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LETTERS FROM YUGOSLAVIA

It is still a mystery to many foreign observers how Marshal Tito's army came into being, how scattered, often unarmed partisan columns, springing up after the German invasion of Yugoslavia, grew into the powerful organized up-to-date army three hundred thousand strong that has liberated a large part of the country and continues to put up more than a good show in the hard uphill battle against enemy regular forces. The letters we now publish disclose some of the pages in the grand history of the gallant Yugoslav patriots' day-in-day-out struggle.

1. THE STORY OF A DIVISION

The Yugoslav 13th Maritime-Mountain Division has covered its standards with glory. Many of its operations might serve as models of military art for swift-moving, hard hitting mobile units. How the division arose is told by one who had a hand in it. Today he is a lieutenant-colonel in the Yugoslav Army. He says:

"Our division derives its origin from three partisans, once metal workers. They are Djuka Pavlić, Ivan Lenac and Dragan Mance.

It was the summer of 1941. The Germans and Italians were raging in Croatia, pillaging, executing and generally running amock. Small partisan detachments sprang up in town and countryside. One of them was the group of three I have already mentioned. The detachments were "local". They hid out in the nearby forests, keeping close to home.

German terror mounted—ever more groups of workers, fishermen, peasants and intellectuals fled to the woods and the partisans. Ivan Lenac and his friends needed arms—so the partisans attacked small invader detachments and raided minor dumps. The metal workers made their own crude types of "infernal machines" and on July 8th, 1941, did their first wrecking job on the Zagreb—Rijeka (Fiume) railway, the biggest in Yugoslavia.

At that time, some twenty miles away from Lenac, another partisan column began active operations. A delegate was sent to it. The two columns began to act in concert. They got into contact with other columns in the same area. Gradually directive organs were formed—H.Q. for the columns. A rumour reached the forest that there was a general headquarters for the whole partisan movement in Croatia. Things progressed and although each column went on operating close to its town or zone, the operations began to be carried out according to plan. When the Lenac column got instructions to blow up an enemy train other columns were ordered to cover him by diversion operations. Our main activities developed along communication lines the partisans blew up Italian army trains bound for the Eastern front and trains freighted with goods the occupants had robbed in Croatia and food bound for Germany and Italy.

The occupants sent punitive expeditions against us and planted traitors in our ranks. One of these traitors betrayed the location of the Lenac forest camp. The column was forty strong at the time. Three thousand Italians surrounded us at Delnice. They steadily drew the ring tighter. The situation became critical. We charged through the cordon and broke out. Five of our comrades were killed in the action.

Winter caught us at the new camp before we could prepare. It was a tough time. We were often hungry. Enemy attacks occurred more often. Some of the men could not stand the hardships but the vast majority kept up the struggle, hard as things were. More people seeking protection from mounting enemy violence came to join us. Our attacks on enemy garrisons to obtain weapons became more frequent. We judged the success of this or that operation primarily by the haul of weapons. Ambuscade was our main method. I remember that on January 22nd, 1942, we ambushed an Italian detachment, killed thirty men and took forty prisoners. There was some booty—our armament was enhanced.

Operating with other columns we attacked small enemy garrisons and soon we had more than one village in our hands. They were the first scraps of liberated Croatian soil. The population came to us straight away. They wanted arms. Our column grew. We embarked on more ambitious operations. In particular we carried out an eminently successful attack on a sizeable enemy garrison of six hundred in the Jasenak-Drežnica area.

Enemy efforts to crush the column failed. We held on firmly to our small territory. The detachment of three had now become a partisan battalion with three hundred men not at all badly armed. The battalion was led by Nikola Car, a twenty-eight-year-old worker, a daring and able commander who had fought in Spain. Under his command we carried out many a bold sally on enemy garrisons, stores and mo-

tor columns. Our operations on the railways were especially successful. For a long time, for example, the section of line between Ogulin and Sušak functioned on the average only two days a week. On the other five days the invaders were busy repairing what we invariably and regularly demolished.

June 22nd, 1942, was a memorable day. The partisans resolved to observe the anniversary of Germany's malignant attack on the Soviet Union by striking at an enemy motorized column. The Delnice-Sušak highway was chosen for the ambuscade. As usual the operation was directed by our popular chief Nikola Car. Early in the morning the column turned up on the road swathed in brushwood. The partisans, lurking along the roadside, waited for their commander's signal. Thirty loaded lorries with an escort of six tanks rumbled along the road. When the lorries drew close to the ambush Nikola Car gave the order to open up. Several machines stopped. Knocked down by our bullets Italians fell beside them. The road became strewn with enemy dead. But at this juncture the tanks deployed and began hammering at us. At the same time the surviving soldiers began to envelop the ambuscade. Still Nikola Car decided to stand his ground and was the first to leap into the road to pick up precious weapons. Others followed. A bitter fight began. The partisans lost men but kept on fighting with exceptional courage. We seized the weapons, and, giving the enemy stiff punishment, began to withdraw. Then Nikola Car was wounded. His comrades-in-arms laid him on a stretcher, and fighting a rearguard action, drew off. The wound proved mortal: Nikola died on the stretcher. His last words were: "Good luck, boys, see you pay them out for me..." We evaded pursuit and buried our hero-commander to the village of Vrana.

There are many precious graves like that in Yugoslavia.

Ivan Lenac, one of the column's founders, became the battalion commander. We continued our operations both day and night. National liberation executive committees of civilians sprang up in the liberated territory. These were the embryo of the future people's authority. The anti-fascist youth association and anti-fascist women's association were formed at the same time. Young fellows and girls brought us food, did sentry duty in the villages and distributed leaflets.

The number of partisan battalions grew liberated territory expanded, the struggle against the invader took on greater scope and became more complicated.

The need for real military organization and the formation of large army units became ever more acute. From the very first days of the struggle we partisans had sensed the power and inspiration of Tito's leadership. Under his guidance thousands of partisan groups, columns and battalions began to merge. This wasn't just a mechanical adding of one column to another. In the process the aspect and quality of our armed forces were transformed. In Croatia the first brigade was formed, called the 6th Yugoslav brigade. We men of the senior partisan battalion entered it on an equal footing with the representatives of other brigades. The brigade was formed of the best battle-tried and most gallant men in the battalions. Four battalions of crack men comprised the brigade.

It was given its first assignment in September. Between the two liberated districts of Gorski Kotar and Kordun lay the strong enemy fortress of Mod Rudž, perched on a high mountain. The enemy was holding it with grim tenacity trying to prevent the union of the two liberated districts. Our brigade had to carry the mountain fortress. The ustaši entrenched there were armed with trench-mortars, machine-guns and grenades. We had neither artillery nor mortars.

On the eve of the battle I inspected the sub-divisions: every man was determined to make the brigade's first action a victory.

Early in the morning our shock groups began clambering up the rocks—a hard and dangerous job as the mountain with the enemy entrenched on its summit was high and precipitous. Still they hauled themselves up, slowly but surely, and, with grenades, blasted the enemy machine-gun nests. Bitter fighting went on all day. Many a brave fellow pierced by hostile bullets, tumbled down the mountain. They fell but others took their place and foot by foot battled towards the ustaši stronghold.

The ustaši put up furious resistance. Veljko Kovačević, our commander, was a twenty-nine-year-old student who had passed through the school of war with the Spanish Republican Army. He saw far and his supposition that reinforcements were on the way to the ustaši was justified. The groups of men we had placed at the approaches to the mountain engaged and fought hard against an enemy column numbering over a thousand as it hurried to the relief of the besieged garrison. The battle raged several hours. The relief column was routed and retreated leaving three hundred dead at the foot of the mountain.

Then Veljko Kovačević began to make ready for the final assault on the fortress. The shades of evening began to fall. A chill breath shrouded the mountain. Then came the signal. A concertina played a battle march. It went echoing along the gorge. The assault commenced. Three hundred men in a compact body tore forward and covered the steep slope between them and the fortress wall. Dozens of men clambered over the stone wall together. A grim hand to hand grapple took place inside the fortress and partisan bayonets and knives did signal execution. The end came at eight in the evening when the September sun sank behind the mountains. The garrison was completely wiped out. Seventy ustaši were taken prisoner.

We made a magnificent haul of mortars, machine-guns, grenades, revolvers and out

its. Veljko Kovačević congratulated us on our baptism of fire as a brigade.

The brigade continued operations. It drove the invader out of Mrkopolj, Ravna Gora and other communities, wiped out other enemy garrisons on the River Kupa, contacted partisans in Slovenia and joined with them to deal the enemy fresh blows.

When in January 1943 the Germans, Italians and ustaši launched their fourth big offensive our brigade, now a strong, well-knit fighting force, got orders from Tito to launch a drive on Lika.

Here for the first time we joined battle in a big way against a numerically superior enemy with modern equipment. Our brigade, like others, stood an exacting test. We paid a heavy price but we stopped the enemy drive. As soon as the enemy offensive began to peter out we launched a counter-offensive. We annihilated the enemy fortifications at Vrhovina and did our bit in liberating Otočac.

In May 1943, the 13th Maritime-Mountain Division was formed of two Croatian brigades. This division is bravely defending liberated territory. We have stood strong enemy tank pressure, the fire of scores of guns, and furious bombardment from warships combined with concentrated air assault lasting many hours.

After Italy's capitulation we captured the Italian "Murdge" Division at Sušak and Delnice and disarmed two other of their divisions. That gave us plenty of arms and ammunition. Today our division, which began with three partisan metal workers, is a strong fighting unit which has proved its skill and strength in battle."

2. IN THE FLAME OF BATTLE

It is usually said that a modern army is a mechanized army. But the People's Liberation Army of Yugoslavia has very little mechanical equipment and has no heavy armour or aircraft at all. How comes it that it has fought for three years, surrounded by an enemy with the most up-to-date equipment and enjoying unchallenged supremacy in the air? How comes it that the Liberation Army of Yugoslavia not only repels the frenzied onslaughts of large enemy forces but batters enemy divisions and compels them to retreat?

Despite the acute shortage of tanks, artillery and aircraft, the People's Liberation Army of Yugoslavia is now without doubt a modern regular army in the full sense of the term. Its strength lies in the magnificent spirit of its men, its operative and technical methods which have clearly crystallized in its three years' fight, and in its firm leadership. In battles, bitter and unceasing, Yugoslav patriots welded together by their talented leader Joseph Broz Tito, have envolved methods of people's warfare before which German Tigers and Junkers are impotent.

Tito's army constantly holds the initiative. "To fight means to attack" is the sage maxim born of the general's experience and can often be heard from the lips of the rank-and-file Yugoslav soldier. The spirit of the initiative never deserted Tito's troops either when the first Yugoslav units were born, or at that ominous time when entire divisions and the headquarters of the Supreme Command were surrounded and the enemy was ready to crow over victory. As early as the autumn of 1941, during the Germans' first offensive, Nedić's paper "Novo Vreme" proclaimed that "it was all over with the partisans in Yugoslavia". Six times the Germans launched big offensives but not once did they realize their intentions. Even at the height of their offensives the invaders not only encountered staunch defence but were compelled to ward off retaliatory blows. That's why it is no accident that all the enemy's large-scale offensives ended with counter-offensives by Tito's forces and the liberation of new areas from fascist occupation.

In the summer of 1943, for instance, after the collapse of the fifth German offensive, Tito's forces pushed a counter-offensive in East Bosnia and liberated several areas. The enemy's sixth offensive, launched in December 1943 with large forces of infantry supported by armour and dive-bombers, also brought him nothing except heavy losses, because Tito's divisions dealt frequent counter-assaults. In December 1943 and January 1944 alone the Germans lost on the Yugoslav battle-field about 43,000 men. At first units of the People's Liberation Army held the enemy, then threw him back and, developing the offensive, recovered another big stretch of territory.

In hard battle Tito's army has learned to make splendid use of its extraordinary mobility. Manoeuvre adroit, swift, able and bewildering has become its inviolable law. And here another curious "anomaly" crops up. It is said that the legs of a modern army are lorries, motor-cycles and so on. Tito's army moves only on foot, but nevertheless can be placed among the most mobile armies in the world. On foot its march is swift, it invariably overtakes the enemy despite his abundance of modern transport. These fine qualities Tito's army has inherited from the flexible and elusive partisan battalions from which it arose. The sons of Yugoslavia's mountains, valleys and forests not only love their country but know it like the palm of their hand.

Tito displays astonishing ability, perseverance and skill in exploiting the peculiarities of the theatre of war.

Throughout the three years fighting there has been a remarkable operative-tactical duel in progress between the occupation forces and Tito's army. The Germans, whose trump card is tanks and aircraft, tried to inveigle the People's Liberation Army into big battles in which they could make full use of their immense superiority in equipment. The invaders invariably strive to get the mass of poorly armed Yugoslavs under the devastating fire of their tanks and aircraft. Tito's tactics are just the reverse. Displaying initiative

and ingenuity he compels the enemy to disperse his troops, and forces battle on him in conditions which preclude the mass use of equipment. It is not hard to imagine the very involved nature of the problems confronting the command of the People's Liberation Army of Yugoslavia. The results of three years' hostilities show, however, that Tito's tactics have triumphed in the duel and that German command is not able to conduct the war in Yugoslavia according to its regulations and plans.

All the six offensives launched by the occupants in Yugoslavia show that their strategy remained unchanged. It was to surround the Yugoslav army and, crushing its resistance by strong fire from the ground and the air, gradually draw the cordon tighter and destroy the Yugoslavs. The Germans could never succeed. How did the partisans parry the enemy's moves? The main points of their operations are these. Efficient reconnoissance discovers the direction enemy has selected for the main blow, and the areas in which the enemy is concentrating the mass of his tanks and artillery. The Yugoslav army places a comparatively small part of its troops in the path of the enemy's main forces. Their aim is to fight a delaying action, to wear down the enemy. At the same time small detachments hold the enemy in secondary directions. The Yugoslav main forces skirt the enemy and strike hard at his flanks, split his infantry from the tanks and destroy each piecemeal. Meanwhile numerous partisan columns are busy in the enemy rear, often drawing off quite large enemy forces. The result is that instead of the one big battle on which the German command banks, the hostilities split up into many large and small centres.

However stiff the fight might be, the Yugoslav army, while repelling the onslaught of large enemy forces, at the same time builds up forces to deal an immediate counter-blow. The blow is dealt in one of the enemy's secondary directions. The patriots inflict heavy losses on the foe and liberate more territory. At the same time the centre of the conflict is transferred to new areas advantageous for the Yugoslavs, where their tactics become predominant. They often lure the enemy into the mountains and gorges where the decisive factor is not tank and gun but bayonet and grenade. In this way the Yugoslav forces skilfully combine the tactics of a large modern army waging "open battle" for towns and entire districts, with the tactics of partisan action, based on short, sharp, sudden blows.

The People's Liberation Army of Yugoslavia staunchly defends the territory recovered from the invader, but it would be an error to suppose that there is any fortified line, or, indeed, anything in the nature of fortifications along the border line of the liberated territory. There is no strictly defined and firm front in Yugoslavia. Tito's troops defend the liberated areas by incessant vigorous action and offensive operations. The line of the front is always in a state of flux. In these three years some towns have changed hands from three to five times while there are a few that have changed hands from ten to twelve times. If enemy forces do manage to penetrate into liberated territory anywhere mobile Yugoslav units at once strive to cut them off and wipe them out. Only at large enemy-occupied populated points does the People's Liberation Army keep large forces permanently stationed. They keep the enemy forces tied up and conduct incessant reconnoissance.

Liberated areas, both large and small, are scattered all over the country. In the aggregate they amount to half Yugoslavia's territory. People's Liberation Army troops, bases and stores are distributed throughout the land—in mountains and forests, in Croatia and Montenegro, in Vojvodina and Slovenia, in Bosnia and Herzegovina, in Serbia and Macedonia. This, of course, makes the direction of the forces much more difficult and requires the tip-top efficiency and capacity of Tito and his staff in coordinating operations. At the same time it puts a trump card in the commander's hand. With the troops distributed all over the country the enemy cannot surround and annihilate the Yugoslav army. Tito always possesses the means to deal a counter-blow, to transfer the battle to districts where the Germans cannot employ their equipment in force, that is, to lure them to terrain where the Yugoslavs can use to the utmost their consummate mastery of hand-to-hand fighting.

Hand-to-hand fighting, or as the Yugoslavs call it "prsa u prsa" (breast to breast), is the Yugoslavs' favourite method of combat. "When things come to 'prsa u prsa'," says a Yugoslav army general, "then we are sure to win."

Neither Germans, nor ustaši can withstand the skill and daring of the Yugoslav soldier in a battle decided by grenade and knife.

The Yugoslavs' true and constant allies are the mountains and forests, the bad weather hindering hostile air operations, and especially darkness. The Yugoslav officers have mastered the intricate art of night fighting. At night the Germans fight below form, cannot make full use of their equipment, especially aircraft, and that makes it easier for the Yugoslav army to launch its sudden night attacks. It is significant that the towns of Tuzla, Kladanj, Livno, Zvornik, Duvno and many others were wrested from the enemy in night battles.

The main forces of Tito's army comprise infantry and light artillery and also sapper and pontoon subdivisions and anti-aircrait units. Almost all the Yugoslavs' equipment has been won in battle.

The first thing that strikes you on meeting men of the People's Liberation Army is their clothing. It varies from man to man and even on the same man is often a hotch-potch. That is not surprising: the army has drawn its outfits from various supply departments—German, Italian and Bulgarian, from the stores of Mihajlović, Nedić and Rupnik. Italian uniform is parti-

cularly common: a reminder of the ten Italian divisions disarmed. Quite often you can see a man wearing a tunic made from a German soldier's jacket, Bulgarian army trousers, and Italian field boots. Some wear civies—city or, more often, peasant attire. Many are shod with "opantsi", home-made leather boots. But however the Yugoslav might be clad in other particulars his headgear is invariably the "partisanka" or "Titovka", a two-cornered hat with a red five-pointed star. The word "partisan" has been absorbed into the Yugoslavian people's lexicon and firmly consolidated. The officers all wear uniform which, although of varying shade and colour (again depending on the luck of booty) is strictly the same in pattern.

Outwardly the Yugoslav units look a mixed lot. The army's variety and freedom in dress, however, disguises a solidarity and discipline which might be envied by many an army where uniform is strictly graded and standardized.

The units' weapons are all booty. All Tito's 300-thousand army has been equipped by German, Italian and Bulgarian war industry.

3. THE DAILY ROUND

Let us take a glance at day-to-day life in the army. Great attention is given to training. The men are at it constantly and, what is more, are willing and zealous. In the rare lulls between battles the officers teach their men how to get the most out of their arms. This applies especially to the tenderfeet who have not gone through the hard school of partisan warfare. But even during operations training does not cease and that is typical of an army which is steadily improving. Some subdivisions or groups of men are withdrawn for a brief spell to the rear, where they go through military training. The army is learning every day making use of its own and the enemy's experience.

But not only military training do the men go through. Political-educational and cultural work occupies a very important part of their leisure. In the "dessetine", "vodovi" and "čete" (sections, platoons and companies) officers talk with their men on the most varied subjects—the fraternal ties of Croats and Serbs, the Teheran Conference, the situation in Italy, the Slav struggle against nazism, the Red Army's victories. If circumstances permit battalion meetings are held. One such meeting in the X. unit was devoted to the strongest condemnation of Draža Mihajlović's treachery.

The Yugoslav soldiers are well informed about affairs both inside and outside their country. Specially detailed radio-operators in the divisions pick up and jot down broadcasts from Moscow, London and Yugoslav stations. Their notes are immediately typed and multigraphed and distributed among the regiments, battalions and companies. During battles, when the distribution of typed matter is difficult, the most important news is passed on by word of mouth.

The units have their own newspapers, either printed or hand-written. "Pocket papers" got out in the companies by the men themselves are very popular. These generally come out twice a month and the men read them either in groups or by passing them from hand to hand. "Hero", "People's Warrior", "Always Forward", "Our Bayonets" are some of the names of these tiny, hand-written newspapers got out in almost every unit of the Yugoslav army. In them the men write of the battles they have fought in, of the heroes of the battles, they publish their songs, poems and rebuses.

Cultural life among Tito's troops is varied and interesting. Despite the hard "nomad" life, the men of the People's Liberation Army of Yugoslavia have a great thirst for knowledge and healthy recreation. The amateur theatre is in high favour. Repertoires include not only classic works but also plays dealing with the Yugoslav people's struggle for liberation. In one unit a big hit was scored by the drama "Brother against Brother". Its leading characters are two brothers, a četnik[1] and a partisan. The play exposes the četniks who have forgotten national honour and sold out to the occupants.

Wherever the Yugoslav army goes there you will hear song. The sons of the blue Adriatic, the sombre forests of Montenegro and the rugged crags of Bosnia are all fond of song and music. The units have their military bands. It is a rare company that has no concertina. The men know many Red Army and Soviet popular songs. The Yugoslav people have produced fine songs telling of their struggle and hopes. A great favourite is the "Song of the Scythe", symbol of the nation's arms. The song about Marko Orešković who was savagely murdered by the četniks, is touching and melodious.

The people have composed many vivid and sincere songs about their favourite Marshal Tito.

Every officer and man knows of the Red Army and its heroic fight against the nazi hordes. The second in command of the X. unit told me of an interesting instance:

"It was in the autumn of 1943. News came to us that two German divisions were moving up from the south along the Adriatic coast, bound for the Eastern front. We decided to attack the enemy. The place chosen was the section between Novi and Senj.

"A narrow road passes here between the sea and the Mala Kapela mountains rising from the very edge of the water. We set two ambuscades about a mile apart from each other. The rest of the men took up positions among the bare precipitous mountains, from which a splendid view of the road cou'd be gained. From a height of about 1,000 feet I could see everything, just as if from a tower.

"The day was warm. The blue waves of

[1] Četniks—pro-fascist troops supporting the German invaders.

the Adriatic reflected the sun in a myriad scintillating points of fire. The view was calm and peaceful. But an hour later that road became an arena of bloody strife. The men at the first ambuscade let the enemy column pass by, but opened fire from all arms when it neared the second ambush. The Germans spurted forward only to be met by fire from the second ambuscade. The Germans dashed to and fro along the road they could not turn off because on the right was the sea and on the left the mountains. But that was only the beginning of the operation. Large enemy forces coming up opened heavy fire at the ambuscades. We were lodged in the mountains and our job was to descend and deal the decisive blow. We had to clamber down in full view of the enemy, under their furious fire. At that very moment our radio-operator picked up Moscow reporting the Red Army's liberation of Kiev. The men's jubilation baffles description. The words 'Kiev is taken!' rolled through the mountain gorges like a battle cry. One of our battalions bore the name of Matija Gubec, the peasant leader who headed a rebellion against the Croat barons in the XVI century. It was this battalion that, scornful of deadly danger, first swooped down the mountains to grapple with the foe. Their war-cry was 'Kiev'. Furious battle raged for several hours. We demolished a great deal of enemy equipment, but unfortunately we couldn't pick up all the spoils as other German units had begun to pass around us via the mountains and we had to withdraw toward the rocks. Still, they had been given a nasty knock. Our men had responded with their own exploits to the heroism of the Red Army. When we withdrew we left not less than eight hundred enemy dead on that 'peaceful' road along the shore."

4. THE OFFICERS

There are many features in the successes of the People's Liberation Army of Yugoslavia that arouse astonishment and admiration. Possibly, though, from the military experts' point of view, the real "miracle" was the creation of the officer corps many thousands strong, which so ably directs operations both great and small. Officers of the old Yugoslav army comprise no more than 5% of Tito's present officer personnel. New officer cadres have been formed. The young Yugoslav commanders, who have developed and hardened up in battle, are nonplussing, encircling and thrashing the products of first-class German academies.

Battle is the school, lasting, severe and in the highest degree rich and beneficial, through which every officer of the Yugoslav army has passed. Whatever officer you may ask, whether he commands a "četa" or a division, he will tell you that he began service as a rank-and-file partisan. Everyone of them has gone through dozens of clashes with the enemy, each requiring great courage and martial resource, everyone of them knows what war is and the price of victory. Officers promoted to leading posts know that it is the reward of merit: in battle they have shown themselves the most intrepid, wily, adroit, resourceful and fearless. Today's Yugoslav officer is yesterday's distinguished rank-and-filer who has gone through fire and water, a battle-hardened soldier and able organizer.

The commander of the 29th Division of the People's Liberation Army is, thirty-six-year-old Colonel Vlado Šeger, once a metal worker, now an able and efficient officer. Two and a half years ago he was a rank-and-file member of a partisan column. The most dangerous and important assignments were given to him, and his courage and success were known to the entire region. He proved himself a capable organizer in carrying out a number of operations. Soon Vlado Šeger was commanding a group, then a column, a battalion and so on. That too is the career of officer Sava Kovačević, a Yugoslav national hero who began as a private and soon rose to the command of a company, then a battalion, a column and brigade. During the fifth German offensive in 1943, as a commander of the 3rd Division, he fought with a numerically superior foe and won, displaying exceptional military talent.

Young commanders, full of pluck and hatred for the enemy, arose from the partisan ranks. The command set up special schools for them. In conditions of fierce pursuit it was too hard to attend to officers training; nevertheless, Tito's staff perseveringly nurtured their officer personnel. As early as 1942 there were courses in Croatia training company and battalion commanders. The term was forty days. Men came right out of the vortex of battle, got down to schooling with tremendous diligence and zeal and returned to their battalions or columns enriched by brief but very instructive study.

As the formations grew larger so the need became more acute for officers with a broad outlook and profound military knowledge. It was then that a higher military school was founded to which were sent the best battalion commanders. Again the course was brief—thirty-five days. Battalion commanders, with long months of campaigns and fighting behind them, studied the basic principles of modern warfare, the enemy's tactics, and problems of coordinating action between the various branches of the service. The thirst for knowledge was immense. The men had a rich background of partisan operations, now they strove to master the laws of modern warfare, the tactics of "major battle". Splendid commanders have emerged from that remarkable "field academy". We all know Radica Nenezić, for instance, commander of the 28th Division. An electrician from Croatia, who began with the partisans at the bottom of the ladder, he is now in command of a division fighting in an important sector, and is directing skilful operations against large German tank forces. Nenezić is still under thirty. A light burden of years, by the way, is the rule for the majority of

most higher of the Yugoslav officers and generals. Major-General Slavko Rodić, for example, is twenty-six. He first gained distinction in 1941 during the heroic two-months' defence of the town of Drvar. Before the war he was a surveyor. At twenty-two he was in command of one of the defence sectors at Drvar. Even then he displayed his sparkling abilities as an organizer and engineer of resourceful combined operations. At present General Slavko Rodić commands the 5th Corps of the Yugoslav army.

Today there is a network of schools in liberated territory training officers for the People's Liberation Army. The schools turn out infantry, artillery, trench-mortar and tank officers. The training term has now been extended to two months. There is also a higher school preparing brigade and divisional commanders.

May 1st, 1943, is a memorable date in the history of the People's Liberation Army. On that day, by decree of the General Staff, officer and non-commissioned ranks were introduced. Alluding to the conferring of officer ranks on five thousand commanders, Marshal Broz Tito wrote in the newspaper "Vestnik":

"The commanding personnel of our Liberation Army was created in the course of struggle against the invaders and their associates. Workers, peasants and students learned the art of war in hard battles fought day after day. Slowly but surely the commanding personnel of our army and partisan columns was built up. The commanders emerged from the ranks thanks to their bravery and military capacity, they were tested in many a hard fought battle."

The finest officers of the old Yugoslav army work at Tito's headquarters, men who have been in the thick of the liberation struggle since 1941. They have boundless confidence in Tito and he relies on them. Lieutenant-General Arsa Jovanović, who served on the general staff of the old army, has worked with Tito from the very first, and is now his chief of staff.

The creation in such difficult conditions of a genuine national officer personnel, steeled in battle and strong in initiative and martial spirit, is one of the most remarkable achievements of the People's Liberation Army of Yugoslavia.

5. MARSHAL TITO

In their songs the peoples of Yugoslavia —Serbs, Croatians, Slovenians, Macedonians and Montenegrins—praise the destiny that sent them such a fearless and brilliant leader in their dark years. Tito's authority and popularity in the army and among the people is immense. He is a man of iron will.

Future war historians will probably have much to say about Tito as a military star.

Tito's basic principle is constant action. As a rule he compensates for the loss of territory in one sector by immediate territorial gain in another. He well knows the strong and weak sides both of his own and the enemy's forces. He plans and directs operations in person. His tactical ideas are founded on manoeuvre, swift mobile action, and combinations that have the enemy guessing. A general who worked side by side with Tito through the long and menacing months of the fourth and fifth offensives, told me that even in the gravest moments he never saw Tito downcast or at a loss. Tito always says: "You cannot beat a people that has taken to arms."

During the fourth offensive the enemy tried to clinch a ring round 20,000 of our forces at the River Neretva. To the left of us were the Germans, to the right the Italians, in front the četnik regiments. The enemy was feeling out our units and striking hard from the air. Casualties mounted. The situation became more critical with every passing hour. Tito strode to and fro in his tent: that is how he generally comes to vital decisions. He made his decision now. It was to force the river, strike at the četniks and break out of the enemy ring which had almost closed in around us. The plan seemed impossible to many staff officers: before us was a mountain river three hundred metres wide, with steep banks, devoid of fords and without a single bridge, Tito remained unshaken. At the cost of immense effort a crossing was put up. When the first units approached the Germans discovered them and again began heavy bombing. That was in the evening as the sun was setting. On receiving news of heavy losses Tito and a group of officers rode to the crossing. The scene was dismal. Dead were strewn around the still undamaged crossing, stretcher-bearers were carrying off the badly wounded, dead horses and bits and pieces of waggons put the finishing touches to the picture. The depressing scene did not make Tito change his mind. He said to the men: "We have only one way out—over the river. The fate of the whole army depends on the success of the crossing."

By an immense effort our units forced the river that night one after the other, broke through the bewildered enemy's lines and routed several thousand četniks in the process. The Germans, who had least of all anticipated such audacity, tried to regroup so as to stop us, but now the initiative was firmly in Tito's hands. He acted without a moment's delay. He straddled the road linking the German and Italian garrisons, and struck, first at the Germans, and then at the Italians. Success was his. He made the most of it, pushed his drive and liberated a number of districts in Herzegovina, Montenegro and East Bosnia. Once again we all had convincing proof of our supreme commander's military talent and sagacity.

Tito has a gift for divining the enemy's intentions and always springs something totally unexpected on him. During the invader's fifth offensive in the summer of 1943 Tito's main forces were surrounded. Lacking confidence in the strength of their ring the Germans, Bulgarians, četniks and ustaši began forming a second ring in

secret, thinking at last to wipe out the People's Liberation Army once and for all. But Tito suspected the enemy plan of double encirclement and resolved to break through. The matter of the moment was to pick the direction and the point at which to break through. To the amazement of his colleagues, Tito decided to take the most difficult direction. The units would have to force three rivers one after the other—the Tara, Piva and Sutjeska. The strongest divisions with the biggest complements of men were to be a spear-head and were to open the road for the rest. As events showed that was the best decision, calculated as it was, to deceive the enemy. The Germans had not the faintest suspicion that the break-through would be made on such a tough and unfavourable sector. Busy with fixing up the double ring they soon found themselves in danger from Tito's big army which had broken through and which, this time too, found strength enough to assume the offensive and liberate more districts. In the operation Tito made able use of the partisan columns detailing them to strike at the enemy's rear and communications.

Tito not only directs the Yugoslav regular army but the broad partisan movement as well. His art of generalship is founded on the ability to combine the tactics of modern major battle with the operations of partisan groups.

Tito's headquarters are constantly shifting. Sometimes he makes brief stay in a village but more often the headquarters marquees and tents rise in the forest or amid lofty peaks. Tito has his own tent, furnished simply and modestly. The marshal always has before him a map of Yugoslavia with the situation of the given day and hour marked.

Tito shows remarkable endurance and is indefatigable on the march. He almost always travels on foot. During the enemy's fourth and fifth offensives, he, his staff and army covered about two hundred fifty miles. The units marched at night so as to conceal the movement and evade enemy air attack. Tito allowed the units to make only one halt throughout the night and rested but once himself.

Tito has a wonderful ability to find his bearings in the dark. In the German fifth offensive we had to pass by Košur Hill, held by the enemy. There was no other way. The staff general was at a loss—how could you lead the men past the Germans' very positions on a night which, as we say, "was as dark as in dough". Tito said: "I'll lead you." We pushed through a forest, the branches whipped our faces. Tito went ahead, we followed. The perilous track continued for several hours. We safely passed by under the enemy's nose and emerged in the required zone.

Marshal Tito is a general but he is a soldier as well. He shares with the men all the vicissitudes of hard campaigns and unequal battle. But never does his cheerfulness and sense of humour desert him.

Tito's affection for his men and concern for their well-being is something to marvel at. He has given himself to the people heart and soul and has equal affection for Serb and Montenegrin, Slovenian, Croat and Macedonian. He judges the abilities of this or that commander primarily by the losses sustained by his regiment or division.

"How many men have you lost?" the first question Tito puts to a divisional commander.

He is hard hit when he gets news of commanders killed in action.

Marshal Tito is a Croat, fifty-two years old, a man of medium height, physically strong and of soldierly bearing. His face reveals determination and energy. His grey blue eyes are penetrating but at the same time kindly and sympathetic. He speaks smoothly, calmly and without gesture even at big meetings.

Tito wears a grey uniform carrying the marshal's emblem—crossed olive branches and the five-pointed star. He knows several languages, is fond of art and does all he can to promote it in the army and in liberated territory. After a military conference he invariably has long chats with the officers and if time permits, arranges shooting matches. He is an excellent marksman himself and considers it very important for an officer to be master of the weapons he carries.

Much might be said of the high regard Tito enjoys in every corner of Yugoslavia. The people not only know of Tito's capacity as a general but know that he's fond of a joke, that he smokes but does not drink, that his son is fighting in Russia and has won a Soviet order for bravery, that the marshal is exceptionally hospitable.

Last Christmas there was a parade of People's Liberation Army's units in the village of Pravoslavna Jasenica. After the parade the festivities began. A man who was there told me that the people just bubbled over when they caught sight of Tito, they tossed him time and again. Tito spent the day among the peasants. He joined in the folk dance "Kolo", the girls decked him in embroidered scarves, and all invited him home. Tito was moved by the reception given him.

Sharing impressions with his staff officers afterwards he said: "The people have confidence in us, they believe in our cause and our strength, we are their heroes. We must appreciate it and live up to it."

6. HEROES

Often heard in Yugoslavia nowadays is the folk saying: "Battles are won not by arms but by the brave heart of the warrior." Tito's men are brave hearts, indeed.

The world still knows little of the heroes of the Yugoslav army although the biography of any of its gallant men might well serve as the subject for a book. The name of Miloje Milojević, a Serb and heroic officer of the Liberation Army is known from one end of Yugoslavia to the other. In the summer of 1942, Milojević as second in command of the famous Belgrade battalion burst into the town of

Posušje. The town was held by a big garrison of Italians and ustaši. Milojević snatched a tommy-gun from an ustaš and shot down more than two hundred men with it. His own men saw how their commander, though wounded, fought on till the battle was over. Some time later Milojević and four men entered the enemy-occupied town of Duvno. All five were rigged out as shepherds and drove a flock of sheep. In one street they came upon three stationary tanks. Before you could say "Jack Robinson" the "shepherds" had fired all three tanks with bottles of combustibles and captured the bewildered crew of one of them. In attacking the town of Prnyavor men of the 1st Brigade under Miloje Milojević wiped out huge enemy forces, took five hundred prisoners and captured a baggage dump all for the loss of only four men. Milojević, now a colonel, has been wounded fifteen times and still carries some of the shrapnel in his body.

Then there is the twenty-year-old Croat, Captain Sušanj Boro. This young dare-devil, armed with a sub-machine-gun, broke into his home town of Ogulin where an Italian division was stationed. He had learned that Italian soldiers were scheduled to play a football match that day on a field near the river that flows by the town. He chose some bushes for his ambuscade. The match began, crowds of Italian officers gathered at the touch-lines, others were taking a dip in the river. As the game waxed fast and furious Boro opened strong fire. Players and spectators alike fell like nine-pins. Panic broke out on the field. The machine-gunner turned his fire on the bathers– the panic spread to the river bank,—then he switched it back to the field. The Italians set out in pursuit of the "unknown partisan", they even sent several tanks after him, but the "unknown" got away and soon turned up at his unit.

In one of his speeches Tito said that Yugoslavia was justly proud of her women. Here is an incident told by a Yugoslav colonel:

"Eighteen years old, Marija Dursać came to our unit. Before the war she was a shepherd girl. Marija asked to be enlisted. She was warned of the dangers she would encounter but that did not frighten her. So this rather short girl, so quick and agile, with the bronzed face of the peasant and long black hair became a private in one of our subdivisions. Before two weeks had passed she was taking part in operations as a grenade-thrower. Our men know the value of true courage and the girl by her pluck soon won their esteem. In the heaviest engagements she remained cool, showed not a flicker of hesitation. The men said: 'Even bullets fear Marija Dursać.' The fifth German offensive began. All night the battle raged at Prkosi. As our tommy-gunners, Marija Dursać among them, got right up to the German garrison, dawn broke. That complicated matters. The attackers were in full view of the enemy who were entrenched on a height. There was only one thing to do—lounge forward in a final assault, to win or die. A pill-box lay ahead of Marija Dursać. To reach it an open space had to be crossed. 'Blaze away and cover me,' the tommy-gunners heard Marija call. She dashed forward and with a few agile bounds gained the gun-post. Reaching it she killed four Germans inside and brought out four rifles. But Marija was wounded. After the battle she was taken to a little house rigged up as a hospital. I went to see her—her hair lay in tresses on the grey army blanket. Her face had the burning flush of fever.

"'I shall die,' she said. 'I know I shall.'

"Soon I went to see her again. As I reached the door I heard Marija's voice and paused. Although dying she was singing the song about Tito. She died uncomplainingly and calmly. Now all Yugoslavia knows Marija Dursać's name. Poems are written about her, and her name is pronounced with veneration by veteran partisans and new recruits alike. By order of the Supreme Commander in Chief the title of 'National Hero' has been conferred on Marija Dursać."

Such are the heroes and heroines of the Yugoslav people—the bravest of the brave, warriors of justice, supreme in their devotion.

"Pred zoru se mrzne"—"It is cold before the dawn"—is what they say in Yugoslavia. Indeed, it's no easy job to fight the enemy's 700,000 strong army. But Marshal Tito's men know, and that gives them strength, that through sacrifice and hardship they will vanquish the hated enemy, that the night of German occupation is fading and that the day is not far off when the cherished dawn of liberation will rise over Yugoslavia.

M. VITIĆ

LEONID SOBOLEV
and
OLGA MIKHALTSEVA

COUNTRY, SHIP, COMMANDER...

(Sailor-Soul)

A Literary Scenario

Against a background of flames, the caption:

Suffering flooded the world...

In flames, groaning, stained with blood and drenched with tears, the ancient globe rolled on to the autumn of 1941. Never had it borne so much human sorrow as had come into being that year at the evil will of the murderers striving for world domination.

Accursed be they who set the world aflame, who hurled this war upon it, who filed with horror the clear eyes of youth!..

A young, almost childish face. Attention is at once rivetted to the eyes, suffused with deadly horror. A young girl is watching what is taking place by a burning cottage bearing the inscription: "Odessa Dawn Collective Farm Office".

A Russian man is suspended between two light tanks, fastened by hands and feet. Over him stands a German officer wearing an Iron Cross, an interpreter by his side. Hum of running engines. The man suspended between the tanks vigorously shakes his head: "No".

Among the Rumanian soldiers surrounding the collective farmers and with his back to the girl is another German officer holding a camera. A revolver butt protrudes from his unfastened holster. With a faint desperate movement the girl's hand steals towards it, inch by inch. Her hand has almost grasped the butt when it is seized by another, criss-crossed by knotted veins and sinews. A blue anchor is tattooed on the ball of the thumb.

The girl had been checked by an old man with a short grey mustache. His eyes, fixed upon the tanks, are filled with suppressed rage.

The interpreter reports to the officer. The latter makes an abrupt gesture—rumbling and clanking the tanks begin to move...

The girl's face contorts. Above the rumble and clatter of the tanks rises a wail like a human cry rising through the music in a swift and terrible crescendo. The horror on the girl's face intensifies. Swaying, she closes her eyes. The officer clicks the shutter of his camera...

