarily seized, hounding into them the population which fell into their hands and subjecting them to unheard-of torments. The one ambition of the hitlerite barbarians is to transform the whole of Europe, the whole world into a concentration camp, into a foul and stinking swamp. The storm-trooper jailor of a concentration camp—this is the vicious bully who lays down the law in the dank fascist den. It is he and his colleagues who had themselves photographed with a smug look on their faces besides a gallows or against a background of buring towns in Poland, Yugoslavia, Greece. It is they who are applying their "experience" in all the countries conquered by Hitler. It is they who

are aspiring to the posts of commandant or governor in the occupied towns and villages of the Ukraine and Byelorussia.

The crushing blows of the Red Army and the whole of the Soviet people, whose struggle merges with the struggle for the liberation of the peoples of the world, will put an end once and for all to the criminal activities of this scum of humanity and will sweep them from the face of the earth.

V. NESTEROV

Dickens in Russia

Among the world's classical writers Charles Dickens is one of the favourite authors of the Russian reader. His warm heart, his profound human feeling and ever deep concern for the fate of people helpless before the adversities of life—these literary qualities have captivated the Russians and won their love and admiration. The Russian reader, brought up on the realism of the Russian classical literature, on the realism of Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Goncharov, Shchedrin and Tolstoy, appreciated Dickens' great realistic talent even in his life time, when, simultaneously with the publication of his collected works in England, a collection also appeared in Russian. The publication of each new book quickened anew the love of the Russian reader for his works. But a wide popularity for the great novelist was precluded by the small number of books published in the past.

After the October Revolution this barrier was removed. The publication of Dickens' works increased and the editions grew from year to year.

The Civil War had not yet abated when, in 1919, the Soviet Government published large editions of *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Oliver Twist*. Thereafter, every year saw new editions of several novels. Within three years (1928—1930) three editions of *Oliver Twist* were published with 30,000 copies in each. Three of *Dombey and Son*. Three of *Nicholas Nickleby*. There were two issues of *Great Expectations* in editions also containing 30,000 copies; also of *David Copperfield* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Excerpts from *A Tale of Two Cities* were reprinted in an edition containing 75,000 copies.

The coming of the year 1930 brought the Soviet reader not only twenty editions of the great realist's novels, but a new translation of these novels. The old translations underwent a thorough revision by skilled Soviet translators who produced new translations with higher claims. Now the old translation is no longer reprinted. From 1930 on the Russian reader acquired the books of the great artist in a translation made in the light of the translators' latest technical researches. From the new translation the Soviet reader demanded, above all, accuracy. This accuracy must not, of course, be confused with literalness of slave-like copy. The translator must not only be a master of the Russian language but must also be able to convey the originality of Dickens' syntax in full. The solving of this problem by the Soviet translators was closely followed by the literary critics.

The "Academia" Publishing House began this work by publishing *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* in a luxe edition. During the following years this edition was followed by six other editions of the same novel, one of which, for school libraries, contained 60,000 copies.

The new translations of Dickens' other novels followed one after the other. *Hard Times* was published in two editions, *Great Expectations* in an edition of 50,000 copies. Three more editions of *Dombey and Son* were brought out after the "Academia" Publishing House had introduced the new translation to the world. The Children's Publishing House issued this novel in an edition of 75,000 copies.

The record was broken by the new translation of *Oliver Twist* which was issued by the State Publishing House in two editions, one of which was in 50,000 copies, and by the Children's Publishing House in an edition of 86,000 copies. New editions of *David Copperfield* and *Bleak House* were published at the same time.

The best Soviet authorities on Western literature devoted themselves to a study of the great English novelist's works. Numerous appreciations of the new translation appeared, and at last, in 1940, merged the new edition of Dickens' collected works edited by the author of these lines. Up to now four volumes have appeared: *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and a selection of short stories. This collection is preceded by a detailed biography

of Dickens and each volume is provided with a literary commentary.

The demand for Dickens' collected works was so great that two days after the subscription had been announced it had to be closed. In two days the publishers had received demands for copies superceeding the 20,000 available in the edition which had been announced for publication. And in spite of the fact that the subscription list had been closed, thousands of subscriptions continued to pour in for several days.

Similar success is enjoyed by the stage adaptation of *The Pickwick Club* which has been presented at one of the best Moscow theatres. For several years the dramatic representation of this novel at the Moscow Art Theatre has been running continuously to the accompaniment of praises in honour of the author's genius.

The love for Dickens in Russia is equal to the love for the most popular Russian classics. And even today, in the grim days of the war waged against German fascism, the Russian reader remains true to his Dickens. As faithful as ever before it was during these days that the volume of his collected works came out. The appearance of a new volume of Dickens at a time when the German hordes have failed in their *Blitzkrieg* plans against the peoples of the U.S.S.R., is additional proof that there is no need for genuine culture to fear the threats of the German barbarians drowned in blood.

E. LANN

The Skill of a Poet*

It rarely falls to the lot of a translator that his translations should become an organic and inseparable part of the national poetry of his own people. This can generally be said of outstanding poets only. However, translations by great poets often bear the stamp of the poet's individuality to such an extent that the original features are overshadowed by the new form. We can hardly recognize Goethe's famous song in Lermontov's highly gifted rendering of it in his *Mountain Tops*. On the other hand, when the poetical individuality of the translator is close to that of the author, when there is an intrinsic affinity between both poetical cultures, such masterpieces of Russian poetry are created as *The Castle of Smallholm* by Zhukovsky which is distinguished by a vivid likeness to the original even though some of the details are translated incorrectly. In Marshak's little book *English Ballads and Songs* we find just as fortunate an example of fluent verse sounding purely Russian and preserving at the same time the specific beauty, all the inimitable originality of English poetry.

Burns, Wordsworth, Stevenson, Kipling, folk-ballads and folk-songs make up the contents of this book. Wordsworth's dreamy melancholic lyric, composed of soft semitones and devoid of sharp contours, is evidently somewhat alien to Marshak. In his three poems included in this book, and belonging, by the way, to the masterpieces of Wordsworth's lyric, we do not perceive that animated breath, that concreteness and brightness of poetical feeling which distinguish Marshak's other translations. But in Marshak's translations of Kipling and Stevenson we already find that ditty-like airiness, simplicity, playfulness and ingenuity peculiar to Marshak's own original creations. It is true, were the results not so good, we could have reproached the author for his somewhat biased selection of poems. Selections from Kipling, especially, were made from a very definite, specifically Marshakian point of view. But a translator possessing such distinct poetical individuality should not really be expected to act otherwise, or he might not do justice to himself and to the original. For, in order that the translation be endowed with breath and vividness, the poem must be recreated and not merely translated. This is why English children's ditties are so good in Marshak's rendering. One who does not know these songs in the original would never believe them to be translations. They are just as jovial, just as fascinating, just as witty as Marshak's own poetry—the favourite of children and grown-ups.

The entire collection of poems is centered around fifteen translations from Burns, which lend the book its character and seem to predetermine the selection of the other authors and poems. And it is just for Burns that the Russian poetical culture should be grateful to Marshak. The Scotchman Burns is one of the greatest poets of the world. Many of his songs have been set to music and are as well known, as well assimilated by the English people as are the songs of Béranger in France.

The portrayal of the life of the people depicted in these songs and their pictu-

* S. Marshak, *English Ballads and Songs*. Moscow, "Soviet Writer" publishers, 1941.

resqueness bring back to memory the great Dutch painters of the XVIIth century. Revels and wedding feasts, jolly brawls between friends, tiffs and reconciliation kisses of lovers, battles for the fatherland, stiff nobility and the common people—with that inimitable mirthful irony towards kings and lords and profound love and sympathy for the people and its exigencies—all of this passes before us as in a kaleidoscope in Burns' artless and cheerful verses.

The Soviet reader is grateful to the translator for his masterly translation of Burns' poetical folk-language without resorting to the use of specific quasi-popular turns of speech and words—a sin often committed by translators of folk-songs. Marshak translated with brilliant ease the pointed and unconstrained aphoristic style of Burns' poem *Is there, for Honest Poverty*.

Marshak knows how to convey in just as simple words as in the original the superb composure and buoyant fortitude with which the people face mortal danger in their struggle for the righteous cause, so beautifully expressed in the song of the rebel Macpherson. Just as talented and with just as much elegance did he translate Burns' subtle ditty of the little lassie Jenny.

Much space is devoted by Marshak to Burns' ballads. Special mention must be made of his excellent translation of *The Miller*, a fragment of which was translated by Pushkin (in his *Scenes from Knighthood Times*).

The outstanding individuality of the translator lends the entire book a quality of integrity and eveness despite the heterogeneous collection of the authors included in it.

The book *English Ballads and Songs* in Marshak's translation will unquestionably become one of the favourite books of the Soviet reader and will serve as a medium for the study of the beautiful poetry of the great people inhabiting the British Isles.

V. LEVIK

Two Patriotic Wars

Two Patriotic Wars is the title of a pamphlet written by a prominent Soviet historian, E. Tarle, who is a member of the Academy of Sciences.

"The German 'Third Reich' is a parody of Napoleon's Empire," the author writes in the short preface to his pamphlet, citing an article from a British radical paper. And it is precisely in this connection that the drama of a century and a quarter ago arouses our interest—the Grand Army's incursion into Russia and its doom in the vast and tractless hinterland of our country in 1812.

The lessons to be drawn from the utter defeat of Napoleon's invincible army in Russia is instructive in itself, without, of course, drawing any analogies.

The leader of the French army was a military genius. The "leader" of the fascist bands is a maniac, none too clever and with but little education.

