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International Literature

11=12

1940

THE STATE LITERARY PUBLISHING HOUSE
Printed in the Soviet Union

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No. 11-12 November-December 1940

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

VLADIMIR LIDIN

A Portrait

We stopped in the Augustov woods, a region remote and of bad reputation.

"Well, here we are," Volodya Rechnoi, the chauffeur, remarked with forced cheerfulness as he began to dislodge the badly punctured tube from the tire. We had no spare tubes with us. So we sat down on a bank at the roadside to discuss the situation.

"Well, you'd better get ready to defend yourselves, that's all I can advise you," said Volodya gloomily, glancing at the jacked-up car. "These woods just swarm with officers' bands."

The road, flanked by trees that were fast shedding their leaves, disappeared into the depths of the woods. The woods were russet-hued, touched here and there with green where the hand of autumn had passed them by. The wind moaned in the telegraph wires. A hare we had frightened looped across the field.

"If only we had some straw to stuff the tire with," Volodya added dejectedly, "otherwise the drum will go to hell."

Dampness was wafted from the stagnant pools within the forest. There was no sign of human habitation in the vicinity. We would have to wait for a chance car to pick us up or go out and look for last year's stacks of straw. We divided the four hand grenades between us, and left Volodya and Ivashin, the cameraman, to watch the car.

"What do they think this is, a joy-ride down Gorky Street?" Captain Komarov snorted angrily, as we moved away from the car. "Those chauffeurs are the limit."

We walked along the rubble-covered highway leading to Augustov and Suvalky. The forest clung close to the sides of the road, and before long the air grew dark and damp around us. Black patches of water showed between the humps of the forest swamp.

"Say, couldn't you have gotten anything better than that?" Komarov said with a contemptuous glance at my little Browning. "That isn't much good for anything except to frighten crows with . . . Ekh, what fighters, what fighters!"

He pushed back his bullet-riddled cap and stared watchfully into the ominous darkness that closed in on either side. Night was falling with astonishing ra-

pidity behind the tops of the tall trees. We were alone amid the oppressive silence of the woods. It was more than forty kilometers to Augustov.

"Not so easy to comb these woods," Komarov grumbled, his hand moving closer to his holster. "Our reconnaissance battalions have had their work cut out for them around here."

"Let's change the subject," I suggested. "Suppose we talk about art. You know, there are two copper engravings by Lucas Cranach in the castle of Stefan Batoria in Grodno . . . I thought you admired them yourself."

I remembered the session of the First Seim in Batoria's castle, the vaulted ceilings and the turbid waters of the broad Niemen River visible through the embrasures.

"Well, tell me something about that Lucas Cranach," Komarov assented.

"Lucas Cranach, the elder," I began, "was a personal friend of Luther . . . There is a fine portrait of Luther he did. Be sure to see his 'Judith' the next time you are in Leningrad."

I was just about to wax eloquent about the marvellous golden tone of Cranach's early landscapes, about his paintings of Paradise with Adam and Eve amid the beasts in the Garden of Eden, when Komarov interrupted me.

"Wait a bit," he said, "let's have a look at the map first."

He produced a small map from his dispatch case and in the forest gloom we found our location. A deep green patch interspersed with blue lines for the marshes, denoted the deserted spot. There were no villages or settlements in the neighborhood.

"Hey, what's this!" Komarov exclaimed, bending closer over the map. "A sawmill or I'll be damned!"

We strained our eyes to make out the black star-shaped mark with shaded edges to indicate the teeth of a saw. It was located within half a kilometer off the highway. Komarov folded his map and we quickened our pace. A sawmill meant horses and horses meant straw. Before long we sighted a small bridge over a ditch. The forest path led straight to the sawmill. A stream with inky water, several trees floating on its surface, flowed sluggishly at a short distance from the road.

"A swell place for bandits," remarked Komarov, and I saw him feeling his hand grenade in his pocket.

We approached the sawmill. The path was thickly covered with sawdust. Two wild ducks rose from a pool and flew into the forest. The gates of the sawmill were open, and piles of bright yellow boards gleamed in the yard. There was no one in sight. In the offices everything had obviously been abandoned in a hurry: ledgers lay open on tables, and on the large calendar hanging on the wall with the melancholy portrait of Chopin, the march of time had ceased on Sept. 22. . . . Presently we went into the sawmill with its circular and cross-cut saws and the pungent aroma of turpentine rising from the heaps of shavings. There was evidence of haste everywhere, as though a sharp draught had blown through the place, sweeping tin cans into a heap together with empty kit bags left by the retreating cavalry units. There was fresh horse dung beside the tethers.

"Well, there's no use hanging about here, the Poles have driven everyone away," Komarov observed. "They're retreating into Lithuania, of course. Come on, let's find the straw and get a move on!"

We hurried over to the stables. The doors were open but the only

sound we heard was the querulous twitter of sparrows fighting over the oats that were scattered on the floor. The wind whistled drearily through the cracks in the broken windows, and there was that sadness and emptiness about the place that always lingers when the warmth of recent human habitation is evaporating. I remembered the maimed corpses of horses we had seen in the wake of the retreating Polish forces. Under their flattened tails their rumps protruded pitifully and gray and auburn manes were tangled among the yellowing leaves.

We found a heap of blackened last year's straw behind the stables.

"Speed driving, that's all they're good for!" Komarov muttered fiercely, picking up a piece of rope to hold the straw together.

We made two bundles of straw and went our way. Up in the rafters crouched a lean, hungry cat. The water of the river, defiled by slivers and shavings, was still. The cat jumped noiselessly to the ground and ran after us, her mouth gaping soundlessly and piteously: she had not the strength to mew. As we emerged onto the road, we saw a man in a beltless green uniform and a cap with a straight peak. He was pushing a bicycle, stumbling with fatigue over the bumps in the rough forest road. It was a military bicycle with handles sticking out in front and covered with ribbed rubber. Remembering that officers had been known to assume soldiers' coats to facilitate their flight, we took the precaution of stepping behind two large pines growing by the side of the road. We saw the man wipe his perspiring forehead and pause now and then to rest. The features of his coarse young face were etched with weariness. Komarov allowed him to approach before emerging from his observation point.

"Where are you bound for?" he inquired in a businesslike tone and asked for the man's documents.

The man hastily dropped his bicycle onto the road, and with trembling hands produced a document from his pocket. It was a soldier's identification card made out to the name of Ivan Petkevich, a peasant from Lyashchovtsy village, of Grodno province.

"Going home?" asked Komarov, handing him back his card. "Served your time in the Polish army?"

"I did, comrade," said the man, and tears suddenly started to his eyes.

"Now, now, there's nothing to cry about. . . . you ought to be seeing the *pans* off with songs and not with tears," Komarov added sternly.

"It's joy that makes me weep," replied the soldier, brushing his tears away from his unshaven cheeks. . . . "At last the sun has risen also for my enslaved people. Ah, how we've waited for this day, my comrades!"

He put his card back in his pocket and lifted his bicycle by its horn-like handles.

"Well, go home and good luck to you," said Komarov shouldering his straw again.

The path before us was darkening rapidly. The soldier trudged stumblingly ahead, pushing his machine.

"Comrades . . ." he shouted suddenly, turning to us. "Dear comrades!" He put his bicycle against a tree and began to rummage in a kitbag fastened to the back of the seat. "Please, comrades, from the depths of my heart I beg you take this . . . Maybe it can be used for a museum or some people's house. I found it on Count Krasinsky's estate where

we were quartered for the night . . . The folks carried off plenty of the count's things!"

He pulled out of his kitbag, resting among his meager soldier's belongings, an oval copper plate on which was painted the austere portrait of a man in the garb of a pastor. It was done with great skill by some wonderful old Flemish master.

"I did a bit of daubing myself as a housepainter. I can see this is a good piece of brushwork, so I thought perhaps the Soviet power could use it to show the people. Hang it up in a good hall, comrades . . . Let the poor folk start going to museums!"

Komarov held the plate in his hands and gazed at the portrait. The swarthiness of the mellowed varnish could not dim the light in the eyes, the faint touch of irony about the mouth and the wrinkles on the noble brow beneath the skullcap.

"*Doctrina excellens facundae gloria Lingvae . . .*" I read on the back, and to the best of my ability I conveyed to my companion the gist of this illustrious Latin epitaph.

We promised the soldier to hand the portrait over to some museum, and he began to stuff his things back into his kitbag with a satisfied look in his eyes.

"Thanks, comrades," he said. "Maybe we'll meet again. And maybe the Soviet power will build a fine museum in my own village!"

He tied the bag to the seat and resumed his journey. We emerged from the forest and continued along the chausee.

"Well, what's that you wanted to tell me about Cranach?" Komarov asked after a pause. "I bet he never dreamed that the people themselves would carry his paintings to the museums."

We found Volodya Rechnoi and Ivashin sitting on the roadbank beside the car, looking exceedingly bored.

"Here's a couple of Dunlop tires for you", said Komarov, throwing his bundle of straw at the chauffeur's feet. "Stuff in as much as it'll take."

"You're looking a lot perkier than the last time I saw you," remarked Volodya suspiciously. "You haven't picked up a new tube on the way, by any chance, have you?"

"Never mind," replied Komarov good-naturedly. "For the time being we'll get along all right with the one we've got."

We packed the straw tightly into the tire and crawled along the road toward Augustov and Suvalky at a snail's pace.

"Not so dusty, this old motorcar of ours, eh?" said Volodya grinning. "By god, what a horse laugh we'll get when we arrive, if we ever do," he added.

But Komarov seemed not at all put out by the unforeseen delay.

"Let's hear more about Cranach, the Elder," he said to me after a while.

We were moving slowly and painfully over the highway that had been ripped and torn by the recent passage of westward bound artillery. The forest smelt as damp and musty as a cellar. I began to talk about Lucas Cranach's marvelous "Cipid With the Bees."

"What was that inscription on the back of the copper plate?" Komarov interrupted. "'A noble mind and a generous hand have extolled the glory of a scholar mourned by the tears of his fatherland . . .' I should think he never knew real glory until today!"

And he tucked the copper plate reverently away under the cel-

luloid cover of his dispatch case.

Toward night the forest began to thin out and lakes shrouded in mist showed green under a pale moon. Far away in the distance lights glimmered.

"I'll get two new tubes for you tomorrow from the division commissar," said Komarov to Volodya who was showing signs of strain.

Volodya stepped on the gas and our "Chevvy" rattled and pranced merrily over the bumpy road around the bend of which appeared the first suburban huts of Augustov.

Translated from the Russian

INDRIKIS LEMANIS

A Big Catch

For thirty-five years, that is to say, since the summer of 1905, Karlis Muscha has been working as a janitor in Riga.

At first his work as a janitor was not to his liking . . . "What kind of work is this? Me, a strong young fellow to be trailing with a brush in the middle of the street! This is a job only for broken-down old men and cripples . . ."

But he became accustomed to the work as the years went by, and the time came when he even grew fond of his work and could not be induced to leave it . . . "Not a bad job at all! My bones don't ache, I'm not at somebody else's beck and call all day long, and the tenants fear me and respect me—what more do I need? . . ."

He toaded to the landlord whose instructions he always tried to carry out with great promptness. He was particularly assiduous in evicting tenants who fell behind with the rent. The landlords naturally appreciated Muscha's abilities. In the course of many years of work as a janitor, Muscha changed his job only three times. A fourth landlord wanted Muscha to work for him, but he declined despite pressing invitations and promises of higher pay.

Muscha put his soul into his work. He always kept the gate bolted, making his wife stand by the window to look out for visitors, especially strangers. He chased away the children of workers living in the neighborhood. It was not the thing for children to play in the yard. They disturbed the landlord, who lived on the second story.

No sooner did a stranger appear in the yard than Muscha ran towards him. Looking him up and down, and blocking the way, he would invariably ask: "What's your business?" Even after the stranger had replied, Muscha would size him up once more, and would keep him under observation until he'd disappear.

Muscha loved to go out on the street in the evenings. Not for a stroll, of course, but to watch the

passers-by from a recess in the wall, against which he leaned his back. That was a part of his duties, which he readily performed after receiving instruction from the local police inspector, a bearded man with rotting teeth, and the plain-clothes man with ferrety red eyes.

"See to it, Mr. Muscha," they said, "that none of the passers-by drop slips of paper in the evening—those slips dropped on the street in the dark are most dangerous."

These vague instructions gave Muscha his cue. In long years of service he had developed the ability to divine his master's wishes.

In 1917, when workers marched in demonstrations through the streets of Riga, Muscha stuck firmly to his post. He locked the gates, forbade the tenants on the first story to open their windows, strewed sand under the feet of passers-by, and tarned the house pipe on the roadway, while processions were passing. The worker Eglitis, who lived in the next house, made a dash from the ranks of the marchers and jolted Muscha. Cursing and grinding his teeth, the janitor scurried to the police station and demanded the arrest of the rioter who had insulted him.

After twenty years of work for the police, Muscha became quite proficient.

One time the several young people who used to gather in the apartment number 95, on the sixth story, drew his attention. One of them had a long black coat—no one in the neighborhood wore a coat like it. Another always wore high boots covered with dust or mud—evidently he lived in the country. As a rule the man from the country would come in the evening; he would hasten across the yard and hurriedly climb the stairs. Muscha made a point of going to the police station to report the results of his observations. The chief of police was very kind to Muscha, and before long a telephone set was installed in his apartment. From that time on, the lights in Muscha's apartment were always lit very late in the evening. His friends accused him of being stingy but he would only smile, saying to himself: "Never mind, never mind, there'll be light in my window, too."

Once, late at night, when Muscha had already despaired of "a catch," he noticed someone hurrying past his window. The stranger carried a small parcel, and his boots were covered with mud. Muscha's ears tingled, and with trembling fingers he turned the telephone disk: number 91404.

Scarcely ten minutes had passed when the thud of heavy footsteps sounded through the courtyard. Revolvers in hand, the policemen made quickly for apartment number 95. After a short while they left the apartment, escorting four young men whose faces were pale, but their eyes were firm and their fists clenched.

The prisoners were hauled to the headquarters of the secret police.

The secret agent rested his puffy fingers on Muscha's shoulders and said: "Good work, Mr. Muscha. I am proud of you . . ."

Karlis Muscha felt particularly pleased the day the police officer came to his apartment and handed him an envelope containing three hundred lats. Muscha hugged his wife and chirped: "See how much I can earn in a single evening! It's a paying business, isn't it?"

"They even bring the money to the house, and bow to you," his wife responded.

From that day on life took on a more cheerful aspect for Karlis Muscha. He found pleasure in standing in dark corners, in prowling around the secluded spots of the big courtyard, in rummaging among the sheds where the tenants keep

the logs for their Dutch stoves, and in peering through windows. He had put the three hundred in a savings bank. It now seemed to him a small sum. It would be good if he could keep it growing!

On the seventeenth of June, 1940, caterpillar tanks rumbled through the streets of Riga. A strange feeling came over Karlis Muscha; he locked the courtyard gate and peeped through a slit in the palings at the troops marching by. What would come next? Perhaps it would be wise to withdraw the money from the savings bank? But when, that same afternoon, mounted policemen trampled the workers near the railway station, and detectives and a local regiment fired at the people greeting the Red Army, Karlis Muscha felt once more at ease. Everything would surely be well again! There would be a big "catch" this time: the streets were filled with young people whom he had never seen before. "Yes, it will be a big catch," Muscha hissed as he made mental photographs of the marching workers. The next three days were quiet, too quiet even! Muscha felt alarmed and sighed frequently—he was anxious to increase his savings but it now looked as though he might not have his opportunity again.

On the twenty-first of June his hopes were revived. Workers marched past in even files. Karlis Muscha rubbed his hands with glee. Now the real fireworks would begin. The more gatherings they held the better—the mounted police and secret agents would sweep down on them and shoot them down like sparrows.

Muscha's joyous mood was tempered somewhat by the tanks, lorries and automobiles with the strapping Red Army men. None the less his faith in the power of the police did not die . . . He stood at the courtyard gate as he had always stood. The folds of skin on his face quivered; his half open, toothless maw twisted; his eyes darted slyly from one passer-by to another. Impatiently he awaited the appearance of the district inspector, the gentleman in plain clothes and the mounted police.

There would be a big catch. Where would he go after it?

Matveyev street again roared that day; again workers marched on the roadway. They even sang the *Internationale*. Borne high, crimson banners fluttered in the sun's rays.

Karlis Muscha felt irritated. Why were there no policemen today? He had seen not a single one. What could it all mean? The streets full of people! High time . . .

Muscha smiled a knowing, cunning smile. "Never mind, never mind . . . The inspector knows his business and the secret agent had a head on his shoulders, too. Let the people assemble, the more the merrier, then there'll be a haul worth waiting for. Then we'll see how many will be left alive." More and more people thronged the streets. Magnificent strains of revolutionary songs Riga had not heard for years! The breezes played with the banners. Karlis Muscha seemed to be glued to the paling. He clutched his brush, thrust out his neck, turned his head to the right and took a peep.

"Hm. Something seems to be wrong. Not a single policeman! They've all disappeared as though they were brushed away. And no secret agents either! Where have they all disappeared?"

Karlis Muscha hurried back to his room. He had a presentiment of evil, an uncanny sense of horror.

Rapidly he turned the telephone disk. His fingers trembled even more than on the memorable evening which brought him 300 lats. Pressing the receiver to his ear and gesticulating with his right hand.

Muscha yelled: "The Chief of Police. You must come. The streets are full of communists . . . It's time . . ."

The Chief of Police replied in weak, mournful tones. Muscha distinguished the words with difficulty:

"I can't . . . There is nothing I can do . . ."

"Why? why can't you?" Karlis roared . . . There was no answer.

Karlis Muscha could not keep still. Again and again he rang—to the secret police, to the prefectorate, to the headquarters of the auxiliary troops, to the Ministry of the Interior . . . Everywhere Muscha got the same reply:

"There is nothing we can do . . . It is the end."

Disheartened, Karlis Muscha threw down the receiver and dropped on his chair. His arms and legs grew numb. Could this really be the end of it all? He dashed to find his savings book, so as to run to the bank to withdraw his money before it was too late. He found himself in the midst of the throng. The marchers sang, waved red posters and shouted triumphantly:

"Long live Soviet Latvia."

That, certainly, was the limit. A crowd of people near his own gate! Even the children in his house had not dared stand there, and now the place full of people! A mist arose before his eyes and he forgot where he was bound for. He seized the brush, lifted it high over his head and charged towards the roadway. With half-closed eyes he screamed as usual:

"Clear off! Clear off! Go home, all of you! Don't you know? The Minister does not permit you to assemble on the street! Clear off, all of you!"

He squeezed into the middle of the crowd and waved his brush to strike someone.

"March home! You, law-breakers!"

Suddenly his voice broke . . . With an ominous glare the worker Eglitis, head bare and clothes covered with machine oil, advanced towards Karlis Muscha.

Muscha fainted and dropped on the ground, and the brush fell across his breast.

Translated from the Lettish

MIKHAS LYNKOV

The Drop of Milk

The little bustling director led the way, rubbing his hands nervously and speaking with ingratiating politeness.

"This way, please . . . This is our steam-room and this, if you care to come this way, is the drying-room. And now I have the honor to show you the finished product. Note the fineness of the quality! I venture to say that you won't find such quality anywhere in the world. But you can see for yourself! You'd have to go a long way before you'd find plywood superior to that! You can take a sheet and stand on it, you can even jump on it a little, but it won't break. Quality tells, don't you know . . . Our plywood was purchased ex-

clusively by aviation plants and, of course, some of it went abroad. You can find it in Africa, in Egypt, in India . . . Now of course, with the war, there is no market for it. And we're having some trouble with the workers. We can't keep the mill running to capacity which means we have to lay off a number of workers. We've dismissed many already . . ."

"Tomorrow you will take them all back again," Lieutenant Mukhin remarked curtly.

"Er, excuse me, I'm afraid I did not quite catch what you said, sir. How can we take them back if we have no market for our products? Finance is finance, you know."

"Yes, and finance will remain finance, but the workers will work just the same and you will pay them. The Workers' Committee will see to that."

"I-er . . . do not understand you. What committee did you say?"

"The Workers' Committee. It will be elected by the workers themselves. And you as the director must work with the committee and obey its injunctions . . ."

For a moment the director's lively manner deserted him. He tugged at his tie with a nervous gesture as though he had difficulty in swallowing. Then he lifted his black bowler, scratched his bald spot thoughtfully and sighed.

"Of course . . . I've always been one for work myself, as you might say, and I've always sided with the people . . ."

But there was no conviction in his voice. Conversation flagged. The director, his bustling geniality gone, no longer led the way; he trotted, panting a little, beside the lieutenant and answered his questions briefly: This was the timber-shed and this was the power-plant, and so on.

"Come along, Comrade Commander . . . You have not seen the whole mill yet. Ah, here's our office, and this is the dispensary . . ."

He was gradually recovering his composure. He recovered his good humor and seemed as willing as before to answer any questions Mukhin might put.

"Now you talk about the workers . . . The workers! Why you can't imagine how much I've done for them, really. You see that door? Oh, what a pity, it turns out to be locked. But we can see through the window. This is our little nursery, it has four cots . . . The children's doctor used to receive patients here. Yes, indeed, we have done plenty for the workers' children!"

"Four cots for a mill employing nearly a thousand workers?"

"Tch, tch," protested the director. "You don't understand. This is a mill, not a hospital . . . We really couldn't afford any more. But the children of our best workers were well taken care of, I assure you. Why, they even got milk, and oranges sometimes. We had a special organization: 'The Drop of Milk Society' it was called . . ."

"Was it a trade union organization?"

"No, why should it be? It was simply a friendly society of people who wished to help the workingman's family a little. People who had a little money to spare. The neighboring landowners, the priest, the mill-owner . . . Of course, I put in a lot of work organizing it . . . And yet you say . . ."

"What?"

"Well, you know, we are not such bad people as you might think. And the worker was not so badly off with us . . ."

"With you? With whom do you mean?"

"Well, how shall I put it? . . . Here in Poland, in the Poland of the gentry, as you like to call it. It was not only the gentry's country, there were the workers and, of course, people who work hard like myself . . ."

"I see," Mukhin cut him short . . . "Well, I fear I am taking up your time . . . Thank you for showing me around. I think I will find my way back alone . . ."

The director's bowler was ceremoniously raised to expose his bald spot, and the fidgety little man walked rapidly away from the river toward the mill, cutting a ridiculous figure as he jumped awkwardly over puddles and nearly lost his balance on the rails of the narrow-gauge railway.

A group of workers rolling logs on the river bank came over to Mukhin. Winking in the direction of the boss, they grinned knowingly at the lieutenant.

"Well, you've seen our director?"

"I have . . ."

"He told you about 'the drop of milk,' didn't he?"

"He did."

"And about the four nursery cots?"

"That's right."

The workers guffawed.

"What do you see to laugh at, boys, in the drop of milk business?"

"Because it's as funny as hell, that's why! We've heard enough about that blooming drop of milk to last us for the rest of our lives. He never fails to mention it. Last year some kind of an American delegation came. Did we laugh! He picked out the chubbiest and cutest kids he could find and brought in a doctor from town and installed them in his precious nursery. The delegation kept admiring them and praising the director. They even took pictures of him with one of the babies in his arms. The newspapers gave him a write-up praising him for his care of his workers. But we're fed up to the gills with his blooming care," and the man who was speaking spat disgustedly, and was evidently in no mood to talk about it.

The lieutenant recovered the good humor that had been spoiled by his interview with the director. He gradually ceased to regret that he had been left with his small Red Army unit at this sawmill in a vast forest. His comrades were marching away to the front-line, while he, he thought, was being left with a few men to keep guard over the hares in the woods. Of course, now he saw it was not like that at all, now it seemed as though there might well be plenty to do here as well.

Mukhin knocked gently at the door of the low house that stood beside the mill amid a clump of tall graceful pines. Receiving no answer, he knocked louder and then pushed open the door, which proved to be unlocked. As he entered the narrow hallway the piercing wail of an infant came from somewhere in the back.

The room, with its heavily curtained windows, was dark and gloomy, or perhaps it only seemed so to Mukhin as he came in from the sunny outdoors. Beside the open window stood a cradle in which an infant was crying bitterly.

Presently Mukhin became aware that he was not alone in the room. A pair of eyes dimmed with age had been watching him closely all the time. Mukhin was embarrassed.

"Excuse me for barging into your house like this. I knocked but no one answered and the child's cries brought me in here," he hastened to explain.

"That's quite all right, I'm very grateful to you!" came the low voice of the old man lying on the couch at the far end of the room. The wall above the couch was hung with a broad carpet, against which several ancient pistols, a saber and two muskets stood out. Though the day was warm a shaggy rug was wrapped around the feet of the couch's occupant. Beside the bed stood an armchair on which lay several books and two thin magazines. Over the back of the chair hung the uniform of a Polish army officer.

"Let me introduce myself. I am General Sanojevsky . . . an ex-general, I should say . . . not because there is no army any more. No . . . I am an invalid and have been confined to my couch for several months. I retired from the army even before the war. So I did not have the honor, as they call it, of shedding my blood for my country, and all that sort of thing . . . And, if you want to know, I am not in the least upset about it. This is not a war, it's a blunder, a terrible blunder. And our generals, these young upstarts like Rydz-Smigly, well . . ."

"Excuse me, I have come on business," Lieutenant Mukhin interrupted, for he had no wish to discuss the military operations of Polish generals.

The general went limp. His eyes grew even dimmer and a sour expression spread over his gray, bristly face.

He sighed.

"It is so seldom I have occasion to meet a real military man that the temptation to talk is great. But you say you have come on business. In that case I must refer you to my wife. She is the supreme command here, you understand. I am, shall we say, a mere adjutant, yes, yes, just an adjutant . . . And a retired adjutant at that. Ha-ha," and the general chuckled softly.

At that moment a woman entered, or rather burst into the room.

Catching sight of Mukhin she stopped short and her eyes narrowed in a hard, contemptuous look.

"What do you want in my house?" she demanded brusquely and, without waiting for a reply, flung herself at the general like a wildcat. The old man tried to hide behind an old magazine but in a flash his books and pamphlets were whisked off the chair, along with his uniform: its brass buttons and medals rattled as they hit the floor. The old warrior, who was obviously accustomed to adopting the defensive in his domestic skirmishes by hiding behind a soft cushion, emerged from his ambush to protest against this disrespectful treatment of his regalia.

"My dear Wanda, really now, I beg you, stop please! Think of my honor," he implored.

"To the devil with you and your honor! Oh, Holy Mary!" cried the infuriated woman and, flinging herself down in an arm chair, she burst into tears.

Frightened by the commotion, the infant howled still louder. Wanda took it out of the cradle and tried to soothe it, crying and abusing the old general meanwhile.

"I hate you . . . I hate you, the general of the couch!" she sobbed hysterically. "You have lost your country, your honor! You cannot even protect your own home!"

"My pet, my darling, I beg you, calm yourself. You must not talk like that in the presence of Comrade Lieutenant. He is too young to listen to domestic quarrels."

Mukhin smiled wryly. Observing his smile the woman flushed scarlet. She stopped crying, scowled at him and muttered through clenched teeth:

"Yes . . . I hate you too, comrade!"

"You're welcome, I'm sure!"

The lieutenant was sick of the whole business and he was anxious to leave this madhouse as soon as he could and find himself other quarters.

But the woman rose from the chair.

"What have you come for?"

"I have a permit for a room in your house."

"Is that all? You may take the whole house, if you wish . . ."

"If we need it we will."

"Hm . . . And what will you do with me, a what-do-you-call-it, a capitalist? Shoot me, I suppose."

"Certainly, if you deserve it."

"Well, you are a pleasant gallant young man, aren't you . . ."

"I should be much obliged if you'd show me my room," Mukhin replied stiffly.

Still carrying the child, she whisked out of the room. Mukhin followed her. In any other house and under any other circumstances Mukhin might possibly have noticed that Wanda was still quite a young woman; that she had a graceful figure and moved noiselessly. A light tortoise-shell comb gleamed in her thick chestnut hair. A ring with some precious gem sparkled on her finger. Everything about her made one think of the old general's "nice little pet," and when she narrowed her green eyes one felt that she was about to put out her sharp little claws. But to Mukhin she was no more than a shrewish landlady who had had the poor taste to quarrel with her husband in his presence. It was the room he wanted, that was all. And he wondered if there was not more than mere domestic strife behind that quarrel . . .

Wanda opened the door.

"This is where you will live," she announced in an imperious tone, as though giving an order.

The room had obviously served as the guest-room. A huge portrait of Pilsudski leaning on his sword held the place of honor on the wall. Beside it were portraits of other generals, battle scenes and the officer's diplomas of the master of the house. The other walls served as background for a variety of framed photographs of a house with a colonnade, a park, and avenues, and a little girl with a dog. On the table lay heavy plush albums and the statuette of a boy in uniform. A couch and a few chairs were all the furniture it contained.

"Within two hours the room will be ready for you."

"Thank you," the lieutenant replied and went out on his business.

Outside the air was warm and sunny. But there was an autumn rustle in the leaves of the birches. The tops of the tall pines whispered sadly to one another and the faint delicate perfume of mignonette seemed out of place amid their rough, copperhued trunks. The scent came from the flowerbeds which were still gay with blue and scarlet and pale pink. And only the green of the foliage was faded and dusty.

The pine needles rustled pleasantly underfoot; a woodpecker was tapping high up in a tree, and from the mill came the screech of the saws, now rising to a high, thin note, now dropping to a low metallic hum, like the regular puffing of steam. Mukhin walked along, busy with his thoughts, until the sound of footsteps broke through his reverie. A man was walking towards him. When they met the man stopped, hesitated, and removed his shabby worker's cap.

"Good day, *Pan* Lieutenant! I should like to have a few words with you . . . It's rather important . . ."

"I am at your service, comrade.

Your name is Jan if I am not mistaken."

"Yes, I see you have a good memory . . . I should like to say . . ." he paused and glanced apprehensively around him, evidently afraid to speak out at once. "It's rather inconvenient here . . ."

"Well, suppose we go to my room?" and Mukhin pointed to the house he had just left.

"Oh no, that wouldn't do at all," the worker objected, fingering his gray mustache nervously.

He seemed altogether different from the man Mukhin had met at the first workers' meeting. Then Jan had kept with the older workers who stood a little aloof from the rest and had stared down at his feet as though he had never seen his old, dirty boots before. Franz, Jan's old friend, had been there, too. They had whispered to each other from time to time during the meeting and had left the hall together. Still, they had listened intently to what the lieutenant had to say and had been the first to remove their caps when the military band struck up the *Internationale*. They had asked Mukhin a great many sharp and, in some cases, rather unexpected questions.

"Is it true that all the Poles will be dismissed?"

"Is it true that the Bolsheviks will destroy the mill?"

Mukhin had had to reply patiently to these and other questions and explain things which even children, he imagined, would have known. He remembered how the director had spoken afterwards at great length and with his ingratiating smile about those who work. He had appeared to be apologizing to the lieutenant for the absurdity of the questions asked. What can you expect from people living in such a godforsaken place, he had implied.

Mukhin remembered how Franz and Jan had shrugged their shoulders contemptuously as the director was speaking. They were clearly dissatisfied and they left the hall talking and gesticulating excitedly. Something was obviously worrying them.

And now here was Jan, the old worker, standing before the lieutenant without a shadow of sullenness and gloom on his face. True, there was a hint of anxiety in his expression but a gleam of human joy was struggling through it. He would ask a question now and everything would be cleared up and made plain to him.

"I wanted to tell you..." he began, but stopped as he heard the sound of voices behind him. Someone was coming along the path. Workers returning home from the mill, no doubt.

And old Jan hastily changed the subject. He spoke about the weather, the unusually warm autumn, asked after the lieutenant's health and seemed anxious to get away.

"Well, I'll see you some other time . . ." he said as he took leave of the lieutenant. And as he was moving away, he apologized again: "Another time . . . It's awkward now."

This encounter upset the usually calm and collected Mukhin. "What the hell is all this about, anyhow?" he thought with some dissatisfaction, and began to go over in his mind all that he had observed, all the major and minor events of the past few days. He had been ordered to guard the mill. The remains of Polish units were still hiding in the forest, making occasional raids on the villages and killing the peasants. It was his business to keep an eye on the forest too, although his unit was by no means large.

Mukhin soon found himself caught up in a maze of petty duties and worries. Peasants came from the

neighboring villages with urgent affairs and asked for advice and begged him to come and see for himself how things were. It was necessary to organize a workers' committee at the mill, to form a workers' guard and regulate the routine of his Red Army men. Occupied with these and other duties he forgot all about the woman with the tortoise-shell comb and the sordid domestic scenes in the old general's family. True, Mukhin had already learned some interesting facts about the family. The general, he had been told, had occupied a post of distinction until quite recently; various Polish parties had been at loggerheads because of him and one of the parties had gained the upper hand by arranging his marriage with a young Polish lady of noble blood who had brought him the mill, a small estate, and baby linen with the princely crest. This linen had been put to practical use very soon after their marriage. True, malicious tongues cast a doubt on the old general's responsibility for this part of the affair. But that was not the point. At all events, the general had fallen into disfavor. He was a stubborn old fellow and had not always been as prudent as he might. So he had retired to his couch, where he spent his days reading books about rheumatism. When the sun shone and his rheumatism did not trouble him he amused himself by scanning the pages of old sets of *Vyarus*, a magazine for officers. As he read he would emit snorts of disapproval and indignation. "Scoundrel, rascal, you'll make a fine crook but you'll never be anything more than a corporal . . ." Such remarks were addressed to the non-commissioned officers who had served at one time or another under his command. Some of them had risen to high rank; others had remained in the barracks to dish out the regulation rigmarole to the new recruits, about enemies at home and abroad; and both here and there, the Soviet Union and Communism were, of course, to blame for everything. Now though the general was by no means in favor of Communism, far from it—he could talk about it calmly, without foaming at the mouth like others. Perhaps that was why he had retired.

Reclining on his couch and busying himself with work that was more than peaceful, the general had long ceased to bother his head about enemies, either at home or abroad. More than anything and anyone in the world he feared and detested the old priest, Father Boniface; yes, and that stupid little fop of a director, *Pan* Milashevsky, who was much too fond of dropping in to ask advice of that scratchy little pet, the lovely Wanda. Confound that Father Boniface! He would come in sometimes and hold forth about God, the fatherland and the future of the general's child until the invalid was nauseated. The general would endure it as long as he could, stroking his rheumy knees. Then losing patience he would cry out:

"Ach, how it hurts," and he would turn his back on the priest with the dried-up face and the cold, piercing eyes.

"It's a sin for you, general, a sin," the priest would mutter angrily, and go off to look for Wanda.

When the whole of this worthy company got together the old general would be beside himself with rage and even forget his sour milk. He was sick and tired of hearing about milk. He had got to the point where anything connected with milk filled him with revulsion. They even called their society "The drop of milk," these men of affairs, churchmen and laymen, curse them all! Oh, how the general would fret and fume on such occasions! He could neither nod peacefully over his books nor drop to sleep while

these great statesmen were discussing their business. What a confounded fuss they made over that drop of milk, to be sure!

Jan and Franz were very much alike, although Jan wore a mustache—a long gray affair—while Franz was clean-shaven on Sundays and allowed his beard to grow unchecked on weekdays. Jan had grown-up children who were also employed in the sawmill. Five daughters had old Jan raised. Perhaps it was because he wanted to teach his girls to be neat and tidy that he shaved everyday, leaving only his mustache. Franz's son and daughter, little Kazik and Zosya, were still going to school.

In their spare time the two friends would meet and sit smoking on the bench under the old rowan-tree that grew outside Franz's cottage. Jan smoked a pipe—so as not to spoil his mustache, but Franz would roll himself a cigarette and fill it with shag. He invariably burnt his lower lip because he smoked his cigarette to the fag-end so that the thin tissue paper stuck to his lip and he had to tear it off with his awkward tobacco-stained fingers. Franz would spit in disgust and curse under his breath.

"God damn it anyhow!"

Jan puffed at his pipe and chuckled quietly.

"Aye," he said, "you smoke the way we used to in the old days when we took care of the chickens . . . Like your little Kazik smokes. It's high time you learned at your age . . ."

"Learn!" Franz snorted. "I don't have to learn. It's the lousy paper they sell nowadays. And what's Kazik got to do with it anyhow . . ."

He was really annoyed at Jan's reference to his son. And he was not slow to retaliate in kind.

"Well, *Pan* Jan," he said, "didn't I see your daughters walking out with a couple of Red Army men today . . ."

"And what did you think, *Pan* Franz, that I'd tie them up to your rowan-tree? Let 'em walk out if they like. They're young girls—it's only right and natural they should want to go out with young men. They're not like you and me, *Pan* Franz."

Franz might, of course, have taken offense but he couldn't work up any real anger against his friend. This was merely their way of avoiding another topic, one that was causing them both some uneasiness.

So they sat there in silence watching the smoke curl upwards and melt into the evening air. Clusters of ripe scarlet rowan-berries glowed in the light of the sun which was sinking to rest behind the forest back of the village. They thought about the forest behind which the sun would soon be hidden. It must be pretty dreary there now.

"They say there are four divisions of our troops roaming about in the woods . . ."

"Yes, they'll bring down trouble on our heads yet . . ." observed Jan, filling his pipe.

"Psst, you'd better be careful, Jan, God forbid anyone should hear you! . . ."

"I don't care, I tell you. I'm just sick of all this . . . Sick of living on someone else's brains . . . It's time we lived and thought for ourselves. It's always better that way. I've had enough of all this jawing . . . And what's more, Franz, you don't believe in anything yourself . . ."

Franz said nothing. He was busy with another cigarette, scorching his fingers as usual.

"So you'll go over there today," Jan insisted.

Franz did not reply. He carefully spat out some grains of tobacco and tore off the fag-end from his lips.

"Don't go . . . I tell you, don't go," Jan urged him.

"Don't go. It's all very well for you to say don't go! Your children are grown up, you don't have to worry about them any more, they can earn their own living. But what am I to do? I've got to think about my children, haven't I?"

"Well, my advice is not to go . . . Shh. There's that fellow again . . ."

A man was coming down the street. The two friends hastily took leave of each other and went home.

Mukhin returned to the house late that night. Helya, the servant girl, opened the door to him and led him to his room. She set down the kerosene lamp on the window-sill.

Mukhin glanced around the room and could not help swearing.

"Devil take you and your dirty gentry's tricks!" Hearing the devil's name, Helya started back in fright and began to cry, blinking her pale eyelashes. At that moment the voice of the mistress of the house was heard behind the door:

"Helya, what are you doing there so long?"

Wiping her eyes hastily with her apron, the servant ran out of the room.

"A madhouse, if I ever saw one," Mukhin sighed.

The room was empty. All the pictures, including the portrait of Pilsudski, had gone from the walls, a service for which Mukhin was, if anything, grateful to his hosts. But not a single chair, table nor couch had been left in the room.

"To hell with them," thought the lieutenant and, resigning himself to the situation, commenced to make himself as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances. He spread his blanket on the floor, took a rubber cushion from his suitcase and lay down, covering himself with his overcoat. His revolver he placed under the pillow. He was about to drop off to sleep when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," he called in a surly tone.

"Surely you haven't gone to bed at this hour!"

It was the mistress of the house.

"I have come to apologize. That foolish girl misunderstood my orders. I told her to clear up the room and she was stupid enough to think I meant her to clear out everything in it. But my general," she added in a drawling voice, "tells me that it's not the thing for an officer to sleep on the floor. But how should I know things like that? Helya will bring back your couch and bedding in a minute."

"Don't bother, please. I can get on without them. I am a soldier . . ."

"Nonsense! Light the lamp, please. The girl cannot see to bring in the things in the dark. Light the lamp, I say. I know you are not undressed. Or perhaps you are afraid of me? I assure you I will neither stab you nor poison you . . . I have a child, a husband to think of . . . So long as they are alive you have nothing to fear in my house. If anything happens to you, they will have to answer with their lives."

It was difficult to tell whether she was joking or serious or pretending to be a fool. It was all most distasteful to Mukhin. But he suppressed his feelings and answered in as calm a tone as he could muster.

"Thank you for all the trouble you're taking. I will light the lamp and help Helya to bring in the couch. I think I hear your child crying . . ."

"You have remarkably good hearing . . . Well, good night." Mukhin arranged his bedding on the couch and, after locking the door, he stretched himself out. For some reason, however, he could not fall asleep. He kept thinking about this house.

He tossed restlessly on his couch for a long time, listening to the

mysterious nocturnal noises and to the muffled tramp of the sentry pacing under the window. From within the house came the sound of the crying child and a faint buzz of voices as of people arguing or talking animatedly. Or perhaps it was merely the woman putting the baby to sleep. Doors banged often and it was a long while before the sound of footsteps ceased. Mukhin thought he heard the sound of a shot fired somewhere in the distance, from the forest, most likely. He raised himself cautiously on his elbow. But the shot was not repeated. The only sound was the soughing of the pines outside the window and the measured tread of the sentry over the rustling grass.

The next day was an eventful one for Mukhin.

During the night a fire had broken out in the sawmill shed where the finished articles were stored. With the help of the Red Army men, the nightshift had extinguished the flames without much trouble and they had not thought it necessary to wake the lieutenant at such a late hour, especially since the fire was so insignificant. Only the doors of the shed had been touched. A heap of shavings, sawdust, chips of plywood and bits of string stood outside the shed and a live match thrown by accident onto this heap could easily have caused the fire. But, of course, there might have been other reasons.

As Mukhin was leaving the house that morning he heard the mistress weeping. Helya ran after him. She had been crying, too.

"Oh, *Pan* Officer," she cried, "such an awful thing has happened! The baby is sick. He must have caught cold that time near the window. And now he is in a burning fever . . . What shall we do! There is no doctor around here. The mistress is so upset, she's scolding me something terrible. But what can I do? It isn't my fault."

Arriving at the office of the sawmill, Mukhin met a group of workers, their faces dark and scowling. They acknowledged his greeting coldly. Even the fussy little director was unusually grave today. He nodded curtly to Mukhin.

"There is trouble in the mill, Comrade Commander," he said in the tone of a soldier reporting to his superior. "There is no peace for anyone here. Last night we lost one of our best workers."

"What's happened?" Mukhin asked.

"They killed Jan, our old Jan," the workers replied.

"Who killed him?"

"We don't know."

And then one of the men said in a low voice: "Maybe your soldiers did it . . . Might have shot him by accident . . ."

"Rubbish!" Mukhin fired up at once. "Did you see the Red Army men shooting in the night? Did anyone see them?"

No one answered. And the workers turned in anger on the man who had voiced such an absurd supposition.

"You're crazy. We know the Red Army wouldn't do a thing like that."

"That's right, comrades," Mukhin said. "Our army has never fired at peaceful workers and never will . . . No, we'll get to the bottom of this business . . ."

He accompanied a group of workers to the village. A crowd had gathered in the garden outside Jan's cottage. The women stood around with sorrowful faces, whispering among themselves. Some of them were wailing. Jan's two daughters were weeping bitterly. Their father lay under the ancient wild pear-tree. He seemed to have lain down to rest under his favorite tree, the one he had planted long, long

ago—before his children had been born and when he had just married the woodman's lovely daughter. Many years had passed since then. The sapling had grown into a fine spreading tree. A stork had built its nest among its branches. The folks had held christening parties under it. And every year the lively stork had brought a baby to Jan's cottage. Only two of them had lived.

Jan and Franz had spent many a pleasant hour under this tree and often they had argued as to which was finer, Jan's pear or Franz's rowan. Jan's tree bore sour fruit, and the berries of Franz's rowan were bitter as gall. But in the winter time both fruits had been made use of: the pears were stewed and the bitter berries made into cordial.

Old Franz stood under the pear-tree looking down at the body of his old friend. There was a look of reproach in his eyes and a tear rolled unheeded down his bristly cheek. Noticing Jan's pipe on the grass he picked it up, carefully blew off the dust and placed it reverently on the bench. The times he and Jan had sat together on that bench!

Mukhin questioned a few of the men as to whether they had seen or heard anything suspicious during the night. Some said that at about midnight or perhaps later they had heard a shot but had not paid much attention to it. There was a lot of shooting going on nowadays. The front was not so far away, after all . . .

An examination of the body ought to have been made but there was no doctor in the village. Mukhin decided to send for a doctor to the nearest Red Army unit, stationed about ten or twelve kilometers away. He would take this opportunity of asking for reinforcements, for with the few men he had now it was impossible to make a thorough clean-up of the woods. Returning to his room he wrote several notes and dispatched two Red Army men to the next unit. He saw to it that they were properly armed and ordered them to take along a machine-gun so as to be on the safe side.

That evening, while waiting for the men to return, Mukhin went to the meeting at which a workers' committee was to be elected. The room was crowded and noisy. There was a great deal said about the events of the past night, and many theories about the mysterious murder were advanced. Before they had got down to the business of nominating candidates for the workers' committee, a Red Army man came and called Mukhin outside.

"Our fellows have just come back. But they didn't want to come to the meeting because the doctor is wounded in the arm. . . . They were fired at on the way. Our fellows fired back at once and gave them more than they bargained for, I bet. But the doctor was wounded . . ."

"Seriously?"

"It's nothing much . . . flesh wound . . . the bone wasn't touched. The boys bandaged it for him according to his instructions and now he seems quite all right."

At that moment the doctor himself appeared, looking his usual cheerful, brisk self. Mukhin, who knew him quite well, shook hands and was just going to inquire about his injury when the doctor interrupted him with:

"Well, what's been happening around here? Let's hear all about it. Where's the body?"

But Mukhin thought it wiser to wait until the meeting was over before examining the dead man. He did not want to excite the workers unduly. He instructed the Red Army men to take the doctor to his room and, remembering his landlady's sick child, he asked the

doctor to be kind enough to examine the patient in the meantime.

"Only don't let the parents frighten you," he warned the doctor as they parted. "They're rather out of their element just now, I'm afraid . . ."

"That doesn't worry me much," replied the latter heartily and, turning to the Red Army men, he said with mock gravity: "Come on now, take me to those generals of yours. Fork out your generals, please!" And straightening the cap on his close-clipped head, he started off with them for the general's house.

On the way the men told him about the bad-tempered lady of the house, how proud and haughty she was and how she terrorized the old general. The doctor listened in dismay. He was a man of courage and spirit. He never lost his head in a crisis. He was always jolly and good-humored but he had one weakness, he was painfully shy with women. Yes, it looked as though he was in for it this time, and all because of a beardless lieutenant young enough to be his son.

"Now where are those instruments of mine?"

"Right here, doctor. We've got your bag safe."

"Well then, here goes . . ." And, bracing himself for the ordeal, the doctor mounted the steps of the general's house.

The meeting was in full swing. For the first time in their lives the workers were deciding their own affairs. And each felt the need to say something. Some of the women had even wept as they listened to speeches made by men they knew who had just returned from Brzoza Kartuska concentration camp or from jail. They looked pale, haggard, and so weak that they had to stop and gasp for breath as they spoke.

"We are still learning to breathe properly," one of them remarked.

And the workers stood silent, crushing their burnt-out cigarettes between nervous fingers and avoiding one another's eyes. Those who stood by the door opened it wide to let in the fresh air, for the room was blue with smoke.

Through the smoky haze one could see the figure of an elderly man at the table. It was Matyusha, Franz's brother-in-law, a worker who had also just returned from jail. In his hand he held a crutch which he shook wrathfully.

"This," he said bitterly, "is all my mother-country gave me when they smashed my knees against the cement floor of the prison. That will teach you to run around the towns and villages, they told me; now you will be tied down to the earth, you will learn to love your mother earth: you will have plenty of time to think about all this . . . And I did think, my comrades . . . I thought a great deal . . . The human heart cannot be broken either by the cement floors or the paved tracks, or as they called them 'red roads,' on which we Communists have suffered so much torment . . . I love my land and my people . . . But not because my knees have been broken . . . I love a free land, and a free people . . . And those who have liberated us. Now, comrades, we will begin to live at last . . . But before every one of us can live decently, we must first clean up all the filth in our path . . . There seems to be plenty of it still."

Old Franz listened carefully to every word Matyusha uttered. He felt sorry for his brother-in-law. Matyusha's life had been hard. He had always been such a difficult chap. He had never known how to get along with people, especially with the bosses. And everything annoyed him, he was always indignant about things. A few months

before the war he had been thrown into jail and transferred to a concentration camp. His wife and children had all but starved while he was away. They had never had enough to eat except in the summer time when there were mushrooms and berries in the woods. Possibly they, the workers, were in a way to blame for Matyusha's plight. But hadn't they helped his children while he was in jail? Hadn't they given them all they could, and done it on the quiet so that tale-bearers should not know.

Yes, Franz pitied Matyusha intensely. He actually felt a lump rising to his throat and he tugged nervously at the tie he had put on in honor of the first workers' meeting. With an air of grave importance he voted for Matyusha as candidate for the workers' committee.

"Of course Matyusha is needed here," he argued with himself. "If only he won't quarrel with people the way he used to. He knows the life of the workingmen inside out."

Franz voted for the other candidates as well. All of them were good folk. There was Jesik, the boilerman, and Bromin the foreman . . . a Jew, Bromin, but a good chap, just the same . . . then there was Vatsek the clerk, also a good chap, although a bit young. They had remembered the older folk as well, that was good . . . And suddenly Franz remembered something. Surely they slipped up on a very important matter. They had forgotten all about the boss. The voting was almost over. Franz wanted to have his say but he hesitated for some reasons. But when the chairman asked whether anyone had any proposals to make Franz raised his hand and said firmly:

"Comrades, we have forgotten to include the director in our committee . . ."

Silence fell over the gathering at his words, but only for a moment. Suddenly everyone began talking at once.

"But he's a shareholder . . . He's practically the owner . . . What would we do with him in the committee?"

"Suppose he is a shareholder," Franz insisted, although there was neither conviction nor firmness in his tone. "What of it . . . It was not against the law . . . And if the owner of the factory permitted him to own shares it isn't our business . . . He's a political man, he is."

"Sure!" jeered the workers. "A member of the Polish Socialist party!"

"He knows his job . . ."

"Sure he does!" replied the workers in the same tone.

"He has always looked after our interests . . ."

"Sure he has! No, we don't want him in our committee . . ."

Old Franz had lost his ground altogether by this time. He wanted to say something else, but Matyusha intervened. He peered out through the veil of smoke to where Franz stood, his face puckered, his whole demeanor a picture of indecision.

"I can't see you for the smoke, old man," said Matyusha in a loud voice. "But you surprise me just the same. Surely you don't want us to go on kissing the director's hand for the rest of our lives?"

"Oh Matyusha, he isn't that kind of a man at all. He wouldn't let the workers kiss his hand . . ."

"You don't understand, Franz . . . That isn't the point at all. You have a lot to learn still, Franz, in spite of your years . . ."

Franz was taken aback. He began nervously to roll a cigarette to hide his embarrassment. But the thin paper tore, the tobacco spilled through his trembling fingers, and he cursed himself under his breath.

As he drew at his cigarette he thought of Matyusha and what he

had just said. He seemed a good sort and yet you never knew what unpleasant things he'd tell you to your face. He had a terrible tongue. He'd suffered a lot because of that tongue of his.

In the meantime the meeting was applauding the first workers' committee and was about to break up. But just then something happened. As the workers were moving towards the exit there was a flash like lightning outside and inside the room; it grew dark although a lamp was burning. The lamp's flame flickered wildly, smoking the glass. But no one noticed this at the time. For at the moment the room was darkened, there was a terrific explosion. It shattered the window panes and swept off the hats of some workers standing closer to the exit. Stones rained down from the roof. They must have been flung there by children and now rolled noisily off. Everyone rushed out to the yard. Part of the wall of the building under the window had been blown away. It was hard to see anything in the darkness. A lantern was brought. Crushed bricks and bits of old plaster lay strewn around. A few Red Army men who had been rummaging in the ruins came over to Mukhin and handed him something. It was a handkerchief.

"We found it close by the building."

Mukhin glanced at the handkerchief and thrust it into his pocket. He recognized it at once.

As they were moving away from the wall they were startled to hear a groan issuing from the ruins. They went closer and saw a woman lying twisted with pain. Her hands clutched at her head and blood trickled through her fingers.

"Save me! Save me!" she moaned.

"The doctor!" Mukhin ordered, then thought better of it. "Wait, I'll go myself," and taking two Red Army men with him he set off at a rapid pace into the darkness.

Old Franz, who hated the sight of human distress, had hung back when the others had rushed to the victim of the explosion. But at the sound of the woman's voice he gave a wild shout and dashed forward, roughly pushing aside those who stood in his way. He dropped onto his knees before the sufferer, and taking her face between his hands he turned it to him, sobbing:

"Martha, wife, what have they done to you?"

A murmur of surprise rose from the knot of people.

The doctor hovered anxiously over the child. He even started a conversation with the general.

"Prince," he said, "I am happy to inform you that your child is in no immediate danger."

But for the life of him he could not find words adequate to express himself in these unaccustomed surroundings. And to make matters worse the Red Army men were sniggering good-humoredly at the hearty old doctor's clumsy attempts to make small talk. He glanced sternly in their direction and they seated themselves meekly near the door. No one was more taken aback than the good physician when his host suddenly interrupted his babble with:

"I am not a prince, doctor. Just a general . . ."

The doctor flushed. "My dear sir, it's all the same to me, it's six of one and half-a-dozen of another," he said and was about to elaborate his thought but checked himself in time, throwing an annihilating look at the Red Army men who had misled him with their talk of princesses and the like.

He began to fumble in his bag for his instruments. His fingers always so steady and sure, so gentle and swift, were clumsy and awkward.

Just as he was about to place a compress on the child's chest a dull roar of an explosion shook the room.

"What's that!" cried the doctor.

"Go and find out!" he ordered the Red Army men.

Helya helped him to put the compress in place, for it was awkward for him to work with one hand.

"Are you the child's mother?" he asked her.

"No, I'm the servant, doctor. The child's mother has gone out somewhere for a moment."

"A nice sort of mother . . . She ought to be with her child at a time like this."

At that moment the mother appeared. Looking pale and exhausted, she walked heavily into the room and dropped into a chair without paying the slightest heed either to her child or to the doctor. She sat still, gazing fixedly before her. Her face was cold and expressionless. She rested an elbow on the arm of the chair and gnawed at her fingers.

"What's the matter?" inquired the doctor. "Please don't distress yourself. Your child will be all right. He only has a slight cold on his chest. We'll have him well again in no time!"

But the woman made no reply. She sat as immobile as a statue, deaf to the doctor's comforting words. And why, indeed, should he comfort her if the child was not in danger? He placed a glass of water by her elbow but she did not touch it. Then he lost patience with her, gathered up his instruments, mixed them up and even blushed when he threw the baby's comforter into his bag by mistake. He closed his bag with a snap and sat down to await the lieutenant's return.

He was much relieved when the lieutenant came in with the two Red Army men. Mukhin walked over to the woman and informed her quietly that she was arrested. He handed her the handkerchief. She took it without comment, and, without looking at anyone, said in an indifferent tone:

"You forget that I am mistress here. I have the right to go wherever I please and to lose whatever I please, haven't I? What do you want from me?"

"We shall see about that later. We have no time now . . ."

"Oh, well, then . . ." she rose and followed the two Red Army men out of the room.

"Well, doctor, are you ready?" Mukhin asked.

"Eh? What's that?" the doctor came to himself with a start. "Certainly. I'm always ready! I've done what was needed and the servant will look after the child."

"Let's go then."

Old Franz rushed frantically about his cottage, trying to make himself useful. One minute he was bringing water for the doctor; the next, he was throwing things pell-mell out of the trunk in search of linen towels to be used for bandages.

When the children raised their voices above a whisper, old Franz jumped on them wrathfully:

"Hush, hush now. You're disturbing the doctor . . ."

The director endeavored to console the old man. He stood aside looking extremely important and grave and highly conscious of the fact that he had come to the humble dwelling of a workingman to comfort him in his hour of grief. There was not a shade of his customary affability about him; perhaps it was because there was trouble in the house or perhaps because he was offended at being so completely ignored by the household. The woman lying on the bench claimed the attention of everyone: the doctor, the women who were helping him, even old Franz replied absently to

the director's words of consolation and did not even offer him a chair.

"Yes, that's so, *Pan* Director . . ." he would say, but his eyes never left the corner of the room where the woman lay.

Presently she began to feel better. She even managed to say a few words to her husband.

"I was coming to call you for supper when it all happened, Franz," she said feebly.

But the doctor forbade her to talk. He busied himself with bandages, instruments and bottles. His face was grave and stern. Old Franz gazed at it with deep gratitude and awe, watching every muscle, every wrinkle, noting every change in the expression of his eyes. Very soon he stopped answering the director at all and in order to bridge the uncomfortable silence, the latter turned to Mukhin.

"What bad luck we have had today, to be sure . . . That this should have happened during the meeting is an outrage, in my opinion . . . Well, what do you think of the new committee?"

Mukhin turned sharply and looked him up and down, then glanced in the direction of the door. The director decided that it would be inadvisable to say more. The Red Army men, with rifles over their shoulders, were standing, shifting from one foot to the other by the door. *Pan* Milashevsky felt vexed with himself for having come where he was clearly not needed. Doctors and medical matters had always been repugnant to him in any case. But he had no alternative, so he sat patiently waiting.

At last the doctor was done. Not until he had put away his instruments did he walk over to Franz and lay his hand on the old worker's shoulder. Franz held his breath in suspense, but the expression on the doctor's face was so reassuring, his smile so encouraging that to Franz the old cottage with its gray peeling walls seemed to brighten.

"What am I smiling at, you wonder? Good fortune! Both mine and yours. Within a week or two your wife will be up and about again. She will look even better, than she has ever done. She will have had a rest from all the work and the injuries are nothing to worry about. We have been lucky, you and I."

"God in heaven!" exclaimed old Franz, beaming. "Children, come here, and kiss the doctor's hand!"

"Come now, come now!" protested the doctor, "you mustn't do that, you know."

"But, doctor, you have saved their mother's life!" and old Franz started to hug the embarrassed doctor. He squeezed him so hard that the doctor winced and clutched at his wounded arm. He grew pale and sank down onto a bench, for a burning pain shot through his arm.

"Good God, what have I done? I'm so sorry, I forgot all about your arm," old Franz cried, cursing himself for a clumsy, thoughtless creature.

"Now, now, Franz, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for getting so excited," the director said softly. "Look what you have done now . . ."

Franz looked up. For an instant his glance rested on the director with his smug face, and the black, shiny hat that dimly reflected the light of the lamp. Then, with a frightened, appealing look at the doctor and Mukhin, he suddenly clutched at his gray head and burst into the dry convulsive sobbing of those who seldom break down. He seized Mukhin by the hand and said through his choking difficult tears:

"Oh God! . . . I beg you . . . Comrade Commander . . . Doctor . . . Drive that creature out of here . . . No! No! Arrest him . . ."

"Shut your mouth, you old fool!" cried the director. Then he shrank

back and turned pale. He started towards the door but the Red Army men silently barred his exit.

"Sit down and keep quiet," Mukhin ordered shortly.

The old man told his story.

"They have poisoned our whole lives . . . They wanted to make murderers, criminals of us . . . I know it was they who murdered my old friend Jan . . . I feel it in my bones. They wanted to set fire to the mill so that we workers would be destitute and our children hungry . . . I don't know whose hand tried to kill us all while we were at the meeting, but I do know who fired at the doctor . . . Didn't they send me with letters into the forest? Now, I know what letters these were . . . Doctor, please forgive me . . . They sucked our blood and were never satisfied. They were afraid because they knew the ground was slipping away from under their feet . . . They lied to us, they deceived us . . . It was they who provided us with our bread, they said, it was owing to their charity that we were living in the world at all. And anyone who dared to refuse their dirty charity was thrown into jail. Our blood be on our own heads for believing these criminals . . . and for thinking that they were human beings and would stand up for the working people. They are nothing but beasts, wild beasts . . . I curse them from the bottom of my heart . . . And I am crying because I didn't curse them sooner . . ."

It was difficult to calm the old man; it was clear that he had suffered much before he had decided to speak out the thoughts that had been torturing him for a long while. He sobbed like a child and could not smoke the cigarette someone had given him. His hands were trembling so violently that it broke, but he still held it and kept lighting one match after another.

"Well, Comrade Franz, go to bed and have a good rest," Mukhin said as he rose to leave. "Both your wife and children need quiet . . . Don't worry, Franz, the bad old days have gone, never to return . . . There is nothing to fear now."

"Yes, what could there be to fear now?" the old man repeated mechanically. Then he rose and shook hands warmly with Mukhin and the doctor, begging them to forgive him for all the trouble he had given them.

The lively doctor was unusually grave and thoughtful. As they left Franz's cottage he searched for words adequate to express his feelings but all he could bring himself to say was:

"Well, I'm . . ."

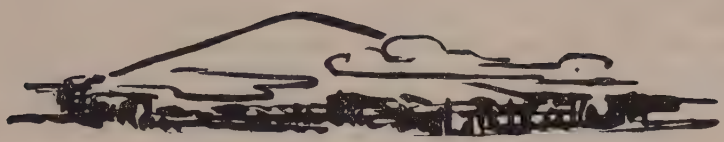
"Exactly! . . ." Mukhin replied and the two continued their way in silence.

By the next morning the entire "Drop of Milk Society" had been arrested. They were all there. Wanda, the director, Father Boniface, a few local landowners and about fifteen forest prowlers who, thanks to old Franz's directions, had been captured in the woods without a single shot being fired. These were the remains of the Polish military organization and those who had terrorized the workers' settlement and the surrounding villages.

The whole region breathed freely.

Translated from the Byelorussian

SERGEI DIKOVSKY



Savushka The Partisan

In the depths of the Maritime Province stands a hill where there grows neither grass nor tree and where no beast lingers. People say the hill is of pure gold, but, truth to tell, no one has ever seen it, for it is always shrouded in fog and cloud; if the wind blows, the hill's top can be seen gleaming in the sun, but no sooner does the wind die down, than it becomes shrouded again.

The road to the hill is a dangerous one. If you stray to the left, you get stuck in a bog; if you stray to the right you fall down a precipice. The only path toward the hill is a bear's trail from the Goose Lake past an iron stone and the twin pines to the Bedovaya river, where it comes to a dead end.

This path was known only to Savushka, a merry little man who limped on one leg and had the eyes of an eagle. In the war between Russia and Japan in 1904 he had served in the artillery; there his leg was crushed by the wheel of a gun-carriage.

Now Savushka lived the way of the Gypsies. In the winter he would hammer out hoofs for the horses and mend ploughs, but as soon as the green came out on the oak he would sling his pack over his shoulder, and that was the last people saw of him till autumn. The taiga had got into his blood. All summer he wandered and roamed, lingering by the lakes or listening to the talk of the beasts. Nothing made him gladder than to discover some new spring or a new hill. If Savushka had learnt his letters in time, he would be a professor today. As it is, he had to become a blacksmith.

He never took a gun with him. The beasts fully trusted Savushka. The otter showed him where fish swam; the bear beat out a trail for him, and the squirrel found nuts for him.

Savushka discovered the hill of gold, but there was no one to mine it, for the Maritime Province was besieged by the Japanese. There is no telling what happened. Stoves were cold, but the huts of the peasants burned. The soil was soaked in blood. Nowhere could children's laughter be heard.

Every pine-tree was a gallows and every hill a graveyard. If you lay down in a field, you could hear the earth itself groaning: it could not bear the tramping of the Japanese troops. Even the wild geese were so terrified they flew away in summer instead of autumn.

Lenin saw from Moscow the sky aglow and sent his troops to help us. But the white generals blocked all roads so that Lenin's men had to fight for every inch of their way.

The guerillas decided to go to the hills to forge weapons and gather their forces for the battle. Savushka was left in charge of the hill of gold.

"There is no need to teach you what to do," the guerillas said. "You are cunning enough, as it is. Act on your own."

They left him an old gun and sixteen bullets and went their way.

Savushka got a bear he knew to lend him his skin. Then he sewed himself overboots out of the bear's paws, and spent the nights tracking the Japanese. Their sentries were lost in wonder: what a desperate bear to go right into the camp!

Meanwhile Savushka went in for accounting. Instead of ledgers he had two birch trees in the taiga on which he used to make marks. On one he marked the Japanese ships, guns and soldiers. On the other he marked the people's woe: the widows, the graves, the homeless children.

But Savushka was not fated to wander and roam for long; somehow the Japanese got wind of the hill of gold, and sent out their search-dogs who caught Savushka.

At that time the general in command was Inu-San, a figure well known to the guerillas, with a crooked spine, with eyes of a fish, and legs as though he had lived all his days in a tub.

When Inu-San saw Savushka his face became wreathed in smiles and he extended his hand to the old man.

"How do you do," he said. "Even we admire your cunning."

But Savushka was a proud man who only knew how to inhale the air of the free, and he refused to shake hands with Inu-San.

"Fish like you we take only by the gills," he replied.

The general winced but swallowed the insult.

"Do you want to save your life?"

Savushka guessed immediately what the general was leading up to.

"I dont mind," he replied, "but I can find you a suitable tree to hang me on, if you like. I'm tired of tramping and tramping."

"Would you like us to build you a house? We'll even make you a count."

"That wouldn't be bad at all. But give me a week to think it over."

Savushka was taken to a cell. They fed him on cream and caviar, while he thought things over.

Meanwhile, Lenin's troops came nearer and nearer. They had passed the Urals and the steppes beyond them, and were now coming through the taiga itself.

After some time Savushka was brought back to the general.

"Will you show us the path to the hill of gold?" asked Inu-San.

"Will you give me top-boots for the bog? And a pound of powder? And a thoroughbred horse?"

"We'll give you all you ask, only show us the way quickly."

"Oh, I'm afraid to give away the hill for nothing. Give me another week to think it over."

The war was raging. The gold of the Japanese was running out but Savushka continued to bargain. Now it was a new boat he demanded, now a wrap for his wife, now a pail of drying oil, at last he saw he could bargain no longer. He straightened out his shoulders and strutted up to Inu-San.

"Go to the dogs," he said. "I've changed my mind about letting you have the gold."

The Japanese now showed themselves in their true colors. They cut the skin off his fingers and then forced his hands into strong vodka. Savushka uttered no sound; he only ground his teeth. They injected frog's bile into his veins

and put burning coals in his nostrils, but that, too, did not make him speak.

They healed him and then started at it again. A month passed and then another. Now they would feed him on chocolate, now inject paraffin oil in his nostrils, but nothing could break him. Inu-San was beside himself with fury. He would go to the cell, take one look at Savushka and turn blue in the face.

Meanwhile Lenin's troops continued to advance. There is no telling how much boot-leather they wore out or how many bullets they spent. At last they came near the camp of the Japanese.

The Japanese realized they could not get the better of Savushka; he knew in advance all their foul tricks, like a squirrel knows an empty nutshell.

General Inu-San summoned the principal chemist and asked:

"Tell me, what are the newest gases?"

"Iprit-samerdite, tilo-tvetilo, vitriolic carbide. It can burn a regiment in four minutes."

"No, not that."

"Then one part of extract of bim-bomo-bromo-acid to one part of arsenic. It has terrific power. No grass will grow for ten years on the place where the gas has spread."

"That's old. Is there no gas to corrupt the human conscience?"

The chemist was floored.

"No," he said. "Science has not advanced to that stage yet."

"Well, I give you three days at the end of which you will either get the highest order in the land of the rising sun or you will have to commit hara-kiri."

Soon the chemist brought him a black bulb-shaped vase.

"There it is!" he cried triumphantly. "The great brain softener, angidride!! It was tried on condemned convicts. They gave away their own fathers. There wasn't a secret they didn't reveal."

The Japanese used the gas on Savushka. All during the night two clerks sat by his bed to take down what he said in his delirium. All day until midnight Savushka kept his own—he only gnashed his teeth quietly. But finally the gas reached the very brain. Savushka groaned and set agoing. He belched words with the speed of a machine-gun. By morning the clerks were worn to the bone.

In the morning their transcripts were brought to the general. There were exactly one thousand two hundred pages. There was joy in the Japanese headquarters. Inu-San strutted around with the air of one who has received a legacy. The chemist made a hole in his coat for a decoration.

The chief interpreter was called in. He adjusted his spectacles and read the transcripts of Savushka's ravings. He scarcely read the first line when he began to scratch his head with a puzzled expression on his face.

"I'm-I'm sorry but these words . . . I-I don't think I could say in Japanese. Well, I could say them, but . . . you know . . ."

"Alright, alright. Read on a bit." The interpreter read on a little and gave a deep sigh.

"That's enough," he said. "It's really beyond me."

Another interpreter was found who had fought in the Russian-Japanese war. He glanced at the transcripts and said:

"I know these words . . . oh, very well. They are . . . ahem . . . ahem . . . for cohabitation! If you command me to, I will translate them."

And he translated them. The general's skin was covered with a cold sweat. Savushka had never spoken Sunday-school language,

but this time he exhausted the limits even of his own vocabulary. Not a word, of course, about the hill of gold . . . but of foul language—to his heart's content.

Finally the Japanese understood there was nothing they could do with Savushka. They summoned all the beasts to ask what they knew of the hill of gold. They even brought in a tamer from Tokyo, who knew the language of all the beasts and all the birds and all the fishes.

Then the beasts and the birds and the fishes were brought in one place, and were given the food each liked best. After that the tamer spoke to them. First he spoke to the hare, squeezing his ear. But the hare answered:

"We go only by the very ridges of the fields, and I've never seen any other trail."