Silence. Dawn. The smooth mirror-like surface of the estuary. On the shore, two sailors with tommy-guns are watching the estuary from among the bushes. The sound of splashing water becomes audible above the distant sound of gunfire.

A girl is wading along waist-deep. Staggering, at the end of her strength, she drags her feet from the deep mud of the bottom. Reaching the shore, she sways and falls.

The sailors exchange a quick glance. A hefty sailor with the words: "Chervona Ukraina" (The Red Ukraine) on his cap ribbon crawls to the girl and bends over her.

The rolling steppe, lighted by the horizontal rays of the rising sun. The huge sailor is carrying the girl, water and mud dripping from her flowered frock. She murmurs as though in delirium:

"Comrade sailor, I'll lead you... they've no guard there, nothing... Across the estuary, then through the vegetable plots... they'll never know what's hit them..."

"Keep quiet, save your strength... You can tell the sailors everything... The sailors are seeing red: eh, they'll wallop'em all right..."

A distant sound of gunfire and quiet weeping. The sailor peers into her face.

"What do they call you?"

"Tatyana..."

"And I'm called Korzh... Yefim Korzh... Eh, it's bad times, these, hell's let loose on the people..."

The two faces—Korzh's stern, with set teeth, and the girl's tense eyes—fill the screen.

A cottage. A lighted candle, table laid. The German officer who photographed the execution sits down to supper. His camera lies on the table.

An old man brings in the steaming samovar. A soldier preparing the officer's bed takes a sheet out of a wooden trunk belonging to the owner of the house, and with it a blue and white striped sailor's singlet. He shows it to the officer in some alarm. The latter looks at the old man.

"Hey, you, Russ! Sailors here, hey?.. Where are they?"

The old man is silent. The soldier lays on the table a sailor's cap, ribbon bearing the word: "Oleg"[1]. The officer is angry.

"You are yourself a sailor? Answer! A sailor, eh?"

Grenade explosions from outside the window. Cries.

"Matrosen! Matrosen! Schwarze Teufel!"

The officer snuffs out the candle and closes the shutters. A fiery glow, the sound of fighting. Both Germans are lying behind the window firing.

The old man lifts the boiling samovar and hurls it at the Germans...

[1] The name of a ship in the tsarist fleet.

Battle raging in the streets, gardens and cottages. A night attack by the sailors, sudden, terrible, instantaneous.

A tank sweeping the street with its machine-guns. Behind it Tatyana, beckoning from the other side of a fence. Korzh rises to his full height, hurls a bottle. The tank bursts into flames...

Before the old man's window are Rumanians with a machine-gun. The old man appears at the window with a German tommy-gun. A burst, and the Rumanians fall...

An elderly sailor wearing the uniform of a naval officer (Colonel Arkhipov) enters the space lighted by the burning tank. He is talking to another former naval commander in a hoarse, rasping bass. Both have been transferred to the troops fighting ashore.

"Comrade Major! Leave Company Two to cover the rear and send the rest forward! Chase the enemy while they are all of a dither—drive them to Ilyichovka, understand?"

"Quite, Comrade Colonel..."

Korzh and two other sailors approach them, dragging the German officer wearing the Iron Cross. A wild cry from Tatyana:

"That's him, Comrade Colonel, that's the one with the cross!.."

Arkhipov puts his arm round Tatyana and strides forward together with her. His face expresses loathing and contempt. He reaches up and tears the Iron Cross from the German and raises it above his head.

"Sailors!.. Look at this and remember the sign the Hitler butchers are marked with!.. We'll keep count of these objects!"

With a swift movement he drops his arm and lays the cross in Tatyana's hand.

"Take it—this is the first!.. They'll have cause to remember your Dad..."

A liaison man in Red Army uniform comes running up to him. Arkhipov reads the message and turns to the major:

"We'll make it, major, the army units have gone into action... Take off the covering troops! Keep up the advance!.. To Ilyichovka, men!"

The sailors dash after him in the darkness. The flames of the burning tank light up the Iron Cross in Tatyana's hand. Firing grows fainter and fainter, and finally merges into the ringing of metal on metal.

Morning. A passenger car parked by a small garden. It is badly battered, windscreen smashed, wings and bonnet dented and twisted.

Sound of hammering on metal. Chauffeur in a sailor's cap is squatting beside an old man, beating out the dents in a samovar with a monkey-wrench. The old fellow keeps glancing around, evidently expecting somebody. He looks at the car.

"And does he go rushing about everywhere in it like that all the time?"

"Eh, it's no joke riding with him, you can be scared out of your wits twenty times a day... To the command post and observation point and right up to the very front trenches... The only thing he hasn't done yet is to join an attack in it..."

"A good plucky 'un... And what's he from?"

"A born sailor, Dad. He was on the 'Rurik'."

"A cruiser!"

"A cruiser all right."

"So he's a sailor? H'm!"

"That he is. Been through all the wars... You'll have to solder it here, Dad."

"What it need soldering for?" The old man is upset.

"You've wrenched the tap... It'll leak."

"What?" The old man takes up the samovar in some concern. "The blasted thing's no good, devil take it!"

"Why did you have to spoil a valuable thing like that, Dad?" says the driver gravely. "It was made for family use and you start fighting with it..."

"In war, my lad, a gramophone will do if it's got a handle and is heavy enough... And you don't need to solder anything here. I'll put it to rights. Give me the wrench."

"You'll break it off altogether, Dad..."

"Don't start chewing the fat with me. I know my own samovar, I've drunk tea from if for twenty years."

He measures his distance and strikes the tap with the wrench. It flies off the samovar. The old man throws down the wrench angrily.

"Eh, those German sons-of-bitches, spoiling a fine samovar like that! We'll knock the hell out of their lousy swastika and their Hitler and their Himmler and the whole bunch of stinking swine!"

"Oho!"—a hoarse bass rolls over them. The chauffeur jumps up. Arkhipov and the major walk up to them. The old man stands to attention.

"Excuse me, Comrade Colonel, my tongue ran away with me..."

"Aren't you a naval man, Dad?" smiles the colonel.

"Pompei Karassyov, bo'sun's mate, Guards crew, cruiser 'Oleg', Comrade Colonel!"

"Yes... the language sounds familiar... Left the service long?"

"In 1920 after being wounded at Ufimovka, Comrade Colonel."

"At Ufimovka?" the colonel turns. "In the First Kronstadt?"

"Yes, Comrade Colonel, machine-gunner, second company, First Marine Regiment!"

"And I was in the third! See there, now, Pompei—what's your patronymic?"

Pompei shakes the colonel's hand gingerly.

"Yefimovich, Comrade Colonel."

"Never mind all that colonel business... When old sailors meet... I'm called Arkhipov, Yakov Ivanych..."

He suddenly turns round and frowns. Some sailors are bringing in the German officer who presided over the execution. Pompei also turns, his face darkening. Then he pulls the German camera from his pocket.

"This is their's... Comrade Colonel... There's maybe some pictures in it."

"Fine!" The colonel enters the car.

Pompei approaches it, agitated.

"Will you say a word for me at headquarters, Comrade Colonel? I have a request."

"What is it?"

"At the beginning of the siege I asked to be reinstated in my former position, that is, to return to active service in the navy. I was refused, Comrade Colonel."

"Your age, Pompei Yefimovich..."

"A sailor's good for more than one decade. My eyes are fine yet and so are my legs... And a sailor-soul never gets old, Comrade Colonel..." Pompei glares at the German officer. "And there's enough rage in it for a hundred years."

"Very good. Comrade Major, enrol him as machine-gunner in No. 1 Company..."

The machine starts. Pompei looks after it with satisfaction.

"Now look out for yourselves, you German devils! You'll know what an old sailor's like. Pull your stinking guts out through your..."

The major turns round in amazement.

"Comrade Karassyov!" reprovingly.

"Yes, Comrade Major!"

"You'd better drop all that!"

"All what, Comrade Major?"

"Why, all that about stinking guts..."

Now it's Pompei's turn to stare.

"Why, Comrade Major, there's no ladies in the regiment, thank God. That's just ordinary sailor talk..."

"There's a different sort of talk in the fleet now, Comrade Karassyov. Understand?"

The major goes away. Pompei looks after him shaking his head dismally.

"Here's a new kind of sailor for you... Queer fish they must be..."

Headquarters of the Odessa defence. A group of staff commanders in army and naval uniforms. On the table the camera brought by Arkhipov. The admiral is listening to him.

"That girl, Tatyana, undertook to lead No. 1 Company from the rear. They set things going there, while we drove from the front... And then the army came in and helped... We caught them napping, Comrade Admiral, and they lost their heads..."

"The black cloud?" the admiral laughs understandingly. Arkhipov replies with a similar laugh:

"They've got a different squeal now—schwarze Teufel—black devils..."

"Black devils... that's the stuff," repeats the admiral in satisfaction, and bends over the map. The howl of a shell sounds through the window followed by the dull thud of an explosion. The colonel asks a staff officer quietly:

"Dofinovka still at it?"

"The explosions from there. The transport's unloading in the port."

The admiral raises his head from the map.

"What do you think, Comrade Colonel... Suppose we get them out of Dofinovka now? Look here, this is how things are. Well? Can you do it?"

"Of course, it can be done." Arkhipov looks at the map. "A detachment would be rather inadequate, though."

"A regiment?"

"Sailors?" Arkhipov catches him up.

"Yes. We'll give it the name, too. The First Marine Regiment."

"In that case, Comrade Admiral, I'll hand you Dofinovka on a gold-mounted tray. And the battery with it."

"Good..." The admiral turns to a staff officer. "Here are the orders: to enrol volunteers for the regiment... From the base, the naval batteries, the aerodrome..."

"And from the ships," Arkhipov prompts him.

"Why, aren't there enough seamen in Odessa?"

"The men on the ships are forty times as tough, Comrade Admiral."

"Well, take them from the ships too..."

The admiral and Arkhipov bend over the map. A staff officer picks up the camera and removes the plate... A picture forms until it fills the entire screen—two tanks tearing a man asunder. It forms a picture on a leaflet with the caption:

What the fascists bring with them.

The leaflet is read by groups of sailors on the deck of a cruiser, by the guns, on the bridge... It is read by a young seaman with "Yarostny" on his cap ribbon (Andrei Krotkikh). He is standing in the wardroom galley, a cramped spot with a large samovar in the corner and under it a tray of dirty dishes. On the table there is some sort of unfinished construction made of wires, containing plates standing on edge. Beside it lie a pair of pliers, a rubber hose and wire.

The picture makes a great impression on Krotkikh—his lips tighten as he looks at it:

"But that's... Eh, the... A thing like that!.."

A bell rings. Krotkikh goes out quickly.

A door marked: "First Officer (Political)". Krotkikh enters.

In the cabin, Filatov, an elderly captain of the third rank is finishing a brief letter. A leaflet lies beside him.

"Comrade Krotkikh... Deliver this to Colonel Arkhipov of the First Marine Regiment... The harbour master will tell you the way..."

Krotkikh waits. Sees the leaflet and his face darkens again.

"Comrade Captain, what are they doing? Is that war?"

"What else?"

"But—it's just banditry, not war..."

Filatov, quietly, as he closes the envelope:

"That's war too, Comrade Krotkikh—fascist war... The Germans are not fighting an army, they are fighting the people, and that will mean their downfall in the end..."

The loud ringing of a bell — the alert. Salvoes from A. A. guns.

A quick-firing A. A. gun opens up in the

bows. N.C.O. (Gushchev) wearing helmet and earphones. Gunners at the posts. Range-finders... guns' crews.

Only then do we see Krotkikh—he is bringing up shells, placing them on the mat at the feet of the loader (Pinokhin). The latter looking down at him:

"More to the left, see—they're not handy..."

Gushchev removes his helmet and commands:

"Shrapnel... cease fire!.." and explains with chagrin: "Out of range... They're making for Odessa."

"They keep it up, plastering the town, dam' 'em," says a gunner angrily. The second, reading a leaflet, remarks approvingly:

"Looks like the sailors took the collective farm!"

"A whole regiment there," explains Krotkikh. "The First Marine Regiment..."

"How d'ye know?" asks Gushchev, Krotkikh replies proudly:

"I know all about it... Colonel Arkhipov's command. All seamen..."

"It's a great life," Gushchev sighs enviously. "Battering at it themselves, and every time hitting the target."

As he studies the leaflet, the scene shifts to a street on the "Odessa Dawn" collective farm.

A simple wooden obelisk. Nailed to a board — three German Iron Crosses, with the inscription: "Vengeance Account, First Marine Regiment..." Childish hands fastening a fourth cross to the row. Krotkikh galloping up to the obelisk on a heavy artillery charger, draws rein.

"Hi, sonny!"

"Sonny" turns round and Krotkikh sees a young girl in a sailor's jacket and cap. He begins to read the inscription on the obelisk: "On this spot, August 14th, 1941, the fascists savagely tortured..." His face darkens, he looks at Tatyana:

"Your Dad?"

The hammer, raised for a blow, pauses. Then she hits the nail with such force and hatred that Krotkikh understands...

A small yard crowded with seamen, one cleaning a tommy-gun, another shaving, yet another busy with a water-melon. Pompei, already in uniform, drinking a mug of tea. A ringing, pleasant whistling becomes audible, and a seaman enters the yard. His mustaches are twisted to a fine point, his cap bearing the ship's name "Soobrazitelny" is cocked at a rakish angle, his jacket thrown picturesquely over his shoulders (Surin, nicknamed "Nightingale"). He whistles a waltz, imitating Karla Donner. As he walks past the sailors, Nightingale takes one by the chin, trills teasingly at another. He is followed by smiles. Suddenly his whistle breaks off in mid-trill and he stands stock still in amazement. A second's pause, and Nightingale makes a deep theatrical bow and raises his eyes in expectation.

Krotkikh appears in the gateway on horseback. The horse tosses its head and neighs in a friendly bass. A burst of laughter. Krotkikh has no time to ask questions or get down, before he is bombarded with a flood of sailor chaff. Of course, Nightingale sets the ball rolling.

"Damme, lads, that's a fine cutter, that is!" he throws up his hands. "Been in command long, captain?"

The joke is taken up all round, banter flies from all sides.

"What model's that?"

"A prize ship, I guess!"

"Makes twenty knots by the look of her!"

"Twenty indeed! A four-screw — forty for sure!"

"Hey you up there on the bridge! What horsepower?"

"Where do you fill up with petrol?"

Nightingale pushes forward, assuming the role of showman.

"A moment, comrades... I know this type of cutter. First of all, it works only on solid fuel..." He holds out a piece of melon to the horse which he has snatched from a neighbour. "See that? Secondly..."

A sailor at the tail:

"Nuff said! Here's the tiller for you!.. And here's the exhaust!..

Pompei has been listening in laughing satisfaction. Now he adds:

"Eh, you, infantry!.. That's the stern gun!"

Laughter. Delighted shouts:

"Sight forty, angle a hundred and five!.. High explosive! Fire!"

A motor horn sounds above the noise, and Nightingale's hands automatically push forelock beneath his cap. He dives behind the horse. The N.C.O. commands:

"Attention!"

Sudden silence. Arkhipov and the major, the chief of staff, climb out of the car by the gate. The N.C.O. marches up to them. All the sailors have changed as though by magic — jackets and tunics fastened, caps set straight — even Nightingale by some miracle has straightened himself up. The N.C.O. reports:

"Platoon from the front-line positions, back for rest, Comrade Colonel!"

"Good-day, men!"

A unanimous "Good-day!" Arkhipov approaches the group of sailors.

"Stand easy! Well, sailors?.. Had a good sleep? Been to the baths?"

"All in order, Comrade Colonel.. We've all been... Thank you."

"All back safely?"

"Three wounded, Comrade Colonel, and one killed," answers the N.C.O.

"Name?"

"Unknown, Comrade Colonel..."

The officer frowns.

"From the reinforcements, Comrade Colonel... Arrived during the fighting."

"How did he die?"

"By his own heroism, Comrade Colonel... Permit Surin to report, he saw it."

"Very good."

As Nightingale begins to speak, he becomes quite another man, not the one re-

cently fooling around as though without a care in the world.

"He dived into my trench, just before the counter-attack. A mortar shell smashed his tommy-gun. I shouted at him to sit tight, but he drew his revolver and rushed ahead of everybody... How he went! At full height, waving his revolver as though beckoning us on!.. And went down in the maize..."

Krotkikh, bending from his saddle, never takes his eyes off Nightingale.

"Was his revolver on a lanyard?" asks Pompei.

"Yes, fastened to his belt."

"Then we found him, Comrade Colonel."

"Where?"

"In a machine-gun nest. Five dead Rumanians — smashed to pieces — and ours lying there with his revolver."

"A pockmarked face?" asks Nightingale.

"Eh, there was no face left," says Pompei slowly. "He probably hurled their own grenade at them. Well, and he too..."

Pompei holds out the remains of a Komsomol's membership card to the colonel. Number, name and photograph are all torn by splinters and stained with blood.

Arkhipov removes his cap, and all the men do the same, including Krotkikh. He is deeply moved by what he has heard. All fall silent and the gun fire serves as a salute for the dead. The colonel replaces his cap.

"Comrade Major, make enquiries of the reinforcements, get his name and ship. Do this yourself. Enter him in the regimental roll."

He continues his way through the yard.

"He was called Fedya, Comrade Major," says Nightingale quietly. "He would fire a burst and say: 'Fedya, Fedya, keep calm... Shoot straight at 'em..."

Passing through the yard, Arkhipov notices the horseman.

"Where are you from?"

"From the cruiser 'Yarostny' (Furious) with a message for Colonel Arkhipov."

"And the horse — is that from the cruiser too?" smiles Arkhipov, taking the packet.

"Orders from headquarters were to bring it to the regiment, Comrade Colonel."

"A-a-ah!" Arkhipov turns to the major. "Transfer it to the second battalion, the water-carrier's horse was killed by a mortar shell..." He reads and smiles. Puts the message into his pocket. "An old friend of mine turned up... haven't seen him since the Civil War days. By the way..." He pats his pockets. "Where's that paper from the admiral?" He takes the paper from the major.

The steppe. Arkhipov's car is rushing over the roadless expanse. Ahead, the black column of a shell burst. The car swerves sharply.

Arkhipov in the car beside the driver. Without turning he says:

"Still alive, Hussar?"

Krotkikh is on the back seat. He answers triumphantly:

"Still alive!" Takes a shell splinter out of the upholstering of the seat and puts it in his pocket. The howl of a mortar shell. Arkhipov to the driver, suddenly:

"Hard a-port! You're dreaming!"

The car turns sharply. An explosion. Krotkikh ducks.

The black cloud of smoke and dust merges into a fountain of water as a shell falls with a splash. A cutter is passing a ruined pier. In it—Arkhipov and Krotkikh. The steersman speaks from the wheel:

"Dofinovka firing, Comrade Colonel. A cutter—even that they don't let through... They got cutter number four and number eight, and yours got a dose, too."

"The 'Varshavyanka'? The devils!" Arkhipov shakes his fist at the shore. "You wait, we'll settle with you yet... Hard a-starboard!" he interrupts himself. "That's how they get you. You've got to keep on the alert and sense the shells coming!.."

The cutter swings sharply to starboard. Water rising on the left. The silhouette of an anchored cruiser looms ahead.

Commander's cabin aboard the cruiser. Arkhipov and Filatov. Both men are about the same age, but whereas Arkhipov is characterized by a definite, resolute bearing and a certain bluffness, Filatov is much softer in speech and gesture. One feels that he has become unaccustomed both to the uniform and the military manner.

The friends look each other over, smiling, and not knowing really what to talk about first, after such a long separation. Filatov touches the Order of the Red Star on Arkhipov's tunic, lying between the "Twenty Years of the Red Army" medal and the Red Banner.

"Spain?"

"Finland." And in his turn Arkhipov touches the Order of Merit beside the Red Banner on Filatov's tunic.

"Grain?"

"Gold. I was Party organizer of the Central Committee at Aldan."

"And came right from there to fight?"

"Nothing of the kind. First cotton, then coal..."

"How we sailors are thrown about from pillar to post!" Arkhipov shakes his head. Neither asks about the Red Banner—the Orders well rubbed and of a style now out of use, speak for themselves—the Civil War. Arkhipov gets out tobacco. Filatov smiles and nods at his cigarette holder, nearly bitten through.

"You still chew it?"

"An old habit."

"I remember when the fighting was hot, the detachment commander would chew his cigarette holder."

"And our academician would roll a cigarette—as slowly as he could..."

"You've mixed up. That was when I was angry, and didn't want to let loose... It calmed me down..."

Both laugh. Filatov points to his cigarette holder.

"I'll have to give you another. One that'll stand any amount of chewing."

"Thanks," Arkhipov shows his holder. "This one's just about on its last legs."

"Tough in Odessa, isn't it?"

"We're hanging on. The seamen have come ashore, and you know what they're like ashore: fight like the devil."

Krotkikh has just entered and has been listening intently to the conversation while busy with his work. He places two glasses of strong tea on the table, sugar, biscuits, and in front of Filatov a tin of condensed milk.

"Taking men from the ships?" Filatov continues.

"From anywhere... I want ten of your falcons too."

Filatov stirs a spoonful of milk into his tea, shaking his head.

"Nothing doing, Comrade Colonel. We're shorthanded ourselves."

He moves the milk over to Arkhipov. The latter pushes it away, aggrieved.

"No, thanks... You've got out of naval ways, Vassili Sergeich: good navy tea and you just spoil it... and you've also forgotten sailor friendship..."

"Friendship's friendship, but I keep what's my own."

With a sigh Arkhipov fumbles in his pocket.

"You always were a stubborn devil, and you haven't altered. Maybe the admiral'll make you change your mind?" He hands Filatov a paper, and while the latter is reading it, he looks at Krotkikh. "That's good tea you've made... real navy tea. Boiled it, or what?"

"The usual way, Comrade Colonel... Boiling water..." Krotkikh is looking at Arkhipov with adoring eyes.

"And in the regiment they always water it down till it's like dishwater. How much tea did you put in? Three spoons?"

"A half packet, Comrade Colonel."

"Oh, then it's clear," laughs Arkhipov. "There's a sailor for you—grudges nothing to a guest! Well, academician, read it?"

Filatov returns the paper.

"It says here: by mutual agreement... When the commander comes we'll talk to him... And even then you can't have them at once... We'll see when we return sometime next week..."

Krotkikh already at the door, pauses, listening.

The galley. Krotkikh has disconnected the electric stove on which the kettle is standing, and tests the heat of the samovar with his hand. Opens a valve. The steam mounts in a thin column. Krotkikh picks up the unfinished wire construction, and stands thoughtfully; watching the steam rising in a cloud over the samovar, he sees a picture forming in it.

Seamen are going into the attack—the same he saw that morning. Nightingale running, Pompei running. A machine-gun rattles—and Fedya races up to it, waving his revolver. Five Rumanians turn round, terrified: the sailor snatches a Rumanian grenade from the breastwork, swings it over his head. His face, glowing with the heat of battle, somewhat resembles that of Krotkikh. He hurles the grenade at the Rumanians. An explosion. The sailor clutches at his face.

Krotkikh stands, his hands covering his face. The samovar is boiling, the steam rattling it like a machine-gun. A second drop falls onto his hands from the ceiling, where the steam is condensing. He looks at the tray under the samovar. It is piled high with dirty dishes. Globules of fat are floating in the water. Krotkikh looks at the dishes in disgust and flings the wire onto the table. Then with a determined movement he takes a leaf from an exercise book in the drawer and writes on top:

Request.

Early morning. Cruiser steaming in sight of the Odessa shore. Filatov emerges on deck. From the guns, turrets, engine rooms —everywhere officers appear, each one handing him a bundle of requests. Silently he places them in his pockets.

Filatov's cabin. He enters, takes the bundle of requests from his pockets, moves to put them on the table, then sees in the exact centre a sheet from an exercise book. He runs his eye over it without sitting down, and together with him we read the final words:

"...otherwise my life is worth nothing. Excuse me if I have not written this properly.

"I beg you will not refuse.

A. Krotkikh, A. B."

Filatov frowns and begins slowly rolling a cigarette, and it is evident by his deliberately quiet movement that he is restraining his annoyance. He rings.

Krotkikh enters. Filatov continues rolling his cigarette (which Krotkikh observes with some uneasiness), and asks slowly, quietly:

"Why did you not give this request to your commanding officer?"

"I handed it to the commander of my battle unit, Comrade Captain..."

"Then why is it here?"

"He refused."

"So you wanted to go over his head?"

Krotkikh is silent.

"And now you will have to come up for punishment."

Krotkikh sighs. But his eyes are so beseeching that Filatov's lips curve in a smile, and he finally lights his cigarette. Krotkikh's face brightens. But Filatov hands out the request back to him.

"Take it. I didn't find it here. Understand?.. You may go."

Krotkikh departs. Filatov looks through the requests.

"...as the son of a sailor who died at Tsaritsyn, I request..." "I promise that I shall do credit to the cruiser in the trenches too..." "...as first-class sniper, prize-winner..." "...as a participant in the breach of the Mannerheim Line, an experienced fighter..."

The lieutenant enters. Filatov raises his eyes.

"You've come just at the right moment,

Comrade Lieutenant... Tell me, just what do you think—in war-time, can people grow and develop by themselves? No need to teach them, educate them? They say that the war of itself breeds heroes... What do you think?"

"I don't understand, Comrade Captain..."

"What is there to understand? I'm talking about Krotkikh. Why don't you prepare him for the gunnery school? Is he going to keep on carrying shells to the end of the war?"

"There aren't enough hands... I'm up to the ears myself..."

"Look round the cruiser—you can find a professor of Chinese, if you try hard enough... You don't see the people, Comrade Lieutenant, and you didn't notice that fellow. But he's got a head on his shoulders. In a month I want to hear you report that he's prepared for the school, understand?"

The mess deck. Someone is singing softly. The sailors are turning in for the night. Krotkikh is sitting before a table containing textbooks, working out a sum in an exercise book. Beside him, Gushchev, in the best of humours, is swinging his hammock and chaffing the gunlayer:

"And when we come back to Odessa, I'll say to you, dear Comrade Korolyov: 'Here's the accounts, the tractors and all the collective farm business — knock yourself down an aeroplane, paint some pretty little stars on the wings, and I'll manage the war somehow by myself — with my own hands.'"

And Korolyov in the same tone:

"And when we come back to Odessa, they'll tell you, dear Comrade Gushchev: 'Take your pretty little request, put a frame round it and hang it over your bed—with your own hands...'"

"That they won't!"

"Oh, but they will! They'll not let you go, captain of the gun."

"They'll release me," says Gushchev confidently. "They didn't want to free me to butt through the Mannerheim Line, but I got my way..."

Krotkikh pricks up his ears, raises his head from the textbook.

"And how did you manage it, Comrade N.C.O.?"

"By sticking at it."

"How?"

"Just that. Refused me, and I just sent in another request."

He lies down and begins singing softly. Krotkikh sits thoughtfully over his textbook. Then he opens his exercise book at the last page and writes: **Request.**

Filatov's cabin. The sun's rays strike through the porthole and shine on the sheet from an exercise book headed "Request", lying accurately, in the very centre of the table.

Filatov enters. Shakes his head, smiling, then reads the request. His face takes on a serious expression. We read with him:

"...all the more as I am an orphan, and leave nobody to mourn. And as my life has not gone the way I wanted, better give it for my country. Anybody can wash dishes, especially as I shall leave my automatic washer behind. And you need not fear, Comrade Captain, that I shall disgrace the ship. No, I promise on my honour as a Komsomol to die in the first battle.

A. Krotkikh."

The galley. Everything looks different. The plates stand in a slanting row on the tray under the samovar, fastened by the wire construction. The rubber pipe from the samovar leads to three faucets, and three streams of water gush over the dishes. The steam hisses, the water splashes...

Filatov looks at the "automatic washer" with interest, and smiles. The door opens. He turns.

"Did you make that yourself?"

"Yes, Sir," Krotkikh replies in some confusion.

"Did you ever work in a workshop?"

"I came from a collective farm, Comrade Captain. I worked in the stables."

"From the stables to the navy. Was your collective farm near the sea?"

"In the Altai mountains..."

"And what made you leave the Altai for the sea?"

"I just wanted to be in the navy..."

"Why was that?"

"My brother told me about it."

"A sailor?"

"Died in the Baltic. In the Finnish war..."

"So that's how it is..."

Silence. Filatov feels that the conversation is not going very smoothly, and Krotkikh only wants to make an end of it.

"Do you want some tea, Comrade Captain?"

Filatov looks at the open porthole.

"I'd like to take a walk, but I don't relish going alone..." He turns suddenly. "The automatic washer's working, and it's a long time to supper—shall we take a walk together?"

The Primorsky boulevard in Sevastopol. Krotkikh listens to Filatov, frowning, hanging his head.

"Life hasn't gone the way you wanted... H'm... How's that? Everything's open to you—study, work... All you consider is: 'I'll sacrifice my life, I'll not spare myself...' How's that? Don't you really value your life? Isn't it dear to you?"

"Yes, it is."

"I don't see it. When you go into battle—you have to love life like this!.." (Filatov clenches his fists.) "And you have to fight for it with all your strength and all your ingenuity! And you have to be clever, and full of tricks, and able to rush the enemy like a bear... Twist the devil's tail and defend your own life... It's cowards that don't love life, don't fight for it. They only coddle it, but won't lift a finger to defend it."

The man speaking is now very different from the calm Filatov we have seen so far, he is an ardent, courageous sailor from Civil War days.

"Death's a misfortune in war-time too, lad. And as far as it depends on you, you've no right to die. Understand? Even in the tightest corner the sailor has but one thought... how to throw more and more of the enemy into death's maw. Many a time it becomes choked with them while he himself remains unscathed."

They take another road. Now Krotkikh is speaking. He is very agitated.

"But, Comrade Captain, what sort of a battle post have I got? Carrying shells is just like carrying wood... I don't even load!" he cries, his voice ringing with boyish envy. "This is the third month of the war, and not one single German..."

A senior lieutenant passes, and Krotkikh breaks off to salute. Filatov returns the officer's salute, then says seriously:

"The chance for gallant action can occur anywhere..."

"Except in washing dishes," says Krotkikh bitterly.

"Again your dishes," laughs Filatov. "Anyhow, you've succeeded in that automatic washer..."

"I had to keep going somehow, Comrade Captain... I'd be washing dishes there, and thinking: 'All the other fellows, one's a gunnery mate, another's a torpedo gunner, another's in the engine room...'"

"And why didn't you go with them to the gunnery school?"

Krotkikh's face darkens and he remains silent.

"Didn't you apply?"

"Yes, I applied."

"Well?"

"Well — I wasn't accepted." He pauses. "Our collective farm school wasn't a specially good one, Comrade Captain..."

"Or maybe you weren't a particularly zealous scholar?" laughs Filatov. Krotkikh hesitates, and reluctantly admits:

"Not very."

They turn into another road. The sun is setting over the sea. Filatov is speaking very seriously, while Krotkikh listens with equal seriousness.

"And the word you wrote: 'Country'. For others it may mean a lot, but for you, orphan, your country is both father and mother. And you insulted her like that?"

"Comrade Captain!.." cries Krotkikh. But Filatov checks him:

"Yes, insulted. 'My life's no good', you said, 'it hasn't gone the way I wanted, what the devil do I need with it? Better give it to my country...' Isn't that how it was? And if you felt yourself happy what then?"

Krotkikh even halts. Everything which as a rule he keeps hidden within him, in his silence, reserve, shyness—everything suddenly comes bubbling out. He is beside himself. Filatov sees it, and smiles with satisfaction. Drawn him out into frank talk, now one's got to listen...

"Well, Comrade Captain, if that's what you think of me... But let me tell you everything... I'll tell you everything as a Komsomol... excuse me if I put it badly... You must understand, Comrade Captain..."

Music. Krotkikh's excited face is hidden by the caption:

Thus a youngster's heart was revealed. Burning with valour and a thirst for battle, it was as fiery as newly-poured steel, and everything it contained came pouring out into the open—valour, rage, injury and ardent enthusiasm...

The caption fades into a page from a memorandum-book. The music dies down. A pencil finishes tracing the words: "Nineteen years—wonderful age!"

Filatov closes the book, smiling at his thoughts. He is sitting in the cabin drinking tea. Opposite him, the ship's commander is examining the applications.

"No, we can't let Salamatin go... Without a signalman like him, a cruiser's blind... Gushchev... True, he was at the Mannerheim Line..." He flares up in sudden irritation. "And who'll bring down the enemy aircraft?.. Who's the fifth, eh?"

"I've got a candidate, Pavel Ivanych... Won't trouble you at all."

"Well?" says the commander, livening up. "Who is it?"

"Krotkikh."

"But, Vassili Sergeich..." frowns the commander.

"Why, what's wrong with him?"

"He's too young."

"I'd no beard, either, when I fought in the Civil War..."

"Well, if you'll answer for him..." The commander shrugs his shoulders.

"Absolutely," says Filatov firmly.

"But Arkhipov'll send him back again..."

"Oh, no, he won't," says Filatov with the greatest confidence.

"But you know how he picks and chooses his men?"

"Sure, I know. I've seen plenty of it myself... back in the Civil War days..."

Filatov slowly pours a thick stream of condensed milk into his tea.

"Once a young fellow came to him. Nineteen years old." Filatov laughs. "Arkhipov asked him: 'Can you use a machine-gun?' 'No.' 'A rifle?' 'No' 'A bayonet?' 'No.' 'Then what can you do?' And the young fellow said: 'I can hate, they've taught me that.' What do you think Arkhipov replied?"

"Told him to go and learn to shoot, and then he'd take him. You can't kill the enemy with hatred alone," suggests the commander shrugging his shoulders. Filatov smiles.

"'Well, lad,' Arkhipov said, 'you've graduated the main academy now, we'll teach you the practical part of it here.'"

"And I suppose he was killed in the lesson?"

"Why should he be? He even received an Order. Like this one."

Laughing the commander looks at Filatov's Order.

"Of course, such things happen, Vassili

Sergeich... And the young fellow was called Vasska?"

Filatov stirs the milk in the tea.

"I don't remember... I only remember his nickname—Academician..."

"Well, that's all right, then—all the better for me. Because—without Salamatin or Gushchev—we'd be in a hole."

The commander goes out. Filatov continues reading, drinking his tea. Krotkikh enters. He looks at Filatov almost affectionately. Filatov lowers his newspaper and immediately Krotkikh assumes an official expression.

"Another glass, Comrade Captain?"

"No more, Andryusha, thanks."

Filatov smiles and takes a new, dated memorandum-book from the bookcase, the top one of a pile.

"Take this... Your log... Something to remember me by."

"Thanks," says Krotkikh softly. On the cover the words are stamped: "To a Black Sea sailor from the workers of the 1st Odessa Printshop. Death to the German invader!"

"Only don't ink it up for nothing—just to note a sneeze or rainy weather... Write the most important events and one thing a day. Something makes an impression on you, or you failed somewhere or life has taught you something. You can look back through it sometimes and learn something from it—understand?"

"Not quite."

"Well, remember that day... what was it that gripped you? Fedya with his revolver? Wasn't that it?"

Krotkikh's face lights up.

"Now I understand, Comrade Captain."

"Well, there it is. Tidy up here, and then turn in."

"Good night, Comrade Captain."

He follows Filatov with his eyes, deeply moved—and on the page for August 28th he writes the one word: "Father".

Sunset on deck. Clouds overhead. Krotkikh sitting beneath a gun turret, his arithmetic and exercise book on his knees. The plaintive fifths of a bugle call. Filatov approaches and asks softly:

"Well, academician... How goes it? Getting ahead with your studies?"

"I'm trying hard," says Krotkikh, rising.

"So, I see..."

Filatov is silent a moment, sighs.

"Quite right, Andryusha, somehow you do seem to have no luck... Just begun to study—and then you must drop it again..."

Krotkikh is alarmed:

"Why, Comrade Captain?"

"The commander is writing you a draught chit from the cruiser."

Krotkikh is stricken into immobility.

"But why—because of my request?"

"Yes, just that."

"Where am I to be sent, Comrade Captain?"

"To the First Marine Regiment."

The books fall to the deck. Krotkikh can hardly breathe.

"To the regiment?"

Filatov laughs and claps him on the shoulder.

"To the regiment, Andryusha, to the regiment!.. You won't let us down, eh?"

"Comrade Captain... honestly... if I knew any way of swearing it... Please believe me..."

"I believe you," says Filatov seriously.

"Comrade Captain... for you I'd..."

"That's all right, that's all right!"

He is interrupted by a long drawn out command:

"Attention on the flag!.."

Bugles rather out of tune sound the Last Post. And two seamen stand to attention—the youth and the elderly man, facing the flag at the stern, each looking at it and thinking his own thoughts; the cruiser breathes with restrained strength, the long barrels of the guns rise menacingly over their heads and the sun sinks into the sea behind the Konstantinov ravelin, the ancient Sevastopol fortress. In solemn silence the seamen take leave of the day that is ended. The flag is lowered.

Self-tuition is under way.

Five naval men crawl along the deck planking, while the bo'sun instructs them gruffly:

"Hug the ground closer, closer! Look out for your stern—it's going to catch bullets!" and he jams somebody's "stern" to the deck. The crawling man turns—it is Krotkikh.

Krotkikh on the forecastle, flourishing a grenade. His position and movement very reminiscent of Fedya with the revolver. The grenade flies to the capstan and falls on the links of the anchor chain. It is no grenade, but an iron weight.

Five sailors are learning to use a tommy-gun. Krotkikh fixes a disc...

A parcel is being unwrapped, paper rustles. Tins of condensed milk emerge.

Krotkikh, squatting on his heels beside a young sailor, stacks them in the pantry cupboard.

"And if anybody else asks for it, say it's all finished. Don't give it to anybody but Captain Filatov..."

Dawn. The cruiser at sea. Wind and rain.

H. A. gun station. Gushchev, gunners, sight-setters shivering, peer keenly at the sky and the horizon. Krotkikh, leaning against the fenders, is doing the same. Pinokhin, the loader, looking miserable, brushes raindrops from his neck. He salutes Gushchev:

"Comrade N.C.O., permit me to go below..."

"What's the matter with you? You've only just been..."

"Stomach-ache, it keeps on..."

"All right, but don't stop all day... Comrade Krotkikh! Take his place!"

Krotkikh takes Pinokhin's place at the gun. Gushchev's eyes complete their examination of sky and horizon and turn to Krotkikh:

"Some fellows have all the luck. I hear we're losing you at Odessa?"

"I don't want to carry shells all my life, Comrade N.C.O. I want to do some shooting myself... with my own hands..."

"In infantry fighting you'll be like the carp in the bible," sighed Gushchev. "An old salt like me, however much I ask they won't let me go, but send a raw recruit."

"Yes, they're sending me!" says Krotkikh still more gaily.

Filatov approaches the gun station. He is soaked through and shakes off some of the wet.

"Well, how's the war going with you?"

"Fritz is still asleep, Comrade Captain, or maybe it's his day off," says Gushchev, standing at attention.

"Keep your eye on the horizon. It's just the weather for torpedo-carriers..."

"Very good, Sir."

Filatov counts the men and frowns:

"What's the matter, Comrade N.C.O.?"

"I allowed one to go below for a moment, Comrade Captain."

Filatov glances at his watch and then starts to exercise his arms to warm himself.

"I advise you to try it too," he says, continuing his exercise energetically. "Eh, what a wind!.. And they call this the south..."

"Permit me to bring you some hot tea?" asks Krotkikh with sudden animation. "For the last time?"

"Thank you, Comrade Krotkikh... But you can't bring tea to everybody..."

Cruising stations. A signaller, wind whistling round him, stares through his binoculars. On the forecastle, a machine-gunner soaked through with the spray. On the bridge stands the commander, shivering and hugging himself. Again we see the H. A. gun. Filatov is standing a little to one side, waiting. He looks at his watch, shakes his head in dissatisfaction, begins to turn to Gushchev but thinks better of it and frowning, takes out his tobacco box. Slowly he begins to roll a cigarette.

Gushchev leans over to Krotkikh, troubled:

"Here, run down quickly and find him... Look, he's getting mad..."

The mess deck. Pinokhin is by the door, just underneath the alert bell. He is curled up on a locker, fast asleep. Krotkikh looms over him. For a second he stands looking down at him, not understanding.

