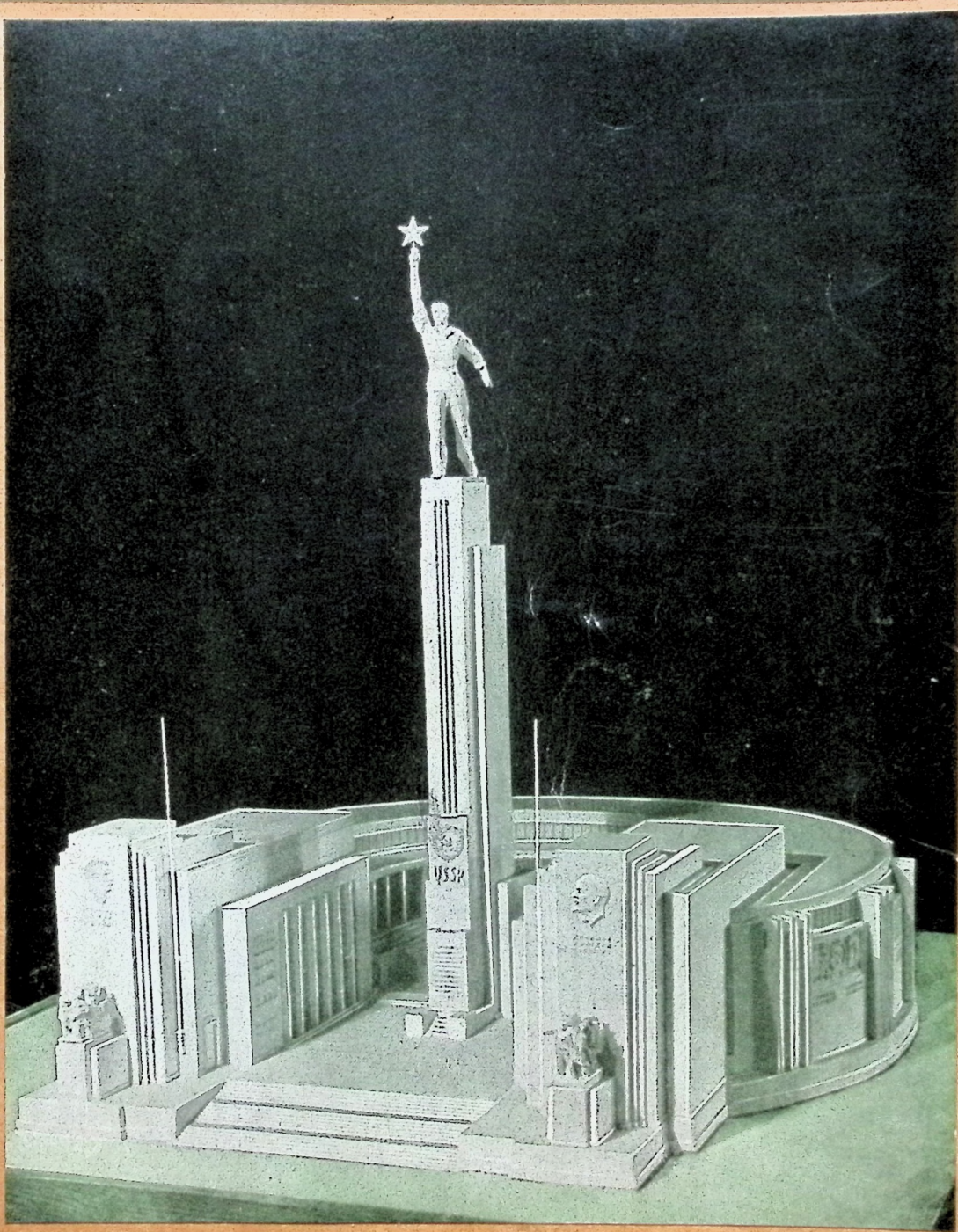


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POLITICAL BUREAU OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE SOVIET UNION (BOLSHEVIKS)

The Plenary Session of the newly elected Central Committee of the CPSU(B) took place on March 22, 1939. The Political Bureau elected at this plenum consists of the following members: A. A. Andreyev, L. M. Kaganovich, N. S. Khrushchev, A. I. Mikoyan, V. M. Molotov, J. V. Stalin, K. Y. Voroshilov and A. A. Zhdanov, and the alternate members L. P. Beria and N. M. Shvernik.



J. V. Stalin



A. A. Andreyev



L. M. Kaganovich



M. I. Kalinin



N. S. Khrushchev



A. I. Mikoyan



V. M. Molotov



K. Y. Voroshilov



A. A. Zhdanov



L. P. Beria



N. M. Shvernik



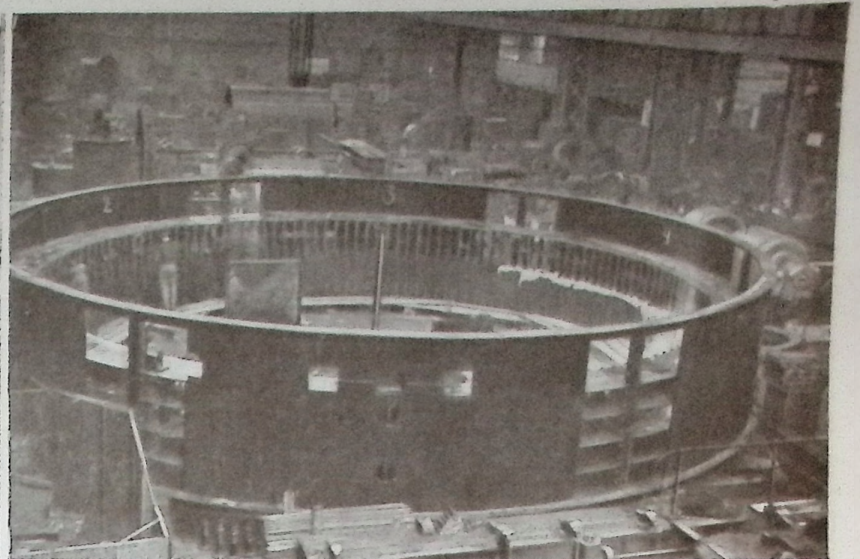
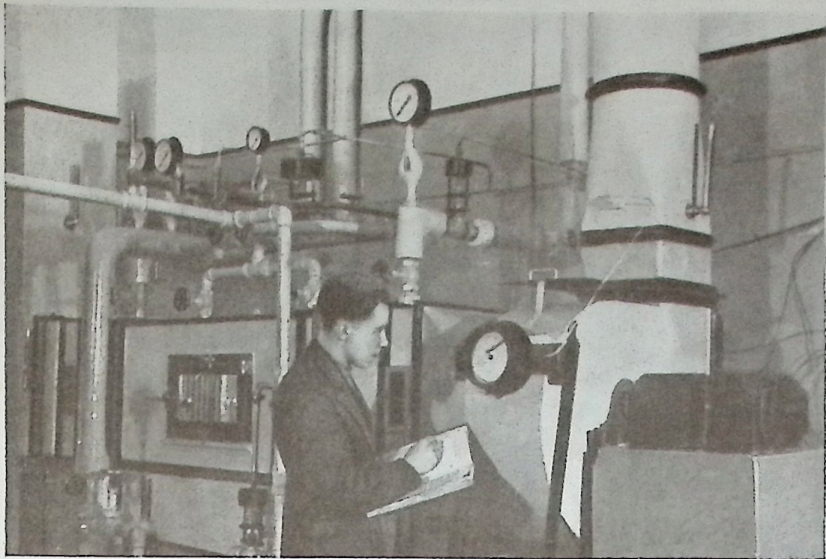
Preparations for the coming All-Union Agricultural Exhibition occupy the center of attention in the countryside. Having achieved excellent results in cotton crop growing, the MTS Collective Farm and Regar Machine and Tractor Station of Tajikistan received the honor of participating in the exhibition. Above are Tursun Kucharov (left), deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR and chairman of the farm, and I. G. Medvedyev, director of the station, discussing the work to be done, while right is Y. D. Zamitailo, dairy maid of the Stalin Collective Farm, Kiev Province, who has been elected as candidate to participate in the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition for her excellent work

WEEK BY WEEK

Left: Monument to T. G. Shevchenko which was recently erected in Kiev to mark the 125th anniversary of the birth of the great Ukrainian poet

Below: Architects' project for a new theater building in Voronezh. The authors are N. Y. Neverov and G. B. Zdebchinsky





Directly above is Senior Technician Y. L. Ivanov testing a new air conditioning installation built at the Leningrad Institute of Labor Protection. Regular production of the installation will soon be begun. The 55,000 kw. generator shown above right is being assembled at the Kirov Electrosila Works, Leningrad, for the Rybinsk Hydro-Electric Station.

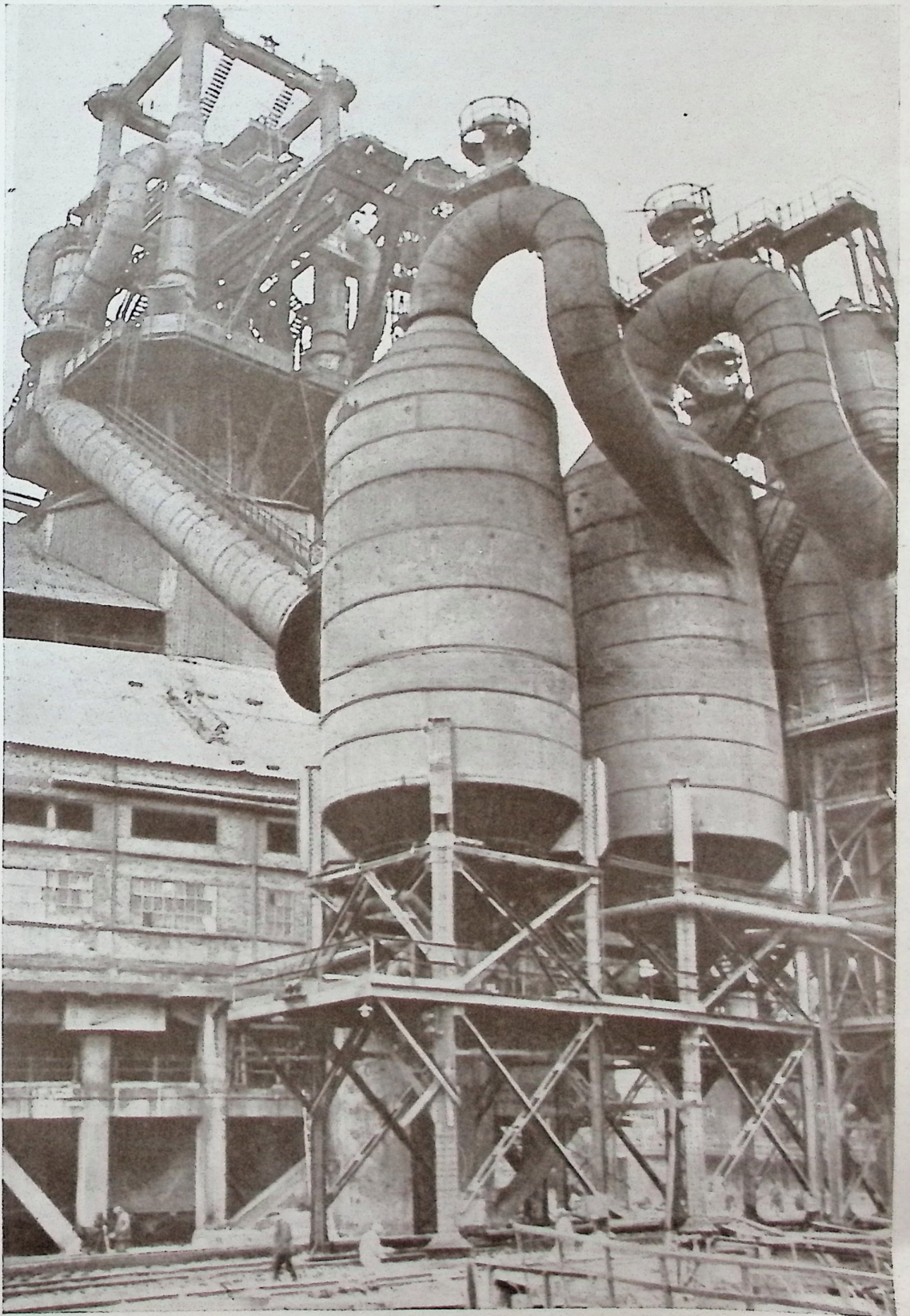
Right: Blast Furnace No. 3 of the Krivoi Rog Iron and Steel Works, the Ukraine, which has just been put into operation. It is one of the largest in the Soviet Union

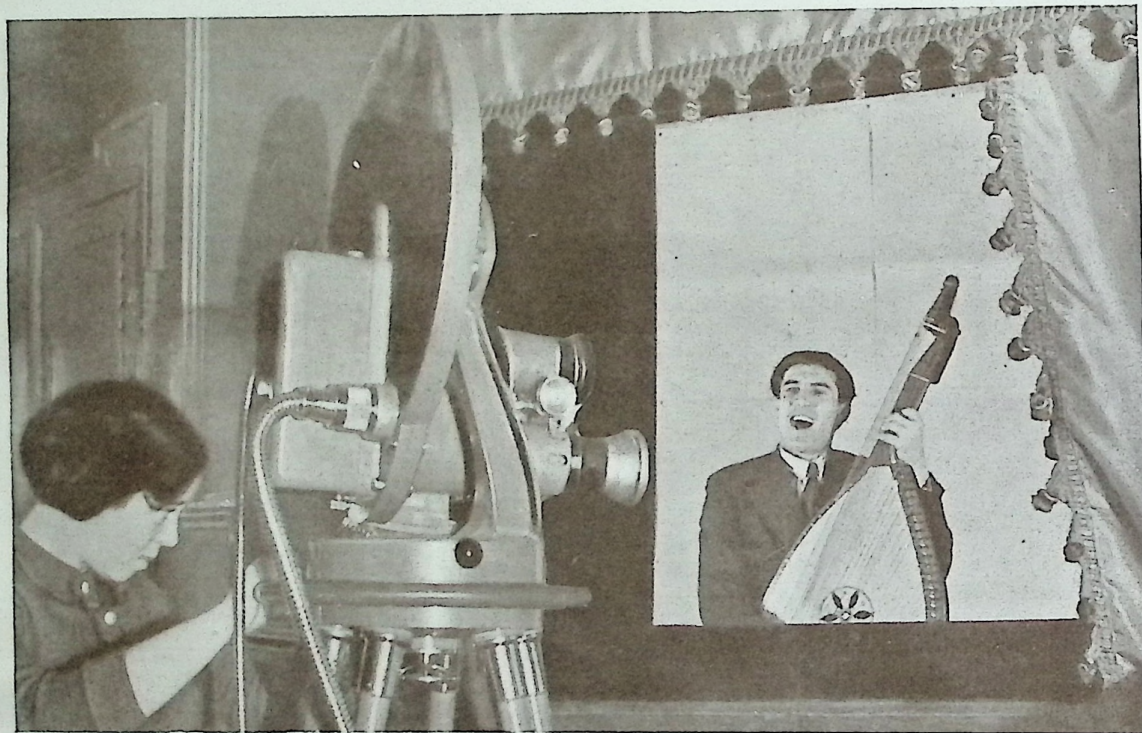


Above: "Nomads on the Trek," a water color by a Nenets girl student, is one of the exhibits at the art show of the Institute of Northern Peoples, Leningrad

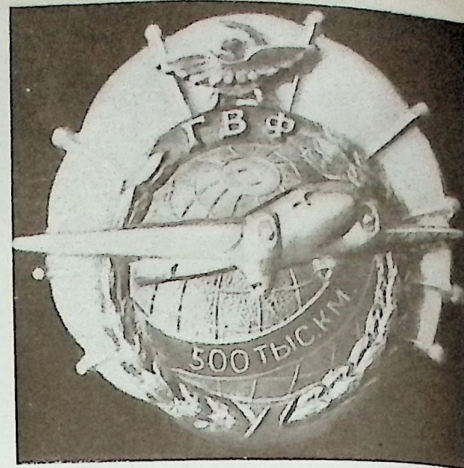


Above: Women workers of Magnitogorsk at a rest home for expectant mothers





The Abkhazian theater in Sukhumi is celebrating its 10th anniversary. Below is a scene from the theater's production of the musical comedy "Arshin Mal Alan" by Order-bearer Uzeir Gajibekov, the noted Azerbaijan composer, who is also a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR



Above are two new silver badges put out for the flying personnel of the Civil Air Fleet. The one on top is to be awarded to airmen who have flown altogether 500,000 km. without accidents, and the one at the bottom, to those who have 1,000,000 km. to their credit, also without a single accident

Top of page, left: Preparing to make an appearance at the Moscow writers' club, noted Kirghiz bard Sayakbai Karalaye is reciting an epic poem with Kirghiz poets and folk bards, *akyns*, listening on. Left to right, first row, are Karalaye, the poets Abdrasul Toktomushev and Temirkul Umetaliev, and the *akyn* Ulymkul Uzenbayev, who was recently awarded a Government Order. Standing are the *akyn* and Order-bearer Kalyk Akiev and Atai Ogonbaev, another folk singer; the poet and dramatist Yusup Turusbekov, also an Order-bearer, and the poets Kubanychbek Malikov and Yasyr Shivaza

A new television broadcasting station will begin operating in Kiev soon. At left is a glimpse into the studio during a trial broadcast. The performer is A. M. Bobyr, playing the bandura, a Ukrainian national instrument

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1939

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF M. M. BORODIN

Managing Editor I. A. Urazov

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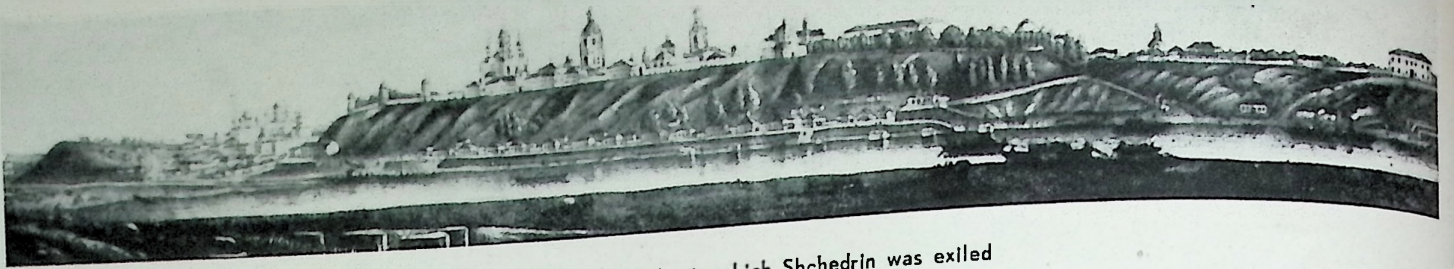
Cover: Model of the Pavilion of the USSR
at the New York World's Fair

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Wings in the Arctic

Photo by T. Kapustyansky



View of the city of Vyalka to which Shchedrin was exiled

M. Saltykov-Shchedrin

By N. ROSTOV

Mikhail Saltykov-Shchedrin, great Russian satirist, was born on Jan. 27, 1826, into the family of a rather wealthy landowner. The writer's boyhood was hard and desolate. His parents—typical feudal lords, lacking in even elementary culture—did nothing to further the mental or moral development of their son. The boy, capable and eager for knowledge, was placed under the charge of dull, ignorant governesses whose methods of education frequently included beatings.

Feudal customs reigned in the Saltykov household. The future writer witnessed his parents' inhuman attitude toward their serfs; he saw human dignity trampled upon at every step. And Saltykov, while still in his early youth, was able to draw conclusions and condemn this life.

At the age of 10 he entered the Moscow institute for the sons of the nobility. The ability he displayed during the two years of his study at the institute, led to his transfer to the Lyceum at Tsarskoye Selo. This

was a privilege granted every year to only two of the institute's best pupils.

The great Russian poet Pushkin had once been a student at the Tsarskoye Selo Lyceum, and some of the traditions of the poet's epoch were still strong among the students. The youth read considerably and were especially enthusiastic over poetry. It was considered necessary for each class to advance its own poet, continuator of Pushkin's cause. Following the publication of a few of his poems in the *Readers' Library* magazine, Saltykov's class declared him guardian of Pushkin's behests.

But the interests of the young Lyceum student were not limited to poetry. Saltykov read much on social subjects and became familiar with the teachings of the French Utopian Socialists.

The teachings of Saint-Simon, Fourier, Cabet and Proudhon were widespread among the progressive St. Petersburg intelligentsia in the middle of the 40's of the last cen-

tury. They formed a circle of enthusiasts who dreamt of changing life by preaching the ideals of love, brotherhood and solidarity. The circle was headed by Petrashevsky, a former student of the Tsarskoye Selo Lyceum. The then unknown Dostoyevsky was also a member of the circle. It was during his Lyceum days that Saltykov became acquainted with several members of this circle and it was under the influence of the Utopians and of George Sand that his outlook was formed.

His literary talent, which had already manifested itself in the Lyceum, assumed a different character following his graduation. Having tried his pen at literary criticism, Saltykov turned to prose writing. His first stories, *Contradictions* and *A Complicated Affair*, appeared in the magazine, *Chronicles of Our Country*, in 1847 and 1848.

*Дружеское общество (во главе
Л. П. Плетневом, Петрасhevsky и П. П. Плетневом)
Вот почему я не могу не написать
Машинно напечатанная в Петербурге
вместе с переводом
А. П. Карамзинский (М. П. Карамзинский)
Некоторые материалы по истории...*

Fearing that after his death his relatives would publish a notice listing his official titles, Saltykov-Shchedrin wrote a draft notice of his death in which he stated: "the writer M. E. Saltykov (Shchedrin) has died"



A provincial social gathering typical of Shchedrin's day

The fact that the publication of the latter story coincided with the French Revolution of 1848, unexpectedly affected the author's fate. Frightened by the revolution, the tsarist government began to seek for treason everywhere and to stifle every manifestation of free thought. It was natural that the greatest attention should have been directed to the press. A special committee was created to search for free thought in literature, and this committee immediately directed attention to Saltykov's tale, *A Complicated Affair*, declaring it harmful to public security, and duly informing Tsar Nicholas I. The writer was arrested on April 26, 1848. His youthful story was found to contain "dangerous thoughts and the detrimental aim of spreading ideas which already shook the whole of western Europe, and which had led to the overthrow of power and of social order." Two days later, without any trial, by order of Nicholas I. Saltykov, under the convoy of a captain of the gendarmes, was exiled to the city of Vyatka where he was enrolled as a clerk in the province administration offices. By chance, this exile was to play a happy role in Saltykov's life.

In search of treason, the tsarist police sleuths came upon the circle of peaceful dreamers headed by Petrashevsky. Scores of people, including Dostoyevsky and Petrashevsky, were arrested and charged with

"aiming to destroy the existing social order." Many of them, including Dostoyevsky, were sentenced to death. It was while he was already on the scaffold that Dostoyevsky was informed that his death sentence had been commuted to penal servitude.

Through his exile to Vyatka, Saltykov escaped the fate of his friends.

Saltykov—capable, businesslike and extremely scrupulous—immediately advanced from among the dull and ignorant provincial officials. Willy-nilly, he was placed in charge of important branches of the administration. His work took him to all parts of the region and he was able to study the officialdom. These observations gave him tremendous material for his future brilliant literary activity.

After the death of Nicholas I, Saltykov was permitted to serve where he pleased. Returning to Petersburg in 1856, he immediately published, under the pseudonym Shchedrin, his famous *Provincial Sketches*, which brought him considerable renown. Protest against arbitrariness and despotism, struggle against hypocrisy, plunder and untruth—this is the basic trend of Saltykov's literary activity and can be traced through all his works, beginning with the earliest. This trend, naturally, led to ceaseless persecution by the tsarist censorship, and to the writer's struggle against it. It was in the course of this struggle that Saltykov developed his remarkable language. "My manner of writing," he would say, "consists in this: the writer, having taken up the pen, is not so much concerned with the subject of the forthcoming work as with the consideration of methods of handing it down to the readers. Yet even ancient Aesop was occupied with such considerations, and numerous others have followed in his footsteps." Through this method, Saltykov managed to cloak every progressive idea in such a form that he misled the tsarist censorship, which was not always able to penetrate the inner content behind the outer form. But the critically-minded reader clearly perceived the author's idea. It is exactly in this, Aesopian form, that Saltykov cloaked his wrathful satires, in which he bared the ulcers of Russian life of that period.

Forced to earn his living, Saltykov returned to administrative work. He was closely connected with the preparations for the "emancipation" of the serfs and attentively studied the landowners' sentiments and their struggle against emancipation tendencies. All this was later vividly reflected in his satires.

After 1868 Saltykov left the service to devote himself completely to literary activity. He became editor of the then most democratic magazine, *Chronicles of Our Country*. This was the beginning of the writer's most brilliant period. An excellent editor, Saltykov devoted himself completely to his favorite work. He reared a whole generation of young men of letters and responded with his writing to all the burning questions of the day.

Literature became the sole moving force of his life. "All that we see around us, all will some day turn into ruins, and only literature will forever remain intact and unshakable," he wrote. "Only literature is exempt from the laws of decay, only literature knows no death."

Saltykov flung these thoughts into the faces of those who stifled literature, tortured it with their endless daily persecutions. A brilliant host of Russian writers—Nekrasov, Garshin, Gleb Uspensky and Yeliseyev—grouped themselves around Saltykov. The magazine edited by Saltykov played an important part in the history of Russian literature and in the shaping of social thought.

The progressively democratic tendency of the journal made it the object of endless attacks and persecution by the government.

Master of Satire

By S. MAKASHIN

In Saltykov-Shchedrin, Russian literature has given the world one of those great geniuses of the written word whose names survive the centuries and stand out like brilliant beacons in the history of human development. These are the stern flagellators who mercilessly spur on the lazy "jade of history" and with grim relentlessness expose the ulcers and evils of society.

Satirical genius is the rarest. One has no difficulty at all in recalling the names of its great possessors: Aristophanes, Juvenal, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Rabelais, Cervantes, Molière, Swift and, in Russian literature, Griboyedov, Gogol and Shchedrin.