The cunning sable winked at her friends and said:

"The hedgehog is a beast of learning; he marked all the pathways on an oak-leaf."

But the hedgehog bristled up and muttered gruffly:

"There isn't any oak-leaf. The beaver ate it up."

The beaver had nothing to say to this. He just scrubbed his skin and said:

"The oak-leaf has nothing to do with it. There used to be a trail but the guerillas seem to have rolled it up and taken it with them . . ."

The poor, innocent mole said:

"I am deaf and dumb, and my eyesight is poor. Let me go, please."

The bear, however, bellowed in fury. He was an old friend of Savushka's.

"It's all a lot of nonsense," he yelled. "Your . . . your fish is rotten. It's raspberries I want."

And he stumbled off to the woods in search of them.

Only the wolverene, a treacherous beast, gobbled up the liver the tamer gave her, licked his hand and whispered in his ear:

"Beyond the Goose Lake there is a hidden path. If you go to the right, you'll die in the bog; to the left—you'll drop down a precipice. Follow the road past the iron stone, across the Bedovaya river, and then you hit the bear's path which will take you straight to the golden hill."

Next morning the Japanese decided to execute Savushka. They wanted to hang him from a telegraph post. But General Inu-San forbade this.

"That," he said, "would be no punishment for the likes of him. We will have to think of some torture that'll kill him inch by inch."

Savushka was tied hand and foot to a poplar-tree. The Japanese placed a table before him, and on it a plate of meat, and a pitcher full of sweet cream, and a jug of wine.

Inu-San made sure that Savushka was well tied to the tree.

"I hope you'll like the meal," he said. "I'm only sorry we forgot to leave you mustard."

The general then set out for the taiga with his battalion. In front went the machine-gunners, and after them the long-range field guns. Leather receptacles to put the gold in were attached to the horses.

Savushka's friends among the beasts in the taiga did not forget him. The sable bit away the rope that tied him to the poplar. The hare rushed off to warn Lenin's troops. The hawk flew off to keep a watch on Inu-San's battalion.

The bear snuffled and said:

"I'll show them the trail to . . ."

Bruno set off and trampled out a new trail. He even moved the iron stone to a new place.

The beavers proved the most

cunning of all. They built a dam across the Bedovaya river and made its waters run in a different direction. The battalion went quite astray. They marched a day and a night, a second day and a night . . . and several more days and nights. On all sides was sticky, treacherous bog. Thorns tore their coats. Stones blistered their feet. The Japanese soldiers lost their spirits. There was not a sign of the taiga, though the bear's trail went on and on . . .

The Japanese did not know, of course, that Savushka had joined his guerilla friends in the taiga, and was helping to prepare a royal welcome for them.

At long last the bear's trail led them into a ravine from which there was no escape.

It was as dark as the caverns under the earth, with tree-trunks thick as a house, and moss of a hundred years' growth. Even if you whispered, the echo would sound louder than thunder.

Seeing no way out, General Inu-San commanded:

"Round about face!"

But it was too late. They were surrounded by the guerillas, their rifles at the level. From behind a tree appeared Savushka.

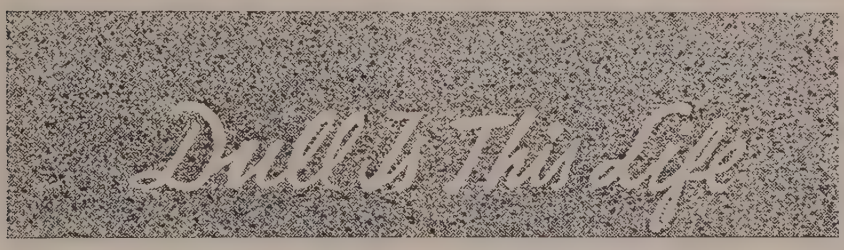
"Stop," he said. "The day is ours. And now, my dear friends, we shall make a final reckoning and make you pay for everything. You must pay for . . . our wives, our children who were killed, for the corn we could not harvest, for all the pain we suffered, for our agony which made even the earth groan . . ."

And they paid.

The nettle thrives on manure. Nettle grows in abundance on the spot where the Japanese paid.

Translated from the Russian

PEET VALLAK



By midnight the smoke-filled chambers of the club were deserted except for a small group seated around one of the tables in the dining room and two obsessed chess-players bending over their board in the billiard room, oblivious of everything but the game. The lights had been extinguished in the empty rooms and only a few small lamps flickered dimly. The heavy upholstered furniture seemed to exhale the stale fumes of tobacco it absorbed from day to day throughout the long years.

Triks, the old bow-legged waiter, was on duty in the murky dining-room. Resting his hollow cheek

in his hand he stood dozing by the window sill, his face waxen like that of a corpse. The radio playing *sotto voce* in the corner sang him a funeral dirge and one felt certain the hearse must be waiting for him down below on the street.

There was an air of refined conviviality about the company seated at the table. The professor, the lecturer, the magistrate and the composer were in excellent humor. Under the coffee-pot the blue flame of the spirit lamp danced merrily. Sild, the lecturer, whose reddened slits of eyes peered through horn-rimmed spectacles, was entertaining his friends with an animated account of a hunting experience. He was waxing eloquent on the gentle grace of a goat he had chanced to meet the other day in the woods. Trotting along on her slender agile legs she had suddenly stopped right in front of the muzzle of his gun.

". . . . I saw her when she was no more than fifty feet from me. I stood rooted to the spot and she looked straight at me, alert and distrustful. I dared not raise my rifle for I knew that the slightest movement and she would be gone with the wind. Her ears were twitching and she sniffed at the air with her sensitive nostrils. Gradually she seemed to calm down. Slowly and warily I began to raise my rifle. The butt was already in my right hand when suddenly a tremor passed over the goat's body and leaping into the air she shot into the forest like the bow from an arrow. Swift as lightning I had shouldered my rifle and fired in her wake. I saw her drop down out of view into a thicket of ferns . . . I rushed to the spot but at the sound of my footsteps in the bracken she leapt up once more and staggered into the bushes. The place where she had lain was red with fresh, warm blood. Aha, I said to myself, now I've got you. I was as excited as a child. It was my victory indeed. I had only to wait now for the animal to bleed to death. I leaned up against a tree and calmly lit a cigarette.

"And all of a sudden . . ."

But the story was not fated to be finished. Soo, the magistrate, had been reminded of an adventure he had had that was curiously similar to his friend's encounter with the goat. He simply had to tell the story at once and he had been tugging at the sleeve of his neighbor the composer to attract his attention. The moment the lecturer paused for breath he launched into his narrative.

"I was taking a walk one evening near a river just outside the town. The weather was glorious, the sun was sinking behind the clouds spreading a ruddy glow over the whole sky. Presently I noticed a young girl sitting on a log at the river's bank dangling her bare feet in the water. Her loveliness took my breath away. Beside her stood a valise from which I gathered that she must have come from the country. Naturally I stopped and tried to engage her in conversation. I began by warning her that the river was deep at this point and telling her to beware of the whirlpools.

"She turned round and glanced at me when I addressed her but said nothing in reply. I repeated my warning, which was obviously ridiculous since on drawing nearer I saw that the river was so shallow that her feet touched the bottom and as for whirlpools, you can judge for yourself . . . I sat down on the bank a little further up the river and pulling a piece of paper from my pocket I drew a heart on it that looked like an alder leaf, and stuck a twig through it for an arrow. Then I wrote a few words and casting my effu-

sion upon the waters I let it float with the current down to where the maiden sat. But she was an incredibly stubborn little creature. The paper floated up to her, swirled around once or twice and was carried past her down the stream. And all my efforts were in vain. Presently my mermaid rose, put on her shoes and picking up her valise set off toward the town. I was right at her heels, of course. Now, you know I am not a blackguard but by this time my blood was up. It was almost dark by the time we reached town. My little fugitive tried to give me the slip by disappearing into the first shop she came across. But I was aware of her little ruse. I hailed an acquaintance who chanced to pass by at the moment and cut the conversation short as I saw the girl pass me again with downcast eyes. I followed her over the bridge to the market. Devil take it, I thought to myself, when is this going to end? Aha! At last she turned round to look at me. No doubt she was tired by now and was convinced finally that I was not to be shaken off so easily. At any rate she was far too helpless and inexperienced. Her valise had obviously begun to weigh heavily on her arm. And just then. . . ."

But at this psychological moment the story was interrupted. The club door opened and in walked a tall spare man with his coat collar raised and something of the tramp about his gaunt, unshaven face. It was club-member Rengel, the writer. He had dropped in because it was nasty and damp outside and he felt the need for companionship and good cheer.

"Ah Rengel! That's the fellow!" called the professor. "Hang up your coat and sit down. Triks, old man, another cup!"

Rengel hesitated, for the company gathered around the table was not to his liking, but Professor Kure almost forced him to a chair. Resigning himself, Rengel complied. As he did so he noticed to his disgust that the lecturer was present. There had been a bitter controversy between the two recently in the press and toward the end the lecturer had lost control of himself and became merely abusive.

The professor leaned back in his chair and with a sly look on his flushed countenance tactlessly probed again at this polemical wound.

"Mr. Rengel," he began, "I sincerely respect you as a writer, a very gifted writer indeed. But what I cannot understand is why you insist upon writing about those mean, dull little people of yours. Why do you stick to the suburbs and the slums? Your stuff is undoubtedly interesting and you are a capable craftsman—I say this without intending to flatter you—but why should you not write about the intelligentsia?"

The lecturer smiled as he saw Rengel blink in annoyance at this unexpected assault. The professor laid his pudgy hand on Rengel's shoulder as he continued:

"Now, why don't you try to write about the city, young man. Why not describe city life, the throbbing heart of a big city. That would be worth while. Villages make dull reading, you know. If the characters in your books were educated people—professors, musicians, yes and actors, perhaps, your writings would be much more readable."

Rengel fidgeted in his chair, cursing himself for a fool for having responded to the impulse that had brought him here. But glancing at the lecturer who had used the same line of argument in the re-

cent controversy and who was now beaming with such undisguised malice that his blurry eyes were almost sparkling, Rengel resolved to stay for a few minutes, long enough at least to give the professor and that lecturer fellow a piece of his mind.

"Write about city life . . . write about the intelligentsia!" he retorted heatedly. "What do you mean? Why, your city is nothing but an overgrown village with a few thousand inhabitants, a place where one village lad with two fingers in his mouth could emit a whistle that would summon his pal from the other end of the town. That's your city for you! If you live on the second floor you can see the fields and meadows on all four sides, hear the whirring of the mowing machine and inhale the odor of manure. And what am I to write about professors and lecturers?"

The lecturer and the magistrate sat up and glared at Rengel whose anger grew with every word he uttered.

"You are surprised that I do not prefer the intellectual to the village yokel, the dull, witless creature as you call him. But take the lecturer, the magistrate or professor away from his University chair or his auditorium, strip him of the shallow trappings of his professions and what would there remain for the writer but the same mean, dull creature who leads the same pale and cheerless existence as anyone else. Are his emotions any richer than the emotions of the villager or small town inhabitant, are his passions stronger, his ideas more lucid? Were I to write a true story about you, Mr. Lecturer, don't you think it would be the dullest story ever written?"

"Come now, what's all this about!" cried the professor. He disliked arguments and disputes intensely and he could not understand why Rengel was attacking the lecturer so fiercely. At that moment the professor looked like a benevolent old sheep whose eyes are so overgrown with wool that his vision is quite blurred.

At this point the chessplayers, who had torn themselves at last from their game, came shuffling through the dining room toward the exit. One of them, flushed and excited, was puffing on a cigarette and muttering something about an Indian game and a queen's gambit; the other wound his scarf around his neck with trembling hands. Paying no heed to the group in the dining room they hurried out of the club.

Rengel followed suit, nodding a careless farewell. The door slammed after him; this was not a show of bad temper on his part. It was merely a gust of wind. But the professor jumped as though a shot had been fired. A curious, embarrassed silence fell over the gathering. The composer sucked his lip thoughtfully.

The professor nudged the lecturer.

"Well, what happened to that goat of yours?" he asked.

The lecturer wrinkled his forehead in an effort to pick up the thread of his story.

"Uhm, yes," he said without his former enthusiasm. "Well, when I had finished smoking I followed the trail of the goat but I could not find her. There was blood on the path but the goat had disappeared. I went home and brought out the hounds and, of course, they found her in a jiffy. She was writhing in her death agony as I came up; the dogs had mangled her terribly."

"And what about your adventure, magistrate?"

But the magistrate had lost his ardor.

"Oh, I got her, of course, the same evening!" he replied drily.

The life seemed to have gone out of the little gathering. The evening was spoiled.

"That confounded writer," grumbled the professor, shrugging his broad shoulders as if to shake off something unpleasant. "What boors some people are!"

The plaintive, melancholy strains of a Negro spiritual came over the ether.

Translated from the Estonian

VLADIMIR SHAYAN

A Sheet of Paper

The night was hot and stifling. A heavy oppression seemed to radiate from the walls in the prison cells, baked in the previous day's sun. It dried up the wasted bodies of the prisoners, made it difficult to sleep, to breathe; it lay like a weight on their chests, like a thick, heavy blanket.

In cell 106 all was still and dark, the hot, heavy air was filled with a pungent, bitter smell. Sometimes one of the prisoners would move languidly on his cot, throwing off his coverlet, trying to find a cooler position, but there was no ease to be had, and, as they lay, the sweat poured off them in streams.

On such a night sleep was beyond reach. People would look about them, carry on low-toned conversations, and finally doze off. The cell was given over to quiet and darkness, and to the intangible tension which seemed to emanate from the slightly trembling voice of Peter Skiba. And the knowledge that this was the voice of one about to die hung over the cell like the heavy breath of an approaching storm. Who knows—perhaps even the very next day he would be taken to cell 126, the corner cell, the death cell.

But Comrade Peter Skiba was calm. He had declined his comrades' offers to take his place at work, and had worked as usual, competently and accurately. So, from that time on no one had referred to his approaching death, although everyone knew that his appeal had been rejected. They all were men enough to look squarely death in the face, but it was hard to find words to break this lowering silence. After all, there is something very final about death. Even here, in the cell, these people, sentenced for Communism, found it hard to speak to each other about it.

But Peter Skiba wished to speak.

Words fell into the silence of the cell like the first drops of rain, heralding a cooling shower. Evenly, smoothly, the words flowed on, as the tale unrolled itself, a tale told for the first time.

"You know that I grew up in the village. I was a strong, healthy fellow—as my mother said, God denied me riches, but gave me luck. Everyone liked me, for some reason or other. Young and old, boys and girls, it was all the same, all liked to be with me, to talk with me. As for the girls, sometimes it was hard to get rid of them. But I took it all as a matter of course. I was a healthy, cheerful fellow, not given to deep thinking or talking—in fact I did not talk much at all. Everyone was kind to me, and I, for my part, harmed no one, although my father had only two *morgs* of land. It was easy for me to get hired. I really liked mowing, and it's a fact that I mowed well. The grain I mowed was never tangled, but lay in beautiful straight swathes. Altogether, this was a time of golden harvest for me. A match was being arranged for me with a rich girl, and I was just about to agree to it when the World War broke out.

"But it's not the war I wanted to tell you about. I don't really know when it was that I began thinking. It sometimes seems to me that I must have been doing some thinking even while I was mowing the grain, although I never said anything about my thoughts. But at the war—that was enough to set anyone thinking!

"Not a bullet touched me—I seemed to bear a charmed life. True, I never feared death. When I thought about it, it did not seem to matter—I had seen so much death all around me. But I could see no sense in the war. Better to be an ox, I thought, they were useful, and when they were slaughtered, their bodies gave food for the people.

"But what was the use of a soldier?

"I felt that I ought to rage, to throw myself with fury into the battle—even though there was no sense in it. But actually, never in my life had I felt anger. Perhaps my anger expressed itself in the fact that I was indifferent to all this.

"When we were ordered to attack, I was always the first up, and I was never in a hurry to lie down or take shelter behind hillocks. Many thought me brave, a born soldier. I even received a medal and a cross for courage. . . .

"But why am I talking about all this? I wanted to tell you about something which I once saw, something which made a vivid and lasting impression upon me—I can see it before me just as clear. . . .

"When I returned from captivity in Italy, thinking that the war was already over, I was again called to the forces. I wasn't even very much surprised. Well—another war, I thought. Now it was the Reds they made us fight, and poisoned our minds with hatred against them.

"It was then that something happened that I want to tell you about now.

"We were going into the attack. Our battalion had been pursuing a small detachment of Reds, and our captain was sure that he was soon going to crush them. He was boasting that he would take them alive, and then the Reds would soon find out with whom they were dealing.

"However, they managed to take cover behind a small hillock between two rivers. We thought it would be an easy matter to get at them, for they had had no time to dig themselves in, or even to lay barbed wire entanglements. But their machine-gun fire was so accurate and deadly that our captain hesitated to send us immediately into the attack. For some time brisk firing went on. We felt ourselves

the victors, for their defenses seemed to be negligible. Certainly, they couldn't hope for much mercy from our captain. He sent men to crawl up the hillock, right up to their positions and throw hand grenades, and at the same time gave orders for the gunners to open fire. He was preparing an attack.

"The firing from the hillock died down, the men crawling up the hillside took courage and advanced right to the top before throwing their grenades over the crest. The firing from the other side ceased completely.

"The order was given to attack. But we did not feel very sure of ourselves. We didn't quite understand that silence from the other side of the hillock—perhaps it was a trick. . . . We soon approached the hillock, with me in front, as usual. Actually, I was the first to reach the top, and it was there that I saw the thing which I want to tell you about.

"The Bolshevik detachment which we were pursuing had managed to cross the river where it was sheltered by the hillock. It turned out that the main body had got across while a handful of them—perhaps about twenty—had covered the retreat with three machine-guns, which they used with such effect that we had thought there was a division at least. Just as we topped the crest, bombs went off under the small wooden bridge, and we were met with brisk firing from the woods on the other side of the river. The Bolsheviks had not only managed to cross, they had taken up positions in the wood. . . .

"But all this is not what I set out to tell you. Off the rearguard on the hillock, not one had remained alive. Now, I have seen many battlefields, they are a very familiar sight to me, and you would have thought that even the sight of twenty fighters, just killed, wouldn't have made much impression upon me. But this time—the first time throughout the whole of the war—my feelings were different.

"The entire upper part of the hillock had been torn up by the hand grenades, there was not a blade of grass to be seen. But just at the very top, about four paces from me, was a fresh, green patch of grass, a piece of meadow land that has burned itself into my memory. And on this patch of grass lay a Red Army man.

"He was wearing a new soldier's cap—evidently he had only recently joined the Red Army. He looked like a strong country lad. He had been the last to die, and the look of life had not yet left his face, he almost seemed to be asleep, but for the tightened lips which marred the calm of his face. His body lay easily, naturally, as though he were taking a nap at the edge of the grain field, his legs—strong legs in boots—flung outwards. The wind slightly ruffled his hair, increasing the impression of life. He must have been well-liked in the village, I thought, probably, just as I was. His left arm was flung across his chest, the right . . .

"Yes, that is just what I wanted to tell you about.

"The right arm, slightly bent at the elbow, was raised above his head, the fingers tightly clutched about a crumpled piece of paper. Just so people raise their arms in greeting or when they have good news to tell. And I understood that this arm was raised as a sign of victory. Victory? Yes, in this raised hand was a simple but convincing legacy of victory. Suddenly I understood that these fighters were not like those whom I had known up to now; and I realized that such fighters could not be defeated.

"There could be no doubt that this young warrior, in his last moments, had wished to draw atten-

tion to the paper he held in his hand. He wished to raise it on high, a symbol of victory.

"I remember it all so well, every detail of it. I understood that in his death there was a reason, a meaning, and that it lay hidden in this paper which he had raised with his last breath to be a sign to those coming after. I felt that at last I had found what I had been seeking for so long. I bent over him, and looked long into his face, with the long eyelashes just brushing the young cheeks, and gently removed the crumpled paper from his fingers.

"It was just an ordinary Communist leaflet. . . .

"Never during the whole of the war had I plundered a corpse, but now I hunted through all his pockets, turning them inside out. Our soldiers probably thought I was searching for booty, as many others did, and no one disturbed me, looking upon it as my right. But the booty I was seeking was leaflets; however, there were no more to be found.

"Probably, comrades, you are thinking that it was the contents of the leaflet which made me understand; but no, I had already understood before I ever began to read it. I want to emphasize that, and I remember it all so very well. I had already read similar leaflets on several occasions.

"But it was the idea that had been in this young boy's mind before he died—the idea of raising the leaflet as a symbol of victory—this was what made things so plain to me. Words were unnecessary, I understood at once all that he wished to tell me.

"Of course, I did not give up the leaflet to the captain, as we had been ordered to do with all documents—and this disobedience was my first revolutionary act. And later, while the war was still going on, when I decided to leave my village for the town, I hid the leaflet behind mother's icon, and my old mother prays before it to this very day. She doesn't know that the leaflet is hidden behind the picture.

"Many times at meetings, at demonstrations, when blood flowed and machine-guns left swathes of death, I thought of the dead Red Army man, of what he wanted to tell me, of his fair, likeable young face. And it seems to me that it was a hot flame of truth that I had taken from the warm hand of the Red Army man, a flame which will set light to the whole world. And I bore the flame onward, through risings and demonstrations, through peasant disturbances, over barricades and through machine-gun fire, and I am now handing over this flame which had burned in the heart of the young hero.

"Here are my last words, comrades, and my farewell. I know that the time will come when, with tears of joy, you will meet the Red Army. When that time comes, give them that leaflet and tell them that I thought of them in my last moments. I shall not die in battle on a patch of green grass, but tell them that I died proudly, as a fighter in the invincible Red Army."

Translated from the Ukrainian

HALINA GURSKA

Gaudeamus

In the lecture-rooms and corridors of the Warsaw University there was only one topic of conversation. An atmosphere of excitement reigned and everyone was in a state of nervous expectation.

That day the Jewish students talked in unnaturally loud tones and went about with an air of bravado. A few of them, however, sat depressed and quiet, responding with a gloomy stare to the derisive or sympathetic glances of their fellow-students, or the worried looks of the professors.

They knew well that these same "sympathizers" would scatter in confusion as soon as the shouts of "They're coming!" rang through the corridors. They knew that the professors, after a few high-sounding words of protest, would "withdraw," or slip out unnoticed, leaving the Jewish students surrounded by a pack of hooligans armed with knuckle-dusters, rubber batons and canes with razor-blades fixed on them, a cruel, unbridled crowd, intoxicated with the knowledge that they could mock and beat and torture with impunity.

So everyone knew exactly what was going to happen today. Many even knew the hour and the place from which the pack was to start the attack on the students. The rector had done all it lay in his power to do: he had warned the Jewish students that it would be advisable to keep away from the university for a few days. . . .

Maurice was the only one who did not know what was coming. The theorems on which he was working engrossed his whole attention. He felt instinctively that he was on the right track and something like awe, mingled with joy, filled his heart. He noticed no one these days, saw nothing of what was going on around him: Now drunk with happiness, now overcome with a fear that resembled dread of space, he lived a life of his own.

So absorbed and shaken was he by his studies, that the tramp of feet in the corridors, the shouts, the hysterical shrieks of the women students, the piercing whistle, the slamming of doors and the overturning of chairs, meant nothing more than a series of irritating noises penetrating the room and disturbing his work. At last, losing patience, he lifted his almost dimmed eyes from the book and saw to his astonishment that the room was empty except for a group in the doorway talking excitedly.

"We ought to have been quicker!" laughed a delicate-looking, fair-haired girl in a blue dress with a white collar like a school-girl's. "Still, you certainly let them know something!"

Maurice had seen her at the lectures on philosophy. She was not what one could call beautiful; the eyebrows and lashes were much too light. Yet Maurice admired her immensely. He was fascinated

by her childlike vivacity, the slightly tip-tilted nose and all her mannerisms, which reminded him of those of a funny, playful little animal. Her irresponsibility—she could never concentrate on what the lecturer was saying, but kept fidgeting on her chair and whispering to her neighbors—far from irritating Maurice, amused him and appealed to him. Once she caught him watching her, and from that time on always made languishing eyes at him, and giggled and whispered more animatedly than ever to her neighbor. By some curious coincidence, Maurice, who usually noticed nothing of what was going on around him, never missed one of these glances; he would redden to the roots of his hair, telling himself judiciously:

"Oh, well, she's only young . . ."

And, hearing her laugh this time, he only smiled.

The students stood in a group by the door looking about them. One or two cast a casual glance in Maurice's direction. He had a long, well-shaped face, a high forehead, eyes of a clear, cold blue, and straight, blue-black glossy hair. The total impression was somewhat exotic, but not Semitic, while his quiet smile and movements placed him above suspicion.

Suddenly the girl in the blue dress became aware of him and drew the attention of the others to him.

"Oh! There's one left yet!"

The others exchanged glances and advanced towards him slowly and in silence.

Their faces were fixed in a strange expression, in which concentration, indecision, and a cold, well-nigh uncontrollable frenzy were combined. They looked like dogs waiting with bared teeth, uncertain whether to fly at their victim or not.

The smile froze on Maurice's lips. He saw it all now with appalling clearness. But he was not frightened. He straightened himself as he stood there in his place. His gaze was cool and attentive. His calmness held them, bridled them.

Then something happened that he was never able to understand.

The fair-haired girl laughed again. Her laugh was as musical as always, except that perhaps a note of hysterical excitement had crept into it and it sounded a little higher than usual. At the same moment something snapped inside Maurice. Sheer animal terror swept over him and, with a shriek, he made a dash for the door. A stunning blow over the head with a stick stopped him.

He was blinded by the blood in his eyes and his hands sought ineffectually to shield his face. Someone's fist was hammering at his jaw.

For a minute or so he swayed in a nightmarish dance under a hail of blows; then someone struck him in the chest with a knuckle-duster and he fell to the ground.

A few kicks calculated to break his ribs, then the roaring in his ears that gradually died away; an instant of silence in the darkness that came down over him, then frightful, unbearable agony as, the process of "cleansing the university of Yiddish filth" being brought to a triumphant close, he was dragged by the legs downstairs and his bleeding head struck the stone steps.

Translated from the Polish

LITHUANIAN FOLK TALES

How Stepas the Peasant Cured Fritzas the Landowner

Once there was an owner of an estate, an evil-tempered man named Fritzas, who liked to take the law into his own hands. In those days the landowners had a great deal of power and could do what they liked with their serfs. Whenever Fritzas happened to meet a peasant leading an ox or a horse, he would say:

"Well, now, father, will you sell me that old mole of yours?"

The peasant was obliged to sell, although Fritzas rarely paid more for a good horse than for a hen. If anyone dared to bargain with him or did not wish to sell cheap, the master ordered the fellow to be flogged to death for his audacity.

But the day came when he met a bold peasant who was more cunning than his master. This man was called Stepas. One day as he was leading an ox along the road he met the landowner.

"Hey, father, perhaps you'll sell me that old mole of yours?" said Fritzas, running out into the road.

"Why not?" replied Stepas.

Fritzas immediately pulled out of his pocket two worn kopecks and was about to lead the animal away when Stepas begged him to throw in the oxtail as well as part of the bargain.

The peasant's strange request amused the landowner and he gave him permission to cut off the tail.

When he returned home, Stepas hung up the tail to dry over the stove.

That autumn the peasant found it very hard to live and he resolved to sell the horse. He mounted it and rode away to the town. All of a sudden, Fritzas popped up before him as though out of the ground and said:

"Well, old fellow, you sold me your mole, now sell me your rat."

"There's nothing for it but to sell it, I suppose," replied the peasant.

Fritzas shook out a few rusty coins, and, flinging them to the peasant, was about to mount the horse when Stepas begged him to throw in the tail. Fritzas agreed and allowed him to cut off the horse's tail. When he returned home, Stepas twisted the tail up and thrust it under a beam.

During the winter, hunger and want brought him to such a pass that he went into the woods, cut down some birch boughs, laid them on the sledge and dragged it to the town himself. And once more Fritzas met him and said:

"Now, where are you going, old fellow, with that straw of yours? Maybe you'll sell it to me? It'll do for litter for the cattle."

There was no help for it—the man sold the beautiful birch boughs as straw and received the same payment as for straw.

A year went by. The rumor spread that Fritzas was seriously ill. And though numbers of renowned doctors came to the estate, none of them could help the sick man.

Stepas heard, too, of the master's illness. He put on his best clothes, stuck on a black beard, borrowed a good horse from a neighbor, took a little box with him and galloped off to see the master. On reaching the house he gave himself out to be a doctor from a far country and went boldly into the master's room. He bade the sick man put out his tongue, felt under his eyes, touched his throat and then gave orders for the bath-house to be heated. When this had been done, he ordered the patient to be taken there. Here, when they were left alone together, the doctor undressed his patient and laid him on a bench. Then, out of the box he had brought with him, he took something that he thrust under Fritzas' nose.

"Do you remember this?" he asked.

"The oxtail!" replied the landowner.

"Then maybe you can remember that mole that had an ox's tail?" Stepas asked again and began to use the oxtail as people do in baths to whip up the circulation. Fritzas started to scream:

"Yes, I remember, I remember now!"

"Oh, you do, do you! Well, perhaps next time you'll be able to tell the difference between a mole and an ox!" said the peasant, and ran out of the bath-house, leaving the master groaning.

Vexation and shame kept Fritzas from telling his people what had happened. He only complained that the doctor had treated him for the wrong disease.

A few days later Stepas stuck on a red beard, flung a black cloak around him and put on some spectacles, and having got a carriage from somewhere or other, drove into the landowner's yard.

He pretended that he did not understand the local speech and explained by signs that he was a doctor from a far country. He was shown into the sick-room. After examining the patient from every side, the doctor made gestures to show that he ought to be moved out into the fields and cured by fresh air and sunshine.

His instructions were carried out. The servants took the bed on which Fritzas was lying into the garden. The doctor ordered the patient to undress and stretch himself out on the bed. As soon as Fritzas had done this, Stepas drew something from inside his coat and, thrusting it into the master's face, demanded:

"Do you know what this is?"

"A horse's tail," replied the landowner, beginning to tremble.

"Well, perhaps you remember buying a rat with the horse's tail?" asked Stepas, and without waiting for an answer, started to lash the landowner so hard across the back, that he could not help screaming:

"Yes, I remember, I remember!"

"So next time you'll be able to tell a horse from a rat and you'll know that nobody sells a horse for two kopecks," said the peasant, taking leave of Fritzas.

After this the landowner was afraid to let a doctor within a mile of him. So witches, sorceresses, and wise women visited him. They all tried to cure him with dried herbs and brews. But nothing was of any use.

One day Stepas shaved off his beard and mustache, put on a wide Gipsy skirt, threw a shawl over his head, fixed some earrings in his ears, and, taking a pack of cards with him, went once more to the landowner's. The disguised peasant declared in a woman's voice that he was a famous Gipsy-sorceress. He was shown in to the sick-room at once. The Gipsy looked the patient in the eyes, examined the palms of his hands, muttered a few words no one could understand, and after making him shuffle the cards

three times, bade him get up and follow her. With a great effort Fritzas did as he was told. On the way she made some signs in the air and, as soon as they reached the woods, she told the sick man that he would presently return home quite cured. Leaving him for a moment, she went into the depths of the wood, alone. When she came back she was carrying a big bunch of rods. Thrusting it under his nose, she asked:

"Do you know what tree this is?"

"Birch," said the landowner.

"Then maybe you can remember the birch boughs that turned into straw?" asked the disguised peasant, starting to thrash him. And he thrashed him so thoroughly that the woods rang with the sound.

"Yes, I remember, I remember!" Fritzas howled, hopping about in pain and trying to shield his back with his hands.

"Aha! . . . So perhaps you'll get enough learning by-and-by to help you to see the difference between a tree and straw! And next time you'll know that good birch isn't to be used for litter for cattle," said Stepas, and leaving the proud landowner, went his way home.

When Fritzas' back was healed he was a healthy man again. Everyone was surprised to hear that a sorceress had been found who had cured him so easily. But the peasants were gladder than anyone, for never again did Fritzas buy their cattle for a song or call their horses rats and their oxen—moles.

The Tale of Three Sisters and Their Brother

Once upon a time there were three sisters who lived in a village; two of them were lazy but the third was fond of working. They lived along with their brother Bedanchukas. Once he made himself a net and a boat; after that he spent whole days on the lake. As soon as the industrious sister cooked the dinner she would wrap some of it up and run to the lake.

"Bedanchukas, row in to the shore! I'll give you a boiled fish, you give me a raw one!"

So Bedanchukas would row in to the shore, eat the food his sister had brought him, give her a raw fish and row away again to catch more fish. It so happened that one day the lake-witch was bathing not far away. She heard the girl calling to the boy and began to call him herself.

"Bedanchukas, row in to the shore! I'll give you a boiled fish, you give me a raw one!"

Bedanchukas heard the witch's summons and called back:

"My sister has a thin voice but your voice is thick . . . You're not my sister; I won't row in to the shore."

Then the lake-witch went to the blacksmith and said to him:

"Blacksmith, blacksmith, make my tongue thinner."

"Lay it down here on the anvil," said the blacksmith.

The witch laid her tongue on the anvil and with a single blow the smith thinned it out. The witch was delighted and went back to the lake. Again she called out:

"Bedanchukas, row in to the shore! I'll give you a boiled fish, you give me a raw one!"

This time Bedanchukas thought it was his sister calling and he rowed in to the shore. Jumping out from among the osiers, the witch seized him and bore him away through forest, marsh and meadow.

That evening, the industrious sister went down as usual to the shore of the lake with her brother's supper and started to call him:

"Bedanchukas, row in to the shore! I'll give you a boiled fish, you give me a raw one!"

She called and called but there was no answer. Wandering along the shore, the girl caught sight of the empty boat and thought that her brother must be drowned. She was just thinking of going to tell her sisters of the misfortune, when a feeble little voice squeaked from the boat:

"Let me out into the lake and I will tell you what has become of Bedanchukas."

The girl looked about her, but there was no one to be seen. Then she glanced into the bottom of the boat and saw a fish struggling in the net. The girl took pity on it and threw it into the lake. Soon the fish swam up to the surface and said:

"Thank you, you are so kind-hearted. And now, if you want to find Bedanchukas, take the high road. When you've passed through the wood, you'll see an apple-tree and beyond the apple-tree a hill . . . On the top of the hill, you'll see a dun cow grazing. After passing the cow follow the track downhill into the valley. In the valleys stands a kneading-trough and beyond it a stream flowing swiftly. You'll cross it by a plank-bridge and among the junipers on the other bank you'll see a little house, built of brooms and thatched with ferns, and there you'll find your poor brother."

The girl went home and told her sisters everything. The eldest got up from the bed she lolled on all day and said to the second sister:

"Although one can never believe what this chattering fool says, I'll go and find out everything for myself."

The lazy creature went out and took the high road. When she had passed through the wood, she saw the apple-tree by the roadside. And the apple-tree leaned down and asked:

"Where are you going, young maiden?"

"To seek for my brother," replied the lazy sister.

"Shake me, and free my boughs from their heavy burden," the tree begged.

"I have no time to bother with you. Let the herd-boys shake you if they want to!" the girl said crossly, and went on her way.

She climbed the hill, and on the very top she saw the dun cow. And the cow asked her:

"Whither away so fast, young maiden?"

"To seek for my brother," she replied.

"Milk me first, the milk is so heavy . . ." the cow begged.

"I've no time to bother with you!" the girl snapped and ran off down the hill. In the valley she saw the kneading-trough and out of the depths of it came a voice.

"Where are you running to so fast, young maiden?" asked the voice.

"To seek my brother," she said quickly.

"Have pity on me, there's some dough mixed in the trough, bake me, will you, pretty maid!"

"I've no time to bake you," grumbled the lazy girl. "You can see I'm in a hurry, can't you!"

So the girl left the kneading-trough and went on until she came to the swift stream. Hardly had she set her foot on the bridge, when the old planks creaked:

"Wash me, young maiden, cleanse me, I am so old and neglected by everybody. I will show you my gratitude."

But the girl ran across the bridge without as much as turning her head and muttered angrily:

"You'll have to wait a long time before I wash and clean an old log like you!"

Soon she came to the little hut built of broom and thatched with ferns. She went in boldly. There was the witch sitting at the table, one shoulder leaning against one wall, and the other against the opposite wall. Her left hand covered the whole table, and her lower lip hung down to the floor. Bedanchukas was lying under the bed; on the bed sat a black dog, fast asleep.

"What brings you here, that you burst in uninvited?" demanded the witch grimly.

"I was picking berries, auntie, and lost my way in the woods, and I'm cold and came in here to warm myself," the girl replied.

"Well, while you are warming yourself, you can comb out my hair," said the witch.

There was no help for it, so the girl took the comb, sat down by the long-lipped witch and began to comb her hair and sing softly to herself. The lake-witch kept nodding and blinking, nodding and blinking, till at last she fell asleep. As soon as she was sound asleep, the lazy sister stood up, took the big pot and covered the black dog with it, dragged her brother out from under the bed and made off as fast her legs could carry her. When she was halfway home, she heard stump, stump, stump of iron clogs coming after her—the earth shook with the sound of them. When the witch reached the plank-bridge, she asked it:

"Little bridge, tell me, has anyone passed by this way with Bedanchukas?"

"Yes," said the bridge.

The witch ran on faster. The black dog ran ahead, sniffing the trail, and the witch followed, with her hair streaming out behind her and her iron clogs clumping over the ground. She came to the kneading-trough and asked:

"Tell me, good dough, has anyone passed by this way with Bedanchukas?"

"Yes. And if you hurry, you may catch up," came a hollow voice from the depths of the trough.

So the witch sped on at a hop, skip and a jump that struck sparks from her iron clogs. She stopped when she reached the cow and, out of breath as she was, asked:

"Tell me, good cow, has the girl taken her brother this way?"

"Yes, just this very minute. If you stir your stumps, you'll catch up on them straight away."

Down the hill went the witch like wildfire, right by the apple-tree she caught up on the girl and Bedanchukas. Stuffing them into her sack she carried them home and flung them under the bed.

The second lazy sister, when she saw no sign of the elder, started out in search of her. She went on and on till she came to the apple-tree. The apple-tree begged to be shaken but the girl would not shake it; the cow begged to be milked but the girl would not milk it; the dough begged to be baked but she would not bake it; the bridge pleaded to be scrubbed but she would not scrub it. And so the second sister did not bring her brother home either. She was also caught by the witch, who took her home and flung her under the bed.

Then the youngest sister, the industrious one, started out in search of Bedanchukas. When she came to the apple-tree, she shook it; then she milked the cow and drank some of the sweet milk, she baked the bread in a sunny spot and took a little crust with her, and scrubbed the plank-bridge clean. At last she came to the little house. The lake-

witch was sitting at the table, one shoulder leaning against one wall and the other against the opposite wall. Her hand lay on the table and covered it all, and her lower lip hung down to the floor. And the youngest sister saw Bedanchukas and her two elder sisters sitting under the bed.

"What brings you here where no one invited you?" demanded the witch gruffly.

"I was gathering nuts, auntie, and it started to rain and I ran in here for shelter," the youngest sister answered.

"Well, you can comb out my hair while it is raining," said the witch.

The girl took the comb, sat down by the long-lipped witch and started to comb her hair and sing softly to herself. The lake-witch kept nodding and blinking, nodding and blinking, till at last she fell asleep. As soon as she was sound asleep, the girl stood up, took the big pot and covered the black dog with it, then she dragged Bedanchukas and the two sisters out from under the bed and ran away with them. When she was half-way home she heard stump, stump, stump over the ground. The lake-witch was not far behind. When she reached the bridge the witch asked:

"Tell me, little bridge, has anyone passed by this way with Bedanchukas?"

"No one has," the bridge replied.

And as soon as the dog, who had run on to the bridge, began to sniff the trail, the planks gave a loud creak and stood up on end. The witch did not know how to cross the stream; she ran hither and thither, in one spot it was too deep, in another—too swift, and it was a long time before she found a place to ford it. Then—clop, clop—the witch crossed the river and—splash, splash—her dog came swimming after and they both ran on further. They reached the kneading-trough and there around it stood beautifully-baked loaves of bread.

"Good brother rye-and-wheat, good loaves of bread, will you not tell me if Bedanchukas has been taken this way?" begged the witch.

"We saw nothing, we heard nothing!" the loaves of bread answered. They suddenly started to grow and grow till they were as high as mountains. The witch scrambled up one, but her iron clogs kept slipping, then she jumped on another, but her clogs went sliding down again. It was a good hour before she had crawled up the bread hills on her hands and knees, crossing them she came at last to the highest hill of all where the dun cow was grazing.

"Tell me, good cow, have you seen Bedanchukas?" begged the witch, hardly able to get her breath.

"No, I haven't," said the cow.

And when the witch wanted to run further on, the dun cow blew through her nostrils and raised such a cloud of dust that the witch could not see ahead of her. The dust took a long time to settle. Somehow or other she managed to reach the apple-tree.

"Little apple-tree, dear heart, little sister by the wayside, did you see Bedanchukas run by?"

"No, I didn't!" the apple-tree said sourly, and before the witch could take a step forwards, it threw out new branches and blocked the road with an impenetrable hedge. The branches tore her hands and struck her in the eyes. When she had fought her way through them, she could not overtake the industrious sister, who had already taken Bedanchukas and the two sisters home.

Translated from the Lithuanian

Chinese Folk Tales

Huang Siao

Long, long ago, in a little village on the bank of the Yangtze River, there lived a poor young man, Huang Siao. He toiled and moiled from morn till night, but he never had enough to eat. Thus he lived until he could bear it no longer, and hired himself out to work in the rich house of his own uncle.

Once, as Huang Siao was feeding the hens, an old hawk seized the biggest and fattest one and flew west, low over the ground. Huang Siao ran after the hawk, thinking to follow it to where it settled and rescue the hen. But the bird kept on flying farther and farther, until it alighted in a great flower garden where tall resplendent chrysanthemums grew.

Huang Siao followed the hawk into the garden and saw a beautiful girl among the flowers. She looked at the handsome young Huang Siao. Her eyes were deep as the evening sky, and they instantly fell in love with each other.

"What is your name?" asked Huang Siao.

"Yuan Mei. And what are you called?"

"Huang Siao."

"I love you, Huang Siao, and I want to be your wife. Send someone rich and honorable to my father to ask for my hand."

Filled with joy, Huang Siao came running to his uncle and beseeched him to go to Yuan Mei's father.

When the father learned Huang Siao was poor, he said:

"If he wants to be my son-in-law, let him send a marriage gift: ten gold bricks, a measure of gold beans, three red hairs and a pearl that fears water. Otherwise, he will never see my daughter again."

When Huang Siao heard this reply, he left for the Western Sky to Old Buddha himself, to ask for advice.

The road was long and hard, but Huang Siao kept walking day and night.

One day he reached a great city and saw men building a wall. When the men learned where Huang Siao was going, they said to him:

"Ask Old Buddha why we cannot finish the wall in this one spot. All the other builders have finished but here it keeps falling down."

Huang Siao promised to do as they asked, and continued his way. Passing a certain village, he came upon a group of peasants who inquired whither he was going, and when he told them, they said:

"Ask Old Buddha why the cherry behind our village blossoms each year, but never bears fruit."

Huang Siao promised to ask Buddha, and continued his way.

At last he came to a house. An old man was sitting on the threshold and when he learned where Huang Siao was going, he said:

"Please ask Old Buddha how I can heal my daughter. She is already eighteen and she is beautiful, but no one wants to marry her because she is dumb."

Huang Siao promised to help him, too, and went on his way.

He kept walking for many days and many nights, and his road was hard, obstacles blocking it at every step. There were turbulent streams to cross, steep rocks to climb, waterless deserts to pass, until he finally came to the shores of the great ocean. There Huang Siao stopped and began to wonder aloud how he could cross the ocean and reach the Western Sky. A great black turtle heard him, swam up to him and said:

"I shall carry you across the ocean, but in return you must ask Old Buddha what I am to do in order to sink to the bottom of the ocean. For many years now I have been floating on the waves, unable to sink."

Huang Siao promised to fulfill the turtle's request, climbed on her back and crossed the ocean.

Soon he reached the Western Sky. Old Buddha asked him what brought him there, but Huang Siao first asked him the questions of those he had met along the road, and only afterwards did he relate his trouble.

Said Old Buddha:

"The city wall cannot hold together in that place, because ten gold bricks are buried in the ground just beneath it. The cherry tree does not bear fruit because a measure of gold beans is buried under it. Pluck three red hairs out of the dumb girl's head, and she will speak. And if you want to help the turtle to sink to the bottom of the ocean, take out of her mouth the pearl that fears water. Thus, in helping others, you will be helping yourself."

Huang Siao thanked Old Buddha and turned homewards, gay and happy.

The big black turtle was craning her neck looking out for him, and as soon as she saw him, she demanded:

"What did Old Buddha say?"

"First take me across to the other shore, and then I shall tell you."

As soon as he reached the opposite shore, Huang Siao told the turtle to open her mouth, and when he had taken out the pearl that fears water, the turtle sank at once to the bottom of the ocean. Huang Siao put the pearl safely away and went on further.

The old man was awaiting on the threshold.

"Well, what did Old Buddha say?" he asked.

"Take me to your daughter and I shall cure her."

Huang Siao plucked three red hairs out of the girl's head, and she opened her mouth and spoke. With tears of gratitude, the father and daughter thanked Huang Siao and he went joyfully on his way.

When he reached the village, he saw the peasants waiting for him impatiently.

"Well, what did Old Buddha say?" they asked.

"Show me your cherry tree and I shall make it bear fruit."

They led him to the cherry tree, and he dug out the measure of gold beans, and ripe cherries at once appeared on the tree.

The peasants were besides themselves with joy, and he, happier still, continued his way.

The wall builders had been long waiting for Huang Siao, and no sooner did they see him than they shouted:

"What did Old Buddha say?"

Without a word Huang Siao went up to the place where the wall kept falling down, dug out ten gold bricks and said:

"You can build your wall now."

The builders put up the wall, and it stood firm.

In the meantime, Huang Siao hastened home, happy to think that he had helped others and that Yuan Mei was soon to be his wife.

Having received the wedding gifts, her father was in honor bound to keep his promise.

After the wedding Huang Siao and his wife lived in love and happiness. Huang Siao loved Yuan Mei so much he asked her for her portrait and always carried it with him. Whenever he was working in the fields, he would take it with him, and feast his eyes upon it. Once a strong gust of wind blew the portrait out of Huang Siao's hands, and carried it away. Huang Siao looked for it high and low, but he could not find it.

In the meantime, the portrait was borne by the wind to the golden hall of the emperor. When the emperor saw the portrait, he was enchanted and said to the servants:

"I have never seen such a beautiful girl. Take the portrait and search for the original and bring her to me. If you don't find her, I'll punish you severely."

The emperor's servants searched for the woman for days and weeks and months, until finally they came to Huang Siao's house. They saw Yuan Mei and immediately recognized the original of the portrait and they carried her away to the emperor despite her tears and prayers.

Yuan Mei, however, had time enough to whisper to Huang Siao:

"When I am gone, put on a sheepskin coat with the wool outside, and follow me to the emperor's palace. I'll manage it so that we shall be together again."

When Yuan Mei was brought to the emperor's golden hall, he placed her at his side on the throne and never let her out of his sight. But no matter how kind he was, she was always silent and sad, and never smiled at anyone.

One day, as the emperor tried in vain to cheer up Yuan Mei, Huang Siao entered the hall, wearing the sheepskin with the wool outside as Yuan Mei had told him. She looked at him and laughed merrily. The emperor asked in great surprise:

"What is it that has made you laugh so gaily?"

"I like the fur coat on that man. If you put it on, I shall always laugh and be gay."

The emperor was overjoyed, called Huang Siao over, ordered him to take off his sheepskin, and in exchange gave him his kingly robe embroidered with dragons. As soon as he had put on the sheepskin, Yuan Mei pointing to the emperor called to the officials:

"This man in the sheepskin has insulted me. Order him to be beheaded."

The emperor was taken away and beheaded, and Huang Siao sat on the throne with his Yuan Mei, and from that day on they never parted again.

The Ku-Wa Bird

Once upon a time a girl was born into a very poor family. The parents had been expecting a son, so they were disappointed and took a dislike to the little girl at once. She never had enough to eat and there were no warm clothes for her in the cold weather.

Whenever she was cold or hungry she would break into piteous wailing: "Ku-wa! Ku-wa![1] Ah me! Why was I born a woman and not a man!"

[1] "Ku" means, in Chinese, bitter or burdensome, and sounds like the cry of one of the marsh-birds.

The year that the crops failed and famine spread over the land the poor couple found that they could not feed the child, so they sent her to the home of her affianced bridegroom. Here her life was made still more burdensome. Her future mother-in-law was a cruel, hard woman. Now, in addition to the cold and hunger she had suffered in her own home, the little girl had to bear the scoldings and beatings of her mother-in-law.

The whole of the hard work lay on her shoulders: she chopped wood on the hills, fished in the river, did the washing for the family, threshed and ground the meal. Her mother-in-law gave her no peace from morning till night. And whenever the girl's patience forsook her, she would cry: "Ku-wa! Ku-wa! Why was I born a woman and not a man!"

After the mother-in-law died, the girl's husband became the master of the house. But her lot was no easier, for he was just as cruel as his mother.

He beat her if the dinner was not ready when he came home, or if he fancied the house was dirty, or if the clothes were not mended. He vented his ill-humor on her for anything and everything.

But she would only weep bitterly and sigh: "Ku-wa! Ku-wa! Why was I born a woman and not a man!"

Once she fell to thinking of her joyless life and found that she could not remember a single happy day. She made up her mind that even death itself would be better than a life like this. So she jumped into the water and drowned herself.

After her death she became one of the birds that hover over lonely waters, crying "Ku-wa! Ku-wa!" And in that cry one can still hear the complaint: "Why was I born a woman and not a man!"

And to this day, whenever a wife who has had the misfortune to live in her husband's house from early childhood, makes away with herself, all the village women—young and old, tell each other that now there will be another Ku-wa bird.

The Reason for Eclipses of the Moon

It is said that a star known as the Celestial Hound became jealous of the Moon because she was so much bigger and her rays were so much brighter than his and decided to swallow her up.

The Old Star came to hear of the Hound's intention and became sorry for the Moon. Night after night she kept guard over the Moon but one night she was overcome by sleep, for she was old and weary.

The Celestial Hound seized the opportunity and stealing up to the Moon he swallowed her.

Alarmed by the sudden disappearance of the Moon, people began to beat gongs and drums. The noise awakened the Old Star. She started up in anger, and throwing herself on the Hound beat him until he coughed up the Moon and spat her out.

But to this day the Celestial Hound knows no peace; he keeps a watchful eye on the Old Star, and whenever she falls asleep he darts at the Moon and swallows her up. The moment she disappears, however, people raise the alarm and wake the Old Star, who makes the Hound give up the Moon again.

And that is the reason for eclipses of the Moon.

Translated from the Chinese

WATARU KAJI

The Three Brothers

The Three Brothers enjoys tremendous success in the Chinese people's theaters. The main reason for this is the anti-imperialist character of the play. It helps to reveal to some extent the true sentiments of the Japanese people who are in no way hostile to the people of China, whose country the Japanese are striving to convert into a colony.

Wataru Kaji, the author of the play, began his literary career in 1926. At one time he was secretary of the League of Japanese Proletarian Writers. In 1929 he published *Workers' Boots*, a book which was immediately confiscated by the police. He has often been the victim of persecution because of his progressive literary and public activity. Shortly after his release from prison in 1935, Wataru Kaji emigrated to China where he has lived ever since, taking an active part in the struggle for liberation waged by the Chinese people.

The play was translated into English by Cicio Mar, a well-known Chinese writer and publicist, whose article on Chinese literature appeared in an earlier issue of our magazine. In a letter to the editors, Cicio Mar points out that the work of translating the play presented great difficulties as there are many situations in it characteristic of Japanese daily life and customs with which foreigners are not familiar. Thus, he had to use the word "bed" for something very different from it.

"To sleep in a bed is a luxury in Japan," he writes. "The Japanese usually pave mats on the floor, which they call *tatami*, and sleep on it at night. The ordinary workers cannot even afford paving the whole surface of the floor with mats. They pave one third of it. This part is generally raised up about one to two feet high above the ground. The bed I referred to in the play is this kind of up-raised thing."

The Three Brothers was first staged on March 8, 1940 in Kuling, the parts being played by Japanese prisoners of war. Since then the play has had a continual run. The artistic defects of the play are obvious. The editors, however, regard the play as an interesting example of Japanese anti-military literature, as well as a vivid instance of collaboration between progressive Japanese and Chinese writers taking an active part in the heroic struggle for national liberation.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

ICHIRO MIYAMOTO, a worker, the oldest of three brothers.

JIRO MIYAMOTO, the second brother.

SABRO MIYAMOTO, the youngest brother.

OLD MOTHER.

MITZUKO NAKAMURA, daughter of a neighbor.

SANTA KAGEYAMA, rent-collector.

Workers A, B and C.

Detectives.

Town councilor.

A petty official of the council.

Neighbors.

Time: Winter of 1938.
The action takes place in a worker's shanty on the outskirts of Tokyo.

ACT 1

An ill-furnished room, with the window shutters closed. It is in semi-darkness. The morning sunlight shines feebly through some cracks in the door. The old mother lies on a mat on the floor. She is coughing convulsively.

A knock at the door.

OLD MOTHER *(gasping)*: Come in... Ichiro . . . is that you?

The door slowly opens and Mitzuko enters. She closes it gently and treads softly towards the old woman.

OLD MOTHER: Ah, Mitzuko . . . How good you are to call every morning!

MITZUKO: And how do you feel today, granny? What, Ichiro is not back yet? Again night work! So you were alone all night! God grant you get well soon. *(She notices that the medicine bottle is empty.)* I'll drop round to the chemist's shop. I'll be back in no time.

OLD MOTHER *(adopting a half-seated posture, her right hand supporting the upper part of her body)*: Don't bother, Mitzuko. What can medicine do for an old woman like me, who is withering away like an old tree? *(Coughs violently.)*

MITZUKO: Don't say that, granny. If anything happened to you, how could we break it to Jiro when he comes back from the fighting in China? Try and have a sleep. Please let me go for the medicine. I'm not a stranger, am I?

OLD MOTHER *(gasping)*: How good you are, Mitzuko, how good! All right, go for the medicine if you think it best. Only I have no money today.

MITZUKO: Don't worry about that. I'll run along for the medicine right now. I don't want to be late for work. *(Looks into a jar.)* And not a grain of rice in the house! *(She tucks the cotton quilt around the old woman.)* Sleep, granny, just try. It's still early.

Exit Mitzuko. The coughing continues. Outside can be heard the plodding of passers-by and in the distance the words of a plaintive folk-song.

SONG:

The very childrens' faces are clouded
Since you went to the war.
Now is the second spring without you.
Dear, dear man, when will all the family be together again?

VOICE OUTSIDE DOOR: Excuse me . . . Is Ichiro Miyamoto in? Good morning!

Door opens. Enter Santa Kageyama with the air of a sneak.

OLD MOTHER: Good morning, sir! I beg your pardon, sir, but I must remain in bed.

SANTA: You are alone, I see. Ichiro must be working at night again. What a blessing the war is for the working classes! The cafes are said to be prospering, too, and also the geisha-houses and the brothels, ha-ha-ha! Perhaps that is where Ichiro was working last night, ha-ha-ha! But what is the matter with you, old lady, overwork?

OLD MOTHER: You are so thoughtful, sir.

SANTA *(looking at a photograph on the wall)*: This must be your son Jiro. How fine he looks in his uniform. Has he written to you?

OLD MOTHER: Yes, thank you, sir. He seems to be doing very well.

SANTA: God has blessed you, indeed. He will soon be given a medal and bring honor on the family . . . *(Looks at his wrist-watch.)* I have called for the arrears of rent. I must ask you to be so kind as to let me have the money today . . .

OLD MOTHER: I'm very sorry, sir. In a few days we can pay.

SANTA *(goes to the old mother, stands near her with arms akimbo and gradually raises his voice)*: You have been saying this for three months. Because you are ill and because your son is fighting in China I have been lenient to you. Friendship is friendship but business is business, and I must tell you that if you don't pay today you must move out. All my kindness has been wasted on you.

OLD MOTHER: I can only beg your pardon, sir. My health . . .

SANTA: Your health, your health . . . Stand on your feet like a true Japanese and you will feel well. And where is your son anyway? Out during the night, out during the day. Is it fun for me to be awakened by the alarm clock on a cold, frosty morning like this?

OLD MOTHER: Wait just a minute, sir. My Ichiro will be back soon. *(She has another fit of coughing.)*

SANTA: Wait! Wait! Of course I must wait! *(Goes to the window, where he stands listening a while. Then paces the floor.)* I know all this business about the "proletariat" and the "capitalists." I was a Socialist myself when I was younger. Of course it's pitiful to see a poor family turned out into the cold and their few sticks of belongings flung together in a heap. But I have become used to all that. I don't feel sympathy for the poor any longer.

Old mother does not answer. Still coughs.

SANTA *(walks up to her and looks fixedly at her)*: Is there any news from Sabro?

OLD MOTHER: Oh, don't mention Sabro to me. I am ashamed to have a son like that.

SANTA: To think that he should be carrying on his anti-war propaganda while his poor mother is suffering. Do you know what he's raving now? "Down with the military regime," if you please! I hear the detectives are after him.

OLD MOTHER *(tearfully)*: But as a mother, sir . . .

SANTA: I understand. He is not really bad. In fact he is quite a model young man. Don't all the neighbors admire you for your three fine sons? But one can be too good. Clever people easily turn Bolshevik nowadays. I suppose he wrote those proclamations about fighting the war of aggression and the liberation

of the Japanese people which I see on the walls of factories. War of aggression! War of bosh! But how cold it is here, how cold! Not even a fire, and I must wait! The fools! They take their theories so seriously . . . In life it is the strongest who survive. That is what the unspanked cubs will never understand . . . Ah, that must be your son!

Enter Ichiro.

ICHIRO: Hello, mother! How do you feel today . . . *(Startled)* Ah, you're here. You are certainly an early bird. I see you are very faithful to your duty.

SANTA: Thank you. I have been waiting half an hour in this cold. You can let me have the money today, I hope.

ICHIRO: I'm sorry, but . . .

SANTA: What?

ICHIRO *(scratching his head)*: I'm sorry, but I can only give it to you in a few days when I get my month's pay.

SANTA: Again a few days! How can I face the landlord? You seem determined to wage a long war against me, like the Chinese. I don't understand. You must be making good money with the boom in the war industry.

ICHIRO: Making good money! The bosses do, but not the workers. The landlord, for example.

SANTA: You must have learnt that from your brother. Now look here, give me the money right now.

ICHIRO *(suppressing his anger)*: I have no money today. As soon . . .

SANTA: As long as you stay in the house, I'm entitled to ask you for the rent.

ICHIRO: And if I can't pay it?

SANTA: Now that's enough. Out you go. If you've no one to help you put out the things, I'll find a few boys.

ICHIRO: But my sick mother . . .

SANTA: Don't you hear me? Out you go, I said. I see you have only a few pots and pans, anyway.

OLD MOTHER: Have pity on me, sir.

ICHIRO *(with sudden anger)*: You heartless brute!

SANTA: What did you say? Brute?

Voices outside. "Are you at home? He is! Ichiro!" The door opens. The room is flooded with sunlight. Three workers, on their way home from the factory, enter. Santa sidles to the window with a cowed expression.

WORKER A: Good morning! How does our patient feel today?

WORKER B: Excuse me. I did not know you had a visitor.

ICHIRO: This is Mr. Kageyama, the rent-collector.

SANTA *(forcing a smile)*: Pleased to meet you, my friends.

WORKER A: Well, much money collected?

SANTA: No, very little.

WORKER B *(to the other workers)*: Our boss is the landlord here. He is making a pile these days. The way we work, boys, sixteen hours a day. And then this block of houses. He's getting richer and richer every day.

SANTA: But the cost of living has risen dreadfully.

WORKER B: You needn't tell us that. The only thing that doesn't rise is our wages.

SANTA: I heartily sympathize with you, my men.

WORKER B *(glares at him)*: The tenants here are lucky. I hear you are very lenient. *(Santa turns his face to the window.)*

WORKER A *(stretching himself out on one of the mats)*: God, I'm tired. Sixteen hours of it. There's not a bloke in the factory can walk steadily. Three months of that work and we're as good as

corpses. And no money for doctors. I'd like to know where it's worse—here or at the front?

SANTA: Indeed, indeed.

WORKER B: "Fight for the Mikado!" What a sell! Said they'd look after our families. You've said it. There's no difference between here and the front. Take Ichiro's family. His brother fighting in China, himself working day and night, the mother ill, his wife dead after going to work in the factory to help support the family when she was pregnant. When Jiro left for the front, we promised we'd do what we could to help the family. Now's the time to keep our promise. One thing we needn't worry about, though, is the house. Mr. Kageyama is a decent sort.

SANTA: Er . . . er . . . I'm afraid I must be going on my rounds. I'll drop in some other day. Goodbye. *(Exit.)*

WORKER B: The rotten scoundrel! I could have given him one in the jaw. We heard him bawling as we were coming down the street. That's why we came in.

OLD MOTHER: You are so good.

WORKER C: That's all right, mother. *(Thinks for a moment and opens a small parcel.)* How is your appetite this morning? Try a little of this. You must get well soon for Jiro's sake.

OLD MOTHER: You're so good. *(Sobs loudly.)*

Ichiro walks to window blankly and fingers the shutters nervously.

WORKER C: Never mind, Ichiro. We won't let you down.

(CURTAIN)

ACT 2

Same as first act. Sunday evening. Lamp sheds dim light. Mother lying on mat. As curtain rises Mitzuko Nakamura enters. She walks on tiptoe to the old mother and seeing that she is asleep goes over to Jiro's photograph and stands looking at it for a few moments. Old mother wakes up and turns her face to the door. Then sits up.

OLD MOTHER: Mitzuko! Why don't you say something to him?

MITZUKO *(turning round)*: I thought you were asleep, granny . . . What . . . what do you mean? What is it?

OLD MOTHER: Say something to him. *(Points to the wall.)* Look, Jiro has come back!

MITZUKO *(turns pale and runs over to old woman, puts her arms round her to support her from falling back)*: Wake up! Wake up. Jiro is far away, he is over the sea.

OLD MOTHER: He was but now he is here. Look at him. He seems worried about something. I've called him, but he doesn't answer. But that's his way, I forgot. Ever since he was a child he was silent like that. Always when he came back from the factory he used to stand that way near the wall without a word. He seems to be very cold.

MITZUKO *(distractedly)*: Never mind, granny, never mind, you'll soon be all right!

OLD MOTHER: How lonely he looks. Say something to him, Mitzuko. He always thinks of you. He loves you. Mitzuko! Look, Mitzuko! Blood! Blood running down his tunic. Ah, Jiro! My Jiro!

MITZUKO *(lays her carefully on the mat and strokes her brow soothingly)*: Yes, Jiro will soon be home.

OLD MOTHER: That's right. I . . . I was going to say some-

thing. Yes, there was a letter for you from Jiro today. It is under the pillow.

Mitzuko takes the envelope and opens it. Reads it.

OLD MOTHER: What does he say? Is he well?

MITZUKO: Yes . . . "I feel quite well . . . Don't worry about me . . ." The letter was three months on the way.

OLD MOTHER: What else does he say?

MITZUKO: ". . . A big mopping-up campaign will soon be launched . . . I wonder if I will come through it . . . When the chill autumn winds blow I always wish you were near me, my love. It is two years since I saw you. Nearly all my comrades have been killed or wounded . . . I was glad to get the scarf with the red shield you embroidered. I always wear it with the shield against my breast. It gives me more courage than the girdle with the thousand stiches . . ." Oh dear, oh dear, if only I were a man. If we were together, the bullet that would strike him dead would strike me dead too.

OLD MOTHER: Don't, Mitzuko! . . . He will come back. Mitzuko! *(Knock at door.)* What's that?

VOICE: Is Mr. Miyamoto at home? *(Mitzuko opens door.)* I am from the town council.

He walks in and hands Mitzuko a notice. Reading it, she pales. She puts her finger to her lips and glances hurriedly towards the old woman.

OFFICIAL *(in low voice)*: Jiro Miyamoto gave his life in the service of the Mikado. He died an honorable death. Let that be your consolation. You are his sister?

MITZUKO *(with stupefied expression)*: No . . .

OFFICIAL: His wife?

MITZUKO *(fighting her tears)*: No . . .

OFFICIAL: Ah . . . I see. He died an honorable death . . . You must bear up. Good bye . . .

Exit official. Mitzuko rereads the notice and bursts out crying, throwing herself on the old woman's breast.

OLD MOTHER *(abstractedly)*: He is dead. I knew he would die. I dreamt it. I saw the blood.

Enter Ichiro unnoticed.

MITZUKO *(between sobs)*: My shield has been pierced. My Jiro is dead.

ICHIRO: Mother! Mitzuko!

MITZUKO: Ichiro! Jiro was killed. We will never see him again. Jiro, my beloved! I wish I was in the cold earth with you, my love . . .

ICHIRO: Mitzuko! don't!

She dries her tears and looks at him blankly.

MITZUKO: Ichiro, this letter was his last message. He sent it a week before he died. Just one week. *(All are silent a while.)*

ICHIRO: We must do our duty by the dead. Let us make supper and offer food to the soul of the dead man . . .

MITZUKO: You speak well, Ichiro.

Knocking at door. Enter Workers A and B.

WORKER B *(to old mother)*: Be brave!

OLD MOTHER: You are so good.

WORKER A: We will try to take Jiro's place.

Worker B gives incense to Ichiro and moves a small white table standing in the room towards the wall under Jiro's photograph. He burns the incense. Mitzuko falls on her knees.

WORKER B: Maybe it will be our turn next. Holy war they call it! Lots of our mates have gone to China and not one of them has

come back. The whole country is weeping.

Knock at door.

VOICE: Does Miyamoto live here?

Enter official of town council.

OFFICIAL *(giving notice to Ichiro)*: Mr. Miyamoto, it is your honorable duty to fight for the Mikado in China.

WORKER B: Hell!

OLD MOTHER: You, too, Ichiro . . .

WORKER A: Holy war! Holy . . . holy . . .

(CURTAIN)

ACT 3

The next morning. Dawn. Under Jiro's photograph is a table with fruits, offerings to the dead from friends. A thread of smoke rises from the bowl with incense. Ichiro puts on his military uniform.

OLD MOTHER *(sleepily)*: When you go to the front, don't worry about me. Try to sleep a while. It is still early. You won't have much chance to sleep in the army.

ICHIRO: Oh, I'll be all right! You gave birth to three sons, and not one of them will be looking after you. But what is the good of talking. Oh, mother, try to sleep, yourself.

The door opens. Enter Sabro, the collar of his coat turned up. He closes the door quickly.

OLD MOTHER: Sabro!

ICHIRO: Sabro! . . . Why did you come? It is risky.

SABRO: I know that but I'm worried about mother.

ICHIRO: I understand . . .

SABRO: You have always said that . . . understand, understand . . . Mother can be saved only if the war is stopped. There is no other salvation for her. She must have us by her side. But do something about it. Help us take some action.

OLD MOTHER: You are right, Sabro. But please go. It is dangerous for you here.

Footsteps are heard outside.

ICHIRO *(startled)*: Hush!

Sabro hides in dark corner. Enter Mitzuko.

ICHIRO: Sabro is here! *(He emerges from corner.)*

SABRO: Mitzuko! It's a long time since we saw each other last.

MITZUKO: How can you? It isn't safe. You need not worry about your mother. We will all take care of her. But please go. I ask you!

SABRO: All right. I only want Ichiro to realize that hesitation is harmful now. He should help our cause. Unless the war stops, mother will be left without him. Be brave, Ichiro. *(Goes over to mother and embraces her.)* Be well mother! Good bye, Mitzuko!

Ichiro beckons to Mitzuko to go outside and see that all is clear. She goes out and rushes back, screaming.

OLD MOTHER: Hide quickly, Sabro. *(Knocking at door.)*

MITZUKO: Who is that? There is a sick woman here.

VOICE: Open the door!

Sabro makes for the backyard but the door is flung open and a detective with a revolver appears, followed by two others.

FIRST DETECTIVE: How do you do, Mr. Sabro Miyamoto. You have saved us a lot of trouble by coming here. We heard you were a good son and would probably be coming.

Sabro draws his revolver but the first detective fires, wounding his arm, and all three pounce on him, putting him in handcuffs and draging him towards the door.

SABRO: If anyone calls for me, say a mad dog bit me.

FIRST DETECTIVE: That's enough, you damned idiot. *(They pull him out.)*

OLD MOTHER: Sabro, my Sabro. If only I could take your place. *(Tries to sit up. Mitzuko helps her.)* Sabro, my Sabro. I must avenge you . . . I will go . . . and . . . and . . . Oh, Ichiro . . . Oh, Ichiro . . . I . . . I . . . *(She falls back dead.)*

Mitzuko sobs convulsively. Ichiro sits like a statue. Voices are heard outside. They draw nearer and nearer.

VOICES: Ichiro Miyamoto, banzai. Banzai. Long live Miyamoto.