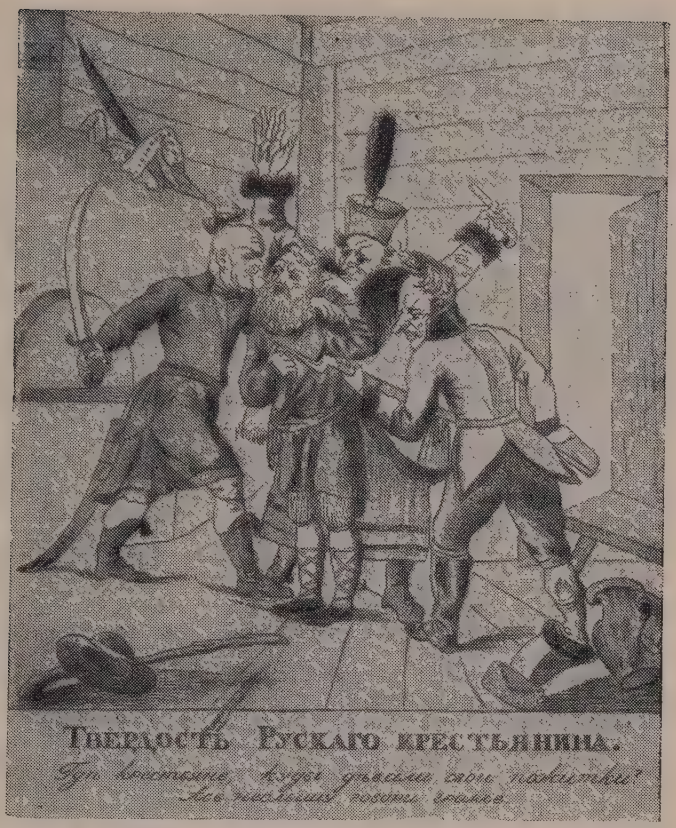
Further, in 1812, the military strength of the Russian and French armies was very unequal, the balance definitely being in favour of the French. Today the temporary successes attained by the fascist armies were due to the fact that hitlerism has concentrated all the military might at its command in one single driving force, whereas the military potentialities of the U.S.S.R. are being developed and will continue to develop more and more intensively, every day changing the correlation of forces in favour of the latter. And yet, in spite of the fact, or perhaps precisely because Napoleon had many real chances of success when he invaded Russia, a possibility entirely ruled out today in so far as Hitler is concerned, a study of the patriotic war of 1812 is helpful in understanding the present situation.

"Absolute power over Europe, this, so to speak, was the minimum program which Napoleon, to the end of his days, regarded as very modest and moderate," Tarle writes.

If we are to discount Spain which continued to offer heroic resistance, the Europe of that time was subjugated by Napoleon with the exception of two countries: England in the extreme West and Russia in the extreme East. Napoleon dreamt of a world empire. And so on June 24th, 1812, he crossed the Niemen along which ran the State frontier. Thus began the broad offensive of Napoleon's troops. Tarle gives the reader a lucid analysis of the subsequent development of events.

"The first loss of Russian territory caused considerable dismay in circles in close contact with Tsar Alexander. 'Incomprehensible!' they said. 'To lose Vilno five days after the beginning of hostilities? To keep on retreating and surrender so many cities and lands to the enemy and yet at the same time boast that the campaign had only just begun? Is there anything else the enemy could wish for?'"

These words were written by the State



Terbenyov: "The steadfast manliness of a Russian peasant" (A patriot of 1812). "Where the devil are the peasants? What did they ho with their belongings?" — "Eh, what's that? I can't hear you"

Secretary Shishkov in the first days of the war, and similar thoughts weighed heavily on the minds of many in Russia at the time.

And yet what the enemy wished for was decisive battles with the Russian army. The far-sighted policy of the Russian high command consisted in avoiding decisive encounters with the enemy, moving the troops inland, preserving their fighting efficiency for the struggle ahead, when at this junction the whole country and the entire army expected the newly appointed commander-in-chief, Kutuzov, to fight major battles. As matters stood Napoleon's army at the beginning of the campaign of 1812 was numerically greater and better equipped than the Russian army. Hence a decisive battle at the first stage of the war would have been meant playing into the hands of the French.

"Napoleon could hardly conceal his irritation at the fact that Barclay de Tolly retreated from Vilno," Tarle notes.

And so it continued all along.

"Napoleon was so anxious for a general engagement near Vitebsk that while still on the march to Vitebsk he ordered Murat and the vice-roy Eugene to place no obstacles in the way to prevent the different units of the Russian army joining the main Russian forces."

Napoleon was enraged when he learned that the Russian army was surrendering city after city without giving battle.

It is a matter of record that Napoleon's advancing troops did not score a single major victory throughout the campaign and never were the Russian troops put to flight—such was the strange logic of this war, which at first glance seemed inexplicable.

"Describing the battle near Valutina Hill, Count Ségur, a member of Napoleon's entourage, wrote that 'the Russians covered themselves with almost as much glory in their defeat as we in our victory.' This was an ominous sign for Napoleon. Have the Russians been put to flight at least once since the war began? Could the battle near Krasnoye and Neverovsky's retreat really be called a victory for the Grand Army? Had there been cases anywhere else, except in Spain, where individual soldiers kept a whole regiment at bay and where it was necessary to bring up cannon against individual soldiers surrounded by enemies, as was the case

with the Russian chasseur at Smolensk? In fact, the battle of Valutina Hill should be regarded not as a victory but rather as a strategical defeat for the French army," Tarle states.

The battle of Borodino and the surrender of Moscow were the apotheosis of the military heroism of the Russian army, of the grit and far-sightedness of the Russian command.

This is how Tarle describes Napoleon's attitude to these major stages in the ampaign:

"Night set in. The biggest battle that Napoleon had ever fought (Borodino) was drawing to a close. But what was the result? Neither Napoleon nor his marshals could say definitely. None of them were conscious of a feeling of victory."

Napoleon himself was forced to acknowledge the heroism of the Russian troops.

"The most frightful battle I ever fought, was that near Moscow. In killed and severely wounded, the Russian army lost 58,000 men, but only 700 Russians were taken prisoner. . . The French deserved their victory, but the Russians deserved the title of invincibles," this is what Napoleon said shortly before his death.

In the long run, the battle of Borodino proved to be a great moral victory for the Russian people over the dictator of Europe. The battle-field of Borodino marked the beginning of that incredibly difficult task of overthrowing Napoleon—a task that was finally accomplished three years later.

At night, Napoleon was the first to withdraw his troops from the battle-field. He did this before Kutuzov issued his order to retreat. The Russian army retreated from Borodino to Moscow and beyond in perfect order. But the main thing was that the spirit of the Russian troops had not been shaken in the least; Borodino had merely served to fan their hatred of the invader and to intensify their thirst for revenge.

At last Napoleon reached Moscow. In a triumphant mood, he awaited a deputation that would bring him the keys of the city and the request for peace. . . But no deputation or envoys with peace proposals came. Napoleon was met by a derelict, abandoned city—its inhabitants had left on carts, on horse back and on foot—a city in flames. . . Two days in the ancient Kremlin—and Napoleon was forced to flee, almost perishing in the flames.

"'What determination!' Napoleon kept repeating. 'What a people! What a people!'"

The occupation of Moscow which had seemed to Napoleon the crowning victory of the French, was in reality but the beginning of the victorious onslaught of the Russian troops. The French army retreated from Moscow and beyond the borders of Russia. This was no retreat but a military débâcle, an irreparable calamity for the army, once almost half a million strong.

"In the latter half of December the survivers of MacDonald's units and small groups of straggling Frenchmen, after wearily making their way through the forests of Lithuania, continued to cross into Prussia. On the whole less than 30,000 men remined under the command of Murat and, after his departure, under the command of the vice-roy of Italy Eugene de Beauharnais. And this is all that remained of the Great Army, of the 420,000 men who on June 24th, 1812, crossed the Niemen by four bridges, and of the 150,000 men who subsequently joined this army."

Thus ended Napoleon's campaign into Russia.

When considering the reasons which led to the collapse of the Napoleonic Empire, Tarle emphasizes the paramount importance of the change in the social role of Napoleon's conquests. This became evident long before 1812, approximately around 1805—1807. Unless this factor is understood, Tarle notes, "every attempt to explain the collapse of Napoleon's Empire will amount to no more than the repetition of the innumerable mystical, romantic and idealistic fantasies with which the history of his reign is so replete."

What is the crux of the problem?

So long as Napoleon fought against the feudal-absolutist monarchies of Europe, prosecuting a historically just, a historically progressive cause, his army was invincible. The military genius of Napoleon found fertile soil for its application and development in the realization of the tasks advanced by the French Revolution of 1789—1793. Napoleon's overwhelming victories at that time met with sympathy in progressive circles of Europe and even within the countries conquered by him. But when the emancipatory aims in the wars he waged became gradually replaced by imperialist aims, by gross subjugation, the set purpose of which was to establish and enforce the domination of the French race, as the privileged race, over the other nations of Europe—Napoleon began to lose with catastrophic rapidity the keystone to victory.

"After the Peace of Tilsit, when the border line between the permissible and the impermissible rapidly began to lose all significance for him, Napoleon no longer confronted the peoples of Europe—and the progressive class that the bourgeoisie represented at that time—as a libera-

tor, but as a cruel tyrant, who divided mankind into lords and slaves, placing in the first category the French alone and condemning the rest of mankind to the second. He began to be regarded as a ruthless despot who deliberately ruined countries unfortunate enough to come under his heel; and it became the dream of the whole of progressive mankind to rid the world of this tyrant."

The figure that miserable adventurer Hitler, who dreams of becoming a Napoleon, cuts is all the more sordid because he tries to model his pillage in Europe along the lines taken in that period in Napoleon's activity of despotic rule and subjugation of other peoples and nations, the period which led to the downfall of the Napoleonic Empire. Pillage, violence and brutality, when they became rife in Napoleon's legions, were a symptom of the disintegration of the once Grand Army. The fascist atrocities which in no way can be likened to the brutality of Napoleon's soldiers or even the monstrous deeds of Attila's hordes, are a fundamental characteristic of fascist Germany's army.

The hour is nigh when the death agony, which the fascist hordes take for a carouse, will meet its inevitable end.

Steeled in the grim battles of unrelenting war against the fascist barbarians, the Red Army is firm in its unity, its sacred hatred for the bloodthirsty foe. The daring of the Soviet fighters, their contempt for death are the admiration of the peoples of the whole world, and fill the enemy with terror. It is not without cause that the fascists avoid night combats, quake before bayonet attacks by Soviet infantry and avoid air battles even when their forces are superior.