Shchedrin was one of the greatest of these. True, he was so much a writer of his people and his epoch—not only in language and in nationality but in his choice of material for satire—that not only foreigners find his work difficult to understand but even the contemporary Soviet reader needs commentaries to much of his literary production. Naturally a writer who is too concretely identified with his own time and his own national environment always risks being not fully understood or interesting to another time and another environment; on the other hand Goethe is right when he says, "He who is true to his own time and his



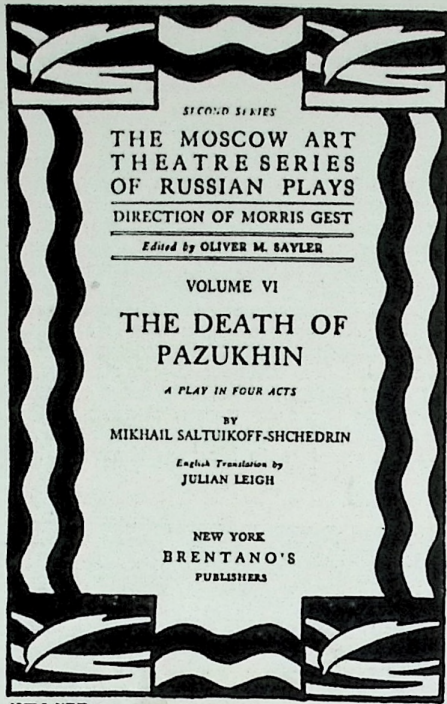
Portrait of M. Saltykov-Shchedrin by I. Kramskoi

By courtesy of the Tretyakov Art Gallery

(Continued on page 29)

own people, gains immortality more easily than others.

In truth, Shchedrin is immortal. Many of his pages are at once understandable and appreciated; and the parables to which the satirist continually resorted under the cruel



Cover of the American edition of *The Death of Pazukhin*

pressure of the tsarist censorship, as well as the obscurities due to lapse of time and memory, can be made clear to future generations by attentive and solicitous commentary.

What assures Shchedrin his fame as one of the greatest satirists of Russian and world literature?

Obviously, not only his tremendous gift for satire nor his outstanding talent as an artist. No, his poignant and inimitable satire sprang from that combination of concrete historical circumstances in which the writer lived and produced his works. And indeed the epoch of Shchedrin's literary career was one of the most significant in the history of Russia. It was an epoch "when the old in full view of everyone was irrevocably collapsing and the foundations of the new were only being laid;" when, with social convulsions of the greatest magnitude, attended by unlimited poverty and suffering for the many millions of the peasantry, the "mystery of the birth" of Russian capitalism was occurring, as it came to take the place of the disintegrating feudal-serf order of society.

The industrial revolution, breaking down the "age-old principles" of old Russia, ran its course here with exceptional intensity and speed, due to a number of historical causes. Hence the historical stages in the life of Russia in the second half of the 19th century were extraordinarily "compressed." Surrounding reality faced Shchedrin and his generation with problems which in western Europe "normally" arose and were solved in the course of a long period. The fundamental problem of Shchedrin's epoch, indeed, was that of the bourgeois-democratic revolution, the overthrow of the tsarist autocracy. This, too, is the basic problem in the writer's creative work, from which any appreciation of him must proceed.

His productions reflect the basic and deciding traits which constitute the peculiarity of that epoch when the Russian revolution was gathering its forces. He wrote

from the standpoint of the most progressive social and political group of his time, from the standpoint of the revolutionary democracy of the 60's, whose undisputed protagonist he was in fiction.

It was by no means an accident, of course, that his literary work took the form of satire. Satire always flourishes in periods when dying social and political systems are decaying, when one social and economic structure is being replaced by another, when new social groups and classes are arising. Just such was the epoch which gave birth to Shchedrin.

As an artist he was close to the passionate life of his day; he was an active participant in its social and ideological battles. In contradistinction to many great Russian writers, Shchedrin, instead of an elemental feeling for reality, possessed profoundly reasoned and intelligent views on the life about him. Hence, his creative activity was permeated with tremendous ideological and political purpose. Hence his consciousness of the objects and aim of his satire. He was perfectly justified in saying of himself, "Thanks to my maker, I can explain against what every one of my works is directed."

His whole style, his character, his subject matter, the great fervor of his satirical rejection of the past link Shchedrin in the closest possible manner with the progressive and "emancipatory" world outlook. He hated the autocracy, serfdom and the state with its arbitrary rule by landlords and gendarmes with a fierce, bitter and irreconcilable hate; against the forces of the "dark camp" he waged a daring and tireless struggle, his satire an explosive weapon directed to the destruction of the tsarist monarchy.

But, hard as he fought for these slogans, Shchedrin did not limit himself to them alone. He went further. With no less energy, perhaps even more, he attacked with the weapon of his satire the bourgeois and noble liberals who came to terms with the autocracy. Shchedrin's role was really tremendous in exposing and defining the true political nature of Russian liberalism at various stages of its development.

As he was the man who most clearly expressed in fiction the basic social conflicts



A modern print depicting Shchedrin as Ilya Muromets, a popular Russian hero, cuffing off the heads of a dragon. Each head of the dragon stands for one of the characters in his satires. The backs of the books carry the titles of Shchedrin's works

in Russia in the period before and after the reform of 1861.¹ so Shchedrin was one of the first Russian writers to understand the economic consequences of this "reform." Foreign to him were the utopian views and romantic hopes of a great part of the Russian intelligentsia in the 70's and 80's (the so-called populists) that peasant Russia would escape the horrors of capitalist development as seen in the West and make a sudden leap into the realm of Socialist harmony. Shchedrin distinctly saw the progress



Cover of a pre-revolutionary illegal edition of the *Tales for Children of Considerable Age*. A gendarme and a pig are trying to pull the curtain over a scene revealing the sordid reality of tsarist Russia

of stratification among the peasantry, saw and masterfully depicted the class differentiation in the village. He was one of the first in Russian literature to create a gallery of types of the rural bourgeoisie, the kulaks and parasites.

His very themes show his warm and pitying sympathy for the oppressed peasant masses, savagely exploited as they were and abandoned to coercion and robbery. Without idealizing the people, that is, the Russian peasantry as a whole, but on the contrary emphasizing their ignorance and passivity which were the result of centuries of slavery and serfdom, Shchedrin's satire was permeated with all the anger and indignation that seethed in the breasts of those millions upon millions of peasants, crushed by want and social oppression.

It was with deep pain and passion that Shchedrin depicted the sufferings, ills, sins and crimes of his time. His cruelly satirical personages are not the fruit of a cold, grim and sarcastic intelligence; rather they were born in the warm heart of a writer and true democrat, who combined incomparable artistic talent with far-reaching historical vision.

¹ The reform of 1861 consisted in the liberation of the peasantry from serfdom decreed by Alexander II, who feared that otherwise the peasants might use force to achieve their emancipation. The "emancipated" peasantry were given but little land, and that the poorest and most inconveniently situated. Moreover, they had to pay heavy compensation even for this land. Such "emancipation" only increased the poverty of the Russian village.

Shchedrin's satirical works are an invaluable source for acquaintance with old Russia. "It is impossible to understand the history of Russia in the second half of the 19th century without the aid of Shchedrin," said Maxim Gorky. And in truth there are few Russian writers to whose lot it fell to embrace so wide a scope as Shchedrin did in his productions.

It was at the end of the 50's that his first great work appeared, the celebrated *Provincial Sketches*, devoted to an exposure of the ulcers and sores of society in autocratic, serf Russia of the pre-reform period. His last work, a monumental epic of life under serfdom, *The Old Times of Poshekhon*, was finished in 1889. The whole course of Russian historical development in those three decades, with all its social and psychological processes, was reproduced by Shchedrin with scope and profundity, step by step, stage by stage.

The collapse of serfdom and the bureaucratic officialdom, a system long splitting at every seam, is most vividly described in his *Provincial Sketches*, *Letters From the Provinces*, *Satires in Prose*, *Innocent Stories* and other works of the 50's and 60's.

Impoverishment of the nobility and appearance on the historical scene of new people—intellectuals from among the common people, the Russian bourgeoisie, the new "dirty-faced" officials and the new peasants—furnish the themes for many important works of Shchedrin's, including *The Refuge of Monrepos*, *Well-Intentioned Speeches*, *Trifles of Life*.

He showed the degradation and decay of the Russian nobility in all its variations and shades, clearest of all in his *Golovlyov Family*. This work is justly accounted a masterpiece not only among Shchedrin's productions but for classical Russian literature as a whole. It is a chronical novel which gives a terrible picture of the moral disintegration and emptiness of a family of landowning gentry; attention centers on that frightful and predatory character, Porfiri Golovlyov, or as he is called in the family circle, Judas.

Hating the tsarist autocracy, tsarist bureaucracy and the whole apparatus of the tsarist-landlord dictatorship with a deep and irreconcilable hatred, Shchedrin never tired of giving vent to his animosity. He devoted many brilliant works to criticism of the tsarist political system, such as *Messieurs et Mesdames Pompadours*, *Gentlemen of Tashkent* and *The History of a Town*.

The last-named is particularly celebrated. *The History of a Town* is a masterpiece of world satirical literature. It not only contains a crushing attack on the political system of Russian tsarism, but also merciless, all-condemning satire against every kind of absolutist regime. At the same time it is a profoundly inspired depiction of the age-long historical tragedy of the Russian people before the Great Proletarian Revolution, and, in a broader sense, the tragedy of any people condemned to live under the "senseless yoke" of class society.

The deep impression produced by the masterful artistry of *The History of a Town* is as strong for readers today as it was for the writer's contemporaries. One of these, the celebrated Russian novelist, Ivan Turgenev, recommended Shchedrin's work to the attention of English readers in an article published in *The Academy* in 1871.

"There is something of Swift in Saltykov; that serious and grim comedy, that realism—prosaic in its lucidity amidst the wildest play of fancy—and, above all, that constant good sense—I may even say that moderation—kept up in spite of so much violence and exaggeration of form. I have seen audiences thrown into convulsions of laughter by the recital of some of Saltykov's sketches. There was something almost terrible in that laughter, the public, even

while laughing, feeling itself under the lash. I repeat that the *The History of a Town* could not be translated as it stands, but I think that a selection might be made out of the different forms of its Governors which pass before the reader's eyes, sufficient to give an idea to foreigners of the interest excited in Russia by a strange and striking book—one which under a form necessarily allegorical, offers a picture of Russian history which is, alas! too true. More particularly I would call attention to the sketch of the Governor Ugryum-Burcheyev, in whose face everyone has recognized the sinister and repulsive features of Arakcheyev, the all-powerful favorite of Alexander I during the last years of his reign."

Condemning, hating and attacking the whole social structure of the time, the totality of feudal and capitalist relationships as they had developed on Russian soil,

An unforgettable and unsurpassed production of Shchedrin's is his brilliant *Fairy Tales*. Profound in content, tragic in their poisonous malice, they are amusing and charming with their perfection of language. Like a microcosm of the author's work, these satiric miniatures seem to give a forceful and concise resume of all that is scattered throughout his other books. The *Fairy Tales* are justly among his most popular works; more often than any others they have been, and still are, translated into other languages.

The last years of Shchedrin's life and work passed in a time of the most oppressive political and social reaction which followed the killing of Alexander II by terrorists of the People's Will Party. The satirist met the night of reaction with a courageous and severe exposure of its evils and with passionate faith in the historical doom of the



A popular print published in Shchedrin's day depicting the satirist trying to find his way out of a dense forest to the light of a happy life

Shchedrin's satire went even farther in its negation. It criticized the great fetishes of bourgeois culture—the state, the family, property—laying bare their historical doom. In this respect, besides the cycle of *Well-Intentioned Speeches* and *The Year Round*, the sketches published under the title of *Abroad* are particularly noteworthy. Here we find Shchedrin as the keen critic of western-European bourgeois culture of his day: its government, politics, art, literature and morals. His exposure of the sham democracy of the bourgeoisie, based on observations of the Third Republic in France, has been termed classical by Lenin for its force and keenness.

No less remarkable are the pages of this book devoted to a criticism of French fiction of the 70's and 80's with its prevailing naturalism. Shchedrin bares the connection of this literary trend with the established triumph of the bourgeois order and the beginning of its cultural and historical decline. This artistic judgment passed by the great Russian democrat and realist on the western bourgeoisie, which had attained full maturity, is one of the great pages in Russian and world literature, and has not lost immediacy of interest to this day.

reign of prevailing evil. In his *Contemporary Idylls*, a biting satire against the orgy of mad reaction and gendarme terrorism, Shchedrin wrote: "Look around you—everywhere discord, everywhere quarrels, no one really knows whither he is going or why. Hence it is that everyone refers to his own personal truth. But a time will come when the real truth will be proclaimed, one truth obligatory for all, it will come—and illumine the whole world."

And in one of his last sketches, written a few days before his death, he declared, "The fortunes of the struggle will not extinguish every ray of light, but some of them will pierce through the gloom and give a point of departure for the portending revival."

Shchedrin did not see this "point of departure," that is, the appearance of the first battalions of the working class, which stormed the citadels of the old world he hated so much. But he bequeathed to future generations his hate for all despotism and social injustice, his scorn of philistinism, slavish humility and passivity in the struggle, his passionate faith in the triumph of the lofty ideals of progressive mankind.

THEY GUIDE THE COUNTRY'S DESTINIES

Shown on this page are the elect of the Soviet people, those who govern the Socialist state. Directly below is the brilliant young mathematician S. L. Sobolev, deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR and member of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR. Patting the head of little Natasha Trusanova, who was brought all the way to Moscow from the city of Kalinin for treatment, is Academician N. N. Burdenko, deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, and known throughout the world for his achievements in surgery



The girl on the left is Sulima Satarova, 18-year-old deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Kazakh SSR. Satarova is a member of the Young Communist League and has already won the title of Honored Artist of the Kazakh SSR for her brilliant work as singer in the Music and Drama Theater at Alma-Ata. Below is deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, Order-bearer Tusup Kuzembayev with his daughter Ermek. Formerly a hewer in the Karaganda coal mines, Tusup Kuzembayev is now the manager of Mine No. 1 of the Karaganda Coal Administration





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Prosperous Countryside

By S. GUROVICH

The Soviet village is growing richer, with the collective farm peasantry becoming more prosperous from year to year. The rapidly and constantly growing demand for all sorts

The collective farmers rapidly buy up in the city stores hundreds of cases of women's galoshes, stockings, footwear, gloves, millinery and other commodities which were beyond the means of the peasantry before the Revolution.

The assortment of goods purchased by the collective farm village is more and more approaching city standards. The Soviet village has become a mass consumer of silk fabrics, woolens, linen and the highest grades of cotton material; of "city" footwear, clothing, knitgoods, underwear, and so on; of bicycles, sewing machines, sports goods, musical instruments, and the like. Hundreds of carloads of all sorts of industrial commodities are shipped daily from the factories to rural stores, to be sold within a very short space of time.

The rise in the prosperity of the collective farm village is also shown by the following figures taken from reports of the Central Administration of Consumers' Societies, which unites all the village consumers' cooperatives of the Soviet Union.

The cooperatives sold 329,000 tons of sugar in rural districts in 1936, 467,500 tons in 1937 and



Bicycles are the vogue on the Budyonny Collective Farm in Slavyansk District, the Ukraine, where most of the youth are owners of this vehicle Photo by S. Vasilnitsky

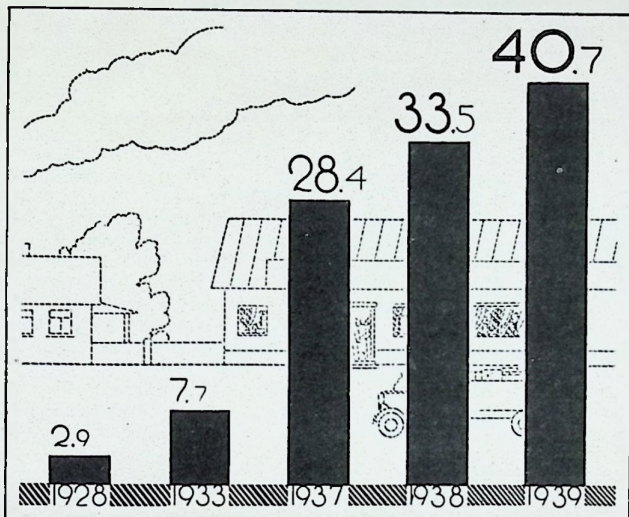


Diagram showing rise of sales of consumers' cooperatives from 1928 to 1939 (planned) in millions of rubles

580,000 tons last year; 203,000 tons of biscuits and confectionery in 1936, 307,000 tons in 1937 and 380,000 tons last year; 149,000 tons of household soap in 1936, 184,000 tons in 1937 and 225,000 tons last year.

Rural stores mainly ordered cheap wines (60% of the orders) even a year ago, but orders for the high brands of expensive wines predominate this year. The sale of canned fish has assumed enormous dimensions in the countryside.

The demand for perfumery, soaps and other toilet articles is constantly growing. Suffice it to point out that the sale of these goods through the cooperatives alone increased from 224 million rubles in 1936 to 402 million rubles last year. The cooperatives have ordered perfumes to the value of 460 million rubles from state factories, in addition to other toilet articles. Rural orders for tooth paste and toilet cream have increased several

of consumers' goods among collective farmers is striking confirmation of this.

The consumers' cooperatives play a tremendous part in satisfying the growing needs of the Soviet village. All retail trade in the rural areas is concentrated in the hands of this mass public organization, which has more than 37 million shareholders in the villages. The trading chain of the consumers' cooperatives, consisting of nearly 200,000 stores, shops, warehouses and similar premises, stretches throughout the Soviet Union.

Village trading has changed considerably. Gone are squalid little shops of former years, with their paltry turnover, having been replaced by spacious, well-ordered stores, including department stores.

The existing trading chain is no longer sufficient, however, to cope with increase in both assortment of goods and the demand for them among the rural population. More than 22,000 new stores and booths and about 3,000 new warehouses are to be opened during the current year by the village consumers' societies. This year the consumers' cooperatives plan to sell to the village population goods to the value of 40,700 million rubles, which is 7,200 million rubles in excess of last year's sales.

Retail sales of the consumers' cooperatives have increased more than 11-fold during the last 10 years. These figures illustrate the turnover of only the consumers' cooperatives, however, and far from reflect the volume of goods purchased by the countryside. Huge quantities of industrial goods are bought by the rural population in stores in nearby cities.

Out-of-town customers form a considerable portion of the clients of even the largest stores in the province and district centers.

(Continued on page 29)



Collective farm women find perfumes no less alluring than their sisters in the cities. A. Cherkasova (left) and K. Gromova of the Krasny Avgust Collective Farm, Kuibyshev Province, are taking their choice in the village store which boasts a fine supply of perfumes and eau de colognes Tass Photo



Illustrations by M. GETMANSKY

An inimitable philosopher and eccentric, Hoja Nasreddin belongs to the galaxy of immortal characters of world literature. He may well occupy a place of honor side by side with Gil Blas, Pantagruel, Baron Munchausen and Sancho Panza, squire of the knight of the woeful countenance, or be placed on a level with Falstaff and Tyll Eulenspiegel.

Calmly and imperturbably the great jester made his way into the pantheon of world literature and, disguised under many nom de plumes, attained such extraordinary success as to eclipse many characters created by famed writers.

Tens of millions of people know the nimble-witted old Hoja Nasreddin. He is known and loved by old and young, by learned philosophers of the capitals and the peasants of remote villages. The name of Nasreddin is near and dear to the toiling people of Turkey, Iran, Arabia, Uzbekistan, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Tajikistan, Crimea, Kabardino-Balkaria, Tataria, Armenia, Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece.

Who does not know Hoja's remarkable *mot*: If Mohammed will not go to the mountain, the mountain will go to Mohammed.

A legend relates that seven cities in Greece quarreled for the right to call themselves the hometown of Homer. There are fifteen cities in the East that will point out to you the grave of Hoja Nasreddin.

The immortal Hoja is now living through his sixth century. There is no end to the anecdotes that are linked up with his name. Nevertheless, not a single edition of the collected anecdotes and tales about Nasreddin will ever be complete, for Nasreddin lives in good health and has no desire to die. New tales of his marvelous adventures, his wilful wife and immortal mule are being constantly born. Again and again gay tales are told by story-tellers of how witty old Hoja with his worn cap and absolutely inimitable character scoffs at the mullahs and magistrates.

NASREDDIN IN MOURNING

A fox stole Nasreddin's hen. Hoja took a black ribbon and tied a strip from it around each little chicken's neck.

"What does that mean, good Hoja?" his neighbors asked him.

"Quiet, now, don't upset the orphans. They are in mourning for their late mother."

ABOUT WHAT A GOOD TEACHER SHOULD KNOW

Hoja Nasreddin once undertook to teach grammar to Tamerlane's favorite mule.

"In 10 years he'll be wiser than our mullah," he said.

"Alright," said Tamerlane. "I will pay you a hundred gold pieces a month for your labors. But if the mule will not be able to read in 10 years, I shall have your head chopped off."

"Let's shake on it," said Nasreddin.

"What have you done?" Nasreddin's friends cried. "You are lost! Who has ever heard of a mule learning to read?"

"Nincompoops!" laughed Nasreddin. "Not every one is able to get a hundred gold pieces and a good mule to boot. As for my head,

no need to spill tears: during the 10 years one of us will surely die—Tamerlane, myself, or the mule."

ABOUT THE REASONS FOR A FIGHT AND HOW, DUE TO HIS SKILLFUL HANDLING, NASREDDIN WAS ABLE TO STOP THE FIGHT

During the night, a noise carried through the window of Nasreddin's hut.

Nasreddin got out of bed to find out what the noise was about. His wife tried to detain him:

"Why bother about another's troubles? Stay in bed and don't poke your nose into somebody else's business."

But Nasreddin wouldn't listen to his wife. He wrapped himself in a quilt and went out into the yard.

Two boys were fighting there.

Nasreddin ran over to them and tried to separate the boys. At that moment one of them grabbed Hoja's quilt and ran off with it. The other boy followed.

Hoja stood awhile outside the door, giving his wife time to fall asleep. Then he entered the room and quietly crept into bed.

Here is one: Once a mullah was drowning. People ran out to save him. "Give us your hand! Give us your hand!" they called to him. But the mullah would not offer his hand and began to go down.

"Fools!" said Nasreddin, who happened to witness the scene. "Don't you know yet what the character of a priest is like? Who has ever heard of a mullah offering anything? Always bear in mind, ignorant fools that you are: a mullah never offers anything. He only takes. Now look!"

So saying, he stepped up to the water and shouted:

"Mullah! Here, take my hand!" And the choking servant of Allah offered his hand to Nasreddin at once.

A satirical journal founded in Tiflis in 1906 for the purpose of branding absolutism, ignorance and obscurantism was named after Nasreddin. D. Mamed-Kuli-Zade, well-known Azerbaijan writer, adopted the pen name of Nasreddin. The toilers of Baku inscribed Nasreddin's name on the educational airplane that was built in 1923 with funds collected through the newspaper *Baku Worker*. When the Latin alphabet was introduced in the Turkish republic, the *Anecdotes of Nasreddin* were used as text books.

"Our Nasreddin," says the cotton-picker of Turkmenistan, smiling broadly.

"Janym Hoja!" ("Hoja, my soul!") says the Tatar collective farmer working on the fields of Crimea. After work, in anticipation of great pleasure, he seats himself comfortably, pulls out his pipe and prepares to listen to the marvelous tales of his beloved Hoja.

In the land of victorious Socialism much attention is paid to the culture of the peoples of the USSR. Everywhere the gems of folklore are recorded, among them the numerous tales about Nasreddin. The examples of these tales given below were written down chiefly among the Crimean Tatars, and some of them in the Northern Caucasus among the Kumyk, Balkarian, Cherkess, Karachai and Chechen peoples.

But his wife was not sleeping.

"What happened out there?" she asked.

"Sleep, sleep in peace," answered Hoja.

"Nothing terrible has happened. They fought for our quilt. We lost the quilt, but, then, an end was put to the fight."

ABOUT WHAT NASREDDIN LEARNED WHILE ATTENDING A WEDDING AND HOW HE PUT HIS KNOWLEDGE TO USE WHILE ATTENDING A SECOND WEDDING

Having received an invitation to a wedding, Nasreddin arrived there in his old tattered clothes. The hosts did not pay him any honors, seated him at the very foot of the table and paid no attention whatsoever to him during the entire evening.

A week later another wedding took place in the same village. Nasreddin borrowed a rich coat from his neighbor and arrived at the wedding dressed no worse than any bey. The hosts received him as an honored guest, seated him at the very head of the table and tried their best to entertain him.

When food was served, Nasreddin poked the sleeve of his coat into the dishes and said:

"Eat, eat, my good coat. This honor is accorded not at all to me, but you."

ABOUT THE BIRTH OF THE BASIN AND THE DEATH OF THE CAULDRON

Nasreddin asked his neighbor to lend him his basin for a short time. He was given it.

Two days later, Nasreddin returned the basin to his neighbor, handing him a little basin in addition.

The neighbor, surprised, inquired as to what it was all about.

"Nothing much," answered Hoja. "Only your big basin gave birth to this little one."

The delighted neighbor thanked Hoja for his goodness, and joyfully carried both basins to his wife.

The next day Nasreddin again came to his neighbor and asked him for the loan of a cauldron for a time. The neighbor lent it to him with great pleasure.

A week passed. Nasreddin did not return the cauldron.

A month passed. Not a word from Nasreddin about the cauldron.

Finally the neighbor decided to go for the cauldron himself.

"Let me have the cauldron, Hoja. We need it in the house."

"Alas! Alas!" answered Nasreddin, "Your cauldron, may it rest in peace, has died."

"What do you mean, died!" cried the neighbor.



"Alas! Alas!" answered Nasreddin, "your cauldron, may it rest in peace, has died."

"Yes, simple enough, it died. Two weeks ago, now."

"You've gone mad, you old dog! Who on earth has ever heard of a lifeless cauldron dying?"

"I'm surprised, my good neighbor, at your incredulity," answered Hoja humbly. "You easily believed that the basin was born, didn't you? Then why is it so hard for you to believe that the cauldron has died?"

NASREDDIN'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM A SURE DEATH

Once Nasreddin's wife hung Hoja's coat out on the balcony to air.

At night, Nasreddin woke up and, looking out of the windows, saw the outlines of the hanging coat.

"Who might that be?" thought Hoja. "Hey, who's there? Hey, what do you want?"

The coat remained silent. Deciding that it was a thief, Nasreddin was very astonished at the man's arrogance and decided to teach him a lesson. Acting at once, he took his gun off the wall and shot at the coat. After that he calmly lay down and went to sleep.

In the morning Hoja again saw the night visitor on the very same spot. Surprised, he stepped up to it, and saw that it was not a man, but his own coat riddled with bullet holes.

Nasreddin counted the holes and lifting his arms to the heavens, exclaimed:

"Allah! I thank you for this miraculous escape. Why, I escaped death by the very skin of my teeth. I shudder to think what would have happened to me, if at the moment I shot at the coat, it had not been empty, but would have had me in it!"