A crowd of neighbors stand at the door headed by a town councilor. Among them is Santa Kageyama, the rent-collector.

COUNCILOR: Good morning, Mr. Miyamoto. We wish you luck. Be a brave soldier of the Mikado.

NEIGHBOR A: You will be fighting for the new order in East Asia.

Ichiro remains still. Mitzuko continues to sob.

NEIGHBOR A: What is this, blood?

NEIGHBOR B: Send for the police. The whole family have committed suicide.

VOICES: Blood!

All burst into room, but the councilor stops them at the door.

COUNCILOR: Send for the police at once!

ICHIRO: There is no need to send for the police. The blood is from a young man who was wounded.

SANTA: We hope it's nothing serious. We'll take care of the family. Don't worry about that but go happily to the front.

ICHIRO *(ironically)*: Thank you, but don't bother about my affairs.

COUNCILOR: Why do you stand on ceremony. This a house of honor.

ICHIRO: Come in please, my friends. *(Pointing to the body of his mother.)* She won't cause you trouble now. Let Mr. Kageyama come to evict me—I'm not afraid of that any longer.

COUNCILOR: Please accept our condolences, Mr. Miyamoto. Do not be too grieved. Yours is a great honor. You have the privilege of serving your country.

ICHIRO: For your sympathy thanks! But friends . . . I now see through it all. You need not have come to see me off, as I have decided not to take part in a war which only brings misery. Now you may send for the police. They killed my brother. They wounded my second brother. Let them put me in prison along with him.

COUNCILOR: Mr. Miyamoto! What do you mean?

ICHIRO: I am against this war of plunder and aggression. It breaks up families and ruins the homes of the people. It brings them poverty. Let those who want the war, fight in it. Don't shout "Banzai" to me. Shout it to yourselves, if you want to. Get out, all of you. Call the police to arrest me if you like.

Mitzuko looks at Ichiro blankly. The neighbors draw back and remain at the door, listening to Ichiro.

MITZUKO: Ichiro . . .

ICHIRO: You can beat me to death. Yes, go on, beat me to death. I will shout at the top of my voice: "We shall fight this war of aggression."

(CURTAIN)

Translated from the Japanese

VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY

GOOD AND BAD

Came a little son
to dad,
These big questions
asked the lad:
"What is good,
and what is bad?"

I'm not the sort
who keeps things secret—
look,
Here's dad's
answer
in my book:

If a wind
blows off a roof
lets in rain
lets in snow,
that is bad,
everyone knows.

Wind drops,
snow stops.
Sunshine
all over
on grownups
in fields,
on kids
in the wood,
for grownups
and kids
that's
very good.
Smeary-face
has dirt to his chin;
sores will teach him
that's bad
for the skin.
Clean-face
isn't
scared of soap,
brushes his teeth
as everyone
should.

Everyone calls
that boy
good.

A bully is beating
a smaller kid —
don't
look
I don't want him
in my
book.

But that other one
who cries
"Why don't you pick
a kid
your size,"

I suppose
it's understood
he can have pages
here;
he's good.

Young October

Illustration by N. Altman

Magazine
prints
that it
is very mad
at toy-losers,
toy-abusers,
rates them
all
as
very
bad.
But the boy
who
after his fun
sings
as he gets
his homework
done,
minds his things
like a first-class
scout
him
we gladly
write about.

Scared by a pigeon
a boy ran
bawling;
poor little coward
out of my book
he goes
sprawling.
Cowardice,
lad,—
that's
bad.

But that one—
there—
whom
the birds
don't scare

though he's only
bigger
an inch
I'd say
that good lad
in my book
can stay.

This little visitor
walks in the mud,
gets himself black
like the mouth
of an oven—

No one
goes near him
Who likes
a sloven?

Yes,
lad,
he's
bad.

But this one
who's neat
who uses
the brushes;
and on paying
a visit
takes off
his
galoshes,
no matter
how tiny,
this neat
lad and
shiny,

way up
he'll be stood,
as the boy
who is good.

Little piggies
into big pigs
grow—

neatness
in childhood
in grownups
show.

When he heard
these answers
the little son
said,

"Now I know,
dad;
I'll be good,
not bad."

TALE OF THE KUZNETSK CONSTRUCTION

"In the Five-Year Plan a million railroad cars of building material shall be brought here where shall stand a giant of metallurgy, a giant of coal, a city of hundreds of thousands."

(An overheard conversation.)

Rain
weights
the dusk;
clouds
crowd
the sky;
an old cart
under,
some workers
lie.

Toward splashing water
above
below
defiant whispers
spurting
go;

"Here wheelruts
mark
where in four years
shall stand
our park."
A sewer darkness
is this night,

And thick as braids
the cords
of rain
are knit.

In laps of mud
shivering
the workers
sit.

The splinters they burn
die
yielding their spark;
but—
"In four years, here
shall stand
a park!"

That whisper
from lips
swollen and blue
with cold
foretells the hands
that here
take hold.

Everything wet,
everything fouled,
muddy raindrip
overhead
they chew
their hunks
of soggy bread.

Stronger than hunger
they outstare
the dark;

hoarser than rain
the whisper,
"here shall stand
the park!"

"From this
his last
estate
the bear
shall
emigrate.

"Striding
dynamite,
explosions
at each step

"shall make
stone
pliant,

"a shaft
shall pierce
the earth,

a huge
coal giant.

"Here
walls shall rise
and factory sirens
sing.

"To this
bare land
we'll bring

new suns
to warm
Siberia
a hundred
open hearth
furnaces.
"Here we shall have
each
a good house
eat
good bread
and cheap

white
and unrationed

here
we shall root
deep;

from our windows
all good land
to see;
"the Taiga
retreating
beyond Baikal
shall flee."

Strong
vaulting whispers
stampeding
the clouds,
slashing the dimness
like strips of bark,

"Here shall stand
a city park!"

And this
is certainly enough
for me.

Here,
I know,
a town
shall be!

A park
shall bloom!

With such men
on Soviet land
such futures
have room.

Translated by Isidor Schneider

VLADIMIR LENIN

L. N. Tolstoy

Lev Tolstoy is dead. His universal significance as an artist and his universal fame as a thinker and preacher reflect, each in its own way, the universal significance of the Russian Revolution.

L. N. Tolstoy emerged as a great artist when serfdom still held sway in the land. In a series of great works, which he produced during the more than half a century of his literary activity, he depicted primarily old, pre-revolutionary Russia which remained in a state of semi-serfdom even after 1861—rural Russia of the landlord and the peasant. In depicting this period in Russia's historic life, Tolstoy posed so many great problems and succeeded in rising to such heights of artistic power, that his works rank among the greatest in world literature. The epoch of preparation for revolution in one of the countries under the heel of the serf-owners became, thanks to its brilliant illumination by Tolstoy, a step forward in the artistic development of humanity as a whole.

Tolstoy the artist is known to an infinitesimal minority even in Russia. If his great works are really to be made the possession of *all*, a struggle must be waged against the system of society which condemns millions and scores of millions to ignorance, meekness, hard labor and penury—a Socialist revolution must be accomplished.

Tolstoy not only produced artistic works which will always be appreciated and read by the masses, once they have created human conditions of life for themselves after overthrowing the yoke of the landlords and capitalists; he succeeded in conveying with remarkable force the moods of the large masses that are oppressed by the present system, in depicting their condition and expressing their spontaneous sentiments of protest and anger. Belonging, as he did, primarily to the era of 1861-1904, Tolstoy in his works—both as an artist and as a thinker and preacher—embodied in amazingly bold relief the features of the historic singularity of the entire first Russian Revolution, its strength and its weakness.

One of the principal distinguishing features of our revolution is that it was a *peasant* bourgeois revolution in the era of the very high development of capitalism throughout the world and of its comparatively high development in Russia. It was a bourgeois revolution because its immediate aim was to overthrow the tsarist autocracy, the tsarist monarchy, and to abolish the landownership of the landlords, but not to overthrow the domination of the bourgeoisie. The peasantry in particular was not aware of the latter aim, it was not aware of the distinction between this aim and the closer and more immediate aims of the struggle. It was a peasant bourgeois revolution because the objective conditions put in the forefront the problem of changing the basic conditions

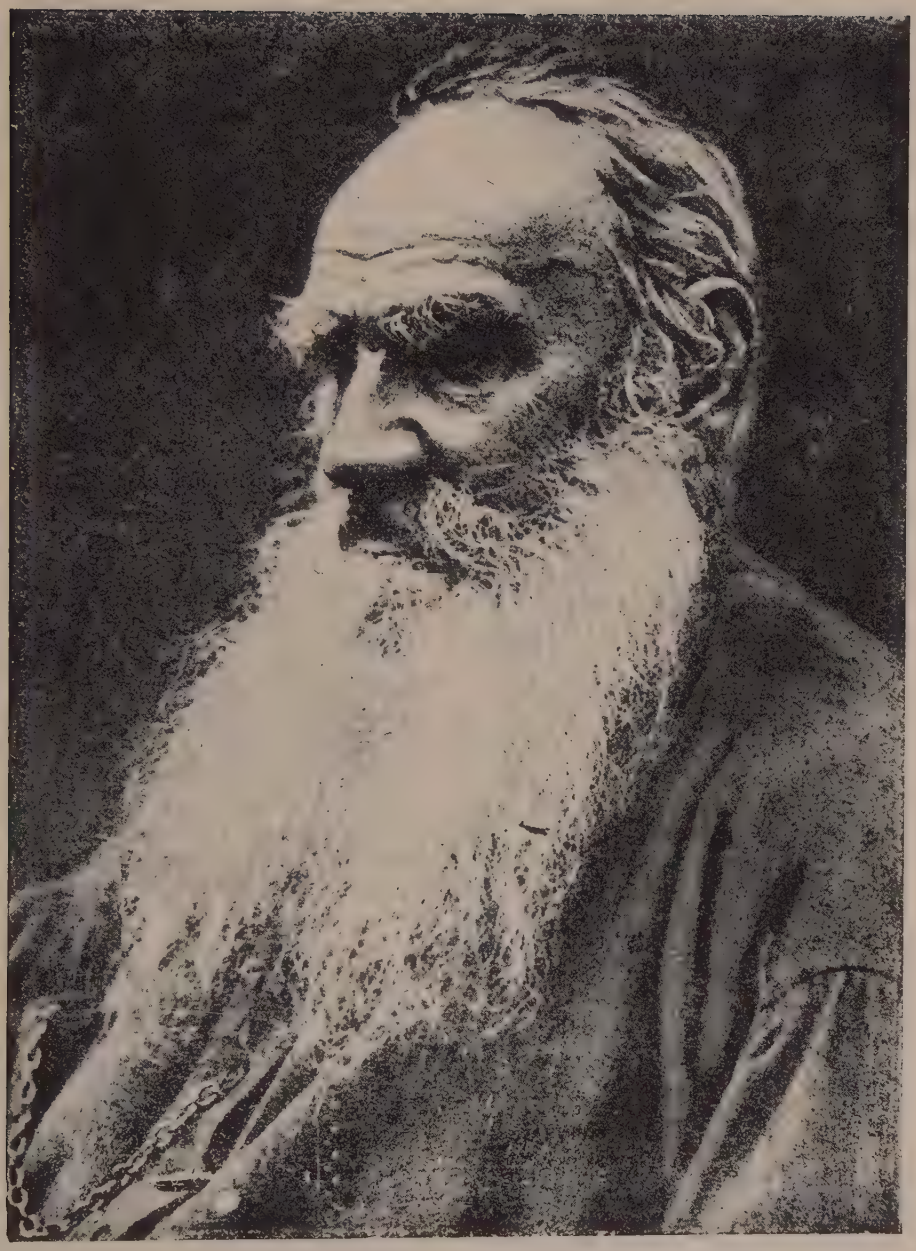
of life for the peasantry, of breaking up the old, medieval system of land-ownership, of "clearing the ground" for capitalism; the objective conditions were responsible for the appearance of the peasant masses on the arena of more or less independent historic action.

Tolstoy's works were the expression of both the strength and the weakness, the might and the limitations, precisely of the peasant mass movement. His heated, passionate, and often ruthlessly sharp protest against the State and the police-ridden official Church conveys the sentiments of the primitive peasant democratic masses, among whom centuries of serfdom, of official tyranny and robbery, and of Church Jesuitism, deception and chicanery piled up mountains of anger and hatred. His unbending opposition to private property in land conveys the psychology of the peasant masses during that historical period in which the old, medieval land-ownership, both in the form of landed estates and in the form of state "allotments," definitely became an intolerable obstacle to the further development of the country, and when this old land-ownership was inevitably bound to be destroyed most summarily and ruthlessly. His unremitting accusations of capitalism—accusations permeated with most profound emotion and most ardent indignation—convey the entire horror felt by the patriarchal peasant at the advent of the new, invisible, incomprehensible enemy coming from somewhere in the cities, or from somewhere abroad, destroying all the "pillars" of rural life, bringing in its train unprecedented ruin, poverty, starvation, savagery, prostitution, syphilis — all the disasters attending the "epoch of primitive accumulation," aggravated a hundredfold by the transplantation into Russian soil of the most modern methods of plunder elaborated by Mr. Coupon.

But the vehement protestant, the passionate accuser, the great critic at the same time manifested in his works a lack of understanding of the causes and of the means of escape from the crisis which was hovering over Russia such as befits only a patriarchal, naive peasant, but not a writer with a European education. His struggle against the feudal police State, against the monarchy, assumed the form of a repudiation of politics, led to the doctrine of "non-resistance to evil," and to his utter aloofness from the revolutionary struggle of the masses in 1905-1907. The fight against the official Church was combined with the preaching of a new, purified religion, that is to say, of a new, purified, subtle poison for the oppressed masses. The opposition to private property in land did not lead to a concentration of the struggle on the real enemy—landlordism and its political instrument of power, *i. e.*, the monarchy; it led but to dreamy, diffuse and impotent lamentations. The exposure of capitalism and of the disasters it inflicts on the masses was combined with an utterly apathetic attitude to the world-wide struggle for liberation waged by the international Socialist proletariat.

The contradictions in Tolstoy's views are not contradictions inherent in his ideas alone—they are a reflection of the extremely complicated and contradictory conditions, the social influences and historical traditions which determined the psychology of various classes and various sections of Russian society in the *post*-Reform, but *pre*-revolutionary era.

And that is why a correct appraisal of Tolstoy can be made only from the viewpoint of the class which has proved, by its political



role and its struggle during the first denouement of these contradictions, during the revolution, that it is destined to be the leader in the struggle for the people's liberty and for the emancipation of the masses from exploitation—the class which has proved its selfless devotion to the cause of democracy and its ability to fight against the limitations and inconsistency of bourgeois (including the peasant) democracy; such an appraisal is possible only from the viewpoint of the Social-Democratic proletariat.

See how Tolstoy is evaluated in the government newspapers. They shed crocodile tears, professing their respect for "the great writer" and at the same time defending the "Holy" Synod. As for the holy fathers, they have just perpetrated a particularly dastardly piece of iniquity; they sent priests to the dying man in order to hoodwink the people and say that Tolstoy had "repented." The Holy Synod excommunicated Tolstoy. All the better. It will be reminded of this exploit when the hour comes, when the people will wreak their vengeance on the officials in cassocks, on the gendarmes in Christ, on the sinister inquisitionists who supported anti-Jewish pogroms and other exploits of the Black Hundred tsarist gang.

See how Tolstoy is evaluated in the liberal newspapers. They confine themselves to those hollow, official-liberal, commonplace professorial phrases about the "voice of civilized mankind," "the unanimous response of the world," the "ideas of truth, good," etc., for which Tolstoy lashed out—and justly so—against bourgeois science. They *cannot* voice plainly and clearly their opinion of Tolstoy's views with regard to the State, the Church, private property in land, capitalism—not because they are prevented by the censorship: on the contrary, the censorship is helping them out of an embarrassing position!—but because each proposition in Tolstoy's criticism is a slap in the face of bourgeois liberalism; because the fearless, frank, and ruthlessly sharp way alone in which Tolstoy *poses* the sorest and most irritating problems of our day constitutes a *rebuff* to the commonplace phrases, trite quirks and the evasive, "civilized" falsehood of our liberal (and liberal-Narodnik) publicists. The liberals are all for Tolstoy, they are all against the Synod—and, at the same time, they are for . . . the *Vekhi*-ists,[1] with whom one "may join issue," but it is "necessary" to live in harmony with them in one party, it is "necessary" to work together with them in literature and politics. And yet the *Vekhi*-ists enjoy the kisses of Antonius, Bishop of Volhynia.

The liberals stress the point that Tolstoy is "the great conscience." Is not this a hollow phrase which is repeated in a thousand variations by the *Novoye Vremya* and all the like newspapers? Does not this constitute an evasion of the *concrete* problems of democracy and Socialism which Tolstoy *posed*? Does not this stress the thing that expresses Tolstoy's prejudice, not his intellect, that part of him which belongs to the past and not to the future, to his repudiation of politics and his preaching of self-perfection, but not to his vehement protest against all class domination?

Tolstoy is dead, and pre-revolu-

[1] *Vekhi*-ists — a group of bourgeois intellectuals who during the years of tsarist reaction (1908-1910) repudiated the revolution. They lost their faith in it, and repented their "revolutionary" past, and sought solace in religion. Their name "*Vekhi*-ists" stems from *Vekhi* (Landmarks) — a collection of articles by former "Marxists": Bulgakov, Berdyaev, Struve and others—*Ed.*

tionary Russia whose weakness and impotence found their expression in the philosophy, and are depicted in the works, of the great artist, has become a thing of the past. But the heritage which he has left includes that which has not become a thing of the past, but belongs to the future. This heritage is accepted and is being elaborated by the Russian proletariat. The Russian proletariat will explain to the masses of the toilers and the exploited the meaning of Tolstoy's criticism of the State, the Church, private property in land—not in order that the masses should confine themselves to self-perfection and yearning for a godly life, but that they should rise to strike a new blow at the tsarist monarchy and landlordism which were but slightly fractured in 1905, and which must be destroyed. The Russian proletariat will explain to the masses Tolstoy's criticism of capitalism—not in order that the masses should confine themselves to hurling curses at capitalism and the rule of money, but that they should learn to utilize at every step in their life and in their struggle the technical and social achievements of capitalism, that they should learn to weld themselves into a united army of millions of Socialist fighters who will overthrow capitalism and create a new society in which the people will not be doomed to poverty, in which there will be no exploitation of man by man.

Sotsial Demokrat, No. 18,
November 29 (16), 1910.

Lev Tolstoy and His Era

The era to which L. Tolstoy belongs, and which is reflected in remarkable relief both in his great literary works and in his teachings, is the era that lies between the years 1861 and 1905. True, Tolstoy's literary activity began before this period and ended after it, but L. Tolstoy became a full-fledged artist and thinker precisely in this period, the transitional character of which gave rise to *all* the distinguishing features both of Tolstoy's works and of "Tolstoyism."

Through the mouth of Levin in *Anna Karenina*, L. Tolstoy very vividly expressed the nature of the change that Russian history had undergone during this half-century.

". . . Talk about harvesting, hiring workers and so on, which Levin knew it was customary to regard as very low-class . . . now seemed to him to be alone important. 'It may have been unimportant under serfdom, or it may be unimportant in England. In both cases the conditions themselves are definite; but with us, now that everything has shuffled and is only just taking shape, the only important question for Russia is what shape these conditions will take'—Levin thought."

"With us everything has shuffled and is only just taking shape"—it would be difficult to imagine a more apt description of the period 1861-1905. Every Russian knows well, or is at least fully acquainted with what has "shuffled." It is serfdom and the entire "old order" corresponding to it. What is "only just taking shape" is absolutely unknown, strange and incomprehensible to the broad mass of the population. This bourgeois system which

was "only just taking shape" assumed in Tolstoy's eyes the vague form of a bogey—England. Truly a bogey, for Tolstoy on principle, so to speak, rejects every attempt to ascertain the basic features of the social system of this "England," the connection between this system and the domination of capital, the role of money and the appearance and development of exchange. Like the Narodniks, he refuses to see, he shuts his eyes to and turns away from the thought that what is "taking shape" in Russia is nothing but the bourgeois system.

It is true that the question how this system, the bourgeois system, which was assuming very different forms in "England," Germany, America, France, etc., would "take shape" was, if not the "only important," at least a very important question from the standpoint of the immediate aims of all social and political activity in Russia in the period 1861-1905 (and, for the matter of that, in our time too). But such a definite and historically concrete statement of the question is something absolutely foreign to Tolstoy. He reasons abstractly, he admits only the standpoint of the "eternal" principles of morality, the eternal truths of religion, and does not realize that this standpoint is but the ideological reflection of the old ("overturned") system, the system of serfdom, the system of life of the Oriental peoples.

In *Lucerne* (written in 1857), L. Tolstoy declares that the belief that "civilization" is a blessing is "imagined knowledge" which "destroys the instinctive, most beatific primitive demands of the good in human nature." "We have one, only one, sinless guide—the Universal Spirit which permeates us!" Tolstoy exclaims.

In *The Slavery of Our Times* (written in 1900), Tolstoy repeats this appeal to the Universal Spirit with even greater fervor and proclaims political economy to be a "sham science" because it takes "little England, which is in a very exceptional position," as a "model," instead of taking "the position of the people of the whole world throughout all historical time" as a model. What he means by "the whole world" is revealed in the article *Progress and the Definition of Education* (1862). Tolstoy controverts the view of "the historians that progress is a general law of mankind" by pointing to the "whole so-called Orient." "There is no general law of progress of mankind, as is proved by the inert Oriental peoples," Tolstoy declares.

In its true historical meaning, Tolstoyism is precisely the ideology of the oriental system, of the Asiatic system. Hence—asceticism, non-resistance to evil by the employment of force, the profound notes of pessimism, the conviction that "all is nothing, everything material is nothing" (*The Meaning of Life*), faith in the "Spirit," "the principle underlying everything," in relation to which principle man is only "a laborer . . . who has been set the task of saving his soul," and so forth. Tolstoy is true to this philosophy in *The Kreuzer Sonata* when he says that "woman's emancipation lies not in study courses and not in parliaments, but in the bedroom," as well as in an article written in 1862 in which it is stated that the universities train only "irritable and sickly liberals," who are "entirely useless to the people," are "aimlessly torn from their former environment," "cannot find a place for themselves in life," etc.

Pessimism, non-resistance, appeals to the "Spirit" constitute an ideology which inevitably appears in an era when the old order has been entirely "overturned," and when the masses who were educated under

this old order and who imbibed with their mother's milk the principles, customs, traditions and beliefs of the old order, do not and cannot discern *what* the new order that is "taking shape" is, *what* social forces are "shaping" it and how exactly, and what social forces are *capable* of bringing salvation from the innumerable and very acute misfortunes that are peculiar to times of "break-up."

The period 1862-1904 was precisely such a period of break-up in Russia, when the old order had irrevocably and patently collapsed and when the new order was only just taking shape—the social forces creating this order first manifesting themselves in deed on a wide national scale, before the eyes of the masses in the most varied spheres, only in 1905. And the events of 1905 in Russia were followed by similar events in a number of other countries of this same "Orient," to whose "inertness" Tolstoy had referred in 1862. 1905 was the beginning of the end of "Oriental" inertness. It was precisely for this reason that that year witnessed the historical end of Tolstoyism, the end of that whole era which could beget and was bound to beget the teachings of Tolstoy—not as something individual, not as a caprice or eccentricity, but as the ideology of the conditions of life in which millions and millions of people actually found themselves during a certain period.

Tolstoy's teachings are undoubtedly utopian and, in their content, reactionary in the most precise and profound meaning of the term. But it does not follow either that these teachings were not Socialist or that they did not contain critical elements capable of providing valuable material for the enlightenment of the advanced classes.

There is Socialism and Socialism. In all countries in which the capitalist mode of production prevails there is a Socialism which expresses the ideology of the class that is about to replace the bourgeoisie, and there is a Socialism which corresponds to the ideology of the classes that the bourgeoisie is replacing. Feudal Socialism, for instance, is a Socialism of the latter kind; and long ago, more than sixty years ago, the nature of *this* Socialism was appraised by Marx together with other varieties of Socialism.[1]

Furthermore, critical elements are inherent in the utopian teachings of L. Tolstoy just as they are inherent in many utopian systems. But we must not forget Marx's profound remark to the effect that the value of critical elements in utopian Socialism "bears an inverse relation to historical development."[2] The more the activity of the social forces, which are "shaping" the new Russia and bringing salvation from present-day social misfortunes, develops and the more definite its character becomes, the more rapidly critical-utopian Socialism "loses all practical value and all theoretical justification."

A quarter of a century ago the critical elements in Tolstoy's teachings could in practice benefit certain strata of the population at times, *despite* the reactionary and utopian features of Tolstoyism. This could not be the case during the last decade, let us say, because between the 'eighties and the end of the last century historical development made no inconsiderable progress. And in our day, *after* a number of events, mentioned above, have put an end to "Oriental" inertness, in our day, when the consciously reactionary ideas, reactionary in the narrow class, the selfish class sense,

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[1] See *The Communist Manifesto*, section on "Feudal Socialism."—*Ed.*

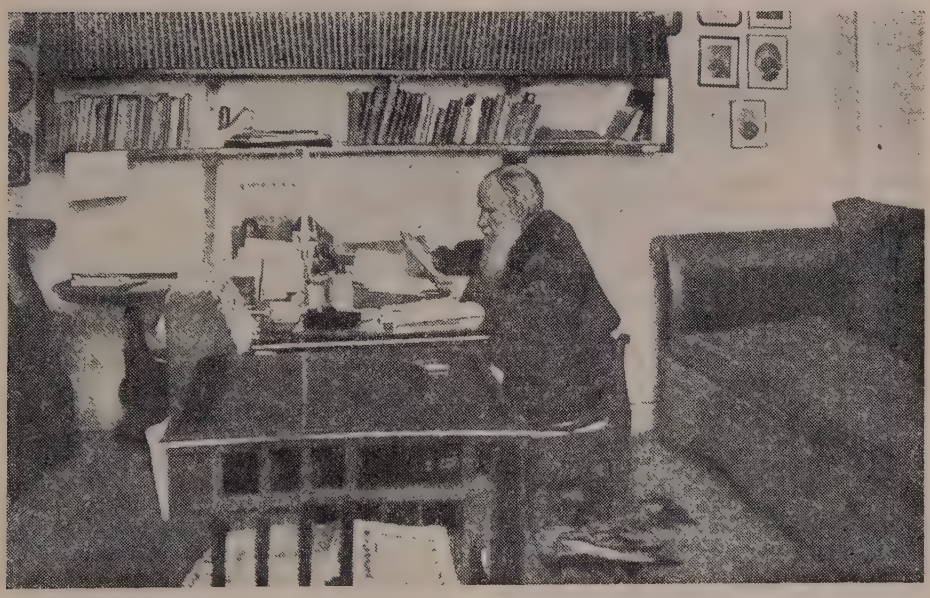
[2] See *The Communist Manifesto*, section on "Critical-Utopian Socialism and Communism."—*Ed.*

of the *Vekhi*-ists have become so enormously widespread among the bourgeois liberals, and when these ideas have infected even a section of the almost-Marxists and have created the "liquidationist"[1] tendency, every attempt to idealise Tolstoy's teachings, to justify or palliate his "non-resistance," his appeals to the "Spirit," his calls for "moral self-perfection," his doctrine of "conscience" and universal "love," his preaching of asceticism and quietism and so forth, causes the most direct and most profound damage.

Zvezda, No. 6, February 4 (January 22), 1911.

Signed: *V. Ilyin*

[1] "Liquidationist tendency" — Menshevism which during the years of tsarist reaction turned into an outright repudiation of the Party and a refusal to make preparations for the revolution—*Ed.*



Lev Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana

Tolstoy's Literary Legacy

Tolstoy's productivity during the sixty years of his literary career was immense. His extant writings, including works of fiction (in all versions), articles, philosophical treatises, letters, diaries and notebooks, amount in all to over 2,000 printed signatures. It should be added that certain of his writings are no longer extant. We know, for instance, that several hundred letters written in his youth have not been preserved. There were also complete works of whose fate we know nothing. Sergei Tolstoy, the writer's eldest son, now living in Moscow, recalls the contents of a story called *Hunting Ground*, which his father read to him in the 'seventies, and of which today only a few small fragments have survived.

Tolstoy's fame and the entire immense labor of his life are embalmed in these countless leaves of paper covered with a crooked and illegible handwriting. These leaves are all preserved in the archives of the Tolstoy Museum in Moscow, which collected them from various museums and depositories, following on a decision of the Soviet Government to assemble in one place all the manuscripts of the great writer. Here, in thick folders, lie the original scripts of Tolstoy's masterpieces, numerous rough drafts, discarded versions, diaries and notebooks. In all, about a million separate items are registered in the Tolstoy archives. One million written sheets—the fruit of the writer's gigantic labors. It seems incredible that this ocean of manuscripts could have been the work of one man. A large proportion of them have never yet been published. What is usually known as Tolstoy's "Complete Works" scarcely contain one-half of all he wrote.

In his article "L. N. Tolstoy" Lenin says: "Tolstoy the artist is known to an infinitesimal minority even in Russia. If his great works are really to be made the possession of *all*, a struggle must be waged against the system of society which condemns millions and scores of millions to ignorance, meekness, hard labor and penury—a Socialist revolution must be accomplished." These heartfelt words of the great leader of the proletarian revolution have been brilliantly confirmed by subsequent events. It was only after the Great October Socialist Revolution that Tolstoy, the literary artist, won real nation-wide recognition. It was not until the Soviet era that the productions of Tolstoy's genius became accessible to the broad mass of the people, and that emancipated science obtained the opportunity to work effectively to restore the authentic texts of the great writer and to publish his complete literary legacy.

A momentous step in this direction was taken when the Soviet Government passed a decree providing for the publication of an academic and really complete edition of Tolstoy's works. V. Chertkov, Tolstoy's close friend and testator, writes that the government, "on the initiative of the late Lenin and after several personal conversations I had with him, and later with Joseph Stalin, instructed the State Publishing House of the R.S.F.S.R. to undertake the publication of the first complete collection of Tolstoy's works under my editorship and with the strict observance of all the testamentary dispositions made by Tolstoy himself." (Chertkov's personal interviews with Lenin took place in the autumn of 1918, and with Stalin in the autumn of 1924.)

For its magnitude and scientific completeness, the Academic Edition of Tolstoy's works is unequalled by any edition of the classical writers either in the Soviet Union or abroad. When completed, it will comprise one hundred volumes. Thirty-eight have already appeared and six more are to be published soon. A large staff of experts and Tolstoy students are engaged on the work of compilation and editing.

One of the major purposes of the edition is to make a careful comparison of the fundamental Tolstoyan texts with the original manuscripts, in order to eliminate the numerous mutilations dictated by the censorship, as well as the mistakes and inaccuracies which crept in owing to the carelessness of copyists, printer's errors, and so on.

There are probably very few writers

whose works were so zealously persecuted and mutilated by the tsarist censors as those of Tolstoy's. The censorship banned and confiscated *Nicholas Palkin* (Nicholas of the Stick), *Reply to the Holy Synod* (1901), *Appeal to the Men of Russia* (1906), *I Cannot Hold My Peace* (1908), and other of Tolstoy's anti-governmental pamphlets. The mighty pen of the fiery denunciator of the church and the bourgeois state was a thorn in the flesh of the ruling clique. A clamp was therefore put on Tolstoy's tongue, and he was not allowed to speak freely and openly; his passionate articles denouncing the regime of slavery and violence could only appear in illegal or foreign publications; their dissemination in Russia was liable to savage penalties.

Many of his works of fiction, likewise, incurred the displeasure of the censors. Even in his youth the title of one of his "military" tales, which he had called "Cashiered," was not to the liking of the censor, who thought it "safer" to call it "Meetings With Moscow Acquaintances in the Regiment." Relations between the author and the censors became more exacerbated as time went on. The censor deleted from the novel *Resurrection* the chapters describing the farce of chapel service in prison. Similarly, a chapter was expunged from *Hadji Murad* which contained a far too faithful and expressive description of Nicholas I. "His whole life, from the time he mounted the throne," we read in one of the versions of this chapter in reference to Nicholas, "was one long career of lying and human slaughter... A despotic, narrow-minded (and therefore self-confident), uneducated and coarse soldier, his one love, interest and passion was power..." Like many other of his works, *Resurrection* and *Hadji Murad* could appear in their original and authentic form, freed of all trace of the censor's interference, only after the Revolution. The Academic Edition is the first to give an authorative and scientifically verified version of the Tolstoyan texts.

Another purpose of the edition is to publish such of Tolstoy's writings which have hitherto existed only in manuscript form. Thirteen volumes will be filled with the writer's diaries and notebooks alone, nearly all of them being published for the first time. They will contain hitherto completely unknown material, throwing invaluable light on Tolstoy's life and literary activities.

Tolstoy kept a diary for sixty-four years, with only slight interruptions. The frank entries in the "private" diaries, and the hasty memoranda (jotted down at night in bed, or while out walking, or even riding) contain many a penetrating observation on the author's surroundings, opinions of current social and political events, reflections on literature, art and philosophy and comments on books. The diaries also record the inception and development of his literary ideas and plans.

Even a detailed description of this material would give no adequate idea of its richness and variety. Here are a few examples. While serving with the armed forces in the Caucasus as a young man, Tolstoy expressed some noteworthy thoughts in his diary in reference to Grigorovich's novel, *The Fishermen*. "The common people," he wrote, "are so much superior to us in their lives of toil and privation, that it is hardly seemly for people of our kidney to probe and describe their bad sides. Of them, as of the dead, nothing but good should be spoken..."

In 1900, during the Boxer rising in China, Tolstoy was deeply outraged by the methods of suppression employed by the European imperialists—the "inhuman Chinese massacre," as he called it. He thought of addressing a manifesto to the Chinese people, and his notebook contains the remark in this connection: "*Ne pas se laisser imposer par le jargon diplomatique* (We must not allow ourselves to be imposed upon by diplomatic jargon—*Ed.*). These people are just out to rob China. And when they suppress a rising they are simply brigands choking a resisting victim." His diary at this period also contains a record of his intention of denouncing the "brigand kingdom," and writing a program of reforms which, in his opinion, were essential for the Russian people. This program included the abolition of private property in land, birching of peasants, religious persecution and imperialism, the separation of church and state, and self-government for Finland, Poland, Georgia, etc.

In 1901, Tolstoy expressed in his diary certain thoughts on Maxim Gorky. "We all know," he wrote, "that the tramp is our brother and fellow-man—but we know it only theoretically; he (Gorky), however, has given us a full-length picture of the tramp, loving him and making us share his love." It was at this period, too, that Tolstoy, alarmed by the drastic internal condition of Russia, wrote his famous letter to tsar Nicholas II. But he soon realized the futility of this step, and his diary contains the record: "People write to the tsar advising him to do this or that for the common weal. I did so too. They expect aid and action from him, when as a matter of fact he has all he can do to keep holding on himself. It is like advising a man who is clinging by the skin of his teeth to a branch

suspended over a precipice to raise a log of wood to the top of a wall."

Tolstoy's diaries contain interesting material showing the way ideas for works of fiction developed in his mind, beginning from their very conception. Whole notebooks are filled with observations on life, comments on the Russian language, jottings of individual words and popular adages. In the spring of 1879 he started a special notebook of observations on nature; each is carefully dated, not only the day being recorded, but also the time of day—morning, evening, etc. These "nature pictures" were nothing but brief, rough sketches, yet they are marked by a freshness of perception and subtlety and precision of observation characteristic of a keen-eyed and sensitive artist who has a sincere love of nature.

"*April 20.* Grass a vivid green, water like a sheet of glass lying on a sheet of blue paper. The field all ploughed and black; through it runs a green hollow, bright green, with marshy patches. Grazing horses. In the evening the hollows smell of hay from the withered grass...

"*April 27.* Evening, after rain. A bright, low sun. Roads and fields shot with violet—red and blue. The high flowers are ready to lift their heads; they are waiting for the warmth to open...

"*May 1.* In the forest the grass is six inches high; warm rains and thunderstorms. The dead nettle has begun to blossom. Clover. Ashes in reddish leaf."

The notebooks also contain records of literary plans which were never realized. In the summer of 1903, after a severe illness, he writes: "My mind is working on many themes; but plainly nothing will come of them." At this period, too, he drew up a list of twenty-two themes for future works. New ideas and plans were continually forming in his mind.

Just a month before his death, Tolstoy made the following entry in his diary: "Wrote nothing, but passed a fine night thinking how good it might be to write an artistic description of the purility of the lives of the wealthy and official classes and of the peasant workers, with at least one good spiritually alive person among each of them—perhaps a man and a woman. Oh, how good that might be! And how the idea attracts me! What a great thing might come of it!"

Such are the varied contents of Tolstoy's diaries. Their publication in the Academic Edition will furnish material for a deeper understanding of the great writer and will enable us to get a clearer insight into the inner world of this colossal creative personality.

Tolstoy, as we know, carried on a voluminous correspondence. He exchanged letters with scientists, writers, musicians, artists, journalists, peasants and workers—ordinary, unknown men and women of the people. Among his correspondents were Repin, Gorky, Romain Rolland, Bernard Shaw, Edison, Ghandi and nearly all the Russian writers of the second half of the nineteenth century. In his latter years, about thirty letters would arrive at Yasnaya Polyana daily, and as Tolstoy's popularity grew, the number of letters from unknown men and women grew likewise. People wrote to him literally from every part of the world and in every European and Oriental language. The Lenin Library files alone contained about thirty thousand letters to Tolstoy, and practically all this vast material still has to be studied.

People would apply to Tolstoy for advice on moral and philosophical questions; they would ask him for pecuniary assistance; readers and admirers would send enthusiastic letters; from Black Hundreds and priests would come abuse and threats; certain "nobles of the Orel province" promised to wreak vengeance on him. There are many letters in which unknown women write of the tragedy of their personal lives and beg for consolation and advice; among them are some of overwhelming sincerity, speaking of human sorrow, of wrecked families and broken lives caused by the domination of the property-owning spirit of bourgeois morality. There are letters which have a direct political interest; such, for example, is a long letter from a monk by the name of Gamalil, who with remarkable frankness exposes to Tolstoy the cynicism and hypocrisy of monasterial life, and another from a member of the State Duma telling of a terrible night he spent in the prison of Kostroma.

In September 1908, after celebrating his eightieth birthday, Tolstoy received the following touching letter from an unknown woman: "Dear Grandad, accept the congratulations of Katyusha Maslova.[1] May God grant you health and a long, long life. I wish you that because I love you and am grateful to you, for although you are a count and a man of high estate, you are not ashamed to pity people like me. You are right when you say that conscience and sorrow cannot be drowned in wine, and that no matter how degraded a man may be he always remains a human being... Forgive my running on in this incoherent way, but what can you expect from Katyusha Maslova."

Tolstoy replied to many of the letters that arrived in Yasnaya Polyana. With

[1] Katyusha Maslova is the name of the heroine of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*.—*Ed.*

many of his friends he kept up a regular correspondence over a long period of years. Over ten thousand of Tolstoy's letters to various people are extant, more than half of which have hitherto been unpublished. His letters, comprising 350 printed signatures, will fill thirty-one volumes of the Academic Edition.

Many of these letters, especially to close friends, are really independent essays on literature, esthetics and philosophy.

Considerable space is also devoted in them to Tolstoy's literary labors. We learn from them that before writing *War and Peace* he studied no less than four hundred volumes of history by seventy different writers. Before writing the comparatively short novel, *Hadji Murad*, he read practically all the available literature on the Caucasus, both in Russian and other European languages, studying not only the history of the region, but also its geography, economics, the habits and customs of its peoples, their costumes, arms and so on. It can easily be seen from the letters how diligently and painstakingly the writer collected material for his books. While working on a novel dealing with the period of Peter I, Tolstoy wrote to an acquaintance living in the south of Russia: "I have a request to make. You live not very far from Azov. . . I need views and pictures of the spot where the army stood and the fighting took place in Peter's time. I want to know what the banks of the Don are like . . . where they are high and where low. Are there any hills or tumuli? Are there any bushes? . . . Is there any feather grass, or reeds? What sort of wild fowl are there? Tell me everything about the Don from the Khoper: its general character and the character of the Don country . . ."

Tolstoy's letters of the latter period of his life bear a distinct political character. He often corresponded with people with whose views he could have no sympathy. In such cases he always made his own position perfectly clear and always remained true to himself. For example, in a letter (November 9, 1894) to the philosopher, Vladimir Solovyov,[1] he says in reference to the accession of Nicholas II to the throne: "The difference between you and me will now be all the more apparent for the fact that you most likely expect a great deal from the new reign, whereas I expect nothing . . ." In his letters to Grand Duke Nicholas, a relative of the tsar and one of the biggest landowners in the country, Tolstoy argues the necessity of abolishing private property on land. In one of the letters to this same Romanov (April 25, 1902), he declares without the least embarrassment that the Ministers and other high officials of Nicholas II are "corpses," and that "the higher they stand on the hierarchical ladder, the deader they are." Invited to address a European peace congress in 1910, he sent an angry letter in reply in which he declared that the activities of the European pacifists were a disgusting and offensive pastime. "To talk of and preach peace in our world," he wrote, "is like preaching temperance in a tavern or drinkshop."

We often meet in the letters with the characteristic appeal for "non-resistance to evil," for love of all mankind, which he believed would lead to the salvation of the world. These ideas—the outcome of the historical limitation of Tolstoy's political views—are also to be found in the letter in which he boldly denounces the hypocritical activities of organizers of "peace congresses." But the remarkable thing is that in these same letters Tolstoy stands clearly forth as an irreconcilable foe of the bourgeois-landlord state, and, with plebeian bluntness and force, denounces the enemies of the working people.

A no less interesting and important part of the Tolstoy archives are the hitherto unpublished versions of works of fiction and journalistic writings. Like the true artist he was, Tolstoy was extremely self-exacting in his work. He was never satisfied with what he had written and made endless changes, alterations and additions, paring it down in order to attain the maximum of artistic expression. Many things he rewrote eight, nine and ten times, and some far much more. There are extant about ten different introductory parts to *Anna Karenina* (the original title was *Two Marriages*). The *Decembrists*, a novel that was never finished, Tolstoy began and laid aside eighteen times; another unfinished novel, dealing with the period of Peter I, has thirty-five different openings, while the introduction to the philosophical work, *The Path of Life*, was revised by Tolstoy one hundred times—which is surely without a precedent in the history of world literature.

The archives contain numerous drafts, outlines, summaries and discarded versions of Tolstoy's great masterpieces: *War and Peace, Anna Karenina, Resurrection, Hadji Murad*. A contemporary states that "the passages deleted by Tolstoy in correcting the proofs of *War and Peace* would in themselves comprise a whole volume." Among the manuscripts of this novel are

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[1] Vladimir Solovyov (1853-1900)—a Russian philosopher and publicist, an extreme idealist and mystic in his philosophy —*Ed.*

quite a number of finished episodes which are masterpieces in themselves, but which were not included in the final version.

The same is true of *Anna Karenina*. The rough drafts and versions of this novel contain quite independent fragments and scenes which Tolstoy later rejected in his constant effort to perfect his work. There exist original versions of various parts of the novel, in which the characters are differently arranged and their names still unsettled. A perusal of the rough versions of *Anna Karenina* (recently made available to the Russian reader with the appearance of the twentieth volume of the Academic Edition) enables us to follow the course of Tolstoy's creative labor. One version of the novel follows another, part after part is improved. We see how the life and world he is describing acquire ever distincter shape in the mind of the writer. The personalities of the characters become crystallized. And, at length, the novel, pared down and polished, is presented to the reader in all its artistic perfection. Knowing the final form of a painter's masterpiece, it is always instructive to study the original sketches for the work. (One of the versions of a chapter of *Anna Karenina* which was not included in the final work is printed elsewhere in this issue.—*Ed.*)

Tolstoy's literary legacy is carefully cherished in the Soviet Union as one of the great cultural heritages of the past and as a valuable fragment of the spiritual life of the Russian people. The Tolstoy State Museum is the center where the rich and voluminous Tolstoyan archives are all deposited. Tolstoy's estate, Yasnaya Polyana, has been transformed into a state preserve, and is now a museum to which visitors flock from all parts of the country. The State Publishing House issues collected works of Tolstoy in editions of unprecedented size. The popularization and publication of Tolstoy's work is a concern of the state.

Tolstoy is well known to and loved by the Soviet reading public. Huge as the editions of his works are, they are unable to satisfy the vast demand. His plays are performed in the best Soviet theaters. His works are adapted for the stage and the screen. The performance of *Anna Karenina* by the Art Theater was a landmark in Russian theater art. The works of Tolstoy—one of the greatest figures in Russian and world literature—have become the possession of the people in every sense of the word. This was the cherished dream of the author himself.

VLADIMIR ZHDANOV

Tolstoy. Sculpture by I. Ginsburg

LEV TOLSTOY

Anna Karenina

(A chapter which was not included in the final version of the novel)

(Anna's confession to her husband was followed by a period of passion terrible in its intensity—she was in love.)

All the infinite variety of human character and human life, composed of isolated and simple, fundamental attributes of human nature such as these, is produced merely by different attributes of varying degrees of strength, appearing at different stages in life. Just as an infinite number of melodies can, with the application of different timing and emphasis, be composed from the same seven notes of the scale, so, out of a no greater number of leading motives of human passion, can an endless range of human characters and situations arise in varying conditions of time and strength.

Anna's development had been tardy. She had married at twenty, knowing nothing of love, and her aunt had given her in marriage to Alexei Alexandrovich in the district town where he had held the position of governor. The vainglorious satisfaction of making the best match, together with the novelty of intimacy with a man and a stranger, had been mistaken by her for love. Now she discovered that what she had then experienced had nothing in common with love. And now, a woman of thirty, the mother of an eight-year-old boy and the wife of an important government official, Anna bloomed for the first time with the full-blown flower of womanhood, passed through the stage of ecstatic love[1] experienced, as a rule, in early youth. Her feeling was increased tenfold by the fascination of forbidden fruit and the maturity of the force of passion peculiar to her age.[2] After her desperate conduct on the day of the races when, she felt, she had burnt her boats, her feeling grew still stronger. Of him was her first thought on rising, her last on going to rest. And, thinking of him, a smile of happiness crinkled her lips and sparkled in the eyes shaded by thick lashes. She was good, she was tender to everyone. With the exception of her husband (to whom she never gave a thought), everyone seemed new, kind and loving. Everything wore a holiday look; everything, it seemed to her, exulted in her happiness. The past was[3] a long, dreary, senseless dream; of future there was none. There was only the present, and the present was happiness.[4] She saw him every

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[1] Crossed out: the honeymoon.

[2] Crossed out: She was in love for the first time in her life. And this state of being in love grew in intensity day by day and hour. Particularly . . .

[3] Crossed out: shameful and abominable.

[4] Crossed out: after receiving her husband's letter on Tverskoy's birthday (Tverskoy had just returned from abroad) she had been at Betsy's. After dinner the company had divided up to play croquet on the lawn which was extremely well-kept after the English fashion.

Anna with her son. Drawing by M. Vrubel (188...)

day and the feeling of happiness and self-forgetfulness overcame her with the same force at every meeting. On one of the lovely August days that had set in, shortly after she had received her husband's letter, Anna dined at Baron Ilen's.[1] The Baron was a financial newcomer. The Baron was irreproachable—he and his wife, his house, his horses, his dinners, and even the society in which he moved. Outwardly, everything was faultless; everything was superlative; but whether it was that it was all too good, too well-thought-out, too complete, or whether it was that purpose[2] and effort were evident in everything, people visited him solely to meet each other, eat his dinners, look at his pictures, but knew him only in so far as he concealed the real man in him and kept up this high level of outward appearances. Had he but lowered the level of luxury, invited his own friends and relatives to dinner, expressed his own tastes and convictions, that is to say, relaxed for an instant his efforts to maintain himself at the height he desired, he would have sunk, and no one would have wondered what had become of him and his wife.

Anna had met his wife at Betsy's and had received an invitation.[1] She would undoubtedly have declined it, had things been as before; in the first place because Anna's delicate social sense warned her that in view of her high position in society, a closer acquaintance with the Ilens lowered her, robbed her of the bloom—*duvet*—of something of the exclusiveness of the set to which she belonged, and in the second place, Baron Ilen stood in need of Alexei Alexandrovich's cooperation, and for that very reason Alexei Alexandrovich, and therefore also Anna ought to have avoided him. But now that she had taken a new attitude to things, she found it, on the contrary, pleasant to think there were no longer any empty social forms to spoil her pleasures. An evening with Vronsky[2] amid the night crowd in the garden promised to be a great pleasure, so she went. The company was small and select; almost all the people she met were acquaintances, but Vronsky was not there, and Anna could not help voicing[3] her disappointment.[4] As they were strolling in the garden after dinner, the hostess remarked

[1] Crossed out: together with a large company of guests.

[2] Crossed out: whether it was simply that he was an outsider.

[1] Crossed out: Knowing as she did that the Baron needed Alexei Alexandrovich, she avoided him and did not want to go there; but Betsy persuaded her. Not so much by her observations as to the necessity for women to be more self-reliant and independent of men's interests, as by the information that the garden was lovely, lit up at night, and that the last time Alexei, who had excellent taste, had admired the country house.

[2] Crossed out: charmed the imagination of Anna, in love.

[3] Crossed out: her sadness.

[4] Crossed out: Vronsky had promised to come, but he was not there.

to Betsy that she was hoping for a good game of croquet that evening.

"My husband is passionately fond of it. And I particularly like him to play opposite your cousin."[1]

Once more Anna's heart throbbed painfully, she felt insulted because her attitude to Vronsky was evidently known to everybody and this remark had been dropped for her benefit, and, at the same time, she felt joy. The first part of the evening passed in conversation with Kornakov, who was known to be a scoundrel and who, in spite of his profligacy and even baseness, was nevertheless Prince Kornakov, the son of Mikhail Ivanovich, and, above all, very clever. Physically weak and wasted as he was by dissipation, Anna did not regard him as a man but as an amusing chatterbox, and, had she not been preoccupied[2] in expectation of Vronsky, she would have had a gay time. Curiously enough Baron Ilen—a handsome, fresh-looking man who spoke all languages beautifully, was elegant, courteous to a degree, and unquestionably clever and businesslike, and who, together with his wife, looked up to Anna—evoked her disgust, and she was invariably relieved when she was no longer under the necessity of talking to him and looking him in the face. Yet the jaded, inveterately idle Kornakov, who had an evil reputation and treated her in a very offhand manner, was as pleasant and easy as an old glove to the hand. He talked utter nonsense to her, abused the host and hostess behind their backs, assured Anna that the reason the host's legs were so straight and strong was that they were made of English steel rails, that the hostess' toilette reminded one of nothing so much as a bunch of different colored share-certificates and her coiffure—a series, and that he always felt tempted to steal anything that happened handy here.

It was getting on for seven o'clock when Anna, returning to the house by the great avenue, met her hostess descending the steps of the main entrance with Vronsky, whom she was evidently leading to Anna.[1]

"Ah! I'm glad Vronsky has come," said Kornakov. "Young though he is, he is one of the few who understand our splendid hosts. It upsets me dreadfully that our young people actually take these Barons seriously and do not understand that one may and should do them the honor of eating their truffles, but no more. There is one here *qui fait la cour à Monsieur*,[2] he wants to steal something. This I can forgive. But Mikhailov—*il fait la cour à Madame*,[3] that will not do at all."

"Why not? She is pretty," said Anna, her face brightening at the sight of Vronsky.

"Yes, but that is just the point. Berthe, the actress, is pretty—one might commit follies for her. And you are pretty, too, I realize that one could commit crimes, and not merely follies for you, but these—this *étalage* of a woman. She is neither iron or silver, she is—a composition."

"Well, here is our croquet party," said the hostess, straightening her tailleur which, she fancied, had become disarranged in her descent of the steps. "I'll go and collect the players. Do you play, Prince?"

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[1] Crossed out: "I am surprised he did not come to dinner, but he will be here in the evening," she added. And, in spite of the joy Anna felt at hearing this...

[2] Crossed out: a complete and quite unfounded contempt for his hosts was not too noticeable in his attitude to them, together with a naive admission that both dinner and garden were excellent and therefore—why not visit them?

[1] In the margin: The young man looks shy at the sight of the lady. But the lady thinks that (indecipherable.)

[2] Who courts the favor of the Monsieur.

[3] Who courts the favor of the Madame.

And Anna saw Vronsky approaching. His curiously short, broad figure, his dark face, plain and ordinary as it was, seemed to her kingly, irradiating upon them all. She wondered that they did not all marvel at him, worship him, so much higher and nobler was he than the rest.

"*Ich mache alles mit*,"[1] Kornakov replied with his usual effrontery.

The hostess began to assemble the players, and the group around Anna grew steadily larger. Vronsky was talking to Kornakov, explaining why he had not come to dinner. Anna spoke to the guests as they came up, and both he and she were talking solely for each other; both were only wondering how and when they would be alone. And he knew well by her glance that she was displeased with him, and she knew that he did not think himself to blame.

The croquet-ground was the only one of its kind in St. Petersburg—a real English lawn with close-clipped green turf, and a fountain in the middle. A large company gathered and divided into three parties; in one of these the Baron and Betsy were playing opposite Vronsky and Anna. About twenty men and women, strong, healthy, well-primed with good food and wine, and dressed in clothes that were most inconvenient for any kind of activity—the men in tight trousers that threatened to burst, and with their ugly masculine necks exposed, with ribbons in their hats and bracelets on their wrists; the women with coiffures the height and bulk of the bust, and with great ungainly tails like a sheep's wobbling behind them, while over stomach and legs the clothing was drawn so tight as to impede any free movement forward—these thronged or drifted slowly across and around the lawn, carrying on a conversation that was anything but sprightly. In this game there was a struggle as always between the majority, who made no secret of their boredom and the others (the host and hostess among them) who at the cost of some effort, endeavored to assure themselves and the rest that the question of driving the balls through the hoops first was one very dear to their hearts. Vronsky belonged to the latter party. And the host and hostess were grateful to him. For the majority, headed by Kornakov, lounged on the iron benches and chairs with steel springs, forgot when it was their turn, and kept saying that it was all intolerably stupid and boring. Vronsky was gay, both because, with his quiet, good-natured way of looking at things, he saw nothing but croquet in the game, and, above all,

[1] I take part in everything.

Anna Karenina. Drawing by N. Tyrsa (1939)

because the childish feeling of being in love that was uppermost in Anna, was communicated to him. He was gay because they were playing on the same side, that she kept asking him how to play, that he could talk to her, looking into her eyes. At a critical moment in the set, when she had to play and the balls stood side by side, she picked up her mallet, placed her small strong foot in its slipper on the ball and glanced round at him.

"Now what? Teach me," she said, smiling.

And it seemed to them that so much, so much of the secretly significant and forbidden and poetic had been expressed in those few words, that no explanation of what two of the words meant for them could possibly satisfy them. Only the exchange of glances and the scarcely noticeable smile told that all of it—all that was inexpressible—had been understood by both.

"Don't torment us, Anna Arkadievna," the host implored, with a show of agitation. "Our fate is hanging in the balance."

"Strike a blow that will bring it all to a finish as soon as possible," said Kornakov, as, apparently exhausted with the effort of playing, he accepted an ice-cream from a servant who was handing them round. His manner implied that after the game was over he had something to do that would not quite reduce him to dying like this of boredom.

"The Mephistopheles of croquet," someone remarked.

But Vronsky noticed nothing of this.

"Wait, wait, for God's sake, wait a minute, Anna Arkadievna," he said to her.

His glance, however, said something different. Still playing his part of taking a lively interest in the game, he took the mallet out of her hand and showed her the force she should use in striking the ball.

Anna Karenina. Drawing by M. Nesterov (1887)

"This is the way."

"A-ah, this way?"

"Yes, that's it."

She looked him straight in the eyes and smiled involuntarily.

His eyes smiled back at her.

"Well, now our fate is in your hands."

She dealt her blow and accomplished what was necessary.

"Bravo, bravo!".

And this nearness and this understanding of one another, this wordless speech of glances, this gladness and gratitude of his—all this that had such a profound and happy significance for her, all this made her happy, even happier than when she was alone with him.[1]

That same evening they were alone together and found it intolerable. It was because that evening,

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[1] Crossed out: When they remained alone at the Baron's, Anna felt for the first time a depressing, tormenting doubt of his love, she was terrified by the inequality of it, by the fact that in her the feeling was growing while in him certain signs of satiation were beginning to appear, or so she fancied.

In the margin opposite the passage crossed out: 1) She is waiting for a proposal to run away with him. No. An explanation. 2) "I am not ashamed because . . . 3) She did not give satiation time. 4) She leant upon him with all her weight. 5) She is going to her husband.

for the first time, the thought occurred to Anna that her love was growing, daily and hourly, while his was gradually weakening. It seemed so to her because he had said nothing about her husband's letter demanding that she return to St. Petersburg. He said nothing because he had privately decided not to touch again today on the question of complete separation from her husband—a question that always agitated her. But it hurt her that he did not mention it. It came into her head that he was feeling satiated already.[1]

[1] Beside it in the margin: She is going to her husband. Her husband and his point of view. And an important step in his life.

The end of Anna Karenina. Painting by P. Yakovlev (1881)

Tolstoy and Art

Letter to N. A. Alexandrov, Publisher of the "Art Journal," (1882).

Dear Sir,

When we met, you asked me to write something for your *Art Journal*. I told you I should be very glad to oblige but I doubt whether it would ever occur to me to write anything on the subject to which your publication is devoted.

The other day, Vasili Grigorievich Perov informed me that you wished to confirm your request, and said that you would like to have me present precisely my views on art. From these words a conversation ensued between Vasili Grigorievich and myself, and I told him my opinion of what is called art.

And it occurred to me to put my opinion on paper for your magazine. It might be of interest to your readers, people who have devoted their lives to painting and sculpture, because it differs totally from the prevailing views on the subject not only in concept but—I venture to say—in value. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I will boast of one thing: my conception of what is called art is clear and intelligible.

Before stating what sense and meaning I attach to what is called art, I must say a few words on how art is regarded in our country and in Europe at large, how I myself regarded it, and how later I became convinced of the fallacy of the existing opinion.

The existing view on art is one, but it is expressed dually—in theory and practice, in abstract discourses on art, and in the actual activity of the so-called artists.

In theory art is a manifestation of one aspect of the essence of the human spirit—the manifestation of beauty (the trinity consists of truth, goodness and beauty). Art is an expression of the finite in the infinite, etc., etc.—all this gabble a good tattler has only to get wound up to talk till doomsday. All this is very lofty and fine, but very vague, so that in the end art seems to be everything that amuses. And unfortunately, from this definition, it would seem that the craft of ballet-dancing, cooking and hair-dressing cannot be separated from art. It would seem that this definition consists of fine words, but it defines nothing at all, and that if an esthete separates Homer from Gaborian, and Venus of Milos from a naked wax doll, he does so not from a theory but quite arbitrarily. It would seem from this definition that art is a domain which embraces everything that is materially useless but satisfies human lust. So would it seem according to theory. The same in practice.

Everything that idle people do to satisfy the idle lust of men is indiscriminately called art. To paint Christ appearing to the people is art, and to paint naked wenches is also art. To write the *Iliad* and *Nana* is also art. To create a character is art, and to play a polka is art, clowning in a circus is art, and

horse-riding is art, and making cutlets and curling hair and making a dress—all art. And a barber is perfectly justified in calling himself an artist. And not a single wise German or esthete will show me the dividing line between Raphael, a Titian nude and a lewd peep-show.

In theory, something very lofty but nebulous is called art, by definition. In practice, everything that is materially useless and everything that amuses, is called art. And in this bottomless pit of useless things for the satisfaction of human lusts, people discriminate, according to their tastes, most arbitrarily. And so do the artists. As a result, in conversations or reading the press we come across clever educated persons whose opinions on so-called art are diametrically opposite.

A says this is the pinnacle of art. *B* says this is not art at all and vice versa. Ask why, and there will be talk which the listener does not understand, and the speaker still less.

Such, from my observations, is the attitude toward art of the people of our time. *De facto*, any activity is called art that has no material value but pleases people, for some reason or other. So it has come about that the external sign of the material inutility of art has become the definition of art.

For girls to dance with bare legs is inutile, but if there are people willing to watch, it is art. To take a lot of notes and tickle the ear is art. To paint naked women or a coppice is art. To cull rhymes and describe the fornications of gentlemen is art.

The position with the theory of art is just the same as in other branches of human activity.

People are vicious and delight in their vices. So comes specious intellectual activity the purpose of which is to condone people's pet vices. People are vindictive, greedy, covetous, exclusive, so comes jurisprudence exalting into theory vindictiveness—criminal law, covetousnous as civil law, ignoble state law, exclusiveness as international law. People are unforgiving and cruel, they want to get as much as they can and give to none, and when they enjoy a life of plenty while others at their side die of hunger, they want their conscience to be serene—that is political economy. People are lustful, they desire to titillate their nerves and at the same time to have themselves believe that they are doing something important and good—and esthetics, the theory of art, is born. Beauty—the ideal, the infinite in the finite.

Thus, in the fog of this theory which condones human lust I lived and, to speak in a high style, served art for thirty years. And, I must say, it was very enjoyable service. I did as all so-called artists do: I learned a useless craft, but one that titillates human lust, and wrote books on whatever came into my head; only I did them up so that they would titillate human lust and I would get paid for them. And I was paid and told, into the bargain, that I was doing very important work, and I was very pleased with myself. But eight years ago I returned to the simple truth which any man knows when he comes into the world, that life is a blessing not for personal welfare but for the common weal, and reconsidered my life in the light of this knowledge. And, taking stock of myself, I saw that in the work I had done there was nothing sublime and nothing different from girls with no drawers on, dancing and embracing in a ballet, and that all this theory of art which I had served was a great big lure, *i. e.*, a mockery concealing the good from men and leading them into evil.

But I fired the barn to burn the mice, *i. e.*, I decided that all so-

called art is a great evil, evil exalted into a system. Then, when I had cooled off somewhat, I saw that I had not been quite fair, that in this materially useless activity that is called art not everything ministers to lust, but that there is something useful though not materially, *i. e.*, good. I realized that I had been fair to myself but unfair in general, because I know that I have received a lot of good from this materially useless activity.

But whatever the importance of all that I have received from so-called art, if now I had to choose again between art as it is understood and the absence of it, I should choose the latter for myself and any man whom I wish well. If there were such a dilemma: no art at all or a surfeit of all that is called art, *i.e.*, all lures of lust, we would certainly do better to have none.

And so I have come to the conclusion that in the world of lures for lust with which we are surrounded and to which we refer as something sublime, under the name of fine art, amid this sea of purulent abomination there is good.

What is the good in art? And how can we draw not a vague but a strict line between the corrupt and the good in this activity? But we must remember that this is no frivolous matter, that if we cannot draw a hard and fast line and give unquestionable criteria we had better not touch this abomination. Here the way to salvation is narrow and fearful because there are monsters on both sides, ready to swallow us up. And how many people have perished already and are perishing. And we know the way they perish. It is no use telling us what the esthetes used to say: "Any enjoyment of art uplifts your soul, so go to see Sarah Bernhardt and hear Sarasate. It will be of no direct benefit, but it will uplift your soul." It is no use telling us this because we know that if Rubini and Bernhardt uplift our souls, the ballet-master and the cook in the English club elevate them, too, and we know what this elevation means. It means lust and evil.

As I now see it, there is no particular manifestation of the human spirit in art, and there never was. But there is the simple fact that people live not by the flesh alone but also by something which is not of the flesh—this is the beginning of reason. It follows from this fact that people are not content merely to satisfy their material needs but have always had intellectual needs which have led them to seek intellectual welfare and not, therefore, personal welfare all the time.

From this urge of the intellect there has always arisen human activity aimed at the common weal. Such activity, evidently, has not satisfied material, personal needs, and has been without material use, but this materially useless activity has the right to exist only when it is spiritually useful, *i. e.*, when it seeks good and draws people toward it. Only then do I call it fine art.

There is only one way to lead people toward good, and that is to love it; therefore, this activity consists in setting an example of loving what is good and abhorring what is evil. To do so we must 1) know what is good and what is evil; 2) love that which is good and hate that which is ill; 3) we must be able to express this love well.

But it is strange, really comical, that this negative feature, material inutility, has been accepted in the theory of art almost as a definition of art. Anything useless is art. Wenches dancing with bare legs is art. Actors grimacing and talking nonsense is art; matching words to rhyme is art; describing how gentlemen fornicate is art. To make life-size pictures of fat, naked hussies is art. To paint a rose, a sunset,

a grove, all this is art. True it is useless and therefore corresponds to the definition of art, but I do not agree with this definition.

If there is a non-material human activity worth respecting, it can only be that which is not merely materially useless but being so, aims for the common weal, that is what I call activity for the good. And though its scope, by my definition, is larger than the previously discussed art, it is clear what is included in it and what is not. Study of prehistoric animals and the Milky Way, etc. is not included; ballets, operas, sonatas, roses and naked women are not included, but everything that teaches people to be better is included. And this multitude of historical, philosophical and religious subjects, the proverb, the story, the fable, have a place, as well as the picture painted to make people better. It is this definition—*i. e.*, stories, pictures and music, if such has been written to make people better—it is this I call art.

But apart from speculations about my body—what it is and when the soul appears in it—I know my life from yet another aspect; and I know it so positively and unquestionably that nothing can argue away this awareness of life that is in me. I know not where my body ends or begins, I know not since when my soul emerged, or how it departs and comes again to the body, but of one thing I am sure: I know that within me there is my own life, peculiar unto itself; I know that I am a living personality and this I know not from any process of thought, but because I feel joy and sorrow, suffering and enjoyment, because I am not only ever conscious of my personal life as enjoyment or suffering, as good or evil, but because I strive ever to have what is good and be rid of evil. Apart from reasoning, independent of and despite all reasoning, I know my life as the striving of my personality towards good and towards freeing myself from evil. My life is what I do within my body to attain good and to rid myself of evil, a man says to himself, and this definition of life seems unquestionable. But as soon as this idea of life is accepted by the mind, it proves to be just as void as the others.

My life is my striving for my own good and for my deliverance from evil. The attainment of this good and the deliverance of myself from evil is what constitutes life. What good have I been attaining and how have I been delivering myself from evil? a man asks himself. And however young he be, however weak in intellect, he cannot help seeing that neither he nor the people around him have attained any good in this life, and have far from delivered themselves from evils, and the greatest evil for the personality—death; on the contrary, every onward pace of life, every movement, every breath is bringing them nearer to the greatest evil, to suffering, disease, old age and death.

However young and weak in intellect a man, although he has not heard what the people who lived before him thought on the subject, he cannot help but see that all his joys have not made his life full, have not remained in his life, but have dropped down as though through a torn sack and have left his personality as empty as ever before, but still more demanding, like a sack with more holes in it. His pleasures have been momentary; nothing has remained after each indulgence, but an even greater void and an even greater craving for new delights which he has not been able to obtain.

Delights and joys are only a decep...

Tolstoy's Views on Literature

The following are notes of conversations held by V. G. Chertkov and P. A. Sergeyenko with Lev Tolstoy. We find here his opinions on art in general as well as on certain writers, artists and musicians, and his thoughts on creative work. In spite of the briefness and scrappiness of the notes they give some idea of the great writer's esthetic views and form an important supplement to his own writings on art.

Chertkov (1854-1936) was a close friend of Tolstoy's and the editor of the 90-volume edition of his collected works. But, although he had known Tolstoy for twenty-seven years, he left rather few records of their conversations. This is accounted for, in the first place, by the fact that they met rarely—there were intervals of years, and while Chertkov was in exile, an interval even of ten years, between their meetings—and, in the second place, Chertkov was of the opinion for a long time that, since he could not answer for the absolute exactitude of the record of what Tolstoy had said, it would be better not to record it at all and thus avoid misinterpretation of his thoughts. Only towards the close of Tolstoy's life did Chertkov hit on a method that satisfied him: he jotted down two or three of the first letters of the words as they were uttered and afterwards completed them. Taking into consideration his pedantry in cases of this kind, his records may be regarded as the best and most truthful.

P. A. Sergeyenko (1854-1930), journalist, writer of fiction, the author of *How Count Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoy Lives and Works* and a number of other books on Tolstoy, used to record his conversations in his diary directly they were over. Sergeyenko had an exceptionally good memory, so that the accuracy of his records may be relied upon.

V. G. CHERTKOV'S NOTES

May 20, 1894

Tolstoy: "What is most important, most valuable and most convincing for the reader in a work of literature is the author's own attitude to life and all that the work contains on this attitude. The wholeness of a work of art lies not in the unity of conception, and not in the representation of the various characters and so on, but in the clarity and definiteness of the same attitude to life of the author himself, which pervades the whole work. There are certain years when the writer may even sacrifice, to some degree, the finishing of the form, and if only his attitude to what he describes is shown clearly and strongly, the work may achieve its aim."

End of May—beginning of June, 1905

When asked by the actor Artemyev[1] and his friends to write a play that could be staged by them in barns, etc., in Russian villages, Tolstoy remarked:

"I have my doubts regarding *our* art for the people. It is not for us to teach them. They must create their own art for themselves."

"But they do appreciate, for example, your stories written in the form of folk tales."