But the strength of the Soviet Union lies not only in the Red Army. The entire Soviet rear is one united whole working to arm the country, and guarding it. Soviet citizens in the rear of the German army form numerous partisan detachments.

If in the war for Country in 1812 the partisan movement played a tremendous part, then today, when it is a reinforcement for a mighty regular army, its force and significance have increased to a tremendous extent. In the enemy rear, in the occupied districts, this partisan army is growing up, many thousands strong. The feelings of the "conquerors" are eloquently pictured in the following lines of a letter taken from a prisoner:

"The partisans fire on our columns in broad daylight. . . I have no great hopes of ever returning home from this hell, from this damned Russia. You can have no conception of what we are suffering here."

The history of wars proves that those States and armies whose strength increased during the course of war have always been victorious, while those States and armies whose strength became exhausted and decreased during the war have been defeated.

The second patriotic war, the war of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. which they are waging together with the peoples of Great Britain and USA will bring victory not only to the Soviet land but also to all peoples enslaved by hitlerism.

N. CHETUNOVA

War Sketches

Letters of a Russian Officer and *Sketches of the Battle of Borodino* is the joint title of an interesting book published by the State Literary Publishing House. It is made up of extracts from the works of the poet Fyodor Glinka who fought in the Patriotic War of 1812.

An excellent writer, and one of the progressive people of his time, Glinka, in his *Letters of a Russian Officer* and *Sketches of the Battle of Borodino*, gives a complete and vivid description of the events of the Patriotic War of 1812. A soldier and a poet, Glinka was in the very thick of military events. He saw how the people's hatred for the foe mounted from day to day. He himself took part in the major battles of the war. He was one of those who realized, soon after Napoleon had crossed the border of Russia, how little the war would resemble the others waged by the "conqueror of Europe" in the West.

"Napoleon will conquer only territory in Russia, and not the people," Glinka writes. "The Russians will ever be unrelenting foes of the invaders, formidable in their will to victory over the ravishers of their native soil."

"The people's war," he writes, "gleams brighter with every passing hour. The burning villages seem to kindle the flames of revenge in the hearts of the inhabitants. Thousands of villagers hidden in the woods, their scythes and sickles transformed into weapons of defence, untrained in the art of war, are repelling the base foe by sheer bravery alone. Even women are fighting!"

Glinka cites the remarkable words of

a soldier who, in answer to the question: "Why did you fight so valiantly at Borodino?" said: "Because, sir, no one looked to others for support. Everyone said to himself as it were: 'I'll stand my ground even if everyone else runs. Even if everyone else surrenders, I won't surrender, though I die!'"

Like a torrent the people's indignation swept away Napoleon's "innumerable army." The great Russian people vanquished the enemy who invaded their land. Napoleon's soldiers fled from Russia "along the same road they had marched so proudly to Moscow;" that road was "littered with vast numbers of dead and dying, or dressed in wretched, bloodstained rags, dragged themselves over heaps of corpses of men and horses."

These are the closing words of Glinka's description of the stern days of the struggle of the Russian people against their mighty and dangerous foe.

The militant traditions of the fighters in the Patriotic War of 1812, who defeated the most modern army of the time, live again in the unparalleled struggle of the Soviet people against the fascist hordes of Hitler. The fascist swashbucklers are being given cause to remember ever more frequently the fate of Napoleon's army in Russia. The events of 1812 are a vivid remainder of the might of the Russian people, of their love of freedom and their capacity for self-sacrifice for the sake of their country.

These qualities find a clear and vivid expression in the small volume of Glinka's reminiscences.

A. KOTOV

Books about Heroes

"The Russian people are not only able to fight, but love to fight."

K. Voroshilov

Even at the time of the Civil War in the U.S.S.R., foremost in the fighting traditions of the Red Army stood: high military discipline and a readiness of the troops to overcome any and all difficulties in the defence of the fatherland. Already at that time scorn of death was one of the most distinguishing features of our fighters. The battle by Hallhin-Gall, the epic Finnish epopee showed the mighty power, courage and bravery of the Red Army. The holy patriotic war against the German invaders, which has aroused the country to a man, has given rise to mass heroism that quality which is so characteristic of the Red Army.

Every minute and every hour unparalleled feats are being achieved at the front. Every day they are noted in the reports of the Soviet Information Bureau, in the telegrams from our war correspondents and in the episodes described y our writers. These deeds and exploits compose the everyday life of our army. They are not the achievements of individual heroes: these are the deeds and exploits of those who form the basic mass of our fighters, commanders and political instructors.

During the last few months, many booklets and collections of episodes and stories of the front have been published. *Ramming* (Feats of Soviet Fliers. 1941) is the title of a collection of stories dedicated to the exploits and feats of Soviet fliers. This consists of episodes, articles and stories by A. Tolstoy, L. Sobolev, K. Levin, M. Vodopyanov, Sergei Vashentzev, and poems by Simonov and Svetlov.

Ramming has become an ordinary everyday thing for Soviet airmen. This is by no means "mad, reckless bravery," but, as Sobolev writes, connotes "high class Soviet flying art multiplied by cold-bloodedness and courage."

As it is well known, ramming is a specific Russian method of fighting. The famous Russian flier Peter Nesterov was the first to ram a plane. This happened on August 26th, 1914; it was the day when the first German airplane was rammed. Soviet fliers made this militant method their own work-day method of air-fight.

I recall a story by Vodopyanov, *About a Flier*. The psychological element is characteristic here. A "Junkers" is fleeting from lieutenant Eremin. "Is it possible that he is really running away?" flashes through lieutenant Eremin's mind. Lieutenant Eremin's benzine and cartridges have given out, but his only thought is: "The enemy must not escape." Victory—such is the foremost thought; victory is sweeter than life—so think and feel Soviet fliers. This was the only thing in the mind of the hero when he decided to ram the German plane.

To be victorious at any price—so Soviet fliers conceive their military duty. That is why our fliers speak so touchingly, simply of their exploits, not in the least considering them heroic. In Sobolev's story this feature is very subtly drawn. For instance, senior lieutenant Mitin, describing his experience, says modestly: "I just rammed the plane, and the fascist crashed." So very simple: he rammed it—that is all!

This is how the hearts of our brave hawks respond to our great leader's call: "Death to the German invaders!" And this is why Alexei Tolstoy writes in the same collection: "The sky over our country was and will be ours."

* * *

In 1917 on the banners of many Red Guard detachments of Petersburg workers were enscribed the following words: "Death or Victory."

Our Red Guards, Stalin's creation, are daily gaining ever new victories over the enemy.

Three books on the Stalinist Red Guards have recorded their first glorious deeds.

The news of the heroic exploit of the twenty-eight Red Guards of General Panfilov, who halted the onslaught of the enemy tanks on Moscow, has spread far and wide over the Soviet Union. Songs and poems have already been written about these heroes. A. Krivitsky's short story (*Honour of the Red Guard*. Short stories. "Young Guard," 1942) gives a detaised picture of the glorious death of this handful of valiant warriors for their fatherland.

With eyes inflamed from overstrain, the gifted political instructor Klochkov gazes at his comrades-in-arms (these twenty-eight men had already repulsed an attack of twenty tanks, when a second echelon of thirty tanks advanced against them), and utters these convincing but simple words, which have gone down in the history of the patriotic war:

"It looks as if we shall all have to die. Russia is immense, but there is no place to retreat—behind us lies Moscow."

These twenty-eight heroes sacrificed their lives, but the advance of the enemy tanks on Moscow was halted. This is not blind scorn of death, but a combination of courage, fearlessness, military adroitness, high military art and keen intelligence, plus the preponderance on our side of high morale. The hearts of Soviet patriots are full of a holy hatred towards the enemy and boundless love for our fatherland. They are certain of victory, and the very aim of defending their country inspires Soviet patriots to miracles of valour and heroism. This lofty aim, as Comrade Stalin said, "must give birth and in our army really does give birth to heroes who are cementing the Red Army." The deeds of the Red Guards brilliantly confirm our leader's words.

In this same collection Gudalov gives us a stirring article of the deeds of a liaisonist, sergeant Nikolai Novikov.

An enemy shell had broken the cable, depriving the staff of communications. Nikolai set out to repair the damage. The line which he was in charge of ran along the front, but though mines and shells were ceaselessly bursting near him, he crawled on. Having come to the broken part of the line, he cleaned it with his teeth, welded it and crawled further. But detachments of German automatists were already on our territory. Checking upon the connections, he saw that the line was damaged again; he noted also that it was just that part of the line which led to the observation post,—i. e. the successful outcome of the battle depended on this. And so, though under continuous fire, he crept back. The telephone line began to work again. However, enemy automatists had noticed the Red Guard liaisonist, and an entire gang of them threw themselves at him. He knew that he was doomed, but although never stopping the fire from

his rifle, he was possessed by only one thought: how to guarantee connections. We will now let the author speak. "He had not even a moment to weld the last break, so he took the ice-crusted ends between his teeth and clenched them with all his strength, continuing to shoot. The connections were restored, but at that moment an enemy bullet mowed down the dauntless fighter. His body was littered with bullets and resembled a sieve, but even in death the Red Guard liaisonist continued to serve his country." Isn't this a magnificent and noble defiance of death? Isn't this undying glory and immortality?

Lieutenant-colonel Bakanov dedicated his book (*Heroes Are Born in the Fire.* "Young Guard," 1942) to the distinguished Colonel Iovlev, commander of the 1st Moscow Red Guard Moto-infantry Division. This division has written many a heroic page in the history of the patriotic war.

Colonel Iovlev covered himself with glory in White-Russia, in a battle unparalleled in the history of war: an infantry division of the Red Army fought against an entire corps of German tanks. This was the 64th, now Red Guard infantry division. Iovlev counterpoised a mere few score of guns to many hundreds of tanks. But Soviet people directed these guns, and at a moment which can be counted crucial the Germans were repulsed.

This unequal fight continued for four days. Subjecting the enemy to heavy losses, Iovlev held on in spite of the fact that the enemy's forces were far superior.

After this, Iovlev and his comrades-in-arms spent ninety days of the most intense fighting in the enemy's rear.