HE EARNED THE TITLE

Having lost his mule, Nasreddin stopped everyone he met and inquired whether they had seen it. One of his neighbors, wishing to

play a joke on him, said that he had seen the mule in Sivri-Khisar, where it had become a magistrate.

Nasreddin, not in the least surprised, said:

"Perfectly possible. The mule always attended the lessons I gave to children. As for the qualities of his brain, I have had occasion to observe that they did not differ at all from those of our magistrate."

A FITTING OPPORTUNITY

Notwithstanding the fact that Nasreddin was the poorest man in the village, a thief once entered his hut.

"Catch the thief," whispered Hoja's wife.

"For heaven's sake, be quiet," answered Nasreddin, also in a whisper. "Maybe he'll find something here that I would want to take from him afterwards."

HOJA, HIS SON AND THE MULE MAKE A TRIP

Hoja once journeyed together with his son to a certain village. He sat his son on the mule and trudged along at its side. Passers-by saw this and exclaimed:

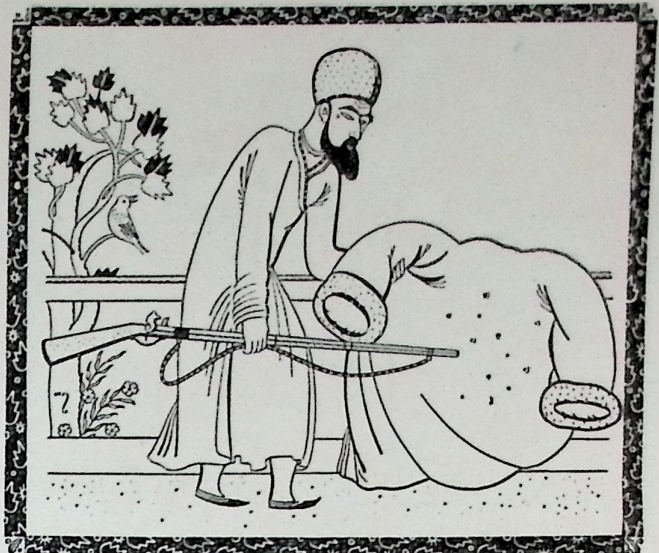
"My, my, look at our youth! He makes his old father, an esteemed and learned man, walk and he himself rides on the mule."

Hearing this, the son remarked:

"Father, I told you so. Now, don't be stubborn and get on this mule."

Hoja mounted the mule. By and by they came across some more people.

"My, my!" they exclaimed. "Look at this robust man atop the mule! And he not ashamed of himself for torturing thus the young boy who is as thin as a rod."



"... and saw that it was not a man, but his own coat riddled with bullet holes"

Hoja sat his son on the mule in front of himself. They had gone but a few paces when they met a crowd of gapers. They glanced at Hoja and his son, and cried:

"Now look at these merciless people! How can they both ride on the mule for such a distance! Look, look, it must be Hoja!"

Angered, Hoja got off the mule, lifted his son down and made the mule trot in front of them.

Soon they met some more people. "But look at these fools," they exclaimed, "the mule has no load and still it runs in front while they drag themselves along on foot in this heat. There certainly are fools in this world."

When Hoja heard this, he said: "My, my, I doubt whether anybody can escape a wicked tongue."

ABOUT THE PRICE OF TAMERLANE OR HOW MUCH IS A KHAN WORTH WHEN COMPLETELY UNDRRESSED

Once Nasreddin was at the baths together with Tamerlane.

Intending to play a joke on Hoja, Tamerlane turned to him and said:

"Listen, Hoja, imagine that I am a slave. Now, how much would I be worth to you?"

(Continued on page 36)



Hoja sat his son on the mule in front of himself

MAGADAN

By K. DAGOR

Magadan is the name of a town, a very young town in the Soviet Far East. Run your finger over the map of the Okhotsk Sea and there in the northwestern corner you will find Nagayevo Bay. Next to the port of Nagayevo you will see the small round dot that marks the town of Magadan.

We reached Magadan after a long journey through the taiga, over hills and dales and across bubbling streams. At first the journey was made by caravan; all our belongings were piled onto the horses while we ourselves walked on foot. After a while we hitched up to a tractor and soon were trundling along a road as young as everything else in this new territory — a road made by Soviet engineers to replace the narrow and meandering paths that were often quite impassable.

On the floors of chilly cabins engineers sprawled with their pencils over maps. Ammonal rent asunder obstructing hillocks. Clattering tractors uprooted trees. Heaps of brushwood, earth and logs were forced down the gullets of greedy swamps. Beds

of moss and twigs were laid on the eternally frozen soil and the road built over them.

We exchanged our tractor for a motor truck. For miles and miles we sped along the newly laid roads, lined with humming telegraph poles. A sharp turn brings us to a cluster of cottages. In a flash they are passed and the road continues. Large red gasoline tanks are silhouetted against the dark forest.

A train of automobiles heavily laden with supplies for the mines, rolls by. With a swift and graceful movement, an airplane rises smoothly into the air and disappears behind the sun-gilded mountain slopes and rugged cliffs. We pass smoothly over bridge plankings.

Villages, forests, gasoline tanks, telegraph poles, concrete buildings, groups of workers, light arches of bridges, many-windowed school-buildings alternate with the forests. The road is as though some gigantic whip had slashed out a path for itself through the hilly countryside for hundreds of miles.

The day of bright sunshine has given way to a northern August night.

One's eyes begin to close and one's head to nod. Out of the darkness, the truck's headlights tear chunks of steel-colored road, black crags, the matted branches of trees, and splashing rivulets.

To our right rows of electric-lighted windows of a state farm gleam brightly for a moment and then all is blackness again.

And at last from the top of a tall hill we see before us the glow of lights, like a sparkling constellation in the velvety darkness.

"What's that?"

"Magadan."

Magadan, the gates and the center of the Kolyma.

* * *

The sea of lights that is Magadan by night is a most stirring and alluring spectacle. This is a town which is alive and bustling every minute of the day and night. It swarms with people whose lives are regulated by a strict working schedule. Accuracy and promptness begets speed and speed becomes easy and happy work.

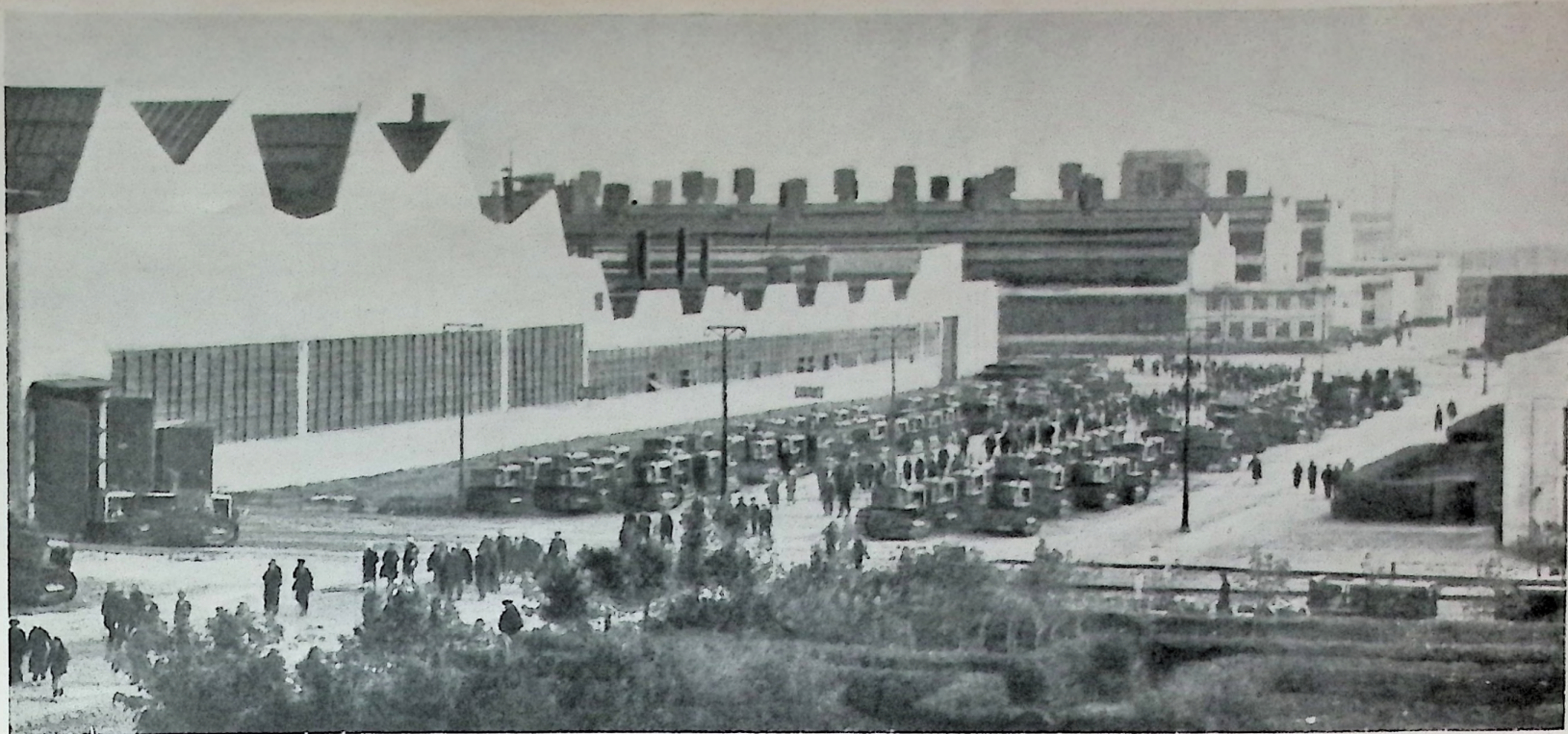
"But do you call this a town! There aren't even any sidewalks. We are walking right along the highway. . . . And then these huts can scarcely be called houses!"

A new arrival is seated in a hotel room surrounded by his baggage. He has just disembarked from the Vladivostok boat — a Muscovite. Neat necktie and an aroma of eau-de-cologne.

(Continued on page 33)



View of the Avachinsk Volcano, Kamchatka



For the change-over to production of diesel tractors, the Chelyabinsk Tractor Plant was considerably expanded and rebuilt at a cost of 126 million rubles. Here is a corner of the giant factory, with the grounds attractively landscaped and a number of the new diesel tractors lined up ready for shipping

THE Chelyabinsk TRACTOR PLANT

Photos by A. UZLYAN

One of the largest factories in the world for the production of crawler-type tractors, the Chelyabinsk Tractor Plant since its opening on June 1, 1933, has turned out thousands of 60-hp. Stalinets tractors.

Machines with this trade mark are to be found at work not only in all the principal agricultural regions of the USSR—the Ukraine, the Kuban, Belorussia, the Volga basin, Central Asia—but also in the Pamir Mountains, on Kamchatka, on Dickson and Rudolf Islands and Spitzbergen in the Arctic, in the Mongolian People's Republic, the Tuva People's Republic, Iran and Turkey.

The size of the Chelyabinsk plant may be judged from the fact that some 10 trains a day are required to bring its raw materials, steel, coal, oil, timber and so on.

In its first year the plant turned out 1,650 tractors. In 1936 its output reached 29,000; thereby the factory's five-year plan was fulfilled one year and two days ahead of time.

Now its annual rated output is 40,000 60-hp. Stalinets tractors—and this plant is but one of three large tractor plants in the USSR. Both the Kharkov and the Stalingrad plants now turn out crawler tractors too.

The last ligno-ene tractor left the conveyor of the Chelyabinsk plant on March 31, 1937, and the factory began to change over to the production of diesel tractors.

The Stalinets tractor enjoys a high reputation for reliable performance throughout the Soviet Union. When the factory was still making the ligno-ene machine, its tractors were put to several exceptional tests.

In 1935, for example, they were used to carry out a difficult assignment of the Government in getting provisions to the mountain town of Murgab, center of the eastern Pamirs. Heavily loaded, the Stalinets machines made their way over passes 13,000 feet high when the temperature was as low as -50 deg. F.

A year later another expedition on Stalinets tractors, this time in the North, made a 1,250-mile trip to Yakutsk, with the thermometer dropping to -75 deg. F. Each machine carried 20 tons

Nearing the end of the assembly line. The Stalinets trade mark is to be seen above on the radiator shell of this tractor and on the radiator itself the factory's initials and, below, the word "diesel." This is the main conveyor of the assembly department. Stalinets diesels of the first year's production made two difficult test trips with heavy loads over the mountain roads of the Urals and acquitted themselves well





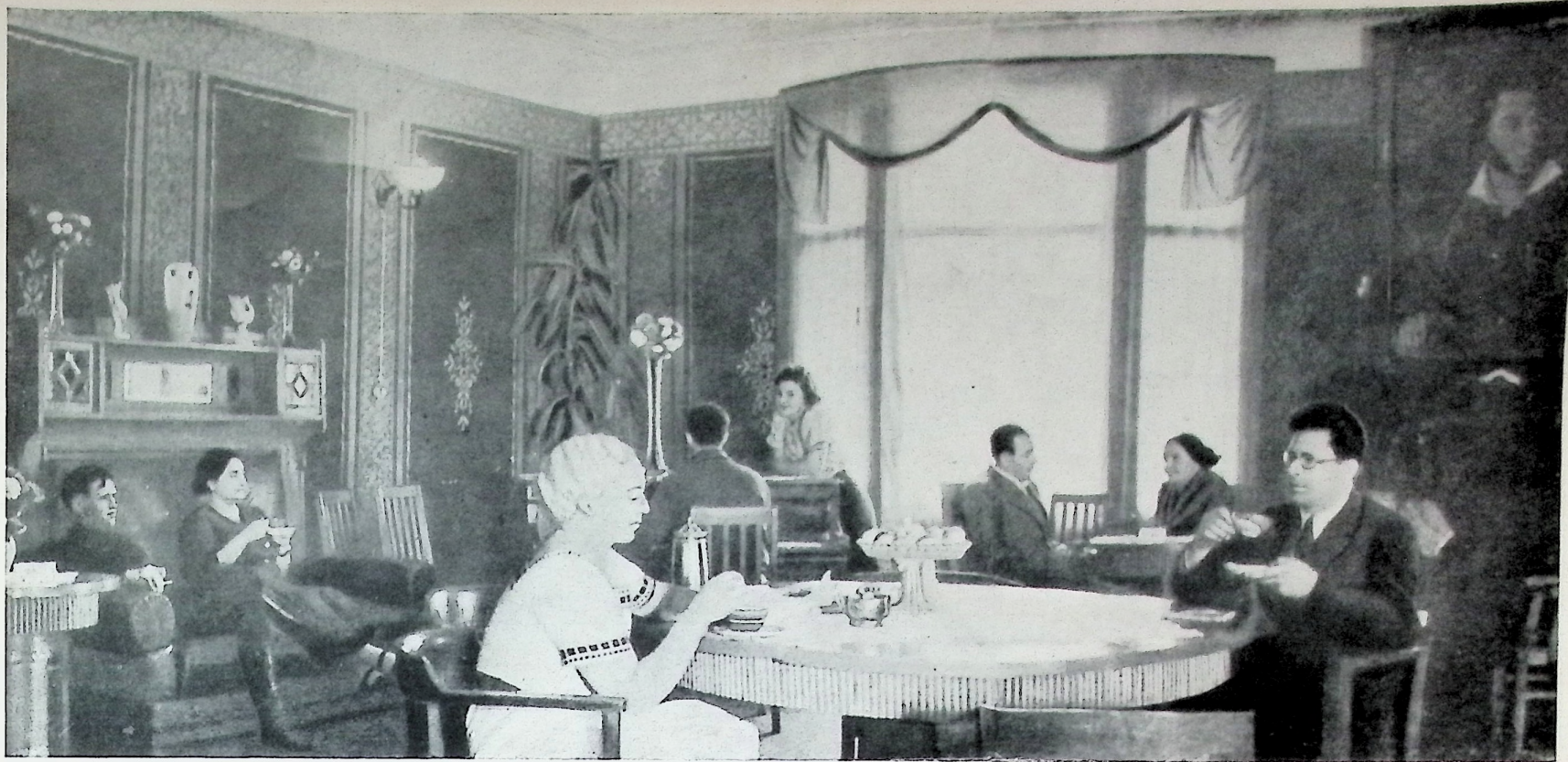
Besides apartment houses and the factory offices, the Chelyabinsk Tractor Plant suburb has its own cinemas, theaters, clubs, libraries, schools, polyclinics, kindergartens and nurseries. The children shown at left, whose parents are employed at the plant, are finishing their dinner at kindergarten with their favorite sweetmeats.



Bottomless mud, miserable wooden houses and the old-fashioned droschky as the best means of transport characterized pre-revolutionary Chelyabinsk. Like many Russian cities of that day, Chelyabinsk resembled nothing so much as an overgrown, dreary village, beyond which stretched Siberia, the tsarist place of exile, which has now become a region of rapid industrial development. The change in Chelyabinsk is illustrated by this picture, a view of the industrial settlement around the tractor plant, on the outskirts of modern, comfortable, Soviet Chelyabinsk.



Self-expression groups are among the favorite pursuits of the kindergarten children in the tractor plant suburb. At left we see two youngsters going through the steps of a Tatar dance, while above are another two practicing a duet for violin and piano.



The splendid club for the engineering and technical personnel of the Chelyabinsk plant owes much to the efforts of the plant's community workers, especially the wives of the technical staff. Through their efforts the club, a room of which is shown above, has become a favorite center for rest and recreation



Many workers, engineers and office employees of the Chelyabinsk Tractor Plant have their own cars, given to them by the Government for outstanding work. The M-1 cars shown here are the product of the large Molotov Auto Plant in Gorky. They are frequently used by their owners for out-of-town excursions on rest days to the picturesque Urals country surrounding the city



Prince Dimitri Pozharsky (left) and Kozma Minin (right), sketches of costumes for *Minin and Pozharsky*.

MININ AND POZHARSKY

Excerpt from the scenario by VICTOR SHKLOVSKY

FOREWORD

One of the most striking periods in the history of the Russian people has supplied the theme for the new historical film *Minin and Pozharsky* which is now being worked on by the Moscow Film Studios. The hero of the film is the Russian people who fought victoriously against the Polish invaders that assailed Russia at the beginning of the 17th century.

The Polish nobility, who had long tried to lay their hands on the wealth of the vast Russian land, at first sought to seize power with the aid of various claimants to the Moscow throne whom the Poles fitted out to impersonate Dimitri, the son of Tsar Ivan the Terrible.

The real Dimitri had been murdered while still a child. The pretenders, nevertheless, declared that he was alive and in turn claimed to be the true sons of the tsar.

The first pseudo-Dimitri captured Moscow and ascended the throne. The reign of pillage and violence introduced by the Poles who came with him to Moscow evoked great indignation among the people. The boyars, utilizing this discontent, assassinated the pretender, and made the boyar Vasili Shuisky tsar. But he did not stay in power long.

The Polish gentry put forth a second pseudo-Dimitri. After the overthrow of Shuisky and the assassination of the second imposter, the Moscow boyars, frightened by the constant unrest among the people which was growing over into real peasant war, called to the throne Prince Wladislaus, son of the Polish king Sigismund.

Discontent and unrest continued spreading among the people who suffered under the double yoke of the Russian landlords and the Polish invaders. It is this epoch that is portrayed in the film *Minin and Pozharsky*.

The Polish gentry relentlessly plundered Russia, ruining and oppressing the Russian people and trampling upon their national self-esteem. The numerous outbursts of spontaneous dissatisfaction nevertheless remained isolated for a long time, for there was no single center that would have united this discontent under single leadership commanding the respect of the people.

The Moscow populace rose in arms against the Poles in 1611. Barricades of logs, barrels and stalls were erected on the city's streets. The Polish interventionists entrenched themselves in the Kremlin and with the aid of traitorous boyars set fire to the city. Notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the rebels, a considerable part of Moscow was burned down.

Prince Dimitri Pozharsky, an ardent patriot and gifted soldier, who took to heart the suffering of his native land, assumed leadership of the spontaneous people's uprising.

Though unsuccessful, the Moscow uprising, and the resultant burning of Moscow and the wholesale exodus of the population nonetheless played a great role in welding isolated manifestations of the people's anger into a single mighty wave of indignation. The lack of funds, which was one of the main obstacles

to the organization of a people's army and providing it with arms, was overcome through the activity of Kozma Minin, butcher in Nizhni-Novgorod, whose impassioned appeal for funds fired the hearts of his fellow townsmen and later also the populations of other cities. Donations began to pour in for organizing the army.

The people's army was headed by Prince Pozharsky who was known and loved by the people for his leadership of the Moscow uprising and for being upright and honest, quite unlike the pillaging treacherous boyars who had entrenched themselves in the Moscow Kremlin together with the Poles. Kozma Minin became his closest assistant. The people's army arrived at Moscow in time to prevent the Polish reinforcements under Hetman Khodkevich from uniting with the Kremlin garrison which was besieged for a long time. With the battle cry "For Russia," the people's army stormed the Kremlin and routed the Poles.

The last scenes of the film show Minin and Pozharsky standing on a platform with St. Basil's Cathedral in the background and the



Sketch of women's costumes for the film

Russian troops filing past them into the Kremlin.

Prisoners are let out through the Spassky gates of the Kremlin.

"Mercy to prisoners, try the traitors, glory to the people!" exclaims Minin.

The monument to Minin and Pozharsky which stands on the Red Square of present-day Moscow is a symbol of this glory of the people and of the leaders who were able to understand the people's aspirations.

Below we give an excerpt from the scenario of the film, written by V. Shklovsky. The stirring scene of the popular gathering where Minin rouses the patriotic sentiments of the populace of Nizhni-Novgorod is typical of the entire film. A rich gallery of types who played a part in the historic drama of the "Troublous Times" flashes by on the screen: honest Russian patriots, the peasant Roman, Minin and Pozharsky; the base betrayers of their native land, boyars Orlov, Saltykov and Mstislavsky; the Greek orthodox and Catholic clergy who carried on intrigues in favor of the interventionists; the Polish invaders. . . .



Sketch by A. Utkin of 17th century Moscow for Minin and Pozharsky

THE YEAR 1612, AT THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE OF THE KREMLIN IN NIZHNI-NOVGOROD

The square is crowded with people. A group of people is seen at the end of the square on the steps of the cathedral, in front of its white wall. The air is filled with the hubbub of the crowd.

An old tradesman is talking loudly, evidently finishing his speech:

"... And on this we, humble servants, have decided, but there are few of us and 'tis a matter of great import so we ask your counsel and advice."

"We'll give you advice!" shouts a stocky fat merchant who mounts the steps and faces the gray-haired man. "We also have some

brains. You seem to have enough brains to count someone else's money, but not enough to make your own. Look at his coat full of holes!"

Laughter resounds in the crowd. Turning to the square, the merchant shouts:

"Christians!" And, beating himself on the chest, continues: "We are merchants, it is on us sinners that the entire city depends; your livelihood depends on our welfare. Have we no concern for our own property? Would we not defend our own city? We shall hire soldiers and post guards. The Poles are in Moscow and are beyond the Volga. They may not even come here."

Minin suddenly rises in front of the merchant. He is enraged, with fists clenched and reddened face.



Another sketch by A. Utkin of the cathedral square of the Kremlin in Nizhni Novgorod

"Get out!" he mutters through clenched teeth.

"What, with fists? Let me have my say," the merchant splutters in confusion.

"Get out!" shouts Minin, and, disregarding the merchant, turns to the people. "Citizens of Nizhni-Novgorod!" he begins in a voice hoarse from excitement and takes a step forward.

"The merchant lies." Minin's voice grows firmer. "He is only holding on to his property and has no concern for the people." Minin raises his hand. "We have to raise a levy not for our own city, not for Nizhni-Novgorod alone, but for the whole of the state of Muscovy."

"It is not I who is talking!" continues Minin, his voice ringing with greater power. "Our misfortune is talking! Is there no end to arbitrary Polish rule, to Polish violence? Is it possible that the Russian people can find neither strength nor justice against the Poles?"

A shudder runs through the crowd. "Such misfortune shall never be!" Minin exclaims. "Never shall the Poles be masters of Russian soil!"

The hubbub and excitement of the crowd is rising. Unclear shouts are heard in the distance.

"See, that's the way to talk!" some tradesman in the crowd remarks excitedly.

Minin wipes the sweat from his brow with his sleeve.

"We are fighting against the Poles, each one on his own, Pskov separately, Kazan separately and Astrakhan also alone. And the merchant here says that Nizhni-Novgorod will stand on its own. If so it be in the future, the Poles will overpower us, place an iron yoke on our necks and fasten it with iron nails. Then we and our children will become serfs of the Polish gentry, we shall forget our native land, and we shall forget our native tongue!"

Silence.

"Citizens of Nizhni-Novgorod!" Minin continues in the hushed atmosphere. "We must come to our senses, must take up the great cause of all the people. In all cities noblemen eligible for service are to be enrolled in the army. In the villages and cities also the plain folk are to be recruited, all those who want to join. We have to gather them all into one place, supply them with horses and arms, feed them well, so that it should be a good army."

Minin enthusiastically outlines the plan he conceived long ago. His speech becomes smoother and calmer.

"And the noblemen are not to be paid with land for their service, nor are peasants to be given into bondage to the noblemen, but they should be paid a good wage for their services. Then there will be no disputes and

fight for land and the peasant will also join the army. We will feed him also, give him arms and pay him a wage. We need a big army."

Minin stops for breath.

"Much money is needed!" he shouts.

"So that's what he wants!" a merchant in the crowd snarls. "That's what he has been heading for!"

The merchant is jostled by the crowd and someone pushes his fist into his neck.

"Shut up, you viper!" someone shouts in an angry voice.

"And so we, the tradesfolk," Minin continues, "smiths and carpenters and saddlemakers and butchers have gotten together and have taken a decision: each one of us gives a third of his property to the common cause, and we have collected up to 2,000."

"Rubles?" a merchant shouts with amazement.

"But this is very little!" Minin again raised his voice. "If we are to raise an army, if the entire land is to march against the Poles, we need a mighty lot of money! Iron is needed to forge weapons. Copper is needed to cast cannons! Lead is needed, and powder. Should the merchants fail to help us, should there be tradesfolk with a fortune who will not give their share, we will ruin a great cause. And should we all decide to give our share, we can force the merchants to do likewise. The fame of our good deeds will spread and the people in other cities will also rise!"

Minin's voice resounds with an awe-inspiring force.

"Is there not enough good will among us? Is it possible that we are sorry to part with our property, sorry to part with our junk, but think nothing of losing our native land! We will pledge our wives and children . . . Our heads . . . We'll give our lives!"