"What's the matter? Are you ill? Listen..."

Stooping down, he sees that Pinokhin is dead to the world, snoring comfortably. In an instant his face is distorted with rage. He shakes him roughly by the shoulder.

"A man like that can be wet all night through, while you, you swine, slink down here into the warmth?.. Get up, you!"

He pushes him roughly again. Pinokhin falls from the locker.

"What are you fighting about?"

Somebody seizes Krotkikh by the shoulder. He straightens up.

"Let me go! I'll twist this swine's neck for him! I'd go through fire for Comrade Filatov!.."

A meeting of Komsomols on the mess-deck. Krotkikh is sitting, with hanging head. At the table, members of the bureau, the cruiser's commander and Filatov. The latter is rolling a cigarette, but finds it difficult to preserve his calm. The commander concludes:

"The Komsomol Pinokhin is committed for trial for being absent from his place of duty. The Komsomol organization should take due note of this..." He is silent. "Now with regard to Krotkikh. Of course, it is right for a sailor to have a fiery heart but he must keep a cool, clear head. To be a sailor means in the first place to be disciplined, self-controlled... What happens if you let yourself get carried away in the heat of battle? You fire before time, rush to the attack too soon, destroy yourself and others with you... We send to the front those in whom we have the greatest confidence. They hold the honour of the cruiser in their hands. But you cannot be trusted with it. You will not go to the regiment."

Krotkikh looks despairingly at Filatov. The latter lays the cigarette he has rolled into a case and begins rolling another. He speaks, his eyes travelling over the naval men.

"I rather fancy that some of you Komsomols are thinking: 'I couldn't have stood it either, I'd have hit out too...' Isn't that right?"

Filatov looks at the men. Two or three avoid his eyes.

"And some of you are thinking: 'Of course, he must be reprimanded, but why keep him from the front? What has he done that is so very terrible?' Correct?"

Two or three more hang their heads.

"Well, let's talk it over." Filatov lays down his cigarette. His face is very serious. He speaks quietly, as though thinking aloud:

"There are three things sacred to a sailor—country, ship, commander. Your country—that is to say, the people, the Party, Stalin... Country!.. The ship—meaning your comrades-in-arms, the guns, the flag... The ship!.. And the commander. The country has entrusted the ship to him, its victory, our honour and our lives... This is what makes a sailor strong in spirit and indomitable; through the ages seamen have won fame with this inspiration—country... ship... commander..."

The Red Navy men listen to Filatov. Krotkikh also listens intently, trying to understand what all this is leading to. Filatov continues:

"Pinokhin deserted his post, that is to say, he betrayed his oath, betrayed his country. Was it for this that Krotkikh began beating him up?.. Pinokhin exposed the ship to danger—a torpedo-carrier might

have come along with a substitute at the gun. Was that the reason why Krotkikh hit him? Pinokhin disobeyed his commander's orders, deceived him. Was that why Krotkikh took the law into his own hands?.. What was it he shouted?.. Well, what was it?"

He looks at Krotkikh. The latter is silent, and suddenly his right hand begins fidgetting with Filatov's deliberate rolling movement.

"There's the whole thing in a nut-shell," says Filatov, not waiting for an answer. "Your personal feelings came before your duty. Today you forget discipline and begin fighting because of personal feelings, tomorrow you may leave your battle station because of your love for somebody else... Deserters too try to justify themselves with talk about their families..."

Krotkikh drops his eyes. He is keeping a firm grip on himself. The fingers of his left hand, too, begin fidgetting. Filatov speaks again, very sternly:

"A sailor should have a fiery heart, but he must be able to control it. And you?.. The blood flew to your head and you forgot everything. Committed a breach of discipline, started a fight and in addition, deprived the gun of still another man... You'll never make a sailor that way..."

Krotkikh's face. Not a muscle twitches. His fingers lying on his knees are also motionless.

The galley. The automatic washer in action. Beside it lies the "log" open at September 6th. One written word: "Orphan".

Krotkikh takes his pencil. Crosses it out, writes: "Country, ship, commander".

On deck. Sunshine. The cruiser anchored in the Odessa roadstead. Gushchev gaily taking leave of Korolyov.

"Well, Comrade Captain of the gun... we'll meet again if we're both alive..."

"Some fellows have all the luck... Shoot a couple of jerries for me..."

"I'd not grudge a dozen for a pal... With my own hands!"

Gushchev sees Krotkikh, standing alone by the rail. He comes up and holds out his hand.

"Well, Comrade Krotkikh..." And not knowing how to continue, shakes hands with him again. "Well... so long!"

The sailors see him off. Krotkikh stays by the rail. From the side he sees the cutter leaving the gangway with five seamen aboard, waving their caps. Krotkikh looks after them despairingly.

From another part of the deck Filatov is looking at the cutter, the cruiser commander beside him. The latter asks maliciously:

"Well, Vassili Sergeich? Your academician flunked?"

"On the contrary. Passed his first examination."

"How should I take that?"

"High pressure. Five atmospheres lower, and he'd do fine."

The commander laughs.

"You think so?"

"I certainly do." Filatov looks seriously towards where Krotkikh is standing.

Caption:

Odessa was preparing a blow against Dofinovka.

Headquarters of the Odessa defence. The admiral places a cipher in the safe and slams the door as he talks to Arkhipov:

"Need anything else?"

"Guns, Comrade Admiral."

"Good. The 'Yarostny' will give you gunnery support... Is that all?"

"That's all I wanted, Comrade Admiral."

"But not all I wanted. When are you going to get your men into khaki?"

"Their new uniforms are being made, Comrade Admiral..."

"Being made... And they'll go on being made to the end of the war, eh?"

"They've all got camouflage overalls... And the rest—there's nothing to worry about."

"Black devils?" laughs the admiral, and Arkhipov laughs in reply. The two evidently understand each other thoroughly.

Dawn. Cruiser shelling the shore. Occasional salvoes.

A landing party ready on deck. Mortars, cases of shells, machine-guns are being loaded into sloops. All are at their stations by the H. A. quick firing gun on the forecastle—Korolyov with the ear-phones, replacing Gushchev, and another loader instead of Pinokhin. Krotkikh as before carrying shells. Sailors hoist cases of mortar shells from the hatch and place it near the rail. The loader turns to one of the gunners:

"Not bad oranges, these... Small, but sharp."

"And the Rumanians just gobble'em up, we can't keep pace with'em," comes the reply.

"Southerners," laughs Korolyov. "They like all kinds of fruit..."

Salvo from the fore-turret gun.

A trench. Arkhipov, wearing a helmet, is squinting through binoculars. Two radio-operators sitting at his feet, one holding the cypher. Arkhipov speaks, without taking his eyes from his binoculars:

"Transmit to cruiser: 'Right on the mark, let's have full orchestra!'" He turns to the trench. "Prepare to attack!"

Voices repeat the command, and are drowned by the roar of mortar shells. An explosion close by, the cypher in the radio-operator's hand is sprinkled with soil. The latter crouches.

"Transmit: 21, 18... Comrade Colonel, the word 'orchestra' isn't in the cypher!"

"Give the message just as I said it! Let the Rumanians hear it, they can't escape us now!"

Salvo from the cruiser's waist battery guns. Another and yet another. The sloops

with the landing party are approaching the shore.

On the bridge the commander speaks to a radio-operator.

"What can't you understand there? Repeat what the transmitter is sending you."

The man raises laughing eyes and repeats:

"'Come on, come on, there's boots in the air!'" He listens intently. "And further? 'And they've got feet in them!'"

Laughter on the bridge. Another salvo. Emerging from the smoke a maize field appears. Shouts of "Hurrah!", whistles, yells—the furious, irresistible attack of the "black cloud". Round caps flash past and black jackets. Salvoes from the cruiser at sea, and exploding shells in front of the attacking sailors.

Nightingale and Pompei jump into a trench dug in a plantation of small acacias. Nightingale fires a round along the trench to the left, Pompei to the right. They turn and collide. Nightingale:

"How's our new quarters, Pompei Yefimovich?"

Pompei glances round in a businesslike manner.

"Not bad... Here, lend a hand..."

They shift the sandbags over to the other parapet, while Pompei grumbles:

"Now we've got to sweat for them. Those Rumanian sons-of-bitches, no sense in their lousy heads! They always face their trenches the wrong way... Bob down!"

The howl of a mortar shell. The two men fling themselves to the bottom of the trench. An explosion...

The explosion merges with the furious barking of the H. A. quick-firing gun at the cruiser's bows. The roar of a dive-bomber. A huge column of water and smoke alongside the ship. Krotkikh's cap is torn off as head-down he races along carrying a shell. Straightening up, he notices that a case of mines has caught fire.

"Mines on fire, Comrade N.C.O."

Korolyov turns and snatches the shell from the loader's hands.

"Both of you to the mines! Quick!" and begins loading by himself.

The roar of the dive-bomber grows in intensity. Krotkikh and the loader race to the case. It is already in flames. As they run, the loader gasps:

"We shan't make it, it'll explode!"

His pace slackens — and he falls. Bullets ring on the deck.

Krotkikh is already at the case. He lifts it, turns:

"Get a move on!"

The loader has perished. Krotkikh tries to lift the case, but it is too heavy. Swiftly he flings off the lid, and seizes the first mine by the stabilizer. It is red-hot, he snatches his hand away. But the next moment the mine is flying overboard, and Krotkikh has seized the next...

On the bridge Filatov is pressed to the rail, watching the forecastle.

"Hose to starboard!"

Sailors run to the forecastle, pulling the snake-like coils of hose after them.

Krotkikh squats down and raises the lightened case. Flames lick his face, his overalls are afire. He turns away his face, and with a heave sends the case over the rail. The roar of the dive-bomber, the rattle of the H. A. quick-firing gun.

The case explodes just above the water.

Krotkikh looks to the other side. There is a smile of pride on his face, distorted as it is with pain. He sees an aeroplane with the black cross on its tail fall into the sea. A stream of water plays near his feet.

On the bridge Filatov heaves a sigh of relief and smiles broadly.

Krotkikh's face in the sparkling spray. A leaf from the "log" dated September 17th. Letters appear, written by a bandaged hand: "For the ship".

A voice calling the roll:

"Sokolov!"

"Here!"

"Stukalov!"

"In hospital!"

A cottage backyard. Ranks of sailors in helmets, and opposite them, ranks of newly-arrived sailors in round caps. They are listening to the roll-call.

"Ustinov!"

"Here!"

"Ukhov!"

"Duty."

"Fedya with the revolver, Komsomol!"

"Died a hero's death defending Odessa."

"Frolov!"

Krotkikh, standing among the newly-arrived sailors, is also listening. On his breast is a medal "For Valour". The voices fade.

On the street in front of the yard — a German gun chained to a tractor. On its long black barrel, one sees the words written in white letters: "It fired at Odessa — but never again!" Arkhipov, who is examining the gun, speaks to the major:

"Now send it into the town. Parade it through all the streets."

The tractor rumbles into movement. Arkhipov walks along with the major.

"Send the reinforcements straight into the plantation. For detachment commander — let's say — Pompei. The old man fights well."

"It's true he's a good fighter, Yakov Ivanovich, but as for commander..." the major frowns.

Arkhipov laughs.

"Turns the air blue, eh?.. Time you'd got him out of that."

"I've tried... 'It's a habit of forty years' standing,' he says..."

"Send him to me. And go round the batteries — time for a barrage to show 'em we're still alive. About thirty rounds..."

A cottage. Pompei is gloomily listening to Arkhipov. The latter speaks with conviction:

"Look at me, Pompei Yefimovich. I'm an old tar too, but have you heard one salty word from me?"

Pompei is silent. Raises his head gloomily.

"Permit, me, Comrade Colonel, to speak as one sailor to another. What year did you join the navy?"

"1912."

"There you are, you see. And I joined in 1904... Excuse me, but compared with me you're just a novice."

Arkhipov smiles slyly.

"Well, Pompei Yefimovich, let's talk it over..."

"You've lost all your sailor habits, Yakov Ivanych... An old flatfoot like you and talking like a prim old maid..."

"Times are changed, Pompei Yefimovich," laughs Arkhipov.

"Times..." Pompei shakes his head. "Better to say the schooling's different. D'ye mean to tell me they licked the sailors properly into shape on the 'Rurik'?... Now with us, on the 'Oleg'..."

"Don't you talk to me about your 'Oleg'... On the 'Rurik' they were used to a language ten times stronger... Back in the Civil War, once started, I could go on for eight minutes without repeating myself... The fellows used to gather round to listen."

Pompei shakes his head incredulously.

"You're laying it on a bit too thick, Yakov Ivanych, eight minutes... Why, we'd a whale of a bo'sun on the 'Oleg' but even he started to repeat after six minutes..."

"Don't you believe me?"

"But it's impossible — eight minutes!"

"Will you bet on it?"

"What are the odds?"

"The odds?" Arkhipov laughs. "Here they are... If I break down you can go on cussing all you want till victory comes. But if I win — then no more of it from you. Not another salty word to be heard in the regiment."

"Got a watch?" asks Pompei with animation.

"Here you are! A stop-watch! Start it going with the first salvo!"

Arkhipov caughs, looks up at the ceiling. Rises suddenly and bolts the door.

"Only see you don't repeat yourself, Yakov Ivanych!" warns Pompei.

Arkhipov brandishes his fist and opens his mouth. A gun salvo...

Montage: A battery in action. The major is standing nearby. In the cottage Arkhipov's inspired improvization is deadened by the firing. Pompei is listening in ecstasy. The hand of the stop-watch continues on its course.

Krotkikh stands on the porch, knocking at the door, the sound penetrating above the roar of firing. Nobody answers. He knocks again.

In the cottage Arkhipov glances at the watch, and finishes hoarsely:

"...anarchy of production, syndicates and cartels in metacentric height and divorced electrodes!.. Come in!"

He wipes his face and buttons up his tunic.

Pompei speaks with the deepest respect:

"You covered the time, Yakov Ivanych; t' was a treat to listen to you..."

Arkhipov opens the door. Krotkikh enters, holding out a package.

"From Captain Filatov to be handed to you personally, Comrade Colonel."

Arkhipov recognizes him and at once notices the medal.

"Ah, the hussar!... So here you are! Well, let's hope it's not the last... Congratulations..."

He opens the package and takes out a plastics cigarette holder.

"Well, thanks to Vassili Sergeich, I shan't bite this one through in a hurry... Are you with the reinforcements?"

"Yes, Comrade Colonel."

"Good... Comrade Detachment Commander!"

Pompei is sitting looking gloomily at the watch. Arkhipov speaks in a louder voice:

"Comrade Karassyov, I'm speaking to you!" Pompei jumps up. "Take over the reinforcements, and at nightfall make your way to the plantation!"

"Very good, Comrade Colonel."

Pompei lets Krotkikh out and turns back.

"Permit me to ask you one question?"

"Well?"

Pompei speaks under his breath, very seriously:

"How can you keep such words bottled up inside you? Don't they ever want to burst out? Such a collection! it's..." And Pompei shakes his head in respectful envy.

"But there's just one more word: discipline."

"What's that?" He pricks up his ears, and then gives a disappointed: "Oh!"

Arkhipov follows him with his eyes, laughing silently, and then lights a cigarette, examining his new holder with pleasure.

A trench in the plantation. The bushes and acacias overhanging it are riddled with bullets and shells. Krotkikh, Nightingale and Pompei are here, with helmets and tommy-guns. Pompei points to some corpses before the trench and instructs Krotkikh.

"You see?... Until they get up to those, not a move. What did the colonel tell you? Surin, repeat the instructions."

"Let them come close, Comrade Commander, until you can see their ugly mugs — whether they've shaved or not."

"Right. And what's the idea — explain."

"Let them admire the beauties who have come here before them. Moral effect."

"Not moral, psychological."

"It's the same thing, Comrade Commander."

"Don't argue. The colonel said 'psychological'... Continue: explain how sailors behave in a counter-attack."

"Fling ourselves on the Rumanians like on a feather bed, — they're soft. A German's harder, hit him with all you've got."

"Right. What other difference between the Germans and Rumanians?"

"You'll never see the Germans in front, they get behind and drive the Rumanians forward."

"Explain what conclusions you form from this?"

"In a counter-attack drive the Rumanians back until the Germans themselves start firing at them, Comrade Commander."

"Right. You hear?.. Repeat in your own words."

Howl of a mortar shell, an explosion close by. Pompei springs to an embrasure.

"Lesson ended! Prepare to repulse attack!"

Mortar shells burst one after another, branches snap off and fall into the trench. Nightingale picks up a twig and pushes it into the trench-wall.

"The first attack..." He jerks his head towards Krotkikh. "And for you, the very first?"

"Yes." Krotkikh looks tensely through the embrasure. Pompei calls to him reprovingly:

"Keep your head down! What d'ye think you're doing, staring out there? Lie down for the present!"

Both youths lie on the bottom of the trench. Mortar shell explosions.

"Don't get scared," says Nightingale with friendly understanding. "You'll get used to it before nightfall. They'll keep it up all day."

"I'll try."

Under his helmet, Krotkikh's face already looks different. He keeps himself well in hand, but he is excited and tense. Nightingale continues with the same friendly sympathy:

"The main thing is—don't be in a hurry, they won't get here anyway. And don't aim at their heads. Go for their bellies, it's a bigger target..."

The explosions die down. A new sound is heard—the distant shouts of hundreds of men, and the rattle of tommy-guns. Bullets whistle past, branches rain down.

"They're coming," says Nightingale. Krotkikh begins to rise, but Nightingale stops him. "Don't expose yourself for nothing. The commander'll tell us when to start."

Pompei keeping watch. Bullets whistling, shouts coming nearer. Krotkikh frowns.

"They're pretty close..."

"Yes... The old man's got some patience. Or maybe his eves are failing, looking to see if they're shaved or not?"

Both wait, tense, strained. The firing and shouts become still more audible.

"Prepare for battle," says Pompei quietly. "Wait for the command."

Krotkikh jumps up and peers through his embrasure. An avalanche of Rumanians. It is terrifying—a dense chain, open mouths, shouts, the rattle of tommy-guns. Krotkikh makes a move towards his trigger, but immediately his fingers begin to fidget with Filatov's familiar movement. The Rumanians advance still closer. At last Pompei gives the command:

"For our country, for Stalin! Fire!"

Krotkikh aims from his tommy-gun. Through the sight he sees two Rumanians fall... then another. The chain hugs the ground... crawls... Rises and runs back. Krotkikh is firing.

The wall of the trench. Three twigs; a hand pushes a fourth in. Mortar shells explode, soil falls on the sailors... On the trench-wall there are now seven twigs. The sailors' faces are black with soil, drenched with sweat, exhausted... A captain in a dusty naval tunic shouts through the firing:

"Machine-guns to the right flank!.. Quick!.."

Nightingale pushes in the eighth twig and wipes his forehead...

Sudden silence. The same captain in the cottage facing Arkhipov. He is utterly exhausted. Arkhipov lights a cigarette as he speaks.

"You say even if it's only a platoon!.. But where am I to get one? None of our men are sitting twiddling their thumbs..." He peers at the captain searchingly. "How long is it since you slept?"

"Not since the storm began... Five nights, I think..."

"Take a rest here for the present, while I have a talk with the major, how to help you..."

"But, Comrade Colonel, I..."

"Get your head down! That's an order: sleep!"

He gives the captain a slight push onto a camp bed, and the latter, sinking onto the pillow, falls asleep in an instant. Arkhipov looks at his deathly face, shifting his holder around in his teeth. The major standing beside him, says quietly:

"Dead tired... That's when the machine begins to give out..."

"Worse. Nerves giving way." Arkhipov is silent for a moment, then continues, as though thinking aloud: "That's how retreats begin. With trifles... Today he comes for help, and tomorrow begins to wonder whether it isn't time to withdraw..."

"I don't agree with you, Comrade Colonel. He'll fight to the end."

"I quite believe you," says Arkhipov, shrugging his shoulders. "But what's the result? He'll kill a whole pile of Rumanians, and die like a hero, but the plantation's gone, all the same..."

Arkhipov blows his cigarette end from the holder.

"No, major, victory loves a cheery spirit... Let him have a sleep, while I look after the job."

Night. The trench in the plantation. Krotkikh and Nightingale crawl from the trench. Nightingale speaks to the remaining sailor:

"We humbly request you not to fire. When we come back I'll whistle—like this..." He whistles like a bird. "Get me?"

"All right, clear off... And find me a decent tommy-gun... Only not a Rumanian one, they're no good..."

"Maybe you'd like a 15-inch all for yourself?"

Nightingale and Krotkikh disappear into the darkness.

A blindage, with very low ceiling. A lamp is standing on a packing case. Sailors, tired and depressed, are eating a supper of tinned food or sleeping. A tommy-gun burst in the distance. A sailor with several days' beard stops eating, and says in a low voice:

"In the maize..."

Pompei, threading a needle, says indifferently:

"Tommy-gunners."

"Looks as if they're managing to surround us..."

Pompei glances at him, and his lips move silently. The unshaven sailor continues:

"What sort of stop-gap are we anyway? a platoon and a half... If it was a company, now... And why don't they send us reinforcements?"

Pompei's hand with the needle sinks, he looks up menacingly.

"Eh, the colonel's muffled my tongue, or I'd give you encirclement and reinforcements... We fight with what we've got! Sitting there and moaning—playing the strategian!"

He begins sewing the sleeve of his tunic. At the end of the blindage there is quiet talk; then Arkhipov's hoarse bass is heard:

"How do, eagles! Sidorkin, still whole?.. How do, Pompei Yefimovich!"

Arkhipov sits down in the lamplight, and looks around.

"I've given your captain an important assignment; till he's through I'm going to sit here with you..." Distant cannonade, shell. The sailors exchange glances and their spirits seem to rise immediately. "I haven't read the papers today—is the war over, or what?"

"Doesn't look very much like it, Comrade Colonel," laughs Pompei.

"Then why aren't you worrying the Rumanians a bit? I shan't visit you again—they're having things all their own way in the maize, smashed my car window... Comrade Senior Lieutenant, can't we find a few volunteers who've had a sleep?.. Let them comb the maize. It's dark, you'll be able to take them like chickens on their perches..."

Animation among the sailors, some stand up. Arkhipov notices the unshaven man and frowns.

"Haven't they brought you water today?"

"Yes, we received some, Comrade Commander..."

"Received some... Then why are you growing a beard? You're no sailor, more like a Rumanian!"

"I wanted to get an eyeful of sleep, Comrade Colonel," says the unshaven one, rubbing his cheek in confusion.

"Naval man, and forgot the rule. Shave, and you'll sleep twice as sound..."

"They keep us on the hop, they keep on coming... We get eight attacks a day..."

"Never mind if you get ten. As for your position here... you couldn't want anything better... Not like the second battalion, there the sailors are getting it hot... Comrade Senior Lieutenant, let's talk it over, see if you can't spare them a platoon? Got to give the sailors a hand..."

All are taken aback at this turn of events. Pompei speaks to the unshaven man, in a low voice:

"See that?.. And you're bellyaching about encirclement and reinforcements... Ugh! Fine tactician!"

"Difficult, Comrade Colonel," replies the lieutenant.

"Yes, yes. I understand it's not easy, that's why I don't give any order. You decide for yourself. But not according to regulations, but what you really think."

The lieutenant thinks for a moment, then raises his head.

"We'll give them, Comrade Colonel. We'll manage somehow with our mortars."

"Well, how about it, sailors? You agree? You'll hold out?"

Serious, almost solemn faces. Voices speaking quietly:

"We'll hold out, Comrade Colonel... since it's necessary... since it's harder for them..."

"Thanks, eagles," says Arkhipov in the same quiet voice. "In battle you don't think of yourself, but of your neighbour. That's how sailors have always fought, and that's how we shall fight... Well, tomorrow we'll think about how to reorganize our defence, but now, for the present, sleep for all not on guard!"

"Here, Comrade Colonel, it's softer," and Pompei pats a pile of maize stalks. They lie down side by side, and light cigarettes.

"Well, how goes it, Comrade Detachment Commander? Are you satisfied with the men? Who's the best fighter among them?"

"Well, I'd say Surin first of all. A bold lad, and gets the job done."

"And a good head on him?"

"Nightingale? Well... he's up to all the tricks, a grand sailor! Good for a medal every time."

"Then I'll take him. Any good for reconnoissance?"

Pompei looks askance, and pulls at his whiskers.

"Well, how shall I put... bit of a scatterbrain... don't always know where you have him... Better look in the second platoon, Comrade Colonel, you'll find some grand lads there!.. Good for anything! Sidorkin, say, or Pamfilov... Born scouts..."

Arkhipov laughs quietly.

"You're a crafty fellow, Pompei Yefimovich! Getting men out of you's like getting paint from the bo'sun..."

Pompei laughs too, shaking his head.

"You're crafty enough too, Yakov Ivanych! One too many for me again... I've guessed all right how you managed that eight minutes: you didn't go according to

the rules... Like the twelve apostles—they should be all taken together, and you dealt with each one separately..."

"If you fight only according to the rules, you'll never win, Pompei Yefimovich," laughs Arkhipov. "Time to sleep."

He puts out his cigarette. His jaw muscles keep moving as he chews on his cigarette holder, thinking deeply. Pompei, in a whisper:

"Comrade Colonel... about the platoon I... It's risky taking them. If we don't hold the maize..." With a movement of his thumb he draws a complete circle.

"I know, Pompei Yefimovich... I didn't mean it seriously..."

"Ah!" Pompei guesses. "Just psychology, eh?"

"Well, keep it dark anyhow."

"I understand... I keep up their spirits, too,—all I can..."

He falls silent and immediately begins snoring. A slight noise. Nightingale and Krotkikh have returned, they throw down captured arms and lie down side by side. The unshaven man grumbles:

"Didn't have enough fighting during the day..."

"Why let good stuff go to waste?" says Krotkikh. "Choose which you want."

They fall asleep. Arkhipov nudges Pompei.

"Pompei Yefimovich..."

"Eh?" he starts.

"What's that one called, I forgot... well, 'Yarostny'[1]..."

"But they're all dare-devils... Hotheads, ready for anything."

"I'm talking of his ribbon."

"Ah, the 'Yarostny'... That's Krotkikh, Comrade Colonel."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"We-e-ll! Of course, he's still young, but..." Pompei hesitates. "... he's not done anything startling so far. Like his name[2]—quiet sort of chap. I hardly know what to make of him..."

"Well, if you don't know I'll help you. I'll take him for a scout."

Pompei starts up on the maize.

"Comrade Colonel, what are you doing? You're picking them over!"

"I need some brave lads. I've thought a plan. Something serious."

Pompei is silent for a moment, then speaks in a changed tone.

"Maybe I'd do, Comrade Colonel?"

"It'll need good legs... Although... D'ye know Fyodorovka?"

"The state farm? I should say so, worked there as carpenter..."

"Well, we'll turn a trick there... And things'll be easier in the plantation... Good! Hand over your detachment, and bring those eagles of yours to the reconnoissance column in the morning..."

A cottage. The sun is shining through well-washed windows. A clay floor, and piles of hay in place of beds. Nightingale and a group of sailors are examining a dagger. The owner, winking to his neighbour, lays his hand on Nightingale's tommy-gun.

"What'll you swap for it? The tommy-gun?"

"Can't," says Nightingale, with a gesture. "It's a keepsake."

"Your pocket torch, then."

"O. K. A present from Jerry."

Krotkikh approaches and Nightingale sees a similar dagger at his belt. He asks him quietly:

"What did you swap for that, Andryusha?"

"Go to the N.C.O. He's issuing them out to everybody."

Nightingale snatches the torch back.

"I guess I'm beginning to see what a scout is!" He runs his eyes over the laughing sailors, suddenly sees something and looks it up and down.

In the doorway there are two scouts, both in naval caps and jackets, one of them twice the height of the other. Nightingale whispers to his neighbour:

"What's that lighthouse you've got?"

"Yefim Korzh. Got a great gift of the gab."

"A battleship," says Nightingale respectfully. "And what's that beside him—a chum boat?"

Laughter. The small scout is smiling... Nightingale jokingly seizes him by the nose.

"Va-a-assya... let's be pals?"

"Where's your eyes, fool, can't you see it's a girl?" grawls Korzh from just below the ceiling.

Nightingale snatches his hand back as though scorched and a roar of laughter breaks out from behind him. Korzh laughs too.

"You didn't recognize the badge!.. Tatyan[1]—a naval scout!"

Nightingale recovers himself instantly.

"By God! Tatyan!.. Delighted to meet you... Surin, Alexander Ivanovich, or Sasha for short, or Shura, just as you like... Character written on my brow..." He points to his cap ribbon with the ship's name: "Soobrazitelny"[2], takes Tatyana's arm and leads her round the cottage. "Do you know, Tatyana... excuse me, what's your patronymic?"

"Mikhailovna," she replies, still rather dazed by this reception.

"Tatyana Mikhailovna, happy to meet you! Well, Tanechka, I've been longing to make your acquaintance for a very long time... I've heard so much about you... Please sit down!"

He levels the hay with his hand. Tatyana in some confusion sits down—and there is the yelp of a squashed puppy.

"Oh, excuse me—over here, Tanyusha!"

This time it is a chicken which squawks a protest. Nightingale in disgust:

"Call this cultured conditions—nowhere

[1] "Yarostny"—Furious. The ship's name.
[2] Krotkikh—quiet, gentle.

[1] Tatyana—a girl's name used here without "a" to bring masculine sounding to it.
[2] Soobrazitelny—Sagacious.

to ask a lady to sit down! Tassenka, here, please..."

A cow moos in distress. Laughter. Nightingale is deeply offended.

"What sort of a place is this? Come outside, Tatochka..."

He takes her arm and ceremoniously escorts her out. The laughter dies down, all eyes follow the two, taken aback. Someone gasps in amazement:

"Well—that's the limit!"

A garden. Nightingale is twirling his whiskers in front of a tiny mirror, whistling. Korzh approaches and shows him a mighty fist.

"Put a sock in it, see?.. What d'ye think she is—a bit of fluff or a fighter?.. A girl like that's sacred, d'ye hear me? And see you don't forget it."

Nightingale regards the fist with interest and then looks at Korzh. He smiles understandingly and makes a gesture of renunciation.

"Oh, of course! Nothing to discuss, if she's already tied up. I never interfere in another man's business, Comrade Korzh. You can set your mind quite at rest."

"You're foul. Where do they make stalions like you?"

"None of that, Comrade Korzh!" Nightingale is ready to fly at him, but Korzh continues slowly and very seriously:

"You see a lass and must start off with your blabber, eh? And this a lass with her heart rent to pieces. A lass that wept tears of blood. Eh, you!—all the pity in the world couldn't heal her grief..."

Korzh speaks with such deep feeling that Nightingale is silenced. Korzh raises his huge hands, palms upward, as though holding something he cherishes.

"Our sailors carry her along with them in the war just like that... She's like a sacred trust."

He glances down at his hands with deep emotion, as though they really bore some fragile, precious burden... Music.

Against a background of music, Tatyana's voice. She is sitting with Krotkikh on the hay in the empty cottage, staring before her with a fixed gaze.

"I don't just consider their crosses any more... I hate them all, everyone of them... I wanted to shoot, then, but I'm glad Pompei Yefimovich stopped me... I'd have killed only one of them, but now I can count them by companies... battalions...

Odessa defence headquarters. Army and naval commanders. Arkhipov seriously regarding the smiling admiral.

"You needn't laugh, Comrade Admiral. Tatyana knows every inch of ground there—the cove, and where to hide the sloop... She'll lead us to Fyodorovka, and then the old sailor'll show us the rest. It's a sure thing."

"Well, all right, then! It'll be great if it comes off."

"We'll blow up the munitions dumps and leave the Rumanians without ammunition for a week. And things'll be easier for my plantation—it's pretty bad there now..."

"Right, get on with it," says the admiral, rising. "Is that all?"

"That's all with me, Comrade Admiral," Arkhipov rises too.

"But not with me." He looks at Arkhipov sternly. "When are you going to get your sailors into uniform? Are they always going to fight in their jackets? Black devils..."

"They're all ready," says Arkhipov gloomily. "I'll get the whole regiment into khaki."

"And yourself?" laughs the admiral.

"It's naval tradition for the commander to be the last to leave the ship, Comrade Admiral," Arkhipov slyly remarks.

A pickup is standing in the garden, and Pompei, now in army uniform, clambers out of it. Nightingale meets him with exaggerated admiration.

"Lord alive! Just look at his breeches! Pompei Yefimovich, you've made the mistake of your life—you should have been in the cavalry! But where are your spurs?"

Pompei silently heaves a sack out of the car, then throws back the tarpaulin.

"Now then, you... Admiral of the Swiss fleet... Lend a hand."

The pickup is full of jackboots, tunics, army caps. Nightingale is thunderstruck. Pompei takes up the sack and enters the garden.

The cottage. The scouts, in their new outfits, are gloomily rolling up their black naval uniforms. Krotkikh resolutely pushes his round sailor cap under his jacket and picks up a bundle of black clothing.

"Now, you... black devils... Let's get past..."

In front of him Nightingale is having difficulty in choosing a cap.

"Wait a bit, isn't that too small? This one, maybe? A bit tight, but the material..."

"Go to the devil!"

"We'll get dressed and go together, Andryusha, now don't get angry... No, I think this is too small, but it would be just the one for you..." He takes a shapeless army cap from Krotkikh and slams his own on the latter's head. "There you are, now full naval trim..."

"You'd be ready to put on a skirt if it hung well," replies Krotkikh gloomily. Then in sudden anger: "Thinking about smartness, but what about your sailor's pride? D'ye realize what you've taken off?.. Eh, if I'd only known..."

Korzh's deep bass interrupts him. Korzh is even gloomier than Krotkikh.

"Hey, boys, ain't there no more boots?"

"There they are, try'em..."

"Tried 'em all." Korzh waves his hand hopelessly. He is interrupted by the command:

"Atten-tion!"

Arkhipov enters with the lieutenant commanding the reconnoissance detach-

ment. Both are in army tunics and caps with anchors.

"Good day, men!"

The reply comes gloomily. Arkhipov laughs.

"Stand easy!.. Well, now we've got things in order a bit... Otherwise you'd have been like flies in milk—they'd have seen you in the maize five miles off... Well, what are you looking so sour about, Comrade Krotkikh?.. Boots pinching you?"

"You know why, Comrade Colonel," replies Krotkikh unwillingly.

"No, I don't."

"It's inside me that's pinching," says Krotkikh.

"Ah!.. And it's pinching you too, Comrade Korzh?"

"Yes."

"I see. Changed your uniform—and nothing of the navy left about you?"

"What's left can't be seen," says Krotkikh somberly.

"The Rumanians won't know it's us they've up against," sighs Nightingale.

"What sort of sailors are we now... just the name left," rumbles Korzh.

Arkhipov's eyes travel over them all. Then he speaks very seriously:

"My opinion is that if you covered the sailor-soul[1] with a cassock, it would burst through. In the Civil War we fought in anything that came to hand, but the enemy always knew us for sailors. If the attack's a hurricane and the defence a stone wall, that means it's the navy... They knew us all right... Those of us who lived. And the dead..."

He opens the collar of his tunic and thumps his striped naval singlet.

"By this. It lies over our very hearts like a vow... The sailor-soul always breaks through... If they kill a sailor, if they mutilate him, if even his name's lost, still it always shows: here was a sailor..."

The seamen listen to these words as though to a solemn vow. And when Arkhipov's voice falls silent, one after the other raises his hand to his tunic collar, and at the throat of each the striped singlet is visible.

Arkhipov's eyes travel over the sailors' faces. Music, passing into the leitmotif of the sailor-soul, confirms this silent vow of the seamen in khaki. Faces pass before us —Krotkikh, Korzh, Nightingale, Pompei—all with burning eyes.

"And you say there's nothing of the navy left about you," Arkhipov says, his eyes resting on them with admiration and affection. "Sailors you were and sailors you are... Look at Nightingale there—erect, a regular tailor's model yet every inch a sailor. Or Korzh... Eh, but Korzh has let us down! Now what do you mean by wearing those?"

Korzh's feet—army trousers emerging from huge naval boots.

"I can't get any of them on, Comrade Colonel!"

Arkhipov laughing:

"That's a pity!.. Comrade Karassyov, see what you can do,—maybe there's a pair that'll fit?"

Pompei winks slyly and pushes the sack over to Korzh.

"Try'em all, littl'un... enough here to serve a whole platoon."

Korzh takes out a pair of huge boots and sits down in delight to try them on. Arkhipov's eyes wander over the sailors; Tatyana tries to hide behind their backs.

"And what are you hiding there for?"

The others push her forward. Below her trousers appear light slippers.

"Eh, a smart lot I've got here!" says Arkhipov with a gesture.

Korzh's despairing bass:

"They won't come off again, Comrade Colonel!"

Laughter. Korzh rummages around in the boot-top and a broad smile spreads over his face. Inside is a tiny top boot.

"Tatyan, these'll do for you... Take 'em..." he says happily.

Arkhipov is now fully satisfied with the men's appearance.

"Now you're ready to fight." He straightens up and speaks very seriously: "Here is your assignment, comrades navymen..."

Music drowns the words.

Evening. The roadstead. Very softly, the song of the sailor-soul—of faithfulness, courage and victory—the same leitmotif which accompanied the vow over the striped singlets...

In the roadstead, alongside the ships, gunboats, transports, torpedo boats, trawlers, while patrol cutters streak here and there,—a small cutter towing a sloop approaches. A song comes from it—oars are needless, the harbour's ours, fighting's ahead, now's the time for song... The sloop is crammed with scouts, the lieutenant at the wheel. Nightingale imitates an accordion player, using his round cap as instrument. Forward, Korzh and Pompei are listening to the song, gazing far out to sea. The sun is setting behind the clouds.

Korzh sighs gustily.

"Eh... the water..."

"The sea," says Pompei softly, in the same tone. "If you leave it a thousand miles behind, you can still feel it..."

Silence. Korzh scoops up a huge palmful of water and lifts it carefully to his lips as though it were some rare wine. He gives a smile of surprised emotion.

"Salt..."

The song swells. Korzh gazes seaward.

"All right... We'll hold Odessa—and then straight home, and to sea again... Have you ever seen my cruiser?.. 'Chervona Ukraina'... There's a ship for you!"

"Eh, lad, you should have seen the 'Oleg'... Now, that was a cruiser!"

The song swells. In the bows Krotkikh is sitting beside Tatyana, writing in his "log", on the page marked October 6th:

[1] Play on words. The striped naval singlet is known as the **Morskaya dusha**—sailor-soul—among the Russian sailors.—Ed.

"Sailor-soul". Tatyana follows his hand with her eyes.

"And I'd write just one word on each page..."

"But I do write only one... Two or three sometimes of course, if I can't find the right one."

"That's not what I mean. You put down all kinds of different things, but I'd write just the one idea ...everywhere... the most important word, every day, until the final victory... So that neither I nor others would ever forget it..."

"Well, write it here..."

Krotkikh gives her the pencil. In a round, childish hand she writes: "Hatred". The song swells—telling of a sailor's dashing courage and hatred of the enemy.

The lieutenant rises and shouts:

"Hi, cutter! Cast off!"

Music drowns the song. The cutter swings away, the scouts waving after it. The sailors then take up the oars, we see the first powerful strokes.

Ahead, the silhouette of a cruiser. Animation on the sloop. As they bend to their oars the sailors speak jerkily:

"That's ours—the 'Krasny Krym'."

"No, it's the 'Chervona'. Those are her masts. Where are your eyes?"

"That's all you know... It's the 'Kavkaz' of course... Knew we were due and came to meet us..."

Krotkikh stares over his oar in mingled excitement and hope. Music. The cruiser swiftly approaches, looming out of the water. The lieutenant on the sloop gives the command:

"Toss your oars!"

All blades point skyward as the sloop salutes the passing ship. The sailors sit motionless, their heads turned to the cruiser. The lieutenant's hand at his cap. Krotkikh, the drops of water from the raised oar running down his face, whispers with a smile of pride:

"Mine, after all... the 'Yarostny'..."

The bridge of the "Yarostny". The commander's hand is at his cap. A shrill piping—the sailors on deck jump to attention. The cruiser passes, saluting the little sloop full of sailors. Filatov is also standing to attention.

Sunset. Clouds. Sea. Music. The tiny sloop, the sailors pulling at the oars disappears into the dusk of the vast, darkening sea...