"Yes, but that is something I took from them and gave them back again. Moreover, I must tell you

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[1] Ivan Petrovich Artemyev (d. 1916), organizer of traveling performances.

that I myself am a part of the people. If there is one thing I cannot stand it is this desire on the part of the intelligentsia to instruct the people."

July 1906

Tolstoy: "Dostoyevsky—yes, he was a big writer. Not so much a big writer as a writer with a big *heart*. He is *profound*. My respect for him never waned."

When asked which of Dostoyevsky's works he regarded as the best, he said: "I think *The House of the Dead* is the best, because of its wholeness as a work of art. As for *The Idiot*, it has a splendid beginning, but that is followed by the most ghastly mess. And it is the same with nearly all his books."

July 1906

Tolstoy: "I don't understand it and I don't like it, when people attach particular importance to what they call 'the present.' I live in *eternity* and therefore I ought to look at everything from the standpoint of eternity. And this is the essence of every kind of work, and of all art. A poet is a poet only in so far as he writes in eternity."

August 13, 1908

Tolstoy: "The dramatic form of expression is horrible, even more horrible than verse, in its artificiality. The harmfulness of this form is aggravated by the fact that a good actor, it seems to me, can give a fine performance of the most stupid and vile things and thus increase their evil influence."

I: "But not so very long ago you were yourself thinking of writing in the dramatic form and you even began some things?"

Tolstoy: "Did I really? It must have been when I was still under the influence of vainglory."

August 13, 1908

We were speaking of Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*, and of *The Revolutionist's Handbook* (mostly, in fact, of the latter) which is included in it.

Tolstoy: "It is witty and original but 'he has got more brains than is good for him.'[1] It is very, very interesting. His understanding of life is the same as ours. Only what we call 'God' he calls 'force, life-force.' (At this point Tolstoy read us something out of Shaw.) The only difference is that he connects this force with evolution."

I reminded Lev Nikolaevich of his objection, at one time, to the researches of Dr. MacDonald, who proved that rudiments of "religiosity" appear in the life of *sponges*.

Tolstoy (smiling): "Yes, yes, the very thing. One might agree with him; but if in sponges, why not go still further back and say: and also in those more primitive particles which form the sponges?"

August 13, 1908

Tolstoy: "In other arts there is something corporeal, but there is nothing corporeal in music."

August 28, 1908

After looking over the list of English authors who signed the Jubilee Address[2] to Tolstoy:

"I don't know them. There are no writers now who can tower head and shoulders above the rest (as didRuskin, Carlyle) as there were at the end of the last century . . . I am very, very grateful to all these nice people for their kind feelings towards me."

December 15, 1908

Speaking of the new, Decadence movement in painting:

Tolstoy: "The self-opinion, silliness and effrontery of the young

[1] Tolstoy applied the words used by the Statue to Don Juan in *Man and Superman* to the author himself.

[2] Received on the eightieth birthday among numerous congratulations from all parts of Russia and from abroad.

generation of artists is astonishing. Even in our day art was not serious enough, but they want it to be still more unseemly, still more immoral, still more disgusting."

End of January, 1909

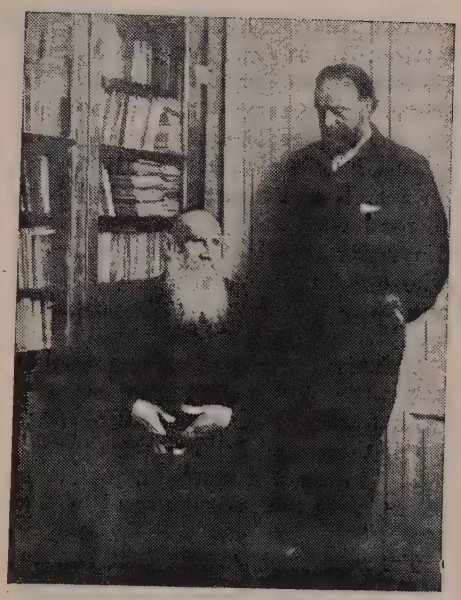
Tolstoy (speaking of Anatole France): "His incidental characters are vividly drawn; but the main ones—not sufficiently clear. Everything is described wonderfully. I admire him as I read."

Middle of March, 1909

Tolstoy (speaking of Victor Hugo): "He is one of the writers nearest to me. And as for those exaggerations of which there is so much talk, I can stand them all from him, because I feel his soul. Victor Hugo bares his soul to you, whereas all these Andreyevs[1]—you feel that they are trying to satisfy, entice, interest, touch *you*; Hugo, however, bares his own soul to you."[2]

September 4, 1909

As we were driving across Arbat Square, Lev Nikolaevich showed an interest in the new monument to Gogol. Since there was still plenty of time at our disposal, I asked the cabman to drive nearer to the monument and then suggested to Lev Nikolaevich that he should get out of the cab and take a better look at it. (L. N. is near-sighted, although he can see remarkably well at close range and does not wear spectacles.) As we were going up to it, we explained the sculptor's conception, which was to show Gogol amid the everyday life of the Moscow streets,



Tolstoy and V. Chertkov in 1908

gazing attentively before him, with bent head, into the faces of the people strolling along the boulevard, and striving to penetrate to their hearts.

"Why, how could anyone attempt such an impossible task," said Lev Nikolaevich, "as to try to express the soul of a man in cast iron!"

Then he examined the statue attentively and, when A. B. Goldenweiser[1] led him to a spot from which the expression of Gogol's face could be seen properly, Lev Nikolaevich remarked approvingly:

"Ah, yes, it is really a good view from here. Yes, the expression is good; you understand what the *artist wanted* to put into the face."

September 5, 1909

Tolstoy: "Bagrov's Grandson[2] is interesting because he himself de-

[1] Leonid Andreyev (1871-1919)—a Russian writer of the decadent school, with a strong tendency toward mysticism.

[2] Tolstoy regarded himself as a "great admirer" of Victor Hugo all his life. He placed him among the writers who will "outlive several generations" (from a letter to G. Ilgenstein, dated October 21, 1903). He included *Les Miserables* in his list of "examples of the highest art" in his treatise of *What Is Art?* (Chapter XVI).

[1] Goldenweiser (b. 1875), a gifted pianist and teacher, a prominent figure in the musical world.

[2] *The Childhood of Bagrov's Grandson*, by S. T. Aksakov, a Russian writer (1791-1859).

scribes his own impressions. In fiction, it is not very good for the author to describe things as he sees them. He ought to describe how this or that effects the characters."

Just before dinner the talk turned on art. I said how glad I had been to read what he had written in his diary about art: "Between the one who creates a work of art and the one who perceives it a common 'ego' is established."[1]

Tolstoy: "Yes, it has become clear to me that there is a higher meaning in art than I had thought until then: the merging in one 'ego'."

I: "In art this merging can take place both in a high and a low sense."

Tolstoy: "Yes, that's just it. But in a life filled with love it is always in the higher sense."

I: "But then union in art is possible with those with whom it would be impossible in the spiritual sense."

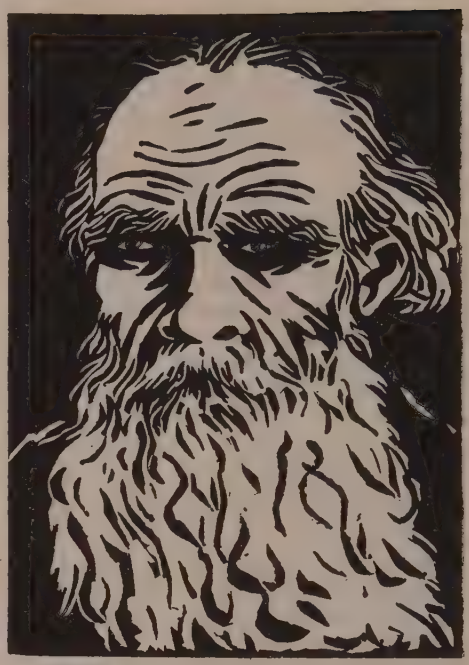
Tolstoy (animatedly): "That's perfectly true."

Tolstoy: "It is a curious thing—the attitude to writers. Now, Victor Hugo and Heine are, in spite of their exalted tone, very near to me, while Goethe is alien to me. The second part of *Faust* for instance—love in old age—what could be more disgusting? Ah! Simplicity—that is the true sign of the genuine, the serious and the necessary."

May 24, 1910

When I expressed the hope that he would begin on some artistic

[1] An allusion to the following entry, dated September 4, 1909, in Tolstoy's diary: "A work of art is a geniune work of art only when, perceiving it, it seems to one—and it not only seems, but one actually feels glad that he has produced a thing of such beauty. This is particularly strong in music. In nothing is the principal meaning of art, the meaning of unity, so apparent as in this: the 'ego' of the artist merges with the 'ego' of those perceiving, who are all merged in one." (From the unpublished diary of Tolstoy for the year 1909.)



By F. Masereel

literary work now, Lev Nikolaevich said:

"I would be very glad if I could accomplish what you so much want me to do—and write some work of art. I have some ideas. But what is wanted is sufficient inner need. In any case, *ce n'est pas la bonne volonté, qui manque.*"[1]

Summer 1910

Tolstoy (particularly touched by Goldenweiser's performance of a *ballade* of Chopin's):

"It always wakes the artistic strain[2] in me to hear people play. It is a very special, a very special way of communing with people."

[1] It is not good will that is wanting.

[2] This is confirmed by the entry in his diary, dated July 20th, 1907: "I want to write . . . 'Hands up!' which came into my head while Goldenweiser was playing." (The reference is to a work on the life of revolutionaries. It was called *There Are No Guilty People in the World*, and was begun in 1908, but never finished.)

P. A. SERGEYENKO'S NOTES

January 13, 1899.
Moscow

Tolstoy talked of Chekhov all the time and gave me his blessing on my journey to St. Petersburg.[1]

"After all, now Marx[2] has only to publish me and Chekhov, who is much more interesting than either Turgenev or Goncharov. I would be the first to acquire a complete set of his works. You can tell Marx so—that I insist."

January 27, 1899.
Moscow

At Tolstoy's. We sat talking in the lower drawing-room. Denissenko,[3] chairman of a law-court, was there. Comes from Taganrog. A pleasant youngish face with sparse beard. He speaks well and colorfully, but has something provoking to say about everybody. He was questioned in detail about the particulars of the court, what the prison was like in some place, what kind of bars there were, how and where the prisoners were allowed to see their relatives and so on.

Lev Nikolaevich is enthusiastic over Chekhov's *The Darling*. "This is a perfect gem. It is like litmus paper, it produces a variety of effects."

He quotes whole sentences from memory.

"How well he has caught the telegraphist's language! In *The Darling* we see woman's real love."

[1] P. A. Sergeyenko went to St. Petersburg, at Chekhov's request, to see the publisher A. F. Marx and discuss the question of acquiring the exclusive rights of publishing the works of A. P. Chekhov.

[2] A. F. Marx published complete sets of the classics as supplements to his magazine *Niva*.

[3] Ivan Vasilievich Denisenko (1851-1916), chairman of the Novocherkask District Court. He was married to Tolstoy's niece.

February 8, 1899.
Moscow

Tolstoy said of Chekhov that his artistic sense was amazingly developed.

"And just as an artist can, in spite of his technique and idealism, be uninteresting if he fails to focus the spectator's interest on his picture, so can a writer."

February 21, 1900.
Moscow

Lev Nikolaevich was very lively and talkative. An elderly lady, who smoked very often, was full of admiration for Salvini's[1] acting in *Othello*, which produced a very strong impression. Lev Nikolaevich had not been to see Salvini and was on the whole in a gentle frame of mind. He began to scoff at Salvini, saying that the old fellow ought to be ashamed of himself for going on with such silliness, posing and grimacing on the stage and above all things, in Shakespeare, where you could find gems like "the flinty and steel couch of war" being softer than "a bed of down" for Othello, and similar nonsense. And what was the use of it all. It was simply comical and at the same time disgusting when Rossi[2] with his great paunch (here he imitated the actor and it was very funny) started his affectations as Romeo and pretended to be a young man in love. Now who could care for that sort of thing, he would like to know. It was all like hanging on to a bridge.

"What do you mean by that?"

"It's a little story I made up, for myself. Some people were sail-

[1] Tomasso Salvini (1829-1915), Italian tragic actor of worldwide reputation, gave remarkable interpretations of Shakespearean characters. He was visiting Moscow and St. Petersburg at this time.

[2] Ernesto Rossi (1829-1896), Italian actor, famous for Shakespearean roles.

ing down a river, when it became very rough. Said one: 'Let us hang on tight to the boat.' The others said: 'No, it would be better if we caught on to this bridge we're coming to.' So they caught on to the bridge and hung there. And the boat went sailing away without them. And so they hung there, only to fall into the water in the end."

"And what does the boat stand for?"

"Life, moving ahead. People have created a trinity for themselves—Shakespeare, Beethoven and Raphael—and think they can hang on to it for ever."

Taneyev:[1] "Are you for the new, then, Lev Nikolaevich, and not for the old?"

Lev Nikolaevich was abashed for a moment.

"Of course I am for progress. And I am waiting. But if the new people are, so far, merely stupid, then I am not for the stupid."

And evidently wishing to say something pleasant to Taneyev, he added:

"Why did you leave so soon that time? I was just going to ask you to play for us and I found you had gone."

"You didn't want to hear Sergei Ivanovich at all, because you went off to see someone," said Sophia Andreyevna.

"Yes, but I came back afterwards," Lev Nikolaevich rejoined calmly.

July 5, 1900.
Yasnaya Polyana

Sophia Andreyevna, looking extremely distressed, told us that the other day Gorky had sent a very strange telegram with only one word: "Returning," and it had been addressed to Tula and they had to pay a ruble-fifty kopecks for a special messenger. Lev Nikolaevich explained that the telegram might be due to some queerness of Gorky's. His attitude to Gorky has undergone a considerable change for the worse.

"Yes, there is much that is vivid and interesting in him, but it is often exaggerated and rather coarse. I do not know, but I do not think he will create anything genuinely good. He has been extolled too much, and that may have a bad effect on him. But still I like him. And above all, how easily he has assimilated what is called civilization. It is a mistake to compare him with Chekhov; Chekhov is amazing and reminds one of Maupassant most of all. I read Chekhov practically all over again not long ago, and everything he has written is wonderful, but not deep, no, not deep. Looking at them from the outside, these are gems and even above comparison with earlier writers, Turgenev, Dostoyevsky or myself. But in Dostoyevsky's works, in spite of his really abominable form, there are often striking pages and I can well understand Taine's,[1] reading him over and over. You read him and you are absorbed because you feel the author wants to tell you the best that is in him, and he is writing too because he wants to pour out what has accumulated and matured in his soul. In the writers today, however, I do not feel that desire to tell me something. This is particularly plain in Chekhov. Even his manner is of a peculiar kind, like that of the Impressionists. You see the man dabbing on, without the slightest effort, any bright colors that happen ready to his hand, and there is no apparent relation between all those bright spots of color, but the general effect is marvelous. A brilliant and irresistibly effective picture is before you.

[1] Taneyev, Sergei Ivanovich (1856-1915), well-known Russian composer.

[1] Taine, Hippolyte (1828-1893), French philosopher, historian and critic.

"Not long ago I wrote three prefaces. . . . two I can remember. But what was the third? Ah, yes, I remember now . . . The first I wrote to a book on anarchism.[1] The second was for a book by two Japanese who were sent abroad by their government to study the economic theories and system of life in Europe and America.[2] They collected material very carefully over a period of some years and now they have published an extremely interesting book, in which, not being infected with European prejudices and idolization of the authorities on the science of economics, they have expressed many interesting and original opinions. The third preface I wrote to a book called *The Peasant* by the German writer, Polenz,[1] who is very little known; but everything he writes is excellent, excellent from every aspect. And I have made all this long introduction in order to tell you that in the preface to Polenz's book I say that the characteristic feature of every writer is that he focusses, as with a glass, all that is vivid to him. And if I had to define that focus of Polenz's in words, I would call it the poetry of peasant life. Being extraordinarily truthful and sincere, he is able to discern the bright, poetical side of the laboring peasant's life and

[1] The preface was in the form of a letter to P. Elzbacher, author of *Anarchism*.

[2] Preface to *Japanese Notions of European Political Economy* by Tentjaro Macato. Unpublished.

[1] A Russian translation of a novel by Wilhelm von Polenz was published with a preface by Tolstoy, under the title of *The Peasant*, by the *Posrednik* publishing-house in 1902.

Tolstoy and A. Goldenweiser playing chess at Yasnaya Polyana. Painting by A. Moravov

make it engrossing for his reader. In short, he has something to say."

I asked Lev Nikolaevich to tell us what Polenz's book was about, and with a few telling strokes he sketched some of the scenes and gave us a lively picture of a village life we did not know, but could understand. Particularly, fine and touching was the way he gave us the scene where the peasant, returning home drunk with money he has been given, falls asleep. His wife hides the money and will not give it to him to get drunk on, so he flies into a rage and beats her. He comes home dead drunk again and falls on the bed in a stupor. And while he is lying there in such an uncomfortable position, his sobbing wife, beaten and insulted, wipes her nose and cannot resist raising his hanging head and settling it in a more comfortable position. When he reached this point, a sob broke from Lev Nikolaevich and he concluded his tale in a voice choking with tears. It made a profound impression on us. Then, when he had taken himself in hand and finished the story, he said:

"And when I had finished reading that beautiful novel I felt vexed with myself for not having written one like it till now."

We expressed the hope that he would correct his omission, and, without raising any objection to that, he went on to speak of the wonderful influence of the peasant novels of Grigorovich,[1] which had had the necessary effect. Turgenev had done a great deal, too, in this respect; during serfdom he had thrown light on peasant life and set off its poetic side.

After this Lev Nikolaevich raised the question of whether criticism was at all necessary or not.

I said that if criticism is a necessary, organic adjunct of art and not merely something like an excrescence, it ought to be interwoven with painting, music and other arts. At the same time, while one can admit the necessity for the history of music or painting, it is really difficult to see the value of criticism with regard to pictures or music. The latter are only valuable to me in so far as they appeal to my direct feelings.

Goldenweiser did not agree with me and insisted on the value of musical criticism.

Lev Nikolaevich, it was evident, did not entirely agree either with Goldenweiser or with me and contented himself with the interjection "Hm!", his characteristic expression when he did not want to argue, but could not agree. As a concession to Goldenweiser I agreed that there is a certain value in publicist criticism, that is, criticism that defends or explains for convenient perception particular trends in particular works. But at this point Lev Nikolaevich declared that he could not stand that kind of criticism.

March 22, 1901.
Moscow

We were talking of Chekhov's plays. Lev Nikolaevich is against them and regards the enthusiasm of the public for them as a species of hypnosis.

"It looks to me like this: as soon as someone is swept up on the crest of the wave, the newspapers begin to praise him up to the skies and exaggerate his importance. They exaggerate and exaggerate until at last they turn him into an authority."

"And what about Shakespeare?" someone asked.

"The same with Shakespeare. Ah, how exaggerated it all is! A drama is a conflict between certain persons, represented in such a way

[1] Grigorovich, Dmitri (1822-1899), a well-known Russian writer.

Photo of Tolstoy presented by him to Chekhov in 1903

that each speaks from the standpoint characteristic of him, but so that the principal idea is felt everywhere."

Lev Nikolaevich asked for a copy of the *Simplicissimus*, a German satirical periodical, and began enthusiastically to translate some of the texts under the illustrations, marveling at the cleverness of the artists.

"I have seen this face. I know the person. This is a complete picture," and so on.

Then he translated the following dialogue between a young girl and a young man: "Why are you standing? Haven't you got anything to sit on?" "Yes, I've got something to sit on, but there is no chair." And Sophia Andreyevna observed: "How fond the Tolstoys are of silly rubbish like this."

September 11, 1901.
Gaspra, Crimea

Panina's country house looks like a medieval castle. Within—all is imposing and magnificent. There are great verandahs on which whole companies of soldiers might be accommodated. But a winding staircase leads to the upper rooms, and Lev Nikolaevich has to be carried up because of his weakness. He looks a very feeble old man. Sophia Andreyevna announced, as if it were a great event, that they were expecting Chekhov. Evidently he does not visit them very often. Lev Nikolaevich's face looked tired . . . Chekhov came. Things livened up. When they met, both Lev Nikolaevich and Sophia Andreyevna praised Chekhov's wife. To my surprise, when Chekhov came in he looked something of a fop, in the fashionable narrow trousers and "with the

free and easy bearing, almost that of a military man."

But Lev Nikolaevich was intoxicated with Chekhov and found everything about him splendid, agreed readily with him and smiled in advance when Chekhov was about to say something witty. Only once he dropped his almost wooing tone when he mentioned a play . . . Lev Nikolaevich said seriously that he was not looking for plays from Chekhov but the things that he was strongest in, and, praising *In the Ravine*, he quoted something from Chekhov. He went up to him a number of times and showed good will and even partiality for him.

December 9, 1903.
Yasnaya Polyana

Lev Nikolaevich has finished, in the rough, his work on Shakespeare and has started a biography. As we were sitting at the round table, talking about the theater, he suddenly leaned over towards me and, lowering his voice, said:

"I must tell you that when I was writing about Shakespeare, I thought to myself: 'It's all very well for you to write about Shakespeare's plays and show how bad they are, but try and write one yourself.'"

And his eyes glowed with animation. Thinking that he was started now on a long-desired subject, I said:

"Something dealing with the life of the people?"

"No, why of the people?"

We had brought a gramophone for Lev Nikolaevich, Sophia Andreyevna said that she "had been wanting to buy a gramophone for some time, and he had kept threatening to throw it out, but now you have brought it and he will probably be pleased."

I wound it up. Lev Nikolaevich had been told downstairs that I had brought one and he called out to Sasha: "The singers have come!" He was full of admiration for it, and for the sound-box membrane; he insisted that the amplifier be removed and evidently experienced a great deal of pleasure at hearing certain records (old ballads, "Troubadour" and so on). But he laughed heartily over "A Pair of Bays," because the singer tried to be very emotional. Of Archangelsky's[1] church hymns he said:

"Wonderful! You can feel the candles, the vestments and the incense rising from the censer."

September 2, 1904.
Yasnaya Polyana

We are at Yasnaya Polyana. Traveled with Stasov[2] and Ginsburg.[3] I was rather nervous on my arrival, but Lev Nikolaevich encouraged me by saying:

"I thought about you not so long ago . . ."

After dinner I asked what he was working on now. He talked, readily, about the new calendar, to which considerable additions had been made from the thoughts of wise men, under three divisions: metaphysical, religious, and scientific. I spoke of the copiousness and prolixity of Ruskin.

"Yes, yes, you're quite right," he said.

Stasov sat down at the table and, with an air of casual modesty and repeated shakings of the head, boomed:

"I've got a whole rigmarole to say to you, but first of all I would like to turn off the main road, and follow a by-path about something else."

"Very well, then, turn off and

[1] Archangelsky, Alexander Andreyevich (1846-1924), composer of religious music, conductor of the Archangelsky Choir, which was very well known in its day.

[2] Stasov, Vladimir Vasilyevich (1824-1906), noted Russian critic.

[3] Ginsburg, Ilya Yakovlevich (1859-1939), well-known Russian sculptor.

let's go," said Lev Nikolaevich with a smile.

"I have been told that you've written something on Shakespeare. Some compare him to Homer. But I say: 'Rubbish!' In Homer people don't talk like people. When Achilles opens his mouth, it means a hundred verses. Agamemnon replies with another two hundred. It's nonsense, I say. Now, in Shakespeare . . ."

"In Shakespeare . . ." Lev Nikolaevich tries to get in a word.

But Stasov is wound up and cannot stop.

"In Shakespeare it is all much more real, plain and human. Have you read *Troilus and Cressida*?"

"Yes, and . . ."

But Stasov goes on trumpeting:

"In *Troilus and Cressida* Shakespeare brings people down to earth, Shakespeare makes them talk . . ."

Lev Nikolaevich can no longer restrain himself:

"Let me speak, will you?"

Stasov drops anchor and bends his head suddenly.

Lev Nikolaevich begins with some agitation and now and again a break in his voice; then he goes on calmly:

"Of course you cannot compare Shakespeare to Homer, because Homer is a true poet and incomparable . . ."

"He has a whole chapter describing Achilles' shield."

"Yes. And when you read that charming tale, and the description of the shield, and how the oxen ploughed, you get the breath of poetry, while if you read a coarse, stupid thing like *Troilus and Cressida*. . . ."

"Eh, oh!" Stasov groans.

". . . a thing that I was obliged to read against my will, the only sensation I am clearly conscious of is that I have wasted my time."

Stasov is abashed, bewildered, agitated. When all is said and done,

Tolstoy demolishes the classics. Caricature published during his lifetime

it is Lev Tolstoy who is sitting before him, and Stasov has come a thousand versts to see him and will, perhaps, never see him again. But the argumentative strain in him is strong, and after a minute the Stasov flood bursts the dam of silence and begins to bubble and rumble and roar once more. He passes on to events of our own day . . .

They get on to the subject of art again. Stasov begins to take soundings as to when the work on Shakespeare and *Hadji Murad* and other works will be published. Lev Nikolaevich says, smiling:

"I have published so many foolish things, that I will have to leave something for after my death."

Stasov protests.

"But, in what way are those who are going to live after us better than we are, why should we be deprived of . . ." and so on.

But Lev Nikolaevich turns it off with a joke . . .

A minute later the argument is in full swing again. Stasov, who has evidently prepared several mines and bullets against Lev Nikolaevich, raises a question of art.

"You say the aim of art is to infect. To infect whom?"

"People."

"Well, let us suppose I am sitting in my room playing the piano, better than I have ever played. Am I infecting someone? I am only infecting myself," Stasov concludes triumphantly.

Lev Nikolaevich stares at him in bewilderment—what is the man arguing against?

"Yourself, of course. If the artist cannot infect himself he will be dead. Therein lies the secret of art. And it is the ability to infect oneself with certain emotions that distinguishes the artist from the non-artist."

When Ginsburg handed a newspaper to Lev Nikolaevich, the latter said:

"Don't make attempts on my innocence."

He does not read the papers, and is particularly careful to avoid reading about himself.

"Lately they have begun to connect me with various events. And if one reads all that—one gets interested. And that is bad . . ."

The conversation turned on Chekhov. I had brought the proof-sheets of my article and asked him to take a glance at it. He pointed out an inaccuracy. He softened still more when speaking of Chekhov. But one thing grieved him: Chekhov's unbelief, and above all, his blind, slavish faith in science.

We talked about Lev Nikolaevich's work. He had planned a great deal and written an article *Shakespeare and the Drama*, *The Forged Coupon* and *The Corpse*. The chapter on Nicholas I from *Hadji Murad* had been made into a separate work.

February 8, 1905.
Yasnaya Polyana

The talk is all of the latest news. Lev Nikolaevich says:

"I have not read a paper for five months. And that is splendid. Newspapers are like cigarettes: smoking them is bad, but it is still worse when others blow the smoke in your face."

Nevertheless, the talk naturally turns on St. Petersburg, and the latest happenings . . . Speaking of the events of January 9, I am carried away, then I remember Tolstoy's words about "blowing smoke" and break off, saying:

"No, no, I'm not going to blow smoke in your face."

"No, do go on talking. It is very interesting," says Lev Nikolaevich, courteously and as though interested.

I begin again, warm to my subject, then break off again, and so on. I ask about the people who have been here.

Tolstoy and Chekhov at Gaspra (Crimea), in 1903

"A few days ago there was a man called Bourdain from the staff of the *Matin*. A useless sort of gentleman. Knows everything about the most frivolous things, knows with whom this or that dancer is living, and all the rest of it, but doesn't know Pascal, has never read him . . ."

Then we talked of Tolstoy's work. He has finished an article lately on current events and then set to work again on the calendar, that is, on the *Cycle of Reading*. This work engrosses him, gives him the opportunity of working a little and of being constantly in an atmosphere of wisdom. He reads a great deal, makes notes, writes short biographies and prefaces. The *Cycle of Reading* is divided into days, weeks, and months. The weeks are mostly filled with fiction. He is particularly enthusiastic about Dickens, is reading him for the second time and recalls whole scenes.

"And do you remember in *Dombey and Son*, when that fellow comes into Dombey's and puts some banknotes down on the table and then his watch, and then the silver spoons and when he has done all this, he blows kisses to the ladies with his hand?"

He becomes animated when he speaks of Dickens of whom he was, to quote his own words "always, always very fond."

When I asked if Dickens had any influence on him, he acknowledged it, "but, as I have already told you, Stendhal had most influence on me of anyone."

He had once heard Dickens give a reading at a literary gathering in London.

"He read beautifully and with his lean but strong figure produced a powerful impression. There was something I wanted to speak to him about. I was very interested in the school question at that time."

"Why didn't you go up to him and make his acquaintance?"

"Because it has but recently

become the custom for people when they want something to just go ahead. In those days there was nothing like that."

In his *Cycle of Reading* Lev Nikolaevich includes Chekhov's *The Darling*, to which he has written a charming preface . . . Nevertheless, *The Darling* is not popular at Yasnaya Polyana. Sophia Andreyevna cannot bear it. And to annoy Lev Nikolaevich, she says:

"Sasha didn't like *The Darling* either."

"She hadn't read my preface then."

"She ought to have her own opinion."

"Of course, but she simply didn't understand the story, that's all."

When the conversation turned on Dickens again, Lev Nikolaevich remembered that Turgenev had once called Dickens' description of the vine-harvest "a mannered, Dickensian description."

"Turgenev had a fine taste, but sometimes he made mistakes. And it is a splendid description."

At dinner Lev Nikolaevich showed me a pocket notebook with leaves alphabetically arranged, that could be taken out. He promised that he would write a page of memoirs every day. And for some time he kept his word. Then he missed several days. The memoirs were kept chronologically as far as this was possible.

Of Gorky he says:

"I wanted to choose something of his for my calendar but he has nothing in a good spirit. There is never a page of Dickens that does not charm you. The Christmas stories are rather trite, like a hackneyed tune."

Speaking of the articles on himself, he remarked:

"Now, of what interest is it to anyone to know how I drink my tea? It was the same way with Beethoven — they pictured him naked. What do I care what kind of hips he had?"

Of Volynsky[1] he said:

"His criticism is good when he goes against routine. But his *Leonardo da Vinci* isn't quite the thing."

And of Volynsky's *A Book of Great Wrath*:

"Why did he choose such an awful title for it?"

More talk about the calendar. Lev Nikolaevich regrets that he did not note down the sources. It will be a terrible job for the translators. The Germans, for instance, will have to either translate Schopenhauer from the Russian or search all through his works. There was a short story, *The Watchmaker* (a comparison between the work of the watchmaker and the attitude of man to man), which Lev Nikolaevich re-named *How to Live* and then scrapped it altogether.

"No, this will have to be thrown out. It is from a letter and is not sufficiently deep . . ."

Lev Nikolaevich is very exacting; in working on the external appearance of the calendar, he reads the proofs, makes notes where words should be in italics, and so on.

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[1] A. Volynsky is the author of a book of articles on Dostoyevsky collected under the title of *A Book of Great Wrath*.

DOCUMENTS

Two Letters by Frederick Engels on Literature

We have already had occasion to draw the attention of our readers to the fact that Marx's and Engels' literary heritage contains many observations on various problems of literature and art. (See *International Literature* No. 12, 1939, p. 84.)

Special and well deserved attention has been drawn by a letter addressed by Engels to the German authoress Minna Kautsky. In it Engels defined with remarkable precision and clarity the role and task of tendentious literature in the history of man.

On the occasion of the 120th anniversary of Engels' birth, we print this letter, as well as one addressed to Lassalle, discussing vital problems facing playwriting. They are translated from the German. The value of his observations is enhanced by the fact that they outline the path along which dramaturgy will inevitably develop in the future. The eighty years which have elapsed since that letter was written have fully confirmed the ideas expressed by Engels.

The letter to Lassalle discloses the great importance Engels attached to literary problems. This is evident from the very fact that he had read Lassalle's play four times before pronouncing judgment.

The reader, of course, must bear in mind that these letters were not intended for publication. While expressing on the whole a favorable opinion of the works by Minna Kautsky and Ferdinand Lassalle, in which he saw first shoots of Socialist literature, Engels carefully and tactfully pointed out to them the basic weaknesses of their works.

A number of other statements and observations on literary problems by Marx and Engels which hitherto have not been translated into English, will be printed in *International Literature* in 1941.

LETTER TO MINNA KAUTSKY

London, November 26, 1885.

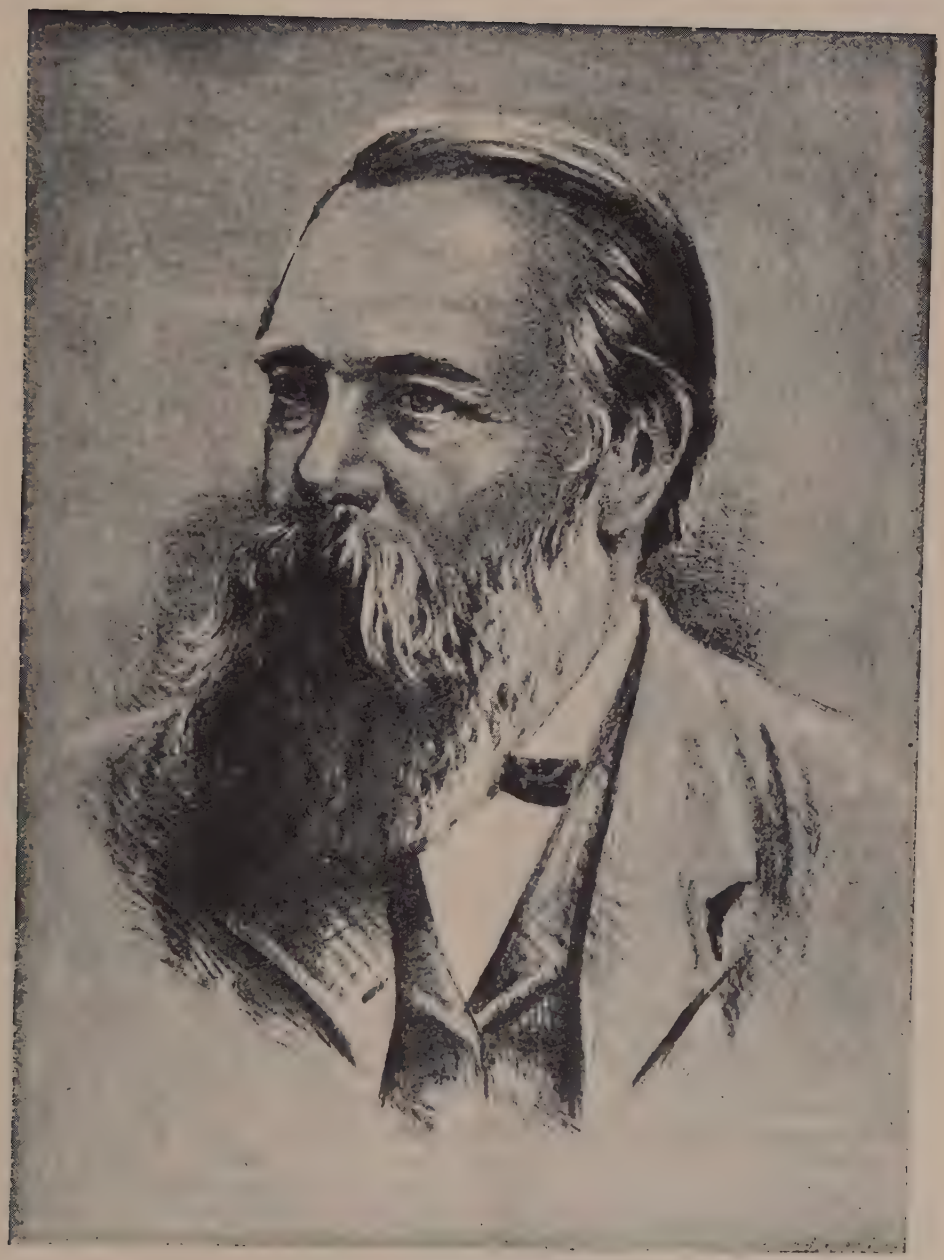
Dear Mrs. Kautsky:

(Permit me to use this simple form of address—why should two people like ourselves indulge in pomposities?)

First of all, hearty thanks for your kindness in remembering me. I am very sorry I did not have the opportunity to spend more time with you here; I assure you I was infinitely pleased for once to make the acquaintance of a German authoress who has not given up being a plain woman—I had been unfortunate in this respect, since I had known only those affected "educated" Berlin ladies whom you would not send back to their pots and pans for the only reason that they would make even a worse mess of it than with their pens. And so I hope that you will *soon* cross the Channel again, and I'll have a chance to take you on some rambles about London and environs, and we shall tell each other all sorts of yarns, so that the conversation doesn't get too serious.

I believe you readily when you say that you don't like London. Years ago I felt the same way. It is rather hard for one to get used to the sullen air and the mostly sullen people, to the spirit of aloofness, the class divisions in social life, and life behind closed doors as prescribed by the climate. One must keep down somewhat the animal spirits one acquires on the Continent, one must let the barometer of his joy of life drop from about 760 to 750 milimeters, until one gets gradually accustomed to it. Then, little by little, as one begins to feel at home, one finds that the place has its good sides, too, that the people are, on the whole, more straightforward and reliable than in other places, that no city is better suited than London for scientific research, and that the absence of police chicaneries is also worth something. I know and love Paris but if I were to make a choice, I would prefer to live in London. To really enjoy Paris one must be a Parisian himself, with all the prejudices of the Parisian, with interest primarily in things Parisian, with the conviction that Paris is the center of the world, that it is everything in everything. London is uglier, but still it is more magnificent than Paris; it is the real center of world commerce, and there is also more variety in it than in Paris. At the same time, London allows one to assume an attitude of absolute neutrality to one's surroundings—which is indispensable for scientific, and even artistic, objectivity. One admires Paris and Vienna, one hates Berlin; with regard to London, however, one maintains an attitude of neutral indifference and objectivity. That also is worth something.

Apropos of Berlin. I am glad that this ill-starred town is finally succeeding in becoming a metropolis. But already Rahel Varnhagen said seventy years ago that in Berlin everything is *shabby*, and so it seems that Berlin wants to



show the world how shabby a metropolis can be. You must send all the Berlinians to their forefathers, conjure up more or less tolerable surroundings and rebuild the place from top to bottom; then you may, perhaps, make something decent out of it. You will hardly succeed, however, as long as *that* dialect is spoken there.

I have now read *The Old and the New*,[1] for which I send you my hearty thanks. The life of the salt miners is depicted as masterfully as that of the peasants in *Stefan*.[2] Your descriptions of the life of Viennese society are also very fine for the most part. Vienna is indeed the only German city with society; Berlin has only "well-known circles," and even more unknown ones. That is why Berlin provides material only for novels dealing with literary people, officials and actors. I wonder whether the motivation of the action in this part of your work is not too hasty in parts—you can judge better than I; many things which seem that way to me, may happen quite naturally in a city like Vienna, with its peculiar international character combining the elements of Southern and Eastern Europe. I also find in both parts the usual distinct individualization of the characters: each is a type, but at the same time also a definite individual—a "This One," as old Hegel would say; and that is as it should be. Still, for the sake of objectivity, I must also find something to object to, and so I come to Arnold. He is really too brave, and when in the end he perishes in a landslide one can associate this with poetic justice, for one is tempted to say: he was too good for this world. It is always bad, however, for the writer to admire his own hero, and it seems to me that to a certain extent you are guilty of this very mistake. In the case of Elsa, there is a certain amount of individuality, although her character is rather idealized; but in the case of Arnold the person is still more submerged in the principle.

The roots for this defect is evident from the novel itself. You obviously felt the need, in writing this book, to take sides openly, to profess your convictions for the whole world to hear. This you have done; it is something you have now left behind and you need not return to this form. I am by no means opposed to tendentious poetry as such. The father of the tragedy, Aeschylus, and the father of the comedy, Aristophanes, were both of them pronouncedly tendentious poets; the same may be said of Dante and Cervantes, and the best feature of Schiller's *Intrigue and Love* is that it is the first German tendentious drama. The modern Russians and Norwegians, who produce excellent novels, are all tendentious writers. But in my opinion the tendency must emanate from the situations and actions, without it being stated in so many words; and it is not the writer's duty to give the reader the future historical solution of the social conflicts which he describes. Moreover, under the present circumstances the novel reaches primarily bourgeois readers, people who do not directly belong to our circles; and in my opinion the Socialist novel fully serves its purpose if, by giving a true portrayal of conditions as they actually are, it shatters the prevailing conventional illusions, shakes the optimism of the bourgeois world and inevitably raises doubts

[1] Minna Kautsky's novel *Die Alten und die Neuen* appeared in the social-democratic magazine *Neue Welt* in 1884.—*Ed.*

[2] *Stefan von Grillenhof*, a novel by the same writer.—*Ed.*

as to the permanence of what exists. The novel thus fulfils its mission even when it does not offer any solution and even, under certain circumstances, when the author ostensibly takes no sides. Your profound knowledge and wonderfully fresh and lively depiction both of the Austrian peasants and of Vienna "society" will find full scope in this kind of novel; and you have already shown in your *Stefan* that you can treat your heroes with a subtle irony which testifies to the writer's mastery over his own creation.

Now, I must close with this, for otherwise you may become bored with me. Here everything goes on according to the usual routine... I am busy with my work; Lenchen, Pumps and her husband are going to see a sensational play in the theater tonight; and in the meantime old Europe is getting ready to stir somewhat again, for which the time is gradually arriving. I should but like to hope that it leaves me time to finish the work on Volume III of *Capital*. After that let it start!

With warm friendship and sincere admiration,

Yours, F. Engels.

LETTER TO FERDINAND LASSALLE

6 Thorncliffe Grove, Manchester
May 18, 1858.

Dear Lassalle:

You must have thought it strange that I did not write to you so long, and all the more so since I owed you an answer stating my opinion about your *Sickingen*. But that is just the reason that has kept me so long from writing. In the present dearth of fine literature I seldom have a chance to read a work like that, and it is years since I have read anything that would induce me to make a detailed analysis and to form a definite and fixed opinion. The trash we get is not worth the trouble. Even the few better English novels which I still get to read from time to time—Thackeray, for instance—could not evoke this kind of interest in me, despite their undeniable literary, cultural and historical significance. Owing to this protracted idleness, my judgment has become blunted, and it would require a long time before I permitted myself to express a definite opinion. Your *Sickingen*, however, deserves different treatment, and that is why I have taken that time. The first and second readings of your drama, which is, in every sense, as regards material and treatment, a national German drama, stirred me so much that I had to put it away for some time; all the more so since my taste which has grown coarse during these lean years has reduced me to such a state—I must admit it, to my shame—that sometimes even works of slight merit produce a certain effect upon me during the *first* reading. In order to be quite objective, quite "critical," I put *Sickingen* aside, *i. e.*, I let some acquaintances (there still remain here a few Germans with a literary education, more or less) borrow it from me. *Habens sua fata libelli* (each book has its fate)—if you let people borrow them, you seldom see the books again, and so it was with difficulty that I recovered my copy of *Sickingen*. I must tell you that the impression at the third and fourth read-

ings was the same as at the first; and seeing that your *Sickingen* can stand criticism, I am giving you my opinion.

I know that I am not complimenting you any too much when I say that none of Germany's present official poets could write anything like your drama. This is a fact, and one that is but too characteristic of our literature to be overlooked. To turn to the formal side now, I admired the ingenious way in which you develop the plot, and I was pleasantly surprised at the thoroughly dramatic quality of the play. To be sure, you have taken many liberties with the verse; these, however, are more disturbing in reading than they would be on the stage. I should have liked to read the stage version; it is certain that the play in its present form cannot be produced. I discussed it here with a young German poet (Karl Siebel), who is a countryman and distant relative of mine and knows quite a lot about the stage. He belongs to the Prussian Guard-Reserves, and as such may come to Berlin, for which eventuality I may perhaps take the liberty of giving him a few lines to deliver to you. He liked your drama a great deal, but he thinks that it cannot be produced on account of the long speeches during which only one actor would be busy while the others would have to go through all their gestures two or three times in order not to stand there just as extras. The last two acts prove conclusively that it is not difficult for you to make the dialogue racy and lively; and since it seems to me that, with the exception of a few scenes (which happens in every play), the same could be done in the first two acts too, I have no doubt that in doing the stage version you will give this circumstance proper consideration. The *contents and ideas* will necessarily suffer thereby, but that is unavoidable; and the complete fusion of the greater profundity and conscious historical content, which you justly attribute to the German drama, with Shakespeare's vitality and exuberance of action will be achieved only in the future, and perhaps not even by Germans. In that, at all events, I see the future of the drama. Your *Sickingen* is certainly on the right path; the principal characters *are* representative of definite classes and trends, and, consequently, represent definite ideas of their times; they are not motivated by petty personal desires, their motives lie in the historical currents by which they are carried along. But you would have achieved greater progress if these motives had been brought out in the course of the action itself, naturally, so to speak, in a living and active manner, so as to obviate more and more the recourse to argued debate (which, incidentally, I read with pleasure, for I found in it your old eloquence displayed before the Assizes or in the Popular Assembly). You yourself seem to make this ideal your goal, for you differentiate between the stage drama and the literary drama; I think that *Sickingen* could be converted, even though with difficulty (for it is certainly no mean task to achieve) into a stage drama in the indicated sense. Connected with this is the question of character delineation. You are quite right in coming out against the *bad* individualization prevailing at present, which is confined to smart trivialities and is an essential feature of the vanishing literature of the epigoni. Still, it seems to me that a person is characterized not only by *what* he does, but also by *how* he does it. And from this standpoint

I believe that no harm would be done to the underlying idea of the drama if the individual characters were more sharply delineated and a clearer line of distinction were drawn between them. The characterization of the *Old Man* is no longer adequate in our days, and in this respect, I think, you would have profited if you had taken more cognizance of Shakespeare's contribution to the development of the drama. But these are minor details, which I am mentioning only to show you that I have given thought also to the formal aspects of your drama.

Now, as regards the historical content, you have brought out very graphically the two sides of the movement of those days with which you were directly concerned, and you did it with justified reference to their future development: the national movement of the nobility as represented by Sickingen, and the humanistic theoretical movement and its further development in the sphere of theology and the Church—namely, the Reformation. In this respect I liked most the scenes between Sickingen and the Emperor, and the one between the legate and the Archbishop of Trier (here you have also succeeded by showing the contrast between the urban legate, with his esthetic and classical education and political and theoretical farsightedness, and the bigoted German clerical prince—in giving strictly individual characterizations, which at the same time follow directly from the *representative* nature of each of the characters); there is some striking character portrayal also in the scene between Sickingen and Karl. As for Hutten's autobiography, you are right in describing its *contents* as essential, but it was certainly a risky thing on your part to incorporate those contents in your drama. I also consider very important the interview in the fifth act between Balthasar and Franz, in which the former explains to his master the *really revolutionary* policy he should have pursued. It is then that the truly tragic element comes to the fore; and just because this element is so important, it seems to me that you should have indicated it somewhat more strongly in the third act where there are many opportunities for this. But I am again slipping into minor details. The stand taken by the towns and the princes of those times is also depicted in many places with great clarity; thus you practically cover the *official* elements of the movement of those times. But, it seems to me, you have not sufficiently emphasized the unofficial, the plebeian and peasant elements, as well as their ideological expression. In its own way, the peasant movement was also a national movement, also a movement directed against the princes, just as that of the nobility; and the gigantic dimensions of the struggle which attended it presented a striking contrast to the ease with which the nobility left Sickingen in the lurch, and reverted to its historic vocation of cringing. I therefore think that even with your conception of the drama, which, in my opinion, as you have seen, is somewhat too abstract and not sufficiently realistic, you should have paid closer attention to the peasant movement. The peasant scene with Jost Fritz is indeed characteristic, and the individuality of this "firebrand" is very correctly shown, even though it does not represent with sufficient force the then already rising tide of peasant agitation, as compared with the movement of the nobility. According to my conception of the drama, which insists that one must not

forget the realistic because of the ideal, one must not forget Shakespeare because of Schiller, the introduction of the wonderfully colorful plebeian social sphere of those times would have supplied additional material—material of an entirely different kind—to enliven the drama; it would have supplied an inestimable background for the national movement of the nobility which is enacted in the foreground; moreover, it would have placed that movement in its proper light. What an amazing variety of characteristic pictures is provided by this period, which marked the dissolution of the feudal ties among the beggar kings, destitute mercenaries and adventurers of every description—a Falstaffian background which, in *this* kind of historical drama, would have produced even a greater effect than in Shakespeare's plays! Apart from this, it seems to me that it is as a result of this very disregard of the peasant movement, that you have been led in a way to misrepresent the national movement of the nobility as well, and at the same time to let the *really* tragic element of Sickingen's fate escape you. In my opinion, the mass of the unattached nobility of those times did not think of forming an alliance with the peasants; their dependence on the income derived from the oppression of the peasants would not permit that. An alliance with the cities would have been more of a possibility, but such an alliance did not materialize, or it materialized only partly. The accomplishment of the national revolution of the nobility, however, was possible only in an alliance with the cities and the peasants, especially with the latter; and that, in my opinion, was precisely what constituted the tragic element—the fact that this fundamental condition, an alliance with the peasants, was impossible; that the policy of the nobility necessarily had to be a narrow one; that at the very moment it was prepared to assume the leadership in the national movement, the bulk of the nation—the peasants—protested against its leadership, and as a result it was doomed to failure. I cannot judge to what extent your assumption that Sickingen actually maintained some contact with the peasants is historically correct. But that is not the point. Hutten's writings, as far as I can remember, touch but lightly on the ticklish point of the nobility, and they seek to direct the anger of the peasants primarily against the priests. But I do not want by any means to dispute your right to conceive of Sickingen and Hutten as of men who intended to emancipate the peasants. At the same time, however, you also had before you the tragic contradiction in the position of these two men, placed as they were, on the one hand, between the nobility which was decidedly *opposed* to the emancipation of the peasants, and the peasants themselves, on the other hand. Here, in my opinion, lay the source of the tragic collision between the historically necessary postulate and the impossibility of accomplishing it in practice. By leaving out that factor, you have reduced the scope of the tragic conflict to the fact that instead of dealing directly with the emperor and his functionaries, Sickingen dealt only with *one* prince (although here, too, you show proper tact in introducing the peasants), and you let him perish merely on account of the cowardice of the nobility. This cowardice, however, would have been more fully motivated if there had been more stress on the rumblings of the peasant movement and on the fact that the sentiments of the nobility had grown conser-

vative as a result of the previous peasant rebellions and the "Poor Conrad" movement. In point of fact, this is but one way through which the peasant and plebeian movement could be introduced into the drama, and there are at least ten other possible ways which are just as good or better.

As you see, I am judging your work, both from the esthetic and from the historical aspect, by a very high standard—namely, *the highest*; and the fact that I must do so in order to offer an objection here and there, is the best proof of my high opinion of your work. It has been many years that, in the interests of the Party itself, criticism *among us* is necessarily expressed as frankly as possible; for all that, however, it is a cause for rejoicing to me and to all of us when we have additional proof of the fact that, whatever the sphere of endeavor, our Party always shows its capacity for penetration. That is what you have done in this case, too.

MIKHAIL KALININ

Art Workers Should Master Marxism-Leninism

Comrades, I was told that this was going to be a meeting of theatrical workers, actors—but it seems that the audience is a more representative one, there are workers in the field of all the arts. Nevertheless, I shall begin with the theater.

This art is one most closely associated with literature. The best works of great and talented writers are often merged with the stage. Recall, for instance, Shakespeare, Goethe, Pushkin, Griboyedov, Ostrovsky, and others. There is much in common between the art of the stage and literature. Not only does the stage complement a literary work, but in many cases it gives more vivid expression to the ideas contained in a work of literature, bringing them closer to the masses, making them more accessible, thereby contributing to a better understanding of that work.

Russian literature has contributed a great deal to the development of human thought, in which it holds a place of honor. Pushkin, Tolstoy, Gorky are great artists, writers who belong to the whole world; at the same time they are real Russian writers, who expressed their epochs and the character of the Russian people.

The growth of Russian literature and the enhancement of its importance has been accompanied by the growth of the Russian theater and the enhancement of its role in the development of our people. Already the works of Pushkin, Griboyedov, Gogol and Ostrovsky served to place the Russian theater on a firm basis, and the theater is indebted for this also to the work of those brilliant critics Belinsky and Dobrolyubov, who showed a profound interest in the development of the theater and in the artistic achievements of the actors. You all know what a high opinion Belinsky had of Mochalov's acting, and how many brilliant pages he devoted to his portrayals on the stage.

Our theatrical workers have glorious traditions to fall back on. I need but to mention a few names that are remembered by all people of culture in the U.S.S.R., such as, for instance, Novikov, the already mentioned Mochalov, Shchepkin, Maria Gavrilovna Savina, the Sadovsky family, etc. The very fact that these names have lived in the memory of people for a whole century speaks volumes of the importance and value of the stage in the cultural life of the nation.

The opera and ballet were further removed from the masses. The Mariinsky Theater in St. Petersburg and the Bolshoi in Moscow were patronized by the tsar's court, which meant that they were practically non-existent as cultural and musical centers for the people. Private, provincial opera theaters were

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A speech delivered to art workers on June 9, 1939.

weak, and the seats expensive. That is why the opera and ballet did not produce performers who might be called people's artists in the real sense of the term.

Nevertheless, despite the pressure from above and the profiteering practices of the owners of the private opera theaters, our country produced quite a number of brilliant composers and musicians. Take, for instance, Glinka, Dargomyzhsky, Balakirev, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, and particularly Mussorgsky, of whom the prominent Russian art and music critic Stasov said that "he is one of those to whom posterity rears monuments."

Russian pictorial art also developed steadily and persistently, despite the stifling atmosphere of the tsarist autocracy and landlords and bourgeois oppression. I need but mention such artists as Venetsianov, Fedotov, Kramskoy and, particularly, Perov and Repin. They were remarkable masters of whom the Russian people is justly proud.

You are seeking for ways in which to serve your people best. And you are doing the right thing when you turn to a study of Marxism-Leninism in your quest for these ways. But you must bear in mind that the study of Marxism-Leninism does not relieve you from the necessity of perfecting yourselves in your particular professions; on the contrary, it imposes upon you the duty to know your work well, to become masters of a high order in your art.

See how Russian artistic thought —literature, the stage, painting, etc.—all the so-called "fine arts" —served the people in the past. What was the power of art in those days? It consisted in the fact that the great artists used their gifts and skill to express the aspirations of the people as they understood them. And their achievements along these lines were considerable, for in their day they were the advanced representatives of Russian society. This can be easily traced in the history of Russian literature.

Take, for instance, Turgenev—one of the greatest Russian writers. There is a widespread opinion to the effect that he was mainly a first rate master of artistic form. But an analysis of his works shows that they have a social content as well. In his *A Sportsman's Sketches* we find against the background of nature the living characters of plain people, mostly peasants, presented vividly, in a really artistic form. Can there be anything more innocent and apolitical than these characters presented by Turgenev? Yet the best critics of his day, to whom the championing of the cause of the downtrodden masses was the decisive criterion in their appraisal of a literary work, hailed *A Sportsman's Sketches* with enthusiasm, for they found that the contents of those tales corresponded to their own convictions.

In *A Sportman's Sketches* serfs are represented as possessed of all human feelings, such as are characteristic also of so-called "cultured" people. Turgenev depicted the peasant serf as a man worthy of enjoying all human rights, just as all other men. True, the writer said nothing about these rights, but that was the idea which forced itself upon the mind and stirred the reader to thinking, which, under the conditions then existing, could not but have a political effect: Turgenev's tales aroused the ire of the serf-owners, but they encouraged and strengthened the progressive forces. Small wonder therefore that practically every new book of Turgenev's created a stir, caused a sharp struggle among the contending literary groups. I need but remind you of

Turgenev's *Fathers and Children* as a case in point.

All this goes to show that the importance of Turgenev's works was not confined to their artistic qualities, but that they had a social and political significance as well; and it seems to me that it was this significance that lent his works their particular artistic brilliance. Without their social and political content, Turgenev's works would not have occupied such a high place of honor in the history of Russian literature.

It may be stated confidently that Turgenev explored the progressive tendencies in Russian society and strove to depict them in his artistic works. In this way he contributed considerably to the development of Russian social thought, although he himself was far removed from the real fighters against the autocracy, against slavery, against the regime of Nicholas I, whom the people called Nicholas of the Stick, and against the regime of Alexander II.

Turgenev had nothing in common with Hertzen, Chernyshevsky and Dobrolyubov. He disliked people of the type of Bazarov. But his artistic honesty caused Turgenev to create characters who were typical of real life. His genius as an artist could manifest itself most vividly and fully only in the portrayal of real life.

Or take another outstanding writer—Chekhov. He is known as an inimitable master of the Russian language. He depicted characters (types) he came across in everyday life, in spite of himself, as if unable to contain all he saw. Could anybody suspect him of political tendentiousness?

But, as it happened, Chekhov saw no happiness and joy in the life of the people. On the whole, he drew a devastating picture of the Russian lower middle class and officialdom with their conservatism, stupidity and callousness. In his colorful and pointed descriptions he showed the existing political oppression, the spoliation of the peasants by the *kulaks* and landlords, the hopeless condition of the peasantry under the regime of tsardom and capitalism. Despite the exceptional terseness of his style, despite the absence of any external manifestation of his attitude towards the personages he depicted, he influences and affects the reader to such an extent that the latter cannot help drawing the necessary conclusions for himself.

It may be presumed that Chekhov's artistic observations caused him to think also of the means of delivering the people from existing oppression. But since he was a captive of the bourgeois *Weltanschauung*, he failed to see the true way to fight against the old world. In this respect, a letter of his, written to Suvorin[1] on November 25, 1892, is quite characteristic. "Bear in mind," Chekhov wrote, "that the writers whom we call eternal or merely good, and who have an intoxicating effect upon us, have one very important feature in common: they are headed somewhere and they are calling you to join them in their quest, and you feel—not with your mind, but with your whole being—that they have a definite aim, just as the ghost of Hamlet's father which had a set aim in appearing and stirring the imagination. Some—depending on their calibre—have an immediate aim: serfdom, the liberation of the country, politics, beauty, or simply vodka as in the case of Denis Davydov. Others have more remote aims: God, life after death, the happiness of mankind, etc. The best of them are real-

[1] Alexei Suvorin (1834-1912)—a Russian bourgeois publicist, well known in his day. — *Ed.*

istic and paint life just as it is; but because each line of their works is permeated, as if with a juice, with the consciousness of their aim, you feel not only life as it is, but also life as it should be, and this is what captivates you. But we? We! We paint life as it is, but we won't make a step further ... Not even if we were lashed with whips. We have neither immediate nor remote aims, and our soul is so empty you can play ball in it."

As you see, this great artist sought the cause of his creative limitations in the fact that he had no aims—neither "immediate" nor "remote." In his day, however, the true aim of "depicting life" could be only Socialism. And since this aim was inaccessible to him, he confined himself to the criticism of existing society, thereby preparing, in a way, the ground for the proletarian writers.

Maxim Gorky, in his novel *Mother*, was the first to present characters of revolutionaries from the ranks of the working class. He laid thereby the foundation of proletarian literature, which is aware of its "immediate" and "remote" aims and draws its strength from them.

Comrades, I have spoken here of Turgenev and Chekhov only for the reason that there is a long-established opinion according to which these writers never sacrificed artistic form to tendency. "To portray truth, the reality of life, with exactitude and power," Turgenev said, "that is the greatest happiness a man of letters can achieve, even if that truth does not coincide with his own sympathies." But life's reality depicted by a great artist was in itself the source of tendencies and stirred up political passions in society.

In the past, our literature was replete with profound social content. That was what made ours a people's literature. It engrossed people, developed them, inspired them to revolutionary action. This literature exposed the negative aspects of the existing bourgeois-landlord world, and delved into the problem of how to improve the life of the oppressed, of the suffering, of the poor.

In this respect, our literature was perhaps endowed with specifically Russian traits. Of course, there were special causes for that, but we are not at present concerned with them—we only emphasize these traits which were noted already by Engels. In one of his letters he said: "The modern Russians and Norwegians, who produce excellent novels, are all tendentious writers."

There is every ground to say the same of our music, painting, etc. Permit me to remind you of Mussorgsky once more. He produced many pieces on subjects dealing with peasant life, such as *Kalistrat; Sleep, Sleep, O Peasant Son; Yeryomushka's Lullaby*, some scenes in *Khovanshchina*; *Boris Godunov*, etc. In these musical pieces the dreary, cheerless existence of the serfs comes to life.

Mussorgsky, it may be said, has his counterpart in painting in the person of that remarkable people's artist Perov whom I have already mentioned. Peasant types and scenes are among the very best of his works. To these belongs *The Police Prefect Comes to Investigate*, *Scenes at a Railroad*, *Funeral*, etc. Perov also created many vivid paintings of an anti-Church character. All this shows that Perov was a painter of the people, a man who had a burning sense of anger and pain at watching the unbearable burdens and humiliation of the people.

Hence, our literature, music, painting, stage—in general our art in the person of its best representatives

never forgot that its role is to serve the people.

And yet, with a few exceptions, it expressed the ideas of the ruling classes, did not go beyond the limits of their world outlook, and fought only against the worst aspects of the old world. The popular nature of the main stream of our artistic thought consisted in the fact that it developed the progressive element among the ruling classes, which could not help leading, if only partially, to the development of the people as a whole.

"The ruling ideas of each age," Marx and Engels said, "have ever been the ideas of its ruling class, that is to say, the class which represents the *material* force in society represents its ruling *spiritual* force as well." This means that in each age the ruling class dominates not only in a material sense, but also in the spiritual sense, *i. e.*, the ideas of this class are the dominating ones.

Think of Gogol—how he castigated feudal, landlord society! There was hardly ever a man who could draw such an unseemly picture of the society in which he lived, as he did. Yet Gogol always remains a true son of his class.

Chekhov, as I have said, that great master of the written word, subjected the society in which he lived to devastating criticism. Yet, Chekhov, too, did not get out beyond the limits of the bourgeois *Weltanschauung*.

Comrades, at present in our country the guiding, leading—in this sense the ruling—class is the working class which is building classless Socialist society, Communism, in fraternal alliance with the collective farm peasantry. The material wealth of the Soviet Union belongs to the working class and the collective farm peasantry, *i. e.*, to the whole people. Hence, the quite natural conclusion: if the Soviet intelligentsia wants to occupy the place which the progressive intelligentsia occupied in the past, *i. e.*, if it wants to march in the front ranks along the road of progress, if it wants to play a leading part in the building of Socialism, if it wants to shape and advance human thought—then it must master Marxism-Leninism, the world outlook of the working class.

The point is, comrades, that we are the first actually to build Socialism. No one ever built it anywhere before. There were utopias, fantasies about the building of a Socialist society. There were indeed many such fantasies. But we are really the first to build a Socialist society on the basis of scientific Socialism. And it stands to reason that every step we are making in our forward movement requires a tremendous effort of human thought.

You are well acquainted with the history of old Russia. When it was necessary to reform some government department, people were sent abroad where they studied their model, returned to Russia, and here applied it with great caution so as not to become infected by liberalism. Even that great reformer, Peter I, imported most of his innovations from abroad.

But we, alas . . . have nowhere to go for our models. *(Stormy applause, laughter.)*

There was a time when we workers, members of the underground Marxist Party, took lessons in class struggle from the workers of Western Europe, whose political development and organization were our ideal. There was a time when I, personally, would dream that I might one day become a member of a Russian parliament in which I would represent the workers' party. That was what I thought. Of course, that was a bit of fantasy . . . *(Laughter.)* But now, as you see, my fantasy has been more

than fulfilled. We have all become builders of Socialism. This is a leap which has no parallel in history. Perhaps there are some among you who know history better and can point out at least something resembling this leap? *(Laughter, applause.)*

Well, so we are the first builders of Socialism. History has accorded us this great honor. Just think what that means! A thousand years hence mankind will study the history of Socialism, and they will be filled with admiration and wonder that such plain people were the first builders of Socialism. This is a great honor. True enough, in a thousand years from now this honor will hardly affect us to any appreciable extent . . . *(Laughter.)* But the thought that one day we will be remembered for this great historic feat performed in the interests of mankind cannot but inspire us today. *(Applause.)* You, as workers in the field of the arts, feel and know this particularly well.

And so, in order to advance thought and to fully translate the ideals of Socialism into life, we must master the theory of Marxism-Leninism. Human thought cannot progress, the Socialist organization of society cannot progress, the building of Socialism cannot progress, unless people master fully this revolutionary theory, the theory of the most advanced and progressive class which is destined to overturn the world, purge it of all exploitation and bondage, and create circumstances and conditions of life such as are worthy of man. This, comrades, is why we must study the theory of Marxism-Leninism.

Here I see before me workers in the field of the arts—an important section of the Soviet intelligentsia. The intelligentsia in the past considered itself the salt of the earth. The Soviet intelligentsia is actually on the way to become the salt of the earth; it already occupies in our life a place such as the intelligentsia has never held in any capitalist country. *(Applause.)* That, comrades, is why it is necessary for the Soviet intelligentsia to study Marxist-Leninist theory. This refers particularly to the workers in every field of the arts.

I have told you that once upon a time I dreamed of representing the workers' party in a Russian parliament. That was my romantic dream. But you, too, have romantic dreams, haven't you? Certainly you want to become active public figures, doing the maximum of useful work for the Soviet state. Certainly you are striving to advance Socialist construction, Socialist thought. Does not this idea live in the mind of every one of you? *(Applause.)*

But the question may be justly asked: How is this life-giving idea to be put in practice? You are all workers in the field of the arts, and you ought to know particularly well in what way service to the people should be manifested and how practically to translate it into life.

One can serve the people most effectively, it seems to me, only by mastering the theory of Marxism-Leninism—even if in general outline; and—what is more difficult—by learning to apply it in one's practical work. The point is that the work of any artist in our age should be based on Socialist realism. This is a matter that is widely discussed nowadays. It has become, in a way, the requirement of our times. Take, for instance, an actor. If he definitely follows the principles of Socialist realism, his success may be considered secured even if he is a man of average talent. But one cannot become a Socialist realist unless one has mastered Marxism-Leninism.

What, then, is Socialist realism? I know that this question interests you, and you are undoubtedly preparing to tell me: "Explain in clear terms, give us a concrete definition of Socialist realism. We often discuss this question among ourselves, but we have not come to any concrete conclusions." Am I right or not? I think I am. So now I shall try to share with you my idea of Socialist realism. I shall tell you what I understand Socialist realism to mean.

I think that in art, form is the outward material manifestation of human ideas and emotions. But the feelings and ideas of social man are always determined by social conditions. Thus, for instance, it is easy to guess what an unemployed, hungry person thinks and feels. It may be assumed without any doubt that his prevailing feelings are those of anger and hatred for the sated, that he is primarily preoccupied with the thought of putting an end to unemployment. Millions of such people stamp their impress on life in capitalist society: it may be seen in the streets, in the outward appearance of cities and villages, in the very faces of men. That gay song, *Great and Vast Is My Own Land*, which is so frequently sung in our country and yet sounds each time as if new, could not be so popular among the masses in capitalist countries.

Belinsky was right when he said: "Art without thought is the same as a man without a soul—a corpse." Indeed, imagine an artist who has undertaken to draw types of, say, American unemployed or workers who live only on their wages. Can he produce a work of art, if the interests, feelings, sorrows and joys of these people are alien to him? At best he may produce a technically well-executed portrait, a photographic resemblance to the original.

Hence the conclusion: people who share the standpoint of formalism, either pursue political aims, try to conceal the social ailments and sufferings of the toilers, as is generally done in capitalist countries by champions of the capitalist system; or else they engage in meaningless technical exercises, in counting the beads of a rosary.

Only the artist who is imbued with a thorough understanding of all the feelings and thoughts of his characters, who can see and feel the hopelessness in the gaze of the unemployed, who can read in the eyes of the employed worker his fear of losing his job—only such an artist will find—even without any conscious effort, as it were—the vivid words, expressive gestures, the intonation, colors and melody which will enable him to create a real, living character.

The creation of a form requires a tremendous exertion of thought, profound emotions and great knowledge. Consequently, in the last analysis, form, too, depends on social relationships, on the class struggle. The strong influence exerted by Russian literature and art in the past can be explained only by their profound social content and realistic tendency.

Realism was defined by Belinsky about a hundred years ago. Realism is the unity of form and content, the combination of a faithful description of the outward appearance of a phenomenon and a profoundly truthful depiction of its inner content.

Belinsky's was an admirable school. It contributed greatly to the enlightenment of our writers and artists and to the tremendous progress of our arts and literature.

Socialist realism is, of course, also characterized by the unity of form and content. But there is a difference between Socialist real-

ism and the previous, pre-Socialist realism.

We know, for instance, that the most outstanding realistic writers and artists of capitalist society did not get beyond the confines of that society, as is vividly confirmed by Chekhov's letter to Suvorin.

We live in a Socialist society. That is why the position of our realist writers is fundamentally different both in their relation to society itself and to their own heroes and characters.

In the past century Russian writers carefully searched for positive types in Russian life. We need but mention such characters as Chatsky in Griboyedov's *Wit Works Woe*, Pushkin's Onegin, Pechorin in Lermontov's *A Hero of Our Time*, Insarov in *On the Eve* and Bazarov in *Fathers and Children* by Turgenev. All the mentioned works belong to the greatest works in our literature. But their artistic value is immense precisely for the reason that they depicted negative types; they did not succeed, however, in creating heroes whom the people would set up as an example. All the enumerated characters were "superfluous people."

