Workers of all countries, unite!

International Literature

11

1942

THE STATE LITERARY PUBLISHING HOUSE
Printed in the Soviet Union

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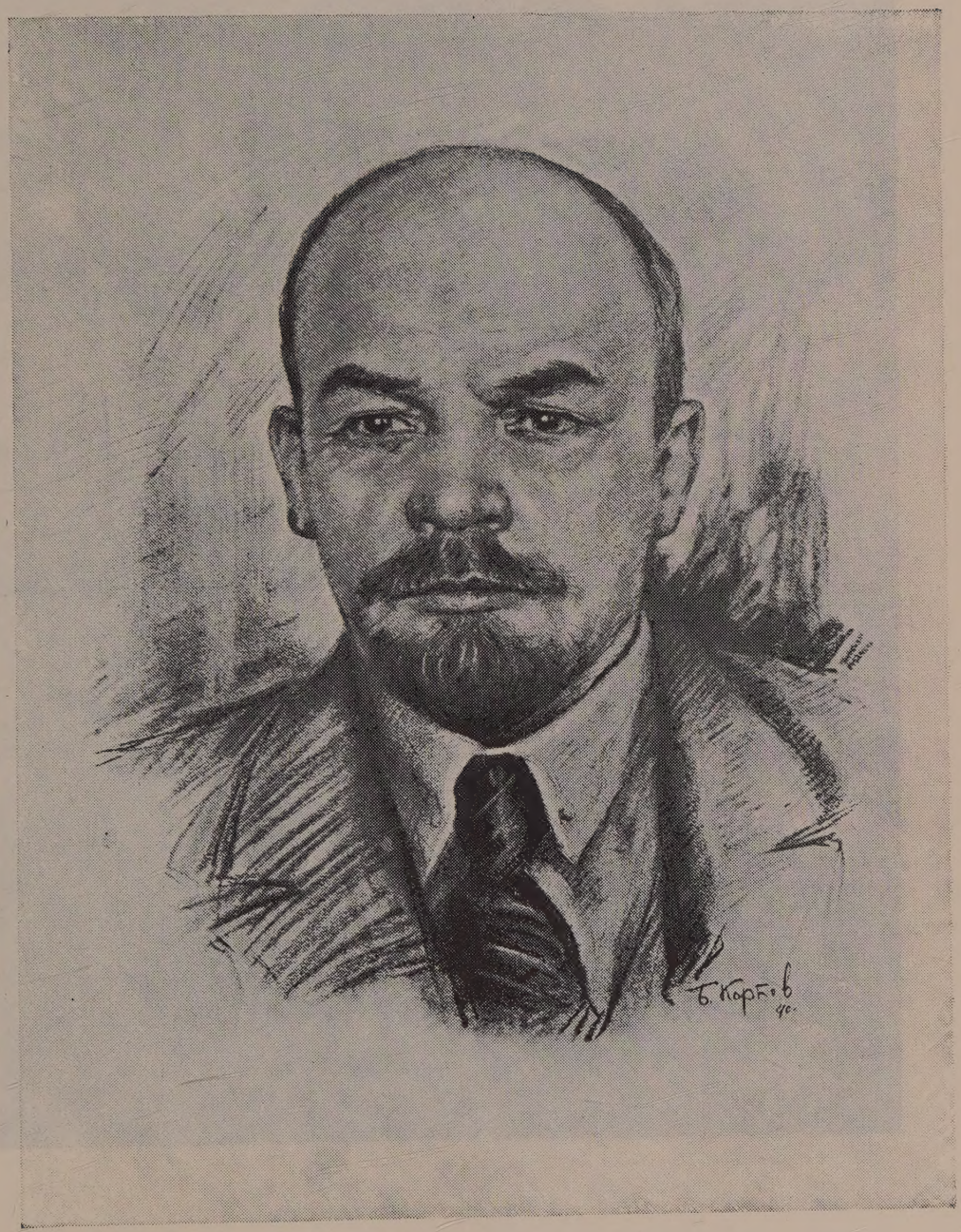
No. 11 November 1942

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



FOR 25 YEARS THE U.S.S.R. STRUGGLES FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM OF NATIONS

Twenty-five years ago the October Revolution took place in Russia. From the very beginning the young Soviet State had to face tremendous dangers from abroad. Its brutal and rapacious enemy was the predatory German imperialism, bent on total destruction of Soviet power in Russia, and intending to achieve the restauration of the tsarist monarchy. It planned to plunder Russia and use our resources in raw materials for its own ends.

After the October Revolution there was no cessation of military operations on the Eastern front. The German imperialists carried on in Russia an armed intervention which they continued almost to the end of the first world war.

The German imperialist bandits invaded the Ukraine and, inflicting great suffering on the Ukrainian people, plundered right and left, committed all conceivable outrages and in May 1918 set up the tsarist general Skoropadski as hetman of the Ukraine. They succeeded in occupying the Crimea and the Caucasus, the Baltic countries and Finland. The stage was set for the advance on Petrograd and Moscow.

The Ukrainian people carried on a national war against the German desecrators; in this national war the people of the whole Soviet Union extended help to the Ukrainians. Joseph Stalin wrote about this war: "The national war begun in the Ukraine has every right to count on the full support of the whole of Soviet Russia."

In March, 1918, President Wilson, expressing his sympathy for the Soviet people, remarked that Germany had thrown her armed forces into the heart of the country in order to impede the struggle for freedom, destroy all that had so far been won, and carry out the plans of Germany in the teeth of the opposition of the Russian people.

The Soviet Union, repulsing all interventionists and aggressors, during the following twenty-five years uninterruptedly and persistently maintained a policy of peace, which took different forms and expressions at different times.

The Soviet Union set about establishing friendly relations with all countries on the basis of mutual recognition, and first and foremost with countries possessing a common frontier.

The first sign of restored concord was the treaty signed by the Soviet government with Estonia on February 5th, 1920. Lenin estimated the significance of this treaty in the following way:

"By making peace with Estonia the Russian workers have opened up a window looking out into Western Europe."

After Estonia diplomatic relations were established with Lituania, Latvia, Poland, Iran, Afghanistan, Turkey and the Mongolian People's Republic.

Thus the Soviet Union ensured peace on her borders and so lessened the likelihood of being attacked from abroad.

Relations with England, the leading world power after the first world war, were of first importance in the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union strove to reach an agreement with the British government, and carried on negotiations for the conclusion of an Anglo-Soviet pact on economic and political questions. Finally these negotiations led to the signing on March 16th, 1921, of an agreement of a political and commercial character, according to which England and Soviet Russia undertook to refrain from hostile propaganda or any hostile action towards each other. It was especially stressed that the Soviet Union should refrain from hostile actions towards England in India and Afghanistan, and the British government undertook similar obligations with regard to those States which had once formed part of Russia. The agreement also settled a whole series of questions concerning trade between the two countries, in particular the reciprocal right to the exchange of trade representatives was recognized.

This agreement meant mutual but not complete recognition of the two governments; it provided for no exchange of diplomatic representatives, and so could not be looked upon as recognition de jure but recognition de facto, semi-recognition.

Thereafter similar semi-political, semi-economic agreements were reached with a number of countries, in particular with Germany, on May 6th, 1921, and with Italy on December 25th of the same year.

At that time Germany was striving for a rapprochment with England and was ready to arrange her relations with the Soviet Union in accordance with England's desires, the more so that Germany was afraid of losing the economic profits from trade with the Soviet Union, which England secured as a result of her agreement with us.

Diplomatic relations between the Soviet Union and Germany were re-established on April 16th, 1922, on the basis of the well-known Rapallo Pact, at the time of the Genoa Conference. Prime Minister Lloyd-George had been aware of the pending conclusion of this treaty and wished to have it signed, as he was working for the re-establishment of full diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, and would have liked to use the Soviet-German agreement as a precedent for a corresponding Anglo-Soviet agreement.

The official recognition of the Soviet Union by Great Britain took place eighteen months after Lloyd-George's resignation, on February 2nd, 1924, when the Labour Party was in power. Italy followed suit and recognized the Soviet Union on February 7th, 1924, France—on September 28th, 1924, and Japan—on January 20th, 1925. Thus it is evident that the rapprochment between the Soviet Union and Great Britain had a beneficial influence on the international position of our country.

In 1924 parliamentary elections took place in France. During the campaign of May, 1924, the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R. was an important electoral issue. The workers put forward as their slogan the resumption of official relations with the U.S.S.R. The so-called "cartel des gauches" (left block) made this their demand, and they were victorious at the polls. The Herriot government, formed as a result of these elections, established diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R. Such a situation had arisen in France that a prominent radical-socialist, Painlevé, stated on the 10th of June, 1924: "At the present time a cabinet refusing to recognize the U.S.S.R. would not be able to maintain itself in power."

The Soviet Union on its side did everything to secure the establishment of normal relations with economically the most powerful country in the world, i. e. U.S.A. The telegram sent to President Coolidge on Decem-

ber 16th, 1923, by the People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs may serve as an instance of the efforts made by the Soviet Union to bring about an improvement in its relations with U.S.A.

However, the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between these two countries proved to be possible only after a lapse of ten years, under President F. Roosevelt, on November 16th, 1933. In this way the present military collaboration between the Soviet Union and the U.S.A. in their war against the common enemy, hitlerite Germany and her vassals in Europe, was made possible.

With some countries the establishment of official relations was effected only after great delay. For instance, with Czechoslovakia and Rumania such an establishment took place on June 9th, 1934, and with Yugoslavia only on June 25th, 1940.

The Soviet Union in its foreign policy attached special importance to its relations with the peoples of the East, whose friendship it invariably strove to win.

First and foremost, the Soviet government declared non-existant all treaties which were concluded by the tsarist government with the countries of the East and based on unequal rights. Above all this applied to Iran, with which country on December 23th, 1917, the Soviet government proposed to open negotiations on the evacuation of Russian troops. On January 27th, 1918, the Soviet government abrogated the pact of 1907 which divided Iran in spheres of influence.

As a result of negotiations between the Soviet and Iranian governments on various outstanding questions, a Soviet-Iranian pact was signed on February 26th, 1921; this pact constituted a full swing from the policy of the tsarist and provisional governments towards Iran. By this pact the Soviet government renounced all concessions, money claims, etc., based on preferences received by the tsarist government on the territory of Iran.

Article 6 of this pact established the right of the Soviet Union to send Russian troops into Iranian territory in the event of the appearance there of forces constituting a direct threat to the security of the Soviet government.

Thus the Soviet Union retained the right to take the necessary steps in defence of her safety if the Iranian government proved incapable of defending its national rights or abused these rights to the detriment of the fundamental interests of the Soviet State.

In accordance with the principles of its national policy, the Soviet government established friendly relations with Turkey, and on March 16th, 1921, concluded a pact with her, cancelling all special rights enjoyed by the tsarist government, as well as all debts of Turkey to the tsarist government; at the same time the districts of Kars and Ardahan were ceded to Turkey.

On the 27th May, 1919, the Soviet government in a special declaration recognized the sovereign rights of Afghanistan and established by a preliminary pact on September 30th, 1920, and a final pact on the 28th February, 1921, official diplomatic relations, which had not existed between tsarist Russia and Afghanistan since 1907.

The Soviet government, in a note sent to the Chinese government on July 26th, 1919, annulled all the treaties based on unequal rights as well as all special privileges enjoyed by tsarist Russia in China. After protracted negotiations, several times broken off, the Soviet government on May 31st, 1924, signed a pact restoring diplomatic relations with China. This was the first pact based on the equal rights of the contracting parties ever signed by the Chinese government with any other government.

The Soviet government established a close friendship with the people's revolutionary government of Mongolia, with which on November 5th,

1921, it signed a pact concerning mutual recognition principles of trade and some other questions.

The relations between the Soviet Union and Japan merit separate and special treatment. It is known, the Hitlerites regard the Japanese nation with disdain and arrogance. Hitler in his book *Mein Kampf* declared that the Japanese nation belongs to an inferior race incapable of independent creative work and able only to imitate other nations possessing such aptitude.

The national policy of the Soviet Union precludes the treatment of the Japanese nation as inferiors. The Soviet government has always recognized the Japanese claim to full equality and regards the Japanese people as equally apt in producing valuable contributions to world culture.

The Soviet Union, established on the basis of perfect fraternity and friendship of peoples composing it, has demonstrated before the whole world that modern peoples may and should live peacefully, respecting each other's rights.

The national policy of the Soviet Union enjoys popularity amongst all modern nations, in particular those suffering under the yoke of hitlerite tyranny.

It is certainly possible to abuse the principle of the freedom of peoples. The possibility of such "abuse" of independence was foreseen in the 1921 pact with Iran mentioned above. Under the guise of formal independence, certain governments may fetter their peoples with chains of foreign servitude or turn them into a weapon for the prosecution of a predatory war. It is in just such a position that the vassals of hitlerite Germany have placed their countries, beginning with Italy and ending with Finland.

The whole foreign policy of the Soviet Union is based on the recognition of the rights of peoples to freedom and self-determination.

Not in words but in deeds has the Soviet Union demonstrated its adherence to the principles of the right of peoples to self-determination.

In the so-called peace decree of November 8th, 1917, passed by the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, the principle of the right of peoples to self-determination was laid down.

The manifesto to the Ukrainian people published on the 17th December, 1917, declared that "the Council of People's Commissars once again confirms the right to self-determination of all nations which lived under the oppression of tsarism and the great-Russian bourgeoisie, including the right of these nations to secede from Russia."

The question of the right of nations to self-determination was raised by the Soviet government during the period of the seizure of Bessarabia by Rumania in December 1917—January 1918.

The right of nations to self-determination was observed in practice by the Soviet government with regard to Finland.

On November 27th, 1917, at the Congress of the Finnish Social-Democratic Party, it was declared that the Council of People's Commissars recognizes "the full right of the Finnish people, as of all the peoples of Russia, to an independent national livelihood." On the 31st of December, 1917, the Council of People's Commissars passed a decree guaranteeing the State independence of the Finnish republic. Thus the Soviet government freely granted Finland what was flatly refused by the tsarist government and what the Russian provisional government also did not intend to concede.

With regard to Poland, the Soviet government also abode firmly by their proclamation of the right of nations to self-determination.

There has not been a single occasion in the whole history of the foreign policy of the U.S.S.R. when the Soviet government evinced a single doubt on the right of Poland to independent existence.

During the unfortunate Polish-Soviet war, begun in 1919 on the initiative of Poland, the Soviet government repeatedly affirmed its recognition of Polish independence.

As early as December 21st, 1919, the Soviet government proposed to Poland the opening of peace negotiations on the basis of the recognition of Polish independence. The same recognition was later expressed in the address of the Council of People's Commissars to the Polish government and the Polish people, and so on. It should be noted that when the Red Army was gaining victories over Poland, the Soviet government on the 10th August, 1920, published its terms of peace; first among them stood the full recognition of the independence of Poland. It goes without saying that the preliminary peace treaty of the Soviet government with Poland on October 12th, 1920, and the final treaty signed at Riga on March 18th, 1921, fully recognize the independence of Poland.

During 1920, pacts were concluded with the Baltic States. There is scarcely need to mention that in all these pacts the independence of these States is recognized, which led to their being similarly recognized by the governments of other countries.

In the struggle for peace, the Soviet government has seized many opportunities to avert the danger of war, first and foremost to drive that danger away from the Soviet Union.

The Soviet government strove to reach agreements containing guarantees of individual countries not to attack the Soviet Union or to preserve neutrality in the event of an attack being made on her by some third power or group of powers.

A pact of non-aggression and neutrality with Turkey was signed on December 17th, 1925. On April 24th, 1926, a pact of neutrality with Germany was signed, on August 31st, 1926, a pact of neutrality and non-aggression with Afghanistan. On September 28th, 1926, a similar pact was concluded with Lituania. 1932 was a year especially fruitful in pacts of non-aggression, for instance, on February 25th, 1932, with Latvia, on May 4th with Estonia, on July 25th with Poland, on November 29th with France. With Japan a pact of neutrality was signed only on April 13th, 1941.

For the purpose of developing peaceful relations among the peoples, the Soviet Union put forward a proposal for partial or full disarmament. The Soviet Union introduced its proposal for the limitation of armaments at the Genoa Conference in 1922, and again at the Moscow Conference on Armaments Limitation in December 1922, as well as at the disarmament conference from 1927 to 1933.

The Soviet Union joined the Kellogg-Briand pact for the outlawry of war. This pact was signed in Paris on August 27th, 1928. The official inclusion of the Soviet Union in this pact took place on September 6th, 1928. In view of the fact that the ratification of this pact by the powers involved took considerable time, the Soviet Union appealed to neighbouring States in order to put the pact into force without waiting for full ratification. On February 9th, 1929, a protocol to this effect was signed in Moscow by representatives of the U.S.S.R., Poland, Rumania, Estonia and Latvia. They were later joined by Turkey, Iran and Lituania.

The Soviet Union took part in a series of international conferences which in one way or another touched on the interests of the Soviet Union.

The most important of these conferences were the Genoa Conference in 1922, the Hague Conference of the same year, the world economic conference of 1927 in Geneva, and the world economic conference in 1933 in London.

At the Genoa Conference in 1922 and at Geneva in 1927, the Soviet Union put forward a proposal for the recognition of the possibility of the peaceful co-existence of two economic systems, the socialist and the capitalist; this proposal was accepted as a

guiding principle of the economic conference of 1927.

The Soviet Union took the opportunity afforded by the economic conference of 1933 to sign with certain other States protocols defining the conception of aggressors and aggression. The protocol was signed by Estonia, Latvia, Rumania, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. In addition, the Soviet Union put forward at this conference a project of a resolution against all "economic aggression."

Of particularly great significance was the participation of the Soviet Union in the League of Nations, which it joined at the invitation of thirty States on the 19th of September, 1934.

Ever-increasing fascist aggression, which had already created a number of potential zones of war, and first and foremost in Central Europe, when hitlerite bandits seized power in Germany on the 30th of January, 1933, impelled the Soviet Union to raise the problem of the organization of mutual aid among the peace- and freedom-loving peoples against all possible attack on the part of the fascist barbarians.

To this phase belongs the energetic campaign of the Soviet Union in 1934 on behalf of the so-called Eastern Pact. This pact was to guarantee the inviolability of State borders in Eastern Europe. According to its provisions, France was to take part in such guarantees in exchange for guarantees by the Soviet Union of the security of France in Western Europe, already guaranteed under the Locarno pact by Great Britain in 1925. The conclusion of this Eastern Pact was frustrated by hitlerite Germany, and by the double-dealing game of the French minister of Foreign Affairs, Laval.

In addition the Soviet Union, on the 2nd of May, 1935, concluded a pact of mutual assistance with France, and on the 16th of May, 1935, with Czechoslovakia. The first of these was sabotaged by the French pro-fascists, principally Laval, and lost all practical significance, and the second, the mutual aid stipulated therein being conditional on the fulfilment of its obligations by France, could not be put into effect, as the government of France betrayed Czechoslovakia at Munich on the 29th of September, 1938.

At the time of German-Italian intervention in Spain, from the middle of 1936 to the beginning of 1939, the Soviet Union fought against the so-called "non-intervention" of the democratic countries, making a vigorous protest against the armed intervention of fascist Germany and Italy.

Endeavouring to organize collective and mutual aid to safeguard the security of the peace-loving countries, the Soviet Union several times suggested the convening of a peace conference in order to elaborate the necessary measures for resisting aggressors.

It proposed that the disarmament conference should be turned into a permanent peace conference.

After the seizure of Austria by the Hitlerites, the Soviet Union on the 17th of March, 1938, also put forward the idea of the calling of a peace conference.

At the time when the "men of Munich" were organizing the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, the Soviet Union supported the proposal of President Roosevelt to bring collective influence to bear on the fascist apostles of violence, and repeated its suggestion as to the calling of a peace conference.

In connection with the enquiry made by the British government on March 18th, 1939, concerning the possible position of the Soviet Union in the event of an attack by the Hitlerites on Rumania, the Soviet government again insisted on the calling of a peace conference.

In answer to the telegram of President Roosevelt on April 15th, 1939, to M. I. Kalinin on the desirability of organizing collective negotiations on economic and political questions con-

nected with fascist aggression, the Soviet Union once more urged the calling of a peace conference.

All these proposals to call a peace conference met with no response.

The Soviet Union strove unceasingly for the establishment of relations of collaboration with the democratic countries, and above all with England and the U.S.A. Many instances of these endeavours on the part of the Soviet Union may be cited.

In August, 1924, an agreement was reached between the Soviet Union and Great Britain which took the form of two pacts—one of a general-political character, the other on economic questions. But both were annulled by the Baldwin government, which succeeded the MacDonald government, the signatory of the above pacts.

Another example concerning the relations of the Soviet Union with Great Britain.

During the visit to Moscow in March, 1935, of the present British minister of Foreign Affairs, Anthony Eden, an official communiqué on this visit declared that in the relations between Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. there are no contradictions or difficulties which cannot be overcome in the interests of peace and the creation of a system of collective security.

The recognition of the Soviet Union by U.S.A. in November, 1933, made possible friendly relations towards preservation of international peace and common resistance to aggression; the American neutrality law of 1935 and similar legislation of the following years presented an obstacle to American participation in such resistance.

On October 16th, 1936, Joseph Stalin addressed an appeal to all the progressive elements of all countries to unite against fascist aggression. The famous telegram despatched by him to José Diaz in Spain ran as follows: "The working people of the Soviet Union are only doing their duty in rendering every possible aid to the revolutionary masses of Spain. They are fully aware that the liberation of Spain from the oppression of the fascist reactionaries is not a private affair of the Spaniards, but the common cause of the whole of advanced and progressive humanity."

In summer of 1939, at the time of the Anglo-French-Soviet negotiations on an agreement concerning guarantees of the independence of Poland, the Soviet Union proposed to England and France that they should sign a pact of alliance including a convention of full mutual military assistance. To this the British and French governments did not agree.

The union of "the whole of advanced and progressive humanity" became possible in the course of the second world war.

After the base attack on the Soviet Union of the hitlerite bandits, Stalin, in a speech broadcast on July 3rd, 1941, put forward a programme for the uniting of the peoples of Europe and America in the struggle against the hitlerite cut-throats.

After Stalin's speech, the President Roosevelt and the Prime Minister Churchill worked out together the so-called Atlantic Charter, constituting a programme for the uniting of the peoples fighting with the hitlerite bandits.

The hitlerite attack on the Soviet Union has fostered amongst the nations of the world a protest against all isolationism.

The vile attack of the Hitlerites on the Soviet Union on June 22nd, 1941, roused the American people more than the outbreak of the European war in September 1939 and even more than the defeat of France in 1940.

The possibility of the victory of the Hitlerites over Britain, and, as a result of such a victory, the use of the British navy for an invasion of the United States, disturbed the Americans in 1940. In virtue of this the American government demanded from the British government guarantees that under no circumstances would the British navy be handed over to the Hitlerites.

The hitlerite paper *Frankfurter Zeitung*, on the 12th of September, 1941, spoke quite openly about the plans of the Hitlerites to bring England to her knees after the victorious war against the Soviet Union. The paper wrote:

"If Britain desires to win the war, she must do it by offensive operations, but Britain is loosing the means for the conducting of an offensive war against Germany. It will be seen that Britain will lose the war when Germany is through with her task in the East and can carry on the war against Britain with all her might."

The Red Army has not yet beaten the Hitlerites. The Soviet fatherland is still in danger. Consequently, the Damocles' sword of enslavement still hangs above Britain and above the United States. In view of this, there should be no place for "neutrality and indifference" in the mood of the American and English peoples. The military situation requires, to quote Admiral Nelson, that every man should do his duty. Time has come for bold and responsible decisions.

Speaking of the assistance rendered the Soviet Union by the United States, President Roosevelt declared that it is given not out of philanthropic sympathy, but as a part of the defence of America.

In actual fact, the war of the Soviet Union against the hitlerite hordes is also Britain's war, America's war, the war of the whole civilized world. Fundamentally, it is a war of all countries that hold freedom dear and that have systematically demonstrated their love of peace.

At present the Soviet people are alone carrying on the war against hitlerite Germany. The whole burden of the war rests on their shoulders. This being the case, all the peoples who have fallen victim to hitlerite aggression look with hope to our country, as to the stronghold of their freedom and independence.

In Stalin's answers to the American correspondent of the Associated Press agency, Cassidy, on the 3rd of October, 1942, we read: "As compared with the aid which the Soviet Union is giving to the Allies by drawing upon itself the main forces of the German fascist armies, the aid of the Allies to the Soviet Union has so far been little effective. In order to amplify and improve this aid only one thing is required: that the Allies fulfil their obligations fully and on time."

We must hope that these obligations will in actual fact be fulfilled both fully and betimes; otherwise in the history of the struggle of the freedom-loving peoples against fascist aggression there will be recorded yet another missed opportunity, this time at a most critical and decisive moment.

ALEXANDER TROYANOVSKY

BARBARIANS

In treacherously attacking our country, Hitler tried with his usual baseness to cover this new act of brigandage with a suitable fig-leaf—an "ideological platform": he proclaimed a "crusade against communism, for European civilization and culture."

Hitler and civilization! Hitler and culture! What could be more cynical than to associate these two?

Hitler, proclaiming himself as the "saviour of mankind from the tyranny of reason and the sovereignty of thought," declared that consciousness is "a maiming, a crippling of man."

Hitler's minister Rust writes: "Intellect! Away with the word! Not a single German wants to have intellect." The Berlin "professor" Alfred Bäumler quite unambiguously declares for the "substitution of the soldier type for the type of the scientist."

Nazi ideologists maintain that Germany lost the first imperialist war because the Germans were "too educated." And so education in the real sense of the term has been banished from nazi schools. "Boxing should take precedence of science in the school," the nazi pedagogues assert; Hitler requires of the German youth that he should be "strong and fierce as a young dog." And indeed the whole system of upbringing and education in nazi Germany is ordered in such a way as to rear dogs, not men. Not for nothing did Hitler, by his

Cannibals of a "Superior Race"

Cartoon by Kukryniksy

own confession, free the German race not only from the tyranny of reason but also from "the cursed prejudice of conscience."

In 1934, the law of compulsory sterilization came into force in Germany. By the end of 1937, over a million people had been subjected to this process. But this unprecedented iniquity pales before that *spiritual sterilization* to which Hitler has subjected the whole of German youth.

The notorious professor Bonze sets before the fascist "science" of psychology, as its principal task, "the scientific organization of the campaign of lying in the coming war." And in this very "science" of lying, demagogy and broken promises, Hitler, Goebbels and Göring stand unrivalled.

The liberation of man from the claims of conscience and reason, the substitution of copulation stables for the family and of the soldier type for the type of the man of science, physical and spiritual sterilization—this is "the European civilization and culture" for the sake of which Hitler undertook his alleged crusade agains communism.

To conquer our country, to destroy our freedom, independence, culture, art, the whole creative life of our people, to turn free Soviet people into modern slaves,—this is that "mission" which the nazi Führer has laid on his arian shoulders; and it is proving beyond his strength.

"The northern race will unfurl their banner over the ruins of the world; they will turn the whole civilized world into smoke and ashes,"—thus "the mission" of fascism is formulated by Ernst Bergmann, one of its "ideologists." This "mission" is now being carried out with transport of enthusiasm by all the führers and their hordes.

The stamping out of culture began when the Hitlerites first came to power, and when, as a prologue, on the initiative of the same Goebbels, who was aspiring, apparently, to the laurels of Herostrates, and accompanied by the solemn flourish of trumpets, a shameful auto-da-fé was carried through on the 10th of May, 1933, in the Opera Square in Berlin. In three months more than a million books were burnt in bonfires throughout Germany.

Wherever Hitler, together with the brown dung on his corporal's heels, carried his "new European culture"—in Austria, in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, as in Paris too,—everywhere these fanatics' bonfires blazed up, consuming tens of millions of splendid books in which throbbed the feelings and thought of genuine humanity and culture. The smoke of these bonfires has spread like a black pall of shame over the whole of hitlerite Germany, and no fascist conjurers or alchemists will be able to disperse it until fascism itself is destroyed.

Art in Germany is at present going through a period of unprecedented depression. Now almost all the talented actors and producers have long since deserted the hitlerite Melpomene, and creative thought is stigmatized as a crime against the State. As for the quality of the repertoire, we may judge of that if only by the fact that now, at last, the plays of such notorious dramatists as Joseph Goebbels and Benito Mussolini have been staged.

German cinematography has also been wiped out of existence; "mental keeping-in-step" or "the marching spirit" which, according to Hitler, ought to be able to "turn heaven into hell and vice-versa,"—such is the higher form of arian cinematography which is cultivated by the nazi.