Darkness, silence, bushes, whispers. Tatyana and Krotkikh are crawling along, followed by Korzh. He is worried.

"Halt! The lieutenant told us to wait by the hill..."

Tatyana crawls on further. Korzh seizes her by the leg.

"Lie down here, I tell ye..."

"Lie down, lie down — what do you think I am,—a dog? You're always the same, Comrade Korzh..."

"Stop that and wait here..."

"Comrade Korzh, let go my leg..."

"I won't."

Tatyana, in a menacing whisper:

"Let me go or I'll scream... By God, I will! You know me..."

"Eh, ye stubborn lass!.."

The lieutenant crawls up, accompanied by Pompei. The lieutenant whispers to him:

"Do you know this district?"

"O.K. now... Beyond that hill there's Fyodorovka, just close by..."

The lieutenant looks round. In a whisper:

"Pass the word down the line: crawl along to the flank... They may have a guard on the hill. Lead the way, Comrade Karassyov."

"And what about me?" asks Tatyana with a start.

"You'll wait here. No place for you, there."

"Comrade Lieutenant!" she whispers despairingly, but the sailors headed by Pompei have already crawled away. Silence. Tatyana is alone.

On the hill. Three Rumanians man a machine-gun in a trench. The corporal listens intently in the darkness. A twig snaps lower down to the left. The corporal takes up a rocket, and waits, on the alert...

Bushes. The twig had snapped under Korzh's knee. The sailors freeze to the spot. Nightingale shakes his fist at him, then suddenly, barking and snarling in two different voices, imitates a dog fight.

The Rumanian corporal listens. From below, the yelps of a beaten dog. The corporal laughs, says something to the soldiers and puts down the rocket.

Tatyana is alone. She stares into the darkness. Waits, tense and keyed up.

To her right — an explosion, a bright light deepening to a red glow. The fire spreads. Another explosion. Hands pressed to her breast, Tatyana stares at the glow with a wonderful relief.

Suddenly the joy on her face changes to horror. From the hill a machine-gun begins stuttering. Tracer-bullets soar over to the right, in the direction taken by the sailors and from whence they should return.

The Rumanian machine-gun in the glow of the fire. Alarm, excitement. The corporal points down the hill, showing the machine-gunner where to aim. A stream of bullets whistle in that direction.

The sailors hugging the ground under a cliff. Bullets spattering on the stones, tracer-bullets flying around. The lieutenant speaks:

"Keep down! We'll wait till it quietens."

Bullets whistling, rapping the stones; chatter of the machine-gun. Suddenly, from below, well to one side, a rocket soars over the hill, a second, a third. A tommy-gun opens up. Korzh speaks hoarsely:

"Tatyana! That's Tatyana!"

He stands up ready to dash off. The lieutenant seizes him by the shoulder:

"You'll ruin us all! Wait!"

Down in the bushes, Tatyana is firing up the hillsides. She peers ahead. The

machine-gun is still lashing at the sailors from above. Desperately, Tatyana jumps up and sends off another rocket. By its illumination she runs up the hill, firing from her tommy-gun and waving her arm, as though beckoning others to follow her...

A Rumanian machine-gun on the hill. The corporal peers in the direction of Tatyana's rocket, spots her, seizes the machine-gunner's shoulder, and turns the gun. A burst. Tatyana falls but continues firing...

The sailors sheltering under a cliff. The lieutenant jumps up:

"To the enemy machine-gun! At the double!"

He is overtaken by Korzh, then Krotkikh and Nightingale. The sailors race up the hill, erect, not firing, silent, panting.

They fling themselves upon the Rumanians. Korzh makes for the corporal. Nightingale springs onto the gunner like a tiger. Daggers flash. Then as swiftly and impetuously as they came, they disappear down the hillside towards Tatyana; Krotkikh brings up the rear — he had waited to remove the lock from the machine-gun.

The slope from which Tatyana has been firing. In the glow of the fire, the sailors are combing the bushes. Carrying her army cap, the lieutenant addresses Nightingale:

"Try more to the left..."

Korzh, parting the bushes, whispers hoarsely:

"What if they've killed the lassie... Eh, sailors!.."

A burst from a tommy-gun sounds from one side... Another... A grenade.

Korzh looks round in all directions like a baited bear, listens, ascertains the exact direction and dashes down the slope in the glow of the fire, which is all the time intensifying.

The conflagration is now visible through the narrow opening of a quarry. Shadows flit before it. A grenade flies through the air and by its flash Tatyana can be seen in a corner, pressed against a large slab. The girl is aiming at the entrance, which is illuminated by the glow. Shouts are heard from there and she is answered by firing.

Korzh rushes down the slope, tearing through the bushes in a fury terrible in its silence. He springs to the edge of the cliff and bends over.

Under the low but steep cliff, he sees the entrance to the quarry. Several Rumanians lying prone, are firing at this entrance. One of them flourishes a grenade. Korzh stands erect and hurls his own. The men below turn their guns on him, he falls and rolls down the cliff, clutching and tearing at the grass...

Nightingale and Krotkikh come running up and fall flat. A brief exchange of shots, then the sailors break into the quarry.

Bushes, the far-off glow of the fire. The sailors approach, carrying Korzh and Tatyana, both wounded. They are unconscious. The lieutenant whispers to Nightingale:

"They've probably got patrols out by the shore... Make for the sloop... If you see anything, whistle like a bird."

"That'll attract attention, Comrade Lieutenant," replies Nightingale, likewise in a whisper. "Better if I whistle all the time, like a bird flying from bush to bush." He gives a soft, trilling whistle. "And if I see anything — then like this..." He twitters and chirps.

"Good."

Nightingale disappears.

Grey dawn. Nightingale moves along with the silent tread of a practised scout, peering ahead and whistling.

The sailors following him are carrying Korzh and Tatyana, the lieutenant and Krotkikh leading the way. A bird whistling in the distance. Suddenly the signal changes to a chirping: "No further." They halt and wait.

Nightingale in the bushes. The light is increasing. Six Rumanians become visible, walking along the narrow path. Nightingale lets them pass, still chirruping.

The growing light discloses the bay, with caves at water level along the cliffs. In one of these the sloop is concealed. Again the bird's chirping.

Nightingale in the bushes. The Rumanians have settled down just above the bay. The sailor continues his chirping while he takes stock of the situation. There is something approaching desperation in his eyes, contrasting strangely with the sound of his carefree twittering...

The group of sailors. The wounded are lying on the ground. The tense, strained waiting is filled with the distant chirping and twittering—"no further..." Suddenly it is drowned by a grenade explosion and the rattle of tommy-gun fire. Krotkikh frowns:

"Done for..."

The lieutenant gestures: "Follow me!" As the sailors pick up their tommy-guns, there is a sudden silence. Then one single shot followed by a weak trill: "O.K." The sailors rush forward.

The bay. The sailors jump into the sloop, passing along the wounded: Korzh, Tatyana, Nightingale...

When Nightingale is being laid in the sloop, he still continues whistling the "O.K." signal, barely audible.

"Sasha, we're here," Krotkikh says to him, deeply troubled. Nightingale's whistling continues. "We're in the sloop, Sasha..."

Nightingale continues whistling, a weak, broken murmur, unconscious of the fact that those for whom he rushed into that unequal fight are about him, in the boat. The sailors take up the oars and pull out cautiously into the quiet bay.

Korzh recovers consciousness, raises himself. He cannot see Tatyana, who is lying in the stern. He closes his eyes.

"Tanya, my Tanya!" he says in a muffled

voice. "My little lassie, my heart's blood!.. You never guessed anything, I never bothered you, because it's a fighting lass ye are... And I wasn't able to save..."

He falls silent. Then, almost sobbing:

"Carried her down the hill in my arms... But didn't get her to the cottage... get her home... I'd have dried all your tears with my heart's tenderness... Tanya, my little Tanya!.."

With a gesture which reminds us of his first talk with Nightingale, he raises his palms to his face. On one of them lies a crushed flower and a tuft of grass which he had clutched as he rolled down the cliff.

Someone touches him on the shoulder. It is Krotkikh, offering him a drink from a flask.

"She's alive, your Tanya... Legs broken... She's here, in the sloop..."

Korzh opens his eyes, jerks himself up, then slowly sinks onto his back.

"Andrei... But keep your gab shut..."

"What about?"

"About all that... No call to tell her while she doesn't guess... I'll tell her myself if I live..."

He closes his eyes. Krotkikh takes up the oar. The sailors row, dipping their oars cautiously into the water.

Tatyana lying in the sloop. Nightingale, also lying there, continues weakly whistling the "O.K." signal, still barely audible. His feeble whistle merges into music. The leitmotif of the sailor-soul, intermittent, strangely changed, nostalgic. The sloop disappears into the dawn-lit sea...

The admiral's office. Arkhipov is standing by a map of the Black Sea, on which Odessa and the Crimea are clearly marked. He is talking to the officer with great animation.

"And everything's going well with my plantation... only two attacks in the whole day. A real rest cure! Left the Rumanians without ammunition—now they'll have to twiddle their thumbs till they get more brought up, Comrade Admiral... I'll send a landing party to Fyodorovka—about a hundred and fifty men, we know the way now... They'll start kicking up such a racket there that the Rumanians'll think it's a whole division in their rear... Then I'll drive in from here... see... We'll have the Third Marine Regiment here... and the army units in the centre..."

The admiral nods.

"A bold plan... Excellent!.."

He rises and turns to the safe. Arkhipov continues excitedly:

"Once the sailors have got a grip, Comrade Admiral, you only have to give the command and they'll dash ahead, there's no holding them... Drive the enemy five kilometres back and give Odessa a chance to breathe..."

While Arkhipov is speaking, the admiral has taken a small sheet of paper from the safe and holds it out to Arkhipov.

"Read this, Colonel." He withdraws to the window.

Arkhipov reads. Raises his eyes to the admiral, who stands with his back to him. Arkhipov reads the sheet through once more—and suddenly sinks onto a chair. He takes out his cigarette holder, thrusts it empty into his mouth, clenches his teeth. Reads the paper yet again as though he cannot grasp its contents. The muscles of his cheek move, the holder shifts in the corner of his mouth. A crack. Arkhipov takes the holder from between his teeth, looks at the bitten-off end and thrusts it into his breast pocket.

"Quite clear, Comrade Admiral," he says dully, without raising his eyes.

The admiral turns, takes the sheet from Arkhipov and replaces it in the safe.

"For this reason, the regiment's assignment will be a different one..."

He turns. Arkhipov is still sitting motionless. The admiral seizes him by the shoulder and shakes it with a rough soldierly kindness:

"Now, Colonel... Colonel!"

"I'm listening, Comrade Admiral..."

Arkhipov's frozen profile etched against the map of the Black Sea. Music.

A map of the Southern front on October 12th, 1941. A blow at Zaporozhye. A blow at Perekop... Odessa's already far in the enemy rear. A line of sea communications reaches out to it from Sevastopol; vessels are running along this line. An arrow marked with the swastika thrusts obstinately, menacingly against Perekop... And now Odessa's supply line is coming not from Sevastopol but right across the Black Sea from the Caucasus. A number of vessels pass and disappear before reaching Odessa. A rain of blows is directed against this tenuous communication line—aircraft from Tendra, submarines from Varna, motor torpedo-boats from Nikolayev, and near Odessa itself, heavy guns and clouds of aircraft meeting the caravans... And the thick arrow continues to thrust at Perekop, while another crawls towards Rostov...

The music changes into the continuous rumble of distant guns.

Arkhipov is standing before the scouts in a cottage garden. Their faces are tense and strained as they listen to him.

"For this reason the regiment's assignment will be a different one: the defence of the Crimea."

He takes out his holder and places a cigarette in it. The holder has been filed and polished and is now much shorter. Arkhipov continues speaking:

"The regiment will withdraw at night with the last transports. For the present you will remain in Odessa, and blow up buildings of military importance according to plan... You will leave with the gunners. The signal to withdraw will be the blowing up of the batteries. When you hear that, make for the sloop. You will be picked up at sea. That's all."

His eyes pass over the scouts' faces.

"Understand?"

Silence. Krotkikh, who has been standing

before Arkhipov in a terrible state of tension, suddenly replies:

"Not quite everything, Comrade Colonel."

"Just what don't you understand?"

"I don't understand why we have to withdraw..." Krotkikh is almost choking. "Even... even if no more supplies are brought up... Even if we are deep in their rear... Why do we need to go? We vowed to die in Odessa—and now we're leaving it?"

Arkhipov pulls deeply at his cigarette. Dropping his eyes to the holder, he replies in a voice of deep distress:

"We shall die, Comrade Krotkikh, in the place where our country demands it."

The holder with its mutilated end trembles in his fingers. He raises his hand and with a stiff, cramped movement, straightens his collar. The striped singlet is visible. Making an effort, Arkhipov continues speaking.

"Today every sailor's heart is riven with the same cry... Perhaps it would have been easier to die here, seeing nothing further... how we'll leave this plantation, soaked with sailors' blood... how we'll leave the port... and the town... the pearl of the Black Sea..."

He is silent. Pulls himself together. Raises his eyes and speaks in a different tone:

"The war's not yet over, sailors. We've still got a long fight ahead... Every man's needed in the Crimea at present. Take all your strength and fury there... In Odessa our job's done. Odessa tied Hitler's hands for two months... Half the Rumanian army's cut down—and we'd have settled with the rest too, if it hadn't been for the Crimea... Our men have accounted for six foes apiece, and they'd have got ten... if it hadn't been for the Crimea. Now Comrade Stalin says: The Crimea. Sevastopol. The Fleet."

His voice is drowned in gunfire. The Odessa coastal batteries have opened up. Music—the leitmotif of the sailor-soul rings out powerfully. Caption against a background of gunfire and shell explosions of the Odessa batteries:

And for eight months the First Marine Regiment struggled for the Crimea...

Trenches in the Sevastopol mountains filled with Red Army men and sailors. Caption:

Two hundred and fifty days of fire and thunder from dawn to sunset, permeated with death and valour...

Salvoes from Sevastopol coastal batteries. Ships firing from the bay.

For two hundred and fifty days Sevastopol withstood the hitlerite butchers...

The square before the pier. In the smoke of explosions and fires, amid shattered houses, the Lenin memorial stands unshaken.

...City of courage, loyalty and glory.

The quiet waters of the bay. From it rise the stone walls of the Konstantinovka Ravelin, just as we saw it when Filatov and Krotkikh were standing on the cruiser deck for the lowering of the flag. A scorching midday. The water lapping lazily against the stones.

Music is drowned in the thunder of the bombardment. The ancient walls of the ravelin pass before our eyes, rising abruptly from the water—and then to the right appears the northern border of Sevastopol. Huge columns of smoke and dust, mounting to the very heavens. The June bombardment.

A caption against the smoke of explosions:

Seventy-four sailors, backs to the sea, vowed to Sevastopol to hold the ravelin until the last motor boat had left the bay...

The court yard of the ravelin. Thick clouds of stone dust, the roar of aircraft bombing the fort. Steps leading to the wall facing the enemy, with a sailor cap lying on one. From under a pile of stones emerges an arm in a striped sleeve, clutching a tommy-gun with stiffened fingers.

A turn in the steps, and the walls become visible. Their backs to us, a scattered line of sailors are lying among the stones. A smashed anti-tank gun, empty cartridge-cases. A petrol tin stands in the shade. Again the roar of a bomber, an explosion, dust. The petrol tin sways. A hand immediately seizes it.

"Don't let's waste our last water," says a voice.

It's Krotkikh. He has changed greatly. His countenance bears a fresh look of stern courage, his eyes are more serious and at the same time more penetrating. He is wearing a sailor shirt with blue collar, and beside his old medal lies the Order of the Red Star. The same ribbon with "Yarostny" on his cap. He lifts the tin and places it in the crevice between two piles of stones.

"Fine place you found to put it..."

"In the shade, Comrade Sergeant," replies a sailor from the wall.

"In the shade, indeed... We shan't get any more, so we'd better take care of this..."

Again he lies down behind his machine-gun. The approaches to the ravelin are visible from here. Blackened German corpses among three smashed tanks. War's deathly desert. The roar of aircraft disappears in the distance, and then the desert comes to life. A shout: "Heil!" Over a hundred Germans rush into the attack.

Krotkikh picks up a small stone and places it beside the machine-gun: the eleventh. He waits. The Germans run to a bombhole in the wall. Packed together there they are met by the fire from Krotkikh's machine-gun...

And again the same deathly desert of war. Krotkikh turns his head to the right and shouts:

"Frolov! Sidorkin! What's up with you?" No reply. "Eh, the Devil's Nest!"

The Devil's Nest—the very corner of the ravelin, commanding the approaches to the front and right walls. Dust rising.

"Got it again," says Krotkikh to his neighbour.

"Too exposed," replies the latter, putting

in a disc. "Here at least we can get behind the stones, but there's no cover up there at all... As soon as a bomb falls you're done."

"Go up and look."

The sailor runs to the corner, stooping. Krotkikh's head sinks as he presses his forehead to the machine-gun. A voice:

"Are you wounded, Comrade Sergeant?"

The captain in a sailor's tunic white with dust has crawled up. Krotkikh raises his head.

"Just tired out, Comrade Captain."

"How many men are left?"

"Eight... Devil's Nest's silent..."

"H'm!" The captain wipes his forehead. "Thirty-six in all, and another breach... We'll have to re-group the defence... We'll send the seventh Marine Division and third Marine Regiment to the breach—that'll make twenty-one men... And the right flank I'll leave to you. And Devil's Nest... The corner's the main thing, look after it."

"Very good."

"Four cutters have broken through to Sevastopol. We've got to hold on."

"We will."

The captain crawls away. Krotkikh raises his eyes to Devil's Nest, listens. Then with an abrupt gesture he sweeps the eleven stones from the wall and begins slinging a machine-gun belt over his shoulder. The sailor returns.

"Struck off, Comrade Sergeant... Both of'em."

"And the machine-gun?"

"Just scrap." He wipes his face with his sleeve. "What a place!"

Krotkikh rises.

"Comrade Popov, take over. Six men here, you're the seventh. The assignment's the same. Here, help me to haul this up."

They take the machine-gun and drag it up to Devil's Nest.

Devil's Nest. An exposed spot at the corner of the ravelin. Krotkikh is alone. He has dragged the shattered machine-gun aside and replaced it with his own. The corpses of the last two men he had laid alongside, the four others nearby. He has unrolled the machine-gun belts and is looking around him. To right and left, along the walls, and below... German dead.

Beyond the left hand wall — the sea.

Sunset. The peaceful sparkling surface of the water stretching away into the distance. From the town come bomb concussions and the rumble of gunfire. And the vast expanse of sea lies peaceful, pure.

Krotkikh gazes at the sea. Sighs. Under his breath he begins the song of the sailor-soul. Breaks off and takes his "log", now considerably battered. On the leaf for June 30th he writes: "Devil's Nest." Turns the leaves of the little diary.

They flicker before our eyes, pausing on some entries, and together with Krotkikh we recall the road he has travelled: Fedya with the revolver... Father... Country, ship, commander... Tatyan... Sailor-soul... Hatred (this in Tatyana's handwriting)... The Crimea, Sevastopol, the Fleet... Perekop... Beaten off the second attack... Sergeant A. Krotkikh... Third attack... Ravelin... Ravelin... Ravelin... Devil's Nest...

The quiet notes of his song are gradually drowned by the growing roar of an aeroplane. Krotkikh raises his head, again his eye travels over the ground. No cover anywhere... He glances at the dead—and places a firm full stop after the last entry in his book. He lays the "log" beside him and settles his sailor cap more firmly on his head.

"Well... come on, Fritz, get on with it..."

As though in reply, the first bomb comes whistling down. He swiftly bobs down behind the machine-gun and opens up. Bombs fall...

The ravelin from the sea, lit by the rays of the setting sun. One after another, dive-bombers swoop down over it. It is more like a parade. Above the ravelin, columns of stone dust.

Krotkikh in the Devil's Nest. The machine-gun is vibrating, shell splinters whistling. One of the dead sailors makes a sudden eerie movement... a splinter has struck his inert arm.

Krotkikh's face: his eyes screwed up, drops of sweat roll from under his sailor cap... Suddenly he opens his eyes wide and raises his face to the sky.

"Go on, blast away, all you know how! Who do you think you're killing?" His voice is hoarse.

And in the same hoarse, rasping voice, eerie, mad, he sings the song of the sailor-soul with all the force of his lungs—about the victory which lies ahead, which will surely come... Beside him a large splinter strikes the very centre of the "log", dust rises. Krotkikh's hoarse voice—more a shout than a song—merges into music, a full orchestra. Dive-bombers roar, explosions thunder—and over the sea, over the ravelin, over the clouds of stone dust the song rings out, a hymn to the valour and resolution of the sailor-soul...

Sudden silence. A wall of the ravelin. Popov lies dead under a pile of stones and rubble. Another dead sailor near him. The Germans, confident, insolent, are seen running to the breach in the wall. And again they are met by fire, although now sparse. The Germans are at the breach. And then from the flank the machine-gun mows them down from the Devil's Nest.

Krotkikh is there. His face is strangely distorted, sometimes his head sinks onto his hands, which are shaking with the vibration of the gun, but he continues firing. His left leg has been torn by bomb splinters. Blood is soaking into the stone dust.

The German attack peters out by the breach.

Breathing heavily, Krotkikh binds an old machine-gun belt tightly round his leg

above the knee. Speaks through clenched teeth:

"Who do you think you're killing? Sevastopol?.. Try again!.."

In the silence following the attack the captain's voice is heard:

"On the walls! Answer the count! Seventh Marine Brigade!"

And the replies ring out with the lofty inspiration of dauntless heroism:

"Four!"

"Sentries at the water side!"

"Two!"

With difficulty Krotkikh crawls to the wall, looks to the left and asks:

"Popov, Popov!.. First Marine, anybody still alive?"

The roll call travels along the walls:

"Third Marine Regiment!"

"Five!"

"Dressing station!"

"Three!"

"Port!"

"Four!"

"First Marine Regiment!"

Krotkikh, with his last strength:

"One!" and again his head sinks onto the machine-gun.

In the silence a helmet clanks under the wall. He raises his head, pricks up his ears.

Part of the right hand wall is visible from the projection. Tommy-gunners are clambering over the rubble, stealing towards the breach made by the latest bombing quite close to the Devil's Nest.

With difficulty Krotkikh turns the machine-gun and depresses the muzzle. He waits, breathing heavily. His fingers are fidgeting with their old movement. Filatov's movement...

Dusk. The ravelin from the sea. Motor boats emerge from the bay. The fourth, towing a sloop, turns towards the ravelin. It casts off and the sloop continues into the quiet waters beneath the wall, while the motor boat disappears. A sailor jumps out of the sloop, which is filled with wounded, and dashes to the door of the ravelin.

The tommy-gunners are already at the breach. Krotkikh fires a murderous round. Part of the Germans slump down, the rest run over the stones to the Nest. Krotkikh raises himself on his arm and lobs grenades down onto them—three, one after the other. The group melts. But one huge German behind a boulder hurls a grenade with all his strength. It explodes on the very crest of the wall.

The German lies down behind the stones, listens. Rises, beckoning to the others. An Iron Cross is fastened to his tunic. Another four follow him, clambering up to the Devil's Nest. A round of machine-gun fire from there and they all hurtle back again.

Devil's Nest. The captain has taken Krotkikh's place at the machine-gun. He looks around. Down below, only the dead. He bends over Krotkikh, sees his other leg has also been smashed by bomb splinters. He bandages Krotkikh, every now and then glancing over the wall.

A sailor who has jumped from the sloop is clambering up the steps of the ravelin. The same round cap lies there, the same hand holding a tommy-gun projects from under the pile of stones. But now there is another round cap... and yet another... The petrol tin crushed under rubble and brick... Popov lying dead...

Devil's Nest. The sailor from the sloop peers round from behind a stone.

"Comrade Captain... I've brought you orders to get your men away. The sloop's waiting, and the motor boat'll be up in a moment... it's the last..."

The sailors are descending the steps, carrying Krotkikh. He recovers consciousness. Looks around him with difficulty. Speaks in a dull voice:

"Take me back... I'm not dead yet..."

The sailors continue on their way.

"Lay me behind my machine-gun—my hands are still whole."

The sailors walk on in silence. Krotkikh begins to struggle.

"Take me back, I tell you!" he snarls furiously. "I can't leave Sevastopol, get that!.. Back!"

This outburst has exhausted his last strength. He sinks back, his head falls onto the shoulder of the sailor carrying him. Music.

The motor boat approaches the ravelin. Dusk. A solemn, triumphant procession of nine sailors emerges from the dust still hanging over the ravelin and makes for the beached sloop. They walk silently, unhurriedly, carrying their weapons and their wounded. Bandaged, white with stone dust, their striped singlets in tatters, they move along like a splendid and menacing vision of Black Sea glory, the great-grandsons of Nakhimov's sailors who long ago fought in this same ancient ravelin.

The music breaks into a symphony of glory—the unfading glory of Sevastopol. And through it swims Krotkikh's set face, a frozen mask of furious courage, anger and resolution.

The sea. The motor boat is moving through the gathering dusk, towing the sloop filled with wounded. Water ripples alongside, there is the quiet hum of the motor-boat engines ahead, and sometimes a groan or a sigh from strong men's bodies broken in battle.

Krotkikh is lying face up, in the stern. Beside him, also lying on his back, is a husky sailor in striped singlet. His abdomen and arms are bandaged. His jacket is flung over his legs. His face is concealed from brow to chin under hastily applied bandages, only his firmly compressed lips are visible. From time to time he licks them, breathing heavily.

Krotkikh recovers consciousness, raises his head and lets it sink back again.

A conversation is being carried on be-

side him in quiet tones. A sailor, shaking his bandaged hand like a child, is relating something to his neighbour, wounded in the head:

"Then, of course, he sent in his tanks... There were six of us left... We made for the Navy House—you know where the barricade was?"

"By the Memorial."

"U-huh. Well, the tommy-gunners were there too. Then we see..."

His companion has been following his own thoughts.

"Is it right what they say, that Lenin's still standing?"

"Sure it is. The whole square's pitted, but he still rises up in the middle of it... How shall I put it—like a kind of omen..."

Silence. Then the sailor with the bandaged hand speaks again:

"Tell me one thing. We keep on hammering and hammering at them, till your mouth's foul with the taste of it, and still they keep coming on and coming on... Take me, for instance... The way we fought on the Danube... then left it... On the Pervomaisk Island at Ochakov—how long we held that—and then gave it up. Odessa, say—again we leave it. Well, thinks I, Sevastopol, then. That at least we'll hold! After all, you yourself can understand—it's Sevastopol! And now what?"

"The end," says Krotkikh dully. "The end of the Black Sea. The end of everything."

"Who said that?.. Shoot him down..." This from Krotkikh's neighbour. They are lying there side by side, immobile, mutilated, two sailors in this striped singlet. His lips move slowly, all that is visible under the bandages. Torment and desperation on Krotkikh's face.

"Shoot me, then! I'm dead anyway. They've wrung the very soul out of me."

"Why did you... let them..."

"And yours?" says Krotkikh bitterly.

"Still with me... alive... except that.. it is slipping away... else... But yours... you let the Germans get it... That's just... what they're wanting..."

The wounded man breathes heavily. His speech—disjointed words sighed rather than spoken—is all the more impressive for its almost complete absence of intonation and the pauses between the words, occurring in the most unexpected places.

"They can't kill us all. They havn't the... bullets for that. They used... eighteen for me alone... And how many times they missed... That's just what he's wanting... to make people... say it's the end... The end of everything... nothing more... to be done... And that you said... aloud... That's why you should... be shot... not to spread the... infection."

Silence. The ripple of water. The hum of engines.

"Are your hands... all right?.. Roll me a... cigarette..."

"I don't smoke."

"In my tunic pocket... a box..."

Krotkikh raises himself on his elbow and reaches over.

"Pals, roll this man a cigarette..."

One of the wounded takes the box from him. Krotkikh sees a glow over Sevastopol and remains, propped on his elbow. The voice of his neighbour sounds dully behind him.

"Is Sevastopol... still in sight?"

"It's burning."

"Tell me—how..."

"The Korabelnaya's afire... And Rudolf Hill... the houses probably..."

Krotkikh's face suddenly contorts—he cannot look at the glow of the fire any longer. He falls back again.

"We're too far out... I can't see..."

"Can't see... All Russia can see... yet he can't... Stalin is looking... from the Kremlin now... And you right here... can't see... Black Sea glory... is flaming over the whole world... it will never... be extinguished... And you..."

He licks his lips. Bitter reproach strengthens his voice.

"Look at Sevastopol... look... Supplicate it... Remember... Perhaps it will... give you back... your soul... Sailor..."

Krotkikh raises himself again. He looks at the glow in torment, despair and hope, as though it really could give him back his soul. His neighbour lies silent for a long time. Then, with an effort:

"One more town... like this... and it'll be the end... The end for the Germans... Only I shan't live to see it... victory..."

He falls silent. A hand carries a lighted cigarette in a holder to his lips:

"Have a smoke, pal."

His lips open, the teeth close over the holder. And now we can see that the mouth-piece is strangely chipped and filed: Filatov's gift to Arkhipov...

Krotkikh does not notice it; he is still looking at Sevastopol. The glow rises over the sea.

Arkhipov is lying motionless. The cigarette glows. He draws the smoke eagerly into his lungs, then the teeth loosen their grip, and the holder falls. It slides down Arkhipov's shoulder and drops into Krotkikh's open hand. Krotkikh is still gazing at burning Sevastopol. Involuntarily his fingers close over the holder, he turns to his neighbour to convey it back to his mouth—and sees whose holder it is.

"Comrade Colonel!" he groans. "It's me... Krotkikh!.. Comrade Colonel!"

The ripple of water, the quiet hum of the engines. Arkhipov's lips remain open, motionless. Krotkikh's eyes return to the glow.

"The end? Think again, German... It's the end for you!.. We'll finish you off!.."

There is a terrible force in his eyes, fixed on the glow.

"To live! To live!" He sinks onto his back, then in a whisper, his strength exhausted: "To live..."

His hand opens slowly. For a long time Arkhipov's holder lies on the palm, illuminated by the glow, expressive. The ripple of water, the hum of the engine.

Suddenly—bright sunshine, a prolonged chord, denoting understanding and strength—a fanfare of victory. The holder rests in the palm of a hand, haloed by the sun's rays.

Krotkikh, tall, matured, calm, confident, amazingly attractive, is standing in front of Filatov in a marine-tunic. He is wearing a sergeant's stripes and a long bar of ribbons. Sunshine floods the familiar saloon of the cruiser. The chord breaks off. Krotkikh speaks quietly, looking at the holder in his hand:

"And do you know, Comrade Captain... how shall I put it... well, it was as though he had conveyed his spirit to me with it... I suddenly felt quite different... What had the Germans done to me after all, I thought? Finished me off?.. Not much, thinks I, I'm not dead yet... And I felt such strength—the doctors said I'd never live, and I lay there and I thought to myself: think again, I'll live all right... And there the loud-speaker over my bed kept on about Stalingrad... That was just what he'd said, you know, as though he'd seen it coming. One more such town, he said, and then victory will begin..."

Krotkikh turns to the map beside him, and with a sweeping gesture of the holder traces a line from the Volga to the Dnieper.

"Well, it went into battle with me... to bring victory..."

Filatov looks at him with admiration and affection. Smiling, he touches the bar with the ribbons.

"Eh, you... orphan!.. Life's gone all right with you after all?"

Krotkikh smiles back at him.

"No, I still have no luck, Comrade Captain..."

"What... again?"

"How, then—crawling and crawling over the earth... Forgotten what sea water's like—salt or sweet. Call myself a sailor, but it's ribbons behind and a tommy-gun in front."

He stands there like a figure on a poster, his hand held out in front of him. Filatov laughs and winks.

"Want to get back on the ship, eh?"

"Thought I'd try the old way—dogged does it. Applied five times. Nothing doing. They say I've become a specialist..."

"What in?"

"Mine-layer, dynamiter..."

Filatov pricks up his ears.

"Dynamiter?.. Come along into my cabin, we'll have a talk."

They leave the saloon and approach Filatov's cabin. In the corridor a young sailor with "Yarostny" on his ribbon has pressed himself to the wall to let them pass. He devours Krotkikh with hero-worshipping eyes. As they pass, Filatov says:

"I'm looking for volunteers... There's a serious job on hand..."

The young sailor listens, but the door marked "Deputy Commander of Light Forces" closes before him, and with a sigh he enters the saloon and begins clearing away the dishes.

Filatov's cabin. Krotkikh is speaking seriously.

"The assignment is clear, Comrade Captain... Only let me choose my own men... It's a risky business, I've got to be sure of my people..."

"Of course... from the First Marine Regiment?" asks Filatov slyly. "Right—we'll fix it." He rises. "Well, that's about all now, Andryusha... Suppose you'll be writing something in your 'log'?"

"I write more here now," says Krotkikh, laying his hand on his heart. "It's more reliable... And for that matter, there's nothing to write. One word. And that's easy to remember."

"And what is it?"

"Victory."

Krotkikh salutes, turns to the door. Filatov follows him with his eyes, and says to himself softly:

"Good, sonny... good!"

Krotkikh passes the galley. The young sailor is watching him from the door with intense heroworship. Krotkikh's row of medal ribbons meets his eyes. He dives into the galley.

The automatic washer somewhat altered. Steam hissing forth. The young fellow stands deep in thought. And again, as when long ago, Krotkikh himself stood there, a vision forms in the steam—the bar of ribbons he has just seen. The Orders of Glory, the Red Banner and the Red Star; the Sevastopol Medal, the Odessa Medal and the "For Valour" decoration.

The orderly bends over the sheet of paper and writes: "Request". He raises his head, and a drop of water falls onto his nose from the ceiling. He starts, and comes to himself. Sighs hopelessly, tears up the sheet and crushes it in his hand.

The steam hisses in the samovar. The sound passes over into the hum of motor-boat engines.

Four friends in overalls and round sailor caps are standing in the cramped cabin of the patrol cutter. Their ribbons bear the same names—"Yarostny", "Chervona Ukraina", "Soobrazitelny", "Oleg". They are Krotkikh, Korzh, Nightingale and Pompei. Their faces bear a serious expression. Filatov, wearing an overcoat, is standing before them.

"Remember, comrades. The success of the landing party's break-through depends upon you. I'll repeat the assignment."

He indicates a map lying on the table. A bay is closed by a boom. Beside it a sunken cargo boat is marked. Alongside it run arrows from seaward marked: "Cutter break-through", "Cutter landing", "Ship landing". While Filatov is speaking, the boom becomes visible through the map. It is a menacing and well-planned water barrier—thick beams lashed together with chains, rafts with round mines, iron pontoons.

"The boom blocks the entrance to the

bay. The assignment is to make two breaches—here and here... Leave the sloop by the sunken cargo boat, and swim the rest of the distance. Get the explosives there silently. When everything is ready, signal the cutter boats..."

"Clear," says Korzh.

"The explosives will be touched off from the sloop—at the exact moment when the motor boats draw up alongside. You see why?"

"Clear," nods Krotkikh.

"Remember: if you set it off too soon, the motor boats will have to come under fire, if you're too late, you'll get the force of the explosion yourselves. Repeat the signal you'll give when all's prepared."

"The letter 'P'," Krotkikh answers, and explains: "Pass".

"And the signal that the operation's off?"

"The letter 'W'—withdraw."

"When would you give that?"

"If we aren't able to prepare both the breaches."

"Right." Filatov looks at his watch, and turns to the door. "Tell the radio-operator to transmit to base."

The tapping of the key as the operator aboard the cutter gives the message. Sound of dots and dashes.

The radio-operator ashore receives the message. She raises her head. It is Tatyana in naval uniform, with ribbons on her tunic—the Odessa Medal and Order of the Red Star. Tatyana receives the end of the message and calls:

"Coding clerks, special message to fleet headquarters!"

She turns, and something thuds dully to the floor. As she stoops to recover it, we see that her uniform skirt hangs limply over the right knee. Only one leg reaches to the ground. Beside her lies a fallen crutch.

Tatyana lifts it up and replaces her earphones. The dot and the dash of the radio.

The wardroom aboard a cutter. Filatov wringing Korzh's hand.

"Good luck, Comrade Korzh..."

The latter, somewhat confused, hands him a sheet of paper.

"Just in case, Comrade Captain... To the base radio station..."

"Your wife?" asks Filatov in a low voice.

"My fiancée," Korzh replies in the same tone. Filatov drops the sheet in his pocket, turns to Krotkikh and hugs his shoulders.

"Well, Andryusha—all the best..."

A sombre sea, the sunken cargo boat. Its super-structures rise aslant from the water. The sloop draws silently into the shadow. In it are the four friends. A searchlight sweeps the sea and disappears. Pompei, maliciously:

"Bad aim, Fritz!.. Well, let's get the stuff unloaded!"

"The water's bloody cold," says Nghtingale.

Pompei lets himself over the side, grunts:

"Nothing much... We haven't got to swim so far—about ten minutes. At Tsushima, now, we swam for twenty-four hours... Give us the line."

Korzh and Krotkikh lower the explosives fitted with cork belts over the side. Pompei and Nightingale have swum away, towing a thin line. Krotkikh slides into the water on the other side:

"Let's have ours..."

Korzh slides the second bundle of explosives into the water.

The boom in the darkness—just as we saw it when Filatov was explaining the assignment. The pontoons and chains creak and rattle with the slight movement of the water. Two swimming heads. A whisper from Korzh:

"Clip the wire, it may be a signal... Or lead to a mine."

A hand holding clippers rises from the water. The severed end of wire disappears. Krotkikh clambers onto the boom, lies prone and looks about him.

"Bring up the explosives... They've got mines here... If all this stuff goes off, there'll be a breach big enough to let a whole fleet through..."

A searchlight beam glides over the sea. Both men glue themselves to the boom. The beam swings ahead and illumines the boom well away from Krotkikh where Nightingale and Pompei have concealed themselves close to the large, round mine. The searchlight hesitates, the beam sweeps the pontoon. A machine-gun burst from the nearby shore.

"They're going round and round," Pompei grumbles in a whisper. "Have they seen us or what?"

"They're just examining everything just for fun," replies Nightingale scornfully.

The beam is switched off, Pompei rises.

"Come along, let's place it..."

They lift the explosives from the water.

The sloop. Korzh and Krotkikh, both wet, are sitting on the thwarts. Krotkikh connects the wire with the firing pistol, takes up the second wire, twists it, lays it down and waits.

A distant machine-gun burst. The searchlight beam crawls along the boom.

"Firing again... Have they spotted 'em, or what?"

Another round, then the beam disappears.

"They should soon be back now," says Krotkikh in relief.

The pontoon. Nightingale is dragging Pompei to the water. Pompei groans.

"Where did it get you, Pompei Yefimovich?"

"Below the knee... And in the hip, I think... Leave me here..."

"Stick it, it'll be easier in the water. You just lie on your back, your hands on the corks, and I'll tow you along... That's the style, Pompei Yefimovich."

"You'll be towing me till morning... Go on alone, I'm telling you..."

"Now, don't shout, Pompei Yefimovich. I'll just get you further away from the racket—and to Andryusha... You'll float, and I'll crawl, I can go quick enough... Start up the engine, I'll tell you, full speed ahead... And off we go..."

The searchlight beam. Nightingale hugs the deck of the pontoon. A machine-gun round rings on the iron. Nightingale gasps and seizes his shoulder.

"You too?" says Pompei with difficulty.

Nightingale summons up all his strength.

"O. K., Pompei Yefimovich. We'll get off in a minute."

He tries to drag Pompei further and attempts to smother a groan. Pompei speaks with firm decision:

"Now look here, Nightingale... Drop it... You'll barely make it yourself... Go back, you've got to report, tell them to give the signal... Go alone."

"Let me get you into the water at least. How can you stay here? You can't..."

"Be off, don't hang about. No time to waste..."

"But how can I, Pompei Yefimovich..."

Pompei raises himself, his face menacing.

"How can you, how can you... And how can you block the fleet? Be off, I'm telling you!... Sell out our victory for the sake of one old man?.. Clear off!"

The cutter at sea, engines switched off. Filatov is standing by the rail, looks at his watch.

"Bridge! Any signal yet?"

"Not yet, Comrade Captain."

Slowly Filatov begins to roll a cigarette. His fingers work with a measured, even movement.