Did there exist in those times men and women who could serve as prototypes for such heroes? I think there were. There were the Decembrists, [1] Belinsky, Chernyshevsky, Dobrolyubov, Hertzen. It is obvious that the noblemen's literature could not depict such heroes due, on the one hand, to the restrictions of the censorship, and, on the other—and this is most important—to the ideology and political views of the writers themselves. That literature could not rise to the level of these champions of the people's cause owing to its social limitations.

The quest for the positive hero in literature ended with Turgenev. The Russian bourgeoisie, before it ever reached political and cultural maturity, already dreaded the revolution more than reaction. This found an acute expression in art and literature, taking the form of naturalism, formalism, symbolism, impressionism, etc.—in a word, the form of every sort of decadence.

With the appearance of Gorky, literature again assumed a militant social significance—particularly after the publication of his novel *Mother;* here the heroes are workers. This, in a way, established the fact that the struggle for everything progressive was thereafter carried on by the working class.

The Soviet writer has no difficulty in finding prototypes for his positive characters and heroes. There are millions of such people in our country. In the Regulations of the Union of Soviet Writers we read:

"Socialist realism, which is the principal method of Soviet literature and literary criticism, demands of the writer the truthful, historically concrete depiction of reality in its revolutionary development."

To a certain extent, Malyshkin's novel *People From Remote Places* may be cited as an example of this kind of work. Here the author shows in a remarkably concrete and truthful fashion how people from remote, out-of-the way towns grow and mature in the course of their work on big construction projects. In our country such growth is taking place everywhere, in every sphere of human activity.

Is it not remarkable, for instance, that the growth of the idea of the Socialist state and of Soviet patriotism in our country has nothing comparable in old Russia or in any capitalist country? Where, in what country, at what historical juncture

[1] The Decembrists were the organizers of the revolutionary movement which culminated in an uprising against Nicholas I in December, 1825.—*Ed.*

(except, perhaps, in 1812, in connection with Napoleon's invasion of Russia) has the people been so profoundly imbued with a spirit of patriotism as in our country in the era of Soviet power?

At present the masses in the U.S.S.R. are daily occupied with the thought of the building of Socialist society. The private interests of Soviet citizens are becoming bound up to an ever greater extent—and quite consciously at that—with the interests of the Socialist State. This also contributes to the growth of patriotism and love for the Socialist fatherland, which is manifested in every possible form.

You, as artists, understand full well that in our country every person devotes now ten times—nay a hundred times—more thought to the interests of the Socialist State, the interests of Socialist society, than was the case with regard to the interests of the state and society in old Russia, or is the case in any contemporary capitalist country. There people are less concerned with the interests of society. We are more concerned with such interests. Hence, the interests of society, the interests of the State, occupy, if we may say so, much more room in the mind and the day-to-day life of every Soviet citizen than was ever the case before. This, it seems to me, is an undeniable fact. And that is why this most important trait must be fully emphasized and stressed in everything you create for the stage, on canvas or in a book.

Formerly, there was no such trait in the human character. Formerly, people in our country had no love for the state. They had no love for its armed forces. They had no love for the government. There was no love for any of those instruments of force against the people.

Now things are entirely different. Take, for instance, our army: it is a fact that it enjoys the love of all sections of the population. *(Stormy applause.)* This is an expression of the new trait, of the new attitude of the people toward their Socialist state, for the army is one of the most important institutions of the state.

In the course of the existence of the Soviet system, the population of our country accumulated many new traits in their everyday life, traits unknown to the capitalist world. For instance, in our stores you can often witness such scenes as when someone discovers that he has not enough money to pay for the things he bought, and others immediately come to his assistance and lend him the amount he needs. In the street car, trolleybus, autobus, or in the metro it is considered the normal thing to pay the fare of a passenger who happens to be out of change. This is a minor detail, of course, but it is characteristic of our system and social relationships. People in our country acquire Socialist traits without even noticing it themselves.

If you want to depict Socialism, do not force your imagination; you have at hand a vast amount of good material accumulated in the course of twenty years. In our country, Socialism is not a dream, but living reality. This real, not fantastic, Socialism requires a powerful brush in the hands of the artist, whether he be a writer, actor, painter, singer, musician, sculptor, or architect. Something is being accomplished along these lines, but not quite enough.

Moreover, when you "depict life" truthfully, you have to bring out not only those traits that are obvious to everyone, but also those which it is difficult for the ordinary eye to notice. Suppose the character you are depicting is clumsy. Show his clumsiness, but at

the same time emphasize those inner traits that are not so noticeable, and yet are typical of our people. For instance, love for the country—it expresses itself in many different ways in the case of different persons. You must find and show this love, and do it not by way of theoretical speculation, but in a concrete manner.

Michelangelo's Madonna is beautiful, and everyone admires her. But I am certain that a plain, not bad-looking girl speaks more to the heart of a living man than the Madonna. *(Laughter.)*

So, now is the time we realized at last that we should love our Socialist country not only theoretically, but quite concretely, that is to say, with its fields, forests, factories, mills, collective farms, state farms; with its Stakhanovites—men and women—with its Young Communists. We must love our country with all the new things that exist in the Soviet Union, and we must portray our country in all its beauty—not in the way I am delivering my speech to you, but in a really vivid, artistic manner. If our artist will thus love his Socialist country, his eyes will become open to all the great and living things that are being done in the Land of Soviets, and his love will become filled with profound, live, real content.

But there is still another very important demand which must be borne in mind by the artist who wants to be a Socialist realist. Our old literature and art were great, not only by virtue of their artistic truthfulness, but also, and particularly, by virtue of the fact that they always searched for better ways and for a better system of life for the people. Of course, today it may be said that in those days people were often mistaken, did not follow the right path, etc. But the fact remains that they did search for new ways. Soviet art and literature should follow that noble tradition.

For every artist wants to convey some idea to the spectator or reader. A Socialist realist must depict reality, living reality, without any embellishment. But at the same time his work must contribute to the progress of human thought. The writer who does not set himself this aim is but half a writer; the artist who does not set himself this aim is but a semi-artist.

That is why it is the duty of every Soviet worker in the field of the arts—of those who want to be with the people, who want to be in the front ranks of the fighters for Socialism, who want to contribute part of their "ego" to the building of the new world—to produce such works as will impel people forward, to the most lofty and noble goal, that of building Communist society; it is their duty to instil in the people the love for their country, of selfless devotion to the Party and a willingness to translate its ideas into life, so that the system which is the embodiment of these ideas may be cherished by the people more than anything else in the world, that our youth may be filled with an ardent ambition to become best fighters for the cause of Lenin and Stalin.

Does this mean that the artist must refrain from describing, depicting and representing negative types and phenomena? Not in the least. The fact that we are fighting for Communism, that we have to break down remnants of the past, and further the growth of the new life, implies that negative types and phenomena still exist. Nor must you forget that we are surrounded by capitalist countries exerting constant pressure upon us, going to such lengths as sending spies and wreckers into our country. If the artist were to overlook al

these facts, it would mean that he has failed to grasp life in all its entirety and completeness, that he has failed to fulfil the principal requirement of Socialist realism.

Hence, it is by marching in step with the most advanced section of the people, *i. e.*, with the Communist Party, that artists can become Socialist realists in practice.

The theory of Marxism-Leninism is progressing. Comrade Stalin is developing and enriching this revolutionary theory which has become dominating in our country.

Now, more than two decades have elapsed since the Soviet system has been established in our country and the world outlook of the proletariat has become its prevailing philosophy. It is high time the workers in the field of the arts mastered the advanced revolutionary theory of the proletariat—Marxism-Leninism. This theory enriches people to an extraordinary extent, it develops their minds and opens up vast creative horizons to them.

Apart from everything else, there is really no road an honest man can follow save march shoulder to shoulder with the Communists. The reactionary forces of capitalism want to turn the wheels of history back. It goes without saying that history has cruel punishment in store for those who would obstruct its course. In the meantime our country remains the sole custodian of all the cultural heritage of the past and the sole motive power of human progress.

We Bolsheviks are modest people, we harbor no plans of conquest. But still we expect to conquer the whole world by our ideas; we even hope to expand . . . the universe.

But if we are to cope with these tasks our intelligentsia and particularly our workers in the field of the arts must arm themselves with the advanced theory of Marxism-Leninism, with the theory of the most revolutionary class in the world—the proletariat. *(Loud applause, growing into an ovation. All rise. Shouts: "Long live the Bolshevik Party!" "Long live the great Stalin, hurrah!")*

Izvestia, June 10, 1939.

IVAN KOROBOV

As told to A. Bek

Forty Years at the Blast Furnace

I started work in the iron and steel industry at the age of 15. My childhood was spent in a village in the Orel province.

Just a few words about life in the village. We lived in a dark hut; there was no chimney and the smoke was coming out of the door. A piece of heavy burlap was hung on the open door to keep the place warm, and the smoke gradually crept out through the small space between the burlap and the floor. When the stove was fired, the smoke almost choked you. You had to lie down on a wooden bench with your feet up to keep them warm and your face down almost touching the floor; breathing was a bit easier that way. The ceiling of the hut was all black and begrimed, drops of pitch hung down from the ceiling and at times dripped down on your head.

Our fare consisted mostly of potatoes. Morning, noon and evening—potatoes. Also some radishes and *kvas*.[1]

We used to bake three poods of bread at one go, three loaves, a pood each. This was done to get the bread real stale, so that we eat less of it.

I have no recollection of my mother. She died when I was a year and a half. After mother's death, my father left the village to look for work, and landed a job at the Hughes iron and steel plant, working on the blast furnace.

My grandmother brought me up and I called her mama.

I resembled my mother—a reddish curly mop of hair and a face thickly studded with freckles. I walked about in bast shoes, trousers made of homespun and a white shirt with red patches under the armpits.

My grandmother gave me the usual village haircut, a "pot haircut." The hair would be combed and a pot placed on my head, and all the hair sticking out were shorn.

The three dessiatines owned by our family included a meadow, and barren land. Only a dessiatine and a half of the plot was arable land. This was our main source of life.

I grew up a mischievous fellow; was always the one to start pranks, fought with the other boys, stole apples and feared neither dogs nor a hiding.

I played tricks even on my grandmother. We had a cow, but very little of the milk reached our table. Grandma made butter for sale. She had a way of tying a cloth over the pitchers very accurately. If someone tried to untie it, she was sure to notice it. I devised, however, a way to get around it, by running a straw through the cloth, and sipping the

[1] A drink prepared from stale bread.

milk through it. Grandma would take the pitcher to remove the sour cream: the top layer was intact but there was no milk under it. Where was it? She would blame it on the devil, the hobgoblin. It took her a long time to find out this was my handiwork.

2

For three winters I attended school. This constitutes my entire education.

After school I hired out to work at the landlord's estate. I was twelve years old at that time. For the sum of twelve rubles I was to work a whole term. And the term lasted from the 25th of March to the 15th of November. During all this time I had to tend the cattle. But I did not stay there long. I figured out that I was getting only about 5 kopeks a day, whereas I knew that boys working at odd jobs were getting 10 and even 15 kopeks a day.

My grandma begged me to stay, not to break my contract with the estate, but I was always very stubborn, since childhood. I said I was leaving and leave I did. I next went to work for ten kopeks a day for a *kulak*. The whole summer I tended his livestock, went riding on the goats. When I grew a bit older, I dropped tending cattle and took up harrowing. This was more important work and it paid 15 kopeks a day.

We had no horse of our own, and frequently I would feel put out: here I am breaking my back for a stranger, and no chance to work on our own land. Oh, if we only had a horse!

Once a year my father would come for a visit—neatly dressed, in boots and a fine sheepskin coat. He would bring presents, wheat bread. It was not so much my father that I was glad to see as the wheat bread: we ate such bread only on Easter.

When I was fifteen, my father took me along with him to the plant. He worked in Druzhkovka at that time. I walked with him to the station in dilapidated bast shoes, denim pants and a white homespun shirt with patches under the armpits and thought to myself: "I'll make some money at the plant, buy a horse and come back home."

3

We took the train at Ponyri. Not having enough money for railway fare to Druzhkovka, we bought tickets for only part of the way. The rest we rode on freight trains, stealing the ride.

We arrived in Druzhkovka at night. Flames were shooting high above the blast furnaces, and bright red torches flared up at the coke ovens. I stood with my mouth agape, fascinated by the unfamiliar scene.

Two days later my father sent me to the store to buy some sausage. I easily found my way to the store, but when I started back, I couldn't find the barracks we were staying in. All of them looked alike, plain stone structures with not a yard or a tree around them. Which was the one we were staying in? I wandered about and was almost ready to burst into tears. Finally, I walked in the direction of the plant and then began to take my bearings. I pondered over the matter for a long time, trying to recollect how we had walked from the station, and at last figured things out. I headed for a house and it proved to be the right one.

My father asked that I be taken on to work at the plant. The overseer gave me the once over, and at first said that I was too young. But using pull and greasing his

palm I was finally taken on. I started work breaking the ore at the blast furnace department. My job was to break up pieces of limestone and ore, and my pay was forty kopeks a day. My father also worked in this department as operator on the buckets. He handled the bucket which carried the charge to the furnace top. My uncle worked at the molds.

From the very start I took an interest in the work around me. After dinner I went to my uncle and tried to be helpful and examined the blast furnace. Next I took to visiting the open hearth furnace and the rolling mills.

At one time I chanced to walk into the weighers' room. On looking around I noticed tiny threads of wire running to the electric lamp. It was bare wire, but of course I had no conception what it was at that time. "These would make good strings for a *balalaika*," flashed through my mind. I touched these wires, and suddenly felt as though some one had hit me. I looked about—no one was in the room. I touched the wire again, and felt a shock once more. What's this? I even looked under the table. Tried a third time, and again the same story. At this point the weighman walked in.

"Uncle," I said to him, "you have some strings hanging here; I tried to touch them but someone seems to hit me each time."

"Well, why don't you try again," he suggested.

I touched it and jumped back.

He burst into laughter and roared for about three minutes.

"This here is electricity, my boy," he finally told me. "A dangerous business, might kill you."

All the superintendents and foremen in Druzhkovka were Frenchmen. I was very much interested to hear them speak their own language. Once I even walked up close to them, thinking that if I heard clearly what they were saying I might understand them. The Frenchmen ordered the interpreter to find out what I wanted. I couldn't think what to say and just turned around and walked away.

The blast furnace department superintendent was a Frenchman, Morel, a blackhaired, swarthy man with bulging, hawk-like eyes. He walked about with a stick and, being very irritable, frequently hit the workers with it. The moment he didn't like something he would raise his stick. Russian blast furnace operators were not trusted, and Frenchmen were the only bosses. The French worked little. A French foreman would come before the metal was to be poured, look around, shout and walk back to his booth. At dinner time soup, meat, half a pint of vodka, a bottle of wine and several bottles of beer would be brought to him. He would take it all down and go to sleep. At night the French foremen slept in their booths. No one kept a check on them. The shop superintendent never came to the shop in the evening or at night. Actually, the furnace was run by Russians.

If I could only become a furnace man, I thought to myself. I was making at that time forty kopeks a day while the furnace men were drawing two rubles and fifty kopeks. I recall wondering how one could spend so much money—seventy five rubles a month! I began to visit the hearth more frequently, watch the pouring of the metal and other operations. At times I was sprayed with water from a hose or a pail; or a burning rag would be tied behind my back, someone would shout. "Hey Korobyonok,[1] you're on fire!" I would

[1] Nickname—the equivalent of young Korobov.—*Ed.*

run for all I was worth, only to find out that it was a practical joke.

I tried to be helpful around the hearth: shifted the sand, took away the scrap and dug gutters.

A good furnace man, I was told, had to swing a hammer well. It took me a long time to master that. I practiced by putting a pick in the ground and hammering away at it. Finally, I became a crack at it. I learned this trick. Even now I can hit a needle with a hammer, with both hands, and never miss up.

Soon after I started working, the word got around that Morel was being transferred to Makeyevka where a new plant was being built, and was taking workers with him. My father went along. At first Morel wouldn't hear of taking me, but a friend, the overseer Chibisov, interceded on my behalf and Morel finally agreed.

I was no longer thinking of returning to the village!

True, our work was hard. We toiled for 12 hours without holidays and no Sundays off, one week in the day time and the other on the night shift. On Saturday, there was a change in the shifts. One shift worked for 24 hours while the other rested 24 hours. But our food was better than in the village. We ate *borshch*, porridge, meat and sausage. Particularly was I fond of watermelons. I can still recall the taste of one we ate in Druzhkovka. When we cut it open, it looked as though it was sprinkled with sugar. I also dressed better and cleaner than in the village. I had came in village clothes, and by now I had managed to buy trousers, a cap and a warm jacket for the winter. After work we always washed in the gutter under the blast furnace, where hot water was always available. On coming home I would change into clean clothes.

I no longer sported a "pot haircut" but had the barber trim my hair *à la Polka*.

And the last, but most important reason of them all, work at the plant attracted me. I felt that I had a turn for work on the blast furnace. I had no fear of fire, reasoning that since people work next to the fire, in heat, there is no reason for me to be afraid of it. And I came to like the plant. By now I knew everything, had climbed in all the tunnels and towers. I liked to watch how steel was poured from the open hearth furnace, how rails were rolled. It was fascinating to watch how a chunk of red hot metal was turned into a thin strip. I was proud I knew how rails were made. I knew that at the plant I might have a chance to become furnace man. No one dared dream in those days about becoming a foreman. For the time being my dream was even less ambitious, I was looking forward to becoming a wheeler so that I could earn a ruble a day instead of 40 kopeks.

In March 1899 I started out for Makeyevka with a friend of mine. From Yasinovataya Station we walked on foot. It was a bright sunny day, spring was in the air. We walked on soil that was waking after its winter slumber.

4

Not a single blast furnace was working when we arrived; the plant was getting ready to begin operations.

My father and I moved into a barrack. It was a huge building divided by a partition into two sections, with a hundred people in each. The living quarters were filthier than those in Druzhkovka. Bed bugs, fleas and other vermin were so plentiful that the first night I couldn't get a wink of sleep. When spring came into its

own, the streets were turned into solid stretches of mud. At times you would get stuck so that your boots would remain in the mud. We had to tie our boots on with strings.

I started work in the blast furnace department as an odd-job man, doing any work I was assigned to. We cleared the rubbish from the furnace, dug gutters and groomed the furnace for blowing in. When the ore began to come in, I was put to unloading it. In addition to wages we were paid twenty kopeks per car.

Two of us worked together, I and my friend Krivonosov. I didn't like to work with my father. He was bound to be strict and even hit me, and here I was my own master. The two of us unloaded three to four cars a day, but the Frenchmen were not satisfied and kept urging us on: "Hurry up! Hurry up!" They had to pay a fine for keeping the cars idle. They would tell us that in France one man can unload five and even six cars, and that Russians could never come up to the French. It so happened that a trainload of ore arrived on the first day of Easter. We were off that day but since the management didn't wish to pay for keeping the cars idle the overseer went to the various barracks rounding up people to do the job. Most of the workers were not home and even the French foremen had to help with the unloading. My partner and I were on the job and we had a sort of contest with the French. The two of us unloaded three cars while four Frenchmen hardly managed to empty one carload. We laughed at them and said: "You Frenchmen can't compare with Russians."

Unloading ore is no easy job. Particularly hard was the work on Kerch ore, which is very clayey. I was then a lad of seventeen, not altogether strong yet, and so I keep shoveling out this ore for a while, and your back begins to ache, you stop, lean on your shovel for a moment, straighten out your back and again take to shoveling. You had to rest on the fly.

We had one fellow, Kirsan, who worked at unloading. One day he told me:

"You know, Korobyonok (everyone called me Korobyonok), tomorrow I'll go to the office, fall on my knees before the general manager, and ask him to give me a contract for unloading the ore."

Stories were current about a former worker who became a contractor and made a fortune on it.

"You wouldn't have enough guts to go to the manager," I said to Kirsan.

"So help me God, I will."

The next day I asked him:

"Well, Kirsan, did you go?"

"I did."

"Well?"

"They wouldn't even let me enter the office."

And that was the end of Kirsan's dream.

The first blast furnace was blown in on June 20, 1899.

A church service was held, all the big shots were present, even the chief of the Don Cossacks.

The manager's wife was handed a torch on a long stick and she set fire to the shavings. In those days there was a strict rule that a woman must light the first fire in a blast furnace.

After the furnace began operations I was put to work as a wheeler, to bring over material to the buckets, while my father was placed to work on the furnace top. Soon after I was also sent to the top to learn the work. But I didn't like it. The bell didn't shut the furnace tight and the escaping gases gave us constant headaches. Every day

the bell worked worse and worse. It came to such a pass where the bell couldn't be lowered. Charging had to be discontinued and the furnace was about to stop.

The Frenchman climbed to the top and found out that the iron ring in the furnace shaft which protects the lining against blows of the charge was crumpled and turned upward. It was decided to cut the bolts holding this ring so that the ring drop into the furnace. Ore was poured in the furnace to make it possible for mechanics to get into the shaft. But the coke below kept on burning, the combustion continued. To extinguish the fire meant to ruin the furnace. When much ore was poured in, a ladder was lowered into the furnace, and a rope prepared to tie around the one who would climb in, so that he might be hauled out should he be overcome by heat or the gases.

Someone had to be the first to climb in. The French had ordered the workers to do it, but no one was willing. They were all afraid to try it, as no one had seen it done before. The Frenchmen themselves were reluctant to set an example.

"Come on boys, climb in," Chibisov, the overseer, shouted.

But the workers did not budge.

"I know a fellow who'll do it," Chibisov said. "Find Korobyonok."

He knew me from Druzhkovka and called me the "reckless fellow."

"Go up to the furnace top," I was told, "Chibisov wants you."

I climbed to the top.

Chibisov brought me over to Morel, the shop superintendent, and said:

"Here is young Korobov, he will climb into the furnace."

Morel gave me the once over:

"Will you go down into the furnace?"

"What am I to do there?"

"You stay just one minute."

Morel spoke a broken Russian.

Chibisov explained to me that I had to level out the ore. I looked inside the furnace; my curiosity was aroused, since I had never before been inside one.

"All right, I'll try it."

I dropped the spade, tied the rope around my waist and climbed in. No sooner had I descended then the people began to shout.

"Climb out!"

"Wait a while, it's not bad here, kind of cool," I shouted back.

And true enough, the heat was not very oppressive, I only felt the warm air rising from beneath. I kept looking around while leveling out the ore with a spade, but from above they shouted:

"Why so long! Come on out!"

Noticing that the bosses were getting angry, I put the spade aside and climbed out. People lost their fear and others climbed in after me.

I happened to read in a paper which carried an article about me that I was forced to climb into the furnace shaft under the threat of being fired. This was incorrect. I climbed in because of my vanity and the interest I took in the work of the blast furnace. This day marked a turning point in my life.

When the furnace resumed work, the foreman approached me and said:

"Will you work on the slag?"

Work on slag, with the fiery liquid mass, was very interesting. And besides, it paid one ruble and twenty kopeks a day. I agreed at once.

5

I didn't work long at slag. The work consisted in tipping out liquid slag on the heaps. Now all this work is mechanized, but then

we had to tip over and twist the ladles by hand.

A little explosion occured once as we were finishing emptying a ladle. Some slag hit my leg and burned through my boot and the puttees. At first the burn was not very telling, but then when the blister burst open it was very painful.

This was my first burn. For two weeks I could not work, but this did not frighten me, nor did it change my attitude to blast furnace work. I knew that all the experienced blast furnace operators who had worked at other plants, each had several burns. Some had blue spots on their scarred skin. One could feel hard little round balls of metal which got under the skin during some accident, to remain there forever. These men did not consider one a real furnace man unless he had such burns. I was very anxious to become like one of them as soon as possible, to have blue spots of iron under my skin.

Shortly after I resumed work, an accident happened in our shop. Pig iron broke through the wall of the furnace and went wild, as the blast furnace workers say. The metal ran along the gutter, filled the ladle which stood on the rails, and the overflow ran onto the track, burning the ties; it stuck to the rails after it had cooled a bit.

The ladle filled with the liquid metal, resembling the big boilers used for heating asphalt, had to be gotten out of the way. Only our boiler happened to be filled with liquid pig iron which was beginning to cool somewhat. Earth was thrown on top to reduce the heat. Every time a shovelful of earth was thrown the liquid metal stirred a little. Next a board was placed on top of the layer of earth, with the board leaning on the edges of the ladle. Someone had to jump onto this board and fasten a steel crane cable around the ladle. No one ventured to try it: a slip—and not even ashes would remain in the liquid metal.

Chibisov again thought of me.

"Wait a minute, I know someone who'll do it."

I was called. Morel, the shop superintendent, asked me.

"Can you do it?"

I glanced at the board which was beginning to charr a bit, looked at the people, and my youthful recklessness again prompted me to say:

"I can."

I climbed onto the ladle and fastened the cable.

Morel liked it; he called me over and said:

"Would you like to work tending the gas apparatus?"

"It's up to you."

"No, you tell me, do you want the job?"

"That's for you to decide."

But he didn't leave me alone until I said:

"I do."

The next day the French foreman Rogeau called me over.

"Go ahead, Korobov, to work on the gas apparatus," he told me.

I came to Astakhov, the senior gas man whom I knew from Druzhkovka. He was in his cabin.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Rogeau sent me to work with you."

"Get out of here. I have a man."

I walked away. It turned out that Astakhov had taken someone from his village to work with him.

I went back to work on the slag.

Several days later Rogeau the foreman happened to notice me.

"Why aren't you working on the gas apparatus, why are you here?"

"Mr. Rogeau, Astakhov told me he had a man."

"Never mind that. You come with me right now."

Rogeau found Astakhov and began to shout at him. "Why did you send him back?"

"I already had a man working."

"Let your man work on slag. Korobov is going to work here."

"But what does he know?"

"He will learn."

Astakhov's man was called out and sent to work on the slag. I remained alone with Astakhov.

He took a wrench and went to the apparatus. I also picked up one and followed him.

He worked, and I stood about, not understanding what he was doing.

"Why do you stand there like a sheep?" he barked at me.

"I don't know what to do."

"Don't know, eh?... On account of you, you fool, I lost a man who does know how to work."

"But I didn't ask to be sent here, don't blame me."

At twelve o'clock he sent me to his house to fetch his dinner.

I found his wife at home.

"Yeftei Tikhonovich asked that you prepare his dinner. I'll take it over to him," I told her.

"All right. I'll get it ready at once."

I ran to the nearest shop and bought a bottle of vodka and brought it along with the dinner. Astakhov had his meal and a good drink, and that put him in a better humor. After dinner he began to show me around and my spirits also rose.

We worked until evening. At five, my father and several friends came over. Father said I should buy a gallon of vodka and a pail of beer and bring it to our place. We had to celebrate my initiation. I was neither the first nor the last to be baptized in this manner—such was the tradition.

After work I bought everything, and by seven my father came along with Astakhov, Chibisov and several others. We drank up all the vodka, the pail of beer and then sent for another one, since one pail of beer was not enough. Astakhov knew his work well, taught me, and guided me, for which I have always been thankful to him. He was very strict, and the moment he noticed something was amiss he was about ready to hit you. But I worked very diligently and caught on to things quickly. After I had worked a short time under him, he began to let me handle the apparatus all by myself. He would walk over to the hearth, or some other place, and I would be left to my own resources. I would watch the manometer, record the temperature or switch the controls; in a word, I was my own boss. At night he slept in his work room. He had an unusual way of making himself comfortable for the night. He would place a brick under his head, and the moment it was necessary to switch the gas mains he would wake up as though someone had given him a nudge in the ribs. He would wake up and say:

"Korobyonok, go ahead and switch the apparatus."

Years later Astakhov was killed in a train accident.

I learned a great deal from this man. He taught me cleanliness, accuracy and precision.

After I worked for about a year on the apparatuses a big event took place in my life.

6

I began to take my meals with a friend who worked in our blast furnace.

Here is how it happened. My father took to heavy drinking at that time. His life was rather unhappy. For many years he worked at the blast furnace, had ability and probably even a gift for fur-

nace work. In our times he perhaps would have been a renowned worker at the plant, but in those days people with ability were not appreciated. But he was very stubborn, quarreled with the bosses, and couldn't get ahead. Like many other workers crushed by capitalism, he sought solace in vodka. To make matters worse, his second marriage did not turn out to the best. His second wife could match any man when it came to vodka, and she, too, probably drank to drown her sorrows. Thus, she and my father spent all their earnings on drink.

Once, while drunk, he fell asleep at work and was dismissed for that. When leaving, he took with him all my things, coat, boots and suit. And to top it all, he left behind a debt of 80 rubles for me to settle. He was the cashier for a group of workers and owed all that money to the butcher.

My friend Alexei had his own place. When my father had left, Alexei took me home and introduced me to his wife, Olga Mitrofanovna.

"What do you say, Olga, we take Korobyonok to live with us? Things will be gayer."

"If you want to, why not?" she replied.

He asked me whether I was willing.

"How much are you going to charge me?" I asked him in turn.

"Ten rubles."

"Agreed, thank you."

I moved in with them.

Olga Mitrofanovna treated me very nicely and with a kind understanding. She was a modest and quiet woman and I came to like her greatly.

After I stayed with them for many months she left for a visit to the village. The three of us, Alexei, she and myself, took pictures. She showed them in the village, but no one recognized me. I had left as a boy and changed considerably.

Shortly after Olga Mitrofanovna returned, Alexei came down with pneumonia.

Once, during the time Alexei was in the hospital, a woman came to visit Olga Mitrofanovna. We sat down to drink tea. Then Olga Mitrofanovna chanced to leave the room for a moment.

"Should Alexei die, will you marry Olga?" this woman suddenly asked me.

"Surely, I will," I answered jokingly.

It had never occurred to me that Alexei might die. But, as it happened, fifteen days after he was taken to the hospital he died.

Olga Mitrofanovna went to stay with a relative and I remained all alone in the place.

I began to think over that chance remark, and finally decided to woo Olga Mitrofanovna. True, she was six years my senior, but I had a great liking for her. She was respected and liked by everybody because she was so tender and affectionate to all. After her first marriage, she had to live in a family, where her father-in-law was the terror of the house. Everyone would run from the house whenever the father-in-law would come home drunk. Olga was the only one to remain. She would take off his boots, put up tea for him and run out to get some *kvas*.

Her father-in-law would say:

"The sons of a so-and-so, all ran away, but this one is not afraid. She is little but precious."

I thought the matter over and decided: what else am I looking for? I will never find anyone better than Olga. Through a mutual friend I asked Olga whether she would marry me. Some time passed, but no answer of any sort.

Once I chanced to see her when

she was bringing dinner to her cousin. I was standing near the furnace and noticed that Olga walked by, avoiding to look in my direction.

"Wait a minute," I shouted to her.

She came back and stood there facing me.

"Tell me, Olga," I asked. "Didn't Katerina bring you any message from me?"

"She did."

"And what about it, are you willing to marry me?"

"Don't know! I'll be old soon and you are so young. Did you think of that?"

"I thought about everything. You know me and I know you. Tell me—yes?"

But she gave me no reply.

In the evening I came to see her, and again broached the same question.

But she persisted:

"I'm too old for you. I am 26. Now I'm good for you, but later on you'll say 'who wished this old woman on me?' I'll never live through that humiliation."

"No, Olga, you'll never hear that from me."

For several days she hesitated, seeking the advice of her relations, and finally consented.

Someone warned her:

"You'd better look out, Mitrofanovna, lest you regret it bitterly. You know what his father is like."

"His father is that sort, but he is different," she replied. "Doesn't drink, doesn't fool around."

When Olga Mitrofanovna agreed to marry me, she wrote, as was proper, a letter to her mother:

"Dear mother, greetings to you. You wanted me to come home, but I am marrying Korobov the son. Please send me your blessing."

"An oaken stick is my blessing," was the reply.

Her mother happened to learn that my father had taken to drinking, and for this reason did not give her consent.

I decided to visit my native village to straighten out this unpleasant business. Taking a two-weeks leave without pay, I started out for the village where I had not been for six years. I walked into our hut but no one recognized me. I had left a boy and came back a grown-up man, well dressed, in a coat, leather boots, rubbers and gloves.

When I told them that I was Ivan, Vanyusha, they all fell to embracing and kissing me. My marriage was the main subject of the conversation. One of my cousins tried to dissuade me from marrying a widow, claiming that there were enough nice girls to pick from.

I laughed at the suggestion and told him:

"Well, some like them blond, some brunnette, tastes differ."

"Vanya, don't you listen to them," my aunt told me. "Take Olga Mitrofanovna and hold on to her with both hands. There are few women like her."

In the morning I rode out to the village where Olga's mother lived. There I happened to meet my uncle. We bought some vodka and came home together. My aunt didn't recognize me.

"Who's this? A government clerk?" she asked him.

He kept silent and I also took the cue and didn't tell her who I was. The whole family had a drink, and a bite. Then my uncle asked his wife.

"Do you know whom you are drinking with?"

"With a clerk."

She thought that anyone dressed well must be some sort of an official.

"Well, you'd better have a good look at the clerk."

"Who cares, anyway?"

"This is Ivan, your nephew."

All my relatives couldn't get over the change in my appearance. The next day I paid a visit to Olga Mitrofanovna's mother.

I brought her presents, spoke to her nicely, and she came to like me. She gave me her blessing—handed me a small icon and wrote a letter to her daughter.

I returned to Makeyevka, handed Olga the icon and the letter, and the next day went to work again on the gas apparatus.

We were married on January 13, 1902. My father came to the wedding from Druzhkovka; he again started to work there. Among the others were the foremen Rogeau, Chibisov, Astakhov, friends who worked on the blast furnace, and Olga's relations. We threw a grand wedding. I had about 250 rubles saved up by that time. Money was no matter, and the tables were heavily laden. Olga Mitrofanovna had a new dress made, we bought a new blanket and a mattress with a double spring.

In the fall our first son was born. We christened him Pavel. So began my family life.

7

In the meantime the second blast furnace was blown in at the plant. I was sent to work there as a gas tender and was given an assistant. But soon an economic crisis set in. Metal was piling up in the warehouses and the second furnace was extinguished. I returned to Astakhov.

Next year, however, the furnace was started again. Headmaster Falkenberg offered to transfer me to the hearth, to learn the work of a furnace man. I gladly took the chance. A furnace man is next in importance to the foreman, he is in a way a foreman himself. All foremen in Makeyevka, just like in Druzhkovka, were Frenchmen, and all of them, with the exception of one or two, behaved like the foremen at Druzhkovka. For supper they ordered cases of beer and wine and plenty of vodka, would load up heavily and go off to sleep right on the tables in the office until morning. They didn't care whether the furnace man was competent or not; they merely snored away. They didn't like the blast furnaces.

I didn't get a chance to work long as a furnace man. In September 1903 came my turn to report for military service. At that time the recruits drew lots. I drew a big number, and was given an extension and freed from the draft. On returning to Makeyevka, I reported to Falkenberg who received me very friendly. He joked about and then said:

"Look here, Korobov, you won't work as furnace man any more. I'll put you up as assistant foreman."

This was so unexpected that I didn't know what to say. There were hardly any Russian foremen or assistants; these jobs were monopolized by foreigners.

I was appointed assistant foreman on November 15, 1903. This is an important date in my life. I was advanced to this job by Falkenberg, the foreman, who was different from the others. I worked under him for eight years, went through his school, and consider myself his pupil, and that's why I'd like to tell you more about him.

All our best Makeyevka furnace men—Sorokin, Serov, Veklichev, Antoshechkin, Malin—have gone through his school, were trained by him.

Falkenberg hailed from Alsace. In 1902 he must have been around fifty. He was of short stature, a stocky, robust fellow, with a heavy gait, and streaks of silver in his mustache. What distinguished him from other foremen was his busi-

ness-like attitude to the work. The moment he entered the shop he would notice the slightest disorder. He would then call over the furnace man and ask him:

"Hey, come here. Look, here is a piece of ore, a piece of scrap in the slag box. What kind of boss are you? We carry ore for seven hundred kilometers, and you just throw iron away."

He smoked cigars. I can recall one incident. He pulled out a cigar from his pocket, took a match from the box, looked at it and then put it back. He picked up a piece of paper from the floor, lit it on hot iron and lighted his cigar.

I asked him:

"Mr. Falkenberg, why did you take out a match and put it back and then light the cigar on iron?"

He looked at me.

"You don't understand, eh? A box of matches costs a kopek, labor was put into it, and the piece of paper was just lying about."

He had the same regard for work in the plant. The workers respected him because he never took graft or played favorites. He never gave a man a job for a consideration. Some tried to bribe him but he simply chased them out.

"I have enough of my own," he would say, "and you are giving away your last. If you deserve the job, it's yours, but you can't buy me."

And true enough, a capable man was sure to be quickly promoted by him. "If you deserve it, go right up front, if you don't your place is in the back"—this was his principle.

A foreman of this sort was the rare exception in capitalist conditions. Others kept people back for personal reasons. Should you happen to talk back to the foreman, not present him with a bottle of vodka, or not dig up his garden for him on Sunday, there would be no promotion, until you grew wiser. And if you spoke rudely to the foreman or anyone reported that you were cursing the foreman behind his back, he would fine you or have you fired at the first opportunity. And there was no one to turn to for justice.

I was very fortunate in working under a man like Falkenberg, strict, demanding but just, to whom production was a sacred thing.

He demanded exact fulfillment of his orders. "Don't do things in your good way, but do them in my bad way," he used to say. On one occasion the blast furnace was extinguished and before starting it the blow pipe had to be changed.

"Make a new blow pipe and mount it," Falkenberg ordered the mechanic.

I had one blow pipe hidden away. I happened to see the way the mechanic was bending the pipes and told him.

"I have an old one like it"

"Where? Let's have it."

We tried it, and the pipe fitted exactly. After we mounted it Falkenberg came up.

"Why have you put in an old blow pipe?" he demanded.

The mechanic answered:

"I wanted to bend the pipe, but Korobov told me that he had an old one."

"Where is Korobov? Did he give you orders?"

He called me over.

"Who gave you the right to change my orders?"

"Didn't you teach me to handle things like a thriftyo wner? If the old pipe was good, why make a new one?" I answered.

"You shuld have ask me first. Once I have given an order, no one has the right to change it."

I thought the matter over and arrived at the conclusion that Falkenberg was right. In blast furnace work there is the same danger as in war. People must be trained to

be exact, disciplined and to obey orders. Of course, Falkenberg served the capitalists, helped to exploit the workers, but he was an honest craftsman in his own line. Things he taught me and others came to us in good stead when the factories became ours. He trained people to regard production as something their very own.

It became a hard and fast rule with me that a worker must always work honestly, that nothing can be gained by cheating and lying. This is the spirit I brought my children up in. I always worked conscientiously and demanded the same from the others, though I knew that our work was much too hard. We continued working 12 hours a day. As for myself, though I became an assistant foreman, I had to work harder than many others. For a year and a half I worked only at night. This was Falkenberg's order because he knew that the French foremen slept at night. During this year and a half I didn't get a chance to sleep a single night. The foreman Valin would give me two hours to sleep, but when Jerve was on duty I was out of luck. He would sleep through the night, and I couldn't even get a wink. Jerve was a dull-headed and lazy fellow. He had the title of foreman, but actually Russians did the work for him; he was a sort of a figurehead at the furnace.

8

I am in no position to relate much about the events of the Revolution of 1905. At that time I was not politically conscious.

Next door to me lived a man, a recent arrival from St. Petersburg, who worked as watchman at the briquette factory. He tried to explain the significance of the revolution to us. I recall the way he told us that Petersburg workers were electing shop stewards and that steward councils had been organized in Petersburg factories.

"But what do we need these stewards for?" I asked him.

He told us that the workers had to run the factories themselves, that they had to fight for an eight-hour day and higher wages. But I couldn't believe that a time would ever come when we could work only eight hours a day. As for the idea of workers themselves running the factories and mills, this seemed to me absurd.

The watchman grew very angry at times:

"You fellows are surely slow, nothing seems can get your brains moving."

But every evening he'd start all over again, explaining things the best way he could. And though I still continued to have my doubts, I began to understand that it would be well for the workers to have their own shop stewards, their committees and councils. My wife Olga Mitrofanovna said that I had to support my fellow-workers.

"We don't live so bad," she would say, "are earning good money, but look at all the misery and suffering around us."

Talk about a strike was current at the plant.

"What am I to do when the others come to stop work?" I asked Falkenberg.

"If they come to chase you out of here, then stop the work and leave," he said. "Don't set yourself against them."

And so it happened. The workers in the machine shops started the strike. They came to us shouting.

"Everyone out, out of the gates!"

Falkenberg spoke up.

"Permit us, gentlemen, to draw off the iron, otherwise the blast furnace will go on the rocks, and the workers themselves will have to work hard afterwards."

We were permitted to draw off

the pig iron. We plugged up the tuyeres with clay, let the gas out and left.

The next day all the workers marched in a demonstration. We, several thousand Makeyevka workers, walked along the main streets with a red banner. "Labor shall rule the world," was the inscription on the banner. I walked together with the others, looked at the inscription and expected any moment that Cossacks, or the police, would appear from some corner, tear up our banner and break up the ranks.

And indeed, police soon appeared in front of the demonstration. The columns stopped but then swept aside the police and continued on their way. We were heading straight for the police station. A police inspector came out in front and began to speak in a stern voice. But we shouted:

"Down with the police! Take off your cap!"

The police inspector was surrounded by workers. He grew pale and removed his cap. We sang a revolutionary song and marched on. We walked through the French settlement.

In the director's home, the most luxurious in Makeyevka, every one had hidden out of sight. Even through the windows nothing could be seen. But we passed by peacefully, no one threw a stone, and we turned back to the city and dispersed to our homes. For the first time I thought to myself that perhaps it is true that labor will rule the world.

Then came open air meetings with thousands attending, meetings in the center of the town. I was present at two of them. The speakers said that we worked for next to nothing, that the capitalists exploited us and make huge profits on our labor, and that the Revolution would do away with this injustice.

I was all ears, afraid to miss a word.

The first meeting was held to the end. A group of Cossacks rode up to the gathering. The officer ordered the workers to disperse, but the speaker turned to the Cossacks and addressed them, and they refused to obey the order of the officer to attack the workers.

Things turned out differently the next time. We heard that several Cossacks had been arrested, and that the entire unit was made to swear allegiance to the tsar once more. After warning they began to disperse our second meeting, using their whips. I also tasted a Cossack whip then.

About that time the tsarist autocracy began to crush the revolution everywhere; in Gorlovka, not far from us, workers were subject to bloody reprisals. Seeing this, the capitalists no longer agreed to any concessions, and in the end we were compelled to go back to work without gaining any of our demands. We worked hard on blowing in the furnaces, and the French foremen laughed at us: "Here is your raise, go ahead, putter about with the furnace."

After the strike the bosses came down hard on the workers. I was demoted to furnace man.

9

For five years, from 1905 to 1911, I worked as first furnace man. To me who previously had worked as assistant foreman this was a demotion; at first I felt badly about it, but soon enough I changed my mind. Now I am grateful for the chance I had to work at the hearth. Without those years of practice, I would have never become a real master furnace man, never would have learned the art of making iron. It is likely that I would have become foreman, but we, furnace men, know that there are many foremen who merely have the title,

and that there are real masters at this job though no title is attached to them. Furnace men never recognized as a real master one who hasn't gone through the hard school of working at the hearth.

The hearth is the lower part of the furnace where the tuyeres are located through which hot blast is blown into the furnace; it is that part of the furnace where the notches for draining off slag and pig iron are located. The hearth is the most dangerous part of the furnace to work at. At times the metal breaks through or the tuyeres are blown out. Then molten pig iron, slag, burning coke and hot dust fly on all sides. In old times workers would frequently perish there. The operator has to guard the hearth, particularly the iron notch, like the apple of his eye.

Through small glasses the size of a nail he can see what is going on inside the furnace. The flame is so blinding that one can stare at it only through blue goggles. You can place a hand in front of the glass and the rays will dance on the hand—this is the dance of the coke in the whirlwind of the blast.

By signs imperceptible to the uninitiated, the operator keeps an eye on the work of the furnace, through these peepers. All this I learned in the years I worked at the hearth. But the old-time furnace men, and the young ones as well, have one short-coming in common. They know only their hearth and nothing else. They know little about the workings of the gas, the charging of the ore and everything that goes with it, and pay no attention to it all. Of course, the gas apparatus and the charging of the ore is someone else's job, but more often than not a disorder in the work of the furnace depends on them, and the furnace man who tries to right matters is wasting his time if he sticks only to his hearth.

I was lucky in the sense that I already had experience in working on the gas apparatus. Besides, having worked as assistant foreman, I had learned to handle all phases of the job, to take an interest in everything that had a bearing on the operation of the furnace. At the least sign of disorder I sought to get to the root of the trouble. I watched the work of the gas operator, ran to the ore yards, climbed to the furnace top and interfered in the work there, not being in the least perturbed by the fact that that phase of the job was not under my jurisdiction, so to speak. Nothing could stop me if I felt that I was right or if I came across negligence or disorder. I argued with the overseer and the other foremen and at times even with the engineers, but always achieved my objective. As an old-time furnace man I can give the following piece of advice: Don't confine yourself to your immediate job, in case of trouble look for the root of it, follow the trail just like a good detective.

But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't always prevent the metal from breaking through; there were also other accidents. Our Makeyevka furnaces in those years were very old and unreliable.

Once I was almost burned to death. The furnace grew cold, the charge was hanging in a cupola over the empty, burned out space. I tried to tap the slag which was hardly flowing, "teasing" it, with a long iron bar. Suddenly the charge "settled" and the pig iron and slag poured forth from the notches and the tuyeres, and I was enveloped by a fiery lava. My clothes caught fire. Another minute and I would have been burned alive. But Falkenberg saved me. He dropped me onto a pile of sand and cov-

ered me with his jacket to beat down the flames. Other friends rushed over and tore off my flaming clothes.

I got away with bad burns. My back, neck and both hands were badly scorched. I was laid up for more than two months, and even after that walked about swathed in bandages. Pieces of metal tore through my skin and remained there. Even today they can be felt under the skin on my back and the muscles of my hands, round and hard pieces of metal, like peas.

When the burns were healed, from time to time I would look at or touch the bluish pieces of metal under the skin—not without a feeling of pride. At times I let my boys feel them. This was my diploma for the degree of a real furnace man. I could see that my mates began to have greater respect for me, had come to see in me a man who knows what blast furnace work is like. And I myself felt that I was becoming a real master at the trade.

10

In 1911 the third blast furnace was to be opened in Makeyevka. A new staff was recruited and I was appointed foreman. At first this appointment was, so to speak, "unofficial." I continued to draw the pay of a furnace man and was sort of "temporarily in charge," but in 1913 I was finally promoted to the job. This was the first case of a Russian becoming foreman in Makeyevka.

What is there to relate about these times? There are very few good things to remember them by. True, I was by now drawing good wages and was given a two-room apartment with a kitchen in the old settlement where the office employees lived, but I had no real satisfaction. And my conscience troubled me quite frequently.

Here is where the crux of the matter lay. I liked my work on the furnace, wanted my furnace to work better than any other, that things should run better than under the French foremen. If I was faced with a difficult job I wouldn't sleep nights figuring things out, so as to make sure that everything would go right. If the furnace worked poorly, I would stay for days on the top trying to see if there was anything wrong with the charging. Every sound, every knock was under observation. There was no rumble yesterday but there is one today. Why? And I was pleased that where others could find nothing amiss, I was able to trace the source of trouble and rectify matters. It was pleasant to be conscious of one's own ingenuity and ability. And as for reasons for trouble in blast furnace work, there are cases when a whole team of professors would be unable to find anything unless attention was directed at the most insignificant little things.

Here is one case. The furnace was out of order, was producing poor iron. What was the trouble? One thing was tried, another—no good. I lay awake nights thinking the matter over, and couldn't understand what was wrong. And the reason turned out to be very simple. Two friends worked as wheelers. In every load there was exactly five poods. Every big charge included five poods of manganese ore. But this ore was some distance away and to wheel it was quite a job, especially at night. The boys hit on the following scheme; one of them who weighed about five poods would hide in the truck, the other would wheel it over to the scales, and the weighmen would check off five poods. It was dark and the people were sleepy, so the boys got away with their stunt easily. I discovered their fake. For such a trick the

boys should have been fired. I came home and told the story to my wife, but she asked me to go easy on them. I thought the matter over; here were people toiling twelve hours day in, day out, hauling like draft animals, a hundred poods at a time. Of course, they would be looking for a way to lighten their toil, and they took to cheating. But on the other hand, I couldn't let them get away with it. The blast furnace depends on the workers. The moment you let them cheat you, or take it easy, no matter how hard you try, the furnace won't work well.

And here was the source of torture for me.

We, foremen, have it much easier now; the plant belongs to the people, if we are strict and demanding, it is not the capitalists we serve but our own state, our own people. Now it is clear to everyone that a good worker is an honest and upright man, and a loafer is no good, but in those days it was not so easy to figure these things out. I could have easily become one of those foremen who skin their workers alive. At times I felt that I was becoming hardened, callous and heartless, but my Olga Mitrofanovna always awakened my conscience. She was a sort of moral brake for me, not permitting me to treat people too harshly. I couldn't figure out who was right. Was I right, I, who by my ability and love for work had become foreman and now ordered the others about, compelled them to work, punished them or admonished them, or were they right when they tried to work less, tried to shirk hard labor that had become loathsome to so many?

I turned to religion for a solution. A Baptist group appeared in Makeyevka. Together with my relatives and friend, Antoshechkin, I began to attend their meetings, and to listen to their sermons. It appealed to me when they said that all men were brothers and that people must love one another. Under their influence I dropped smoking and stopped swearing. But in my heart of hearts I was not religious and was attracted to the Baptists because they helped me to remain human, to retain my conscience and not turn into a heartless beast, as some other foremen had.

Of course, now I realize that there was much hypocrisy in all that, and that I could have turned into a wolf in sheep's clothes—there were some such Baptists—but at that time my search for a faith and truth were as much a moral brake as my wife's influence. I tried to find the proper approach to the workers so that they would obey me without hating me.

At times I would catch some offender. Of course, I could report him to the management. But I would come to think—why deprive a man of his livelihood? I would give him a good bawling out myself and consider the matter closed.

Then, I stuck to a rule: never fool the workers.

Here, for instance, was some emergency or an urgent job. I would tell the workers: "Well, boys, you have to step on it, but then you can rest up for two hours."

If they believe you, you can get them to work hard. A Russian worker can move mountains, if you don't cheat him, find the correct approach to him. Suppose you can't give them a chance to rest today, explain matters: "It can't be done today, but I'll arrange it for tomorrow"—and stick to your promise. Then the next time the workers will come to your aid, just ask them.

Or there was the question of fines. As foreman I had the right to impose fines. I would see some oversight and call over the worker.

"Why didn't you do the thing the way I told you to. I am going to fine you . . ."

"Excuse me, Ivan Grigoryevich, my fault."

I knew that a ruble was quite a sum for a worker to part with.

"All right, but don't let me catch you at it again."

But if a man went on loafing or cheating, I wouldn't forgive him. Here I recognized neither friends nor fellow-villagers. The workers knew that if Korobov punished someone, it was no personal matter, the man deserved it. For this I was respected.

I had many friends. I was godfather to the children of some two dozen Makeyevka blast furnace workers. But of close friends there was a very small circle. About six or seven Russian foremen and first furnacemen. We would come together several times a year each for the holiday of the village's saint. We would bring our wives along, have something to eat and drink, and then settle down to talking and arguing. Our conversation had but one topic, work.

We related various incidents of work on the furnace, argued as to who worked best, who made repairs faster, who was the more ingenious and the best furnace man. At times the arguments would wax so hot it would almost come to blows. This was a circle of people who really liked their work.

But in those days the best worker or the best foreman was not necessarily the most respected man in the plant. We never dreamt that newspaper articles would be written about such people. On the contrary, being a foreman, I frequently felt lonely in our Makeyevka with its thousands of people. To the workers the foreman was a boss but the management looked down on the foreman, as they did on anyone who had to toil for his daily bread. At times I had to visit engineers in their homes, and I was never permitted to go farther than the kitchen. Any office clerk ranked himself with the intelligentsia, and regarded the foreman as belonging to a lower class. And the French had the same division: a Frenchman, an engineer or office employee, would never invite a French foreman to his table.

Could anyone of us ever dream in those days, that the best workers would become the most honored people, that streets would be adorned with their portraits, that they would be given the highest awards of the land or would be elected to the highest bodies of the state?

I would have lived my lifetime as an obscure Makeyevka foreman if not for the Revolution which shook the old world to its very foundations.

11

By 1913 I had three sons. Pavel was born in 1902, Nikolai in 1905 and Ilya in 1910. There were also two girls, Marfusha and Lelya, but they died in infancy. My daughter Klavdia was born later, in 1916.

When I was appointed foreman, I asked the shop superintendent, the Frenchman Estur, to give me a two-room apartment. Until then we had lived in one room.

"All right, you'll get it," he said.

Considerable time has passed, and Estur evidently had forgotten his promise.

Once he happened to drive past my house. I came out on the road and stopped him.

"Mr. Estur, come and have a look how crowded our room is. I have grown up children, the oldest is 11 years old, and we all are huddled in one room. It's bad."

He promised once more, and even marked it down in his note book.

Again more than a month passed with no results.

I approached him a third time about rooms.

"Didn't you get it yet? How come? I will see to it at once!"

And he marked it down again in his note book.

A week passed, two, but not a word about the rooms.

I came over to him for the fourth time.

"Mr. Estur, I hate to trouble you. But when will I be given an apartment."

"Didn't you get one as yet?"

That was the way I finally received a two-room apartment. This is how foremen were "appreciated" in old times. If not for my persistence I wouldn't have received anything. But such was my nature; if I set myself an aim I would go after it until I got it.

It was the same way when I decided to give my children an education.

We had a private school in Makeyevka, attended by children of the plant's big shots, office employees, merchants, contractors, but there wasn't a single worker's child among them.

I fell to thinking about placing my boy in this school. Olga Mitrofanovna was particularly insistent about it.

"You're breaking your back all these years," she said. "Will our children have to suffer the same fate? If we give them an education, their life might become easier. Otherwise, after they grow up, they might ask us: 'You, father, were making good money, had a chance to give us an education, why didn't you?' That wouldn't be nice, would it?"

I thought about my life, the hardships I had to undergo in my youth, and agreed with her.

The owner and principal of the school was one Muromtsev, who in the past had served in the army, had an officer's rank and still wore an officer's uniform. He combed his hair back and twirled his mustache like Kaiser Wilhelm; when he was angry all his hair bristled upward.

On coming to the school, I asked the doorman for the principal's name and patronymic and where his office was. After knocking on the door I entered.

"Good morning, Alexander Nikolayevich."

"Good morning, what is it you wish?"

"I would like to place my son in your school."

"Where are you from?"

"From the Société Générale Plant."

"What is your position there?"

"I am foreman of the blast furnace department."

He frowned and said abruptly:

"We have no vacancies now."

"Alexander Nikolayevich, perhaps you can find one."

"What schooling did he have?"

"Elementary school."

"No, can't be done."

"Alexander Nikolayevich, would not you be so kind . . ."

"I told you that I have no vacancy."

I held back my words, bowed and made my way home.

In the shop I asked my chief Estur to help me. He wrote a note to Muromtsev, placed it in an envelope and gave it to me. Next I spoke to the assistant shop superintendent, the Russian engineer Panev. I knew that his children attended the school.

Panev promised to speak to the principal.

Several days later he called me over.

"I have spoken about your boy. Go and see the principal."

I came to Muromtsev the second time and handed him the envelope with Estur's note.

"This is for you, Alexandre

Nikolayevich. Be so kind, perhaps you can find one vacancy?"

"Do you know the conditions?"

"What conditions?"

"How much you have to pay."

"How much?"

"One hundred and fifty rubles a year and a uniform for the boy: overcoat, regulation blouse and cap."

"If it has to be done, I'll pay up and do everything that's needed."

That is how Pavel came to attend school in Makeyevka. It was called gymnasium in those days.

The next year Nikolai finished primary school. My wife said to me:

"Nikolai also wants to go to the gymnasium."

"Let him wait, he is too small yet."

He was very small then. And to pay for two was a bit hard. I was drawing a good pay, more than one hundred rubles a month, but I found it hard to part with the money. Every time I paid the money for Pavel's tuition, I was a bit put out. I could have been fired any moment. This is what haunted me. If I were fired, what would I do until the time I found another job, unless I had some money saved up. That is why before the revolution I always counted every kopek. That is why one had to bend his back before every official, even the smallest of them. Things are quite different now. My character changed after the Revolution; I am no longer out for money.

But Olga Mitrofanovna kept on insisting.

"Go ahead and place Kolya in the gymnasium, too."

Also Nikolai himself was after me. I decided to speak to the primary school teacher, whether it wasn't too early to place Nikolai in the gymnasium.

"Ivan Grigoryevich," the teacher told me, "your boy might be small, but he is very studious. It will do him no harm, however, to stay another year in the primary school."

I came home and told him:

"Look here, Nikolai, the teacher said that you are too small to go to the gymnasium. Study for another year in the primary school and then we'll see."

"So you want me to study in the primary school until it is time for me to get married," Nikolai shouted angrily.

These words are remembered in our household to this very day.

"But they wouldn't take you."

"They will."

"Why don't you go over there with him?" Olga Mitrofanovna suggested.

I couldn't get out of it, and had to take Nikolai over to the school.

I left Nikolai in the corridor and went in to see Muromtsev.

"How do you do, Alexander Nikolayevich. I am again here to ask you a favor."

"What is it?"

"I have another boy. Be so kind as to accept him in your school. Though he is small, he is not a bad pupil."

"Where is he?"

"He is outside in the corridor."

"Call him in here."

Nikolai came in.

"You are very small, my boy," the principal remarked.

Nikolai was very timid, he wanted to go to school so much that he burst into tears, but he said.

"Why don't you give me a test?"

"All right, I'll give you a test, but stop crying."

He tried him in arithmetic, gave him something to write, examined it and said:

"All right, he is accepted. Your older boy studies well. Let us hope this one will keep up with him."

I thanked him and said:

"Well, I think that Nikolai will make a fine pupil."

The children were brought up

primarily by their mother, Olga Mitrofanovna. She inculcated in them her honesty, kindness, humaneness and striving for justice. I had little time for them. The working day was 12 hours and I had to come in earlier to take over the shift, to see that everything was in order and also stay later until the report for the day was turned in. So I had just enough time to get home, to go to sleep. But at times I would stay up and listen to the children talk about school.

I recall one conversation.

"Yesterday Subotin did the following stunt," Pavel told us. "He took a piece of paper rolled into a ball, spat on it, and then shot it with a rubber band at the back of the teacher's neck, as he was standing at the blackboard explaining the lesson."

Subotin was a known personage in Makeyevka. He had a hat store. There were many children of the rich in the school. Batmanov who controlled the entire meat and sausage trade; Kucherenko, the baker who supplied bread to the entire settlement; Pereshivailov, who traded in dry goods and ready-made clothing. Their sons were the biggest loafers in the school.

I listened to Pavel's story and told him:

"Look here, son. Don't you go about playing such tricks. Should Subotin be caught, his father will come and straighten things out. If need be, he will stuff a hundred or two hundred rubles into some palm, and that will settle the matter. If you do it, you'd be expelled from school without any fuss. I can't buy your teacher and should I come to beg forgiveness, no one will pay any attention to me. You have to study well, because I am working hard and am paying my last money for you. And if they expel you, where would you go? To the plant, as an unskilled laborer? You'll dig with a shovel. I advanced to be foreman though I am semiliterate but whether you'll be able to do it still remains to be seen."

The children realized it and studied well. After I had placed my boys in schools, several other workers' children were accepted. It so happened that our boys studied best of all, while the children of the rich were among the worst pupils.

12

In February 1917 we learned about the revolution. I can remember that I worked on the night shift then. There were whispered conversations in the shop that a revolution had started in Petrograd.

In the morning someone came running with a telegram that the Government was under arrest and that the tsar had abdicated.

A demonstration gathered and the workers started out to disarm the police. Never will I forget our first meeting. Speeches were made about liberty, the eight-hour day; the speakers said that the workingman would become the most respected man in society, and our life would be just and free.

I stood listening with my mouth agape and thought to myself: "What a good life is ahead of us." And when the words of the song, "fraternity, love and freedom" resounded, I felt I was all aglow. Here it seemed, we at last lived to see happy days.

But then came the conflicts between the different parties. It was here for the first time that I learned about the Bolshevik Party. The Bolsheviks said that the Provisional Government sticks to a wrong line, that the workers and peasants must put an end to the war, take power into their own hands, drive out the capitalists and declare the factories and mills,

the mines and land the property of the people.

And the Mensheviks said that without the capitalists we wouldn't be able to do anything. The Mensheviks pulled down the Bolshevik speakers from the platform, but Bolsheviks were not to be downed. I couldn't make out who was right and who was wrong in these arguments, but I saw one thing: work in the plant was growing worse from day to day. Discipline was lax, workers left in the middle of the day to attend meetings and rallies, and nothing could persuade them to stay. I understood that everyone wanted to breathe freely, wanted to cast off the burden of the age-long hard labor to which he was doomed, but the blast furnaces remained without being charged, the iron was not drawn off. I grew worried; where is all this leading to, how is all this going to end? And I remembered Falkenberg's words: "You haven't seen the real revolution yet. . . ."

The blast furnace workers sat about in the shop, smoking or gabbing. They idled away for an hour or two, but no one thought about going over to the furnace. The Frenchmen became very quiet; just walked about and looked at things, but they were afraid to give orders.

"Boys, let's go to work. After all, the world can't get on without working."

"Well, so far we seem to be getting on."

We stopped first one blast furnace and then the other. In December, after the victory of the Great Socialist Revolution, the management posted a sign that the plant was being closed down. Everyone was discharged. Things came to such a pass that the furnaces weren't even extinguished but were just left unattended.

I came home and told the family that the plant has been shut down. However, the school my boys were attending was still functioning.

Many workers began to leave for the village. At that time battles raged near Makeyevka, and the town was captured by the Whites. We decided to wait for a while. A month passed but the plant remained idle. I thought to myself that if things kept up the same way, we all would be starving soon. Rumors were current that the land and cattle of the landlords were being divided in the villages. I took counsel with my wife and we decided that I was to go to my native village to see how things were there. Should the situation in Makeyevka grow worse, I was to take the whole family there. We sold some of our furniture—the wardrobe, sideboard, beds and also the icons. The icons were expensive, in silver frames—my wife liked good icons. I sold them and since that time stopped praying. I left Makeyevka in January, 1918.

13

The traveling was very difficult. The railways were broken down, and there were long waits at each station. Soldiers were returning from the front. At important junctions there were details of Red Guards, and rifle fire was heard at night. At last I arrived to my destination. As I alighted from the train, I landed into the midst of a raging blizzard. About eight carts started out for our village. Out in the open field the snow and wind blinded us and the road could hardly be seen. It was covered with snow and we frequently wandered off the road. Sitting in the cart, I thought to myself that our life in Russia was just like being out in the open field; we couldn't see the road ahead, and once we get off the right track we would

be lost. By evening we managed somehow to get to the village. I spent the night with my relatives, and in the morning I started out for the village, where my mother-in-law lived.

Everyone I met kept telling me:

"Move to the village. We'll give you land and cattle, run your own farm."

"All right, first let me look around a bit and think it over," I replied.

The hogs and calves on the landlord's estate were being divided among the peasants on the day I visited my mother-in-law. I went to watch how it was done. The place was packed, and the din was terrific. If someone had much cattle, he wanted more, and if one had little, he shouted all the louder. The division was conducted by vote. But the people were so wrought up that at times they came to blows. Everyone was out grabbing for himself as much as he could.

This greed and the wrangling went against my grain. I observed the life of the peasants. Little has changed since I had left the village as a boy. Many of the huts still had no chimneys for their stoves. The peasants lived in filth, ate from one plate. Unwashed wooden spoons were placed on the table for all to grab. Women slaved away at their household drudgery. Things would be still worse in the spring. Everybody would be put to work, even the ten-year-olds. No place for a child to study. No, the village was not to my liking.

With heavy heart I started for Makeyevka.

The trip back was still more difficult. From Kharkov I hung precariously on the steps of the coach, and with great difficulty managed to worm my way inside. The place was jammed, the air was foul and suffocating; some even shouted: "Break the windows, give us some air!"

My wife had worried about me, fearing that I might have been killed somewhere on the way. She helped me wash, gave me to eat whatever there was in the cupboard, and began to question me.

"How are things out there?"

"We'll live any old way, go to wrack and ruin, but we won't go there," I said.

"Why?"

I told her about everything I had seen in the village. I had no itch to set up my own farm. Life in the plant was more to my liking. At the plant I was the one to do the work and my family could live in peace. My wife did not have to work in the field, nor my children. In the village people went unwashed and unkempt, let their beards grow down to their waist. But the most important thing was that my children would have had no chance of getting an education in the village. And it was my aim to give my children a schooling. I thought to myself: here I am, working hard like a beast of burden all my life, the same lot is in store for my children unless I give them an education. I was ignorant, and my wife as well—would my children have to live in darkness, too? Though the plant was idle, studies in school continued.

Besides, one hoped against hope that soon our furnaces would be lighted again. I would walk down to the plant; the place was dead silent and gave me the creeps; the least noise, the dropping of a brick or the sound of a crow would frighten me. I would walk about, look at the cold furnaces and think: will all this remain that way? Why, without our furnaces all of Russia will be lost. No, this is

impossible. They will be started some day.

My wife and I decided no matter what may come, we would not move from Makeyevka.

14

And indeed, in February 1918 I was called out to see Panev, assistant superintendent of the blast furnace department.

"Well, Korobov," he said, "report for work tomorrow. We'll blow in number one."

I was overjoyed.

The Don Cossacks were in power in Makeyevka at that time, and the entire French management had remained at their posts. The French were in charge of the blowing in. Jerve, about whom I related before, was appointed chief foreman. This time, too, he was merely a figurehead, and I actually had charge of the entire job. We worked quite hard at it. The furnaces were abandoned while they were still running, weren't blown out or cleaned as the regulations call for. We had to get out all the ashes that had accumulated there, and this was no small fireplace either; there were about fifty carloads of ashes to be removed out of each blast furnace. With great difficulty we started two furnaces, but didn't bother with the third.

In April 1918 word got around that the Germans were not far from our district. At first we didn't believe it, but one day a special train pulled up at the plant, all the French boarded it and left. A man named Protopopov, a stockholder in the company, remained as the sole person in charge.

But the two blast furnaces we had started continued to work. And it so happened that after the Frenchmen had fled I became chief foreman of the blast furnace department. I don't even remember whether there was an official order to that effect, or Panev simply told me that I was to take over the duties of chief foreman. Ever since, for more than twenty years, I held this position at the Makeyevka blast furnaces. True, at one time I was demoted, but about this later.

At the end of April, Makeyevka was occupied by German troops. There were no bosses, and it was not known to whom the plant belonged. In May a notice was posted that the plant was closing down and all workers were to be dismissed.

Again the plant was shut down without due care. We were dismissed. What was to be done now? We had to make a living somehow. All sorts of money was in circulation in those days—tsarist bills, Kerenski rubles, Ukrainian *karbovantsi* and German marks. A group of three or four would get together and go out to the village to buy some grain. Around every station the Ukrainian *Gaidamaki* had outposts to see that the population doesn't bring in grain. We had to cart it on wagons, and to resort to various devices.

Some say that Germans accept no bribes, but I know different, as I had occasion to learn. We bought grain in Ulyanovka. How were we to bring it to the station and load it on the train? We asked the German guard in sign language.

"Can we ship wheat?"

"*Nein.*"

But the moment I gave him ten marks it was "*ja.*"

On another occasion ten of us bought two hundred *poods* of wheat, and loaded it at a small junction where there were no troops. We knew that up the road, at Chaplino, the Gaidamaki were searching every car and confiscating all the grain. So we sealed the car with grain and rode in another car. At Chaplino a German non-com-

missioned officer walked over to our car, looked at the seal, shook his head and passed on to the other cars. We arrived safely to Makeyevka, with the car sealed.

In November 1918 the Whiteguards again seized power in Makeyevka. Battles raged around the city. The Whiteguards were arresting and shooting the workers. My boy Pavel escaped arrest by miracle. Here is how it happened. Bolshevik proclamations appeared in Makeyevka from time to time. One morning a leaflet was posted in the blast furnace department. Pavel happened to walk by together with a group of workers. He stopped and read the leaflet to the others, and then continued on his way. He was only going on seventeen at that time, but was a very serious boy. He was chairman of the student's council in his school. In our family circle he expressed himself in favor of the Bolsheviks. At that time he dreamed of becoming a writer and entered in a thick notebook his own verses and views on life. In the evening of the same day when he read the leaflet aloud, there was a sudden knock on the door. I opened it. On the threshold were Whiteguards, an officer and two Cossacks.

"Korobov lives here?"

"Yes, what is it you want?"

"We want to see your son Pavel."

"He's not home."

"We'll wait. In the meantime we'll make a search. Get witnesses."