Bakanov writes: "Iovlev's partisans harassed the Germans incessantly. They wiped out a few staffs, destroyed many stores of ammunition and broke up the normal supplying of the fascist detachments at the front."

Alexei Glebov's book (*Red Guard.* The State Publishing House, 1941) tells of the first Red Guards, the 4th brigade of Colonel Katukov, which on the 11th of November, 1941, by the historical decree of the People's Commissar of Defence, was renamed the 1st Red Guard Tank Brigade. The author describes this tireless and fearless colonel, the commander of a brigade who has time to see all, to consider all, to be verywhere and to do everything. Not in vain does Katukov always repeat: "Victory does not come by itself."

Katukov's men say lovingly of him: "Our colonel misses nothing. He himself always goes on scouting expeditons. He lives as Suvorov did."

And it is they, the first Red Guards, who smashed the plans of the hitlerite generals verily in the Suvorov manner. It is they who barred the way to General Guderian's hordes, it is they who checked the offensive against Moscow.

So far only newspaper articles, episodes and short collections have been published about the valour of the Red Guards, but the time will come when books, volumes, symphonies and paintings will exalt their glory to the heights of eternity.

The Red Guards are marching to the West. The poet Surkov (*December, the Outskirts of Moscow.* "Young Guard," 1942) engraved their iron step in these proud words:

True to their Leader, in the battle fierce,
As the steel of the bayonet's strong
Are the people's-fighter's sons—
The Red Guard regiments.

* * *

In these strenuous times our people have shown miracles of heroism, organization and genuine heroism. They have advanced talented captains and intrepid fighters. It was thus in the days of the patriotic war of 1812 when the Russian people smashed and annihilated Napoleon's army. This army consisted not only of French, but of German and Italian troops, and up to that time it had been considered invincible. And so it was in the Civil War in 1918—1920.

The Soviet fighters know what they are fighting for. Looting and robbing is not their aim. The Red Army is fighting for itself, its land, country, freedom, for the happiness and welfare of its children.

Al. Isbach's twelve stories (*Meetings at the Front.* "Soviet Writer," 1941) are permeated with the noble aim and lofty spirit of the patriotic war. In describing the deeds of the patriotic war, the author was able to convey truthfully and with great power precisely this noble, holy impulse, this special feature of the fighters of the Red Army.

Lieutenant Litoya, formerly the son of a poor Esthonian peasant, is a liaisonist. The word "impossible" does not exist for him. In his eyes you see determination, courage and an iron will. This person will get through any place and will carry out any assignment, no matter at what cost. In his military work-day there is neither the ecstasy nor the pathos of a battle. He does not lead fighters with the cry: "Forward for our country, for Stalin!" His work is done silently, quietly. The lieutenant goes along the unnoticeable forest tracts with his customary packet. His motto is: "deliver no matter at what cost, deliver on time." He walks, crawls, is shot at, enemy planes swoop down over his head, but he crawls on. Imperturbability and determination never desert him. He is considered a marvelous person, but he has a different opinion of himself. Isbach writes: "Litoya did not see anything remarkable in his deeds. His comrades

led the companies into attack, and went on dangerous and complicated scouting expeditions, whereas he—he was only an obscure and ordinary liaisonist."

Modesty—that is one of the distinguishing features of Soviet fighters and heroes.

Isbach writes also about children, he depicts the youthful patriots of our country, those snub-nosed boys with rumpled hair, who plead to be accepted as scouts, even only if "half-scouts." He writes of Victor, who so positively says: "I can do this, comrade commissar," and of Volodya Kozyrev, whose father was killed at the front: Volodya and his friend Zhenya have become the first scouts of partisan detachments.

The observant and clever writer conveyed in his stories much that is warm, humane and genuinely heroic.

* * *

The significance of all of these modest little booklets (due to lack of space we are able to mention only a few of them), small collections of true pictures of the life at the front, cannot be overestimated. These pictures of the war are really the first treasures of Soviet literature in the history of the patriotic war. At some future date many-volumed novels and historical investigations will appear, but the significance of these first sketches singed by the flames of mighty battles will not be dimmed.

When we read these booklets, from the pages of which we seem to hear the roaring of the cannons and the din of the battle-field, the sources of this mass heroism become obvious, for it takes life in the very nature of the Red Army. And it is precisely this mass heroism which gives rise to the powerful offensive which is now driving the enemy further and further to the West. The offensive gives rise to new unprecedented examples of bravery.

The wise Stalinist strategy, which is dictated by our noble aim of liberating the Soviet territory from the invaders, inspires our troops to crush the enemy. This lofty aim gives the fighters of the Red Army ever renewed strength. This aim is beautifully expressed in the words of the poet A. Surkov:

So that the powerful song
Of the victorious steps of Labour ring,
So that in Kiev over the steep slopes
Through the wind again wave the Red Flag,
So that in Moscow and Leningrad
The peaceful light shine,—
Kill the enemy, finish him
And march on over his corpse.

The deathless spirit of fallen heroes lives once more in the thousands and thousands of fighters marching to the West, who carry in their hearts the knowledge and certainty of waging a just and holy war for the freedom and independence of their fatherland.

A. ALEXANDROVA

A Poem about Victory

The Central Studio of Newsreels issued a documentary film recording *The Defeat of the German Troops in the Battle for Moscow.*

This film is both highly strung and exciting. One watches it with palpitating interest, and it leaves an ineradicable striking impression.

More than eighty German-fascist divisions were hurled against Moscow, that is to say more than a half of all German armoured tank divisions—and most of them were defeated.

Our armies press the enemy westward, overcoming stubborn resistance. Making their way through waist-deep snow-drifts, outflanking the fascists and penetrating into their rear, our worthy front-fighters often sleep on snow not even lighting a fire. And in the morning these heroes resume their march westward smiting and smashing the enemy.

Further and further the front-line moves from Moscow, and how glad one feels that the distance from the capital to that line is growing longer and that even the distant borders of our capital are left behind in the East!

Moscow beloved and fair, cheerful and courageous, has become more intimately close to the heart of every Soviet patriot.

Moscow wreathed in glory and ready to fight and win. A city attracting and fascinating all hearts and souls. A city of wonderful achievements—Gorky Street, the subway, the Stadiums, the Moscow—Volga Canal, the new plants. A city of edifices full of creative and constructive pathos.

Moscow—a tribune for the whole country, for all the world. Moscow—the Red Square and our parades and demonstrations, youth, joy, our might, millions of smiles, the ancient towers and the ruby stars, the mausoleum of the immortal Lenin. The Kremlin—and watching day and night the fearless and wise steersman of the great State.

Moscow is our exciting past, our stern and martial present day and the glorious radiant tomorrow.

Hither to this city sacred for all Soviet people our thoughts and feelings are converged.

And hither against our sanctuary and the object of joy and pride of Soviet people, the bloodthirsty Hitler hurls the German-fascist hordes of wild beasts. Nowadays they are being crushed and roll westward under the death-blows of our armies.

They are irrevocably gone into the past, those months—October, November, December. But they are alive and will live in the memory of the Soviet people. Days of mortal danger for our Moscow, days of supreme efforts on the front, in Moscow and in the rear, days of grim battle and glorious victory.

In mid-October, the German-fascist hordes shot forth to the distant defence borders near Volokolamsk, Mozhaisk, Maloyaroslavetz.

The German commanders spurred the troops by promises that the occupation of Moscow will put an end to the war, bring victory to hitlerite Germany and that the soldiers would be allowed to go home with rich spoils.

The Soviet people, in accordance with Stalin's strategic plan of warfare against fascism, answered this threat to Moscow by new intensive efforts.

Young and old, at the first call of

the Moscow Soviet, did their best to make this city an inaccessible citadel.

The documentary film *The Defeat of the German Troops in the Battle for Moscow* shows us first of all the Kremlin, Moscow and the inhabitants of Moscow in those days.

And all at once one is overwhelmed by these courageous and expressive images.

J. Stalin entrusted the defence of Moscow to Generals Zhukov and Artemyev. They are both screened with their companions in arms and with their assistants.

Difficult, nerve-straining and dangerous were those October days when at the distant boundaries of Moscow guns were roaring and bloody battles were raging on day and night.

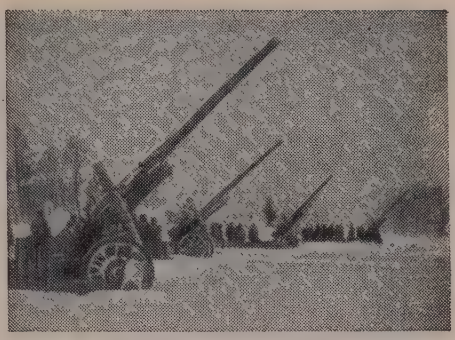
One looks at the screen, and one's memory anticipates the events. In December the Germans were near Moscow. The motors and the caterpillars of their tanks were roaring and clanging near Kryukovo, Krasnaya Poliana and Yakhroma. They were dragging up long-range guns to open fire against Moscow. In the South the German forces were advancing towards Kashira and Kolomna to encircle the capital.

The Germans at that time were by far nearer to Moscow than they were in October. But the people both on the front and in Moscow were in higher spirits and more confident than in October. Why?

Simply because every Soviet patriot knew and it was clear that our armed forces near Moscow and in Moscow itself have grown—and that at the same time the forces of the enemy were exhausted by our heroic defence.

On the days when German-fascist hordes pressed towards Moscow, all over the country and throughout the world rang the voice of the leader of the Soviet people and the Red Army.

All Soviet men, all the friends of the Soviet Union, all the toiling masses abroad, breathlessly and with



Stills from the film "The Defeat of the German Troops in the Battle for Moscow"

palpitating hearts listened to his report about the XXIVth anniversary of the October Revolution at the traditional meeting on the 6th of November and to his speech at the Red Army parade on the 7th of November.

Comrade Stalin showed and analized the whole course of the war, the great patriotic war of the entire Soviet

people against its mortal enemy—German fascism. The leader of the Soviet Union, the great Commander of the Red Army, mapped out a wise plan for further victorious warfare. With enormous power he expressed the hopes, expectations and will of the Soviet people.

