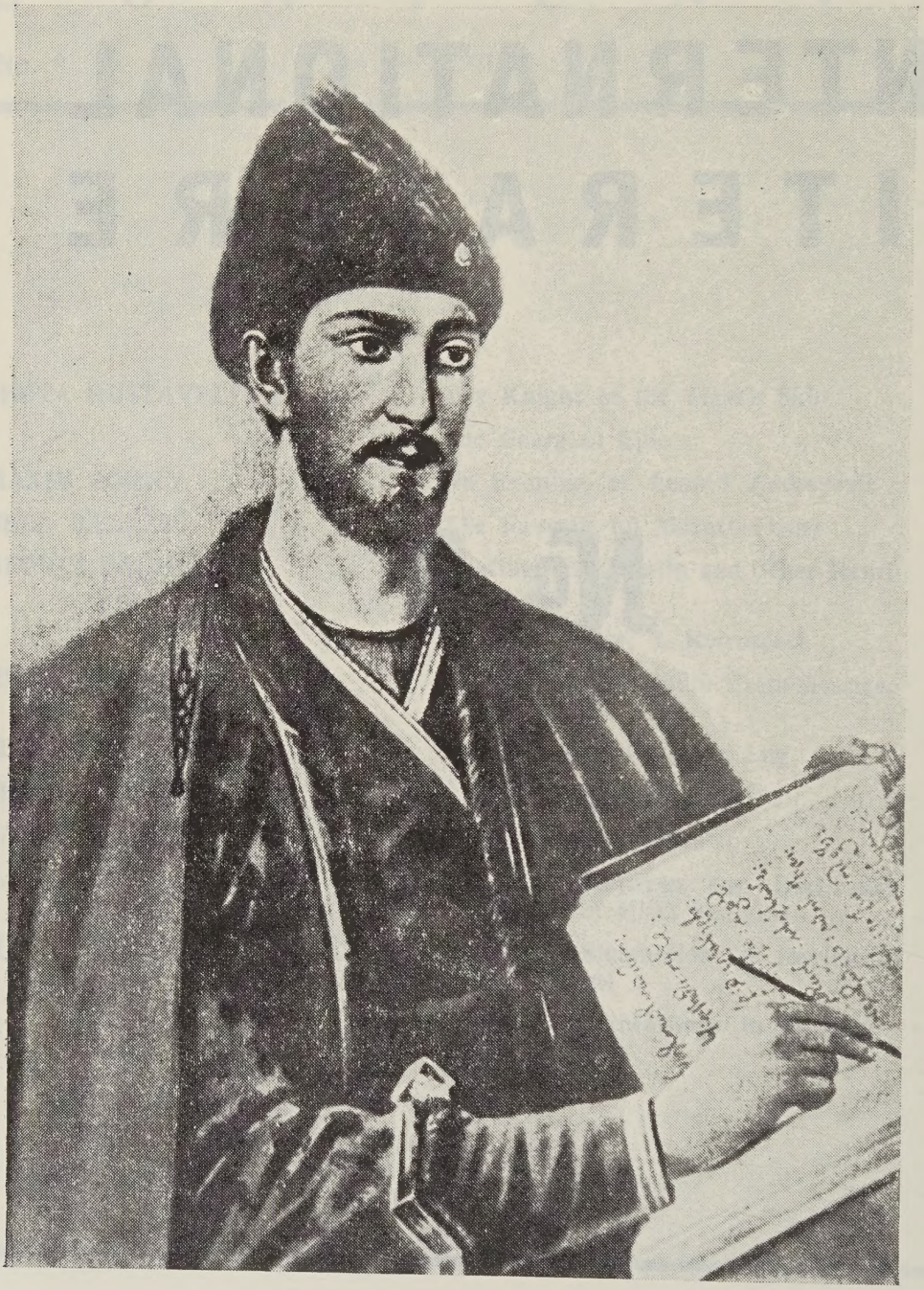
Workers of the world, unite!

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE

№ 8

1937

THE STATE LITERARY-ART PUBLISHING HOUSE
MOSCOW — USSR



Portrait of Shota Rustaveli

Shota Rustaveli

The Knight in the Tiger's Skin[1]

STORY OF ROSTEVAN, KING OF THE ARABIANS

There was in Arabia Rostevan, a king by the grace of God, happy, exalted, generous, modest, lord of many hosts and knights, just and gracious, powerful, far-seeing, himself a peerless warrior, moreover fluent in speech.

No other child had the king save one only daughter, the shining light of the world, to be ranked with nought but the sunny group; whoever looked on her, she bereft him of heart, mind and soul. It needs a wise man to praise her, and a million tongues.

Her name is T'hinat'hin; let it be famous! When she had grown up to full womanhood, she contemned even the sun. The king called his viziers, seated himself, proud yet gentle, and, placing them by his side, began to talk graciously to them.

He said: "I will declare to you the matter on which we are to take counsel together. When the flower of the rose is dried and withered it falls, and another blooms in the lovely garden. The sun is set for us; we are gazing on a dark moonless night.

"My day is done; old age, most grievous of all ills, weighs on me; if not today, then tomorrow I die—this is the way of the world. What light is that on which darkness attends? Let us instate as sovereign my daughter of whom the sun is not worthy."

The viziers said: "O king, why do you speak of your age? Even when the rose fades, we must needs give it its due; it still excels all in scent and fair colour. How can a star declare enmity even to the waning moon!

"Speak not then thus, O king. Your rose is not yet faded. Even bad counsel from you is better than good counsel from another. It was certainly fitting to speak out what your heart desires. It is better. Give the kingdom to her who prevails against the sun.

"Though indeed she be a woman, still as sovereign she is begotten of God. She knows how to rule. We say not this to flatter you; we ourselves, in your absence, often say so. Her deeds, like her radiance, are revealed bright as sunshine. The lion's whelps are equal (alike lions), be they male or female."

Avt'handil was general, son of the commander-in-chief. He was more graceful than the cypress; his presence was like sun and moon. Still beardless, he was to be likened to famous crystal and glass. The beauty of T'hinat'hin and of the host of her eyelashes was slaying him.

He kept his love hidden in his heart. When he was absent and saw her not, his rose faded; when he saw her, the fires were renewed, his wound smarted more. Love is pitiable; it makes man heart-slain.

When the king commanded that his daughter should be enthroned as king, gladness came upon Avt'handil; the fire that was burning Avt'handil was extinguished. He said to himself: "Often will it now fall to my lot to

[1] This year the Soviet Union celebrates the 750th anniversary of the birth of the Georgian poet Shota Rustaveli, whose work, *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin,* is ranked with the classics in the world's epic literature. We print below an abridgement of the translation by Marjorie Scott Wardrop, a British scholar of Georgian literature, which was published in 1912 and is now out of print.

gaze upon her crystal face; perchance I may thus find a cure for my pallor."

The great sovereign of the Arabs published throughout Arabia an edict: "I, her father, appoint my T'hinat'hin king; she shall illumine all, even as the shining sun. Come and see, all ye who praise and extol!"

T'hinat'hin, radiant in countenance, was led in by her sire. He seated her, and with his own hands set the crown on her head; he gave her the sceptre, and clad her in the royal robes. The maiden looks on with understanding, all-seing, like the sun.

The king and his armies retired and did homage. They blessed her and established her as king, many from many places told forth her praises; the trumpets were blown and the cymbals sounded sweetly. The maiden wept, she shed many tears; she drooped her raven eyelashes.

He said: "Weep not, daughter, but hearken to my counsel: Today thou art King of Arabia, appointed sovereign by me; henceforth this kingdom is entrusted to thee; mayest thou be discreet in thy doings, be modest and discerning.

"Since the sun shines alike on roses and middens, be not thou weary of mercy to great and small. The generous binds the free, and he who is already bound will willingly obey. Scatter liberally, as the seas pour forth again the floods they have received.

"Munificence in kings is like the aloe planted in Eden. All, even the traitor, are obedient to the generous. It is very wholesome to eat and drink, but what profits it to hoard? What thou givest away is thine; what thou keepest is lost."

The maiden hearkened discreetly to this her father's advice; she lent ear, she heard, she wearied not of instruction. The king drank and sported; he was exceeding joyful. T'hinat'hin contemned the sun, but the sun aped T'hinat'hin.

She sent for her faithful, trusty tutor, and said: "Bring hither all my treasure sealed by thee, all the wealth belonging to me as king's daughter." He brought it; she gave without measure, without count, untiringly.

She said: "Go, open whatever treasure there is! Master of the Horse, lead in the droves of asses, mules and horses." He brought them. She gave them away without measure; she wearied not of generosity. The soldiers gathered stuff like pirates.

They pillaged her treasury as 'twere booty from Turks; they carried off her fine, sleek Arab steeds. Her munificence was like a snowstorm whirling down from the sky; none remained empty, neither youth nor maiden.

One day passed; there was a banquet, food and drink—a feast of fruit. A great gathering of warriors sat there to make merry. The king hung his head, and his brow was furrowed with sadness. They began to discuss this one with another: "What weighs upon him, and why grieves he?"

The king and his retinue go into the plains, hunting.

HOW THE KING OF THE ARABIANS SAW THE KNIGHT CLAD IN THE TIGER'S SKIN

They saw a certain stranger knight; he sat weeping on the bank of the stream, he held his black horse by the rein, he looked like a lion and a hero; his bridle, armour and saddle were thickly bedight with pearls; the

rose (of his cheek) was frozen in tears that welled up from his woe-stricken heart.

His form was clad in a coat of tiger's skin, fur outside, his head, too, was covered with a cap of tiger's skin; in his hand he held a whip thicker than a man's arm. They looked and liked to look at that wondrous sight.

A slave went forth to speak to the knight of the woe-stricken heart, who, weeping with downcast head, seems not a spectacle for jesting; from a channel of jet rains a crystal shower. When the slave approached, he could by no means bring himself to speak a word.

The slave was much perturbed; he dared not address him. A long time he gazed in wonder till his heart was strengthened; then he said: "The king commands thee to attend him." The slave came near, and greeted him gently; the knight wept on and heard not, he knew not that the slave was there.

Since he answered not, the slave went back and said to Rosten: "I have told him what you said, but he will not listen. Mine eyes were dazzled as by the sun; my heart was sorely troubled. I could not make him hear a word though I have tarried there so long."

The king wondered, he was wroth, he was vexed in heart against him. He sent the twelve slaves standing before him; he commanded: "Take weapons of war in your hands; go and bring hither him who sits yonder."

The slaves went forth, they drew nigh to him, their armour clanked. Then indeed the knight started up, he wept still more woefully; he raised his eyes and looked round, he saw the band of warriors. But once he said, "Woe is me!" and spoke no word more.

He passed his hands over his eyes, he wiped away the hot tears, he made fast his sabre and quiver, and braced his strong arms. He mounted his horse—why should he heed the words of slaves? He wended his way elsewither, and healed not their troubles.

The slaves stretched forth their hands to seize that knight; he fell upon them—alas! even their enemies would have pitied them; he beat one against another, he slew them without raising his hand, some with his whip he smote, cleaving them down to the breast.

Wrathful was the king, and annoyed; he shouted to the slaves. The youth looked not back nor heeded his pursuers till they were upon him; as many as overtook him he made to look like dead men, he threw down man on man; Rosten lamented thereat.

The king and Avt'handil mounted to follow the youth. Proud and haughty, his form swayed to and fro, his steed was like Merani, the sun shone brightly on the field; he perceived that the king pursued him.

When he saw that the king was come, he struck his horse with his whip; in that very moment he was lost, our eyes see him not; he seemed to have sunk into an abyss or flown to heaven; they sought, but could find no trace of his course.

His footprints they sought, and marvelled to find no trace. Thus, leaving no vestige, the man passed away like a Devi. The soldiers mourned for their dead; they hastened to bind up the wounded. The king said: "I have seen cause for loss of joy."

He said: "God is weary of the happiness I have had hitherto, therefore He turns my pleasure into the gall of bitterness; He has wounded me unto death, none can cure me. I am grateful, such are His will and desire."

The king went into his bedchamber sad and frowning. He considered Avt-'handil like his son, none else followed him; all went away, the household dispersed; merriment ceased, the castanet and the sweet harp.

T'hinat'hin heard of her father's great sadness. She rose and came to the door; she with whom the sun strove asked the chamberlain: "Sleeps he or wakes he?" He answered: "He sits brooding; his colour has suffered a change.

"Avt'handil alone is present; he sits in a chair before him. They have seen a certain stranger knight; this is the cause of his melancholy." T'hinat'hin said: "I will now depart; it is not time for me to go in. When he asks for me, say: 'She was here but now.'"

Time passed; he inquired: "What doth the maiden, my solace and jewel, my water of life?" The chamberlain replied: "She came, pale-faced, but now; she learned of your sadness and went away, but she is ready to come to your presence."

He said: "Go, call her; how can I bear absence from her! Say unto her: 'Why didst thou turn back, O life of thy father? Come, drive away my grief, heal my wounded heart. I will tell thee wherefore my joy is fled.'"

T'hinat'hin rose and came; she did as her father wished. The light of her face is like the splendour of the moon. Her father set her by his side, and, kissing her tenderly, gently, said: "Why camest thou not to me? Wert thou waiting till I sent for thee?"

The maiden said: "O king, who, however venturesome, would dare to approach you aware that you were frowning? This sadness of yours upsets even the lights of heaven. Let a man seek to solve the difficulty; this, I think, would be better than grieving."

He answered: "O my child, however much this sad affair grieves me, thy sight and nearness cause me joy. My grief is dissipated as if I had taken an electuary. I believe that when thou knowest thou too wilt justify my sighing and groaning.

"I met a certain beautiful, wondrous youth; his ray enlightened me the firmament and the bounds of the earth. I could not find out why he was afflicted, nor for whom he wept. He came not to see me; I was irritated and quarrelled with him.

"When he saw me, he mounted his horse and wiped the tears from his eyes. I cried out that he must be seized; he utterly destroyed my men; like an evil spirit, he was lost to me, he saluted me not like a man. Even now I know not whether he was real or a vision.

"His (God's) tender mercies at length have become thus bitter to me; I have forgotten the past days of my joy. Every one will make me sad and comfort me no more. However long my days may be, I can no more rejoice."

The maid replied: "Deign to hearken to my uttered words. O king, why repine at God or fate! Why accuse of bitterness the All-seeing, who is tender to all. And why should the Creator of good make evil!

"If this knight was indeed (a man) of flesh wandering over the earth, others must have seen him; they will appear to instruct you. If not, it is a devil who has appeared to you to disturb your joys. Refrain from sadness. Why art thou become cheerless?

"This is my advice: Thou art king, ruler of kings; wide is your boundary, boundless is your power; send everywhere men with news of this story; soon shall you know whether this youth be a mortal or not."

He commanded men and sent them forth to the four corners of the heavens, saying: "Go, spare yourselves no pains; search, hunt for that youth, let nothing hinder you; send a letter whither ye cannot go nor attain."

The men went, they wandered about for a year; they looked, they sought that youth, they inquired again and again. They could find none of God's creatures who had seen him. Wearied in vain, they returned, dissatisfied with themselves.

The king replied: "My daughter, my child, spoke truth. I have seen a hideous, unclean spirit; he has been sent as my foe, flying down from heaven. Grief is fled from me; I care nothing for all that."

Thus he spoke, and sporting was increased with rejoicing; they called the minstrel and the acrobat wherever they were found, many gifts were distributed. he summoned all to the throne-room. What other did God create with generosity like unto his!

T'HINAT'HIN SENDS AVT'HANDIL TO FIND THAT KNIGHT

Avt'handil sat alone in his chamber, clad only in an under-garment; he was singing and making merry, before him stood a harp. To him came T'hinat'hins black slave, and said: "She of the aloe form, the moon-faced one, sends for thee."

Avt'handil was glad to hear this joyful news. He rose and donned his best and brightest coat. He rejoiced to meet the rose; they had never yet met alone. Pleasant is it to gaze on beauty, and be near one beloved.

Pensive she sat in her red veil; she quietly greeted Avt'handil, and gently bade him be seated. The slave placed a seat; he sat down modestly and respectfully. Face to face he gazed on her, full of great joy.

The knight said: "How indeed can I speak to one so dread! If the moon meet the sun it is consumed, it fades away. I am no longer at leisure to think; I fear for myself. Tell me, then, why you are sad and what will relieve you."

The maiden replied with elegant words, not ill-chosen, saying: "Although thou hast hitherto remained far from me, yet I wonder thou shouldst be timid even for a moment. But first I must tell thee of the malady which afflicts me, as a plague.

"Dost thou remember, when thou and Rostan killed game in the plain, how ye saw a certain stranger youth who wiped his tears away? Since then I have been a prey to thoughts of him. I beg thee to search for him, to seek him even to the bounds of the earth.

"Although I have been unable to hold converse with thee hitherto, yet from afar I have perceived thy love for me; I know that without pause the hail has fallen from thine eyes upon thy cheek. Thou art made prisoner by love; thy heart is taken captive.

"This service of mine which I bid thee do befits thee for these two reasons: First, thou art a knight, among all flesh there is none like unto thee; secondly, thou art in love with me, this is true and no slander. Go, seek that brother-in-arms, be he near or far.

"Thereby shalt thou strengthen my love for thee; by delivering me from my sadness, thou shalt cripple the foul demon; plant the violet of hope in my heart, strew roses; then come, O lion, I shall meet thee like a sun; meet thou me.

"Seek three years him whom thou hast to seek; if thou find him, come gaily telling thy victory. If thou find him not, I shall believe he was a vision. Thou shalt meet the rosebud unwithered, unfaded.

"I swear if I wed any husband but thee, even should the sun become

man, incarnate for my sake, may I be cut off for ever from Paradise, may I be swallowed up in Hell; love for thee would slay me, piercing my heart with a knife!"

The knight replied: "O sun, who causest the jet to blink, what else can I answer or what can I come to know? I awaited death; thou hast renewed my will to live. I shall certainly obey thee like a slave in service."

The youth went away, but he could not bear parting from her; he looked back, his eyes were dazed, crystal hails down and freezes the rose, his graceful form was trembling; he had heart for heart, he had lent (his) to love.

Avt'handil receives permission from the king to set out in search of the knight in the tiger's skin.

Avt'handil set out, a brave knight marching boldly; twenty days he journeyed, many a day he made one with the night. She is the joy of the world, she is treasure and due; he puts not away the thought of T'hinat-'hin, of her for whom the flame burns.

He had a strong city to strike terror in the marches; outside was a rock, I tell thee, with an unmortared wall. The knight spent there three days in the pleasant chase; he appointed his pupil, Shermadin, as vizier.

He said: "Lo, Shermadin, for this I am ashamed before thee; thou knowest all my affairs and hast given heed to them; but hitherto thou hast not known what tears I have shed; in her from whom I had suffering I now find joy.

"I am slain by love and longing for T'hinat'hin; from the narcissus (eyes) hot tears moistened the frosted rose; I could not till now show my hidden woe, now she has bidden me hope, therefore thou seest me joyful.

"She said to me: 'Learn news of that lost knight, then come, I shall fulfill thy heart's desire; I want no husband save thee, even if a planted tree falls to my lot.' She gave me the balm of my heart, until that moment bound captive.

"Of all lords and vassals thou and I are most friendly; therefore I entreat thee to hear this from mine own mouth; in my stead I appoint thee lord and chief over mine armies, I could not entrust this matter to others. But if I come not back mourn me, weep for me, utter sighs.

"Tell the king forthwith—it is not a desirable deed—announce my death to him, be as if thou art drunk; say to him: 'For him is come to pass the thing which none escape.' Give to the poor my treasure—gold, silver and copper.

"Thus shalt thou help me after the best fashion, by this thou shalt aid me most; do not forget me soon, think of me often, take good thought of provision for me, pray for my soul. Remember my childhood; let thy heart be motherly towards me."

When the slave heard this he wondered, he was alarmed, from his eyes the hot tears poured like pearls. He said: "How can the heart deprived of thee rejoice? I know thou wilt not stay; so I cannot hinder thee in this matter.

"Why didst thou say thou wouldst appoint me in thy stead? How can I undertake the lordship, how can I imitate thee or resemble thee? It were better that the earth cradled me too than that I should have to think that thou art alone; rather let us both steal forth, I will accompany thee, take me with thee."

The knight replied: "Hearken unto me, I tell thee truth without beating about the bush; when a lover would roam the fields, alone he must wander; a pearl falls to the lot of none without buying and bargaining. An evil and treacherous man should be pierced with a lance.

"To whom could I tell my secret? Save thee, none is worthy. To whom can I entrust the lordship save thee, who else can do it well? Fortify the marches that the enemy may not encamp near. Perchance I shall return, if God make me not to be wholly lost.

"Hazard kills equally be it one or a hundred. Loneliness can matter naught if the group of the heavenly powers protect me. If I come not hither in three years, then will it beseem thee to mourn and wear funeral garb. I will give thee a letter, whoever is my courtier must obey thee."

Avt'handil leaves Shermadin with a letter appointing him commander in his place. Then Avt'handil sets forth in quest of Tariel, and after some adventures comes upon Asmat'h, maid in attendance upon Tariel, whom he persuades to help him contrive a meeting with Tariel. This is done. Tariel enters a compact of brotherhood with Avt'handil and tells his story.

THE TELLING OF HIS TALE BY TARIEL WHEN HE FIRST TOLD IT TO AVT'HANDIL

"Hearken, give heed to the hearing of my tidings, discourses and deeds such that I can scarce utter them! She who maddens me, for whom I am overpowered by melancholy, for whom flow streams of blood, from her I never expect comfort.

"Thou knowest, as every man knows, of India's seven kings. P'harsadan possessed six kingdoms; he was sovereign, generous, rich, bold, ruler over kings, in form a lion, in face a sun, a conqueror in battle, a leader of squadrons.

"My father sat on the seventh throne, king, terror of adversaries; Saridan was his name; not underhanded in the destruction of enemies, none dared offend him either openly or secretly; he hunted and made merry, careless of Fate.

"He hated solitude; it created hosts of cares in his heart. He said to himself: 'By conquest I have taken from foes the vicinage of the marches, I have chased them forth everywhere, I am seated in power, I have pomp and might;' he said: 'I will go and enjoy the favour of King P'harsadan.'

"He resolved to despatch an envoy to P'harsadan; he sent a message saying: 'Thou hast the rule of all India; now I also wish to exhibit before you the power of my heart; may the glory of my faithful service remain!'

"P'harsadan, on hearing those tidings, made great jubilation. He sent a message: 'I, ruler of the lands, give thanks to God, because thou, a king like me enthroned in India, hast done this; now come, I shall honour thee like a brother and parent.'

"He bestowed on him one kingdom well worthy of a knight (or vassal), also the dignity of Amirbar—the Amirbar in India is also Amirspasalar (Commander-in-Chief); when he sat as king, he was not absolute: he only lacked the overlordship, in all else he was sovereign lord.

"The king considered my father equal with himself; he said: 'I wager that no man has an Amirbar like mine.' They waged war and they hunt-

ed; they forced their enemies to make peace. I am not like him, as no other man is like me.

"The king and the sunlike queen had no child, for this they were sad; a time came when the armies were seized with alarm thereat. Woe befall that cursed day when I was given (born) to the Amirbar! The king said: 'I shall rear him as my son; he is even of mine own race.'

"The king and queen took me as their child, they brought me up as lord of all the soldiers and countries, they gave me wise men to instruct me in the behaviour and deportment of kings. I grew up, I became like the sun to look upon, like a lion in mien.

"Asmat'h, thou art witness of my pallor! I was fairer in beauty than the sun, as the hour of dawn than darkness. Those who saw me said: 'He is like a nursling of Eden.' My person now is but a shadow of what it was then.

"I was five years old when the queen became with child." When he had said this the youth sighed, and weeping said: "She bare a daughter." He was like to faint; Asmat'h sprinkled water on his breast. He said: "She for whom these flames now burn me was like the sun even then.

"The tongue with which I now speak cannot utter the praise of her. P'harsadan sat down to announce the good news with utter jubilation and pomp. From everywhere came kings bringing many kinds of gifts. They gave away treasure; they filled the soldiers with presents.

"That maiden was called by the name Nestan-Daredjan. When she was seven years old she was a gentle and wise maid, moonlike, not equalled by the sun in beauty; from her how can the heart bear separation, adament or forged steel?

"So she grew up, (and) I was able to go to battle. Since the king looked upon the maid as the heir to the kingship, he gave me back into the hands of my father. When I was of that age I played at ball, I hunted, I killed a lion like a cat.

"Day and night cut aloes poured forth their incense from censers. Sometimes she sits in the tower; sometimes she descends to the garden when it is shaded. Davar was the king's sister, a widow who had been wedded in Kadjet'hi; to her the king gave his child to be taught wisdom.

"The palace was curtained with cloth of gold and costly brocades; none of us saw her (how) she became crystal and rose of face; Asmat'h and two slaves she had, they played backgammon. There her shape was formed; she grew up like (? a tree) in Gabaon.

"I was fifteen years old. The king brought me up as a son; by day I was before him, and he did not even give me leave to sleep at home. In power a lion, to the eye a sun, in form I was like one reared in Eden; they lauded the feats done by me in archery and in the lists.

"My father died; the day of his death was come. This event brought to nought all sign of merriment for P'harsadan; it rejoiced those whom terror of fear of him as a foe exhausted; the loyal began to mourn and his enemies began to rejoice.

"I sat in the dark for a year, annihilated by Fate; by day and by night I groaned, calmed by none; then courtiers came to draw me from the dark, they told me the king's command; he said: 'Son Tariel, wear mourning no longer!

" 'We are even more grieved than thou at the loss of our peer.' He gave a hundred treasures and commanded that I should put off my black raiment. He gave me all the lordship that had belonged to my father. 'Thou shalt be Amirbar; fulfil the duties of thy father.'

"They seated me near their thrones, they honoured me like their son, they both told me gently of my obligation of duty; I was recalcitrant, and to behave as he (my father) had done seemed a horror to me. They would take no denial; I submitted, and did homage to them as Amirbar."

TARIEL TELLS THE TALE OF HIS FALLING IN LOVE

When he had wept for some time he again began to tell his tale: "One day the king and I had come home from the chase, and he said: 'Let us see my daughter!' He took me by the hand. . . . Does it not surprise thee that I live when I remember that time?

"I knew he wished none to see his sunlike one; I stood outside, and the king went in through the curtain of the door; I could see nothing. I only heard the sound of talk; he commanded Asmat'h to take the durajis from the Amirbar.

"Asmat'h drew aside the curtain; I stood outside the curtain. I saw the maiden; a lance pierced my mind and heart. Asmat'h came. I gave her the durajis, she took them from me who was burned with fire. Ah me! since then in eternal furnace I burn!"

Tariel, smitten with love, receives a message from Nestan-Daredjan through the maid Asmath and learns that she returns his love.

FIRST LETTER WRITTEN BY NESTAN-DAREDJAN TO HER LOVER

"I saw the letter; it was from her for whom fire consumes my heart. The sunbeam wrote: 'O lion! let not thy wound appear. I am thine. Die not, but I hate vain fainting. Now Asmat'h tells thee all that is spoken by me.

" 'Pitiful fainting and dying, what love dost thou think this! It is better to exhibit to the beloved deeds of heroism. All dwellers in Khatavet'hi are our tributaries; now their ill-will towards us cannot be borne by us.

" 'I will tell thee truth; hearken to this that I say to thee: Go, do battle with the Khatavians, exhibit thyself to me in goodly manner, this is better for thee. Weep idly no more; why moisten more the rose! What more can the sun do to thee! Behold, I have turned thy darkness to dawn.'

FIRST LETTER WRITTEN BY TARIEL TO HIS BELOVED

"With mine eyes I gazed upon the letter written by her. I wrote in answer: 'O moon, how indeed can the sun surpass thee! May God not give me that which is not like thee! I feel as in a dream; I cannot believe in my survival.'

"I said to Asmat'h: 'I cannot devise more answer than this. Say thus to her: O sun! since thou art arisen as a light for me, behold thou hast quickened me (who was) dead; I shall faint no more henceforth, whatever be the service I am a liar if I shun it.'

"Asmat'h said to me: 'She told me: Let us do thus, thus were it better: Whoever sees thee will discover nothing of my discourse with him; he will come to see me as if he were making love to thee. She entreated me to tell the Amirbar so to behave.'

"This counsel pleased me, the wisdom of the heart of her whom even the sun took care not to gaze on; she had given to me to hear the refined conversation of her in whose rays daylight was like darkness.

'I gave Asmat'h choice jewels with a golden sup. She said to me: 'No. I do not want them; I have these to satiety.' She took one ring weighing a drachma; 'This is enough for a token; I am full of other bracelets.'

TARIEL WRITES A LETTER TO THE KHATAVIANS

"I sent a man to Khatavet'hi and a letter from me; I wrote: 'The king of the Indians is of a truth powerful from God; every hungry soul of those faithful to him is sated; whosoever is disobedient will have himself to blame.

" 'Brother and lord, by you we will not be embittered. When you see this command wend hither; if you come not we shall come; we will not steal upon you. It is better you should come to us, spill not your own blood.'

"One day, on my return from the king's palace, I came to my chamber. I sat down and thought of her, slumber fell not upon mine eyes, I had the letter of hope, therefore was I merry. The doorkeeper called the slave; he told him a secret matter.

"It is Asmat'h's slave,' quoth he. I ordered him to be brought into the chamber. She wrote to me that she whose knife had pierced my heart commanded me to come. Joy lightened my darkness; she loosened my chains. I went, I took the slave, I spoke not at all with him.

"I entered the garden; I met none to speak to me. The maid met me merry, smiling; she said: 'I have bravely extracted the thorn from thy heart, it is no longer therein; come and see the rose unfaded, unwithered.'

"The maid with an effort raised the heavy curtain, there stood a palanquin adorned with choice rubies where sat she whose face was like the sun flashing, her eyes, like inky lakes, looked beautifully at me.

"A long time I stood, and she spoke no word to me whom she yearned for; she only looked at me sweetly as at an intimate. She called Asmat'h, they spoke together; the maid came and whispered in my ear: 'Now go; she cannot say anything to thee.' Again the flame reduced me to soot.

"Asmat'h led me forth, I went out, I passed the curtain. I said: 'O Fate, who not long ago didst heal my heart, thou gavest me hope then; why hast thou scattered my joy? My heart is still more devastated again by the pain of parting.'

"Asmat'h promised me comfort. We walked through the garden; she said to me: 'Let not the brand be thus seen upon thy heart because of thy going; shut the terrace of sorrows, open the door of joy. She is ashamed to speak; therefore she behaves with dignity.'

"The men that had been sent returned from Khatavet'hi—it was time for them to come—they brought a proud and insolent message: 'We are no cowards, neither are our keeps unfortified. Who is your monarch? What lord is he over me?'

THE LETTER WRITTEN BY THE KING OF THE KHATAVIANS IN ANSWER TO TARIEL

"He wrote: 'I, Ramaz, the king, write a letter to thee Tariel. I marvelled at what was written in the letter penned by thee. How dost thou summon

thither me who am lord over many peoples! I will look at no other letter which comes from thee.'

"I commanded the soldiers to be summoned; I sent forth the Lord of the Marches. They gathered together the armies of India more numerous than the stars, from near and far all hastened towards me, plain, rock and waste were altogether filled with soldiers.

"I raised the royal standard with flag of red and black. I commanded the countless troops to set out in the morning. I myself wept, I mourned exceedingly my evil fate: 'If I see not the sun I know not how I can ever depart.'

"I went in. The sadness of my pensive heart was increased unto me; burning tears welled forth from mine eyes like a pool. 'My luckless fate,' said I, 'has never yet ruled. Why did my hand lay hold of the rose since thus it could not cull it!'

MEETING OF TARIEL AND NESTAN

"A slave entered; a wondrous thing befell me. He gave to me in my exceeding grief a letter from Asmat'h; she wrote: 'Thy sun for whom thou longest calls thee. Come! 'Tis better than to weep there and moan at the deed of Fate.'

"I went in and stood on the edge of the carpet; the fire in me began to be quenched, the darkness of my heart was lightened, joy rose up like a column. She rested upon a cushion—she was far fairer than the sun's rays—she hid her face from me, she looked up a moment to see me.

"She commanded: 'Asmat'h, beg the Amirbar to be seated!' She placed a cushion opposite her to be praised as the sun; I sat down, I gave up to joy my heart abused by fate. I marvel that my life stays in me (while) I speak the words she said.

"She said to me: 'Last time thou wert ill pleased that thou wert sent away without being spoken to. I, at parting, as the sun withered thee up like a flower of the field. Thou wert doomed to shed tears from the narcissus-pool; but for me, bashfulness and reserve are necessary, towards the Amirbar.

" 'Go, attack the Khatavians, fight and make raids; may God grant that thou be victorious, come (back) to me of good cheer. But what shall I do until it falls to my lot to look upon thee again! Give me my heart separably; forever take mine for thyself.'

" 'Now, that of which thou hast deemed me worthy no human being deserves; this grace is unexpected, from God this does not surprise me; thy rays have flooded my dark heart and made it translucent; thine shall I be till the earth cover my face.'

"Upon the book of oaths I swore and she swore to me; thus she confirmed her love to me: 'If any save thee give pleasure to my heart, may God slay me, henceforth thus will I speak to myself, thus will I train myself.'

"I stayed some time before her, we spoke sweet words, we ate some pleasant fruit, talking one to the other; then weeping and shedding tears I rose to depart, the beauties of her rays were spread like light in my heart.

"It irked me to go far from her crystal and ruby and glass. The world was renewed to me, I had an abundance of joy; that light appearing in ether as sun seemed to be mine; now I am surprised that being separated from her I have (still) a heart like a steep rock.

TARIEL'S DEPARTURE FOR KHATAVET'HI AND GREAT WAR

"In the morning I mounted, I commanded the trumpet and bugle to be sounded; I cannot tell thee of all the armies nor of their readiness to mount; I, a lion, set forth for Khatevet'hi, none can accuse me of cowardice; the soldiers marched without a road, they followed no track (?).

"I crossed the boundaries of India, I went on a considerable time; a man met me from Ramaz, the khan over Khatavet'hi; he repeated to me a message conciliatory to the heart: 'Your Indian goats are able to eat even our wolves.

" 'Forgive us in that we have sinned against thee, we ourselves repent; by God, if thou wouldst have mercy on us, bring not thine armies hither, destroy not our land, let not the heavens fall upon us in wrath; we give thee our castles and cities, let a few knights come with thee.'

"I placed my viziers at my side, we discussed and counselled; they said: 'Thou art young, therefore we sages venture to say to thee, alas! they are exceeding treacherous; we have seen it indeed once already; may they not slay thee treacherously, may they not bring on us woe?

" 'We counsel thus: Let us go forth with brave heroes only, let the soldiers follow close behind us, let them be apprised of the tidings by a man; if they be true-hearted, trust them, make them swear by God and heaven; if they submit not to thee, pour forth thy wrath and moreover the wrath of heaven upon them.'

"This advice counselled by the viziers pleased me; I returned a message: 'O King Ramaz, I know thy decision; life is better than death to thee. We put not our trust in stone walls. I will leave the soldiers, I will come with a few, towards thee will I march.'

"I took with me three hundred of the soldiers, good brave knights, I went forth and left all the army; I said: 'Wherever I shall go, march over the same fields, follow me closely, help me, I shall call you if I need help.'

"I travelled three days; another man of the same khan met me, again he presented me with many beautiful robes; he said: 'I wish thee to be near me, proud and mighty one; when I meet thee then shalt thou know (many) such gifts.'