I called in our neighbors and the search started. For three solid hours they rummaged through everything, looked over all our trunks, examined every book, snooped into the stove, the air holes. When the officer picked up Pavel's notebook I felt that I was growing cold all over. But he merely shook it to see if nothing would fall out, and put it down on the table.

About one at night Pavel walked in.

"Who's that?"

"My son Pavel."

"Ah, well. Let's see where you hid those leaftlets."

Pavel cast a glance at his notebook, and I noticed he grew pale.

"I have no leaflets of any kind," he replied.

"What party do you sympathize with."

I didn't give Pavel a chance to answer.

"What party can he be with if he is sixteen years of age?"

"You're his father but you don't know what things he is up to. Young man, where did you get the leaflet that you pasted up?"

"I didn't paste it up. Merely read it and walked on."

"Don't read it next time, or we'll give you something to remember us by."

Had they arrested him, he would have probably been executed. The Whiteguards shot people right and left without any trial. In the spring, when the snow began to melt, children playing in the field frequently found a hand or foot protruding from the ground. Many corpses were dumped in shallow graves here and there.

In the same winter I had occasion to see with my own eyes atrocities committed by the Whiteguards, which to this day I cannot recall without shuddering. Panev called me out and asked me to go to Azov to watch the shipment of grain for our workers. A train was formed of the plant's cars and locomotive. We arrived in Azov when big frosts had already set in. Our train was moved up to the docks and suddenly I noticed a strange sight; it looked as though a flock of sheep was lying on the shore. What could it be? A bitter cold, and suddenly a flock of sheep. I asked one of the train crew, and

he told me that those were no sheep, but the dead bodies of Red Army men who had been taken prisoner. He told me that prisoners were sent to the camps for certain death. All the barracks were infested with typhus. The prisoners were given neither bread nor water. I myself have seen the way they eagerly licked the snow. Big trenches were dug for the dead. They were dug by the prisoners themselves who were watched by the Whiteguards. The dead were picked up by their feet and dumped into the ditch. I was told that sometimes people were buried alive, and that at night some of them would crawl out of the grave. Seeing all this I felt like running away from Azov at once. I didn't call it the city of Azov but the city of the dead.

When we were loading the grain at the station, an echelon of prisoners arrived. One car was filled with corpses. They were piled up like lumber. Among this pile of dead men I can recall one: a big handsome fellow with black curly hair.

In May 1919 the Red troops drove out the Whiteguards. We greeted them like deliverers. But this time the Red Army did not stay long in Makeyevka. It was still weak, and the Anarchist chieftain Makhno switched over to he side of the Whiteguards, and the Red Army had to retreat.

Many of the young men left together with the Red Army. My Pavel was among them. At the time the Red troops were stationed in Makeyevka he took an active part in organizing the Young Communist League and was known as a Bolshevik sympathizer.

We decided he ought to get away from trouble. Let him go to my native village in Orel Province, and wait there until the Whitegards are driven out of the Donbas.

In December 1919 we learned that the Red Army was again advancing. It had recaptured Kharkov and was coming closer and closer to our parts.

On December 24, on the eve of Christmas, all the workers who remained in Makeyevka were called together in the office and told to report tomorrow to the station, to dig trenches for use against the Red Army.

We all left with one thought in mind; we are not going anywhere, we will hide in the tunnels of the plant, where no officer could find us. But there was no need to hide. When we got up the next morning it turned out that the Whites were no longer in Makeyevka. A day later the Red troops marched into the city. This was a real holiday for the people. In all workers' homes the Red Army men were greeted as most precious guests. All were rejoicing at being delivered from the rule of the Whiteguards.

A small group of foremen and furnace men got together to meet the New Year—1920—under Soviet power. We drank to the early opening of the plant.

15

Indeed, soon it was announced that one blast furnace was to be blown in. I again got my job of chief foreman. The preparations took a long time; we hired workers, accumulated some ore and coke, repaired the furnace and all the apparatus. The blowing in of the furnace was an occasion for great pomp. A meeting was held near the furnace and a brass band played. The older workers, however, brought in a priest, and so we had a church service at the foundry, while a meeting was in progress at the hearth. But soon after our furnace had to be extinguished. The economic breakdown in the Donbas was so great that there

wasn't enough coke for even one blast furnace. Only one open hearth furnace and sheet rolling mill remained in operation, but there was nothing for us, blast furnace workers, to do. I then organized an *artel* of old-time furnace men. We repaired all kind of machinery and equipment: gas motors, turbines, pumps, and the like. We unloaded grain whenever it arrived, helped in all sorts of emergencies.

Once the sole crane at the plant toppled over on the rails. I was called out.

"Comrade Korobov, could your crew lift this crane?"

"Why not? We can do anything." Engineers had estimated that this job would take from 10 to 12 days. According to their project, poles had to be placed under the crane and winches installed. We were asked to do the job in eight days, and our pay was to be five pounds of bread per day. I examined the job and agreed. There was a big pile of scrap near the place where the crane was lying. I decided to stretch a cable over this miniature mountain.

We began to work. The director came over and said:

"Ivan Grigorievich, please hurry with the job."

"You won't be angry if we do it very fast?"

"By no means. The sooner the better."

Instead of eight days we lifted the crane in eight hours.

In the evening each one of us brought home a sackful of bread. People at the plant complained; "Why was Korobov's *artel* given so much bread?" But the management told them: "They did their job so fast thanks to their ability and ingenuity, but we had to pay them for eight days as agreed."

This incident gained fame for our *artel* throughout the plant.

The moment something went amiss, we were called out. We tried our hand at everything and were always successful.

Life was hard nevertheless. In 1921 the crops failed and the workers were not given any bread at all, sometimes for a week or two at a stretch.

We again had to go to the village for grain.

I remember a trip we made to Kherson province. There were three of us—a shop mate, myself, and Nikolai, my second son. We took along some things to exchange for grain—bed sheets, shirts and a pair of trousers. We rode on the roofs or on the buffers. The locomotive was so worn out that it would not pull the train upgrade. The passengers had to climb out and help push it.

We arrived at last at Dolinskaya Station. The land, as I had seen it from the roof, presented a strange picture. On the one side of the track everything was burned out, the soil was ashen gray, a frightful sight, while on the other, the fields were blanketed with wheat, sunflowers and other crops.

We were advised to go to Ustinovka village, some 25 kilometers from the station, and we set out on foot.

Soon we exchanged everything we had, but receved very little, only some 12 poods of grain. I told my friend:

"Let's look around for some work in the village. Perhaps we can earn a bit more grain."

He agreed.

We walked all over the village, stopping at each hut and asking the peasants whether there wasn't some work to be done. We noticed in one yard a peasant threshing grain with a flail and walked up to him.

"Allow us to thresh the grain for you."

"No, thanks, we've got enough of our own people."

We walked on further. At one hut we found a peasant seated leisurely on the doorstep.

"Pray, friend, perhaps you have some work to be done."

"And what can you do?"

"Anything you need."

"I have to have a cellar dug. Can you do it?"

I had never seen a cellar dug, but I answered right off the bat.

"Sure."

He looked at me distrustfully and said:

"You fellows go over to my neighbor: he had one dug, just the kind I need."

We went there and looked at the cellar. It was a fine job, dug underground like a tunnel, only without a second exit. Leading from the top were steps cut into the earth. We asked the peasant how much he had paid for the job. Twenty five poods. The price sounded real good.

"And how many days did the job take?"

"Eighteen."

"You don't say."

I even grunted hearing that. If the job took experienced men eighteen days to complete, how long would we have to work at it?

We returned to the hut.

"Well, do you take the job?".

"We'll take it."

"How much do you want for it?"

We told him that the other fellow had paid 25 poods and we asked for the same.

"No, fellows, that won't do. Twelve poods is my price."

We began to bargain, but he stuck to his twelve poods and nothing would budge him. Well, we decided to take the job. The next morning we started. The workers who dug the other cellar came around to watch us. When they learned that we had agreed to work for twelve poods they thought we were fools. We began very clumsily and they gave us some advice and said:

"You're going to putter around here for a whole month."

"Never mind, we'll finish quicker than you fellows did," I replied, not that I was convinced of it, but merely to raise our spirits.

"Nothing doing. The clay is too strong. Can't be done faster."

And they left.

We sweated at the job. True enough, the clay was very strong and you couldn't do anything to it with a spade. We began to use an axe, but that was of little help. Both spades and axes were blunted in a short time. I took them over to the smithy to be sharpened and while there noticed a pick axe. It dawned on me at once that this was just the thing we need.

We asked the village smithy for a pick axe and a sledge hammer. Bringing these tools over to the job, we decided to work the way we do at the blast furnace; one holds the pick axe and the other hammers away. Everyone of us was good at swinging a hammer, and work proceeded well. As we cut away complete layers of clay, our spirits rose. A bunch of boys gathered around us a whole day. I have always liked to talk to them, and this is just the sort of thing children love. We had no occasion to drink water that day. One would bring over a honey dew and the other a watermelon. Within three days we had dug the entire cellar and received twelve poods of grain.

The other fellows who had said they were sorry for us, couldn't believe their own eyes.

"That's what you call workers! We dug for eighteen days and they did it in three."

After finishing this job we went around looking for more work. We dug another cellar and pulled some hemp. In a week's time we

earned thirty poods of grain. We were in good luck.

I decided to start for home. We began to look for a cart to take us to the station. The peasants demanded three poods of grain per person. Nine poods! Nothing doing, this was a whole fortune in Makeyevka.

We went to the peasant for whom we dug the first cellar, and asked him to take us to the station.

"No time," he answered abruptly.

"We'll do some work for you."

"All right, fellows. Suppose you make me a clay floor in two huts."

The huts were big and there was work for several days.

"Are you sane?" I asked him.

"As you wish. Otherwise I won't take you."

We had to agree this time, too. As we started digging up the clay, again there was a bunch of children fluttering around us like birds.

"Did you ever knead clay for your mama," I asked them.

"Sure did."

"Suppose you help us." There were about 20 of them. And once forty feet took to kneading clay, we had a hard time to keep up with them to dig it up.

At three o'clock a boy came over to call us for dinner, but we told him:

"Wait a while, we'll finish right away and come along."

He left, and five minutes later the peasant himself came.

"Are you actually finishing? Impossible!"

He went to check things. He evidently doubted whether the job was well done. He tried and tested everything, but could find no fault. After dinner he took us to the station.

In those years we, workers who stuck to Makeyevka, turned into semi-peasants. I bought a cow for which I paid ten poods of grain.

There were as many as 350 cows in the old settlement, a large herd. On returning from pasture in the evening, the cows would walk through the streets, and their bleating made it sound as though we were in a village. We even bought a bull collectively, fatted hogs and raised geese, planted potatoes and even sowed spring wheat for two seasons. There were no sacks to be had in those years—sacks were used for making trousers—and the wheat we grew was piled in a corner right in the room.

Many homeless waifs and beggars appeared in those years. And my wife would never let any one of them pass without giving him something.

At times I would reproach her for it.

"What are you doing? Here I am working hard to earn the bread, and you are just giving it away. Can you feed all of them?"

"I can't refuse a man when I see he is hungry."

"Yes, but if you added up all you distributed, we probably could live several months on it."

"When everybody dies of starvation, so will we," she replied. "You can't stock up with bread for the rest of your life. As long as we live let others live."

She lived not only for herself, but always thought about others. She wanted to see everybody happy.

"If I were literate, I would be a Communist," she said.

This trait of hers, compassion for people, she passed on to her children. From me they inherited love for work, industry and the ability to manage things, and from their mother, great humaneness.

And so we lived until the year 1924. The plant was idle, and we were having a hard time keeping body and soul together. In the spring of 1924 word got around

that one blast furnace was at last to be started and that Bardin was coming as chief engineer.

16

The furnace was blown in on the seventh anniversary of the Great Socialist Revolution, on November 7, 1924.

This was a joyous event for our family, as well as for all Makeyevka workers. But to me, personally, it brought some unpleasantness. Bardin demoted me from the job of chief foreman.

Here is how it happened. We Makeyevka workers knew that Bardin was a pupil of Kurako, the famed blast furnace man. Kurako built up a solidly-knit school. "Kurakinites" always worked in groups. If one of the engineers of the "Kurako school" was appointed shop superintendent or chief engineer to some plant, he would bring along with him a whole train of "Kurakinites," engineers, draftsmen, mechanics, foremen and even furnace men. Even before the Revolution they learned to operate equipment, the like of which was not known in Makeyevka. During the years of economic collapse, when our plant was shut down, I traveled to Yenakievo to inspect their work. The Yenakievo furnace was the only one operating in Donbas at the time. Even there the workers had a hard time to keep it going; there could be no talk of efficient work, nevertheless the furnace was mechanically charged. The slag was tapped not by hand but with the aid of a special gun. I liked all these devices but saw that they presented no special difficulty for a good furnace man. I examined things there and thought to myself: I could learn in two days how to operate this gun, and would handle it even better than the Yenakievo workers.

When preparations to start our furnace were under way a gun brought from Yenakievo was installed, as well as other equipment, since the plant there was shut down in 1924. But it was not equipment alone that was brought over: Bardin took along with him his "Kurakinites," including a chief foreman.

Bardin called me to his office and informed me:

"Look here, Ivan Grigorievich, I want to organize things so that our furnace produces 12,000 poods of pig iron daily . . ."

"And I want to give 14,000 poods."

"Wait a while. I invited a chief foreman and other foremen from Yenakievo who know just what I want. Let them run things at first, and in the meantime you take charge of the ore yard."

"Ivan Pavlovich, I'll work better than any of your foremen."

"Don't feel offended, I know that you understand the business. We are not going to reduce your wages."

"No, Ivan Pavlovich, I do feel offended."

But he rapped out in reply:

"It'll be just as I said. And later on we'll see."

Two weeks passed. Our plant had a motor fed on gas from the blast furnace. It supplied power to all the shops. The tuyeres at the blast furnace were burning out frequently, and the moment that happened the tuyere had to be changed. This involved stopping the blast furnace. And this in turn meant that the entire plant had to stand idle, since no gas fed the motor. It took a half hour, sometimes a full hour to change the tuyeres, because things were not running smoothly as yet, and discipline was very lax.

Once I noticed Bardin walking

near the furnace together with the shop superintendent, and went over to him:

"Ivan Pavlovich, when will I get to work at the furnace again?"

"Wait a while, Ivan Grigorievich, let's set things going . . . Then I'll take up your question."

"I'll set them going better than anyone else."

Bardin looked at me quizzically from beneath his thick, bushy eyebrows, and asked:

"Could you change the tuyeres without stopping the furnace?"

What he proposed was considered an impossible task. Not to stop the furnace meant to keep up the blast. And the blast, just imagine, comes into the furnace under great pressure at the time when you are supposed to open one outlet. Smoke and fiery dust will be emitted as you are changing the tuyere. I had never heard that tuyeres were ever changed with the furnace going.

And Bardin continued:

"Each stoppage of the furnace means a loss of 50,000 rubles. If you, Ivan Grigorievich, could change the tuyere without stopping the furnace, there would be a good-sized bonus for your crew." But, in such a matter, a bonus means very little to me. It was the ambition to show my skill, to do that which no one else could, that made me say without thinking much:

"I'll do it, Ivan Pavlovich."

He looked at me and issued orders to put me up as senior foreman on the night shift and gave me the right to pick a crew for the job.

I stood near the furnace and walked around it for a long, long time, as though it was the first time I had ever laid my eyes on one. Then I went to see our best Makeyevka furnace men with whom I had worked side by side for twenty years. We talked the matter over, examined every crevice, prepared everything in advance, and decided to tackle the job.

When the tuyere was burned out I reduced the pressure of the blast to 20 centimeters, keeping the furnace barely going. Then I gave orders to stop work for a minute, and the new tuyere was installed in a jiffy. The stoppage was so brief that the gas motor didn't even cough once. We again fed the blast, and the gas rushed on along the mains.

In the morning Bardin came over to see us.

"Well? Did you succeed?" he asked.

"We did."

"You didn't stop the plant?"

"Don't you know it yourself?"

"That's good work. Continue, Ivan Grigorievich, in the same spirit."

After working for a short time as senior shift foreman, I was once more appointed chief foreman, this time by Bardin. It turned out that we, Makeyevka furnace men, knew how to run things no worse than some "Kurakinites."

17

In the first years of operating the restored plant, foremen had a hard job on their hands.

When we demanded honest labor and sought to introduce labor discipline, some workers regarded us as former henchmen of the capitalists, who were seeking to reinstitute the old order at the plant.

Few veteran workers remained at the plant, those workers who had tasted the hardships of a 12-hour working day and of capitalist oppression, but at the same time received a schooling in work and discipline. The majority were new workers who came mostly from the villages. We had plenty

of fights with them. Here are some scenes from those days.

I went to the furnace; the foreman is calling the workers together to tap the iron. I notice that some are trying to shirk the work; one goes to drink water, the other disappears from sight altogether. And the foreman keeps on appealing to them as though they were some fine ladies.

I asked the foreman:

"Did you forget how to order men to do things? Did you lose your voice?"

And next I turned to the workers.

"Look here, boys, if you don't want to work, get your pay at once. No one is forcing you to stay here, but no one will go down on his knees to beg you to work."

And they shouted back.

"What do you think this is, the old regime?"

"The regime is new, but you have to work. Without work no regime can exist. We will be the first to starve."

The foreman looks at me and smiles.

"Well, Ivan Grigorievich, I see that you have also taken to appealing to them."

I would get so angry that I would merely spit and walk off. But there was nothing to be done. Every day I had to appeal and fight.

Another time I came at five in the morning, an hour before the night shift finishes work. I noticed that one man was missing.

"Where is the man?" I asked.

"He went to check us out."

"But why an hour before the shift, who arranges things this way?"

"Oh, we sent him."

In order to avoid going to the office and checking out, the workers would send one fellow to do it and after the whistle blew, all would leave by the nearest way home: at that time the fence around the plant was torn down and you could pass anywhere.

I waited for that man, and felt that I was boiling with anger.

Finally he came.

"Where were you?"

"I went to check out."

"Who gave you permission to drop your work?"

"What is that to you?"

"Answer when you're asked. Who permitted you to leave your work?"

"Don't shout, why all the fuss?"

"I am not going to shout, from tomorrow on you don't work at the hearth any longer, but you'll wheel ore."

"I won't."

"Yes, you will."

"We'll see about that."

"We'll see."

At night the shift reported for work. I sent in another worker in place of this furnace man. But he also came to the hearth.

"Why did you come here?"

"What's that to you? I'll work where I did."

"No, you won't. Another man has been placed in your job."

"I won't leave."

"As you please. This job calls for ten men, and ten men are here. You are the eleventh, and no one will pay you."

"Where should I go?"

"Wheeling ore."

"I won't go as a wheeler."

"That's up to you."

I left, and a short while later all the ten men came running over to my shack, shouting that all of them wouldn't work if I would chase out the furnace man.

But I was not to be frightened by this threat. If need be, I thought, I'll take two or three old-time Makeyevka men, and we'll handle the work of all the ten.

So I told them resolutely:

"You refuse to work. Good and well. You can leave the shop, all of you."

They stamped about on one spot and kept shouting. I began to call them one by one:

"Will you work?"

"No."

"Then go. Here is your pass to leave the plant."

I asked the next one.

"Will you work?"

"I won't."

"Off with you . . ."

They noticed that I wasn't joking, and the fourth one or fifth one answered.

"I will."

"Go to the furnace."

In the end all of them went back to work, and the furnace man whom I demoted to wheeler remained alone.

"And what about you? Will you work?"

"As a wheeler, I won't!"

"If you don't want to, you don't have to. I am through with you."

He threatened me:

"Just wait, I'll see that you're put in your place."

He went complaining everywhere, to the trade union organization, the director and to Bardin. For several days I was called here and there, but I stuck to my guns.

"I won't let him work here at the furnace. I don't need disrupters."

And Bardin supported me. In the end the man came to the shop and said:

"Ivan Grigorievich, excuse me. I figured that one can do things just like in 1917. I realize my mistake. Let me work at the furnace."

"Well, since you promise to change your ways, go and take your place."

I always stuck to the rule that a foreman must not necessarily punish the worker if he acknowledges his mistake. It's easy enough to bawl one out, still easier to fire a man, but that is the last resort—you've got to try and reform the man.

At times when workers had nothing to do at one furnace and they were sent to the other furnace which was being prepared for blowing in, there would also be arguments. You order them to go and they refuse to budge.

"You, fellows, have nothing to do here, and there they're up to their ears in work. Why not give them a hand? Is this right? No owner would do that!"

"Pipe down with the owner line! We chased out the old owners long ago."

"But aren't you the owners of the plant?"

"What do I want your plant for? I came here to earn enough to buy a pair of boots and a leather coat; I don't need your plant."

"I can see you don't. Would you keep a lazy worker if you owned a plant? You would fire him and leave him without a piece of bread. And we'll fire you, too. You can't earn shoes or clothes by loafing."

But some of the workers shouted back at me:

"You want to bring back the old regime!"

Even at meetings some would call me "the old regime," and would even shout: "he wants to skin the workers again, chase him out of the plant!"

But I was always supported by the honest workers. And Bardin backed me. He would say:

"If Korobov puts demands on you, it is because I demand from him. He sticks up for the plant."

But it was hard just the same

Gradually labor discipline was instituted. The Party organization tackled the problem more energetically with each passing year. Without the Communist Party and the support of the honest workers,

we foremen would not have accomplished anything. And even in the trade union organization in Makeyevka, which for a long time took the disrupters under its wing, a change began. But among the trade union functionaries in Makeyevka there was one who wanted to pursue too "clever" a policy. He came to see me with a group of dissatisfied workers, and together with them began to call me down. When the others left and we remained alone, he said: "Ivan Grigorievich, we'll arrange things in the following way: you stick to your line, and if I call you down, don't mind it. I'll be doing it on purpose, that is my job."

I blew up.

"So, you want to appear as a nice little fellow before the workers, and have them think me a son of a bitch? I am not afraid of you, because I act honestly. If a worker deserves it, I'll call him down, fire him, but I'll never pick on anyone for nothing. And you ought to be the first to be chased out of the plant!"

No matter how hard people tried to detract me from my line, I stuck to it, demanding honest work, a business-like attitude to production. And I gave quarter to no one, whether friend or relation, Communist or non-party man. Time has shown that I was right. Now everyone knows that the Party and Comrade Stalin demand from all of us conscientious, honest labor, demand strict labor discipline.

18

In 1927 the building of a new blast furnace was started in Makeyevka; it was to be the biggest in the Soviet Union at that time, and fully mechanized.

Instead of Bardin we had by then as chief engineer M. V. Lugovtsev, a friend of Bardin and a pupil of Kurako. Also our shop superintendent, Kizimenko, was a pupil of Kurako.

Talk about this furnace began yet in Bardin's time. The "Kurakinites" had a good tradition of long standing—no matter where they worked they tried to build new blast furnaces according to the designs of Kurako. Kurako himself designed several mechanized furnaces, but he never had built even one which would embody all his ideas. He died in 1920, without living to see our industrial development.

His pupils who came to Makeyevka decided to realize here what Kurako taught them; they decided to build a furnace the like of which the country had not known, the largest in size and equipped with mechanical charging, bunkers, automatic scales, pouring machine and the like. Now we are used to such furnaces. They can be seen at the Magnitogorsk, Kusnetzk, Makeyevka, at Zaporozhstal and many other plants. But at that time similar furnaces were to be found only in America.

I recall how Lugovtsev met me once in the foundry and said with elation:

"Do you know, Ivan Grigorievich, where America will move to? Right here, to Makeyevka. We'll build the biggest furnace in the Soviet Union. Soon we won't be going to America, but Americans will be coming to us. Our furnace will be bigger than the American."

The furnace was not designed according to ready American blueprints; every detail had to be worked out anew.

Designing of the furnace was started right in the shop in a small office. Kizimenko, the shop superintendent, headed the work, general guidance remaining in Lugovtsev's hands.

Kizimenko would frequently call me to his office. Lugovtsev liked to come there, too. They sought my advice on various questions, knowing that I had a great deal of practical experience. I also gave much thought to the building of the furnace. I always climbed inside the furnace when it was under repair, and studied the burned out lining. Like a pathfinder, a furnace man can learn a great deal by the traces fire leaves in the lining.

Even before that time I took to inventing some devices for the furnace, had introduced some improvements, and now our discussions in the office set my brain working. We argued as to how best to build the tuyeres, about the design of the water-jackets, the kind of gun that would be most suitable and reliable. Kizimenko and Lugovtsev agreed with some of my proposals. Later on, when we built several more furnaces, even more of my proposals were incorporated in their design. And I can say with pride that the first mechanized blast furnace in the Soviet Union built in Makeyevka was not merely a "Kurako" but, to some extent, though small one, also a "Korobov."

My boy Ilya worked in the same office where the designing was carried on. He worked as draftsman, and received his first theoretical training in blast furnace work from Kizimenko and Lugovtsev after practice in the shop where I myself had taught him.

As a boy, Ilya was a tough fellow to handle, and gave me more trouble than the other boys until he graduated from school.

He grew up a reckless boy, a fighter. He had his head split twice in fights and carries two deep scars to this very day. He was contradiction personified. Always wanted to do things the way older people told him not to, but the way he himself thought necessary.

On finishing the seven-year school, he entered the trade school at our works. The pupils studied various subjects and at the same time worked for four hours in the shop. Ilya, of course, took up furnace work and worked right in our shop.

Some time passed, and I noticed that Ilya would stick around the shop all the time, and would not attend school.

"Why don't you go to the trade school?" I asked him.

"What am I going to go there for? I know everything they teach. There's no need for me to go there."

I thought that perhaps he was right. The boy had finished seven grades, studied well and, perhaps, knew everything needed. In the shop he worked on tending the gas apparatus. He ran things there, always asked questions, and tried to learn how the furnace was to be stopped or set going. At home he argued with me, contradicting everything I would say. He read books, cited scientific arguments in his defense. At times the argument would wax very hot. "Well," I thought, "the boy'll make good."

And suddenly I received a letter: "Your son Ilya Korobov is being dismissed from the plant according to paragraph two, *i. e.*, non-attendance of school."

I went to see the principal of the trade school. He told me that Ilya has good marks in metallurgy and mathematics, but that he had flunked in Russian, botany, history and political sciences.

I came home and called over Ilya. He said that he did not intend to study these subjects, since they are of no use to a furnace man. I argued with him for a long time, tried to convince him

and in the end grew so angry, that I took off my strap.

"See this? First you'll taste it and then you'll be telling me whether you need these sciences or not."

He was stubborn, but I went one better. He promised to study and stuck to his word honestly and graduated from the trade school.

In the two years he worked in the shop he tended the gas apparatus, worked on the furnace top and at the hearth, studied all the operations in practice. Next he worked as draftsman and took part in designing the first Soviet mechanized furnace. Later on he joined the same metallurgical institute where Pavel and Nikolai studied before him. Academician Pavlov taught metallurgy to all of them. Ilya always argued and questioned things even there. Pavlov came to like him and when Ilya was graduated, he asked:

"Are there no more Korobovs? Is this the last one?"

Ilya left for the institute in 1927, just about the time we completed designing the furnace, and took to building it.

About that time Pavel returned from Moscow, having just graduated as engineer. He worked for one year in Makeyevka and then was transferred to Yenakievo as engineer of the blast furnace shop.

Building of the furnace started while he was with us, and ended only after he had left. We were building it for a long time, for more than two years. At last, on September 29, 1929, we fired our new blast furnace. The occasion was a big holiday for Makeyevka.

19

At first, the new giant furnace gave us many heartaches and trouble. No one had ever worked in the U.S.S.R. on a furnace that size. We made errors in charging it, fed less air than the furnace wanted, and the tuyeres were frequently clogged with overflowing slag. And, to top it all, the mechanical equipment would keep breaking down. Particularly troublesome were the skip hoists. A skip is a car which goes up an incline to the top of the furnace, and there gets automatically turned over, dumping the charge into the hopper. Nearly every day these skips would roll off the rails. Each time we had to spend almost eight hours to raise it and put the car back on the rails.

I asked Lugovtsev:

"Do these skips go off the rails in America, too?"

"No, Ivan Grigorievich, there they work like a clock."

What was the trouble, then? No one seemed to understand. I didn't sleep nights, pondering over the matter, but still couldn't figure it out. Then I spent several days on the furnace top, watching how the cars run, trying to see what was wrong with them. At last I noticed that the brakes did not hold the car as it was being overturned. At first they wouldn't believe me:

"What do you mean? We have the same brakes as in America, why should they hold there and stop working here?"

But I believed my own eyes, and insisted that I was right. I took engineers with me to the furnace top, and let them see it for themselves. When things were analyzed, it turned out that the actual size of the skip was bigger than was estimated in the design. That is the reason why a full load of coke weighed more than in America, with the result that the brakes couldn't hold all that weight.

There were many such shortcomings. But there could be no bet-

ter school for a furnace man. One who had to learn to operate a mechanized furnace for the first time, was indeed fortunate. Every little insignificant part had to be tested 20 times, adjusted. Here you had to learn about every little thing. It is in my blood: if I come across anything new in the furnace business, I won't rest until I try it with my own hands.

There were frequent breakdowns on the pouring machine. There was no place where to pour the metal, and we had to slow down the work of the furnace. The time for tapping the iron would draw close, and there would be no ladles. The entire management would run around to get the ladles over in time. Lugovtsev himself would drive a locomotive to bring over the ladle. There were even cases of rails flooded by pig iron.

Learning how to operate the big mechanized furnace came very hard to me; I stayed at the works day and night. I would go home, have my dinner and go back to the works, come home at midnight, go to sleep and in about three hours I would be called out again because of some accident.

Hardly had we learned how to run this furnace, when another one, also big and mechanized, was blown in.

At a conference before starting operations, many were of the opinion that it was too early to blow it in, because the pouring machine was not completed, we had no big ladles and we couldn't draw off all the iron.

But we decided otherwise; the country was in need of iron, we will have to work hard, meet lots of trouble, but the second "American" furnace was to be set going at once.

It is pleasant now to recall those days, and a smile comes to my lips when I think of them, but at that time we had no easy job on our hands. Take, for instance, the question of ladles. It took us months of begging and clamoring to get bigger ladles. We lined them with fire-proof material, dried them and brought them to the shop. But here we discovered that the ladles were so big they couldn't pass under the overhead spans. Within three days we raised the spans with our own force and brought the ladles over to the furnace. Metal was poured into one. It held 75 tons, as much as five or six of our old ladles. "Oh boy," we thought, "that's going some!"

A locomotive tried to haul the ladle, but it couldn't move it. A second locomotive was brought over. But even the two couldn't budge the ladle, filled with metal as it was. We had to get a third locomotive to push from behind, and the three of them hardly did the job. Our locomotives were small, we inherited them from the Société Générale, while the ladle was of Soviet make. The track was almost caving in under the weight of the ladle, and we were scared to watch it lest it go off the track. And every day the same picture could be seen in the shop: three small locomotives hauling one ladle. while we, with Lugovtsev at the head, ran after it to be on the spot in case anything goes wrong.

We were asking for bigger locomotives, for a better track, for a second pouring machine, but the Party settled all our troubles in a different way, a way we hadn't dared even dream about. It was decided to reconstruct the entire works, from top to bottom, to extend the territory of the plant, to lay new tracks, build new shops, and to demolish all the old junk, in other words, to build a new Socialist enterprise in place of old Makeyevka.

If I am not mistaken, this decision was adopted after our Peo-

ple's Commissar, Sergo Orjonikidze, had paid us his first visit.

20

Comrade Sergo came for the first time in the spring of 1932. We worked poorly in those days, but in the expectation of the visit of the People's Commissar everything was fixed, cleaned up and painted. At last word got around that Orjonikidze had arrived in Makeyevka and was coming to us.

I waited around near the iron notch. A big group appeared. The People's Commissar, whom I was seeing for the first time, walked in front. Of solid built, with a flowing black mustache, he was dressed in a gray greatcoat that reached to the floor, in boots and an army cap of khaki color. The director called me over and introduced me to Orjonikidze. I shook his hand and I tried to have a close look at him. I remember his lively penetrating eyes and the eagle-like nose.

The director said:

"Here, Comrade Orjonikidze, is an old-time Makeyevka furnace man. Works since the foundation of the plant. He has three sons, all of them iron workers."

"Comrade Korobov, isn't that your son who works at Yenakievo as superintendent at the blast furnace shop?" Sergo asked.

"Mine."

"A good furnace man. He might beat even you."

"No one can beat us, Comrade Sergo, if . . ."

"If . . . if what?"

I told him about the troubles we had, how three locomotives had to pull one ladle, how we had to run after it, and about the various commissions that came from time to time.

"They come, promise golden mountains, leave, and not even a piece of iron is ever sent to us."

Sergo laughed. He took me under my arm and we walked along. I was telling him things and he was laughing, and in the end I myself began to smile.

"If we are given all we need, no one will ever beat us," I said.

"Even the Kuznetsk Works?" Sergo asked.

About that time the first blast furnace was blown in at the Kuznetsk Works in Siberia.

"We'll beat them, Comrade Sergo."

"Good. I'll come next year and see how you keep your word."

And come he did in the autumn of 1933. By then we had received much new equipment, learned how to run mechanized furnaces and were not doing badly at all. We kept our word and had outstripped the Kuznetsk Works. True, we had not yet beat the Yenakievo shops. They had increased output to an extent no one had imagined possible. This was all the more surprising, since they worked on old furnaces which were not mechanized, while we had three new furnaces. I was a bit envious, but at the same time I was pleased that my Pavel was the shop superintendent at Yenakievo. Comrade Sergo, if my memory serves me right, first visited Yenakievo this time, too, and then came to us. He recognized me, walked over, shook my hand and said:

"Last year you looked older, and now you seem to have grown younger."

"Life became better, so I grew younger," I replied. "When life gets still better, I'll grow still younger."

"The work isn't hard?"

"It's easier now that we have learned how to run the new furnaces. Don't you, Comrade Sergo, consider me an old man. I could lick any young fellow my size. I still knock off thirty to forty kilome-

ters on a bicycle on a free day."

"Do you like to get out in the steppe? To go hunting?"

"I sure do."

He spoke so heartily that I told him about our family bike, the big heavy contraption, one of the first models produced by the Kharkov factory, which the four of us had used at the time the boys still stayed home. We spoke about work, the furnaces, wages and then he took leave.

Several days after Sergo had left, I was called to the director's office. He told me that Comrade Orjonikidze sent me a car as a present.

This was so unexpected that at first I could hardly believe it. Then I recalled our conversation and understood what an attentive and solicitous person Sergo was.

The next time I met Comrade Sergo was in Moscow.

Our plant was not receiving coke regularly, and the coke we did get was of low quality. The director sent me to Moscow to take up this question in the People's Commissariat and personally with Comrade Sergo, if I got to see him.

Besides, there was also a personal matter. My daughter Klava was about to give birth, and my wife went to stay with her for a time. This was my second wife. My first wife, Olga Mitrofanovna, the mother of all my children, had died in 1930.

That was the biggest grief suffered by our family. Olga Mitrofanovna died while on the go, on her feet. She died just as she lived, while working and caring for the children, for the family. She was ill frequently, but would never lay in bed. She died suddenly while doing some ironing.

At times she would say:

"The children will fly away from our nest, and then I can die in peace."

Her main aim in life was the bringing up of her children and launching them on the road to happiness. She died having fulfilled this mission, died as though she allowed herself to take a long-earned rest. When she died, Pavel and Nikolai were engineers, Ilya studied at the Moscow Mining Academy and Klava graduated school.

My second wife, Anna Nikitichna, went to Moscow to my daughter Klava who was studying there.

I also wanted to go to Moscow, wanted to see my granddaughter, to visit Klava and Nikolai who, after graduating from the institute, had remained in Moscow doing scientific work.

When I emerged from the railway station, I remained standing stock still. It seemed to me as though Moscow with all her trams, trolleybuses and automobiles was going in circles around me. For two days I had to be led around the city, and only then did I gradually become used to walking the streets of the capital by myself.

I went to the People's Commissariat of Heavy Industry, phoned to the secretary of Sergo, and was given a pass. When I came to the ante-room of the Commissar, the secretary inquired about my business and I told him that I would like to speak with Comrade Sergo regarding coke.

"All right, wait here. I'll inquire about your visit."

Several directors of plants sat in the ante-room. I took my seat next to them. The secretary walked in with a folder of papers to the office and two minutes later the door opened and Sergo himself walked out. Noticing me he smiled, greeted me and said.

"Come in, Comrade Korobov."

When I took my seat, he began to ask me about the work at the plant. We had worked well and were in the lead in the iron and steel industry. I told him about coke. He made a note of it and at

once gave instructions to the secretary. He then inquired about my family, my sons. I told him that my daughter had given birth to a girl and that my wife is in Moscow for the occasion.

"So your wife is in Moscow now?"

"In Moscow."

He pushed a button and the secretary came in again. Sergo told him:

"Tomorrow at six Comrade Korobov and his wife are having dinner in my house. Arrange about the car and everything else. . . ."

I thanked him and rose. But Sergo wouldn't let me leave.

"Stay and tell me more about the plant."

"I had better be going, Comrade Sergo. Every minute is precious to you. There are many people waiting to see you."

"All right, until tomorrow. Do you need any help in Moscow?"

"No, Comrade Sergo, thank you."

I began to walk out, but then turned back.

"There is only one request I wish to make. None of us, myself, my wife, son or daughter, have ever been to the Kremlin. We would like to see it."

Again Sergo summoned the secretary:

"Arrange for Comrade Korobov and his family to visit the Kremlin."

We walked out, the secretary rang up some place and then said:

"Come tomorrow with your family at 12 o'clock to the Borovichi gates."

The next morning I, my wife, son and daughter went to the Kremlin. There was a sentry at the gate. I walked up to him:

"Greetings, comrade."

"Greetings, what is it you wish?"

"We wish to inspect the Kremlin."

He laughed.

"Can't do it without a pass."

"Why not, I was told to be here at twelve o'clock."

"What's your name?"

"Korobov."

The sentry walked into the office to inquire, and then admitted us.

We were given a guide and walked into the Kremlin. We inspected the Armory, the cathedral, the tsar-cannon and tsar-bell.

The tsars surely lived in luxury on our labor. At the armory there were gold plates as big as a writing desk. Table cloths embroidered with precious stones and gold, so big you could cover two rooms with them. In those days no forks were used and people just grabbed the food with their hands and then wiped them on the golden table cloths. Some of them are still soiled. The vestment of Patriarch Nikon has so much gold and precious stones that it weighs about 130 lbs. There are golden saddles, golden thrones, just impossible to count up all the gold there.

The tsar's sleds trimmed with gold are also on display. They take up a huge space. These sleds have even a toilet and a bed room. Twenty horses were needed to pull them. Figures of warriors clad in armor line the walls. In ancient times the Russians taught even the children to fight and there are figures of children in armor. Horses also have a coat of armor.

The tsar-cannon was not exactly to my liking. I climbed on top of it and looked inside. It is made of copper and the bore inside is not ground but rough edged, trimmed by a plain chisel. It wasn't used for firing shells, but its sight overawed the enemy. But the tsar-bell was a surprise to me. It is so huge that even in our plants it would be some job to cast it. It has two hundred tons of copper. A team of three horses could be

sheltered under it. I examined it and tried to figure out how it was cast and raised to the belfry. It hung in a church but when the church burned down it dropped down; a piece was broken off by the impact and the edges cracked.

After examining the Kremlin we returned home. Comrade Sergo sent his car for us. My wife didn't want to go.

"I'll die from embarassment there. I wouldn't know in which hand to hold the fork, and in which the knife."

But I said:

"Since Sergo invited you, you can't refuse."

We dressed and started out.

As we drove into the Kremlin, we passed Comrades Sergo and Lazar Moiseyevich Kaganovich walking together.

The chauffeur drove up to a small ancient building with narrow windows, and led us up to the second floor. At Sergo's apartment we were met by his wife, Zinaida Gavrilovna.

I had met her before. She had come together with Sergo to our plant, and I had showed her around the blast furnaces. She reminded me about it.

We walked into the dining room. The table was set. The furniture in the apartment was very neat, but simple. No articles of luxury of any kind. Not only were there no gold articles, but nothing even gilded. Everything was very modest and cozy. A few minutes later Sergo himself came in. He was dressed in a white tunic and white trousers. He greeted us and invited us to take our seats at the table.

There were five of us. Sergo, Zinaida Gavrilovna, the two of us and Sergo's brother, a tall, lanky man.

Sergo said that his brother would act as *tomada* [1] and asked:

"Well, what are we going to drink? How do you feel about it, Ivan Grigorievich?"

I said that I would take a drink of Kakhetian wine.

Sergo laughed:

"You don't start with Kakhetian? Come, *tomada*, pour us the right kind of a drink."

His brother picked up a bottle of cognac and filled small glasses.

Sergo sighed and poured himself a glass of mineral water, explaining that he was recently operated on, had one kidney removed, and now he can drink nothing alcoholic.

Zinaida Gavrilovna said:

"If not for you, Sergo would have come late at night for dinner. I don't remember when he had his dinner on time last."

We drank the first glass and Sergo said:

"Come on, *tomada*, let's have another one, otherwise the first drink might feel lonely. And then let everyone drink whatever he likes."

Zinaida Gavrilovna brought the soup from the kitchen. She served everything herself. I noticed that there was an elderly woman in the kitchen, evidently a houseworker, but Zinaida Gavrilovna brought everything to the table herself. Of course, at first we felt somewhat constrained. I wasn't so bad, since I had met Sergo before, but my wife was very shy. Sergo kept urging her to eat, put helpings on her plate, joked around, and gradually her shyness disappeared. Soon I felt so much at ease, as though I were having dinner with my own family. We first spoke about the work at the plant, not so much about the work as about the people. We spoke about the director, the chief engineer, the blast furnace shop superintendent. Sergo discussed everyone in detail, asked my opinion. Then our conversation switched over to other iron and steel workers.

[1] *Tomada* in Georgian is one who presides at a feast. Orjonikidze was a Georgian.

Then Sergo began to tell his brother and Zinaida Gavrilovna about my son Pavel who by this time had been transferred from Yenakievo to Dniepropetrovsk as superintendent of the blast furnace department. Sergo said that many professors advised him to shut down the Dniepropetrovsk plant which they considered to be very obsolete, since it always worked poorly and at a big loss. Sergo sent my Pavel there, and Pavel floored all the professors, showing that all their arguments were wrong; this plant became one of the best in the Soviet iron and steel industry.

Time was flying unnoticed. I glanced at my watch; it was ten o'clock.

We rose and I said:

"We have spent more than four hours, have taken up so much time. Thanks a great deal, Comrade Sergo."

"It was a pleasure to spend the evening with you. Thank you for your company."

"I, Comrade Sergo, can find no words to express my gratitude. In the past I never dream of being even near the Kremlin walls, and here I am in the Kremlin, as a guest. And whose guest? To put it in old-time language, a guest of a government minister."

Sergo embraced me and said:

"In our country, under the Soviet system, I am a people's commissar today, and tomorrow your son might be a people's commissar."

Sergo left the apartment together with us, and we all left in his car. The chauffer drove up to the People's Commissariat and Sergo went up to his office to work.

21

The first mechanized blast furnace in the Soviet Union, as I have related, was started in Makeyevka in 1929. Later on such furnaces were installed in all the iron and steel works in the south. To learn how to operate them was no easy matter. There were breakdowns, accidents and furnaces were even spoiled.

Several times, in very difficult cases, I was sent to help other plants. Some even referred to me jokingly as the "blast furnace doctor."

My first trip of this nature was to the Voroshilov plant in Alchevsk. This was in 1933. The director called me on the phone and said that by order of Comrade Sergo I was to go to Alchevsk and help them "cure" the furnace, to get it going right.

In Alchevsk I found a whole concilium of specialists headed by my old friend, M. V. Lugovtsev.

He was glad to see me and said.

"Let's go and examine the furnace, Ivan Grigorievich. A very hard case. We have stayed here a whole week, and still can't find the source of trouble."

I had a good look at the furnace. Things were in a bad shape. Here was a mechanized, American type furnace, the same size as in Makeyevka, 930 cubic meters in volume, which had to produce about 1,000 tons of pig iron daily. It was actually producing about 100 to 150 tons and of poor quality at that. This kept up a whole month, ever since the furnace was blown in, and matters were getting worse every day.

I walked around the foot of the furnace, examined the tuyeres; hardly any light there. The furnace was going to the dogs right before one's eyes. I asked the foreman what was the trouble, but no one could give a satisfactory explanation.

I climbed to the furnace top, examined the charging apparatus,

everything was in order there. Examined the instruments. The temperature of the blast was right, the pressure was sufficient. Where was the root of the trouble? Many years of experience had taught me that prolonged disorder of a furnace meant there was something wrong with the charge. I again climbed to the furnace top but found nothing. I climbed down to the bunker yard, examined all the materials, and then looked into the filthiest spot, where the coke was being sieved. When I was through with my inspection I looked like a chimney sweep, but I knew now what was wrong with the furnace. I went to the hotel to wash up and met Lugovtsev on the way.

"Well, Ivan Grigorievich, did you find anything?"

"I did."

"What?"

"Maxim Vlassovich, get together your commission, I'll hear what you have to say first, and then I'll tell you what I found."

The commission met after dinner. Various opinions were advanced by the experts. One said that a cold current of air had been formed inside the furnace and that it had to be warmed up and then the furnace would get going. Another claimed that the chemical composition of the fluxing material was unsuitable; the opinions of others also differed.

When my turn came I got up and said:

"Tomorrow I'll have this furnace producing 500 or 600 tons."

"How? Why?"

"We merely have to adjust the sieves a bit."

Lugovtsev wouldn't agree.

"What are you talking about adjustments? The sieves are of the same design as in Makeyevka."

"That's true enough. But the sieves are placed at too sharp an angle, with the result that all the small pieces and dirt are not retained but roll down the bunker and get into the furnace. The blast furnace is clogged up with this junk, that is her sickness. There is just about two hours of work to fix the sieves, and the furnace will be well tomorrow."

We adjusted the sieves, put them at the right angle, and the next day the furnace turned out 530 tons of iron.

I was called out to other plants, and always there was some very simple cause of all the trouble. At times it was amazing. The defect was just staring people in the face, but they couldn't see it. I had to help my son Pavel, too. Once I came to visit him and he complained that one furnace was lagging behind the others, and he couldn't adjust her to work properly. I went over to the furnace and climbed to the top. It was an old furnace which had to be charged by hand. The cars with the stock had to be turned over by the workers. Pavel had good control instituted at every step, the material was dumped all around to make an even charge, but in one spot there was an iron rod. It dawned on me that in the spot where the rod was, the car could not be dumped and that consequently the charge was uneven.

I told Pavel to remove the rod and then the furnace would work right. He did as I told him and sure enough, everything turned out as I said. He thanked me for the good advice.

22

In Makeyevka things were not going badly. All the old furnaces had been demolished and we were working on four new ones producing about 4,000 tons of pig iron daily. The Makeyevka blast furnace workers were freed from the exhausting labor. Machinery rendered our la-

bor human. In 1932 we won first place among Soviet blast furnace workers and held our lead for years.

In December 1934 the assistant director phoned to my house and told me that a delegation from our plant was going to Moscow and that I should prepare to leave at once. I went to the office and we started out immediately for the capital.

In Moscow I went straight from the railway station to my daughter Klava. Pavel, who came from Dniepropetrovsk, and Nikolai, were there already.

In the morning of December 26 I came to the offices of the People's Commissariat and was told that we were to show up again at five thirty in the afternoon. There was talk that we would go to the Kremlin, but no one was certain about it. Everyone was in a holiday mood. Soviet iron and steel workers were finishing the year in good style, overfulfilling the program of output. During the two five-year plans new large works like Magnitogorsk and Kuznetsk had been built, and they were running well; our country which at one time was very backward has advanced to first place in Europe in the production of pig iron. The iron and steel workers and particularly we, blast furnace men, were ahead of every one in the heavy industry; we were, as some said, "striking up the tune." Consequently, we felt that something unusual was in store for us this evening.

Would we meet Stalin? I could hardly believe it!

When we reported to the offices of the Commissariat at the appointed hour, we noticed that there were many cars on the square in front of the building. It turned out that all these cars were prepared for us. At six o'clock we left for the Kremlin. We rode through the Spassky Gates to the Building of the Council of People's Commissars. I had never been there before. I looked at everything closely as we walked up the stairway, anxious to take it all in, to remember everything, the glittering clock, the carvings along the walls, and the doors along the corridor with the names of the members of the Government on them. We entered the conference hall of the Council of People's Commissars. Jubilant, gay and talkative, we took our seats and kept chattering just like sparrows on a tree. Suddenly everybody grew silent. I looked around and noticed that a door had opened and Comrade Stalin entered the hall. Next appeared Comrades Molotov and Orjonikidze. They walked along the tables, past all of us, greeted by our enthusiastic cheers and applause.

Comrade Stalin smiled and raised his hand for us to stop applauding, but we couldn't stop. I kept on applauding, giving vent to my feelings, my happiness, my exultation. My every fiber rejoiced. Could I, a plain rank-and-file toiler, ever dream that I would become an honored man in the country, that I would be seated in the hall of sessions of the Soviet Government and see the great man whose name will go down in the history of mankind?

How could we stop applauding? At last the ovation subsided. Comrade Sergo took the chairman's seat and began to open the meeting, but suddenly interrupted himself and said: "Why, I have taken someone else's place. This is the seat of the chairman of the Council of People's Commissars."

He offered the seat to Comrade Molotov. But Comrade Molotov said:

"Your metal workers are here, you take the chairman's seat."

"They are yours no less than mine," was Sergo's reply.

In the end, however, Comrade Molotov took the chairman's seat. He didn't make any speeches but asked at once:

"Comrades, who wants the floor?"

Every one was silent. He asked once more. Then Bardin rose. At first his eyes were cast downward, he was somewhat shy but spoke with resolution.

He said that for a long time he hadn't believe in the plans of the Bolsheviks. It seemed to him that the Bolsheviks would be unable to build up a large-scale industry. But now there remained no room for doubts. He, an old engineer, not a member of the Communist Party, felt compelled to declare that the Bolsheviks acted rightly, acted like revolutionaries from beginning to the end. And raising his head and addressing Comrade Stalin, Bardin said that Stalin and the Party wrought a revolution in his mind as well.

When Bardin ended, Molotov asked who wanted the floor next. Again everyone was silent. Comrade Stalin rose then and said:

"It seems as though I will have to speak."

Stalin began his speech by replying to Bardin. He said that all the successes of the Soviet country could not be ascribed only to the Communist Party, that our successes had been won by the efforts of such honest non-Party people as Bardin and others. He spoke calmly, quietly, smiling and even joking from time to time. He stated that when the building of new plants was begun, the problem of what to do first was considered—whether to send people abroad to study so that they should learn there, or buy equipment abroad, install it in new factories and plants and learn on the go, making mistakes, facing breakdowns and accidents. It was decided to build, and build faster, and not to fear that our people would break the machines. This was the way the problem was solved, and it was no mistake. Things turned out right.

Recalling the trouble we had in Makeyevka at first, and that later on we learned to work well and our labor became easier, I fully agreed with every word Comrade Stalin said. He spoke about the young cadres, and said that we must train people just like a gardener cultivates his favorite plants.

He was dressed very simply in a tunic of gray cloth and similar trousers. Some streaks of gray were to be seen in his black hair. After Stalin's speech our assembly assumed quite a different air. Many notes asking for the floor were sent up to the presidium, everyone wanted to speak, and the speakers were frequently interrupted by remarks. Some tried to boast of their achievements but we didn't give them a chance and criticized them from the floor. Stalin frequently rose from his seat and walked about, drawing on his pipe.

Sergo sat next to Molotov and frequently looked in my direction. He would look at me and smile. At ten o'clock Comrade Stalin proposed to call a recess, but all declined. Our meeting ended late at night; all of us were ready to stay up until morning.

When the people began to leave, Sergo called me over, and taking me under the arm led me to Comrade Stalin.

"Here, Comrade Stalin, is Comrade Korobov, a furnace man. He works in Makeyevka from the time the plant was founded. His three sons are also in the iron and steel industry. The oldest is superintendent in Dniepropetrovsk, and the other two are also furnace men."

Comrade Stalin shook my hand with a strong and firm grip, and said:

"That's a fine job, Comrade Korobov, raising such sons."

Then Comrade Sergo called over Pavel and also introduced him to Comrade Stalin.

"Here is Korobov's son whom we recently accepted into the Party by decision of the Central Committee."

Stalin shook Pavel's hand and said:

"Since you deserved it, you were accepted."

I walked home with Pavel along the quiet Moscow streets. We were both under the impressions of our meeting with the great leader.

"Before seeing Comrade Stalin in person," I said, "I pictured him to myself as a stern judge, but actually he is very kind."

The next day we again assembled at the People's Commissariat. At six o'clock cars were brought over just as the day before and we rode out of town to the summer home of Comrade Orjonikidze. We walked about the rooms, played billiards in the big hall. Some time later, Comrade Sergo came and everyone went to the dining room where the tables were set. In the course of the dinner, iron and steel workers rose and propose toasts. I was also given the floor. I raised a toast for good coke, saying that the main thing in metallurgy is good coke, that if the coke was bad, the smartest man in the game could do nothing.

Comrade Sergo proposed many toasts. When the affair was drawing to a close, he rose and said:

"I want to drink to the health of old Korobov."

I filled a glass of red wine and walked over to Sergo who had mineral water in his glass. We clicked our glasses. Holding his glass in his left hand, Sergo extended his right. I also held my wine glass in the left hand. Sergo shook my hand so strongly that I spilled the wine on him, myself and some of the people standing nearby. We downed our glasses and Sergo embraced me. Next he turned around to the iron and steel workers and said:

"Here, comrades, is an example for all of you, this old man Korobov. Raise such sons as he did. He is a hero and his sons are heroes."

I was overcome with excitement, and was so taken aback that I couldn't think what to say in reply.

Sergo again poured himself a glass of mineral water and a glass of wine for me and we clicked our glasses.

When the affair was over, many of the comrades left for Moscow, but I and several others stayed overnight at Sergo's country home.

Several months later I again met Comrade Sergo when I went to Moscow to receive an Order awarded me by the Government. Sergo came to the Presidium of the All-Union Central Executive Committee when the iron and steel workers were presented with their decorations. He met me and spoke to me very cordially. This was our last meeting. When the radio brought the news that Sergo died, I could not hold back my tears.

23

In 1937 I had the good fortune of meeting and speaking to Comrade Stalin for the second time. A conference of iron and steel workers met in Moscow on October 25, 1937. This conference was conducted by our new People's Commissar, Lazar Moiseyevich Kaganovich. I looked at him and wondered how he always managed to be so lively, energetic and trim. I was told that he worked every day until four in the morning, but I couldn't see a trace of fatigue. When we met, I told him about it.

"And I look at you, Comrade Korobov," he said, "and can hardly repress my joy. You are well advanced in years, have such big sons, and yet are in such fine trim yourself."

Another time he came over to me and said:

"Let's see your mustache? You don't dye it?"

"No."

"How do you manage to keep looking so young?"

"I like my work and there is no one with a stick forcing me to do it, that's the whole secret."

Lazar Moiseyevich liked my reply.

At this conference we were no longer as carefree and in as joyous a mood as in 1934. The iron and steel industry was somewhat lagging behind. The output of metal was not growing fast enough. This was partly due to the insidious activity of the enemies of the people who did much wrecking in the coal, coke and iron ore industries, which had a big effect on our plants. On the other hand, we ourselves rested on our laurels, became self-satisfied, and stopped striving for improvement in our work.

Lazar Moiseyevich gave us a good shaking up. From each one who took the floor he demanded a straight-forward answer: "Why do you work poorly?" He didn't allow anyone to brag about his accomplishments.

In his concluding remarks he put before us the task—to work efficiently, introduce a strict schedule for all operations in iron and steel production, just like the work of the railways, without breakdowns or accidents.

Closing the conference, Lazar Moiseyevich announced that we were to assemble again at six o'clock.

I went to the office of the commissariat on time, but Nikolai was late because of the fog. That evening there was a heavy fog in Moscow, the like of which I had never seen before. The street cars were not running and automobiles were going at a snail's pace. The drivers were tooting their horns all the time. On some cars people sat on the radiators; they looked ahead and on noticing a wall or a sidewalk would shout frantically: "Stop! Stop!"

In this fog Nikolai made his way on foot from an outlying district. He walked with another steel worker who, as luck would have it, was very nearsighted, and they came late.

The iron and steel workers left the building but I had the pass for Nikolai and had to wait for him. At last he came and, hardly seeing how to walk, we made our way to the Kremlin. We were led to the building of the Granovitaya Chamber. When we entered the huge, brightly lit hall, everyone was seated already and I at once noticed Comrade Stalin. He was seated at a table on a small dais. Next to him was Stakhanov, our Donets coal miner, L. M. Kaganovich, Kalinin, Voroshilov and other leaders of the Party and the Government.

The place reserved for me was not far from the table where Comrade Stalin sat.

The master of ceremonies at the evening was Lazar Moiseyevich Kaganovich. He gave the floor to Comrade Stalin several times. I was very late and missed several toasts made by Comrade Stalin. But I was present when he toasted the health of the people who ran our industry, whether on big or small jobs—the modest workers of Soviet enterprises. He then spoke about the Donets coal miners, Stakhanov, Dyukanov, Ryaboshapka, saying that there are millions of such men, of such heroes

among our people. He spoke about the people, that leaders come and go, but the people alone remains immortal. I saw how Ryaboshapka, a gray, sixty-year-old miner walked over to Stalin and shook hands with him.

I noticed that Lazar Moiseyevich was making signs in my direction, that I should go over to him. But I was not certain. Perhaps it was my imagination. Then Lazar Moiseyevich sent over a comrade to invite me to come over to the table where the leaders were seated.

Lazar Moiseyevich took me over to Comrade Stalin and said:

"Comrade Stalin, meet an old furnace man, Comrade Korobov."

"We are acquainted already, I know him well," Stalin answered.

We shook hands and Comrade Stalin inquired after my health and how old I was.

I told him that I was 56.

"I am older than you," Comrade Stalin remarked. "I am 58 years old."

Comrade Voroshilov, who was standing next to us, overheard our conversation.

"I am also older than you. I am 57 years old."

Then Comrade Stalin asked:

"Where is your son?"

"We'll call him over right away," Lazar Moiseyevich said. "He has not one but two sons here."

And he sent for Pavel and Nikolai. Then Comrade Stalin whispered something to Lazar Moiseyevich and the latter rose and shouted:

"Silence, comrades, Comrade Stalin has the floor."

Joseph Vissarionovich poured us all a glass of wine and amidst the silence reigning in the hall toasted the Korobov family.

I listened and couldn't believe my own ears. And Comrade Stalin continued:

"Let's raise a toast so that the Korobov furnace men should in the future not lag behind the development of our iron and steel industry, should not lag behind the latest methods in the industry."

I remember these words for life. When Comrade Stalin finished, I was overwhelmed with joy. I had to say some hing in reply, but I couldn't think of anything, and merely exclaimed.

"Long live our own beloved Comrade Stalin!"

24

In 1938 I was nominated for Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic.

During the election campaign I spoke at numerous meetings; I told the voters about my life, what I had seen and lived through in the forty years I had spent in Makeyevka.

I recalled the filthy settlement that Makeyevka was under the capitalists, Makeyevka which is now one of the largest cities in the U.S.S.R.

I spoke about the arduous labor at the capitalist factory with its 12-hour working day and constant fear of unemployment.

I told them how difficult it was for a working man to give his sons an education, related how I had to beg the principal to get my sons into school which was attended almost entirely by children of merchants or officials.

And today our Makeyevka has dozens of secondary schools and several institutes of higher learning, which are housed in the finest buildings of the city.

I told them about my sons, our family. By this time Pavel was director of the Magnitogorsk Iron and Steel Works, the biggest in the country. The Government had

awarded him the Order of Lenin and the people elected him Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.

Nikolai was teaching the theory of metallurgy at the Stalin Institute and the Industrial Academy. Hundreds of his pupils are now working in plants throughout the Soviet Union. At that time he held the post of assistant chief engineer of the entire iron and steel industry. I also spoke about my son Ilya who was then superintendent of the blast furnace shop at the Krivoi Rog Works.

Klava, my daughter, had by that time played the role of a worker's wife in the film "Lenin in October," and I told the voters about that too. Klava told me that when she played this part, she tried to depict her mother, Olga Mitrofanovna.

Then I spoke of my meetings with Comrade Stalin, our unforgettable Sergo and with Lazar Moiseyevich Kaganovich. Wherever I appeared I was asked to tell every detail of my meetings with Stalin, I was asked innumerable questions about him, the great leader of the working people.

Everywhere I have seen a great affection for him, profound faith in our Stalin who has made us, working men, the most honored people in our state.

Translated by Leo Lempert

M. I. Kalinin with Korobov and his sons: (from left to right) Pavel, Assistant People's Commissar of the Iron and Steel Industry of the U.S.S.R., Ilya and Nikolai, metallurgical engineers

Adam Mickiewicz: Great Polish Poet and Revolutionary

When the Red Army liberated Lwow in September 1939, one of the first mass meetings in the city was held near the monument of Adam Mickiewicz. The speakers—Ukrainians, Russians, Poles, Jews—unanimously expressed the sentiments of the liberated people for the great poet.

Mickiewicz's fame never faded among the people of the Soviet Union. In 1929, the State Publishing House of the Soviet Union marked the 130th anniversary of the birth of the founder and greatest representative of modern Polish literature by publishing a volume of his selected works in a Russian translation. Anatoli Lunacharsky, who wrote the introductory essay, pointed out that in our days the works of the great Polish poet are not as well known as they should be. The readers accept his fame and leave it at that. Lunacharsky considered this an injustice done the poet and set forth the reasons why Mickiewicz deserves universal attention.

"In the first place," wrote Lunacharsky, "he is a really great poet. He is one of that small group of Polish writers who have been accepted in the Pantheon of world literature, and in this Pantheon he holds a place of honor. Mickiewicz's works deserve greater attention, if only for the reason that he belongs by right to the classics of world literature.

"Secondly, Mickiewicz was a revolutionary poet; and there have been very few of this breed. There are very few poets whose political thought, oppositionary anger and insurrectionary passion burned so brightly as to outshine all the other manifestations of their philosophy and world perception."

Mickiewicz, like Byron, Hugo, Petöfi and Heine, combined poetic genius with revolutionary fervor. But there are two reasons, Lunacharsky pointed out further, why Mickiewicz is particularly important to the Soviet reader: "To Mickiewicz the tsarist despotism in Russia was the enemy number one against whom it was necessary to rally all that was honest and revolutionary. But there were other ties as well that bound Mickiewicz to Russia: he was able to differentiate. He had good friends in Russia—and his friends were those who at that time raised, in one way or another, their voice in revolutionary protest against tsardom. Pushkin was one of his friends. . . ."

Mickiewicz's ties with Russia should be made a subject of a special study. But even here it

ought to be mentioned that Mickiewicz owed a great deal to Russian culture. This idea was well developed by the Polish author Boy-Zelenski, who wrote in his essay "The Path of a Genius" published several years ago: "His (Mickiewicz's) exile to Russia[1] was an act of punishment, but at the same time it was an act of emancipation. One might say it was the most happy event in Mickiewicz's life; and Mickiewicz himself regarded it as such. His sojourn in Russia had an enormous influence on Mickiewicz's intellectual life. To this inhabitant of Vilna and Kovno (Kaunas), who had never been even to Warsaw, and had no affection for that city, Russia was Europe. He was astonished not by her might as a state, but by the height of her culture. That, at least, were his sentiments at the time."

It is known that Mickiewicz was connected with the Decembrists, and he bewailed their sad fate in his verse. It is also known that the Polish poet was closely associated with the greatest Russian writers of his day. Pushkin had an exceptionally high opinion of Mickiewicz's poetry. In a moment of enthusiasm he once even said: "What a genius! What a sacred flame! What am I beside him?" Pushkin was likewise of a very high opinion of Mickiewicz as a critic: "He is a keen and subtle critic and well versed in Slavonic poetry." Pushkin wrote a poem dedicated to Mickiewicz in which he said:

He often spoke to us of times to come,
When nations will forget their strife
And form one great family.

Mickiewicz, in his turn, often expressed his appreciation of Pushkin, and compared the latter and himself to twin rocks in the Alps. His artiele on Pushkin's death he signed "A Friend of Pushkin."

The whole of progressive Russian society of those days thought highly of the Polish poet, a number of whose works were published in Moscow and St. Petersburg during the few years of his stay in Russia. Boratynsky, a prominent Russian writer of the time, wrote in one of his poems referring to Mickiewicz's infatuation with Byron's poetry: "When I see you, oh, inspired Mickiewicz, bent at the feet of Byron, I think: 'Arise, ye humble admirer, arise, for you are a god yourself.'"

Mickiewicz was one of the few poets who attained world fame during their lifetime. Mickiewicz's works enjoyed exceptional success throughout Europe. The greatest public figures and writers of his time expressed their enthusiastic praise of his works. George Sand wrote an essay entitled "Goethe, Byron and Mickiewicz." She, together with Sainte-Beuve, and a number of other celebrated French writers, attended his first lecture at the *Collège de France*, where he held the chair of Slavonic literature. Paul de Saint-Victor, the celebrated French critic, wrote: "To study Mickiewicz is to study the revolution of Polish literature." And this was a very apt definition of the Polish poet's significance, for it was Mickiewicz who put Polish literature on the map and gained world recognition for it, by ridding it of its imitative character, of the obsolete forms of poetical language and of the rules of pseudo-classicism which had cramped its development.

Mickiewicz was also one of the great writers of the world, who belonged to the people. This is so not only because of the fact that he made use of folk poetry, traditions

[1] Mickiewicz was arrested by the tsarist police in Vilna in 1823 and subsequently sent under escort to St. Petersburg. He left Russia in 1829, never to return either there or to Poland.

and legends. Nor because of the fact that he strove to fashion his verse so, as to make it comprehensible to his people, to whom his thoughts and hopes were addressed, as, for instance, when he dreamed that his books would reach the peasants, who "would read their pages, as simple as their own songs." He was of and belonged to the people primarily because of the fact that he expressed the finest hopes and aspirations of his people, that he sang of its misfortunes, heralded its future triumph and happiness, and cherished the vision of a coming free community of nations.

A great patriot of his own country, Mickiewicz was not a narrow nationalist; he was no chauvinist. "Fatherland is where people are unhappy," he wrote. "The poor and the unfortunate are my compatriots." These words will not be forgotten: nor will the people ever forget the words in which Mickiewicz foretold that his people would become free when "all the havens, seas and lands become the possession of all free nations."

Mickiewicz saw that the interests of the people were incompatible with the interests of bourgeois society. He aroused the anger of his admirers among the Polish chauvinist circles when, on having learned of the vengeance wreaked by the insurgent peasants of Galicia on the landlords, he said that that was natural, for "the peasants are long-suffering, they bear offense and show patience, but in the end they rise and cut the throats of the landlords."

Mickiewicz began his literary career as a gentle lyric poet. But his arrest, and then his examination by the tsarist authorities and the time he spent in prison served to steel the poet's will and to multiply infinitely his hatred for tsardom and all tyranny. Mickiewicz left prison as a revolutionary poet who considered it his highest duty to serve his people in its revolutionary aspirations. Mickiewicz himself referred to the date of his revolutionary rebirth in the third part of his famous narrative poem, *Dziady* (The Grandfathers). Mickiewicz never drew a line between the struggle for the liberation of his own people and the struggle against the injustice of existing social relations in general. In his *Book of a Polish Pilgrimage* he wrote: "Wherever freedom is suppressed in Europe and wherever a fight is waged for freedom, it is a fight waged for my country; all are in duty bound to join in this fight."

Mickiewicz's *Weltanschauung* developed under the influence of the ideas of the French Revolution of 1789-93, and under the influence of the teachings of the French utopian Socialists, particularly Saint-Simon. His creative work was greatly influenced by Byron, Goethe and Schiller. We get a glimpse of Mickiewicz's innermost thoughts in the fact that for the journal which he edited in Paris he chose the name *La Tribune des Peuples* calling up associations with Babeuf's *Le Tribun du Peuple*. The articles which Mickiewicz published in that paper show that, although he had a hazy idea of the laws of social development, he nevertheless arrived at the correct conclusion that "land, all raw materials and capital have but a relative value; labor alone represents real wealth."

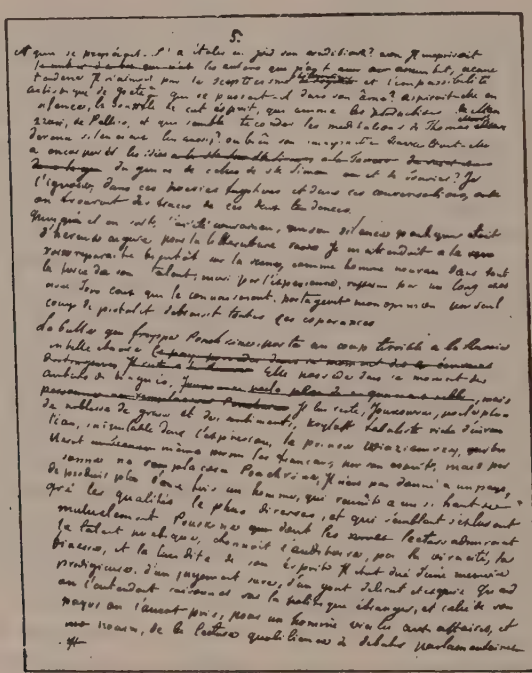
The poet's article called "Socialism" (April 14, 1849) contains some remarkable ideas. Ridiculing the attempts of the reactionary governments of Europe to expunge this term from the language, he wrote: "To expunge does not mean to destroy. You cannot expunge a word which is being repeated millions of times in the newspapers and has become the slogan of political parties."