For a definition of the plastic arts and in general of "creative freedom" in nazi Germany, we shall give the floor to that "artist-architect," Hitler. Happily for our purpose, he too, like Goebbels, took his "creative" revenge, and at last had constructed on his own design the ugliest build-

The Fascists Shall not Pass! *Poster by D. Shmarinov*

ing in Munich, the Brown House,—the staff and living-quarters of his gang. So, Hitler, the floor is yours.

At the opening of a German (read: nazi) Arts Building in Berlin, in an address to the assembled artists, who, though trying to conform to fascist requirements, were apparently nonetheless insufficiently zealous in their praise of "the new order," Hitler declared: "Either these so-called artists suffer from defective vision, in which case the Ministry of Internal Affairs should take steps to prevent their multiplication" (read: should have them sterilized), "or they are dishonest, in which case they are subject to criminal law" (read: to imprisonment in a concentration camp).

Well, what more inspiring talk could you have as between artist and artist! What more Neroesque stanzas over the blazing Reichstag, Rome that is! What an impressive new fascist aesthetics!

By the by, about fascist aesthetics and Rome. This was in 1934. An international theatre congress was being held in Rome. The membership of the congress was rather distinguished. Among them were the aged Maeterlinck, and Jules Romains, and Gordon Craig, and Pirandello, and Gregor, and many others. To my lot fell the honour of representing the Soviet Union. Well, at one of the sessions of this congress, the notorious Marinetti, once a futurist, later a fascist, now an officer in the nazi army, announced as the main thesis of his report that "the new aesthetics is born on the field of battle." A storm of indignation arose from the delegates' benches. On behalf of a group of countries—England, France, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and others—I voiced a decisive protest against this monstrous attempt on the part of Marinetti to substitute for the concept of aesthetics the concept of militarism. Considering the clearly anti-fascist temper of the majority of the delegates, Pirandello, who

was presiding at the session, refused Marinetti the floor, and made an announcement repudiating his report. The congress proceeded with its business. But it was clear to all that Marinetti had been suppressed only because he had prematurely blurted out fascism's real understanding of "the new aesthetics."

Now we have this "new aesthetics" before our very eyes. Burned books; towns, unique buildings and cathedrals in ruins; devastated and despoiled museums and libraries; wrecked monuments of art and culture; corpses of women and children savagely mutilated,—such is fascist aesthetics in action.

It has whole gangs of followers. Here is a typical example of one of them. It is useless to look for his name in an encyclopedia—he is not a writer, not an artist nor a student of art, he is only an ordinary amateur, only corporal of the 304th infantry regiment Adolf Kruntz, this modest "aesthete" of the fascist brand. He was taken prisoner, and some undespatched letters were found on him.

The first: "Dear Gertrude, I'm out of luck, I counted on getting down near the Crimea somewhere, I was so keen on visiting Feodosia and the Aivazovsky Picture Gallery. Instead of the Crimea I've landed near Moscow. But cheer up, in Moscow there's the Tretyakov Gallery, and I'm sure instead of Aivazovsky alone I'll bring home both Repin and Shishkin. It wouldn't be bad to have a special section of Russian painting in our collection."

The second: "Dear, we haven't taken Moscow yet, but we won't be long now. To make up for the hardships I'm suffering here, I'll try to get twice as big a collection. . . I'm just dying to get an eyeful of the Tretyakov Gallery. How does it strike you: wouldn't it be a good idea to open our museum in Moscow?"

Now, I imagine, both "aesthetes," both corporals and both Adolfs, Hitler and Kruntz, have become convinced that the museums in Moscow will never be theirs to plunder.

One of their führers has said: "The Slavs are created for physical, not for mental work."

This they have the insolence to say about the Slavs, about the Russians, about our great country, which has given to the world illustrious poets and writers, scientists and thinkers, artists and composers, critics and statesmen! This country they want to subjugate, to turn into a country of slaves, to convert into a field for the dissemination of their wretched brigand-race's apology for culture!

Never!

We well know that the enemy is still strong, that fierce battles are being fought, that there are many difficulties ahead and a struggle against heavy odds; but we also know well, that however hard, complicated and prolonged the struggle may be, fascism will inevitably be beaten and victory will be ours.

And then we will present our bill to Hitler.

For everything! For his treacherous assault on the Soviet Union, for the laying waste of our towns, villages and plough-lands, for Yasnaya Polyana and the grave of Tolstoy, for the Tchaikovsky and Borodin Museums, for the wrecked monument to Shevchenko. For all the fanaticism and barbarity of the fascist hordes on our soil, for our mutilated fathers, sons and brothers, for dishonoured wives, sisters and daughters.

We shall demand full payment of this score in the name of the salvation of humanity, in the name of freedom, culture and progress!

And then our Socialist fatherland, in spite of all the grievous ills it has suffered, will flourish once more and with an even greater splendour!

ALEXANDER TAIROV

SELF-DENIAL

We write too little and have not yet found the right way of writing about the creative work going on in the rear, and what we do write does not always show the far-reaching changes which have come to pass and are still developing in our country.

The psychology of the Red Army has undergone a profound change during a year of war. The man at the front has become morally purer, more earnest, simpler during this year of fighting against a strong and brutal foe.

From of old we knew that the issue of a war was usually determined by one or several decisive battles. It was a matter of contest between the talents of the commanders-in-chief and the courage of the opposing peoples. Before Borodino the Russian soldiers donned clean shirts, and the Vladimir Ikon of the Mother of God was brought along to bless Kutuzov's army that was marching out to die for its Fatherland. On this very day was determined the fate of Napoleon—his invincible army was smashed against the solid breast of the Russian soldier. Kutuzov proved wiser than the emperor of the French.

In the present unprecedented war it would not suffice for the Red Army soldier to put on a clean shirt before going out to battle: he has had to wash his very soul clean in the blood, in the lye of a struggle that has raged unabated for thirteen months on a three-thousand-verst wide front. Clean and austere is the soul of a warrior of the Red Army. He sees much, he feels much, he thinks much. He sees that a German never looks a Russian straight in the eyes.

What a German is, we have all learnt now: baby-killers, corrupters, marauders, the whole pack of them, supercilious fools, who have bound themselves to Hitler and are mutually responsible for their terrible guilt in the face of all the world; there is nothing reasonable or good in them, there is nothing but evil, and wittingly they desire to perpetrate evil. . . . Such people should be beaten till their very guts cry for mercy. Then only a German will start seeing things clearly.

Fight with the Germans without halt, take your revenge on them for all that they have done; if needs be, do not spare yourself, but kill them,—that you must.

In our villages and smallest towns the kith and kin of a hero, reading about his gallant exploits in some letter from the front or in a newspaper adorned with his picture, start passing this letter or newspaper around, and people listen and sigh from the abundance of their hearts and speak lovingly about the hero, calling him by his pet name, and begin to recollect that it was here, in this very place—it seems but yesterday!—that he walked about among us, dressed just as we are in an ordinary suit. . . . And they wait, wait patiently for his return with the glad tidings of victory.

The love of the dear ones gone to the front braces up those who remain in the rear; to them, to the heroes is entrusted all the might of the people's vengeance for all their sufferings, their sorrow, their hardships and the devastation around; in their work in the rear, at factories and in the fields, young people wish to emulate them; in the valleys beyond the village and in the streets of Moscow the children play at being heroes exterminating the fascist reptiles.

The whole of our rear tries to live up to the moral standard of the Red Army: workers do their utmost to obtain metal, coal, corn, cotton, po-

tatoes, to produce arms and military machines with the same steadfastness, self-denial and high-mindedness as the Red Army. Work in the rear may seem trivial and inconspicuous, it is not blood that is shed but sweat, no smarting or mortal wounds are inflicted, yet no less is needed greatness of heart to help one day after day, night after night, to overcome all fatigue and to give one's strength to the arming and equipping of the Red Army, believing with the sacred faith of the people that it will win the victory and take its vengeance on the destroyers of our country.

Here I should like to mention something which I saw with my own eyes in Uzbekistan. I have before me the figures showing what was achieved there during the first year of the war. Every figure palpitates with life and suggests great selfless toil.

The volume of the excavation work carried out for the construction of an irrigation network is represented by the figure 25 million cubometres of excavated earth. This means that in the winter months, when a piercing wind raises the stinging dust, or the sleety snow falls knee-deep, or for weeks the rain keeps falling from the clouds that crawl just above the ground, hundreds of thousands of collective farmers, on their own initiative, armed with heavy hoes, dug up and threw out the clammy earth laying out the bed of a canal, built dikes and sluices, and scooped out irrigation channels; these people worked, as is their wont, with bared chests, they slept on the ground, and with their titanic toil they achieved the task assigned to them: this year on an enlarged area three times more grain was sown and harvested than last year. Uzbekistan was in a position to do without grain brought from elsewhere. For the first time the sowing of many hectares of sugar beet was recorded in this country, and at the present time the construction of a number of sugar refineries is being completed. Uzbekistan will supply sugar to the front.

Many large enterprises have been evacuated to Uzbekistan, and these had to be provided with local coal and petrol in order to release the railways from the transport of fuel. This task has been carried out. Coal is obtained from open pits. As to petrol, notwithstanding the authoritative statement of a member of the Academy of Sciences that petrol could not occur there, petrol has been discovered and is already being obtained, and the output is growing. Uzbekistan has proved also to be rich in oil.

But its principal wealth is Man. It is for Man, for Man's free labour and his land that war is being waged against the destroyers of mankind. When you go along the heavenly garden of the Ferghana Valley where, steaming in the sun after a recent watering, framed in with squares of mulberry trees, grey-green stretch the cotton fields with their even rows of cotton, and wherever you glance you see glistening in the sunshine joyous streams of cool mountain water in their artificial beds,—then you want to bless Life which has created Man. There he is, the Uzbek, at noon on a tropically hot June day, his sunburnt chest showing beneath the unbuttoned collar of his padded gown, his bare feet black with sunburn, a rose stuck behind his ear under his skull-cap,—with a fling of his sinewy arms he raises his heavy mattock high above his head, then brings it down into a furrow in the soil between two small channels full of water. There he is again as, tucking up the skirts of his gown, he walks after the plough, knee-deep in water, along the sparkling creek of the rice-field. There he is,—white-bearded, with his head turbanned in a kerchief; leaning on his biblical staff, he stands on the slope of a hill where his rams are grazing. There he is, swarthy like a ripe peach, with just a shade of moustaches under his straight nose, with eyes black and shiny, yet modest, because his mother taught him to

be modest, working at a factory machine-tool among fair-haired Moscow girls. There he is on a still summer evening, sitting with his feet tucked under him near the clay wall of his house and seemingly listening to the faint gurgling of the irrigation channel below. There he is at a meeting of honoured distinguished old men; rising up from a carpet on the floor, he beckons his son to his side; unfolding a silken handkerchief, he takes out a knife, and, in a voice stern and abrupt with wrath, says to his son: "Go, kill a nazi, I want to see the blood of the foe on this knife."

In all the branches of its economy Uzbekistan is overfulfilling its plans. This but shows us that our Soviet rear is steadily gaining in strength and is straining every nerve to build firmly and well the foundations for victory.

ALEXEI TOLSTOY

THE TRADITIONS OF GERMAN VANDALISM

The more helpless their victims, the greater is the Hitlerites' ferocity. The most horrible acts of violence are perpetrated by the invaders on wounded Red Army men, on old and young. Germans, Hungarians, Rumanians, Italians and Finns seem to vie with one another in their hideous crimes.

A stripling is suspected of having dealings with the partisans—his arm is sawn off; a four-year-old little girl has spilt some milk—a German brute smashes her head; a wounded Red Army man is found in a barn—the invaders kill every member of the owner's family, without even sparing twelve-month-old babies. Can one forget Lidice? And those scores of burnt out villages in Yugoslavia?

Whatever acts of infamy, whatever crimes a Hitlerite may perpetrate in any of the subjugated countries, fascism gives him a dispensation beforehand. Atrocities and infamy have come to be a system.

Long before the nazis had let loose the Second World War, they repeatedly declared that they would not be content with the usual methods of warfare, but that they would carry on a "totalitarian" war: from the air, from the sea and on land they would destroy cities and villages, kill men and women, demolish schools and museums, make away with everybody and everything on their antagonist's territory, with the object of intimidating the enemy and of undermining his power of resistance.

Children shot by the fascists

There were many people who thought such vandalism simply impossible. But the war has exceeded everything one's imagination could have apprehended. In practice German fascism has proved even more loathsome and horrifying than in its leaders' theory. Millions of absolutely guiltless people have been murdered in Yugoslavia and in Poland, in Greece and in France, in our own cities and villages.

These millions were tortured to death. In designing physical and moral torments, the Gestapo men and the SS have shown a sadistic inventiveness and refinement. The Germans certainly have some "traditions" of butchery all their own.

In his notes on the Franco-Prussian War of 1870—1871 Engels more than once commented on the savage cruelty of the Prussians in their war against the French.

"To suppress this resistance of the people, the Germans resort to methods of warfare that are as barbarous as they are out of date. They have made it their rule that every town or village where one or several inhabitants take part in the defence... are to be burnt down... and wherever there is reason to suppose that any considerable part of the town population is guilty of this kind of offence, all able-bodied men must be immediately exterminated." (F. Engels, "Battles in France," November 11th, 1870.)

This mass extermination of peaceable citizens on the pretext of their showing disobedience or offering resistance took place by direct orders of the German authorities.

"You cannot open a German newspaper without coming across half a dozen paragraphs about some military executions of this kind. The latter are effected as something quite natural, as common measures of military justice... Everything is done according to a system and by an order: the doomed village is surrounded, the inhabitants are moved out, the provisions seized and the houses burnt... wherever German punitive units pass in the central part of France, their way is too often marked with fire and blood."

During the Seven-Years' War the Prussian commanders also did their best to school their men in the wildest methods of warfare. Friedrich II himself, whom the nazis worship, gave the express order before a battle "not to spare a single Russian during the fight," and it was only the staunchness and courage of our troops that robbed Friedrich of his victory... and of the delight of killing all the Russians into the bargain.

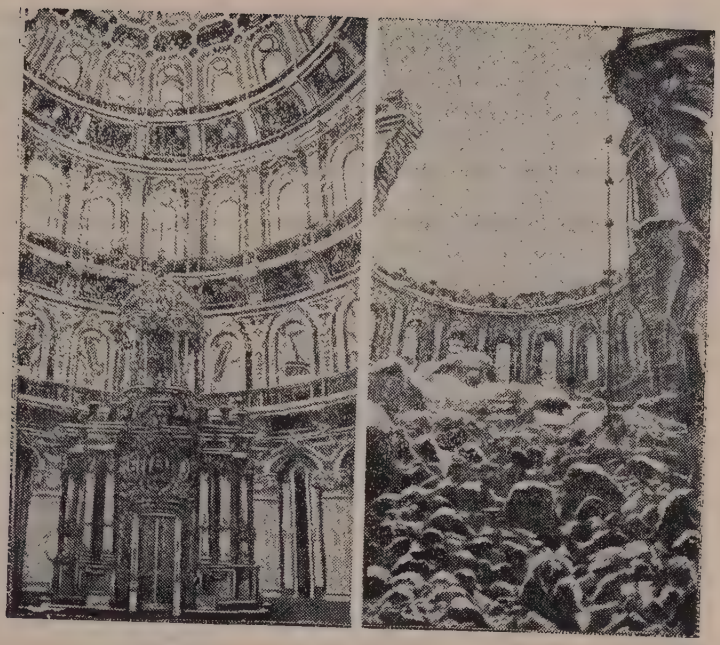
Friedrich II borrowed his inhuman methods of warfare from the armoury of his ancestors—the German feudal lords.

Let us call to mind the Livonian knights, and also their brothers-in-arms, the knights of the Teutonic Order. Master Hermann Wartberg, a German chronicler, exults in narrating how "great master Winrich and master Arnold of Livonia joined their two armies in the land of the heathen Lituanians, near the Castle of Wilkenberte, where during nine days they were busy burning, ravaging, taking captives and killing most of the people." Or: "There were many people and many goods there: what heavy losses to the heathens, what a rich loot!" Or again: "The heathens kept on crying in the thicket, but this was of no avail. Many of them were killed, many women and children made prisoners."

The traditions of savagery and heartlessness proved very stable. During the First World War the German commanders attained their infamous fame by aimlessly destroying treasures of culture (the Cathedral of Reims, for instance, etc.). Wherever the heavy boots of the German soldiers trod: in Belgium, in Serbia, in Russia,—they left a trail of blood and fire.

In 1918 the Germans drenched the Ukrainian wheat-fields with the blood of the Ukrainian people. They betook themselves to their favourite strata-

Interior of the celebrated New-Jerusalem Church before and after being blown up by the retreating fascists



gem of mass executions and universal terrorization. The examples below are excerptions from official documents:

"The peasants of the village of Medvezhie went out into the field for sowing. The invaders surrounded the village and ordered the peasants to set fire to their own houses. Those who did not comply with this order were killed. Women and children were driven into the flames with rifle-butts."

"In the village of Dobrianka (near Chernigov) German cavalry tied peasants to their horses' tails and so dragged them along."

"The chairman of a district Soviet sent a wire to the Council of People's Commissars of the R.S.F.S.R. on April 4th, 1918: 'In the occupied districts lots of villages are burnt down daily. Innocent people perish in scores of thousands.' "

This martyrology could be continued indefinitely.

The months that had elapsed have been witness to thousands of new unparalleled evil deeds of the nazi Huns.

In his note of November 25th, 1941, Molotov revealed to the whole world the criminal system practiced by the hitlerite bosses and their henchmen.

"Red Army men," says Molotov, "when taken prisoners, are tortured with red-hot iron; their eyes are put out, their legs, arms, ears, noses and fingers are cut off; they are disembowelled; they are tied to tanks and torn into pieces."

These unthinkable atrocities are perpetrated by direct orders of the hightest authorities of the German army. Among some intercepted German documents there was found an instruction signed by Colonel Kress:

"Up to now," the colonel's best feelings are outraged, "the German soldiers didn't kill all the prisoners and wounded Red Army men," and he enjoins this oversight to be rectified in future.

One of the documents addressed by the German military authorities to their soldiers reads as follows:

"You must have no heart or nerves, you don't want any at war. You must have no feelings of pity or compassion: kill every Russian, every Soviet person; don't hesitate if it is an old man or a woman, a little boy or a girl that is before you: kill! In

this way you will keep yourself safe, secure the future welfare of your family and attain undying glory."

The hitlerite monsters take revenge not only upon our wounded Red Army men but also upon peaceable citizens.

Anastasia Gurina from the town of Shuya writes in a letter:

"My heart aches when I think of what the enemy has done to our flourishing district. This dear spot has changed beyond recognition. Where once those gay-looking little villages: Svironoy, Kuzminskoye and our own merry Pozhaleyevo, gladdened the eye, there's nothing now but a black waste. The German bandits burst into our village at night. What happened then, is more than one can tell, my dear ones! The soldiers drove us out of our houses, stripped the collective farmers literally to the skin, killed the cattle and the poultry. The whole village groaned and wept. And what a host of people the monsters murdered, how many girls they ruined!"

Red Army man Sabinin received a letter from his sister Nina:

"Vassia, you can't imagine what the German soldiers and officers did in our village to the captured Red Army men. Under our very eyes the hitlerite villains tortured eight of them all day long. First they tied them with a rope by their necks and then forced them to bark like dogs. Those who did not obey the officers' command, had their ears pricked through with red-hot wires, and needles drawn through their cheeks. Having tortured the Red Army men to death, the bandits piled them in a heap, poured some petrol on them and burnt them. . ."

Such are the Hitlerites' unprecedented crimes. And one understands the Russian woman who in severe, yet fiery words commands her son to die rather than become the enemy's prisoner.

"Vassia, take your mother's advice," Red Army man Peresypkin's mother writes to her son: "never, in no case let them take you prisoner. I'll [re-

Red Army men murdered by the fascist monsters after being bestially tortured in the church of Verega

nounce my son forever if he falls into the butchers' hands. Anyway the nazi hounds will mangle you, will make you die in torture. Had you seen them jeering at the captured fighters, you'd have cut the throats of the fascist brutes in your wrath."

German troops bomb peaceful cities from their airplanes, kill peaceful people, abuse women, fusillade children and old people, plunder and maraud. The inference suggests itself.

The "totalitarian war" announced by Hitler is an expression of the traditional brutality of German militarism. The German military leaders always trained their armies in the spirit of barefaced depredation and absolute immorality, always encouraged unbridled and sometimes senseless cruelty. The "totalitarian war" declared by the fascist clique is nothing if not a "theory" of banditism and piracy, recognizing no limits and no boundaries whatever.

The aggressive plans of the German fascism exceed by far all the Pan-Germanic aspirations of Kaiser's Germany. Having inherited all the retrograde, barbarous butchery traditions of Prussianism and its methods of warfare, the German fascism has gone still further turning its army into a veritable gang of murderers and ravishers. The program of establishing "the new order," as announced by the Hitlerites, and their mad race theories, when carried out in practice signifies nothing but annihilation of whole countries and peoples, with their respective national cultures. The annals of human history have never recorded anything as evil and horrible as the monstrous crimes perpetrated by the German fascism, which means a most direful peril to all mankind.

The Hitlerites try to scare the Soviet people with "totalitarian war." But the more they rage, the higher rises the wave of the people's wrath.

"The German robbers want a war of extermination with the peoples of the U.S.S.R. Well, if the Germans want a war of extermination, they will get it," says Stalin. "No mercy should be shown the German invaders! Death to the German invaders!"

K. OSSIPOV

VICTIMS OF FASCIST BUTCHERY

A Russian Girl's Letter

The nazis destroy towns and villages in the districts they have invaded, and the unfortunate Russian people are driven to Germany, like prisoners, for hard-labour and drudgery.

We publish below a letter from Olga Seleznyova, a Russian girl whom the German slave-traders took to Cologne. The letter was brought from Ordjonikidzegrad, now seized by the Germans, by the scouts of a unit of the Briansk front.

"Dear Mother, Tanya, Lyuba and Nadya!

First of all, I'll tell you about my way here. For two days we were kept like prisoners, in the concentration camp at Uritsky hamlet near Briansk. Then for twelve days we were cooped up in box-like cars. During the journey we were not given any bread. What I had taken from home, had to do both for Marussya and me.

Oh, I didn't want to go! and uncle advised me not to, but you said, mamma, that if I didn't, they would kill all of us. It would be better for me to have died of starvation than to become what I am now...

When we came here, they started selling us up like slaves, and anyone took as many girls as they liked. Where Marussya was sold, I don't know. I work from daybreak till nightfall. People mock at me, and I cry. I've stopped going out into the street, it only makes me cry still more.

I do all sorts of work, anything the master orders me to. In short, I'm sold forever. Don't be cross with me, mother, it's the naked truth I'm telling you. My love to Shura, Klava, to everybody.

Olga Seleznyova.

May 3rd, 1942."

The Slave Market

Here is a letter found on Rudolf Lammersmayer, corporal of the 405th infantry regiment of the 121st division, who was killed near Leningrad. The letter was written by his mother in the little town of Lütte near Einkernrut.

"You write that you're fed up with the war. But we still hope that something extraordinary will happen yet. A miracle can happen, can't it?

Yesterday Anna Liza Rostert came running to our place. She was beside herself with indignation. Their Russian wench hanged herself in the pigsty. And though Anna Liza cut the rope, the Russian's pulse didn't throb. She was dead. Our Polish maid-servants said that Frau Rostert had beaten and abused the Russian girl all the time. She came here in April, and ever since her eyes were red with weeping. She killed herself, probably, in a moment of despair.

We did our best to cheer Frau Rostert up: after all, *one can purchase another Russian worker for a reasonable price.*"

Words are unnecessary! Hats off before the dead body of a Russian girl who preferred death to German slavery! Blessings upon the warrior whose sacred bullet felled down the German villain!

We will avenge our dead, we shall kill without mercy the German fiends, we shall not spare the murderers that have invaded our country to enslave the Russian people.

NIKOLAI TIKHONOV

Leningrad, August 1st.

Sadists

Here is a document bearing seven signatures: that of Battalion Commissar Menshikov, Senior Political Instructor Kalyanov, Military Surgeon of the 3rd rank Gur, Lieutenant Tereryuk, Sanitary Instructor Vassiachin, Sergeant Neverov and Red Army man Kononov.

The document reads as follows:

"We were present at the medical examination of the dead body identified by us as that of the Red Army man Afinogenov, Pyotr Vassilyevich. Afinogenov was brutally murdered by the nazi fiends on June 1st, 1942. On his head, in the parietal bones, there is a pentacle-shaped wound inflicted with some kind of sharp-edged instrument; the bones of the cranium are smashed, death being the result. The nazi fiends tortured Red Army man Afinogenov to death."

The document is laconic, yet it makes one's blood boil.

These scanty words are enough to make us see the terrible proceedings as they actually took place.

We don't know how many of these

monsters were there: two or three, or may be four,—but it's all the same, the number made no difference,—the Red Army man, half-dead after the torture they had put him to, could offer no resistance. So, availing themselves of a knife or the point of a bayonet, a chisel or a screw-driver used for taking to pieces and assembling a rifle, the villains started to chisel out in those living bones a star, the very same star that our Red Army men deem it their honour to wear on their helmets, or on the breast when awarded the Order of the Red Star.

During the First World War, the Germans, on capturing some Cossacks, were nothing loath to cut stripes of skin off their legs from hip to ancle in imitation of breeches' stripes, they also indulged in cutting or burning out "cockades" on their prisoners' foreheads. They have become more skilled since then, these apologists of the "new order" which they want to impose on Europe, Africa and America, all the world over.

Pyotr Afinogenov, tortured to death by the nazi sadists, shall be avenged: we keep a record of all the victims of the ravagers' unbridled savagery; but this revolting act is a new drop to fill the cup of grief of the freedom-loving peoples. We know this cup is very deep; yet, however deep, one day it must get full to overflowing, for if it does not, human beings will be unworthy of the name of man.

Torturing Afinogenov, the butchers acted with the fullest approval of their commanders and of their government, which always encourages such deeds.

When, as it actually happens to be the case, there are millions of similar butchers; when those butchers are armed with every possible means for exterminating mankind; when they threaten to inflict torment and cruel murder (such as Afinogenov underwent) on all those who will not consent to become their slaves, than, in order to bring nearer the day of reckoning and to save the world from utter ruin, it is imperative that the efforts of the freedom-loving peoples, true to the principles of genuine humane culture, should be united.

And the sooner all these efforts are fused into one mighty force to come crushingly down on the heads of the hitlerite sadists, the better for mankind: for time presses.

S. SERGEYEV-TSENSKY

Soviet Caricatures

Drawn by Boris Efimov

HITLER BROKERS

Pétain, accompanied by Laval, made a trip through France not long ago to recruit Frenchmen for work in the German war industry.

AN ADVERTISING TOUR THROUGH FRANCE

ANIMAL FEAR

Since Heidrich's assassination in Czechoslovakia 914 people have been executed. This does not include the victims of two destroyed Czech villages.

From a newspaper item

Hitler species to Himmler species: "Let's destroy them as soon as possible or else they'll destroy us!"

Drawn by Kukryniksy

GRIGORI MIROSHNICHENKO

COLONEL PREOBRAZHENSKY OF THE GUARDS *

11. A WAR-TIME CAPITAL

Colonel Preobrazhensky and his airmen returned from carrying out instructions. The colonel reported to the command that orders had been fulfilled within the time set. Then the commander-in-chief of the air-force sent for the colonel and said:

"Colonel Preobrazhensky, what reward would you like?"

The colonel looked embarrassed.

"I'd like," he faltered, "I'd like you to give me a short leave."

"Why a short leave? You can have a long one, you've deserved it. You've worked hard and done well."

"No, I haven't done much yet, Comrade Commander-in-Chief. All I want is a short leave."

"Still, think it over," said the commander-in-chief. "How long would you like for a rest?"

"I'm not tired. I need about twenty-four hours leave, that's all. I want to go and see my relatives in the city."

"Where do you want to go?"

"To Leningrad."

"Go, then," his chief agreed, adding after a moment: "and if you should need a car, take mine."

So the colonel accepted the car, took some presents for his people with him and set out for Leningrad.

It was a long way. The colonel had to hurry, so it seemed to him that the commander-in-chief's luxurious limousine was going at far too leisurely a pace.

"Can't we go any faster?" he said to the chauffeur.

"Faster, Colonel?" The chauffeur gave him an astonished glance. "No, you can't go any quicker on this road. As it is, we're scorching along at a rate that I only hope doesn't land us in the ditch. The car's doing over eighty kilometres."