"Departed thence I alighted on the bounds of a certain deep forest; again messengers came, they were not shy to salute me, they brought fair steeds as a present to me, they said: 'Of a truth kings would desire to see thee.'

"They said to me: 'The king informs thee: I myself also come towards thee; having left my house, early tomorrow I shall meet thee.' I kept the messengers, I put up a felt tent, with no patrols; I received them very amiably, they lay down together like groomsmen.

'No good deed done to a man can pass away thus. A certain man (one of the messengers of the khan) returned; he came to me and said secretly: 'I owe you a great debt hard for me to pay; I cannot forsake and forget thee.

" 'I was to some extent brought up by your father. I heard the treachery planned for you; I ran to let you know of it. It would grieve me to see the elegant-formed, the rose-faced, a corpse. I will tell thee all; hearken to me, be calm.

" 'That thou be not vainly deceived, these men are traitors to thee; in one place are hidden for thee one hundred thousand troops, then in another place are thirty thousand; that is why they call upon thee to hasten; if thou take not measures at once mischance will come upon thee.

" 'The king will come a little way to meet thee, whose admirers can never cease; secretly they will be clad in armour; thou trusting them while they cajole thee the soldiers will make smoke, on all sides they will surround, as it is when ten thousand strike one so must they overwhelm thee.'

"I spoke pleasantly to the man and gave him thanks. 'If I am not slain I shall repay thee for this according to thy desires. Now let not thy comrades suspect; go, be with them. If I forget thee may I be surely lost.'

"I told no human being; I kept it secret like gossip. What is to be will be; all advice is equal. But I sent men towards the armies though the way was long; I gave the message: 'Come quickly, hasten over mountain and hill.'

"In the morning I gave a sweet message to the messengers. They were to tell King Ramaz: 'I am coming to meet thee; come, I also come soon.' Another half-day I journeyed on; I took no heed of trouble; there is a providence, if I am to be killed today where below can I hide myself!

"I mounted a certain peak; I saw dust in the plain. I said to myself: 'King Ramaz is coming; though he has spread a net for me, my sharp sword, my straight lance, will pierce their flesh.' Then I spoke to my troops; I set forth a great plan.

"I said: 'Brothers, these men are traitors to us; why should the power of your arms be weakened on that account? Those who die for their kings, upwards their spirits fly! Now let us engage the Khatavians. Why should we gird on the sword in vain!'

"We approached. They perceived that our forms were clad in armour. A man came with a message from the king; he said: 'We look upon your treachery as untimely, now we see your armour, this causes us displeasure.'

"I sent back a message: 'I too know what thou hast contrived for me; you have made certain plans, but they will not come to pass; give orders, come and fight me as is the law and custom, I have taken my sword in my hand to slay you.'

"When the messenger came, why did they send yet another? They made smoke for the soldiers, they made plain what was hid, they came forth from ambush, they advanced from both sides, they formed into many ranks, though, thank God, they could not harm me.

"When I came near they looked at me: 'He is a madman,' said they. I strong-armed, made my way thither where the main body of the army stood; I pierced a man with my lance, his horse I overturned, they both departed from the sun, the lance broke, my hand seized (the sword); I praise, O sword, him who whetted thee.

"Crowding they surrounded me, about me was a great fight; when once I struck none could stand, I made blood spurt forth as from a fountain, he whom I clove hung on his horse like a saddle-bag, wherever I was they fled from me, they were wary of me.

"At the evening hour their watchman cried forth from the summit: 'Stand no longer, let us go, heaven looks again on us in wrath, a terrible dust is coming, we should beware of this, let not their countless tens of thousands of soldiers completely destroy us.'

"My soldiers whom I had not brought with me, when they heard of it, set out, they travelled day and night without stopping, neither plain nor mountain could contain them; they appeared, they beat the kettledrum, the trumpet sounded aloud.

"(The enemy) saw them, they started to flee, we raised a shout, we pursued over the fields in which we had fought our battle. I unhorsed King Ramaz; we found each other with swords. We captured all his armies; we slew them not.

"We dismounted to rest on the battlefield. I had wounded my arm with the sword; it seemed to me a mere scratch. My armies came to see me and praise me, they could not speak, they knew not how to express their admiration.

"I sent soldiers everywhere to bring in booty; they came together loaded. I was proud of myself; I had dyed the plain with the blood of those who had sought to slay me: I did not fight at the gate of the cities; I seized them without a battle.

"I said to Ramaz: 'I have learned of thy treacherous deed; now that thou art captured justify thyself; fortify not strongholds, count them all into thy hand; else, why should I overlook thy guilt towards me?'

"Ramaz said to me: 'I have no more power left; give me one of my magnates over whom I may have lordship; I will send him to the guardians of the castles: let me speak with them; I will give all into thine hands since I make it thy property.'

"Then I went in to travel through and inspect Khatavet'hi; publicly they presented me with the keys of the treasuries; I settled the country, I commanded: 'Be ye without fear, the sun shall not burn you, be assured you will be left unburned.'

"I examined the treasuries one by one from end to end; I should be weary if I mentioned all the wondrous kinds of treasures. I saw together a marvellous mantle and veil; if thou didst see it thou wouldst desire to know its name.

"I could not learn what stuff it was nor what kind of work; everyone to whom I showed it marvelled and said it was a divine miracle; neither was the basis of the tissue like that of brocade nor carpet, its strength was as if it had been wrought like iron—I might say tempered in fire.

"I put them aside as a present for her whose ray enlightened me; I chose as a gift for the king whatever was best: a thousand mules and camels, all strong-limbed, I sent them loaded; he also learned the good news.

Tariel writes to inform the king of his victory over the Khatavians. He has a triumphal return. He gives the black veils he has seized from the Khatavians to Nestan-Daredjan, and is given in return one of her bracelets with renewed pledges of love. Then he is summoned to an audience before the throne and is told by the king that he has decided to marry Nestan-Daredjan to the son of the neighbouring king Khvarazmsha.

COUNSEL BETWEEN TARIEL AND NESTAN-DAREDJAN AND ITS RESULTS

"Excessive melancholy approached my heart as if to strike with a knife, (but when) Asmat'h's slave entered, I sat proud and strong. He gave me a letter; in it was written: 'She who is like an aloe-tree in form commands thee to come hither soon without putting off time.'

"I mounted, went forth, entered the little garden, as thou canst imagine, with a full measure of joy; I passed through the little garden and arrived

at the tower; I saw Asmat'h standing at the foot; I looked and saw that she had been weeping, tear stains could be seen on her cheeks; I was sad, and did not ask: she was troubled by desire for my coming.

"I saw her frowning; this oppressed me exceedingly. She no longer smiled on me as she had formerly smiled; she said no word to me, only her tears showered down; thereby she wounded me the more, she healed not my wounds.

"She carried my thoughts very far away. She led me into the tower and raised the curtain. I went in, I saw that moon, every woe forsook me, the ray fell on my heart, but my heart was not melted.

"The light falling upon the curtain was not light; her golden face was carelessly covered by the veil I had given her; the peerless one, apparelled in the same green garment, was seated in a reclining position on the couch; a shower of tears fell on her face flashing with radiance.

"She crouched, like a tiger on the edge of a rock, her face flashing fury; no longer was she like the sun, the moon, an aloe-tree planted in Eden. Asmat'h seated me far off; my heart was struck as by a lance. Then she sat erect with frowning brows, angry, enraged.

"She said to me: 'I marvel thou art come, thou breaker of thy binding oath, fickle and faithless, thou forsworn; but high Heaven will give thee guerdon and answer for this!' I said: 'How can I reply to what I know not?'

"I said: 'I cannot answer thee if I know not the truth. Wherein have I sinned, what have I done, (I) senseless and pale?' Again she said to me: 'What shall I say to thee, false and treacherous one! Why did I let myself be deceived, woman-like! For this I burn with flame.

" 'Knowest thou not of the bringing of Khvarazmsha to wed me? Thou wert sitting as counsellor, thy consent to this was given, thou hast broken thine oath to me, the firmness and bindingness thereof. Would to God I might bring thy cunning to nought!

" 'Rememberest thou when thou didst sigh: "Ah! Ah!" when thy tears bathed the fields, and the physicians and surgeons brought thee medicines? What else is there that resembles a man's falsehood? Since thou hast denied me, I, too, will renounce thee. Let us see who will be the more hurt!

" 'I tell thee this: Whosoever shall rule India I have the rule also, whether they go trackless or by the road! It may not be thus! Now thou hast fallen into error, thine opinions are like thee—even so untrue!

" 'While I live, by God, thou shalt no more dwell in India. If thou seekest to tarry, the soul shall be parted from thy body! None other shalt thou find like me, even though thou stretch thy hand unto heaven!' " When the knight had ended these words he wept, moaned, and said: "Ah me!"

He said: "When I heard this from her hope revived in me exceedingly; once more mine eyes had power to look upon her light; now I have lost it, why art thou not surprised that dazed I live? Woe to thee fleeting world! Why seekest thou to drain my blood?

"I looked, and saw on the lectern the Koran lying open; I raised it, I stood up, and, praising God and afterwards her, said: 'O sun, thou burnedst me, and in truth my sun is set; since thou slayest me not, I will venture to make thee some answer:

" 'If what I tell thee, these words, be falsely cunning, may Heaven itself be wrathful with me, may all the sun's rays be turned against me! If thou considerest me worthy to be judged, I have done no ill.' She said: 'What thou knowest, speak!' She nodded to me.

" 'The sovereigns summoned me to court, they held a solemn council, beforehand they had appointed that youth as thy husband; (even if) I had opposed it I could not prevent it, I should have been a fool for my pains; I said to myself: "Agree with them for the nonce; it is better for thee to fortify thy heart."

" 'How could I dare to forbid it since P'harsadan understands not, knows not that India shall not remain masterless! It is I alone who am India's owner; none other has any right. I know not him whom P'harsadan will bring hither, nor who is mistaken in this matter.

" 'I said: "I can do nothing in this; I shall contrive some other means." I said: "Be not assailed by a multitude of thoughts." My heart was like a wild beast; a thousand times I was ready to fly to the fields. To whom can I give thee? Why shouldst thou not take me?'

"I sold soul for heart's sake; thus the tower became for me a market. That rain which at first had frozen the rose became milder; I saw a pearl in the coral, round about (the pearl) (the coral) was tenderly enfolded; she said: 'Why do I, too, judge this to be right?

" 'I do not believe thee to be treacherous and faithless, a denier of God, not thankful to him; entreat of him myself and lordship in gladness over India; I and thou shall be sovereigns—that is the best of all matches!'

"The wrathful, enraged one became tender to me; either the sun was on earth or the full-faced moon; she set me near her, she caressed me, hitherto unworthy of this, she conversed with me; thus she extinguished the fire kindled in me.

"She said to me: 'The prudent should never hasten, he will contrive whatever is best, he will be calm under the passing world. If thou suffer not the suitor to come in (to India), woe if the king be wroth with thee, thou and he will quarrel, India will be laid waste.

" 'On the other hand, if thou allow the bridegroom to come in, (if) he wed me, (if) it so fall out, we shall be sundered each from other, our gay garb will be turned to mourning, they will be happy and glorious, our sufferings will be magnified an hundredfold. This shall not be said, that the Persians hold sway in our court.'

"I said: 'May God avert the wedding of thee by that youth! When they come into India (and) I discover their quailty, I shall show forth to them my strong-heartedness and prowess; I shall so slay them that they become of no account!'

"She spoke to me saying: 'A woman should act in a womanly way as befits her sex; I cannot have thee shed much blood, I cannot become a wall of division. When they come, slay the bridegroom without killing his armies. To do true justice makes even a dry tree green.

" 'Thus do, my lion, most excellent of all heroes; slay the bridegroom stealthily, take not soldiers, slaughter not his armies like cattle or asses: how can a man bear the burden of much innocent blood!

" 'When thou hast killed him, tell thy lord, my father, say to him; "I could never let India be food for the Persians; it is mine own heritage, never will I give up even an ounce of it; if thou wilt not leave me in peace I will make a wilderness of thy city!"

" 'Say not that thou wantest my love or desirest me, so will the righteousness of thy deed seem the greater; the king will then entreat thee in the most desperate and abject manner; I shall give myself into thy hands. reigning together will suit us.' "

"This counsel and advice pleased me exceedingly; I boasted that I would wield my sword for the slaying of my foes. Then I rose to depart. She began to entreat me to sit down; I longed to do so, but could not bring myself to clasp and embrace her.

"I tarried some time, (then) I left her, but I became like one mad; Asmat'h went in front of me; I shed hot tears; my grief increased a thousandfold, my joy was reduced to one; then I went unwillingly away, and so I went slowly."

Tariel follows Nestan-Daredjan's advice and after he has killed the bridegroom takes refuge in a fortress.

TARIEL HEARS TIDINGS OF THE LOSS OF NESTAN-DAREDJAN

"I sent those men. I was mad in mind; since I could learn nought of her I grew inflamed with grief. I went to look from a wall I had built overlooking the plain. I learned a dreadful thing, though I lost not my head.

"Two pedestrians appeared, I went to meet them; it was a woman with a slave; I recognized who was coming, it was Asmat'h, with dishevelled head, blood flowing from her face; no more did she call to me smiling, nor did she greet me with a smile.

"When I saw her I became perturbed; my mind was maddened. I cried from afar: 'What has befallen us, why does the fire consume us?' She wept pitifully, she could hardly utter words, she said to me: 'God has engirt the sphere of the heavens in wrath for us!'

"I came near, I inquired again. 'What has happened to us? Tell me the truth.' Again she wept aloud piteously, again the flame burned her; for a long time she could speak no word to me, not the tenth part of her griefs, her breast was dyed crimson with the blood trickling from her cheeks.

"She said to me: 'When thou slewest the bridegroom and the alarm was raised, the king heard it, he leaped up, he was sore stricken thereat; he called for thee, he ordered thee to be summoned, in a loud voice he cried; they sought thee, they could not find thee at home, and thereat the king complained.

" 'They told him: "He is not here; he has somewhere passed the gates." The king said: "I know, I know, too well I understand; he loved my daughter, he shed blood in the fields, and when they saw each other they could not refrain from gazing.

" ' "Now, by my head! I will slay her who is called my sister; I told her God's, she has caught her in the devil's net; what have those wicked lovers given or promised her? If I allow her to remain (alive) I renounce God; this is ready for her punishment."

" 'Seldom was it the King's wont to swear by his head, and when he thus swore he brake not his oath, forthwith he fulfilled it. Someone—who knows who?—who heard this wrath of the king told it to Davar the Kadj, who knows even heaven by her sorcery.

" 'Some enemy of God told Davar, the king's sister: "Thy brother hath sworn by his head, he will not leave thee alive, the people know it." She spoke thus: "The good God knows that I am innocent, and let that same people know who it is that slays me and for whose sake I am slain."

" 'My mistress was the same as when thou didst leave her, her head was still wrapped in thy veils, beautifully they became her. Davar spoke words such as I had never heard: "Harlot, thou harlot, why didst thou slay me? I think thou too shalt not rejoice.

" ' "Wanton, harlot woman, why didst thou cause thy bridegroom to be slain, or why dost thou make me pay for his blood with mine? My brother shall not slay me in vain for what I have done, what I have made thee do! Now God grant thou mayst never meet him whom thou didst incite to hinder this!"

" 'She seized her, dragged her along, tore her long hair, wounded her, bruised her, fiercely she frowned; Nestan could make no answer, but only sighed and moaned, a black woman was of no avail, she could not heal her wounds.

" 'When Davar was sated with beating and bruising, two slaves with Kadj-like faces came forth; they brought a litter, they spoke rudely to her, they put that sun inside, thus was she made prisoner.

" 'They passed the windows towards the sea; immediately she was out of sight. Davar said: "Who would not stone me for doing this? Who? Before P'harsadan slay me, I shall die. Life is wearisome to me." She struck herself with a knife, died, fell in a stream of blood.

" 'Why marvel'st thou not to see me alive, unpierced by a lance! Now do to me what befits a bringer of such tidings; by the Most High, deliver from this unbearable life me who have not yet ceased to breathe.' Her tears fell piteously, undiminished, undying.

"I said: 'Sister, why should I kill thee, or what is thy fault? What shall I do in return for the debt I owe her? Now I devote myself to seek her wherever rock and water are found.' I became quite petrified; my heart grew like hard rock.

"I went in. I arrayed myself quickly, accoutred I mounted my horse. A hundred and sixty good knights of long service joined me, we passed forth from the gates in order of battle, I went to the seashore, I saw a ship, the skipper saw me apparelled.

"I entered the ship, I went out to sea, I cruised amidst the sea. I let no ship from any quarter pass unseen. I waited, but I heard nothing. Mad as I was I became still more maddened; God hated me so that He forsook me wholly.

"Thus I spent a year—twelve months which were to me like twenty—but I found no man, even in a dream, who had seen her. All those who were attendant upon me were dead and perished. I said: 'I cannot defy God; what He wills even that will I do.'

"I was weary of tossing on the seas, so I came ashore. My heart had become altogether like a beast's. I hearkened to no counsel; all those who were left to me in my misfortune have been scattered from me (but) God abandons not a man thus forsaken by Fortune.

"Only this Asmat'h and two slaves remained with me as my comforters and counsellors. I could learn no news of her (Nestan), not even the weight of a drachm. Weeping seemed to me as joy, and streams of tears flowed down."

Tariel describes how he meets the knight P'hridon who has been deprived of his throne by treachery. They make a pact of friendship and with Tariel's aid P'hridon reconquers his kingdom. P'hridon describes how he caught a glimpse of Nestan-Daredjan. Tariel resumes his search, ac-

companied by Asmat'h. Tariel captures the caves of the Devis (mqgicians), which he occupies now. Tariel's story ended, Avt'handil leaves to report to T'hinat'hin and King Rosteven, promising to return and help Tariel in his search for Nestan-Daredjan. To fulfil his promise Avt'handil has to steal away. He returns to Tariel, is entertained in the cave, then leaves to visit P'hridon.

AVT'HANDIL'S DEPARTURE FROM P'HRIDON TO SEEK NESTAN-DAREDJAN

Avt'handil fares on alone to the seashore with the four slaves, with all his might he seeks balm for Tariel; weeping by day and night he pours forth pools of tears; all the world seems to him as straw, even as straw in weight.

Wherever he sees travellers walking by the shore he addresses them, he asks tidings of that sun. He roamed a hundred days. He went up a hill; camels loaded with stuff appeared; merchants distressed stood in perplexity on the shore.

A countless caravan was there on the seashore, they were distressed, they were gloomy, they could neither stand nor go forward. The knight greeted them, they hailed him with praise. He asked: "Merchants, who are ye?" They began to converse.

Usam was the chief of the caravan, a wise man. He uttered respectfully a perfect eulogy, he invoked blessings on (Avt'handil) and praised his manners; he said: "O sun, thou art come as our life and comforter. Dismount; we will tell thee our story and business!"

He dismounted. They said: "We are Bagdad merchants, holders of the faith of Mahmad; we never drink new wines: we haste to trade in the city of the Sea-King; we are rich in wholesale goods, we have no cut pieces of stuff.

"Here on the seashore we found a man lying senseless; we succoured him till he could speak clearly with his tongue. We asked him: 'Who art thou, stranger? What business dost thou follow after?' He said to us: 'If ye go in they will slay you. It is well that I still live!'

"He said: 'From Egypt we set out with a caravan and a guard, we embarked upon the sea laden with many kinds of stuff, there pirates (in ships) with sharp (iron) pointed wooden rams slew us. All was lost; I know not how I came hither.'

"O lion and sun, this is the reason of our standing here. If we return, our loss will be a hundredfold; if we embark, alas! they may slay us, we have no strength for battle. We cannot stay, we cannot go, the power to maintain ourselves is gone from us."

The knight said: "Whoever grieves is nought, and strives in vain; whatever comes from above, we cannot avoid its coming. I am surety for your blood, I take upon myself what you shall shed; whoever fights with you, my sword will wear itself out on your foes."

They of the caravan were filled with great joy; they said: "He is some knight, some hero, not timid like us, he has self-confidence, let us be calm in heart." They embarked, they went on board ship, they set out from the coast.

With pleasant weather they journeyed without hardship; their convoyor, Avt'handil, leads them with brave heart. A pirate ship appeared with an exceedingly long flag; that ship had an iron-shod plough with beam of wood for shattering ships.

The pirates yelled and came on, they shouted and trumpeted; the caravan was afraid of the multitude of those warriors. The knight spoke: "Fear not their hardihood; either I slay them all or this is the day of my death.

"Nought undecreed can they do to me, even if all the hosts on earth engage me; if it be decreed, I shall not survive, the spears are ready for me, neither strongholds nor friends, not even brothers, can save me; he who knows this is stout-hearted like me."

Those warriors yelled; their voices were uninterrupted. They thrust the beam upon which was the plough. The knight stood fearless at the head of the ship, he trembled not; he struck with the mace, he broke the beam, the lion's arm swerved not.

The beam was destroyed, and Avt'handil remained with ship unshattered. Those warriors feared, they sought a way to shelter, they could not contrive it in time; he leaped on his foes, threshing them down round about him; there was not left there living man unhacked by him.

As much as his heart desired, was he victorious in the fight with them. Some humbly adjured him: "Slay us not, by thy faith!" Those he slew not, he enslaved them, whoever survived his wounds. Truly saith the Apostle: "Fear makes love."

O man! boast not of thy strength, brag not drunken like! Might is of none avail if the power of the Lord aid thee not. A tiny spark overcomes, and burns up great trees. If God protect thee, it cuts alike well whether thou strike with a log or a sword.

There Avt'handil saw their great treasures. He grappled twin-like ship to ship. He called the caravan. Usam was merry when he saw, he rejoiced, he lamented not, he spoke a eulogy in his praise, he gave form to great imaginings.

Praisers of Avt'handil need even a thousand tongues; even they could not tell how fair he appeared after the fight. The caravan shouted, saying: "Lord, thanks to Thee! The sun has shed down on us his beams; the dark night has broken into day for us."

That day they looked at that ship of the corsairs, they put not off till the morrow. How could they count the quantity of the treasure lying there! They conveyed it to their ship, they completely emptied the (pirate) ship; they smashed it up and burned some of it; the wood they bartered not for a drachma.

Usam conveyed to Avt'handil a message from the merchants: "We are strengthened by thee; we know our baseness. Whatever we have is thine, of this there can be no doubt; whatever thou givest us, let it be ours, we have made an assembly here."

The knight announced: "O brothers, but now ye heard it: the stream which flowed from your eyes has been perceived by God, He hath saved you alive. What am I? What joy, alas! have I given you? What could I do with whatever you gave me? I have myself and my horse!

"As much treasure as I desired to amass I had of mine own, countless priceless coverlets of silk. What use could I make of yours? What do I want? I am but your companion. Moreover, I have some other dangerous business.

"Now, of this countless treasure I have found here, take what you each wish; I shall be a claimant against none. One thing I entreat; grant my request, one not to be mistrusted; I have a certain matter to be kept hidden within you.

"Till the time comes, speak not of me as if I were not your master. Say, 'He is our chief,' call me not knight. I will clothe myself as a merchant, I will begin chaffering; keep the secret, by the brotherhood between us."

THE STORY OF AVT'HANDIL'S ARRIVAL IN GULANSHARO

Avt'handil crossed the sea; with stately form went he. They saw a city engirt by a thicket of garden, with wondrous kinds of flowers of many and many a hue. In what way canst thou understand the loveliness of that land!

With three ropes they moored the ship to the shore of those gardens. Avt'handil clad his form in a cloak and sat on a bench. They brought out men that were porters, hired with drachmas. That knight bargains, acts as chief of the caravan, and thereby conceals himself.

Thither came the gardener of him at whose garden they had landed; with ecstasy he gazes at the knight's face flashing like lightning. Avt'handil hailed him, he spoke to the man with faultless words: "Whose men are ye, who are ye? How call they the king reigning here?

"Tell me all in detail," quoth the knight to that man; "what stuff is dearer, or what is bought up cheap?" He said: "I see, thy face seems to me like the face of the sun. Whatever I know I will tell thee truly; I will by no means inform thee crookedly.

"The Sea Realm is this, ten months' (travel) in extent, this is the city of Gulansharo, full of much loveliness. Hither everything fair cometh by ships sailing from sea to sea. Melik Surkhavi rules, perfect in good fortune and wealth.

"I am a gardener to Usen, chief of the merchants. I shall tell thee somewhat of the manner of his ordinance: This is his garden, your resting place for the day; first it is necessary to show him all the fairest of your goods.

"When great merchants arrive they see him and give him gifts, they show him what they have, elsewhere they cannot unpack their goods; for the king they set aside the best, they straightway count out the price, thereupon he frees them to sell as they please.

"His duty it is to receive such honourable folk as you, he orders the caterers how to entertain them fitly; he is not now here, what avails it me to speak of him? To meet you and carry you away with him, pressing you politely, is the way he should treat you:

"P'hatman Khat'hun, the lady, his wife, is at home, a hospitable hostess, amiable, not rough. I shall inform her of your arrival, she will take you in as one of her own folk, she will send a man to meet you, you shall enter the city by daylight."

Avt'handil said: "Go, do whatever thou desirest." The gardener runs, he rejoices, sweat pours down to his breast. He tells his tidings to the lady: "I boast of this: a youth comes, to them that look on him his rays seem like the sun."

Dame P'hatman rejoiced; she sent ten slaves to meet him; they prepared the caravanserais, she stored their wares. The rose-cheeked, crystal and ruby, enamel, jet, entered; they who looked on him compared his feet to the panther's, his palms to the lion's (paws).

There was a hubbub, the hosts of the town all assembled; they pressed on this side and on that, saying: "How shall we gaze on him?" Some were carried away by desire, some had their souls reft from them; their wives grew weary of them, their husbands were left contemned.

AVT'HANDIL'S ARRIVAL AT P'HATMAN'S: HER RECEPTION OF HIM AND HER JOY

P'hatman, Usen's wife, met him in front of the door, joyful she saluted him, she showed her pleasure; they greeted each other, they went in and seated themselves. As I have observed, his coming annoyed not Dame P'hatman.

Dame P'hatman was attractive to the eye, not young but brisk, of a good figure, dark in complexion, plump-faced, not wizened, a lover of minstrels and singers, a wine-drinker; she had abundance of elegant gowns and head-dresses.

In the morning he showed all his wares, he had them all unpacked; the fairest were laid aside for the king, he had the price counted out; he said to the merchants: "Take them away!" he loaded them, (and) had them carried away. He said: "Sell as ye will; reveal not who I am!"

The knight was clad as a merchant; he was by no means dressed in his proper raiment. Sometimes P'hatman calls on him, sometimes he visits P'hatman. They sat together; they conversed with refined discourse. Absence from him was death to P'hatman, as Ramin's was to Vis.

Desire of Avt'handil went into the heart of Dame P'hatman, love grew from more to more, it burned her like fire, she essayed to conceal it, but could not hide her woes, she said: "What am I to do, what will avail me?" She rained, she poured forth tears.

P'hatman writes a letter to Avt'handil declaring her love. Avt'handil, considering that in a love affair she might confide all secrets, and perchance news of Nestan-Daredjan, pretends to return the love. A rendezvous is arranged.

That very night when the letter of invitation was presented to the knight, when twilight was falling and he was going, another slave met him on the way with the message: "Come not tonight; thou shalt find me unready for thee." This vexed him, he turned not back, he said: "What sort of thing is this?"

The invited guest went not back again on the withdrawal of his invitation. P'hatman sits troubled. Avt'handil the tree-like went in alone. He perceived the woman's uneasiness, he saw it forthwith on his going in; she could not reveal it from fear, and also out of complaisance for him.

They sat down together and began to kiss, to sport pleasantly, when a certain elegant youth of graceful mien appeared standing in the doorway. He entered; close behind followed a slave with sword and shield. When he saw Avt'handil he felt afraid before a rocky road.

When P'hatman saw, she was afraid, she shook and fell a-trembling. (The stranger) gazed with wonder at them lying caressing; he said: "I will not hinder, O woman... but when day breaks I shall cause thee to repent that thou hast had this youth.

"Thou hast shamed me, O wicked woman, and made me to be despised, but tomorrow thou shalt know the answer to be paid for this deed; I shall make thee to devour thy children with thy teeth; if I fail to do this, spit upon my beard, let me run naked in the fields!"

Thus he spake, and the man touched his beard and went out of the door. P'hatman began to beat her head, her cheeks were scratched, the gurgling of her tears flowing like a fountain was heard. She said: "Come, stone me with stone, let the throwers approach!"

She laments: "I have, alas! slain my husband, I have killed off my little children, I have given away as loot our possessions, the peerless cut gems! I am separated from my dear ones! Alas, the upbringer! Alas, the upbrought! I have made an end of myself; shameful are my words!"

Avt'handil hearkened to all this in perplexity. He said: "What troubles thee, what sayest thou, why dost thou thus lament, why did that youth threaten thee, what fault found he in thee? Be calm; tell me who he was and on what errand he roved!"

The woman replied: "O lion! I am mad with the flow of tears; ask me no more tidings, nought can I tell thee with my tongue. I have slain my children with mine own hand, therefore can I no more be gay; impatient for thy love I have slain myself.

"Do one thing of two: desire nothing more than this: If thou canst kill that man, go, slay him secretly by night; thus shalt thou save me and all my house from slaughter; return, I will tell thee all, the reason why I shed tears.

"If not, take away thy loads on asses this very night, escape from my neighbourhood, gather everything for flight. I doubt my sins will fill thee too with woe. If that knight go to court he will make me eat my children with my mouth."

When Avt'handil, the proud, gifted with bold resolve, heard this, he arose and took a mace—how fair, how bold is he! "To ignore this matter would be remissness on my part!" said he. Think not any living is his like; there is none other like unto him!

To P'hatman he said: "Give me a man as instructor, as guide, let him show me the road truly, else I want no helper; I cannot look on that man as a warrior and mine equal. What I do I shall tell thee; wait, be calm!"

The woman gave him a slave as guide and leader. Again she cried out: "Inasmuch as the hot fire is to be cooled, if thou slay that knight to assuage the irritation of my heart, he has my ring, I entreat thee to bring it hither."

Avt'handil of the peerless form passed the city. On the seashore stood a building of red-green stone; in the lower part fair palaces, then above terrace upon terrace, vast, beautiful, numerous, hanging one over the other.

HERE IS THE SLAYING OF THE CHACHNAGIR AND HIS TWO GUARDS BY AVT'HANDIL

Before the door of that luckless youth lay two guards. Avt'handil passed, he stole in without making a sound; he put a hand on each of their throats, forthwith he slew them, he struck head upon head, brain and hair were mingled.

That youth lay alone in his chamber with angry heart. Bloody-handed Avt'handil, strong in stature, entered, he gave him no time to rise, privily he slew him, we could not have perceived it; he laid hold of him, struck him on the ground, slew him with a knife.

He is a sun to them that gaze on him, a wild beast and a terror to those that oppose him. He cut off the finger with the ring, he hurled him down

to the ground; he threw him from the window towards the sea, he was mingled with the sands of the sea; for him nowhere is there a tomb, nor spade to dig his grave.

When the lion, the sun, the sweetly-speaking knight, came into P'hatman's (house), he announced: "I have slain him; no more will that youth see sunny day; thy slave himself I have as witness; make him swear an oath in God's name (that I did the deed); behold the finger and the ring, and I have my knife bloodied.

"Now tell me of what thou spakest, why thou wert so furiously enraged? With what did that man threaten thee? I am in great haste (to know it)." P'hatman embraced his legs: "I am not worthy to look on thy face; my wounded heart is healed; now I am ready to extinguish my fires.

"I and Usen with our children are now born anew. O lion, how can we magnify thy praises!"

P'hatman explains that the youth had been her lover and that she had revealed to him a secret which, if he had exposed it, would have meant her ruin and the ruin of her family. This was the secret: one night, she saw an extraordinary black-veiled woman in the custody of two Negro slaves. She rescued the woman from the slaves and sheltered her. The beautiful black-veiled woman mourned like one overcome with tragedy. P'hatman kept her whereabouts secret but finally, out of fear, told her husband, binding him to the secret. Her husband, however, entertained by the king, became drunk and boasted to the king about the beauty of the refugee. The king sent for her and seeing her, held her as a bride for his son who was returning from a campaign. Nestan-Daredjan bribed the eunuchs guarding her, with jewels given her by P'hatman, and with the aid of P'hatman, who gave her a swift horse, escaped. Later, from wandering traders P'hatman learned that Nestan-Daredjan had been captured and was in the hands of the queen of Kadjet'hi, the city of the Kadjis, a people who practised magic. This P'hatman confirmed by sending there, to Nestan, slaves of her own who had the power of rendering themselves invisible, and who returned with news of Nestan.

For the knowledge of this story he magnified God with tears. P'hatman thought of herself; therefore she was again burned up. The knight kept his secret, he lent himself to love; P'hatman embraced his neck, she kissed his sun-like face.

That night P'hatman enjoyed lying with Avt'handil; the knight unwillingly embraced her neck with his crystal neck; remembrance of T'hinat'hin slays him, he quakes with secret fear, his maddened heart raced away to the wild beasts and ran with them.

Day dawned; the sun Avt'handil whose rays were soiled by the world went forth to bathe. The woman gave him many coats, cloaks, turbans, many kinds of perfumes, fair clean shirts. "Whatsoever thou desirest," said she, "put on; be not shy of me!"

Avt'handil said: "This day will I declare mine affair." The wearing of merchant garb had hitherto been his resolve. That day wholly in knightly raiment he apparelled his brave form; he increased his beauty, the lion resembled the sun.

P'hatman prepared a meal, to which she invited Avt'handil. The knight came in adorned, gaily, not with louring looks. P'hatman looked, she was astonished that he was not in merchant garb; she smiled at him: "Thus is it better for the pleasure of them that are made for thee."

When they had eaten they separated, the knight went home; having drunk wine, he lay down merry, pleasantly he fell asleep. At eventide he awoke; he shed his rays across the fields. He invited P'hatman: "Come see me, I am alone, quite alone!"

P'hatman went, Avt'handil heard her voice making moan; she said: "Undoubtedly I am slain by him whose form is like an aloe-tree." He set her at his side; he gave her a pillow from his carpet. The shade from the eaves of the eyelashes overshadows the rose-garden (of the cheeks).

Avt'handil said: "O P'hatman, I know thee; thou wilt tremble at these tiding like one bitten by a serpent; but hitherto thou hast not heard the truth concerning me: my slayers are black lashes, trees of jet.

"Thou thinkest me some merchant, master of a caravan; I am the Commander-in-Chief of the exalted King Rostevan, chief of the great host befitting him; I have the mastery over many treasuries and arsenals.

"I know thee to be a good friend, faithful, trusty.—He has one daughter, a sun the enlightener of lands; she it is who consumes me and melts me; she sent me, I forsook my master, her father.

"That damsel thou hadst—to seek that same damsel, that substitutes for the sun, I have gone over the whole world; I have seen him who roves for her sake, where he, pale lion, lies wasting himself, his heart and strength."

Avt'handil told all his own tale to P'hatman, the story of the donning of the tiger hide by Tariel. He said: "Thou art the balm of him thou hast not yet seen, the resource of him of frequent eyelash, ruffled like a raven's wing.

"Come, P'hatman, and aid me, let us try to be of use to him, let us help them, perchance those stars shall receive joy. All men who shall know it, all will begin to praise us. Surely again will it befall the lovers to meet.