The above allows us a glimpse

into the world of ideas and sentiments in which the poet lived and which, naturally, found expression in his works, such as *The Grandfathers*; *Konrad Wallenrod*, a historical novel in verse; the epic poem *Pan Tadeusz* and several volumes of verse, including the cycle of lyrical poems under the general title *Crimean Sonnets*.

The 85th anniversary of Mickiewicz's death (November 1940) was observed throughout the Soviet Union and was marked by a revival of interest in the works of the great Polish poet. The Soviet people honor Mickiewicz as an inspired, pure and noble writer to whom the interests of the people stood above everything else, and who devoted all his life, a life full of suffering, to the cause of the struggle for the happiness of all the peoples, to the cause of their liberation from the horrors of oppression. The Soviet people honor Mickiewicz as a great poet who devoted his genius to the interests of humanity.

There were blunders, deviations and downright errors in Mickiewicz's life and in his works. But, in evaluating the legacy of the past, the Soviet people are not concerned with the occasional blunders of a poet, who after all is but a son of his own age, with all its limitations; they are concerned primarily with the great works of the past, which they accept and which they will study. The Soviet people remember and honor Mickiewicz, the great Polish poet, whose genius and revolutionary struggle won him immortality and a place in the Pantheon of great men.



Facsimile of Mickiewicz's article on the death of Pushkin written in French

KONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKY

Art Notes

In the world of art the name of Konstantin Sergeyevich Stanislavsky has long been known and revered. No one nowadays would dream of attempting serious work in the theater without first making a thorough study of what is known as "Stanislavsky's system," the essence of which is outlined in his two books *My Life in Art* and *An Actor Prepares*. Neither would anyone ignorant of Stanislavsky's theory and system venture to regard himself as a student and connoisseur of the stage. In the U.S.S.R. every new page published of the wealth of literary material left by Stanislavsky is followed with keenest appreciation by actors and theater-goers.

Stanislavsky did not live to complete the comprehensive work he had planned on the art of acting. The two books mentioned are only the initial volumes of this work. Only rough notes and fragments remained of the third and fourth—on *The Self-Training of the Actor During the Creative Process of "Impersonation"* and *An Actor's Work Over His Part*. A special commission has been appointed by the Government of the U. S. S. R. to bring order and system into these notes, as well as in all the manuscripts left by Stanislavsky. Only when the systematizing which has already been begun is finished, and everything of Stanislavsky's has been published, will we be able to regard ourselves as having come into our heritage.

The *Art Notes*, some extracts from which we offer our readers, include Stanislavsky's remarks on his performances between the years 1877 and 1892, from his first appearance as a boy of fourteen in 1877, to 1892, when he was already a prominent actor and a full-fledged stage-manager of a large theatrical company pursuing a definite line in the art of the theater. Stanislavsky attached to the original manuscript of *Art Notes* the programs of the performances he mentions, newspaper clippings and letters containing reviews. These notes are a source of information on a period in his creative biography that was least known and not widely studied until now.

In 1888 Stanislavsky became acquainted with A. F. Fedotov, the producer, and F. L. Sollogub, an amateur painter, both well-known figures in the artistic circles of their day. The idea arose of founding a big society to unite all serious amateur actors in a dramatic circle, and all professionals concerned with art in a club (without any card games). A large share in the founding and organization of the society was taken by F. P. Komissarzhevsky, the prominent opera-singer.

Funds were needed for the organization of the society. Just at that time, as Stanislavsky writes in his memoirs, he unexpectedly came into a large sum of money—twenty-five or thirty thousand rubles, and, without thinking twice about it, invested it in the society.

The opening meeting of the Art and Literary Society was held on December 8, 1888. This society was to prove of the greatest importance in Stanislavsky's life and formed, as it were, the foundation of the Moscow Art Theater he founded at a later period.

The excerpts we publish from the *Art Notes* deal with the performances given by the Art and Literary Society, or rather with those that proved to have a determining influence on the formation and development of his ideas on the theater and, above all, of his theories on the art of the actor.

We have selected passages which deal primarily with the presentations of plays best known to our readers, or those plays concerning which Stanislavsky made the most valuable remarks of a more general significance.

*December 8, 1888**

A dreadful and solemn day. A great many people came. Actors, artists, professors, princes and counts. Imagine having to play a responsible role! I dreaded my appearance in *The Miser-Knight*, and was sure of myself in *Dandin*. But things turned out quite the contrary. *The Miser-Knight* went better and pleased the audience more, though the first act was a failure. The audience did not even applaud. Telegin[1] was to blame, he was no good at all. Before I went on, a kind of apathy, the most unpleasant mood an actor can fall into, came over me. At first I could not feel my part, my tone was shaky, and I dragged out the pauses. Towards the end of the monologue I got worked up and the forceful part went, apparently, very well. Medvedeva [2] the actress praised my Miser-Knight, but remarked that I had made the pauses a little too long. Another actress, Potekhina, [3] assured me that my performance was really good.

The actor Shilovsky [4] praised me but reproached me for a certain sameness of tone and abrupt transitions of voice from low to high. He interprets this role in a different way, too, much of the surface only, too theatrically. Count Sollogub [5] praised me up to the skies and said that the impression I produce is overwhelming. After the second act the audience called for me three times in an extremely friendly way, and the same after the third act.

It is a queer thing, but when you really feel your role, the impression you make on your audience is poorer; when you have yourself well in hand and do not give your part everything you've got in you, it turns out much better. I begin to grasp something of progressiveness in the role. I tested the effect of acting without gestures (there are only two in the last act). I wear the costume well, that I can feel. The plastic side is developing, and I am beginning to understand pauses. Mime is going on well, too. They tell me I died very well, plastically and convincingly. There was quite a lot of talk about me the following day at the Maly Theater; naturally, only the most flattering opinions reached my ears. Saying good-bye to me, Medvedeva added: "You are a serious actor and you love the stage. I worship you. It is a very rare thing for a young man to give money for a good cause and play well into the bargain." Then she kissed me and assured me that our productions would go well, because they were much better than those at the Korsh Theater. [6]

There is one thing I should like to say about *Dandin*: we were too sure of ourselves in it, and once the weight of *The Miser-Knight* was off our minds, we ceased to worry and played carelessly. Medvedeva and Fedotova[7] said that *Dandin* did not go as well as it ought to have. Yuzhin[8] praised me. Shilovsky, who is an expert in the matter of costume and make-up, said that my Sotenville was the first genuine Molière personage he had ever seen.

A certain Ustromskaya[9] told me that she sat through the performance of *The Miser-Knight* with some vexation; the technique was excellent, but there was no truth in the acting. She concluded that I

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* The first performance given by the amateur players of the Art and Literary Society. This society produced Pushkin's tragedy *The Miser-Knight*, Molière's *George Dandin*, scenes from *The Godunovs*, a tragedy by A. F. Fedotov. Stanislavsky had two leading parts—the baron in *The Miser-Knight* and Sotenville in *George Dandin*. It was after this first performance that the actors, in cooperation with whom he subsequently entered the Moscow Art Theater, joined Stanislavsky, and formed a group.

ought not to play old men and dramatic parts. Fedotova said that when I appeared in the vault and spoke in a low voice under the arched ceiling, the illusion was perfect—just what she wanted. Philippov the critic declared that my portrayal of Dandin was inimitable and that I might compete with anyone. My recital of my part in *The Miser-Knight* was good, but there was no acting. In his opinion I should go in for ordinary everyday characters, as I am no tragedian.

We got tired of *Dandin.** The comical situations are no longer fresh and do not amuse the actors—and that is, probably, why we played so lifelessly.

I begin to understand what precisely it is that is so difficult in acting; the ability to throw one's self into a part no matter what external obstacles may present themselves, the ability to enliven one's self and not allow the part to grow stale. I have no experience in this as yet. True, I was rather put out today by Alianchikova,[10] who did not know her part properly. I even had to give her her cues. While on the stage, I fancied it was not going so badly, but the audience did not laugh in the first act and said that the tempo was too slow. During the second act people brightened up and to my surprise, called for both Alianchikova and myself after my exit. They did it in a very friendly way, and I cannot understand why and who did it, the members—that is, our own people—or the public. Probably the former. When we came out in our night attire in the third act, the audience roared laughing and applauded in a highly good-humored manner. Evidently they were applauding the funny costume and night-caps. The surprising thing was that they called for us again after our exit. What could it have meant?

The Flare-up went off very pleasantly. Perevoshchikova's[11] acting was wonderfully feminine and simple. In *Woman's Secret* something quite extraordinary happened. The audience applauded when I came on; my appearance coincided with the end of the couplet sung by Cesarina and Annibal.[12] I cannot understand whether it was the couplet or me they were applauding. I remember I purposely made a pause as I came on, to see if the couplet was to be repeated or not. Some of the people there told me

Stanislavsky as Sotenville in 1888

* The program of the performance given on February 2, 1889, by the Art and Literary Society, included *George Dandin*, and two vaudeville sketches: *The Flare-Up on the Hearth* by Fyodorov and *Woman's Secret*. Stanislavsky played his former parts of Sotenville in *George Dandin* and Megriot the student in *Woman's Secret*.

the applause was meant for me. If so I appreciate the welcome.

During my scene they laughed at practically every sentence, and I understood then that this comedy had become a favorite and that the sympathy of the public was extended to its interpreters. This makes one act with more boldness and assurance. It was the same this time. I feel that I played with spirit and very simply. I remember I felt very cheerful and laughed easily, which was not the case in the foregoing shows. The "Everybody Knows" couplet evoked a storm of clapping. I may say, in brackets, that the applause was meant for me because Kumanin and Cesarina have no voices. We repeated the couplet as usual. The clapping continued and they shouted "encore" again. I signed to the conductor, and he was about to strike up, when Kumanin began to speak and the play went on. They made Fedotov [13] repeat a couplet. After my first appearance I was recalled, a thing that had not happened before. In my second scene, some of the monologues were interrupted and the clapping went on while I was speaking. (This is very pleasant.) Cesarina was made to bow, too. When I came on drunk and staggered down towards the footlights with a foolish smile on my face, the audience clapped for a long time while I acted in pantomime without gestures. I remember that it flashed through my mind that I had seen similar play of expression while the audience was clapping when Lensky [14] played in *Much Ado About Nothing*. And I recalled how in former days I had envied him this burst of applause. Now I had earned it myself. The public went on laughing to the end. I had to repeat the last couplet. When the performance was over, I joined the audience, I remember people followed me and stared at me as though I were a wild beast. I was sitting with Maria Petrovna [15] in a box during the dances, and a lot of people came and sat down opposite us and watched us through their opera-glasses. On the whole, people were enthusiastic about the performance. As for *Woman's Secret*, they said we "shouldn't play so amazingly well."

A German play *A Debt of Honor*,* by P. Heyse [16] has been translated and arranged to suit Russian ideas by E. Matern[17] who suggested that our society should produce it at one of its informal entertainments. Having read the play, we were all enthusiastic about it, so original, so cleverly knit, so interesting it was. The subject, of course, could not be adapted to Russian life, and alteration would only spoil it and make the plot unnatural. This led us to ask the translator to keep the German names as they were, and put on the play in its original form. The play interested us and we resolved to make a perfect show of it. Alexander Philippovich Fedotov set to work on it very conscientiously, and, to give him his due, surpassed himself in externals, that is, in the stage directions. These were so vivid, so cleverly conceived that I shall give them at the end of my memoirs. He did not, of course, pay any attention to the interpretation of the roles, having left them

* The program for the entertainment given by the Art and Literary Society on April 20, 1889, presented four one-act plays: Heyse's drama *A Debt of Honor*, Molière's comedy *Le mariage forcé* and two vaudeville sketches *The Bear's Courtship* by V. Krylov, and *Autumn Evening in the Country* by N. Kulikov. Stanislavsky played Baron von Aldringen in *A Debt of Honor*. The producer was A. P. Fedotov.

to the discretion of the actors. To a Russian, the play rings false, both in its idea and the exaggerated conception of the debt of honor as expounded by Heyse. That may be the real reason why it took the performers so long to find the right tone; they kept slipping into either routine or melodrama. During the first rehearsal none of us knew what to do with his hands and got lost during even the simplest of transitions. Alexander Philippovich Fedotov set the tone but I could not grasp it, very likely because, in the first place, I did not know my part yet, and partly because the rehearsal did not take place on the stage but in the foyer; and, finally, (and chiefly), because I was embarrassed by the fact that the author, Matern, was present. The play should have been acted in a special way, as they act in the *Comédie Française*, without gestures, simply, straightforwardly and with pauses. But how difficult that is! I have learned to make pauses in the presence of the audience, and without it I cannot keep them up.

I may be mistaken, but I think that in the parts I played at the beginning of the year, I set the tone at the very first rehearsal. Now there is nothing, not a single living note. I am becoming terribly afraid of routine; has it, perhaps, got a firm hold on me already? How can I determine that, if I am not at all certain that I know what this thing called routine is, and where it begins, where it springs from, and where to find a way of preventing its deadly roots from fastening in me. Probably under routine they understand theatricality, that is to say, some peculiar way of walking and talking on the stage. If so, then routine should not be confused with the necessary conditions of the stage, since the latter undoubtedly requires something special, something that is not to be found in life. Then, herein lies the problem; to bring life itself on to the stage, but avoid routine (which kills this life), while transgressing none of the stage rules. This is the chief, and perhaps one of the final difficulties confronting an actor who, at the beginning of his career, has to overcome a number of obstacles and, like a jockey at a race, reaches at last the worst of all, the Irish banquette. If the actor manages to make his way through the narrow and dangerous defile between routine on the one hand and stage-conditions on the other, he comes out at long last to the real road of life.

It is a road that lasts forever, it is fascinating, with plenty of room for variety, in short, there is scope for talent to develop. But if you get caught in the narrow defile, you will be stifled, for there is no fresh air to be got in routine, no space or freedom in it at all. In these conditions talent withers and dies. I fancy I am coming now to this dangerous stage. Why now, of all times? Here are the facts, which will answer this question: to act, one must not only possess talent and other necessary qualifications, but also become accustomed to the stage and the public, acquire a certain power over one's nerves, and self-control to a considerable degree. This ABC and grammar of acting are, comparatively speaking, not difficult, although in the majority of cases they take years to acquire. Without them, it is impossible to live on the stage, impossible to forget one's self, impossible to throw one's self wholeheartedly into one's part and bring real life on to the boards.

This is a felicitous definition. How can anyone read fluently and feel it, when the letters and commas keep distracting his attention? It seems to me that I have gone through the elementary grammar of dramatic

art, mastered it, got used to it, and that now, and only now, my real work — mental and spiritual — begins, only now creation, to which the true path has been opened, can begin. The main thing is to find the true path. Of course, the surest is that which leads nearest to truth, to life. But to reach it, one must know what truth and life are. There it is, then—my task: to get to know the one and the other. In other words, one must train one's self, one must think and develop morally and give one's mind no rest. Can I command sufficient energy and strength and time for this? I do not know, but at any rate I am thankful that I have at least elucidated and motivated the task before me, at least I need not wander any more in darkness, but can settle down to work as far as it is in my power.

The performance of which I am speaking serves to confirm what I have just explained: that I have come to the most difficult of the obstacles, to the most dangerous period for a young actor. Routine is in me; my performance betrays it in—say—the sameness of the mime, the voice, the tone, which are repeated in several roles, and also in the rehearsals for *A Debt of Honor*. There is also some creative power—or at least faint suggestions of it—in me. They come out, I think, in unexpected, unprepared, spontaneous movements and alterations of tone that I sometimes introduce impromptu into the performance itself. Further proof of them is my correct tone as Obnovlensky, a tone that emerged quite unexpectedly, and this I owe to the illusion and surroundings at the dress-rehearsal of *The Ruble*. In exactly the same way, my mood in the performance of *A Debt of Honor* prompted me to make certain movements of a very vital nature, and they produced an impression on the audience.

I am going over in my own mind, scene by scene, my role as baron, [18] and trying to remember what was vital and living in each, and what was not. I shall mark the rehearsals, which, not excepting the dress-rehearsal, were all feeble and lifeless. I shall make only a brief explanatory note: the play was produced according to Fedotov's directions. The parts were handed out by him and not chosen by us, so that I had to adapt myself to the feelings of another person and not to my own. This, in my opinion, is the principal reason why I took so long to enter into the mood of my role and did not live it. On the day of the performance itself, thanks to the audience I felt the part and came to life in it. Since that was the case, I shall pass straight on to my recollections of the evening.

I was not very excited before the performance commenced. I lay on a couch behind the scenes and listened to Tretyakov's [19] monologue. He gave it a certain tone, at any rate he was playing better than he had done at the rehearsals. I played the scene in which he wakes me in a routine manner. It was nothing at all like, for example, Barney[20] in *Kean* when he is aroused. The first words I uttered did not come out too badly, but then I woke up all at once and spoke in a voice that was not sleepy at all. That was banal, just the way they play in vaudeville. When I woke, I coughed purposely and that, I thought, was right and quite good. But then there was my lead. True, the way it was written rang false, still I could not strike in myself any note justifying that scene, and played it in a banal, though vivacious manner, according to the well-known pattern. When we sat down on the divan, I could not bring myself to the point of passing easily from the subject of smoking to gratitude for the doctor's visit. I should have linked the

transition with the pause either by mime, or—I do not know what, but it turned out very banal again and somehow lifeless. The talk on the couch was a success; it was convincing, free of movement until the moment the doctor embarrassed me by mentioning the name of the banker's wife. Then I fell into routine again, because I expressed my astonishment in exactly the same way as I do in dramas, tragedies and comedies. The living note was lacking. The scene where I recalled memories of the Spanish girl I loved, went fairly well and rang true. The tale of the dagger, which should have been merely touched on in passing (just sufficiently to draw the attention of the audience for a moment), I did not succeed in doing delicately, with a light touch. It came out rather heavy and too noticeable. I managed the walking on and the encounter pretty well. Here I used the German manner of greeting, having previously studied it before the glass.

I shall just touch on the outstanding points of the scene with the baron. Here are its main defects: lack of progressiveness in tone, and our inability to convey vividly enough that awkwardness which in situations like this hinders people from speaking sincerely. I personally found myself unable to render the gradually mounting embarrassment, my stock of facial expression was insufficient. I can convey by facial expression joy, embarrassment, fear and grief, but the modulations, the gradual transitions from one mood to another, are beyond me. In the scene with the banker, and indeed throughout the role of baron, my acting was not the assured, elucidated and definite acting in *The Bitter Fate*.[21] In that play I used no gestures, but knew where one was needed, and when it was, made it surely and consciously. I divided the part into different moods and entered into them easily at once. All these comprise, I imagine, what are called the "finishing touches" to a role.

There was nothing of the kind in the play of which I am speaking. I was groping in darkness, striving not to let go of the tone, and thinking of gestures and mime. Both the one and the other escaped me against my will at points where they were not necessary. I forced myself to speak without gestures, and thought of how to keep my hands still. The more dramatic moments in the scene with the baron—the reading of the letter or the expressions: "Yes, but you must understand, after all," or the place where the question of word of honor comes up, turned out to be pure routine. This was undoubtedly because here I felt that I was reminiscent of Lensky whom I once had learned to imitate. When the banker left, I made a very long pause that satisfied both the audience and myself. It was certainly successful. What consoles me greatly is that during the performance itself I introduced, impromptu (on Fedotov's advice), a gesture of despair into the pause, and it turned out well. I frankly admit, and praise myself for it, that in this pause I reminded myself and others of the *Comédie Française*. Well done! I congratulate myself, but my satisfaction is short-lived, for after the pause I expressed terror by the hackneyed method of clutching my head and gnawing my fingers. The whole scene with the doctor went quite passably. That one moment of despair I did well. There were impatient movements, changes of tone, but none of it was in sufficiently strong relief. The end of the scene, when I seize the dagger and make a sudden change of tone, supposed to convey a desperate determination to do something dreadful, was a failure, just as the exit was; in my exit I did not prepare

the public properly for the following scene of death.

The next scene went well and produced the best impression of all. The shortness of breath and feebleness was not at all badly done. This scene was not a moving one—and it was not supposed to be; it produced an impression well in keeping with the preceding scenes.

At the end of the act we were recalled three times. The play aroused a great deal of argument in the audience; people did not like it, or rather, did not understand it. Maria Petrovna Perevoshchikova admitted to me frankly that I was worse than Fedotov, and badly dressed into the bargain. This upset me particularly because I liked myself in this costume. Is it possible that my taste is not what I thought it was, and that I am losing the ability to dress for the stage? (This is the second case since *The Burning Letters.)* Dudyshkin[22] praised no one but me; Komissarzhevsky[23] said that we played so well that it was really a pity to see so much effort being wasted on such a trashy play.

During the summer, which I spent abroad, I read up the part of Imshin,* thinking that I would master it, but I did not. I had only to take it up to feel disappointed at once in it and in my abilities. I felt it was much too difficult for me; I understood how it ought to be played, how Salvini would have played it, but in myself I could discover no sign of those capacities that might create the role. In my search for the right vein I fell into the error of trying to give the part an everyday character. In short, I began to think too much of externals, and endeavour to bring out the autocrat, his arrogance, the outwardly cruel and overbearing appearance of Imshin. And then the photograph I saw of Samarin[24] as Imshin, wearing a sort of morose grimace on his face—further encouraged me in my error. I got into routine, into a banal tone, allowed them to bind me hand and foot, and the role not only refused to become mine, but began to weary me. The end of it all was that I lost its inward meaning, I ceased to feel it. That was the state of things up to the first reading. The first reading with the new regisseur (Ryabov [25])—this has always been an epoch in my life, and this time it was an epoch of a very depressing nature. My spirits sank. Ryabov would stop me, and me alone, after every sentence, and gave the part an entirely different psychological aspect. Naturally, these interruptions made me nervous. I was extremely reluctant to agree to them, particularly as I am very stubborn in matters of this kind. Still, Ryabov was right; I was too harsh to my role, I drove it too hard and brought out only the bad qualities of the autocrat, forgetting that the part contained pleasanter and brighter sides.

If I had looked at it that way earlier, I would have understood how to shade it off and vary it. As a matter of fact, Imshin is almost appealing in the first act. He loves his wife to the point of passion, takes a tender farewell of her and leaves her in the care of his brother, whom he regards as an honorable man. Thus he soothes the morbid jealousy of an elderly man. His

* The first theatrical performance given by the Art and Literary Society after a long interval was held on November 26, 1889. It was Pisemsky's *Autocrats*, a tragedy in five acts. Stanislavsky took the part of Prince Platon Imshin, a general-in-chief during the reign of Paul I (1796-1801).

love for his wife is a feeling that evokes sympathy. No less appealing is his prayer. After committing his wife to his brother's care, Imshin feels relieved and grows more cheerful. He does not at once believe the hints thrown out by the princess, his sister, as to the glances his brother casts upon his wife, but ascribes it all to the princess' imagination and childishness. Her persistence, however, plants suspicions in his mind, and these grow stronger until at last, forgetting the war and his appointment as commander-in-chief, he resolves to stay at home. Perhaps he will find something to convince him that his suspicions are groundless, perhaps the princess was mistaken, they will prove this to him, and only then when all his suspicions have been removed, will he leave home. Imagine then, his horror, his agony, mingled with the wounded self-esteem of a revengeful man who loves his wife to distraction—when he sees through the half-open door that his suspicions are not only well-founded, but that his forebodings of his wife's betrayal are no less true. She and Rykov are deceiving him. Rage, humiliation, jealousy—mount and get the mastery over him. Now he dreams of only one thing—revenge. Cruel as he is, he will not be satisfied with murder, with instant revenge . . . Oh, no!—he must have a methodical, long-drawn out punishment, torment them at first with hints, frighten them with a specimen of his cruelty to the butler and Ulyasha. He arranges a whole plan that absorbs him, amuses, and at the same time tortures him. His jealousy and cruelty gain a still firmer hold in the second and third acts. Here there are scenes of irony, scenes of acute pain, scenes of frenzy. He begins to play with his enemies like a cat with a mouse, because he knows his power so well. They are in his hands. When he has amused himself sufficiently, he closes the third act with the words: "It is over, the mask has been torn off, vengeance has had her due, but my soul is still in agony. Woe to them, but ah!—Woe is me!" What frightful suffering and rage those words express!

In the fourth act we witness his regeneration. He has weakened, grown helpless and resigned. Life without his wife is unbearable. He hangs about like a lost dog under the window of her prison, ready to forgive and forget everything, if only she will think no more of Rykov. Hope dies hard, but no!—the princess is ready to go into a nunnery—but only for Rykov's sake. The very name reawakens the passions that had quietened down. He starts up like a devil and rushes off to torture the prisoners. There is no doubt but that he would have tortured them to death, had he not been hindered by a band of robbers who provided him with an opportunity of wreaking his fury. With a handful of his hunters he puts down the drunken crowd that has attacked his estate. He is mortally wounded, and dies soon afterwards. A devout Christian, he forgives them all before his death, though even in this forgiveness there is a last glimmer of his revenge. He wants to arrange his wife's reunion with Rykov while he is still alive. To the sound of military music he dies in his armchair, mourned and forgiven by all.

This was the role, as Ryabov sketched it out for me. I could not play it that way for a long while at the rehearsals, and that drove me to desperation . . . Let us see what I managed to master, and how much of the role described above has proved beyond me. His love for his wife, the leave-taking before the long absence, which may perhaps never be terminated, is

more than I can convey. Alas! My voice and my facial expressions are entirely lacking in the tenderness and affection without which neither young nor old love can be rendered. Even admitting that this scene is written in a dry and unnatural manner (its brevity and condensedness remind me of a libretto), still, it might be filled out and livened up. But I cannot do it. I am somehow not myself in this scene. I feel awkward, we sit on two chairs, which makes it difficult for me to embrace the princess and behave with any appearance of tenderness to her. The transition from tenderness to the ordering of the carriage and preparations for departure has been done badly by the author, or rather, too abruptly, and I cannot smooth it over, even by a pause. As a result of this unnaturalness I do not live on the stage, but act the part in an argumentative tone. Therefore my movements are dead, I feel self-conscious about making the transitions Ryabov shows me. One of the big scenes, explaining all the future acts (I am speaking of the scene with Sergei), is not well-prepared and as a consequence I ring false in it. I ought by right to show all my frenzied, burning love for the princess, and force the public to see that his wife's betrayal can drive Imshin to the maddest acts of cruelty. This is what I cannot do.

In general, I was by no means used to my role, and did not feel it much in the first and second acts. It was the same as last year when I could not get at once into the playing mood and live on the stage. The scene with the young princess, too, I act rather argumentatively, I feel that and yet I cannot do anything about it. The prince's prayer is quite beyond me. The scenes in which Imshin gives the last orders before leaving, went rather more satisfactorily, but still I hardly live in them. My last appearance in that act—"Pleasant speeches for my ears were these I heard" . . . etc., came out rather well, I thought, but Ryabov says that it needed to be acted much more forcefully, "for the curtain," as he expresses it. But I do not care for this sort of thing; it is so easy to overdo it, to shout and act in a banally tragic style. G. N. Fedotova thinks that I drag out the pause too much when I come on; I ought, she advises, to walk on quicker and fly into a passion straight away. This is not right. I think an entrance like that would be simply banal and not psychological; Imshin is so stunned that he does not come to himself all at once.

How grand Salvini is in the last act of *Othello*, when he comes slowly into Desdemona's bedchamber. That is exactly the kind of entrance I picture to myself. Let the audience think that after the love scene they have not been found out yet, and then—oh, horror! the lock clicks, and Imshin's ghastly countenance is glimpsed through the glass of the door. The audience is terror-stricken and waits, breathless, to see what happens next. There is no harm in keeping the public in suspense a while. Let it wait, let it wonder, with a tremor of dread. The furious hiss in the prince's voice makes the audience still more apprehensive for the fate of the guilty pair. Alas! My gifts fall short of producing an effect like this on the audience. It would be well if it were only experience that is lacking. Matters could be mended then. After the first act, the calls were very, very few—only once for me and that was probably some of our own people.

The second act. I warm up and put a good deal of life into this act, it seems to me, but with very

little result. I cannot find the right balance. When I become really worked up, people tell me, I make a hash of it. They praise me when I play with restraint, everybody admires restraint. How am I to know what to do? I cannot get Salvini out of my head. I would like, too, to do as he did in *Othello* and put in a few touches of uncontrollable rage. But this, it seems, I cannot do except in one place: "The chambermaid I send you will be wide-awake, none of your flighty hussies!" After the performance I was told that I did not show enough anger and venom; nevertheless, I got very worked up, especially towards the end. Another drawback, and one that appeals to me least; there are many gestures. I went over the part in front of the looking-glass before the performance began, and what did I find: that to call out expressiveness in face and voice, to force myself to live more in my role, I resorted — without noticing it — to gestures. How very bad that is and how difficult it is to control one's nerves sufficiently to get one's self completely in hand!

Here are what I regard as my best bits in the second act: 1) the transition to rage after Sergei's exit. "If the rascal had even tripped up over a word!" 2) the pause after the scene with the cup of tea. "They dared . . ."; 3) the appearance of Rykov; 4) the anger flaring out with the words: "The chambermaid I send you will be wide-awake, none of your flighty hussies!" My weak bits are: 1) the tale of the poisoning of the spouse of the French king; there is too little gloating, not enough insinuation and venom; 2) the irony directed at his wife and Rykov; 3) in all the acts there is not enough mockery and taunting, and the inward pain that comes from it all; 4) there is no bilious gaiety in the scene after the arrest of the princess and

Stanislavsky and Lilina as Ferdinand and Luise in Schiller's "Intrigue and Love" (1889)

Rykov. On the contrary, I rather lower the tone in that place, and do not pronounce the last words in an effective, "curtain" manner. There was no particular impression after the second act. They say it goes smoothly. They ran down Rykov and ascribed the absence of that impression on which I counted to the fact that Pisemsky put all the interest into the later and not the first acts. After the second we were recalled very coldly—once (probably by our own people).

The third act. I did not get into the tone at once when I began, but very soon became strung up. I held out in the pauses, and led that act fairly forcefully, and stronger, of course, than the preceding. I cut down the gestures, but they need cutting down still more, and in the strong places they ought to be allowed a little scope, which will give them more significance. In the third act, and the fourth

as well, there is one place where I delineated the place for rage and the place for bitter feelings. As I was coming up to them, I told myself: "Now, give all you've got in you!" And, with alterations in facial expression, the soulful notes flow out quite freely. The last scene—the duel with Prince Sergei—I did in a rather hackneyed style and shouted. But I think I managed the pause after the duel quite well and wound up the act successfully. I was called for in a fairly friendly way—once.

The fourth act goes well. Why? Because I had formed a very clear plan of this act. I take into account every mood in Imshin's role, and manage the shading off firmly and distinctly. The tender, or rather, soulful bits are successful; for example, when I confess to my sister that I love my wife even more than formerly. Then the pleading and the hope that my wife will go into a nunnery, and, lastly, the prayer and the abrupt change: "Fool that I am!" This, and the scene where I am preparing to torture Rykov, all come easily to me. What consoles me here, chiefly, is that I am playing with tremendous restraint, without gestures (a thing that I was able to do only in *The Bitter Fate*), and I know all my gestures by heart. But, in spite of the successful and effective scene of the riot, the fourth act left the audience cold, and there was only one call.

The fifth act, which is the dullest of all to start with, livens up in the concluding scene. At rehearsals I died in too banal a way. Now, before the rising of the curtain I thought out a new way of dying, which evidently produced an impression. Quite involuntarily towards the end I began to mumble, and my utterance became thick and muddled. This scene was depicted with truth. Later, I portrayed great pain in the head and shortness of breath. On the whole, my death pleased the public, and we were called for in a very friendly way—five or six times. Some voices called "Stanislavsky!" But alas! some even called Mareva (Ustromskaya). I did not go out by myself.[26]

In the vaudeville Maroosia astonished me.[27] When she faces her audience a kind of regeneration takes place, and she puts a great deal of life and simplicity into her part; she is encouraged, driven to it apparently by the people in the theater. She played very charmingly, and above all, gracefully, but in my opinion, she could play still more vivaciously, and put a lot of small, lifelike detail into her part; this would make her acting exceptional. She reminded me of the French actress Cerviche who came with Coquelin.[28] Maroosia needs to rehearse more and oftener, and she will find for herself those little touches of which I am speaking. There is a lack of naivete in the comical parts of the role. Still, she did very well! Bravo!

Some of the opinions heard:

Komissarzhevsky said that under Ryabov's stage-management I had become practically unrecognizable as regards mime, simplicity and voice. He was delighted with me in this part. At the dress-rehearsal he advised me to make long pauses, so as to give the audience time to enjoy (that was how he put it) my facial expressions. F. P. Komissarzhevsky is sometimes biased!

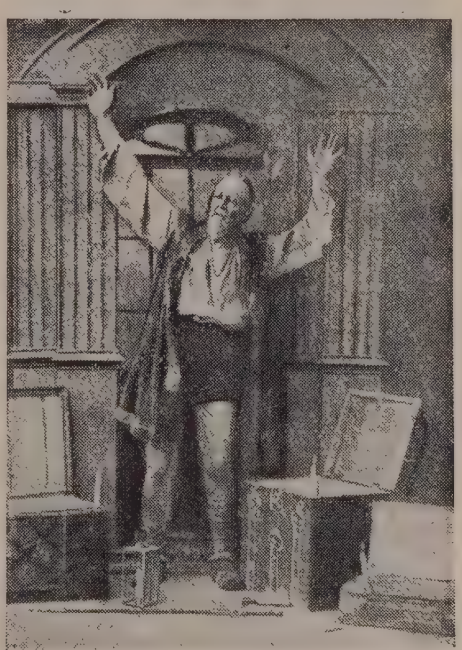
G. N. Fedotova advised me at the dress-rehearsal to throw myself into my part more in the first and second acts. She said that I live too little in them, drag out the pauses, and am too argumentative. My old man comes out well, even too well. She did not like the third act, nor the fourth, nor the fifth either.

P. Y. Ryabov passed on his

daughter's impressions to me. She liked it, except for some trifling points. Ryabov himself took an interest in me and suggested that I should study *Hamlet*. He said that at the rehearsals he saw something in me that he could only compare to an inexhaustible gold-mine. If that is so, then no one can prevent me from building up a repertoire of five roles and traveling abroad with them. He is carried away!

Who would have thought it, who would have guessed it—but I had to play *The Miser-Knight*, * the role that I find the most difficult and like least of all—and in the most unfavorable conditions. Overwhelmed as we were with the preparations for the ball and the forthcoming production of *Don Juan*, we should not have had to worry about the fraternal evening entertainment. But Komissarzhevsky had fixed it, and consequently it took place. No power on earth can dissuade him. Chekhov's *Proposal* was to have been given. Sasha Fedotov had expressed a wish to act in that play, but later he himself declined—almost on the eve of the performance. What was to be done? In order to avoid begging and imploring our dear actor-members, I had to sacrifice myself. I must say frankly, I felt terribly disinclined to play the Miser. It was really inhuman; to have to rehearse Don Juan in costume from one till five or six, and then play the Miser-Knight two hours later. I was afraid I would not be fit for it, and my head was ready to split.

The day before I read the part to Ryabov. He watched me and then observed that I was evidently acting someone, but not Pushkin's Miser. No actor, in his opinion, should stick a label on the person he was interpreting, as I do in the Miser-Knight. When I speak, it is a miserly, soulless, abominable fellow, I paint him in the gloomiest colors, show him in the most unattractive light, forgetting that he is a living person and not a fiend. He ought to be treated more humanely, more leniently, and then it would be seen that he has some traits that call for sympathy. He is obsessed with a morbid passion for money. It has risen to such a pitch that he is like "a young scape-



Stanislavsky as the Miser-Knight (1888)

* On February 2, 1890, a fraternal evening entertainment was given by the Art and Literary Society. The program included selections from Mozart's *Noces de Figaro* and Cimarosa's *Secret Wedding*, performed by the students of the School of Music and Dramatic Art. Stanislavsky gave the vaults' scene from Pushkin's *The Miser-Knight*.

grace," delighted as a child when he descends to the vaults to gloat over his treasure. Money is an unconquerable power. The possessor of riches reigns supreme in life; there is nothing beyond his reach. The baron acknowledges this power and feels indulgent towards others. He is serene. He feels himself above all desires. He is ready to do anything for the sake of money. This is his passion and his disease. But sometimes his conscience is uneasy when he remembers that his riches have been built up on the misfortunes of others; he is frightened by the suspicion that his friend Tibo brought him a doubloon stolen from a traveler he killed. This doubloon has cost a life. True, as a knight he had killed many people in his day, but it was in an honorable duel, in tournaments, whereas this is a murder, a man stabbed by a rogue. It is a blot on a knightly soul. This is one of his most sympathetic traits, calling for forgiveness; one must be just and show this. Then, too, is the baron not right in the last scene, when he disputes his rights so furiously with his son? What! The minute he dies, this son who does not share his passion, and whom he suspects of being a spendthrift, will burst into his cellar and squander his wealth with comrades as foolish and wasteful as himself! What right have other people to dispose of the money that has cost him so dear? These riches have been gained at the price of sleepless nights and much suffering. How many pangs of remorse, how much torment he has gone through for them! Have they been easily, lightly gained? Has he not bought them with his own blood? Then pity the baron in the grip of his affliction, a slave to his passion, but do not punish him unmercifully. Such is the actor's task as sketched out by Ryabov. He is right. In my interpretation he recognized Fedotov playing Kaschei, the role in which he made his debut at the Maly Theater. Consequently, it was not I, but Fedotov, who was playing.

I was in despair. I could not think of playing in the new way, without having first rehearsed the part, and to play in the old way meant I was distorting Pushkin. Half-dead with fatigue, I came out on the stage. The entrance I did calmly and unhurriedly. The audience was listening attentively. As I uttered the first words, I gave a toothless smile to express my delight in entering the vault. I sat down in a leisurely fashion and continued my monologue minus the gestures, sitting down all the time right up to the place where I open the coffer. I made very few movements, and was fully conscious of what I was doing all the time. I made my role much easier by hunching my shoulders less and not dragging down the corners of my mouth so much. Formerly these unnatural positions had been wearing me out, until my chest and mouth would begin to twitch convulsively. Now there was nothing of that. The reflections on the doubloon brought me by Tibo I did according to Ryabov's directions. I fell into a reverie, after the reflections made a pause, then showed by mime that I was driving away the thought and, as a result of this, passed easily to the words: "But it is high time . . ." I took a long time to open the trunk, but it was not dull and did not drag. "It is my reign" I said very softly, but I believe that did not come out well. The concluding scene—the dispute with the son—I began softly and worked up to a final ecstasy.

At some places the audience held its breath as it listened (at least, Maroosia tells me so). In other

places, I remember, they coughed, very likely it was when I lowered my tone. At the close there was a very friendly call for us, but the second time was much feebler.

These are some of the opinions:

Scheinberg[29] ran into the dressing-room quite overcome. He liked it even better than last year.

Mityushin[30] said that it was very good (he does not like to praise me) and much milder than last year.

Ryabov ran in and kissed me. He said the Miser had turned out quite a different person to the one I played at the rehearsals. He was astounded at the rapidity with which I grasped things. It was wonderful! His daughter, who had seen me in the same part a year ago, did not recognize it. "Papa, this is quite another thing, not a bit like what I saw last year!" she had said. Ryabov himself declared that although there was still a good deal to be done to the part, it was splendid. He wants to have a good talk about the Miser, and go into detail.

Maroosia was so full of fears for me that she could not listen and did not even look on.

Nevezhin (the playwright) came into the dressing-room with Philippov the critic and the reviewer of *The Alarm-Clock*.[31] They said nothing about my performance. Philippov only remarked that we were still striving honestly to serve art. Later, when I joined the audience, Nevezhin told me that I was talented, there was no doubt about that, and I must have heard it often, but that I lacked training. Training gave poise, serenity. I had too little of that. He added that I rather overdid the rendering of the old man, and so on.

They say many among the audience praised me.

I am no Don Juan* and thank God for that, but it is a pity that I cannot manage the part. Why is it? Can it be that I do not understand it, or that every member of the audience understands it too well for himself? No, the secret lies in neither the one nor the other, but, so far as I can see, in quite the opposite. None of the people in the audience has a clear conception of Don Juan. Why Don Juan is the conqueror of feminine hearts, and they are whimsical! Could anyone name with certainty the weapon that can pierce these hearts the easiest? There are too many weapons of this kind, and they are too diverse. The poetic Romeo, his mildness and youthful passion win the heart of Juliet; on the other hand, the unhandsome Moor wins the heart of Desdemona by his strength and stories of heroism, while Petruchio's manliness and energy are the weapons that tame Katherina, and Benedickt's wit and hatred of women wins Beatrice. All these are means that Don Juan might use in his love-affairs. If he were a little bit cloying, and had a poetic exterior reminiscent of a *tenor di grazia*, he would have attained his aim with as much success as another Don Juan with a manly exterior and a powerful, sonorous voice (even it were a bass). He ought, of course, to be passionate, but that in itself would not be sufficient to distinguish him from thousands of other Spaniards. Don Juan must be original and attract general attention by his

* Pushkin's *Stone Guest* was presented by the Art and Literary Society on February 4, 1890. Afterwards Tarnovsky's play *If He But Knew!* was performed again.

personality. Let me illustrate this by the first example that comes into my head. Shumsky[32] had an impediment in his speech—a very serious drawback for an actor. Yet, strange as it may seem, it was so becoming to him that it turned out to be to his advantage, and actually induced others to imitate him. Now, in order to copy Shumsky, actors had to seize on his most striking feature, his greatest shortcoming, and pronounce their words as though they had an impediment in their speech. Nothing came of it, of course. Padilla, the singer, the best Don Juan I have ever seen, possessed—in addition to passion, lordliness and a very handsome appearance—a hoarse voice. This is a tremendous drawback for a singer, yet in his case it became an advantage because it somehow suited him, and a Don Juan with a hoarse voice was highly original, and therefore drew attention. But I have no individual traits and so my Don Juan is simply a *jeune-premier* and nothing more. If my rendering is passionate and takes the public by storm, or if it is plastic and beautiful, many will say that it is possible to fall in love with a Don Juan like that. But had I some individual trait—no matter what, as long as it suited me—my Don Juan would have been original, claiming the interest of everyone. The audience would have said then: "it is impossible not to fall in love with his Don Juan." And why? Simply because you will never meet another like him. You may create a better or a worse Don Juan, but of this particular, original one you will never find the double.

The performance held on February 4 was very unsatisfactory. Everything was even worse than last year. Tretyakov[33] was bad, Fedotov still more insipid than before. Laura was very poor (Komissarzhevsky spoilt her). The guests were—feeble. I was no good. What happened to me? I was tired. The ball had worn me out. My head was running on the ball and not the performance. The dress-rehearsal that had taken place the day before had gone off quite well, and Maroosia had praised me, but after the performance even she could find nothing comforting to say. Sasha Fedotov was to blame for my failure. Right up to the moment when the curtain was about to ring up, he had kept coolly proving to me that there was really no point in repeating Don Juan, it was not worth it. The last words I heard as I was walking on were his reasons for this. So what kind of a mood could I possibly be in? I was cold, of course, and my nerves remained relaxed. In the first act I simply talked and was not carried away for a single moment. I felt all the time that things were not going well. Besides, I had been put off the whole thing. At the rehearsals I had played in four different ways and come to the conclusion that on the evening of the performance I would play the second of them, with softenings and breaks in my voice and real passion for Donna Anna.

The curtain rang down in dead silence; the thin audience was bored. The beginning of the second act dragged. The serenade on the guitars, and the scenery did not evoke applause as it had done a year ago. I tried to be passionate in my scene with Laura, but Maroosia told me there was very little passion in it. Only the duel passed off not too badly. The duet with Laura was in two entirely different tones; I was thinking of the ball and she was thinking of how she had been told by her severe professor (a lover of routine) to recite Pushkin's verses with operatic gestures. After the second act the audience called us twice, very feebly, but they

must have been our own people who called, as voices were heard among the thin clapping, calling for Laura alone. No one came behind the scenes to see us, no one encouraged us, and my spirits fell. The third act went better. I put into it all the passion I could wring out of my weary nerves, and still it was not enough. Nevertheless, there were moments when I was carried away. P. Y. Ryabov praised me after the third act. It is difficult to say anything about the last act. I cannot understand how it should be played. Maroosia declared that it came out best of all. This time I altered my costume a little; instead of the turned-down collar, I wore a stiff one with lace, added a velvet cloak, a jewelled chain and sash and a sword. I put on brown gloves instead of white ones. I played without make-up, that is, with my own face; I kept the mustache. At the end of the act the public called once or twice—half-heartedly.

The opinions were:

M. F. Ustromskaya said I was so cold that I froze her.

X., an acquaintance of Tretyakov's with a profound knowledge of Pushkin, praised me after the second act.

Dudyshkin, of course, praised me and said I was better than last year; then there had been no passion in my Don Juan, and this year there was. But formerly I had died more plastically and picturesquely.

Ryabov was full of enthusiasm, and said "that was beautiful!" But the audience of today cannot appreciate that sort of thing, evidently. He noticed and praised the plasticity and the costume. Korovin[34] remarked in his presence that it was not Don Juan I was playing. Ryabov asserted that it

Stanislavsky as Don Juan (1889)

was, and argued till he was foaming at the mouth. Perhaps, partly that was so because the things Korovin said were the direct opposite of what Ryabov had advised me.

I played the part of the baron[35] as naturally as possible, and indeed felt perfectly at home on the stage.

For the last two appearances I made up with small, clipped side-whiskers, while the first time I played I wore long, flowing ones.

Dudyshkin asserts that Flerov (the critic of the *Moskovski Vedomosti*) advised them to give me the part of Paul Astier in Daudet's *The Struggle for Existence*, which he has just translated. In his opinion I am the only Paul Astier in Moscow. It would have been pleasant if Flerov paid me so much attention and had such confidence in me as to set me above Yuzhin and Lensky for this part, but it seems that Dudyshkin is lying as usual.

COMMENTARY

1. Telegin. Took part in the performance of the Society.

2. Nadezhda Medvedeva (1832-1899), a well-known actress of the Maly Theater. In *My Life in Art* Stanislavsky says: "I remember Medvedeva very well not only as an actress, but as a really splendid and gifted person. She was to a certain extent my teacher, and had a great influence on me."

3. Raissa Potekhina (1862-1890), an actress of the Maly Theater.

4. K. S. Shilovsky, a Maly Theater actor.

5. Count Feodor Sollogub (1848-1890), a talented poet and artist. He painted the scenery for *The Miser-Knight* and designed the costumes for *George Dandin*, both performances given by the Art and Literary Society. He also performed successfully in some of the Society's presentations.

6. The Korsh Theater was founded in 1882. The company included many excellent actors, but Korsh was chiefly interested in the commercial side of the undertaking, and practically every week brought the presentation of a new production. Consequently, the artistic side suffered.

7. Glikeria Fedotova (1864-1925), an outstanding actress of the Maly Theater. She played in tragedy, classic comedy, and contemporary drama. Stanislavsky respected her very highly both as an actress and as a teacher. She advised and taught him from the very beginning of his stage-life.

8. A. I. Yuzhin (Prince Sumbatov), a talented actor, subsequently regisseur and director of the Maly Theater. Author of several plays.

9. Maria Ustromskaya. Took part, under the stage-name of "Mareva" in the performances given by the Art and Literary Society.

10. A. M. Alianchikova. Took part in the performances of the Society.

11. Maria (Maroosia) Perevoshchikova (Lilina), b. 1866. Subsequently an outstanding actress in the Moscow Art Theater, and Stanislavsky's wife. He greatly respected her opinions on his acting.

12. Cesarina and Annibal, characters in the vaudeville or musical comedy *Woman's Secret*.

13. A. Fedotov, son of Glikeria Fedotova. He was of the same generation as Stanislavsky, and a close friend of his. He played character-parts at the Maly Theater.

14. Alexander Lensky (Vervizziotti) (1847-1908), one of the most outstanding actors of the Maly Theater. He was magnificent in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and as Don Juan in Molière's comedy. He possessed the power of complete "personification," and was a master of the art of make-up. Besides, he had a gift for teaching and was an outstanding regisseur.

Stanislavsky loved and respected him highly. "I was in love with Lensky, with his great, languid, pensive blue eyes, his gait, his plastic movements, his extraordinarily beautiful and expressive hands and wrists, his enchanting voice—it had the timbre of a tenor—his refined pronunciation and delicate feeling for words, and his many-sided talent for the stage, painting, sculpture and literature. Of course, I imitated, in my time, all his merits (in vain!) and demerits (successfully!) with much ardor." *(My Life in Art)*,

15. Maria Petrovna (Lilina).

16. Paul Heyze (1830-1914), a German poet, dramatist, and novelist.

17. Emile Matern (1854-1938) well-known as a translator of plays. His translation of Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken* was performed at the Moscow Art Theater.

18. Baron von Aldrinthen in *A Debt of Honor*.

19. N. S. Tretyakov played the part of Dr. Mathias in *A Debt of Honor*.

20. Ludwig Barney (1842-1924), an important German actor who played for the most part in classic roles, as, for instance, Antony in *Julius Caesar*, Macbeth, Wallenstein in *Piccolomini* and Schiller's *Death of Wallenstein*. He also took the part Kean in *Kean* or *Désordre et Génie*, a comedy by the elder Dumas, and Uriel Akosta in Gutzkow's drama. He visited Russia several times and played here. In 1896 he saw Stanislavsky in the part of Matisse in Erckmann-Chatrian's play *The Polish Jew*. So struck was Barney with Stanislavsky's acting and the production of the play, that he wrote Stanislavsky a letter which contains the sentence: "You are destined to play a part in the history of theatrical art."

21. *The Bitter Fate*, a play by the well-known Russian novelist and playwright, A. F. Pisemsky.

22. Sergei Dudyshkin (1852-1901), a journalist, theater-reviewer, translator and teacher.

23. Fedor Komissarzhevsky (1838-1905), the famous operatic tenor. One of the founders of the Art and Literary Society.

24. I. V. Samarin, an outstanding artist and pedagogue of the Maly Theater.

25. P. Y. Ryabov, an actor of the Maly Theater and one of the stage-managers in the Society.

26. This remark of Stanislavsky's was evidently the result of his doubts as to whether the audience would be able to estimate correctly his own acting, since Ustromskaya always played in an unnaturally strung-up tone and in a hackneyed manner.

27. M. P. Lilina played the wife in the sketch *Let's Get a Divorce.*

28. Constant Coquelin (1841-1909), the famous French actor, noted for his brilliant rendering of comic roles. Played in the *Comédie Française.* Toured Russia several times.

29. A. A. Scheinberg (Sanin). Took part in the performances given by the Society. Actor and stage-manager in the Moscow Art Theater from 1898 until 1902, when he left for the Alexandrinsky Theater, St. Petersburg.

30. T. V. Mityushin, an active member of the Society. Played in some of the performances.

31. *The Alarm-Clock*, a popular humorous magazine. Chiefly known for the fact that Chekhov wrote for it.

32. S. V. Shumsky (1821-1878), a well-known actor of the Maly Theater.

33. N. S. Tretyakov, son of S. M. Tretyakov, the founder of the picture-gallery. He sometimes took part in the performances given by the Society.

34. K. A. Korovin, an artist of the Impressionist school and a stage designer. Painted the settings for *George Dandin*, produced by the Society.

35. The role of the baron in Tarnovsky's play *If He But Knew!*

Films on the New Soviet Lands

The name of Alexander Dovzhenko, the talented Ukrainian film director, is well known beyond the borders of the Soviet Union. His film *Shchors* has been shown with great success on the screens of many countries of Europe and America. The press in the United States devoted a series of commendatory articles on the film, giving a detailed analysis of Dovzhenko's original style of work.

His latest film *Liberation* deserves no less attention. Dovzhenko is a first-rate producer, a master of the cinema art. In *Liberation*, he has tried his hand on a new genre, on what he calls "historical chronicle."

The film depicts the stirring days of the liberation of the peoples of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia from the yoke of the Polish gentry. Soviet film directors literally followed on the heel of events, photographing the epoch-making changes that were taking place before their eyes. Dovzhenko himself witnessed the events which he has made the theme of his latest film.

Liberation is not the usual newsreel, not merely a compilation of a series of film documents; it is an artist's stirring account of the collapse of the old world, and the triumph of the people. *Liberation* is a film record of actual happenings and at the same time it is a picture in which the thoughts, the sentiments, the sympathies and antipathies of its author are clearly manifested. Nor is this surprising. Any artist, whose work reflects one or another aspect of the life of society, invariably sympathizes with one of his characters, as apart from others.

But whereas the bourgeois masters of culture, such as the French writer Jules Romaine, for example, frequently strive to pose before the reader as objective chroniclers, and to disguise their *Weltanschauung*, their sympathies and antipathies, the Soviet artist has no need to hide his convictions. Soviet artists have

Dovzhenko filming "Liberation"

A still from "On the Danube." Speech by N. Khrushchev, Secretary of the Communist Party of the Ukraine

the most progressive outlook on life, theirs is the voice of all progressive mankind. Their sympathies are with the workingmen, the people of labor, and against the exploiters and parasites. Hence any work of art produced by a real Soviet artist is tendentious in the best sense of the word. This is the characteristic trait of Soviet artists and it perpetuates the finest traditions of the great masters of world culture.

"The father of the tragedy, Aeschylus, and the father of the comedy, Aristophanes, were both of them pronouncedly tendentious poets; the same may be said of Dante and Cervantes, and the best feature of Schiller's *Intrigue and Love* is that it is the first German tendentious drama. The modern Russians and Norwegians, who produce excellent novels, are all tendentious writers."[1]

These words of Engels are extremely applicable to Dovzhenko's work. In the first part of the film *Liberation*, Dovzhenko acts not only as director but as commentator, a role which is extremely significant in this film. His voice and the running commentary on the events reminds us somehow of the chorus from ancient tragedies.

The voice is calm, steady and impartial. In calm but deadly accents this voice lays bare the ulcers on the social and economic organism of Poland. Onto the screen is flashed the interior of a wretched building in which some working women, their faces lined with exhaustion, are picking at some filthy rags. "A textile plant in Belostok, believe it or not," says the voice. Throughout the film Dovzhenko acts as an intelligent guide leading the spectator through the towns and villages of the liberated regions.

Another example: In the first days of the Red Army's entry into Lwow, crowds of city folk surround the Red Army men, literally bombarding them with questions. Some are really anxious to hear all they can about the Soviet Union, others are moved by malice. Such for instance is the old woman who tries to put the Red Army man out of countenance by asking: "But can you pray to God in the U.S.S.R.?" And in the same calm, even tones the commentator gives the Red Army man's reply: "You can pray all you want, but the *pans* won't come back just the same."

Now we see the wretched little villages, the miserable plots of peasant land tilled by primitive farm implements. And next to them the luxurious mansions and estates of the Polish princes and counts, abandoned by their owners with such haste that . . . and onto the screen is flashed the interior of a room in a wealthy landlord's manor; on the table a half empty glass of wine, and almost untouched bunch of grapes and besides it a forgotten hat and gloves . . . "Flight" would be the appropriate title for this still. A small and otherwise uninteresting-looking bridge evokes a laugh from the audience when the commentator tells us that "*Pan* Beck crossed this bridge in his private car on his way to Rumania. He was in a great hurry."

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[1] From Engels' letter to the German writer Minna Kautsky published in full elsewhere in this issue.

The shots of the Red Army's advance and the wild jubilation of the liberated people are unforgettable. One has to see the film to understand the indescribable joy evoked among the masses of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia by the advent of the Red Army.

Tanks pass in an endless stream, and the inhabitants of towns and villages stand for hours on end, waving, shouting their welcome to the first representatives of the great Soviet people, the army of liberation. The Red Army men are showered with bouquets, everyone wants to shake hands with them and exchange a few warm words of greeting. People quickly grow accustomed to the idea of freedom: they straighten their backs, hold their heads higher, joyous smiles on their lips. The people express their joy in dancing and singing, impromptu orchestras spring up out of nowhere, and there is merrymaking on the streets. Rejoicing crowds fill the squares and streets of Lwow. Demonstrations carry portraits of Soviet leaders, the name of Stalin is on everyone's lips, for it symbolizes the might of the land of Socialism and its exalted role as liberator of mankind.

Meetings follow demonstrations, and now we see the author of the film addressing an impassioned speech to the throng. Another meeting is held at the monument of the great Ukrainian writer Ivan Franko. Then there is the solemn scene of the laying of wreaths on the monument to Adam Mickiewicz, the great Polish poet, the eighty-fifth anniversary of whose death is now being marked by the Soviet public.

Not so long ago the Polish gendarmerie dispersed workers' demonstrations on the streets of Lwow; only recently shrapnel flew over the city and bombs were dropped from airplanes. Now peace and quiet prevails, although it is less than a month since the Red troops entered the city. We see the National Assembly, the highest organ of the people's power in Western Ukraine, meet in the city theater, one of the finest buildings in the town. The National Assembly proclaims the unification of Western Ukraine and the peoples of the U.S.S.R., under the aegis of Soviet power.

These historic days, these epoch-making events which extended the boundaries of the land of Socialism at the expense of the capitalist world, are revived for us by the regisseur of *Liberation.*

Dovzhenko's film was given an enthusiastic reception by the Soviet filmgoer, but it will doubtless be of even more interest to foreign audiences. For Dovzhenko's historical film chronicle is incontrovertible testimony to the fact that the Red Army brings genuine social and economic liberation to peoples. It is a true picture of the campaign of liberation undertaken by the Red Army which, at the

Monument to the Latvian poet Jan Rainis. Still from newsreel on the liberation of Latvia

The writer Luidas Gira (in center) at the election booth. Still from newsreel on the liberation of Lithuania

time the Polish state collapsed, took under its protection—at the instructions of the Soviet Government—the lives and property of the peoples of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia.

"All happy families look alike," Tolstoy says in *Anna Karenina*. And this is true also in a much broader sense, as we shall show somewhat later.

Dovzhenko's *Liberation* was followed by the appearance on the Soviet screen of three short documentary films about the events of July 1940 in the Baltic countries, and a documentary film, *On the Danube*, illustrating the liberation of the peoples of Bessarabia and North Bukovina from the yoke of the Rumanian *boyars*. While these pictures perhaps lack the master's stroke that is always felt in Dovzhenko's work, their subject matter is very similar to his *Liberation*.

For more than twenty years the Moldavian people inhabiting Bessarabia were severed from their mother country. *On the Danube* tells the story of the days when the Soviet people put an end to this historical injustice. There is so much in this picture that reminds one of Dovzhenko's film. Indeed, all happy peoples look alike!

In this picture, too, there are the endless crowds of happy people welcoming the Red Army, decorating the grim muzzles of tanks with bouquets of flowers, the same moving scenes of warm understanding between the people and the Red Army men, the same popular rejoicing, dancing and singing on the streets of the liberated towns and villages. But *On the Danube* has its own great moments. There are the scenes showing political prisoners, just released from dungeons, embracing their wives, children, parents, friends.

The film gives one a good idea of the dispatch with which the Red Army fulfilled the Government's orders to liberate Bessarabia from Rumanian yoke. One sees the rapid advance of tanks, cavalry and infantry. To speed matters up, the Red Army staged a parachute descent so that the people's happiness seemed literally to fall from the skies.

The film emphasizes the difference between the powerful modern arms of the Red Army and the obsolete technique of Rumanian arms.

Nor does one easily forget those moving shots showing young rank and file Red Army boys helping women and children arriving on the Soviet shore from the Rumanian side, carrying all their worldly possessions.

On the Danube might appear to be an ordinary newsreel, yet it produced a profound impression on the Soviet filmgoer, as is evidenced by the numerous entries in the "patrons' book" in the various cinemas. "*On the Danube*," reads one entry made by one who saw the film in the First Art Cinema in Moscow, "is called a

documentary film, but in reality this is a fine, artistically executed picture. In it the people and not actors are the leading characters, and the scene is not a movie set, but the vast Soviet land. The film grips one's attention from start to finish. In many places it evokes tears of joy and pride in one's country, and happiness for our liberated brothers."

The three short newsreels devoted to the bloodless revolution which took place this July in Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia are not unlike the two pictures reviewed above.

There is the same popular rejoicing at the fall of a hated regime, the same enthusiastic welcome of the Soviet troops. The Soviet filmgoer viewed the three pictures with great interest.

The camera eye has recorded for future generations the unanimity of the will of the Baltic peoples to establish Soviet power in their countries and become part of the great Soviet Union. The jubilation with which the legislative assemblies of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia adopted the laws proclaiming Soviet power and joining the Soviet Union defies description.

The wise policy of the Soviet Union, the brilliant foresight of Stalin has guaranteed peace in Eastern Europe, rescued twenty three million people from the horrors of capitalism and enabled them to build a happy life in the Socialist society under the sun of the Stalinist Constitution.

The great achievements of the land of Socialism, so eloquently depicted in the films reviewed here, are all the more significant when we remember the plight of the peoples who have been plunged by imperialists into the war whose flames have enveloped Europe, Asia and Africa, and which threatens to include more and more nations in its sanguinary orbit.

V. TAROV

Marching in the streets of Tallinn. Demonstrations like this one were held all over Estonia, as the people celebrated their joining the Soviet Union

To the Editors of "International Literature"

In connection with the revival on American screens of D. W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*, certain shrewd businessmen, seeking to advertise the film, made assertions to the effect that I have praised it and have stated that in its time *Birth of a Nation* had greatly influenced my creative work.

I emphatically protest against these assertions.

True, I have always given Griffith his due as an outstanding master of the bourgeois film. But this can in no way be applied to *Birth of a Nation*, a film which is intrinsically alien and inimical to the ideals for which we are struggling. This film has never been shown here, and I saw it abroad, already after *Potemkin* had appeared, and therefore could have been in no way influenced by *Birth of a Nation*. The disgraceful propaganda of racial hatred toward the colored people which permeates this film cannot be redeemed by the purely cinematographic effects of this production.

As to the general problem of interrelation between the Soviet cinema and the "old man" of the American film, permit me to draw your attention to my extensive analysis of this problem, which will soon appear in a collection of studies devoted to the art of the cinema in Moscow (Goskinoizdat Editions).

PROFESSOR S. EISENSTEIN

Moscow-Kratovo, October 15, 1940

CORRESPONDENCE

ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Lithuania's New Way

I stopped in Kaunas for a day on my way to Moscow. A day would do for Lithuania, I thought. In all its twenty years it had never been important. And now, with war shaking Western Europe and Eastern Asia, little Lithuania lay still more outside the stream of world events. Rumors had reached the outside world that Lithuania was "being Sovietized"; this was the reason why I stopped at all. I would ask about the new alliance with the Soviet Union and the recent arrival of Red Army forces, and be on my way.

After the first hour I knew that I must stay longer. The day grew to a week, the week to a month. Lithuania had become important. It had become even epoch-making. A sovereign state was changing from capitalism to Socialism quite constitutionally. This thing had never happened before.

Everything was so orderly, even so decorous, that it was hard to think of it as revolution. The talk was all of trade unions, of elections, of protecting public properties. What could be more sedate than that? Yet a new speed had hit this quiet land, and in a few short weeks it was traveling into the first stages of Socialism: nationalizing of land, of banks, and industries, workers' control, Soviets.

"And without firing a shot," bragged editor Zimanas of the Communist *Tiesa* (Truth), which had grown in three weeks from an illegal sheet the size of your hand to an eight-page paper printed in Kaunas' biggest plant. "Without even stopping a wheel. The 'revolution without violence' that the liberals always prayed for. But the capitalist world won't like it any the better for that."

He was right. They didn't. They spoke of it as "the death of Lithuania." One of the American Legation staff was more frank. "It wouldn't have been so bad if the Red Army had merely seized the country and established a protectorate. But they've started something going among the lower classes that is undermining the whole social structure. You should see my janitor!"

Yes, that was what had happened. Not an occupation by an army, not the seizure of territory, but the release of forces among the common folk of Lithuania, who were rapidly beginning to organize. "The masses are moving," said one of the Lithuanian progressive intellectuals. "And no one knows how far they will go."

The events of the previous days may be briefly summarized. In early June the Soviet Union had presented an ultimatum, demanding the formation of a government in Lithuania which would fulfil the pact of mutual assistance signed the previous autumn. The ultimatum was accepted and on June 15 a considerable force of the Red Army entered the country where smaller units had been present since the signing of the treaty. Tanks, cavalry, infantry in trucks rolled through the streets of Kaunas and passed on to appropriate camping-places. They did not mix in Lithuania's internal life at all. The Red Army gave concerts and dances to the Lithuanian Army, as allied armies should. Otherwise it was known to be out in the woods near the border where—in the present disturbed state of Europe—armies ought to be.

But long-suppressed Lithuanians, whose champions had been thrown into jail for the fourteen years of the Smetona dictatorship, took heart and began to talk and organize. President Smetona fled; Prime Minister Merkys thus became president, appointed Justas Paletskis, a brilliant progressive journalist, as prime minister and himself resigned. Thus Paletskis in turn became president and appointed a cabinet of ministers consisting of well-known intellectuals, later adding a few Communists.

All the new ministers were men of standing; some of them had held cabinet posts in the "democratic" days before Smetona. Others were well-known writers: Kreve-Michevicius, new chairman of the cabinet and Minister of Foreign Affairs, for instance, was the best-known author in Lithuania; his writing had been issued in ten volumes and translated into many languages. "If we had a candidate

for the Nobel prize in literature it would be he," they said.

It was all very highly constitutional. But under this new government and under constitutional forms, deep social changes got under way. These were the things that made me stay. I wished to observe the stages in this transformation of a people, this Socialist revolution done through orderly forms. It was proceeding here for the first time in history; it was something for the world to know.

THE RED ARMY AND THE PEOPLE

It began, of course, with the coming of the Red Army. The foreign embassies claimed that the Red Army did it all. The capitalist press abroad wrote of it as an "army of occupation." An American weekly journal said: "While Hitler was busy in France, the Red Army simply picked up the Baltic States." That's the way the imperialists look at it. But you can't build a Socialist Soviet Republic that way.

A Soviet Socialist Republic has to be built from the inside, by the will of its workers and peasants. It has to be built freely, without sense of compulsion. Soviet Lithuania really arose that way. Nine tenths of the Lithuanians will tell you that. They know, for they themselves built it. They know, too, that the Red Army was important, and opened for them the way. That is what they mean when they tell you that the Red Army "set us free." An odd word to use of an "invader!"

The most applauded folk in all Lithuania during the months of my visit were the Red Army boys. At concerts, dances, popular demonstrations and meetings of the new trade unions, I heard them scores of times mentioned, and never without cheers. In the earlier weeks they were not yet regarded as "our Army," for Lithuania had not yet become Soviet. But they were looked upon as "Our Great Ally," which had marched into the Baltic States to strengthen their defenses and protect them from Europe's war.

This of itself was enough to make them accepted, for the Baltic peoples, like all peoples, dread the war which is today sweeping Europe and threatening to engulf the world. But the Red Army swiftly added to its popularity by its behaviour. They won the envy of the Lithuanian soldiers by their superior equipment; yet they treated them as equal allies. They stunned the peasants by their scrupulous consideration for his property, even to the last fence-post. They startled the intellectuals by their culture and knowledge of world affairs. The factory workers, of course, were with them from the first. While the comment I heard most often from the Lithuanian women was: "Aren't they sweet," an allusion to the courtesy with which they treated women.

I myself was struggling out of a great concert into a night of darkness and rain, and I came with the crowd to a fence which was hard to cross. I was slipping in the mud and holding by the fence-post in the dark while the crowd pushed impatiently by. Then a Red Army man, who had been at the concert, came up, saying: "Little Mother, shall I help you across?" Being an American, I do not like to be reminded of my age. But I certainly appreciated his courtesy to an unknown woman as he helped me through.

At another time I met a Red lieutenant sitting with a group of Red Army men in a third class compartment of a train. As soon as he heard my name and knew that I was an American writer, he asked: "Aren't you the authoress of *'One Fifth of Mankind'*. I have read that book." Then he introduced me to a dozen Red Army men as "that famous American authoress whose books on China you know." What author, I ask you, is proof against a compliment like that. And what army in the world knows intimately so many books on foreign lands?

A tall, bony peasant woman whom I met bringing strawberries to Kaunas told me: "Rich folks frightened us about the Red Army. They said the Army would take our lands from us and steal our food. But they take no food from us, not even if we offer it. It seems they have plenty of their own; maybe more than we have . . ." This was what impressed her; she began to believe in the Soviet country whose soldiers had "plenty of their own food."

Even those foreign legations which have tried for years to organize the Baltic States against the Soviet Union will admit to you in conversation that "the Red Army men have done nothing rough." An American relief worker, who has spent the past six months in Vilna, also told me: "In all these months I have not heard of a drunken soldier or of any scandal with women. Any army in the world—no, any group of cultured gentlemen in the world—might be proud of the record they have made."