Just as steady is the movement of the fingers on the lever of the firing pistol aboard the sloop. The second wire is lying alongside, still disconnected.

Krotkikh is waiting, alone, staring into the darkness. The ripple of water. Korzh swims to the sloop.

"Here's a muck-up, Andrei... The old 'un's wounded, and I've towed Nightingale to the sloop..."

They heave Nightingale aboard.

"I was dragging him along... Then I got a packet myself," pants Nightingale.

"Had you got him far?"

"No. He's lying there by the mine."

Krotkikh looks at the disconnected wire. It stretches out into the water, emerges again at the pontoon and leads to the explosive. Not far from it, Pompei is lying, breathing heavily... The sloop again, the wire in Krotkikh's hands. Korzh speaks from the water:

"Andrei, I can swim there... If I don't make it—at least I'll get the old 'un into the water..."

Krotkikh looks in despair at the illuminated dial of the clock.

"Time for the signal... the very last moment already... It'll be getting light before the boats can arrive..."

His head sinks, he clutches his forehead. Then he raises his head to disclose a face contorted with suffering. Speaks in a dull, toneless voice.

"Well, sailors, let's draw lots... who..."

His fingers have closed over the second wire, and are connecting it with the inductor. Nightingale starts, understands.

"I can't," he gasps. "T'was I, myself, left him by the mine... I can't..."

"And I can, can I?" snarls Krotkikh furiously. "What do you want, then? Make only one breach? Go back? Give the whole thing up?"

He presses his brow onto the inductor. Silence. Krotkikh raises his head, speaks in a voice hard to recognize:

"Where are the matches?"

"Under the tin," says Korzh, his head sunk on his hands, still holding to the side of the boat.

Krotkikh stoops, and takes three matches from the box. He shortens one, then his fingers close firmly over them.

"Draw, Sasha."

Nightingale draws, his hand trembling. Pulls a match out with a jerk. A whole one. Krotkikh turns to Korzh.

"Now you."

Korzh draws without raising his head. Shows the match, without looking at it himself.

"Look—which is it..."

His huge fingers hold out a broken match.

"It's you," says Krotkikh in a low voice.

Korzh raises his horror-stricken face.

"I can't... You can shoot me, Sergeant, but I can't."

"And the men of Sevastopol could?" says Krotkikh angrily. "For four hours they could fire at their own men? Have you forgotten the Vorobyov men?" Sobbing his heart out: "Necessary, understand, necessary..."

Ripple of water. Korzh has pushed off from the sloop and is swimming away. Krotkikh calls after him:

"Where are you off?"

"For the old 'un... happen I'll make it... And if I don't, let it rip!"

Korzh's head disappears in the darkness. Krotkikh raises the signal torch, his face a frozen mask, the eyes dry and burning with the fire of hatred.

"They'll pay... for this too, they'll pay!.."

He wrenches hard at the switch of the torch. A narrow ray shines out to sea. Morse signals: .— —. They merge into the letter "P". The switch moves under Krotkikh's finger. His frozen face...

The cutter. On the bridge Filatov staring through binoculars. Without lowering them he raps out an order.

"The signal. Full spead ahead, Captain!"

A hand jerks the engine-room telegraph over, the engines come to life. A breaker gleams on the water—a second, a third... the boats race ahead.

Korzh is swimming, his breath coming hard and uneven. The searchlight beam

licks the still distant boom and disappears. The hum of engines increases.

The pontoon. Pompei is still lying on his back by the mine. The distant hum of engines. The searchlight beam glides along the pontoon, its light illuminates Pompei's face, resembling hewn marble... peaceful, solemn and at the same time triumphant. Pompei raises his head and listens. The distant hum of engines...

Slowly Pompei removes his round sailor cap, kisses the word "Oleg" on the ribbon and lays the cap on his breast.

A machine-gun rattles ashore. The burst hits the pontoon and severs the wire leading from the sloop to the explosives. The wire slides into the water.

Pompei has not seen this. He lies there, staring fixedly upward.

A severed fragment of wire dangling from the explosives.

The growing hum of the cutter's engines. Krotkikh is still giving the signal from the sloop, looking to one side, where the shadowy form of the leading cutter slides across the phosphorescent water.

Swiftly Krotkikh lays down the torch and takes up the inductor lever. His fingers are trembling, his face distorted with suffering. Suddenly he screws up his eyes, turns away his head, and swings the lever sharply over. There is a distant explosion. Krotkikh seizes his head in his hands and shakes it in unbearable torment.

Suddenly Nightingale, who is standing staring in the direction of the boom, gives a cry of almost insane joy.

"Only one!.. Andryusha—one explosion!" "The connection didn't work!"

Krotkikh raises his head. Drops of perspiration are rolling down his face. With a fearful mingling of gladness and horror, he cries:

"One?.. and the breach—one?"

Filatov is standing beside the captain of the cutter as it races ahead, peering into the darkness.

"One!" he says through his teeth. "One breach! Hard a-port! Didn't come off, Captain... Things'll be lively now, look out..."

Korzh is swimming through the dark water, looking around desperately. The rumble of the explosion.

"Only one, but I'll make it!.." he gasps happily and swims on with redoubled strength.

The pontoon. The roar of the near-by explosion is still echoing in the air. Pompei is on his knees. With difficulty he rises to his feet, supporting himself on the large, round mine. He speaks slowly, in a dull voice:

"Eh, sailors... weaklings ye are... It is easier for me, then..."

The hum of engines increases. Pompei straightens up, swaying, holding onto the mine. He swings his hand high up into the air, holding the links of a chain. Then with all his force brings them down onto the mine.

A blinding explosion.

On the cutter, the roar of the second explosion. Filatov turns his head sharply to the right.

"Fine lads!" he shouts, happily. "Hard a-starboard, lieutenant, and then according to plan!"

The searchlight stabs from the shore, rockets soar up into the sky. It is as bright as midday. Two lines of cutters are racing for the boom. They are met by mortar and machine-gun fire from the shore.

"Too late! Too late!" Filatov cries triumphantly. "We're through!"

Fragments of the boom are floating past the cutter, the water foams around the prow, and the waves carry a small round object, easily visible in the light of rockets and gunfire.

Korzh swims into the light. He can hardly move his arms.

"That was a MAN," he whispers. "Eh, old 'un, old 'un!.."

His face strikes the floating object, and mechanically he sweeps it aside. Suddenly he raises it from the water, and the rocket-light shows a round sailor cap with "Oleg" on the ribbon.

A cloud of spray hides it. Through the breakers two lines of cutters are racing for the breaches. Shells burst in the sea, sending up huge columns of water, mines explode. But the boats race on, rush determinedly through the shattered boom. The landing party can be seen on their decks.

Andrei Krotkikh is standing aboard the sloop at full height, the signal torch winking in his hand. Shining letters pass over the screen:

V...V...V...Victory... Victory... VICTORY... VICTORY...

Music—the leitmotif of the sailor-soul, and behind the shining letters passing over the screen we see a picture of Sevastopol restored, wonderful, sun-flooded, with its houses, greenery, flowers.

And on the square, Lenin rises, indestructible...

Translated by Eve Manning

YURI YANOVSKY

THE LAST WILL

The old workman paced quietly along the snowy road with his bare feet. His tired lungs worked with an even rhythm, his eyes, weary yet with an eagle's pride and penetration, stared straight ahead, the sinewy neck held his silver head proudly erect. The gallows had been erected in front of the factory. For the last time the

old workman was treading the road along which he had gone for fifty-five years—day and night, in all weathers, in all moods, all the days of his life—the road to work. A grim walk, this last one, with silence around, just as though the war had vanished completely, as though for a hundred long years the Germans had been choking the Soviet Ukraine. The old workman is taking his last walk, approaching his boundary, alone, in silence, his body cramped with pain, disfigured by torture, but held courageously erect.

Perhaps the old man is a partisan? Yes, surely, he looks like a fighter, a hero—see how he steps out, his silver head never sinks, his eyes seem to burn the snow and the stones marking the road—surely, a partisan! But no, the old man was no partisan.

The factory stands on the bank of the Dnieper; before it is a memorial of some unknown youth, dark bronze in colour, soft in outline, who is tearing off his chains and smiling at the river. The factory which had many a time received the championship banner in socialist heavy industry, the factory which had turned out more metal than several European countries put together, the factory which had been the centre of the old man's life, to which he had given himself, his children and his grandchildren—the factory lay in ruins.

The old man paced with his bare feet along the snowy road, his silver head erect, his spirit in a turmoil, the strong will of his forefathers burning in his clear mind—anywhere else I may be a pensioner, but here—lay on, enemies, do your damnedest—I'm walking, you see, I'm walking all the same!

By nature he was not in the least grim. Quiet and even tempered, modest and kindly, it was only at the open-hearth furnace that he became stern. Tons of white-hot molten metal moved in obedience to the slightest flicker of the chief foreman's white brows. A pensioner? But before the eyes of this pensioner life rolled on, the factory moved with its own beauty, the Dnieper sang between its banks, and happiness flowed from the steppes—who said that age had no joy?

Every year he was welcomed into the Crimean palaces. An imperial room in one of the sanatoriums would receive the silver-headed chief foreman of the open-hearth furnace, the pensioner in a socialist state. A professor would come, examine and question him, while outside the windows the sea would be wearing its spring colours, and blossoming almond trees, laurels and poplars would perfume the warm Crimean land. The old man would be advised to rest after the journey, and silence would brood over the sanatorium except for the kitchen, where the chief would ring up somebody and excitedly order choise ingredients for dinner. But the old man for whom all this was being done would already have slipped silently out through the window and in his black sateen shirt would make straight for the park. Spring, a Crimean spring by the sea, would soak into his old body like a life-giving sap running through his veins—the warm air, the birds on the still bare branches like vibrating drops of joy, and all the miniature green spears of spring flowers pushing their way up through last year's yellowed leaves—why, that's a snowdrop, heavens, how early everything comes to life here!

The old man paced towards the gallows, his bare feet devoid of feeling. He did not know why he was being executed, nor did he wish to know. What difference did it make whether the Germans were hanging him as a hostage or whether they thought him a partisan? It wasn't a matter of himself alone—the Germans were eager to destroy the people, the nation. The old workman refused to talk with such people, and not a word would he say. Whether they were asking him about his children or grandchildren, or trying to force him to betray the partisans, or to start work in the factory—he did not even know, he would not listen to them. The gallows stood before him, and the bare tree at the factory gates; while not far away the Dnieper flowed beneath its covering of ice.

This was the road he had followed long ago with his young wife by his side, and a child playing in his arms, and how full of joy and gladness the future seemed when everything fell of itself into one's outstretched hand and there was no limit to one's strength, no end to tender kisses. And then, later, the son accompanied his father along the road to the factory and plunged into the open-hearth shop—our breed will never disgrace the furnace, our eyes are keen, our ears sharp and the furnace is in our blood and bones. We know the sound of metal, we know its voice, we know when it is coming along all right and when not. And the grandsons, too, did not scorn the furnace, though they would go there in ties and even white linen trousers—who ever heard of such a thing in the old times!

The old workman walked to the gallows through the clear sparkle of a winter's day. Already the noose was seen swaying in the wind by the gate of the ruined factory—I am walking, my brother-workers, I am walking all the same!

The naked, wounded feet left frozen drops of noble blood on the whiteness of the snow. A prisoner of war, tortured—he walked proudly forward, this Soviet worker, this gallant son of the Ukraine, and his silent steps will forever mark these disgraceful pages of Germany's bloody history.

How swiftly the hard, frozen road slides past as his feet, numb as stones, move over the ice! Sometimes these dull Germans in their green uniforms yap something. But the old man never listens to them.

The eyes of Stalin! They flashed before him unexpectedly, like summer lightening, and the old man never lost them. In the Kremlin palace—just as it had happened once upon a time, all that he could never talk about when he returned home—a living legend of today, an undying light poured

from those eyes, penetrated to his very heart, embraced him, enveloped him, warmed him—Stalin's gaze!.. And with still more even, measured step he paced along his road of death, his head still higher, his fists clenched still more tightly—I am walking, steadily, firmly, without flinching, Joseph Vissarionovich, all the same, our just cause will triumph!

The old master workman came to the gallows. The noose was swaying from a mutilated willow before the factory gates.

The willow had been there when there was only a forge where the factory now stood, and horses brought to be shoed had been fastened to it, people would drink in its shade or beat dried roach on its rough bark to make them more tender according to the old custom, and iron was tested on its trunk. The willow aged, and the factory began to rise on the other side of the huge yard; open-hearth furnaces grew, factory engines steamed past. Thousands and thousands of workmen passed to and fro, and then machines began to move, the Dnieper soil rumbled while the long slender willow leaves rusted softly, burst their buds in spring, glowed golden in autumn, were silent in winter as the old willow passed into its second century of life.

And now one would never know the willow. It stood there glowing, as though dressed for a festival, every twig etched with hoar frost, sparkling with each movement as it swayed in the breeze, as though giving its blessing to the old master workman.

Who is it they are leading beneath the noose? Who is it they have raised and placed on a petrol tin? Before whom have the Germans held up the sentence for so long? Why, it is I, it is my neck round which the noose has been thrown—now whatever happens, not a word, no slackening of the clenched fists. "To remain hanging for exactly one month," the words reached his ears from somewhere, and suddenly like a whirlwind in the steppe, the earth swung round in dizzying circles, faster and faster, a blinding light, a blinding pain...

But that night the partisans stole the body and buried it on the hill overlooking the Dnieper. From the stiffened fingers they took a crumpled paper. This was his last will. The old man had carried it through the gates of death to his own people. The commander of the column copied it himself and sent it across the front.

"Being in my right mind and with a clear memory," they read on the other side of the front, "and with no hope of a natural death under the barbarous rule of the invader and feeling my responsibility for my words before my contemporaries and before future generations, having seen with my own eyes the dark night of the fascist 'new order' and weighed with cold judiciousness all that I have seen,—I write my last will.

"I leave to you the empty earth trodden by the German jackboot, I leave you the ruins of the lovely Ukrainian towns which the savage Teuton hordes have burned, I leave the unavenged blood, the unpaid debt, my dear children.

"I leave you the German graves in the best parts of every town or village, in the gardens, beside the cottages, on the squares. The bandits think that if they did not succeed this time, then their grandchildren will go further on from those places where the bodies of their ravening grandfathers lie. I leave you my last will and order you with heart and mind: tear their accursed bones from the earth. Burn them and scatter them to the winds—let them fertilize the soil. Many have come and gone in our land through the centuries and where are they now? Where are their graves? Where are their foul skulls in which the envious eyes are dulled, the lying tongues rotted, the greedy muzzles closed? They are not to be found, children, and see to it that these should also disappear!

"I know and I can see—not many years will pass, and you will raise and glorify your mother, Soviet Ukraine, and make her great again. Build everything anew—industry does not love being patched up, you will never grow rich on old machines. Build your towns, make them light and spacious, filled with greenery and flowers. Good things are cheaper in the long run. Plant trees, lay out gardens and orchards—cherries, apples, pears, plums. Breed the best kinds of fish, clear the river beds, build new power stations, dam the Dnieper by Khortitsa and Kremenchug.

"Plan beautiful villages, clear the ground of metal scrap from the war, level the trenches, the dugouts, the shell holes. Bring back all the museum exhibits and the pictures, and those the Germans or Italians have stolen wrench from their clutches. Seek out all our people whom the Germans have dragged off to slavery and bring them home. Seek well, that not one tear remain unavenged.

"Let the fame of the partisans resound through the land, and give honour to the generals. Do not forget the children—there will be many orphans after the war. Plant an oak tree from my garden before the factory, over the Dnieper; let the memory of me remain green among you...

"Farewell, my children! I can see our victory and Stalin, the father of victory, on the left side of Lenin's mausoleum among our marshals. Live happily in our Soviet land, in the friendship of the peoples for ever and ever..."

December 31, 1942.

Translated by Eve Manning

BEYOND THE NIEMEN

Our troops have not yet entered the territory of East Prussia. But we know of what is happening there. We have eye-witnesses, people who have been there, have seen and heard. The Red Army liberated thousands of Soviet people—old men and women—from German slavery on the west bank of the Niemen. Packed in German trains for prisoners, these people criss-crossed the whole of East Prussia. They were parted from their sons and flung into concentration camps in the Lithuanian town of Alytus. They were too old and useless for work in Germany.

Here is the story told by Mitrofan Obodovsky, Semyon Ivankovich and Nikita Zharkov:

"We saw great panic in East Prussia through which our prisoners' train crossed. The Germans are harvesting the crop before it ripens. The rye was still soft and the barley still green, but they were already reaping it. Herds of cows are being driven to the roads and railway stations, evidently being shifted to places farther off. Many of the cows were of Dutch stock, and a good many of Kholmogory breed, which they had looted from us. The roads are jammed: everywhere you see crowds of Germans, travelling on carts, their faces black with anger, whipping the horses hard..."

The three old men help themselves to some tobacco offered by the soldiers, roll cigarettes, and as they puff, they eloquently shake their heads.

"The time's come! Make for Germany, boys! Hurry, our children are there!"

There, near the city of Alytus, on the west bank of the Niemen, we met many people from Orel, Vitebsk and Leningrad regions. All utterly worn out, gaunt women in tatters, children thin and emaciated, grey-bearded old men who tottered with weakness. They gazed tenderly into the eyes of the soldiers who were helping them to carry to an inflatable pontoon ferry what remained of household belongings after the Germans had been driven from here.

Near a small-built perspiring pontooneer bustled a white-bearded old man wearing—heaven knows where he got it from—a new blue linen shirt.

"I'm from the Dno railway station... I'm a Leningrader. From Dno," he declared, as he took his place on the ferry.

Once on the boat, the old man—his name was Peter Khristoforov—suddenly fell silent, keeping his eyes fixed on the dark-green, yellow streaked waters of the Niemen. Reflected in the ruffled surface of the river, the tall pine trees seemed to quiver, the white trunks of the birch trees had a serpentine form.

We met Red Army men and officers on both banks of the Niemen. They wore medals for the defence of Moscow, Odessa, Sevastopol and Stalingrad. All of them had at different times defended the great Russian cities, the seas and rivers of their country. And now they had come together here, by the river Niemen, the last water barrier between them and Germany, in order to cross from here to hated German soil, and march through it with the tread of victors.

The Niemen continued to roll its swift waters and looking at it, it seemed that this ancient river would always reflect the gallant deeds of Soviet soldiers and officers.

...Dusk was falling. A heavy downpour curtained the river, blotting out its banks and the twisted girders and torn masonry of the blown up bridge.

Soldiers stood on the tall east bank of the river, peering through the sheet of rain across to the other bank. No rafts, no boats, no pontoons. Only the stormy waters of the Niemen, the pouring rain, and the enemy on the west bank.

Five volunteers stepped forward in silence. Grenades and tommy-guns were the only weapons they could take with them on this perilous venture.

They slithered down the slippery clay to the edge of the water, feeling no difference between dry land and the river: the heavy downpour had soaked them to the skin. They were swimming across, fighting the strong current, trying to keep together. They were all heading for one point on the further bank.

Guns thundered in the distance, but here things were quiet, comparatively. The Germans never expected that the Russians would dare force the river by swimming it.

Ovchinnikov headed the group. He could barely make out the silhouettes of his comrades above the dark surface of the water. They all swam with the Russian overhead stroke, known as "sazhenki". They soon touched the sandy bed. The river bank was two or three feet from where they stood.

The men cautiously waded ahead and threw themselves flat on the bank, resting till they recovered their breath. Making sure that their grenades were all handy, they crept up the incline, ears pricked to catch the slightest rustle or sign of life. After a while they heard two or three alarmed voices, speaking in guttural German. It proved to be an enemy outpost patrol. The silence was rent by a short spurt of sub-machine-gun fire. The night battle for the west bank of the Niemen had started.

The German outpost was annihilated, ten nazi soldiers killed and three taken prisoner. Ovchinnikov's men had also captured an enemy machine-gun.

Meanwhile on the east bank rafts were being made, beams of woods sawed to size and ropes prepared. First the group headed by Lieutenant Voronov, and then those commanded by Junior Lieutenant Guerassin and Guards Captain Onusaitis, some swimming, others on precarious rafts, crossed over to the other bank, holding on to the rope which had been stretched across by the five swimmers.

When the sun rose over the Niemen the entire stretch of river here was held by the guardsmen who had crossed during the night. The Red Army troops had established a bridge-head on the west bank of the Niemen.

...The swift waters of the Niemen continued to roll on.

Near the edge of the river stands the town of Alytus. Neat and pretty houses painted in light colours, like in a country-place. But a sinister picture confronts the eye—barracks, destroyed houses, rags, pieces of torn paper, glas splinters, a triple fence of barbed wire surrounding the whole territory.

An ominous notice, written in black letters, reads:

"Attention! Before leaving the camp grounds without a pass, think of the punishment awaiting you. Camp Commandant."

And another notice reads:

"Those found damaging the barbed wire will be summarily shot. Camp Commandant."

August 3rd, 1944

We saw those who had been behind this barbed wire. We spoke with them. They were people from Orel, Vitebsk and Smolensk regions. Old men, women and children. A young boy sat by the bank of the Niemen, toying with a home-made model of an aeroplane. The wings of the aeroplane bore two red five-pointed stars, done in red pencil. We asked him:

"What's your daddy?"

"A pilot," the youngster answered, and he lifted his eyes to the sky.

Overhead we saw Soviet fighter-craft circling in the air, patrolling the ford over the Niemen.

By the banks of the Niemen we met a general in command of a Guards artillery unit.

In the autumn of 1941 he first saw action at Rostov, in the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding an artillery sub-unit on the Mius River. His unit was among those that later re-took Rostov. His unit moved its guns across the thin ice of the river, crossed to the western bank and took the Germans by surprise.

It is a long road from the Don to the Niemen. And when we asked the general what route he and his gunners took to reach the Niemen, he replied:

"We headed straight west."

Straight west. These two monosyllables tell all there is to tell. The route, the order of the Red Army Command, the heart's call, and the ponderous tread of the advancing Soviet divisions, ever marching, straight west.

ANATOLI SOFRONOV

LIVING WATER

There was dead silence in the spacious well-lit lecture hall, which had been adapted as an operating theatre. The patient breathed deep and heavy. Water dripped from a leaking faucet. Someone's watch could be heard tediously ticking off the minutes. A battle was being fought for a human life—the usual duel between Death and the surgeon. In their white overalls, the assistants stood slightly to one side, like silent seconds watching a duel being fought to a finish.

The surgeon gave orders in curt, abrupt tones:

"Tweezers, scalpel!"

The operation proved to be exceptionally difficult. The base of a neck wound was strewn with bone splinters and fragments of tissue. The injury bled profusely and the blood hindered the surgeon's progress.

"Quick, the Kudryashov!" he said brusquely.

With an habitual swift movement, the nurse handed him a thrombin-soaked tampon. This was the new styptic discovered by Professor Kudryashov. The operation continued.

At the surgeon's curt command a man among the group of assistants, as if by force of old army habit, instantly drew himself to attention, as though he himself had been addressed. This was Boris Kudryashov, biologist and professor of the Moscow University who was watching the trial tests of his new preparation.

This man's life story is no less absorbing than the story of his wonder-working medicine.

Boris Kudryashov came of a military family. His father, Alexander Kudryashov, a captain in the old Russian army, was presented with a gold-hilted sword for gallantry displayed in the battle at Augustow in 1914. Captain Kudryashov succeeded in leading a large military unit from enemy encirclement besides capturing several hundred Prussian prisoners, together with their artillery. A gallant officer and true patriot, Captain Kudryashov later served in the Red Army as a battalion commander. He inculcated in his son Boris a love for military activities. The inscribed gold hilt of his father's sword, his silky flowing mustache were all linked up in Boris' mind with the old-time fairy-tale of living water which his father never tired of telling him.

"As Ivan Tsarevich lay dead on the

green grass, a great, wonderful bird came flying to his side, which immediately changed into a beautiful maiden, none other than the lovely Maria Tsarevna. Drawing out a snow-white kerchief, she thrice moistened it in living water and placed it on the wound of the Tsarevich. And life returned to Ivan Tsarevich. He rose to his feet and reared his mighty body for battle. And drawing his great sword he smote the head from the serpent's body..."

Young Boris would listen entranced to this fairy-tale, and to him, his father seemed to be the mighty knight, and his sabre the great sword.

As the boy grew up his childhood dreams still clung to him. After the death of his father, he was adopted by a military unit as their mascot and received a military training, later serving as an N.C.O. But Kudryashov's fate was destined to follow a road different to what he had anticipated. His superior officers observed his outstanding talents and decided to send him to study. And a short while later, Pt. Boris Kudryashov, wearing a cavalry greatcoat far too big for him sat among the entrants wishing to study in the Biology Department of the Kazan University. A few years later Kudryashov had graduated the Biology Department with honours. By this time he was the author of several scientific works, and found the doors of post-graduateship in the Moscow University invitingly open to him. Henceforth his battle-field was to be in the domain of science.

At the age of thirty Boris Kudryashov already held a doctor's degree in biology and a professorship at the Moscow University. He chose the subject of vitamins as his general theme. Here lay hidden many secrets of the growth and development of man. Alluring prospects unfolded before the young scientist. Living and dead water disclosed its magic properties in simple and strict chemical formulas. Having fathomed these secrets one could bring action to bear on the most complicated of all processes taking place in the human body, one could conquer diseases and, maybe, death itself.

Professor Kudryashov devoted himself to investigating the comparatively little-known vitamin K. The coagulating properties of blood depended on the presence of this vitamin. The young scholar began frequenting surgical clinics to observe closely numerous operations on the stomach and complex operations on the brain which usually involve a heavy loss of blood. This profuse flow would stream over the surgeon's hands, hindering his work, the patient weakened, and often died from loss of blood. In his investigations Kudryashov observed that while vitamin K preparations were effective in certain diseases when the blood loses its coagulating properties, it was powerless to act where healthy blood was concerned.

Obviously vitamin K was of no use to the fighter bleeding to death on the battle-field, yet it was on the fate of these fighters that the thoughts of the young biologist constantly dwelt.

Where, where was that miraculous living water which on being applied to the wound could staunch the flow of blood?

So the young biologist took to his books. He pored over many a Russian and foreign tome. Quite likely somewhere here he would find the trail leading him to the vivifying fount-head for which he was searching.

It appeared that as early as the close of the last century Russian scientists had found prothrombin in human blood. On uniting with the tissue fluid, this prothrombin forms thrombin which, as its name implies—from the Greek word "thrombos": lump, clot—serves to clot the blood and thus close the blood vessels. It was at this time too that investigators succeeded for the first time in obtaining thrombin from the blood of animals.

"Perhaps the flow of blood would be stopped by applying to the wound gauze soaked in highly concentrated thrombin?" thought the young scientist.

Having discovered the right track, he decided to intensify his research to produce a new mighty styptic cheaply and on a mass scale.

In a small university laboratory on Mokhovaya Street, Moscow, with the cooperation of Miss Andrienko, a post-graduate student, Professor Kudryashov tackled the painstaking task of producing Soviet thrombin. Six months of intense labour yielded three grams of this precious wonder-worker —enough for several months' research and investigation. Even by the most modest of estimates, the problem of mass production of thrombin would require several years for solution.

But just in those very days when the scientist was busy at his retorts and test-tubes experimenting on his first few grams of thrombin, war broke out. Time pressed. Professor Kudryashov and his associates during air-raids undertook A.R.P. duty, and after extinguishing fire-bombs, would resume their laboratory work. Experiments on animals confirmed the conjectures of the scientist. A tampon soaked in thrombin clotted the blood from a wound within three seconds after being applied, the injury being coated with a smooth, pink crust.

A pure sterile preparation now had to be obtained, to make it useable in surgical clinics. War made this problem a matter of vital urgency. The sterilization of thrombin presented considerable difficulties. Ordinary filtres are impervious to thrombin and it disintegrates at a temperature of 55° C. Finally Professor Kudryashov succeeded in obtaining a few grams of this sterile preparation. But tests showed that no sooner did thrombin attain sterility than it ceased to be thrombin, no longer clotting the blood. This living water lost its magic properties. So the whole work had to be started over again. When, after much effort, a method for obtaining sterile thrombin was at last evolved, Kudryashov, reluctant to trust anyone else with the first few

grams of this precious product, himself conveyed it to the Bacteriological Institute's laboratory to have it tested. It proved fully sterile.

Kudryashov was present at the first practical test of his preparation. Picture the amazement of the physicians when thrombin coagulated the blood three seconds after being applied to the wound!

There now remained the big problem of elaborating methods for mass production of thrombin, without which all the scientists' efforts would serve no practical purpose.

Kudryashov now began an energetic search for such a method, continuing his investigations in a town in Soviet Central Asia, to which he had been temporarily evacuated. Eventually this aim was also achieved—thrombin could now be produced in quantities ample for the needs of war and peace-time surgery.

It would seem that his work was at last crowned with success—sterile thrombin in large quantities. But still another obstacle lurked in the path of our indefatigable investigator. Kudryashov was now producing gallons instead of grams of thrombin, but after two weeks of storage this preparation lost all its styptic properties. It "aged" very quickly. So Kudryashov again tucked up his sleeves and set to work. This time he carried out over three hundred experiments, displaying a truly enviable tenacity of purpose!

And when this last problem too was solved, it was suggested to Kudryashov that he leave for the front to give surgeons practical training in the use of his wonderful new preparation.

With a case containing thrombin in a knapsack slung on his back, Kudryashov visited one field hospital after another. He kept on the move, together with the army and its hospitals. He worked as a rank-and-file surgeon in the front-lines, he lived in rough tents made of tree branches, and enjoyed every minute of it.

Kudryashov's thrombin was extensively applied during the momentous battle of Orel, front-line surgeons by that time being familiar with this wonderful new preparation.

His childhood dreams had come true. Again he was a fighter and what a miraculous weapon he now held in his hands!

...A stretcher-bearer crawls across the battle-field to the aid of a wounded fighter. In his first-aid pouch, side by side with dressing and gauze, reposes a little ampule of "living water". Just as in the fairy-tale, he will soak it in a piece of snow-white gauze, apply it to the injury, and thus staunch the blood flowing from the fighter's wound.

EUGENE MAR

IN THE FIELDS

"...In the spring, the collective farmer, Alexander Mironov and I visited Mikhail Ivanovich Kalinin on business connected with our collective farm. We arrived at the Kremlin one morning where we were met by Mikhail Ivanovich. We all settled down in comfortable armchairs and he began asking exhaustive questions about our farm. Mikhail Ivanovich remembered the old men there with whom he had formerly worked. Suddenly he asked: 'Where will you sow the flax?' 'In the middle field, near the path,' I answered. 'But the soil there is not up to much,' remarked Mikhail Ivanovich. 'It's under clover now,' we said, 'but we want to sow the flax there.'

"Mikhail Ivanovich questioned us about the road-making in the Goritsy district. 'The road will pass through our collective farm fields,' we informed him. 'That's not very convenient, comrades,' he said, 'the fields will be spoilt. I'd advise you to take the road along by the edge of the Tetkov fields to Monikha and Barchuki. That would be much better."

The foregoing was related to me by Sergei Yegorovich Smirnov, chairman of the Verkhnyaya Troitsa collective farm, Kalinin region, while he was taking us for a stroll through his fields. He was on the tall side, husky, broad-shouldered and spoke in a deep bass. When but five steps ahead of us, despite his height and broad shoulders, he was invisible, so high and so thick was the rye.

"A real jungle," muttered Boris Ghan, secretary of the district Party Committee, striding along beside Smirnov; "I'd like to know what our Kalinin would say to such fields?"

"What would he say? Just this: the earth's none too good. Loamy sands, that's what."

"I'm not referring to the soil, I mean the rye. What would Kalinin say to that?"

"That it would surely give one hundred and twenty poods per hectare, or even more—that's what he'd say."

"There you are then, and on loamy sandy soil at that!"

In the middle field mentioned by Mikhail Ivanovich when receiving the visitors from his native place, we saw flax standing a metre high with thick stalks, seven heads to each.

"And would you say that, here too, the soil isn't much to speak about?"

"As everywhere, loamy sandy soil..."

"Who's working on it?"

"All women, their names are up on the boards over there. Here the brigade is led by Agafya Zabotina, the next is led by Yevdokia Rumyantseva."

"What would our Kalinin have to say about these women-workers?"

"Oh, he knows them very well. He always held up the women of Verkhnyaya Troitsa and Possad as an example to

our men-folk. Our village was always run by female labour while the men-folk were semi-townsmen: seasonal workers, carpenters, stovemakers. It's loamy sandy soil and yet, formerly, there was so little available for us, there seemed not enough space even for a chicken to run around. You can judge for yourself how Verkhnyaya Troitsa was situated. Just forest and river with the village on its very banks. The forest belonged to the squire, and the river was state property. For the peasants there remained only the little strip of land skirting the river. As to what we were—it's difficult to say: farm-labourers, foresters or, maybe, fishermen. As a matter of fact we were a little of each and nothing in particular. We only found our feet in the collective farm after the revolution, when all around us became ours, when far and wide we took firm hold of the land. It's true the soil isn't up to much, but we raise as good a harvest as the collective farms in the black soil districts. As we said, the rye should yield about a hundred and twenty poods per hectare. I don't think we'll be disappointed, for the agronomists say the same. The oats seem to be coming on pretty well, too—they're sure to be at least eighteen centners per hectare. As for the flax, we can't complain about that either. It's first rate Kashin flax, export stuff!"

"It's the foregoing cultures," remarked the secretary of the district committee. "The harvest usually depends on them."

"The foregoing cultures, the manure, and the labour we've put into it. Just look at our potatoes, for instance. Good aren't they? You can see for yourself they're not a common run of potato like those of former times, but assorted Lorch specially treated before planting, and the ground harrowed twice over."

Smirnov led the way to the fence beyond which lay the clover field. The air was permeated with its perfume, the bees were humming and in the distance we heard the melodious sound of the swinging scythes. Autumn was approaching but the midday sun was still fierce, the summer's day still coloured richly in blue and rose. But very soon the midday heat would diminish and summer's gay hues begin to fade. The golden gleam of the ripening corn would predominate over the blue and rose and usher in the harvest time.

The chairman of the collective farm, glancing around him, began to philosophize:

"This is a real harvest: rye, oats, flax, sown grass. It's all ours, belongs to Verkhnyaya Troitsa, planted in our fields. Yet at the same time we must confess its not quite all our doing. The grain section of our farm is tended by the Yefremov brigade — those record harvesters. Yet Comrade Yefremov, after whom it is named, lives far from here—beyond the Altai mountains. We've never even seen him, but we've studied his experiments and applied them to our own labours. So it happens that Yefremov, living in the Altai mountains, has a share in our harvest. Our potatoes profited from the experience of Comrade Yutkina who lives in Siberia, so that she, too, participates in our harvest. It's the same story with the flax. Our flax brigade is named after Kharitina Molyakova, who incidentally hails neither from the Altai nor from Siberia, but is a countrywoman of ours, a member of a neighbouring collective farm in the Krasny-Kholm district. Her agro-technique has helped us greatly in the cultivation of flax. So you see our harvest cannot be called exclusively our own, but an all-national effort. So, it looks as if I was idly boasting in the beginning," said Smirnov, winding up his monologue, "and to boast, in general, is not becoming, and as far as we are concerned, senseless. Kharitina Molyakova and Yutkina and also Yefremov are outstanding pioneer leaders, and what are we?—just plain collective farmers..."

"Now, Smirnov, whose tune are you singing?" asked Shurygin, the chairman of the district executive committee, an energetic man, abrupt both in speech and manner, fixing his eyes on him. "You're imitating Marya Petrovna, that's her song, isn't it?"

"Which Marya Petrovna?"

"The chairman of the Krasnoye Trossukhino collective farm."

"Ah, the one who lives over the river—twenty versts from here? I see her once in six months at the assembly at Kashin, so what's all this to do with her?"

"Well, you see, she's also one of your modest ones. All you get from her is: 'What kind of war-time stakhanovites are we, what sort of heroes? Why do people praise us so much at meetings and even in the newspapers?' But just see what figures they get at her farm—figures which haunt me at night so that I know them by heart. In 1938 the Krasnoye Trossukhino collected 599 centners of grain, and in 1939 the figure was 891. In pre-war time a very satisfactory result for agriculture. And now in war time? In 1942 they gathered 1,442 centners of grain, and in 1943, 1,628 centners. Eloquent figures which speak for themselves! That's what our womenfolk are doing in war time! Yefremov and Yutkina are, of course, innovators, famous not only in our country, but throughout the civilized world. But, my dear Comrade Smirnov, you should also realize that it's necessary to show every respect for the war-time labours of such workers as Marya Petrovna and your own Zabotina and Rumyantseva. Let people understand the significance of their own hands..."

We came out on the Kashin-Goritsy road, mentioned by the collective farmers to Mikhail Ivanovich Kalinin in Moscow. To everybody's astonishment the road was being laid down in spite of the war and wherever labour, transport and money could be found for its construction through

these remote peasant woodlands. Cattle were being driven along the road.

"Yesterday I counted sixteen herds of cattle," said Smirnov. "Today I forgot to keep count. Where do you come from, lassies?" he continued, turning to the drivers.

"From the Yaroslavl region, Nekrassovo district."

"Where are you driving the cattle to?"

"To the town of Kalinin and there we'll get further directions."

"To the Rzhev district," added a young shepherd, carrying in his arms a lamb born on the way. "We are taking these herds as a present to the newly liberated regions."

We paused, following the herd with our eyes. Then, in silence, we turned and made our way back to Verkhnyaya Troitsa, a small Russian village situated on the notorious loamy sandy soil, squeezed in between the pine forest and the blue river. Probably we were all thinking of one and the same thing. In our mind's eye we could visualize the whole of our country and its peoples, in regions of Yaroslavl, Kalinin, Siberia, the Altai; simple, generous, clever people who without any noise or fuss, are feeding our multi-million Red Army through these long years of war or helping those now liberated from German slavery. They are carrying out these wonderful feats which will go down in the records of this marvellous XX century, and to them future generations will bare their heads in respect.

I. RYABOV

VILEN POVORIN AND HIS COMRADES

It was a delightful town in a region known as the Ukrainian Switzerland. There was an old park where ancient oaks and lindens, chestnuts and white acacias alternated in dense array along hilly alleys; a river squeezed between the sheer sides of a deep rocky gorge with the mossgrown walls of a Turkish fortress topping its western bank; neat white cottages snuggled amid orchards and, over it all, the inimitable blue of the southern sky.

It is hard to believe that this fair corner of Soviet Land has become a vast common grave. But here, amid the charms of southern nature, so many tears have been shed, so much inconsolable anguish born, so many innocent lives blasted that it seems that those are not red poppies splashing the abrupt slopes but blood oozing from gore-drenched earth.

In Kamenets-Podolsk the Germans shot over eighty thousand townspeople. Commandant Reindl took reprisals wholesale: when executing people suspected of disagreeing with the "new order", he shot the victim and his entire family, his near and distant relatives, the kinsfolk of those relatives, and the kinsfolk of those kinsfolk.

In this town there lived Vilen Povorin. He went to school No. 2, tinkered with radio sets, was a devotee of Jules Verne, delighted in the cinema and stretched his legs on the football field. Vilen never pondered the question as to whether he loved his country or not. He loved his school, was fond of his teachers, the spacious reading-room at the library, his books, loved his sunlit town and all that for him was his country.

The Germans deprived Vilen of his school and his books, his teachers and his accustomed recreations. Then he realized that he had lost his country.

The Germans said it was for ever. Vilen would not, could not believe it. He resolved to learn the truth come what might. He built a radio set and began listening to Moscow. Every night a familiar voice told him that the Red Army was pushing westward, driving out the enemy, was bringing liberation, would give him back his country.

Everyone must know the revelation! Vilen and his comrades began spreading the Soviet communiqués among the people regularly.

The Germans tracked down Vilen. They caught him when he was sitting at his home-made set, headphones on, hastily jotting down the latest communiqué.

Frightful tortures fell to the lot of the schoolboy. He was flogged with rubber truncheons, with telephone leads, to extort the names of his fellows. Reindl himself interrogated him.

"We want names," he growled. "Do you hear? we want names!"

So Vilen gave twenty-three names...

The next day the boy was again called for examination.

"There are no such persons in town!" yelled the gestapo man. "Where did you get them from?"

"We were at school together," Vilen calmly replied.

Then they bound his hands, took him to the school under escort and called the principal. There they looked through all the class registers but did not find any of the names Vilen had given.