"Bring me that sorcerer slave, I will send him to Kadjet'hi, we will make known to the maiden all the tidings known to us, she also will inform us of the truth, we will do what she chooses. God grant you may hear that the kingdom of the Kadjis is vanquished by us."

P'hatman said: "Glory to God, what things have befallen me! This day I have heard tidings equal to immortality!" She brought the sorcerer slave, black as a raven, and said: "I send thee to Kadjet'hi; go, thou hast a long journey.

"Now will appear advantage for me from thy witchcraft, speedily quench the furnace of the burning of my fires, tell that sun the means for her cure." He said: "Tomorrow I shall give you full news of what you wish."

P'hatman sends a letter to Nestan-Daredjan by her magician slaves. Nestan-Daredjan replies that she is too well guarded and begs Tariel not to risk his life attempting a rescue. As a token she sends a cutting of the veil given her by Tariel.

That slave departed, journeying to Gulansharo; in one instant he reached P'hatman's, he travelled not many days. When this matter so dear to him had been accomplished, Avt'handil with hands upraised thanks God, with full understanding, not as one bemused.

He said to P'hatman: "The thing desired is timely finished for me; thy great zeal for my sake is (still) unrecompensed. I go, I have no leisure to tarry longer, last year's time is come. Swiftly shall I lead into Kadjet'hi him who will annihilate and destroy them."

The knight called P'hridon's slaves who attended him. He said: "Corpses hitherto, now indeed are we enlivened; we are renewed by the hearing of what we wished. I shall show you our enemies wounded and thereby woe-stricken.

"Go and tell P'hridon this unvarnished story. I cannot see him, I am hurried, my road is one of haste. Let him strengthen his great voice to make it still more bold. I will give you all the treasure taken by me as booty.

"Great is the debt laid upon me by you; I will show my gratitude in another way when I join P'hridon again. For the nonce, take away all that was reft from the pirates; I can give you no more than this, I know that so I shall seem to you niggardly.

"I have no home near; I have no power to dispense gifts." He gave them a ship full, beautiful things, a host in number. He said: "Go, take them away, travel the road to that same region. Give this letter from me, his sworn brother, to P'hridon."

AVT'HANDIL'S LETTER TO P'HRIDON

He wrote: "Exalted P'hridon, supremely blest, king of kings, lion-like in stout-heartedness, O sun, recklessly shedding rays, mighty, joyous, spiller of the blood of foes—thy youngest brother from far, far away barks thee a greeting.

"I have seen troubles, and I have, too, received recompense for what pains I have suffered. Well hath fallen out the matter planned by me: I have truly learned the story of that face likened to a sun, the sustainer of that lion who was buried under the earth.

"The sovereign of the Kadjis has that sun; she is captive in Kadjet'hi. To go thither seems to me sport, though the road is one of battle. From the narcissi a rain of crystal falls; the rose is wet with rain. The Kadjis are not yet with the maid, but countless is their host.

"Glad in heart I rejoice, for this my tear will not flow in channels. Wherever thou and thy brother (Tariel) are the difficult will be made easy; whatever you may desire you will certainly do it, you shall not fail; not only no man can stand against you, I trow even a rock will soften before you.

"Now pardon me, I cannot see thee, so I have passed afar off: I have no leisure to linger on the road, for that moon is captive. Soon shall we come merry; rejoice at the sight of us! What more than this can I say to thee: help thy brother in brotherly fashion?

"The attachment of these slaves is beyond reward; pleasantly have they served me, and your heart, too, will be pleased at this. Why should he be praised who hath sojourned long with you? Every like gives birth to like; this is a saying of the sages."

Avt'handil searched; he found a ship of that region (where Tariel was). That sun with the face of a full moon prepared to set out; but to leave the woeful-hearted P'hatman was a heaviness to him; those who parted from him shed a rivulet of blood.

Avt'handil meets with Tariel, gives him the news. Tariel is entranced and for the first time opens the vaults of the caves of the Devis, finding an in-

finite treasure. Among the treasures are three suits of armour impenetrable to weapons, and three swords of magical strength and sharpness. Avt'handil and Tariel arm themselves in this armour and carry the third suit and sword to P'hridon.

TARIEL AND AVT'HANDIL GO TO P'HRIDON

When day dawned they set out; they took Asmat'h with them. Till they came to Nuradin's land they mounted her behind them; there a merchant gave them a horse for a price in gold, he made not a gift of it. As guide Avt'handil sufficed; whom else need he take!

They wended their way and met with Nuradin's herdsmen, they saw the herd (of horses); it pleased them, who had come for P'hridon. There said the Hindoo to Avt'handil: "I will have thee do a good piece of fooling: Come, let us play a joke on P'hridon, let us chase his herd.

"We will carry off the herd, and he will come and hear that the herd is reived; he will prepare to do battle, to dye the plain with gore. Suddenly he will recognize us, he will be surprised, he will calm his heart. Pleasant is good joking; it makes even the proud merry."

They began to seize the steeds, P'hridon's finest. There the herdsmen made a torch, they struck steel. They shouted: "Who are ye, knights, who do such high deeds? This herd is his who strikes the foe with his sword without making him to sigh."

P'hridon arrayed himself, he mounted, he rode forth in full array. They made an outcry, they united, the regiment covered the fields. Those suns whom winter could not freeze came forward; they were covered up, helmets hid their faces.

When Tariel knew P'hridon, "Now have I seen him I want," said he; he raised his helm, he smiled, he laughed; he said to P'hridon: "What dost thou wish? Why doth our coming annoy thee? Bad host! Thou meetest us to fight."

P'hridon swiftly dismounted; he fell down and saluted. They also alighted, they embraced—ay, kissed him. P'hridon with upraised hand gave God measureless thanks. The magnates also kissed them, whoever knew them.

P'hridon said: "Why tarried ye? I expected ye sooner. I am ready; I shall not lag in any service of yours!" It seemed as if two suns and a moon were united there; they beautified one another. They set out, they departed.

At P'hridons fairly-builded house they both alighted; he sits down beside his sworn brother Avt'handil; Tariel sat on a throne covered in cloth of gold. To P'hridon, renowned as a hero, they presented that armour.

They said; "At this time we have no other gifts for thee, but we have many other fair things lying in a place (we wot of)." He laid his face to the ground, he wasted not time: "Such a gift to me is worthy of you."

That night they rested as P'hridon's guests; baths he gave them, he gave them gifts of garments in plenty, he clad their beauty in beauty, each (garment) fairer than the other; he gave them rare jewels and pearls in a golden basin.

He said: "This is the speech of a bad host; 'tis as if hospitality to you wise ones wearied me as if you were mad; but tarrying now avails not, it is better to travel the long road; if the Kadjis outstrip us there is a risk of trouble

"Why should we use great hosts? We want good and few; three hundred men suffice us, let us go swift like runaways; in Kadjet'hi for fighting the

Kadjis we shall put basket-hilts on our swords; soon shall we find her whose pleasant aloe form will slay us.

"Once aforetime I was in Kadjet'hi; you shall see it, and you, too, shall find it strong; on all sides round about is rock, a foe may not come up to it; if they may not go in privily, it is impossible to engage openly; so we need no army, the squadron cannot follow us secretly."

With what he said, they too agreed. They left there the maiden Asmat'h; P'hridon bestows a gift upon her. They took with them three hundred horsemen equal to heroes. At the last God will give the victory to all who have been distressed.

All three sworn brothers crossed the sea. P'hridon knows the way; going day and night they travel. P'hridon said: "Now are we coming nigh the regions of Kadjet'hi; henceforth we must travel by night so that we be not discovered."

The three behaved according to this advice of P'hridon's; when it was daylight they stopped, and by night they went swiftly on. They arrived; the city appeared; they could not count the guards; outside was a rock, the noise of the sentinels in crowds increased.

THE COUNSEL OF NURADIN-P'HRIDON

P'hridon said: "I will speak a word, I think I am not at fault: We are few, the city is only expugnable by many; we have not strength for a direct attack—this is no time for boasting—in a thousand years we could not anywhere win in if they shut the gate against us.

"In my childhood my tutors instructed me in rope dancing, they taught me their tricks, they made me leap, they trained me, I used to go along a rope so that eyes could not follow me; whatever little boys looked at me they also desired to do it.

"Now, whichever of you knows best how to cast a noose, let us throw the end of a long rope to that tower, it seems as easy for me to cross as a field; I shall make it a trouble to you to find a sound man inside.

"To me it seems nought to cross in armour, no trouble to bear a shield; nimbly shall I leap down inside, strike like a wind, slay the soldiers; I shall open, you will see the opening of the gate, you too come thither where you hear the uproar of alarm."

THE COUNSEL OF AVT'HANDIL

Avt'handil said: "Ha, P'hridon! friends cannot complain of thee; thou hast hope in thy lion-like arms, wounds hurt not thee; thou counsellest hard counsel to make foes lament; but hearest thou not how very near the garrison shouts.

"When thou goest over, the garrison will hear the clatter of thine armour, they will perceive thee, they will cut the cord, of this thou must be assured. Everything will turn out ill for thee; only the vain attempt will remain to thee. That counsel is of no value; let us help ourselves in some other way.

"This is better; you stay hidden in ambush. These men will not lay hands on a traveller coming into the town. I will dress myself as a merchant, I will do a treacherous deed; I will load a mule with helmet, hauberk and sword.

"It is of no use for the three of us to go in, there is risk that they would perceive it; I shall go alone as a merchant, and well shall I win in unnoticed; secretly shall I don mine armour, I shall appear, I shall deceive them. God grant that I may make channels of blood to flow generously in there!

"Without any difficulty I shall remove the guards inside; you strike outside the gate, all like heroes; I shall shatter the locks, I shall open, stone and mortar will not stop me. If aught else would do better, say so; I am for a plan of this sort."

THE COUNSEL OF TARIEL

Tariel said: "I recognize your heroism exceeding that of heroes; your counsel and advice is like your own stout-heartedness; I know you desire fierce fight, not a vain brandishing of swords, when the battle becomes perilous then are ye men.

"But let me too have some choice in the matter. The sound will be heard by her who maddens me; like the sun she will be standing aloft; you will have fierce fight, she will see me as a non-combatant! This will be a slur on me. Nay, speak no flattering words!

"Better than that counsel is this—let us do as I say: Let us divide the men by hundreds; when night turns to dawn let the three of us start out from three places, swiftly let us urge on your horses; they will send out to encounter us, we shall seem insignificant to them, we shall lend a powerful palm to the sword.

"Swiftly shall we engage them, we shall get round them; they will not be able to shut the gates against us; one of the three will go in, the others from outside will strike the foe that is outside; that one who is inside will fall on those within, making their blood flow; again let us lay hold of the arms mightily used by us!"

P'hridon said: "I understand, I perceive, I know what (it is). None could forestall at the gates that horse that once was mine; when I gave it I knew not that we should want to mount guard over the Kadjis in Kadjet'hi; if so, I tell thee I would by no means have given it to thee, such is mine avarice!"

P'hridon the gay jests with such discourse as this; thereupon they, the eloquent, wise-worded ones, laugh, they joke one with another, with merriment beseeming them. They dismounted and arrayed themselves; they mounted their excellent steeds.

Again they interchanged words, not tart to the mouth. They resolved on that plan proposed by Taria. They divided among them by hundreds the men, all equal to heroes. They mounted their horses; they covered their heads with their helmets.

I saw those heroes shining with rays excelling the sun; those three are covered by the seven planets with a column of light. Tariel with slender form sits on the black (horse); they consumed their foes in fight as their admirers by gazing.

The three split up into three, one for each gate; with them they had three hundred men all equal to heroes. That night they hastily made a reconnaissance, not illusory. Day dawned, they appeared, they set forth, they each had his shield.

First they went quietly in the guise of some travellers; those inside could not perceive, they could not meet them alertly, they had no fear in their hearts, quietly they stood at ease. They approached; for the time being they covered over their helmets.

Suddenly they spurred their horses, their whips swished. When they saw, they opened the gates, a tumult came forth from the city. The three set out in three different directions, thus risking their lives (?). They played on fifes and drums; they made the trumpets sound shrill.

Then the measureless wrath of God struck Kadjet'hi. Cronos, looking down in anger, removed the sweetness of the sun; to them also in wrath turned round the wheel and circle of heaven. The fields could not contain the corpses; the army of the dead was increasing.

Avt'handil and the lion P'hridon met inside, they had wholly destroyed the enemy, whose blood flowed in streams; they shouted and saw each other, they rejoiced greatly; they said: "How goeth it with Tariel?" Their eyes roved round seeking him.

None of them knew; they could hear nought of Tariel. They wended to the castle gate, no care had they for the foe; there they saw a bank of armour, shattered chips of sword-blades, the ten thousand guards lifeless, like dust.

They found the roads prepared, they entered and crept up the passage; they saw: the moon was freed from the serpent to meet the sun; he raised his helmet, his reedy hair thrown back became him (well), breast was glued to breast, neck was riveted to neck.

They kissed each other, they stood neck-welded; again full oft they glued the roses of the opened lips. Now came forth also the three sworn brothers and were gathered together; they gave greeting to that sun, they presented themselves as they were called on.

The sun met them with lovely, laughing face, the proud one kissed her helpers with gentle mien, she humbly gave them thanks with dainty words; both together talked with fair discourse.

They collected mules, camels, whatever they could find that was swift, they loaded three thousand with pearls and gems, every gem cut, jacinths and rubies; they placed that sun in a palanquin, precautions are taken by them.

They appointed sixty men to guard the castle of Kadjet'hi. They led away that sun—hard would it be to ravish her from them—they set out for the City of the Seas, though long is the way thither. They said: "We must see P'hatman; we owe her a due recompense."

They visit Dame P'hatman; then they accompany P'hridon to his kingdom.

THE WEDDING OF TARIEL AND NESTAN BY P'HRIDON

They placed for the maid and the youth a throne white and coral-hued, prettily sprinkled with red and yellow gems; for Avt'handil one of mingled yellow and black; they came, they sat down. The spectators, I ween, were impatient for them.

They brought out incomparable gifts from the wealthy P'hridon; nine pearls in size like a goose's egg; also one gem like to the sun with augmented ray; before it at night a painter could have painted a picture.

Likewise he presented to each a necklace to throw over the neck, of gems cut into spheres, of whole jacinths. He also brought a tray scarcely to be held in the hand, a gift for the lion Avt'handil from the generous P'hridon.

That tray is full of plump pearls; he gave all to Avt'handil, with not unseemly words. The house was filled with brocade and soft cloth of gold; Tariel the proud gave thanks with sweet words.

For eight days P'hridon made measureless wedding festivities, every day they offer priceless presents prepared; day and night castanets and harp ceased not to sound. Behold a youth and a maiden worthy each of other have attained each other.

Tariel one day spoke to P'hridon words of the heart: "Your heart is more mine than that of a born brother; my life would not be a fitting return, nor the gift of my soul; dying I found from you the balm for my wound.

"Thou knowest of Avt'handil's self-sacrifice for my sake; now I would serve him in return; go, ask, he will reveal what he wants; as he hath quenched my furnace, even so hath he heated his.

"Say to him: 'O brother, what will repay thee for the grief thou hast seen for my sake? God will grant thee His grace imaged forth from on high. If I cannot do something desirable for thee, contrived for thy sake, I will not see my house, nor hall, nor hut.

" 'Now tell me what thou wishest of me, or in what I can help thee. I choose that we go to Arabia; be thou my guide. Our swords and sweet words will arrange our business. If thou be not united to thy wife I will be no husband to mine.' "

When P'hridon told Avt'handil Taria's message he laughed, he smiled, mirth beautified him. He said: "Why want I a helper? I am not hurt by a wound from any. The Kadjis possess not my sun, nor doth lack of joy afflict her.

"My sun sits upon a throne, powerful by the will of God, respected and honoured, proud, harmed by none, she is by no means oppressed by Kadjis, nor by the sorcery of wizards. Why should I want help with regard to her? Expect me not to speak flattering words.

"Go and report to Tariel the answer spoken by me: 'What thanks are needed, O king, however great is thy compassion; even from my mother's womb am I born to be your servant, and, by God, let me be but earth till thou be recognized as king.'

"Thou hast said: 'I desire thy union to thy beloved!' This is like your compassionate heart. There my sword cuts not, nor breadth of tongue. It is better for me to await the deed of yon celestial Providence.

"This is my wish and my desire, that I may see thee powerful in India, enthroned upon the thrones, the heavenly planet, too, sitting by thy side, the face flashing lightning; that your foes be exterminated, that no adversary appear there.

"When these the desires of my heart have been fulfilled to me, then indeed shall I go to Arabia, it will befall me to be near that sun; when she wills she shall quench the burnings of this fire for me. Nought else do I wish from you; I hate all kinds of flattery."

When P'hridon reported to Tariel these words of the knight, he said: "That will I not do; for that it needs no wizard. As he found the cause of the existence of my life (Nestan), even so he too shall see the valour of a brother in his favour.

"Go, speak on my behalf words not of adulation: 'I will not remain without seeing thy foster-father. I suspect I slew many servants beloved by him. I will only beg forgiveness, and so I shall return.'

P'hridon told Avt'handil Taria's message: "He will not stay," quoth he; "vain is it for thee to speak of waiting!" It oppressed him; again the smoke and glow burned his heart. Thus respect is due to kings, devotion from knights.

Avt'handil went to beseech Taria on bended knee; he embraces his feet, he kisses them, he no longer looks up to his waist. He says: "What I have sinned against Rosten this year is enough; make me not again to be a breaker, a shatterer of loyalty.

"What thou desirest God's justice will not give thee. How can I dare do a treacherous deed to my foster-father, how can I undertake aught against him who for my sake is become pale, how can the servant use his sword upon his master!

"Such a deed will make discord between me and my beloved. Woe is me if she become angry, displeased, if wrath compel her heart! (Then) will she even stint me of tidings, and make me languish for a sight of her. No man of flesh can exact forgiveness for me."

Tariel, that radiant sun, spake laughing. He took Avt'handil's hand, raised him, set him on his feet: "Thy help hath done me every good, but it is better that thou also should'st rejoice my joy with thine.

"I know the heart of thy beloved with regard to thee; the visit of me who have met thee will not displease her. Now I can venture to speak somewhat plausibly to the king: I only desire to see the desirable sight of them.

"This only will I say to him entreatingly and respectfully: that he should give thee his daughter of his free will. Since the end is union, how can you endure separation? Beautify each other; fade not apart."

When Avt'handil knew from Taria that he would not be hindered from going, he ventured not dispute, he added thereto assent. P'hridon counted over select men as a convoy; he set out with them, of course he travelled the road with them.

TARIEL GOES AGAIN TO THE CAVE AND SEES THE TREASURE

Those lions, those suns, set out from P'hridon's. They lead with them the sun-faced, the maiden, the amazing to beholders; the raven's tail, ordered, hangs coiled by the crystal; beauty, tenderness, there adorned the ruby of Badaka-Shan.

It was as if the sun sat in the firmament amid moons. Many days they journeyed, merry, sagely discoursing, within those great plains on all sides unattained of men. They reached the neighbourhood of that rock where Tariel had been.

Tariel said: "It is seemly that I should be your host this day. Thither will I go where I was while madness afflicted me. There will Asmat'h entertain us; she hath (store of) smoked meat. When I give you fair gifts you shall praise the variety of the treasure."

They explored the hill abounding in caves, merry they played; they found those treasures sealed up by Taria, uncounted by any, apprehended by none; they say not with dissatisfied hearts; "We lack!"

He gave many fair gifts, to each what was fitting; then he enriched P'hridon's people, army and generals alike; every man was enriched, (all) those who came with them, but there lay so much treasure it seemed still untouched by man.

He said to P'hridon: "Hard will it be for me to pay the debt I owe thee; but it is said: 'A man who is a doer of good loseth not in the end.' Now the treasure, as much as lieth here or is to be found, let it all be thine, take it away, as it belongs to thee."

P'hridon humbly did homage, he expressed exceeding gratitude: "O king, why thinkest thou me stupid and thus mazed? Every enemy seems to thee as straw, however much he may be like a thick cudgel. My joy lasts but so long as I shall be a gazer on thee."

P'hridon made men go back to bring camels to take away all this treasure to his home. Now they set out thence on the road leading to Arabia. Avt'handil is a minished moon (by longing) to be united with the sun.

When many days were passed they reached the boundaries of Arabia; they saw villages, castles, frequent, uninterrupted; those dwelling therein had clothed their forms in blue and green, all are bathed in tears for Avt'handil.

Tariel sent a man to the presence of King Rosten to say: "I venture, O king, to wish you the fulfilment of your desires; I, King of the Indians, come to your royal court; I will show thee the rosebud, unfaded, unplucked.

"Formerly my sight—the ground under your feet—made you angry; thou didst ill in attempting to capture me, to urge thy horse against me; I showed thine armies some sign of anger, I massacred many slaves, servants of your palace.

"Now therefore I come before you, I have gone out of my way; you will pardon me that in which I sinned against thee, let thy wrath be sufficient. We have no offerings, as P'hridon and his knights can testify; the only gift I have brought you is your Avt'handil."

Tongue cannot shortly tell how they rejoiced when the messenger of these good tidings came to the king; the brilliancy of three rays were added to T'hinat'hin's cheeks, the shadow of eyebrows and lashes makes fairer the crystal and ruby.

They beat the kettledrums and peals of joyous laughter were heard, the soldiers ran hither and thither, they desired to run to meet them, they began to lead out the horses and to bring out saddles, a multitude of knights, swift-armed, stout-hearted, mounted.

The king mounted, the princes and the armies entire go to meet them; whoever hears, others from divers parts come to his presence; all give thanks to God, they raise their voices, they say: "Evil hath no existence; good things are ever ready for thee!"

When they met and the meeters perceived each other, Avt'handil said with tender words to Tariel: "Behold, seest thou the dust-dyed plains? Therefore a furnace consumes me, my heart is fevered and sad.

"There is my foster-father; he is come to meet you. I cannot go thither, I am ashamed, a furnace consumes my heart; living man hath never been shamed as I am. What you intend to do for me you know, also P'hridon who is beside you."

Tariel said: "Thou dost well to show respect to thy lord. Now stay, come not thither, stay alone without me. I will go; I will tell the king of thy hiding. With God's help I think I shall soon unite thee to that sun with the figure of an aloe."

The lion Avt'handil tarried there; a little tent was put up. Nestan-Daredjan also stayed there, the amazer of beholders; the zephyr of her eyelashes is wafted like a north-east wind. The King of the Indians departed straight, not secretly.

P'hridon went with him; of a truth they were a long time crossing the field. The king knew (of their coming). Tariel went forward alone, his figure swayed; he dismounted and did homage to the bold one strong as a lion; he does honour to the King of the Indians as a father.

Tariel also did homage; he goes to kiss, to greet. The king kissed his neck to give pleasure to his lips; in wonder he speaks, in order to embolden him: "Thou art the sun; separation from thee turns day into night."

The king marvelled at this beauty and good looks, he gazes with wonder on his face, he praises the hardihood of his arms. Then P'hridon also greeted him; he did homage to the king, to the king eager for the sight of Avt'handil.

The king shrinks from praising Taria, and is discouraged. Tariel says: "O king, hereby is my heart subjected to thee; I marvel how you can think thus of my worth; since Avt'handil is thine, how can any other please thee!"

The kings sat down; the multitude of the host stood round. A smile brighter than a lamp flits over Tariel's face; the sight maddens the beholders of his bearing and gestures. He began to relate to the king a speech wisely chosen:

"O king, I hold myself unworthy to mention this, but I am come before you to entreat, to beg; he himself beseeches who seems a sun-like shedder of rays, he who is my light and enlightener.

"Now we both venture to approach thee with prayer and entreaty. Avt-'handil gave me balm befitting him; he forgot that woes quite equal to ours afflicted him. I will not weary thee; a long story is beyond our powers.

"Your children love each other, the maid loves him and he the maid; therefore I think on him pitiful, tearful and wan, on bended knee I entreat thee, let them no longer be consumed by flame, but give your daughter to the strong-armed, stout-hearted one.

"No more than this will I ask of thee, neither short nor long." He drew forth his handkerchief, tied it round his neck, rose up, bent his knee, besought him as a teacher. It astonished all men who heard this story.

When he saw Tariel on his bended knees, the king was dismayed; he went back a long way, he did homage, he fell down to the earth. He said: "O monarch, all my joy is blown away from me; this abasement of you thus has saddened for me the sight of you.

"How could it be that man should not grant thee whatever thou desirest, or that I should grudge my daughter if thou didst wish to devote her to death or slavery even! If you had even ordered it from your home, not even then would my tears flow; none other can she find like him if she fly up even to heaven!

"I could not find a better son-in-law than Avt'handil. Myself I have given the realm to my daughter, she has it and it befits her; the rose blooms anew, my flower is blown. What objection can I make? Only let him be satisfied!"

When Tariel heard this speech from the king, he bowed himself, humbly did homage, fell on his face. Then the king did homage to him, he came forward, he stood before him. They thanked each other, nor were they at all annoyed.

P'hridon mounted, he galloped as herald of good tidings to Avt'handil—indeed, he also rejoiced at this great joy—he went and took him, led him

and accompanied him; but he is abashed before the king, darkly he shed (his) beam.

The king arose, met him; the knight dismounted when (the king) came; in his hands he had a handkerchief, therewith he hid his face. The sun was concealed by a cloud, it grew gloomy, the rose was chilled; but how could anything hide his beauty!

The king would have kissed him, tears no longer flow, Avt'handil embraced his feet, the ray streamed down; (the king) said: "Arise, be not ashamed, thou hast revealed thy prowess; since thou art loyal to me, be not ashamed; why shouldst thou be ashamed before me?"

The king embraced the neck of that lion and hero-like one, he seats him close, he speaks to him, kisses him, gazes on his face. That sun so met royalty, as he was worthy of it. Then is joy pleasant, when a man hath passed through grief.

The knight says to the king: "I marvel that thou speakest of something else, why thou desirest not to see the sun, or why thou delayest! Meet her gaily, conduct her to your house; be clothed in her rays, set them around as a light."

He told Tariel also; they mounted and went to meet the lady. The cheeks of those three Goliaths were dyed to sun colour; they met what they desired, they found what they sought; they had handled their swords, not girded them idly on their loins.

Dismounting afar off, the king greeted the lady, the lightning flashing from her cheeks blinded his eyes; she met him, sitting in the palanquin she kissed him. The king began a eulogy; he was wholly bereft of his wits.

He said: "O sun, how shall I praise thee, O light and maker of good weather! For thy sake understandings are mad, and not for naught. O sun-like and moon-like, to what planet do they liken thee! No longer do I wish to look on you, O ye roses and violets!"

They mounted, they all went homewards, they have the seven planets to compare with that sun; her beauty is incomprehensible, it is beyond their understanding. Soon they came to the place of the king's dwelling house.

They came in, they saw T'hinat'hin, the bestower of woe on them that look on her; the wearing of the purple beautified the sceptre and crown bearer; the radiance of her face rested on the faces of the newcomers. The King of the Indians entered, that hero-like sun.

Tariel and his wife humbly saluted the maid, they met, kissed and held pleasant converse, they illumined that house (hall), they made not the light to fade.

Both took him by the hand and set him on her throne; they placed Avt'handil by the side of her for desire of whom he was slain; she is better than the seen and the unseen, (better) than all sights. Think not any were like them in love, not even Ramin and Vis.

The maiden was bashful and astonished to have Avt'handil seated by her side; her colour paled and her heart shot forth a tremor from within. The king said: "Child, why art thou so bashful before me? The sages say that love in its end will not fail.

"Now, children, God grant you a thousand years' length of life, happiness, prosperity, glory, and, moreover, freedom from ills; may heaven not make you fickle, may it fall to your lot to be steadfast like it, may my fate be to have the earth heaped over me by your hands."

Then the king commanded the armies to do homage to Avt'handil; "This is your king," quoth he, "such was God's will. This day he hath my throne, I have old age like an infection. Serve him as well as you have served me, keep my command."

The soldiers and the magnates bent, humbly they did homage; they said: "Let us be as the earth to them that dispose of our lives; them who magnify those of us who are obedient, who liken the disobedient unto corpses, who make the arms of foes to fail (and) encourage our hearts!"

Avt'handil and T'hinat'hin are married by King Rostevan. Immediately after the marriage Avt'handil leads an army, and together with P'hridon's troops they help Tariel conquer his kingdom. Then the heroes disperse and Avt'handil and P'hridon return to their realms.

They poured down mercy like snow on all alike, they enriched orphans and widows and the poor did not beg, they terrified evil-doers; lambs did not suck from strange ewes, within their dominions the goat and the wolf fed together.

EPILOGUE

Their tale is ended like a dream of the night. They are passed away, gone beyond the world. Behold the treachery of time; to him who thinks it long, even for him it is of a moment. I a certain Meskhian bard of the borough of Rust'havi, I write (this).

For David, god of the Georgians, whom the sun serves in his course, I have put this story into verse, for his entertainment who strikes terror from East to West, consuming those who are traitors to him, rejoices those who are loyal.

How shall I sing David's deeds, heroic and loud-sounding, these wondrous tales of strange, foreign monarchs! Old-time customs and deeds, praises of those kings, have I found and done into verse. Thus have we chattered!

This is such a world as is not to be trusted by any; it is a moment to the eyes of men, and only long enough for the blinking of the eyelashes. What seek you, what do you? Fate is an insulter. For him whom Fate deceives not it is better to be in both worlds.

Mose Khoneli praised Amiran, son of Daredjan; Shavt'heli, whose poem they admired, praised Abdul-Mesia; Sargis T'hmogveli, the unwearying-tongued, praised Dilarget'h; Rustaveli praised Tariel, for whom his tear unceasing flows.

The Georgian Epic

Biographers of the poet, Shota Rustaveli, find themselves in disagreement on a number of essential points.

The only trustworthy source of information about him is his own poem, *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin*. We can determine with absolute certainty the period when he lived and wrote, but not the exact date when he composed the poem. Only the juxtaposition of historical facts with the subject matter of the poem—that is, with the historical references it contains—makes it possible to determine the limits of the period within which the work could have been written. This period begins with the closing years of the twelfth century and ends with the opening years of the thirteenth.

The inclusion or omission in the poem of well-known historical facts and events affords us the only correct clue enabling us to fix the time when the poem was written.

In this connection the following questions arise: first, what explanation can be offered for the fact that Rustaveli, while naming and even describing in detail the more important of the Eastern and Western states of his time, makes no mention whatever of the greatest medieval empire of the West—Byzantium? Second: how to account for the fact that the poet who gives us a detailed description of Hindustan says nothing about the kingdom of the Ghorides, of which Hindustan was a province? Third: a similar question arises in connection with the great Mongol empire of which no mention is made in the poem, while other big eastern kingdoms—such as Khwarazm and Khatevet'hi—are described by Rustaveli in some detail. Fourth: where was the kingdom of "Romania" of which the poet speaks, at what historical period did it exist and how did it come to be included in Rustaveli's poem? An analysis of these questions helps us date the poem.

The absence of any reference to Byzantium throughout the poem, an omission which strikes one as strange at first, is explained if we recall that in Rustaveli's time the Byzantine empire had ceased to exist: it had been conquered by the Crusaders and the Venetians and partitioned between them, their rule lasting from 1204 to 1261 when the Empire was restored. Rustaveli's poem must have been written during the interval.

This conclusion is supported by Rustaveli's mention of the kingdom of "Romania," founded by French knights on the ruins of the Byzantine empire after the capture of Constantinople, *i.e.*, after 1204.

As regards Hindustan, by a similar process of juxtaposition of historical facts we arrive at a similar conclusion: the Ghoride kingdom, of which Hindustan was a province, was destroyed in 1204 by Mahmud of Khwarazm, and a separate Hindustan sultanate was formed in 1206 from what had been provinces of the Ghoride state. This was the reason why Rustaveli wrote so much about Hindustan without mentioning the kingdom of the Ghorides. Historical facts regarding the great states of the East, chiefly the Mongolian, Khwarazm and Khatavet'hi, set up a chronological boundary beyond which Rustaveli's poem could not have been written. It is clear that the poet must have written it before the Mongol invasion, the destruction of Khwarazm by Genghis-Khan and the establishment of the Mongol dominion in Hither Asia in 1236-38.

The poem itself, therefore, supplies us with sufficient historical data for determining the time of its composition. This was, beyond doubt, during the reign of Queen T'hamar (1184-1213), the brilliant beginning of the renaissance of Georgian culture, the "Golden Age" of its history. In the opening and closing lines of the poem, Rustaveli praises the queen and her consort David Soslan.

Apart from the historical facts cited above, the language of the poem itself affords evidence of the time of writing and excludes the possibility of its being a composition of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. On the other hand it cannot have been written later than the first quarter of the thirteenth century, since the Mongol invasion and that of Timur, whose slaughters and devastation in Georgia, on five different occasions, destroyed whatever conditions may have existed for the further development of Georgian civilization and literature. After the classical period, tragically ended by the Mongol invasion, there was no revival of Georgian literature till the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

As regards Rustaveli's biography, it may be said that, outside his poem, there is nothing, unless we take into account popular legends the authenticity of which has not yet been established. In the prologue Rustaveli makes two references to himself as the author of the poem:

"So sang I, Rustaveli, into whose heart the spear entered."
(Prologue)
"This song made I, Rustaveli, dying of love."
(Prologue)
"I, the unknown Meskh, Rustaveli, wrote this tale."

Later in the epilogue:

"Khoneli sang of Amiran, of Abdul Messia
Sang the sonorous lines of Shavt'heli—he who excelled in the arts.
T'mogveli sang of Dilarget'h, while I, one Rustaveli,
Sang, shedding tears, of great Tariel."

The lines quoted above determine two important points: first, Rustaveli's authorship and second, the poet's country and birthplace. We need not dwell on the question of authorship, since it does not present a problem. It is an irrefutable fact. On the other hand, the question of the poet's birthplace has been the subject of much debate. We know, however, of no more authentic information than the declaration made by the author of the poem that he was a minstrel from the village of Rustavi in Meskheti. Meskheti was one of the most culturally advanced provinces of ancient Georgia. Popular legend also says that Rustaveli came from the village of Rust'havi in Meskheti. There have been attempts to prove that Rustaveli came from some other Georgian province; most frequently that he belonged to Rust'havi in Ereti, to the east of Tbilisi. If we add to all this the popular legend that the poet received his education in Greece, and in his old age traveled to Jerusalem, where he died full of years, in one of the Georgian monasteries, we shall have exhausted all the available information regarding Rustaveli and his life.

The story of his Greek education finds support in the fact that in his poem he displays a profound knowledge of ancient philosophy in general and with that of Plato and the Neo-Platonists—Procles, Nemesius, Diony-

sus Areopagites and Plotinus—in particular. He was also familiar with the teaching of Empedocles regarding the four elements. There is reason to believe that he knew Homer well, and it may be supposed that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* influenced him to a certain extent. There is a resemblance in the composition, the range of subject and the method of treatment, in the drawing of the characters of the heroes and the nature of the writing of both poets. Although, by Rustaveli's time, translations of the Greek Neo-Platonists might have appeared in Georgian with commentaries from the point of view of the Georgian school of philosophy, Rustaveli's philosophic horizon must have been incomparably wider than the teaching of any single school; and it must have included untranslated literature. Undoubtedly he had reached the highest peaks of culture of his time, and, if a Greek education might be regarded as the highest for that time, the popular legend appears to have some foundation in fact.