It should not be assumed that the whole Lithuanian populace cheered the Red Army from the beginning. Some of them cheered, but some of them wondered and waited. For twenty years they had been

filled with tales of horror about the Soviet Union, and they did not yet know what to believe. Besides, the people who cheered the Red Army when it first came in September of 1939, were later arrested by hundreds by the Smetona regime. So, the second time, when the Red Army came in numbers on June 15, 1940, many of the people waited to see when it would be safe to cheer.

So strict was the Smetona censorship that even the Communists in Kaunas, who were watching and hoping, did not know that the Red Army was coming in larger numbers until a few hours before they actually arrived. Dozens of people have told me the story of that second coming. The most complete account was given me by Zimanas, editor of *Tiesa*: "We knew at one o'clock by the Moscow radio that the ultimatum had been accepted. At three o'clock the Lithuanian radio admitted it, and by seven o'clock the Red Army was already in the streets. The people at first stood silent, just watching, hardly knowing what it all meant. Then some began to clap and then to cheer and then to sing. First the crowd sang Red Army songs that we had learned from the Moscow radio. After that the Red Army also sang. After that the people understood that they were our Allies, who would protect us from war. More and more they began to cheer them as they came—tanks, cavalry, infantry in trucks—strong and endless."

Thus the Red Army came into Kaunas. It was different in Vilna. There was little open cheering there. "The cheers were in our hearts," said a Jewish journalist of that city, "but we remembered the pogroms."

Old-time Lithuanians told me: "We have seen in our lives three armies. The old Tsar's army, the German army of occupation during the first World War, and now these Soviet troops. This is by far the most cultured army we have ever known."

A peasant told me: "The Red Army tanks were coming through our village and there was a hen with a brood of chickens in the road. The tanks stopped and a Red army man got out and drove off the chickens so that the tanks could go on. Never have we seen such an army. Our own Lithuanians, in time of maneuvers, are not as careful of the peasants' property as that."

Another told how the tanks had come by mistake through their village, and been compelled to turn around. "They went two kilometers ahead on the road before turning, so as not to trample the peasants' meadow," he said. Others said: "If they knock down as much as a fence post or go over a row of vegetables, they jump out at once and ask you the damage and pay you on the spot."

These are little things that matter to peasants, who by tradition dislike all armies. "Our own Lithuanians," they said, "destroyed more than these do and did not stop to pay."

Still more surprising to the peasants were the joy-rides which the peasant children were given in the army trucks. The peasants of Eastern Europe never ride in autos; these are for the upper official class. But the Red Army broke this gulf and took the children riding around the village roads.

In Siauliai the workers told me of an aged worker, bedridden from arthritis which had progressed so far that he could not walk and feared soon to lose the use of his arms. Since he was too poor to pay and the treatment is complicated, the local doctor had long since given him up. One of the Siauliai Communists brought the Red Army surgeon to visit him, and the latter gave him a clear explanation of his disease, and told him that he could be helped by a health resort in the U.S.S.R., but until this became possible, there was a course of treatment which he could take at home. The fact that this helpless, penniless old worker could get the best medical advice from the Red Army, made a deep impression on all the Siauliai workers.

One of the customs of the Red Army was to refuse all food-stuffs, even cigarettes. They will accept from the population only gifts of flowers.

If these were the manners of the Red Army which won the confidence and enthusiasm of the peasants, there were other characteristics which appealed to the intellectuals. I listened for an hour to a conversation between a Red Army engineer and a middle-aged Lithuanian engineer, who met by chance on a train. The Lithuanian had studied long ago in Kiev in the days of the tsar; for the past twenty years he had heard nothing but evil tales about the Soviets.

The young Red Army specialist said not a word about Socialism, Soviets, or any political subject. He discussed the technical problems of electrifying oil wells in Baku and railroads in the Caucasus. He was neither patronizing nor obsequious, just a thoroughly competent fellow-engineer. They lost themselves in a comparison of German with American technique.

Suddenly the older man mentioned "Petersburg," and then stopped, fearing that he had made a *faux pas*. The younger man put him at ease by saying

casually; "We call it Leningrad today." This emboldened the older man to ask if it were true, as he heard, that Kiev had been changed to Dniepropetrovsk . . . "No," said the Red Army man, "that was Ekaterinoslav. Kiev is still Kiev." It was a casual phrase but the tones gave a warm reassurance that the city of the old man's boyhood memories remained.

The culture of the Red Army as shown by its concerts was also an important force in arousing the Lithuanian people to warm feeling for the Soviets. Never had they heard such music produced by ordinary soldiers. It was so good that some foreign legations spread the gossip that these must be Grand Opera artists dressed up in soldiers' uniforms. Even more important than the excellent music was the spirit that was expressed in the concerts.

I remember especially the big concert given by the Red Army troupe in the Sports Palace in Kaunas just before the election. After two hours in which an enraptured audience applauded and cheered some of the best performances they had ever seen, the master of ceremonies declared that the formal program was over, and that the entire audience was now invited to join in dancing. At least a thousand people poured down from the benches onto the floor of the Palace and danced late into the night with the Red Army men to the excellent music of the Red Army band.

Such were the tactful ways in which the Red Army men influenced the changes taking place in Lithuania. But as for the trade unions, the elections and the questions of Lithuanian politics, the Red Army had nothing to do with that. There were no Red Army men telling the Lithuanians how to vote, as the foreign legations pictured them. I traveled two hundred miles during the Lithuanian elections and the only time I saw any Red Army men near a voting place was in one town where the local committee had secured a dozen Red Army musicians to play for the election dance. Otherwise—this was a Lithuanian election and the Red Army men are correct people. They weren't there.

No! They did it all themselves, the Lithuanian workers. The trade unions, the elections, the Soviets. They did it all themselves without any outside pressure. Any Lithuanian worker will tell you that.

It may be a bit naive to say that the Red Army wasn't present. Even in that meeting of the silk-weavers, when the girls were so laughingly joshing the candidates they elected, the Red Army was there. Not visible, of course! But if they hadn't been somewhere invisible, the Kaunas police would have smashed that gathering with a ton of bricks.

There's no such thing as impartial "law and order." The old police would have supported the employer even if

Anna Louise Strong (center) in Kaunas. Still from newsreel on liberation of Lithuania

he destroyed his factory or took his capital out of the country. The new law says that the factories must be kept running by the will of the workers, even against the claims of all past owners. That's law and order now. A law that became possible suddenly, without bloodshed, because—far out in the woods but powerful—the Red Army came.

VILNA

"Whoever solves the problem of Vilna can solve the problem of Europe. Vilna is an insoluble mixture of national hates."

So they said in Geneva before I came to Lithuania. They know about Vilna there. It has been often before the League of Nations, which didn't even try to solve it but yielded to *force majeure.* Vilna is a world example—there are many such in Europe—of the insolubility of the problem of national hates under capitalist rule.

"The only thing to do with Vilna," said an American diplomat in Kaunas to me, "is to pick it up and take it a long way out and squeeze the people out into their respective nations and then put the town itself in a museum." Thus cynically he admitted the bankruptcy of diplomacy in dealing with this town.

To Lithuania's workers, Vilna presented an even more serious problem. It was the center of chronic unemployment for years. It was a city of paupers where a whole family had a single shirt in which to go out of doors. Three children would have one pair of shoes and take turns going to school. Matches were carefully split in half to avoid buying new ones. Even when workers had jobs, wages were so low that families slowly starved. People fought in Vilna for crusts of bread.

Yet Vilna had been a metropolis, a center of traffic and trade since the Middle Ages. Under the tsar four railroads met here, connecting the Baltic, the Petersburg district, Moscow and Asia with Europe and Warsaw. Vilna was rich, specializing in luxury goods, fine gloves, fashionable tailoring.

When the Red Army first came into Vilna, September 19, 1939, the common people met it with cheers. After six weeks it withdrew, and Vilna was given to Lithuania. Promptly the Smetona government staged one of the worst pogroms in Vilna's history, attacking under the name of "Jews" all persons who had shown sympathy with the Red Army. Some 20,000 of Vilna's workers, especially the Jewish, didn't wait for this pogrom. They went with the Red Army into the U.S.S.R.

"I stood and watched them go," the principal of the Jewish Schools told me. "They couldn't endure it not to be in a Soviet land. I went with them to the railway station. On one side of the platform the workers' families were departing, with their meager possession on their backs and their children by the hand. On the other side were arriving the black coats, the priests and the bourgeois of all nationalities, yelling for porters to handle their heavy bags. I thought: 'Darkness comes; light goes.'"

Smetona's officials received people only in the Lithuanian language, which most of Vilna's people could not speak. School teachers were required to pass examinations in Lithuanian; this threw most of the teachers out. Poles were not only expelled from government jobs but even within the Catholic church, Polish priests were replaced by Lithuanian priests. Jewish signs were forbidden on shops where they had been tolerated for centuries, even under the tsar and the Poles.

Vilna workers had been even more suppressed than those in the rest of Lithuania. As late as the spring of 1940 there were factory owners who beat their workers with sticks like Asiatic despots.

Such was the Vilna into which the Red Army came again in 1940.

The new People's Government of Lithuania had appointed as governor of Vilna an able Communist, Didzhulius, not long since out of jail. Jail had injured his health and he had gone to a rest-home, but had not been able to take the time to get well. People were needed for Vilna, and so he came. When I saw him he had held office only three days.

"We must end this evil process whereby first Poles suppress Lithuanians and then Lithuanians suppress Poles," he told me. "Under Smetona only 30,000 people here had the vote. We have given it at once to everybody except the recent war refugees."

One of the first decrees passed was that government officials must hear citizens' requests in whatever language the citizens choose. For this purpose officials are sought who can speak as many languages as possible. Schools also are to be in all the local languages. "Under the Poles education was only in Polish; under Smetona it was only in Lithuanian," said Didzhulius. "Now we shall have to have schools in four languages since there are four chief languages in this district: Polish, Jewish, Lithuanian and Byelorussian."

Lithuanian writer A. Venclova reading at a meeting in Kaunas the decision on the incorporation of Lithuania in the U.S.S.R.

Photo by Anna Louise Strong

Didzhulius told me of the many difficulties created by the Polish Nationalists. They issue secret instructions: "Poles, creep in everywhere. Into the police, the trade-unions, the Communist Party. Wherever there is a Polish majority, it will fight for the Greater Poland." They also issued fake leaflets, purporting to come from the Communist Party, but designed to stir up national hate. "The Red Army had freed us from the Lithuanians! Poles, you can be active now!" Some of these leaflets contained attacks on Germany, which were designed to stir up trouble between Germany and the U.S.S.R.

Didzhulius turned to the question of Vilna peasants. "Vilna is not only a city; it is a district," he said. "Most of our population is peasant, poverty-stricken, living on tiny strips of bad soil and surrounded by the great estates of feudal lords. Smetona's government never modified land laws; Lithuania's land laws were not applied to Vilna.

"That reminds me," said Didzhulius, as he turned to his secretary. "Make a note for me to announce today by radio and to send word to the foresters that peasants may have free access to the berries and mushrooms in the woods."

Then he turned back to me. "It is a little thing but it means much to the diet and human dignity of the peasants," he said. "I had overlooked it; I have only been in office three days."

THE MASSES MOVE

Never in any land have I seen a whole people so swiftly come alive. Day and night, for weeks, singing did not cease in the streets of Kaunas.

The vast majority of the people were obviously glad to be rid of the bitter Smetona dictatorship. They were glad to be coming out to cheer "our own kind of folks, workers, peasants, progressive intellectuals, fighters for the people's cause," instead of the old corrupt official caste. They thought the Red Army was something new and fine in the way of armies, and that the U.S.S.R., which produced it, must be a good place.

But was the U.S.S.R. to remain "Our Great Ally," or was it to become something more, something closer? The people's thought on this had not yet crystallized. Argument went on among the intellectuals. Many of them were disturbed because there was only one ticket of candidates. It did not at all accord with their concept of democracy, which demanded the clash of parties. They were somewhat consoled when they attended the first meetings of their own trade unions, where discussion was so clearly free and democratic, and where the nomination of many candidates gave them what they called "the right of choice." As the tide of popular feeling steadily mounted, those intellectuals who were closest to the people were swept along by it.

None of the workers or peasants seemed worried by all these distinctions which the intellectuals discussed. While each intellectual painfully thought his way to "his own" conclusions, the industrial workers happily organized. The peasants moved more slowly; for the first few weeks they seemed to be watchfully waiting. Their answer to every question—it was almost like a slogan—was: "God knows; we'll live and see."

Meantime there were meetings, meetings. In all the buildings and in the open air. I recall one such meeting on the edge of Kaunas, in a poor working-class district, where the people were impressed, not so much by the speakers, as by the fact that the Kaunas Police Band for the first time in human memory, put on a free concert for the common people. Shabby women with hordes of small children sat on the grass beside their men to listen. "The first concert we ever heard," they said. But in such small things the common people felt themselves become important—and they cheered.

The big "Get Together" of workers and peasants on July 10 in Kaunas climaxed the election campaign. All day the peasants poured into the city: groups of girls in colorful national costumes, clusters of youth on bicycles from distant farms. Trains, trucks and carts poured their human freight into the boulevards and the newcomers formed in line to march. Hour after hour the streets were filled with singing: old Lithuanian folk-songs sad with the darkness of peasant life mingling with new triumphant songs of the Red Army, sung by Kaunas workers.

I stopped by some big trucks of the Pieno-Centras, the dairy cooperative. "Where are you from?" I asked. They named a village a hundred kilometers from Kaunas. "We started at two o'clock," they said.

"What do they say there about the elections? Are they for Soviet Lithuania or 'independent Lithuania?'" I inquired.

"Thirteenth Soviet Republic," shouted several of the girls.

"All of them?" I asked, and they shook their heads. "No, not the old ones. They don't know what they want . . . But *we* know."

Three women with fists upraised in this demonstration remain in my mind as the symbol of this period, before the people's will had crystallized into Soviets. One of them starry-eyed, looking straight ahead into the future; the other tossing her fist aloft and turning to smile at me; and the third, the nearest one, eyes closed, chin set, determined. All of them were household servants, nearly seventy years old.

Sinking to rest beside them after the *Internationale*, I seek for a conversational opening. "It is nice that we old folks can celebrate?" I say. They nod; they accept me, so I go on.

"Are you going to the election on Sunday?"

"Everyone is going. We also are going." It is she of the grim, determined chin who answers, in the deferential tone of the long-accustomed servant, which nonetheless asserts her rights. I learn that she is 69 years old.

"Are you for Soviet Lithuania or 'independent Lithuania?'" I asked. But she looks puzzled as if the distinction disturbs.

"What do I know of such things," she answers. "Our father Stalin's words are very good."

"Are you Russian or Lithuanian? What is your nationality?"

"I am Roman Catholic," she says. Then I notice the "Mother of God" on a thin chain under her grim chin, and recall that through all her long years in this almost medieval country, people have been listed by religion and not by race.

"Then how is Stalin your father? He is not Roman Catholic." She is not in the least disturbed.

"They say he is the father of all toilers," she answers, hesitating a little, as if she had found something almost too good to believe.

Still I persisted. "You think then that life will be better under the new government?" But she was no prophet; she was a plodding realist. "I do not know what will be. It is better now," she said.

"Better now? Already? Before the elections? Before anything happened at all?" It flashed into my mind that employers were said to be treating their workers better since the Red Army came. So I asked: "Since when better? How better? Better wages?"

She shook her head. She was not used to analysis. But she was certain. "It feels better," she said.

I looked at the harsh, worn face under the tightly drawn hair and suddenly I saw her life from its beginning. She had not even the ruins of comeliness that any man should ever have desired her. She had no brain trained to think, to imagine, but only to serve. For 69 years she had ministered humbly to the bodily needs of others. A household servant and a Roman Catholic—that was her whole life, nothing more.

Now suddenly she was part of bands and banners and of a great crowd shouting. She was raising her fist for candidates—workers like herself—who asked for her vote. She had become a human being; she had even become government. She had found a "father of all toilers" here on earth.

The rain poured down on the day of the elections. It began the night before

Kaunas people listen to Seim decisions in spite of rain. Photo by Anna Louise Strong

with continuous cloud bursts which by morning turned the rural districts into a sea of mud. In the cities the effect of the rain was less noticeable. The janitor of our hotel went to the voting place with the first crack of dawn "in order to be first." He found hundreds more with the same intention.

Leaving the city of Kaunas, where the voting was proceeding rapidly and early, I went by auto some two hundred kilometers to visit the rural polling places as far as Naumiestis on the German border and back by Mariampole. With me went Minister of Education Venclova and the well-known novelist Zvirka, themselves candidates for the Seim, but from a different district.

"We are not touring our own district," said Zvirka, "because we do not think it proper to push ourselves, but rather the whole Working People's Platform. We are visiting the voting places today not to make speeches but to see how the people are turning out and what their sentiment is."

We came to the first voting place in a small village. It was housed in the Farmers' Cooperative Hall. The outside of the building was decorated with evergreen branches; the inside was full of people.

Of some 2,400 citizens in this precinct six hundred had voted at ten in the morning on a raw, rainy day; ninety-five of them had had no passport and had never voted before. The young peasant in charge of the election place was apologetic because so few had yet come out. "There will be a big crowd suddenly after the church service," he said. "Others will come when there is a lull in the rain." As we came back we saw his prediction verified. The downpour was temporarily easing and we met long lines of peasant carts headed towards the election place.

Everywhere they were turning out to the elections, despite the mud and rain. Peasants came for miles in carts decorated with flags above the horses. Others plodded along the roads on foot. Many men over thirty told me: "This is our first voting. We refused to vote under Smetona even though the police threatened us for not voting. Now we are coming out gladly to vote for the People's Candidates." This election, it was clear, was not like the elections in which success is tested by a conflict between parties. It was like a great popular rally in which success is tested by the number who come out to vote their support.

At Naumiestis on the German border the voting place was a big school house so near the frontier that it looked straight towards a Lutheran church in East Prussia. This was an energetic precinct; seventy percent had already voted by early afternoon.

Upstairs in the largest hall of the building an "election dance" was going on. Husky girls sat around the wall on benches, neatly, even gaily dressed. You

would never have taken them for farmhands in their shiny rayon gowns.

"We never before came to this gymnasium (high school)," they told me. "We farmhands get only three or four years of school."

They were, however, despite their small amount of education, the clearest thinking young people I had met in the rural districts. They knew where they were going and why. Most of them had "work-tickets" that allowed them to cross the frontier to work on the farms of East Prussia. They told me that the harvest there was in full swing, but was "slow in this part of Lithuania."

"How so?" I asked. "Isn't it the same climate?" They laughed and said that the big farmers were sabotaging but "after the election we'll take care of that."

Then they told me that their employers in East Prussia were saying: "You poor people! In another week you'll be completely Sovietized!"

"What do you answer," I queried, and one of them tossed her head.

"'Sure thing,' we say, 'that's what we're voting for.'"

As I returned to the voting place below—it was still crowded—my eye was caught by the gentle shining face of a wrinkled old kerchiefed woman who was modestly explaining her perplexities to the official in charge. As I came near she shared her puzzle with me also. "Well, my dear, I had no passport and I thought this registration was a passport but it seems it is only for this one voting . . . Well, praise be to God, the old government is gone!"

I told her that I was a writer from America and I asked if I might take her picture. So she stood for me in the light against the green decorations, holding the list of candidates which she could barely read. "My picture to America," she said with face softly shining. "My wishes to America; I have a sister there. In a place they call She-Cawgo . . . The old life is gone, praise God! . . . Give them my best wishes, my dear."

"To whom, mother?" I asked. "To your sister?"

She made a little modest, deprecating gesture and her face grew still more radiant as she answered: "To all, to all, to all."

This was to her the meaning of this new election: the Sovietland, America, the world!

When all the votes were counted, it was found that 95.5 of the total adult electorate had come to the polls. A figure unheard of in Lithuania, unbelievable in any election in the capitalist democracies. The Lithuanian government ministers themselves were surprised at it; they had never dreamed there would be such a turnout. Sitting in the President's cabinet several of the Ministers told me:

"When we heard about those elections in East Poland after the Red Army marched in, we thought they were force or fraud. Over ninety percent of voters turning out in country districts! Incredible! We laughed!

"Now we have seen for ourselves! Now we have the same thing here. We have seen how the peasants came in their hundreds of thousands, on foot and by cart through the mud. We know what it is now—the rising up of the people, almost like a single man. But we didn't believe it about Poland. And we know that the people to whom you write in America, who have not themselves seen it, will not be able to believe it about us . . . But you have been with us here, and you know!"

TOWARD THE SOVIET UNION

At 3:20 o'clock in the afternoon of July 21, 1940, Lithuania became a Soviet Socialist Republic by unanimous vote of the People's Seim. Two hours later, also by unanimous vote, the Seim voted to apply for admission to the Soviet Union.

This was the first sovereign state constitutionally entering the Soviet Union as a fully organized government. "And without firing a shot," bragged the people. "Without even stopping a wheel." It was a moment of high historic importance . . . A few hours later, on the same day, Latvia and Estonia followed.

Throughout that rapid week the attitude of the patriotic intellectuals had been changing while you wait. Those who were close to the people had been swept along by the tremendous tide of the elections and had begun to rationalize their choice. "I do not understand this form of voting," said one of them to me. "I wanted another kind, with several parties, such as they have in America and England. But the people are clearly happy in this election, so I must approve it too."

During the first week of my visit many of these intellectuals had wanted "an independent Lithuania with close military alliance with the U.S.S.R." These had been swinging towards a new position for much the reasons that Paletskis gave. One of them, a non-Communist but a sincere lover of the Lithuanian people, who had spent many years in prison under Smetona, told me: "For us patriotic intellectuals there was a

certain opium in the words 'free, independent *Litva*.' Even when I lay in prison I charmed myself with the opium that *Litva* was 'free.' But we must look at the facts. We were never really free from economic domination. And now in the present face of Europe, there is no room for even those so-called independent states that existed before. There is only a choice between two great systems, represented by our two great neighbors, one of which destroys the old state forms but permits our nationality to flourish while the other destroys states and nationalities alike. As an honest lover of Lithuanian freedom, I must vote to enter the Soviet Union."

LIMITLESS HORIZONS

Coming back from one of the newly nationalized factories I passed a narrow ravine on the edge of Kaunas, out of which rose the peaks of four red banners blowing in the wind. A muddy path, well trodden, led into it from the highway, between green hillsides on one of which browsed a cow. Above the path an arch bore the inscription: "Murdered comrades, the Lithuanian people carries on the work that you began."

A lonely spot, or rather, a spot that had been lonely. It had been an execution ground. Near enough to the city for the early dawn drive from the prison; far enough so that no citizens might interfere. Here fourteen years ago, on Smetona's armed seizure of power, were executed four Communist leaders: Karolys Pozhila, Suozas Greifenbergeris, Rapolas Chiornis and Kazys Giedrys.

They shot them. They buried them. They left no heaped up earth, no headstone to mark the graves. Workers came at night to heap the earth and cover it with flowers. Anyone caught visiting the graves was arrested. But nights are dark, and many a red dawn found wreaths there, which the police angrily removed and levelled the ground again. For fourteen years Smetona's police stamped into the earth the very memory of the men they slew.

The ravine is no longer lonely. Above each grave a great red banner gives temporary tribute until a more permanent mark can be made. A similar red banner not far away marks the grave of a peasant leader, executed here for the Suwalk peasant uprising in 1936. Great wreaths of flowers from the new trade-unions of Kaunas cover the spot. Young workers come here with their girls in the early evening, and mothers with their small children. They trudge through the mud and water of a little brook that drains the hillside. They stand silent with uncovered heads.

Near us stands a worker, holding his small son by the hand. "Here, formerly," he explains to the boy, "they shot folks for politics." Then, as the child's eyes grow round, the father makes it clearer: "For organizing workers they shot them" . . . It is already a history lesson he teaches, as of a long past.

I think of this ravine as the special train pulls out from Kaunas, bearing the Seim delegation to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. It is full of happy and excited people whom I have learned in these short weeks to love.

We change trains unexpectedly at Vilna; rapid construction work had shifted the narrow European gauge to the wider Russian gauge and the Soviet train met us here. "Already the wider road," said one of the delegates smiling.

"A few miles back," said another, "we crossed the old frontier between Lithuania and Poland; last autumn it was wiped away. Soon we shall reach the frontier between Lithuania and the Soviet Union and then the former frontier between Poland and the U.S.S.R. Three frontiers gone in a single year!"

Crowds and bands are at all the stations, bidding good-bye or welcoming. Every compartment is buried in flowers from well wishers, flowers from Kaunas, flowers from Vilna, flowers from Minsk and from Moscow too.

We came to the small red post that marked the boundary. The delegates looked long at the post, pointing it out to each other. "It will be gone when we come back; this is the last of it," they said. Then the train moved on towards Moscow.

In Moscow a welcoming arch: "Long live the mighty friendship of the peoples of our great fatherland." In Moscow the white halls of the Kremlin palace under their red stars. In Moscow the cheering session of the Supreme Soviet, hearing for the first time in history the president of an independent sovereign state make application for admission to the U.S.S.R. After President Paletskis several others speak. Last of all Pranas Zibertas, translated by my old friend Shumauskas, tells of his 20 years in prison and of the old mother who believed all those years that he would some day come out.

"And now all those years are as if they had never been. We have plunged into work with young strength."

I know that the speeches are being heard by radio in Kaunas, that around

the loud-speakers on Laisves Allee, great crowds are cheering in unison with Moscow's cheers. I know that Socialist competiton has begun already among Lithuanian workers, that bricklayers have laid three times the normal tale of bricks, and that elsewhere production increases because "the factories are our own."

Thus the narrow frontiers gave place to the limitless horizons.

Section of a demonstration in Kaunas. Photo by Anna Louise Strong

The Literary Youth of Cuba

Progressive Cuban literature has gained for itself a place of prominence in Latin America. The level it has attained is high indeed, considering the fact that it has developed in a colonial country, where every attempt to open the eyes of the people to their horrible life was being suppressed.

Real works of art have been created by quite a number of Cuban authors. Some of them have joined the reactionary trends in literature, trends which form an important pillar of the semi-colonial system existing in Cuba. Others, primarily those who come from the ranks of the people and are imbued with its revolutionary spirit, are in the vanguard of the struggle. They are fighting for the cause of the oppressed people, for its future and for the development of its culture.

Juan Marinello is one of the most outstanding figures among the young Cuban intellectuals. He is secretary of the Union of Writers and Artists of Cuba and is the leader of the youth which is fighting for the happiness of its country. There is hardly a writer who has been subjected to such persecution and so many reprisals as Juan Marinello, but this has not broken his will to struggle.

Of late a number of new writers has come to the fore in Cuba: Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, Jose Antonio Portuondo, Carlos Montenegro, Luis Felipe Rodriguez and the poet Nicolas Guillen, one of the most gifted Latin-American poets.

They represent a type of writer entirely new to Cuba. Like their noble predecessors, Julio Antonio Mella, Gabriel Barcelo and Pablo de Toriente Brau, they have all of them learned in the school of Marxism.

The young writers have broken with the senile Cuban culture of the last century, the culture which was the privilege of the chosen few. They have come forth as brave heralds of a new culture which stands on an incomparably higher level. Our best youth marches in step with them, inspired by their striving to win freedom and happiness for their people.

CELSO ENRIQUEZ

Havana

Letters From China

The editors of *International Literature* have received a number of interesting letters from Chinese writers, publishing houses, public organizations and scientific bodies.

The editorial board of the Academy of Arts Lu Hsun in Yen-an informs us that it is preparing for publication new translations of books of Marxist literary criticism, and requests us to assist the Academy by sending material for translation into Chinese.

In a recent letter Kuo Mo-jo writes: "I must thank you for the pleasure I derived from the copy of *International Literature* you sent me. The magazine has greatly interested me and I hope to receive it regularly. The publication will acquaint us with Soviet literature, which reveals to us a new society."

Çicio Mar, well-known author, who keeps up a regular correspondence with *International Literature*, writes in his last letter: "I am traveling on the southwest frontiers of China, gathering materials for stories. I have written three short stories: *Four Days*, *In the Wilderness*, and *Sheep*. The latter two were retold from current popular tales in the country. The other story, *The Formation of a Village Self-Defense Corps*, which I also send to you, was a story told in woodcuts.

"Several writers whom I have met recently are exulted by the news that their stories (those which I sent to you) are being read by Soviet readers."

Kung Lo-sen, a Marxist critic and editor of the Chinese magazine *Literary Monthly*, writes us that a recent number of the magazine was devoted to Mayakovsky. Cicio Mar and Kuo Pao-kuang, who translated Lermontov's *Hero of Our Time* into Chinese and edited the translations of Stanislavsky's works, are actively connected with the magazine.

The directors of the Pacific Publishing Company in Hongkong inform us that they have sent *International Literature* copies of books recently published in China, including a book of short stories by Pa Tsing. Frayerman's tale *Early Love*, they conclude, was recently published in Chinese, the translation being made from the English version published in the *International Literature* (No. 2 and 3, 1940).

NEWS AND VIEWS

U.S.S.R.

PROBLEMS OF COMMUNIST EDUCATION DISCUSSED BY M. I. KALININ

Several speeches by M. Kalinin, Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., dedicated to problems of Communist education, have been issued in a booklet by the State Publishing House for Political Literature. They were delivered between the years 1938 and 1940 and were addressed to the Soviet intelligentsia and the younger generation. Two of these are published for the first time.

All the speeches deal with the problem of the education of the new man, the citizen of the Socialist society.

"A new type of man, the man of the Socialist society, is being molded in our country," Kalinin declared. "This new man must be inculcated with the finest human qualities."

What are these qualities?

First, love for the people, love for the working masses; second, honesty; third, courage; fourth, the spirit of comradeship; fifth, love for work and a conscientious attitude toward it, the development of a new conscious labor discipline.

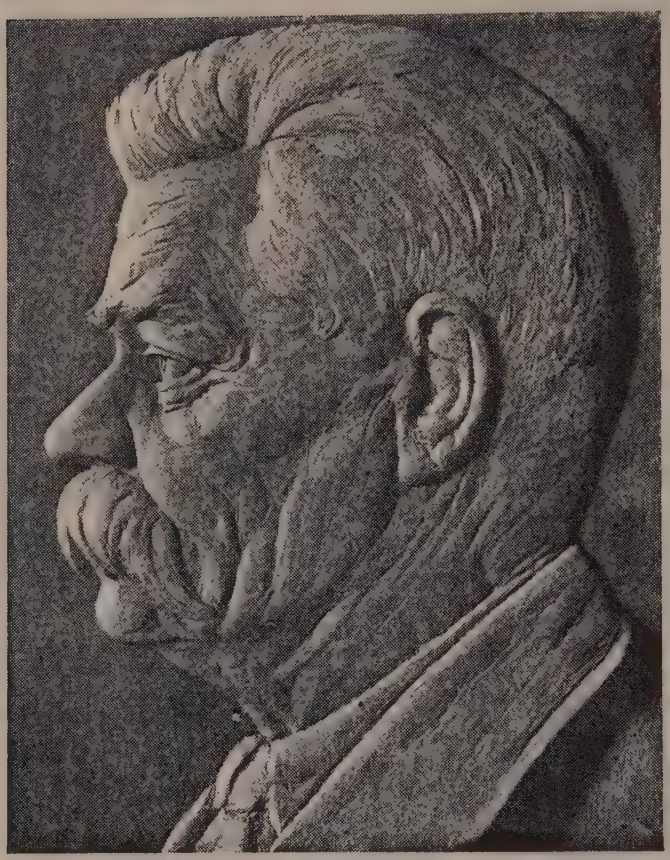
Speaking in very simple and lucid terms, Kalinin gives a profound analysis of the essence of Communist education; he shows that what is important is not a mere study of Marxism, but the application of Communist principles in life. The new Soviet man must be highly-educated, honest and progressive. These traits must be instilled in the mind of man from childhood, by the imperceptible influence exerted on the psychology, first, of the child, then the adolescent and finally the grown-up person. The difficult task of creating the new, Communist psychology can be accomplished successfully only if the Soviet educators, and the Soviet intelligentsia as a whole, are themselves educated in the spirit of Marxism-Leninism.

A translation of one of these speeches is printed elsewhere in this issue.

NEW DATA ON GORKY

The Gorky Archives, which now comprise about 70,000 manuscripts and letters of the great writer, as well as documents related to his literary and public activity, have recently added 410 new items to their collections. The materials

Kalinin addresses a meeting of art workers in Moscow



Maxim Gorky. Bas-relief by N. Talyantsev

include rough drafts of several unprinted short stories and plays, separate sheets of a version of *Decadence*, and a notebook bearing the title *Epigraph*, in which Gorky entered aphorisms of Russian and foreign writers and scientists.

Some of the items represent documents of the St. Petersburg censorship office, providing additional material on the treatment of Gorky's works at the hands of the tsarist censorship.

Another addition is a document dealing with the so-called "Academy incident" —the election of Gorky as honorary member of the Academy of Sciences in 1902. This is a letter written by Count Sheremetyev, who expresses his indignation at the "activity" of Grand Duke Konstantin Romanov (president of the Academy of Sciences at the time) and describes how the tsar's family was disconcerted by the election of Gorky.

A new version of the fourth act of *Philistines*, hitherto unknown, has been brought to light by the finding of the manuscript of this play. The history of *Philistines* is connected with the Moscow Art Theater. Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko, its founders, persistently asked Gorky to write a play for their theater. In the summer of 1900 the play was written and delivered to the theater. Soon after, however, Gorky took it back, explaining that he was dissatisfied with the play. He kept it about a year, after which he returned it with a number of changes, particularly in the fourth act. The Gorky Museum has also obtained a number of new documents, including three notebooks of the writer. One contains notes on his visit to the United States in 1906. The second relates to the writer's stay on the Isle of Capri. The third is an exercise book which Gorky used during his study of French. It is believed that the latter dates back to the year 1905-1906, after Gorky was released from the Petropavlovsk dungeon.

Among the papers of the former Saratov Province Administration a book has been found containing lists of persons under police surveillance because of their political views. One of the entries reads: "Peshkov, Alexei Maximovich, painter,

1889" (Maxim Gorky was the writer's penname. His real name was Peshkov).

In that year (1889) Gorky obtained work as a weighman at the railway station Krutaya, near Tsaritsyn. He was immediately taken under surveillance by the gendarmes, and a lively correspondence about him ensued, from which may be seen that they were preparing to arrest him.

A secret letter of the railway gendarmerie office of Orel was found in the Rostov archives. It is dated May 20, 1891, and reports that Alexei Peshkov is conducting secret revolutionary activity at the Filonovo Station and that he is also visiting villages in the Don Province.

A hectographed edition of *Spring Melodies* by Gorky, published in 1901, was found in Dniepropetrovsk. This is a rare document, since the original printed edition was banned by the censorship, and only the concluding part, the famous *The Stormy Petrel* appeared in print at the time.

The hectographed pamphlet has a postscript stating that the aim of the editor in offering the reader this work of Maxim Gorky is to acquaint the Russian public with the complete text of *Spring Melodies*, since only a small excerpt appeared in the magazine *Zhizn*, and even that was published only due to an oversight of the censorship.

OBSERVE ANNIVERSARY OF GREAT POLISH POET

The 85th anniversary of the death of Adam Mickiewicz, great Polish poet and revolutionary democrat, was observed in the Soviet Union at the end of November.

The Union of Soviet Writers has appointed a special committee to take charge of the anniversary arrangements in Moscow. The committee, headed by the Secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, Alexander Fadeyev, included such well known Russian poets and writers as Nikolai Asseyev, Alexei Tolstoy, and a number of prominent Polish, Byelorussian, Ukrainian and Georgian men of letters. The State Literary Publishing House in Moscow is issuing a new edition of the Polish poet's works in four volumes. The edition will contain new translations of Mickiewicz's poems.

A special committee was also organized in Lwow, the city in western Ukraine possessing a rich collection of manuscripts and first editions of the poet's works, second only to the one in Paris. The committee included representatives of the Union of Soviet Writers, the local university and the Academy of Sciences of the Ukraine. It was headed by the well-known literary scholar and writer Tadeusz Boy-Zelenski. The vice-chairman was Jerzy Borejsza, the literary critic. The poet David Kenigsberg, who has translated *Pan Tadeusz* into the Jewish language, was secretary of the committee which included Wanda Wasilewska, Professor Juliusz Kleiner, the poet Julian Prybos, the Ukrainian poet Pavlo Karmansky, the Polish author Stanislaw Wasylewski, the Ukrainian writer Alexander Desniak and others.

A special Mickiewicz session was held in Lwow at the end of November, attended by many guests from Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Belostok and Vilna. Reports on Mickiewicz and Pushkin, Mickiewicz and the Decembrists, the Polish poet's place in Ukrainian literature and on new studies of his works were delivered at the session. These reports were published in book form. In honor of the anniversary the Lwow publishing house issued a collection of Mickiewicz's selected works, which also includes reminiscences of his contemporaries and an essay on the poet's life and work. The volume is entitled: *Adam Mickiewicz the Revolutionary*.

A large Mickiewicz exhibition was arranged in Lwow. The library of the Academy of Sciences in that city had received several rare manuscripts and first editions, among them the manuscript of the poem *Pan Tadeusz*, which formerly was in the possession of a Polish magnate, and a copy of the first edition of *Crimean Sonnets* with a dedication in the poet's own handwriting.

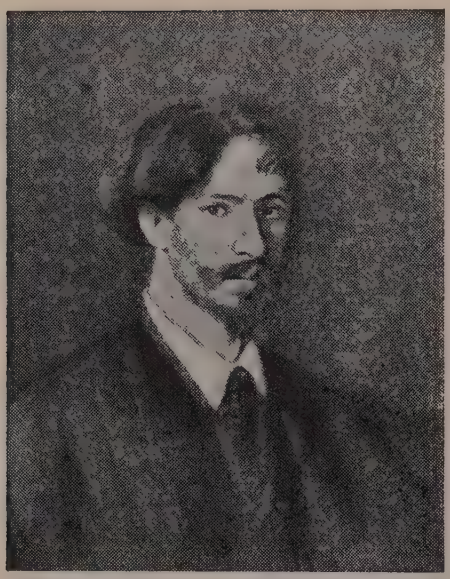
A special committee handled the Mickiewicz anniversary in the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic. The committee was headed by the writer M. Lynkov and included the poets Yanka Kupala and Yakub Kolas, the writers P. Brovka, J. Bronewska and E. Uralova, People's Commissar for Education of the Byelorussian S.S.R.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF ILYA REPIN'S DEATH.

The entire country observed the tenth anniversary of the death of Ilya Repin, great Russian painter, who died on September 29, 1930, at the age of 88, in Finland at his estate Penaty, where he lived since the beginning of the century.

The house where the great artist lived and died is now on Soviet territory.

Red Army men who fought in the war against Finland saved the house and Repin's works which the Finnish troops tried to destroy during their retreat. Among the valuable documents at Penaty are numerous letters and diaries which speak of Repin's longing for his native land.



Repin. A self-portrait (1878)

The Penaty estate has now been turned into a museum, and thousands of Soviet citizens come to the place, to visit the artist's last home and his grave. On September 29 a cornerstone for a monument was laid here. The All-Russian Academy of Arts has announced a contest for this monument.

In connection with the anniversary, Repin's life and work was widely discussed in the Soviet press.

Repin is known and loved by the Soviet people as a brilliant master of realistic painting, who truthfully portrayed life in old Russia, and who, in addition to showing all its sordidness, was able to reveal the mighty powers latent in the Russian people.

"Repin's canvases breathe with the joy of his faith in the powers and spiritual wealth of the Russian people," *Pravda* wrote.

"Repin's works represented the struggle for truth in life and for truth in art," we read in the magazine *Ogonyok*. "The creations of Repin are a book written by a progressive man of his age about Russian life in the second half of the last century. It is a book which speaks of the life, labor, poverty and oppression of the people in tsarist Russia; a book which boldly exposed the autocracy, the church, and the smug stupidity, falsity and hypocrisy of the ruling classes; a book which has immortalized a whole gallery of prominent Russian men of science and art."

"I believe . . . in life throbbing with goodness, truth and beauty; but above all, with freedom and the struggle against injustice, violence, exploitation and all prejudices." These words were written by

Repin's studio at Penaty

Repin in 1881 to his friend, the art critic V. V. Stasov.

Stasov regarded Repin's *Volga Boatmen* as "the most sunny painting" of his time, notwithstanding the fact that it was a symbol of arduous slave toil. The true and courageous portrayal of "pulsating reality" and the brilliant and clear artistry of Repin deeply stirred his contemporaries. They stir just as profoundly the Soviet public.

In September the Tretyakov Art Galleries in Moscow opened an exhibition of 128 drawings and water colors by the artist, including many sketches for his big canvases, some shown for the first time. The Museum also placed on view a number of Repin's letters, particularly those reflecting the great artist's public sentiments. The Russian Museum in Leningrad organized an exhibition of Repin's works which had been never shown to the public before. It also arranged a number of lectures on the life and work of the artist. Another Repin exhibition was organized by the Kiev Museum. A contest for a monument to the artist is being held by the Kharkov Art Institute; students of the Institute took part in it. The monument is to be erected in front of the institute.

Special exhibitions, evenings and lectures dedicated to the great painter were held in many cities throughout the country.

Interesting reminiscences about Repin were published by Kornei Chukovsky in the newspaper *Sovietskoye Iskusstvo*. These are excerpts from the book *Repin-Gorky-Mayakovsky-Bryusov* which is being issued by the Soviet Writer Publishers.

Chukovsky speaks of Repin, the man of temperament who was sincerely and selflessly devoted to his art.

"Very exacting in the demands he put to himself," Chukovsky writes. "Repin always sought for the new, always 'dared' and constantly perfected his art." Particularly amazing and touching was this phenomenal love for art when Repin grew old. On losing control of his right arm, at an advanced age he began to learn to paint with his left hand. And when he could no longer hold the pallete in his hand, he fastened it with special straps like a millstone to his neck, and he worked this way till night."

"At times it seemed to me that his passion for art conquered not only old age but death itself. And when he felt death coming he wrote me a letter where he cheerfully thanked departing life for the happiness of work with which she favored him. Here is this letter:

"'Please, do not think that I am in a bad mood due to approaching death. On the contrary, I am gay—even in this last letter of mine to you, dear friend . . . I have not given up art. All my last thoughts are about IT, and I admit: I worked over my canvases to the best of my ability. Even now it seems I am at work for over half a year . . . on the canvas *Hopak* . . . Such a pity that I won't manage to finish it."

Illustration to "Jangar" by G. Yecheistov

In another article published in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* Chukovsky gives an appraisal of Repin's book *Remote and Near*. This book shows the interest Repin took in the work of other artists. Chukovsky comments on the literary merits of the book. "He had all the qualities and main traits needed for an artist of the written word," Chukovsky notes. He points out, however, that the book reveals but little the revolutionary sentiments of the great master. If the book is to give a complete picture of Repin, it should include his vast correspondence which "presents the real Repin, the great champion for social justice, who is loved more ardently in the Soviet Union with each passing year."

CELEBRATION OF KALMYCK PEOPLE

The quincentenary of *Jangar*, Kalmyck epic poem, was turned into a celebration of the entire Kalmyck people.

For centuries this heroic epic poem was handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, each adding new motives and perfecting this work. A collective effort, the poem truthfully portrays nomad life, the customs of the

people and expresses their strivings and aspirations. The struggle against foreign invaders who were out to enslave the Kalmyck people is colorfully presented, with love for their country and its defense against enemies as the ideas underlying the epos.

Many parts of the poem are of a phantastic nature, without, however, being divorced from reality.

A special plenary session of the Union of Soviet Writers dedicated to the quincentenary was held at Elista, capital of the Kalmyck Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic, with authors from all parts of the Soviet Union arriving to take part in the celebrations.

In opening the plenary session, A. Fadeyev, secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, stated:

"Through all the essays, articles and speeches devoted to *Jangar* runs like a red thread the comparison of the dream of the Kalmyck people about the happy land of Bumba, with the new Socialist life the Kalmyck people has attained with the aid of the Russian people. This comparison has roots that go back into history. It has been established that the *Jangar* was formed into a complete works in the period of feudalism. But there can be no doubt that like every folk epic, its moral and political origin dates back much earlier, to the period of tribal society.

"The happy land of Bumba where there is no division into mine and thine, the land whose people are titans, this dream of the Kalmyck people is at the same time a memento of its distant past."

The plenary session heard reports by Academician V. Sokolov, Prof. V. Kirpotin and other literary scholars on the poetic merits and the style of *Jangar*, its philosophic content and its heroes. Famous folk bards rendered parts of the poem in the Kalmyck language, while translations of the epic work into the Russian, Georgian, Armenian, Ukrainian and other languages were recited by the translators.

Illustration to the tale about Kulbasti and Kosa

FOLK TALES OF 32 SOVIET PEOPLES PUBLISHED

The folk tales of 32 peoples are represented in the volume *Tales of the Peoples of the U.S.S.R.*, compiled by L. Lesnaya, and recently published by the Soviet Writer Publishing House. These tales tell of the noble traits and might of the toiling man, of his lofty morals. They are distinguished for their versability, their pointed language, light irony mixed with rich humor, and profound wisdom.

Yurung Yuolan, a Yakut tale, describes the first men settling on earth. They come to a world inhabited by spirits and make their way in life by fighting and defeating the evil and unfriendly spirits. The hero of the tale takes up the cudgels for mankind, and in a way resembles Prometheus.

The tall and mighty Asilak, hero of a Byelorussian tale, overpowers the rich vampire, who is presented in the abstract traditional image of a snake.

In one of the tales of the Crimean Tatars *(About Kulbasti the Farmhand and Kosa the Rich Man)* the hero, thanks to his courage and cleverness, also overcomes a dangerous enemy but here it is one who appears in the form of a man. The hero accomplishes his feat by himself with no magicians, fairies or animals helping him.

An attempt to show forces of nature in their relation to man is presented in the beautiful Svan tale, *The Strongest*, which shows man who has come to regard himself as the strongest being in Nature.

A volume of Russian tales of East Siberia, compiled by Alexander Gurevich, has been published in Irkutsk. The book includes tales told by E. Soro-

A group of Moscow artists photographed with Lithuanian artists at a concert in Riga

kovikov and P. Petrenko, two contemporary story-tellers.

Sorokovikov's tales are told in the traditional form, but they include many elements of modern life, such as the telephone, clubs, theater and the like. One of his tales, *The Titan and the Double-Headed Eagle*, relates how Lenin defeats the two-headed eagle and releases the chained titan.

Of considerable interest are the fairy tales, soldiers' stories and anecdotes told by P. Petrenko.

ANTHOLOGY OF UZBEK POETRY BEING PREPARED

An anthology of Uzbek poetry is being prepared for the Russian reader by the Union of Soviet Writers of Uzbekistan. The works of many Tyurk poets, the forerunners of Uzbek literature, the verses of Uzbek classics and folk poems are being translated into Russian for the first time.

The collection will open with aphorisms by the twelfth-century poet Ahmed Yasevi and excerpts from the works of Ali, thirteenth-century poet, the author of the novel about Joseph the Beautiful.

The fourteenth century will be represented by Khoresmi, while the poet Durbek, who wrote the romantic poem *Joseph and Zelikha*, and the poet Sakkoki, will represent the fifteenth century.

The book will include verses of the great lyric poet Lyutfi and other Uzbek poets.

A big section of the anthology will be devoted to Uzbek folklore. Here the various forms of folk art, including the works of modern bards, will be represented.

IN THE BALTIC SOVIET REPUBLICS

A concert dedicated to the proclamation of Soviet power in Latvia was held at the Riga National Opera. Latvian as well as Moscow performers, and the Red Army Song and Dance Ensemble, took part in the concert which turned into a demonstration of the unity of the artistic forces of the Russian and Latvian peoples.

Among the Latvian performers were the singer Elfrida Pakula, the dancers Mirdza Grike and I. Grauds, and the well-known Reuters' chorus.

Soviet Latvia is making extensive preparations for the 75th anniversary of Rainis, famous Lettish poet and playwright. His best known drama, *Fire and Night*, profusely illustrated by the artists N. Strunke and I. Kuga, is being issued for the jubilee.

The systematic popularization of Soviet music in Estonia has been undertaken by the well-known conductor N. Goldschmidt. He has conducted a number of concerts in Tallinn and other cities of Estonia where the works of M. Myaskovsky, S. Prokofieff, D. Kabalevsky, T. Khrennikov and other Soviet compo-

sers were performed. A special concert was held on the occasion of the fourtieth anniversary of the musical activity of the well-known Soviet composer R. Gliere.

A number of new theaters are being organized in Lithuania, which prior to the establishment of Soviet power had but two theaters.

A State Drama Theater is being established in Vilna, with the actor Juchnevicius, who is a deputy to the Provisional Supreme Soviet, as director. Besides, state Jewish and Polish theaters are being organized, as well as a state philharmonic and symphony orchestra.

"LEILI AND MEJNUN" PRESENTED AS OPERA

A new Uzbek opera, *Leili and Mejnun*, based on the poem by Alisher Navoi of the same title, was presented at the Uzbek State Opera and Ballet Theater in Tashkent. The music for the opera was written by Rheingold Gliere and T. Sadykov.

The presentation of the opera, according to the press, is an important event in the cultural life of Uzbekistan. The cast prepared enthusiastically for this production of one of the great works of world literature on the stage.

NEW OPERA STAGED IN TATARIA

The Tatar State Opera Theater presented a new opera, *Galia-Banu* (The Girl Galia), written by the composer Mansur-Muzafferov. The libretto is based on the popular play of the same name by Mirkhaidar Faizi.

Both the author of the libretto, the poet Ahmet Yerikeev, and the composer did their utmost to preserve the warm lyricism of the original play.

Pravda notes that the opera has so many folk melodies that the first two scenes even lack dynamics because of their preponderance; it is only subsequently that the composer's own music comes into play. The last act represents a fine blending of folk melodies with the composer's music.

"EARLY LOVE" AS PLAY EVOKES DISCUSSION

A new play based on R. Frayerman's story *Early Love* (published in our issues Nos. 2 and 3) was presented by the Moscow Young Spectators' Theater. The opinion of the critics as to the merits of the play were divided. Some were inclined to claim that the play does not teach children anything, that the tragedy of unhappy families should not be staged in children's theaters and that children should not be confronted with problems of the personal life of parents.

The reviewer of the *Pravda* pointed out that the play, notwithstanding some shortcomings, is highly interesting and significant. It shows the complex emotions and inner experiences of the char-

Scene from "Early Love"

acters. It is an instructive play. It deals with profound passions, which are presented in plain and bold terms, and at the same time with great delicacy. "True," the reviewer continues, "some of the problems raised by the author concern adults rather than children. Nor does the author offer any solutions. But the way in which the author and the theater take the children into their confidence is bound to evoke in the young spectators lofty feelings worthy of true Soviet people.

"The theater has presented a production which is stirring and is distinguished for its intimacy, the purity of its colors and its tact," *Pravda* notes further, praising particularly the performance of L. Nevskaya in the part of Tanya Sabaneyeva, and P. Gravin in the part of Filka.

NEW THEATERS FOR NORTH BUKOVINA, BESSARABIA

A Ukrainian State Theater has been established in Czernovitzy, North Bukovina. Prior to the inclusion of this territory in the U.S.S.R., Czernovitzy, a city with a population predominantly Ukrainian and Jewish, had but one theater, a Rumanian.

A Jewish State Drama theater, and a Russian musical comedy theater are being established, as well as a philharmonic, three music schools and a House of Folk Art.

A Moldavian State Music and Drama Theater and a Russian Drama Theater are being organized in Kishinev, Bessarabia; this city will also be the headquarters of traveling Jewish and Ukrainian theaters.

ISSUE STUDY ON CHAIKOVSKY AND THE THEATER

Chaikovsky and the Theater, a collection of articles and essays dealing with the work of the great Russian composer, has recently been published by the Art Publishing House in Moscow. The volume contains some previously unknown data on Chaikovsky's creative plans, as well as the history of his *Eugene Onegin* on the stage.

The introductory article by A. Shaverdyan, entitled "Chaikovsky and the Russian opera," describes the composer as a fighter against routine and as one of the progressive music critics of his time. These pages of Chaikovsky's biography are little known, and his critical reviews are almost forgotten. Yet many of his remarks are of great interest to this day.

A thorough study of the great influence which Pushkin's poetry exerted on the work of the composer is given in the essay "Chaikovsky and Pushkin," by V. Yakovlev.

TO PRODUCE FILM ABOUT UKRAINIAN HERO

A scenario on the life of Oleksa Dovbush, hero of the Ukrainian people, has been written by the Ukrainian writer Lyubomir Dmiterko. Dovbush gained fame 200 years ago by his victories over the Polish magnates who oppressed the Ukrainian people. His was a romantic life, full of struggle and unusual adventures. He is the hero of many legends and folksongs of the people of Western Ukraine.

The film will be shot in the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, and will show the life of the Hutzuls, the Ukrainian mountaineers, a freedom-loving people who fought for many years against the Polish gentry.

The film will be produced by N. Krasy of the Kiev Film Studios.

MARK ARTIST'S EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY

The Ukrainian Union of Artists organized an exhibition of the works of Honored Art Worker N. Samokish, outstanding painter of battle scenes, on the occasion of his eightieth anniversary. The renowned artist entered the Academy of Arts at the age of nineteen graduating it with honors in 1885. He was sent abroad by the Academy where he worked for several years. Even at that time his paintings of battle scenes attracted great attention.

In 1904 Samokish went to the Far East to scenes of the Russo-Japanese War. His impressions were recorded in a number of canvases and water colors. Some of his paintings in this series (*Retreat From Liaoan to Mukden, A Hill After an Attack)* are ranked with the best works in this genre. He also painted many scenes depicting the War of 1812 and the Crimean War.

After the Great Socialist Revolution the artist was one of the first to take an active part in cultural educational activity conducted in the Red Army. In the last two decades Samokish created many works dedicated to the heroic struggle of the Red Army. Among the most popular are *Defense of the Red Banner, Pursuing the Whites* and *The Battle at Lake Hassan.* He also produced a large number of canvases on historical themes—*The Battle at Poltava, Zaporozhye Cossacks Storming a Turkish Man of War,* etc.

The exhibition arranged in Kharkov is to be transferred to Moscow.

BRIEFS

The publication of a *Literary Gazette* and a literary journal *Znamya* has been undertaken in Riga, capital of the Latvian S.S.R.

Five publishing houses have been set up in the Estonian S.S.R.: for political and economic literature, textbooks and children's books, fiction and music, scientific and popular literature and for periodical publications.

A thesis on the methods of teaching chess was defended by Y. Rokhlin at the Leningrad Institute of Physical Culture. This is the first time chess has ever been taken as the subject of a thesis for a degree.

That Giordano Bruno remained an avowed atheist to the end of his life is shown in a paper by V. Rozhitsyn published by the Anti-Religious Museum in Moscow. Rozhitsyn made a study of manuscripts by Giordano Bruno in the Lenin Library, Moscow. These documents refute the assertions of some bourgeois scientists to the effect that Bruno came over on the side of the Church at the end of his life.

Shakespeare's *Othello*, Tolstoy's *Ressurection* and other world classics have been translated into the Uzbek language for the first time.

The State Literary Publishing House has issued in Russian A. J. Cronin's *The Citadel* and Joseph Vogel's *Man's Courage*.

CHINA

SHORT STORY CAUSES HEATED DISPUTE

The short story *Mr. Hua Wei*, penned by the well-known Chinese writer Chang T'ien-yih, one of the best that has appeared since the beginning of the Chinese people's war against Japanese imperialism, has evoked a heated discussion in Chinese literary circles. The story depicts a negative character, an idle chatterer, who takes part in numerous conferences, delivers empty speeches and essentially does nothing to aid the fight for liberation. In this way the author lashes out at the pompous phrases uttered by some enemies of tne united national front in order to disguise their inactivity and sabotage.

Some Chinese writers hold the opinion that during the war of liberation there is no need to portray negative characters, since this might be utilized by the propaganda agencies of the enemy. The author Lin Lin declared: "The appearance of *Mr. Hua Wei* before the eyes of the enemy is an aid in the propaganda against our war of liberation. During the war it is much more important to depict deserving types rather than negative characters." Those who hold this opinion point to the fact that a translation of this story has appeared in Japanese.

Chinese children at a meeting

But the majority of Chinese writers who support the united national front hold the opposite view. They regard Chang T'ien-yih's story as valuable and important. "*Mr. Hua Wei* has been killed by our firm resolve to continue the war of liberation to tne finish," the author Lu Feng wrote.

Summarizing the results of the discussion the writer Chow Han stated in the magazine *Chiyue* (July): "Such types as Mr. Hua Wei still exist in real life. We know that in the struggle for a new China they will be exterminated. The story *Mr. Hua Wei* is a realistic work. We should not be disturbed by the fact that it was published in a Japanese translation. Let the enemy know that we fear no criticism. People who are confident of the future can face the truth."

PUBLISH WORKS ON WAR OF LIBERATION

A two-volume collection entitled *The First Year* has been published in the Chinese language in Shanghai. Included in it are stories by outstanding Chinese authors which were written in the first year of the war.

BULGARIA

BRIEFS

An exhibition dedicated to Lermontov has been opened at the public library of Burgas. On view are the works of the poet as well as data on his life and work.

An extensive movement is on foot in Bulgaria to establish Bulgarian-Soviet societies for cultural relations. Such societies have been organized in a number of cities and even villages. The newspaper *Zarya* reports the organization of a Bulgarian-Soviet society in the village of Ugyrchin, Plevna Province. According to the newspaper, "the peasants consider this society an organization which will play a major part in the cultural life of the village."

Among the many Soviet films shown in Bulgaria, particular success was enjoyed by the historic picture *Minin and Pozharsky*, which was played simultaneously in two cinemas in Sofia.

The picturesque battle scenes, depicting the struggle of the Russian people for the liberation of their country from foreign invaders, were well received by the audience.

RUMANIA

BOOK ON PUSHKIN PUBLISHED

A collection *Pushkin* in the Rumanian language has been issued by the Cugetarul Publishers in Bucharest. Edited by M. Bujor, the volume includes a biographical sketch, "The Life of Pushkin," written by V. Veresayev, Russian author, an essay "Artist, Citizen and Exile," by Bujor, and a number of other articles.

In a preface to the book, Bujor notes that the collection was originally intended for the centenary of the poet's death, but for various reasons its publication was delayed. "This is of no consequence," Bujor adds, "since a book dedicated to Pushkin will always command the greatest interest among the Rumanian readers, no matter when it appears. This is explained not only by the fact that Pushkin is one of the geniuses of world literature, but also because Pushkin as a writer and as a man exercised a direct influence on the Rumanian literature of his time, and this influence can be traced to our days."

Pushkin's influence on Rumanian literature is the subject of a special article. "Though not all the works of Pushkin have as yet been translated into Rumanian, Rumanians knew Pushkin much earlier than other nationalities, even earlier than the Serbians and the Bulgarians whose culture was to a greater extent under Russian influence.

INTEREST IN SOVIET LITERATURE

An excerpt from the last volume of Sholokhov's novel *And Quiet Flows the Don* ("The Death of Aksinya") has been published by the Rumanian literary weekly *Azi*.

A collection of poems by Lermontov, translated into Rumanian by Stefan Banciu, was published recently in Rumania. Lermontov's poem *The Demon* has been translated into Rumanian by Gheorghe Lesia.

An article dedicated to the life and work of Vladimir Mayakovsky was featured by the Rumanian magazine *Tara Noua* which is issued in Cluj (Transylvania). Several of Mayakovsky's poems translated by Z. Mikhail were printed in the *Journal of Rumanian Authoresses and Authors*.

GERMANY

INTEREST IN RUSSIAN MUSIC

An all-Chaikovsky concert was presented in Berlin under the baton of Willi Mendelberg, Dutch conductor. The program included the overture "Romeo and Juliet," a piano concerto and the Fifth Symphony.

Next year the Berlin Opera will stage Chaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* and Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, according to a statement in the *Berliner Börsen-Zeitung* by W. Rode, art director of the Berlin Opera. The theater will also present several new ballets, among them Chaikovsky's *The Sleeping Beauty*.

PUSHKIN AND RUSSIAN CULTURE DISCUSSED

The *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung* printed a review on the volume on Alexander Pushkin, published by VOKS (All-Union Society for Cultural Relations With Foreign Countries) on the occasion of the centenary of the poet's death. The reviewer notes the great role Pushkin played in Russian literature as well as in the history of Russian culture as a whole.

SPAIN

"PURGE" RANKS OF JOURNALISTS

The Franco government in Spain has issued a decree forbidding journalists who had worked in the press on republican territory to engage in journalistic activity. All journalists must sign a "declaration of allegiance to Franco," and append to it a detailed list of their services to the "cause of the national regeneration" of Spain.

All those who cannot submit satisfactory proof of their "reliability" are to be expelled from the journalists' guild and are doomed to "professional death."

CUBA

"EVERYONE MUST STUDY THIS BOOK"

An article calling for an exhaustive study of the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks)* has been featured by the Cuban newspaper *Hoy*.

"Everyone is well aware that the Soviet Union, led by the great Stalin, is the bulwark and hope of all oppressed peoples, that it resolutely pursues a policy of peace and is the enemy of imperialist war. Not all, however, are sufficiently equipped theoretically; they are not always clear as to the meaning of one event or another, and cannot always take the proper decision."

ISSUE NEW NOVEL BY CARLOS ENRIQUEZ

Tilin Garcia, a new novel by Carlos Enriquez, has been released by the Manuel Altolaguirre Veronica Publishers.

"The Cuban village—that is the theme of Enriquez's novel," writes the Spanish poet Lorenzo Varela in a review in the magazine *Romance*. "In Latin America the peasants wage a stubborn struggle against nature, in forests and prairie, and this constant struggle has developed in them persistency and irreconcilability. It is this irreconcilability that is the main trait of the hero of the novel, Tilin Garcia. He strives for justice and freedom. The struggle of Tilin Garcia against the North-American monopolists, who brutally exploit the small share croppers and farm laborers, the struggle against the dishonest and corrupt Cuban landowners gains for him the fame of a hero in the eyes of the Cuban peasants.

"The complex and contradictory life of the Cuban village is well portrayed on the pages of the book under review" Varela adds.

"A PRICELESS HISTORICAL DOCUMENT"

An interesting appraisal of the Soviet film *Lenin in 1918*, which is being shown in Cuba, was given by the newspaper *Hoy*.

"Above all, the spectator is amazed by the excellent playing of the Soviet actors. Lenin, Stalin, Gorky and Krupskaya are vivid living personages; it seemed as though they themselves were filmed. Particularly striking is the presentation of Lenin."

After outlining the content of the film the reviewer adds: "This is a priceless historical document, a live source from which one can draw interesting facts on the most heroic and most trying year of the proletarian Revolution."

"Shchukin shows us a live Lenin, grim and resolute in face of the enemy, kind to children, and attentive to his tried comrades-in-arms," wrote the cinema critic Emilio Castro Chane about the same film. "In a word, Shchukin has given a remarkable portrayal of the great leader.

"Nikolai Cherkasov, who plays the part of Maxim Gorky, creates an unforgettable image of the great writer, a man with a kind and fervent heart.

"*Lenin in 1918*," the critic concludes, "is a remarkable film which recreates for us glorious pages from the history of the Great October Revolution."

ARGENTINE

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED

Three novels by Argentine writers have been published by the Book Club in recent months. They are: *The Head of Goliath* by Ezequiel Martinez Estrada, *Life's Cross* by

Hector Oliver Lavie and *The Seed Borne by the Wind* by Juan Goynacta. Other recent publications include two Brazilian works: *Posthumous Papers of Blas Cubas* by Machado de Assis and *Behold the Field Irises* by Erico Verissimo; two Mexican works: *The New Bourgeoisie* by Mariano Azuela and *The Horse and Its Shadow* by Enrique Amorim—as well as a number of novels by American writers (John Steinbeck, Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway, etc.).

A book on the life and culture of Argentine *(La Vida y la Cultura en Argentina)*, which includes articles, stories and other data on various phases of culture, has been issued by the Argentine Committee of the Intellectual Alliance.

A book on *The Indian in Latin American Poetry (Il India en la Poesia Americana)* has been written by the young Spanish authoress Aida Cometta Manzoni. According to the critics, this work represents a serious study of Latin-American poetry from Colonial times to our days.

SANTO-DOMINGO

WORK OF THE "ATENEA" AT SAN JUAN

Considerable activity is carried on in the current year by the *Atenea*, directed by the well-known Santo-Dominguan author Virgilio Diaz Ordoñez, who writes under the penname of Ligio Visardi. Together with the Historic Research Institute, the *Atenea* organized a number of lectures and symposiums; the Institute of Philosophy sponsored a cycle of lectures which attracted a big audience; the writer Aquiles Nimer delivered a lecture on Greek literature, Diaz Ordoñez on the history of art, the historian Gustavo Mejia on ancient history, etc. In addition, the *Atenea* organizes concerts, literary evenings, exhibitions of paintings. Several Spanish writers who fled from Spain and now reside in Santo-Domingo are taking part in the activities of the *Atenea*.

MEXICO

HOUSE OF SPANISH CULTURE OPENED IN MEXICO

The House of Spanish Culture, which opened recently in Mexico City, quickly has become the center of the Spanish refugees in Mexico.

The spacious halls of the House are the scene of considerable cultural activity. A permanent exhibition—"The Spanish People in Exile"—has been set up and the Seneca Publishing House established. Jose Bergamin heads the latter.

The patio of the House has been specially fixed up with a stage, and several plays by Spanish classics and modern authors have been presented by Eduardo Ugarte, who together with Garcia Lorca organized and led the La Barraca Theater in Spain. Evenings of Spanish and Mexican ballets have likewise been presented in the patio. The House of Culture has also arranged a number of lectures.

The Library at the House of Culture has a large number of books, including Spanish classics and works on the history of art. Pablo Picasso presented the library with a de-luxe edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* containing thirty of his illustrations.

AUSTRALIA

LECTURE ON SOVIET LITERATURE

In a recent letter the well-known Australian authoress Katharine Susannah Prichard informs us that she had delivered a lecture on Soviet literature before the West-Australian Branch of the Fellowship of Australian Writers. "A good deal of interest was expressed," writes Miss Prichard.

"I was expected to speak on Russian literature—within an hour—so of course could only outline the most important aspects."

She spoke about the following modern Soviet authors:

"Gladkov (author of *Cement*), Alexei Tolstoy (*Bread, Peter I*), Sholokhov (*And Quiet Flows the Don* and *The Soil Upturned*), Katayev (*A Lone Sail Gleams White*), Krymov (*Tanker Derbent*), Fadeyev (*The Nineteen*), Vishnevsky (*We the Russian People*), Leonov (*Road to the Ocean*), Seyfullina (*Virineya*), Stavsky (*Cossack Village*), Ostrovsky (*How the Steel was Tempered*), Lidin (*The Price of Life*), Pavlenko, Korneichuk, and several others; Furmanov (*Chapayev*) and Kratt (*Multa*—which I think is a perfect example of the short story)."

Miss Prichard dwelt also on "folklore and ancient cultures: *bylinas* and national bards Jamboul, Stalsky and others, Rust'hveli, *David of Sasun* (Armenian epic), *Tale of Igor's Regiment* (12th century). . . ."

Miss Prichard further writes that she has just finished a new novel, "but one that I'm not pleased with. It had to be written just to sell well. Tragic isn't it to have to write rubbish at the end of one's days in order to live. I have to leave my home soon. Foreclosure of the mortgage."

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LENIN BORN SEVENTY YEARS AGO

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CORRECTION: The date of Engels' letter to Lassalle (page 102) should read *1859*.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

VLADIMIR LIDIN

Well-known Russian writer, author of *The Apostate,* which has been translated into English, and other novels and short stories. His favorite themes are drawn from the everyday life of the Soviet intelligentsia and youth and the life of the Red Army. Lidin accompanied the Soviet troops which entered West Ukraine and West Byelorussia and has written a number of sketches and short-stories on the emancipatory campaign of the Red Army and the changes which followed in its wake.

INDRIKIS LEMANIS

A well-known Latvian writer, author of a number of realistic novels and stories. Lemanis is one of the organizers of the Union of Soviet Writers of Latvian S.S.R.

MIKHAS LYNKOV

Byelorussian author who writes chiefly on the life in old and new Byelorussia.

SERGEI DIKOVSKY

Young Russian writer, well-known for his stories of the Soviet Far East, where he spent most of his life.

PEET VALLAK

One of the most important Estonian writers of to-day. The main theme of Vallak's works is the everyday existence of the "little man."

VLADIMIR SHAYAN

Ukrainian writer, author of a number of short stories and a novel *Storm,* which enjoyed great success.

HALINA GURSKA

Polish writer, author of novels, short stories and children's books in which she has presented vivid pictures of the social and national oppression in former Poland. She is a permanent resident of Lwow and a member of the board of the Lwow branch of the Union of Soviet Writers.

VLADIMIR ZHDANOV

Young Soviet critic, authority on Russian literature of the nineteenth century.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Well-known American journalist, author of many books and articles on the Soviet Union and also about the struggle of the Spanish and Chinese peoples for their national independence. She is now in Moscow as a correspondent for *Friday* and other American publications.

CELSO ENRIQUEZ

Outstanding Cuban journalist. Regular contributor to the progressive newspaper *Hoy.*

Associate Editor TIMOFEI ROKOTOV