The colonel was silent. After a minute or two he spoke again:

"Listen, you're going terribly slowly, it seems to me. Can't you step on it a bit?"

The chauffeur stepped on the gas as he was asked and strained his eyes to make out the uneven road.

The limousine wound in and out between the pines; it had hardly time to leap over ruts and bumps. The jolting was terrific. The driver cast an occasional reproachful glance at the silent colonel.

The car flew like an arrow over Kirov bridge. The chauffeur wanted to put the brakes on, turn to the right and draw up in the Field of Mars, but the colonel suddenly exclaimed:

"Where are you going?"

"To the right."

"Stop the car."

The Red Navy man chauffeur pulled up with a jerk.

"You can go back now," the colonel said, "I won't need you any more."

"Why, Colonel, what's up? I haven't done you any harm, that I know of. And I drove very fast. You don't know, but no one but me could have done it. They wouldn't even risk it. You can ask any of the drivers. I beat them all."

"Go back now," the colonel insisted, "and thank the commander-in-chief for lending me his car. I'll walk the rest of the way."

. . . Kirov Bridge. The Neva. The

* For the beginning see No. 9.

majestic river. The dark Exchange looming in the background. The spire of the Fortress of Peter and Paul. The tall chimneys of the Baltic works barely touched with the misty vapour of evening. The colonel suddenly remembered the German river Spree. What could compare with the granite of the Neva?

A glimpse of the Winter Palace. Suvorov with his unsheathed sword, the point touching his left boot. A great field marshal, Suvorov, and he was standing opposite the bridge, his uncovered head held high; he was guarding the road to the Field of Mars.

For a hundred and forty years now he had been standing there,—Generalissimus Suvorov, Count Rymniksky, Prince of Italy,—strong, impetuous, the field marshal who with bullet and bayonet had defended Russia.

Colonel Preobrazhensky loved Leningrad and knew it well.

From Liteiny Bridge to Lieutenant Schmidt's Bridge stretched an unbroken chain of palaces and mansions. The "Northern Palmyra"—the city's greatest builders had called this Palace Quay.

Granite walls and pillars, the Summer Garden, and its railings; ashen-rose columns with vases, straight, forged rods that shone with gilding; the line of marble statues along the alley: Athena, Flora, Saturn.

Some little distance away there was the "Church on Blood,"[1] a medley of cupolas. And if you turned, you could see across the Neva the balcony of Krzesinska's mansion from which Vladimir Lenin made his fiery speech to the soldiers.

The driver lingered on the Kirov Bridge, lingered there extremely puzzled and put out; doubtful whether to go back or to wait for the colonel, who was leaning on the parapet, staring far away to westward.

"So what am I to do, Colonel?" he said. "Shall I wait for you or drive back?"

"Drive back. And thank you very much. I'm very grateful to you. I want to stand here awhile."

The driver went away.

Lenin's city seemed intimate, familiar, still more his own. And never had it looked so majestic as now.

"I wanted to fly here swifter than a bird," he said once, "straight here, just to stand for a moment on the Kirov Bridge. People will understand me if I say that who ever has bombed Berlin and hated, that man loves our native city very dearly. I would gladly stand at its gates and defend it. I would die to preserve it. When I had to bomb Berlin, I was embracing Moscow and Leningrad in my thoughts."

The colonel went slowly along Millionnaya to the Hermitage.

Grey marble giants supported stone walls on their shoulders.

The Admiralty spire was erect and unshaken as ever. The road to Moscow led from here, and the route to Warsaw railway station at the West. The Admiralty spire was the starting point of the routes.

The Bronze Horseman was not to be seen. He had been sheltered painstakingly, lovingly, behind a fence and a pile of sand-bags like a barricade. Bombs had fallen on the Synod a little way off. Traces of splinters were visible on the columns of St. Isaac's, on the granite walls, the pavements, the railings.

Labour Square. What brought the colonel to this spot?

Here had lived a sister whom he would never see again. He had walked and driven to the spot many a time.

The torn-down tram cables hung loose or were coiled on the ground. The trams were standing windowless, frozen, snowed-under. Silent people passed through the streets, and none of them could have guessed that this pilot, this young colonel, was standing thinking about them and about

[1] The church built on the spot where Alexander II was assassinated.

the city of heroes. For this city he had revenged himself on Berlin.

Here every stone is history, every house is a fortification. A bridge had been built here a hundred years ago. Now it was Lieutenant Schmidt's Bridge. The design of Montferrand. From the bridge you could see the Horse Guards' stables, the Baltic Fleet crew's caserns.

The aristocratic part of old St. Petersburg—the Quay. Two thousand shells had fallen here.

The traces of the shell-holes, the broken iron, were still visible. But have enemy shells the power to destroy the Lieutenant's Bridge? Damaged, twisted, broken rails, smashed glass in houses, mansions, trams—these things cannot daunt us.

A pale, gaunt glazier in a black cloak is standing diamond in hand at a fifth-floor window of a house. An old woman is dragging a few faggots on a child's sled. She can hardly get along and has to stop and take long rests. An old worker is dragging to the cemetery a sled on which rests a coffin. When he is tired, he sits on it. There is no sign of tears on this worn face; the look in his eyes is stern and faraway. A famished child flits by like a wraith.

The trolley-bus is not running. It is all sleds, sleds, children's sleds. Some day the poets will perhaps compose an anthem of victory to these rough, simple sleds, and they will be given a place in the museum beside the renowned Putilov tanks.

All the houses look bleak and cold but menacing. No lights to be seen anywhere. Everyone knows the value of a match.

Our people are a proud people. Stern and silent. They mustered all their strength and pooled it, and fought, fought, and forged their own arms.

Ah, yes, what people these are!

The war will be over some day. People from all over the world will gather in a square and see the monument erected to this Hero-City by its sons and daughters.

The colonel stood there as though in a dream. As though it was the first time he had ever been there.

The Neva was turbid with drifting ice. Here were forts. The anti-aircraft guns were hard at work. Hoary ships stood at anchor. Shell-holes yawned in the ice. Seamen were marching through the streets.

Shrapnel whistled overhead... High-explosive bombs were bursting... The whole city is fighting. No blockade will break the people of Leningrad!

To the colonel the whole panorama, the Nevsky Prospect, the palaces and squares, the Leningrad works—the Putilov, the Obukhov, the Baltic—looked like a symbol of our pride and glory.

Barricades are everywhere. The people who suffer privation and want do not murmur or complain in self-pity. They give up the very breath of life to the front; they make cartridges and shells to preserve and defend their beloved city.

Colonel Preobrazhensky came to see me that day, and as he opened the door said solemnly:

Stand in thy beauty, Peter's town,
Unshakeable, like Russia.

I understood it all: he was feeding the fires of his vengeance. He had gathered new forces and was going to fight as he had never fought before. This is what the city, the unconquerable martial city, had to say.

12. THE ROAD TO TIKHVIN

On the approaches to Leningrad a fierce battle was raging. Now here, now there, fires broke out under the walls, and the cannonade went on unabating from big guns, machine-guns and trench-mortars. The screaming of the bombs overhead merged with the angry howling of the storm. Snow was whirling madly over the cities on the Pulkovo meridian. Bits of sharp ice stung the eyes, the wind pierced to the marrow. Caught

in the telegraph wires, the blast whistled and piped incessantly, drearily.

Away in the powdery distances where nothing could be made out clearly, Germans like tall phantoms were trudging on towards the city. It was quite near now, this city, almost within a stone's throw. A warm, spacious city, where Germans could, they fancied, thaw themselves and find a hot drink.

Shaggy, dirty, lousy, at the end of their tether, but still hoping that luck was close at hand, the fascists marched on like a plague of locusts. They had left behind those dug-outs, those graves, into which they had been driven by our naval artillery, by the fortress guns, and by our aircraft. The concrete fortifications set up outside the city walls had become an inferno for them.

Blow after blow struck them.

"Forward! Only forward!" was the Führer's hysterical order to his soldiers. "If we retreat we are lost! Behind us the land is a frozen, unpeopled desert. Ahead of us lies the city. Forward!"

Roofs of houses could be made out now against the snow. The tall chimneys of the works, the cranes, and wireless antennae came in sight.

The Germans were pushing ahead. How anxious they were to get to the city! They were advancing towards the mouth of the river now.

The city was blockaded.

"Forward!" shrieked the Berlin radio. "Only forward!"

But the three hundred thousand Germans, Spaniards and Finns, who had frozen to death, no longer heard the voice of the Führer. They would never reach the city now and sleep in a real bed in a warm room. They would never get a drink of hot water. They had not turned back. They had gone on and left their bones by the wayside.

Bony, skeleton-like hands—many of them, black as coal, blue as dolly-blue, strewn about everywhere.

Three hundred thousands heads. . . Six hundred thousand hands. . .

But our city still stood like an unassailable rock.

The blizzard rose. The forest groaned. The frost-covered icebergs crackled like gun-shots. The snow-wind howled. Ah, what a storm had blown up!

The thirty-ninth German army corps, Schmidt's renowned body of men, was hastening eastward to cut off the last road communicating with Leningrad.

The highway to Tikhvin linked the city with its great country and with Moscow. There was a junction at Tikhvin. From there the road branched off northwards: it was the way to Archangel, and it was communication with Leningrad.

Armoured cars. Tank-divisions. Benzine. Armoured trains. The long chain crept over the German dead along the road to the little town of Tikhvin. And Tikhvin fought. For a long, long time.

German hands reached out towards Tikhvin. If they could come out beyond Ladoga and strike at Volkhov, they could stretch a helping hand to the white-guardist Finns.

The great city of Lenin lay deep in snowdrifts. It appeared that all roads to it were snowed up and every trace of human life had vanished. But the sentries paced to and fro before the city walls. The sirens wailed. In the deadly-chill shops of the munition plants rows of shells grew. From somewhere in the interior trench-mortars and guns were brought up on sleighs. Ponderous white tanks clattered through the streets. Newly-made grenades were conveyed to their destination by hand. Benzine was brought in birchwood barrels, for fear of spilling it.

The city lay blockaded among snowdrifts.

General Meretskov and General Fedyuninsky gnawed at the roads, tore up the Tikhvin rear. Here in this town, in this sack, Schmidt's thirty-ninth renowned army corps had to be entrapped and destroyed, and all roads of retreat cut off.

Two important highways led to Tikh-

vin. The outlets had to be blocked and all forces gathered for a blow.

"Where the reindeer passes, a soldier can pass; where a soldier can pass, a whole army can pass," Suvorov said.

A hard frost, with the wispy, wreathing mist that always hangs over Ladoga, Leningrad and Schlüsselburg. For days, for nights now, the battle of Tikhvin had been raging. Guns boomed in the woods; partisans, tanks crawled up. The muzzles of the guns were red-hot, as iron heated in a furnace. Frozen snow-flakes sizzled when they lighted on the metal.

Along icy roads, deep bogs, gloomy cuttings through forest, obscure gullies, where withered grass peeped from under the snow, German tanks and soldiers crawled. They were greeted by a hail of bullets. Our men hurried out on their skis, our tanks rolled up merrily, and a flock of airplanes soared into the skies.

I could hear the echo of the exploding shells and pictured to myself the sailors, wading waist-deep in snow, raising their rifles high, marching on to the town with a song on their lips, spurning death. . .

In song, in first tremulous light before sunrise, in ceaseless hubbub and thunder, the vengeance of the Red Army, of the Baltic, of the people, sprang to life and conquered.

Woods, clearings, bogs, gullies, and hard frost. The blizzard was cruel. The fascists could not hold back our attacks; fighting was fierce and stubborn on all the roads and cross-roads to Tikhvin. Battles never ceased. Bombers, partisans, snipers, artillerymen, riflemen took all at sight. The airmen had just flown in.

Yes, the airmen had just flown in. Babushkin, weary and pale. Lieutenant-Colonel Tuzhilkin came into the command-post. He was staggering with weariness, but his eyes shone: he was evidently pleased with his work. Then young Piatkov, and Ivan Ivanovich Borzov came back. Drozdov, a Moscow man and a good spinner of yarns, had just landed.

All the airmen had inflamed eyes. Slowly they spread out their charts on the table and marked in pencil the towns and villages, and fixed certain important points. These were the towns they had flown over. The next shift: Kuznetsov, Fokin, Efremov, Plotkin, were ready to take-off. They had not undressed for three days. The stormers' formation: Karelov, Chelnokov, Potapov, Stepanin, Klimenko and Karassyov, knew no rest either. They stormed the Tikhvin roads day and night.

Colonel Preobrazhensky came in tired, and just after him Khokhlov, who stood resting his head against the door-jamb.

"Well, how's the fun going, brothers flying-men?" the colonel called out cheerily. "You're tired of killing Germans, I expect?"

"Not a bit, Comrade Colonel. We're only just getting warmed up to it. Couldn't we take a few more bombs with us in the cockpit? After a few bangs, our bombs are all finished."

"Well, we certainly got rid of a few Germans at Tikhvin!" Babushkin cried.

"You don't say so," said the colonel with a chuckle.

"We hit the mark every time. Decorated all the roads with them," Zelinsky told him. "I'm going up again now. I'll make things hot somewhere!"

"Which of you did the best job?" the colonel asked.

"We all did good work, but the one who worked best, who worked like a devil, was. . ."

"Who?"

"He used to be a great friend of yours. . . what's his name? . ." said Zelinsky.

"Oh! I know the man you mean!" the colonel exclaimed in a significant tone. "So that's who it is! My old pal, Captain Nikolai Chelnokov!"

"These last few days he's destroyed twenty-eight tanks, a hundred and three guns, and twenty-four waggons. And as for cars—they're beyond counting. Anti-aircraft machine-

guns—beyond counting. The Germans have nicknamed him the Black Death. He wiped out a battalion of tanks singlehanded."

"You remember Chelnokov, don't you?" said the colonel turning sharply to me.

"Of course, I do."

"And do you remember being in the hospital together?" he asked me as though I had been there, too.

"Yes, I remember," I assented. "Chelnokov had a crack in his skull six centimetres long."

"That's the man! We had bad luck that time—crashed. They wanted to take my eye out, I remember. As though I'd let them! And they wanted to forbid Chelnokov flying any more. And now he has got a third decoration."

"Well, Captain," the colonel turned to the chief of the staff. "Get a plane ready. We'll go and see what the boys have been doing on the Tikhvin and Volkhov highways."

The chief of the staff saluted.

"Comrade Colonel, your plane's ready long since."

"Excellent," said the colonel. "I'll be ready to start at twelve-thirty sharp."

The bomber stood under clusters of frozen snow-laden branches, looking like a great bird with green puffed-out chest and long, white, outspread wings. The propellers stood perpendicular like the hands of a clock stilled forever at a certain hour. The left wings had two little patches, three ragged wounds. The ailerons had been damaged by a bomb-splinter. The identification star had been pierced by bullets. This plane, it was clear, had seen a lot of hard wear. It had been over Berlin.

"Jump in," said the colonel, springing onto the wing.

Navigator Khokhlov swiftly set up a metal ladder. I climbed up. Khokhlov followed and, pulling the ladder, which folded flat, in after him, closed the double shutters of the hatch. He was silent, testing things, switching on the various apparatuses and the telephone. Then he laid his chart on the little table.

I could hear the colonel start up the engines just behind me.

Through the glass I could see the whirling, circling snow. The engines had got into their full, chesty roar now.

We dipped the plane, bidding farewell to the house where we had stayed. Then we set our course. Somewhat to the right of us, diving through the air waves and the gusty wind, flew our old friend, Borzov.

The two planes were flying at a great speed and very low. We kept losing height in order to see what was happening down below. Two shining rails, a road, a platform. Near the road lay a locomotive and some railway-cars. We dropped lower and saw Germans on the run. Some were in tin hats, some had shawls tied over their caps, some had wrapped themselves in the rough bast matting that peasants make. The soldiers flung down their arms, and fell flat in the snow. We rushed by over their heads.

"What's all this rubbish cluttering up the road?" growled the navigator.

We were rushing over a town now, with engines droning. The town was blazing. Then we saw the Germans running again. . . and corpses turning black like logs.

Across a level field clearing ran a big fence. There were crosses with green tin hats atop of them.

The colonel shook his head doubtfully.

Beyond that lay another clearing. The same crosses, the same green tin hats. The crosses had several rows of barbed wire around them.

"Navigator! I say, navigator, what a dismal sight!"

"Graves. A lonely field, and graves," said the navigator. "The Führer dragged them to Russia."

We were over the third clearing now. More crosses. On those that stood at the ends of the rows hung the panoply of the dead: their soldiers' coats and crossed sabres. This was a corporals' cemetery.

We were rushing to the scene of the Germans' retreat into the blizzard. Dim, blue figures flitting away. On hearing the engines' drone, the fascists crawled away, trailing a powdery flurry of snow. The gunner poured lead into them relentlessly, firmly. Yes, relentlessly and firmly. It was they who had set fire to that little town.

We were passing over another clearing with crosses—I had lost count of them. A dismal, depressing landscape. It is not for them to break Russia. They have paid dearly for it.

To the left, the *Douglases* were coming from the opposite direction. This was Moscow coming with us—all to Leningrad. One after the other, they sailed out, and the first one saluted us. Lieutenant Borzov described a half-circle, dipped to them and started to climb. Below, like frozen white fat, lay the broken piled ice. Ships were making their way through the black fissures. They were going to Leningrad, too. A new party of *Douglases* appeared. I could see the number of the plane belonging to Captain Ivanov, and I wanted to shout:

"Come on, Captain Ivanov! Hurry up! They're waiting for you with presents, my boy, in Leningrad!"

Another ruined railway-station. Chimneys sticking up. Two *Junkers* brought down, with their tails still pointing skywards, their engines deep in earth. They were still smoking.

Our plane was caught in a wave and tossed. The navigator used the coloured light-signals. First he pressed a white button on his left, then a green on his right: we were on the right route. Then he pressed a red button: danger ahead. Navigator Khokhlov warned his commander, and demanded that the signals should not be ignored.

Engrossed as we were, we had gone very deep into the enemy rear. The colonel was disinclined to turn back. But navigator Khokhlov was insistent and signalled angrily.

"Listen, Colonel, you've got to turn to the left. Why run risks?"

Sheaves of gunfire came flying at the plane.

"Colonel, keep to the left!"

Reluctantly the colonel banked and turned before soaring like a hawk. Borzov was skimming the tree-tops. The Germans huddled in little groups, clung close to the shelter of the haystacks in the white field. They dreaded death, the death we were bringing them. They seemed glued to the haystacks. Borzov glided over, made a feint of landing, while our gunner-wireless-operators combed the three stacks with their machine-gun fire.

Here was a peasant's yard, sheds, and a country bath-house. They had been set alight by retreating Germans. As far as you could see, as far as the little squares of the navigator's windows permitted, there was an endless chain of fires. All of them had been started by the Germans.

Navigator Khokhlov made notes on his chart of the blazing villages. Popovka, Dubrovka, Maryanovka, Kirishi, Budogoshch, Nebolchi. Huge bonfires now.

We flew over Tikhvin Canal and the villages of Podborye, Babayevo and Byely Bychok, crossed frozen rivers, railways, then returned to the town of Schlüsselburg, the point from which the Germans wanted to stretch out a helping hand to the white-guardist Finns. It was burning. Clouds of smoke rose skywards. Sailors were marching to the attack, marching on the town.

"Look," said the navigator, "our chaps are going into action," and he watched steadily out of the little window. Preobrazhensky greeted the seamen, Borzov helped them. He tore ahead, lost height, machine-gunned the Germans from a low level, and pointed the road, as it were, to the seamen. Intrepid, persistent, the Baltic fighters were running through the snow. The tanks rushed along at full speed, laying the way for those who came after. One of our tanks was hit but carried on. Enveloped in flame and smoke, it dashed straight at the centre of the enemy chain, and did not stop

till it burnt up before our eyes. It was plain that its crew were fighting to the last cartridge, to the last shell. No one jumped out of it. The whole crew must have been burnt to death. All honour to those unknown Soviet tank heroes!

A cannon emerged from the wood. It fired over open sights at a German tank that was cautiously creeping out by the two birches in the clearing to hold back the onslaught of our infantry and cover the Germans' retreat. Four more tanks followed it. A battle against odds began, one gun against five German tanks.

The men who had wheeled out the gun did not retreat, in spite of the tornado of fire the tanks opened on them. Everything around them flew into the air, but the cannon went on firing. We could see the bursts. Three German tanks, which were rushing straight for that one gun, burst into flames. Two other turned aside and were badly hit beside a ditch. Set alight by running fire, they burned up.

The engines were running sweetly on both ours and Borzov's planes. We were making our way now through the light, faint vapour of a deep-lying valley, and we could distinguish the Germans' green coats quite clearly. The coats were creeping westward. No one was resisting. From Schlüsselburg we hurried to Volkhov, where all the picked fascist divisions were concentrated: the 254th under Lieutenant-General Beschnett, the 21st under Lieutenant-General Herzog, the 12th Tanks. Our units were pressing them hard, but they were offering resistance, striving to keep the Volkhov position. That this was difficult for them, was obvious to us even from the air. The pressure of our troops was too great. No "crack" hitlerite hordes could hold back our men. The Germans were directing their thrust at Shum, a junction, where the highway and the Mga-Volkhov railway-line crossed. They had reached a village called Bor, and disposed themselves at a spot about a mile from the railway-line and the Leningrad highway. Thousands of Germans' corpses lay at the approaches to this junction. One plane took the route to Tikhvin along the highway. It resembled a cemetery of machines and men. Cars lying radiator upwards, exploded tanks, metal piled on metal, strewed the way. It might have been called the Germans' road to death, or simply a road paved with armoured cars, tanks, automobiles, motorcycles. They lay in the ditches, hung in the trees. Yes, incredible as it may seem. . . tanks and fragments of tanks hung upon trees. A light tank had been blown up near a railway-guard's hut. A great hole yawned in the side of the brick hut, which was roofless. The turret of a tank thrust its head up between two beams. That was the work of our heavy artillery. A light carriage with a varnished hood hung by its springs from the hooks of a telegraph pole. Torn wires covered with frost prickles sagged to the ground. On treetops, in ditches, along railway-tracks lay the leather saddles of the tank and car drivers. Their riding-days were over now. Black as an abyss was the Tikhvin road, where SS Germany had found its grave.

Frost. My feet felt cold even in their fur boots. My hands were numb in their fur gloves. But our hearts were full of joy when we saw that here, on this highway, the enemy had been not only buried but reduced to ashes. In the middle of the broad field of dead we saw a solitary bonfire. Germans were sitting hunched up around it. We did not fire at them. We flew at a very low level, but they did not move. They had frozen stiff around the fire. White figures were gliding into the wood: our skiers were going to cut off the Germans' retreat. Beyond the blue of the sky, where the sun shone over the bogs, partisans were creeping in. And a long chain of Soviet fighters appeared in the air.

"The Germans are on the run," said the navigator.

"They're on the run all right," replied the colonel, circling over Tikhvin.

Just here in the Gruzino district they contrived to cross the river Volkhov, and by Budogoshch they made for Tikhvin. But here the smashed German tank divisions were escaping, too. The 8th, the 12th, the 20th motorized infantry and the newly arrived 61st infantry, that had just been transferred from Narva. It had been sent to break the ring in which Schmidt's troops had found themselves. But on the way to Tikhvin it had lost half its picked men. They were destroyed by our bombers. Flying over fields, woods, valleys and roads, we could see endless fires, stacks of corpses, cemeteries of dead. Blazing Tikhvin.

We reached the pile of the ancient Tikhvin abbey, with which so many pages of the history of the Russian people are linked. The old brick vaulting crashed in, the sturdy walls crumbled. It made the heart contract to see it, and a burning hatred that nothing could appease tore at my breast. Tikhvin! You will go down in the history of the great patriotic war as an unconquered bastion, the sentinel guarding the door to unconquerable Leningrad. You fought courageously and died; burning, you won the day.

That day, when the whole town was burning and falling to ruins, the heroic units of the Red Army burst through to its outskirts and filled the street like a river in spate. The struggle was sharp and bloody. Every foot of the town was fought hard for by our troops.

"Hurrah!" shouted the navigator. "We're getting Tikhvin back now! See that powerful tank column moving up towards the town?"

He pointed it out to me. I could see a long string of tanks creeping with apparently slow persistence on the town from three sides. There were artillery, infantry, motorized units, motorcyclist and cavalry patrols. The Red Army and the marines were occupying one populated point after another.

We returned to our aerodrome. The impressions of the front kept us silent for a long time.

At the last moment, when we were preparing to leave the aerodrome, Moscow announced:

"Another blow at the enemy troops."

"Ten days ago the group of German troops commanded by General Schmidt operating south-east of Leningrad, seized the town of Tikhvin and the surrounding districts. The German plan was to sever communication between Leningrad and the Volkhov region and thus place the Leningrad troops in a critical position. The struggle for Tikhvin went on for ten days with alternating success. Yesterday, December 9th, our troops under the command of General Meretskov smashed General Schmidt's troops and occupied Tikhvin. In the battles fought for that town the enemy's 12th tank, 18th motorized and 61st infantry divisions were crushed. The Germans left 7,000 corpses on the battle-field. The rest of these divisions, abandoning arms and disguising themselves in peasants' clothes, fled to the woods in the Budogoshch direction. A great many important trophies were seized and are now being counted."

Then the colonel said:

"The road to Tikhvin is the road to the West and to our brother republics—Estonia, Latvia, Lituania. It's the beginning of the end for the Germans at Leningrad. The blow struck outside Tikhvin is a blow struck at the whole of hitlerite Germany."

I hurried to Tikhvin which lay at no great distance from us.

The frost was intolerable. Frosts so severe had never been seen in these parts. Birds froze on the wing and dropped to the ground. The ancient abbey of Tikhvin was blazing. It held the Germans' ammunition, it had a gloomy dungeon, a torture chamber; wherein lay the body of a Russian girl. Her fair hair was matted, torn and clotted with blood. Her face was gashed with knives, an eye had been gouged out and hung by a thin bloody thread. A steel ring had

been put into the swollen nostrils, and on the ring hung a bit of board which said: "The same treatment will be meted out to all who help the partisans." On the right leg there was a rough home-knitted peasant stocking. The other was bare.

I took off my cap. The Tikhvin people just returned from the woods, crowed around and took off their caps. They still held the ropes of their sleds, loaded with the few goods and chattels they had managed to save. They did not recognize the girl, but they knew it was someone from these parts.

In the cellar of the abbey we found three wounded Red Army men: Vassili Sidorin, Alexei Sagaida, Pavel Stepanov, who had been told the previous night that they would be shot in the morning.

Tikhvin was a German cemetery. Of its main street nothing but ruins and ashes remained. Freedom Square had been turned into a heap of bricks and dust. And the corpses—corpses of tortured Russians!

Here lay Ramzantsev, an army doctor, half-scalped. His nose had been cut off, his arms twisted behind his back. There were bayonet-gashes in his neck. Even in his death agony he had resisted. A brave, strong army doctor had been killed in this street. He had been caught alone. His tormentors had been many, that was clear from the number of wounds in the stomach, head and shoulders. Beside him lay the instruments of torture: two long blood-stained knives, abandoned rifles with blood-stained bayonets, and a Hungarian sabre. He had been killed at the very last moment, just before the Germans had run away.

There was a dead boy not far away, a boy of twelve, tied to the rail of the house-steps. He had been killed by machine-gun fire, you could see that from the bullet-holes running in lines at regular intervals from left to right in the wooden house-walls. What could that tormented child have done? His hareskin cap lay on the snow. His half-burnt felt boot and rusty-looking winter jacket were riddled with bullet-holes. An unknown boy had died the death of Tikhvin's most gallant heroes. Perhaps his parents had met their death in the dungeons of this abbey. Perhaps they had been shot outside the town where so many had been killed. We took off our hats in token of respect and carried the young lad's body to a neighbouring house that by some miracle remained standing.

We came by-and-by to the little house where the great Russian composer Rimsky-Korsakov lived and worked. What have the Germans done to a place so dear to us? Here the great master's musical scores were burnt in the stoves. Here the Germans caroused and left their bottles, empty tins, scraps of under-clothing. And made a latrine of one corner.

We went outside the town; it was as painful as a stab in the heart. At moments like these the tongue is paralyzed, everything darkens before the eyes and the head goes round from this incredible nightmare kaleidoscope of crimes and murders.

The twisted, crouching Germans had frozen to the black earth and the snow. Near the forest stood a *Junkers*. We went towards it. The crew had not had time to alight, they sat frozen in the plane, still as cabbage-stalks. Their corpses were brittle with the frost.