Apart from his knowledge of the philosophy and literature of the West, Rustaveli shows a thorough knowledge of the Iranian and Arabian literature—the works of Firdausi, Gurgani and Nizami—and also of Sufism. The poet quotes several Persian works that must have influenced him. "Such sufferings were never experienced either by Vis or Ramin," Rustaveli says in one place, quoting a famous tale by the Persian poet Fakhr-ud-din Gurgani. There are also references to the heroic poem *Amiran Dar-edjaniani*, which is in part a version of a Persian work by Kisol Hamsi, the *Book of Kings (Shah-Nameh)* of Firdausi and the *Leila and Medjnun* of Nizami.

One peculiarity of Rustaveli's work attracts attention. Though it is a Georgian poem, written in beautiful language, and created by a famous Georgian poet, it does not bear a national Georgian character. The heroes of it are an Arab king, Arab princes and princesses, Moors, Khwarazmites, Turkis, and Europeans; the poem does not contain a single Georgian hero.

How can this curious fact be accounted for?

It has been conjectured by some that Georgian national heroes appear in the poem in the guise of Arabian and Indian personages and that the events described by the poet and taking place over an area extending from Hindustan to Mauretania and Gibralter are a symbolic reflection of events in the history of Georgia.

This theory seems to us far-fetched. Possibly, the author himself gives us a key to understanding this peculiarity of the poem when he speaks of:

> *"The Persians' tale, their allusions*
> *I mingled in Georgian lines."*
>
> *(Prologue)*

It is not unlikely that the author actually used some Persian tale, the plot of it forming the groundwork of the poem, into which he wove all his vast knowledge of the history of contemporary nations and to which he gave its sublime poetic form.

Rustaveli touched the height of contemporary culture: he had a profound knowledge of literature and philosophy, and was one of the best educated men of his time. In him, the civilizations of East and West—the Irano-Arabian and Græco-Byzantine—found brilliant expression. Rustaveli's poem is the product of the interplay of two civilizations, a kind of synthesis. But Rustaveli does not appear as the *deus ex machina* in Geor-

gian life: he is a child of his own country, his own people, his own native civilization. During the period covering the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries Georgian civilization reached its zenith. This was the epoch that saw the greatest development of economic, political and cultural life of the country. It was due mainly to her position on the border-line between two worlds—the Moslem East and the medieval Christan West—to her emancipation, in the beginning of the twelfth century, from foreign dominion, the revival of international and trading relations resulting from the Crusades, the extension of her territorial boundaries from the Black Sea to the Caspian, from the North Caucasus to Persian Azerbaijan and Erzerum, and to the inclusion within them of one of the most important centers of Iranian literature—the province of Shirvan, the birthplace of the great Iranian romanticist Nizami. Other determining factors in the political unification and renaissance of the Georgian state were the decay of khalifati and the disintegration of the Sultanate. The blooming of Georgian literature and culture from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries was a late sequel to the "Golden Age" of Arabo-Iranian civilization and the first sprouting of the European renaissance which was to awaken every civilized country a few centuries later. A host of talented people, architects—who have left us valuable examples of the Georgian architectural style—scholars and philosophers gathered into schools and grouped around the scientific institutions of Georgia, a galaxy of writers and poets led by Rustaveli—all these raised high the banner of the Georgian Renaissance.

Rustaveli's poem reflected the basic ideas of the approaching Renaissance, its breadth of outlook, its humanism. We cannot but remark here upon the erroneousness of the assertions of those students of the subject who strive to confine the significance and content of the poem within the narrow limits of Georgian nationality. A narrow-nationalistic appraisal and an arbitrary interpretation show a complete lack of understanding. Rustaveli rends asunder national limitations, rises to the height of problems common to all mankind, breaks the fetters of Christian ideology and medieval thought. The spirit of cosmopolitanism permeates the poem and its geographic horizon stretches across the world—from India and China to the Atlantic and from Africa to Central Asian Turan. The personages in Rustaveli's poem represent various peoples and countries. His philosophical religious conception of the world is free from the specific features of national spirit and thought and is directed against the ideas of Islam and Christianity, against positive religions and ritualistic religiosity. Rustaveli thought of God as an essence of light and regarded the sun as an emanation from God. Nestan-Daredjan, the heroine of the poem, writes:

"Entreat God for me; it may be he will deliver me from the travail of the world and from union with fire, water, earth and air. Let him give me wings and I shall fly up, I shall attain my desire—day and night I shall gaze on the sun's rays flashing in splendor.

"The sun cannot be without thee for thou art an atom of it; of a surety thou shalt adhere to it as its zodiac (Leo), and not as one rejected. There shall I see thee; I shall liken thee to it, thou shalt enlighten my darkened heart. If my life was bitter, let my death be sweet."

Rustaveli's philosophic-religious point of view leads him to the deification of nature, of the sun as a life-creating force, the source of life and movement, an eternal, infinite substance. It approaches closely the Pantheistic conception of the world, recognizing nature as God. In this respect he

stands immeasurably above Dante, whose great work is marred by the burden of medieval thought, scholasticism and the Christian ideology. [1]

Rustaveli asks: "How can God save one, without ruining another?" He sees the world as a struggle between two opposing forces—Good and Evil, and concludes that God has no power to create Good and at the same time to do away with Evil. But of these two struggling forces—the positive and the negative—God aids the positive Good to prevail. Good is always victorious in the end. "Evil is conquered by Good, whose essence is eternal," he says in the closing lines of his poem. Faith in the ultimate victory of good inspires the heroes of the poem to feats of daring.

Rustaveli lived in the epoch of feudalism, in a society based on the feudal exploitation of serf labor. The trading class just springing up played a subordinate role as yet, but was already making itself felt in politics. Its interests forced it to struggle for the demolition of feudal barriers within the country, for the creation of a single, united, strong state. In the feudal society of Rustaveli's time two forces were in conflict, two ideas, two opposites, absolutism and feudal particularism. At that time absolutism represented the positive principle, the progressive, the "Good." Feudal particularism, which involved partition of the country into small states governed by petty princes, represented the negative principle, the regressive, the "Evil." Rustaveli was in favor of absolutist rule and against feudal particularism.

Since he recognized the feudal state, ruled by an absolute power, as the best form of social organization, Rustaveli was consequently obliged to recognize its foundation—serf labor. He idealized serfdom, slavery, as an institution, but introduced into it elements of humanitarianism which, however, were of little real significance. He says: "The best love of all is that between master and slave." Rustaveli believed in the emancipation of slaves, in individual cases, as an act of graciousness, and in the adoption of a humane attitude to the serf as a fellow-creature, but, at the same time, he could imagine nothing better than the feudal serf system. Although he approves when one of his heroes expresses his dying wish that his slaves should be freed in order to pray for his soul, through the mouth of the slave himself Rustaveli voices his admiration of the institution. "What," cries the slave, "can I find better than slavery?" Rustaveli perpetuates the feudal system with its social classes, basis and superstructure, while pleading for humane reforms in the mutual relations between exploiters and exploited. The comparative stability of the feudal system in Rustaveli's time accounts for the extremely optimistic spirit with which the heroes of the poem are generously endowed.

What are the leading ideas in the poem? Of what does Rustaveli sing, what is the main motive of his poetry? Love for a woman. But this is by no means an ordinary fleshly love. In Rustaveli's poem love acquires the lofty, uplifting qualities of an all-devouring passion, beyond the power of the mind to grasp, beyond the power of words to express, too beautiful to depict. It is the highest blessing, the source of ecstasy and inspiration. Those who give themselves up to this passion must possess all the highest virtues—wisdom, wealth, generosity, youth, eloquence, sanity, graciousness —and be ever ready to conquer the unconquerable. Only he is worthy of

[1] For this reason Rustaveli's poem was always subjected to persecution by the church as a heretical work. The greater part of the first edition, published in 1714, was burned by order of the Georgian Catholic church.

this passion who devotes all his thoughts to it and is prepared to sacrifice his life for it. To the man endowed with these qualities the poet applies the Arab word "mijnuri," which means a man "fated" to love, a man who bears this "fate" without murmuring. Rustaveli's heroes are knights who think only of their beloved. "Love elevates," the poet makes one of his heroes say.

It would seem that a love of such extraordinary power must eclipse all other sentiments, but besides the love of women and perhaps even higher than it, Rustaveli places love and loyalty to a friend, boundless devotion to him, and self-denial that drives one to scorn one's own happiness.

The hero, Avt'handil, who has reached the pinnacle of glory and power, leaves his love, Queen T'hinat'hin, for several years, thus drawing down upon himself the wrath of King Rostevan who loved him as a son, deserts his army and travels secretly to foreign countries simply in order to aid a recently-acquired friend, Tariel. Personal happiness holds no charm for him while his friend is suffering hopeless grief.

Another hero, P'hridon, goes unwaveringly to aid the same Tariel, risking his life and possessions to do so.

Tariel is in no way inferior to these two. In the name of friendship he not only gives up for the time being his own happiness, but even forgets his profound grief and rushes to the assistance of an unknown hero who has fallen on evil days. They all understand the duty of friendship in the same way, which is expressed by one of the heroes as follows: "In the interests of his friend a man must endure all adversity and give heart for heart so that the love between them may be a bridge and a path uniting them."

Characteristic also are the views expressed by the heroes of the poem and shared by the author on the value of life and the social significance of her various blessings.

Should life be valued for its own sake? No, not every life is worthy of man. A glorious death is better than a shameful life. Death may overtake a man at any moment. Neither strong nor weak, young nor old can escape it. All save glory comes to naught. No gains are enduring save good fame, the attainment of which is the highest blessing in life. Out of this springs contempt for people who cling to existence. What can be more odious than a man whose face becomes distorted with fear during a battle? The inevitability of death must be faced once and for all. When the rose fades and withers, it dies and makes room for another. And this is the fate of man for such is the law of life. Of what value, then, is this state? What is the light worth that is already penetrated by darkness? Therefore one must be prepared for death and await calmly what the morrow may bring.

These views on the conformity of natural phenomena to established laws bear the stamp of a belief in the immutability of fate, in predestination. Nothing can happen unless Providence wills it so—such is the basic principle accepted by all the heroes of the poem. Nevertheless, belief in predestination does not doom its disciples to fatalism, inactivity, passive contemplation. On the contrary, out of this faith man draws strength for the greatest activity. The hero of the poem who is about to embark on a risky adventure, reasons as follows: Nothing except Providence has any power over me, even if all the powers of the earth should rise against me. If Providence wills that I should die, then neither inaccessible fortresses, nor my own brethren nor my dearest friends can save me. Whoever grasps this can be as brave as I. Heroes are not to be disheartened by the reali-

zation that the world resembles changeable weather, where now the sun shines on man, and now the heavens break in fury, in thunder and storm over his head and where a torrent of tears inevitably follows happy moments.

It would seem that man has no course but to trust to fate and adapt himself to the established order. But the heroes of the poem frequently and quite consciously interfere with the established order of things. Through the mouth of his principal hero the poet praises the good judgment of the wise in resisting and opposing fate. At the very beginning of the poem we have a clear case of the defiance of a time-honored custom; a woman is placed on the throne, and the reason given is that woman is man's equal and in no way inferior to him.

In this one can feel already the poet's attitude to woman, an attitude that becomes still clearer as the poem progresses. It is this worship of woman that distinguishes Rustaveli's poem from the literary tradition of the East and links it with the troubadour poetry of Western Europe.

Rustaveli's heroines are not passive creatures, satisfied with the contemplation of their own beauty, and the acceptance of complimentary odes from their knights. They take an active part in political life, directing the energies of the heroes into one channel or another, and in time of trouble exhibiting a heroism not inferior to that of the knights.

How can we account for the enduring, unfading quality of *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin?* To answer this question exhaustively would require the enumeration of all the distinguishing marks of every great poetic work: strength and depth of the sentiments felt by the characters in the poem, wealth of ideas, an interesting plot, delicate craftsmanship and lastly, splendid verse.

One must note here two peculiarities of Rustaveli's style, the constant use of aphorisms and of metaphor. Some cantos are literally strewn with aphorisms that eclipse the best of the folk-sayings in their crispness and conciseness. It is extremely difficult to give a true idea of them in a translation. The poem is richer still in metaphor. Rustaveli is as great a master of metaphor as Dante and Pushkin were masters of simile. Sometimes the full metaphor is contained in a few lines, but there are also occasions when a whole stanza from beginning to end is clothed in metaphor and then it is by no means easy to unravel its meaning.

The poem is written in the "shairi"—lines of sixteen syllables. Two forms of the "shairi," the high and the low, are employed in turn without any apparent conformity to rule. Rustaveli is a great master of the "shairi." His mastery consists, for the most part, in the rich orchestration of the verse, the use of alliteration, assonance and musical rhymes. The text is a pattern of sound-repetitions now isolated, now blended in groups of sounds. While paying close attention to the sound of the verses, he never forgets that in the truly harmonious combinations of words music should always be based on a strict choice of words according to their sense.

It is necessary to dwell in greater detail on Rustaveli's rhymes.

The poem is written in quatrains with the same rhyme for each of the four lines. The rhymes contain three for the most part and two syllables. Here is an example of one of the stanzas:

"Mepeta shigan siukhve, vit edems alva rgulia;
Ukhvsa morchilobs koveli, igitsa, vin orgulia.
Sma-chama-didad shessargo, deba ra savargulia?
Racatsa gastsem shenia, rats ara-dakargulia."

The difficulty lies, mainly, in finding the same three-syllabled rhymes for all four lines. Rustaveli's inventiveness in this respect knows no limits. Sometimes he chooses such a difficult set of rhymes that even the most inveterate rhymester who might find a rhyme for the second line would fail at the third. But Rustaveli, paving with suggestions and hints the path to a word that seems to have at first no connection with the context, discovers a rhyme for the third. Then seizing on a new word necessary for the rhyme of the fourth line, he gives it an unusual turn that fits in perfectly.

From the foregoing the extent of the variety of Rustaveli's rhymes may be seen. It is curious that Rustaveli in his poem and Dante in the *Divine Comedy* proved to have almost the same number of basic rhymes: the former seven hundred and thirty-five, the latter seven hundred and fifty. But in Dante's case they recur two and a half times as often.

Particular attention should also be paid to the rich vocabulary and variety of grammatical forms in Rustaveli's poem. The entire work contains approximately forty-five thousand words, of which over fifteen thousand are basic in the morphological sense.

When we compare Rustaveli to the well-known writers of odes, Chakhrukhadze and Shavt'heli, who lived in the reign of Queen T'hamar, we notice that by substituting for their stilted and high-flown style real loftiness, Rustaveli did away with the peculiar measure established by them and created his own. This, the "shairi" dominated the Georgian poetry for five succeeding centuries.

Rustaveli simplified contemporary poetic language. After rising to the most exalted heights, he can descend suddenly by fragments of sentences to simple everyday expressions such as were hardly used not only in the poetry of that time, but even in prose.

It should be noted that the excellence of style and mastery of versification mentioned above are merely the outward form for a grand and profound subject. Rustaveli, unlike many of even the great epic poets, fills almost every line with meaning and endows it with a definite purpose in the subject-structure of the poem.

The most ancient manuscripts of *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin* that have come down to us belong to the beginning of the seventeenth century. All of them vary to a greater or less degree in the reading of many words and lines and in the number of stanzas. The first printed edition came out in Tbilisi in 1712, and was edited by King Vakhtang. This edition, which lies at the basis of practically all subsequent editions—thirty of them at the least—varies in many respects from the old manuscripts. For one thing, several stanzas are omitted in it leaving gaps in the text, and, what is most important, the three last cantos (48, 49 and 50) are omitted altogether. This was, as far as we can judge, the result of an operation performed by Vakhtang. At the end of the old manuscripts there are a number of cantos of doubtful origin, containing a description of the fate of the heroes right up to the time of their death. King Vakhtang excised these cantos but committed what seems to us a glaring blunder in his choice of the place where the scissors were to pass. As a result he sacrificed a perfectly sound and necessary part of the work. By way of pulling together the end of the poem, he took twenty-four stanzas from various parts of the rejected text and added them to the last canto (47).

Translated by Anthony Wixley

Maxim Gorky

An Evening at Leonid Andreyev's

(Extract from "The Life of Klim Samgin")[1]

Particularly and unpleasantly memorable was a conversation of this kind at Leonid Andreyev's.

About twenty people were gathered in the big room that looked out on the Champs de Mars. Attractive ladies with coiffures that hid their ears, smart young men in suits that seemed advertisements of their tailors' art, prosperous looking lawyers and literary men. The room was not cosy, it gave the impression of having been only lately occupied and not properly furnished as yet. Samgin sat down by the window. Outside the window lay autumnal murk and a silence such as might surround a house far out in fields beyond the town. And, as invariably happens, to emphasize the silence there was a single sound—the scraping of a wire against the iron drain-pipe.

In the rather empty room the voices sounded unnaturally loud and angry; the company, although seated around the table, organized itself into twos and threes. On the table amid a cloud of steam stood a samovar; there was a smell of burning charcoal; tea was being poured out jerkily, angularly, by a blackhaired woman with a large, hard face; it seemed as if the carbonic acid emanated from her.

The host, a man with a handsome but rather immobile face, wore a velvet jacket. He gave a challenging toss of his head, laid one hand on the table and, tucking a long lock of hair behind his ear with the other, said.

"I don't want to be like a silly little finch that lied and lied and went on lying.[2] Only cowards or madmen can preach the brotherhood of nations the night their enemies set fire to their home."

"Yes, it's the homeless that preach that sort of thing," said a light-haired man squeezed into a corner under the massive frame of a dark picture.

The writer raised and lowered his heavy dark brows, apparently in an effort to impart some animation to his countenance.

"The fatherland is in danger—that's what we ought to be shouting about from morning till night," he suggested. He went on finding interesting combinations of words without difficulty. "The fatherland is in danger because the people do not care for it and do not want to defend it. We wrote very skillfully about the people, and talked soulfully about them, but we really knew very little about them and will only learn something now when they are revenging themselves on the fatherland by showing indifference to its fate."

"What nonsense!" the man squeezed in the corner remarked rudely, but his words were drowned in a question asked by a lawyer whom Samgin knew.

"Then what have you to say about the Jews who go to the front to be killed for love of Russia, the country of Jewish pogroms?"

"I do not find it surprising that people of other faiths and other nationalities defend the interests of their enslavers; the Romans conquered the world with their slaves, so it was always, is now, and ever shall be!" declared the writer oracularly.

---

[1] From the fourth volume which has just been published in the Russian.

[2] A reference to a Russian fable in which a finch is represented as a liar.

"Oh, we don't want any prophecies! The point is, you see, that the Jew is fighting in the interests of the man who regards him as a racial enemy."

Zherusalimsky the editor, a big man with a tendency to stoutness and a pale face set off by an undecided beard, attempted to argue the point.

"Shout we ought, of course," he said in a limp, bored tone. "We started with shouting 'hurrah!' and now we've come to shouting 'help!' And while we're shouting—the Germans will collar us and lead us against our allies. Or the Allies will make peace with the Germans at our cost, and say to them: here, take Poland and the Ukraine and to hell with you! Only leave us alone."

Another writer—a stocky man with a rough skin—grunted, coughed, rubbed the top of his head which was covered with grey down and informed the company:

"In the summer there were negotiations with the Germans over a separate peace."

The conversation dragged on slowly, reluctantly; people seemed to be on their guard, reserved. Perhaps they were weary of repeating the same thoughts before each other. The majority pretended to be interested in the utterances of the famous author, their host, who, by way of confirming the rightness and depth of his thoughts, quoted freely but inaptly from his own books. A grey old woman was talking in a low tone to a tall, stout lady with pince-nez and her hair done over her ears.

"My son has bad nerves. Doesn't sleep at night, sits thinking and working out his books and drinking strong tea."

At intervals from the same corner, under the dark picture, came outbursts of irritation, unkind voices, cutting words. A cold tenor voice that unrolled like a silken ribbon, remarked:

"It's really rather funny, you know, that for you the fate of a hundred and fifty million people depends on the behavior of an individual, an individual like Grishka Rasputin at that."

Samgin was listening more and more attentively to these voices from the corner. They were heard more frequently now, this time, however, they could not be heard clearly because the host, as he stirred the sugar in a glass of very strong tea, was saying in a prophetically loud and authoritative voice:

"People will only feel like brothers when they grasp the full tragedy of their existence in the cosmos, when they feel the horror of their loneliness in the universe, and touch the bars of the iron cage of the unsolved mysteries of life, life from which there is but one escape—death!"

He tasted a spoonful of tea and, finding that it was either not hot enough or not sweet, poured half of it into the slop-bowl, and set the glass under the tap of the samovar, expostulating in a gentle, insinuating, solemn tone.

"The Socialists, the Bolsheviks, dream of uniting people in general repletion. No, no! This is naive. We see that the replete are at each other; and how they fight!

"They have always fought and always will. To think that people can only be quiet when their bellies are full—it's an insult to them."

"This, you know, is the philosophy of a fish!" cried a man in the corner. He rose, and made an impatient gesture, then smoothed back his tousled reddish hair. "You know, it's even ridiculous to listen to. . . ."

"Allow me to finish what I was saying," said the writer very politely.

"No, I'm going to finish . . . at least, not I—but the working class," the

red-haired fellow said in a still louder and more resolute voice. Then, pushing aside the people around him, he went up to the host and said:

"You've finished! Your learning or whatever literary qualification you may have has come to an end at long last. So you can put a full stop after it. Both words and deeds are reserved now for the newcomers in history."

"Gracious me, what an unpleasant fellow," the grey old woman muttered to Samgin. "And Leonidushka doesn't like people to argue with him. He's very nervous, he doesn't sleep at night, sits up inventing his stories and thinking and drinking strong tea."

"The working class wants to fill its belly and have the right to improve itself and in order to get these things, excuse me, it's got to snatch the power out of the hands of the replete. Yes, snatch it! After a tussle, if need be. That's it. It's come to this, that a worthless bit of paper with the word 'ruble,' or 'hundred rubles' printed on it, is equal in value to a man. Even postage stamps are being used as money. It's been said: the domination of the banks over industry means the monopoly of finance capital,—and that means that work is turned into money, into senselessness, into sheer idiocy. The banker, the millionaire, blast his soul, is lord of all. He has split the working people into hostile nations. . . . You can see what a war they've started, while you sit here drinking tea and spouting philosophy—the philosophy of a fish. . . . You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Frowning glances and scornful smiles were directed at the speaker. A clean-shaven man who sat in front of Samgin and gave the impression of being gray all through, kept muttering like a fisherman who had just caught a fine bass:

"Aha, here he comes, here he comes!"

The writer sat leaning back in his chair; his handsome face was frowning, a grey shadow drifted across it, his eyes seemed sunk in his head, he bit his lip and it set his mouth awry. As he took a cigarette out of a box on the table, the woman at the samovar reminded him in an undertone: "You'd given up smoking!" He flung the cigarette down on the wet brass tray, took another and lit it, staring through the smoke at the speaker from under his brows. The speaker was a shortish, narrow-chested man. He wore a grey jacket over a Russian blouse of some dark color, with a broad leather belt. His wild, tousled hair made his head look too large for him, his face was thickly sprinkled with freckles. In a moment Samgin recognized him.

"Lavrushka, the coppersmith's apprentice," he said to himself.

"Well, for the sake of the peace and prosperity of people who have money, who trade in coin, you want me to crawl away somewhere into the corners, into the bowels of the universe, to the devil and all. . . ."

"Allow me to remind you—there are women present," the stout lady with the hair over her ears announced in an offended tone.

"I can see there are—well, what about it?"

"You ought to express yourself with more decency. . . ."

"I've said nothing indecent so far and I wasn't intending to," the young man rejoined roughly. "And if I talk boldly, it's because it's necessary. Even the Constitutional-Democrats are trying to talk boldly now," he added, with a wave of his left hand. The thumb of the right he thrust into his belt, the four fingers clenched and unclenched rapidly, the slight, coppery moustache on his freckled face twitched.

"I did not come here uninvited. I was asked here to listen to clever talk."

"Who was it invited you, who was it?" muttered a man with a planed-off neck.

"And instead of clever talk I hear nothing but crazy gabble—excuse me! In a class society one talks about the cosmos and mysteries only in order to stun people's intellects. There could be no other reason since the cosmos and mysteries don't tend to swell the profits of the bourgeoisie. We'll decide these cosmic questions after we've solved the social ones. And they're going to be decided—not by individuals terrified by the realization of their own loneliness and defenselessness, but by millions of minds freed from the anxiety of earning their bread. And as to our being 'bound to earth' and 'Death stalking the world,' and all of us being 'captive beasts,' and all the rest of it—Feodor Sologub writes much more beautifully than you about it, you know, though just as unconvincingly."

He paused, moistened his lower lip, made another impatient gesture and, moving towards the door, said:

"Well, and so—goodbye."

They watched him go in silence, only the man with the planed-off neck gave a loud sigh and whispered:

"Gone at last."

The guests waited to hear what their host would say. He set his half-smoked cigarette upright like a candle in his saucer and as he watched the smoke, he remarked approvingly, with the carelessness of a wiseacre:

"An interesting young fellow, that. The kind that dreams of producing equally pleasant weather all the world over."

A journalist, the brother of a revolutionary who had been suspected in his time of being an agent-provocateur, supported this. "He's forgetting about the man from another, different and much more secret world, the man who thinks he has the right to give prosperity and well-being a good kick if he gets bored with them."

"Yes—he's forgetting about Dostoyevsky's man, the freest man ever described in literature," said the writer, shaking his handsome head. "It isn't wise to go further than Dostoyevsky towards the last freedom, that is yielded only by the consciousness of the tragedy of life. . . . What is loneliness in Moscow compared to loneliness in the whole universe? In the void where there is only substance and no God?"

Samgin fancied that the guests were only listening to their host out of politeness, listening inattentively, grunting and purring meanwhile. The host must have observed this too, for with a toss of his head he broke off his speech, upon which there was an outburst of irritated voices.

"What did you think of that fellow?" demanded the grey man with the square back to his head. "A bandit. 1906 again. Ha?"

The ladies were particularly indignant.

"And what language!" said the stout one, screwing up her face painfully. "Did you notice what vulgar language he used?"

A second lady, of somewhat slighter physique, chimed in; raising her shoulders to the level of her ears she complained:

"The poison of materialism is spreading with astonishing rapidity. . . ."

They all began to talk and as usual, each only half listened to what the others said. They interrupted each other constantly in their haste to make their thoughts public. A dark, thick-lipped woman with pince-nez on a large nose and her figure squeezed into a red dress as close-fitting as tights, declared in a pleasant, deep voice:

"We owe this to realism: it has cooled life, flattened people down to the

earth. The sickening melancholy and mouldiness of all these collections of realistic literature have brought people to beggary of the soul. Man must be restored to himself, to the source of profound feelings, great inspirations."

The host listened, shaking his head in time to the rhythm of her sentences, and smoking.

Samgin had not been surprised to see Lavrushka there, he merely recalled his own comparison of meetings like these with the stars.

"Are there few or many of them? It would seem there are a good many already. . . ."

"Good gracious, who is he, and where did he come from?" demanded the fat lady, assuming a theatrical air of extreme fastidiousness and bewilderment.

"He's a poet," replied the rough-skinned writer, grunting and coughing. "Writes verses, I think he even gets them printed, in the Bolshevik papers. It was I who brought him here to show him to. . . ."

Andreyev nodded his head in confirmation of this statement.

"Yes," he said. "I wanted to see who would replace the tender poet of the Beautiful Lady,[1] the poet of *Unexpected Joy*. Well, I've seen him. But have not heard him. I couldn't find a minute to ask him to read his poems."

"Heavens above! Where are we going?" a lady asked dramatically.

As usual, Samgin sat listening and smoking in silence, without indulging even in brief remarks. The smoke of his cigarette coiled over the window-pane; in the gloom outside the window some cold lights gleamed and hid themselves; from time to time a new light shone out, then slid away and vanished, reminding him of comets and of life lived, not on the outskirts of a town, but on the edge of an abyss, of inexhaustible darkness. Samgin felt as if he were filled with a dense, tepid, sourish liquid that vibrated and overflowed in him, demanding an outlet.

"We are going nowhere," he said at last. "We are shuffling about on one spot in confusion, while this huge, variegated, ponderous fatherland of ours is moving steadily onwards, the whole mass, creaking and disintegrating, down an inclined plane. And catastrophe looms ahead."

He paused to see if they were listening. They were. He very seldom spoke and then not loudly, but rather drily, avoiding quotations and references to other people's thoughts. He served up these thoughts in other words, confident that this made his hearers acknowledge the originality of his views and opinions. It certainly seemed as if it was so; they listened to Klim Ivanovich Samgin attentively and almost without taking exception to what he said.

"We, the intelligentsia, the aristocrats of the soul, the aristocracy of the hoi polloi, should take our rightful places at the head, at the helm, with one accord, without splitting up into parties but as an integral civilizing political, and above all, cultural, force. We are not property-people, we are not seeking profit. . . ."

"Not on a large scale, at least," someone interposed in a low voice, but another, louder and sterner voice, promptly exclaimed:

"It's not true!"

Samgin went on, feeling that he was speaking with more sincerity than he had ever done.

[1] The poet referred to here is Alexander Blok. The phrase "Beautiful Lady" occurred frequently in his poetry.

"I am not against property, oh no! Property is the basis of individualism, just as culture is the result of individual creation, this is fully confirmed by the achievements of the positive sciences and all the beauty of art. There is no need to be a Bolshevik, a Russian-style-Marxian, an anarcho-Marxian in order to see that the power of the big owners is becoming destructive, ruinous, and not creative. The war has shown us their madness. But there is another group of property-owners—the majority—who live in direct contact with the people. They know what it costs to turn formless substances into objects of material civilization, into things. I am speaking of the small property owners of our remote provinces, the modest employees of our country towns; there are hundreds of them, as you know."

He traced some lines on the table with his finger-tip and then, submitting to the feeling of hostility, went on:

"Our writers who come from a healthy environment like this in their pursuit of glory, caricature provincial Russia and give us a frivolous representation of it. . . ."

"Provincial Russia is inhabited by wild-looking louts such as one would see in a nightmare," said Andreyev unexpectedly, in an angry tone. "Don't try to persuade me to work for them—I won't do it! 'Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward,' but I prefer to die with Napoleon who wanted to be emperor of all Europe, rather than be an illiterate Emelyan Pugachev," he concluded and, after a moment, cried: "Dixi!"

His words loosened the tongues. The guests were roused out of their torpor. The first to speak was the editor. Stroking his greyish beard, he said:

"That's easy to understand. Democracy has arrived a little late on the scene. Yes! We are on the brink of a conflict between the proletariat and the capitalist."

"For us—in this country—it's premature."

"But, apparently, inevitable."

As the grey man spoke he leaned over a little towards the writer, laid hold of his knee and, gazing like a dog into the handsome face which now wore a gloomy frown, went on:

"My dearest fellow, you ought to meet the cleverest, the greatest genius. . . ."

The dark woman in the red dress was arguing with the fat one.

"We need a leader," cried the dark woman, to which the fat one, fanning her red face with her handkerchief, replied:

"Everyone ought to be the leader of his own feelings and thoughts."

"That's it exactly: a leader! Zakhar Petrovich Berdnikov. . . ."

"I've met him. . . ."

"He's for our allying ourselves with the Germans. If we joined the Germans we could take the whole of Europe by the throat. But we've got to understand what?"

"We shouldn't grab anyone by the throat. . . ."

"No, what has to be understood? The Allies own over sixty per cent of the capital in our banks, while the Germans own only thirty-seven. That's a pity, isn't it?"

The editor was standing opposite Samgin. Tugging at a button on his waistcoat he said:

"Bolshevism is the last despairing gesture of the bankrupt—Social-Democracy. Do you know what Vandervelde said?"

"Please come and have supper—whatever God's pleased to send us in

the way of supper," the old woman said. "Food nowadays, ay me! is so scarce and dear!"

The guests went into the adjoining room but Samgin declined to partake of the dear but very scarce food and, without taking leave of anyone, went home. He felt dissatisfied, offended because he had been prevented from expressing thoughts which he regarded as particularly valuable and peculiarly his own. These people had interrupted him just when he had wanted to speak out openly. Formerly, when he expressed his thoughts aloud, and reviewed them, he had seen which of them drew most attention, and which passed unnoticed. It enabled him to separate the grain from the chaff. This time, as he had listened to his own words, he had thought:

"Ideas have evidently lost their power, now indignant feelings are having their turn. . . ."

When he left the house and emerged on the square, the impression of emptiness disappeared; through the gloom and the petrified trees of the Summer Garden he could see the blur of a white building and the yellow spots of the lights across the Neva.

The city was silent, listening, as it were, to the future. The night was cold and damp, footsteps sounded hollowly, the white lights of the street-lamps shuddered and reddened, as if preparing to go out altogether.

"Wherever there are feelings, there is tragedy. . . . All these people are helpless and pitiful. What can they do? They are not built for tragedy. Andreyev takes the tragedy of existence too physiologically, *via* his skin. He vulgarizes tragic feeling, disfigures it by simplifying it. The tragic can never, ought never to belong to democracy; the tragic has always belonged and always will belong to exceptional people." He relegated Andreyev to the ranks of "explanatory gentlemen" who persist in cramming their ideas and faith down other people's throats.

Translated by Anthony Wixley

Bela Balazs

The Favorite

(A Mozart Film)

A grand carriage is driving through the streets of Vienna. Two grooms ride in front and two behind.

Seated in the carriage is the Archbishop of Colloredo: he is somewhat deformed and dwarfish, crabbed, surly, tyrannical.

Beside him is the master of his household, Count Arco: a huge athletic figure in a huge, three cornered hat, a swaying Jabot on his chest and pointed cuffs. With a respectful smile he tenders snuff and a pocket handkerchief to the morosely silent Archbishop.

The narrow street is echoing with song.

"Listen, your princely Grace," smiles Arco, "the whole of Vienna has turned into an opera house!"

"Into a Babel and a Ninevah!" growls the Archbishop. "A city of corruption!"

A buxom woman leans out of a window and shakes her duster in the morning air. She is singing an air from *The Abduction From the Seraglio.*

The baker opposite comes out of his shop and joins her as though taking part in a stage duet.

Then a girl who has been ironing appears on a balcony, with the iron in her hand, and makes it a trio.

Meanwhile, in the carriage, Count Arco is speaking to the Archbishop:

"It's all from the opera by that Mozart of yours: *The Abduction From the Seraglio.* The young *Konzertmeister* to your princely Grace is bringing your princely Grace great honor."

"It's no honor that all the washerwomen of Vienna are singing love songs by Mozart, while the organ in Salzburg Cathedral is silent! *Abduction from the Seraglio* indeed! And not a single sacred mass has the fellow composed! It is time he returned to Salzburg!"

The Serenade from *The Abduction* is heard in a tailor's shop.

The tailor runs a huge pair of scissors through a piece of cloth and trills: "La-la-la ...."

"Wrong," says a customer, shaking his head.

"Only yesterday Herr Ofner sang it to me in the skittle alley. And that is just the way he sang it : La-la-la-la."

"But I heard it myself on Thursday in the Burgtheater! Lala-lala!"

In the carriage Count Arco speaks to the Archbishop:

"Even the upper classes, even connoisseurs of music have a high opinion of Mozart."