And now we see J. Stalin on the screen, and his voice rings out penetrating into one's very heart:

"Comrades Red Army men and sailors, commanders and political instructors, partisans! All the world is looking upon you as upon a force capable of destroying the predatory hordes of German usurpers. The subjugated European peoples fallen under the yoke of German usurpers look to you, as to their saviours. A great liberating mission is fallen to your lot. Be worthy of this mission! The war which you are waging is a liberating war, a just war. Let the courageous image of our great ancestors—Alexander Nevsky, Dimitri Donskoy, Kosma Minin, Dimitri Pozharsky, Alexander Suvorov, Mikhail Kutuzov—inspire you in this war. Let the triumphant banner of the great Lenin shield you!

"For the complete defeat of German usurpers!

"Death to the German invaders!

"Long live our glorious fatherland, its freedom, its independence!

"Under Lenin's banner, forward to victory!"

Words cannot express the joy, enthusiasm and boisterous flow of energy experienced at the moment by all Soviet men!

Impending danger threatens the capital, but J. Stalin is in Moscow. He appears, and both in his speech and report there is a firm belief in the people's vigour, in the creative powers of the masses, a distinct perspective about our historic to-morrow,—"maybe in a year," and the victory will be ours.

And now with new energy the Soviet patriots—the Moscow inhabitants and the collective farmers in the vicinity of Moscow—construct mighty belts of fortifications around their capital. The plants produce mine-throwers, automatics, projectiles, mines; vans loaded with arms are rushed to the front. The anti-aircraft batteries thunder their fire over the city, a cap of dense explosions makes the sky impenetrable for enemy's planes.

The film gives a vivid picture of Moscow forging arms for the defeat of the enemy.

The whole country, following the instructions of her leader, gathered forces for the mighty counter-offensive. The Soviet land and people yielded for Moscow, for the front fresh troops, ammunition, war supplies, mighty technics. And now the film leads us to the front, to the firing artillery, to our tanks, planes, infantry, cavalry, our air-landing detachments.

Here they are, our heroic fighters, those who have harassed German divisions at the near and distant approaches to Moscow.

In the glorious battle for Moscow were born the guardsmen of the Soviets.

The guards' banner is handed over to General Belov. Guardsmen march past their general, they shout "Hurrah!" and Belov kisses the banner. Later on we see an irresistible attack of cavalry guardsmen. And the tanks of Katukov's guards' unit rush into a crushing attack.

Arise, vast land,
Arise for mortal battle
Against the fascist gloomy force,
Against the cursed hordes!

Majestically the song rings out, and our valiant infantry marches onward, and a tall sniper shoulders an anti-tank gun.

Our war-planes go up into the airy ocean, and mortal bombs pour down on the enemy.

A feeling of pride and joy wells up in one's heart. Yes, this is our heroic Red Army. A mighty up-to-

J. Stalin addressing the parade of November 7th, 1941

date army in whose ranks millions of Soviet patriots fight for their mother country armed with all kinds of arms and diverse technical devices.

We see various and excellent tanks; snow-drifts, woods, obstructions are not obstacles for them. The mighty armour, the terrible caterpillars sweep forward wiping out everything on their way.

We see the artillery, Stalin's, Soviet artillery. Thousands of guns, projecting red-hot metal, bringing ruin upon the enemy. Mobile regimental guns, short-barreled howitzers, corps artillery, long-range heavies, anti-aircraft guns—we see them. And again our hearts swell with pride. This mighty force is the tangible result of Stalin's policy of industrialization.

Those guns protect our beloved capital with steel girdles. What enemy force will hold out against the volley of our artillery?

Yes, this is our own Red Army, the flesh and blood of the Soviet people. In order to create, organize and arm it, every Soviet patriot, all the Soviet people and all the peoples of the Soviet Union have worked and are still working hard, carrying into practice the Stalin's wise plan of defeat and victory.

This film showing the Red Army units, all the fighting services, vividly attests that the Soviet people have embodied in these mighty forces the ideas and the will of the great and wise Leader.

What enemy could withstand uninterruptedly all these forces maintained by all the Soviet people, whose vigour is inexhaustible because in our country which, according to J. Stalin's direction, has become a military camp, the army and the nation, the front and the rear — one are.

We see that our warriors are properly clothed, they are equipped for the winter campaign. We see the battalions of skiers perfectly trained for

winter warfare with its snow-drifts, blizzards, snows-torms and frosts.

And now the screen shows broken German guns, burnt tanks, motorcars, heaps of ammunition, dead bodies, prisoners. Despicable scum. Here they are, these frozen woe-warriors, who stole into the vicinity of Moscow.

Let the fascists fool whomever they like saying that their advance was stopped by Russian frosts. True, the frosts did not prove to be any too sweet for them. But we do know and do see on the screen which were the forces that struck the death blow.

Hitler, while dashing his hordes onto "the last attack" of Moscow, ordered "as soon as possible to have done at any price with the capital Moscow."

The blood-thirsty and insolent buffoon made an error.

Following the directions of J. Stalin, the War Council of the West Front prepared a counter-blow with a view not only to impede the German progress, but also to start operations near Moscow aiming at the defeat of German hordes.

Under J. Stalin's leadership, carrying into effect his designs, will and directions, our generals, displaying much talent, led the troops into victorious battles near Moscow defeating the German forces.

The names of Zhukov, Konyev, Sokolovsky, Rokossovsky, Boldin, Lelyushenko, Youshkevich, Maslennikov, Govorov, Golikov and of the other defenders of Moscow are well known to Soviet people.

* * *

On the 6th of December, 1941, the troops of the West front, having worried out the live forces and exhausted the technics of the enemy, began an offensive.

Lifting their terrible muzzles all along the front, guns, howitzers, mine-throwers started roaring all at once. Up went flying to bits the enemy's fortifications and wire entanglements.

The Stalin falcons were smashing the foe from the skies, throwing thousands of bombs and machine-gunning them. German tanks broke out in flames. German dens rose apeak to fall to dust the next moment.

After the artillery and air squall, tanks rushed into action. They are many. Their impetus is irrepressible. Huge pine-trees standing in their way break to pieces under the knock-down blow of an attacking tank.

The mighty Soviet technics pave the way for the infantry and cavalry.

And now in interaction with artillery, aviation and tanks, skiers and fighters dash into battle. Upon the tank armour, in sledges hooked to tanks, rush the Soviet Red warriors against the enemy.

Skiers in white camouflage overalls fly like birds down the hill.

All along the front a powerfull cry is thundering:

"For the fatherland! For Stalin! Hurrah!"

And even the best, the picked German troops cannot withstand the blow. The hitlerite boasters lie about the organized retreat, about the forming up of the front-line. But we see on the screen many a thing: hundreds of abandoned tanks, cannons, motor-cars; heaps of ammunition and equipment, dead bodies and war prisoners. If all this is called an organized retreat, what then should be qualified as a panic flight?

And one cannot help laughing seeing how our Red Army men, having taken a village or a town by storm, fish the fascists out of pits and caves, grabbing them by the scruff of the neck.

Knocking down the enemy, pressing him West and keeping close to his heels, our worthy armies set free hundreds of villages and cities.

We cannot but be shaken seeing how the population welcome their heroes and liberators. Smiles blossom out. Some children climb a trophy tank. An old woman kisses the Red Army

men passing by, and makes the sign of the cross.

"Our own people have come, they have!"

And never will the Soviet men forget and forgive the crimes and unheard cruelty of German-fascist offenders. Burnt houses. Corpses of tortured and shot collective farmers. A mother at the corpse of her daughter. A boy at the corpse of his father. Corpses of violated and then savagely slaughtered women. Burnt and scorched corpses of Red Army men.

In Volokolamsk the Germans have hanged two girls and six lads. All of them were Soviet patriots who gave their life for their fatherland, for the Soviet people.

At the gibbet, near the swinging bodies of the heroes, the fighters vow vengeance for them. And one's mind gets forever impressed with it as if it were a duty or an oath: a gibbet, eight hanged. Their heroic exploit and glorious death will dwell forever in the hearts of Soviet men.

A bloody track is left behind the fascist monsters. They killed people only because they were Russian, Slav, Soviet citizens.

They jeered at everything dear to Russians. Nothing but ashes is left of Chekhov's tiny house on the Istra. The famous masterpiece of the architects Kazakov and Rastrelli,—New-Jerusalem monastery,—is blown up by barbarian hands. The house of the great Russian composer Tchaikovsky in Klin is ruined. Several houses and the school are burnt in Yasnaya Poliana. The memory of Leo Tolstoy, whom all progressive mankind is proud of, is insulted by Germans in an unheard-of way: they profaned the genius of the Russian and world literature by arranging a soldiers cemetery nearby

Murder, fires, explosions, acts of violence—such is the aspect of German fascism.

Comrade Bulganin and General Zhukov listening to reports at one of the command-posts

* * *

The German barbarians are thrown back to the West. The inhabitants return to their native places. The partisans come out of the woods. There is no time for rest. Such a lot of things are to be done! And the president of the Solnechnogorsk Soviet, Batov, a partisan, is surrounded on the porch of his house by the inhabitants and sets to work immediately away.

The hitlerite plan of encircling and taking Moscow proved to be a failure. The glad tidings about victory were answered throughout the country by a new wave of enthusiasm for work. Such is the nature of the Soviet man: he responds to the events by way of working harder.

"Everything for the front, everything for victory!"

The Red Army continue to press the enemy striking him. Kalinin is taken back. Volokolamsk is taken back. Mozhaisk is taken back. Many other towns are taken back.

Scores of German divisions are wiped off the face of the earth. And again we behold Moscow—fair, proud, free and beloved.

Over the Borodino field, past the obelisk—the monument of Russian military fame—the Red Army forces, brisk and strong, dash irrepressibly westward.

* * *

The documentary film *The Defeat of the German Troops in the Battle for Moscow* is a great achievement of the Soviet cinema.

A numerous group worked at its creation.

The cameramen of the West front who filmed the events were: Belyakov, Bobrov, Bunimovich, Kassatkin, Karmen, Komarov, Krylov, Lebedev, Makasseyev, Nebylitsky, Sukhova, Shneiderov, Shtatland, Shchekutyev, Elber.