A little further off there was a timber bath-house. A German stood, resting his left hand on the open door. He was twisted, his head bent. The right hand had frozen in his belt. He had felt the stab of a bayonet, and had frozen before he could fall in the snow, frozen like an icicle, rooted in snow. So died the last German soldier who had tried and failed to escape from Tikhvin.

The partisans were returning from the woods in the town. The postmaster looked at the torn wires. Andreyev, the Secretary of the District Committee, arrived and made a rough calculation of how much timber,

planking, glass and bricks would be needed to restore the town and the Tikhvin houses.

The town is beginning to build up the new and larger life that the Red Army and the Baltic seamen have restored to it.

Our powerful artillery was still booming a short distance away. Meretskov's and Fedyuninsky's units were advancing.

Over the woods flew a threatening formation of nine Colonel Preobrazhensky's bombers.

13. THE FIRST GUARDS' REGIMENT

There was a time when the Preobrazhensky guardsman used to troll out in a powerful voice:

It happened at Poltava, boys,
And a glorious fight it was, boys. . .

And it still seems sometimes that this mighty Russian voice rings out over the stricken field, rising high into the sky, rolls and echoes over the land and is caught up in turn by each of the guards' regiments.

The haughty, proud, heavily-moustached singers of the old Preobrazhensky and Semyonovsky guards, who received their baptism of fire at Narva, covered themselves with immortal glory at Poltava and Schlüsselburg, carried this inspiring song along the highways of Russia. The banners and standards of those far-famed guards fluttered in the breeze and showed the traces of Swedish, German, French and Turkish bullets.

The drums rolled, the ring of metal of the trumpets resounded.

Left, right! Left, right!

Here comes Peter the First in the uniform of a Preobrazhensky guard. And beside the warlike Peter marches Russia's foremost soldier, Sergei Bukhvostov. A fine, strapping, broad-shouldered fellow. And with him the oldest of standards, scorched by powder, bleached by wind and sun, the standard of the Preobrazhensky guards.

The Russian guards—Peter's powerful offspring—protected their native land like a well-forged shield, like iron plate-armour. With his guards their founder shared the bitterness of defeat and joy of great victories. With them he forged those mighty, fearless Russian guards' regiments that were accounted the finest in the world. The guardsman would die rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. His country's honour he placed above all else.

They had been seen on many a battlefield in Western Europe—the Russian shako and casque, the bullet-pierced caps and the long, keen sabres of the heroic guards.

Many a guard's shako fell, pierced by enemy bullets, on the field of battle, but never one was abandoned by the guards. They picked them up, shook them free of dust, kissed them reverently, and preserved them with pride and honour as sacred relics of the gallant dead.

When the young guardsman joined his regiment, he received the bullet-pierced shako as a reward and a token of respect. And the young guardsman took an oath as he held it in his hands, sealed the oath solemnly with a kiss and never parted with the token to the end of his service.

The bullet-pierced shako with the hero's name engraved on it reminded the soldier of fierce and glorious battles, of daring attacks and mortal conflict.

The Russian guardsman was invariably relentless towards the enemy.

"How did you pay your enemy for that terrible wound of yours?" Peter asked once of a guardsman who had been hit in the arm.

"While I had two sound hands," the soldier replied coolly, "I laid out four of the adversary. And after I was wounded I still managed to stab two more with my right."

"There's a regular, plucky guardsman for you!" Peter said, amused.

"Plucky's the word, sire," replied the young guardsman smartly. "I found it only too easy."

The courage of the guardsman was

proverbial; it exceeded all bounds.

Peter had no navy, so he put his Preobrazhensky guards into galleys and, taking advantage of the curiously indented Finnish coast, led them out to the point where they dealt their crushing blow at what was for those days a powerful Swedish fleet.

"That's the stuff to give 'em, boys," Peter would say encouraging. "Destroy the ancient foes of your country on land and sea."

"Glad to do our best, sire!" roared the Preobrazhensky guards.

The 4th battalion of Preobrazhensky guards held fast by the fighting traditions of the marines in memory of former glories.

Here was Suvorov. "The handing-over of the keys to the gates of Berlin." The colourful standard of the Grenadier Life-Guards' regiment. These were the colours the Grenadier Life-Guards received "For the taking of Berlin, September 28th, 1760. For distinguished conduct in defeating and expelling the enemy from the bounds of Russia in 1812."

The Russian guards' regiments handed down memories of the green boulevards of distant Paris, the streets of Leipzig and Berlin, the snowy passes of the Balkans, the impassable Carpathians.

"As far as the Russian guards are concerned," Field Marshal Saltykov reported to St. Petersburg during the Seven-Years' War with the Prussians, "I can say that none are able to withstand them, and that they themselves, like lions, despise their own wounds."

Not for nothing was the father of that great military leader, Suvorov, a glorious Preobrazhensky guardsman. Not for nothing did Alexander Suvorov begin his military service in the ranks, then became a non-commissioned officer in the Semyonovsky Guards.

Not for nothing did they hold the honour of the guards sacred.

The Preobrazhensky guardsman remembers the high distinction his regiment won "at the taking of Gangut."

The battles fought by Peter pass before our eyes: long, hard-fought, decisive battles for the Baltic coast.

Stalin, who restored the honour and glory of our unconquerable Russian guards, has said:

"Let the heroic images of our great forefathers — Alexander Nevsky, Dmitry Donskoy, Kuzma Minin, Dmitry Pozharsky, Alexander Suvorov, Mikhail Kutuzov—inspire you in this war!

"May the victorious banner of the great Lenin be your lodestar!"

Guards of the Red Army! Fearless knights, how great the honour that has fallen to your lot, to fight and to win this patriotic war, under the banner of Stalin's guards!

Never before has the world seen guards' regiments like these, waging battles like these in the air. They were born in the Soviet State and belong to it.

In innumerable air-conflicts for our native land the First Torpedo Aviation Regiment of the Navy particularly distinguished itself and displayed supreme courage.

This regiment dropped on important German centres two hundred truckloads of high-explosive and incendiary bombs, destroyed twenty-five railway-stations, twenty-four warships and transports, two hundred fascist heavy tanks, ninety-nine automobiles, ninety-four German airplanes and countless German infantry.

And fuel-tanks, oil-dumps, port and railway depots, barracks, field-guns, anti-aircraft artillery, anti-aircraft machine-guns, covered waggons, platform-cars. . . all destroyed.

The First Torpedo Aviation Regiment was transformed into the First Guards Torpedo Aviation Regiment. And the commander of it was Colonel Preobrazhensky, Hero of the Soviet Union.

Sons of your country, danger and death hold no terrors for you!

At 11.40 a.m. the gardsmen-fliers were lined up on the aerodrome.

The sun was unusually bright. The dazzling white aerodrome stretched away to the horizon, where it merged with the pale-blue sky. There was no wind. All was still.

Pilots, navigators, gunners, wireless-operators, engineers, technicians, mechanics, armourers, lined up in squadrons, forming a solid front.

The colonel came forward and cast a glance at the straight lines of his regiment.

Mikhail Plotkin, Hero of the Soviet Union, was on the left flank. Noticing the colonel, he raised his head higher. His sturdy figure filled out the new brown flying-kit. His leather flying-helmet fastened close about his throat. His eyes were clear and good-natured. Beside him stood navigator Ryssenko, a tall, straight, well-built guardsman. He had a quick glance and the easy calm that experience brings the air-fighter. Behind Ryssenko stood a broad-shouldered, stocky wireless-operator, Petrov. Unusually alert and well-braced seemed Lieutenant-Colonel Tuzhilkin, pilot Babushkin, navigator Palkha, wireless-operator Kudryashov. Pilot Robrikov was looking over the shoulder of the brisk and excited Drozdov.

Efremov, Ermolayev, Captain Kuznetsov, Hero of the Soviet Union Khokhlov and Ivan Borzov had been pounding vital strategic points—railway stations and stores—in many districts the night before. They had flown through a solid curtain of anti-aircraft fire. And they were standing here quiet, self-contained, proud, bold.

The silence was broken by the drone of engines. Planes were circling over the aerodrome.

The airmen landed, and the machines glided past the even ranks and came to a standstill in the centre. Then out of the cockpits climbed Vice-Admiral Tributz, the commander of the Red-Banner Baltic Fleet, some members of the War Council of the same Fleet, and representatives of Leningrad organizations. Colonel Preobrazhensky reported to the commander, who held his hand to the peak of his cap.

"Good morning, guardsmen!" said the Vice-Admiral, reviewing the front-line.

In response came a powerful guardsmen's cry:

"Good morning!"

The Vice-Admiral had a kindly glance for every guardsman. He gripped the staff of the guards' standard. It bore the words of Lenin:

"Death to the German Army of Occupation!"

Two heavy tassels swung from the long cord attached to the tip of the staff.

"The War Council is confident," the commander began, "that you, the first guards of the Baltic, will fight the enemy fiercely wherever he appears. I am giving into your hands the standard won by you in battle, the standard to which your glory and your exploits cling, the guards' standard, dipped in blood!"

He raised it high above his head and handed it to Colonel Preobrazhensky.

"I congratulate you, bomber-guardsmen! You who love your country better than life. Hurrah!"

The cheer that burst from a hundred guardsmen's throats rang through the woods, echoed in waves; the earth was alert and listened.

Colonel Preobrazhensky pressed his lips to the red standard that belonged to them all, the whole regiment.

He took off his flying helmet, and knelt down. The others followed suit.

It was a cold, frosty day.

"From now on," said the colonel, "we guardsmen-fliers swear that we shall add to the great glory of the Red-Banner Baltic Russian Fleet. Then let us repeat the guards' oath, boys:

"Country, hearken to us!"

"Country, hearken to us!" they repeated.

"Today we are swearing a solemn oath of loyalty to you. . ."

"Today we are swearing a solemn oath of loyalty to you. . ."

"Today we are swearing to you to fight the enemy still more relentlessly and fiercely, to glorify the menacing power of Soviet arms. Country, while our hands can hold the controls of an airplane, while the eyes can see the land groaning under the fascist boot, while the heart beats in the breast and blood runs in our veins, we shall fight, rout and destroy the nazi beasts, knowing neither fear nor pity, scorning death, in the name of complete and final victory over fascism."

"In the name of complete and final victory over fascism," the guardsmen's voices boomed.

After taking the oath, there was a ceremonial march of the guardsmen-fliers led by Colonel Preobrazhensky.

With head held high, the commander of the Red-Banner Baltic Fleet watched the parade of the brave and strong.

And it seemed as though the triumphant cheer had never died down over the woods and the silent river, as though the words of that solemn oath, written in blood, still rang through the frosty air.

Then the guardsmen ran to their planes. The engines roared. The snow whirled and eddied under the wings. Shining wings glided over the woods, fields and bogs. And bore away to the enemy camp. On and on! Westward!

Colonel Preobrazhensky was flying westward!

Stalin has said: "Victory will be ours!"

ZOLTAN WEINBERGER

THE SUBSTITUTED POSTER

The manager of the advertising department of the Greek branch of the German "Ufa" Picture Producers placed an order with the "Pallas" printshop in Athens for five thousand posters to boom the notorious fascist film *The Saboteurs*. Together with the order the manager of the advertising department forwarded a cheque covering fifty per cent of the total sum in advance payment. As a matter of fact, the owner of the printshop would have gladly fulfilled the order on credit. The "Ufa," after all, was an important company, and then again, considering the liberal way in which Goebbels was subsidizing propaganda activities, the firm had plenty of funds at its disposal.

The poster was designed in several colours. The title of the film stood out in big, bold, blazing red letters, below which were a series of stills from the film and a short synopsis of the scenario, written in faultless and flowery Greek. The essence of the film was as follows: an anti-Hitler organization was striving its utmost to paralyse the operations of the fascist army by espionage, sabotage and partisan warfare. The agents of the Gestapo, acting through traitors in their pay, expose the organization; all the members of the organization are brought to book and summarily executed.

The set purpose of the film, apart from breeding cowards and traitors, was to strike terror into the hearts of the men and women of the oppressed nations by depicting the fate that was in store for those who dared to take up arms against the fascists, and so force them to relinq ish the struggle for their liberty.

The workers of the "Pallas" printshop were not overpleased at being forced to print a poster in Greek booming a film of this sort. The young lithographer and his two still younger assistants who were set to work on the job would have preferred to

have their right hands cut off rather than engrave and help produce a poster which was a slur on the struggle of the oppressed peoples for liberation. The three lithographers called a council of war to decide on what course to follow. Finally they struck on a daring plan: instead of preparing a poster for the fascists, to prepare a poster that would benefit the cause of the fighters for freedom. This required outside assistance. That same evening the three lithographers—a young lad and his two girl assistants—made their way to the secret rendez-vous where the leaders of the Greek anti-Hitler organization could be got in touch with. There they were promised every assistance in carrying out their plan.

The next morning the lithographers set themselves to the job with a will, working simultaneously on two posters: the one ordered by "Ufa" and the other one which, as a result of the conference of the evening before, had been sketched overnight by a well-known Greek artist.

In colour and composition the poster of the fighters for liberty was as like as two peas to the "Ufa" poster. Even the texts, given in bold letters, were the same. Only the texts given in smaller type and the stills—supposed episodes from the film—were different. In the "Ufa" poster every line and every word of the text and every single picture lauded Hitler, the Gestapo and the traitors to the people's cause; the poster of the partisans was a call to arms against the Hitler oppressors and lauded the heroic fighters for the liberation of the Greek people.

The three lithographers continued their work calmly. At the first stage they had nothing to fear. The lithographic department of the printshop in which the chemicals and materials made out of the finest lithographic stone were stored, was housed in a separate section of the building. When anybody came into their department, they were always busy at work on the "Ufa" poster. It stands to reason that it was this poster they showed to the owner of the printshop. This vile traitor was highly pleased with their work. He smacked his lips, anticipating that for such a splendid job the Germans would pat him and his workers on the back and perhaps even give them a double bread ration.

"A double bread ration!" This means a lot in Greece. The people of Greece are starving. The bodies of people who have dropped dead from hunger and exhaustion are daily picked up in the streets of the city.

But the young lithographer and his two assistants from the "Pallas" printshop were not aiming to obtain a double bread ration. Hungry as they were, they put their heart and soul into their work to further the cause of their country.

The "Ufa" poster was prepared ahead of the time stipulated in the order, together with the one designed by the partisans. The latter was a great success. When they looked at the result of their handiwork, the eyes of the fighters for liberty sparkled with pleasure. One drawing depicted a train speeding through the night; the rails ahead of it had been wrenched loose by some unknown hands; on the second one young men blowing up an important railway bridge at the risk of their lives were to be seen; a third showed factories which were fulfilling orders for Hitler's army being devoured by flames. Other drawings showed German warehouses on fire, vessels with the swastika on their flags being sunk, and the like. There were also episodes from the struggle waged by the Greek partisans: in one place they were shown laying mines on a highway, in another—cutting the telephone and telegraph wires and the electric-power transmission cables; still another showed them lying in ambush on the fringe of a forest and firing on a German motorized detachment. In short, the poster of the partisans, prepared though it had been at such short notice, was nevertheless splen

did. Pictures and text told the partisans and all patriots how they should act.

The manager of the advertising department of the Greek branch of the "Ufa" Company was highly pleased with the poster. He thanked the owner of the printshop for the excellent job he had done, paid the balance due in cash, and even promised to solicit a double bread ration for him.

A short while later two messenger-boys turned up at the printshop. They came to take delivery of the five thousand posters. As a matter of fact, there were not five thousand but ten thousand posters, and not one but two posters. The messenger-boys, of course, were not from the "Ufa" Company, but from the partisan organization. The posters were delivered to them according to instructions, and they took them away.

Early next morning, with the first streaks of daylight, the underground fighters for liberty started to paste up the posters. Never before had they gone so calmly about their dangerous work. They did not even hide from the German patrols. With the eyes of the latter on them they pasted up the "Ufa" poster. And so it happened that in Athens, with its large garrison of German soldiers, and two or three days later throughout the whole of Greece, multicoloured posters prepared with the funds supplied by Goebbels were pasted up on the walls, calling on the oppressed Greek people to fight against Hitler. The poster of the champions of liberty was a call to arms: "Hitler is our enemy!" it declared. "Long live sabotage!" "Partisans, to arms!"

The three young lithographers from the "Pallas" printshop joined the partisans. And the Germans to this day are still hunting for the brave Greek lad and his two girl-assistants, true patriots of their country.

THE FLAG OVER STRASBOURG

Alsace, a part of France, has been annexed by Germany. Its capital is Strasbourg. As in every other country under the jackboot of the German aggressor, all power in Alsace is in the hands of the nazi governor. What this implies, there is hardly any need to explain. All the world knows that wherever the foot of the fascist aggressor treads, there the people are doomed to hunger, slavery and extinction, there the gallows and the firing squads take their toll of the finest sons of the people who are fighting for liberty.

The peoples of two nations inhabit Alsace: Germans and French. They have lived side by side for hundreds of years and have learnt to respect each other. The Alsatian Germans look on France as their own fatherland and have always been ready, no matter what the price, to defend their country from the incursions of the foreign aggressor, shoulder to shoulder with the French Alsatians. It was in this spirit that Marcel Wein was brought up, a true French patriot of German stock.

When as a result of their onslaught, which was preceded by a withering fire which blighted and demolished all before them, Hitler's troops entered Strasbourg, they compelled Marcel Wein to join the Hitler youth organization. All day long he was drilled by military instructors, forced to drop flat on the ground, to jump up, to sprint forward and the like. He was taught to burn, to murder and to rob. But this nazi training had no effect on Marcel Wein. He had

been reared by France and, although he had donned the uniform of the Hitler youth, still remained a liberty-loving Frenchman.

This was the fate of not only Marcel Wein but of many other Alsatian lads who came of German stock. Although they had been pressed into the Hitler organization, at heart they remained French patriots, and when they met together in secret, they dreamed of the day when the Alsatians would take to arms and strike a blow for the liberation of their native land.

Marcel Wein and his colleagues formed a secret youth group. They wrote and published leaflets, and every night, armed with forged passes, they would furtively make their way through the streets, pasting on the walls and disseminating their leaflets. They could not resist the temptation of breaking the show windows in the shops where Hitler's portrait was being exhibited. On more than one occasion the young patriots tore down the nazi orders and instead pasted up proclamations which called upon the inhabitants of Alsace to fight Hitler.

The fascists searched high and low for the culprits but could not get onto their track. They were ready to suspect anybody and everybody, but the possibility that members of the Hitler youth organization were fighting against them never even entered their heads.

A multitude of things is prohibited in Alsace. And prominent in this list is listening in to the radio. Marcel Wein and his comrades, however, would lock themselves up in their secret rendez-vous and listen in to the broadcasts of the underground radio-station "La France Libre." It was in this way that in June, 1941, they found out about Germany's wanton attack on the Soviet Union. "La France Libre" appealed to the youth of France to fight Hitler.

"To arms, youth of France!" the radio-station of the French patriots called. "The cause of Russia is the holy cause of all mankind. France will regain her liberty only when the French people make common cause with the other nations in the same dire straits as themselves, and with the Soviet people who are heroically defending their country participate in the armed struggle against Hitler and help to bring about his doom. To arms, young people of France! Do everything in your power to damage and thwart the designs of the Germans! Blow up their railway bridges! Set fire to their factories and plants! Never give the fascists a moment's peace in France! By helping Russia the youth of France will be helping their own country, their own France. Russia is fighting for the liberty of the peoples! Forward then into the struggle, young men and women of France!"

This appeal fired the hearts of Marcel Wein and his friends, and, responding to it, they decided to intensify the struggle they were waging against the German aggressors.

Marcel Wein's group numbered sixteen youngsters, all ardent patriots. It was this passionate love for their country that increased their strength tenfold. It was on July 14th, 1941, on the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, on the national holiday of the French people, that Marcel Wein and his comrades decided upon a more active course of struggle. And as though to let the whole of Strasbourg, the whole of Alsace, the whole of France know what course they had decided upon, they made their way to the top of the famous Strasbourg Cathedral, tore down the flag with the swastika, and hoisted the French tricolour in its stead. For a whole day the national flag of France fluttered over the city. The Germans were powerless to take it down: the lads had destroyed the steps leading to the belfry.

Seething with impotent rage, the nazi commandant of the city imposed a fine on the inhabitants of Strasbourg to the sum of one hundred

thousand francs. But in spite of this fine the people of Strasbourg were glad that the national flag of France waved over their city for a whole day.

The hoisting of the national flag over Strasbourg marked the beginning of a grim struggle of the French patriots against the German invaders. Marcel Wein and his comrades did not confine themselves now to leaflets and secret meetings. They began to acquire arms and ammunition, and not a day passed but some act of terrorism and sabotage was committed in Strasbourg and its environs. Today in one district of the town, tomorrow in another, some depot or other would be devoured by flames, telephone and telegraph lines cut, railway tracks demolished, German troop-trains sent hurtling down the embankment. The nazis began to resort to motor transport as a means of transferring their military units. This, however, did not avail them in the least. Marcel Wein and his comrades made armed raids on the lorries, blew up or set fire to them. Marcel's group alone had to their credit some one hundred demolished lorries.

The Germans declared a state of siege in Strasbourg and its environs. They took hostages, several of whom were shot. But even this measure did not help. Marcel Wein and his friends continued the struggle. They knew that by derailing a train, by setting fire to a factory or plant, by wrecking a military troop-train, they were serving the cause of the liberation of France.

Following their heroic example, ever new groups of popular avengers began to be formed in Strasbourg and throughout the whole of Alsace. They were inspired by one goal. The motto of the Alsatians was: "All to a man for France! All to a man for the liberty of the peoples! All to a man to aid the Soviet Union which is fighting against the fascist enslavers!" The wider the field of activities covered throughout the whole of Alsace by Marcel Wein's group and groups similar to his, the more persistently were they searched for by the fascists. A reward of one million francs was offered to anybody who could give information that would lead to their apprehension. But no traitors were to be found. As for the fascist aggressors, the idea never even occured to them that the numerous acts of sabotage were being committed by young people who had been compelled to don the uniform of the Hitler youth organization, young people who, although they had German names, were French patriots at heart.

Months went by. The fascists had on more than one occasion proclaimed from the housetops that the Red Army had been routed and the Soviet Union brought to its knees. Marcel Wein and his friends, however, did not believe the fascists' reports. They listened in to the broadcasting station of "La France Libre." It told about the battle of Moscow, and how the Germans were being forced to transfer ever new divisions from France to the Soviet-German front, that the Germans were suffering terrible losses. It appealed to all true Frenchmen to intensify the struggle by every means and to do their very utmost to paralyse the activities of the German army of occupation.

The French patriots in Alsace, like the patriots throughout the whole of France, responded to the call. They intensified their struggle, causing as much damage as they could to the fascists. Marcel Wein and his comrades were in the front ranks of the fighters for liberty. On one occasion, while blowing up a big railway bridge, the nazis swooped down on them. The young heroes put up a strong resistance, fighting until they had spent their last round of ammunition. It was then that Marcel Wein, who had been seriously wounded, fell into the hands of the Hitlerites. He was court-martialled and sentenced to death.

Only fascists were present when

he faced the firing squad, but all who knew Marcel Wein are convinced that he died like a hero, like a true fighter for the honour and liberty of his country.

The Alsatian fascist newspapers published the news of the execution of Marcel Wein in big headlines. The fascists thought that the execution of Marcel Wein would serve as a lesson to all the youth of Alsace and would undermine the struggle of the French patriots against the Germans. But the fascists miscalculated. Two days after Marcel Wein's death leaflets were pasted up throughout the whole of Strasbourg announcing to all that the work begun by Marcel Wein would be continued by thousands of people, that the militant detachment which he had led was active and that it would continue the struggle until Hitlerism was wiped off the face of the earth.

PETRAS CVIRKA

THE NIGHTINGALE

In the afternoon a small German detachment entered the village. Actually, however, here were only traces of a former village: the street was just a black mass of charred ashes, while the trees, denuded by the heat and fire, sadly dropped over the deserted gardens.

The lieutenant sat in the field-kitchen cart, his eyes running from the unfolded map before him to the surrounding sombre vestiges of the storm and stress of war. He appeared to be searching for someone, but not a soul was to be seen. Only in the abandoned kitchen-gardens mottled swarms of many-hued butterflies spun round and round over the rows of yellow sunflowers and red poppies.

Without stopping the detachment marched forward. The soldiers' dust-covered sweaty faces were wan and weary; they trudged along half-heartedly, with difficulty.

At the village edge, where the road abruptly turned to a distantly visible forest, the officer gave the command to halt. In a fever of anxiety the entire detachment watched their officer who leaped from the cart and carefully scanned the place with his field-glasses. This brief breathing space allowed the soldiers to wipe their steaming faces and adjust the kitbags on their tired backs.

Suddenly the silence of the summer's day was broken by the sound of a nightingale's trill—the wondrous melody filling the air with its music. For a second it would stop only to begin again immediately with renewed vigour.

The soldiers, and even the lieutenant, pricked up their ears, peering around in the clumps of bushes and the birch-tree boughs overhanging the road.

All at once, quite close, the lieutenant saw a boy sitting on the edge of a ditch with his legs hanging over. Bareheaded, in a green jacket, he seemed to merge with the leafy background. He was whittling a piece of wood, pressing it to himself.

"Halloa, you there!" called the lieutenant, beckoning to him.

The boy, who appeared to be about thirteen years old, hastily thrust the knife into his pocket, shook off the shavings which stuck to his jacket and approached the officer.

"Well, come on, let's see what you have there," said the German in the local dialect.

Drawing out of his mouth a small object wet with saliva, the boy handed it to the lieutenant, looking up into his face with merry blue eyes. What he held was a birch bark whistle, a sort of a reed-pipe.

"Not bad, boy, not bad at all,"

said the lieutenant shaking his head. For an instant a sour smile passed over his sullen, disagreeable face, which was answered by the involuntary grins of a group of soldiers standing some distance away.

"Where did you learn to whistle like that?" The lieutenant was no longer smiling now.

"Why, by myself, sir. . . And I can also call like a cuckoo."

And he began to give cuckoo calls. Then he again thrust the whistle into his mouth and pressing it to his lips with his tongue warbled away.

"Are you all alone here in the village?" questioned the lieutenant, raising the field-glasses to his eyes.

"What do you mean—all alone? There are sparrows here, and ravens, and partridges too. But I'm the only nightingale!"

"Listen here, you ragamuffin, you!" the lieutenant interrupted. "I'm speaking to you: are there any people here?"

"Oh, there's been none since the war began," replied the boy coolly. "As soon as the shooting started and the village was burnt, the people began to scream: 'Mad dogs are on their way here! Mad dogs are on their way here!' and ran away."

"How is it that you didn't run away too?"

"Oh, well," replied the boy, "I wanted to see the beasts. When I was in the city, for fifty kopeks you could go and see exhibited a cat the size of a calf. . ."

"The lad's crack-brained!" said the lieutenant to his soldiers in a tongue foreign to the boy. "Do you know the road to Surmontas? That's the name, isn't it?"

"Of course, I do," answered the boy confidently. "Uncle Judzas and I used to go fishing there in the pond near the mill. They have such pike there! They're so large that they can swallow a small goose! Last year when we went there I remember the dam breaking and. . ."

"All right, all right, you just lead us there. If you'll show us the right road, I'll give you this nice little thing," holding up a cigarette-lighter, "but if you mislead us, I'll twist your head off together with your whistle! Clear enough?"

The detachment began to move along the road. First went the field-kitchen followed by the lieutenant with the boy beside him. He walked along, here warbling like a nightingale, there giving cuckoo calls, now brushing aside a wayside branch, now picking pine-cones or kicking them; in a word, so absorbed in these distractions that he seemed to have no interest at all in his surroundings.

The forest grew more and more dense; the road wound tortuously among the young but thickly-clustered birch-trees, the grass-grown paths, and up the shady hills covered with thick-set firs.

"What do your people say about the partisans? Are there any of them around here?" asked the lieutenant.

"What's that? A sort of mushroom? Oh, no, we have none of that kind here, only cibarius-mushrooms and birch-mushrooms," replied the boy.

The officer realized that he could not get anything out of the boy, and so they walked on in silence.

Far away in the forest lay a few men, almost side by side, their guns leaning against a tree. The clearing between the slender trunks of the young fir-trees allowed them to watch the bend in the road. From time to time they exchanged a few monosyllables, and, carefully separating the branches, gazed intently into the distance.

"Listen!" one of the recumbent men said suddenly. Half raising himself, he turned his head in the direction from which, through the vague whispers of the forest, was wafted the faint sound of a bird's song. "The Nightingale's warble."