"What's their opinion worth," snaps Colloredo angrily. "If you care for a thing you protect it, if you care for a thing you don't let it spoil! If they had really cared for Mozart they would not have allowed him to squander his talents, composing lovesongs for apprentices, and frivolities for the nobility instead of singing the praise of God and strikng up fanfares to proclaim the majesty of the Holy Church."

A small child playing in the sand hums the Serenade from *The Abduction.*

The carriage drives on and the child just escapes being run over.

From windows and doors airs from *The Abduction* can be heard.

"La-la-la-la," the singing seems to be continued in the Archduke Ferdinand's music room. A small morning concert is in progress.

The Archduke is singing, sentimentally and with much affectation, the Serenade from *The Abduction.*

"Isn't that music really *magnifique*?" he says, turning to his mother, Maria Theresa. The Empress has been listening in a large armchair with evident pleasure.

"I myself was most surprised," she says, nodding. "The young man has genius. . . ."

"I entreat you, Your Majesty, allow me to persuade the Archbishop to let him enter my service."

"As what?" asks the fat Empress with the commonsense of a good housewife. "You don't need a *maestro di capella?"*

"As composer!"

"But you can hear his music, whenever you like, as it is. ¡Why put yourself to unnecessary expense? Do go on singing! This Mozart is a little magician."

Ferdinand sings another song and the Empress gives a sigh of pleasure.

"But it would be an honor," says the Archduke, after a pause, "to have a man like him in one's service."

"It's a great mistake to gather superfluous people round one. Do please sing something else by him."

While they are turning over the pages of the music and are about to proceed with the concert the Archduchess, who is accompanying at the piano, puts in:

"Besides, this Mozart has a large family. That always means extra expense."

The diamonds on her fingers sparkle as, with a few arpeggios, she starts playing again. . .

The young Mozart, a youth of twenty-five, is hurrying along the street. His narrow, girlish face is beaming with excitement. His small, lithe body seems to be borne forward on wings. Half dancing, half running, he sings to himself as he goes.

The music that accompanies him is brisk and buoyant, animated and passionate. It expresses the joyous intoxication of the young genius.

"Good morning, Herr Mozart!" a stout butcher calls out, cheerily, from his shop window. "A very good morning to you, Sir!"

Mozart nods a smiling acknowledgement but does not stop. He hurries on. He has urgent business.

A pretty girl sees him from a window and beckons two others to come.

"Herr Mozart! Herr Mozart! Good morning!"

He takes off his hat to them but hurries on.

A beautiful woman puts out her head from a door and whispers tenderly:

"Mozart!"

He looks at her with twinkling eyes and smiles coquettishly. But he hurries on as though driven by a gale. He seems to be flying, borne on by

his own music. His progress through the street detaches itself and becomes symbolic. This is how the young genius goes through life.

Widow Weber's studio is in a state of great confusion. The place looks like a rummaged dressmaker's workroom. Dresses, wigs, lace, artificial flowers and the whole arsenal of late rococo, in its cheapest form, is lying on the table, on the chairs, on the piano and on the floor.

The cause?—Aloysia, her beautiful daughter Aloysia, is being dressed. And it has to be done quickly, very quickly indeed! The theater manager is due any minute.

Mother Weber, a robust and tempestuous woman of about forty, is directing operations. Her eighteen year old daughter Constanze and the fourteen year old Sophie are being chased about and are running round the room with ribbons and flouncing crinolines.

"That crinoline is too big for a reception at home," says Aloysia in a sophisticated tone.

"I'll fetch the blue one."

"The blue one is out of fashion!" Aloysia is conscious of her good looks and is accustomed to being waited on.

"Quick, the white one with the green tips!" calls Sophie.

Constanze repeats, singing, as she runs towards the cupboard:

"Quick the white one with the green tips. It will look lovely, it will look lovely."

And after that everything is playfully sung:

"I'll bring the ribbons and the flowers."

"That will be too much color. Not dignified enough."

"The theater manager will like it. He's not an old man."

"Aloysia is not being brought into a convent but into a theater."

"He'll be here in a moment. He'll be here in a moment!"

"The theatre ma-a-a-an-a-ger!"

In the midst of this hubbub Mother Weber thunders her commands. Good-natured and plebeian, a little lax but full of feeling, having always an eye to business, with a soft heart and a genuine enthusiasm for art, she belongs to the well known type of "provincial stage mother."

Mozart bursts into the middle of this grotesque, rococo, dressing room scene.

"Don't let him in!"

"The manager will be here in a minute," he says, delightedly, and gasping for breath. "I took ages persuading him but at last he came along with me. I just ran on ahead. We must practice a bit. The *aria*, just once more."

Constanze tries to hold him up at the door: "No!"—"yes!"—"no!"—"yes!"

He forces his way in. He is bubbling over with joy like a child.

"Aloysia!"

He loves Aloysia. And when he passionately kisses her hand she looks at him so tenderly that it seems that she loves him too. Although she is bigger and has more presence than he, Mozart fusses over her as over a child.

"Come to the piano, quick!" He tugs her over.

"Her dress is no less important if she is to make a good impression!" says Mother Weber, dragging Aloysia back. Aloysia the beautiful smiles cryptically as through inwardly preparing herself.

"After all the music is the main thing," she says with a sentimental glance at Mozart, "isn't it, Wolfgang?"

"All right then, quick with the wig!" and he helps with it, playing the fool like a naughty boy and singing a comic rhyme:

"Bring her the wig
If it's not too big
And now some powder,
She'll sing the louder
She'll sing the lou-ou-ou-ou-der!"

"And now shut up!" says Aloysia, who is more serious than the others and in whose dreamy eyes there is a faraway look. "We must just rehearse it once more, quickly, come Wolfgang. . . . Oh, my heart is thumping so!"

"Ach, Wolfgang," she says softly when they have taken their places at the piano. "How grateful I am to you! I have only you to thank for all that I can do! And if now I get into the theater through your recommendation. . . . All my wildest dreams . . ."

"I would do anything, anything for you!"

Mozart's eyes became moist.

They begin the *aria.*

Meanwhile Frau Weber hastily tidies up the room. Everything is ready for the visit. The curtain like this? No, better like that. Bring the flowers over here! And should she herself use her big or her small fan? Quick, quick!

"Constanze," she calls out suddenly, "coffee and cake! How can we entertain a theater manager without coffee and cake? Constanze! Constanze!"

Modest little Constanze looks guilty.

"But there's no money!" she whispers blushing.

Frau Weber opens two drawers. Sophie opens two others.

"Not a groschen!"

"If Aloysia gets an engagement tonight, we Webers will live quite differently," remarks Frau Weber and pats Mozart on the shoulder as he plays.

"Mozart! Give me a little money! We must have something to offer the manager with his coffee!"

Aloysia feels a little awkward.

"Only the day before yesterday you asked him for money!"

"It's quite all right," says Mozart. "If only I had any!"

He gives his last few coins. They do not amount to much. Mother Weber sighs and shakes her head.

"Oh Mozart, what a pity it is that you have no money!" she says frankly. "If you had, things could be quite, quite different. If you had money you would be a genius!" and she kisses him, with real feeling, on the forehead.

Aloysia and Mozart go on rehearsing.

Mother Weber has already given Constanze the money to buy a cake.

"Wait, Constanze," she calls after her, "there is not enough to get a really good cake."

"I may as well give Wolfgang his money back!" says Constanze.

Mother Weber takes it back from Constanze.

"After all he gave it to us," she reflects philosophically.

"The theater manager is coming!" Little Sophie rushes into the room.

"Get ready," shouts Mother Weber and arranges everything for the last time.

Then she notices Constanze, who, huddled up quietly in a corner, is gazing raptly at Mozart.

"Constanze, leave the room!"

"I'll be as quiet as a mouse!"

"The manager might take a fancy to you and it is Aloysia's turn today!"

"But Aloysia is much prettier!" says Constanze, modestly and sadly.

"But theater managers never have any taste. Now off with you!"

At this point the theater manager comes in. He is a large, corpulent, self-assured, smiling business man.

"Well, how are things going with you, little great man?" he says, pinching Mozart's cheeks. "So this is your pupil?" He looks at her through his lorgnette. "She'll look well on the stage."

Frau Weber watches him with the eye of a connoisseur and decides that no coffee will be needed.

Aloysia has begun to sing.

Mozart is so taken up with his music that he does not notice Aloysia making eyes at the manager and the latter succumbing. Mother Weber watches the proceedings with increasing interest and is well pleased.

"Thanks." The manager rises. "I see she'll do."

"But I thought you wanted to hear her singing?" says Mozart innocently. He is about to go on playing.

Mother Weber coughs meaningly and makes mysterious signs to Mozart. He does not understand. He unconsciously puts out his hand to Aloysia. Aloysia lets him take her hand. But when the manager turns to her again, she suddenly withdraws her hand.

"I shall be very glad to engage you, Fräulein Aloysia. I have had you in mind for some time. There are just a few details we must discuss."

"Perhaps you would like to discuss things here." Frau Weber shows him to a deep window niche where there is a table with two chairs.

The manager and Aloysia sit down there.

Mozart wants to join them but Frau Weber steps in his way.

Mozart looks at her in surprise with scared, childish eyes.

"Why shouldn't I join them?"

Frau Weber takes him by the arm and leads him to the other corner of the large room.

"Mozart," she whispers excitedly with a note of deep sympathy, "Mozart, why are you a nobody? *Konzertmeister* in Salzburg, that's nothing."

Mozart has his eyes fixed on the window niche where the couple are chatting intimately. He breaks away from Frau Weber and makes a gesture of approaching them.

"Why shouldn't I join them?"

"That's just what I'm saying," whispers Frau Weber impatiently and pulls him back. "You know quite well that Aloysia would rather talk to you than to that commercial fellow there. But would you have her

go back with you to Salzburg instead of singing in the Vienna Opera? You must see the position yourself, Mozart."

"How am I to live without a fixed appointment?" whispers Mozart with a lump in his throat. "We still have papa's debts to Hagenauer to pay off."

Mother Weber turns to the window niche and notices that just at this moment the manager has reached the point of kissing the smiling Aloysia's hand.

"Wolfgang," she turns hurriedly towards Mozart as the latter is again making for the window. "You must find something at once. But you must be quick about it! Then everything may come right!"

"Let me go to Aloysia!"

"Why don't you become court composer?"

"The post is occupied."

"Cathedral organist."

"They say I'm too young. . . . But let me go to Aloysia!"

"Do you want to spoil her chances? Wolfgang, you're not bad at heart!"

He falls into a chair and hides his face.

Mother Weber strokes his hair with exalted sympathy.

"Oh, Wolfgang my boy, I really am sorry for you. But why have you no money? Penniless geniuses are honored only after they're dead."

She looks again towards the window.

"Wolfgang," she says, softly and passionately, "you must give a concert. That would bring in thousands of guilders!" (She shakes him by the shoulders.) "Be quick about it! Ask the Archbishop for his permission. Then they ought to make you a conductor at the Opera. They need you there badly." (She shakes him out of his seat.) "Quick, run! Everything can be put right if you have an appointment and money." (She puts his hat on his head as he sits there in utter bewilderment.) "You know quite well how happy that would make me. Run, quick now. One must put up a fight even for a woman!"

Constanze has meanwhile come back and has listened unobserved. Love and suffering are written on her modest features.

Mozart makes towards the window niche, probably to say goodbye but Frau Weber seizes him by the lapel of his coat and pushes him out of the room.

"This way, Mozart! And mind you get something secure and as quick as you can."

Aloysia notices how Mozart is being sent away and looks sadly towards him. She senses what this parting means. She rises.

"Fräulein Weber," says the manager in a sugary voice, "we still have a good deal to discuss."

Aloysia does not seem to hear him. Unconsciously she stretches out her hand towards Mozart.

"Wolfgang!" she calls. But her voice sounds irresolute and resigned.

And Mozart has gone.

Mother Weber, having forced him away, turns round suddenly and goes towards Aloysia. With an amiable smile she hurries Aloysia back to the window niche and whispers between her teeth:

"Get back there! How can you be so rude! Do you want to sing in the Vienna Opera or in a village choir?"

Aloysia bows her head and returns slowly to the window niche.

Frau Weber sinks wearily into a chair and looks from one daughter to the other, shaking her head.

The younger, Constanze, is standing in the doorway looking after Mozart, mournfully and lovingly. She has tears in her eyes.

Frau Weber sighs:

"It's no simple matter . . . one can see that."

A rehearsal in the Opera House.

The conductor, a big broad-shouldered man with huge paws like a bear, has just brought Mozart's overture to its conclusion and steps down from his desk.

At that moment Mozart comes through the orchestra with the manager. The musicians all greet him very pleasantly.

"Yes, yes, we could do with another conductor," the manager is saying.

"I shall do my very best," says Mozart, eager, willing and hopeful. "I can. . . ."

"We shall see. . . ." smiles the manager with polite skepticism.

Mozart climbs up to the conductor's desk. He looks like a child as he makes his way between the large double basses and the two huge harps.

The giant conductor's desk is much too high for him and almost completely hides him from the orchestra.

The musicians take other places in the orchestra and look kindly but skeptically and with mild astonishment at the little figure behind the desk.

The huge conducter appears with the manager on the stage. He winks skeptically at his musicians.

The musicians put their heads together.

"What? Little Mozart is to conduct us?"

"That little man is a very good musician," says the old cello-player indignantly.

"He may be a musician but I can't see his baton."

"Are we going to be conducted by a boy like that?"

"Opera conductor! One has to have presence for that. One must cut some sort of figure."

"Why, it would be a disgrace to appear before the public with a mere boy at the desk."

Mozart lifts his baton and gives the entry.

Only the old cello-player plays the bars.

Mozart looks round him uneasily.

The musicians make faces as though they had not noticed anything, and exchange amused glances with the big conductor.

Mozart gives the entry again. Again only the cellist plays the notes. The old man does his best and looks furiously at his motionless colleagues.

Mozart drops his baton helplessly and steps down.

The manager receives him on the stage and shrugs his shoulders kindly.

"A conductor must have an imposing presence! You are not old enough yet, Mozart. Now watch."

The conducter climbs heavily up to his desk. He gets into position and surveys his men like a field marshal. He brings his baton down on the desk with a crack and off they go!

Behind the scenes Mozart addresses the manager again:

"Dear Herr Director, I was to have been given a little money after *The Abduction.*"

The manager at once becomes coldly official:

"What do you mean, Herr Mozart? . . . You have already received a hundred ducats for the little opera."

"But it brought in more than four times as much in a fortnight."

"Excuse me, Herr Mozart, but that is my money after all. I have other expenses."

"I know that, you must not misunderstand me, dear Sir," says Mozart conciliatingly, and he takes the director pleadingly by the arm. "But my opera is to be played in Munich and Prague! Can't I get something. . . ."

The manager pulls away:

"I am very sorry, Herr Mozart, but we have sold the score to Munich and Prague."

"But it is my music."

"I had it copied out at my expense."

The manager bows stiffly and leaves him standing.

Aloysia has appeared. She is the new theater star. All gather round her. She sweeps past Mozart in the triumphant procession. She does not notice him. Small and insignificant he is swallowed up by the crowd.

He wants to go up to her. But he cannot reach her. He is pushed aside.

In the anteroom of the Archbishop's dining hall the head valet Schlaucher is directing the footmen who are passing to and fro through the open doors. Graceful chamber music can be heard from the hall.

Mozart comes in breathless: "Good day, Herr Schlaucher."

Schlaucher, a discreet, self-controlled, grey haired man, lays his hand on his shoulder:

"Good day, Herr Mozart. What are you so excited about?" he says in a low voice which has a slightly melancholy note in it.

"I want to speak to the Archbishop."

"Listen. Your new quartet is just being played. It is really magnificent, Mozart. Your master will be delighted."

"Please let me in to the Archbishop."

Schlaucher looks at him thoughtfully with his melancholy eyes.

"Better have your dinner first, it will calm you down."

"I can't wait, Herr Schlaucher. I will tell Count Arco to pass it on to him."

Schlaucher looks through the doors.

"Do please let me go and tell him."

In the Archbishop's dining hall the table is sumptuously laid. Aristocrats and church nobilities are being entertained. Count Arco is standing near the Archbishop directing the serving men.

Mozart appears at the door and approaches, bowing respectfully. Nobody notices him, only Count Arco takes a few steps towards him.

"Will your lordship be so good," says Mozart, bowing low, "as to give his princely Grace my humble respects, and ask him if he will permit me to give a concert on my own in Vienna."

"It won't be allowed, Mozart," says the Count coldly. "You are ordered by his Grace to depart by coach for Salzburg within the next three days."

"But I can't leave. If only I could have a few days. Please ask him for me."

"You have your orders, Mozart," the count cuts him short.

"I cannot!" stammers Mozart helplessly and goes out.

Arco looks over his shoulder at him and then follows him.

In the anteroom Mozart whispers to Schlaucher:

"For the sake of an ecclesiastical bigwig who hectors me around every day of my life for a lousy 400 guilders I have to let a thousand guilders slip past me. I'd make that easily if I gave a concert."

"Sh! sh! Mozart," whispers, Schlaucher.

Count Arco is standing in the doorway and now he calls: "Mozart!"

"At your service!" Mozart bows.

"You are to take a packet with you to Salzburg for his princely Grace. Schlaucher will give it to you this evening."

"Your lordship," pleads Mozart earnestly, "I cannot go the day after tomorrow. I entreat you! I have to get some money in. I didn't get a thing for that quartet. And yet the music is now going to be engraved. . . ."

"There is nothing I can do, Mozart. The packet is urgent."

At this Mozart holds his head high and looks the Count defiantly in the face.

"It is urgent, is it? That makes me all the more sorry that I cannot have the honor of serving his Grace. For I am unable to leave the day after tomorrow."

"I did not hear what you said, Mozart," says the Count coldly and he turns back into the dining hall.

Mozart clenches his fists furiously. Schlaucher takes him by the shoulders:

"Go and have your dinner, Mozart. Better go have your dinner."

"Come along, Mozart," says a footman arrogantly, on his way to the servants' quarters with a dish. "They've left the best part of the hare on the dish. You'll be able to get something off it."

In the huge palace kitchen the hearth is still burning in the background and a cook is serving two footmen who are waiting for the dishes.

In the foreground there is a deal table laid for the servants. At the lower end are kitchen maids and menservants and at the head of the table footmen, housemaids, cooks, musicians, and valets.

The Archbishop's dogs are also being brought in for their food.

The scullery boys are helping at the soup, joking with the girls.

Valets and head cooks make themselves comfortable, pushing the others roughly aside and decorously sticking their napkins into their collars. They feel themselves sublimely superior to the others.

A young manservant, who has his arm around the girl beside him, sings:

She loves me not but I don't care
There are pretty maidens everywhere.

Others join in singing the folksong.

Mozart comes in with Schlaucher. The footman with the roast hare comes in in front of them.

"Room for Herr Mozart."

"Musicians always think they can come when it suits them," says the valet haughtily.

"You never can rely on musicians," says the cook.

The valet and the cook make room. Schlaucher and Mozart take their places between them.

The merry scullery boy offers Mozart some soup.

"No, thanks," he answers, staring in front of him gloomily.

The footman with the roast hare comes up to him:

"Now, Herr Mozart! Here's a good morsel left for you."

"No, thanks!"

"But I didn't take it off anyone's plate, Herr Mozart. It was left on the dish. It must be good, for Count Kaunitz ate a good half of it. The gentry understand such things."

"Better than you do, mister music master! You may be sure of that," says the valet jeeringly.

The cook laughs coarsely.

"Mozart thinks that he is above us because he caters to the gentry's ears instead of to their mouths," he says. "But where is it written that ears are better than mouths?"

At this there is general coarse laughter. Mozart bites his lips and nods. Schlaucher watches him anxiously.

Then the scullery boy comes up with his plate.

"Look here, Herr *Konzertmeister*. This cream tart really smiles at one. I couldn't bear to let it go into the dining hall. Now it would break my heart if this did not please our Mozart!"

Mozart smiles: "Thanks, friend."

He tastes it and starts munching and for a moment his cares seem to be forgotten. While he eats he taps with his fingers on the table as if he were playing the piano. Then he begins, in a gay mood now, to hum the song:

She loves me not but I don't care
There are pretty maidens everywhere

Suddenly a servant calls into the kitchen:

"Herr Mozart is to go at once to his princely Grace!"

Mozart frowns and rises: "What does this mean?"

"Now keep cool, whatever you do, my dear Mozart," whispers Schlaucher. Then he gets up and follows him.

"Now there's going to be a row!" the cook winks after him.

"And high time too," says the valet. "And that Schlaucher goes on protecting him because he is a friend of his father's. But his princely Grace will soon learn what sort of people devour his princely bread."

Mozart hurries along a corridor, He is looking worried and his head is bowed. His uneasiness and excitement make his breath fail him.

"Mozart," he hears his name called in a whisper.

He stops and Schlaucher catches him up.

"My dear Mozart," says the head valet in a low voice as they continue on

their way. "I warn you to be careful. His Grace is in a particularly bad mood today. He's angry because you are invited to the Crown Prince in Laxenburg castle and he is not."

"There you are, you see!" Mozart bursts out. "How can I leave when I have an opportunity of playing before the Crown Prince?"

"A concert is not a fixed appointment, my dear Mozart, you know that yourself. What will you live on if you lose your appointment with the Archbishop?"

"I can compose, can't I? After all, people like my music," Mozart blurts out like a child.

"You know how uncertain that is..... Every musician likes to have a fixed appointment."

"I am able to work and I don't need much. I eat very little and don't drink."

"But wouldn't you like one day to marry and have children?"

Mozart is silent and drops his head.

"Do please be careful, my dear Mozart."

They have arrived at the door.

Mozart, discouraged, bows his head still more.

"Make an excuse," whispers Schlaucher, "say that all the places in the coach will have been engaged already."

And he looks sorrowfully and anxiously after Mozart as the latter disappears through the door curtains. Then he steps close and listens.

The Archbishop is sitting in a large gold embroidered throne-like chair. Count Arco is standing beside him. Mozart makes a low bow.

The Archbishop looks at him fixedly with pursed lips and asks after a pause:

"When are you setting off?"

Bent and submissive Mozart answers:

"I wanted to go the day after tomorrow, but the coach is booked up."

"Then I advise you," says Colloredo with a piercing look, "to set off this evening, otherwise I shall write to Salzburg and order your salary to be cut off."

"I ask your princely Grace most humbly to allow me just a few days," pleads Mozart dispiritedly and childishly, with a catch in his voice, "I am not needed in Salzburg just at the moment"

"I should have imagined it was for me to decide where my *Konzertmeister* is needed."

Mozart bows his head, defeated.

Pause. Colloredo watches him silently. Under his mask of cold arrogance the glow of a great passion may be seen.

"Listen, lad," he begins in a low voice, "it is necessary for your own good that you should be in Salzburg. You are degrading and ruining the great gifts which God has granted you, in this frivolous and plebeian capital. In the peaceful retirement of Salzburg you will be able to possess your soul and rise up to the heights from which your genius has descended to you."

At these fervent words Mozart raises his head in surprise.

"If your princely Grace values my music so," he says with new hope, "then your princely Grace will be able to do me the favor...."

Colloredo rises suddenly to his feet:

"I shall never give up my noble instrument to another," he says with

rising indignation. "Whose spirit shall breathe in the notes of this golden harp? The spirit of sordid shopkeepers and ballroom fops? God has put his burning fire in my breast. And he has put the harp into my hands. . . ."

Mozart (very simply): "But I am not an instrument, your princely Grace, on which others play. It is my own heart that makes the music."

Colloredo goes up to him. "Mozart," he says, with passionate urgency in his voice. "What would have become of the sculptor, Michelangelo Buonarotti, without the great Pope Julius II, who became his life and soul. Even the prophets received the fiery tongues from above, Mozart! You have a choice between heaven and earth!"

Mozart shrinks before the Archbishop's fanatical look and voice: "I. . . I . . . ." he stammers in confusion, "I pray to God, but I also love the earth."

Colloredo (suddenly reserved and cold): "You are young and foolish and do not know your own mind. Since you do not understand you must obey. You go by the first coach."

He haughtily turns on his heel.

It is as though Mozart had been struck. He holds his head high, however, and, controlling himself, says in a suppressed voice:

"Your Grace. . . . I shall not go!"

At this Colloredo turns sharply round:

"What? Disobedient upstart! Low down fellow! There isn't a man in my household who serves me worse than you do!"

Mozart draws himself up and looks the Archbishop in the face:

"I did not know that I was a flunkey," he says with forced calm.

"What's that?" The Archbishop approaches him threateningly. "New Parisian ideas? Get out of my sight, you beggar," he shrieks.

Mozart throws his head back. His eyes are burning. "Is your Grace then not satisfied with me?"

"What?" The Archbishop raises his trembling hand with his stick. "You dare to threaten me! Miserable wretch! There's the door! I don't want to have anything more to do with such a scoundrel!"

"And I do not want to have anything more to do with you," comes the answer from Mozart, who speaks proudly and firmly in spite of his excitement. He turns abruptly and leaves the room without bowing.

The Archbishop stares after him, dumbfounded:

"He must be a. . . a. . . He must be a freemason!"

"A disciple of Voltaire," suggests Count Arco, "an atheist!"

The Archbishop puts his hand up to his eyes as though collecting himself: "Arco! . . . go out and talk the fellow round again."

"It won't be very difficult to persuade him." The Count smiles.

Mozart and Schlaucher are sitting together in a corner of the anteroom. The old valet is shaking his grey head disapprovingly.

"I am thinking about your old father," he whispers in his slow melancholy voice. "We used to be in the service of Count Thurn, together, as valets. He never forgot his place."

"My father's honor is also at stake when I am abused," complains Mozart.

"But he had to get into debt on your account," says Schlaucher concernedly, "and he cannot pay it off out of his salary. At sixty years, the old man still gives lessons, and his sister too."

"I shall send him money. I shall earn something. When I am free at last! Free! Free!" He seizes Schlaucher's arm.

The old man shakes his head dubiously:

"Free?... Free, that is to say alone and abandoned. Ach, when you are alone in the world, and without your father even, and without any secure livelihood, ach, ach... You are blind to bury yourself in your music and forget that you have your living to earn..."

He springs to his feet. Count Arco has appeared in the door.

Mozart also rises. But not so hastily. Schlaucher bows low. Mozart does not bow.

The Count saunters up with a smile: "Well, Herr Mozart?... Has your artist's temperament cooled down a bit? Let's have a little chat." He sits down. "Take a seat, Herr Mozart!"

Schlaucher bows and leaves the room.

Mozart remains standing stiffly in front of the Count and says coldly: "I should be obliged if your lordship would convey to his princely Grace that I desire to leave his service."

"Please be seated, my dear Mozart," smiles Arco. "You really must not be so impetuous. Do you want to go out into the world as an unattached artist begging your way with concerts? You're spoiling all your chances, Mozart."

Mozart: "If that is called begging, your excellency, I prefer begging to serving such a master."

Arco: "You are very proud."

Mozart: "Yes, your excellency. I am a man!"

Arco: "I suppose you think I never have to swallow bitter words."

Mozart: "You probably have your reasons for enduring it."

Arco: "Hm... Hm... But I belong to the nobility."

Mozart: "It is the heart that makes one noble. Although I am not a count, I probably have more honor in my makeup than many a count."

Count Arco gulps and rises. It is only with difficulty that he controls himself.

"There is a difference between Count Arco and Mozart!"

"Yes, the difference that Count Arco needs the Archbishop but Mozart does not!"

"Dog!" Count Arco bellows out at least. "Get out of here, you dog!"

And the huge Arco seizes the small slight Mozart by the shoulders and drags him to the door. Then with a brutal kick he sends him through the door and sprawling down the steps.

At the bottom Mozart lies dazed. Schlaucher comes running up to him and helps him to his feet. "Mozart!"

Mozart comes to his senses and tries to tear himself away.

"The blackguard!" he shouts out wildly, waving his fists. "The villain! Let me go! I'll give him back his kick!"

"But you can't, my dear, good Mozart." Schlaucher tries to mollify him. He drags him away with great effort. "After all you must remember it's the Count!"

"I don't care whether he is Count or footman! The scoundrel has no right to insult me!"

Mozart fumes and weeps with rage.

"I shall kill him; I shall strike him to the ground!"

"Poor lad!" sighs Schlaucher.

The Count appears at the door above. A giant holding a formidable dagger at his side.

Mozart is with difficulty dragged down the steps.

A blind beggar is standing at a street corner playing a violin. His hat is lying on the ground before him.

A small crowd gathers round him:

"What is he playing?" someone asks.

"Mozart, of course! No one else could compose such music!"

The wind blows clouds of dust through the streets. The people scatter. There are a few coins in the hat.

The old man is left alone and continues playing.

Mozart appears. He has no hat and his hair is dishevelled. He has a wild look and is walking like one who does not know where he is going.

Then he hears the notes of the violin and goes up to the blind man. He waits until he has finished playing, then he says:

"Do you often play Mozart?"

"Nearly all the time, Sir. He is the favorite, nowadays."

"And can you live on Mozart's music?"

"Oh yes, Sir!"

"That is remarkable... I don't seem to be able to! Give me your violin a moment." He takes it from his hand and begins to play:

"Oh," he sighs, feeling a pain that is akin to pleasure, "I want nothing, only music..... music!"

The beggar is astonished and stares with his blind eyes in the direction of the lovely sound.

People gather round. Expressions of delight are heard. There are smiles of pleasure. Eyes become moist... Mozart plays on.

"Thanks!" He hands the violin back to the old man.

"Who are you?" the latter stammers, greatly moved.

"A favorite... A colleague! A blind man and a street musician like you! Good evening, old man!" and he continues on his way.

The listeners watch him go with astonishment and admiration.

The beggar's hat is filled.

Council chamber in the Vienna town hall. The old Burgomaster is sitting there. An alderman and Puchberg are with him.

"Here is the application from Mozart," says the Burgomaster, producing a paper.

"It is really a disgrace," murmurs Puchberg, "to the city of Vienna that it can give Mozart no appointment. I cannot give that my approval."

"But we cannot dismiss our old Cathedral organist, Hoffman, after he has occupied the post for forty years," says the alderman.

"Mozart does not ask us to do so," the Burgomaster reassures him, and he points out a passage in the letter. "He asks to be made Hoffmann's assistant without emolument so as to have an opportunity of proving that he is worthy to be his successor."

"What, Mozart, whose genius is so universally recognized, wants to prove that he is worthy of being appointed organist? A man who could write *Figaro*! A man who could write *Don Juan!* Who was such a success in Prague that the Bohemians did not want to let him away again!"

"Did he not bring any money back from there?" asks the alderman.

"This hundred ducats? But he owes more."

"To you," growls the alderman.

"It does not make any difference. We must help him." Puchberg casts his eyes down.

"I also think," the Burgomaster assents, "that Mozart's request can be granted. He says 'without emolument.'"

"Yes, yes," concurs the alderman, "we can make him Hoffmann's assistant. He will be a great help to him."

"But it must be without pay. . . ."

"I beg the magistrate to consider that the man is very delicate. If he is given no financial support he will not be able to go on."

"But we can't pay money out of the municipal treasury when it is not asked for?"

"They say that Mozart also put in an application for the post of assistant organist to the Emperor, and that of music master to the prince," puts in the alderman.

"Rejected!" says Puchberg with a bitter gesture.

"Indeed and is that so," says the alderman indignantly. "So the burghers have once again to shoulder the responsibilities of the court."

"Mozart will never survive," says Puchberg excitedly.

The alderman nudges the Burgomaster: "Herr Puchberg is alarmed at the thought that Mozart may die before he can pay his debts! He! he! he!"

A small garden with rococo pavilion. Mozart is sitting in the pavilion alone. The sound of choral singing from a nearby theater is heard.

It is a fine afternoon in October. Broad plane leaves are falling, slowly circling, through the air. From time to time they fall lightly upon the music paper spread out on the table before Mozart.

Mozart holds his quill in his hand but the paper is blank.

The Magic Flute. Act Two is written at the head and the key signatures for the different instruments have been put in. But there is not a single note.

Mozart droops his head. He is pale and looks ill.

Deinert comes in with a large packet of music paper, a bottle of ink and a number of quills. Mozart does not seem to notice him, although he stands in front of him for some time.

"A very good day to you, Sir!" says the good-natured old caretaker.

Mozart looks up wearily but still does not appear to notice the man.

"You are thinking out something new I expect, aren't you?" says Deinert benignly. "Go on, Sir, don't let me disturb you. I shall leave the paper here."

"Good day, my good Deinert," says Mozart as though he were gradually coming to consciousness. "I am listening to the singing."

"They are always making a din in the theater."

"You call it a din, Joseph?" laughs Mozart, amused.

"Nothing but a din to me, Sir. You might prohibit music for all it would bother me," says Deinert with a twinkle in his eye.

"You miss a great deal then!"

The caretaker makes a gesture of disparagement: "As General Laudon said when we were outside Belgrade, says he: 'It's best for a gunner to be deaf anyway,' says he, after someone had had his ear drum split by an explosion."

Mozart laughs.

"Well, how's the world treating you, old Gunner?"

"That is what I would be asking you, Sir, for you look very poorly, indeed, Sir."

"I am ill, Joseph." Mozart droops his head again.

"You probably drank too much beer in Bohemia."

Mozart shakes his head mournfully.

"All illness comes from the stomach, Sir, as General Laudon said when the Archduke Franz was taken bad outside Belgrade."

"What on earth have you got there?" asks Mozart.

"The theater manager, Herr Schikaneder asked me to say that he sent this paper and ink as he felt sure that you had used up what you had by now."

"Then you can bring it all back to him." He rests his head in his hand and a sob chokes his voice. "How can I work like this, it is wearing me out!"

"Everything will come all right, Sir! Everything will come all right. Well, so long, Sir!"

The old man leaves. Mozart watches him go. The quill falls from his hand and he lets his head fall heavily to the table.

There is a movement in the shrubbery behind him. Then Schikaneder pushes his large head through with a crafty smile. He looks round and beckons and then he starts creeping up cautiously with a group of eight people behind him. There are five men, and three women half dressed, as though they had just come from behind the scenes of the theater. They hold one another by the hand and like a carnival group they parade in front of Mozart.

Suddenly Schikaneder begins singing:

"He's asleep. . . .He's asleep. . . . He's fallen asleep. . . ."

And the rest join in, one after the other, singing an improvised canon, repeating the same words over and over again: "He's asleep.... He's asleep.... He's fallen asleep!"

Mozart raises his head and looks round with a tired smile.

"Is the rehearsal over?"

"Yes, my friend. We have been hard at work, but what about you?... Asleep, eh?"

Schikaneder brings bottles and wineglasses out of his huge pocket and places them on the table.

The others do the same. In a moment a cheery company are sitting round the table.

Japanese lanterns are hung on the branches and meanwhile the comic singing continues: "He's asleep... He's asleep... He's fallen asleep!"

Schikaneder is grotesquely fat but keeps constantly moving and is astonishingly agile. He is a fat, sweating bomb of vitality. He is a mixture between a strolling comedian and a business man, common and fantastic at the same time. He smothers people with his affability and sentmentalities.

Schikaneder sits down beside Mozart, puts his arm round his shoulders and hugs him to his breast.

"Let's see how your work is going, little great man! Show us the divine score," he bubbles out.

He stares at the blank paper and makes faces.

"Is that the sole outpouring of your genius?" He thumps on the table. "God in heaven! I suppose your lordship knows that we are to give the first performance in three weeks!"

Mozart makes a weak gesture.

"Friend and brother," the torrent of words continues, "if you do not help me I am lost. And it is so easy for you to compose."