Minin stops to catch his breath.

"Wait!" a voice suddenly resounds somewhere deep in the silent crowd.

"Wait!" shouts an old peasant dressed in bast shoes and carrying a sack on his back, pushing through the crowd and making his way to the stairway.

"Wait! Let me say a word," he cries gasping for breath. He climbs on the platform and stands opposite Minin.

A loud murmur sweeps through the crowd.

The peasant turns and faces the people.

"Christians!" he shouts, bowing low.

The noise increases. The peasant sits down on the steps and begins to unwind the rag wrapping from his foot. The square is filled with the hum of conversation. The peasant pulls out a coin from his rags and, rising to his feet, comes over to Minin.

"Here is my coin for you!" he says loudly. The peasant again turns to the people and holds up his coin. "I have carried it all the

way from Archangel. I was beaten up, searched, but I didn't give it up. But to him I will give it myself . . . Give me your hat!" he adds, turning to Minin.

Minin pulls off his hat and bows. Unclear shouts resound above the general hubbub. Only the word "Minin," "Minin" can be distinguished.

"Minin!" shouts someone making his way through the crowd.

"Minin!" shouts another, holding something above his head.

"Minin! take my purse, everything!" a tradesman, breathless with excitement, shouts and throws his purse into the hat of Minin who continues bowing.

"Minin! Take this!" "A bolt of cloth!" "Give me your hat!" Voices are heard from all sides as more and more people crowd up to the front outshouting Minin who is able only to bow and keep on repeating:

"Thanks, Christians!"

Someone unbuttons his shirt and removes a cross from his neck.

"We will give our heads!" shouts a bare-headed man.

"Is it possible that we are sorry to part with our property but think nothing of losing our native land!" shouts another.

"From all cities we will come together into a single army," exclaims a third.

"Throw it into my hat! I will pass it over!" shouts the peasant who gave the coin, and money and purses are thrown into his hat.

A bitterly crying woman is removing her earrings with unsteady fingers. Minin, bare-headed, stops bowing. He is standing in front of a pile of various articles: clothing, bolts of cloth, hats with money, crucifixes on chains, kerchiefs, a pair of new boots wrapped in a caftan, sacks, arms, everything piled on the stone floor. More donations are being thrown into the collection. Someone is already introducing order, holding back the crowd and permitting the people to come up one by one.

A scribe with an inkwell and goose quill makes his way to Minin and pulls him by the sleeve.

"Kozma Minin," he says with tears streaming down his nose, "everything has to be recorded. And the list hidden away. . . . People will fool you. . . . We ourselves will fool you. . . ."

Minin turns to him, his face beaming and his eyes shining.

"We will record everything," he says. "You shan't fool us."

A man carries a bulging sack on his shoulder, another a bolt of cloth, a third makes his way through the crowd bearing aloft an icon frame.

A hat filled with money is placed on top of the pile. It tilts over and a stream of coins pours down.



Moscow's Red Square today with the statue of Minin and Pozharsky at the left

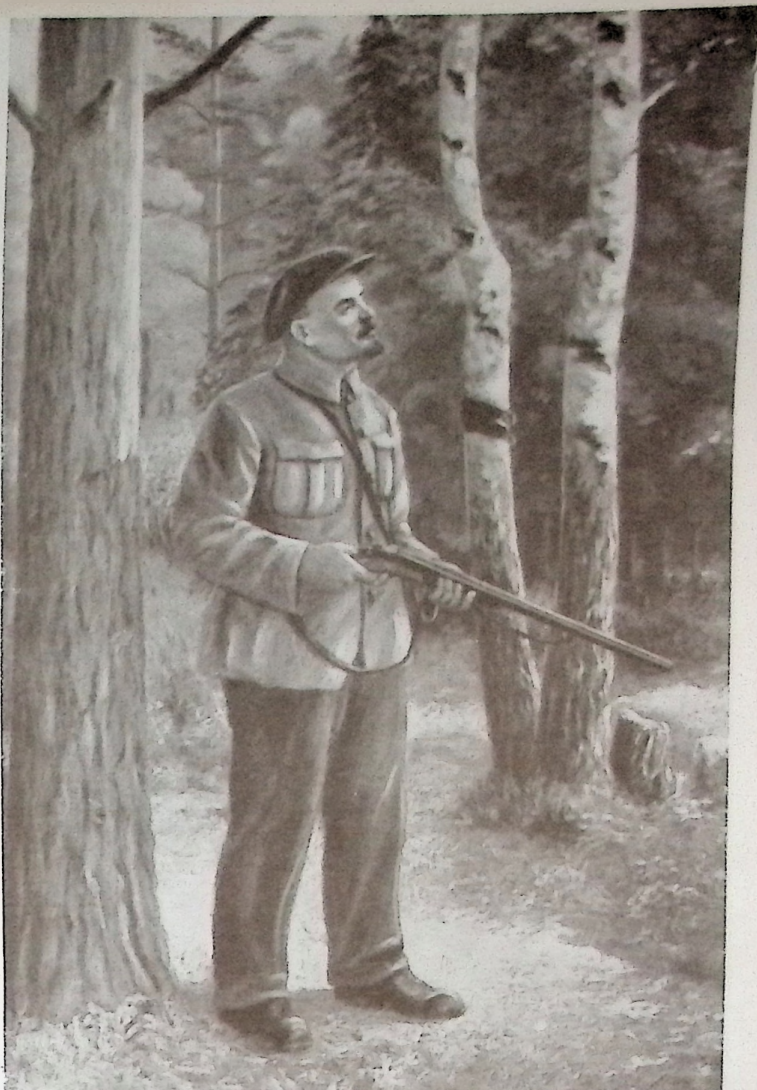
LENIN AND STALIN IN POPULAR PICTORIAL AND PLASTIC ART

An outstanding event in the art life of the Soviet capital was the recent exhibition at the Pushkin State Museum of Fine Arts, featuring Lenin and Stalin in 285 exhibits selected from about 2,000 works submitted by collective farmers, workers, Red Army men, teachers and engineers. Here we give some of the exhibits



Right: "V.I. Lenin Hunting," painting by M. Kolesnikov, a collective farmer

Left: "Vladimir Ulyanov (Lenin) and His Brother Alexander in their School Days," painting by G. Pozdneva



Below: "J. V. Stalin Surrounded by the Peoples of the USSR," a rug woven by Ukrainian women carpet weavers





Above: "J. V. Stalin in Exile in Novaya Uda Village (Eastern Siberia) in 1903," painting by V. Bogdanov, a bookkeeper

Left: "J. V. Stalin in 1902," sculpture by M. Zhazhevsky

Below: "V. I. Lenin Delivering His Speech at the Third Congress of the Young Communist League," painting by S. Dyadyushenko, a cinema operator





Above: "J. V. Stalin Hands a Red Banner to the Lugansk Regiment," painting by A. Kirchanov, a 19-year-old student

Right: "Stalin and Voroshilov at the Front," sculpture by G. Petin, a worker

Below: "Stalin Sends Grain to Moscow From Tsaritsyn in 1918," painting by P. Menshikov, a teacher





Scene from Act III of *Eugene Grande*, adapted from Balzac's novel of the same name, at the Moscow Maly Theater. Left to right are Honored Artist of the RSFSR S. B. Mezhinsky as Grande, Honored Artist of the RSFSR N. A. Belevtsev as Eugene, and People's Artist of the RSFSR Y. D. Turchaninova as Madame Grande

NEW THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS

Left: Scene from Act III of *Mikhas Padgorny*, the first Belorussian opera to be staged. Running at the Belorussian Theater of Opera and Ballet, its music was composed by Y. Tikotsky and the libretto written by P. Brovko. The part of Mikhas, the boy, is performed by V. F. Lapin and that of the girl, Marys, by People's Artist of the Belorussian SSR L. P. Alexandrovskaya



Above: Final scene from the play *Bar-Kokhba* by S. Galkin at the Moscow Jewish Theater which marked its 20th anniversary. Left to right are B. I. Feldman as Elisha, M. S. Bezekkin as Bar-Kokhba and S. M. Sonkin as Hielel

Left: Scene from Act II of *The Death of Pazu-khin* by Saltykov-Shchedrin, at the Moscow Art Theater. Left to right are People's Artist of the USSR M. M. Tarkhanov as Semyon Semyonovich Furnachev and F. V. Shevchenko as his wife Nastasya Ivanovna

Temporary Associations

By ALEXANDER POPOVSKY

Photos by S. Shingarev

Many famous scientists — Loewi, Cannon, Back, Feldberg, Gaddum, Kato — who were in Moscow during the 15th International Physiological Congress, witnessed a remarkable spectacle in the laboratory of the Soviet scientist, Prof. C. M. Bykov.

The head of a fish was fastened to a sheet of cork. Metal clamps held it tightly, as though the severed head was expected to offer stubborn resistance. There was not a drop of water around it, and yet, the head had been alive for many hours and seemed to be no worse for the experience. It continued to breathe, closing and opening its gills, and rolled its eyes as though it had never been removed from the water. It continued to open and close its mouth as though taking in water. It moved its fins, at times calmly, and at other times in sharp jerks, as though striving to propel its body. Having outlived its body, the head seemed to have become accustomed to the laboratory, to have adapted itself to life in the air.

This experiment requires great skill. A revolving knife severs the head instantaneously, and the dexterous hands of the experimenter quickly fastens it to the sheet of cork, trying to retain life in the most delicate organ, the brain which is usually the first to die. The blood vessel leading to the brain is connected to an apparatus feeding a saline solution rich in oxygen. At the point where the solution flows out of the brain, a small rubber tube linked the vein with a test tube. Such is the simple method of converting an aquatic being into a terraqueous one. This marvelous physiological phenomenon remained alive as long as it was fed by the laboratory workers. It succumbed after seven hours, only

after their departure for the day.

What was the purpose of this experiment? Why did Bykov undertake it? What brought him to it?

This has a long history behind it and will have to be outlined consecutively.

While studying the excretion of urine in dogs, Bykov, who was the great Pavlov's assistant, encountered an inexplicable phenomenon. A greater excretion of urine usually occurred when 100 cu. cm. of water was injected into the dog's rectum. Physiologically, this was easily understood: the surplus liquid introduced into the body is absorbed by the blood, diluting it, and the organism hastens to rid itself of the unnecessary ballast. But once the scientist injected water into the rectum and immediately let it out. It could not have found its way into the blood, and yet the excretion of urine increased. It looked as though the rectum had directly connected with the kidneys, and that the mechanical excitation of one was causing the other to react. A physiologist at that time would have ridiculed this supposition and an anatomist would have thought that such nonsense merited no consideration.

Further experiments, however, showed that the mere contact of the enema tube with the rectum, caused a greater excretion of urine; it was sufficient to put the animal into the harness in preparation for the experiment, without injecting any water or without even touching the rectum, to evoke a greater excretion of urine. An animal harness playing the part of a diuretic — it was difficult to conceive of anything more fantastic! Bykov accompanied the injections of water into the ani-



Professor Bykov in a rest home

mal's rectum with the ticking of a metronome, and soon became convinced that with certain associations the beating of the metronome alone excites the kidneys. A whistle, the ring of a bell and an electric light caused the same conditioned reflex. What was then the path through which the kidneys maintained contact with the outside world?

There could be but one: on coming into contact with water or with the enema tube, the rectum signals the cerebral hemispheres, whence come impulses to the kidneys which cause various reactions. After several combinations, a temporary association is formed: the very room, the harness and the other surroundings become stimuli acting conditionally on the organism, just as the injection of water. But this reasoning contradicted the established canons of science. The cerebrum, physiologists asserted at that time, controls the motor apparatus, but the internal organs, the glands and blood vessels, are independent (autonomous). Their activity proceeds according to their own laws, uninfluenced by the cerebral cortex.

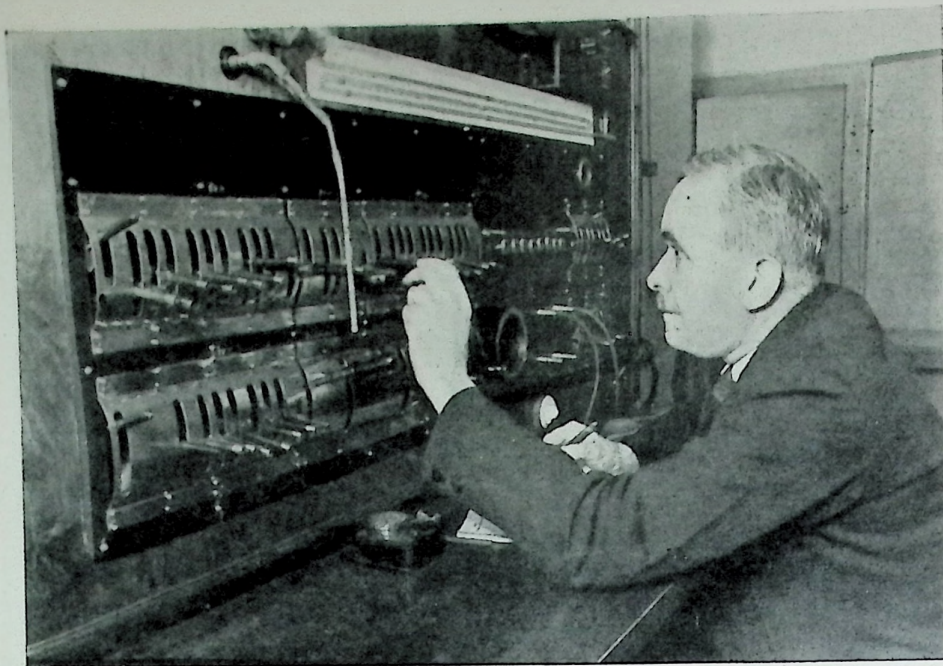
Bykov, nevertheless, carried his experiments further. The next organ he studied was the liver. Bykov wanted to know whether the activity of this vital organ could be intensified or weakened at will by the ringing of a bell or the ticking of a metronome.

Pavlov's famous method was applied. An operation was performed on a healthy dog with properly functioning organs. A fistula, an opening leading to the gall bladder, was cut through the peritoneum. The experimenter's skillful hands made a little "window" in the entrails of the animal. A rubber tube was inserted in the opening and bile was accumulated in a special cylinder. Each drop of bile was thus under observation.

The method applied in this case differed little from the method used in experiments on the excretion of urine. Diluted bile, thus stimulating the secretion of bile, was



Academician Pavlov (center, behind the operating table) surrounded by a group of colleagues



Professor Bykov at work

injected into the veins. For two days this procedure was performed on the dog. On the third day, the expected happened. Just the preparations for the injection—sorting out the instruments and rubbing the spot with alcohol for the injection—were sufficient to cause a greater secretion of bile. The procedure of the experiment and the surroundings acted in the same way as the injection of bile. The influence of the environment lasted for nearly three weeks: objects outside of the organism were controlling one of its most important functions.

The experiments were transferred to other premises. As was to be expected, the change in the surroundings resulted in a lower gall secretion. The secretion decreased even more when another laboratory worker replaced the young woman who usually attended to the dog in the harness. No further doubts could be entertained: the experimenter himself, the surroundings and the harness formed a temporary association in the cerebral cortex of the dog, thus influencing the liver, the process of bile secretion. When the injections into the vein were accompanied by the ringing of a bell or the ticking of a metronome, these conditional stimuli had the same influence on the organism as the injection of diluted bile.

"Intelligent physicians," Bykov wrote that day, "have long ago surmised that certain external causes are capable of influencing the organism, changing its metabolism, the work of the intestines, the heart. It happens frequently that such ailments as diabetes, jaundice, bronchial asthma, angina pectoris and diarrhoea disappear with a change of environment. What happens then is what we call the extinction of a temporary association. The influence of the unknown stimulus is eliminated and the sick person is delivered from an unseen enemy. Of the numerous associations formed in our brain there are both happy ones and others dangerous to life. Any object or phenomenon accompanied by accidental suffering can later artificially restore that suffering, can become an unseen scourge of the organism."

The experiments were next transferred to the spleen. This organ was of considerable interest to Bykov. Does the spleen enter into temporary association with the outside world? Or, deeply hidden in the entrails of the organism, is it deprived of all influence from cerebrum?

Bykov drew out the spleen, with all its nerves and blood vessels, from the depths

of the abdomen to the surface, under the skin, thus correcting nature's inconvenience to the physiologist. The organ could then be discerned on the abdomen, resembling a tumor. It could be touched; its size and movements observed.

Excitation by an induction current or by pricking the hind leg of the animal with a pin caused a pronounced shrinkage of this sensitive organ. Repetition of this experiment was then accompanied by a short whistle. Subsequently the sound of the whistle alone caused a contraction of the spleen. The stronger the conditioned stimulus the longer its influence remained. The dog became frightened, made defensive movements; a harmless signal had a depressive influence on it. Thus, an innocent sound which once coincided with a trying experience haunts us throughout life.

The problem was solved. The cerebral cortex forms temporary associations and influences the activity of the spleen, just as it does the activity of the livers and kidneys.

* * *

One of Pavlov's assistants made the following experiment: he bent an iron pipe into a coil and ran cold water through it. The experimenter put his hand into the cold coil and studied its reaction. The cold made the blood vessels contract sharply. This was as it should have been; it was physiologically correct. But the scientist then put his hand into the coil to the sounds of a reed pipe. The same ice water, the same coil; the only new element was the simple tune played somewhere in the distance. The experiment was repeated several times. Then the tune was played but the coil was not cooled. The temperature of the hand did not differ from that of the body and yet the blood vessels contracted sharply. Sound acted on them just as ice water did.

The experiment was again changed. The cooling of the hand in the coil was not accompanied by the tune but by the odor of ammonia. The evil-smelling vapors formed a temporary association and acted on the blood vessels in the same manner as the delicate melody of the reed pipe.

No use was made at that time of this effective experiment. Not being carried to its logical conclusion it gave nothing to either the clinician or the physiologist.

Bykov started at the point where Pavlov's assistant left off. After the kidneys, the liver and spleen, the circulatory system had to prove the universality of temporary associations and the role of the central nervous system in the functioning of internal organs.

The experiments were continued. Hot water was passed through the coil and the experiment was accompanied by the illumination of a red lamp. The blood vessels of the warmed hand dilated. This combination was repeated many times until the flash of light alone had the same influence on the blood vessels as the hot stream. Similarly, when the beating of a metronome was combined with the cooling of the hand, the vessels subsequently contracted only at the sound of the ticking.

When the beat of the metronome was changed from 60 to 120 a minute, or when a green lamp was lighted instead of a red one, the blood vessels did not react.

The order of experiments was changed. The tests by heat and by cold were not carried on separately, as before, but intermittently. Cold followed heat, and vice versa. The musculature of the blood vessels was whipped up, was not given respite. The metronome beat for a half-minute, a minute; and then cold water followed and directly upon it the electric lamp was lighted and then the coil was heated.

A break occurred in the reaction of the blood vessels. The red light, which formerly caused them to expand, now began to contract them. The metronome, on the contrary, caused the opposite reaction. Each new whipping up of the sinews of the vessels added to the disorder. That which previously excited the vessels now inhibited them, and vice versa. It seemed that the organism, which was jarred out of balance, began to perceive everything in a reverse manner: cold as heat, and heat as cold.

The results exceeded the expectations of the scientist. With the aid of conditioned stimuli he called for a vascular neurosis, a disease widely known in medicine. A condition usually arising as the result of moral and physical affection, of the most complex interrelations of the organism and the outer and inner environment, had been reproduced by the beat of a metronome and the flash of a lamp.

* * *

Morning. The whistle blows. The brigade is ready to start work. Several workers are kept apart from the others who have begun to work, and their reactions are under observation. Most remarkable is the fact that at the sound of the whistle, their breathing becomes more frequent, like the breathing of those who are working. It is as though the whistle has told them all: store up your oxygen, there is plenty of work ahead.

The preparatory operations are carried out and the brigade begins to work. Those under observation remain seated, still their consumption of oxygen increases.

"Finish the experiment. It's time to get on with the work," the foreman tells the scientist.

These words are addressed only to the scientist and should not have concerned the workers under observation. But their breathing becomes even more rapid. Again an outside influence on basal metabolism.

Neither the weight nor the height of the workers under observation correspond to the consumption of such quantities of oxygen. They are not excited, this can be observed in everything. On the contrary, they smile and are interested in the experiment.

"Come along tomorrow," the scientist tells them. "Only come earlier, about six hours before your shift."

And whether it is six, eight or ten hours prior to their shift, their basal metabolism

(Continued on page 32)



Above: Winding tortuously up the slopes of the mountain is the road to Shamil's stronghold—Gunib. At right is a view of Gunib from Verkhni Gunib

Under Soviet power the peoples of Daghestan have gained the freedom and independence fought for by Shamil, that "great democrat" as he was called by Marx. Gunib, located a few hundred meters lower than Verkhni Gunib, the aul where Imam Shamil spent the last hours before his surrender, is now a district center of the Daghestan Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic.



The gates in the stronghold of Shamil, now named after Frunze

Gunib

The aul, or mountain village, of Gunib was the last stronghold of Shamil, leader of the struggle for independence waged by the highland peoples of the Caucasus against Russian tsarism with its policy of colonial conquest.

Shamil from 1834 to 1859 headed the "imamate," the religious and political organization which united the many mountain tribes of the Caucasus in their struggle against tsarist Russia and local feudal lords. As "imam," Shamil was religious and temporal head of this organization; he displayed exceptional talent as statesman and military commander. His outstanding personal qualities made him the beloved leader of the Caucasian peoples; united under him they constituted a menacing force.

But dissension already sprang up among the many tribes in the camp of the insurgents as early as the 40's; a number of the petty local princes, although they had earlier seemed to adhere to the movement, began to betray it; the once invincible Shamil began to suffer heavy defeats.

In August 1859, Shamil with the last of his faithful followers took refuge in his mountain citadel of Gunib, the gates of which are shown in the upper photograph. This was considered an impregnable fortress; but one night a detachment of Russian troops, directed by a traitorous guide, ascended to the Gunib plateau and took Shamil from the rear. He was forced to surrender.

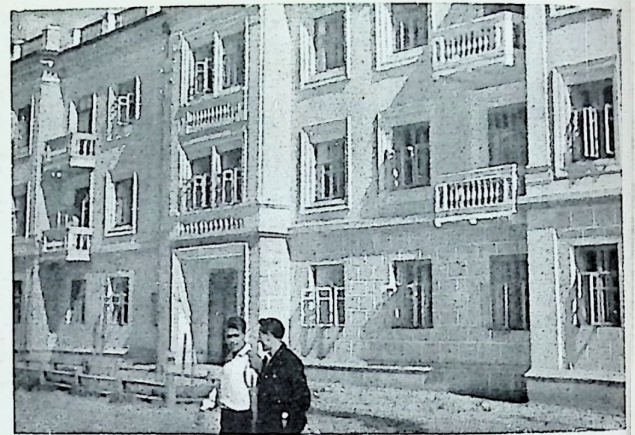


IN THE MARI REPUBLIC

Photos by A. SKURIKHIN

The free and happy Mari people have every possibility to express themselves in art. At right is the new club built by one of the collective farms to facilitate the development of amateur art activity

Below: Marla Gorbunova of the Path to Socialism Collective farm has every right to smile because she's a Stakhanovite flax grower and hers are always bumper crops



Above: This building of the Pedagogical Institute is one of the many new beautiful structures that have risen in Yoshkar-Ola, the capital of the Mari republic, since the Revolution. Twelve churches and two grammar schools were Yoshkar-Ola's only "assets" in tsarist days. Now the capital boasts several institutes of higher learning and scores of secondary and primary schools. Below are two Mari collective farm girls in national costume



VISITING THE JEWISH COLLECTIVE FARMS

By V. FINK

Stalindorf District in Dnepropetrovsk Province, the Ukraine, is like all rural districts: endless collective farm fields, pastures, vast irrigated truck gardens, orchards, vineyards and, need it be said, tractors, combine harvesters, electric threshers, machine and tractor stations, farm newspapers, Socialist emulation, sunburnt faces—in a word, a life of labor, as everywhere in the Soviet Union.

In the collective farm barns, during dinner intervals, the farm brass bands play and young collective farmers dance a Polka, while the older ones, not without a tinge of sadness, reflect: "And where was it, this band, in the past?" Twenty years ago these elderly people were much lighter on their feet; they were even quite sprightly, but who would have thought of dancing in the daytimes?

All this I saw in the Stalindorf District and in other districts of the province—it is to be seen in all the Soviet villages.

What distinguishes Stalindorf District, however, is the fact that it is a national, a Jewish district; the majority of its inhabitants are Jews. Consequently, in accord with Soviet law, Jewish is the official language in state institutions—in the Soviet, in the court of law, in the civil acts administration, and so on. But, besides Jews, Ukrainians live in the district. In state institutions they may use the Russian language, in so far as it is obligatory upon all institutions in the Soviet Union, and also the Ukrainian language, insofar as the district is situated in the Ukraine. In addition, there are Germans, a comparatively small group. In official institutions they may either converse through an interpreter or use one of the three above-mentioned languages.

It must be said that national districts are fairly common phenomena in the republics of the Soviet Union: they are to be found wherever there are more or less compact national groups.

Four nationalities live under the aegis of the Jewish center in Stalindorf District. One finds not only mixed marriages but also mixed collective farms. The community of interests creates a community of views and aspirations. Hence, also, both general and personal friendship.

During that trip I also stopped at the village of Ingulets, a Jewish village. Unlike Stalindorf, it was founded in 1810 under Alexander I. There were several such villages in old Russia.

Well, apart from its history, Ingulets does not differ in any way from other Soviet Jewish and non-Jewish villages: collective farm fields, cattle, combine harvesters, schools and people working vigorously, working with a will. In short, like everywhere else.

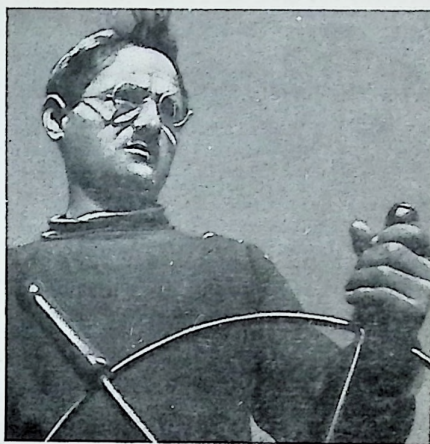
But this is not my first visit to these parts. Walking through the streets of Ingulets, I remembered an incident dating back to the Civil War.

Ingulets lay on the road of the White armies. There were many of these armies and they frequently passed through the village. In those days the Ingulets Jews drank deeply from the cup of sorrow: each passing unit of White troops organized pogroms and plundered to their hearts' content.