"You little joker!" raged the gestapo man and struck Vilen in the face, already black and blue from countless blows.

Vilen uttered not a sound. The principal tried to intervene for his pupil but that lead to another shower of blows falling on the lad.

"Now I remember," Vilen said them. "The boys were from another school."

Vilen was taken to the other school, dragged on a chain like a dog, pushed forward with rifle butts at his back. Behind trailed Vilen's schoolmates who had caught sight of their comrade.

At this school the scene was repeated: there were no such names on the class registers. Vilen was again beaten with

inhuman venom, his face was covered with blood, he spat out teeth.

The gestapo man realized that Vilen would not betray his comrades.

"You will be shot!" roared the gestapo man, beside himself with impotent rage.

"I know," answered Vilen with the same steadfast calm, as he wiped the blood from his face with his torn sleeve. "I very much wanted it known in town that I had betrayed no one. Now all know. Now I don't care what you do to me."

Vilen was shot.

The Germans continued the search for his associates. Wholesale arrests of schoolchildren, the same age as Vilen, began. They were driven to the commandant's headquarters on Shevchenko Street and subjected to tortures in a chamber with the windows flung wide so that their parents gathered at the building could hear their cries. A hundred and sixty schoolchildren were seized and, after savage torture, shot.

But the Germans thought this too little: all the families to which the unfortunate schoolchildren belonged were arrested and taken to the old prison. Their legs were broken and they were all buried alive.

The Germans thought that this would terrorize the population, crush any attempt at resistance, any protest. But in the morning on Vilen's grave a post bearing a board was discovered. On it was inscribed:

"Here lies Vilen Povorin. He was named Vilen after Vladimir Ilyich Lenin[1]. He lived and died a true soldier of Lenin. Remember Vilen!"

ZOE MATUSSEVICH

FORT No. 6

The fort is ringed by a stone wall. The barracks stand in the bed of a deep hollow, their flat, concrete roofs flush with the ground. In front runs a ditch of stinking water, and beyond this ditch—barbed wire fencing and shrubbery.

We pick our way through the dark and fetid corridors and underground cells of this prison-fort, doing our best to overcome the nauseating stench and repugnant clinging mud on the floor underfoot.

At the end of the passage was situated what had evidently been the office. Scattered all over were mounds of paper and the charred remnants of files and ledgers. Rummaging in this heap of rubbish, I came across a file of documents which had remained more or less intact, and taking my stand nearer the barred window, I examined its contents. On heavy, superior-grade paper, in neat gothic lettering, I read the inscription: "Plan for an Additional Cemetery". Listing the documents further, I found a file of papers with daily entries concerning the number of prisoners. There is no need to quote all the pages in this file, here are three or four excerpts, typical of the rest:

June 29, 1942. Sick: 1,131. Healthy: 340. Absent: 27.

Jan. 1, 1943. Sick: 1,322. Healthy: 43. Absent: 15.

Jan. 10, 1943. Sick: 1,305. Healthy: 43. Absent: 15.

Jan. 20, 1943. Sick: 1,294. Healthy: 44. Absent: 15...

and so on.

When I showed these entries to my companions, it appeared that they had found equally gruesome documents in the dungeon: schedules for the issue of food to the prisoners. Every three days the quantity of food issued per schedule showed a progressive reduction. The June schedule was crossed out and bore the following inscription in the top corner: "Stomach patients require no food."

The Germans were killing the prisoners here—killing them by starvation. Thousands of Soviet people who had been tortured to death were buried in the 69 graves at Fort No. 6. And there were nine such prison-forts in the vicinity of Kaunas.

Liudas Režnaitis—a Lithuanian peasant, who had accompanied us to this fort, told us:

"There used to be two villages near the fort, now they're no more. After the trial of the Germans in Krasnodar, the Germans here ordered the inhabitants of these two villages to dig up the bodies from the graves and burn them. Afterwards they set fire to both villages and burned them together with the inhabitants. I escaped death only because I got down to the cellar and breathed through a rag soaked in pickled-cabbage brine."

We left the fort, taking with us the documents we had found. We took these documents to the army unit which had stormed and captured this fort and which is now in action a few miles from the border of East Prussia. The men will learn the contents of these papers and will find those who signed them.

VADIM KOZHEVNIKOV

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[1] Vilen is a composite name: the first two letters "v" and "i" are Lenin's initials, the last three—the first syllable of "Lenin".

Messrs Anders and Sosnkowski wash their hands of the whole business

Drawing by Boris Yefimov

The season is closing at a well-known watering-place
Direct line from Vichy to Belfort

Drawing by Boris Yefimov

YURI TYNYANOV'S THREE NOVELS

Leading personalities in the arts and letters have figured as the heroes of Soviet historical novels ever since this type of literature came into existence: Dostoyevsky appeared as one of the characters of Olga Forsh's "Dressed in Stone", the earliest Soviet historical novel. Yuri Tynyanov's first work of this kind dealt with Küchelbäcker, the Decembrist poet. Other characters in the novel were the humorist Griboyedov, the poet Pushkin and a number of poets moving in Pushkin's circle. Radishchev, Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, the renowned Russian painter Alexander Ivanov and a number of lesser lights in the world of Russian arts and letters have appeared either as the heroes or as less prominent characters in historical novels by such leading Soviet writers as Olga Forsh, Yuri Tynyanov, Sergeyev-Tsensky and others.

During the present war Russian painters and writers, statesmen, thinkers and social reformers have become the comrades-in-arms of the people.

It is as such that Tynyanov, one of the leading Soviet historical novelists, regarded his heroes. Perhaps it was this conception which inspired him during the present National War, although himself mortally sick, to write a story of the youth of Russia's national poet Pushkin, a contemporary of the National War of 1812 and of the revolutionary movement of the Decembrists.

Tynyanov occupies a special place amongst Soviet historical novelists. Besides being an artist, he was also a research worker and a connoisseur of Russian poetry at the turn of the XVIII century.

There is nothing superficial about the knowledge which Tynyanov put into his stories, something acquired not merely as a background to illustrate his ideas as is so often the case with the authors of "biographical novels". On the contrary, the ideas for his three novels on Küchelbäcker, Griboyedov and Pushkin came to him while he was engaged in a profound study of that particular epoch about which the author knew considerably more than was required for anyone of the novels. In many places the reader feels that the author has introduced points into his novels that go beyond the world of letters to that of science; that the novelist Tynyanov, in his treatment of the life of Pushkin, is polemizing against certain historical and literary conceptions.

Another feature of Tynyanov's novels is that they contain no imaginary incidents or people.

Many acknowledged masters of the historical novels express their ideas and their interpretation of historical characters by means of imaginary biographical facts and their relations with imaginary persons. In Soviet literature, for example, one finds Olga Forsh employing this method. Every biography has its "white spots", longer or shorter sections about which nothing is said in the memoirs or letters of contemporaries. Olga Forsh overcomes such occasions by poetic ideas through which she expresses her own comprehension of the character concerned.

Yuri Tynyanov works in a different way: every fact, every statement in his novels is supported by a mountain of letters, records, newspaper clippings and poems. He gives a new appreciation of this mass of material, however, from the viewpoint of a general understanding of the epoch and the historical role of the character.

The chief events in the first thirty years of the XIX century in Russia (the period dealt with in all three of Tynyanov's novels) were the National War of 1812 which ended with the defeat of Napoleon Buonaparte and the Decembrist rising which took

place thirteen years later, on December 14th, 1825.

These historic events are closely connected. The majority of the revolutionary aristocrats, the Decembrists, took part in the victorious National War of 1812. Their hatred of the autocracy which held the people in slavery was born of their love for and admiration of these same people who had staunchly defended their country against the foreign invader.

The National War of 1812 made patriots of the Decembrists, patriots in the highest and truest sense of the word. Love of country and people was inseparable from their struggle for the liberty of the country and the people. The Decembrists, however, were not consistent in their attack on the autocracy. They did not link up their struggle with the people, a fact which inevitably affected the uprising of December 14th, 1825, which did not achieve their aim and was defeated by the autocracy. Those who took part were exiled or executed. The revolutionary and patriotic spirit of the Decembrists, however, permeated Russian literature, philosophy and public opinion. The voices of those who had perished continued to be heard in the poems of Pushkin and later in those of the young Lermontov. A new generation, future participants in a new phase of the movement for liberation in Russia, came to replace the old. Among this new generation who succeeded the Decembrists, was Alexander Herzen, a brilliant writer and philosopher, publicist and revolutionary and who called the Decembrists "the young petrels of the future storm". These were very true words. The December uprising was of tremendous significance to the liberation movement in Russia and to the development of Russian culture closely connected with that movement.

Yuri Tynyanov's three novels were devoted to this epoch.

His first work published in 1926 was entitled "Küchlya", a nickname given to the future Decembrist poet, Wilhelm Küchelbäcker, by his comrades in the aristocratic Lycée in Tsarskoye Selo, the royal residence near St. Petersburg. The concessions made to liberalism during the first ten years of the reign of Alexander I influenced the principles of organization and the teaching methods employed in the Lycée. For this reason a sojourn in the Lycée at Tsarskoye Selo greatly influenced the spiritual growth and development of a number of important Russian writers and public men. The majority of those graduating from the Lycée were connected in some way or another with the Decembrists.

In outlook and structure, Tynyanov's first novel was a work of romance. Küchelbäcker is characterized as a romantic hero opposed to hostile and despicable reality. The gloom of reaction hung over Russia and Europe after the formation of the Holy Alliance. The Emperor Alexander's coquetry with the liberals was a thing of the past. Küchlya, the poet patriot and pupil of the great educationalists, could not find his place in this reality. Nor could he find the real path of struggle against it.

Küchlya was a queer fellow, a humorist and iconoclast. Nothing went well with him—his writing, his political activities or his personal life. Everywhere barriers were placed in his way; the all-seeing eye of the police kept track of his every movement.

This talented, passionate, hohest writer was reduced to the state of "literary serf" of the cunning and unprincipled Grech.

It seemed that his life would fritter away, that his great talent would never find an outlet; that Küchlya would remain the "man without a destiny".

On the eve of the December revolt, however, Küchelbäcker's friends acquainted him with the secret of the conspiracy and accepted him into their society.

In this Küchelbäcker fulfilled his destiny. That one day, the day of the revolt, even though it was a failure and brought defeat yet it became the apotheosis of all his dreams and the aspirations of his whole life.

The love of liberty and hatred for tyranny which inspired the poems of Pushkin and Byron, the rebellion in Greece and the secret conspiracies in France were revealed that day on the cold squares of St. Petersburg.

"Time marched happily across Peter Square", even though for one day only, the bearer of this love and hatred, Küchelbäcker, marched in step with it.

Tynyanov perceived and understood that historically the Decembrist movement was foredoomed. For the right to be himself for one day Küchelbäcker paid with long years of loneliness in prison and exile. Tynyanov's first book, however, shows us more than the torment and joy of that struggle. It is a youthful, generous book, filled with romantic sentiments, and with the swift-moving, irrevocable movement of history. The whole portrayal of the hero shows that the struggle for freedom is majestic and joyous irrespective of whether it brings the fighter triumph or death.

The hero of Tynyanov's next novel, "The Death of the Vazir-Mukhtar" (1928) was the great Russian humorist Griboyedov. "Vazir-Mukhtar" is Persian for plenipotentiary minister, the diplomatic representative of a foreign power. The Russian ambassador, the "Vazir-Mukhtar" to Persia in 1828 was a talented statesman, also the author of the famous comedy "Wit Works Woe".

The novel "Küchlya" deals with the whole story of Küchelbäcker's life, from his adolescence to his death in exile in Siberia. "The Death of the Vazir-Mukhtar", however, describes the last year only of Griboyedov's life. Griboyedov was closely connected with the Decembrist movement like many other progressive people of his day. Although not a member of the secret society yet the defeat of the Decembrists was a heavy blow to him. All

his friends were exiled or executed. Those bold hopes for the future, that burning civic passion which characterized the atmosphere of the twenties in Russia, gave way to the stagnation of reaction. Griboyedov's comedy was a bold blow at the forces of reaction then active at the beginning of the century (the comedy was written in 1824) and which gained the upper hand after the defeat of the Decembrists. This play brilliantly and in full force displayed the mutual responsibility, the interrelations of the dull and stupid feudal landowners, the reactionary militarists, the cowardly and accommodating officials who lived parasitically on the bigger beasts of prey.

In this stuffy, stagnant world every new idea, every new word was hated and persecuted. Chatsky, the chief character of the comedy, who tried to expose the vicious circles, was declared insane. His noble discontent came up against a wall of indifference. Naturally Chatsky's speeches did not find any response amongst the other characters of the play—old aristocrats and cowardly fawners. To the reader, however, Chatsky's bold denunciations served as a revolutionary credo. Through Chatsky's protest the progressive section of society presented its account to the oppressors of the people.

Griboyedov's comedy, banned by the censor, was circulated in manuscript form, stimulated the minds and became the spiritual ally of those who in those dull years were preparing for a new outbreak. In "The Death of the Vazir-Mukhtar", however, it is not so much Griboyedov the poet that we see as Griboyedov the statesman, the skilled diplomat who as an ambassador was able to pit his brilliant mind and willpower against Russia's enemies.

Tynyanov depicts this Griboyedov as a man misunderstood, lonely amongst the prototypes of his comedy—cold, calculating careerists, greedy self-seekers and cowards who came to the surface during the reign of Nicholas I.

Griboyedov continued to fight for the right to serve his country both in art and in state affairs but inwardly he felt himself doomed, he had outlived his time, he was a fragment of a world collapsed.

Griboyedov is not only the central figure of the novel. All the characters, his mistress, the ballerina Telesheva, his wife, Nina Chavchavadze, his friends, and contemporaries—General Yermolov, the philosopher Chaadayev, Pushkin, even Nicholas I are shown through the hero's eyes. What is more, the novel relates history itself; real historical situations are described as witnessed by Griboyedov, a man who had lived to see all his ideals collapse. Such an approach was bound to affect the completeness of the story. It differs from "Küchlya" in that those historic forces such as obtained at the time of Griboyedov the poet are not shown, the reader does not sense that at this time, the period of reaction, a new generation of democrats was growing up which afterwards produced Herzen, Ogaryov and Belinsky.

In the novel "Death of the Vazir-Mukhtar" we are shown Griboyedov slowly dying in the poisonous atmosphere of the reaction of the epoch of Nicholas I, reaction that lay heavy on the land and the whole life of the people. Griboyedov died in terrible moral loneliness, surrounded by enemies, without having found friends or fellow fighters, in the surroundings of a younger generation; at the same time he did not find his way to the people.

The poet's connections with the people form the central theme of Tynyanov's third and last novel "Pushkin". This book centres around Pushkin the poet, a people's artist,—one who combined all that was best in national traditions and national culture.

Understanding this, Tynyanov struck a goldmine. Pushkin's connection with the people brought into the book that which should constitute the chief character of any historical romance—the masses of the people.

Pushkin was not only a connoisseur of Russian history, Russian literature and folklore: in addition to this he understood and was able to show how his hero was connected with the life of society, with the life of the people, what forces he served and what profound processes in the life of the people determined his fate. In the novel "The Captain's Daughter", for example, the destinies of the characters are determined by Yemelyan Pugachov's uprising. The reforms of Peter the Great and the building up of the Russian state determine the destinies of the characters of his poems "Poltava" and "The Bronze Horseman" and the novel "The Negro of Peter the Great".

The critic's description of "Eugene Onegin", the novel in verse, as an "encyclopedia of Russian life" is a very apt one. Social tendencies during the first thirty years of the XIX century, the formation of new psychological types are all shown in Pushkin's greatest work.

Pushkin's creative genius lay in his conscious service to the people. From this resulted the wisdom and the victorious achievement of Pushkin as Tynyanov understood it.

Tynyanov gradually reveals in great detail how the future poet's consciousness was formed in early childhood by the folk songs and stories sung to him by his nurse and how a consciousness of martial valour, of the military history of his country was gathered direct from family traditions.

Pushkin's maternal grandfather was a contemporary of Peter the Great. His mother's brothers were also Russian soldiers and their names are connected with those deeds of martial glory familiar to Pushkin from childhood.

In the Russian poetry of the XVIII century, especially in the person of Derzhavin, the greatest poet of that period, the adolescent Pushkin not only felt the trium-

phal ring of the verses but also the glory of those figures, those monuments of art and history with which Derzhavin's poems are connected and which were born of the same period and the same events as those known to Pushkin. The poet gained his conception of western literature, especially French, to which Pushkin had been partial from childhood, through figures familiar to him. The nymphs of Parny and Lafontaine he visualized as rosy-cheeked Russian girls with long plaits. In his Elysium grew white trunked birches and northern wild flowers.

The feeling of complete fusion with the world of poetry and the cultural and historical life of his people brought Pushkin unimpaired through all the trials of his personal and social life.

That is why Pushkin was able to weather the defeat of the Decembrist uprising. Through his creative activity he had that living connection with the people which was lacking in the Decembrist movement. Whilst he was still alive the people enabled the poet to taste immortality. Pushkin knew that the country and liberty would never perish. The figure of Russia, again arising in all its beauty and youthful strength after misfortunes and trials, is embodied in Pushkin's portrayal of the beautiful and feminine figure of the Princess Lyudmila. In his poem "Ruslan and Lyudmila" the heroine is kidnapped by the evil wizard Chernomor and plunged into an enchanted sleep. She is released from the spell by the courageous and faithful knight Ruslan.

The story of how "Ruslan and Lyudmila" was written ends that part of the novel completed by Tynyanov.

In these grim war days those pages which give an exceptionally brilliant picture of the joyous and happy content of the creative work of the poet of Russia cannot be read without emotion.

Death prevented Tynyanov from fulfilling his plans. "Pushkin", however, is a direct sequel to "Küchlya". In this novel we feel that the reasonableness and objectivity of the historical process arises from romantic faith in the future, shown by one lonely hero, whereas in "Pushkin" the same feeling has a firm and durable foundation—faith in the inexhaustible strength, wisdom and immortality of the people as displayed by their best sons in the past as well as today.

EUGENIA KNIPOVICH

MARJA KONOPNICKA, POETESS AND PATRIOT

The famous Polish novelist and historian, Henryk Sienkiewicz, and his fellow-countrywoman, the poetess, Marja Konopnicka, are almost of the same age, but Konopnicka began to write considerably later than did Sienkiewicz, and when she made her first appearance on the literary arena Sienkiewicz was already an acknowledged man of letters. In one of his critical reviews published in the eighties of last century in "Niwa", a Warsaw magazine, he spoke of the impression produced on him by Marja Konopnicka's first poem. Sienkiewicz had happened to read it in the Santa Anna Mountains in California, and "as I read her verses," he wrote, "in the rustling of the trees overhead I seemed to hear the rustling of Polish pines." Konopnicka's poem entitled "To a Woman", Sienkiewicz calls a pearl of price. "The words emit a genuine sparkling poetry," he says, "and vigour and honesty and heart-felt feeling. For every noble feminine heart this is a poetical catechism."

Twenty-five years later, when the Polish world of letters was festively celebrating Marja Konopnicka's anniversary, the author of "The Crusaders" and "Quo Vadis" again dedicated to her some emotional lines, which show that his first impressions had not deceived the writer's sensitive ear and delicate insight.

"All the outcast and wronged," he wrote, "all those who are worn out with age, the widows and orphans, all those who hunger and to whom the world is cold and empty, all who are groaning under the weight of natural and social laws, under the contempt, neglect and callousness of the great of this world, if only they might and could voice their griefs and woes in song, they would express them in her words. She is their plaint against oppression and their protectress against the well-fed and smug. The earth and the people are embodied in her, and she in them." And again: "In her poetry is imprinted the soul of the peasant, is beating the peasant's heart; in her poetry you hear the village bells and the shepherd boy's rattle, and the clang of sickles and scythes, and the dear old melodies of village songs. And it rings out with such a strength of truth that it brings to the exquisite perfection of these pastoral sounds an impression as though on the lofty summits of Parnassus someone is playing on pipes fashioned from a Polish pussy willow."

These comments, reflecting, as they did, the views of progressive Polish society belong to a great writer who himself embarked on the path of literature from one of those tumble-down peasants' huts and poverty-stricken workers' dwellings.

Like Henryk Sienkiewicz, Marja Konopnicka appeared as a writer at a period when in Polish literature, romanticism was being succeeded by the tendency known as positivism, a school which refuted the singing of past glories and other romantic illusions, confining itself to the presentation of everyday deeds and humdrum personages. Their social ideals and views on labour can best be characterized by the following ironical utterance of Victor Hugo: "Happiness is given to the moderate, if it falls at all to the lot of ordinary mortals."

But Marja Konopnicka could not content herself with depicting the drab lives of common-place people. Her stories from the lives of the peasantry and the village poor, as for example: "The Burglary", "From a Village School", "On the Way", "Our Acquaintances" and others, are stirring narratives of the unquenchable craving for happiness and joy in the hearts of the oppressed, the down-trodden and benighted. Like flowers turning toward the sun, the children of poverty yearn for happiness—the happiness that for them is embodied in a crust of bread which has got to be stolen, and for which answer will have to be made before a judge who knows neither what hunger is, nor the meaning of happiness ("The Burglary"). To Filip and Amelja (in the story "Our Rossinante") happiness is nothing more than a fleeting vision of their youth, glimpsed in spring-days full of flowers and love, and gone for ever. The last reminder of the halcyon days is an old accordion, and with that, too, they have to part to procure bread for their child. A poor man cannot even die like a human being. An old woman who by dint of stinting herself of necessaries has contrived to lay by five guldens for the funeral has the money taken away from her by the police as a fine for having no identification document about her.

Ardent strains of lyricism and mordant criticism are intermingled with a master's hand in the poetry of Konopnicka. "Three roads," she says, "lie open before the Polish peasant: the first is to plod a whole life-time behind a plough owned by another, along a field that is not his own; the second leads to the tavern, the third, to the cemetery" ("Three Roads"). "A man is free to choose anyone of these paths," she says with bitter irony in the poem called "Free Labourer". Evicted from his wretched hovel for non-payment of taxes, he may go wherever his fancy prompts him. He may, if he should feel so inclined, curse everything on earth; he may weep or laugh, or sing songs, he may even freeze to death on the way and fall dead in a ditch by the roadside. Who will have a word to say to the "free labourer"? A peasant lad dies before the return of the eagerly-awaited spring sunshine ("Jas Has Not Lived to See the Spring"). Women driven from their homes are trudging along under enemy escort to encounter new sufferings and death in a strange land. Notes of tragedy resound in her famous poem "The King and Stach", which has become a folk song. Stach, the son of a peasant, has fought bravely in battles and sacrificed his young life for his country. He is laid to rest in a lonely, unknown grave. Only the gentle tinkling of bluebells in the depths of the woods accompanies him to his lonely resting-place, while there clashes throughout the length and breadth of the land a thunder of funeral bells in honour of the king.

No question of "why?" or "wherefore this injustice?" had ever faced any of Konopnicka's predecessors in Polish literature. And she searched for answers to these insistent questions both for herself and for those to whom she addressed her poetry.

She found an answer in protest against social egotism; in militant hate of those whose fault it was that Jas did not live to see the return of spring, and that the glory due to Stach, the peasant who had died for his country was stolen from him by those who gave preference to the slave before the hero.

Among Polish poets who have sung the beauties of their native nature and scenery it is the name of Marja Konopnicka that stands in one of the foremost places. But in her songs of weeping willows drooping over streams and of skylarks sweeping through the air under azure Polish skies the thought of man and his destinies never forsakes the poetess' mind. When living in foreign lands she would exclaim that never, never would she forget the rippling cornfields, the boundless forests and the clear swiftly-rushing waters of her own land of Poland. In Italy, before the statue of the Madonna, she called on her to walk through Poland's fields, passed the hedges of Polish villages.

The poetess could not but think of the renascence of Poland's sovereignty. Like Boleslaw Prus and other Polish writers, Konopnicka with amazing perspicacity fathomed the ominous intentions of the German colonizers in respect to Poland.

In another of her poems, "The Germans Came", Konopnicka has shown a German colonizer who bought up Polish land, and she contrasted him with a Polish peasant who loves his land and holds it sacred, and in whose eyes the sale of Polish soil to a German invader is nothing short of treachery. Her resentment against the German enslavers found vivid expression in her poem "The Oath" where she declares that the Polish people will never yield up their country nor their native tongue to the Teuton and never allow him to germanize their children. "The descendants of the Piasts," she says, "will rise to a man to the defence of their country from the Teutonic hordes."

Marja Konopnicka called the Slavonian peoples to unity against the German menace. In "Grünwald", another of her poems we see her loyalty to the idea of Slavonian unity as a shield against that menace; Konopnicka is loud in her praises of the historic day when the defeated Crusader knew not whose hand had dealt the death-blow,—a Pole's or a Lithuanian's, a Russian's or that of a Czech. All these peoples fought side by side in the great battle of Grünwald.

Juljusz Slowacki, peerless master of Polish verse, was Marja Konopnicka's earliest teacher. It is needless to repeat here that all her writings are permeated with native folklore. Severe with herself, she succeeded by devices intrinsically poetic and original in achieving the melody and freedom of verse

that have made her the bard par excellence of the Polish people.

It is in her poem "Pan Balcer in Brazil" that her talent has found most vivid expression. For twenty years she worked on it. The action of the poem is laid in remote Brazil, where Balcer, the principal personage goes as a settler in search of the happiness that can never be his "in the stepmother" land of his birth. Pan Balcer stands for the whole long-suffering Polish peasantry, which is the real hero of the poem. Out there, in the remote, strange land love of Poland throbs still more strongly than before in the heart of Pan Balcer, and his comrades in voluntary exile. Their yearning for their distant country induces them to return from the "promised land" which has deceived them, to their beloved homeland, harsh stepmother though she has proved to them all.

Certain Polish critics are of the opinion that Konopnicka did wrong to "tear" the Polish peasant away from his native country, where she might have shown him up more fully and in more realistic surroundings.

These reproaches might have found some justification had the author not succeeded in presenting with such amazing powers realistic figures and actions of the personages born of her poetic imagination.

Henryk Sienkiewicz wrote that in this poem her fantasy, vivid and powerful as it was, reached heights that might almost be said to approach to the gift of clairvoyance. She brought into life a dream that she had once timidly voiced; she created a popular epic which, in breadth of design and perfection of form, may be ranked with Mickiewicz's "Pan Tadeusz" and Slovacki's "Król-Duch" (The King's Spirit).

Highly illustrative of the life-force of Konopnicka's poetry is that one of her poems—viz. "The Oath", which we have already had occasion to mention here—has become the battle song of the Polish army in the U.S.S.R. and it is with the words of this, her song, on their lips that the Polish troops go into battle against the age-long enemy of their country. And this song is now being heard on liberated Polish soil, ringing forth like a hymn of justice and vengeance.

The song was taken up by twenty-five thousand voices of Polish soldiers assembled on the square before the Liublin Castle where they had come to bow their heads before the ashes of millions of victims foully done to death by the German murderers in the "obliteration camp" at Majdanek.

The evolution of Konopnicka's mind and art are revealed in two collections of her works, recently published. One is in the edition published by the "Library of the Association of Polish Patriots in U.S.S.R.", the other is an anthology of her works published by the State Literary Publishing House in the "Slavonic Library" series, and follows the volume of the selected works of Adam Mickiewicz.

In Russia, Marja Konopnicka has been long known and appreciated. The first translations of her books appeared as far back as the last century, many of her poems being translated by eminent Russian poets.

The new volume is compiled and translated by one man—the poet Alexander Kovalensky, who possesses a profound knowledge of and love for Konopnicka's poetry. The collection acquaints the reader with the different phases of her work and the various genres of her verse. One cannot but express regret, however, that such brilliant pieces as "Homeless", "Jas Has Not Lived to See the Spring", "To the Frontier" and "The Young Soldier" should have been omitted.

A. Kovalensky made it his aim, he tells us, to translate Konopnicka's verses, preserving intact as far as possible the structure and peculiarities of the Polish syllabic verse of the original. The task is no easy one if we bear in mind that the syllabic verse, while being organically proper to Polish poetry, is not usual to Russian poetical speech. The translator, however, has achieved considerable success. The translation of excerpts from "Pan Balcer in Brazil" may be considered as being among the most successful of the translations.

The new volume of Marja Konopnicka's verses in the Russian translation reveals to the reader all the wealth of her art—a world closely akin to Russian poetry.

MARK ZHIVOV

MARK TWAIN IN RUSSIA

Back in the seventies of the last century, the Russian reader made his first acquaintance with Mark Twain.

An article on the American humorist, Samuel Clemens writing under the nom de plume of Mark Twain first appeared in 1872 in "Birzhevyie Vedomosti", a Petersburg newspaper. The new American writer, stated the paper, is distinguished "by a highly original literary gift moulded under the influence of the completely new life now springing up in the deserts of California and the mountains of Sierra Nevada". The extreme originality of the American, the paper went on to say, is revealed both in his world outlook and in the literary manner he employs.

At the same time the reader is forewarned that he need not expect literary finesse from a young writer living among

goldseekers. Its absence, however, will be more than made up for by the writer's "inexhaustible supply of humour, his vivid imagination, powerful fantasy and unaffected gaiety."

As a sample of Mark Twain's work, the newspaper published a slightly abridged version of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog", the first Mark Twain's story to appear in Russian.

Further steps in popularizing Mark Twain in Russia were taken by one of the country's most prominent contemporary magazines—"Otechestvennyie Zapiski" (Homeland Notes) of which Saltykov-Shchedrin, the noted Russian satirist, was the editor. It is characteristic, that this magazine was attracted by the social satire in Mark Twain's writings.

Selected stories and sketches by Mark Twain appeared in this magazine in 1877 under the heading of "An American Humorist on America". In a brief introduction to these stories, the magazine called attention to the social import of Mark Twain's work.

"Mark Twain," we read, "who is known to our readers by his book 'The Gilded Age' (translated by Tsebrikova, a contributor of the magazine, and printed in 1874) has recently published a series of short stories depicting, in a satirical way and with much talent and poignancy, the various aspects and manifestations of American life. Apart from their purely literary merits, the stories are important as material for a better understanding of America" and will not fail to rouse the interest of the Russian reader. The stories selected for publication included "Journalism in Tenessee", "The Facts in the Case of the Great Beef Contract", "The Facts in the Case of Deceased George Fischer"—all caustic, humorous studies of American pettifoggery and bureaucracy,—"The Report of July 4th Oration" warning Americans against complacency and "Goldsmith's Friends Abroad Again", in which young Twain appears as an ardent defender of Chinese immigrants against race persecution in the state of California.

The cover of a recent edition of selected stories by Mark Twain

Thus, from the very beginning Mark Twain was introduced to the Russian reader not only as an enjoyable humorist but as a keen, contemplative observer of the life that surrounded him.

In the eighties of the last century Russian translations of Mark Twain's works appeared one after another in rapid succession—"The Prince and the Pauper" (1884), "Life on the Mississippi" (1885), "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1886), a book of selected short stories (1886) and others. Mark Twain's collected works were published in the nineties of the last century and ensured him fame throughout Russia.

Radical changes were wrought in the life of Russia by the October Revolution. Old Russia died to give way to the great Soviet democracy. A complete re-estimation of values marked the spiritual life of the new Russia and embraced literature as well. It had also its effect on the popularity Mark Twain enjoyed in Russia. He became still more popular. Indeed, one may well say that Mark Twain ranks among the favourite foreign writers of the Soviet people.

That innate American democracy which permeates all Mark Twain's writings was in complete accord with the prevailing mentality of the new Russia. His keen, bantering humour strikes a deep chord in the Soviet people who mistrust false values and are given to self-criticism. Thus in the "Crocodile", Soviet weekly magazine of humour, the great American humorist feels quite "at home" with his Russian colleagues.

Every year sees the new publication of thousands of copies of Mark Twain's works. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" found its way to both Soviet screen and stage. Produced by the Leningrad Theatre of the Young Spectator in 1924 "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" has had a successful run for fifteen years and delighted thousands of Soviet youngsters. One of the Soviet Union's most promising young comediennes K. V. Pugachova gave a brilliant portrayal of Huckleberry Finn. On the centenary of his birth in 1935, Mark Twain was widely honoured throughout the Soviet Union.

In recent years the Soviet reader has been still more drawn to Mark Twain's personality

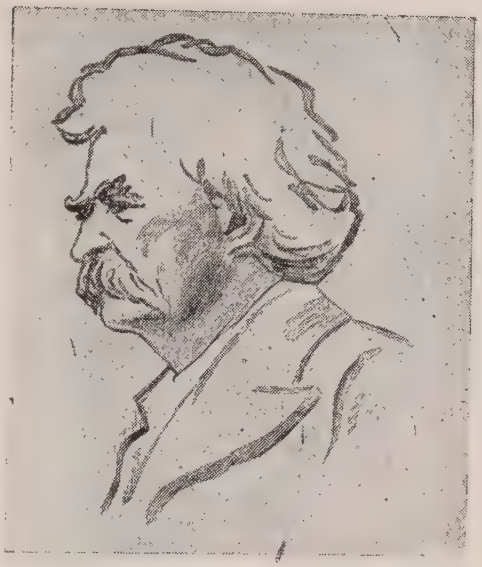
as it became revealed in the new publications of the "Twainiana" in the Russian translations of selected chapters of his "Autobiography" and "Notebook". The Twain who in grievous contemplation meditates over the tragic contradictions of the life around him is no less close to the Soviet reader, than the carefree, entertaining author of his early stories. Indeed it is with a new reverence that the reader approaches Twain's works.

Some time ago, a pen portrait of Mark Twain was discovered in Maxim Gorky's archives and recently published for the first time. Apparently, Gorky had written it in the United States, in 1906, after meeting Mark Twain at a banquet given in Gorky's honour by American literary circles.

"His imposing head is crowned by magnificent hair like turbulent tongues of cold, white fire," says Gorky who was as charmed by the American writer as only one great man can be charmed by another. "From under the heavy, half-closed lids, one rarely sees the clever, piercing sparkle of his grey eyes, but when he looks you straight in the face, you feel every line of it has been scrutinized and will remain forever imprinted in his memory." Further Gorky quotes Mark Twain's stimulating, witty speech urging his fellow-countrymen to get a better understanding of the revolutionary events in Russia. In completing his character sketch Gorky observes: "He seems very old, yet it is obvious that he is playing the part of an old man. His movements and gestures are so virile, supple and graceful that one forgets his grey hair."

On display at the Gorky Museum in Moscow there is a photograph of the two writers in which Gorky looks fixedly and lovingly at the American humorist.

During the war Soviet publishers have not ceased to print Mark Twain's works. Mark Twain is widely read at the front. The special library series printed for the front under the auspices of the "Krasnoarmeyets" (The Red Army Man) magazine,



Drawing by L. Brodaty

devotes two of its issues to Mark Twain's stories. Likewise collections of Mark Twain's stories have recently been released by the Soviet Navy Publishers. A volume of Mark Twain's selected works, newly translated into Russian, was published in 1943 by the State Literary Publishing House in Moscow. The volume opens with "The Celebrated Jumping Frog", the same story that seventy years ago first introduced Mark Twain to the Russian reader, and ends with a collection of extracts from Russian newspapers of 1869 describing the visit of a group of American tourists to Odessa, Sevastopol and Yalta. Among the tourists who came on the "Quaker City" was the young American journalist—Samuel Langhorne Clemens.

ABEL STARTSEV

NEW BOOKS

The "Young Guard" Publishing House has issued a collection of poems entitled "The Road to Lithuania". It includes wartime poems by Liudas Gira, the Lithuanian classic, Salomeja Neris the prominent poetess, Antanas Venclova, Kostas Korsakas and others.

Antanas Venclova's poems "Motherland", "The Niemen and You", "Motherland and Sweetheart", "I Would Want Nothing More", "The Voice of the Motherland", "The Westward Road from Smolensk" reflect the close ties linking the poet with his native country. He sees the motherland as something living, and with deep feeling expresses his pain at the wounds she has received, and his longing for her. "I would want nothing more," he says, "than to breathe the smoke of my home, to walk by my father's house and look into its open windows."

Venclova expresses vividly and forcefully his confidence in victory. In the poem "The Lithuanian", he sees unbroken, unsubdued Lithuania as a mighty oak. In "The Westward Road from Smolensk", Venclova, long before the Red Army captured Kaunas, writes of the coming meeting between the Red Army and the partisans in that city.

The main theme in the works of the young poet Korsakas is the Lithuanian people at war.

In the new poem "Verkne", Liudas Gira remains true to his folklore tradition and develops it further. Gira's strongest side is his closeness to folk poetry, and his verses "The Wind Blows from the Urals" which has been put to music, is one of the favourite songs among the Lithuanian Red Army units.

Salomeja Neris has contributed a long poem dedicated to Marija Melnikaite, the gallant woman partisan, who has been awarded the title of Hero of the Soviet Union. It gives vivid expression to the deep emotion of a young heart, the feeling of duty to her country. "The window is open," she says, "light is flowing in. And your country has called to you: 'Where are you, my Marite?'"

Sincerity, poignancy and depth of feeling characterize all Salomeja Neris' war-time poems. In the verses "Sing, My Heart" she apostrophizes her song-bird with the words: "Remember all your dreams, sing on with all your heart; if you fall silent, you are a stone to be trodden underfoot."

And the unsilenced voice of the Lithuanian poets is singing in unison with the thoughts and feelings of the Lithuanian people fighting the invader. The newly-issued collection of poems testifies to their creative power.

The Russian translation of Phyllis Marshall and John Crane's famous "Simon Bolivar" has been published by the State Literary Publishing House, Moscow. This book, which enjoys well-deserved fame in Latin-American countries, is beyond doubt the best biography of the great "Libertador" to date. It is the first of a series of fine Latin-American books to be published by this house in Russian. Others will include S. Alegria's excellent novel "En un mundo extraño y lejano", an anthology of leading Latin-American poetry, Gerardo Gallegos' "Eladio Segura", and German Arciniegas' "Comuneros".

Inclusion of the Bolivar biography in this series is a happy choice. Soviet interest in the great liberator has roots as far back as the twenties of the XIX century when progressive circles of Russian society hailed the great fighter for Latin-American liberty and independence ranking him with Riego (1784—1823). Early in the XIX century broad-brimmed Bolivar hats were widely worn by the young men of Russia as well as Western Europe. In the first chapter of "Eugene Onegin" the great Pushkin, describing his hero, in whom he wanted to embody the features of the young men of that period, did not fail to mention the Bolivar hat. This may be a mere detail but it is a characteristic one. It must not be forgotten that Pushkin was an ardent friend of revolutionary Spain and greatly sympathized with the just cause of Latin America.

The warm sympathy and interest in Simon Bolivar has continued to this day. Soviet literature has always fought attempts to distort the story of the Liberator. Indicative of Soviet striving for historical accuracy is the fact that Moscow scholars are about to undertake a study of the State archives for documents pertaining to Bolivar, among them reports by Russian diplomatic representatives abroad. Such an undertaking would keep to strengthen ties between the Soviet Union and the Latin-American countries.

Marshall-Crane's biography of Bolivar is extensively documented and deserves praise as an outstanding work. Although they show marked sympathy for their hero the authors do not fail to quote sources depicting him in an unfavourable light. The wealth of material and the authors' careful study of facts and sources enabled them to explode a number of inventions of Bolivar's enemies and to determine the true extent and significance of European (particularly English) help rendered him. The latter point is of considerable importance for biographies of Bolivar were long based almost exclusively on the testimony of European (English) memoirs, which tended to belittle Bolivar's role and exaggerate the extent of foreign help. The Marshall-Crane book put the facts in correct perspective, and has earned the gratitude of Soviet readers.

The authors have woven a fine picture of the period. The Liberator is portrayed in all his greatness as fighter and patriot. He was human and had weaknesses, but he sacrificed everything to the great cause he founded — the emancipation and unification of the peoples of Latin America.

The translation by Nikolai Lyubimov has retained the finest shades of the original.

The same publishing house recently issued a biography by Edgcumb Pinchon of another fighter for Latin-American liberty, Emiliano Zapata. It is to be hoped that the series will include biographies of San Martin, Sucre, Hidalgo and Mariano Moreno. These would be welcomed by Soviet readers and would strengthen intellectual ties with Latin America.