They were on the front-line, sharing with the army the joys and hardships of the campaign. They worked under fire. And their practice is a true solution of the problem,—what a Soviet worker in art ought to be as a participant of the fight.

The film is staged by the producers Varlamov and Kopalin.

The sound is perfect. Airs of Soviet songs, Tchaikovsky's melodies accompany the contents of the film and reinforce the impression they produce.

The song of Mokroussov runs with the film admirably. The words are by Alexei Surkov who has won a real popularity with his wonderful compositions. The words of the song are ardent and easily remembered, all the country will sing them.

From the trade's and industrial standpoint the production of this film is also a victory, it calls forth many thoughts and teaches many things.

There are two stages or grades of generalization out of which there is no art creation.

One grade—the artist, linked with everyday life and armed with intimate interest and knowledge, models his images, characters and types, picking out of the many faces and phenomena seen by him the most striking, characteristic and typical.

Another grade—the artist, also linked with everyday life and armed with intimate interest and knowledge, takes from the very life things modelled by life itself, selecting from many persons and events seen by him the most striking things which cannot be forgotten and which are typical and characteristic. Such a way of working is also generalization. And this was the method adopted by the Central Studio of Newsreels. That is why this documentary film sounds so vigorously and has become a creation of powerful artistic value and mastership.

V. STAVSKY

The Rehearsal of Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony

One of the most perfect musical ensembles in the world—the orchestra of the Moscow Bolshoy Theatre—is gathered between the columns of the big foyer. At the conductor's desk, Samosud, at ease in his shirtsleeves, stood ready for his task. Shostakovich, himself sitting just behind him, resembled an ill-humoured little boy. High above in the gallery the audience strained forward, elbows leaning on the oaken rail, and listened spell-bound. Now, after the correction of the score, all four movements were to be played. Samosud tosses back his damp hair, gives a sweep of his baton, and the violins begin to sing of the cloudless life of happy man.

The triumph of the humane in mankind—such is the theme of the Seventh Symphony. Let us try to gain at least a partial insight into the trend of Shostakovich's musical thought, which led him through the threatening gloom of Leningrad nights, through the crash of explosions and the lurid glare of fires to the creation of this candid work.

At the outbreak of the war an acquaintance of mine remarked: "Self-destroying forces are latent in mankind, and it is doubtful yet if Man will remain at the head of the animate world, and whether the future might not bring the extinction of the human race, which will be supplanted by some more perfect creatures—ants, perhaps, of extraordinary proportions."

Such is the effect fascism has on certain people: it reduces them to a state of sheer, ghastly, capitulatory panic. Glancing back at the glorious path traversed by the human animal from the gnawing of bones in palaeolithic caves to the conquest of the air, to the acquiring of the name of *homo sapiens*. . . And as my acquaintance was in a crestfallen mood to him was visible only that which he thought was the bitter end of that road: Hitler turning Man away from the temples of music, from the august quiet of libraries and laboratories back, to the gnawed bones.

But Shostakovich was not to be bullied by Hitler. Shostakovich is a Russian, and therefore a man with a temper, and when he is thoroughly angered he is capable of the most fantastic doings. To fascism's threat of dehumanizing Man he replied with a symphony expressing the triumph of all the noblest and finest created by humanitarian culture. This symphony launched the genius of Man to that desired bourne where the highest rapture, boundless and complete, blossoms forth and awaits us.

Member of a Leningrad wartime fire brigade, D. Shostakovich, the famous composer, who was awarded the Stalin prize recently

The Seventh Symphony originated in the spirit of the Russian people,who went out unhesitatingly to battle with the dark forces of evil. Written as it was in Leningrad, it expanded to the dimensions of a titanic work of art, comprehensible

to everyone in all latitudes and meridians, for it tells the truth about Man in this terrible year of disaster and trial. Transparent in its immense complexity, the Seventh Symphony has an austere and masculine lyrical quality, and presses on toward a future that opens beyond the border-line where the victory of Man over beast is won.

. . . The violins sing of untroubled bliss wherein lies disaster, a bliss still blind and restricted as a fledgling that "flutters blithely along the path of ruin." Into this contentment emerges, out of the depths of unsolved contradictions, the theme of war—brief, cold, clear-cut, not unlike a steel hook.

We point out here that the Man of the Seventh Symphony is someone—a type, a generalization—to whom the author is attached. National in his symphony is Shostakovich himself, national is his enraged and roused Russian spirit that brings this seventh heaven of symphonic bliss crashing about the heads of the ravagers.

The war-theme appears in the distance and resembles at first a simple but repulsive dance, the antics of tame rats to the piping of the rat-catcher for instance. Then, gathering force like a wind, this theme sways the orchestra, masters it, swelling, rising, gaining volume. The rat-catcher with his iron rats looms at a distance and presses forward—this is the pace of war that exults in the kettle-drums and the drums and draws from the violins a shriek of agony and despair. And as you sit gripping the oaken rail with nervous fingers, you wonder: "Is it all over then? Is everything wrecked and shattered?" Confusion and chaos prevail in the orchestra.

But no! Man proves stronger than the elements. The strings begin the struggle, the harmony of the violins and the human voices of the bassoons overpower the rattle of the ass's skin on the drum. The desperate beating of your own heart contributed to the triumph of harmony. And then the violins harmonize the chaos of war and compel the uncouth bellowing of the caveman to be silenced.

The accursed rat-catcher has vanished, swept away into the dark chasm of time. The violinists—many of them have moistened eyes—lower their bows. Reflective and stern, after so much loss and desolation, is the human voice of the bassoon. There is no way back to halcyon days. Before the eyes grown wise in suffering lies the traversed road where Man seeks justification of life.

For the beauty of the world men shed their blood. Beauty is not a toy, a solace or holiday garb: Beauty is the re-creation and re-arrangement of wild nature by the hand and genius of Man. The symphony seems to touch airily breathlessly the great heritage of Man's path and brings along its revival. The middle movement of the symphony is the renaissance—Beauty reborn out of dust and ashes. It is as though before the vision of a contemporary Dante the shade of a great art, of a great good, is evoked by the force of austere and lyrical contemplation.

The closing movement wings far into the future. Vistas of the sublime world of lofty passions and ideas open before the listeners who sit leaning against the tall white columns. This is a world worth living for, worth fighting for. Not of untroubled bliss, not of calm contentment, but of happiness the powerful human theme speaks now; you are caught up into light, swept into its vortex, and rocked once again on the azure waves of the ocean that is the Time-to-come. With rising agitation you await the finale, the culmination of this stupendous musical experience. You are swept away by the violins to an atmosphere rare as that on the mountain-tops, and with the tempest of orchestral harmony are borne—in a tension indescribable—into the rift, to the future, toward the far, blue cities of a higher order.

It was not given to Hitler to take Leningrad and Moscow. In vain the accursed rat-catcher and his rats mopped and mowed in the welter of bloodshed. It was not given to him to turn the Russian people back to the gnawed bones of the caveman state. The Red Army has written its own awe-inspiring symphony of victory. Shostakovich put his ear to the heart of his country and performed its song of triumph.

Such were the thoughts and feelings which mastered us as we listened in Kuybyshev at the Bolshoy Theatre of the U.S.S.R. to the rehearsal of the Seventh Symphony.

ALEXEI TOLSTOY

WAR PRISONERS HOLD CONFERENCES

The first conference of German soldiers, prisoners of war in the Soviet Union, was held in the fall of 1941 in one of the prison camps. Present at this conference were 158 delegates, representing all strata of the German people: there were Berlin workers, Bavarian peasants, artisans from Saxony, miners from the Ruhr, students and employees. There were people belonging to different parties.

The question on the agenda was: how to put an end to Hitler's criminal war? Helmuth Fleschner from Berlin, the first speaker, said: "We are prisoners, and yet we may freely speak our mind. This is unusual, for in Germany we dare not do so."

After a thorough discussion, a declaration proposed by the soldier Fleschner was voted upon by the conference and adopted unanimously. It was also decided that all the delegates would sign the declaration personally, giving name, address, profession and military unit. The declaration, which is addressed to their comrades at the front and to all German men and women, states:

"We are the same German soldiers, workers, peasants and employees as you. At present we are prisoners of war in the Soviet Union. We have been thinking a great deal about the war and the fate of Germany, and we are convinced that these words express the thoughts of millions of us. We love our fatherland and our people just as you do. And just like you do we not want our country to become enslaved and perish. And just because we love our people and want to see our country free, and because we passionately desire our people to be happy, we hate Hitler. . . Hitler's war is a lost cause, and the temporary military successes cannot conceal the utter hopelessness of this war for Germany. The seriousness of the situation and the enormous losses are concealed from the German people. . . Hitler's victories like Kaiser Wilhelm's will rue the day for him and bring him to death and disaster."

"The Soviet people's will to resist cannot be broken. We, Germans, are astounded at the unprecedented tenacity of the Russian workers and peasants. They draw their unshakeable will for the struggle from the patriotism of those who are defending their country, from the superhuman morale of a people defending its socialist order, under which the land, the factories and shops belong not to the landlords and capitalists, but to workers and peasants. A people such as this is invincible."

The declaration continues as follows:

"There are two Germanies in existence: the Germany of nazi parasites, and the Germany of workers; the Germany of brutalized brigands and murderers, and the Germany of diligent and honest people. There is a Germany of fascist barbarians and a Germany of great thinkers, research workers and poets, who have enriched world culture with their labour. There is a Germany of insane rulers obsessed by megalomania, who are trying to salvage their domination by a hopeless war continuing until the last German soldier has perished; and there is that other Germany which curses Hitler and his regime of fascist terror. There is a people's Germany which demands the immediate stoppage of the war.

"A deep abyss separates these two Germanies. . ."

"To put a quicker end to the war, the German people are in need of Hitler's military defeat. No people will make peace with Hitler, who treacherously breaks every agreement, to whom every agreement is but a means for new conquests, and peace—a mere breathing spell during which to prepare for a new war. To ease the struggle of the German people for the overthrow of Hitler, it is necessary that he should be defeated in the war. . . Therefore, every honest German who loves his country and wants to see it happy must contribute to Hitler's defeat by every means."

Statements to the effect that they are fully in accord with the declaration have been received from German war prisoners in different camps.