Mozart answers pensively as though speaking to himself: "Easy? It is easy for the blood to flow when the veins have been opened."

"Absurd! Nonsense! My theater is in a dreadful way. If you have it ready in three weeks you will save me from certain ruin." He sings dramatically: "Certain ruin . . . Cer-er-ertain ru-u-in!"

Meanwhile he has opened the bottles.

"It is very difficult to work as things are, Schikaneder," says Mozart guiltily. "You know how ill my poor wife is . . . and no money in the house."

"I shall reward you handsomely. They may say that Schikaneder is gay and thoughtless, but ungrateful never. When I arrived once in Linz with my strolling company my star tenor said to me. . . ."

"One has to have the inspiration to write music," puts in Mozart apologetically.

"We've brought the inspiration with us! First class inspiration."

Schikaneder fills a glass and holds it up to Mozart's mouth.

"Drink, friend, and the world will look quite different."

He fills another glass and persuades him to drink. Then he fills the glass of the man who has sat down at the other side of Mozart.

It is Puchberg, who looks out of place in this group. He is a smartly dressed burgher, a serious minded, honest but canny business man. Coughing gently he looks straight in front of him without saying anything.

"Drink, my dear Herr Puchberg," threatens Schikaneder. "Now that you have honored our little troupe with your company you must drink to our little musician."

Puchberg lifts his glass and clinks ceremoniously with Mozart without altering his dignified deportment.

"To your health, Herr Mozart!"

Mozart, visibly affected by the wine and with flushed cheeks, turns now to Puchberg and takes him by the arm:

"My dear Herr Puchberg," he whispers excitedly, with much halting and stammering, "excuse me, but I . . . I . . . I've wanted to tell you for a long time. . . . Oh I hardly like to speak about it God knows, my position is one that I would not wish my worst enemy to be in. . . . . Having to work without a salary is robbing me of my peace of mind and may even rob me of my life. . . ."

Schikaneder notices the two in intimate conversation and gets up with a look of disapproval. He strikes up a jolly song with the obvious intention of disturbing them. The others join in, laughing.

Schikaneder takes up his position behind the two, then he slaps Puchberg on the arm and gently compels him into a corner.

"Give Mozart something to drink. See that Mozart gets his inspiration!" he calls back towards the table.

"You mustn't let Mozart drink so much, Herr Schikaneder. I really cannot approve of it! You know that he is seriously ill."

"Herr Puchberg, with us immortals it is not a question of how long we live! He must create! Create! And for that he needs wine. In three weeks time I must give a performance of the Opera."

"But. . . ."

"But listen here, most worthy Herr Puchberg, do not lend Mozart any

money! He is a rascal. You can see it yourself. If he gets money he'll give up working altogether. He will not finish his opera and you will never get your money back!"

"But. . . ."

"But if you lend me two thousand guilders I shall be able to give you a magnificent performance of the magnificent opera that he is writing for me and then I shall earn magnificent money and give you back your magnificent two thousand and Mozart will get magnificent royalties."

"But. . . ."

Schikaneder embraces him impetuously: "So you agree and everything will be magnificent. Give Mozart something to drink, children!"

"But my dear Sir," says Puchberg at last recovering his breath. "He's an invalid. You mustn't let him drink so much!"

"Do we not all sacrifice our lives to art, Herr Puchberg? I also drink, don't I? We are artists, you see! When I and my strolling players gave a performance at Klagenfurt in the Golden Stag they said to me. . . ."

Dance music is heard. Schikaneder and Puchberg turn their heads towards the rest of the party. Even on Puchberg's thin lips a faint smile hovers.

The actors have risen from their seats and are dancing under the trees. Mozart is dancing in front with his pretty neighbor.

He is dancing with passionate abandon and perfect grace. He smiles like one possessed and seems to be borne on by the music.

Suddenly his face becomes contorted. He staggers and he holds on to the trunk of a tree to support himself.

"Herr Mozart," cries his partner, "are you feeling bad? Sit down. You see, there you are, I told you you shouldn't dance. You're still an invalid."

She has led him back to the table. Mozart sits down.

"I an invalid?" he says with spirit, though still suffering. "My stomach perhaps is disordered and my lungs are disordered and my liver is disordered. Incurably perhaps. But I, I am not ill. I feel life seething within me so that sometimes I feel it will burst its bounds. I am not yet ill. Five minutes without pain and I feel as though I could fly up into the blue sky and bring all of you up with me."

He holds out his hand: "Give me a sip of champagne, please."

The girl pours a glass for him: "I don't know how you manage, Herr Mozart," she says. "You have such a hard and dismal life and yet when you start making music it is as though it were spring with the larks and the nightingales singing."

Mozart drinks and looks around him with wide, dreamy eyes.

"Life. . . Life itself is not hard and not dismal. . . Life itself is beautiful. . . Life. . . . It is your eyes and your sweet mouth. . . . It is the evening clouds which over there are bidding farewell to the sun. . . .It is the trees that die happily at the height of their blossoming. . . . Life. . . It is Raphael's pictures and Palestrina's chorales. . . . It is love. . . It is music. It is only this life of mine that is borne down by heavy chains. It is only this life whose blood is sucked by leeches. But my music comes from deep down, from life itself and sings itself free from chains and vermin! Yes. . . . Music!"

He covers his eyes.

Meanwhile the dancers have separated. They are singing softly and a little drunkenly in chorus and are lighting the Japanese lanterns.

A young actor makes holes in a lantern with his finger to represent eyes and nose and mouth.

A girl laughs at the illuminated mask thus produced and makes another herself.

Mozart looks up again. He looks in bewilderment around him.

The masks grin at him uncannily.

He walks as if in a dream to where his score is lying on the table and sits down.

"Sh!" says Schikaneder holding up his finger. "Now he is going to compose."

He places a lit storm lantern beside him. Mozart seems to notice nothing of what is going on around him. Schikaneder walks away on tiptoe. The others follow his example.

Mozart unconsciously reaches for his quill.

Masks with blazing eyes and mouths are hanging on the dark trees.

Mozart pours himself some wine and begins to sing softly and to write.

The party of actors moves off towards the garden door. And Schikaneder speaks to Puchberg:

"Nobody can say that I am stingy. Schikaneder is gay and thoughtless perhaps, but certainly not stingy. What about the wine that I lavish on him? To make him work! It costs me a pretty sum."

Mozart writes, and writes feverishly, oblivious of everything else.

And as though borne in from the distance, in muffled tones, the music of the *Magic Flute* is heard as it plays in his imagination.

A complete score is lying on a conductor's desk. The distant, muffled music becomes real and close. A hand is seen turning the pages of the score. The picture enlarges and Mozart is seen at the conductor's desk. He is conducting the first performance of the *Magic Flute*.

Mozart is conducting the last bars of the first act His hands are moving like wings. He seems to be swaying. His emaciated face and his unnaturally large eyes are glowing with fever. It is the fever of music and the fever of disease.

His pupil, Süssmayer, is turning the pages of the score.

Every member of the orchestra is under the spell of their conductor. The old 'cello player beams over at him, oblivious of all around him. Tears are rolling down his cheeks.

The audience listen breathlessly. Dim faces in the parterre betray deep emotion, others sheer delight.

Mozart is conducting!

Schikaneder is standing behind the scenes. Tears are pouring down his cheeks also and he rubs his hands with satisfaction.

The act comes to an end. The audience is in transports. Cries of "Mozart! Mozart!" are heard through the thunder of applause.

But Mozart stands where he is and hears nothing.

The dark, heavy curtain is beginning to fall.

Mozart does not hear the applause. He sways. The baton falls from his hand.

Süssmayer makes a dash towards him and supports him: "Herr Mozart! What is the matter with you?"

"The curtain," says Mozart heavily, "the curtain is falling."

The dark curtain has now fallen and hides the brilliance of the stage from his eyes.

Then Mozart collapses.

The audience notices nothing. "Mozart! Mozart!" people cry in delight and crowd forward.

But in the orchestra there is panic. Mozart is carried out in a dead faint.

The delighted public knows nothing about it.

Flowers fall on the empty desk.

Behind the scenes there is wild confusion.

"That's a dirty trick!" bellows Schikaneder furiously.

"But he's ill!" shouts the incensed cello player. "How can he help it?"

"He's spoilt the whole first night for me! Damnation to him!"

"But he fainted, how could he help it?"

"Because he's a drunkard. He's made himself ill by drinking too much, the scoundrel. And now he lets me down on the first night!"

Then the large conductor who appeared before comes on to the scene, smiling self-consciously. "Thank God that you're here, my dear fellow! You've been sent by heaven! Quick, take your place at the desk and go on with it! We need strong, healthy people here!"

The conductor bows: "*I* shall not faint!"

"No," mutters the cello player grimly. "*You* won't faint, you'll live a hundred years and then die forever."

Down below Mozart is borne out unconscious through the stage door.

"Mozart! Mozart!" the excited voices of the audience are still heard crying. They know nothing and suspect nothing of what has happened.

Mozart is sitting in a large armchair by the piano. There are cushions under his neck and rugs over his knees. His head is drooping to one side. He has music paper on his knees. His hand, however, is hanging limply at his side. He has closed his tired eyes.

The two candles on the piano cast strangely dancing shadows on the wall.

Constanze comes through the open doors leading into the next room, which is dark.

She is looking ill herself. Wrapped up in a large shawl and shivering, she brings Mozart another rug.

"Are you asleep, Wolfgang?" she asks tenderly in a low voice, and watches her husband anxiously.

He opens his eyes: "No, my little wife!"

"I've brought you another rug, Wolfgang. It is bitterly cold!"

"It makes no difference to me, my little wife," answers Mozart, laughing tenderly. "And you, my gold, my silver, my diamond one, you must go and lie in your little bed and warm yourself!"

"Your hands are blue with cold," says Constanze. "How on earth are you able to write?"

"You see I'm writing something blue, dear, something very shrewd, dear, and I'm writing it for you, dear," he answers, making a weary attempt to joke and stroking and kissing his wife's hand.

"Who's there?" he suddenly jumps up in alarm.

"It is only I, Sir," Deinert's good natured voice is heard in the darkness. "No one has ever been afraid of me," he says as he steps into view, "even the Turks outside Belgrade were not in the least alarmed when they caught sight of me. Well, how are you feeling, Sir? Are you thinking up some new music?"

"I think, my dear Joseph," sighs Mozart as he sinks back wearily into his cushions, "that I have played myself out."

"Wolfgang," calls Constanze with pain in her voice, laying her hand on his forehead.

"I think you must be mistaken, Sir. You are looking in the best of health. The only thing is, it is a bit cold here. It's already November, I think you ought to heat up a bit, don't you think so, Sir?"

Constanze turns away in pain and confusion.

Mozart laughs bitterly.

"Yes, we certainly ought to heat up."

"Yes, you're right, Sir, and that is just what I have come about. One must get a morsel of wood in."

"No one will dispute it, Joseph, but a morsel of money is needed in order to get a morsel of wood in."

"Last year I got wood in for the winter for you."

"But last year I was not able to pay for it either."

"But you paid it slap up in the summer, Sir, and so I took the liberty of bringing with me a few logs from my supply."

"Thank you, dear Deinert," says Constanze, her voice choking with suppressed sobs.

Mozart looks at him without speaking. He tries to hold out his hand to him, but it falls back.

"What is there to thank me about? Obviously one must heat up during the winter time," says Deinert as he goes out again. And then the words come out of the darkness: "You can't let a man freeze just because he's a musician."

Mozart again starts nervously:

"Somebody is coming, Constanze."

"Nobody is coming, Wolfgang," Constanze reassures him and listens for any movement in the room next door. "Nobody."

"Somebody is coming."

"Calm yourself, Wolfgang!"

Then a strangely thin, lisping voice is heard:

"I beg to pay my most humble respects to the great master musician!"

"Who is that?" asks Mozart hoarsely.

A strange figure makes its appearance from the doorway. Extraordinarily tall and thin, with a face as of tightly drawn parchment and huge horn rimmed spectacles, he gives the appearance of the neurasthenic mummy of a pedantic university rector. He is dressed entirely in black and his movements are punctiliously ceremonious so that the resulting effect is extremely grotesque.

"Allow me to wait upon you," says the stranger, and bows.

Constanze retires shyly behind the armchair.

"Who are you?" asks Mozart in a puzzled voice.

"I have come to you on behalf of a personage of some importance," lisps the strange visitor, importantly and ceremoniously.

"Who is it?"

"My client does not wish to be named," he answers, without changing his expression. The candle flames flash back from the pupils of his eyes.

"What does he require of me?"

"A person has died whose memory will always be dear to him. He wishes each year to commemorate the day of her death with a requiem."

"I am to compose a requiem?" asks Mozart in a low voice.

"A requiem. . . . in four weeks' time."

"So soon?" asks Mozart, thunderstruck, as though his death sentence had been pronounced.

"I am to pay you a hundred ducats in advance."

He lays the money on the table.

Mozart stares at him with his large eyes, without saying anything.

"In four weeks' time I shall return to receive the score," lisps the stranger. "My most humble respect to you." He makes a deep and formal bow and disappears into the darkness.

"Constanze!" whispers Mozart. "Did you see him?"

"That lanky, comical looking man? Why, of course I saw him."

"There was nothing comical about him," says Mozart, shaking his head dejectedly. Then after a pause he adds: "He ordered my funeral dirge."

"What nonsense, Wolfgang!" Constanze draws his head close to hers and strokes his hair. "Put that out of your head, Wolfgang!"

He takes her hand: "Do you remember, Constanze," he asks dreamily, after a moment or so, "the day we got Aloysia ready for the theater and the manager came? And how your mother sent you out of the room?"

"And I didn't go. I wanted to keep looking at you so I hid behind the mirror."

"Do you remember," he says after another pause, "how afterwards I sat down at the piano and wept and you came to me—it was the first time you came to me?"

"And you noticed me for the first time."

A tired, dreamy smile appears on Mozart's lips.

"It was lovely, wasn't it. ?" he says.

An aristocratic carriage is standing outside in the street. The tall, thin man in black comes hastily out and gets into the carriage.

There is another man in the carriage muffled up in coats and rugs. Evidently a gentleman who has been waiting for him impatiently: "Well?"

"Everything has been arranged, your lordship," answers the man in black, deferentially, as the carriage drives on. "In six weeks Mozart will have the requiem ready."

"But will the whole world be familiar with the music before I get the score?"

"God forbid, your lordship! I should never forgive myself if I was to make such an error."

"You know, Johann, that my fame as a musician, my honor as an artist, is at stake. Last week when I played the Sonata which you bought from Haydn for me, two of my guests recognized the music. They said they had heard it before. And I paid twenty-five ducats for the thing!"

"I have taken the liberty, your lordship, to bear in mind that I must not buy music which has been written some time ago and probably exists in several copies. When one does so there is always the possibility of such unfortunate occurrences. I shall be very careful in the case of this requiem. The day Mozart finishes it I shall call and take the score away with me. No one will recognize the music, or doubt that your lordship is the composer."

"I am paying enough for it anyway," grumbles the Count and wraps his coat closer around him.

Mozart is in bed. He is feverish and weak. Sheets of music paper are lying about all over the room. He is writing. His breathing is heavy. Every now and then his head falls back on to his cushion. His hand is so feeble he can scarcely hold his pen. But still he writes. Outside a snowstorm is raging and in the room the window frame is rattling.

Süssmayer comes in. "Herr Mozart, for God's sake," calls the shy, delicate young man, "you really must not work! The doctor has forbidden it!"

"How is my wife?" says Mozart without looking up.

"The doctor has forbidden her to get up. But she is not in pain any more," says Süssmayer as he gathers up the scattered sheets of paper.

"Thank God!" sighs Mozart without looking up from his work.

"Give me the Requiem!" Süssmayer tries to take the music out of his hand. "That is the second time you have worked the whole night through," says Deinert. "You really should not, Herr Mozart," he beseeches.

Mozart clings convulsively to his music.

"I must finish it! . . . It's my requiem," he says fanatically. "I know that death claims me. The stranger in black who ordered it will soon return. I know it. And you know it yourself, my dear friend. Do you want my last song to remain unfinished? Do you really want that?"

Süssmayer turns away in silence in order to hide his tears.

"Please send for my sister-in-law, Sophie," he says without ceasing to write, "so that somebody may be with my wife when I die."

"But you'll soon be all right again, Herr Mozart," says Süssmayer with a tight throat, without conviction.

"Also tell Albrechtsberger that he should put in his application for the post of cathedral organist in my place today, otherwise he will be too late, as I was too late. . ." and after a pause he adds: "Have you told the singers to come? We must try out the Lacrymosa today."

"Yes, here they are already, Herr Mozart."

Three men enter with the manner of people approaching a deathbed. They walk on tiptoe and make dumb signs to Süssmayer.

"How are you, Herr Mozart?" one of them asks quietly, with a protecting note in his voice.

"Thanks, dear friend," Mozart nods with a faint smile. "The hour has come, as they say."

"What nonsense! Things are only just beginning to brighten up. You have heard I suppose that your application for the post of cathedral organist has been accepted?"

Mozart nods.

Then, after a pause: "Yes, I have to go, now that I at last have an opportunity of working in peace. It is a pity I am only thirty-five and have come to the end of my life without ever having enjoyed my talent."

He watches the men as they bow their heads in silence to hide their emotion.

"Now, friends we'll start singing. . . Süssmayer, give us the Lacrymosa. . . . I want to hear it again."

Süssmayer hands round the parts and sits down at the piano.

Mozart raises his hand, gives the entry, and all begin to sing. His voice is feeble, but clear and eager. His last and deepest reserves of life energy pour themselves out in these tones.

All sing the magnificent music with great fervor.

Mozart's hand falls down on his blanket. The music falls to the ground. . . Mozart goes on singing, with wide open eyes, staring into the distance. . . .

The singers struggle against their tears. One after the other their voices give way. There is silence.

Mozart looks at them.

"Why are you weeping?" he asks calmly, almost gaily. "It is music.... It was all music.... Life has been good...."

"Of course. . . Of course. . . ." the gentleman again wipes his eyes, a bordered silk handkerchief in his richly ringed hand.

"But, your Grace: a first class funeral costs eighty-two guilders and even to go second class one has to pay forty-five guilders."

"An irreplaceable loss!" the gentleman repeats with a sigh.

"I am telling you because I see how much you take it to heart.... In the whole house we only found eight guilders, in his wife's drawer—and she is still lying unconscious!"

"How sad! How sad!"

"Even a third class funeral, your lordship, costs eight guilders and thirty-eight crowns and then there is the hearse which costs another three guilders."

"I expect you are a music lover that you take it to heart so?"

"The devil a music lover I am," growls Deinert, "I'm a gunner, that's what I am, but I'll take the three guilders myself from my savings...."

He leaves and mutters as he goes: "A musician is a man after all!"

A snowstorm.

Mozart's hearse is driving through the street.

A plain deal coffin without any inscription or any cover or any flowers. It looks strangely bare swaying on the springs of the shabby little hearse In front a limping horse and a coachman who has been drinking.

The coffin is followed by Puchberg, Süssmayer, three strangers and, as a sixth, the blind beggar who keeps groping about from one to the other so as not to drop out of the group.

It keeps on snowing and there is a fierce wind. It is not pleasant to be out in the street.

Puchberg reflects for a while. Then he turns off, up a side street, and disappears.

The others one by one follow his example.

Only Süssmayer and the blind beggar are left, the latter groping anxiously so as not to lose his way.

When Süssmayer notices that the others have all gone he hesitates for a while and then turns away himself.

The blind beggar goes on. But then the hearse turns a corner. The blind man loses his bearings. He gropes around him but finds no one, then he hurries on in the wrong direction and disappears gradually in the snow-storm.

The hearse arrives at the cemetery.

"Who is it?" asks the gate keeper.

"Damned if I know!" mutters the coachman.

"Over there on the left, paupers' ditch!"

And the hearse disappears between the snow covered trees of the cemetry.

Translated from the German by N. Goold-Verschoyle

Pages From the Diary of Georgi Baidukov, Hero of the Soviet Union

MEETING WITH STALIN

I got a good look at this great man for the first time in 1934, at the end of the May Day parade in the Red Square. At that time I was in the Red Army air force.

On the following day we drew up our four-engined 'planes at the Frunze Central Aerodrome and lined up alongside our machines to welcome distinguished visitors—Comrades Stalin, Voroshilov, and Gorky. Comrade Stalin walked at their head with his quiet gait—like a sailor's, the legs rather wide apart. Sometimes he raised his right hand in greeting, then thrust it inside the breast of his coat and looked attentively into the men's faces. Now for the first time I could look closely at his smiling eyes.

Some time afterwards, when I had just landed from a trial flight, and was discussing with the mechanic the size of the horizontal stabilizer of the rudder-bar, the director of the works drove up, called us into his office and told us we were to go to a meeting in the Kremlin.

When we got there, the meeting was in full swing. Comrade Voroshilov was making a speech. Comrade Molotov was in the chair. Comrade Stalin was standing by the window filling his beloved pipe. He looked at us attentively. I sat down at the table.

"Well, now, let the director tell us about his machine," said Stalin.

The director described how things were going at the plant, and gave a detailed account of the special points of the latest machine produced there.

"Who has tested this airplane?" Comrade Stalin asked.

"Moiseyev and Baidukov, Comrade Stalin. They're both here," replied the director.

"Now, then, Baidukov, tell us about the 'plane. What is it you like about it? What's wrong with it?" and he watched me as I went up to the model.

Stalin came closer, looking now at me and now at the model as though wondering whether I was intelligent enough to be trusted as a test pilot.

I tried to speak of the airplane strictly from the point of view of a pilot. Comrade Stalin questioned me about very technical details of the plane's construction, and I had often to pause before answering, in order not to mislead, by a careless reply, this greatest of men, this leader of peoples, who was speaking to me so simply.

And then I noticed that Stalin liked listening and consulting people who were in direct contact with machinery—whether airplanes, combines, or pneumatic hammers.

The second thing that struck me was that Comrade Stalin had a thorough knowledge of whatever question he was interested in. How could it be that a man who was busy with matters of state importance knew the nice points of airplane engine construction and flying? This insight could only be the result of a many-sided culture and the mind of a genius.

Another thing I noticed during this meeting with Comrade Stalin was his anxiety about people. Aviation is a complicated and sometimes dangerous profession. At that meeting Stalin closely questioned the airplane builders and pilots about the safety of this airplane in case of a forced landing. Would a parachute jump be easy? Could the crew work comfortably? If he received a reply in the negative, he would quietly but impressively insist that

an airplane dangerous to fly was not a Soviet airplane, that it should be scrapped or altered in such a way that the people—the most valuable capital in the world—would be surrounded by maximum comfort. In aviation there is no such thing as a trifle, he declared; a trifle may often be the cause of death.

His care for people—an immense, immeasurable love of mankind—this was the third thing I observed about Comrade Stalin at that business meeting.

The sun emerged from behind the mountains and Sochi, the Caucasian health resort, awoke to life.

Our house awoke as usual, with the sunrise. By seven o'clock my daughter Emmochka was shouting into my ear.

It promised to be a fine, clear day. At nine o'clock Chkalov's deep voice could be heard making an engagement for a game of billiards.

Belyakov was at his French lesson. My daughter and I ran off together to the tennis court.

By ten o'clock we were all seated at breakfast. Suddenly the telephone rang. Chkalov was summoned to it. After a few minutes he called me into the corridor. He looked agitated, a very unusual thing with him.

"Listen, Egor, Comrade Stalin has invited us to see him at four o'clock and bring our wives," he said in a low, excited voice.

"Nonsense, Valery! Are you starting your tricks first thing in the morning now?"

But the happy agitation in my friend's eyes and his slightly trembling fingers as he reached for a cigarette forced me to think that perhaps, after all, he was not joking.

I began to feel excited, too. My heart throbbed joyfully.

"It's true, Egor! We've got to at Comrade Stalin's exactly at four," said Chkalov.

We hurried back, delighted, to our wives to tell them the important news. I have no words to describe their excitement.

We finished breakfast in about five minutes.

Each of us was anticipating the coming meeting in his own way. But in one respect, we were all agreed—to make our personal preparations as soon as possible. One went to the barber's for a shave, another started ironing her dress, a third ran down to the sea for a bath. Every now and again we would glance at our watches, each swearing in secret at the mechanism, so slowly did the hands creep forward. . . . We were longing to set eyes on that dearest of men, the friend who was so close to us in our work. But no matter how much one may hurry, the sun dictates the time. At last, the hands crept round to three-thirty. It was time to go, but Chkalov could not manage to fasten his starched collar. He was trying to do it quickly and people were hurrying him and shouting on every side. . . . I suggested he should put on a silk Russian blouse such as I was wearing and he decided to do so. Ten minutes later we were following Mikhail Ivanovich Kalinin in his car, headed for Comrade Stalin.

We were driven to a dark green house standing in an orchard.

Comrade Stalin was at the front gate with Zhdanov, waiting for us. Stalin greated us warmly, looking each of us over attentively, evidently to see if we were any stronger for our holiday.

Stalin's extraordinary simplicity and sincere modesty attracts people to him instantly, and they feel a hearty liking for him.

My wife and Belyakov's wife were introduced to him. He asked them how they had enjoyed their holiday. Then he led us towards the house, telling us,

as we went, about every bush and tree, of which there were a great number. Evidently, Stalin is very fond of fruit trees.

When we came to a lemon tree he carefully straightened the bamboo rod supporting the fruit-laden boughs.

He plucked a leaf of eucalyptus, rubbed it between his palms and gave it to me to smell. The strong smell, it appears, is disliked by the malaria mosquito. I felt embarrassed to think that I had not known the effect of this wonderful tree. Joseph Vissarionovich told me how the Americans got rid of the mosquitoes when they were building the Panama Canal and also how this was managed when the colonists were settling the Australian swamps.

Comrade Stalin, laughing, referred Zhdanov to Vareikis who wanted to hybridize the eucalyptus and plant the whole of the Stalingrad area with it.

A discussion about planting began. Stalin supported Vareikis quite seriously and said the thing ought to be attempted.

Thus, without noticing the time, we explored the whole garden. Then, turning to his guests, our host asked us if we did not think it was time to have something to eat, and led us into the house. He invited us to look round the rooms. Everything was very plain and clean.

On the way to the dining room, Stalin drew up the blinds and opened the windows, asking, as he did so, if the table was laid.

Zhdanov had a bad cough. It sounded very like Chkalov's. I noticed this and remarked: "Colds are a regular thing with aviators."

Then Joseph Vissarionovich said indignantly that airplane builders and factories have done very little so far with regard to the perfecting of electrical heating, and that the blame lay partly with the pilots, who were careless about their health and not insistent enough in demanding such improvements from the industry. Stalin knew the defects in our aviation thoroughly and showed very pronounced dissatisfaction over the fact that up to now not all aviators use a parachute in cases where accidents occur. Better to build thousands of new airplanes than that one aviator should lose his life! In Stalin's eyes a human being is of more value than anything on earth.

Then the conversation veered to meteorology. Comrade Zhdanov was at one time greatly interested in this subject. He told us how closely he had followed the weather changes during our flight. I discovered that he was very well versed in the laws of meteorology and knew by heart the names of the recurrent cyclones of Europe and the North.

Deep in conversation like this, we all drifted to the veranda where ninepins were set out.

Joseph Vissarionovich suggested a game. He was the first to take up a ball. With a deft movement he sent it along the board and knocked down the king and several soldiers. Belyakov was the next to play. He wasted a good many balls before he got the knack of rolling them to the goal.

When we had played enough, Stalin consulted his guests and asked them if they didn't think it was time for dinner. We agreed. He led us to the table. At dinner we were all gay and thoroughly at our ease, encouraged by our genial host. I felt light-hearted all the time, just as if we were celebrating some important and very gay holiday.

Comrade Stalin proposed the health of his guests and then we drank to him who had led Russia out on the bright road—to Comrade Lenin. Next we drank to Kirov.

After dinner we three aviators began to talk to Comrade Stalin about our plans for a flight over the North Pole. Joseph Vissarionovich argued that we

were not sufficiently familiar with the existing information on the subject yet, that we needed a good deal of preparation, and that meteorological conditions would have to be studied thoroughly. More meteorological stations would be needed. No risks could be taken in an undertaking like this; there could be no trusting to luck, we must be dead certain of everything.

Stalin loves aviation. He talked with evident pleasure of the flights made by Kokkinaki, Alexeyev, Yumashev and other aviators.

Unnoticeably the talk got round to the past and Joseph Vissarionovich told us how once, when he was in exile, he was nearly drowned in the Yenisei. He fell through a hole in the ice and emerged again, covered with icicles, before the astonished eyes of the women who had come down to the river for water. Terrified, they flung down their bucket yokes and buckets and scampered back to the village. It took some time to persuade them to let him in to warm himself. Only his splendid constitution saved him from death.

Then he told us how when he was returning from exile, a sledge driver made him pay by the "yard of vodka." The driver would only agree to do the job properly on condition that at every stage, he would receive, over and above his fare, a "yard of vodka."

The yard was measured in length by the glasses in which vodka was served at wayside inns. The driver was very pleased with the prompt way in which his fare carried out his part of the bargain, and after every stop he grew merrier and merrier. As they were parting he kept saying to Stalin: "You're a fine muzhik! Where do you come from, lad?"

While Joseph Vissarionovich was telling this story I was sitting beside him and could see the sparkle in his eyes as they lit up with spontaneous merriment. He can tell a story in a way that makes his hearers split their sides laughing.

We went into the next room, a very spacious one. Stalin showed us photographs of his children and spoke with great tenderness of his daughter Svetlana who had recently left for Moscow. School had begun.

"She's very well-disciplined," he said, "if school has started, she knows she must go!"

Joseph Vissarionovich set the photograph carefully back in its place. We begged him to give us a photograph of himself among his children, as a souvenir. How could he refuse such persistent visitors? He selected three photographs already framed and set them aside, to be wrapped up and given to us later.

Then he requested that the young people should dance. He himself selected a folkdance record and put on the gramophone.

Even when the dancers had exhausted their repertoire, he did not abandon the gramophone, but put on a Volga song, and began to sing it. We all joined in the chorus of the long drawn out Russian song. Stalin evidently learned to sing in Siberia and he joined in very well with Zhdanov. Chubar took the bass, and I joined in, too. We would have sat there singing in this friendly way for ages, if it had not been for Mikhail Ivanovich Kalinin, who had to leave Sochi that night.

When we had seen Kalinin off, Chkalov lay down on a couch and fell fast asleep. Joseph Vissarionovich brought a blanket, covered Valery up carefully and, leaving the door of the verandah open, began again to entertain us with folkdances and Russian and Georgian songs. It was eleven o'clock when Chubar and Zhdanov invited us all to play billiards.

We played for a long time; when I looked at my watch it was nearly

half past one. We did not want to leave the extraordinary man who had charmed and won us with his wise simplicity. But he, more than any of us, needed rest.

So we parted with Comrades Stalin and Zhdanov, and went home with impressions that would last us all our lives long—of a simple, hearty host, a great leader and a genius.

Translated by Anthony Wixley

TESTING THE SOLAR COMPASS

Pilot Belyakov and I are great friends. Our acquaintanceship began with flights to test solar compasses, which he had been exceedingly fond of since childhood. This interesting test work involves flying along a meridian, where consequently the direction has to be due south or due north.

The southern part of European Russia that day was covered with rain and thunderstorms. The north was calmer and permitted us to fly as far as the city of Onega, in the sunlight.

We took off. The sun glancing through the prism of the compass and reduced to a tiny yellow spot on a white disk, pointed north. It took me a long time to get used to that sensitive instrument and I often scowled at my steersman.

By noon cloud banks appeared in the sky. And when a clear stretch of sky appeared, the 'plane R-5 began to climb at a steep angle. The sun was covered by successive layers of clouds. Belyakov pleaded with me to rise above the clouds. I began climbing and observed how every moment the clear stretches of sky decreased and the color of the clouds began to change, darkening in hue. This change boded nothing better than storm clouds in which our biplane might crack up.

Fastening my shoulder strap, I instinctively fingered my parachute ring and plunged into the swirling midst of the cloud banks. It was a good chance to practice blind flying if only the plane would hold out.

It tossed about as though it were being slashed to death. The struts vibrated nervously in tune with all the instruments. Belyakov became silent and stopped trying to cheer me up with jokes over the telephone. I felt hot in that hell of storm clouds.

It was dark in the cabin and I turned on the lamps that lit up the instruments. Ten minutes passed, but there was not even a hint that we would ever reach the sun.

I was cursing myself for having yielded to the steersman's request. The airplane shuddered. The variometer sometimes indicated a rise of ten or fifteen meters per second. Sometime I did not have a chance to right the 'plane. The wind whistled in my ears and the 'plane shook.

Either from the heat of the fur flying kit or the physical or nervous strain, I became covered with moisture from head to foot.

At a height of 6,500 meters the desolate picture was intensified by constant lightning. The fiery threads uncoiled on all sides. It seemed as though they might touch the two of us at any moment.

Belyakov's fuses blew out. To avoid the action of those threads of fire he pulled in the antennae and received several burns from the charges as a result.

I was filled with the firm resolve to get out of the clouds and return to Cherepovets as quickly as possible before the plane cracked up. I reduced

the flow of gas and rapidly lost two thousand meters of altitude. Here we encountered hail and snow and further down huge, cold rain drops.

The lightning suddenly pierced the dark clouds with jagged lines of electricity. Still in the clouds I turned south, heading for the flying field. At an altitude of 1,500 meters a sort of black carpet appeared below. This was a sign that we were close to the earth. The rain drenched us from head to foot, since our cabin was open.

We soon passed the whole layer of clouds and then, without having yet sighted the ground, we flew through a thick hail storm. The hail stones broke the triple glass of the windshield and pelted our skulls. The first thud nearly stunned me. I crouched close to the broken windshield. Belyakov huddled in the bottom of the cabin, otherwise the ice might have brained him.

I made a quick drop and flew close to the ground, where the hailstones were much smaller and therefore less dangerous.

Over the ground I could distinguish the patches of rain. Threading a course between them our plane finally came out above the railway. The engine was vibrating badly. It gave us the feeling that we were traveling not in an airplane but in a broken down cart over a bumpy road.

I reduced the gas. The vibration did not decrease and a suspicious whistling sound was audible. Two hours later we landed on the flying field, raising columns of muddy water from the puddles.

Belyakov was a little green around the gills from the violent shaking he had undergone as he crouched in his cabin, hiding from the awful blows of the hailstones.

I took off my flying kit. I steamed like a wheezy locomotive on a frosty day. My underclothes clung to my skin.

I glanced at the lower wing and was horrified. A third of the surface, from the front edge along the whole length, was pierced by hundreds of holes. I climbed up to have a look at the upper wing and could scarcely believe my eyes. It was full of holes, just like the lower one. I counted several hundred perforations, each of them five centimeters across. The stabilizer was undamaged, with only a few nicks in the paint.

It was an unusual case of an airplane that continued to fly although by all the rules it had been put out of commission. Why hadn't the canvas been torn from the wings? Evidently, the Soviet percale was of a very high quality. Otherwise Belyakov and I would have had to use our parachutes for a landing in the northern swamps.

Having felt the many bumps on our heads, glad that all had ended well, we headed for my apartment to celebrate the remarkable flight.

As we left the flying field we saw a group of engineers and fliers, clustered about our 'plane which the storm had transformed into a sieve.

THE UTILITY OF STUDYING THE FIRMAMENT

The moon also has its days off. The command was in a hurry to teach us real night flying. My job was to train a young pilot. I gave him a task.