"Are you sure it's not your imagination?" asked another, pricking up his ears; not hearing anything, he nevertheless pulled out four grenades

from under a stump and placed them before him.

"*Now* do you hear it?"

Ever louder grew the bird's song, and the one who had first heard it for a moment became motionless as if frozen to the spot. Then he slowly began to count: "One, two, three, four. . ." accompanying every audible cadence with a wave of his hand. "Thirty-two Fritzes," he said, harkening to the bird's warble which was in a language comprehensible only to partisans. "Two machine-guns," he added as the nightingale's trill was followed by a cuckoo call.

"We must manage somehow," said a bearded man with a cartridge strap on his shoulder, taking up his gun.

"Hurry!" said the man who had intently harkened to the bird's song, laying his hand on the shoulder of the youngest partisan who was attaching hand-grenades to his belt. "Uncle Stepan and I will let them go forward, and when you begin we'll make it hot for them from the rear. If anything happens to us, take care of the Nightingale."

In a few minutes the German detachment appeared right behind the young fir-trees. The "Nightingale" warbled on and on, but now his song contained nothing new to the men merged with the stillness of the forest.

The Germans came out onto the clearing. Suddenly, as if by an echo, the boy's whistle was answered by another one from the forest thicket. Like a startled hare, the boy leaped into the depths of the forest. A volley of shots shattered its primeval silence. Before he could grasp his revolver, the lieutenant rolled into the roadway dust. One after another the soldiers dropped, shot by the partisans' tommy-guns. Groans, shouted orders and screams filled the air.

The following day, at the edge of a burnt down village where the paths forked, a thirteen-year-old boy sat whistling on his accustomed place at the side of a ditch. From time to time he looked down the roads leading to the village as if waiting for someone.

From his lips flowed that melody which even the most trained ear could not distinguish from a genuine nightingale's trill.

ALEXEI KOLOSSOV

ALYONUSHKA

Although Alyonushka was not yet five years old, she had two fair plaits tied up with blue ribbons. The assistant doctor, Maria Grigoryevna, advised all the mothers on the collective farm to be sure and cut the children's hair short, but about Alyonushka's plaits she never said a word. Picture to yourself a little, well set up, blue-eyed girl, with a sharp, sensible face, fair plaits and ribbons to match her eyes. . . No, it would be a pity to cut Alyonushka's hair!

The little girl had two brothers, Petrunya and Grishutka. This spring Petrunya had been promoted into the second class, but Grishutka was not being sent to school yet. He was only seven years old. The women of the collective farm were in the habit of speaking of Alyonushka and her brothers somewhat enviously:

"They are always so nicely dressed and everything is mended, and whenever you see them, they're always clean and tidy, and yet they romp about just like ours do. . ."

Some of the mothers marvelled at Darya Savostina:

"How can she manage to get through it all, working both on the farm and

in the farm-yard, and with three children on her hands?"

Darya was the senior calf-keeper and went to the farm before sunrise, returning only at dusk. The whole day she was bustling about, full of anxiety, heating the stoves in the calf-shed, washing out the troughs destined for food and water, swilling down the floor, cleaning the windows and bringing fresh straw for the beds, and paying special attention to the weaker calves. . .

It would be safe to say there was not a more hard-working woman in the whole collective farm.

When the people from the district town came round to view and admire the well-fed pedigree calves, their clean straw beds, the well-scrubbed and carefully washed floors, the brightly shining white stalls, Darya did not push herself forward, did not seek praise, did not hold forth in a loud voice: "I've got such and such. . .", "I've ordered so and so. . .", "I've arranged it all in my own way. . ." It always seemed to her that in the calf-shed there were still plenty of defects.

Her husband, Maxim Savostin, the artel's senior vegetable-grower, had gone to the war a year ago. He loved Darya and the children dearly, and in each of his letters he asked for all sorts of details about the family, about Petrunya, about Grishutka, but above all about Alyonushka.

"Who are her playmates? . ." "I suppose her kitchen in the orchard has fallen to bits by this. Tell her that when I come back I shall build a stove, make some clay pots and pans, and some tongs, pokers and oven-forks. . ." "Write and tell me, Dasha, do you take her to the kindergarten or does she stay with her granny? It would be better for her to be in the kindergarten. And in general, write all about how she's getting on now. . ."

Quite recently Maxim had written:

"It seems strange, but the last few days I keep on thinking of one little trifle: it's about Sharik, how he turns his back on Petrunya and runs to her. . . And yet she never feeds the dog, and take no notice of him, and yet he's always dancing round her and doesn't take the slightest notice of Petrunya. Is Sharik still alive? . . And then I keep on thinking about the 'Pretty White Sand,' and I can clearly hear her voice. . ."

The children were not at home when Darya read this letter. She cried a little over it. On the eve of his departure for the war, Maxim had sat here on the bench. Petrunya and Grishutka were standing in front of him. They were asking their father about the war, and whether he would give it to the Germans in the neck, and so on. . . Sharik ran up, a yellow curly-haired mongrel, not long in Petrunya's possession. He had evidently been to meet Alyonushka returning with Ulyana, her grandmother, from the collective farm kindergarten. Alyonushka came in dressed in a little blue sarafan, her hands behind her back, and with a sly bright smile she glanced at her father.

"I've got some aiw'n," she said. At that time Alyonushka was not yet four and couldn't pronounce certain sounds, and she couldn't pronounce the word "iron," calling it "aiw'n." Then she waited for her father to take the bit of iron and to fetch the tools from the tool-closet so as to make something interesting as he always did, for instance, a butterfly fluttering its wings.

Maxim picked up the child, set her on his lap and pressed his face to her shoulder. He inhaled the smell of her little sarafan, of the grass, the household soap, the new milk, the touching delicate smells of the child's body.

Then softly, in broken accents, he said:

"Now, little girlie, sing daddy a song!"

Slightly knitting her brows, with a charming lisp, and half swallowing the ends of her words, Alyonushka sang:

In our little gard'n
The barrow I am push'n,
The p'itty white san' spills aroun'
On the path an' on the groun'. . .

In one place she got in a muddle, and owing to that the rhythm was lost, and Alyonushka, puzzled, asked:

"But what's wrong with it, daddy? It sounded so nice and even before. . ."By "nice and even" she meant rhythmically and with rhymes.

And quite recently, only three weeks ago, it was just about this that Maxim had written: "I keep on thinking about the 'Pretty White Sand,' and I can clearly hear her voice. . . "

It so happened that Darya had not yet answered this letter. She'd had no pencil or paper, and how and by whom could she send the answer?

In the whole district from Valuyki to Oskol the Germans were raging.

The birches and the hazel-trees were rustling. . . Somewhere in the dense thickets sounded the notes of a tom-tit, and Darya seemed to hear in this a sound as of a faint echo:

"Kill! . . Kill! . . Kill! . . "

Every morning, after cooking the soup or porridge for the partisans, Darya came to that glade and sat down under a slender young birch-tree to the left of the funeral mound. Here lay Alyonushka, and to the right—grandmother Ulyana, Maxim's mother.

And Maxim knew nothing of what had happened.

The air was perfumed with the sweet odour of forest flowers, the birches gently whispered together, and multi-coloured butterflies lazily hovered over the grass. . . And the invisible tom-tit continued his refrain:

"Kill! . . Kill! . . Kill! . ."

And each time Darya built up in her mind a letter to Maxim:

". . . Maxim, dear, blood of my blood, my darling! . . My Maxim, recall all your sweetest memories of our little swallow Alyonushka and your mother Ulyana Vassilyevna. . ."

". . . When Anissim Petrov learnt that the Germans were collecting

Red Army Fighter, Save Us!
Poster by V. Karetsky

eighty people to be shot down, he hurried to tell me: 'They'll also take you, run away while you have the chance, go to Nezhatsky forest. . .' They did this in revenge for losing the rescued Red Army men. They were leading the wounded Red Army men along the Valuyki road, three of the latter had been killed near the Reshetnikov Bridge, and the remaining five were rescued by our partisans and brought to Nezhatsky forest.

"I rushed out to look for the children, I hunted everywhere but couldn't find them; they had hidden themselves somewhere with granny. And Petrov persisted: 'Run, run! Look, they've just seized Yakov Dementyev, Anna Suslova. . . Run away!' I left orders that granny should also bring the children to the forest. And with what I stood up in, I made my escape. Soon after that old Grigori joined us. Terror had rendered him unrecognizable. . . 'Go to the Manyushkin gully. . . Run!' But what was happening he did not say, for want of breath. 'Go, I tell you, something awful is going

on! . .' At once my heart seemed to tell me. I rushed off. On the way I met Petrunya and Grishutka: 'Mamma, granny has fallen down covered with blood. . . and Alyonushka has also fallen down. . .' We ran off. Here we saw Agafya Dementyeva lying dead with her baby, there others. . . How I managed to get through to granny, I myself don't know. She lay there no longer breathing. And Alyonushka was nowhere to be seen. Where was she, where? The bullets had struck her just below her little breast, and evidently she had run a few steps further and fallen among the rye. Sergeikha noticed her and brought her out, her eyes were wide open. . ." ". . . My Maxim, my darling, that's what they did to our little daughter and your mother, and all the people who were carrying children in their arms. They shot straight at them from the hill, and whoever was carrying a child was shot down. But Petrunya and Grishutka ran down through the rye at the bottom of the hill and escaped the bullets. . ."

". . . I am sitting by the grave. . . I buried her without a coffin. My heart feels as if it will burst its bonds and fly asunder. . ."

". . . My Maxim, I shall never leave the partisans, and I shall manage somehow with the boys; though we're in the forest still we're all together. Maxim, my dearest, as a wife and a mother, from the grave of our little swallow I order you: let more than one mother weep over the work of your hands, for the loss of her sons. And may your heart never fail you and your hands never tremble. Strangle them, strangle them to the utmost of your strength. . ."

Somewhere not far off, just near the grave of Alyonushka, rose insistently and clearly the metallic refrain:

"Kill! . . Kill! . . Kill! . ."

Cartoon by Kukryniksy

ALEXEI SURKOV

SONG OF REBUFF

Again to the East, with a fierce, feral roar,
As in July last, they are driving once more,
Their myriads raise dust to blackout the sun,
Their tanks set aquiver the land by the Don.
Again there is moaning, and tortures, and blood;
The blazing of fires, the gallows, the squad.
Your home is in ruins, your garden charred black;
To arms, my comrade!
Not one step back!

You rose at daybreak to plow the fields,
Not that the Germans shall garner the yields!
You built homes to live in and clubs to enjoy,
Not for the scoundrels to burn and destroy!
The earth underfoot is trembling afire,
The grass in the fields cry out in ire:
"Don't let us be trampled by the heinous pack!"
To arms, my comrade!
Not one step back!

Where hearts grow faint, where resistance gives way;
There darkness and slavery come into sway.
Dishonour in store for your daughter and wife,
Your children to suffer in thraldom for life.
Your home will be broken, your family gone,
Your grain and your cattle consumed by the Hun
Who's bringing destruction and death in his track.
To arms, my comrade!
Not one step back!

Then rise in a wall of unwavering ranks,
Defying the roar and the clatter of tanks!
Your might rendered stronger by hatred for foe
And love for your country, strike blow for blow!
Throw all your fury into th'attack!
To arms, my comrade!
Not one step back!

No quarter to them, not a moment's respite,
Harass them, shell them by day and by night!
Crush them with tanks, slash them with swords,
Shower lead on the murdering hordes!
Show them no mercy, give them no rest!
Then forward to victory
On to the West!

Translated by L. GAVURINA

A Sapper's Rhapsody

"Here you are, have a look at what he's done!"

Colonel Smirnov, officer in command of a large sapper unit, handed me the meritorious service form of Private Georgi Vorontsov, a sapper in one of his battalions.

The application to award him a military distinction was worded tersely, drily, but nevertheless gave one to understand that Vorontsov had disposed of a heap of German mines, that as a member of a joint sapper and tank raiding party he had conducted a column of lorries through an enemy mine-field, and had, moreover, saved a crippled tank.

"It seems to be a lot for one go. . ." I remarked.

"That's probably because it's hashed up a bit and clumsily worded," the colonel explained. "All that's written there is a record of not one but several things he did."

"Somehow I don't seem to get the most important thing here."

"That's just it. What's most important is not there. The most important thing is that he's. . . yes, a veritable maestro. To see him handle a mine-detector you'd think it was the most sensitive of instruments. Once the former was nearly stolen from the battalion. . ."

"Which of them, the man or the mine-detector"?

"Vorontsov, of course. That was the time when he saved a tank. The tank was repaired overnight, and the crew took him along in place of the wireless-operator who'd been wounded. Incidentally, it was Vorontsov who saved the man's life by getting him out the danger zone. Well, the crew carried him around with them for three days. They just wouldn't part with him."

"Is he a wireless-operator, too?"

"Nothing of the sort. He's simply a plucky chap who can be depended upon to bring a tank safely out of the worst fix."

"Well, in that case, all that has to be done is to take one or two of the most striking instances and write them up. That's all."

"Believe me or not, but there is nothing very striking in what a sapper does. A sapper is the navvy of war, he's always burrowing in the ground. A sapper, for instance, clears a road for tanks, and they break through to the enemy's lines. Who's praised? The tank crews. And really, they're splendid chaps! Another time, when the Germans get stuck on one of our mine-fields and come under the fire of our guns, who gets the credit? Of course, the gunners! And there's no doubt about it, they deserve it. After all, it was the gunners who smashed up the Germans. When the men are hale and hearty and not suffering from stomach-aches because they're drinking water from an excellent well, everybody congratulates the doctor. But who built the well? The sappers, of course."

"Yes, but that's not the point."

"I didn't say that it *was* the point. But to write up what a sapper does is not such an easy thing, old man. Somehow or other it always merges with what somebody else does and is totally eclipsed by the latter."

. . . The battalion of sappers in which Georgi Vorontsov served had the reputation of being one of the best at the front and one of the most elusive: it was always being shifted around from one sector of the front to another. On one occasion I happened by chance to be in close proximity to the famous battalion. A new draft had arrived and it was resting, as it were. But at any rate the men slept in the daytime, just like owls, and at night (a sapper is a night bird) they "played" on their mine-detectors, or indulged in a game of "mining solitaire" to break in the new recruits.

Quite a number of the men and commanders of this battalion had, on the application of the High Command, been awarded the highest military distinctions and medals. The order listing the awardees was posted up in the hut in which the battalion had its headquarters. There was a large crowd near the notice board reading the order. Most of the men who had been decorated came from the heroic company of which Lieutenant Boris Zhemchuzhnikov was in command. Now the company was busy teaching the newcomers the "tricks of the trade." Practical training usually began after dusk—laying mine-fields and detecting "enemy mines."

Vorontsov was to show the men of the new draft how to handle a mine-detector. Two or three dozen mines, from a batch which had been captured from the Germans, were to be laid out, and Vorontsov, together with one of the new recruits, was to "comb" the mined zone.

"Will the mines be charged?" the photo-correspondent asked with interest.

"That depends on the circumstances," Zhemchuzhnikov replied.

"The hardest time for a sapper is at night, under enemy fire. Your eyes and ears can't help you then. You can only depend on your hands then, your sense of feeling," one of the commanders maintained hotly.

Senior Political Instructor Apressyan refutes that view firmly:

Sappers mining a field

"Even if you had as many hands as an octopus has arms, but if you have no ear, then you're no good as a sapper."

A sapper entered the room. He was no bigger than his rifle. His helmet, evidently, was too large for him and kept slipping down over his eyes.

"Here, ask him!" Apressyan shouted. "Go on, tell them yourself, what's more important for you: your eyes, your ears or your hands? . . By the way this is Vorontsov," he said to me by way of introduction.

The sapper in the helmet two sizes too large for him diffidently shrugged his shoulders. Apparently he could not make out head or tail of what the whole argument was about.

He told me in a low voice that he came from Chelyabinsk, was a dairy-farm specialist, and that to dispose of mines was very much to his liking.

"What do you mean to your liking?" I asked. "After all it's not a bit of embroidery."

A smile flitted over Vorontsov's tired face.

"How many German mines have you disposed of?" I asked.

"Some say over five thousand. That's since the beginning of the war. I can't say myself whether it's exact or not. . ."

"When a sapper handles mines skilfully, then perfect silence reigns. Then we usually say: 'Sappers rhapsody' has begun. By that we mean that he's safely crawling over the ground with his mine-detector and playing a melody on it which he alone can hear while the rest of us only hear perfect silence," one of the sappers said enthusiastically. He was evidently fond of music.

Up till now I cannot make up my mind whether the figure of speech—a "sapper's rhapsody"—is suitable or not. Anyhow, I accepted it without questioning. Apparently, it is not for nothing that sappers are fond of making musical comparisons.

Rhapsody? A shepherd's song in the silence of the steppes, a song for himself alone, a song which is born and dies away without anybody else hearing it. After all, maybe it is correct, it looks like it.

. . . Night is falling. The purple shadows take on a deeper hue, shrouding the tortuous lines of the plateau in a monotonous pall of murkiness. It is impossible to see a thing ten paces ahead of you. The mines which Vorontsov is to detect have already been laid. They are German mines, very cunning contrivances. Besides the main detonator on top they usually have an additional one on the side or at the bottom. A thin wire may contact this additional detonator with a neighbouring mine or serve its own mine, so to say, as an "anchor."

Such a contraction has to be removed with the help of a thirty-metre length of rope with a drag attached to the end. The mines may be in twos or fours, laid out in one or two rows. An experienced sapper knows numerous games of "solitaire," various "readings" and designs of the "game," too. To figure out even the most confusing "game of solitaire" in the daytime is not so difficult, but at night, for a man who is not an expert at it, it's really an intricate job.

The young sapper who accompanies Vorontsov adjusts the headphones of the mine-detector, glancing every now and then over his shoulder as though apprehensive that the mines will somehow hitch onto the heels of his boots. Vorontsov patiently attunes the mine-detector. If this thing is not regulated to a fineness so that, in detecting a mine, it should emit a tone of a definite timbre, a sapper would have to stop almost at every step and go digging out of the ground all sorts of metal rubbish. The tone of a mine-detector must be absolutely faultless. Let it whistle as much as it likes when detecting any odd bits of iron, but when spotting a mine it must utter a note of the particular pitch to which it has been attuned, to give, say, "C" major and under no circumstances "C" minor.

Left—young sappers at their mine-detector, right—sappers blowing up a German fortification

Having attuned his "Stradivarius," Vorontsov lightly waves it, cutting the air near the ground. He proceeds at a fairly quick rate. All of a sudden he stops short. The detector is now circling over one and the same spot. Yes, he's spotted a mine. Vorontsov goes down on one knee, then lies flat on the ground and, laying aside the "Stradivarius," begins to rake and rub the earth lightly with his fingers.

Ah! Here it is, the sweet little thing! Now all he has to do is to determine whether it is contacted with another mine. His fingers work quickly, like a pair of scissors in the hands of a barber. The body of the mine is already two-thirds exposed. All that remains now is to dig under it and to ascertain what's at the bottom. Aha! The wire is leading away somewhere from the bottom. The additional detonator is quickly removed. Now all he has to do is to follow the length of wire with his hands to its "neighbour." Here, what's this? He can feel another piece of wire leading somewhere to one side. Apparently the mines have been laid out in the form of a star. The assumption is quickly verified with the mine-detector. Aha! He's right! In star-form. Now things are easier. His fingers work quickly, like the fingers of a pianist.

. . . Apressyan bends down and whispers in my ear:

"Yes, but when you do the job under enemy fire, you have to cover the mine with your body until the charge has been removed, so that a shell-splinter shouldn't hit it by chance."

"How can you lay mines when it's so devilishly dark?"

"With the help of a piece of cord. You knock a peg into the ground, tie a cord to it, and you stick to the cord. If you make a mistake, it's just too bad; you go up into the air. Such is the rule. . . But it's never real dark."

"How is that?" I exclaim, stretching out my hand which was immediately swallowed up in the gloom.

"Well, you see, we are not under fire just now," the senior political instructor said. "When you're under fire, you get quite a splendid light, it's much easier to work then. . . Only then, another question crops up."

"What's that?"

"Well, then it's a question of whether you'll be killed or not," he replied with a chuckle.

. . . Now, after Vorontsov in company with the new recruit had disposed of about a couple of dozen of mines and had marked off with pegs the road he had cleared in the mine-field, it was possible to form some real idea of the night so drily recorded in the meritorious service form.

It happened in the vicinity of Hill 928.2. It was raining heavily. The roads were impassable as a result of the mud. Ahead of them was an ocean of fire. Sharikov and Arymov called the Germans' fire on themselves so as to divert their attention from the squad of sappers under the command of Sergeant-Major Shamov which accompanied the raiding party.

The air trembled from the volleys of the guns. Flare rockets soared skywards—the signal to attack. Our light tanks, which were giving the squad of sappers a lift, tore forward, followed by the KV heavy tanks. In front of them was a ditch. The sappers on point duty conducted the tanks along a narrow track leading to the field of battle. The Germans every now and then bombarded it with their trench-mortars. It was a rain of fire, the "rain" drops twice the size of a man's fist.

Our tanks replied with their guns. The inky darkness was lit by a dull glow and, for a moment, Hill 928.2 was torn out of the gloom. There were casualties already. Impossible though to see a thing. In the darkness one could neither see nor hear the wounded; the only way to give them a helping hand is by groping around for them. The squad of sappers attached to the raiding party jumped off the tanks and, crawling around, immersed up to their necks in the mud, located the mined sections and cleared a passage for the tanks. The squad consisted of Sergeant-Major Shamov, Junior Lieutenant Garshin, Senior Political Instructor Apressyan and Privates Vorontsov, Zanin, Sholokhov and Issakov.

The sappers were under cover of the tanks' guns. To move forward was absolutely out of the question. The mud got down their collars, up their sleeves, into their boots and pockets. Shamov gave the signal to the leading tank to stop,—a new mine-field had been located. True, it has been done very hastily, even the pegs had not been removed, and it'd be possible to dispose of the mines there in next to no time.

The sappers worked without resting even for a moment. All of a sudden Shamov dropped. Private Ploskikh crawled up to him with the intention of carrying him away to a place under cover. Zanin was the next to be hit. His hands froze, as it were, to the clamp of the mine he had just dug up.

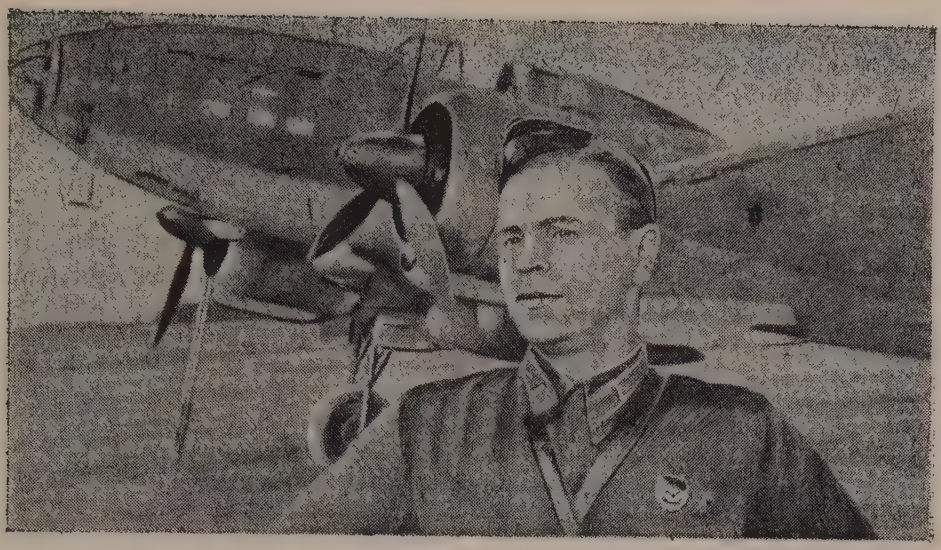
But a clearing had already been made. Sholokhov signalled to the driver of the leading tank to get going, but the man did not see his gesture. Sholokhov made a dash towards the tank:

"Go on, you can move forward!" But just then he toppled over, his hands clasping his knee. Issakov rushed up to help him, bandaged his wound, relieved him of his rifle and tried to convince him that he should go to the rear, but, just then, Issakov was also hit.

And now Vorontsov remained alone with Junior Lieutenant Garshin and Senior Political Instructor Apressyan. He carried his wounded comrades to a safer spot, and cleared the road for the tanks. He was quite alone in the inky gloom. The tanks dashed forward, the sapper worked almost within reach of the treads. And just then the tank from which Vorontsov had jumped off on reaching the battle-field stopped short. It had been hit by a shell. He gave the crew a helping hand in saving the machine from the fascist grenades and shells, helped to repair the damage, and in the end led the machine out of the fray through a track in the mine-field known only to himself.

And that is what a "sapper's rhapsody" is like.

PYOTR PAVLENKO



Navigator Vlassov has to his credit more than 120 night raids over the German rear

To Königsberg

Five minutes remained before starting time. It was still quite light; night bombers rarely fly at such a time.

The general was standing in the big room of the bomber command; before him sat the fliers, each of whom was familiar to him not only by name and appearance, but even by the manner in which he took off from the flying-field.

"Well, that's all: you've got all the information you need, you're acquainted with the meteorological conditions, so you can just as well start," said the general slowly. It seemed as though there was still much that he wanted to say them, but he suddenly wound up quite shortly: "I am sure you will carry out this assignment no worse than all the others."

That night it was planned to carry out a bombing raid over East Prussia. On the map the town of Königsberg was marked off. Certain points were encircled in red pencil: these were the military objectives.

Captain Evgeni Borissenko took his place behind the steering wheel.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mikryukov's plane wheels out on the field ahead of us. It is heavily loaded with high explosive and incendiary bombs, and leaflets. A short run, and it rises into the air. As it gains height, our plane skims forward, behind us comes the next in formation, behind it still others and others, and soon the armada of winged avengers is on its course towards the West.

Before the war the flier Borissenko used to take the matrix of the newspaper *Pravda* to Leningrad. He would fly in any weather. If the fog was too thick, he didn't land his plane: with irreproachable accuracy he located the aerodrome, dropped the matrixes on parachutes and returned to Moscow.

When the work on the film *Valeri Chkalov* was in full swing, it was necessary to find a flier capable of reproducing Chkalov's famous stunt of flying under a bridge. It was a long and difficult search. At last

they found their man: it was Borissenko. At rehearsals and for the film itself five times he swooped under a bridge, neatly clearing the piers on either side.

Borissenko has been in the air-force for a year now. He has made ninety flights to the enemy rear. Several times his plane has been damaged by enemy pursuit-planes, several times he has shot down his pursuers in air encounters. During the whole year he has never once bombed a reserve target: he has invariably struck at the main objective, however difficult it may have been to reach.

The navigator Rubtsov took his place. The wireless-operator Chukhry busied himself with his complicated set of gadgets.

As we climbed higher, it grew colder. The fur overalls and cumbersome fur-boots ceased to seem as unnecessary as when we were down there on the ground before the flight.

The journey of many hours that lay before us that night was a severe test both on the navigator and the pilot. The earth was wrapped in clouds. One had to peer through the haze, strain one's eyes, pick up any landmark at all that would help us to "hold on" to our route.

"A railway below to the left," said the wireless-operator.

Then the silvery surface of a lake gleamed through the mist. A railway and a lake near it,—it was enough for the navigator. He took up the speaking-tube and informed the pilot:

"We're on the right course."

The oxygen apparatuses were turned on. The plane was flying smoothly, the motors throbbed evenly. Borissenko's voice sounded in the earphones:

"Soon we'll be crossing the front-line. Today's flight means a lot to me: it's the first after. . ."

He did not finish his sentence, evidently some serious interruption caused him to break off. But we all understood: it was Borissenko's first flight since he had been awarded the Medal of the Patriotic War, first degree, in the Kremlin. On the reverse side of the medal was engraved the number "7".

We had crossed the front. Now we had to make our way deep into enemy territory. Tense hours of watching the surrounding sky lay ahead of us: at any moment we might run into German pursuit-planes. I trained the machine-gun now this way, now that. The clouds were growing denser, they were moving in from the sea, from the direction in which we were going. Whenever a little gap opened for a moment, we caught a glimpse of the black earth below. Here the enemy had entrenched himself.

Suddenly a glow of fire lit up the sky, you could see the burst of an explosion: our comrades-in-arms were carrying out other military assignments, — shattering tank columns, blowing up dumps, setting fire to echelons. The air-force was operating from the very foremost positions; planes returning from their assignments were flying back, light dive-bombers overtook us. It was getting quite crowded in the air!