Ukrainian villages lay all along the Ingulets river and the Ukrainian peasants, who knew that the White bandits were killing and robbing the Jews, did not protect the latter. They could not, however, reconcile themselves to such a state of affairs.

One fine morning the kulaks (rich peasants) from a neighboring Ukrainian village came to Ingulets with a caravan of empty carts. They drove through the streets, from house to house, and everything that was left there—furniture, underwear, clothing, utensils—they loaded on their carts in a businesslike manner.

To the cries of the Jews who did not expect anything of the kind from their old neighbors, the Ukrainians replied:



His profession is that of combine operator on the Jewish Collective Farm of Amur-Zet, and he is quite proud of it

"But after all, why should strangers rob our own Jews?"

After picking the village clean they quietly left.

I recalled this as I was walking through Ingulets. It gave a perfect picture of old Russia: everything could be done to Jews.

How many years separate us from that Russia? Twenty one, no more. And it was these years that saw the crash of a whole world, an entire system.

We do not notice that we no longer have a so-called "Jewish question." This is our great achievement. But what is still more interesting is that even the disappearance of the "Jewish question" attracts no attention and passes unobserved. We recall the atrocious past only when a draught blows in from Germany, from Italy, or from Poland.

* * *

The Jewish question arose before the young Soviet state as a task of rectifying historic deformities whose victim was one of the oldest and most cultured peoples. The greatest sufferers were its non-propertied classes.

But the abolition of restrictive laws and establishment of national equality for Jews were not enough. Real and very big deeds were necessary. And we did not have to wait long for these deeds.

It was 1918. The thunders of war were still pealing through the land. New men, nevertheless, made their appearance in the small towns. They called together the Jewish poor and informed them that Stalin, the People's Com-

missar of Nationalities, proposed that they try their hand at agriculture, that they organize agricultural artels on the lands adjacent to their small towns.

A desperate struggle burst out around this proposal. Stagnation, ignorance, inert traditions of generations, religious fanaticism—all this intertwined in one knot, all the dark forces of the past rallied in an effort to frustrate the proposal of the Soviet Government.

Among the practically destitute masses of the small towns, however, there flamed a thirst for life and labor, and it gained the upper hand.

The Jewish tillers of the soil who appeared on the fields were tortured people, bent with sorrow and poverty, down-trodden and intimidated and, yet more important, people unaccustomed to labor.

They approached the new life with trepidation.

"How shall we begin, how shall we take up this work? We know nothing about it."

Seven men would putter about one plow. They would begin harnessing a horse from the tail.

And the peasants looked upon the newcomers with amazement, mistrust and hostility:

"Whom are they giving land to! To people who know nothing!"

Do you think it was easy to reconcile the peasants to the fact that the land taken from the monasteries and landlords was not all given to them, but shared between the peasants and the Jews?

But undreamt-of forces of conviction are latent in Soviet life.

Here is one example.

In Nikopol, many workers who had only recently come from the village were employed in the manganese mines. This was in 1928. The village lads still felt rather out of sorts in the town. They kept grumbling. Someone took care to lend an anti-Semitic tinge to this grumbling, and the lads started talking thus:

"See what they're doing! They give land to the Jews, and what will they do with it? They will only defile it! . . ."

They referred to a few Jewish colonies then formed in the steppes in Nikopol Province.

No arguments were of any avail. The men would not listen to any explanations.

Then the Nikopol public organizations decided on an interesting experiment: a Sunday excursion to the Jewish colonies. It was arranged that the most inveterate and most vociferous grumblers from the manganese mines should be included in the excursion party.

And so they came to the Jewish villages and saw that the land was plowed and sown, the implements kept in good order, the cattle clean, that the people were living soberly, were not drinking, not beating their wives; that they were living by the sweat of their brow.

"Say, but they are just like other people!" the guests said to one another.

They could not help appreciating honest labor, for they themselves were working people, men to whom labor is the all-important measure for everything human.

The results of the excursion surpassed all expectations. A branch of OZET (Society for Assisting the Settlement of Jews on the Land) was formed at the manganese mines. The "grumblers" of yesterday began to urge the Ukrainian workers to join the OZET organization and to pay their dues regularly. Such is the conquering power of truth.

* * *

Sometimes, however, anti-Semitism makes its appearance even now, though very rarely, it is true, and in a more hidden, more cowardly form.

I once witnessed the following scene in an autobus; two passengers started a quarrel and one called the other "zhid" (the Russian equivalent for "sheeny"). This vile word of abuse aroused general indignation. The autobus was stopped, a militiaman called, the

Facts and Figures

The population of the town of Syktyvkar, capital of the Komi Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic, now totals 30,000. It counted but 6,000 inhabitants in pre-revolutionary days.

* * *

Each member of the Kuibyshev Collective Farm, Daghestan, last year received 25 rubles in money, seven quarts of wine and a considerable quantity of grapes and other fruit per workday (the unit of labor on collective farms). The farm's income totaled 1,250,000 rubles.

* * *

Known deposits of phosphorites within the territory of the USSR amount to 17,000 million tons, 60% of the world's reserves of this mineral.

* * *

Clubs are being built by seven collective farms on the outskirts of Alma-Ata, capital of Kazakhstan. The Mountain Giant farm is erecting a club with a hall to seat 500 persons, while the clubs of two others will have halls accommodating 300.

* * *

More than 380,000 rubles were saved last year by the Kuibyshev plant in Irkutsk as a result of the introduction of rationalization proposals made by its workers, engineers and technicians. A total of 320 proposals was submitted in the course of the year, of which 139 were put into effect.

* * *

Forty new schools are to be built this year in Khabarovsk Territory in the Far East, providing educational facilities for more than 15,000 children. It has been decided to erect a territorial scientific library in Khabarovsk.

* * *

The city of Gori, Georgia, where J. V. Stalin was born and spent his childhood, was visited by 96,000 excursionists last year.

* * *

The fifth anniversary of the *Marti Crocodile*, satirical factory wall journal of the Marti Shipyards in Nikolayev, the Ukraine, was marked recently with the appearance of the 140th number. Nearly all the shops of the yards now issue their own satirical newspapers.

* * *

Construction of a club for railwaymen, to cost two million rubles, is under way in Karaganda, Kazakhstan. The club will have 150 rooms and halls, among them a gymnasium, reading room and a hall seating 500 persons.

* * *

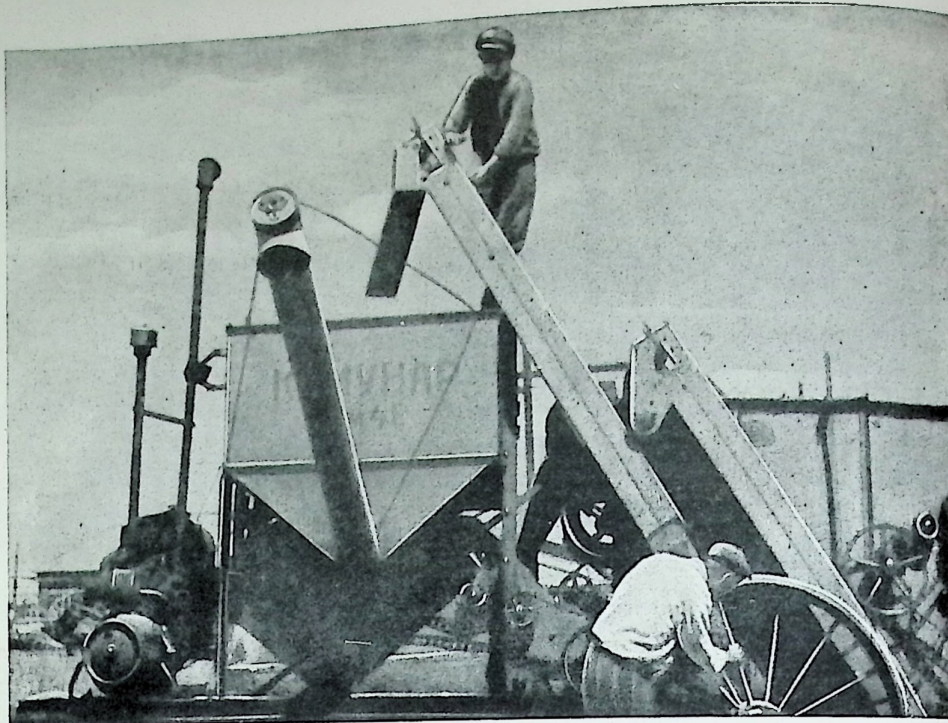
This year's budget of the factory trade union committee of the Stalin Engineering Works in Kramatorsk, the Ukraine, is fixed at 1,490,000 rubles.

* * *

Schoolchildren of Voronezh Province will have their own miniature docks and a fleet of boats on the Don this spring. A means of recreation and sport and simultaneously of technical education, both the docks and the boats will be run by the school children in their free time.

* * *

The Krasny Kamyshnik Collective Farm, Orjonikidze Territory, registered an income of 3,900,000 rubles last year.



This combine is run by the Jewish collective farmers

offender's name and address was taken down, his documents examined and subsequently he was summoned to trial.

Why? Perhaps the Jews enjoy special protection under Soviet laws?

Nothing of the kind!

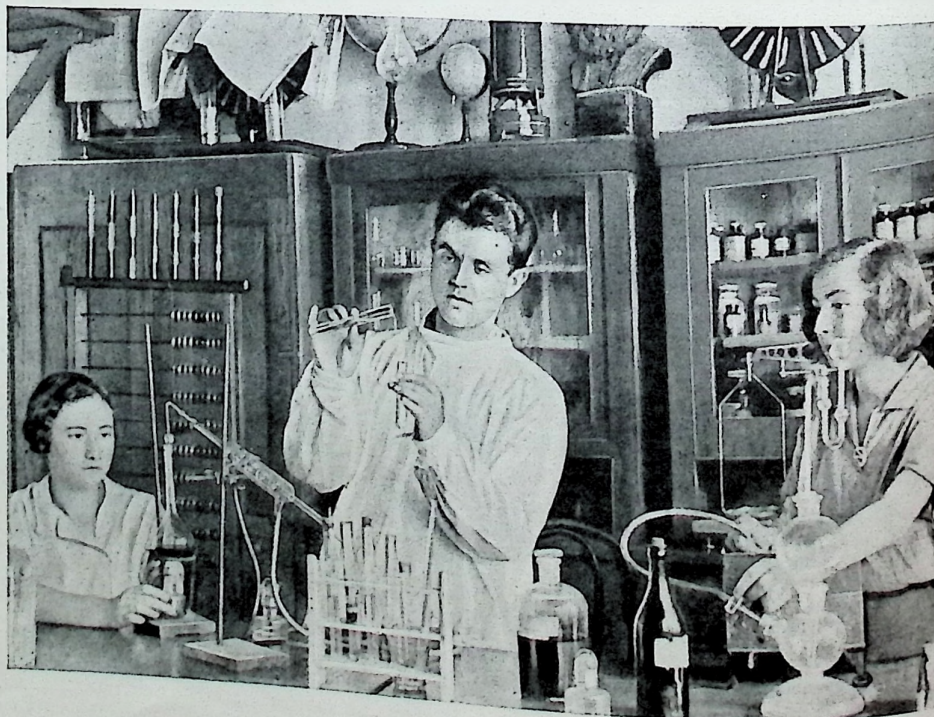
In the Soviet Union an insult on the national feelings of anyone is not regarded as a personal matter between individual citizens. Chauvinism and anti-Semitism is regarded as a sign of counter-revolutionary sentiments, which indeed it is. Chauvinism is always a cover for the conscious, but impotent, malice of the class enemy of Socialism, who by old habit always looks upon the Jew as a defenseless target. And thus, in defense of an insulted Jew, at once rises Soviet public opinion. The Soviet Government rises in its gigantic stature and treats the offence as one committed against itself. And woe to the offender in such a case!

* * *

On one of the collective farms of Stalindorf I unexpectedly came across Yukhtman, an old townsman of mine. Before the Revolution the Yukhtman family lived on Gryaznaya Ulitsa (Dirty Street), as one of the streets was called in our dirty little town. His father was a funeral attendant. Even in our poverty-stricken town this family was considered poor. What a number of trades Yukhtman tried his hand at! He was shoemaker, tailor, funeral attendant. . . . It seemed to him that fortune had at last smiled upon him when a local rich man employed him at his flour mill. Later on, Yukhtman became an old clothes dealer. He would buy up old rags, wash them, fix them and take them to market.

I remember how he was robbed during a pogrom. He went about and wailed:

(Continued on page 33)



Study hour in a Biroblian technical school

NEW WINTER SPORTS RESORTS

By Honored Master of Sport J. D. PANKOV

Situated beyond the Arctic Circle in the heart of the taiga of the Kola Peninsula, emerald lakes and precipitous mountains, is the town of Kirovsk. Founded a few years ago on the initiative of S. M. Kirov in what was then a wild and uninhabited spot, this town is today the center of the Soviet Union's apatite industry.

Kirovsk is more than an important industrial town, however, to the Soviet athlete. Its long winter with abundant snow, mountainous relief and soft, salubrious climate (due to the Gulf Stream, which flows along the Murman coast) make it ideal for winter sports. The country's best skiers come here regularly, attracted by the possibility of beginning training in autumn and of appearing in meets as late as the end of April.

The skiing station lies at a distance of some two miles from the town, with which it is connected by bus service. A fantastic chain of low but wild, snow-clad mountains—the highest point is 4,100 feet—encircles a valley of lakes and plains. Sturdy firs, tall pines and dwarf birches grow in the valley and on the slopes of the mountains where reindeer roamed and brown bears had their dens but three years ago.

These mountains might have been fashioned just for skiing. An excellent run for training purposes exists between the two large mountains of Vudyavchorr and Aikuavchorr. For a stretch of two miles, there is a steady descent from one mountain followed by a corresponding rise to the other. Steep descents and level sections, full of unexpected bends, replace one another in turn on the mountain slopes, as though meant for slaloming. Every day it seems to the skier as though he is on an entirely new spot, for the frequent snowfall regularly covers the ski-furrowed slopes with a fresh carpet of white.

The sun is dazzling bright at Kirovsk. Skiers can be seen on spring days rapidly descending the mountain slopes with their torsos naked to the sparkling air.

Every year sees Kirovsk progressing as a winter sports resort. As recently as 1935, it was only visited by skiers who were prepared to reconcile themselves to any difficulty and inconvenience that they might be able to train in its ideal conditions. Two years later, and the skiers that came there to train stayed at a new, well-equipped hotel, enjoying every comfort. The town now has a fine hotel for tourists and an excellently equipped sports station, attached to which is a permanent skiing school.

The popularity that the resort has gained among sports lovers all over the country by virtue of its excellent skiing facilities, is enhanced by the meets that are regularly staged there now. The best Soviet skiers appear in these contests, making Kirovsk one of the most interesting centers of winter sports in the country. The all-Union skiing championships were conducted there last spring with great success.

Kirovsk enjoys considerable repute among Soviet skaters as well. The glittering ice of Lake Vudyavchorr provides a fine rink and excellent times have been returned by Anikanov, Lyuskin and Isakova, Soviet skating stars, in the course of meets at Kirovsk. Unfortunately, the frequent snowstorms to which the region is subject prevent the organization of staging really important skating contests.

Skaters are better served at the village of Bakuriani, a new mountain resort not far

from Borzhomi. Lying close to the tourist route which connects the Transcaucasus with the main range of the Caucasus, the village is surrounded by blue mountains clad in gowns of beautiful Alpine vegetation.

Bakuriani possesses excellent facilities for a resort. The valley is dotted with tourist hotels, sanatoriums, restaurants and pavilions. Sulphur springs of medicinal value exist in the nearby village of Tsagveri, attracting many vacationers. Athletic meets here—field and track in the summer and skiing and skating in the winter—are always attended by huge crowds of spectators.

Skiing is only possible at Bakuriani, however, during the first two winter months; later, the snow begins to harden and set in furrows. It is then that skating comes into its own. The crystal-like ice of the neighboring lakes is very strong, melting only beneath the hot rays of a real spring sun.

* * *

Kirovsk and Bakuriani are only the most popular, not the sole mountain resorts of the Soviet Land. The All-Union Physical Culture and Sports Committee has considerable construction work under way at Zlatoust, Monchegorsk and many other places. Lying, like Kirovsk, on the Kola Peninsula, Monchegorsk may become an even better resort than the former. Snowstorms are considerably less common there, while natural surroundings are amazingly beautiful.

Investigation of other districts and points in the Caucasus, the Urals, the Altai and the Pamirs with a view to the establishment of more mountain resorts and winter sports stations is planned by the committee. The best mountainous regions of the Soviet Land will thus be embraced in a chain of resorts.

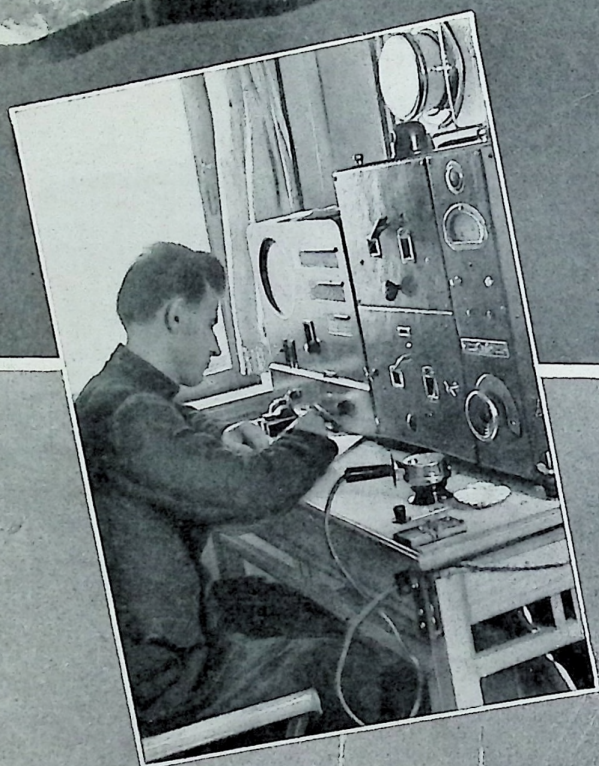


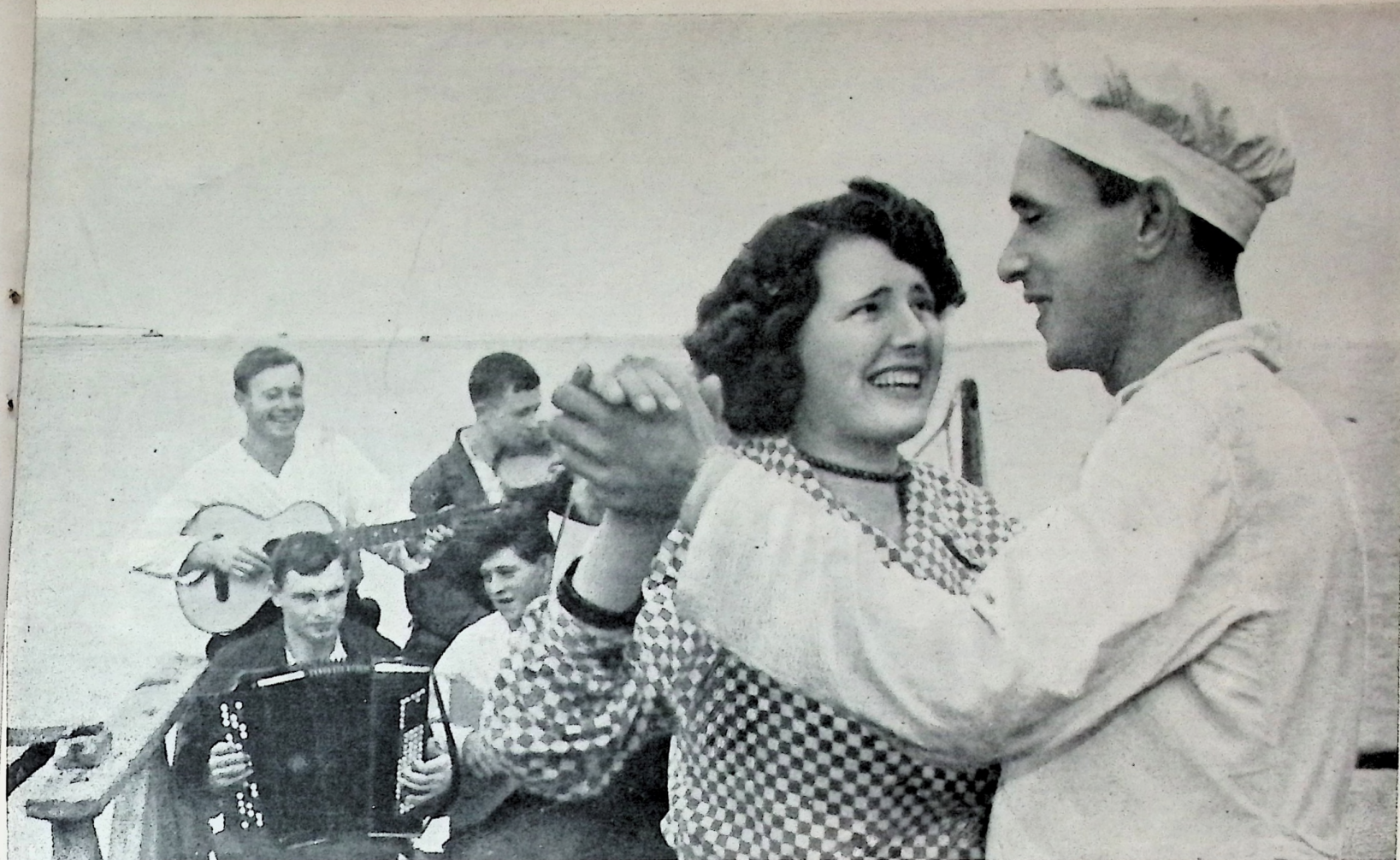
Snow and sunshine spell bliss to the skier

FISHERS

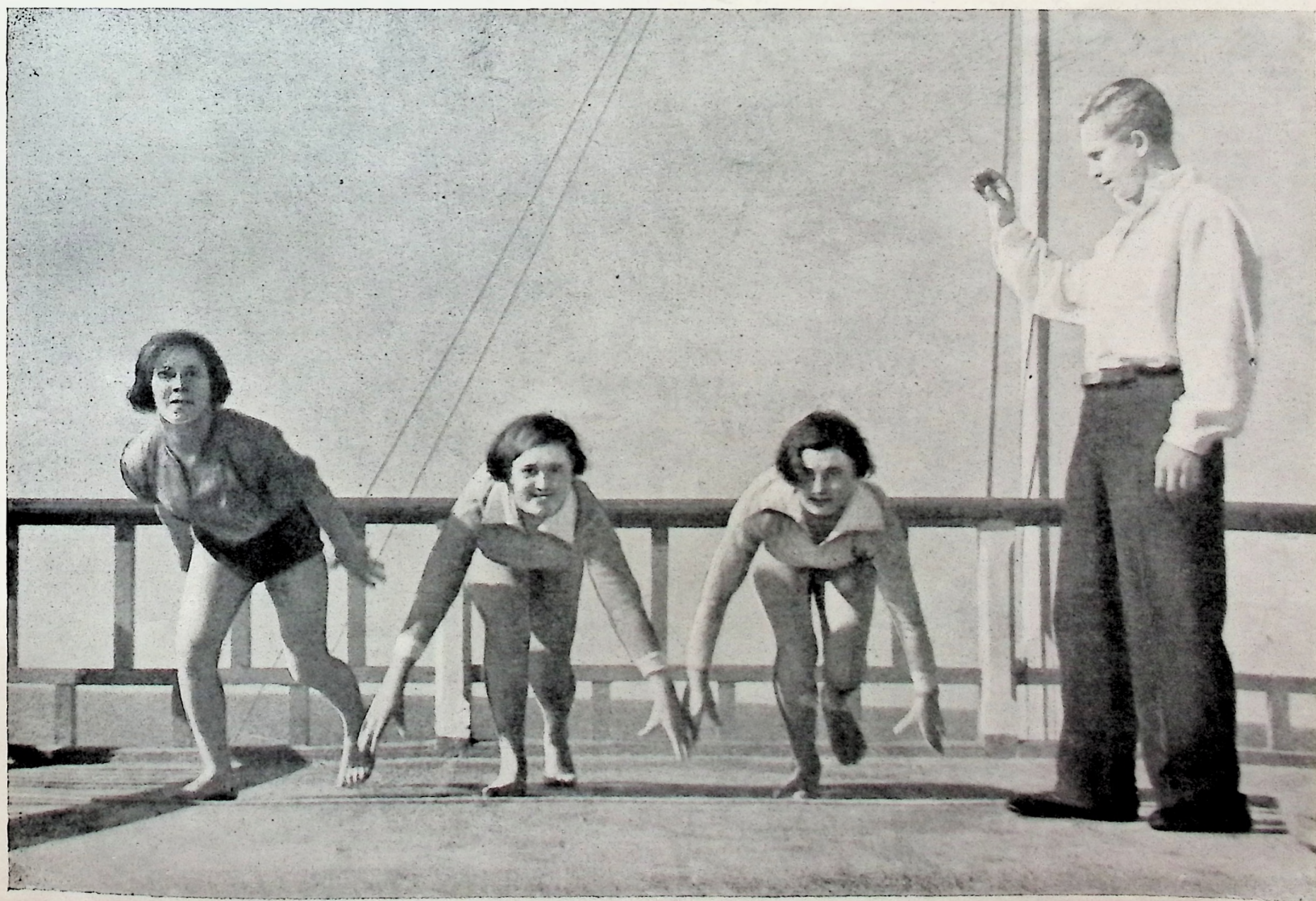
Photos by S. SHIMANSKY

An idea of the life, the work and play, of a Soviet floating fishery can be gleaned from the photographs on these pages. At left is the pennant of the fishing fleet that cruises the Caspian Sea. Inset is the radio-operator who has plenty to do during fishing time. He takes and sends out radiograms giving reports on the weather and location of schools of fish, and hooks up the fishing administration with the vessels and the latter with each other. Below is Floating Fishery No. 8