The Far-Eastern State Publishing House in Khabarovsk has published Dmitri Nagishkin's novel "Peaceful Bay", a book for adolescents. Its heroes are two boys, Dmitri and Alexander, the sons of a forester.

The story takes place against the background of a sea-side village "Peaceful Bay" situated in the Far East. One boy has been living there for several years while another arrives at the beginning of the novel. Events take place soon after the Civil War in the U.S.S.R., during the period of intervention. The boys' struggle with the elements and the rugged nature of the country, hunting, fishing, participation in spotting and catching their country's enemies who have hidden in the district—all go to make the boys' lives full of interesting and, at times, dangerous adventure. Several times they are brought face to face

with death and defend the lives of others. These experiences, often difficult and severe, are for the boys an excellent "school of life". Through these experiences they learn to be discerning, brave, resourceful, shrewed and independent. They meet often with success but also with disappointments, sometimes very bitter ones. This life steels the boys' spirit, strengthens their friendship and helps them to develop into strong, honest lads ready for anything that life may bring.

Upon parting with the heroes who, at the end of the book, leave for further studies in Vladivostok, the young reader is confident of their future, knows that Dmitri and Alexander will become useful, devoted and active members of the community.

The novel is well written and its style fascinating.

The Political Bureau of the Karelian front of the Red Army for three years now has been issuing a monthly satirical journal entitled "Draught". The journal contains eight large-size pages and in style is very similar to the magazine "Crocodile" so popular in the U.S.S.R.

In appearance the journal might be mistaken for one published in the rear. It is issued on good paper, the print is clear, with coloured illustrations. The journal's contents are lively and interesting and include poetry, stories, anecdotes and parodies. The text is vividly illustrated and includes many caricatures.

In the main, the contents of the journal touch on "Finnish" subjects but there is no lack of information dealing with other fronts of the National War. The journal has a "letters column" in which readers criticize the shortcomings of their comrades, all, however, in a comradely fashion.

The contributors of the journal, including the artists, are the men and officers of that particular front. The journal has been issued regularly even when large-scale military operations were being carried out.

BOOKS IN ENGLISH

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

I read H. N. Brailsford's book upon my return from Byelorussia and Lithuania. In my mind's eye I can still see the ruined cities and those terrible places—Trostyanets near Minsk and Ponary near Vilno—where the Germans asphyxiated hundreds upon thousands of defenceless people. While the German administrative machine killed and burned, while German engineers perfected the "Gewagen", converting it into "Geknipwagen" (gas waggon with tip-up body), Mr. Brailsford was thinking of Germany's future. His book was published in London in 1944. Looking at those figures, "1944", I may add that while the Red Army was liberating our native land from the invaders, while our Allies fought in Italy, while the patriots of France, Yugoslavia, Poland and other occupied countries waged a heroic struggle against the occupationists, Brailsford was labouring to defend the Germans from the punishment in store for them.

Brailsford knows of the atrocities perpetrated by the Hitlerites. Nevertheless, this extremely humane author hastens to add that in the reports on German atrocities there are, no doubt, exaggerations. Ostriches hide their heads in the sand when attacked—they are stupid birds. The defenders of the Germans hide their heads in the sand while the wives and children of other men are tortured; these, however, are not stupid birds but crafty politicians. Still Brailsford cannot take it upon himself to deny that the Hitlerites murder innocent people. But he hastens to justify these butchers. The following is a dreadful quotation from his book published in that same London which is today being subjected to barbaric "flying-bomb" attacks; a quotation from a book which might well have been published in Berlin:

"We may discover a clue if we note that their behaviour in this war has varied greatly in different countries. When they fought against British troops, it was correct... In Norway, Holland and France, if their conduct was often brutal, at least it was much better than in Eastern Europe. It is only in dealing with races whom they consider "sub-human", the Jews and the Slavs, that they have flung away all restraint, exterminated harmless and helpless populations in tens and hundreds of thousands, and treated human beings as if they

The front page of the Soviet front-line magazine "The Draught"

were noxious animals. The inference is, I think, that their cruelty is not instinctive and congenital. They do not act in this monstrous way merely because they enjoy it. They are obeying a theory: they are even carrying out a duty." (H. N. Brailsford, "Our Settlement with Germany" Penguin Books.)

Thus Mr. H. Brailsford, a citizen of the country of the Magna Carta, the author of books on Voltaire and Shelley, in his seventy-first year, defends Himmler and his S.S. It seems that the sadists who in Babiy Yar buried children alive, the executioners who burnt women in places of worship, Roman Catholic churches and synagogues were carrying out a duty!

In ancient religious disputes the defenders of the evil spirit were dubbed the devil's advocats. With complete justification this term can be applied to Brailsford. He tries to justify the murderers of Lidice, the hangmen of Warsaw, Vilno, Kiev and Kharkov by stating that the behaviour of these butchers and baby-killers was "correct" when they fought against the British. I leave it to the relatives of the British war prisoners recently brutally murdered by the Germans to have it out with Brailsford on the "correctness" of the Hitlerites. I leave it to the Frenchmen of St. Claude, the Dutch students and Norwegian clergy to take the first opportunity to have a heart-to-heart talk with this devil's advocate whose knowledge of the Germans is based purely on romantic memories. Fifty-five years ago this pathetic "humanitarian" studied in the Berlin University. I would add that it seems to me the "sub-human races" are not simply indignant at the Hitlerites' "theories". We know their doings and have firmly decided to exterminate these child-murderers. If words still have the power to rouse our anger, then the words not of Himmler but of Brailsford, his advocate, do so. We realize they do not reflect the sentiments of the English people. We remember that paper can endure anything, even the scant war-time paper which is now so strictly rationed in England. We know that the Red Army is at the borders of East-Prussia and that the triumph of justice depends on its might and not on Brailsford's tirades. But the blood of the hundreds of thousands and even millions of defenceless people, brutally tortured to death by the Germans, cries aloud to the skies for vengeance. Hence this speech of the devil's advocate arouses my extreme indignation. Behind a screen of alleged humanitarianism, I see the heartlessness and hypocrisy of a man happy that these child-assassins have killed not his grand-children but those of others, and who for this reason declared that the murderers are akin to gentlemen, adherents of a theory, honestly "carrying out a duty."

What are Mr. Brailsford's proposals for dealing with the criminals? First and foremost he attempts to save Hitler himself and his closest collaborators: the führer cannot be tried. Why? The devil's advocate explains: "As little dare we pretend that enemies can fairly try an enemy."

It seems that a base murderer can offset his judges by saying: "I beg your pardon, you have captured me which means that you are my enemies and have not the right to try me."

Brailsford continues:

"But to reverse the moral values of civilized men is not a crime known to international law."

And so, Hitler cannot be tried. What is to be done with him? Brailsford suggests that profitting by the precedent of Napoleon, Hitler and all the heads of his party and the Gestapo should be interned.

It seems Hitler should be presented with a charming island on which to write his memories on the annihilation of infants. In a neighbouring villa, Himmler would compose sonnets about "gas-waggons", while Goebbels and Göring grow sweet peas and correspond with Mr. Brailsford on the subject of international law.

The devil's advocate continues. What is to be done with the S.S.? The following, if you please: "They should be employed under strict discipline, as a pioneer corps, to rebuild the German towns shattered by our bombers."

The last is neither a typographical error nor a mistake in copying. It is justice à la Brailsford. You, perhaps, were under the impression that the S.S., those depraved heroes of the punitive detachments, those inventors of tortures, those torch-bearers of darkness, should build anew the burnt cities of St. Claude, Lidice, Smolensk, Orel and Gomel? Nothing of the kind! The S.S. is to be allowed to rebuild their own homes in Cologne or in Essen.

Mr. Brailsford is indignant: how can one send "Germans guilty of war crimes" to work in the countries that have suffered at their hands? No. That is "slave labour" and these murderers, he assures us, are not criminals but people "carrying out a duty".

The devil's advocate does not hide his sympathy for fascism. It seems that Hitler is worthy of respect because he organized foreign excursions for German workers. We are well aware of the nature of such "excursions" We have seen these "excursionists" in Rostov, Kiev and Minsk. I have never seen Mr. Brailsford but I am convinced that he has long forgotten how to blush with shame. He states that the "new order" of the Hitlerites has its positive side since the Germans assisted in the development of agriculture in Rumania and "even in Poland". Banditry, according to this most just of men, becomes a virtue. In addition, the devil's advocate reminds us: one cannot blame the Germans for having shouted "Heil Hitler!", for after all, "he gave them work". Brailsford wisely does not add precisely what kind of "work" Hitler gave the Germans. English cities ruined in Coventry style bear witness to this "work" of the Germans.

Here are a few more practical proposals made by this devil's attorney:

The youth of Germany should be guaranteed the right to travel abroad.

Immediately after the armistice has been signed we must begin to supply food to Germany. We must regard our distribution of food on the continent not as an instrument of policy but must be guided by the physiological needs of its inhabitants.

The best expedient will be to organize as promptly as possible the rebuilding of the towns demolished by our bombers. Germany had some of the world's best architects.

We should demand from the Germans nothing, in kind or amount, that would lower their standard of life below the general European level or prejudice their future recovery.

Thus, these torch-bearers, with the help of good architects, should rebuild German cities. The S.S., which razed Europe to the ground, should be urgently supplied with American food products and Brailsford is worried lest anything extra be handed out to a Serb, a Greek or a Byelorussian while the "physiological needs" of the Germans are not yet satisfied. And finally, it is not enough that the young upstarts of the "Hitler Jugend" roamed over foreign countries, they must be conveyed through Europe not in tanks but in sleeping-cars. Such is Brailsford's peace programme.

This inhuman humanitarian is alarmed! Maybe a part of Germany's territory will be taken from her. Speaking of the possibility of re-uniting the Prussian districts to Poland, he exclaims: "If the United Nations were to support these extravagant claims, the congested population of the Reich would at last cry out for Lebensraum with good reason."

One would think that Brailsford had not heard how the Germans, having swallowed France, Belgium, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Norway, the Balkans and Poland threw themselves on the Caucasus with the cry that they needed "Lebensraum". Brailsford demands that the Czechoslovaks leave the German spies untouched, that Austria be given the chance "to rejoin Germany" and that all unsettled questions about borders be "submitted... to a neutral commission". He forgets to add who will head this "neutral commission". General Franco, perhaps?..

The book contains a lyrical digression from the main theme: for decency's sake Mr. Brailsford sheds a tear over the graves of the millions of Jews tortured by the Hitlerites. Drying his eyes, the devil's attorney makes the following proposal: "A strong case could be made for a grant in kind to promote irrigation and schemes of development in Palestine. This is a debt which decent Germans, when they know the facts, will wish to pay."

For the graves of hundreds of thousands of children, "decent Germans" "will wish to pay!" What a mockery of all these victims! No, it is not for water in Palestine but for the blood of the "decent" criminals that the earth, filled with the hacked bodies of tortured children, thirsts.

"What this sick nation requires is not a policeman but a psychiatrist," prescribes Brailsford for his defendants. He continues: "If we put this case to a psychologist, could he offer us any hope? He would probably prescribe a long period of mental rest and freedom."

Poor souls, they are so tired of hanging, burying children alive and burning cities! They must rest both body and soul. They must have perfect freedom: they will rest and once again return to their hangings; they will get sufficient sleep and will once again take to burning the cities, still left standing by them.

These are words which need no comment. There are statements which cannot be discussed. The conscience of all honest people, from the Volga to California, from Leningrad to Coventry, has been enraged by the shamelessness of Mr. Brailsford. When these criminals will be tried he can take his stand as the devil's advocate: his defence will be turned against the barbarians whom he has taken to his bosom.

ILYA EHRENBURG

IN MEMORIUM

VALERI BRYUSSOV

Twenty years ago, in 1924, Valeri Bryussov, one of the greatest Russian writers of the first quarter of the XX century, passed away.

Bryussov had no equal among his contemporaries as regards literary versatility and wide range of interests.

Poet, novelist, playwright, translator, critic, literary historian and research worker, editor, commentator of the classics—all these were combined in Bryussov, a man of great erudition, full of that sparkling energy peculiar to great artists.

Valeri Bryussov was born in Moscow in 1873. He graduated from the Moscow University and spent here the whole of his life, actively participating in the literary movements of his time. He was the recognized leader of Russian symbolism, beginning with the middle of the nineties of the last century. Already in his early years he acquired the reputation of a courageous rebel against established literary traditions, a reputation which he retained to the end of his days.

Early in his creative course, Bryussov thoroughly acquainted himself with the pillars of French symbolism—Mallarmé, Rambaud and Verlaine. They aroused the interest of the young Russian poet as representatives of a school which was striving towards a clearer understanding of the complicated processes of the human mind, towards "reform in poetic language".

However, Bryussov did not become a mere imitator of the foreign symbolists or a blind follower of the trend. He wrote of this poetic school: "I lay no hopes on the further development of symbolism. It is but a transitional moment in the new poetry and already seems to have outlived itself".

Even at the time when he was carried away by the formal attainments of symbolism, Bryussov could not be considered an apologist of the estrangement of art from life. Already at the beginning of XX century we see him turn to the subject of labour. He writes of the sufferings of the toiling mass doomed to live in a world of egotism and cupidity. This turning point in Bryussov's creative path was noted and acclaimed by Gorky. "You please me immensely," wrote Gorky to Bryussov. "I do not know you personally, but I perceive something in you, something firm, profound thought and sincere faith. It seems to me that you could come out strongly in defence of oppressed Man..."

In these words the great Russian writer expresses his regard for Bryussov in whom he saw not only a master of verse but also a citizen-patriot.

Indeed, the mature Bryussov was indissolubly bound up with the people and their vital interest. He had every right to say of himself in the poem "The Dagger":

The poet is ever together with the
people when the storm rages,
And storm and song are eternal sisters.

An ardent lover of books, calling to mind in this respect Percy Bysshe Shelley, Bryussov introduced into his poetry historical, archaeological and mythological themes. His poetic style is distinguished by solemnity and grandeur, epic greatness and exactness of form bordering on perfection. Thought dominates over feeling, narration over lyrical emotion. In the images of his heroes of the past—Anthony, Achilles, Orpheus and Napoleon—the poet was seeking for models of a wholehearted and resolute man bent on transforming the world. Bryussov was one of the first Russian poets to convey the rhythm of town life.

The reader of today will be particularly attracted by Valeri Bryussov's patriotic verses reflecting the great and ardent heart of a true son of the Russian people. Gone are all traces of the artifice and coldness of the "symbolist" period. During World War I, Bryussov reminded the insolent Germans that the Slavs are not barbarians

nor slaves, but are fulfilling their historic mission as

...a great people
Whose name will never be forgotten,
Whose words resound in our ears today
As richly as the words of Sanscrit,

a people, "that has given to the world such titans as Pushkin, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky". In these verses, dedicated to the 1914—1918 war, Bryussov sings praise to the courage and national pride of the Russians, who in union with other peoples are defending the honour of the nations:

Do you not see this sacred union,
You haughty man of Germany?
Is not the freedom-loving Frenchman
with us?
And likewise the free-born Briton?

After the October revolution Bryussov actively participated in the cultural work carried on by his country. His last verses were dedicated to the "dazzling October which transformed the dreary autumn into the jubilant vigour of spring."

Bryussov has left an immense literary heritage: many volumes of verse ("Roads and Cross-roads", "Urbi et Orbi", "The Seven Colours of the Rainbow" and others), historical novels: "The Altar of Victory" and "The Flaming Angel", shorter novels: "The Earth's Axis" and "Nights and Days" and a novel called "Dasha's Betrothal", extensive studies on Pushkin and works on prosody.

Bryussov was recognized as one of the foremost Russian translators. He worked untiringly on translating into Russian the classical and modern poets.

He was especially attracted by the English poets. His translations of Byron and Shelley are distinguished for their exactitude both in form and content (particularly "Childe Harold" and "To Ozimandi"). He brilliantly conveyed the passionate language of Shakespeare's sonnets, the simple and at the same time exquisite lines of Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and his pathetic tragedy "The Duchess of Padua".

Of the world's great poets loved by Bryussov, mention should be made of Edgar Allen Poe. Bryussov wrote an interesting critical essay on Poe in which he characterized the poet as a "romanticist in his literary convictions, a rationalist thinker in all that concerns his conscious outlook on life and a visionary as regards the true nature of his soul". We have also to thank Bryussov for some charming translations of Poe's verses into Russian.

The interests of this poet-translator went far beyond English and American verses. Bryussov translated into Russian the works of French and Belgian writers, Verlaine, Maeterlinck and Verhaern, and published a collection of "French Lyrics of the XIX Century". He translated the "Eneid" by Virgil, the verses of Ausonius and some Armenian poets.

For many years Bryussov wrote for the British journal, the "Athenaeum" on questions pertaining to Russian literature.

In conclusion we may add that it was thanks to Bryussov that the Higher Literary-Art Institute was formed in Moscow in 1922. Under his able direction the Institute soon became the centre for the literary youth of that time.

Valeri Bryussov, the distinguished Russian man of letters will forever be remembered by his country.

ALEXANDER DEUTSCH

MIKHAIL GLINKA

(1804—1857)

The name of Glinka the Magician, who spread the fame of Russian music far beyond the borders of his native land, is in the opinion of Maxim Gorky worthy of being placed side by side with the revered name of Pushkin. Contemporaries of both were Gogol and Lermontov, those master spirits of Russian art. Neither was this effulgence a mere flash in the pan of national genius to be followed by decades of decline; on the contrary Pushkin and the galaxy of talents of the first half of the XIX century, as Gorky further points out, were succeeded by such illustrious men of letters as Turgenev, Nekrassov, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Ostrovsky, Leskov, by painters, like Kramskoy and Repin, and the great composers, Mussorgsky and Chaikovsky. "This majestic edifice of art was created on Russian soil in something less than a century."

Gorky's grouping of these names is helpful to us in assessing the role played by Glinka and determining his place in Russian, and, indeed, not only in Russian art.

Every time one listens to Glinka's music one is struck anew by the fresh and inexhaustible wealth of vision, the perfection of artistic craftsmanship, the wise precision of expression. This was recognized both by Balakirev and Borodin, Chaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov, Anatole Lyadov, whose own musical palette was a glow of exquisite colours, and by Glazunov, the creator of the resplendent style of ballets and symphonies. Whenever the conversation turned on the music of Glinka, Glazunov would marvel at the perfection and intelligence of its composition, the expressiveness of the details, the novelty of conception. "You might think," he would say, "you had thoroughly studied it all, and then, in listening to this or that piece, as I did only the other day, you find some new entrancing feature that had escaped your attention."

Glinka knew how to discern the essentials of genuine folk-music, both of Russia and any other country. Evidence of this delicate insight are his famous Spanish overtures: the two fantasies "Jota of Aragon" and "Summer Night in Madrid", composed on his return from a visit to Spain, where he resided for two years (1845—1847). Despite, however, the European influences in his music, following as it does the progressive tendencies of the age, the art of Glinka is deeply rooted in the nature, mind, feelings and customs of the Russian people.

Glinka's childhood and boyhood years spent at his father's estate in the Smolensk gubernia, left the lad with an abundance of impressions of native scenery, manners and characters. His acquaintance with the orchestra dated back to his earliest years. True, it was only a primitive band, composed of people from his uncle's estate, but its repertoire nevertheless was not confined to fashionable dances and Russian songs set to instrumental music. From his childhood Glinka thus became familiar with classical music, particularly with the overtures of Mozart, Cherubini, Mehul, and other composers, and learnt to feel the regularity of their translucent, reasoned form and orchestration.

Glinka received his schooling in St. Petersburg, at a boarding school, attached to the Chief Pedagogical Institute of that city. That was between the years of 1817 and 1822. He worked assidiously, devoting himself especially to mathematics, geography, zoology and languages (Latin, French, German, English, Persian) and later studied Italian and Spanish. Among both the masters and the graduates of the school were people of the highest culture, one of the instructors being Küchelbäcker, a schoolfriend of Pushkin and a participant in the movement of the Decembrists. Modest and inclined to ironical humour, Glinka even in early youth was restrained and self-critical in all that pertained to his art. His remarks about himself, his art and fellow-musicians are few and far between, and have to be gleaned with difficulty, grain by grain.

Summing up all that we have come to know concerning the life of the great composer, we can now say with certitude that the first period of his life in Petersburg, prior to his departure for Italy in 1830, young Glinka spent in unceasing and persistent efforts to perfect his talents. He studied the pianoforte and singing, took lessons in the violin and harp. In musical composition he worked—to use his own words—on Russian themes, wrote quartets for stringed instruments, probing deep into the technique of chamber music. It was not long before he came to the fore as the author of heartfelt melodious love-songs and some instrumental works, mostly of the theme and variations style.

We can easily imagine that Glinka was little suited to a bureaucratic career; his musical studies diverted his mind from drab officialdom, the more so as the musical life of Petersburg in those days, and the presence in the higher society, in which he moved, of many musical connoisseurs and proficient amateurs, gave him every opportunity of pursuing his musical activities to

his heart's content, and also of taking part in all kinds of musical fancies (as for instance serenading in the open), frequenting theatres, concerts and rehearsals of the orchestral ensembles in the houses of aristocratic patrons of music.

Before his travels abroad, Glinka had visited the Caucasus. The fresh, vivid musical impressions he carried away with him were in later years (1842) to occupy a prominent place in his "Ruslan and Lyudmila". They found vivid reflection in the Eastern fairy-tale atmosphere of the scenes in the kingdom of Chernomor, the wizard, and the wicked fairy Naïna; scenes and images which in after years—in the post-Glinka development of Russian music—were to become a kind of stock-in-trade of Russian music on Oriental themes.

Glinka's first journey abroad (1830—1833) was an important event in the composer's life. While analysing the strong as well as the weak sides of Italian vocal culture, then in its heyday, Glinka was in reality perfecting himself and his own musical language. Master of the boundless wealth of Russian national folk-song, with a deep insight into the plastic lucidity of the French school of Cherubini and the music of Mozart, Glinka now wished to make himself master of the melodious style of Italian music. This ambition he achieved. His works appeared in print in Milan and his name became famous.

But it was the development of Russian national music whose content and form appealed so strongly to his imagination, that was the predominent interest in his creative mind. And having, to use his own words, gone through a course of musical Italiology, he now decided to return to Russia.

During a five months' stay in Berlin on his way home to Russia (1833) Glinka pursued his theoretical studies under Dehn (1799—1858).

Glinka's choice fell upon Dehn because in Dehn he saw a follower of the traditions of Cherubini, the composer and great master of the French musical school. Glinka had a very high opinion of Cherubini and other French musicians whom he honoured, among their other merits, as the heirs of the genius of Gluck. As to Dehn himself, he was "a master of the craftsmanship of the French music" that Glinka loved—a thing "apart from the philistine rut of German composition" so repulsive to his own musical genius. This explains why Dehn became for Glinka not only a temporary instructor, but a friend.

In the year 1834, Glinka returned to Russia, a maestro, who had found his true vocation, with abundant store of fresh musical themes for his songs, and with treasures of melody out of which he was at no distant date to create his national opera, "Ivan Sussanin". The first performance of this opera took place on the stage of the St. Petersburg Bolshoy Theatre on December 9th, 1836.

He was now in the heyday of his career (1834—1836). He was on a friendly footing with the representative men of Russian poetry and literature who were grouped around Pushkin. Inspired by the influence of the poet Zhukovsky and that subtle connoisseur of music and art, the writer Prince Vladimir Fyodorovich Odoyevsky. Glinka proceeded to embody in Sussanin his old dream of a Russian opera. The interest of the story is centred round the realistic figure of a Russian peasant and his patriotic deed of supreme self-sacrifice. Ivan Sussanin lays down his life for the salvation of his country. He escorts a detachment of Polish invaders—the action is laid early in the XVII century—through the depths of a winter forest, deliberately leading them astray, and is finally killed by the enemy before they perish themselves.

Against the background of this theme there unfold before our eyes colourful pictures of Russian scenery and life, the poetry of the old village customs; courtship and betrothal, the welcoming-in of the spring, the joy of the people awaiting the liberation of their native land (the scene of the warriors' return, etc.). There is a life-like presentation of the enemy camp, the characters of the foreigners contrasting vividly with the Russian personages, their steadfast courage, their earnest resolve—without affectation or thought of display. Unforgettable is the picture of the forest in winter with the blizzard howling over the doomed enemy party. Here Sussanin awaits the dawn, which, while it brings death to him, heralds the salvation of his country. The sublime finale, the hymn beginning with the word: "Glory!", the triumph and exaltation of the people—are among the grandest and best-loved specimens of Russian music.

Glinka's first opera soon gained popularity in wide circles of Russian society. In describing the reception afforded it by the public, one of the critics said: "Scarcely three weeks have passed since the appearance on the stage of "Life for the Tsar" (this is the title Nicolas I ordered to be given to "Ivan Sussanin".—B. A.) and already you can hear its tunes not only in the drawing rooms where it monopolizes the conversation, but in the streets too—new proof of the popular spirit of the opera..."

"Mr. Glinka has evinced the deepest insight into the nature of our folk music—has noted its inmost peculiarities, has studied it, acquired complete mastery over it and then given full play to his own fantasy which has moulded itself into images purely Russian... In his opera there is not a single borrowed melody; one and all they are clear, comprehensible, familiar to us only because they are flesh of the flesh of the people—because in them we hear sounds intrinsically our own." ("Moskovsky Nablyudatel" [Moscow Observer], Moscow, 1836.)

The recognition of "Ivan Sussanin" was followed by the Tsar's order "to enter the

service". Glinka hoped he would be offered some post in the opera theatre. No such proposal, however, followed and his second experience of an employment (this time in the role of band-master—virtually that of an official—a teacher of musical subjects to the choir-singers of the Chapel Royal) from the year 1837 to 1839, brought Glinka no nearer to a social position worthy of his talents. Feeling the falseness of the position Glinka withdrew from the high society of which he was an honoured member and drew nearer the democratic circles of the artistic Bohemia of his time, as far as such a line of behaviour was possible in a Russia fettered by the regime of Nicholas I. Nowadays it is clear to everybody that under cover of a life of ease in an artistic milieu, which included the famous painter, Charles Brüllow, Glinka concealed intensive and purposeful work. He was contemplating the writing of a fairy opera based on the story of Pushkin's "Ruslan and Lyudmila". It was conceived as an epic poem for the operatic stage, comprising a cycle of dramatized cantos—pictures of deeds of heroism and adventure.

Glinka was a great lover of books of travel and it may have been the images of heroes and adventure behind the Pushkin background of the theme—the images of Boiardo's and Ariosto's poems about Roland of the later Italian Renaissance—that proved so irresistible to his imagination. However that may be, Glinka's ironical humour which had found expression in the bizarre characters of fantastic creatures now makes way for a majestic epic structure—titanic pictures of his country in its boundless immensity. There is an undertone of the ancient Slav in the powerful, symphonically constructed introduction to "Ruslan"—the saga of the epic city of Kiev. In "Ruslan" for the first time in Russian music Glinka created, in the images of the Finn and Ratmir, a contrasted presentation of Russian expanses and scenery,—of the frigid North and the burning steppes of the South—and gave his first pictures in music of the Orient as imaged by the Russian mind.

In the lyricism of the female characters (Gorislava and Lyudmila), is displayed all the wealth of tenderness inherent in Russian poetry and literature—their power of stirring the heart with the sheer force of truth. In the magnificent monumental finale, in its sunlit consummation, Glinka has created a Russian ode to joy which is at one and the same time an ode to the national genius and spirit. Ruslan's theme which underlies the whole magic fabric of the opera leads up to this finale and dissolves in the statement of the principal theme.

What strikes one in the music of "Ruslan and Lyudmila" is the lavishness of sound combined with the impetuous vigour of the details. The force and whimsical fancy of the composer has created a powerful structure of which no part can be disturbed without detriment to the whole. It is not to be wondered at that both of Glinka's operas became guiding stars for the further development of Russian music in the XIX century, and are still nurturing its growth in our days.

Glinka's songs are a whole poetical world —delicate, original and yet organically part of the Russian poetry of the epoch of its efflorescence. Turning for his texts to the poets of Pushkin's time (Baratynsky, Batyushkov, Delvig, Zhukovsky, Koltsov) and Pushkin himself, Glinka not only sets to music the intonations of Russian verse but here, in these very songs creates a kind of Russian bel canto peculiarly his own.

The easy flow, pliancy and plasticity of the delightful melodies is combined with depth of poetical and psychological thought. The music reveals the soul of the poetic expression. We hear bel canto and the Russian declamation—realistically tuneful—there is lyricism that comes straight from the heart and character singing. A harmony of rhythm—the fragrance of lyrical utterance —the design of the lines—and of the stanzas—all these are yours as you listen to the songs of Glinka in the words of the Russian poets. Let us name such masterpieces as "Night Parade" (romantic ballad by Zhukovsky), "I Call to Mind a Wondrous Moment" (Pushkin), "O, Night" (Delvig), or the air sung by Rachel in Kukolnik's tragedy "Prince Kholmsky"—everywhere this unsurpassed harmony of speech intonation and vocal composition—perfect musical unity of voice, word and instrumental accompaniment.

Glinka's lyrical chamber music was the living source of further development of Russian vocal lyrical music—the art of Balakirev, Borodin, Dargomyzhsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Chaikovsky and Rachmaninov!

The first performance of "Ruslan and Lyudmila" took place at the Petersburg Bolshoy Theatre in 1842, on December 9th, the day curiously coinciding with the première of Glinka's first opera.

The composition of "Ruslan" occupied about five years of Glinka's life—from 1837 to 1842—and it was in that period too that were written many of his remarkable songs and the music to "Prince Kholmsky", a historical play by N. Kukolnik.

Glinka, the favourite companion and friend of many enlightened men of his time, who lived in spirit with the people, could not hope to gain the sympathies of a conservative public, nor of the official cut-and-dried representatives of the artistic world. Hence the lengthy theatrical delays and endless worries in connection with "Ruslan"—the misunderstandings, the jealousies.

It is a characteristic fact that the adversaries of Glinka were also opposed to his idea of a national music and his criticism of certain light Italianized tastes—such an environment, little conductive as it was to creative work, was further complicated by unhappy domestic differences connected with the divorce from his wife which dragged on for a number of years. A restless

period of travels ensued, the great composer moving from place to place in search of quiet and leisure.

In 1844, Glinka visited Paris, where his works were performed on concert platforms. He rejoiced in a friendship with Hector Berlioz[1] who at his concerts conducted the Lesghinka from "Ruslan and Lyudmila" and the cavatina from "Ivan Sussanin."

In April 1845, moreover, another concert took place organized by Glinka himself, in which his compositions figured prominently in the programme.

While in Paris he applied himself assidiously to a study of the Spanish language, its literature and the country itself. Towards the middle of May he started on an artistic tour through Spain.

Glinka's method of exploring the music of a country down to the sources of its language, life and custom, in all the manifold variety of its creative spirit manifested itself with particular force in his studies of Spanish music. Both his notations of Spanish melodies, of which unfortunately only a very few have been preserved, and the two symphonic works (the Spanish overtures already mentioned) are evidence of Glinka's profound understanding of the national element in music. And similarly, as after his stay in Italy Glinka's comprehension of the Russian "quality" in art had become visibly sharpened, so now, after Spain, where he had sensed the tartness and resilience in the rhythm, the song and dance of the Spanish people, he turns again to the melodies of the Russian peasantry, creating his "Kamarinskaya", which became the fount and origin of the Russian symphonic scherzo for many later composers.

"Kamarinskaya", a fantasia for orchestra on Russian folk themes—the wedding and the dance—was written by Glinka in Warsaw, in the autumn of 1848, a highly productive year for the composer.

There still remains much for Glinka's future biographers to clear up in his life between the late forties and the day of his death, but the most essential thing in Glinka's creative life of this period is his close communion with the music of Bach, Händel and particularly of Gluck. In imbibing the classical music of the XVIII century, Glinka goes further and further in the search for a strictly Russian style, grounding his investigations on the sublime principles of universal polyphony.

There existed at one time an opinion, trite and unfounded, that Glinka spent the last years of his life in idleness. Nothing can be more unjust. The more closely we investigate the great heritage he has bequeathed to us—his letters in particular, the more evident becomes, not only the tremendous workings of his creative thought of that period, but also the substance of his thought, pre-eminently Russian. We have in mind his work on questions of a national style and his interest in the works of the great musicians who in the age of enlightenment refused to be hedged in by bounds narrowly national (Händel, for instance, in London, and Gluck in Paris) at a time when it seemed that music could be regarded as a universal language.

Everything that can be said of Russian patriotism, free from insularity and strong in its recognition of an ideal common to all mankind, may be applied to the creative searchings of Glinka's purely Russian genius.

Glinka's death on February 15th, 1857, at Berlin resulting from a disease of the liver, cut short the plans he was contemplating for conquering new paths to world fame for Russian music.

His labours were carried on by the Russian composers who succeeded him and who owe a debt of gratitude to one who was the shining light of Russian musical art.

BORIS ASSAFYEV,
Academician

"MAINLAND"

Were I asked to enumerate the typical features of Soviet film art, I would, first of all, point to the eagerness with which Soviet actors and producers tackle vitally topical problems, to their desire to show men and events, to portray the everyday life of a people at war. Soviet war pictures do not deal with the war in general, but with some definite aspect—the heroic defence of Leningrad, the epoch-making battle of Stalingrad, or other notable events. The psychological conduct of the people portrayed in these pictures is a natural outcome of the events described. But that is exactly what attracts the producer—these ever new manifestations of human conduct. The work of recording them on the screen is both difficult and painstaking. It is far easier to produce pictures of a more general nature and deal with events and situations already tabbed and classified. But Soviet cinema artists prefer to deal with events and men in the process of development and constant change.

Serguei Guerassimov, who produced "Mainland", has been particularly successful in this respect. Most of his pre-war films were devoted to the life of Russia's young generation. Guerassimov is noted for his unforgettable portraits of the young men and women whose courage and fortitude

[1] In Glinka's "Notes" the following passage occurs: "I often visited Berlioz whose conversation was extremely interesting; his words came sharply, even bitingly. I helped him to the best of my ability in arranging his successful journey to Russia."—B. A.

A still from the film "Mainland"

are liberating their homeland from the nazi invaders. Indeed, Guerassimov's films can serve as a guidebook to the evolution of Soviet youth. They show the ideals that imbued these young people and led them in battle.

One of Guerassimov's earlier pictures, "The Brave Seven", is a story of a group of enthusiastic Arctic explorers who volunteered for research work in the unchartered Northern wastes to explore and chart the blank spots in the country's geographical and meteorological maps. They were young, but men with a set purpose, and strong will, men to whom life meant work, hard work, battling against odds and serving their people.

"The Brave Seven" was followed by "Komsomolsk", another picture about Soviet youth, about the young men and women who built a new city—Komsomolsk—the city of youth on the banks of the Amur, in the dense taiga jungle woods of the Far East. In another of Guerassimov's pictures, "Teacher", the central figure is Stepan Lautin, a young Soviet intellectual with wide possibilities of personal prosperity and a successful career. Lautin chooses a more difficult path but one leading to loftier ideals. He goes to the countryside, organizes a school for peasants and becomes their teacher. His sole aim is to bring knowledge to the people.

Guerassimov's war-time films—there are two of them: "The Unconquerable" and "Mainland"—are a logical continuation of the "Brave Seven", of "Komsomolsk" and of "Teacher". "The Unconquerable" tells of a group of young engineers in a war plant in besieged Leningrad. Air bombardment and furious artillery shelling did not interrupt their work, nor did hunger and cold dwarf their ardent desire to produce more and better armaments, more effective tanks, that would bring victory nearer.

"Mainland" is a film about the Urals in the early stages of the war. It takes us back to August 1941, to a farewell party in the home of Yegor Sviridov, an Urals worker. Friends and neighbours have gathered to give Yegor and his adopted son Kostya a send-off: both of them are leaving for the Army. Amidst the general merriment Yegor's wife, Anna, is careful not to betray her sorrow. She is busy looking after the guests and there is much to do, for the people of the Urals are noted for their hospitality. The party is over and only a few minutes remain in which to say good-bye to her husband. These minutes pass quickly, all too quickly; Anna goes to the station and finds herself waving to railway carriages packed with men, one of whom is her husband. She tries to keep her eyes fixed on Yegor, and when the train disappears, left alone on the station platform, she bursts into tears.

The station platform presents a disorderly picture of assorted luggage, machines, tools and equipment of a large war factory just evacuated from Leningrad. Anna looks round: she is not alone for there are hund-

reds of workers, their wives and children, and the first of the war's orphans, all in need of shelter and food. Among them is Anikeyev, the director of the evacuated factory, and several of its engineers. All of them look worried and careworn. The problem of housing the evacuees, of finding a place to store the machinery is a difficult one. More difficult still is the task of setting up the evacuated Leningrad plant and resuming output of tanks. Moreover this must be done in record time for every tank is needed at the front.

Such are the atmosphere, people and human material out of which Serguei Guerassimov made his picture of one of the war's most eventful periods. The importance of a strong, efficiently functioning rear for the successful prosecution of the war is generally known. The whole world is aware that the heroic efforts of Soviet industry forms one of the most important contributions to the Red Army's victories. Guerassimov's picture is a chronological record of this heroism, true to life in every respect. It shows this work stage by stage —August, November and December 1941 to the spring of 1942. The picture takes the spectator, behind the scenes of that great migration of Soviet industry from Leningrad and Moscow, the Ukraine and Byelorussia to the Urals and the Soviet Republics in Central Asia, and shows just how this seemingly impossible task was accomplished. Nor was it only a technical problem. The film convincingly proves that basically it was a problem of human psychology and behaviour, that its solution depended on the people's attitude to the war, on their relation to each other.

Anna Sviridova's personal grief, her worry over her husband, is dissolved in the grief of a whole people, in the tragedy of a great country. Anna asked no one how to act, in fact no one told her what to do, but war had taught Anna and millions like her, millions of Soviet women, that this struggle was their own vital cause. And so it came naturally to Anna that she had a duty to perform to her country, that she must do her utmost to make the Leningrad evacuees as comfortable as possible. She invited the director and his engineers to put up in her house, offering Anikeyev her husband's room. She spoke to her neighbours and got them to help out, too. Thanks to her efforts, all the local inhabitants got their bath-houses going for the new arrivals. The womenfolk made it their duty to provide homes for the war orphans evacuated to the Urals. This was only a beginning, only the sparks that later kindled into a heart-warming flame of patriotism, into varied activities to help the country.

The population displayed the same solicitude for the evacuated factory. They helped to build it and get production started. All of this was an expression of that collective spirit, that team work which is so typical of Soviet society and on which the Soviet Union relies for support.

Tamara Makarova, who played the leading roles in most of Guerassimov's films, gives a vivid portrayal of Anna Sviridova. Anna is a handsome woman, and her physical beauty is enhanced by the sympathy her efforts to help the newcomers evoke. Here is an integral and wholesome individuality. A faithful wife and exemplary housekeeper, she finds happiness not only in the well-being of her own family, but in the well-being and comfort of her whole people. To this she devotes all her time and efforts, but does it simply, gladly, without the slightest attempt to pose. Letters from her husband at the front in one of which he writes that his wife, like other women behind the lines, is probably working in a factory, induce her to apply for a job at the tank works. She helps to build the armour plating of tanks and does it with the same skill with which she tended her work at home.

Tamara Makarova is undoubtedly one of the most gifted Soviet film actresses. She has achieved the rare success of producing a harmonious image of the people she portrays, both in physical appearance, intonation, gestures and psychological interpretation. Anna is not talkative and only once throughout the picture, in frank conversation with her husband before he leaves for the front she says, as if by way of a forced admission: "I am strong, stronger than all the rest..." This was not merely a phrase, it was a true description of Anna, a true description of the Soviet woman of our day, who bears on her shoulders the terrible burden of war and carries it through to the victorious end.

Serguei Guerassimov is a producer of a strikingly singular nature, an artist with his own views of the cinema, and his own specific methods. His literary work is, incidentally, no less interesting than his activities as a film director. The backbone of his scenarios is usually furnished by some common humdrum event; sometimes the story may seem even primitive, but it is elaborated with such close attention and understanding of detail, of the fine points that go to make an absorbing tale, that the audience follows the sequence of events with unflagging attention. After all the story of "Mainland" is a pretty simple one, and it can be told in a few words: husband leaves for front, wife patiently waits for him to return. Influenced by husband's letter wife decides to break up the whole tenor of her life and to take up work in the plant. There is another companion story in the picture, equally simple and terse. Kurochkin, an old engineer, has great difficulty in designing a compressed-air installation for the plant, but having heard over the radio the news that the Germans had been routed at Moscow, his work takes on a new meaning and the installation is completed, one of the plant's difficult technical problems is solved.