The German prisoners' conference found a lively response among war prisoners of other nationalities. First, a meeting of Slav soldiers was held at one camp, at which Slovaks, Czechs, Poles, Trans-Carpathian Ukrainians and Croats were present. Slav soldiers, forcibly mobilized into the German, Hungarian and Slovakian armies, said with anger and indignation: "The baseness and insanity of sending us against our blood-brothers, Russians, Ukrainians

and Byelorussians! The Germans have conceived the idea of annihilating our Slav race, but it shall never be so!" The speakers told the audience how the hitlerites have despoiled their peoples and driven the men into war against Russia, and how these men, forced to be soldiers, had deserted over to the Red Army, taking along their rifles, as soon as they had seen the first Red Army men. The text of an appeal to all Slav soldiers and to all the Slav peoples, as proposed by some Czech and Polish soldiers, was adopted with enthusiasm by the audience. This appeal is an eloquent confirmation of the unstability of the European rear of the German army, of the German army itself and of the armies of Hitler's vassal puppet States.

The appeal reads in part: "The hitlerites want to seize for always our ancient Slav lands, to turn them over to the German and Hungarian landlords and barons and enslave us. The hitlerites want to destroy and annihilate the Slavs, and to teutonize and enslave those who happen to remain alive."

The appeal calls upon the Slav brothers to rise to a man for the sacred struggle for life, liberty and land. "Blood for blood and death for death! Drive the mad dogs from our Slav land! . . . Do not fire at your brothers—the Russian and Ukrainian peasants and workers! . . . Follow our example: many among us have already decided to join the ranks of the Polish and Czechoslovak armies, so as to fight for liberty shoulder to shoulder with the Red Army and the Russian people."

A conference of Rumanian prisoners of war in the Soviet Union was held in one of the prison camps last January. 876 delegates, representing all strata of the Rumanian people, were present at this conference. Upon the initiative of a group of 39, a declaration addressed to the Rumanian people came up for consideration. The conference was welcomed by representatives of German, Hungarian and Finnish soldiers, war prisoners in the Soviet Union. After a thorough discussion, the text of the declaration was voted upon and adopted unanimously by all the 876 delegates.

The declaration states that the Rumanian people are being bled white for the sake of alien interests. The hitlerites do not spare Rumanian blood; they insult their national honour and dignity, they despise their army, rob the country, plunder their national wealth—oil, raw materials and foodstuffs; they have instituted a reign of terror in Rumania, foisted their henchmen upon the country and organized putches and bloody pogroms. Antonescu's treacherous government had sold the country to Hitler and drives the Rumanians to fight for the predatory interests of the German robbers. The continuation of the war is a crime. "The Rumanian people are deeply concerned not in the victory of Hitler, but in his débâcle and defeat. Hitler's defeat is inevitable. . . But the Rumanian people do not want to perish together with Hitler and Antonescu. They do not want to fight for the interests of the German landlords and capitalists against the Soviet workers and peasants. They want to cooperate peacefully with the Soviet people. . . They want an independent, free Rumania, of which the Rumanian people themselves will be masters, where the worker and his toil will occupy a worthy place in the social life of the country and where the peasant will be given the land saturated with his sweat and which had been appropriated by the Rumanian boyars. They want a Rumania in which the flower of the nation, its intellectuals, will not be brutally exterminated upon order from Berlin and where men of science and art will be given ample opportunities for their creative work for the welfare of our people. The Rumanian people do not want to see every employee, artisan and small trader, as well as all the toiling people, in our country tremble for the morrow; but it wants them to be certain of not being ruined and pauperized by the rapacious German army of occupation."

The declaration winds up with an appeal to the comrades-in-arms, to the Rumanian officers and soldiers: "Quit the front and return, arms in hand, in full military order, in regiments, divisions and army corps, to your fatherland. Overthrow the Antonescu government! Drive the voracious German locusts from the country!"

Similar conferences were held by Finnish and Hungarian war prisoners last January. The Finnish soldiers sharply condemned the Ruti—Tanner government which had launched Finland upon a senseless war of seizure, a war which had brought grave calamities, privations and sufferings to the toiling masses. After an exchange of opinions and a discussion of the draft of the appeal to the Finnish people and to the soldiers of the Finnish army, in Finnish and Swedish, it was put to a vote and adopted unanimously by all the 144 delegates.

The appeal stresses the fact that Finland, which had not as yet recuperated from the wounds inflicted by the past war, had been precipitated into a still more grave and ruinous war for an unjust cause and against the will of the people; this being solely because Mannerheim and his accomplices had sold out the country and the people to Hitler, by inviting the German fascist army of occupation to come to Finland. The country has actually lost its independence, lost all its friends and has been

isolated from the democratic powers. In this criminal war hundreds of thousands of Finns are losing their lives, their families are perishing of starvation, while the Germans despoil the country of its meagre stocks of provisions. They want to destroy Finland's entire male population, so as to pave an easy way to grab the land and populate it with "Aryans of pure blood," thousands of whom even now feed at the expense of the Finnish people.

"Soldiers of the Finnish army! We have taken the oath not in order to seize new lands for Hitler, but to defend our fatherland. Not one step beyond Finland's borders! Do not allow anybody to send troops far into Russia for the sake of Germany's interests! Refuse to attack! Turn your arms against those who will drive you into such an attack! They are the enemies of Finland, the servants and slaves of the Germans! Return home, Finnish soldiers, go back to your peaceful labour for the welfare of the country, for the sake of the salvation of your families!"

The same notes of indignation towards the traitors to their fatherland are found in the speeches made by the delegates to the first conference of Hungarian war prisoners in the U.S.S.R.: "Hitler and his lackey Horthy make us fight against the free peoples of the land of Soviets for the interests of Hitler and his pack. . ."

After an exhaustive discussion, the conference resolved to address a declaration to the Hungarian people and the Hungarian soldiers. It therefore appointed a committee to draw up the text of the declaration, which was debated at great length and, when put to a vote, was adopted unanimously.

The declaration states that Hitler's defeat is the essential condition for the rebirth of an independent Hungary on a basis of friendship and close cooperation with all liberty-loving nations. "Hitler's destruction is inevitable. The Red Army has inflicted a defeat on Hitler's army, thus breaking its spirit. . . The time has come for the Hungarian people to speak its mind. Hungarian soldiers! Organize soldiers' committees for the struggle against the war, against the German enslavers and their Hungarian lackeys! Get in touch with the Red Army units and go over to them arms in hand by entire companies, battalions and regiments! Workers! Damage the munitions and arms! Stop the war factories and do not allow trains carrying troops and arms to pass! Peasants! Not a slice of bread, not a pound of fat to the German robbers and to their servants, Horthy and Bardossi! Onward, Hungarian brothers, to the struggle for a democratic, independent and renascent Hungary!"

These conferences of prisoners of war in the Soviet Union, the declarations and appeals voted and adopted by the delegates confirm that in certain quarters of the hitlerite army an understanding is beginning to dawn that only Hitler's defeat can bring to the German people an end of this war.

The conferences served to show also all the weakness of fascist Germany's European rear, all those infirmities which are fatal to the cause of hitlerism. They unveiled the folly of a military adventure in which duped, robbed and oppressed peoples are forcefully hurled into an unscrupulous and unjust war for interests which are of no use for them.

There can be no doubt that the conferences are to bring far reaching and important political and military results.

It might be also expected that they shall in a way spur and fan into life a consolidation of all the mighty free-loving and democratic forces of the nations as yet oppressed against the German-fascist tyrants and their lackeys.

VANDALS OF THE XXth CENTURY

In fascist Germany a hatred towards culture and towards anything that is dear to leading and progressive humanity has been raised to the status of State creed. With characteristic impudence and jauntiness the fascist leaders have repeatedly revealed their attitude towards modern culture and civilization. "We are barbarians and we want to be barbarians. This is an honourable status." Thus spoke Hitler the cannibal. Goebbels, that crook and liar known all over the world, is of the opinion that "the intellect is a danger to character." "Everything spiritual," said he, "sickens me, and the printed word nauseates me." Göring, the first man after the "Führer," has stated: "I maintain that he who thinks much, who reads and who imagines himself very clever, is the greatest coward."

The extremely reactionary essence of fascism was quite evident even before the war: bonfires on which they burned books containing the creative work of mankind's greatest minds, concentration camps where thousands of the best sons of the German people were pining, all this was the best proof of what the regime of the "Third empire" really was. But in war conditions the unbridled savagery of fascism literally knows no limit. Fascist pogroms of culture constitute an integral part

of the general gangster program of Hitler imperialism, under which the barbaric destruction of the cultural heritage of the people is carried out methodically and according to plan. But here are some facts.

At Yasnaya Polyana, near Tula, there is the house in which Leo Tolstoy, one of mankind's greatest geniuses and its pride, was born, lived and worked. This house had been turned into a remarkable museum, into a cultural and historical monument dedicated to the life and work of this giant of Russian literature. When the fascists occupied the region of Yasnaya Polyana, they hastened to defile Tolstoy's house. In the museum of literature they destroyed the rarest manuscripts, to collect which it took many years; also Tolstoy's works, books in every language of the world and many photographs. In the museum of the writer's household things they destroyed the furniture and his personal belongings, including a saddle which he used when horseback riding. The ashes of the great writer have been laid to rest in the park, but the fascists did not hesitate to defile his grave by burying right there some 75 of their soldiers who died in the hospital. The fascists intentionally chose this place next to the writer's grave as a cemetery for their soldiers, with the purpose of insulting the Russian people to whom this grave is sacred. The writer's grave is located far from the house, in the woods, where the roots of the trees make it very difficult to dig, while not far from the house there is plenty of many free space which is much more convenient to be used for cemeteries.