"Take off a minute after I do, line up on the curve; we're flying in pairs. Land when I give the signal."

On a hill in the distance a blast furnace belched a crimson glare into the open sky. I used it as a landmark for the take-off and rose into the air. Shortly afterward I made a 90° turn, that the student flyer might better distinguish my signals.

I had a good view of his take-off. Everything was all right. I steered a straight course to make it easier for him to come into line.

I flew five minutes, I flew ten minutes and still no sign of an airplane either on the right or the left. What had happened? What had become of him?

It was a starry night. I gazed anxiously at the myriads of stars, trying to distinguish the signals of my pupil among them. My efforts were vain, however. I failed to sight any airplane lights in the sky. The observer set off three red rockets in succession but even this did not draw the attention of the young flyer.

I became worried. My inexperienced pupil might easily lose his way in the darkness and stray from the flying field.

After flying another hour, I landed and reported what had happened. The commander glanced at the clock, asked how much fuel the chap in the 'plane had, and declared reassuringly:

"That's all right, at dawn we'll receive a wire."

In fact the commander was not far wrong. As soon as the sun peered into the camp, the guard received a telegram: "Squadron Commander. Landed safely at the Alexin Bridge 8."

"Look where he's got to!" I mused. "Maybe that's a national record, or even an international one. Very well, I'll congratulate him and buy a rope to tie him to the plane!"

Taking gasoline on board, we flew off with the mechanic. We reached the Bridge by evening, where we landed with difficulty. I immediately realized that the "lost one" did not feel in very good spirits; the chief culprit—the observer—looked worse than the others.

It appeared that for a whole hour they had followed a bright light, which they had mistaken for the tail-light on my machine.

Only from a height did they realize that they had been following a bright star all night. Luckily the sun came out in time to laugh at the jolly crew.

I gave the observer a reprimand for not knowing the firmament and advised the young flyer to study natural lights more closely and not confuse them with the navigation signals of fighting planes.

Henri Barbusse, a Retrospect on the Second Anniversary of His Death

Two years have passed since Barbusse died, but we call him to mind more and more frequently as time goes on. The war menace and the struggle against it, the formation and consolidation of the popular front, the defence of the Soviet Union—with all these present day tasks the name of Henri Barbusse is intimately associated.

Barbusse was the genuine incarnation of a new type of militant writer. An inspired artist, a passionate publicist, indefatigable organizer, a patient educator of the Western intelligentsia and an ardent fighter against the imperialist war, Barbusse was a genuine artist-Communist.

Among western European writers there was no more passionate and untiring opponent of the imperialist war than he. For twenty years Barbusse kept close on the scent of the war beast. Not only were nearly all his books, *Le Feu, Clarté* and many others, devoted to the struggle against war, but the same may be said of the fruits of his social activities such as the Clarté movement and numerous congresses and organizations started on his initiative.

The united anti-fascist front to which the writer dedicated the last years of his life is steadily making headway. Barbusse's deathbed appeal for the steady expansion of the people's movement remains one of the most important slogans of the anti-fascist struggle.

In matters immediately concerned with literature Barbusse's message is as important as it ever was.

Barbusse was always deeply interested in the problems connected with the socio-political function of literature, the organization of writers and the work of mobilizing them to the greatest possible extent around the revolutionary tasks common to all toilers.

In the light of future developments in anti-fascist literature the lines written by Barbusse in 1931 sound almost prophetic. Here Barbusse not only condemned what he described as "fashionable" anti-realist literature of all shades, but also severely criticized the "neonaturalism" of the "populists" [1] and gave a sketch of the history of realism in which Zola is ranked very high. Barbusse did not suggest that Zola should be regarded as a model of realism. On the contrary he pointed out the weak points in Zola's realism which were due to the times in which he lived and saw his work only as a stage in the development of realism. "Realism from being partial gradually becomes integral and we come to be its masters. . . ."

This realism, according to Barbusse, "disposes of the absurd, alleged antagonism between personality and reality, the eternal sophism which sets mankind over against the people. . . ."

Barbusse shows that artists find their way to revolutionary art through a faithful portrayal of reality. He makes only one condition for artists: that they must grasp the realities of their day and probe deeply into the life and struggle of the toiling masses. An artist who does not cannot come to any

[1] A bourgeois literary group devoting themselves to the description of the life of workers and peasants without recognizing the class struggle.

other conclusion but a revolutionary one. "A real artist with vision differs from a real Socialist only on a basis of the 'division of labor' principle."

A man who could thus define the tasks of a modern realist writer was bound to have a kindred feeling for the ideas of Socialist realism embodied in the literature of the U.S.S.R. Barbusse's address on Soviet literature published in this magazine is a confirmation of this.

Like Romain Rolland and others of the best writers of our time, Barbusse gave a lead to the great world movement against war and fascism, a movement which has become more and more widespread during the last few years and was the forerunner of the popular front. In his anti-fascist activity Barbusse put into practice the views that had begun to form in his mind at the time when he was writing *Le Feu* and which eventually brought him into the ranks of the Communist Party. These were the views of the soldier-artist who gives expression in his work to the aspirations of the toiling masses.

Convinced of the necessity of uniting the masses in a revolutionary league against war and fascism, Barbusse resolutely pursued this aim. It is not surprising that the Trotskyist bandits should have attacked Barbusse so fiercely and taken him as a target for their subversive work.

It has now been quite conclusively shown that the Trotskyist enemies of the united front in literature attacked Barbusse on all sides and in all countries. The Trotskyist Auerbach [1] and other enemies who had wormed their way into Soviet literary organizations at one time brought forward their anti-Barbusse specialist. This disgraceful part was taken by Bruno Yasensky, who utilized for the purpose the International Bureau of Revolutionary Writers and the pages of the *Literature of the World Revolution.*

Although Barbusse sent a letter to the conference organized in 1931 by the International Bureau in which he wrote: "I would like to give you a proof of my loyalty and unswerving devotion to the common cause and my confidence in its inevitable forward movement," Yasensky insolently asserted that Barbusse's view on proletarian literature was "a Right-wing opportunist point of view." Yasensky, mouthpiece of the Trotskyists, did all he could to introduce sectarianism into revolutionary literature and tried to cast mud on Barbusse's magnificent work in mustering together all anti-fascist forces. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* comments: "Instead of giving Barbusse serviceable criticism and helping him to unite the anti-fascist forces in literature, the International Bureau at first merely ignored Barbusse's repeated requests for cooperation and for articles and material. It then obtained the services of an "anti-Barbusse specialist," Bruno Yasensky. . . . At the conference referred to, Yasensky tried to make out that Henri Barbusse was an enemy of the revolution. This failed. Yasensky, not in the least abashed by his defeat, later tried to publish in *Literature of the World Revolution* an article on the state of French literature in which he renewed his slanderous attacks. The writers of the U.S.S.R. and other countries—friends of Barbusse—did not allow themselves to be taken in and Yasensky's article was never published.

Yasensky's persistence, writes *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* is seen in a very revealing light when it is remembered that at that time the fascist Trotsky was carrying on a campaign of slander and abuse against Barbusse as the initiator of the huge anti-war congress at Amsterdam.

---

[1] In a forthcoming issue we shall have an article dealing with the subversive role played by Auerbach and other Trotskyists in Soviet literature.

All this bitter abuse however was powerless to prevent Barbusse from carrying on his campaign against fascism.

"He never spared his own life. By the end of the war his organism was wasted by disease. But in spite of this what did he not do! What exhausting tasks he undertook!" wrote Romain Rolland on the occasion of Barbusse's death.

In the midst of his work as organizer and propagandist of the international movement for the defense of civilization against fascist barbarism, Barbusse did not cease to write. His last works were his book on Stalin and a short biography of Lenin, which was used as an introduction to Lenin's *Letters to his Family* published by Barbusse in French.

The great revolutionary writer was naturally attracted by the characters of the leaders and teachers of progressive humanity of the present day. His book on Stalin is like a beacon marking the height of his literary development just as *Le Feu* was the great beginning of his development and struggle.

Barbusse felt the tremendous value of the experience he acquired in taking a leading part in the great popular movement in defense of freedom and civilization. Side by side with this activity he followed closely the achievements of the Soviet Union, and saw in the happy life of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. and in the strength of the U.S.S.R. the chief mainstay of the struggle for peace. He had long ago learnt to feel at home in the land of free peoples, breathing the air of a new and genuinely human social order. Ideas for important new books had come to maturity in Barbusse's mind. At the time when he was busiest with his social activities he began a novel which he left unfinished.

Barbusse said: "A writer influences his epoch provided he throws himself into the movement representing the deep current of human history, provided, that is to say, that he is right."

Barbusse was right. Barbusse had an irresistible influence on people just because he was able to throw himself into the great historical movement which has already triumphed on one sixth of the world's surface, in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and which shall triumph also throughout the world, when the resistance of all forces hostile to humanity have been crushed. Against all these forces from fascism to Trotskyism and the advocacy of false compromise, Barbusse, "Our friend, the friend of the working class of France and worthy son of the French people" (Stalin) fought steadily and fought with all his might.

The hitherto unpublished radio address which we print below, is an interesting addition to the details concerning the character of Barbusse, the friend of the Soviet Union, with which we are already familiar. In his *Under Fire* Barbusse settled accounts with the old world. In his book on Stalin he wanted to show the West an image of the new world and "an image of the new world," as he so aptly put it, "through the image of a man."

Barbusse threw heart and soul into the work of collecting material for his biography of Stalin, being anxious to give as full a picture as possible of the life of the great man and through it to reveal the essence of the Socialist revolution and the new world that it is fashioning.

Henri Barbusse

Speech Over the Radio from Moscow in October 1934

It is always a tremendous experience to speak to the listeners of all lands over the Moscow radio. What I shall say to you is of great importance, not because of my own personality, but because of the multitude of listeners and because of the spot from where I speak and of which I speak.

It is my fifth visit to the U.S.S.R., and I shall summarize the main impressions that I have gathered in the course of fifteen days of looking around by saying that I have found the general spirit of optimism, of confidence in the future and of working heroism, which all visitors to the Soviet Union for many years have observed with unanimity, even broader, deeper and more dramatic.

The same applies to the spirit of the country. Here peace appears in its true guise, that is to say, as one aspect of work and of social progress. The success of Soviet policy in the sphere of diplomacy and its entry to the League of Nations, shortly after Germany and Japan had left the League, are especially popular and are eagerly hailed by a people which is, in its totality, a sincere enemy and a sworn enemy of war.

The process of economic and social reconstruction continues at a headlong pace and registers new successes. One can point to new deeds of civic heroism, of practical heroism, deeds that are so numerous in all spheres of activity as to warrent the assertion that the present evolution of the U.S.S.R. towards a splendid national organization of progress possesses in some of its phases all the attributes of a living epic.

The U.S.S.R. is still inspired by the enthusiasm of the *Chelyuskin* episode. The figures of Schmidt, the leader of the remarkable and perilous scientific expedition to the Arctic seas, of his companions all of whom performed their duty unflinchingly after the ship had been crushed by the ice, and of the flyers who made superhuman efforts to save all the members of the expedition and were brilliantly successful, are popular today in all corners of the Soviet continent, which is twice the size of all Europe put together. At the same time they celebrate the voyage of the *Litke* which succeeded in establishing communication between Asia and America through the North, for the two continents that are separated by the vast Pacific Ocean, almost touch in the Polar regions.

Besides these daring exploits, it is now evident that the Second Five-Year Plan, now in the first stages of its realization, has already far exceeded the sensational results of the Plan which ended in 1933 and which had itself exceeded the estimates.

Tremendous factories, huge combinats continue to be built. And it is, indeed, a crowd of giants: Magnitogorsk, which is being completed, and others, such as Kramatorsk and Chelyabinsk, break all records for size. The U.S.S.R. already heads all the countries in the world in the manufacture of tractors, farming machinery and locomotives. It holds second place in the output of oil, iron and steel, and the tremendous rate of production not only continues but increases.

As regards cultural development, I would lige to emphasize one point: the question of Soviet literature, for the Congress of the Union of Soviet

Writers which has just ended has shed great light on the progress accomplished. The increase in the output of books keeps pace with that of machines, of steel and of agricultural products (35,000,000 copies of books of creative literature alone). But though the sizes of the editions have been increased they are still inadequate. The demand far exceeds the possibility of production. There is not yet enough paper. And this does not mean that the output of paper has not increased tremendously; quite the contrary.

The August Congress was a demonstration on a tremendous scale. Soviet literature is not limited to Russian literature; it includes the special literature of each of the republics that constitute the Soviet Union. We know, in fact, that national literature, and even regional literature, has received tremendous encouragement and support from the central government since the October Revolution.

All writers who gathered at this first big congress of Soviet literature have their personal tendencies and different backgrounds. Nevertheless, a powerful unity moulds this chosen group into a whole, which voluntarily, impelled by an ideal and a higher goal, struggles in the same direction. It may be said, in fact, that all the Soviet writers are fighters. Today, the question of art for art's sake has been definitely liquidated. The so-called thesis of formalism, that is to say, of exclusive interest in form, in the "container" irrespective of the thought content, no longer finds defenders, although, as Comrade Stetsky remarked at the Congress, many writers, because of the survival of old habits, sometimes "smuggle" too much formalism into their works and in spite of themselves, devote themselves too exclusively to form.

The day of the writer without a party or directives is over. The writer Ivanov clearly and eloquently proved to the Congress by his own example that this phase of the writer's so-called independence, as regards political trends and an organic orientation to the society of which he is a part, is by now an obsolete and outmoded tendency in the national literature of the great Socialist nation.

Not so long ago there were several associations of Soviet writers that were in sharp ideological conflict, especially the group of the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers (Rapp) which exercised a sort of dictatorial sectarianism. The Communist Party perceived the danger of applying this strict political orthodoxy to literature and art, and in April 1932 it decided that there should only be one general organization of writers to which those who were not merely "fellow-travelers" should belong.

But, comrades, it was necessary to give these varied writers a minimum program whose essential point would be to defend the spirit of Socialism, and the social and political work of the U.S.S.R. in the world.

All the writers of the U.S.S.R. rallied to this program. Not only was there no reluctance in this respect, but it may be said that this orientation of literature and art, which was expressed by the formula of Socialist realism, found increasing numbers of eager defenders among working intellectuals.

The formula of Socialist realism is by no means an artificial formula. It implies the study and the deepening of day to day realism, whether it be the tremendous, heroic effort of those who made the revolution, or the effort that is equally great and equally heroic of those who, on the basis of the revolution, have created a completely new world.

Socialist realism, this theory which is also a logical and human slogan, means that the writer must broaden his view of social things, of collective achievements. It is rightly assumed that the citizen of a republic established

on principles that are so new in history that we can claim that they run counter to those of other societies (even of those that claim to be democratic and republican) has a civic role to play, a public mission to perform within the social ensemble of which he is a cog. On the other hand, because of the irrefutable scientific logic of Marxian Socialism the social meaning inevitably merges with the Socialist meaning. And for those who are still somewhat hesitant or have doubts on the subject of positive, practical, grandiose and manifold achievements, the shining results of what is happening in the Soviet Union on all planes and in all fields leads to final conviction.

It may be said that these standpoints, which, I repeat, are forever engraven on the minds and hearts of all Soviet writers, and which are so ample and productive, exhibit in the literary movement a certain similarity to the great tactic which we call the tactic of the United Front, and which consists in uniting various elements, not only revolutionary elements, but working people of all parties of the Left and even those who belong to no party, on a very clear and very broad platform of struggle against capitalist reaction, war and fascism.

In order to give definite encouragement to all the initiative and effort of literary people, of known authors as well as of a whole group of young writers in our country, directed towards a new art, towards a social art that takes cognizance of historic events and of actual reality, that deliberately opposes the old regime and its abuses, and that champions the liberation of the working people, for peace and for social justice—we in Europe must certainly organize a vast movement similar to what is happening in the new world that is rising from the ruins of the old empire of the tsars. This is, in fact, the firm and definite desire of many individuals and groups who believe that in our old countries the writer must indeed be a fighter who because of his calling and because of his conscience is interested in human progress and in the emancipation of the exploited and oppressed.

Only in this sense, in the sense of an art that makes the collective personality enter the picture of the period and that utilizes the powerful weapon of literature, the great enlightenment which it is capable of performing amid the tremendous chaos of modern life, for the good of all and not for amusement and the profit of the few—only in this sense can we complete a new and important stage in the history of art and thought.

Moscow, October 6, 1934

Sergei Eisenstein

The Mistakes of "Bezhin Lug"

How could it happen that ten years after the triumph of *The Cruiser Potemkin* I should meet with the failure of *Bezhin Lug*? What caused catastrophe to overtake the picture I had worked on for over two years? What was the mistaken viewpoint which, despite honesty of feelings and devotion to work, brought the production to a perversion of reality, making it politically unsubstantial and consequently inartistic?

I have asked myself this question many times, and after repeated self-examination I begin to see it and to understand it.

The mistake is rooted in one deep-seated intellectual and individualist illusion, an illusion which, beginning with small things, can subsequently lead to big mistakes and tragic outcomes. It is an illusion which Lenin constantly decried, an illusion which Stalin tirelessly exposes—the illusion that one may accomplish truly revolutionary work "on one's own," outside the fold of the collective, outside of a single iron unity with the collective.

This is the source of my mistake. And this is the first thing I must realize in my serious effort to explain the fundamental shortcomings of both my present and previous work.

This intellectual illusion was the main cause of mistakes and quixotic digressions from the right way of presenting questions and answering them. These individual digressions result in the political distortion of the events portrayed and a wrong political interpretation of the subject.

Unripened revolutionary feelings, which should have been replaced long ago by disciplined Bolshevik consciousness, is the source of errors that, subjectively mistaken, become objectively harmful, despite affirmative intentions and purposes.

This explains what happened to me in my understanding of realism.

By turn of mind I am much given to generalization. But is it that generalization which the Marxist doctrine of realism teaches us to understand? No. For in my work generalization destroys the individual. Instead of being derived through the concrete and the particular, generalization trails off into detached abstraction. This was not the case in *Potemkin*. Its power lay precisely in the fact that through this one episode I succeeded in giving a generalized presentation of the Revolution of 1905, of the "dress rehearsal" for the October Socialist Revolution. This episode embodied all that was typical of that phase in the history of the revolutionary struggle. And the episode itself was typical in itself and its interpretation proved characteristic of the struggle as a whole. This was largely facilitated by the fact that *Potemkin* was originally conceived as an episode in a large epic of 1905 and subsequently became an independent picture which absorbed the entire complex of feelings and sounds that were intended for a panorama.

This did not happen with *Bezhin Lug*. The very episode which provides its basis—a dramatic episode—is in no way characteristic. A kulak father murders his son, a Pioneer; it is a possible episode, but not a typical one. It is on the contrary exceptional, unique and non-characteristic. However, when it is placed at the center of the scenario it acquires an independent, self-sufficient generalized meaning. This anomaly distorts the actual

portrayal of the Civil War in the countryside, obscuring it with morbid pictures of a father "executing" his son, which corresponds more to the subject of the "sacrifice" of Isaac by Abraham than to the subjects which should interest our audience in connection with the last battles for the final consolidation of the victorious collective farm system. On this account the first version of the scenario was utterly unsatisfactory since it treated this episode as basic and central.

In the second version of the scenario instead of making the drama between father and son a "thing in itself," we tried to give it as one episode in the general course of the class struggle in the village. This was not done thoroughly and consistently. There was no complete break with the original concept of the scenario or with the director's interpretation.

The socially false emphasis in the situation inevitably led to a false psychological interpretation. The psychological problem of the father who kills his son became the center of attention. And this generalized problem thrust into the background the main task—the portrayal of the struggle of the kulaks against the collective farms. The situation is solved in psychological abstraction, that bears no connection to a realistic investigation of actuality.

The first version deprives the father of all human elements; the father-beast is stilted and unconvincing. The second version goes to the other extreme: in depicting the "human drama" of the son-killer it loses sight of the class hatred of the kulak, whose rabid fury in the struggle against Socialism does not stop at the murder of his own son.

This psychological conception, abstracted from reality, leads to political looseness; hatred for the enemy disappears, psychological nuances reduce the subject to that of a father's murder of his son "in general."

Mistakes of generalization, divorced from the reality of the particular, occur just as glaringly in the methods of presenting the subject.

The first mistake is the detachment of the idea from its concrete carrier, the character who embodies it in the film.

And this results in the underestimation of the human element and a negligent attitude towards the creator of the human image in the picture—the actor.

Hence the attention devoted to the people is not determined by the importance of their ideological role, but by the interest in them as personalities.

The beast image of the kulak thrusts itself into the foreground out of all proportion. The head of the political department is blurred, pale and rhetorical.

And at the same time the hero of the film—the village Pioneer—is developed out of all proportion to his real social importance. This results in the impression that the class war in the village is the work of the Pioneers alone and in the picture, of one Pioneer singlehanded (especially in the first version).

The same occurs in the artistic mounting of the film. Since attention is not fully centered on man, on his character, on his action, the role of accessory and auxiliary means becomes excessive. Hence the hypertrophy of the settings: the den instead of a hut, the distorted foreshortening in the camera shots and deformed lighting effects. Decorations, scenic effects, lighting—the setting instead of the actor. The same applies to the characters; the image displaces the actor. It is no longer a living face but a mask,

the extremes of a generalized "typification" divorced from the living face, a static image which resembles a frozen gesture.

These elements which were justly subjected to severe criticism, especially in the first version of the picture, are wholly the result of the postulates enumerated at the outset.

I write of all this in all sharpness, for during my two years of work, with the help of constant criticism on the part of the leadership of the cinematographic industry, I was moving in the direction of overcoming these elements. But I did not succeed in fully overcoming them. Those who saw all the fragments of the picture from the first scenes to the last, remarked that there was definite progress towards realism and the scenes "at night" already testify to the fact that the author was abandoning the mistaken positions with which he began work on the first version.

Exaggerated generalization, divorced from the particular and from reality, inevitably carried the whole system of images in the only possible direction—towards mythologically stylized figures and associations. The full-blooded, many-sidedness of the tragic clash was reduced to a duo-tone melodrama in "black and white." The reality of class conflict was transformed into a generalized cosmic struggle between "good and evil." It would be wrong to assume that the author consciously sought for a "myth." But we again see how failure to adhere consistently to the method of realist presentation and failure to master this method in practice becomes a matter beyond the bounds of aesthetics, and gives the composition a false political significance.

To whom, however, should the mistakes be attributed? And can it be said that political error is the result of a mistaken creative method? Of course not. The mistakes in the creative method nest in an error of a philosophic nature.

Philosophical errors lead to mistakes in method. Mistakes in method lead to objective political error and looseness.

If this can be logically accounted for, by every more or less intelligent artist in our country, including myself, to make me not only understand it fully, but feel it, required the harsh criticism to which the catastrophic *Bezhin Lug* was subjected in the press and in meetings of the workers of the Soviet cinematograph industry.

A detailed scrutiny of all the consecutive scenes fully revealed to me the wrong approach to this subject. The criticism of my comrades helped me to see it.

What led to this? The failure to disclose the prime causes and the actual circumstances of the class struggle in the village. The situations in the picture did not follow from these causes and circumstances. On the contrary the situations in the picture were taken "by themselves." All this together could not produce the positive revolutionary effect which the author was striving for. On the contrary, mistakes of this sort are likely to produce the opposite effect objectively, and thereby to forfeit the sympathy of our spectators. Added to this the mistakes in method intensified these effects, and led to the unrealistic presentation of most of the material (with the partial exception of the last third of the new version, which shows an improvement in method). Even without viewing the entire material, one may draw this conclusion from the scenario and the story in the separate shots.

Political carelessness was displayed by all who took part in directing the work. The work had to be discontinued. Additional shots and retakes

could not save it. By now I clearly see the error, not only of various parts but of the conception as a whole. This wrong conception was contained in the scenario, but the director's interpretation did not revolt against it and continued to repeat the initial mistakes even in the second version.

The discussion of *Bezhin Lug* leads to the further clarification of the fundamental question: how could it happen that glaring incorrectness of concept should have developed in the production?

I shall explain this plainly and directly. I was somewhat withdrawn from life. In these years I worked intently with the youth, devoting all my energies to teaching at the Institute of Cinematography. But this work was confined to the school walls, without a broad, creative contact with the masses, with reality.

The fifteenth anniversary of Soviet cinematography gave me a sharp jolt. In 1935 I eagerly plunged into the work. But the tradition of introversion and isolation had already become rooted in me. I worked subjectively, within my own immediate group. I worked on a picture which was not of one flesh and blood with our Socialist reality, but was woven of abstract images of this reality. The results are obvious.

And now the development of severe criticism, truly Bolshevik criticism, that is to say, criticism that is comradely and aimed at assisting and correcting and not at destroying. The remarks of the workers of our collective at the Moscow film studio saved me from the worst—saved me from becoming embittered as a result of my mistakes with *Bezhin Lug*. The collective helped first of all to see my mistakes, the mistakes of method, and the mistakes of my social and political conduct. All this overshadows even the natural sorrow over the failure of two years of work to which I had devoted so much strength, love and effort. Why am I firm and confident? I understand my mistakes. I understand the meaning of the criticism, self-criticism, check-up and self-check-up which proceed throughout the country in connection with the decisions of the plenum of the Central Committee of the C.P.S.U. in February 1937.

I keenly feel a profound need fully to correct the mistakes in my viewpoint, to root a new self in me, a need for the complete mastery of Bolshevism of which Comrade Stalin spoke in the above plenum.

And in this light I am confronted with the question: how can I accomplish all this most fully, profoundly and responsibly?

Detached from concrete practical tasks and perspectives this is impossible. What must I do?

I must seriously work on my own outlook, and seek a profound Marxist approach to new subjects. Specifically, I must study reality and new man. I must guide myself by a carefully selected and solid scenario and subject.

The subject of my new work can only be of one type: heroic in spirit, militant in content and popular in its style. Regardless of whether it be material about 1917 or 1937, it will serve the victorious march of Socialism.

In preparing the creation of such a film I see the way whereby I shall rid myself of the last anarchistic traits of individualism in my outlook and creative method.

The Party, the leadership of the cinematographic industry and the collective of the cinematographic workers will help me to create new, lifelike and necessary pictures.

Timofei Rokotov

A Failure and its Reasons

The whole civilized world knows the remarkable film *The Cruiser Potemkin* directed by Sergei Eisenstein. This picture, which disclosed the meaning of the revolutionary events of 1905, and showed the ardor of the people's struggle against the hideous tsarist autocracy, remains an unexcelled masterpiece. In it, the truth of life, the truth of the revolution are masterfully embodied.

Things were otherwise with Eisenstein's subsequent work. Both *October* and *The Old and New* were coolly received by Soviet critics and Soviet audiences, and were an undoubted setback for the artist. Eisenstein failed because for an objective picture of the historic events of the Great October Revolution he substituted his own individual, subjective reactions. These films strikingly demonstrated the utter incorrectness of Eisenstein's creative method, the falsity of the theory he then held that the main thing in a film is not the content but the director's skill in the montage.

According to one of Eisenstein's aphorisms a film is a "montage of features." If this is true, then it logically follows that the subject and the character portrayal recede into the background. The interest in the picture is maintained by a series of separate, interestingly composed and brilliantly shot episodes. According to this theory it would seem that the montage of these episodes, which provides scope for the skill of the director, is the epitome of cinematographic art.

Even in *The Cruiser Potemkin* there appeared isolated elements of this concept of Eisenstein's which crystallized much later. But in this picture truth of life made up for the individual mistakes of the director, mistakes mainly in the direction of exaggerating form as opposed to content. However, *October* and *The Old and New* bore out the full harmfulness of Eisenstein's formalistic theory. The social significance of the events portrayed was thrust aside by formalist toying with details, with unessentials, such as the chamber pot with the tsarist crest, the statues in the entrance to the palace *(October)*. Formalism was accompanied by its corollary, naturalism. The latter was most strikingly revealed in the incident of the bull and the cow *(The Old and New)*. Thus, regardless of the brilliance and skill of the shooting of the separate episodes in these pictures, on the whole they were unsuccessful, all of which again goes to show how right Stendhal was when he wrote that "the details, forms and trifles of a subject, no matter how artistic they may be, do not constitute art."

Between the productions of *October* and *The Old and New*, and the production of *Bezhin Lug*, Eisenstein made prolonged visits in Europe and America. Upon his return to the U.S.S.R. he devoted himself to kino teaching. In 1935 he began filming *Bezhin Lug*.

Several years ago, in the period of collectivization, the story of the Pioneer Pavlik Morozov echoed throughout the U.S.S.R. Pavlik Morozov was murdered by his own father, a kulak, for exposing his plans to destroy the collective farm property by fire. This episode supplied the basis for *Bezhin Lug*. The title was chosen because the authors of the scenario sought to contrast an old Russian feudal village with the new kolkhoz. Turgeniev had written a story of life in the countryside entitled *Bezhin*

Lug. The setting of Eisenstein's picture was to be the very spot where the events described by Turgeniev took place.

Eisenstein worked two years on his picture. Over two million rubles were spent on its production. After the failure of the first version, Eisenstein filmed the second version. But this too proved unsatisfactory, grossly distorting collective farm life.

What was the cause of Eisenstein's failure? Why was the leadership of Soviet cinematography forced to take the drastic step of discontinuing the further filming of the picture?

In the Land of Soviets an artist enjoys unlimited creative freedom. He is afforded all possibilities for work. The only demand which the people make upon him may be briefly formulated as follows: show us the truth of life in your works.

A recent visitor to the Soviet Union was the American director Frank Capra, who enjoys the reputation of "an independent director." When our directors asked him: "What does your independence consist of?" Capra answered as follows:

"My independence is a very relative concept. As long as I turn out pictures which enjoy a large success and yield heavy returns to our bosses I enjoy a comparatively free hand in the selection of subjects and actors. I am allowed to spend more money on the production of my picture than other directors. But the moment I make one unsuccessful or even just average picture, I shall forfeit my 'independence.'"

In the Soviet Union the artist is not dependent on the box office. A proof of this is the fact that although two of Eisenstein's films *(October* and *The Old and New)* were not a financial success, when Eisenstein again undertook to direct a picture he was assigned a sum that exceeded all normal appropriations for the production of even the most expensive pictures. And in spite of these tremendous expenditures, the shooting of Bezhin Lug had to be discontinued. What caused this decision?

Eisenstein's article published in this issue does much to explain the reasons which prompted the leaders of the motion picture industry to halt the production of the film. The chief reason which led to the discontinuance of Bezhin Lug was that it gave a distorted reflection of Soviet reality.

Lenin emphasized in one of his articles that when the author undertakes to tell about a subject which he does not know, the result is inartistic.

That is precisely what happened with Eisenstein's film.

The Ukrainian director Alexander Devzhenko (who produced *Arsenal, Zvenigora, The Soil, Aerograd)* aptly remarked in this connection, "the subject of *Bezhin Lug* is unfamiliar to Eisenstein, a city man who does not know the country. Formalism often crops up when the author lacks knowledge of the life which he is portraying. I asked Eisenstein to show me the scenario. I know the countryside and could have given him advice. But he did not show it to me."

These last words of the director Devzhenko furnish a direct clue to another source of Eisenstein's failure. The fact is that Eisenstein believed that he could work outside the collective of his comrades in the field of motion pictures. He considered himself above criticism, a master who was safeguarded against the possibilities of failure. A cardinal mistake of the entire motion picture collective and of the leadership of the industry lay in the fact that although here and there people felt that not all was well with *Bezhin Lug,* no one came to Eisenstein's aid with point-

ed criticism. The tremendous prestige attached to Eisenstein's name kept his comrades at a distance. They did not realize that "to spare and safeguard cadres by slurring over their mistakes is a sure way of ruining these very cadres" (Stalin). The Central Committee of the Party had to intervene and only its fundamental criticism and assistance helped Comrade Eisenstein to see his mistakes.

These mistakes are most glaring in the first version of the film. But even in the second, revized version, the main defects of the director's creative method are plain enough.

In his article Eisenstein discloses many of his mistakes. He rightly remarks that they are mainly the result of his outlook, whose defects find their expression in artistic defects. Eisenstein's inclination to generalize, results, when the generalizations are drawn from isolated and exceptional facts, in false images which distort real life. His inclination to formalism results in emphasis of detail to the detriment of what is of chief importance. Take, for example, the inordinate space devoted to the fire which actually bears little connection to the development of the plot. The director takes long and careful shots of the smallest details of the fire, he does not overlook the rescue of pigeons from the roof and continuously toys with the episodes in the efforts to extinguish the fire.

His continued formalist approach led the director to ignore the actors and the acting. This resulted in the schematism and lifelessness of the main figures. A characteristic example is the fact that some of the shots were taken before the actors in the main parts had been chosen. Where people had to appear in the shots only their backs were shown.

The discontinuing of *Bezhin Lug* is a serious failure for Eisenstein. But we must not forget that this failure occurred to a director working in the U.S.S.R. and not in the capitalist world. There the failure of a picture spells the end or at any rate a very heavy setback to the further development and work of the artist. In the Land of Socialism matters are different. Here Eisenstein is given comradely assistance and encouragement. And the sharpest criticism of his work is merely the expression of the general desire of Soviet society to save the artist from new mistakes and to help him find the conditions which will enable him to produce a new valuable film portraying the political actuality. By choosing for the subject of the scenario of his new film events which are part of his experience, while profiting from the criticism of his method, Eisenstein will doubtless show that he remains a brilliant director and a credit to Soviet art.

Pablo Neruda[1]

Federico Garcia Lorca

Can I stop at a single link in the chain of our losses? The peasants of Andalusia, the Asturian miners, the carpenters, stone masons, workers and farm laborers, martyred by our enemies, the thousands of women and children, sons and daughters of our great country murdered in cold blood, all have a right to rise before you. And if you hate treachery and cruelty all of them will find access to your hearts. Just as springs disappear underground in order to gush to the surface again, so their names are at times lost in all-encompassing depths of the earth. And yet they are all invincible and eternal, like water, like the air, like the sun.

How do I presume to name one and remain silent about the others? But the one name is so charged with weight and meaning that when I pronounce it I seem to pronounce in it the names of all our fallen heroes. They fought for the cause to which his songs were dedicated. For with his songs he defended his country from its enemies.

Federico Garcia Lorca! Thoughtful, gay as a guitar, beloved by the people, simple and impressionable like a child, like his people. He spent his life helping people, earning the deep warm love of the people. In making Federico their victim, the enemies aimed a blow at the very heart of the country. They wished to deprive Spain of its bloom, to stifle its eager breath, to uproot the flourishing tree of its laughter.

Two irreconcilable camps, two Spains, clashed here; one is clad in a brown shroud, foul with crimes; crafty and cruel, it sears every living thing with its fatal breath. The other Spain is joyous and eager to live, daring, opening on the world wide friendly eyes, this is the Spain of Federico Garcia Lorca.

He is dead. The man who devoted his life to serving the people is dead and lies beneath the earth which the murderers threw upon his mutilated corpse. But the Spanish people is as brave as ever and fights determinedly for its freedom. And as a weapon it raises the songs of Federico Garcia Lorca. They are inscribed in letters of blood on the memory of mankind among whom his name will be preserved forever.