Yet, you cannot help following this story on the screen with the greatest interest because Serguei Guerassimov has a feeling for the emotions that link people with their surroundings. His picture is one of Russian national character, shaped under the influence of the social system prevailing in the Soviet Union. His heroes are flesh of the flesh and bone of the bone of the country, of the epoch they live in. Watching them on the screen you understand why the nazis are being defeated and why the Soviet Union and its people are marching to victory.

"Mainland" shows you the soul of this people, the fighting experience it has accumulated in twenty-five years of creative effort. Guerassimov's salient features are respect for his contemporaries, admiration for their vigour and daring, for their integrity as expressed in the epoch-making events unfolding in the film.

But at the same time, though Guerassimov is not only the director, but also the author of the scenario of this film—in its concept "Mainland" was a work of even greater significance than in its accomplishment, and the film tells only part of the moving story conceived by its author. Guerassimov as a writer has learned to produce works of wide magnitude, but as a film director he is constrained to limit his material, to squeeze the story into the scenario. In this conflict of writer versus producer, it is the latter who wins, but—alas!—with losses for the writer. That explains why in "Mainland" Anikeyev, the factory director is portrayed in less salient outlines than were originally conceived. I read the original story and in it Anikeyev is shown as a man of outstanding humanitarian traits, keen, scrupulously honest. He personifies the type of the capable and highly intelligent executive imbued with the new philosophy of our days. But on the screen Anikeyev is the usual run of factory director—businesslike, energetic, efficient—but no more. The part is played by Vladimir Dobrovolsky who at times is forced into the background, because Anna is the real heroine of the film.

Another interesting figure is Kozyryev, chief of the factory's supply department. The part is well—at times brilliantly—played by Mark Bernes whom many will remember from "Two Buddies". Kozyryev is the exact opposite of Anikeyev. He symbolizes one of the negative by-products of the war, a man slick in fixing up his own, often shady, deals. True, he will tell you that these deals are after all undertaken in the factory's interests and not for personal gain. But such things are repulsive to Anikeyev, a man of high principles who firmly believes that victory can only be won with clean hands. Kozyryev, much to the audience's relief, is dismissed from the plant and brought before court.

"Mainland" was fortunate in its actors. Even episodic parts are well played by Vladimir Solovyov (Sviridov), Sofia Khalyutina (Sviridov's mother), George Kovrov (the veteran Urals worker), Nikolai Konovalov (Kurochkin), Serguei Blinnikov (engineer Prikhodko), Peter Aleinikov (Kostya), Vera Altayskaya (Kostya's sweetheart).

"Mainland"'s outstanding quality is its fidelity, and the author's gift for close observation. A lot can be said also for the cutting. Life in the Urals is given in all its colourful magnificence. Guerassimov, incidentally, hails from the Urals and knows this life from first-hand experience. Note should also be made of the camera work by Vladimir Yakovlev. Yakovlev is a real artist, and he will be remembered for his work on "Peter I", in collaboration with director Vladimir Petrov. Following that film Yakovlev has been working with Guerassimov. He is particularly good at close-ups, and his photography helps the actor to interpret the part with a minimum of gesture. The incidental music, selected from the classical works of Chaikovsky, forms a suitable background.

To sum up "Mainland" is not only a work of art, it is a monument to our epoch, made by a man who has succeeded in creating a screen version of a leading chapter of the war's history—that of strong rear and its heroes.

OLEG LEONIDOV

MARTIROS SARYAN AND HIS LATEST WORKS

In the first decade of the present century, when Saryan's canvases of his travels in Transcaucasia, Iran and Turkey appeared at exhibitions, they earned him the title of the Poet of the East. That this style was of national origin was already markedly evident in those days. The decorative feeling and inclination towards the fantastic, peculiar to the East, found expression, not in mere imitations of his native Armenian or Iranian miniatures or fabrics, but in Saryan's own temperament, in his sense of colour-rhythm, which was at once national and deeply individual. These qualities were to be observed in his portraits, landscapes and theatre settings.

He recorded the beauty of his own country in its most varied aspects; the glittering ice of Ararat towering above rich fields and Lake Sevan, the charm of the old city of Erevan and its new "industrial" landscape, the mountain villages with their intimate, inviting gardens and pleasant yards, the impressive lines of mountain ranges, orchards blooming in springtime, the southern winter. Those who know Armenia and the life of her people will not find their poetry and grace exaggerated in these pictures of the grape-harvest, the cotton picking, the tilling of the fields and orchards, the labour of those who build works and power-stations.

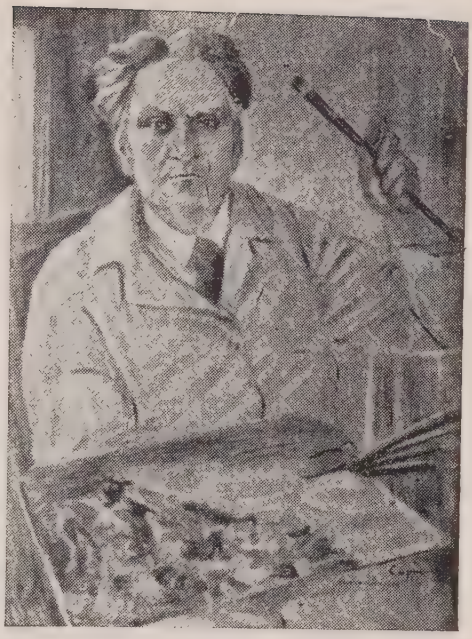
Works typical of Saryan as an innovator, an explorer of unknown paths, were his panels in the Soviet Pavilion of the Paris Exhibition of 1937, and the Armenian Pavilion at the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition in Moscow.

Many elements go to make up the composition of these pictures; Saryan introduces gorges, peaked cliffs, mountain edges and plateaux—powerful and arresting contours that recall the transitions of the geological periods in the history of the earth. This is in its way synthetic landscape painting.

Saryan, now sixty-five years of age, talked to us about his methods while we were looking at his latest works among which portraits claimed most of our attention. He evolved these methods long ago, in the days when he painted his gallery of Armenia's most outstanding public men—scholars, architects, artists and actors. "When I am painting I try to make the sitter forget where he is and talk to him on subjects he knows and only at moments—which are sometimes very brief—when his creative individuality flashes out with particular vividness, do I hurry to paint him."

Formerly there was a feeling of understatement in Saryan's portraits, which is the price often paid for impressionistic freshness. His new portraits have become deeper, psychologically fuller, without losing their former vividness. This is evident in his portrait of Alexei Jivelegov (noted for his profound knowledge of Renaissance culture), against a background of illuminated mountains; in his portraits of Mikhail Lozinsky, the poet and translator of Dante, and Admiral Issakov, assistant People's Commissar of the Navy. Here the artist has been very successful in his endeavour to convey the historic significance of our time. The large portrait of the artist's fellow countryman, Aram Khachaturyan, the composer, is an example of mature realistic painting. It gives an almost exhaustive characterization of a talented musician, a master of the art of Soviet symphony music. The figure, reposeful and restrained as it is, yet reveals the inner life and movement of the musician. The colouring seems to harmonize with his temperamental music.

Saryan showed us the fruit of his latest searchings—a picture called "In the Studio". In the foreground is a female figure half reclining on a divan, and stretching



Martiros Saryan. Self-portrait

out one hand towards a vase of fruit. The face is calm and serene. In the background the same woman, her figure half-hidden by furniture is seen speaking over the telephone, and her face is gay and animated. The artist shows us the same person from different aspects and in two different moods. It suggests comparison with the film or with a sculpture which being looked at from various standpoints, every time discloses some new traits of the figure. This attempt at "synthetic" portraiture is evidence of the painter's effort to portray the mobility of the human mind, the process of life itself.

Saryan's new landscapes possess the power to light the flame of love of country, as an admirer of his has expressed it. These new experiments in landscape painting afford further proof that time is not the enemy but the ally of true skill; art strives for perfection and does not age.

Saryan's ever new and living artistic thought is what defines his significance for Soviet art.

ALEXANDER ROMM

ART NEWS

The Leningrad Theatre of Comedy—art director and producer Nikolai Akimov—is at present on tour in Moscow, with a repertory including "On a Busy Spot" by the Russian classical dramatist Alexander Ostrovsky, Alfred de Musset's romantic comedy "Chandelier" and a three-act play "The Road to New York" written by the Russian journalist L. Malyugin after Robert Riskin's famous scenario "It Happened One Night".

A Russian translation of Riskin's scenario was published in Moscow a short time before the war and therefore met with all the more interest on the stage. "The Road to New York" is a lively and fascinating performance. The style and manner of its producer, Sergei Yutkevich, the film direc-

tor, is felt throughout the play. It is cinematographic in form, with its clearcut subject and its settings. Special mention should be made of the fine performance of the two leading actors — Boris Tenin as the reporter Peter Warren and Lidiya Sukharevskaya as Ellie Andrews. Tenin's Peter is a husky fellow, rough and ready, straightforward, pure and simple-souled, with a disarmingly fascinating childlike smile. A hefty fellow with a sobre and optimistic outlook on life, a man whom no millions can buy. This character is sustained from beginning to end,—from the box on the ears he gives Ellie Andrews when they first meet, to the final scene where Peter takes Ellie off by the hand like a naughty little girl, leading her into life.

The actress Sukharevskaya gives a truthful impersonation of Ellie, a hothouse blossom, a pampered girl who never knew need or hardships, and on the other hand with a burning desire for independence. Such is the actress' interpretation. Ellie sees her future happiness, not in her father's millions, but in her singleness of road and purpose with the man she loves, in sharing with him his work and life.

During the present war the Comedy Theatre has toured many towns all over the Soviet Union. The most memorable period was the first months this theatre's artists spent in besieged Leningrad, where the Comedy Theatre remained throughout the dreadful autumn and winter of 1941. Enemy shells crashed down on the city, screaming bombs were dropped day and night, blasting buildings, but the theatre continued its daily performances. Most of the company moved into the theatre premises, putting up beds in the dressing rooms and in director's office, as street traffic had stopped and the daily walk to and from the theatre cost too much physical effort... The company was busy rehearsing, time and again having to break off at the sound of the air-raid siren. Actors and actresses would then turn into firefighters, taking up their posts on the stairs, attic and roof. Exactly on the scheduled day the curtain went up for the first-night performance of Alexander Gladkov's new play "Long , Long Ago" dealing with the events of 1812, Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

"This première was unique," recalls Nikolai Akimov. "The house was crammed full. Half way through the first act the enemy suddenly started another barrage, shells landing right near the theatre. When the curtain rose on the second act, which has sound effects introduced into it, the audience smiled knowingly at each other. Who, better than they, could judge whether these sound effects really were like the thunder of real guns and bursting shells?"

At the end of December 1941 the theatre company left by plane for distant Magnitogorsk in the Urals. After touring Magnitogorsk and then Sochi and Tbilissi, the theatre moved to Stalinabad, the capital of the Tadjik Soviet Republic, where it remained for some twenty months. Many of its actors actively helped the local national Tadjik theatre there. It was in Stalinabad that the Comedy Theatre staged the new plays it showed in Moscow.

This is not the first appearance of the Leningrad Comedy Theatre in the Soviet capital, Moscow tours of this theatre having become a sort of tradition.

The Moscow Operetta Theatre has staged a new production: "The Stolen Bride", based on the old Russian opera "Askold's Tomb" by the composer Alexei Verstovsky (1799—1862). This vaudeville-opera is akin in form to operetta in which dialogue alternates with musical numbers, and heroic and lyrical scenes are intermingled with vivacious and humorous incidents.

"Askold's Tomb", first staged in 1835, enjoyed great popularity in its time; many of its choruses and songs became strong favourites and are still sung to this very day.

Commissioned by the Operetta Theatre, the playwright Vassili Shkvarkin wrote new dialogue and introduced new personages, besides adapting several of the scenes to the demands of modern light opera.

The action takes place in the X century Kiev and its environments. A stranger comes to Kiev from foreign lands and proposes to the ducal man-at-arms Vseslav, grandson of the old warrior Askold, that he should kill Prince Sviatoslav and, with the aid of foreigners, seize sway over the principality. Vseslav declines this base proposition, whereupon the plotter weaves a web of intrigues against him and his bride, Nadezhda. But all these intrigues are frustrated by the wiles of Vseslav's jovial and astute manservant Torop and his brother Duleb (the latter being a new character introduced into the play).

"The Stolen Bride" staged by Gregory Yaron, one of the leading exponents of Soviet operetta, is a gay, vivacious and interesting performance. Verstovsky's opera closes with the words: "Never shall the villain trample on our Russian sword and on our Russian glory." And this patriotic motif is stressed and emphasized in the play, which culminates in a colourful mass scene in which the ancient warriors of old Russia muster for the fight against a foe who has attacked their country.

The Central Puppet Theatre, directed by Sergei Obraztsov, has reopened in Moscow. In the autumn of 1941 this theatre was badly damaged by a German bomb.

Sergei Obraztsov and his puppet theatre troupe made a successful war-time tour in different parts of the country, and also staged a new play, "King Deer" by Carlo Gozzi. The Central Puppet Theatre, now restored, has resumed its work in the Soviet capital.

The 500th performance of Shakespeare's

"Much Ado About Nothing" recently took place at the Vakhtangov Theatre in Moscow. The first night of this comedy was in 1936, since when it has constantly featured in the theatre's repertory. The finest actors took part in this 500th performance —Ruben Simonov, Cecilia Mansurova, Mikhail Derzhavin (who has played Leonato in all 500 spectacles), and other leading artists of the Vakhtangov company.

Excerpts from Maryan Koval's new opera "Sevastopolites" (libretto and verses by the poets Nikolai Brown and Sergei Spassky) were recently broadcast.

The opera opens with a gay holiday scene in a settlement near Sevastopol. This picture of peaceful happy life is rent by war. Following a series of dramatic episodes, in which the composer reflects the unforgettable defence of the hero-city, comes a triumphal apotheosis of the victorious entry of the Red Army into Sevastopol liberated from the Germans.

The All-Russian Review of performers of Russian folk songs, in which a large number of choirs and soloists took part, recently came to a close.

The best choruses of Moscow, Leningrad, Rostov-on-Don, Sverdlovsk, Archangel, Kalinin, Cheliabinsk, Voronezh, Saratov, Gorki, Ivanovo, Kuibyshev, Penza and other Russian cities assembled in Moscow for the final concerts of the Review, which developed into a genuine fête of Russian folk songs.

Boris Assafyev (Igor Glebov), who contributes an article on Mikhail Glinka in this issue (p. 64), one of the leading Soviet musicologists and composers, recently reached his sixtieth birthday. Assafyev is a man of versatile erudition and activities in the world of music. Scholar, theoretician, historian and critic, he is also equally well-known as a composer and educator and a promoter of musical culture.

He graduated the St. Petersburg Conservatory and also the University. In 1906, as a young man, he made his first venture as a composer, writing the children's operas "Cinderella" and "The Snow Queen" and, in 1914, under the pen name of Igor Glebov, he appeared as a critic. From the very outset of his career as a critic he came forward as a champion of the new progressive trends in Russian music and, on the pages of the Moscow periodical "Music", he was first to tell Russian readers of the creative work of young Nikolai Myaskovsky.

Assafyev is the author of serious musicological works on Lyadov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Scryabin and Rachmaninov. Special mention should be made of his works on Mussorgsky, and Chaikovsky. Assafyev's investigations include: "Symphonic Etudes" (1922), "Russian Music from the Beginning of the XIX Century" (1930) and "Glinka" (1942).

Boris Assafyev is an acknowledged composer of ballet music, and has written "The Flames of Paris", "The Fountain of Bakhchissarai", "The Prisoner of the Caucasus", "Ashik-Kerib", "Lost Illusions", "Francesca da Rimini". He has also composed the operas: "The Storm" (after Ostrovsky), "The Treasurer's Wife" (after Lermontov), "The Stone Guest" and "The Feast During the Plague" (after Pushkin), etc.

The outbreak of war found the composer in his native city of Leningrad, just finishing an opera about Nizami, the national poet of Azerbaijan, and at the height of his work on a new ballet "Count Nulin" (after Pushkin).

Came the long, dreadful months of the blockade of Leningrad. Half ailing, Assafyev was moved to the premises of the theatre. Here, in the bombshelter, by the flickering light of a home-made wicklamp, he continued his work. And what he accomplished under these trying conditions can truly be termed a feat of creative endeavour. The books, monographs, essays and musical works he wrote during the terrible winter of 1941-1942 in beleaguered Leningrad make up a total of over 1,500 typewritten pages. During last year Assafyev wrote the following works: the ballet "Militsa" (on the fight of the Yugoslav people against the German invaders), the musical melodrama "The Bronze Horseman" (after Pushkin), the symphonies "Motherland" and "The Seasons of the Year", a cycle of Russian nocturnes, an orchestral suite "Suvorov" and a fantasy for piano "In memory of Mozart".

His musicological works written during this period include the second book on Glinka, the second part of his book "Musical Form as a Process", "The Death of Mussorgsky" (dramatic dialogues), research work "Analysis of 'Eugene Onegin' Intonations" and many other works.

In 1943 Assafyev was awarded a Stalin Prize for his many years of work in the field of music. That same year he was elected member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. On the occasion of his sixtieth birthday the Soviet government decorated him with the order of Lenin.

The Leningrad branch of the "Art" Publishing House is preparing a monograph album for the press entitled "Leningrad's Suburbs". This monumental publication will contain an analysis of the architectural and artistic significance of the ensembles in Leningrad's suburbs—Peterhof, Pushkin, Gatchina, Pavlovsk and Oranienbaum—created by the great architects Rastrelli, Quarengi, Stassov, Voronikhin, Kameron, Zakharov, Rinaldi and Rossi, those great masters of the XVIII—XIX centuries.

The album will contain approximately 500 illustrations, including photographs showing what the German bandits did to the great creative art of the Russian people.

A woodcut by M. Pikov for a new edition of Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra"

For several years the State Literary Publishing House lists have included new editions of Shakespeare with original illustrations. Among these were Fyodor Konstantinov's etchings for "Romeo and Juliet" and other plays reproduced in "International Literature", No. 6, 1939, on 375th anniversary of the playwright's birth. Konstantinov is now working on illustrations for "King Lear" to be issued in a children's edition.

Boris Pasternak's excellent translation of "Hamlet" has been illustrated by Vladimir Favorsky, dean of Moscow woodcut artists. Favorsky is designing illustrations for "Othello".

"Anthony and Cleopatra" in Boris Pasternak's translation is to be issued in a new edition illustrated by Mikhail Pikov. Both Pikov and Konstantinov are pupils of Favorsky. Although their teacher's influence was very marked in Pikov's early work he is developing a more independent and individual style. His portrait of Bernard Shaw, published in our magazine (No. 3, 1944), is an example.

Soviet illustrators do not always succeed in their handling of themes from antiquity, but Pikov who has made a thorough study of the period, has caught the flavour of Shakespeare's drama. He made an illustration for each act. Of these we here reproduce one: Anthony's meeting with Cleopatra.

Pikov also drew a new portrait of Shakespeare in XVI century style as frontispiece for the new edition.

An exhibition of paintings by Major-General P. Mazepov was recently opened at the Red Army House in Samarkand, in Uzbekistan.

The canvases on show include pictures of Russian nature and ancient monuments of Central Asia, as well as genre paintings. The exhibition of works by Major-General Mazepov drew large numbers of visitors and the artist has been elected a member of the Uzbek Union of Soviet Painters.

The State Jewish Theatre in Birobijan recently held a ten-day review of its best plays in connection with its tenth anniversary.

A Russian translation has been made of D. Kaufman and Moss Hart's comedy "The Man Who Come to Dinner". This comedy is to be staged by the Moscow Kamerny Theatre.

The classic comedy "The Inspector General" by Gogol, translated into Uzbek, is being successfully shown on the stage of the Uzbek National Theatre.

A new theatre accomodating 1,000 spectators is being built on the Volga embankment in Stalingrad, on the site of the former theatre building demolished by the nazis.

A new Musical Comedy Theatre has opened in Novosibirsk and is showing two new operettas: "The Test of Love" and "Mirandolina" (after Goldoni's comedy "La Locandiera").

Among other new publications, the State Music Publishers printed the score of Nikolai Myaskovsky's twenty-second symphony-ballad.

The Turkmen Theatre of Opera and Ballet, in Ashkhabad, has staged a new national opera "Sha-senem and Garib" based on Turkmen folk legend.

A new book on Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov written by Academician Boris Assafyev on the occassion of the composer's 100th anniversary, has just been published.

Concert activities are reviving in the Crimea, now liberated from the German invaders. A symphony orchestra has been formed, as well as a company of Russian folk instruments and also a choir. Artists from Moscow, Leningrad and other cities are at present touring the seaside resorts of the Crimea.

A collection of songs about the National War contains within its 242 pages the best productions by Ukrainian composers and song writers during the three years of war. This collection has been published by the Ukrainian State Publishing House.

NEWS AND VIEWS

IN THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES OF THE U.S.S.R.

A conference of scientists held recently in Moscow was devoted to the psycho-physiological problems of restoring hearing, speech and the capacity for movement lost as a result of wounds.

Some of the Soviet Union's greatest scientists, physiologists and psychologists are devoting their attention to these problems which have become particularly pressing during the National War.

More than thirty scientific reports were delivered at the conference.

The Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. has celebrated the tenth anniversary of its transference from Leningrad to the Moscow capital. The Academy's President, Vladimir Komarov, states:

"The past ten years have seen a change in the Academy's entire programme, which has brought its work closer to the country's construction and building needs. In 1935, the Academy established a Department of Technical Sciences in which specialists in the spheres of mechanics, machine-building, metallurgy, energetics, mining and transport were united. In 1938, the Academy organized independent departments in geological-geographical, biological, chemical and physical-mathematical sciences, economics and law, literature and linguistics, history and philosophy..."

At present the Academy has under its auspices seventy-six institutes, eleven laboratories, forty-two experimental stations, six observatories and twenty-four museums. A hundred forty-seven academicians, thousands of doctors and candidates of science work in these establishments.

The Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. has been of great service in the development of scientific personnel in the national republics. In recent years, Academies of Sciences have been established in Georgia, Uzbekistan and Armenia. Approximately 3,000 scientists who, during the past ten years, have issued no less than 5,000 works, are engaged in the scientific establishments of the national republics.

Scientists of the U.S.S.R. have rendered considerable assistance in enhancing the country's war effort. During the National War sixty new scientific research works and inventions have been taken over by the war industry.

Honoured Academician Nikolai Morozov, the oldest Russian scientist-revolutionary, recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

During his life-time he has concentrated his efforts simultaneously on scientific work and social revolutionary activities over a period of many years. In Nikolai Morozov we see the history of Russian social life personified. In the seventies of the last century he was one of the leaders of the Russian revolutionary party "Narodnaya Volya". Abroad he met the most outstanding men of that period among whom was Karl Marx. In 1881 Morozov was among the arrested in the trial of twenty "Narodnaya Volya" members and was sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life. He was released after the Russian revolution of 1905.

While in prison Morozov devoted himself to science. His many years of solitary imprisonment did not undermine his spirit for he gave most of his involuntary leisure to study. Morozov is the author of more than a hundred fifty scientific works on the most widespread scientific subjects (astronomy, chemistry, biology, geography and history). For a long period he headed the Institute of Natural Sciences in Leningrad. The Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. conferred upon Morozov the title of Honoured Academician.

At present, the scientist is resting at "Borok" estate in the Yaroslavl region where a special delegation of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. visited him on his ninetieth birthday.

To further the development of the medical sciences the government of the U.S.S.R. has passed a decree according to which an Academy of Medical Sciences of the U.S.S.R. will be established.

The Academy has three departments: medical-biological sciences; hygiene, microbiology and epidemiology; clinical medicine. Each of these departments has under its auspices several special institutes making a total of twenty-five.

A staff of fifty-six acting members has been appointed as the initial personnel of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

In 1937 at the XVII International Geological Congress held in Moscow, a geological map of the U.S.S.R. was exhibited drawn to a scale of 1:5,000,000; this map gives a detailed picture of the country's geological strata.

In the same year a second geological map of the U.S.S.R. (scale of 1:2,500,000) was already in the making. It was complet-

ed in 1940 and this huge map barely fitted even the walls of the larger studies and offices.

But geological research continued to bring to light new material and just before the war work on a map drawn to a scale of 1:1,000,000 (10 km. to the centimetre) was undertaken. This map will be issued in the form of an album consisting of a hundred seventy-four sheets. The war has not interfered with this work. Thirty-six sheets have already been printed, twenty-three are in process of publication, twenty-nine are almost ready for the printers and geological research is being carried out in connection with the rest.

The new map will present a detailed geological "passport" of the U.S.S.R.

The Red Army liberated from the German occupationists places closely connected with the name of Alexander Pushkin—the villages of Mikhailovskoye, Trigorskoye and the Pushkin Hills where the poet is buried. The Russian soldiers and officiers who visited these spots close on the heels of the enemy became the involuntarily witnesses of the most shocking vandalism.

Pushkin is buried behind the walls of the ancient Svyatogorsky Monastery built during the reign of Ivan the Dread. This monastery was plundered by the Germans. They stripped the altar screen of its icons, robbed the monastery of its chandeliers and plundered the church plate. The place is littered with broken furniture, torn religious manuals, empty bottles, straw and German documents.

Over the poet's grave stands a marble obelisk which bears the following words, already dim with age: "Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin. Born in Moscow May 26th, 1799. Passed away in St.Petersburg January 29th, 1837." The obelisk is strewn with plaster and refuse, spattered with dirt and weeds have replaced the former flowers which surrounded it. Sappers discovered two German mines at Pushkin's very graveside.

Nothing but the name is left of the village of Mikhailovskoye where the poet dwelt for many years. The Germans destroyed Pushkin's house, which had been converted into a museum. They used the columns and pillars of the old house for their blindages and dugouts, and the doors for their sleeping bunks. After plundering or scattering the papers, books and valuable documents, the Germans set fire to the museum. Pushkin's house no longer exists. This house whose walls witnessed the creation of "Boris Godunov", four parts of "Eugene Onegin" and countless poems, is no more. The home of the poet's old nurse, Arina Rodionovna, to whose tales he listened as a child and to whom he later dedicated his inspired lines, shared the fate of Pushkin's house.

The old park where the poet loved to wander has been mutilated by German trenches. The avenues of ancient trees have been cut down.

The Germans have burned to the ground

Pushkin in the village of Mikhailovskoye — *Painting by G. Gué*

All that remains of the Trigorskoye church, in which Pushkin held a requiem service for Byron in 1825

a wooden church preserved since Pushkin's time on the Trigorskoye estate at which the poet had a requiem held in honour of Byron on April 7th, 1825.

In the village of Pushkin Hills the Germans turned into a prison the school bearing Pushkin's name. In the forest behind the village the Germans shot more than a thousand of the inhabitants. Near Pushkin's grave a group of boys and girls suspected of helping the partisans were shot.

When Soviet troops were approaching these spots the Hitlerites hastened to take out of the country everything left of the museum's furniture and property. Seventeen-year-old Eugenia Vorobyova, who studied in the Pushkin school before the arrival of the Germans, tearfully relates the following story:

"I saw the Germans removing the things from the museum. They used ten lorries to load the old furniture, including Pushkin's armchair, his pistols, books and manuscripts... I felt as if the Germans were taking Pushkin himself to Germany for hard labour."

During the blockade of Leningrad the Hitlerites plundered and destroyed the palace-museum in Pavlovsk which contained an excellent collection of sculptures.

It has recently been revealed that the Soviet men and officers who defended Pavlovsk hid the most valuable sculptures from the German bombs and shells thus preventing them from falling into the Hitlerites' hands.

After the liberation of Pavlovsk the scientific personnel of the museum set to work to dig out these valuables. It was not easy to penetrate into the palace cellars which had been deluged with a mass of splinters, plaster and refuse. The workers, mainly women, managed to make several openings in the thick walls of the cellar, made their way through the debris and at last found themselves in the narrow corridor whose arches still remained standing.

A happy sight met their eyes! The corridor was crammed with priceless sculptures which had been carefully placed on a wooden platform. They discovered, wholly undammaged, the works of Italian masters of the XVIII century, the ancient sculptures of the first century of our era and busts and statues which had been removed from the central hall of the Pavlovsk Palace.

Daghestan's inhabitants now fighting at the various fronts have recently been receiving a new kind of correspondence—printed letter-pamphlets. Folded in four, their top cover is in the form of a postcard with space for the address. The short letter tells the fighter about events in his republic, the work of the factories, education in the schools, about new plays being staged and life in the mountain villages. The "open letters" are very popular among the Daghestan fighters and are handed on from company to company. The information they contain is reprinted in frontline newspapers. "Your letter," writes the Daghestanian Khizri Murzayev, "was read by

all the men in our dugout. Personally I reread the letter six times from beginning to end and am carrying it now in the pocket of my tunic."

The letters quote some of Daghestan's ancient folk proverbs, such as:

"He who drowses in the neighbourhood of the enemy will awaken to defeat."

"A coward is surrounded by death."

"Out of every ten feats, the fighter can accomplish nine by cunning."

One hundred and four years ago, a collection of verse, entitled "Dreams and Sounds", was published in St. Petersburg. This collection of verses was the work of an unknown young man whom, many years later, Russia was to recognize and love as a flaming poet. The collection was written by Nikolai Nekrassov. But several days after his booklet came out, Nekrassov started touring the bookshops, buying up all the copies he could find and destroying them—he had come to the conclusion that his first work was a failure... Stray copies of this book managed to escape intact. Now, the first collection of Nekrassov's poems are jealously guarded in the State Literary Museum in Moscow as a rarity.

The Library of the Literary Museum houses many other unique editions. Lermontov laboured over his poem—"Demon"—for ten years and completed it only in 1841. This poem was banned and at first was "passed from hand to hand" in manuscript form. It was only in 1856 that a complete edition of "Demon" was published abroad. This rare edition is also on the shelves of the Library of the Literary Museum.

The exceedingly rare editions of Ivan Krylov's "Fables", published 129 years ago, and "An Attempt at a Historical Dictionary of Russian Writers", compiled by the prominent Russian journalist and editor of the second half of the XVIII century—Nikolai Novikov—are of great interest to the bibliophile.

XVIII and XIX century periodicals are kept in a special section of the Library. Among the magazines and journals to be found there is "Sovremennik" (The Contemporary Magazine), published by Alexander Pushkin, in which were printed the works of Pushkin, Zhukovsky and Gogol.

The Library comprises over a hundred thousand volumes of the Literary Museum. There is a large collection of books devoted to folklore, a valuable collection of memoirs, rare editions of Russian cheap popular prints, etc.

The Thirteenth All-Union Chess Championship Contest held in Moscow, in which seventeen of the best Soviet players participated, attracted considerable interest. The tournament followed on the semi-finals which had been played off in various towns of the U.S.S.R.

The difficulties of three years of war had naturally given rise to fears that the skill and development of chess playing in the country might have been adversely affected. The championship finals, however, showed the fallacy of this idea. The play was extremely interesting, the struggle tense, while the participants displayed a high standard of skill and not a few interesting innovations.

The opening play of the youngest Soviet grand master, Vassili Smyslov, was extremely effective. He won the first five games running and found himself considerably ahead of all the other players, including the U.S.S.R. champion, Mikhail Botvinnik. As the tournament proceeded, however, the champion's experience, endurance and confidence told. Botvinnik who had begun rather badly, later won six games running, including those against grand masters Salo Flor and Vassili Smyslov. Overtaking his young rival, he soon left him behind and held the lead to the end of the tournament.

Botvinnik as winner of the thirteenth championship tournament received the title of Chess Champion of the U.S.S.R. for 1944. Smyslov took second place, while third in the list was Isaak Boleslavsky, Ukrainian champion who wrested the honours in a great fight from grand master Salo Flor, winner of the fourth place. Fifth and sixth places were taken by chess masters Vladimir Makagonov (Azerbaijan) and Vladas Mikenas (Lithuania) respectively.

"As an artist," said Botvinnik, "I was not at my best in this tournament, especially at the beginning... But as a sportsman I am fully satisfied with the result. I succeeded in concentrating everything in me on my play. I am also pleased that for the fifth time I have succeeded in gaining the honourable title of Champion of the U.S.S.R."

The crowds in the hall where the tournament was held watched with intense interest the board on which every move was shown. Greetings and letters of encouragement reached the players from all parts of the country and from front-line troops. The press and radio gave daily detailed reports on the course of play.

Tucked away in the leafy corner of a courtyard in one of Moscow's old streets—Bolshaya Yakimanka—stands a small one-storey house. Here, for sixty years, one of the oldest Russian engravers, Ivan Pavlov, winner of a Stalin Prize, has lived and worked. During these sixty years Pavlov has made six thousand engravings.

Ivan Pavlov's home is furnished in the old-time Russian style and it is with good reason that Moscow artists term it "the Teremok", as these old wooden houses used to be called. It is full of beautifully carved furniture—a gift to the engraver from handicraft woodcarvers; the walls are hung with pictures, engravings and sketches presented by famous Russian artists, friends of Pavlov. Near the window stands a small working table piled with sheets of linoleum, rough sketches and odd drawings.

Ivan Pavlov is seventy-three years old, of which sixty have been spent in tireless work. This skilled craftsman has trained a large number of brilliant pupils now working in various cities of the Soviet Union. The aged engraver is at present working on a series of engravings of Old Moscow.

"I first began making drawings of Moscow thirty-five years ago," says the artist, "and there isn't a corner of our capital which I have not visited with my sketch-album..."

The series of "Old Moscow" will consist of twenty-five original engravings. Pavlov is also working on his memoirs and reminiscences of his meetings with Russian artists.

Sixty-year-old Boris Rossinsky is Russia's veteran airman. He owes a great deal to the famous Russian scientist Nikolai Zhukovsky, whose advice he enjoyed when constructing his first gliders. He made the first engineless flight thirty-five years ago at a place called Tarassovka, not far from Moscow. It took place on a bamboo glider of his own design and lasted just three minutes.

For a period Rossinsky studied with Bleriot, the famous French aviator. In 1910 he brought Bleriot's plane to Moscow. While still a student of the Moscow Higher Technical School, Rossinsky erected a small hangar at Khodynskoye Polye and made his first aeroplane flight. This was the beginning of the present Moscow Central Aerodrome.

During the first world war and the civil war in Russia, Rossinsky tested over one thousand planes. On May Ist, 1918, an air pageant took place in the presence of Lenin at Khodynskoye Polye during which Rossinsky looped the loop eighteen times.

Boris Rossinsky is deservedly called "the Grandfather of Russian aviation" but he's a very sprightly "granddad". For a considerable time he had been passing on his wealth of experience to young fliers and continued doing so during the war. On his 60th birthday the newspaper "Evening Moscow" carried a photograph showing the "Grandfather of Russian aviation" with three young Soviet aces—A Alelyukhin, V. Lavrinenkov and S. Lugansky. These youngsters have together shot down a hundred and two fascist aircraft.

On his 60th birthday the government awarded Boris Rossinsky, Russia's oldest aviator, the Order of Lenin.

The struggle for the "U.S.S.R. Football Cup" this year was stubborn and hard fought from beginning to end. The Cup itself is of crystal set in silver and topped by the figure of a footballer. Previously the honours had invariably fallen to Moscow clubs while the last date engraved on its lid was September 10th, 1939. The first club to carry away the Cup was Moscow "Locomotive"; the next year it went to "Dynamo". For the past six years it has adorned the show-case of the "Spartak" club.

This year saw the fifth Cup final, the first during the war. Winning through many a needle game, sometimes after extra time and generally by the odd goal. Leningrad "Zenith" and the Moscow "House of the Red Army" lined up for the final which took place at the "Dynamo" Stadium in Moscow. The ground was packed to capacity with a gate of over 70,000 and thousands more turned away.

Leningrad stayed the pace better than their opponents and won by the odd goal of three after being one down. For the first time the "U.S.S.R. Football Cup" has left Moscow.

In Turkmenia the restoration of ancient monuments has been undertaken. Of exceptional interest to archaeologists is the mausoleum in Annau erected during the fifties of the XV century over the grave of Sheikh Jemal-Tal-Hak-Uaddin by his son Mahomed. Magnificent decoration distinguishes the mausoleum of Sultan Sanjar which was built in ancient Merv. Widely known is the mausoleum of Tyurabek Hanum, built in the XIV century, and associated with the name of Timur's wife. In the aul (village) of Tashrabad, between Serakhs and Mary, the ruins of an ancient town were recently unearthed. The town was probably built at the end of the XI century or the beginning of the XII.

By government decision Soviet children now begin school at seven years of age. In Moscow about 400,000 children are attending 470 schools; this year 90,000 of the pupils are little newcomers opening their ABC's for the first time. This "army" of schoolchildren is being taught by 15.000 teachers of whom 600 are entering on their first teaching year. Moscow has seven teachers' training colleges and a City Teachers' Institute where 6,000 future teachers are now studying.

Academician Boris Keller, the seventy-year-old Soviet botanist, has published over two hundred works during his forty-five years of scientific and pedagogical activities. Investigating the vegetational wealth of the Soviet Union he correctly defines the value for agriculture or livestock farming in the country's wide expanses of steppe, desert and mountains. Besides his scientific works, Boris Keller has written dozens of popular text-books on botany, plant evolution and chemistry. In numberless lectures delivered to peasants, workers, and Red Army officers and men, Academician Keller tirelessly propagates scientific knowledge. He also devotes considerable time to the public welfare as a deputy to the Moscow Regional Soviet. Finally, Academician Keller, as director, is putting much energy and initiative into

laying out the immense Botanical Gardens of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences at the Lenin Hills in Moscow.

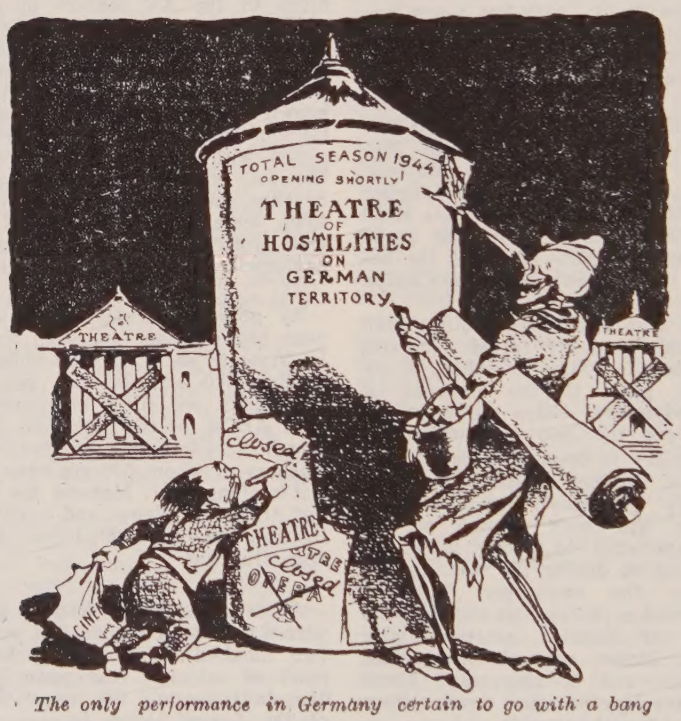
A few days before the outbreak of war, a statue of Lenin was unveiled in the town of Radomyshl. With the Germans entering into the town the workers at the local power station hid this statue in a deep cellar and kept it safe during two and a half years of Hitler occupation. Lenin's statue has now been restored to the town square.

The house of Peter I, built when Petersburg was founded, in June 1703, is again open to the public. The Tsar lived there while superintending the construction of the northern capital. "A cleanly built log cabin of two rooms, with a board sheeting on the outside painted to represent bricks"—is how Alexei Tolstoy describes this house in his book "Peter I".

During the Leningrad blockade and the shelling of the city, the historic house was enclosed in a brick casing which saved it from destruction. Repairs to the house are now completed, the furniture has been brought from its safe storage, and the Tsar's lathe restored to its place.

A NEW PROGRAMME

The German theatres are closed in connection with the new total mobilization
(From newspapers report)



The only performance in Germany certain to go with a bang
Drawing by V. Fomichov

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