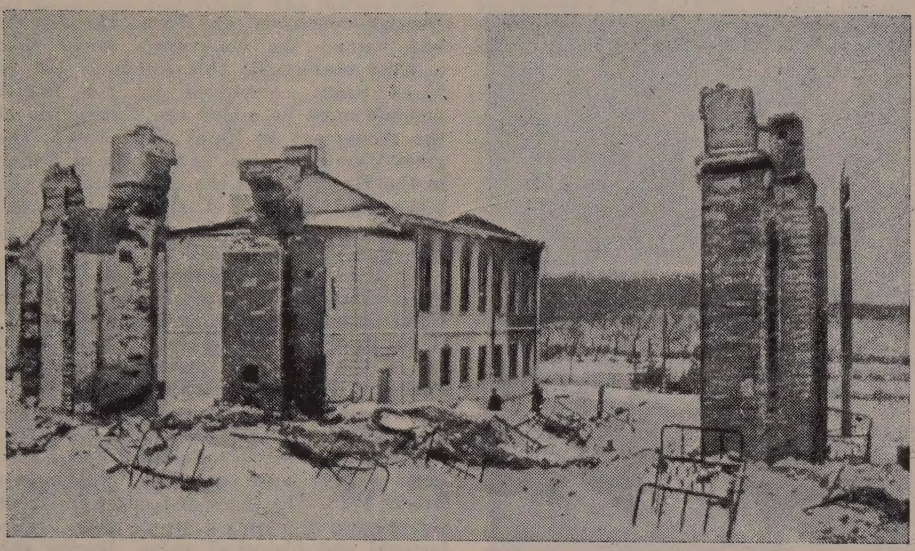
On the 14th of December 1941 the Red Army dislodged the fascists from the Yasnaya Polyana region. On the 17th of December those of the museum's personnel who had remained alive drew up an official act listing the foul deeds of the fascist vandals. Here are some excerpts of the act:

"The exhibits of the museum of literature were pillaged and partly destroyed. The officers cut out many photographs, landscapes and pictures."

"Chaos and destruction reigned in the premises of the museum. Broken exhibits were scattered on the floor, and the doors of the cupboards containing the writer's books and personal effects were smashed. They were not even ashamed to steal the underwear of Sergei Lvovich Tolstoy, the writer's son."

"On the day when the bandits fled from Yasnaya Polyana, they set afire Leo Tolstoy's house, in order to efface all traces of their defilement of the museum. The

Rooms where Leo Tolstoy wrote his immortal work "War and Peace"



The school destroyed by the Germans at Yasnaya Polyana

fire destroyed Tolstoy's library and bedroom, while the remaining rooms were damaged by smoke."

"A secondary school, a teachers' home, a pupils' dormitory, a building for doctors and a clinic, as well as a hospital and a dormitory for medical workers, were set afire and burned down to the ground. The Germans also burned the rest home." (The secondary school mentioned above was organized by Tolstoy personally; there the great writer taught peasants' children for whom he had written four remarkable readers.)

In a detailed documentary statement published in the entire Soviet press on January 13th, and accompanied by photographs, the Soviet Information Bureau brought out undeniable proof of the guilt of the German command in the crime committed at Yasnaya Polyana. It has been established that already after the German troops had cleared the Yasnaya Polyana region, three German officers from headquarters returned to carry out a special task: they brought straw and some wooden furniture into the bedrooms of the writer and of his wife and in the library, poured benzine which they had brought along over everything, and put it afire. Only thanks to the self-sacrificing work of the museum staff, Tolstoy's house was saved from complete destruction by fire.

Thus the Soviet Information Bureau actually confirmed the fact that "the German command," complying with orders received from Hitler the cannibal, "aimed at the destruction of everything connected with the name and the memory of the great master of Russian and world literature, L. N. Tolstoy. From the moment the fascists entered Yasnaya Polyana, they began to carry out a premeditated, organized and planned demolition of the museum. During the entire period they stayed there, they systematically carried out their diabolical plan of destruction. With the official permission of the Hitler command, German officers and soldiers stole Tolstoy's relics, hacked furniture to pieces, demolished the museum's inventory and finally set it afire."

A small, two-story cozy house stood at the outskirts of Klin, some 60 kilometers from Moscow. Here the great Russian composer, Peter Tchaikovsky, spent the last eight years of his life. It was here that he wrote his opera *The Queen of Spades*, the ballet *Sleeping Beauty*, the immortal *Fifth Symphony* and other works of world-wide fame. The Soviet government turned Tchaikovsky's house into a national State museum. During 21 days the fascists, who had broken through here, held sway in this house. On December 15th, the Red Army freed Klin from the invaders, and a horrible sight greeted the Soviet soldiers who entered the Tchaikovsky house: torn musical scores, broken furniture and fragments of the composer's bust. . . The building itself was turned by the fascists into a motor-cycle garage, to heat it they used manuscripts, books and other exhibits. This was an intentional destruction of a remarkable monument to Russian and world culture.

A similar fate befell the house in the city of Tikhvin, not far from Leningrad, in which Rimsky-Korsakov, another great

Havoc wrought by the Germans in the Tchaikovsky Museum at Klin

Russian composer, was born. The fascists had turned the composer's house into a dirty stable. To this infamous list of black deeds committed by the fascist vandals must be added the destruction of the monument to Taras Shevchenko, the great Ukrainian poet, in the city of Kanev in the Ukraine, and the destruction of the house and library of the world-famous Russian writer Anton Chekhov at Taganrog. But this is far from all. . .

To the West of Moscow, not far from the picturesque town of Istra, which the Germans have burned down to the ground, there is the New-Jerusalem monastery, one of the finest and most famous monuments to Russian XVIIth century architecture. It stands on a hill, and its domes come into sight from afar as one approaches Istra. The famous architects Rastrelli and Kazakov took part in its reconstruction after the fire of 1726. The inner and outer finish of the monastery building are of great architectural and historical value. During the grave year 1920, when the Soviet government was just about beginning to normalize life in Russia, right after the Civil War, it began to renovate the monastery. Later it was turned into a museum.

When the Germans took the city of Istra, they transformed the monastery into barracks for their soldiers and a storage place

New life in Klin. One of the first houses restored was the Tchaikovsky Museum

for munitions and mines. The Soviet command knew of the location of this munition dump and ordered its pilots and artillery men to spare the monastery. Knowing the attitude of the Soviet people towards their monuments to culture, the Germans felt safe in this place. Towards the end of December, when retreating under the pressure of Soviet troops, the fascist hordes left in such a hurry that they left their automobiles and guns, which remained scattered all along the route of the fascists' retreat. They did, however, manage to blow up the monastery: the main building, the palace, the hermits' cells and other structures were shattered and turned into a heap of ruins. . .

A similar fate befell the ancient monuments to Russian history at Pskov, Novgorod and elsewhere.

In the outskirts of the city of Kaluga, in a modest wooden house, the famous, self-taught Russian scientist K. E. Tsiolkovsky lived to a ripe old age. Even before the Wright brothers built their airplane Tsiolkovsky had foreseen the fundamental lines of development in modern flying. He also was the creator of the original design of the interplanetary airship—the rocket-plane. When the fascists broke into the inventor's house, the director of the museum attempted to protest saying: "But, please, I want you to understand that this is the house in which the world-famous Tsiolkovsky lived. These exhibits are not to be touched. If you need quarters, occupy the neighbouring vacant houses." To this one of the officers replied impudently: "It is this house that we need, and not a single stone will be left of it." And so it was. The fascist burglars broke all the exhibits, destroyed several priceless drafts and models and burned all the furniture. It was only the rapid offensive of the Red Army units that saved the museum from burning.

Such are the facts which relentlessly brand the fascist savages as the sworn enemies of human culture and progress.

On March 1st, a number of Tchaikovsky's admirers and friends gathered in the composer's house. A solemn meeting was held in the restored building. The director of the museum told in brief of the history of the museum's 24 glorious years and of the 21 inglorious days during which the fascists carried on in it. A poem written by Vladimir Didenko, a Red Army man and poet, and sent from the front, was read to the audience. It begins with the lines:

I shall avenge Russian culture,
Each trace of blood on our soil,
Each broken sculpture,
Each Pushkin's portrait shot through.

Yes! the fascist vandals shall not escape the grim reckoning for all the crimes they committed, and history's stern judgment.

NEW BOOKS

The Moscow publishers are issuing a number of new anti-fascist books and books devoted to the Soviet people's great patriotic war against hitlerism. "Soviet Writers" Publishing House has published a collection of sketches from the front by Vs. Vishnevsky and L. Sobolev, called *Baltic Style*, about the sailors defending the Baltic and Leningrad, and a collection of articles, stories, sketches and poems—*We shall not forgive*. This collection includes M. Sholokhov's *Abominations*, A. Tolstoy's *The Face of the Hitler's Army*, sketches by Wanda Wasilewska, I. Ehrenburg, Willi Bredel, Jean-Richard Bloch.

The State Publishing House is putting out a special *Library of Slav Writers*. The Polish series of this library consists of the works of Mickiewicz, Senkiewicz, Jeromski and other prominent Polish writers. A special collection is devoted to modern Polish poetry. The Czech series includes books by Irasek, Neruda, Vrkhlitski and Nemtsova. There will also be a volume containing the Serbian epos and books by the well known Serbian writers Svetozar Markovich and Zmaya. Bulgarian literature will be represented by the works of Pencho Sloveikov, Christo Botev and others.

A collection *Friendship of the Slav Peoples in Poetry* is being published in Leningrad. The collection reflects the friendship of the Russian, Polish, Czech, Ukrainian and other Slav writers united by the idea of the struggle of the Slav peoples for their national freedom and independence, against the foreign conquerors, above all against the German enslavers.

SOVIET WRITERS ARE FREQUENT GUESTS AT THE FRONT

Soviet writers systematically visit the Red Army, the hospitals, aerodromes and war ships. The well known poet Lebedev-Kumach reads his new poems to the Red soldiers and fliers. K. Chukovsky's readings are immensely popular among the wounded fighters. Lidia Seifullina reads her works for the Red Army men. S. Gorodetsky, P. Markish and others are frequent guests in hospitals and military units. They conduct discourses about the heroic fight of the Red Army, and read their works. The writer A. Perventzev read fragments of his play *The Winged Tribe* before the air corps which includes the squad led by V. Talalikhin, Hero of the Soviet Union.

Writers who have just returned from the front share their impressions with the Moscow students. Foreign anti-fascist writers, like G. Germanetto, Erich Weinert, Hugo Huppert and others, addressed many students' gatherings.

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