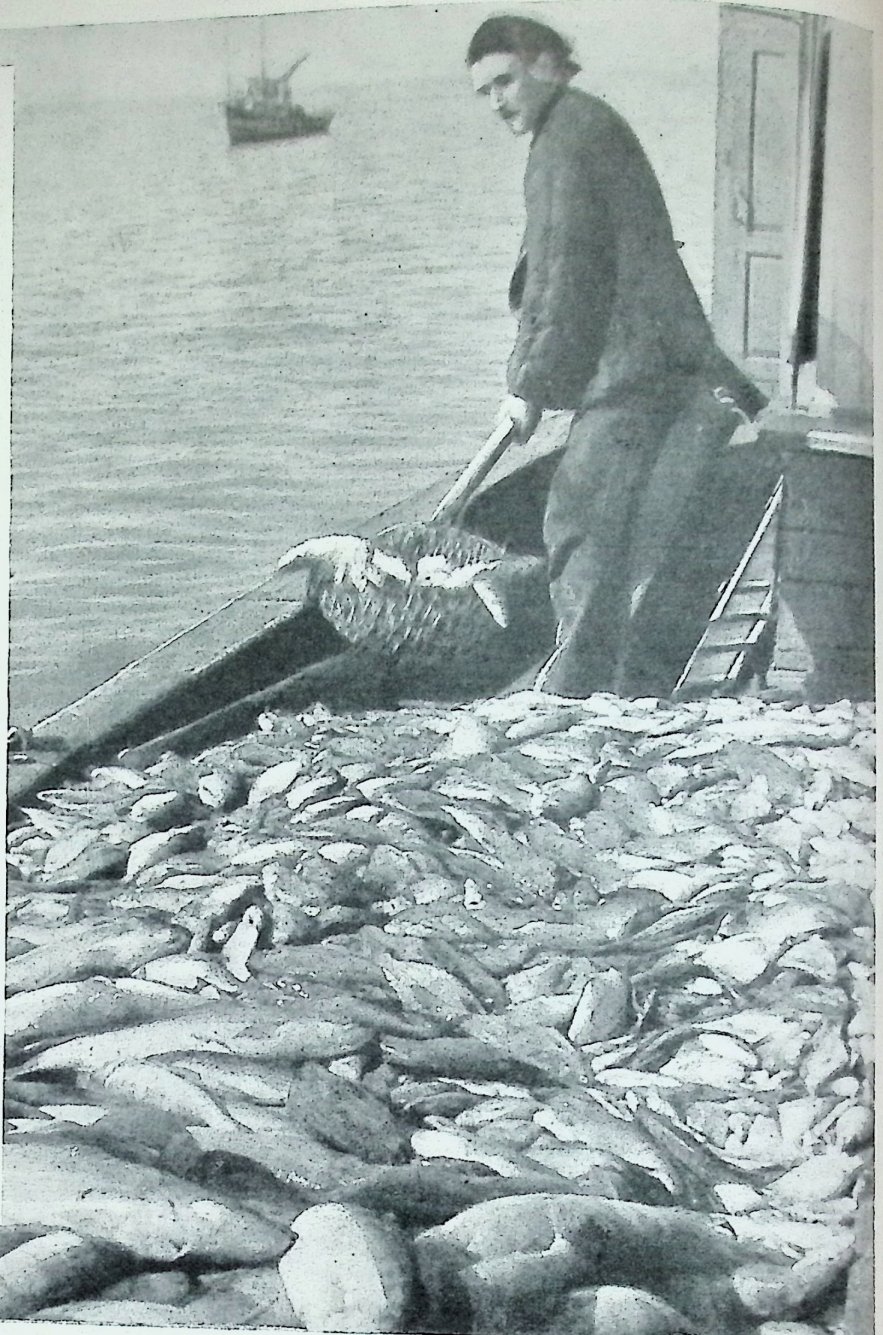


Above are the members of Floating Fishery No. 8 after work hours. Stakhanovite fish cutter Anya Oreshkina and Nikolai Tairov, the cook, are enjoying themselves immensely dancing to the strains of accordion, guitar and violin. Below are members of the floating refrigerator of the Volga-Caspian Sea fishing administration passing their "Ready for Labor and Defense" tests





Above is Stakhanovite fisher Alexandra Kuznetsova who was elected deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR from the city of Astrakhan



Above is a catch that was brought to Floating Fishery No. 8



Left: These smiling girls make up the women's fishing brigade of the Olya Collective Farm on the Volga

Georgian Literature Today

By SHALVA DADIANI

Shalva Dadiani has won fame not only as an actor and regisseur, but also as an outstanding playwright. He first went on the stage of the Georgian theater when still a youth of 18 years, and in 1911 he formed a troupe in which he simultaneously performed the duties of regisseur, make-up man, decorator and playwright. His troupe mainly appeared in working class districts, at oil fields and before audiences of dockers. In 1937 he was elected deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, and recently was awarded the Order of Lenin for his services in the development of Georgian literature.

In all its history stretching back through the ages, Georgian culture has never known such a renaissance as it has experienced in recent years. Hoary Georgia has changed beyond recognition in the 18 years of Soviet power there, which have greatly broadened the horizons of its culture, literature and art. Our rejuvenated and joyful country has awakened to life the long-fettered creative powers of the people; they are building up new cultural values, enriching Georgian science, technique, literature and art.

Russian literature, the works of such great Russian writers and democrats as Belinsky, Herzen, Chernyshevsky and Dobrolyubov, strongly influenced the works of our greatest poets and writers in the second half of the 19th century. Our classic writers like Ilya Chavchavadze, Akaki Tsereteli, Nikolai Nikoladze and others in their very earliest productions began to preach a struggle for the national and cultural renaissance of our country. Georgian literature and art gradually freed themselves from the influence of the Mohammedan East and drew nearer to Russian and western European trends.

The stagnation in public life resulting from the triumph of the reaction after the Revolution of 1905 left its impression on Georgian literature and art as well. Even the best of the noble and bourgeois intelligentsia turned away from their liberal and progressive principles, frightened by the stern force of the working class, the power of which had been very evident in the memorable days of that revolution.

But Georgia's literature and art were to experience their worst time in the period of Menshevik rule which came to an end in 1921. The "national renaissance" so pompously proclaimed by the Mensheviks proved to be a lying slogan to cover up their wretched ideas. In the dark days of tsarism 57 per cent of the expenditures for local administration went for the upkeep of the police force and only four per cent to popular education; in the "democratic heaven" under the Mensheviks things were no better. On the contrary, the Mensheviks upset the already weak economy of the country, betrayed the interests of the Georgian people and bartered with their freedom. Under their rule literature and art were paralyzed.

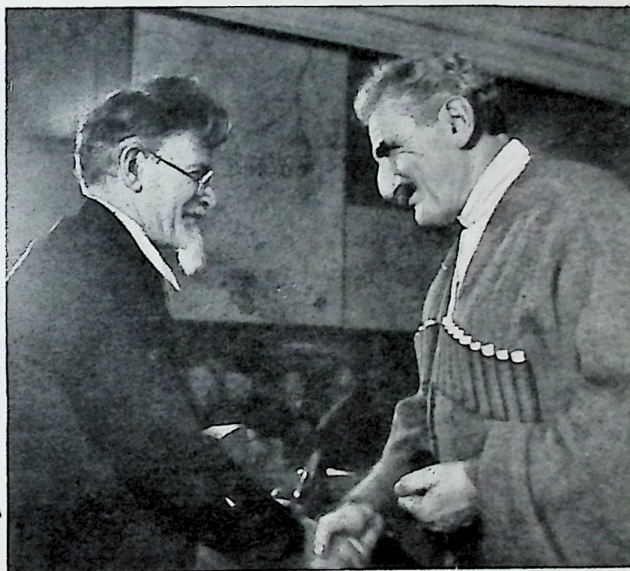
But in Soviet Georgia, the country's culture has come to gorgeous flower, as its industry, agriculture and public life.

In my literary career of 45 years, I have written more than 40 plays, but if there is anything of value in my creative work, then it is exclusively the product of the Soviet years.

I have always avoided objectless estheticism in my literary works and theatrical productions, and tried to give a truthful picture of reality. My early works described society under the autocracy and the oppression of landlords and tsarist officials. Under the tsarist censorship there was, of course, no ques-

tion of freedom of speech and I was repeatedly forced to use allegories and "veiled" situations. For instance, in an early play of mine, *The Grotto*, I attempted to give a picture of the black reaction as of a dark grotto and to draw a composite portrait of the revolutionary vanguard of the toiling people in the person of the worker Pitskhel.

In my drama, *In Time of Feast*, I tried to



Shalva Dadiani is congratulated by M. I. Kalinin, Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, upon receiving the Order of Lenin

bring to the stage a landlord drunk with triumph after the defeat of the 1905 Revolution and a worker, who encourages the peasantry. Two other works of mine—the play *People of Yesterday*, stressing the decay of the feudal estate, and the historical novel called *Varami* after its hero, which I based on 12th century material—both pursued the same purpose: to brand the infamous policy of tsarism, which had resorted to the Georgian princes and nobility for aid in strangling the Georgian people.

At present as deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, I have to make frequent trips on matters connected with this work of mine. Nevertheless, though I cannot devote myself wholly to literature, I certainly cannot say that my work as deputy "hinders" my creative work. On the contrary, it furnishes me with a wealth of new impressions and brings me still closer to the people—and this cannot but have a most beneficial effect on anyone's creative work.

I have now completed the first part of a long historical novel, *The Horde*, where I have given a detailed account of the uprising of the Mingrelia peasants in 1357 against the feudal lords and the monarchy. The leader

of that uprising was a blacksmith, Utu Mikava. I have had the good fortune to speak with many of the participants of the insurrection.

My latest play, *From the Spark*, which is now current in the majority of Georgia's theaters, is an attempt to depict the heroic struggle of the working class in Georgia at the beginning of the 20th century. It was with profound emotion that I set to work on this drama, one of whose characters is Stalin as a youth, when he was founding the first Bolshevik organizations in the Transcaucasus.

At present I am working on a monograph devoted to Lado Ketskovel, who was one of Stalin's closest comrades-in-arms and worked with him in underground revolutionary organizations. Lado was one of those professional revolutionaries who prepared the way for the Great October Socialist Revolution. Hounded by the police, he was skillful in eluding their clutches. Once, very well dressed, he was on his way to a train, carrying with him a small suitcase full of type used in printing revolutionary proclamations, which were illegal in those days. He was stopped on the way by a gendarme, who suspected that he was the wanted revolutionary. Lado, not losing his presence of mind, gave the gendarme a slap and, swearing loudly, rebuked the officer in stentorian tones for daring to accost him. The gendarme was thunderstruck, saluted and asked pardon of "his excellency."

"Just like a general," the gendarme said afterward. "No one but a general ever dared to box my ears."

Lado in lordly fashion handed the gendarme the case with the type and directed him to carry it into the railway car for him. Later, nevertheless, Ketskovel fell into the clutches of the police and was treacherously murdered in a Tbilisi prison.

Among the Georgian writers, playwrights and poets recently awarded Orders by the Soviet Government for distinguished service to literature, Honored Worker of Art Sandro Shanshiashvili is outstanding. He is the author of *Arsen*, a play about a popular uprising which had great success in Georgia and others parts of the Soviet Union. His new play *Poladauri* deals with collective farm life. A veteran and acknowledged master of language Shanshiashvili in this play vividly portrays the new people of the collective farm, the Stakhanovites of the fields and the new youth, members of the Young Communist League. He is at present engaged on a historical play devoted to Georgi Saakadze, Georgian popular hero of the end of the 16th and the beginning of the 17th centuries.

Two poets awarded Orders are Ilya Mosashvili, deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Georgian SSR, and Alio Mashaishvili. Their recent works include songs and lyric poems on the fatherland, the friendship of the peoples, the new man, Soviet woman, aviators and border guards. Both these young writers are inspired with one idea—to portray the heroic everyday life of our times in striking and truthful imagery.

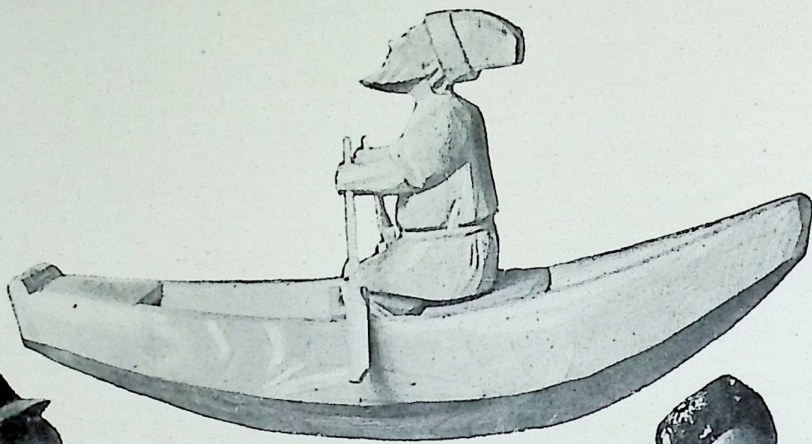
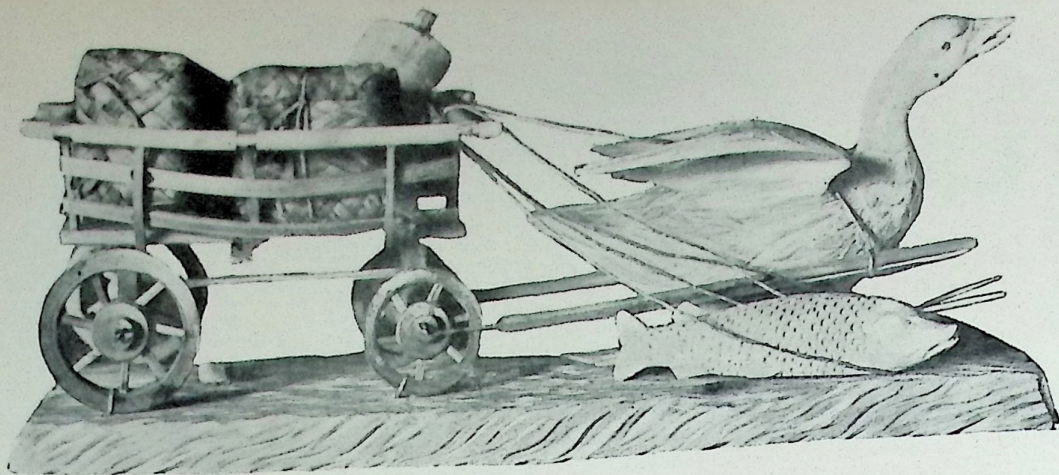
Two recent novels, *Gradi Bigva* by Leo Kiacheli and *Leto* by Alexander Cheishvili, draw a happy picture of collective farm life. Both authors are characterized by the sharp vision of the true artist which selects what is most essential, profound and striking. Their characters are well-rounded and convincing.

Alexander Kutateli has just finished his book, *Face to Face*, dealing with the illegal activities of the Bolsheviks when the Mensheviks were in power. This is an instructive production which fills a distinct want, particularly for the younger generation, who do not know what titanic work was done by the Bolsheviks during the Menshevik "reign."

One might go on; I have by no means listed all the literary productions that 1935 has brought to Georgian culture. But enough has no doubt been said to indicate how our literature is flourishing more and more under the Soviet system.

CARVED TOYS

By A. SEVERNY



In the village of Bogorodskoye, noted for its carved wooden toys, they relate an interesting legend about the birth of this art. It seems, the legend has it, that about 150 years ago a certain Bogorodskoye peasant went off to the forest in search of firewood. He came across an unusual tree, in the shape of a human figure. The peasant chopped it down, planed and painted it so that it resembled a human being even more, and took it to the city, where he sold it to a merchant. The merchant set it up outside his shop and not long after sold it to a foreigner for thrice the price he had paid. An enterprising fellow, the merchant gave the peasant an order for a whole series of such carved figures and it was not long before many other Bogorodskoye peasants followed the example of their fellow-villager.

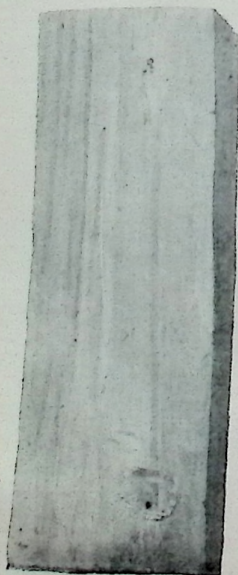
Such is the legend, for whose authenticity, however, we cannot vouch. However that may be, the art of wood carving actually does flourish in Bogorodskoye and has been handed down from father to son. There are many such "carver families," among which are the Chushkins, the Bobrovkings and the Stulovs.

Hundreds of wood carvers are to be found in Bogorodskoye and great attention is paid to their art (and this is truly an art, not a plain trade). In the city of Zagorsk, not far from Bogorodskoye, there is a Toy Institute, one of whose activities is the study of these carved wooden toys. It has a permanent exhibition of various models and styles of toys. The staff of this institute aids the Bogorodskoye carvers in improving their technique. And it must be said that great skill has been attained in this craft.

The carvers usually work from models, in which wittiness is combined with simplicity of form. All the processes of their work have been so carefully worked out that in each stage, from the chunk of wood to the finished product, toys made from one model resemble one another.

The Bogorodskoye wood carvers use a great variety of themes. Most popular are industrial subjects, and toys on the life of the peasants. The carvers love to picture scenes from folk tales and fables and their toys very often develop, enlarge and enrich these stories.

Of late these master toy carvers have been specializing in Civil War themes. Many of their toys are about the Red Army and the beloved heroes of the Soviet people, Chapayev in particular.



Prosperous Countryside

(Continued from page 7)

times. It is characteristic that orders among those of cooperatives predominate for high quality goods.

Public catering is developing rapidly in rural districts. The cooperatives controlled already thousands of restaurants, cafes and tearooms in the villages at the beginning of last year.

The Central Association of Consumers' Societies plans to enlarge the existing network of catering establishments, which is to be more than doubled by the beginning of 1943.

Cooperative bread baking is increasing in rural areas. Seventy million rubles were spent by the cooperatives during the Second Five-Year Plan for building bakeries in villages, which produced products to the value of 5,000 million rubles last year. The output of bread made from the highest grades of wheat flour has increased particularly by 70.1%. The number of bakeries, especially those producing bread products from the highest grades of wheat flour, is to be increased considerably. Forty seven million rubles will be invested in building and equipping 675 new bakeries.

Big tasks face the consumers cooperatives during the Third Five-Year Plan. The Presidium of the Central Association of Consumers' Societies plans to increase retail sales of the cooperatives to 58,000 million rubles in 1942, that is, to double the turnover during the course of the five years. The increase in sales is to be still greater in the case of many industrial commodities, such as knitgoods, footwear, and soap, a fourfold increase is planned for the furniture sales, while the increase for sports, musical and other such commodities is to be threefold.

The cooperatives are to build 53,000 large and small stores and 20,000 booths and stands in the villages during the Third Five-Year plan.

Such a considerable extension of the trading chain of the cooperatives and of their sales requires a large increase in personnel, which is drawn mainly from the collective farm village. Good trading workers and splendid organizers and public workers, many of them women, come from the collective farms. Closely connected with the village, these people display great initiative in serving the consumers.

Last spring, for example, a consumers' society in Saratov Province challenged other societies to Socialist emulation in serving the collective farmers in the fields during sowing. These cooperators' initiative met with a wide response all over the Soviet Union. Mobile stores and buffets as well as salesmen appeared on the fields. These were followed by mobile workshops for repairing clothes and footwear. This service for collective farmers during field work will be renewed this year.

The number of educational establishments training qualified workers for the cooperatives is increasing.

Recent months have seen a further improvement in the work of the consumers' cooperatives as a result of extensive Socialist emulation launched in honor of the 18th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Another factor in this improvement has been the recent elections of the boards of directors and auditing commissions of village consumers' societies and their district associations. Preceded by a thorough discussion of candidates, these elections, which were conducted by secret ballot, enabled shareholders to select the most capable and trustworthy workers for the leading organs of the consumers' cooperative societies.



Above: Bright are the materials that are sold in the village store at the Budyonny Collective Farm (Uzbek SSR) and wide the choice of products to be had. Below are collective farmers of the Peremoga Collective Farm buying things right out in the field where a special store was set up for them by the Balakleyevo District Cooperatives (Kharkov Province)



M. Saltykov-Shchedrin

(Continued from page 3)

In the 80's, with the advent of reaction, which literally began rooting out every manifestation of free thought, hard times began for Saltykov. For was there anything that the tsarist agents did not find fault with; was there any place that they did not see signs of rebellion!

Thus the police department found "offence to his majesty" in Saltykov's sketch, *Contemporary Idylls*, a story about the Zulus.

Continuous persecution made Saltykov desperate. The sick writer felt the noose tightening round the neck of his beloved child—his magazine. "Believe it or not," he wrote to a friend, "I sincerely state that the best thing now would be to die." And the shock came in April 1884. At the suggestion of the police department, the *Chronicles of Our Country* was suppressed. It

was unbearably hard for Saltykov to lose his beloved work. Not only the writer's works, but his very name was officially declared a disgrace. Some editors were permitted to publish magazines on condition that Saltykov did not appear in them. Despite it all, the great satirist did not lay down his pen. He continued working, literally, up to the last moment of his life.

Fifty years ago, on May 10, 1839, Saltykov breathed his last. On May 14, an enormous mass of people followed the coffin to the writer's final resting place.

Saltykov-Shchedrin's literary activity lasted 40 years. His great literary legacy is only now, after the Great Socialist Revolution, becoming accessible to the entire people.

NOTABLE DATES

By Y. SHUR



Alexander Herzen, bas relief by J. Talyantsev

APRIL 6, 1812. Alexander Herzen, famous Russian writer, publicist and political figure, was born. At the age of 17 he matriculated at Moscow University. Here he founded and became the leader of a group of revolutionary-minded students.

In 1834, not long after his graduation from the university, Herzen was arrested, imprisoned, and exiled for three years. On his return to Moscow he entered on a journalistic career, which was interrupted by another year in exile.

The year 1842 found Herzen publishing a series of philosophical articles and literary works, among them, *Who Is to Blame*, and *Doctor Krupov*. In these he pictured with great realism the inhuman existence of the serfs, their oppression, poverty and unbearable labor, and the shallow, parasitic life of the landlords and their cruelty.

Herzen went abroad in 1847, never to return. It was in London in 1853 that he founded the Free Russian Press which at first printed revolutionary proclamations and then issued the *Polyarnaya Zvezda* (Polar Star) and the famous *Kolokol* (The Bell). These publications were an important factor in the development of Russian political and social thought.

The *Kolokol* exposed the despotism and abuses of the tsarist officials and the unlimited arbitrariness of the serf-owners, demanding freedom of speech and the abolition of serfdom. Although the tsarist government attempted to prevent the distribution of the *Kolokol* in Russia, it had a fairly wide circulation. Herzen's articles aroused and inspired the public by their profound sincerity and burning

love for the enslaved people. He became the guiding beacon of the revolutionary youth and, as Lenin said, he played "a great role in the preparation of the Russian revolution."

In 1853, Herzen began to publish his famous memoirs, *The Past and Thoughts*, chronicle of his private life and the social events of his time. This work is a passionate revolutionary outcry against autocratic, feudal, tsarist Russia and the reactionary west-European bourgeoisie.

The keen character-delineation and deep ideological content of Herzen's writing places him among the great in Russian literature and Lenin called him "the forerunner of Russian Social-Democracy."



Alexander Ostrovsky, water color by Bidel

APRIL 12, 1823. Alexander Ostrovsky, great Russian playwright, was born.

His very first play, *It's All in the Family*, written in 1849, which keenly and realistically depicted a swindling wealthy merchant, gained him wide popularity. Characteristic of the times is the fact that the play was banned by the tsarist censorship and the author was put under police surveillance for his daring exposure of the "shady sides" of Russian life.

Nevertheless, in his following plays, *At the Roadside Inn*, *Storm* and many others, Ostrovsky continued mercilessly to expose the rapacious aims of the merchant bourgeoisie, which greedily amassed its wealth by deception, great and petty trick-

ery and by bare-faced and hidden cheating.

His plays reveal the innermost features of the social and family relations of the merchant class. He shows their baseness and insolence, their disgusting hypocrisy, religious bigotry and savage arbitrariness and despotism in dealing with their subordinates.

Ostrovsky depicts with profound realism also the corrupt, bribe-taking officials (*Profitable Job*), the feudal customs of the landlords (*Fosterling*), and mocks at the idle and spendthrift sons of the landowners, who run after brides with large dowries (*Forest, Wolves and Sheep*). On the other hand he displays great sympathy for the obscure but conscientious toilers and helpless victims of the landlord's despotism.

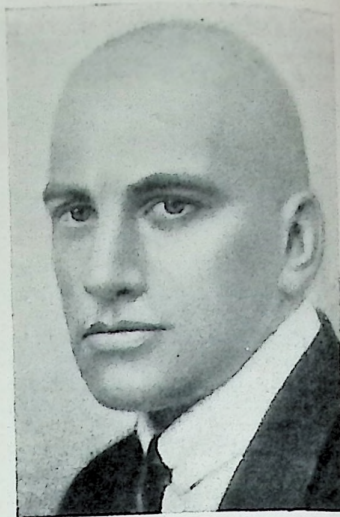
Ostrovsky's dramas and comedies, of which there are approximately fifty, have played a tremendous role in the development of the Russian theater and to this day enjoy great success among Soviet audiences.

APRIL 14, 1930. Vladimir Mayakovsky, most talented of the Soviet poets, died. While still a youngster, Mayakovsky took an active part in the underground work of the Bolshevik Party, was arrested twice and sat in prison for a year. Upon his release, he gave himself up entirely to art: at first to painting and then to poetry.

His first major works already voiced a resolute protest against the hypocrisy of bourgeois customs, its decadent culture and the fetters of religion, which debased man and reduced his individuality to nil. The protest of the millions of the people against the World War is expressed with tremendous force in his poem *War and Peace*, written in 1916.

Mayakovsky greeted the Great Socialist Revolution with exultation. New ideas and new characters imbued his work from that time on. His poem *Lenin* (1924) is one of the finest literary portraits of the great leader of the world proletariat. Buoyancy of spirit and faith in the complete victory of Socialism are felt in every line of his poem, *Good*, written on the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the Great Socialist Revolution.

Aside from these works, Mayakovsky wrote the plays *The Bathhouse* and *The Bedbug* and hundreds of other poems, all of which are intrinsically bound up with the affairs and needs of the country: they called to the struggle against Denikin and Wrangel, the whiteguard



Vladimir Mayakovsky

counter-revolutionary generals; they branded the petty parasites of the Revolution—deserters and profiteers—with shame, and they exposed the rapacious aims of the interventionists.

His great talent wholeheartedly served the Revolution and his work had a tremendous influence not only on Soviet poetry but on that of other countries as well. He created a new poetic form, technique and language and founded a new social and political lyric poetry which expressed the sentiments, hopes and aims of the masses of the people struggling for Socialism.