"To the left, a Messerschmitt-109," reported the wireless-operator Chukhry.

His were the keen eye and steady hand of an excellent marksman. Once he took part in a battle between one bomber and three pursuit-planes. His comrade, the gunner Davletbayev, was seriously wounded; he himself was bleeding profusely, bullets had lodged in his chest, arm and leg. But he kept on firing, dashing from one machine-gun to the other, as the enemy plane manoeuvred. Then one machine-gun gave out, the other had its cartridge-belt pierced by an enemy volley. Chukhry stood up his full height at the machine-gun and turned it to face the attacking nazi. The enemy expected a volley, none came, and thinking that he was purposely being allowed to come up closer, so as to present a better target, he turned tail at the last moment. . .

Now the Messerschmitt was coming straight for us. Evidently the German

sound-locator on the ground had caught the noise of our motors, and the flier had been informed of our course by radio. But he was closing in on us in the wrong way. He was coming at us so that we could see him, but he could not see us. Borissenko slightly tilted the plane so that the spark flying from the exhaust should be screened, and the German dropped out of sight: he had lost our trail.

Hours passed. We were flying at a great height.

Now we were above the State borderline, crossed on the 22nd of June by the hitlerite hordes. Other crews had been here before us. Widening centres of fire could be clearly seen even from a great height. The flames were spreading from one place to another. An industrial district was ablaze.

Beneath the wings of the plane lay German territory. And as we realized it, each one of us was seized with a special, inexpressible feeling. It seemed to us that we had come here as emissaries of our whole people, and of every Soviet man or woman individually. We were the emissaries of the mother whose children had been trampled down under the hobnailed boots of an SS-man; the emissaries of our brothers groaning under the foreign yoke; the emissaries of the Red Army men carrying on the struggle with the hated enemy.

We were silent. In the earphones there was a steady crackling sound. From time to time the navigator told the pilot: two degrees more, or the pilot asked the navigator about the course. And in this silence I seemed to hear the voice of Borissenko saying that the hour had come when we would avenge his native Leningrad, when Chukhry would take vengeance for the wounds he received at the hands of those butchers, and Rubtsov for the torturing and murder of his folk.

"It's impossible to get through," said the navigator in an anxious voice. "The clouds are coming straight towards us from the sea."

"We've got to get through," answered Borissenko with perfect calm. His equanimity is truly something to be envied.

Again we climbed still higher. And the pilot brought the plane out of the clouds.

Now we were over Königsberg. Here there were only a few light

An airplane crew which bombed Warsaw, Berlin, Danzig and Königsberg

clouds, and the outlines of the town could be seen, with the river cutting through it. The town lay below us like a black patch. The navigator brought the plane into position, took aim, then pressed the release. The plane shuddered. This meant that a batch of bombs had gone speeding earthward.

An outburst of flashes announced that they had reached their mark. Flames broke out, at first cold and pale, then growing red. Fires had started. Suddenly two more explosions. Evidently the bombs had hit some stores. With intense satisfaction we observed the results of the bombing. After the bombs we sent down packets with hundreds of thousands of leaflets. In them was data on the losses of the fascist army for a year and for the last few months. The wind caught the leaflets and carried them down, scattering them over the streets and roofs of Königsberg.

Our plane set its course for home.

While we were making for Königsberg, our bombers had managed to get in some good work in other places. The raids were still going on. There we saw a heavy bomber dropping its load. Here a flare rocket hung like a huge torch above a military plant. Availing himself of its light, the pilot was doing some very accurate bombing.

During those nights Königsberg felt what war was. In spite of complicated meteorological conditions, in spite of the difficulties presented by the long flight, our pilots and navigators carried out their assignments with honour.

Many pilots managed to visit Königsberg two or three times. Some of them already have a long standing acquaintance with this route.

The fact that all our planes returned safely from these difficult raids bears witness to the exceptional degree of skill acquired by our fliers in this grim year of war.

...The navigators wrote out their reports, while planes continued to land at the aerodrome. There were many of them today. The pilots reported to the general as to how the assignment had been carried out.

"I know beforehand what you'll answer if I ask you how you got along," laughed the general. "You'll just say that everything went off normally, and it'll be impossible to squeeze another word out of you."

And the airmen found themselves thinking that his surmise was correct.

LEONID SHERSHER

Elevation "84"

I don't know whether you've ever heard of Lieutenant Savchenko. Well, he was a modest commander.

When I started serving under him, I was a mere freshman of a sailor, just a greenhorn. All our boys were tall and robust, while the lieutenant was rather an undersized man, and moreover, his voice wasn't what you'd call a loud one. We used to say, by way of a sally, that it was not a sea-voice at all. Now and then you have to roar so as to outvoice the sea, don't you know, especially when there's something like a gale on. But Lieutenant Savchenko didn't like to shout. During the two years I was there I never heard him bawling out a fellow. He just showed a bloke how to do things, if you know what I mean. And I'll tell you straight, he never was vexed with a man; that's what won me.

There are fellows—well, training them must be a harder job than slicing a stone with a penknife. Sergei Koren for one: all the commanders gave him up as a bad lot, and we caught

wind that he was to be signed off for inability. And then Lieutenant Savchenko said: "Just let me have a go at him."

Sergei Koren was a Siberian. From an out of the way village in Eastern Siberia. He was found fit the navy on account of his stature and strength, and this was what made him feel sore, that the service time in the navy is longer than in the army.

Well, so Lieutenant Savchenko started instructing him, but Koren didn't give in. He had one answer to everything:

"No, Comrade Lieutenant, I can't understand it."

Now, his bunk was next to mine, so it's no wonder I could learn the measure of his foot. The service in the navy was distinctly not to his liking.

Well, the lieutenant kept on cramming him; so to say, he must have had a pretty good store of patience not to have run short of it sometimes. Koren spoke as little as before, but he didn't try to shirk the lessons, and when he happened to be looking at the lieutenant a kind of a glow seemed to flash in his eyes, a rather nice glow.

And then—the bolt from the blue: the war. When I read that the Germans had bombed our cities: Kiev, Minsk, Odessa, when I learnt how many women they killed, and old men, and children, my heart stood still, and then, well, something inside me got hardened, if you know what I mean.

The same day they raided our Sevastopol. Bombs exploded in the streets. Our section was sent out to help the townsfolks. Well, we were busy at a ruined house in Lenin Street, not far from the Ilyich Memorial. You know what things look like after an explosion? The house was still smoking. Dust. One of the walls gone, in another a crevice from top to bottom. Rooms torn open. People from the house running about, weeping, rummaging in the ruins. Well, we pulled asunder a heap of debris and dragged out two children, two little girls they were. One had lovely long flaxen hair, but no face, just a bloody blotch instead. The other kid seemed alive, eyes open, teeth glistening. And her dead little arm was round the first girl's neck, embracing her, and they were both in a little cot. That's how they were killed: in that cot.

We had hardly dug them out, Sergei Koren and I, when a woman comes running, pushes everyone out of the way, and makes straight for the kids. She kneels down beside them, and strokes them, and pets them, and kisses them. You know, children killed, it's a terrible sight, but a mother looking at her murdered kids, it's more terrible still.

Lieutenant Savchenko came up to her and said gently:

"Comrade, I beg you to come along with us. We'll do everything that's necessary here."

She looked at him, she didn't cry or toss about, she only said:

"They were sleeping, and I was on the ARP watch. Tell me, do you think it's possible they did not wake up, my little ones, they didn't suffer?"

And here I heard Koren weep. That was the beginning of a great change in him.

. . . The Germans broke through to the Crimea, they reached the approaches to Sevastopol. Our ship's company deployed and together with the soldiers took up the defensive on the approaches to the town. There's a hilly place to the north of the bay. We fought there. The Germans bounced on us with their tanks: their idea was to force their way into the town on the run. Well, we had eight of those tanks coming against us. Lieutenant Savchenko was in command. I'll tell you what—it's a bit of a trial—a first fight, sure and no mistake. The men get jumpy, not because they're scared, but because they're afraid of being scared. And here, again, Lieutenant Savchenko helped us a lot. It was a treat to

look at him: not an extra movement, no raising of the voice, and this at such a moment, when we thought there was nothing left but kicking the bucket.

Well, I've told you there were tanks coming on, and we had no artillery. So our commander ordered grenades to be made ready in bunches, three in a bunch. Koren was the strongest of us: in throwing missiles he could make rings round anyone.

"You, Koren, will throw," said Savchenko.

Koren wasn't one to waste his breath. He just took the grenades and ran forward, his body bent double. He ran as far as the crag, and then you ought to have seen the swing of his arm. With the second bunch he disabled the foremost tank, turned round and shouted to us:

"More bunches! Step on it!"

Lieutenant Savchenko stood beside him and directed his throwing. Bullets were showering round them, stone chips jumped off the crag. Koren was fine at throwing grenades. On the narrow road he disabled two tanks and blocked the way for the whole column.

At night, in the dug-out, I complimented him. A grumble—that's what I got for my pains.

"No wonder. . . in our district I'm the best gorodki-player[1]. I can smash any figure with the first stick." He did not speak for some time, and then: "I'll get at them yet. You just wait. . . To think only what confounded vermin there are in the world!"

We had a hot time of it. The Fritzes kept pushing on, they gave us no breathing-space. From the sea our warships cannonaded them. Heavy shells buzzed over our heads. The rocks all around shook with the explosions, stones rolled down the slopes. The Fritzes had found the range and shelled the road that was our communication with the town. This was rather hard on us, if you know what I mean. Sometimes, we had no food for two days running. But the real trouble was that there were no cartridges left. Koren was now as cross as two sticks, kept muttering under his nose and poking with his hand in one direction, showing where they were firing from.

Now, they were firing from a hill, and that hill was called "elevation 84."

So there we were in our bit of a trench on the one hand, and on the other that blinking elevation. It was very steep, and the Fritzes sat there firm and snug, and gave us no end of trouble.

Lieutenant Savchenko frowned, seemed to weight something in his mind, and at last sent a report to the headquarters.

Well, after a time he called us all together and told us that the next night we'd storm "elevation 84." He said it so casual-like, you'd think he was just fixing the hour of the next drill.

Preparations started. Some heavy trench-mortars were sent over to us. The lieutenant taught us under cover the best ways of climbing up a steep slope and of firing in such a position.

Everyone's role and place was explained to a T. A man had to know his way about in the attack like his ABC. It wouldn't do to grope for one's way at night. The boys joked:

"Let nobody poach on my allotment. Trespassers will be chucked out!"

But Koren, he couldn't see a joke.

"I won't thrust my nose into another fellow's place," he said soberly, "why should I? I'll be just with the lieutenant."

Well, night came. A dark one. October it was. We had rifles and grenades ready. And that's how we started. We were as stealthy as so many cats, not a stone crunched under our feet, not a bayonet clinked. It was very still. Stars were shining

[1] A popular Russian game involving throwing sticks to hit and destroy a goal made of small wooden bars piled up in different combinations called "figures."

fine, particularly one of them, a large one and as bright as anything. We were mum. All of a sudden a German flare-rocket shot up and lit up everything. We lay low, keeping close to the ground. Another rocket, a third. Flare-rockets descend on parachutes, and it's like daylight. Machine-guns start rattling, mines howl. This means we've been spotted. I raise my head. The elevation seems all ablaze. Every machine-gun, every rifler stands out like a target. I just think that's the time to check their firing positions. But there's no time to do it now.

Mines burst, bullets rustle on the ground, jingle against stones. Impossible to remain in that spot, some decision must be made.

The lieutenant stood up and gave the word in that soft voice of his:

"Forward, comrades! For the homeland, for Stalin, for our dear old Sevastopol, forward!"

Forward he ran, Koren at his heels. Behind us, our artillery started rumbling, the heavy trench-mortars joined in. The gist of our attack was in its suddenness; you see, having advanced such a distance from cover, we couldn't afford to wait until the German firing positions had been suppressed.

We kept on running. Each of us thought of outstripping Lieutenant Savchenko so as to screen him from the bullets, but strain as we might, he was ahead of us. Men fell. We had reached the "elevation 84" and were crawling up the slope. It was steep and slippery, that slope was; as to safe footing, there was none, those crazy little stones just watched for an opportunity to slip from under our feet.

"Cling with your fingers, with your teeth, with your bayonets," ordered Lieutenant Savchenko, "forward, my dear fellows, forward! . . ."

We clambered and crawled. If someone rolled down, we knew he was killed, for even the wounded scrambled forward. Koren seemed glued to the lieutenant, didn't lag one step behind him. What with mines and bullets, the air was one mighty buzz. Bullets whizzed past quite low.

One had to crawl with one's head kept as low as one possibly could. The machine-guns annoyed us most.

In an attack every moment is reckoned. You must not even stumble for fear of slackening the tempo. Savchenko was always ahead of us.

And a thought stung me: if he falls whom shall we follow under such fire? And he fell. Oh, how I screamed! I yelled as if it was me those bullets had hit. But he got up:

"Comrades, I'm with you. . . Follow me!"

He was all covered with blood, and yet he moved on. Then he dropped again. And did not budge.

Sergei Koren lifted him up and took him on his shoulder.

"Forward!" he shouted.

And we went after Koren and after our dead Lieutenant Savchenko. We went in silence, with clenched teeth. I knew the others felt the same as I did: just to get at those. . . only to get at them!

Koren turned about and shouted:

"Keep pace with the lieutenant!"

We didn't lag behind. We followed him as if he was our banner. Those who fell went tumbling down together with their weapons. And at last we were up there. We had reached the top.

Not a German escaped. We didn't give them time to jump out of the trenches, we dashed plump down on them there. . .

. . . We put Lieutenant Savchenko on the ground and took our caps off. His face was as white as snow, but calm. The men he had fostered had not let him down.

. . . May I ask you to hand me that book from the table? Thanks. See this photo? That's the "elevation 84." Here it was we went. Those are holes made by shells. And this here mound, that's Lieutenant Savchenko's grave. . .

. . . What? When was it I got hit? Why, at that very time when we seized "elevation 84." Just three

wounds. Breast, neck and arm. Nothing to write home about. Some boys had as many as seven, and even eight, and didn't leave the line. Koren's got seventeen. There he is, next bed but one on my right. Sleeping. See what a maypole of a fellow, his cot isn't long enough for him. . . Oh no, he won't speak, it's not in his line. When the brigade commissar brought him his Order of the Red Banner, Koren got as red in the face as a beetroot and just managed to say:

"Lieutenant Savchenko ought to have got this order. . ."

"Our lieutenant has been posthumously awarded the Order of Lenin. You've probably read about it in the newspapers?"

We both, Koren and I, leave here in a week's time. Strictly speaking, as for myself, I could do it even sooner, for my wounds are nothing to speak of, you know. But Koren asked me to wait for him. Our comrades are expecting us back.

KIRILL LEVIN

The Bravest Amongst the Brave

It is now a year that I, together with my partisan friends, have been fighting behind the enemy lines in the district of Smolensk. During that year we have seen and learned a lot. We have seen with our own eyes what Hitlerism brings in its wake, we have learned to the full its foul and mean nature. And we have learned to hate it. We have acquired that deep implacable hatred which multiplies our strength and evokes a feeling of animal fear in the enemy.

There are many of us now, at least thirty-five or forty times more than we numbered at this time twelve months ago. There are thousands of us, and we now represent a force to be reckoned with. We are strong not only because of our numbers and ex-

Partisans continuing to fire at the enemy while retreating after a successful raid

cellent arms, but also because we have learned how to manage our weapons to perfection.

I would like to tell our youth about my gallant fellow-partisans, the brave young warriors who have revealed a remarkable firmness in our grim fight and who, having grown up and steeled their nerves in battle, devote all their strength and abilities to the defence of their beloved fatherland. There are many youngsters in our Smolensk detachments at present. The bravest among them have gained fame among the partisans and the Soviet people who have remained in the enemy's rear, and their names are uttered with pride and respect.

One of our detachments has been named after Volodya Kurilenkov, who died the death of a hero. Together with two friends he organized several train derailments and destroyed more than a thousand nazi invaders. The idea of fighting the enemy tooth and nail, of merciless and sacred revenge, did not leave him for a minute. Even we, experienced partisans, were amazed at the strength of that youngster. He fell in battle like a true warrior, facing death unflinchingly.

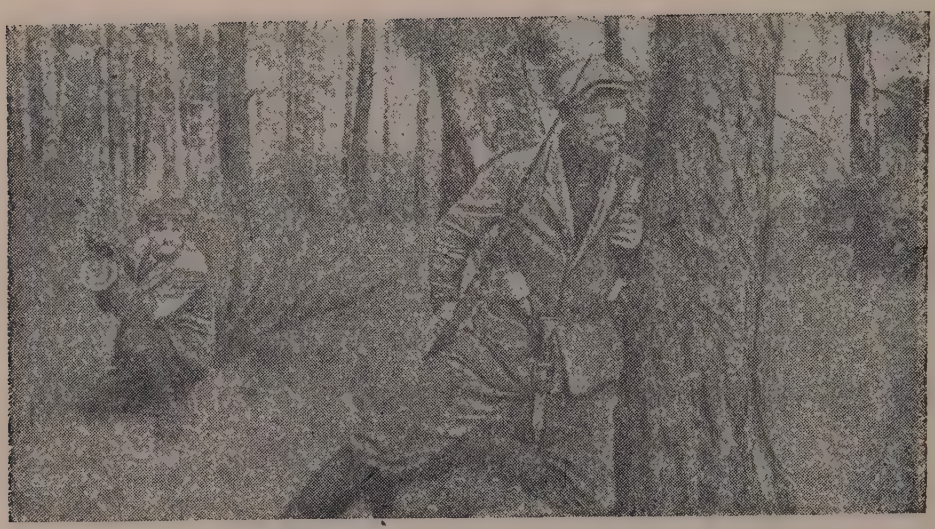
The men of his detachment display firmness, courage and skill in battle. Magdonar, a twenty-one-year-old Tartar, together with his unit disrupted a German punitive expedition, killing seventeen Hitlerites. They also demolished ten rural administration offices, killing several of the traitors who worked there. This same unit removed dozens of kilometres of telegraph and telephone wires and blew up ten bridges.

In the flame of battle the young partisans mature quickly and turn into real soldiers. Nikolai G. is only twenty-one. He is a machine-gunner. I remember the day he joined our unit, a shy youngster, who knew nothing of war. But he soon learned to handle his machine-gun so cleverly that he was put in charge of a platoon. And he justified the confidence placed in him.

Not long ago a fight took place, the details of which we, partisans, communicated to each other with joy and pride. Nikolai's detachment came upon a group of a hundred and fifty fascists, but the partisans did not lose their nerves and advanced towards the enemy. Even after seeing that the enemy outnumbered them ten to one, they decided to fight it out. With well-aimed rifle and machine-gun fire they destroyed about a hundred Fritzes; the remaining fascists took to their heels. The partisans won by suddenness of action and sheer courage. At present Nikolai commands a detachment. He is the same young, carefree fellow that he was, but he has acquired fighting experience and has won himself the reputation of a fearless commander.

Fighting behind the enemy lines is difficult and dangerous enough, but every young partisan knows that it is a glorious task on the success of which the fate of the fatherland depends. This lends them strength in bearing the hardships and difficulties of partisan life. Their hearts and will have become steeled in battle, and they look to the future with complete confidence.

On one occasion Nikolai Y. and his comrade came upon forty Hitlerites. They decided on the following plan of action: Nikolai was to remain with his machine-gun, watching the enemy, while his comrade was to run for help. Nikolai waited patiently, knowing that reinforcements were to arrive any minute, but time went on and no one appeared. "Could anything have gone wrong?" Nikolai thought with anxiety. He did not mind waiting, but the Hitlerites, having plundered the village, were making ready to leave. Nikolai's heart was beating fast: "I just can't let these scoundrels get away!" he thought, and decided to engage them in a fight. The Germans were already marching along the road, when Nikolai opened a flanking machine-gun fire against them. This uneven fight lasted for over an hour, and during it



Partisans in wait for the enemy along a forest road

Nikolai was wounded four times, but he did not stop firing even for an instant. When his comrades arrived at last (on their way they were engaged in a skirmish, which accounted for their being late), they counted twenty-three dead Hitlerites.

These are mere episodes in the great, sacred fight waged by the partisans of the Smolensk district. The activity of our units has greatly increased of late. According to the most modest calculations, we have destroyed more than six thousand fascists. The Hitlerites feel uneasy. In the beginning one could often have seen groups of seven to ten Germans in the Smolensk villages; these were the so-called purveyors. Their duty consisted in a daily, organized plundering of the peasants. They would grab anything they could lay hands on: cattle, grain, eggs, butter, knives, forks, etc. But the peasants got in close contact with us, and as soon as these purveyors appeared, the partisans annihilated them. Now they do not move about as freely, and the village garrisons had to be increased considerably.

The Germans send punitive expeditions against us very frequently. These, however, invariably fall through. Only recently we fought one of these expeditions. The fascists were moving along the highway. The partisans let them pass and encircled them, leaving just a single road open, one which led into some marshland. At first the fascists made a rush for the village, but there they were also met by our men. At the sound of shooting, the nazis ran back, only to be ambushed by other partisans. Only one road remained free, the one which led to the marsh, and they were compelled to take it. In the end seventy fascists were killed, seventeen taken prisoners, and thirty to forty got stuck in the marshes. These "marsh-fritzes" were gradually picked up by us one by one. Some of them managed to get away, and they roamed through the villages disguised in women's clothing. But they too were caught by the peasants. Two girls, Nadya and Katya, saw one of them enter a peasant house, and followed him. As they entered the house, they saw a woman lying behind the stove; she turned out to be one of the "marsh-fritzes" who had managed in the nick of time to undress the mistress of the house, put on her clothes and hide behind the stove. The girls compelled him to come out and took him to headquarters, marching him through

the village street, dressed in woman's clothes as he was.

All efforts of the Hitlerites who hope to estrange the peasants from the partisans, are of no avail. The population helps us in whatever way it can. Our friendship grows stronger from day to day. Together we disrupt the plans of the Hitlerites; never letting them rest, trying all the time to help the front in every way. All of us who act in the enemy rear have come to know what Hitlerism really is. We have seen dozens of peaceful villages turned into heaps of ashes by the fascists. We have seen hundreds of dead bodies of old men, women and children, of Red Army men tortured to death by the fascist beasts. Our hearts burn with the flame of sacred revenge for our defiled land. For this land we shall fight to the end, as long as a single Hitlerite remains on it. It is this deep hatred for the foul enemy that lends us strength, and we know that we shall win!

"*BATYA,*"[1]

commander of the united partisan units of the Smolensk district

[1] "Batya" in Russian means father.

Seventeen

From far-away Odessa, across the front-line, some Soviet people came and told us a story of the life and death of seventeen young heroes.

Kanatnaya street in Odessa is parallel to the beach, but the sea remains hidden behind rows of houses. Now and then a sudden gust of wind rushes through the narrow lane, tears down a poster from the wall, causes a sign to clatter and bends a tree. Only then does one become aware of the close proximity of the gloomy Black sea.

A two-storey blank-fronted building occupies the corner of Kanatnaya and Kirov streets. Long ago it housed the Building School, but its students have either left with the Red Army or been tortured and shot. The building stood vacant and pillaged, with window panes smashed, like thousands of other buildings in Odessa. A few months ago a technical school was opened here, and the students were trained to be sent to Germany afterwards. They were driven hereto by force,—orphans and homeless youths from Odessa, from the near-by villages and from Nikolayev. The boys worked for fourteen hours at a stretch, and even at night, while in their dormitories, they were watched over closely and not even allowed to speak to each other.

One particular day everything turned out different from the usual routine. The instructor fell ill, and the pupils were left in the class-room alone for an hour. It was a sunny day, and somebody opened the window. Cold air, faintly warmed up by the sun, filled the room; the students sat at their desks, happy to be left alone, and spoke of anything they felt like.

"Wouldn't I love to be at the beach now!" someone sighed.

"I'd plunge right into the water!" another responded.

"What? In February?"

"Why not? My brother used to bathe throughout the winter!"

"And my brother used to go dolphin hunting. Would he give it to them! . ."

. . . Time went on, and everyone felt that this freedom would soon be over and yield to the prison regime once more.

The class was held in a large, dingy square room. A padlocked door could be seen next to the blackboard. One of the boys walked up to

it and simply pushed it, giving vent to his energy; to everybody's surprise it yeilded to the pressure and stood open. The boy disappeared behind it.

"Boys, come here!" called an excited and joyful voice from the adjacent room.

The students rushed into the room, and amazing sight met their eyes: the glass-doors of a bookcase were smashed in, the books were scattered on the floor, and among them lay the torn and crumpled portraits of Stalin and Voroshilov. The boys stood around in silence, and breathing heavily they looked into the calm, smiling faces of the leaders.

A few minutes passed. Here they stood, boys of twelve and thirteen, driven together from different places, even not knowing each other by name. They stood close to each other, everyone thinking his own thoughts. The one who entered first stepped forward and was about to say, something, but tears choked his voice. But then his face changed and became stern and set. He stooped down, picked up Stalin's portrait, attached it carefully to a stick lying near-by, and holding the banner aloft left the room.

The boys surrounded him, and together they went out into the street. They marched in the middle of the pavement, their faces solemn and proud. They marched through the pillaged city as on an ordinary May day parade, as if all the horrors that had happened to Odessa were just a bad dream, and life, real Soviet life, was going on as usual.

The people stood in their doorways bareheaded, and their eyes followed the small group of doomed boys.

Near the Shevchenko park they came upon a policeman. He stepped back in amazement, thinking, perhaps, that something threatening had happened and that it was time to save his skin.

But in a few minutes the policeman returned accompanied by a dozen colleagues. The children slowly retreated with their banner, unarmed children who did not intend to surrender. They returned to their classroom, and there they stood embracing each other tightly and facing the door. They had armed themselves with cobble stones, which they hurled at the director as soon as he appeared in the doorway.

Perhaps it was still possible to escape, but the children did not think of fleeing; they stood calmly with their banner, a stick to which Stalin's portrait was attached.

Germans, Rumanians and the police surrounded the house, as if it were held by hundreds of armed men. They entered the building slowly and carefully, the cowards who feared the Soviet people. Finally they entered the class, armed to the teeth, with automatic rifles, and seized the unarmed boys.

A few hours afterwards seventeen little heroes were taken out of the town and shot. They perished, but the news of what had happened on Kanatnaya street spread through the city and the Ukraine. And the story of those seventeen heroes, ready to die for an hour of liberty, travelled over the enslaved land, calling upon the people to rise.

They died, but at night munition dumps and enemy factories are blown up in Odessa and trains carrying enemy troops are derailed. And in the flame of buildings set afire and in the din of the explosions, the brief but beautiful lives of the seventeen young comrades are resurrected again.

Time will pass, and we shall return to Odessa; then shall we learn the glorious names of the seventeen heroes, whom neither the Ukraine nor the world shall ever forget.

A. SHAROV

Lessons Taught by the Defeat of France*

Over two years have passed since the world witnessed the signing in the forest of Compiègne of the shameful document named by the Hitlerites "Terms of Truce Between Germany and France." A great number of various descriptions, ranging from diaries to novels, describe the events of the spring of 1940, so tragic for France, events which terminated in the debacle of one of the greatest world powers. For obvious reasons most of these books originally appeared in English, no matter what the nationality of the author was. Although readers of *International Literature* are undoubtedly already familiar with some of these works, still it is worth while again to call them to mind.

Some of them deserve special attention, namely those which have successfully born the test of time. Leaving fiction aside, we must in the first place mention three books.

The first book—*J'accuse! The Men Who Betrayed France*—was written by a talented Parisian journalist who disguised his identity under the nom de plume of André Simone.

The second book, *What Has Happened to France*, a kind of press reporting, is the work of Gordon Waterfield, a British journalist, former special war correspondent of Reuter's at the British headquarters in France.

The last book is an exceedingly pointed pamphlet *Tragédie en France* by André Maurois, written with the brilliancy peculiar to this French writer. No one who wants to learn the lessons taught by the defeat of France can afford to disregard these three works.

Although Simone, Waterfield and Maurois hold different views, the testimony of their books leads to the same conclusion, namely that it was not on the battle-field that France was defeated.

Long before the war as well as in the very course of it France was being betrayed from within to the perfidious malignant enemy. A mass of materials, explained from different points of view, confronts the reader and makes this thesis irrefutable.

The works of Simone, Waterfield and Maurois were written immediately after the events they described. Their conclusions, however, have now been tested in the course of the second world war thrust upon humanity by the fascist clique, and they have stood this test well.

The excellent qualities of the works under review have won them great popularity among Soviet readers. The State Literary Publishing House has been fully justified in giving them a prominent place in the recently published volume of collected works of different authors bearing the title *Those Who Betrayed France*.