Never, since the time when the crowd kissed the hem of Lope de Vega's robes, has there been such a creative revival in Spanish literature, such a variety of theme and stylistic flexibility as today and never did the people have such a tremendous interest in poetry. Garcia Lorca was not an aesthete; his poetry and drama are alive with true human passion, for the people's sorrow filled his verses to overflowing. And the people with remarkable discernment perceived the meaning of his poetry and sang his songs loudly, for the whole land, for the whole world to hear.

The anti-æsthetic character of his writings won him great popularity in Latin America. Latin America, separated from the classic creators of her native tongue by a mountain range of centuries in time, and an ocean in space, greatly valued this young poet who voiced the needs and sorrow of the people. Three years ago, in Buenos Aires, I witnessed his unexampled success.

People watching his plays were stirred to tears, drank in the words. These plays revived old Spanish drama giving it a new lustre. Love and death were intertwined in a passionate dance.

It is beyond my power to draw his portrait. How can one find words to express his constant eagerness, his tireless exertion, joy and delight and boundless tenderness? Wherever he was he made happiness be present.

Garcia Lorca and Rafael Alberti, Andalusian poets, with a Dionysian love of life, melodious, intimate and popular, turned to one and the came source, to the age-old folklore of Andalusia and Castile. In the beginning this was merely an adventure into the primitive which afforded them a peculiar delight just as after the symmetrial flowerbeds and smoothly mown lawns we enjoy the lush vegetation of spring meadows. But the adventure led to a mastered life discovery and their work acquired a genuine and profound character. They were close friends. When Alberti returned from his trip through the Soviet Union and Mexico he was given a triumphal reception in Madrid, and Federico, in the name of those present, addressed to the poet a warm speech of welcome. A few months later he returned to his native Granada.

The troupe which Federico gathered traveled all over Spain, reviving the ancient forgotten greatness of the theater of Lope de Rueda, Lope de Vega, Cervantes. Federico returned dramatized romances to the soil from which they had sprung. And in the farthest corners of Castile people saw these performances. Thanks to Federico, Andalusians, Asturians, Estremadurans were able to recall their poets, whose immortal songs were only slumbering in their hearts. Neither ancient garb nor archaic idiom were strange to peasants who had not seen an automobile, who had not heard a gramophone and who lived in caves and ate grass. They looked at the stage with delight and

[1] Pablo Neruda is one of the foremost poets of Chile. He is now living in Paris.

Federico Garcia Lorca (left) with Rafael Alberti and Maria Teresa Leon

amazement, just as we ourselves are amazed each time we re-read the works of great writers.

Day by day he witnessed the unspeakable poverty to which the privileged classes condemn the working people. He suffered together with his cave-dwelling peasants. Before his gaze stretched sun-parched pastures where the spectre of hunger stalked, and his tender heart ached torturingly.

At the time Federico lived in the village of Estremadura. Once he rose at dawn. The gloomy Estremaduran landscape was wrapped in the morning mist. The sun rose over the eighteenth century marble statues which adorned the gateway to an ancient estate preserved from feudal times, now abandoned and neglected. Federico gazed at the broken statues, near which a lamb, strayed from the fold, peacefully cropped the grass. Suddenly seven black pigs rushed on the lamb and tore it to pieces.

When Federico told me of this after his return to Madrid his voice shook. And his own horrible death which none of us can forget reminded me of that incident. When he trembled then it may have been over a horrible vision of his own end.

Many doubtless expected a calm, poetical speech from me, soaring high above battles. The very word *Spain* arouses such untold sorrow and persistent hope in so many minds. I do not wish to increase this sorrow or confound this hope. But I, as a resident of Latin America, and a Spaniard by nationality, who recently returned to Spain, can talk of nothing but the country's sufferings. I am not a politician and I never took part in political clashes, but my words, which many would prefer to be calm, are colored with passion. Understand me! Understand that they have killed the man whom we, the poets of Spanish America and of Spain, rightly considered the best of our number. We shall never forget or forgive the murder of Federico Garcia Lorca. Never.

The Man Between Two Barricades

A Review of "Klim Samgin," by J. Luppol

"Forty Years" is the subtitle of *The Life of Klim Samgin* and this gives the historical framework of the novel. During these forty years—from about the middle of the eighties of last century to 1917—momentous political events and profound historical changes took place in Russia. The growth of the working class, the disputes between the Marxists and the *narodniki* (popularists) over the way capitalism would develop in Russia, the embarcation of the Russian bourgeoisie on the imperialist venture, the passage of the revolutionary movement to new forms owing to the working class gaining hegemony in the movement, tsarist Russia's defeat in the war with Japan, the Revolution of 1905, and the years of reaction and then a new wave of revolutionary activity, the imperialist slaughter, the February 1917 Revolution as a preliminary to the Great October Socialist Revolution—such are the chief historical phases which it covers.

To show these events and changes in a work of art, to give a panoramic picture of the movement of the classes and to bind together the characters of the story in a single plot was a daring task. Few writers could have performed this task in true historical perspective with equal success.

There are a number of works of Russian literature which give artistic embodiment to whole periods of national history. Such is Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin,* which was described by V. G. Belinsky as "an encyclopaedia in literary form of Russian life in the twenties of the nineteenth century" and such also is Gogol's *Dead Souls,* that inspired and dismal poem of life in feudal-manorial Russia in the pre-reform days and Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* in which the author "brought out extraordinarily clearly in what the crisis of Russian history consisted" (Lenin) in the period between 1861 and 1905. *The Life of Klim Samgin* as an epic of Russian life during the forty years preceding the October Socialist Revolution is another immortal work of the same order.

As though wishing to put difficulties in his own way and complicate his task Alexei Maximovich took as the central figure of his story a type of bourgeois intellectual who was "not so much a thinking machine as a ratiocinating machine" and who did not act but rather wormed his way between events and people.

When he was still only planning the story Gorky wrote to Romain Rolland that he was undertaking what would be a difficult and at times tiresome task, as it would involve writing about people who talk a lot and do very little. The bourgeois intellectual set who are so fond of talking are faithfully depicted by Gorky and they become an artistic symbol of great power. *The Life of Klim Samgin* is a kind of phenomenology of the psychology of a fairly common variety of Russian bourgeois intellectual. Klim Samgin becomes a portentous type adding another figure to the gallery created by our classical writers.

The fourth book of *The Life of Klim Samgin* was left unfinished. Thus the last chapters are missing. These chapters about which Gorky left only a few scattered notes were to have dealt with Lenin's arrival in Petrograd in April 1917. It is known that Gorky intended to transfer the first chapters of Book IV to the end of Book I, thus changing somewhat the external structure of the work. It is also known that he wanted to condense the novel.

In Book IV many of the characters which come into the first three books make their exit. It is astonishing how subtly and skillfully Gorky reveals the characters of his heroes in the fabric of the plot which continues throughout all four books. This applies especially to Klim Samgin. Gorky is all the time exposing his real character and in the fourth book he sums up. This is the opinion of Samgin given by that "man about Moscow" and "superfluous individual of the first water" Lyutov: "You have an entirely indifferent attitude towards people, you despise people. You keep a second grade intellect, like sand in your pocket, and throw it in people's eyes, a few pinches at a time, while your real intellect you keep hidden away for the time when you will be called into the ministry."

Samgin has an extremely high opinion of himself. He argues: "I shall soon be forty. That is more than half one's life. From childhood people always said that I had exceptional abilities. All my life I have had a feeling of divine discontent with events and people and with myself. This discontent can be nothing other than a sign of great spiritual power."

Klim Samgin, that ill-starred superman, wants to find a philosophical basis for his conduct throughout his life. "The truth is with those who affirm that reality robs a man of his personality, does violence to him," he reflects. "There is something inadmissable in my relation to reality. Relation pre-supposes interaction, but how can I, or rather: do I wish to act on my environment other than to protect myself from its restricting and baneful influences."

However this man who plays at being independent, who in Dronov's words "keeps his silence like a bronze monument," is forced in the end to probe into the true nature of his "independence" of reality. "My part in the Moscow rising," says Samgin, "can be explained by the topography of the place. The house in which I was living was between two barricades."

This position of Samgin "between two barricades" is intimated by Gorky in the first book, as yet only shown in his home life.

In the last part of the story Gorky exposes Samgin's philosophical and political position. In the end Samgin appears before us, stripped. His "literary heritage," his cultural fortune, consists of: the political philosophy of Constantin Leontyev, Dostoyevsky's *Diaries, The Moscow Book* by the obscurantist and member of the Black Hundreds, K. Pobedonostsev and a pamphlet entitled *Why I Gave Up Being a Revolutionary* by the renegade Leo Tikhomirov.

As one of Gorky's notes for the last chapter of the novel indicates, Samgin had the feeling that "(Lenin) was a *personal* enemy" and another note reads: "It was strange and very exasperating to think how the name of this man was on everybody's lips and how thousands of people were listening to his words." But what was "strange and very exasperating" for Samgin was understood by the Europeanized merchant. Speaking of 1905 he says: "If in the capital where the guards have their quarters and where there is the police department and so forth, it was possible for the Soviet of Workers' Deputies to persist for six weeks, if barricades were possible in Moscow and mutinies in the navy and the devil of a muddle all over the country, all this must be understood as a rehearsal for the revolution."

Another bourgeois man of the world who comes into the story takes a more sober view of the new revolutionary outbreaks than Samgin: "The rebellion," he says, "showed the weakness of the ruling authorities and the possiblity of a real revolution. The cadets who went to Vyborg have compromised themselves for the rest of their lives in the eyes of all right thinking people. If now our proletarian decides to follow Lenin and succeeds in getting the peasant—the most powerful figure in the whole business—to join him, Russia will burst like a bubble."

In these years the gate porter, Nikolai, also began to estimate the situation. Nikolai took part in the street fighting on the side of the workers and then, after spending a time in the country, expressed the opinion: "The masters are wild about 1905. They are making it hot for the peasants. They deported my cousin for four years and one of the neighbors—a quiet, smart fellow he was—they just hanged. They even take it out of the women for past reckonings! The masters have run regularly amuck! The new landlords, too, are a lot of cutthroats and the farmers act the same as the police."

Thus in typical sayings of the different characters Gorky shows the way revolutionary feeling is spreading. And although Klim Samgin remains the central figure of the story the reader feels in the sayings and actions of the Bolshevik Kutuzov, in the simple words of Nikolai, in the half cynical, half apprehensive comments of the Russian bourgeois and the Landmarkite reasoning of Samgin when conversing with himself, how the worker is in very fact following Lenin and the Bolsheviks and "getting the peasant to join him."

Here are some more of these remarkably terse and simple notes of Gorky's which were to have been included.

"When the rumor first went round that Vladimir Ilyich might be returning to Russia one man said in a surly voice:

" '*He'll* start making trouble.' "

The following note would appear to belong to the scene where Lenin arrives at the Finnish Railway Station:

"A peasant close to Klim:

" 'Look who's arrived. A stumpy little man."

" 'God help him! But we could do with *his* help.'

" 'He looks as though he knew his business.'

" 'Let me through, let me have a look.'

"Around the armored car there was a (crowd) packed tight, like a single body. . . ."

Lenin

"He seemed to grow into the crowd, disappeared, melted into it, but the crowd became still more threatening and seemed to have grown."

The following notes give one an inkling of Klim Samgin's end:

" 'Get out of the way, get out of the way will you! E-ekh, you beetle!'

"He stepped back, swung his leg and kicked Samgin in the stomach. . . .

"Roared in a deep bass:

" 'Do your job,will you!'

" 'Order, comrades, or-der. You want order.'

"A bag of bones.

"A dirty bag full of small angular objects.

"The blood streamed from under his hat and from somewhere else. A pool of blood was forming at his feet, and it seemed as though he were thawing."

Thus it was that Klim Samgin ended his forty years of life without ever having been called into the ministry "to show his brains." Gorky's "Get out of the way, you beetle" is not only the sentence passed on Klim Samgin. It is also the sentence passed on all political beetles of his type at all stages of history.

Translated by N. Goold-Verschoyle

An Era in Summation

A Review of "Klim Samgin" by M. Serebryansky

There are works of art whose intellectual and aesthetic value increases as the cultural level of the reader and of literature itself rises, and which serve as a never failing source of artistic enrichment. *The Life of Klim Samgin* is a book of this sort.

It was not by chance that *The Life of Klim Samgin,* which was planned by Gorky a long time ago, was written during the last years of the great proletarian writer's life. The exposure of the morals and human relationships of the capitalist system, which Gorky began in the stories and novels he wrote during the 'nineties, has now been consummated in our days by a work of immense import in which the life of whole sections of society is traced out historically, and especially the life of that section of the bourgeois intelligentsia, various representatives of which Gorky studied and observed nearly all his life as a writer.

In an address to young writers Gorky spoke as follows about the history of his work on *Klim Samgin.*

"I had this book in mind a long time ago—after the first Revolution of 1905-06, when the intelligentsia, considering itself revolutionary—it did actually take part in the organization of the first revolution—began in 1907-08 to turn sharply to the Right. It was then that the symposium *Landmarks* and a number of other works appeared, which maintained and tried to prove that the intelligentsia were by no means in the same boat as the working class and had nothing to seek in revolution. A desire arose in me to give a picture of this kind of intellectual, who seemed to me typical. I knew people of this type personally, quite a large number of them, but I also knew the type historically and in literature. I knew that it was not confined to our country but was to be found also in France and England. This type of individualist, a man of definitely mediocre intellectual capacity, devoid of any striking qualities, figures in literature all through the nineteenth century. The type was to be found in our country also: a man who started by being a member of a revolutionary society and then went into bourgeois governmental life as one of its apologists. It is probably unnecessary to remind you that the intelligentsia which lives in emigration abroad, slanders the Union of Soviets, organizes conspiracies and conducts itself in all respects in a shameful fashion—consists chiefly of Samgins".... "What I wanted to do was to represent in the person of Samgin a mediocre intellectual of this sort, who passes through a number of different phases and seeks for himself a position in life where he can be as independent as possible and can feel comfortable, materially and mentally." This bourgeois type of mediocre intellectual, this hypocrite and double dealer, this irreconcilable enemy of the working class, who succeeds so well in adapting himself to the conditions obtaining at a time when the class war is developing, that even those who are closest to him are deceived as to his true metal—this is the central figure of this remarkable story and he is portrayed with exceptional psychological penetration and artistic skill.

In the four books of Klim Samgin there are 499 characters. Of these, 137 appear throughout the story and 362 are incidental characters who take part chiefly in the crowd scenes. In coping with this immense number of people Gorky has acquitted himself magnificently.

The principal characters are each of them very vividly presented and their most marked traits, peculiarities of speech, conduct and mentality are clearly differentiated.

The Life of Klim Samgin is the most convincing proof one could have of the falsity of the legend spread by critics hostile to us, about the insufficiency of plot in Gorky's works.

In *Klim Samgin* the plot is admirably worked out and even the secondary characters are most skillfully and subtly drawn at all stages of the historical events covered by the story, and their fortunes are traced out to the end in constant interrelation with the main idea.

There is not a single class or a single social group which existed in Russia of those days, representatives of which are not to be found on the pages of *Klim Samgin.*

The story begins with a picture of Samgin's childhood in the 'seventies and of the social environment and socio-psychological atmosphere of the bourgeois regime in which characters such as his were formed, and it ends with the "April days" of 1917, when Lenin pointed out to the toiling masses the Bolshevik way to fight for Socialism.

The great events of Russian history in the last four decades come into *The Life of Klim Samgin.* The failure of the *narodnichestvo* (popularist) movement and the intellectual chaos of the 'eighties; the beginnings of the working class movement and

the first Marxist groups in Russia; the struggle of Marxism with *narodnichestvo* of all shades, with the "legal Marxists," with the Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries, from whose ranks the basest enemies of the working class emerged; the ripening of the revolutionary situation and the formation of cadres of proletarian Bolshevik revolutionaries; the rise of the revolutionary movement and the attempts of the ruling classes to "tame" the revolution; Zubatism [1] and Gaponism [2]; the shooting of the workers on January 9, 1905, the street fighting and Revolution of 1905 (both these events are presented with remarkable power); the interrelations of the classes and all the vagaries of the class struggle during that period; the period of reaction revealing the true character of Samgin and his like as a social phenomenon; the new wave of revolution and Klim Samgin's life abroad; the war of 1914 and the first months of the February 1917 Revolution, the Bolsheviks on the eve of October—this is a far from complete list of the historical events which come into *Klim Samgin* and are skillfully marshalled by the author to fit in to the compositional plan of this epic novel.

In *The Life of Klim Samgin* as in all his work, Gorky affirms as an artist, the historical rightness of the working class cause with its destruction of capitalism and creation of a new Socialist society. All the characters' attitudes and thoughts, their actions and behavior, as also the whole trend of the plot, are subordinated to this idea. There are hundreds of characters in the story, but two of them, Klim Samgin and the Bolshevik Stepan Kutuzov, represent most fully the fundamental social conflict which lies at the basis of the novel.

In comparison with Klim Samgin and like characters the Bolshevik Kutuzov takes up a large part of the story. But each encounter with him makes Klim Samgin feel more acutely the invincible strength of the class which is on the offensive against capitalism, the class of the proletarians to whom the future belongs.

Gorky exposes with masterly realism the essence of Samginism, not as an individual, but as a social phenomenon. The social life of Klim Samgin, the irreconcilable enemy of the working class, began with a sham acceptance of some of the truths of Marxism as distorted by Russian and European Struvites and Bernsteinites. And Samgin's last feeling is "Lenin is a personal enemy." The development of all Samgins is bound to make the same vicious circle.

In an article on *Landmarks* Lenin wrote:

"Where there are no masses who have suffered there can be no democratic movement. And a democratic movement is distinguished from a mere 'revolt' by the fact that it proceeds under the banner of certain radical political ideas." (*Collected Works*, Russian edition, Vol. XIV.)

The more widely and the more deeply this movement has developed under the leadership of the proletariat and its Party, who are struggling for Socialism, the more acutely and the more unequivocally is the hostile counter-revolutionary nature of Samgin and Samginism brought out as is so brilliantly shown by Gorky in this story.

The Life of Klim Samgin serves thus, like the great proletarian writer's other works, as a magnificent weapon against Trotskyism and all enemies of the Party and the people. When one reads this book, with its profound psychological insight and impregnation with philosophical and political ideas, one immediately sees the close affinity between Klim Samgin and the "heroes" of the last two trials of Trotskyist-fascist bandits, traitors to their country, who had made it their common aim with the Right wing advocates of a return to capitalism, to re-establish the regime of coercion and exploitation of the masses.

It is not very surprising that the counter-revolutionary, Trotskyist critics gave hostile reviews of Gorky's brilliant novel, for it hit these traitors to their country where they were most vulnerable.

The article by the Trotskyist wrecker L. Auerbach, with its utter lack of principle, its hypocrisy and empty phraseology, had no literary aims: it aims were merely subversive.

It was bestial rage that made the Trotskyist Gorbachov assert so insolently that "one is struck in this novel by the absence of a single elucidating idea," for the whole idea of the book, and everything in it unmercifully exposes all the Gorbachovs, Auerbachs, Gorbovs and other kindred spirits of Klim Samgin. The spiteful hissings of our enemy are only another proof of the artistic power, political trenchancy and opportuneness of the remarkable production of a brilliant artist.

In *The Life of Klim Samgin* Gorky has won yet another great victory as an artist, perhaps the greatest of all his victories.

---

[1] Zubatism—a trade union movement organized by the police head Zubatov, as a means of misleading the workers' movement. It was unsuccessful and Zubatov was disgraced.

[2] Named after Father Gapon, the priest who led the demonstration to the tsar which resulted in the "Bloody Sunday" massacre. He was afterwards exposed as a provocateur.

Recent Art Exhibitions in Moscow

Belgian Art

Artistic development in Belgium during the nineteenth century resembled that of the rest of Europe, especially France. However, besides the direct influence of French art one can see certain native features, evidence of deep-seated national traditions.

Of the greatest interest to us are the realistic tendencies which have become extremely marked in Belgian painting. During the fifties of the last century Courbet's pictures at Brussels exhibitions gave rise, as they did everywhere else, to much praise and censure. Young painters followed in Courbet's footsteps. Charles de Groux and Dubois were the most prominent representatives of the realistic school.

The art of Constantine Meunier, in which realism reaches its apex, was formed in an artistic environment very close to that of de Groux. After a period of hesitation and years of obscurity, Meunier found at last, at the age of fifty, his own world of images, his own language and his own style. Meunier's journey to smoky, industrial Borinage profoundly affected him. He began painting landscapes covered with soot, huge blast furnaces, coal mines and miners. In these paintings he gave unadorned reality.

However, it was only when Meunier turned to sculpture, in order to express the images which fired his imagination, that he attained full development as an artist. His miners, metal workers, glass blowers, and other working types, tired out after their heavy toil, or proud of their strength and determination, open out before the European art lover an industrial proletarian world, awakening the deepest sympathy among the democratic sections of the community.

Meunier is fairly well represented at the exhibition. The painting "Miners Going Down a Shaft" is a good example of his realism. Numerous drawing and sculptural studies by Meunier bear witness to his untiring observation.

Meunier was not alone in his searchings. Social subjects are very strongly reflected in nineteenth century Belgian painting and particularly in the work of Leon Frederic, whose compositions "Chalk Sellers" and "The Ages of a Peasant" and pictures of peasant life reveal the condition of the toilers in modern bourgeois society. The exhibition includes Frederic's early painting "The Workshop," a study of the head of a peasant woman and two magnificent drawings "Bread" and "Corn" which give a good idea of his work.

Laermans' work is of no less interest to us. In Laermans' painting there are elements reminiscent of the old Flemish masters. His subjects are almost entirely confined to peasant life. He paints tired people weighed down by a life of hardship.

The work of James Ensor may be contrasted with that of the above artists. In his paintings of the 'eighties great attention is paid to the lighting. The light in his pictures softly caresses the objects and forms represented. Ensor approached the problems of impressionism independently of the French. His "Roofs in Ostende" is typical in this respect. Later the real world represented by the artist is invaded by the most unbridled fantasy.

Early manifestations of impressionism can be seen in the work of the sculptor J. Minier and the painter Zadeler. Later during the war and post-war periods, expressionism attains its fullest development in the art of Permeke, de Smet, Van den Berghe and others. These artists arbitrarily distort their picture of reality, schematize it and destroy natural proportions and shapes.

However, modern Belgian art does not derive its character from these manifestations. Its strength lies in the vitality of its realistic tendencies which show how closely it is linked with the real world. Oleff paints large canvasses representing the life of sailors and fishermen ("The Funeral," "Shrimpers"), Paul Paulus continues Muenier's tradition. There are dark landscapes of

Young Musicians — *James Ensor*

The Tramp *Laermans*

Miners Going Down a Shaft *Meunier*

Incitement to Riot — *Holland*

British Imperialism Rearms — *Fitton*

Charleroi, the artist's birthplace, figures of miners and their women folk ("A Working Couple," "The Miner"). Highet also gives forceful sketches of miners.

Portraits and landscapes are favorite subjects among Belgian artists. At the exhibition portraiture is represented by the work of Opsomer, Depooter, Gillis and Howet. Among the landscapes the work of Savarys stands out.

Altogether this is an extremely interesting exhibition of foreign art, and recognition is due to the general secretary Louis Pierar (deputy to the Belgian Parliament) for the great pains he took in organizing it.

B. Ternovetz
Translated by N. Goold-Verschoyle

English Revolutionary Graphic Artists

"Difficile est satiram non scribere," "It is difficult not to write satire," as the famous ancient Roman satirist Juvenal observed, of a period also noted for its decadence. One is reminded of the saying by the art of the gifted English Left Wing graphic artists James Holland, James Fitton, James Boswell, Gabriel and Scott, with whose work the Soviet public has had an opportunity of becoming familiar thanks to the exhibition of their drawings at the Museum of Modern Western Art in Moscow.

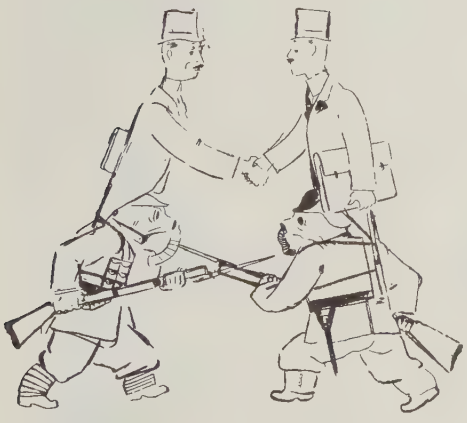
The exhibitors devote themselves chiefly to caricature and journalistic work. The mirror they hold up to the contemporary world is a very remarkable one with exceptional powers, a mirror that reflects without any embellishments and in a way that conforms to reality in the highest sense, the truth about a society which is unworthy of the name human. It is the mirror of genuine caricaturists who do not distort but reveal. These artists do not go in for any "distortion for distortions sake," any *"l'art pour l'art"* of distortion (as do so many bourgeois caricaturists) but they disfigure, wound, and mortally disable the enemy, this being their artistic contribution to the revolutionary remoulding of the world.

In this sense the classical English masters of satirical drawing, William Hogarth and Rowlandson, were caricaturists. Unfortunately the great English traditions of caricature have not hitherto served to any important extent as the immediate starting point of the artists represented at the exhibition, and a linking up with the great artistic legacy of Daumier is also missed. With all of them, except Gabriel, the German tradition of George Grosz predominates.

All these draughtsmen have thoroughly learnt their art. They have sufficient mastery of technique to give the desired artistic form to their ideas and their biting sarcasm. All of them, moreover, are fully aware of what is required in order to attain their end, which is the liberation of mankind from exploitation, war and fascism. Their hand is guided by a revolutionary insight into the historical course of human evolution. They are brave fighters against war and fascism. The three James's—Fitton, Holland, and Boswell—contribute to the English periodical *Left Review* and Gabriel to the *Daily Worker*. Their work has already reached a remarkably high level and gives us an idea of the artistic standard of English Left wing journalistic art at the present day. But more than this, as opposed to so many of the English revolutionary and Left artists, in whose work one can discern many formalistic tendencies (which have a cramping influence, prejudicial to development) these men are champions of revolutionary realism. As revolutionary journalistic artists they have not entirely freed themselves of all traces of formalism. But all of them strive to stand in the center of their times and to draw the material for their pictures from the thick of human life.

James Holland's letter to the Foreign Commission of the Moscow Union of Soviet Artists, which we quote below, gives an idea of the artistic development of the exhibitors.

"Economic crisis killed the active but undiscriminating patronage that the younger English artists had enjoyed since the war. About eight years ago, these artists were faced with the choice of a cut-throat competition for what crumbs of patronage remained, continuing to paint until overtaken by starvation, giving up art, or using their abilities to discredit a system that



Gentlemen's Agreement *Boswell*

makes art and culture dependant on the caprices of the money markets.

"The last has always seemed to me the only realistic course.

"With the cartoons that have appeared in *Left Review* we believe that we have broken away from the middle class and infantile code of "Good Taste" that has reduced English cartooning to emasculated illustration or religous hysteria.

"With my own work I want to show something of the real life of this country, which goes on in city suburbs, industrial town, factories, shipyards, coalfields, shops, offices. This unfashionable material has only been used when falsified by a spurious romanticism. The English tradition of realism has been lost for more than a century. I want to show the chaotic state of life under an inadequate and decaying social structure."

The exhibitors are at their best (like George Grosz) where they tear the mask from the bourgeoisie to show them as the beasts of prey that they are and where they throw a searchlight on the political rottenness of capitalism. They fail, however, to give an adequate portayal of the heroic struggle of the working class and are not yet able to give a historically and psychologically true picture of the militant workers. In this respect they have still much ground to cover.

Alfred Durus

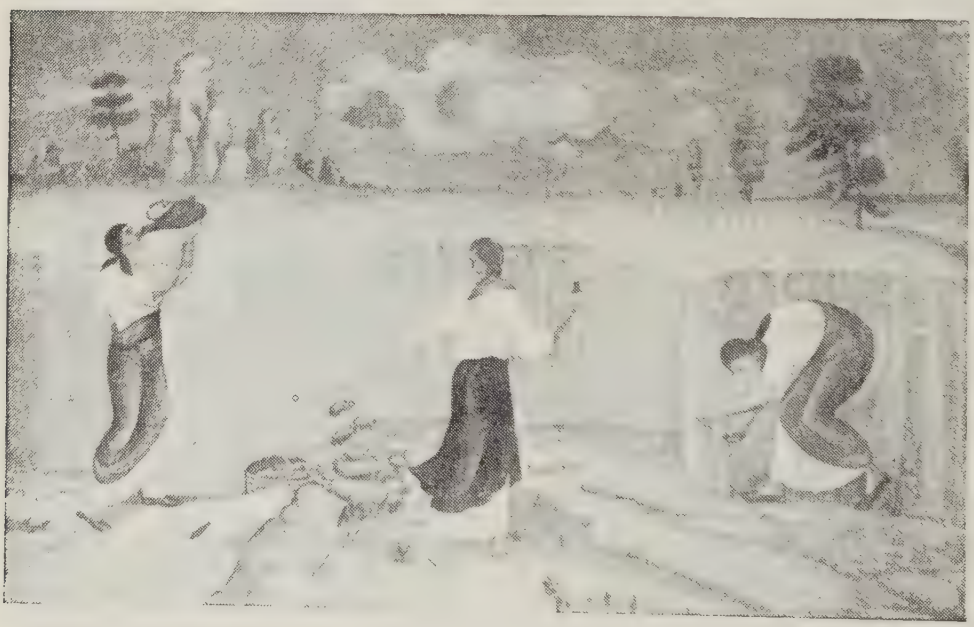
Translated from the German by N. Goold-Verschoyle

Exhibit of Peoples' Arts

The Peoples Arts Exhibit at the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow, this spring, was one of the most interesting art events of the year. On display were examples of handicrafts, works by the Palekh masters whose paintings on lacquer are among the finest achievements in the world in this medium, and an arresting collection of decorated panels and screens. The variety of forms and the richness of color made an immediate and vivid impression. There were examples of the art of many of the peoples of the Soviet Union, including carvings on bone and embroidery on leather by the peoples of the Far North. The exhibit revealed that these arts which even before the revolution had won general admiration had not merely been preserved and continued under the Soviet system but had been developed and extended. The new Soviet culture has provided the people's artists with new themes and designs. Their art has been refreshed and enriched by Socialist culture.

One was struck by the emotional range as well as the variety of techniques and objects. The charming alternated with the epical. The spectator smiling at toys done with wit, affection and ingenuity, would be startled in the next gallery by a huge scene of collective farmers at work, breathtaking in the sunniness of its color, the spaciousness of its composition and the vigor of its execution.

Heroes and heroic episodes of the Bolshe-



The Reapers

A Panel From a People's Theater

Decorative Screen *Painted Wood*

vik revolution, the Civil War and Socialist construction were frequent subjects and were given a fresh and ardent rendering. Lenin and Stalin were worked into designs glowing in color and enthralling in their ingenious compositon, the main elements lovingly enfolded but never obscured by the decoration.

Every type of art was represented. One passed through magnificent lacquered portals into a room of lacquered furniture light and gay in color and exquisite in design. Through another portal of carved bone inlaid in wood one met with a lavish display of carved boxes, lacquered trays, lacquered flower boxes, painted screens, glowing placques and other objects summoning the eye.

Fruit and flower pieces, on trays, bowls and boxes were of almost unbelievable lusciousness. Their composition was often conventionalized but their ripe forms and colors brought them as close to the senses as if the actual objects were before us.

The paintings on lacquer were especially varied in their themes and their methods. Here the forms would be severely stylized; there the presentation would be realistic. And within this range of methods and approach there was an even greater range in emotional effects. Languid Oriental scenes were to be seen alongside of crisp narrative throbbing and energetic; and painting distinguished by its economy of strokes, by its swift and telling execution, was to be seen alongside of painting distinguished by its minute and painstakingly executed detail. It was easy to see from the delighted and animated faces of the spectators what refreshment and delight this art gave.

Isidor Schneider

CHRONICLE

Spanish Scientist Shot by the Fascists

The shooting of one of Spain's most famous scientists, Professor Leopoldo Alas, rector of the university in Oviedo, has aroused intense indignation throughout Spain and has once more demonstrated to the world how deeply the fascists abhor culture. The organ of the Socialist Party of Spain, *Adelante,* reports this act of bloody fascist revenge:

"The murder of Alas and Garcia Lorca would cover the fascists with shame if they had not already been denounced by the world for their countless crimes, for the murder of many thousands of women and children. A staunch champion of culture, a man who gave all his strength to human progress, has ceased to breathe.

"The fascists exterminate those whose labor aids the spiritual development of the masses. The fascists think it possible to destroy ideas by destroying those who spread them. Alas did not confine himself to scientific work; he regularly visited the towns and villages of Asturias where he spoke and lectured. The fascist butchers murdered him because he was a friend of the people.

"At the insistence of the foreign fascists, Alas was tried by a military court. The shameful trial concocted by the fascists against Alas will go down in history as one of the most despicable court trials known to mankind. The butchers accused Alas of 'spreading extreme Left thought from his high post.' He was sentenced to death for spreading ideas of freedom and progress."

Notes From France

In Paris, a number of writers of the People's Front, including Malraux, Chamson, Aragon and Jean Richard Bloch have organized a collection for Republican Spain. In a short time the writers collected more than 50,000 Francs.

The French press reports the great success of Cervantes' play *Numantia* produced at the Antoine theater. The director of the production is Jean Louis Barra.

The theme of the play, the action of which takes place in 134 B.C., is as follows: The Roman legionaries want to subjugate Spain but the Spanish people, in particular the inhabitants of the town of Numantia, resist the invaders for fifteen years. The Roman army under Scipio crushed the Spaniards with the bony arm of hunger. Cervantes contrasts the shrewdness and strength of the Romans with the moral victory of the people of Numantia who preferred to die rather than to surrender.

The play *Mother* arranged for the stage by Victor Margueritte has opened at the People's Theater in Paris. Margueritte received permission from Gorky in 1934 to dramatize the novel.

René Blech describes the successful work of the House of Culture in Algeria in the magazine *Commune:* The famous scientist Jolio-Cure spoke there recently. A successful evening devoted to the memory of Pushkin was also held. *The Stone Guest,* performed by the Algerian Labor Theater, was included in the program.

On the A. M. Gorky Central Museum

On the first of September 1937 the Central Gorky Museum will be opened under the auspices of the Institute of World Literature. The Museum will collect and exhibit material on the great writer. A special manuscript department and archive will be part of the Museum.

The Foreign Commission of the Union of Soviet Writers has offered its assistance in assembling the material for the Museum, we therefore call on the writers, artists, painters, scientists and other cultural workers of all countries to place at the disposal of the Museum Gorky's manuscripts, letters, collective documents with his signature, books with his autographs, photos, newspaper clippings covering controversies over Gorky, translations of his books and pamphlets on Gorky, materials on the production of Gorky's plays and relevant materials.

The preservation of materials will be secured by the best technical means. The contributors to the Museum will receive photos of Gorky's autographs and other materials submitted by them. Every exhibit will bear its donor's name.

The significance of the Gorky Museum to the world literature allow us to hope that our appeal will meet with response in all parts of the world.

The material may sent to the Foreign Commission of the Union of Soviet Writers of the USSR, Moscow, Box 850.

Foreign Commission of the Union of Soviet Writers of the USSR.

Editor-in-chief SERGEI DINAMOV, Associate Editor TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE

C O N T E N T S

No. 9 SEPTEMBER 1937

Editorial Office: 12 Kuznetsky Most, Moscow
Letters and Telegrams: P. O. Box 527, Moscow