APRIL 16, 1917. Lenin returns to Russia after a long period of exile. He always found it hard to live far from his native land, especially so after the revolution in February 1917, for the great leader of the working class was impatient to return to Russia in order directly to lead the revolutionary struggle of the proletariat and the toiling peasantry. It was with great difficulty that Lenin managed to make his way through war-engulfed Europe; leaving Zurich on April 9, he arrived in Petrograd late in the night of April 16 (April 3, old style).

Thousands of workers, soldiers and sailors crowded the Finland Railway Station and the adjoining square on his arrival. The people, seized with indescribable enthusiasm, lifted Lenin onto their shoulders and carried him into the main waiting room of the station.

Standing on an armored car on the square in front of the station, Lenin delivered his historical speech in which he called upon the masses to fight for the victory of the Socialist revolution.

On the following day, Lenin made a report on the war and the revolution at a meeting of Bolsheviks and later repeated the theses of his report at a meeting attended by Mensheviks as well as Bolsheviks.

These were Lenin's famous April Theses, which were of

tremendous significance for the revolution and gave the Bolshevik Party and the proletariat a clear revolutionary line for the transition from the bourgeois to the Socialist revolution. The measures Lenin proposed as necessary during the transition period in the economic sphere were: the nationalization of all the land in the country and the confiscation of the estates of the landlords; the amalgamation of all the banks into one national bank to be controlled by the Soviet of Workers' Deputies, and the establishment of control over the social production and distribution of products.

history as one of the bloodiest crimes of the tsarist autocracy, takes place.

By 1912 the Lena Goldfields Company had a complete monopoly on the goldfields along the Lena River, which brought in an annual profit of over seven million rubles. The owners of the mines inhumanly exploited their workers, among whom were children and women, feeding them spoiled food and housing them in unheated barracks. The intolerable conditions provoked a strike in which some 6,000 workers took part.

When the unarmed crowd of miners peacefully went to the managers to present their de-



The Lena Massacre of 1912

Photo by Fishman and Loskutov

for the liberation of the people from tsarism. The country was on the path to a new revolution.

valuable aid to the successful Red Army offensive. At the end of October Kolchak suffered a smashing defeat at Petropavlovsk; in November the Red Army took Omsk, Kolchak's capital, and in December his army was completely routed.

APRIL 22, 1919. The Red Army launches a successful drive on the Eastern Front against Kolchak's army, the main counter-revolutionary force at that time. Proclaimed "the supreme ruler of Russia," after the upheaval wrought by the military with the active support of the interventionists, Kolchak had captured Perm at the end of December 1918 and had attempted to break through the Soviet lines in order to join the interventionist and Russian white-guard troops in Archangel. The Red Army offensive in January 1919 prevented the realization of this plan. Thanks to increased support by the interventionists, however, Kolchak's army began a new drive in March.

APRIL 27, 1915. Alexander Scriabin, prominent Russian composer, died.

His very first compositions for the piano attracted wide attention, and especially when performed by himself. He appeared frequently at concerts both in Russia and abroad. Between 1898 and 1904, when he was professor at the Moscow Conservatory of Music, Scriabin composed two symphonies in addition to numerous pieces for the piano.

Among his major works are his *Third Symphony*, *Poem of Ecstasy* and *Prometheus*, in addition to symphonies and a great number of compositions for the piano, including 10 sonatas.

The composer's Moscow apartment is now a museum, which has a large collection of his letters, autographs, portraits and other material relating to his life and work.

Breaking through the Soviet lines at Ufa on March 13 and capturing a number of cities, Kolchak moved on Kazan and Samara (now Kuibyshev), intending to join Denikin's army in the southern Volga district.

Kolchak's victories were a serious threat to the young Soviet republic. At this tense moment the Communist Party mobilized all the Communists, workers and toiling peasants in the zone adjacent to the front. The talented strategist Frunze was appointed commander of the southern sector of the Eastern Front. Here he concentrated a mighty fighting force and on April 25, 1919, dealt a crushing blow to Kolchak's army at Buguruslan.

The Red Army followed up this victory by a determined offensive all along the Eastern Front. A series of powerful and decisive attacks forced Kolchak to retreat to the Kama and Chusovaya rivers, and the subsequent offensive in July, when the Red Army took Zlatoust, Yekaterinburg (now Sverdlovsk) and Chelyabinsk, drove Kolchak's army beyond the Urals.

The mighty partisan movement in Siberia, which arose in the rear of the enemy, proved a



"V. I. Lenin Speaks From the Armored Car at the Finland Railway Station in Petrograd in 1917," a drawing by P. Vasilyev

In the political sphere Lenin proposed the transition from a parliamentary republic to a republic of Soviets as the most suitable form of political organization of society in the period of transition from capitalism to Socialism.

Lenin said that the task of the Party is to explain to the masses that even under the Provisional Government the war continued to be a predatory imperialist war and that it was impossible to end it by a truly democratic peace unless the bourgeoisie were overthrown.

Lenin further demanded that the Party no longer call itself Social-Democratic, since this name had been disgraced by the betrayers of Socialism. He proposed that the Bolshevik Party should be called the *Communist Party*, as Marx and Engels had named their party. Lenin also demanded the creation of a new International, the Third, Communist International, which would be free from opportunism and social-chauvinism.

APRIL 17, 1912. The Lena massacre of striking gold workers, which has gone down in

mands, an officer of the gendarmes ordered his men to open fire on them. The casualties were 270 killed and 250 wounded. The news of this crime resounded throughout the country and was the signal for mass strikes and demonstrations.

The revolutionary movement in Russia, which had entered a new period of rise already in 1911, now, after the Lena events, developed at a furious pace. The barbaric exploitation of the workers and the unbearable police regime made each serious strike assume a political character. The interweaving of economic and political struggle, in turn, lent the mass strikes an especial revolutionary significance. In place of the 100,000 workers who went on strike in 1911, there were more than a million strikers in 1912 and in the first half of 1914 about a million and a half. The revolutionary upsurge of the proletariat drew the peasant masses into the struggle; a revolutionary movement began in the army and navy.

The revolutionary strike movement and demonstrations led by the Bolshevik Party showed that the working class was fighting not only for the satisfaction of separate demands but



Alexander Scriabin

Temporary Associations

(Continued from page 18)

is not normal. The scientist asks them to come on free day. They come in the morning, mount the stairs to the laboratory. They allow themselves to be strapped to the apparatus, and are ready to sit quiet as long as they are told. On this day their basal metabolism is normal. They are taken to the next floor, to the shops which are closed that day. The idle shops do not influence their basal metabolism.

There can be but one conclusion: the cerebral cortex has an influence on basal metabolism.

* * *

News of these experiments traveled throughout the country, was heard abroad, but it was regarded everywhere with distrust. Changes in basal metabolism under the influence of temporary associations seemed inconceivable — just the error of an unsuccessful physiologist. The influence of the cortex on certain organs was noticed long ago in clinical observations, but no one agreed that the brain could influence the respiration of the cells of the organism, regulate their consumption of oxygen. The theory of oxidation processes had its own foundations and ideas that were tested by time. Basal metabolism is a strictly autonomous function of the respiratory mechanism. The oxidation processes, so was it asserted in the canons of science, are a constant magnitude depending strictly upon the weight, age, height of men and upon their environment. The idea that the inhalation of oxygen and exhaling of carbon dioxide could be doubled or tripled at will, seemed absurd.

The experiments were transferred from man to animals.

The experiment was as simple as all of Pavlov's methods. The animal was given a subdermal injection of thyroxine, an extract of the thyroid gland which intensifies the basal metabolism of the organism. Its influence lasts about six days. The inhalation of oxygen and exhalation of carbon dioxide increases in waves and then gradually falls to normal. The dog was given an injection of thyroxine five times. On the sixth, instead of the thyroid extract, the animal was administered a physiologic solution which has no effect on basal metabolism. The harmless salt solution accomplished the same thing as thyroxine. It intensified the basal metabolism for several days, even preserving the wave-like nature of the increase. Again and again the dog was injected with the physiologic solution and each time the result was the same. The mere surroundings under which the experiment was conducted, the preparations and the injection became conditioned stimuli forming a temporary association in the cerebral cortex (brain).

The injection of thyroxine was accompanied by a new detail. The curtains of the laboratory windows were drawn and electric light was switched on. On the fifth combination of artificial light and the injections, the very act of drawing the curtains and switching on the light had the same influence on the organism as the injection of the thyroid extract. When the consumption of oxygen returned to normal, the darkening of the laboratory and the switching on of the electric light again increased basal metabolism for several days.

The animal's organism reacted in the same way as the human.

* * *

Chance performed an operation on man which for a long time was unsuccessful on animals. A healthy man was crippled in a trolley car accident: a loop of the small

intestines protruded from an open wound which would not heal. The experimenter could watch the movement of the intestines, their contraction and rhythm. A truly Pavlov method was applied to man: a "window" deep into the body.

Bykov studied the patient thoroughly. His method was extremely simple. He talked to the patient, and in addition to the verbal answer, he also had the answer of the intestine as registered on an apparatus. The conversations were approximately of the following nature.

Scientist: I was told that you like chicken broth, is that so?

Patient: Yes, of course. Broth is very good.

Scientist: And what would you say if we brought you a plate at once?

Patient: I could eat a plate of it right now.

The registering pen in the apparatus shot upward, the small intestines confirmed their readiness to consume food.

Scientist: I have ordered broth for you. In a minute you will have an excellent turkey broth. Permit me to set the table for you in the meantime.

The curve on the apparatus was still climbing upward. The peristalsis of the intestine intensified.

Scientist: Your broth will have vegetables... fresh, tasty vegetables... Before dinner we will give you an appetizer. Some vodka and herring. You like both, don't you?

The answer was superfluous; the pen on the apparatus jumped upward outlining the crest of the increasing wave. Bykov's words evoked in the cerebral cortex an immediate impulse sent to the intestinal tract.

The scientist continued the discourse on gastronomy, discussing the merits of various dishes like a culinary expert. But no food was served. The curve on the apparatus dropped and became more and more even. The loop of the intestine is again at rest.

Similarly, the description of sumptuous feasts in the pages of a novel leave us cold whereas we are stirred by the aroma of food prepared for us.

Engrossing himself in the works of all times, the scientist pondered:

"If the cortex of the brain, the organ by which we perceive the outside world, also directs the inner world of the body which we normally do not feel, how is this dual capacity of the cortex manifested? Where is the border of the conscious and the subconscious? Or possibly there are no such borders and this division is crude, not exact? Don't the internal organs, whose activity is usually in the sphere of the subconscious, become accessible to the consciousness when they are stricken by disease? Don't these sufferings push the outside world to the background? The passions and attractions of a patient with an ailment of the stomach, spleen or the liver become extinct. Favorite music, colors and flowers — everything that hitherto seemed so bright — swim in a haze, not reaching the consciousness of the sick person. In moments of despair, hardship of danger, when all the organism's forces and abilities are directed to saving the organism, the perception of the outside world is unequal, some impressions are perceived sharply, vividly stamping themselves in the memory for many years, and other impressions seem to pass by the organs of sense.

"Is it possible that consciousness, and what is usually considered subconsciousness, are one and the same phenomena differing only in intensity? A property of the cerebral

cortex, just as stimulation and inhibition? Phenomena vital to the organism are perceived clearly; others, less needed for the moment, go along a different channel 'in reserve.' Time will pass, the relations of the organism to the outside and inner world will change and an outlet to consciousness will be opened to the prisoners in the subconscious: a thought suddenly arises, an idea flashes in the mind. . . .

The scientist must test this problem by experiment.

Temporary associations were formed in a dog by the beating of a metronome and by the irrigation of the stomach with water. Both the first and the second conditioned stimuli evoke salivation — an inner preparation for the reception of food. Two signals, one from the outside world and another from the inner one, were under the control of the experimenter. It would seem that if both should be applied simultaneously the dog would respond in the same way as to each, one individually. An entirely different thing happened, however. Irrigation of the stomach with water and the beating of the metronome, which always evoke salivation when applied separately, caused confusion in the behavior of the dog when applied simultaneously. It seemed as though the forces coming from within and without clashed and entered into combat. . . . When the confusion died down, the stimuli were applied separately. Water was introduced into the dog's stomach and caused a considerable flow of saliva. On the other hand, the beating of the metronome evoked a surprisingly weak reaction. The voice from outside was drowned by the internal demands. The brain gave obvious preference to signals from the inner world.

Now some conclusions could be drawn:

The cerebral cortex — it is now clear to Bykov — is under the influence of stimuli coming from within and without. On the one hand, the outside world with its ever-changing surroundings, with its complex forms of struggle for existence to which one must react. And on the other hand, the huge economy of the inner world. The cortex is faced by two rows of facts, and the well-being of the entire organism depends upon their proper solution.

* * *

The paths along which the signals travel to the cortex, and from there, the impulses to the functioning organs, still remained unclear. Do they pass along one route — the nerves — or is there still another path — the humoral — the blood stream, lymph and glandular secretions.

Bykov removed the dog's bladder and brought the ureters to the surface. The urine was no longer accumulated in the body but flowed constantly to glass tubes attached to the ureters. From the graduations on the glass tubes the experimenter could judge of the intensity of excretion by each kidney. When water was injected into the dog's rectum, the level in the tubes rose. This process was accompanied by the blowing of a horn, forming a temporary association. The sounding of the horn acted on the animal like a diuretic.

Then the right kidney was brought to the surface. The scientist worked considerably until he succeeded in isolating it from the influence of the outside world. All nerves that could be seen were severed; the capsula of the kidney, through which the network of nerves pass was removed. The blood vessels and ureters were washed thoroughly with a carbolic acid solution. No impulses along the nerves could pass through to the organ; all roads were cut off.

Nevertheless, the right kidney, just as the left, retained temporary associations. There was only one difference between them: the left reacted to signals instantaneously, while the right was somewhat tardy. The kidney deprived of nerves acted slowly. It worked properly, new reflexes could be formed. But

it was as though the left kidney retained telegraphic communications, while the other had only postal connections.

It is believed that the exchange of water in the body — that foundation of foundations of the humoral flow — is regulated by the hypophysis. Bykov decided to inflict a serious injury to this important center, to destroy its functions and thus destroy the humoral path.

A dog was subjected to a serious operation. A ring was placed on the base of the hypophysis. Three days later experiments were renewed and the horn was sounded in the room. The left kidney responded by intensive urination, but the right kidney, previously operated upon, was absolutely quiet. It had lost its ability to respond to conditioned stimuli. When water was introduced into the rectum, the right kidney intensified the flow of urine. But it could not associate this process with conditioned stimuli. The left kidney could still form temporary associations; it was deprived of the humoral path but still retained the nerves.

There are undoubtedly two paths. Along the route upon which an impulse passes, certain products in very small quantities and

of a great stimulating power are formed. At all stations and small junctions, the heralds of the coming signal flow into the blood. Thus parallel with the telegraph — the nerves — the blood carries postal messages.

And what about the experiment with the severed head of the fish? What purpose did it serve?

Bykov decided to see the minute secretion of the nerves with his own eyes. Since this product is immediately destroyed in the blood upon performing its function, the head of the fish had to and did supply it in a pure form.

Pavlov, Bykov's famous teacher, while studying the problems of digestion, proved that the salivary glands and the stomach form temporary associations with the outside world through the cerebral cortex. The idea of the autonomy of the internal organs was shattered profoundly for the first time. "There is no independence whatever here," Pavlov said. "The paths of every nervous system must lead to the cerebral cortex."

The prognosis of the great teacher has been proven experimentally by his pupil Bykov.

Magadan

(Continued from page 10)

Besides him in striking contrast is a woodsman straight from the line. He has evidently had no time to shave. He wears a quilted wadding-lined jacket and swamp boots, and there is an odor of benzine and dust about him. He is just a little bit inclined to pose as the hardened and seasoned taiga dweller before this greenhorn.

"That's just because you're new to the place. . . . You wait till you have spent some time in the Kolyma and you'll become a "sour dough" (that's what Jack London called them) and then you'll talk different: Look, you've even got a washstand in your room!"

The Magadan hotel is a wooden structure with 50 rooms equipped with spring beds and washstands. There are four others like it accommodating several hundred people, not counting those who are waiting around until someone vacates a room.

Victrolas squawk, children romp around. Someone comes out carrying a Winchester. The telephone attached to the pitchy wall rings incessantly.

The black horns of the loudspeakers blare forth the news of the day. Next door is the restaurant (just think of it, a real honest-to-goodness restaurant) with white table cloths and orange and green lampshades. The fame of this marvel of the north has spread all over the Chukotsk Peninsula:

"You know, you can get anything you like there. . . . Fresh cucumbers and radishes and everything!"

A hardened woodsman, having changed into a new suit embellished by a tie that has not seen the light of day for many a month, sits down at the table with an Arctic dweller, to taste the well-nigh forgotten fragrance of fresh cucumbers and moist radishes.

Nearby sit newcomers from the capital, listening with round-eyed and open-mouthed wonder to the stories of the frosts, the mosquitoes, the gold and the mammoth tusks. . . .

The town is intersected by the highway. Real streets and pavements have not yet come into being. Automobiles of all makes and varieties course over the road. Magadan is the town of automobiles; it resounds with the purring of motors and the rasping roar of tractors. Airplanes zoom overhead, and below an ox trundles slowly along dragging its load. In winter dog-sleds glide lightly over the snow.

New brick houses with modern plumbing are springing up on either side of the future streets. There are wooden cottages as well.

There is a technical college in Magadan. The Tungus, who yesterday lived the life of a nomad, the son of a people for whom in tsarist days literacy was a total luxury, will graduate tomorrow as a mining engineer or agronomist. The students wear modern European dress, but are not averse to performing the *yokhar*, their ancient national dance, on the streets of an evening.

In winter, collective farmers dressed in the Tungus national costume ride through Magadan on reindeer and dog-sleds.

And in summer the Tungus dressed in white ducks go to the Park of Culture and Rest before work to play a game of tennis.

Magadan literally swarms with children. The local school is housed in a huge four-story building. It seems only yesterday that the boat with the first expedition made its way hither through the frozen waters of the bay. And today the streets of the town are brightly lighted, housewives dart in and out of shops, grandmothers stand at

counters carefully choosing suits and knick-knacks for their grandsons and daughters. . . .

The streets resound with rousing march tunes played by the local brass band. The radio station broadcasts Scriabin and Rachmaninov concerts. Pioneers march blithely to the tune of the *March of the Three Oranges* from Prokofiev's opera.

Let us peep into a dormitory in one of the standard houses. Stretched out on the cots, people discuss the premiere of Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, while further down the room someone is avidly perusing a pile of Moscow newspapers.

Someone once called Magadan the "Athens of Okhotsk." There are five clubs, two theater troupes, four libraries, three newspapers (one printed in the Tungus language), two magazines, a territorial museum, laboratories and various exhibitions.

Dense fogs rising from the sea shroud the town in mystery during the summer months. Like cloudy dragons they float silently over the town swallowing up the hills and houses. Then a wind rises and blows them back to sea again.

Magadan is the town of winds. When strong winds sweep into the valley through the hills, the iron roofs of the houses rattle like theatrical thunder. The wooden walls tremble. Some of the winter blizzards sweep men off their feet.

About once every year the earth here begins to quake as a result of distant subterranean shocks. Doors bang, and frightened, half-dressed people dash out into the corridors. One on two shocks are felt in the interior of the country right up to the Yablonovoi mountain range. Somewhere far away in the Pacific Ocean a submarine volcano is erupting. The more experienced Magadanites do not leave their shaking bedsteads for they know that nothing serious will happen. A minute later relieved laughter rings through the night corridors.

Pot-bellied steamers and slow-moving tankers bring people and scores of thousands of tons of cargo, foodstuffs, benzine and machinery. They are unloaded in the long and roomy Nagayevo harbor. The cold, mauve-colored sea washes against the naked Tungus hills standing desolate under a leaden sky. Nagayevo is the port of Magadan, and through it a stream of most varied freights, machinery, people and newspapers pours into the territory.

In the opposite direction, a shining river of pure gold pours out of the Kolyma toward Moscow.

Visiting the Jewish Collective Farms

(Continued from page 22)

"And even though they were dirty rags, what of it? Were they not my livelihood?"

We did not recognize one another at first. Many years had elapsed, we were both gray. "Well, how goes it with you?" we asked one another.

Yukhtman's elder son is now a Red Army commander in the Far East and is preparing to enter a military engineering school. His second son is attending courses for Party propagandists in Kiev, the third is a student at a Kiev technical school, the fourth is a blacksmith and a shock worker on a collective farm, and the fifth son, still a youngster, goes to the collective farm school.

Yukhtman's home is one of plenty: grain, chickens, geese, sheep, cows. When I met him on the field, this one-time downtrodden old-clothes dealer was raging at someone from the machine and tractor station who "didn't want to buckle down" and thus delayed the delivery of fuel for the tractors.

Yukhtman is the type of Jew whom the Revolution gave everything: the right to work and the duty to work.

The small town of old has faded away and, with it, has gone its stagnant life, its bazaars and fairs, its synagogue beadles, its profes-

sional match-makers, its shady commission agents, its woe-begone fortune seekers, its *Luftmenschen* and especially its small-time dealers.

The small town of old has receded far, far away. The new town and village now boasts schools, literature, poetry, cultural societies, art, the theater. Now there is a State Jewish Theater in Moscow, and S. Mikhoels, its art director, has been honored with the title of People's Artist of the USSR.

The works of Sholom Aleichem have been published in eight languages of the peoples of the Soviet Union in 2,100,100 copies. The 80th anniversary of his birth is being marked by the Soviet literary world and the Soviet public in general as a great event in the cultural life of the whole country.

In factory and field you meet Jews who are Stakhanovites. Jews decorated for their service to their country, Jews in the Red Army, Jews who are Heroes of the Soviet Union.

The Jewish Autonomous Province (Biro-bijan) in the Far East, is a stronghold of Socialism on the Soviet border.

This is what has become of the "Jewish question" in the USSR.

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(Continued from page 22)

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NEWS IN BRIEF

EXCURSIONS TO THE ALL-UNION AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION

A daily attendance of more than 300,000 visitors, collective farmers, Moscow residents as well as factory workers and office employees from other cities, is expected at the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition which will open this summer in Moscow.

It is estimated that 2,000 guides will be needed to take care of the large number of visitors. The guides, most of whom are senior students at agricultural colleges, are now being trained. A number of lecture themes and itineraries of the exhibition grounds have already been worked out. The basic themes are: "The Victory of the Collective Farm System;" "The Triumph of the Leninist-Stalinist National Policy;" and "Agrobiology in the Service of Socialist Agriculture."

THE LENINGRAD LECTURE AUDITORIUM

An extremely interesting undertaking aimed at satisfying the growing cultural demands of the population of Leningrad is the Lecture Auditorium established in that city recently.

Famous airmen who are Heroes of the Soviet Union come here to tell of their work and experiences, outstanding stage, screen and concert artists and famous scientists and writers speak; frequent previews of new films are arranged at which film directors and actors explain their ideas and answer questions; international events

and questions of science and technique, literature, music, art and history are dealt with.

Series of lectures on science and technique are delivered on such themes as "Darwinism," "Great Men of Science," and "Remarkable Structures the World Over." By way of illustration for a series entitled "Radio Technique," an exhibition of the latest radio apparatus was organized.

The Lecture Auditorium has several halls in which lectures are delivered simultaneously.

A feature of the auditorium is its "free-day university," where prominent professors lecture on history, philosophy, literature, the history of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and other subjects. The seven departments of this university have a total enrollment of 4,000.

In addition to lecturing at the auditorium itself, the members of the staff of 300 specialists very frequently speak at Houses of Culture, clubs and enterprises. An average of 50 lectures are held daily in various parts of the city under the auspices of the Lecture Auditorium.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN 1941

The Sternberg Astronomical Institute of the Moscow University has begun preparations for observing the total eclipse of the sun in 1941.

The total eclipse will occur on September 21 and will be best seen in the USSR and China. The shadow of the moon will pass from the Salsk steppes in the Rostov Province, over

the northern part of the Caspian Sea and, moving toward the east, will cross the Chkalov-Tashkent railway near Kzyl-Orda Station. From the territory of the USSR the eclipse will pass into China, reach the Island of Formosa and disappear in the ocean.

The most convenient spots for the observation of the eclipse are in the region of the city of Kzyl-Orda, with 105 seconds of totality, and Alma-Ata which offers a duration of 123 seconds.

During the coming and following summers expeditions will be sent to these regions to select suitable locations for observation.

A FLOATING BOOK STORE

At the request of Murmansk fishermen who are out at sea for long periods, a floating book store has been established there. Now, the motorboat *Polar Bookman* makes regular trips from Murmansk to the fishing grounds and to the coastal collective farm villages. The arrival of the boat is greeted with joy and its sales during one trip amount to from eight to ten thousand rubles.

THE GROWTH OF THE CITY OF YOUTH

The population of Komsomolsk, the city of youth, in the Soviet Far East, increased by 22 per cent last year. The number of letters sent from Komsomolsk last year was 1,351,000. Each month more and more newspapers, magazines and books are received in the city. In

addition, mail for the northern districts in the Far East goes by way of Komsomolsk and is sent on by horse or dog sleds. This city, built only a few years ago by courageous and enthusiastic members of the Young Communist League on a spot where there was formerly virgin taiga, has become a cultural center.

OPERA BASED ON GORKY'S "MOTHER"

V. Zhelobinsky's new opera *Mother*, from Gorky's novel of the same name, is now playing in the Leningrad Maly Opera Theater and in the Bolshoi Theater at Moscow.

In their preparatory work on the opera, producer T. Y. Sharashidze and artist Volkov, of the Bolshoi Theater, made a trip to Sormovo where they talked to veteran workers of the Sormovo factory who had taken part in the demonstration described in Gorky's novel. Sharashidze maintained a regular correspondence with the worker P. Zalomov, the prototype of Pavel Vlasov, the hero of the tale.

Another feature of the preparatory work was the visits of the cast and directors of the opera to the Museum of the Revolution. They also heard lectures on Maxim Gorky's writings, about the workers' movement in Russia at the beginning of the century and about the Revolution of 1905.

INSTITUTE OF EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE

Exceptionally extensive is this year's plan of scientific and research work of the Gorky All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine, one of the largest scientific institutions in the USSR. Among the diseases, the prevention and cure of which is being studied, are those caused by the intestinal worm, typhus, typhoid fever, relapsing fever, dysentery, epidemical influenza and scarlet fever. Surgeons, oculists and pediatricists will study the curative qualities of a preparation called lysocim which helps the organism to fight microbes.

Particular stress is being laid on methods by which cancer may be diagnosed in its early stages, a study of the origin of cancer and a search for new methods of treating this disease.