Clausewitz, a distinguished writer on the theory of warfare, wrote at the time of Napoleon's invasion of Russia: "A great civilized European nation can be defeated only when there is no unity within it." Simone recalls these sagacious words in order to show that France lacked this very unity when she faced the enemy. The

* In connection with the recently published book *Those Who Betrayed France*, Moscow, The State Literary Publishing House.

responsibility for this falls on the ruling circles who least of all troubled themselves with problems of national defence at the time when Hitler was feverishly preparing his war-machine behind the mask of peaceful speeches.

"The ruling circles of France were not linked together with the people," said V. M. Molotov (People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs of the U.S.S.R.) in one of his speeches. "They did not rely on it, but, on the contrary, they were afraid of their people, who enjoy the merited reputation of a liberty-loving nation with glorious revolutionary traditions." All the three works mentioned above give us a circumstantial and detailed account of this divergency, so fateful for France, between the people and those who were directing the foreign and the home policies of the country.

In the light of Clausewitz's theory it is instructive to consider the case of England and that of the Soviet Union. At the very beginning of the war the British Government took steps to prevent the possible growth of activities of the "fifth column" and arrested Hitler's agents in the country—Mosley and his hangers-on. The whole nation supported the Government in its decision not to lay down arms, as Churchill stated, until Europe is cleared from the fascist plague and the world is saved from the gloomy new Middle Ages. It is just this determination and unity of the British which have made it possible for England to win "the battle for England" and "the battle for the Atlantic," which were carried on under difficult and complex conditions. It is again just this unity of the nation which makes it possible for England in union with the U.S.S.R., the U.S.A. and other democratic countries to carry on the war to the end, to the total destruction of Hitlerism.

The "fifth column" in the U.S.S.R. had been destroyed long before Hitler's attack upon the peoples of the Soviet Union. The firm belief of the Soviet people in the speedy and decisive defeat of the enemy is based on the facts that the entire country represents a united fighting camp, that the Soviet rear and the Soviet front are undivided in their determination to drive the German invaders out of the Soviet land and once for ever to put an end to fascism, that all the people in the U.S.S.R. are rallied around their Government and their leader Stalin.

And how did matters stand in France? "... those who led France in her hour of trial bear nine-tenths of the responsibility. The people did not realize in time that these men were not fit to lead them to victory," Waterfield justly pointed out in the spring of 1940, and concluded: "They were not only unfit to lead, but they deceived the people."

Simone, Waterfield and Maurois cite a great number of facts showing how France was betrayed. Simone recalls a private sitting of the French Parliament at which the fact was revealed that a group of French plutocrats had, even after the beginning of hostilities, namely from September 1939 till May 1940, been exporting large quantities of iron ore to Germany via Belgium. Waterfield relates a revolting fact: agents of the "fifth column" went so far as to refill from secret stores of fuel German tanks which had penetrated deep into the country beyond the front-line.

One of the important means of lulling the nation into a false sense of security was the widely spread myth about the impregnability of the Maginot Line. This myth, as we know, was shattered by the course of the war. Maurois plainly accuses the commander-in-chief of the French army, Gamelin, of having deceived public opinion in his country by stating falsely that the Maginot Line had been strengthened and extended to the sea along the Belgian frontier. When Maurois visited this "line," he was much shaken by what he saw: there were no fortifications worth mentioning in existence.

We read in Simone's book how Weygand had tried at one of the cabinet meetings, with the aid of provocative information of a supposed revolt of the Communists in Paris, to persuade the government to capitulate even a few days before it actually did so. Waterfield relates about the wilful destruction by the ruling circles of all means of defending Paris. Moreover, he writes, the police had orders to fire at anyone who might try to defend the capital. Such orders were given by people who preferred to see Hitler in France rather than a government united with the people.

Scores of similar facts abundantly quoted by all the three authors make the reader fully agree with the main conclusion of Simone: "France was not beaten by Hitler. It was destroyed from within by a Fifth Column with the most powerful connections in the Government, big business, the State administration and the Army."

Those who have betrayed France stand revealed in the glaring light of the facts brought out in the works of Simone, Waterfield and Maurois. Among them is the notorious Flandin, a prominent participant in many governmental combinations, who owes his doubtful reputation to the telegram sent by him to Hitler, congratulating the latter on the victory won by the "Führer" in Munich, where the future defeat of France was in the main determined. Among them is also Daladier, who was prime minister of France in the days when the Spanish and Czechoslovakian republics were being strangled and who was one of the authors of the Munich pact. And, of course, first and foremost among them are those who have been and still are the headsmen of the French people: Pétain and Laval. The latter were actual leaders of the "fifth column," the timely suppression of which could have completely changed the whole course of the war between Germany and France.

Simone's book gives us something like a condensed political history of pre-war France, a history of the times when France was marching to disaster. Waterfield and, in a lesser degree, Maurois make the reader acquainted with the lessons which can be drawn directly from an analysis of the course of the war events.

Both authors rightly criticize the stagnant mentality of the French high command, their belief in passive defence, which expressed itself in that all hopes of the generals were placed in the "impregnability of the Maginot Line," which the Germans did not intend to attack from the front, but simply to outflank.

It is well-known that of all the French superior officers General de Gaulle alone foresaw the character of modern mechanized warfare, and his ideas stated in a special book have been proved by ensuing events to be in the main correct. However, owing to the exertions of the political leaders of France, de Gaulle was deprived of any opportunity of introducing in the army the necessary measures.

The authors justly criticize the theory of a number of generals who would strive to win the war by means of blockade and not by means of the military destruction of the enemy. Waterfield puts forward convincing considerations in connection with the idea widespread in the French army that the Germans themselves in essence "ne sont pas méchants." Waterfield sharply criticizes military education of this description. "You cannot defeat an enemy without having learnt to hate him from the bottom of your heart." (Stalin.) The French soldiers were not taught to hate the German invaders, the army was demoralized, its national feelings were allowed to remain quiescent. And what wonder? At the head of the army and among its generals there were many persons who were more afraid of their own people than of the Hitlerites. And when the people understood that the whole fascist army consisted of robbers and plunderers, it was already too late.

But a timely appeal to the masses

of the population could have produced most important results. Waterfield justly recollects in this connection that France is a classic country of mass action of the people: "A volunteer people's army is one of its revolutionary traditions."

Being deprived of leadership in the rear and betrayed at the front, the French people could not effectively repulse the enemy. Waterfield cites a great number of facts which absolutely refute the inventions of the enemies of the French people, who falsely accuse it of cowardice, of general unwillingness to fight and of an inclination to purchase peace with the enemy at any price. The units which were led by resolute strong-willed commanders, were able to stop the fascist hordes. Such was, for instance, the case with the troops of General Buisson. One of his captains destroyed twelve German tanks and made the Germans abandon their plan of piercing the front-line at the point of defence allotted to him. But the trouble was that these "islets of heroism"—to use the expression of Maurois—could not by themselves change anything in the general situation at the front.

History will in due course answer the question whether foolishness or treason were the reasons which produced such facts as the abandonment by the French army of the field fortifications along the Belgian frontiers, even if they were hurriedly built, in order to meet in open battle the superior forces of a better armed enemy; the fact that one of the least efficient armies of General Corap was placed at the most decisive section of the front; such instances as bridges over large water barriers left intact for the enemy to cross, etc.

The works of Waterfield and Maurois are also valuable in that these authors were the first to question in them the myth of the invincibility of the German army which was completely dispelled on the Russian plains under the powerful blows of the Red Army. With the bitterness of a true patriot Maurois stresses the fact that the myth of the invincibility of the Germans was spread by cowards and panic-mongers, in order to justify their own desertion: Nobody was fighting against them; the government was engaged in petty disputes with the command of the army; the ministers quarrelled among themselves, and the generals did not fall behind in this respect. Maurois quotes the scathing words of a British general who said about the ruling circles of France: "They are so busy fighting each other that they have not any time to fight the Germans."

Some valuable remarks are made by Waterfield on the tactics of warfare with German tanks and aviation. Many French army units proved for themselves the fact that brave and staunch troops could repulse attacks of dive-bombers by means of infantry arms alone. Fighting experience at the Soviet-German front, where cases of bringing down fascist planes by rifle and machine-gun fire are numbered in hundreds, completely bear out Waterfield's view. The same applies to the fight against German tanks.

Still both Waterfield and Maurois overestimate the role of machinery in modern warfare. They both come to the conclusion that the outcome of a battle is predetermined by machines. Having shown numerous examples of French soldiers' heroism, both authors write in contradiction to their own words that the world must be told the truth that mechanisms decide the issue.

The fighting experience of the Red Army against the German-fascist invaders refute this thesis about the infinite power of machines. It shows, on the contrary, that for courageous and daring fighters the tank and the airplane do not represent an irresistible danger. The fame of the defence of their fortified position by twenty-eight heroic guardsmen from General Panfilov's unit against fifty German tanks has spread all over

the world. And quite recently the Soviet press reported that four valiant Red Army men had successfully repulsed a large-scale tank attack, destroying a number of fascist armoured fortresses without suffering any losses.

But Waterfield and Maurois are right in another respect. Tanks and airplanes brought in good time to those sections of the front where they are needed in order to strengthen some points of special importance, or for beginning surprise operations against the enemy at a new place, can essentially influence the general course of the war and help to achieve victory in a shorter time. This is especially true of the German infantry which fights very badly when not supported by tanks. This is also true of the German pilots who, as Waterfield wrote two years ago, take part in air battles only when they are numerically much superior to their adversaries. These considerations of Waterfield and Maurois have been confirmed in the battles of the Red Army with the fascists.

Simone writes that fifty airplanes could have speedily brought the Spanish people to victory, had they been dispatched to the Spanish Republican Government at the beginning of Franco's insurrection. It is clear now that this would have played a most important role in the subsequent events. Considerations of this kind moved Maurois at the beginning of June, 1940, to conclude his address over the radio to English listeners with the following words: "Not in 1941, not next autumn or even next month must our friends render us help. It must be done now." This part of Maurois' address was rightly based on the idea that the gaining of time during war is often a decisive factor, the importance of which should in no case be underestimated.

When Waterfield was writing his book he did not as yet know of the staunch defence of a number of Soviet towns. But he knew the history of the defence of Madrid. And, referring to the defence of the Spanish capital, he was fully justified in asserting that "Paris could have been defended." The misfortune, however, was that the ruling circles of France did not even think of it.

The country which had defeated the Germans at Valmy, which had vanquished the armies of Wilhelm on the Marne and at Verdun and won the war of 1914—1918, was betrayed to the fascists in the days of the attack of Hitlerism on the democratic countries of the world. The French people did not express the least joy when Pétain declared over the radio about the cessation of hostilities. The testimony of many persons who were in France at that time confirms Waterfield's words that nobody was satisfied; on the contrary, many people cried on hearing the news of France's shameful capitulation.

Many Frenchmen remember the fiery words of Victor Hugo on the morrow after the shameful peace concluded by Thiers with the Prussians: "A shameful peace is a horrible peace. What will come out of such a peace? Hate, not against the people, but against the rulers who will reap what they have sown. . . From tomorrow on France will live with the single thought in her mind: to reconstruct the country, to gather forces, to nurse sacred hatred, to bring up a new generation, to form a people's army, to work without rest, studying the technique and the science of our enemies, to become again the great France, the France of 1792, the France of lofty ideas, France armed with the sword. . . One fine day France will rise again, invincible and in all her power."

This day is not far off. The attempt on the life of Laval, the killing of a number of traitors who "collaborated" with the conquerors, the growing partisan movement, all this is formidable evidence of the approaching crash of the German occupation in France. The aspirations of the people are linked together with the movement of the free Frenchmen, headed by de Gaulle who is acting against the

historic enemy of their country under the fighting motto: "La France Combattante."

The strengthening of the friendly military co-operation of all countries fighting against Hitler, the staunchness of the Red Army which is valiantly barring the way to the fascist hordes and is grinding down their manpower and technique, inspire a sure belief in the rout of the enemy and give hope to the suffering peoples of France and of all the countries occupied by the Hitlerites that help is near. The peoples of Russia are fully confident that the hour shall come when we shall see France free and capable of occupying anew its place of a great democratic power in Europe and in the world.

The works of Simone, Waterfield and Maurois disclose the truth about the reasons of the debacle of France and about those who have betrayed their people to the fascists. These books summon the Frenchmen, formerly inspired by the famous verses of the *Marseillaise*, to rise in arms and defeat the hated Hitlerites, to speed up the hour of the coming triumph of France, the triumph of all the democratic countries of the world.

T. ROKOTOV

Denis Davydov and Sir Walter Scott

Denis Davydov, the celebrated partisan of the War of 1812, quickly acquired widespread fame beyond the borders of Russia. This gifted poet and brilliant publicist, changing his cavalry sabre for the pen, spared no pains in peace-time to describe the greatness of the Russian people's victory. The author of this most interesting *Diary of Partisan Operations* determinedly worked at the history and theory of partisan warfare. Closely reading the European press and thoroughly studying the works devoted to the description of Napoleon's Russian campaign, this poet-partisan disputed Napoleon's statements. Thus appeared the striking article *Was It the Frost that Destroyed the French Army in 1812?* Utterly rejecting this version so popular amongst Napoleon's admirers, the Russian partisan convincingly proved with irrefutable facts and figures that Napoleon's defeat "had been prepared by the profound judgement of Kutuzov and his closest assistants, by the courage and efforts of our troops and the vigilance and daring of our light cavalry."

His partisan activities and literary labour brought about a noteworthy correspondence with Sir Walter Scott. Late in the twenties of the last century the famous English novelist wrote to Davydov in reply to one of his letters:

"It is no small honour for a retired individual like myself to be distinguished in such flattering terms by a person so much admired for the patriotic gallantry with which he served his country in the hour of extreme need and whose name will be read for ages in the proudest though most melancholy page of Russian history. You can hardly conceive how many hearts, and none with warmer devotion than his who now writes to you, yearned towards your bivouac of snow with hope and anxiety which nothing but that critical period could have inspired, or with what a burst of enthusiasm your final course of victory was hailed in this country."

Scott was particularly interested in all sides of the partisan movement, and in one of his letters to Davydov wrote:

"I am extremely desirous to know a little in detail the character of the partisan war conducted with so much adventure, spirit and indefatigable activity in the campaign of Moscow. I know that I would be most unreasonable in asking anything of that sort which could occupy your time and occasion you trouble, but a few sketches or anecdotes however slight from the hand of the Black Captain would be esteemed by me as unestimable favour."

In England the Russian poet-partisan was called the Black Captain, evidently because of the thick black beard which he had grown during his "partisan activities."

When *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* by Scott appeared, the author anxiously looked forward to Davydov's comments on his book.

"You would like to have my comments on the War of 1812," the latter wrote to Scott, "described by you, Sir, in the *Life of Napoleon*. It is not without hesitation that I comply with your wish. You must forgive my soldier's frankness, but I would be unworthy of your favourable attention were I to dare to repay it with hypocrisy, a trait which does not belong to me, or with discourteous silence. After reading your description of some operations of our armies and about our military leader,

whose profound judgement has saved my country and whose name is held precious and sacred by us, Russians, I cannot refrain from expressing my objections to some of the erroneous statements made by you."

Further on Davydov's letter develops into a long article in which the poet, with the exactitude of a real scientist, suggests detailed corrections to Scott's book. Giving a thorough analysis of the military operations, he characterizes in detail the participants of the patriotic war, and reveals the natural reasons for the retreat of the Russian armies during the first stage of the war. Then again with reverential affection he speaks of Kutuzov who "maintained the honour of the Russian arms in all its splendour."

This letter was never posted for tidings of the great English writer's death reached Russia. But when *The Life of Napoleon* by Scott was translated into Russian, Davydov immediately made this letter public. While giving full credit to his talent, the poet-partisan wanted his Russian contemporaries to judge this book unbiased, armed with all the facts and considerations which were unknown to Scott and which Davydov possessed in abundance.

The friendly ties between the English novelist and the Russian poet-partisan were strengthened by numerous proofs of mutual, sincere interest.

". . . I have been able," Walter Scott wrote to Denis Davydov, "to procure a drawing of Captain Davydov which hangs above one of the things I hold most precious, namely a good round sword which was handed down to me by my ancestors, and which in its day was not bloodless, though we have been a peaceful race for three generations."

Scott, in his turn, delighted Davydov by sending him his portrait with a short but eloquent inscription:

"To Denis Davydov—from Walter Scott.

A. NOVIKOV

Treasures

(On the exchange of books between the V. I. Lenin State Library of the U.S.S.R. and foreign countries)

"Recently we read that books in the Soviet Union have been published in as many as 111 languages. Our desire is to have at least one publication published in all these languages. Is the new constitution," perchance, one of the items so published?

This is what the Library of the Congress in Washington wrote to the Lenin State Library in Moscow.

In its reply the Lenin Library confirmed that in the U.S.S.R. some books have actually been published in 111 languages: in 87 tongues of the peoples inhabiting the Soviet Union and in 24 foreign languages. The Lenin Library then mailed to the Library of the Congress in the U.S.A. several books in 76 languages, among them the Constitution in 34 languages.

This interest in books printed in the Soviet Union has been manifested not only by one of the largest libraries in America. The Lenin Library is connected with every more or less important centre of culture on the globe, and in the first place with America and Britain, of course. Dozens of institutions in England, such as the British Museum, the Birmingham University, the Library of the Oxford University and many others, more than a hundred institutions in the United States and in South America, such as, for instance, the Library of the Congress, the New York Public Library, the Library of the Harvard University, the Chilean University, the Hawaian Academy of Sciences, the Canadian Royal Society and many more, maintain constant relations with the Lenin Library.

Not a day passes but that books and periodicals from abroad are delivered to the Lenin Library; in its turn the Lenin Library sends numerous packages of printed matter daily to various addresses in all countries.

All the above mentioned operations are strictly exchange operations, and even if reckoned in money they are rather important in scale. In the last two years the book-exchange department of the Lenin Library has filled many thousands of orders received from different foreign libraries, museums and academies, each order including a considerable number of titles.

What are the foreign libraries interested in? It would be no exaggeration to answer: in everything!

Here is what the Library of the California University wrote, us:

". . . a great deal of our effort is bent on building up a solid representation of Russia learning, past and present, here at the University of California."

That Library orders books and magazines on biology and pharmaceuticals, the oil and timber industry; books published by the Leningrad Plant Protection Institute, the Journal of the spirits- and vodka-industry, books published by the All-Union Scentific Research Institute for Grain and

Bean Crops, the Cotton-Raising Bulletin and many more magazines dealing with our national economy. California is a highly developed agrarian region of the U. S. A., and its interest in special literature is perfectly legitimate. Yet the same order contains the following lines: "The Library asks for the magazine *Literary Studies* (the organ of the Soviet Writers Union). . . One of the scolars of our Slavic Department," the letter explains, "is especially interested in having a complete set available in the University Library. . ."

The order of the California Library was filled, of course. The Library of the Congress in Washington writes:

"You are no doubt well aware of efforts to build up the Congressional Library as complete a collection as possible of Soviet government publications. . .

"In providing us with these government publications you would facilitate extremely our task in developing in our library a real center for the study of political economic and cultural life in the Soviet Union. . .

The Jewish World Cultural Union (New York) advises us of its preparations for an exhibition dedicated to Mendele-Moikher-Sforim, and asks the Lenin Library to cooperate by sending anything it may have of the writer's works, and also essays about him. The International Workers Union (U.S.A.) is interested in anything pertaining to school matters, as, for instance, the history of schools, tuition methods in the U.S.S.R., text-books, etc.

So the Lenin Library each day receives orders and requests for literature in every field of endeavour from every part of the globe. In reply to these, the Lenin Library keeps on sending out large numbers of books and magazines which mirror the creative activity of the Soviet people.

The stream coming the other way is also of considerable importance. Most of the printed matter is received by the Library from America and England. The relations with these countries are incalculable.

During the last three years the Library received one hundred and twenty-three magazines regularly from America. More than fifty titles are received from England.

These are periodicals dealing with different problems of science and knowledge. In addition to magazines, the Lenin Library received large number of books, manuals of subjects pertaining to natural science, technique, history, literature, art, philosophy, law, etc., etc.

Among the books ordered and received by the Lenin Library there are quite a few rare editions, which are hard to find on the bookmart and of considerable scientific value. Rare books of the XVIth, XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries are also received; these are important to the history of printing and of sciences.

The well-known reading-rooms of the Lenin Library are always crowded with readers,—scholars working in every branch of science. They make the widest use of the numerous books received from abroad.

Three great nations: the U.S.S.R., America and England, three peoples of a highly-developed culture, are linked through their libraries by the important scientific work they do together. Below follows an excerpt from a letter addressed to the Lenin Library by the California University Library. No comments are required.

"We are very glad to be able to tell you that the long delayed new edition of the University of California Catalogue of publications has now been issued. A copy will be sent to you today by post. We sincerely hope that you will find therein studies of interest to your contributing libraries.

"I am able to say with perfect sincerity that our faculty and students are using Russian periodicals more and more and other libraries are asking for them on inter-library loan."

At the present time, while a tremendous battle for the emancipation of mankind from the fascist scum is in progress, the cultural relations between the free and really cultural peoples do not stop for a day. Books keep on arriving from abroad as in the days of peace. As usual, the Lenin Library mails Soviet editions to the United States, to the Latin-American countries and to England.

Among the books received during the year 1941, the following are worth mentioning:

Papers of the Royal Irish Academy (Dublin).

Bibliographical Series of the British Museum of Science (London).

Publications by the Ministry of Health, three large volumes (Buenos-Aires).

Upbuilding the Civil Anti-Aircraft Defence. Bulletin (Washington).

Among the books mailed by the Lenin Library we may mention: History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Lenin's biography by Yaroslavsky, Gorky, Saltykov-Shchedrin, works by several Soviet writers, Stalin's speech delivered over the radio on July 3rd, 1941, Molotov's radio broadcast of June 22nd, and many more books on political and social-economic questions, belles-lettres, etc.

All this is being sent upon orders received from cultural institutions abroad.

S. P.

A New Historical Film

The free Ukrainian land was groaning under the German heel. Howling shells threw up clods of black soil. And a groomed Kaiser's general greedily fingered the headquarters' map, as if trying to squeeze lard, wheat and coal out of the "conquered spaces."

Such was the dark misfortune that befell us a quarter of a century ago. The scars of the wounds inflicted by the invaders were healed, but the Soviet people did not forget the raid of the German bandits in 1918. History, songs and folk-stories kept a close record of the names and exploits of the heroes who fought for the liberty of Soviet Ukraine.

And now again the land through which the Dniepr flows is drenched in blood. The Khatkov, Chernigov and Poltava regions groan under the heel of the German executioners. "Reichskommissar" Koch and his assistants torture the Ukraine, plunder the population and drive the people into slavery, to work for the German landowners.

A. Khvylya as Parkhomenko. Still from the film

The Germans have a short memory. The insane corporal has driven them on to conquer the "Ostland," has beaten into the heads of his automatons and murderers the idea that the Germans are a race of "rulers and masters," and that the Slavs and other nations are inferior "Untermenschen."

But it is premature for the famished fascist birds of prey to croak over the tortured body of the Ukraine. It is still alive and seething with an ever growing vigour, this magnificent land. Never shall the Hitlerites own Soviet property. The loathsome bandits will meet their end at the hands of the Soviet people.

Foaming at the mouth because their "Blitzkrieg" has fallen through, the Hitlerites put every ounce of energy into forcing their way into the southern regions of the Soviet Union. In these grim days of trial our fighting men do not know what fear means. In their fury, they strike the enemy mercilessly. The Red Army has revealed its staunchness and will to victory once more. And the waving banners of the Soviet troops fighting now on the banks of the Don are crowned with the glory of their predecessors, the heroes who fought in the civil war.

Any work of art which deals with the glory of the men and commanders of the first legendary units of the Red Army is hailed with enthusiasm by the audiences of today. The film *Alexander Parkhomenko*, based on Vsevolod Ivanov's scenario and released recently, occupies a prominent place among such works of art.

Parkhomenko's life was a real and beautiful symbol of the greatness of the proletarian spirit. A man of unusual courage, this commander of the fourteenth division was also an outstanding military leader. Fearlessly he looked danger in the eyes and dauntlessly smote the enemy vermin.

The audience feels proud of the hero of the film, whose part is brilliantly played by the Ukrainian actor A. Khvylya. What a pity that the scope of the film does not permit to show in detail the rapid progress of that Soviet commander tempered in battle, that self-made man of enormous talent! When the film begins, Parkhomenko is already a mature commander, an experienced soldier. A halo of fearlessness and greatness of spirit surrounds the life of this outstanding man.

The picture brings home to the audience the iron will-power of the legendary military leader, his remarkable personal qualities, his penetrating intellect, his self-sacrificing courage and firmness in overcoming all obstacles impending his way.

In executing a commission entrusted to him by Voroshilov, Parkhomenko made his way into Tsaritsyn, where he met People's Commissar Stalin. There, in the latter's car, a historical conversation took place. Bending over a map, Stalin, whose role is played by the actor S. Goldstab, told the commander of the difficulties which had to be overcome. He was sure of victory, but he pointed out that it must be organized properly.

Parkhomenko was charged with the task of going to Moscow, to Lenin, as a delegate of the Revolutionary Military Council of the Tenth Army. Bearing in mind Stalin's words, he displayed amazing perseverance in carrying out the responsible task entrusted to him.

"Tsaritsyn is the heart of the country," Parkhomenko insisted, for he realized that the outcome of the struggle for the Tsaritsyn area was the key to the fate of Soviet Russia.

While in the Kremlin, in Lenin's reception room, Stalin's envoy met several delegates, who had come on foot from the Ukraine. To Parkhomenko's question: "What's going on in the Ukraine?" an old man reluctantly replied: "The Germans are there, what is there to ask?" The Germans are there—this meant that plundering and murder, famine and ruin, slavery and chaos were rife.

With fire and sword the invaders ruled the Ukraine, but the waves of people's wrath were mounting ever

Parkhomenko surrounded by the enemies. Still from the film

higher, sweeping aside the bandits in field-grey uniforms. The German were still bragging of the mobility and striking power of their troops, but they did not find it so easy when they came to grips with the Soviet army and people.

We see the enemy advancing in erect ranks on the trenches held by the Soviet troops. The ominous strains of the "Hindenburg march" rise over the future battle-field. The brass instruments sound shrilly as their music gives way to the deadening, monotonous throb of the Prussian drums. Just a very few minutes remain before they come to grips. But here Parkhomenko's cavalry outflanks the enemy and attacks him from the rear, while the infantry rushes into a frontal attack. One of them shouts: "Well, boys, let's see, are we or are we not Russians!" And above the strains of the German march the words of the red fighting men war song are now heard.

The German braggards were caught in the pincers, and Parkhomenko won the day. This was one of the victories which raised the military authority of the favourite of the Ukrainian workers still higher. Voroshilov entrusted to his skill the most responsible and complicated military operations. Understanding his friend and teacher from a few words, Parkhomenko used to repeat his usual curt reply: "Everything's clear!" and asked whether he could start operations immediately.

The film does not show the episode in which the gallant commander met his death. He was killed on January 3rd, 1921, near the village of Buzovka. He used every cartridge trying to shoot his way out, then he unsheathed his sabre and hacked away at his enemies, but in this hand-to-

hand fight he lost his life. For two weeks the Red Army men carried his body with them on a machine-gun carriage, unable to part with the remains of their beloved commander.

Regisseur L. Lukov found the right way of treating the inspiring subject of Parkhomenko's life. The entire cast has distinguished itself. N. Bogolyubov gives a portrayal of Voroshilov, just as he did in that remarkable film *The Defence of Tsaritsyn*. S. Kayukov gives an excellent rendition of Terenti Lamychev's natural Cossack quick wit, his merry shrewdness and irreconcilable hatred for the enemy. P. Aleinikov, who plays the part of Gaivoron, the commander's chief assistant, gives an excellent portrayal of that fearless hero, with his sterling soul and open heart.

The film *Alexander Parkhomenko* is a lesson in devotion to the fatherland, faithfulness to the warrior's duty, and undying hatred for all those who attempt to deprive the Soviet people of their honour, liberty and independence. In the days of the new onslaught of the Hitlerites we may proudly and assuredly repeat the words of one of the heroes of the film, the Cossack Lamychev:

"... It'll be death to the enemy, just the same..."

A. VETROV
S. INDURSKY

John Field in Moscow

To distinguish him from certain other composers and musicians called Field, the celebrated pianist and composer John Field, the creator of a new school of pianoforte playing and the first to write nocturnes, was known in England as "Field the Moscovite."

This title was applied to Field—one of the founders of the romantic tendency in music, the precursor of Chopin and the rival of Liszt—because he spent the greater part of his life in Moscow, and died there.

As a Russian citizen of more than thirty years standing, Field said that he had found in this country his second spiritual fatherland, and loved it not less than England, his actual fatherland. In his creative work he dedicated his pieces sometimes to one, sometimes to another country, as though anxious that neither should feel slighted. *Air russe* was followed at once with *Air anglais*. He wrote *Vive Henri IV, variations*, and directly after he worked out the Russian national air in his *Airs russes, variations*.

Field, known as the "Paganini of the piano," was by general recognition among connoisseurs considered to be the formost clavichord-player of his day. He was a renowned authority on music and had an enormous influence, not only on the development of music in Russia, where he lived and worked, but also on the history of the literature of the pianoforte in Europe.

The pedagogical importance of the method of teaching worked out by Field was very great, and it fundamentally changed the then existing style of pianoforte execution. His school produced many talented pianists and teachers who spread his method throughout Russia: the highly gifted founder of Russian national music, Mikhail Glinka; Griboyedov, the author of the immortal comedy *Wit Works Woe*; the poet and critic Apollon Grigoryev; Dubuc, the professor of music; Maria Szimanowska, the outstanding pianist, and others. The influence of Field as pianist and composer was felt by Verstovsky, Balakirev, Odoyevsky, Vielgorsky and others.

Glinka was sixteen years old when he took a few lessons in Petersburg from Field. In his *Memoirs* Glinka wrote: "I learnt to play the piano under the guidance of Field, the eminent musician. To this day I distinctly remember his powerful, delicate and precise touch. It seemed as though he didn't touch the keys, but the fingers themselves fell on them like heavy drops of rain, and spread like pearls on velvet."

When Glinka wished to bestow the highest degree of praise on any artist, he likened him to Field. In this way, for instance, he wrote about the Italian singer Nozzari: "Nozzari's scale, from the low si flat to the high one, was astonishingly smooth and distinct. Of its kind it was as perfect as was Field's on the piano.

Field was a legendary character; many anecdotes and stories about him were in circulation, all the more because he himself, being endowed with a highly developed sense of humour, liked to joke and to speak with reserve.

It is known that Field owed the development of his musical talents to his father who was a violonist, as well as to his grand-

father, an organist. It is also known that he was born in Dublin a hundred and sixty years ago, on July 16th, 1782. And at the same time the members of the French colony in Moscow were very anxious to claim him for their country and insisted that he was born in France, that his father was a poor tailor, that his real name was Dechamp which, translated into English, would be Field. There were even those who declared he was born in Bath in 1783. When Field himself was questioned about his birth, he used to answer evasively: "It was so long ago that I don't remember."

Field liked to tell his friends and pupils about his celebrated teacher Muzzio Clementi, called "the Pope of pianists." In order to make Field practice more diligently, and not interrupt his studies at the instrument, Clementi often used to fasten his pupil to the piano. In 1802 Clementi undertook a great concert tour to Paris, Vienna and Petersburg, and invited Field to take part in it, as the latter, by that time, had already begun to display outstanding talent as a performer.

Towards the end of 1802 Clementi, together with Field, came to Petersburg. They remained there till 1804, giving lessons and concerts. During those two years Field grew so attached to his Russian friends and acquaintances, and liked Russia so much that when Clementi began to prepare for his return journey to England, Field declared that he had made up his mind to remain in Petersburg.

Very soon Field gained wide-spread popularity both as pianist and as teacher; the number of his pupils kept increasing, and his concerts were frequented by all lovers of music. Field stayed in Petersburg for eighteen years, leaving it only for short concert tours to Moscow, Riga, Mitau, Libau and other towns where he never failed to meet with an enthusiastic reception.

In 1820 Field moved to Moscow. In order to retain him in Petersburg he was offered the honourable title of "court pianist," but Field did not feel drawn towards the life at the court and declined the proposal.

Field had a very lively temperament; he was tall and extremely good-looking. According to the opinion of one of his contemporaries, "genius was reflected in his eyes.

With a refined taste in literature, he especially appreciated Shakespeare. A volume of the immortal dramatist was found lying on Field's death-bed.

Popularity and fame followed the composer at every step. Immediately on his arrival in Moscow he found himself the centre of a large circle of pupils. He fixed a price for his lessons unheard-of up to that time in Moscow, with the sole idea of frightening away possible candidates, but these measure did not attain the desired end—the students were not to be repulsed. In some rich houses Field was served during his lessons with a bottle of champagne, a wine for which he had a decided preference. But, on the other hand, he taught poor but talented students gratis.

In Moscow Field married his pupil, a mulatto named Percheron-de-Muchi; but the marriage proved a failure and, after a short time together, they separated, never to meet again. Later Field married once more, this time a Moscow milliner, named Charpentier, by whom he had a son who afterwards became a famous tenor and sang on the Russian operatic stage under the name of Leonov.

After a stay of ten years in Moscow, Field decided to take a trip abroad in order to have a rest, to see his former teacher Clementi, and to visit his old mother, whom he had never ceased to think about and to care for, sending her a yearly pension of two thousand roubles.

In 1830 Field, together with his son and one of his pupils, left Petersburg by boat for England. His first impressions of London were deplorable. He found Clementi in a lunatic asylum.

His old mother, not having seen her son for twenty-eight years, only recognized him by a birthmark on the left shoulder.

Field gave a series of concerts in London and Manchester, which met with enormous success. He passed several very happy months together with his mother in London and remained in that city until her death, after which he went on a tour round Europe, visiting France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy, giving concerts everywhere, and meeting with an enthusiastic reception.

Field's foreign tour lasted more than four years. He returned to Moscow in 1835, where he was met with rapture. But he only lived another two years. At the end of 1836 he caught a chill and died on January 11th, 1837.

Field is buried in Moscow, in the nonconformist cemetery on the Vvedensky Hills. After his death the Moscow artists gave a concert in memory of the pianist, collected twelve thousand roubles, and with this money erected over his grave a monument which is preserved to this day. The monument is surmounted by a lyre, and beneath it is the following inscription:

Field John
Born in Ireland in 1782
Died in Moscow in 1837
Erected to his memory
by his grateful friends and scholars

The name of Field is preserved in many works of Russian literature, to which reference is made by Leo Tolstoy in his story *Childhood, Boyhood and Youth.*

S. KARA-MURZA

U.S.S.R.

A Moscow by-street bathed in stillness; the houseroofs and tree branches are all snow-covered; a Red Army man is directing a group of girls to a blood-donors' station where they will donate their blood for the wounded. Such is the subject of P. P. Konchalovsky's *The Donors*, his latest picture, which was shown in the exhibition "Moscow Artists in the Patriotic War" at the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts in Moscow.

Konchalovsky, a prominent Soviet artist, worked on his painting during the autumn of 1941, in those trying Moscow days, amid the wail of sirens and thunder of anti-aircraft batteries. Nonetheless his painting is permeated with a wonderful optimism, a vivid life-assertive sentiment. This is the spirit characterizing most of the works displayed at the exhibition.

One may say that this exhibition is displaying the first summing-up of Soviet artists who are eye-witnesses and participants in the war against the hitlerite hordes. The principal section is devoted to the Moscow defence during October and November 1941. Here a genuine feeling of this heroic time pervades the work of G. Nissky's *Leningrad Highway*, *At the Aerodrome*, and Volkov's watercolour *Moscow in October*.

Battle on the Baltic by Nissky and Shtranikh leaves a very strong impression of the artists' daring break away from the traditional naval battle scenes in which flags, sails and bursts of shells generally constitute the chief objects. The sea-battle is depicted here as a battle of machines, where victory depends on people's coolness and their ability to master complex mechanisms.

Young artists are very well represented. Of particular interest are the drawings of those belonging to the Grekov studio, who are permanently at the front. Not always technically perfect, perhaps not quite professional, these drawings nevertheless attract attention because of their sincerity and truthfulness, natural to the immediate participants of war events.

The works of Kukryniksy, Goriayev, Kostin, Radlov and Shukhmin occupy a prominent place in the section devoted to caricature and satire.

Where Is the Donors' Station? Painting by P. Konchalovsky

Leaving the exhibition, the visitor carries away with him a strong, unforgettable impression. The Patriotic War has found its expression in the vivid works of Soviet artists.

Inspite the harsh conditions imposed by the war, literary life and culture in the U.S.S.R. has grown more intense not only in the centre of the country but also in the districts far behind the lines, where new books, selections and almanacs are continually being issued. In Tashkent, capital of the Uzbekistan Soviet Republic, a new periodical *Zalp* (*Salvo*) recently appeared. Its compilers are international: Hamid Alimdjan, Hafur Hulyam, Kurban Ata (Ismailov), Uzbekistan poets and writers; Yakub Kolas, Byelorussian poet; V. Lugovskoy, I. Utkin, B. Lavrenev, O. Erberg and N. Ushakov, Russian writers and poets; David Berguelson, Jewish writer; Johannes Becher, German antifascist poet; Gustav Wangenheim, German writer; Madaras, Ondra Lysohorsky, and many others.

The main theme of the periodical is the great Patriotic War of the Soviet people against the nazi aggression; and the periodical itself is evidence of the activity inspired by patriotic themes.

O. Erberg has devoted his four stories to the cruel reality of war. They are laconic anf truthful. In the story *The Return*, the hero, a Red Army commander, together with his unit enters his home town just liberated from the Germans, where his sister awaits him. He is full of joy. And this is in his own words what meets his eyes:

"I hurried to the gate. Three corpses hung there, two men and a woman. Coming closer, I glanced at the woman's torn dress and at her hands. I hadn't the strength to look at her face. I heard the voice of Philip (a Red Army tankist) behind me:

"'Halt, you scoundrel!' he shouted.

"I turned around. Philip had his rifle pointed blank at a German officer standing before him with his hands raised.

". . . I took the officer's arm and, still keeping him covered with the revolver, led him to the gate.

"Leading him up to the woman's corpse, I said distinctly:

"'That is my sister.'

"'Shoot him down like a dog!' shouted Philip in a frenzy.

"'No,' I said, 'let him look at me straight in the face. I want to remember the beast's fear of death!'

"But I must have been too much in a hurry, for all I recall is the white teeth set in a snarl and a woman's stocking wound round his neck instead of a scarf."

B. Lavrenev's story *The Exploit* deals with the heroic everyday routine of Soviet sailors. In *Kolya from Istra*, G. Wangenheim's story, a boy from the town Istra,

Air-Battle. Drawing by P. Zhukov, shown in the exhibition "Moscow Artists in the Patriotic War"

Moscow district, conducts a group of Germans into a mined house. All of them are killed and Kolya himself seriously wounded. But he fears no pain, for he has revenged the hangmen who barbarically slaughtered his father.

The exploit of a partisan, a former circus actor, is described in P. Sletov's story *Anton Kostretsov's Account*. He penetrates into the disposition of the German troops as a juggler and obtains valuable information.

Battalion of Destruction, K. Shildkret's story, is concerned with the heroism of Soviet youth during fascist air-raids.

In the section of poetry may be found some poems of Yakub Kolas and verses by Uzbekistan poets, dedicated to Moscow and Leningrad. Thousands of miles separate sunny Uzbekistan from Moscow, the heart of the country, from heroic Leningrad. But the sentiments of the Uzbekistan poets are there, where "wrathful Moscow, armoured in steel, defies the enemy," where "Leningrad stands in the grim shadow of war."

A strong feeling of Soviet patriotism, love for their country and hate towards the enemy, links all the works of this almanac.

The Hitlerites Bring Us Suffering, Torture and Death is the title of a small col-

Valya Solovyov, a fifteen-year-old partisan. Drawing by P. Zhukov, shown in the exhibition "Moscow Artists in the Patriotic War"

lection issued by the State Publishing House last summer. It contains simple artless stories of Soviet people who have lived through the horrors of German occupation.

"I'm not yet thirty," says the wife of Red Army man Byelotzerkovskaya, "but I look like an old hag. The Germans killed my three children, and a German bullet has left its trace on my body. . . ."

In the city where she lived seven thousand peaceful inhabitants were shot and hung by the fascists. Among those executed were her three children, the youngest of whom was only a few days old.

Novish, a teacher from the Rozhdestveno village, describes the enormous toll of human lives with which the village paid for the Germans' six days' stay there:

"They forced us to work for them, draw water, chop wood and gather straw. All their orders were given in German, a language which our people did not understand. For this they were beaten. Citizen Davydov was severely beaten, his felt-boots pulled off, and he was compelled to dig his own grave. The Germans shot Mayorov, an old, deaf collective farmer, because he wore a Red Army helmet."

These stories make a stirring appeal to the conscience of every Soviet person. They cry out: "Vengeance! Avenge those people about whom you read in this little book!"

One frosty winter's day a small detachment of Russian partisans was battling with a German unit. Behind them lay a forest, hoary with age, with thickets impenetrable to the enemy. Suddenly the commander of the detachment dropped to the ground and convulsively began to gulp down the icy snow. He was wounded. His adjutant, a broad-shouldered fellow in a sheep-skin coat, without a word lifted the commander, hoisted him over his shoulders and began to make his way to the forest. From time to time the commander lost consciousness and his cumbersome, heavy body impeded any forward motion. The way was long, and the man in sheep-skin began to gasp for breath. It looked as if he would fall to the ground any minute. But exerting all his will-power he continued to creep ahead until he reached the spot where Soviet units were disposed. The wounded commander was past danger now. He had been saved by Nikolai Korolyov.

one of the best-known Soviet sportsmen, champion-boxer of the U.S.S.R., who had joined a partisan detachment at the very beginning of the war.

Many months later (August, 1942) in Moscow Nikolai Korolyov opened an anti-fascist meeting of Soviet sportsmen at which he stated:

"We are today addressing our friends, the sportsmen of England and America and all freedom-loving countries.

Comrades-in-arms! We have only one aim, one desire: to destroy Hitlerism!"

Prominent representatives of Soviet sport addressed this meeting. Before the war their "battle-field" had been the tennis court, football stadium, skiing and swimming pools. Now they are all at the front, and many of them had won Government decorations for their daring, bravery and courage. Groups of athletes, such as those from the Leningrad Leshaft Physical-Culture Institute whose students themselves organized a partisan detachment, are at the front.

V. Kitayev, Honoured Master of Sport, told the audience one of the countless episodes which the war has given birth to. When N. Burlakov, a Leningrad swimmer, was called up to the colours, he became a member of a submarine crew. One day an enemy depth charge damaged the submarine, and it had to submerge. Their situation seemed hopeless indeed. Burlakov suggested that he be permitted to go above and summon aid. Like a torpedo he shot through the deep water to the surface. He reported the submarine's plight, and the boat and the entire crew were rescued.

At the meeting V. Snegov, Chairman of the Committee on Physical Culture and Sport Affairs, called upon all Soviet sportsmen to "increase their efforts tenfold to check the Germans, smash and drive them off Soviet land!"

In August, 1812, in Russia, during the fateful days when Napoleon's troops were approaching Moscow, the Russian army was commanded by Field Marshal Kutuzov, companion-in-arms to Suvorov. His wise leadership resulted in the destruction of Napoleon's hordes.

One hundred and thirty years later wounded Soviet privates, descendants of the splendid Kutuzov soldiers, met Ekaterina Kutuzova-Lebedeva, great-grandchild of the celebrated strategist, in a Moscow hospital. She is now seventy-eight years old and remembers five wars.

"When I was a young girl," she recalls, "I used to sew underwear for our soldiers in the Turkish campaign of 1877—1878."

By profession a musical ethnograph an outstanding authority on folk-songs, she has for many years conducted research

Bust of Shostakovich, the composer, by I. Slonim, shown in the exhibition "Moscow Artists in the Patriotic War"

E. Korchagina-Alexandrovskaya, People's Artist of the U.S.S.R., appearing before a Baltic Red-Fleet crew

work in the State Institute of Musical Sciences and was a member of the English Folk-Song Society.

During the war she volunteered to care for the men in hospitals. She was soon voted a general favourite. Walking from one ward to another, she always has an affectionate word for everyone. The men respond with equal affection, and when they recover and return to the front, they remember her and send her warm and grateful letters.

"Dearly beloved Ekaterina Nikolayevna," writes Red Army man V. Solodovnikov. "You have been just like a mother to us. You always showed the wounded your affectionate maternal feelings. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts. We are lost in admiration at the fact that you, at your age, are so energetically carrying out your sacred duty to our fatherland. We wish you a long life!"

Ekaterina Kutuzova-Lebedeva managed to convey her love of music to the men. One could frequently see convalescents in the hospital memorizing folk-songs from selections which this "everybody's mother" had brought them.

Ekaterina Kutuzova-Lebedeva, great-grandchild of a people's hero, is a splendid type of a Russian woman.

"You are going to those places where geography ends," said a military man to the actors starting out for the ships of the Soviet Northern Fleet. They left for the North, for the furthest end of the vast front of the Patriotic War. Here nature is grim-visaged; she meets the visitor with drawn-out winter, snow-storms, winds and tempests. But the actors had a warm and hospitable reception. An actor is a welcome guest everywhere, but especially at the front, where in the rare moments of relaxation a concert or play is the best gift. It is no wonder that old experienced actors unanimously declare that at no place and at no time had they ever experienced such satisfaction as when appearing before an audience whose dress is the khaki uniform of the infantry, the leather helmet of the tankist or the blue uniform of the sailor.

The Northern Fleet is still young, but it lives and works according to the old traditions of the Russian Navy. Its ships do not lie idly in harbour. They are always on the move: infatigably hunting out the foe, raiding enemy harbours or escorting ship convoys delivering arms and ammunitions to the Soviet Union from the allied countries. A moment of rest is, as has been mentioned before, a rare thing in the Fleet. Frequently the audience at a concert is asked not to waste a precious instant by applauding or encoring the actors, for in an hour the ship would have to set sail on a military assignment.

The actors of the Leningrad Gorky Dramatic Theatre recently returned from the North after having given over fifty concerts for the Fleet. They appeared in submarines, at coastal batteries and on ships' decks. The most varied means were used to reach their audience: on carts, on horseback, in cutters and on boats.

"We don't care even if it is where geography ends," said the actors, "as long as there, as everywhere else on the front, there is no end to the powerful feelings of friendship and fraternal solidarity of Soviet people linked by blood to the common cause of the struggle for the honour and freedom of their fatherland."

Crowds of Moscovites stand before poster-newspapers of "Vsekokhudozhnik" pasted up on the streets. We are here reproducing one of the drawings from the ninth number of this interesting poster-newspaper which owes its existence to the war. The drawing depicts a partisan operation of the Norwegian people. Organizing an ambush on a mountain road, Norwegian patriots exterminate a German motor-column.

The theme of the ninth number is the struggle of the peoples in the occupied countries of Czechoslovakia, Holland, Poland, France, Norway and Yugoslavia against the hitlerite invaders. The drawings are printed from engravings made by P. Staronossov and V. Bibikov, prominent Soviet artists. Previous issues of this poster-newspaper reflected the heroic deeds of Soviet fliers, sailors and partisans.

The poster-newspaper of "Vsekokhudozhnik," as well as the illustrated newspaper of "Kinoizdat," appeared on the Moscow streets at the beginning of the war. This vivid and truthful documentation of war events has aroused the liveliest interest in the public.

The enormous vaults of the State Historical Library in Moscow house over a million and a half volumes, among which are many rarest books and documents relating to the time when communications between Russia and England were first established.

In 1553 the English, indefatigable travellers equipped a ship manned by Richard Chancellor to search for a North Sea Route to India. The ship was wrecked and unexpectedly found itself at the mouth of a Russian river, the Northern Dvina. Chancellor and his companions started for Moscow, the capital of the hitherto unknown Russian State. Clement Adams, a close friend of Chancellor, devoted his *The Neue Nauigation and Discouerie of the Kingdome of Moscouia, by the Northeast, in the Yeere 1553* to this event. The book written in Latin during the second half of the sixteenth century contains fascinating material on the life and customs of the Moscow of that time.

During the end of that century and at the beginning of the next the interest of the English towards Russia rapidly increased and many treatises were issued. In these, scientists, diplomats and merchants described their journeys to Moscow. The most

Norwegian Patriots Exterminate a German Motor-column. Lithograph by P. Staronossov and V. Bibikov

detailed is that of Giles Fletcher, the scientist-advocate, which he called *Of the Russe Common Wealth; or Manner of Government by the Russe Emperour*, issued in London in 1591. A book which has exceptional historical and literary value is the one on the history and the ethnography of the Russian State, published during the second half of the XVIIth century. It owes its existence to the pen of John Milton, greatest English poet and statesman.

A curious record of Anglo-Russian relations is the little-known correspondence carried between two great strategists: Field Marshal Suvorov and Admiral Nelson. In one of his letters Nelson congratulates Suvorov on his brilliant Alpine march. Suvorov answered the celebrated English admiral in a letter dated January 1st, 1800, and asked him to "believe that he fully reciprocated his feelings."

At the beginning of his reign Peter the Great, using the name of sergeant Peter Mikhailov, travelled all over Europe studying military technique and naval matters. In Königsberg he received a diploma as a "conscientious, careful, dextrous and fearless master of fire-arms." Peter worked as a carpenter on the wharfs of Holland, in Zaandam, while in Amsterdam he studied the theory and practice of ship-building.

The Central Navy Archives has preserved many hand-written documents relating to this period in the life of the creator of the Russian Navy. Amongst them is the receipt of ship's master Peter Mikhailov for a sum amounting to 336 roubles,—the salary of the Russian Tsar who, after his return to Russia, worked on the ship-building wharves.

As before, Moscow is living in war-time its vigorous cultural life. The Moscovites visit parks, museums, exhibitions and libraries. Crowds browse in the bookstores or look for rare old editions. The theatres are filled to overflowing. This year summer has made no break in the theatre season.

Recently the premiere of the ballet *Don Quixote* took place in the Affiliated Moscow Bolshoy Theatre. In the splendid heritage of classical ballets one of the first places belongs to *Don Quixote*. For very many years this ballet has achieved invariable success on the Moscow stage. After a considerable interval the ballet has been revived by ballet-masters M. Gabovich and K. Goleyzovsky in a successful "rejuvenated" and modernized version, which, however, did not change the finest dances presented by ballet-master A. Gorsky in his time. The keynote of the libretto, written by Marius Petitpas, the well-known authority on the Russian ballet, has also been preserved; but after S. Slonimsky's literary adaption it has received much that is new and fresh.

The star part of Kitry in the new ballet is performed by S. Messerer and S. Golovkina. Each interprets the heroine in her own way. Messerer's Kitry is reserved, austere, somewhat haughty and proud. But behind this reserve lies a passionate, affectionate nature. Golovkina's Kitry is a gay, frolicsome, eager girl, who is ardent and hearty in her stage expression. Her acting is natural and simple.

With unchangeable warmth the audience greeted the appearance of Yuri Fayer, the finest ballet-conductor in the country, under whose baton Minkus' music acquired a new brilliance.

It is often said that Béranger found in Russia a second fatherland. This is true, for the celebrated French lyricist and political bard is close and dear to the Russian people, Russian culture. He is indissolubly linked with the history of Russian literary life. The first translators of Béranger into Russian were I. I. Dmitriev, an old fable-writer, and V. L. Pushkin, uncle of the great Russian poet. Béranger has been particularly popular in Russia since the time the brilliant translations of V. S. Kurochkin (1831—1875), the Russian poet, appeared. Béranger's works were loved by Herzen, Byelinsky and Dostoyevsky. A poetical school of "Bérangists" even existed in Russia in the 60's of the last century. Maxim Gorky has told how Béranger's songs thrilled him because of their strange mixture of bitter sarcasm and sparkling gaiety.

During the past twenty years in U.S.S.R. a number of editions of Béranger's songs have been issued. Readings of his works are continually being given on the stage and over the radio.

Two feelings: that of love for one's country and hate towards its oppressors, constitute the basic element of Béranger's poetry. In this sense he was quite justly called "the nightingale with the claws of an eagle."

Béranger died eighty-five years ago. As if foreseeing the bloody events of the present day, he cautioned the French people against dealing with the Germans, condemning their insolence and barbaric attitude towards alien culture:

What! these monuments so dear,
Trophies that now so well
Of all our glory tell,
These in ruins disappear!
What! in Paris! Prussians here!

Béranger deeply sympathized with the fate of Poland and Belgium. An enemy of all tyranny, Béranger wanted France "free and free for all thy days." This sounds now verily like one of the slogans of the present-day movement of Fighting France.

Crockery, using war-themes as decoration, produced on a mass-scale

The first issue of a monthly magazine entitled *Slavs* has just been published by the "All-Slav Committee" in Moscow.

In addition to a chronicle of the anti-fascist movement among the Slavs of America, Britain and other countries, to reports about congresses, meetings, resolutions and appeals by the Slavs of these countries, the magazine also contains articles written by representatives of the Slav peoples temporarily enslaved by Hitler and living under the yoke of Hitler's hirelings. An article entitled "The Liberating Mission of the Red Army in the Struggle Against Hitlerism," written by Colonel-General A. Yeremenko, introduces the magazine.

The well-known writer Alexander Korneichuk writes about the exploits of the partisans in the Ukraine, while Timofei Gorbunov writes about the struggle against the enemy waged in Byelorussia. There are articles by Zdenek Firlinger, Ambassador of the Czechoslovakian Republic to the Soviet Union, and Professor Zdenek Nejedly on the relations between the Czechs and the other Slav peoples; Zigmund Lesnevski in the name of the Poles; Professor Bozhidar Maslarik writes of the partisan war in Yugoslavia, and R. Karakolov tells of the struggle of the Bulgarian people against the invaders.

The issue contains an historical article by Professor Nikolai Derzhavin concerning the victory of the Russian army led by Prince Alexander Nevsky over the Germans on Lake Chudskoye in 1242; also some poems by the late Byelorussian poet Yanka Kupala, by Serguei Gorodetsky and by the Yugoslav poet Radule Stienski.

CHINA

An article "Literary Life in Yunnan" in the Chinese newspaper *Hsinhua Jihpao* describes in detail the activity of the literary circles in Yunnan. "A whole network of literary circles affiliated to the universities, schools, social organizations and institutions has grown up around the Yunnan section of the Association of Chinese Writers. This has happened in a backward North-Western region of China where nobody was even interested in literature five or six years ago. There are over twenty literary circles working here now and over two hundred young novelists and poets. Some of them write sketches, short stories, one-act plays. Others are correspondents of the Yunnan newspaper *Liberation*. These circles are controlled by the Association of the Chinese Writers.

Hsinhua Jihpao notes also the growing interest for Soviet literature. The books and periodicals available cannot satisfy the ever growing demand. Translations of such books as A. Serafimovich's *The Iron Flood* or V. Katayev's *I, Son of the Working People*, are particularly unobtainable.

Articles by Ilya Ehrenburg were printed from the moment the war broke out and are very popular. On January 8th, 1942, *Hsinhua Jihpao* featured his article "Union of Free Peoples Against Hitler" translated by the well-known translator Kuo Pao-ts'üan, and the *Literature Monthly* brought in its December number, four of his articles translated by T'ieh Sien and Wang Yü-chin.

The newspaper *Hsinhua Jihpao* contains a review by Hsü Ch'anglin of the new historical play *Spring and Autumn of the Taiping State*.

"Lately," the reviewer writes, "several historical plays were staged at Chungking, such as *The Hatred that the Ming Dynasty Willed*, *Ch'in Liangyü*, *K'ungfutzu* and others, but none of these enjoyed much success. This is why the audience met the new play rather coolly. To everybody's surprise, this play attracted universal attention as a valuable contribution to historical drama and Chinese literature."

The play shows that the Taiping State perished not as a result of being attacked by an enemy from without, but on account of internecine war. Indeed, there is no such force which could destroy a State that is strong within, united and not corroded by inner struggle.

The review stresses the work of the regisseur and of the actors, who have created a timely and necessary play.

The Chinese press brought us the sad news of the death of the young and talented writer Tung P'ing, a commander of one of the units in the Chinese army.

Tung P'ing acquired fame from the beginning of the war. He wrote stories and sketches which appeared in the journal *July*, published and edited by the well-known literary critic and poet Hu Feng.

The latter, who valued the young writer highly, collected his writings which appeared in the magazine, and published them in a separate volume, under the title of *Seventh Company*. In a foreword to the book Hu Feng writes: "This is an heroic epopee. The author has opened a new school in art and made a valuable contribution to the history of modern Chinese literature."

Editor-in-chief: HELEN STASSOVA