The laboratories of the institute are now studying the cure of tuberculosis by surgical methods and the treatment of tuberculosis of the skin with vitamin C. A thorough study of the manner in which tuberculosis spreads in the lungs and bronchial tubes is expected to lead to new methods of prevention and cure of the disease.

Research in the prevention of measles by the inhalation of a new serum is very interesting. A great economy in serum is effected by this method and there is no need for injections.



A recent event at the Pulkovo Observatory near Leningrad was the conference of astronomers studying the solar system. Right, standing, is Prof. S. I. Belyavsky, director of the observatory, who opened the conference attended by representatives of Moscow, Kharkov, Odessa, Yerevan, Alma-Ata and other cities

The institute is also devoting much attention to a study of the role of the nervous system in the pathological processes during diseases of the blood, bones and joints and of the internal secretion glands, and to a study of the physiology and pathology of the central nervous system.

BEE POISON AS A MEDICINE

Strange though it may seem, the poison from the sting of a bee may prove fatal, particularly if the bite is in a vulnerable spot such as the inside of the mouth and if the poison is given out in large quantities. It may disturb the action of the heart and stomach and sometimes impair sight and hearing.

Under certain conditions, however, the poison from a bee's sting may be used in curing rheumatism, sciatica, nettlerash and other ailments. In the nerve clinic of the Second Moscow Medical Institute, interesting experiments have been made in this field under the direction of Academician M. B. Krol.

A special standard preparation is made from bee poison. This mixture is administered by injection under the skin to people suffering from sciatica and inflammation of the roots of the spinal nerves.

A two years' study of the action of this poison has convinced Academician Krol and his colleagues that the preparation has valuable curative properties in cases where the blood vessels and certain of the internal secretion glands are not functioning normally and where normal metabolism has been disturbed.

SOVIET SUBTROPICS

The Soviet subtropics (Georgia and various districts of Azerbaijan) produced 300 million oranges and mandarins last year. Thirty-five million kilograms of tea leaves were gathered, which exceeded the 1937 harvest by eight million kilograms. Last year tung tree fruit, which yield valuable oil, was harvested for the first time.

This year an additional four million citrus trees will be planted on an area of more than 5,000 hectares; tea plantations will increase by more than 4,000 hectares, and 3,000 hectares more than last year will be put under tung tree cultivation.

Work on the introduction of subtropical cultures in Central Asia is being carried on there. The All-Union Research Institute for the Arid Subtropics in Stalinabad developed special kinds of sugar cane for producing rum last year. Over seventy tons of sugar cane were gathered from one hectare. It is expected that in 1940 experimental work will be finished and planting of sugar cane will be begun on the collective and state farms of Tajikistan.

A WORKER'S FAMILY BUDGET

How the living standard of Soviet workers constantly rises is well illustrated by the records of income and expenditures kept by some 200 families in Stalingrad.

For example, Alexander Lysenko, who began work at the tractor plant in 1932 as a tur-

ART STUDIO ON A COLLECTIVE FARM

V. Yudin, a member of the Kuibyshev Collective Farm, Gorky Province, who showed a great aptitude for drawing, left the collective farm a few years ago in order to get an education in art. On finishing his studies, he returned to his native collective farm and or-

SUBTERRANEAN PALACE

The Kungur cave, five kilometers from the city of Kungur, Sverdlovsk Province, is one of the remarkable wonders of nature in the USSR. Counted among the largest caves in the world, it extends for tens of kilometers, its narrow rocky passages connecting beautiful palaces and halls carved in the rock by nature and resembling a unique subterranean city. Even in the summer temperature rarely rises above five degrees Centigrade in the narrow passages with their ice-covered walls. In places they are so low that the visitor has to crawl on his hands and knees.

The ice-crusting walls of the Diamond Grotto sparkle as if set with precious stones, reflecting the light of torches and candles in all the colors of the spectrum.

Another cave, the Polar Grotto, is a veritable palace of ice, the walls of which look as if faced with white and blue marble. To the right of this grotto is a frozen waterfall, gradually moving like a glacier down into the subterranean depths. The black Dante Grotto with its chaotic piles of rock and a huge cliff in the center resembles some grim, mythical subterranean kingdom. The Ether Grotto, its ceiling and walls covered with cloud-like white gypsum, creates the illusion of some light castle surrounded by motionless clouds. Another unique spot is the Sculptural Grotto, where the age-long action of water has covered the roofs and walls with the most intricate designs as if carved by a skillful craftsman.

A subterranean lake which begins in the largest cave, the Titanic Grotto, and continues further under a low hanging ceiling is also a memorable spot to the visitor. Crawfish discovered in its clear, transparent water were totally blind, their capacity of seeing having disappeared as a result of the permanent darkness.

Many excursions visit the Kungur cave to inspect the 14 grottos that have been explored. All of the cave, with its many winding and difficult passages, many of them beginning high in the walls of the grottos, has not been fully investigated, however. There is no doubt that the underground labyrinth contains many more grottos than are known.

It is believed that the Kungur cave is connected with others along the Iren and the Chusovaya rivers, 100 km. away.

ner, earned at that time 220 rubles a month on the average. In 1935 his earnings reached the sum of 450 rubles a month; in 1937, 600 rubles, and in 1938, 700 to 800 rubles a month. His total income last year, taking premiums and his winnings from state loans into account, averaged 1,280 rubles a month.

The Stalingrad province office of the statistical administration has compiled on the basis of notes kept by many working people a very interesting table showing that the consumption of fats, as compared with 1932, has increased 2.5 times and that of confectionery, 3.5 times, while that of meat trebled, and sugar doubled.

ganzed an art studio there. Yudin is now working on a canvas, *The Sun's Arrival*, showing a collective farmer meeting his pilot son.

AN INCIDENT ON THE BORDER

The following incident occurred at one of the borders of the USSR recently. Late at night, during a severe frost, border guard A. Denisov heard the crunching of footsteps in the snow. Soon afterwards, a woman appeared on the path leading to the river. When the sentry stopped her, she said that she had just arrived, did not know the road, and had

got lost. The border guard was not at all satisfied with her explanation and brought her to the border post. There she said that she had bought bread and was on her way home with it. The woman really did have three loaves of white bread in her bag. Inside the bread, however, the border guards found papers containing important information. The woman turned out to be a spy trying to get across the border with this information.

A NEW LIFE

Blindness is one of the grimmest of all afflictions. There are five million blind in the world, 16 million border on blindness.

On one-sixth of the earth, in the Land of Soviets, the blind are not social outcasts; they do not feel themselves neglected and abandoned, but, on the contrary, are full-fledged builders of Socialism.

Early any morning one can meet people with somewhat out-of-the-ordinary but firm and assured step on Ulitsa Kuibysheva in Moscow. Many of them have guides, for others a heavy cane serves as such. But they all move with equal confidence, holding their heads high and finding their way about the busy streets with ease. They are blind people bound for the central administration of the All-Russian Society of the Blind. This building is the center of the social, political and work life of the blind.

People come here from early morning. In one of the big and well-lighted rooms, there are many people in blue and black spectacles. They sit at small tables and dictate articles, notes or letters to secretaries who are not blind.

A man with dark spectacles is working in an adjoining room. Bending over his desk, his fingers skim through the pages lying open before him. This is Portnov, editor of the magazine *Life of the Blind*. He is reading the final proofs.

"A line is missing here," he points out to a staff member. "Maybe it was left out in the printshop. Please check up with the original. . . ."

Magazines for the blind are put out by special printshops and are printed in Braille. Four magazines for the blind, printed in special Braille printshops, are published in the Soviet Union.

The All-Russian Society of the Blind, the chairman of which for the past 12 years has been V. A. Victorov, himself blind, has more than 18,000 members. Among them are to be found more than 1,000 candidate-members and members of the Communist Party and members of the Young Communist League. More than 600 are studying in secondary schools and colleges. Schools for blind children have an attendance of nearly 5,000. There are more than 200 clubs and Red Corners and 136 libraries for the blind.



Honored Artist of the RSFSR S. Y. Lemeshev (right) of the Moscow Bolshoi Theater sang for the collective farmers of his native village, Medny, Kalinin province, during the recent music festival organized in the collective farms of the RSFSR

Fifty blind university graduates are teaching in colleges and universities. Four have successfully defended their theses and earned the degree of candidate of science. The whole Soviet Union knows the young scientist L. S. Pontryagin, who has been blind from childhood.

Special schools and shops give the blind vocational training, teach them a trade. During the last 10 years, almost 300 trade schools and factories were opened for the blind in the USSR. Even shops situated as far away as Siberia, keep constantly in touch with the center. The blind write to each other, acquainting each other with their work experience as well as cultural and educational activity. There are five factories in Moscow that employ only blind.

Clubs and Red Corners of the blind are invariably scenes of lively gaiety in the evening. Literary and drama circles, as well as choruses are at work. After a busy day, people deprived of their sight rest and make merry here. They live in a country where there are no outcasts. And although nature deprived them of their sight, their native country has given them a happy and useful life.

MUSIC FESTIVAL

The best singers and musicians, prize winners of All-Union and international contests and soloists of state theaters and symphony orchestras, took part in a recent music festival organized in the collective farms of the RSFSR. The best amateur art circles also participated in the review. The concerts given in connection with it were distinguished by the wide range of programs and masterful execution, and aroused tremendous interest among the collective farmers, stimulating the work of collective farm music circles.

JUBILEE OF AZERBAIJAN POET

The Union of Soviet Writers of the USSR has formed a special committee to conduct preparatory work for marking the 800th anniversary of the birth of the great Azerbaijan poet Nizami (1141). Nizami is widely known, particularly for his poem relating the story of the love of the poet Majnun and Laila, both of whom die yearning for each other. This beautiful poem about the Azerbaijan

Romeo and Juliet was not written down, but has lived through eight centuries passed on from generation to generation by Azerbaijan people's bards. Besides *Laila and Mejnun*, Nizami wrote several long poems and much lyrical verse. In his works Nizami often sang about the oppression of the Azerbaijan people, and about

the heroes and patriots of his native land. The jubilee of Nizami, like those of Pushkin, Rustaveli and Shevchenko, will be a festival of all the Soviet peoples. In the jubilee committee, besides representatives of Azerbaijan writers' organizations, there are Russian, Belorussian, Armenian, Kirghizian and other Soviet writers.

AIDING STUDENTS PICK A PROFESSION

In order to help pupils who are finishing secondary school in selecting a profession and deciding what higher school to enter, many Moscow schools organize special evenings devoted to selecting one's profession. At these evenings former pupils of the schools who are now studying in higher institutions tell senior-grade pupils of their studies and of their future profession. Outstanding scientists, flyers and engineers often visit such gatherings to recount their experiences and answer questions dealing with various professions. An evening recently held by School No. 206 in Moscow was attended by 150 university and technical college students, all of whom are former pupils of the school.

POLE OF GOLD

What is the coldest spot on the globe? The North Pole, is the usual answer, although it is considered that the average temperature at the South Pole is lower than that at the North Pole for its climate is more continental. However, the bitterest frosts are to be met at neither of the two poles but at the Siberian town of Verkhoyansk, near which is located the so-called "Pole of Cold."

Verkhoyansk, now a district center in the Yakut Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic, was built in 1638 on the shore of the Yana River beyond the Arctic Circle, 900 km. north of Yakutsk. The mean annual temperature at Verkhoyansk is -16 deg. C.; in winter the temperature drops to -68 to -70 deg. C. and in summer the weather changes sharply from 40 deg. C. in the daytime to zero just before sunrise. In the district of Verkhoyansk the ground is frozen down to a depth of 200 meters.

In 1960, the tsarist government made this coldest region in the world a place of exile for revolutionaries whom it considered particularly dangerous. Separated from the rest of the world by roadless expanses, Verkhoyansk was considered worse than any prison, for escape from there was practically impossible.

Anecdotes About Hoja Nasreddin

(Continued from page 9)

Nasreddin looked the lame Timur over and said:

"I should think you would be worth 50 gold pieces."

"Knave!" shouted the angered sovereign. "This belt I am wearing alone costs 50 gold pieces."

"To tell you the truth, it was only the belt that I had in mind," retorted Nasreddin.

"WHEREVER YOU LIKE, BUT NOT INSIDE!"

Hoja was asked:

"When a corpse is being carried, where should one be, in front or behind the coffin?"

"Wherever you like, it makes no difference, but not inside!"

HOJA REFUSES TO WRITE A LETTER TO BAGDAD

A friend came to Hoja and said: "Write a letter for me, I want to send it to a friend of mine in Bagdad."

"For Heaven's sake, don't bother me," said Hoja. "I haven't the time to go to Bagdad now."

So saying, Hoja left the house. The friend, surprised, ran after him, and catching up with him exclaimed:

"But my dear, why must you go to Bagdad if you write a letter?"

"Now, can't you understand?" retorted Hoja. "My handwriting is illegible; I alone can decipher it. It stands to reason, therefore, that if the contents of the letter are to be revealed, I myself must go."

"IF THEY ARE NOT QUARRERING ABOUT THEIR AGES THEY HAVE ALREADY MADE UP"

Once Hoja's neighbor ran to him in a very agitated state:

"I beg of you! My wife is quarreling at home with her sister-in-law. They will gnaw each other to death. I implore you, calm them! Think of some way — I can't do a thing."

Hoja asked:

"And what are they quarreling about, their ages?"

"No, they are not quarreling about their ages," said the neighbor.

"Then there is nothing to worry about," said Hoja. "Go home; they have already made up."

BOOK REVIEWS

THE RICHES OF OUR COUNTRY

By A. I. Shneyerson

State Socio-Economic Publishing House
Moscow, 1938

A testimonial to the tremendous achievements of Socialist construction is presented in the economic-geographical and statistical data contained in this brief description of the national economy of the Soviet Union.

In the USSR, 98.7 per cent of the productive resources of the country are in the hands of state enterprises and collective farms. Whereas in tsarist Russia, of the 907 million acres of cultivated land, 377.8 million were owned by the landlords and the church and 197.6 million by rich peasants, in the USSR the situation already in 1937 was as follows: of the 1,043.4 million acres of cultivated land, 916.2 million were in the possession of the peasants (99.1 per cent of this land belonged to collective farms) and 127.2 million in the hands of the state farms.

Since the Soviet Government came to power, the prospected reserves of iron ore have increased from 1,600 million tons to 260,000 million tons; of copper, from 630,000 tons to 17 million tons, and the reserves of oil and coal have been discovered to be seven times as great.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the prospecting of the Soviet Union's natural resources is far from completed, only 43.2 per cent of its entire territory having been examined from this point of view by 1937. Last year an additional 10.3 per cent was prospected.

The planned Socialist economy of the USSR makes possible the solution of a number of most important technical problems, among them that of utilization of electric power. A unified power network, which is gradually joining all the country's power stations into one huge system, is being established. Strong links in this chain have already been forged: the lines joining the Dnepropetrovsk Hydro-Electric Station with the power plants of the Donets Coal Basin, and the unified power network in the Urals, to mention but two of the largest.

A special chapter in the volume presents figures on the progress of agriculture: the growth in the number of head of cattle, increase in crop yield, the number of agricultural machines, and the like.

Chapters are likewise devoted to the improvement in the well-being of the Soviet people and to culture in the Soviet Union.

"KOSTA"

State Publishing House of the North
Osetian ASSR, 1938

Kosta Khetagurov, the national poet of Osetia, was the founder of Osetian literature, the creator of the Osetian literary language. Poet, artist, publicist and public man were all happily fused in this tireless champion of human rights, this fighter for a better lot for the mountaineers crushed by tsarist oppression and exploitation.

The beginning of this century saw Khetagurov leading the national liberation movement in Osetia. His poetical productions were mercilessly suppressed by the censorship. He was exiled from his homeland to Odessa.

Collected in this volume are 111 verses and poems of K. Khetagurov. Most of them

deal with the life of the people of Osetia. The poet wrote the magnificent *Fatima* in Russian. Unfortunately the text of this poem was severely mutilated by the tsarist censorship.

The colonization policy of the tsarist government is revealed in its true light in Khetagurov's



Kosta Khetagurov, a drawing by A. Lavrov

ov's literary works. The poet's verses give an annihilating picture of the mercilessness of the tsarist officials, who brutally oppressed and exploited the people of Osetia.

The Union of Soviet Writers has set up a committee to prepare for the celebrations in honor of the approaching 80th anniversary of the birth of the poet.

DREAMS OF EARTH AND SKY

By K. E. Tsiolkovsky

State Scientific and Technical
Publishing House

This book, by the late Russian scientist K. E. Tsiolkovsky, with an introductory article by the well-known popularizer Y. I. Perelman, presents a wealth of information on astronomy and physics as well as interesting scientific hypotheses in attractive form. Although intended for juvenile readers, adults will find it well worth reading.

The fantastic scientific story *On the Moon*, for example, makes thrilling reading. The scientist transports the reader to this planet where he finds himself in a strange world: matches won't light owing to the absence of air, a day is equivalent to an entire month, for the moon revolves very slowly around its

axis; a man can lift a ton without the slightest exertion and water boils without being heated.

Then there is the amusing story describing what the world would be like if there were no gravitation: "The air is filled with creatures flying about: cats, wingless insects, barking dogs. . . . A whole herd of cows floats about in the air below the clouds. . . . A company of soldiers has forgotten discipline: some are standing on their heads, others are leaning sideways, others bent like crooked poles. . . ."

This book displays in full the breadth and scope of interests of Tsiolkovsky—a self-taught scientist and talented inventor, famed especially for his work in the sphere of all-metal dirigible building.

NOTES

By M. I. Glinka

Art Publishing House, 1939

This is not the first time that the *Notes* of Mikhail Glinka (1804--57), the composer, have been published, but this new edition is of interest, however, in that the whole material has been compared again with authentic autographs and supplied with detailed reference material.

The founder of Russian national music, Glinka gives extremely interesting material in his *Notes* not only about himself and his career, but also about the epoch during which he lived and created.

A striking description of the life of landowners during the first two decades of the 19th century is contained in the first part of the *Notes*. Glinka wrote about his acquaintance with V. Kuechelbecker, who later became one of the participants in the Decembrist revolutionary uprising of 1825.

The second part of the *Notes* deals with Glinka's life in Italy. All the composer's thoughts were centered during this period on the creation of Russian national music. His greatest production, the opera *Ivan Susanin*, was conceived during this period.

It was V. A. Zhukovsky, the poet, who suggested to Glinka the plot for the opera and who prepared to write the libretto. Overloaded with work, however, Zhukovsky, was compelled to leave the writing of the libretto to Baron Rosen, at that time the secretary to the heir to the throne. Owing to the interference of the courtiers of Nicholas I and the "zeal" of the untalented baron, the libretto was spoiled and the name of the opera itself was changed to *Life for the Tsar*.

Even in this form, however, this outstanding production of Russian national music encountered the animosity of the upper circles of the aristocracy. It was disdainfully dubbed "music for coachmen."

This "criticism" did not disturb Glinka very much. Replying to such a judgement, the composer very aptly declared that coachmen apparently understood music better than do the courtiers.

The composer's work on the opera *Ruslan and Ludmila*, a masterpiece of operatic music, is dealt with in the third part. The first performance of this opera took place on Nov. 27, 1842.

The concluding part of the *Notes* describes Glinka's stay in Spain. Acquaintance with this country and its people enriched the creative genius of the composer. It was due to the influence of Spain that Glinka left us such brilliant works as *A Night in Madrid* and *The Aragon Hunt*.

The *Notes* are richly illustrated.

COLLECTED WORKS OF I. V. MICHURIN

Volume I. State Publishing House for
Agricultural Literature, 1938

This volume contains the basic theoretical works of the talented geneticist and selectionist, who concentrated his efforts on develop-

ing new varieties and species of plants capable of existing in the climatic conditions of the central and northern zones of the Soviet Union.

The experiments and research work of the scientist are of the greatest importance to the science of genetics, making it possible to change the very nature of plants in the direction desired by man.

The scientific theses of Michurin, the Russian Burbank, were taken from life in their entirety. They were conceived as a result of an indefatigable struggle to create necessary species of plants that did not exist in a natural state.

Michurin was carried away at first by the erroneous theory advanced by Grell that it was possible to acclimatize tender southern fruit cultures by grafting them onto frost-resisting root stock. As early as 1905, however, he came out with severe criticism of Grellian acclimatization and advanced in its place his new method of plant growing from seeds.

The long years that Michurin subsequently spent in mastering the new method were not barren. Each following work found him bringing more and more convincing proof in support of his theory as a result of practical experiments and the development of his methods.

It was in 1911 that Michurin published his first important scientific work. This was *Obtaining Noble, Improved Varieties of Fruit Trees and Plants From Seed*. The foundation for Michurin's doctrine took concrete shape in this work.

"We may confidently expect to have cherries, grapes, apricots and, perhaps, even peaches in our orchards (that is, in the orchards in the central and northern zones)," he declared on the basis of his 33 years' experimentation. "Only by means of growing new varieties of plants from seed can we achieve all this, however; not by any acclimatization of developed foreign species."

Michurin set forth in this same work the methods for growing new varieties of plants that he had worked out. He wrote about heredity, about the influence of external conditions on the formation of hybrid seedlings and about the crossbreeding of remote varieties.

One of the most valuable works contained in this volume is *The Principles and Methods of Work*, Michurin's basic theoretical labor.

The volume has a foreword by Acad. T. D. Lysenko and an introductory article by I. I. Prezent, Doctor of Biological Sciences. It is profusely illustrated.

MANAS

Kirghiz Epic Poem

Publishing House of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, 1938

Though unknown to the world at large, the Kirghiz epic poem *Manas* is one of the most remarkable specimens of folklore. The poem, in three parts, contains nearly 400,000 lines of verse. In brilliancy and profundity, *Manas* ranks with the world's most renowned epic works.

The various poetic styles of Kirghiz folk art are found in the poem. Epic lines mingle with lyric songs and next to religious and ancient songs one finds proverbs and folk sayings.

The epic is named after its hero, Manas. The first part of the poem describes his heroic campaigns; the second part is dedicated to Semetei, Manas' son; the third part relates the story of Seitek, the grandson. Songs about Manas and his descendants have been handed down through the centuries, from generation to generation, each singer introducing into the epic poem his own motifs and creating new episodes. Thus the present-day version of the poem is the product of many generations of Kirghiz bards.

The main theme deals with the military campaigns of the legendary Kirghiz hero in China, Afghanistan and Central Asia. Many events described in the poem are definitely fantastic. The poem, however, relates many historic events, wars and social upheavals which occurred in the distant past of the Central Asian people. There are current tales of the existence of a city of Manas, a mausoleum of Manas and an entire region named after the folk hero in the upper reaches of the Irtysh River.

Prior to the great Socialist Revolution the poem had never been collected in its entirety. A complete compilation of the epic of Manas was undertaken on the initiative of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Kirghizia. The poem was recorded in 1938 from the words of Sayakpai Karalayev, outstanding poet and bard of that republic. His version is considered the most complete. It would fill 20 large volumes in print.

A complete edition of the epic work in the Kirghiz language is now being prepared for the press. The State Literary Publishing House is also preparing a large excerpt in Russian translation.

Facts and Figures

A method of filling teeth without the painful process of drilling has been discovered by Dr. Levitan of the Leningrad Stomatological Institute. A special chemical preparation quickly and painlessly dissolves the affected part of the tooth.

A reserve for the preservation and breeding of the sable and for the protection of the northern reindeer has been established on the Sayan Mountain Range, South Siberia. The reserve, occupying an area of 2,700,000 acres, is one of the largest of the 35 established under Soviet power.

Six hundred plans for apartment houses, bathhouses, garages, fire stations and other buildings have been considered by the Building Committee of the Council of People's Commissars of the USSR. The best plans have been selected for use this year.

The improved well-being of the population of the capital is reflected in the sales of Moscow stores of the Fur Trust. In 1937 these stores sold furs amounting to 33 million rubles, and in 1938, 42 million rubles of furs were sold.

During the 15 years that have elapsed since the death of V. I. Lenin, 3,171 volumes of his works have been published in the Soviet Union in editions totaling 108,800,000 copies. More than 115 millions copies of Lenin's works were issued during the period 1917-38. Works of Lenin are printed in the USSR in 72 languages, including those of peoples that had no alphabet before the Revolution.

More than 22,000 workers in the Baku oil industry will be provided with accommodations at Soviet health resorts during the current year. Last year's figure was 19,150.

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The second part of "Peter I" deals with the most brilliant and eventful period in the life of Peter, great Russian reformer.

The film begins with the famous battle at Poltava, where the Russian army built by Peter annihilated the army of Charles XII, King of Sweden, which had invaded Russia.

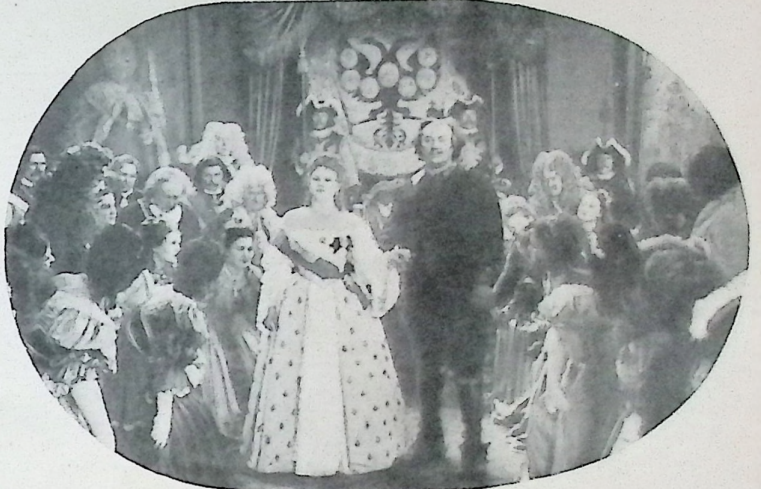
The film portrays the wise and energetic activity of Peter, who is reconstructing the state, increasing its economic and military power and protecting the independence of Russia.

Closely interwoven with the state activities of Peter is his personal drama — the treason of his son Alexei, who became a pliant tool in the hands of the reactionary boyars, the clergy and the western European rulers, who were striving to prevent Russia from growing strong.

The film concludes with the majestic sea battle between the young Russian fleet, built by Peter and the Swedish armada. The destruction of the Swedish ships is followed by a celebration of the people of St. Petersburg in honor of the victory, which definitely secured to Russia the shores of the Baltic Sea — the shores which had belonged to her from time immemorial.

Up to 10,000 persons participate in the film. The majestic battles on land and on the sea are reproduced with historical fidelity. A special fleet was constructed for the sea battle.

The second part of "Peter I" has an entirely independent plot, although it is a natural continuation of the first part, which was accorded the highest reward at the International Exhibition at Paris and has met with tremendous success in all the large cities of the world.

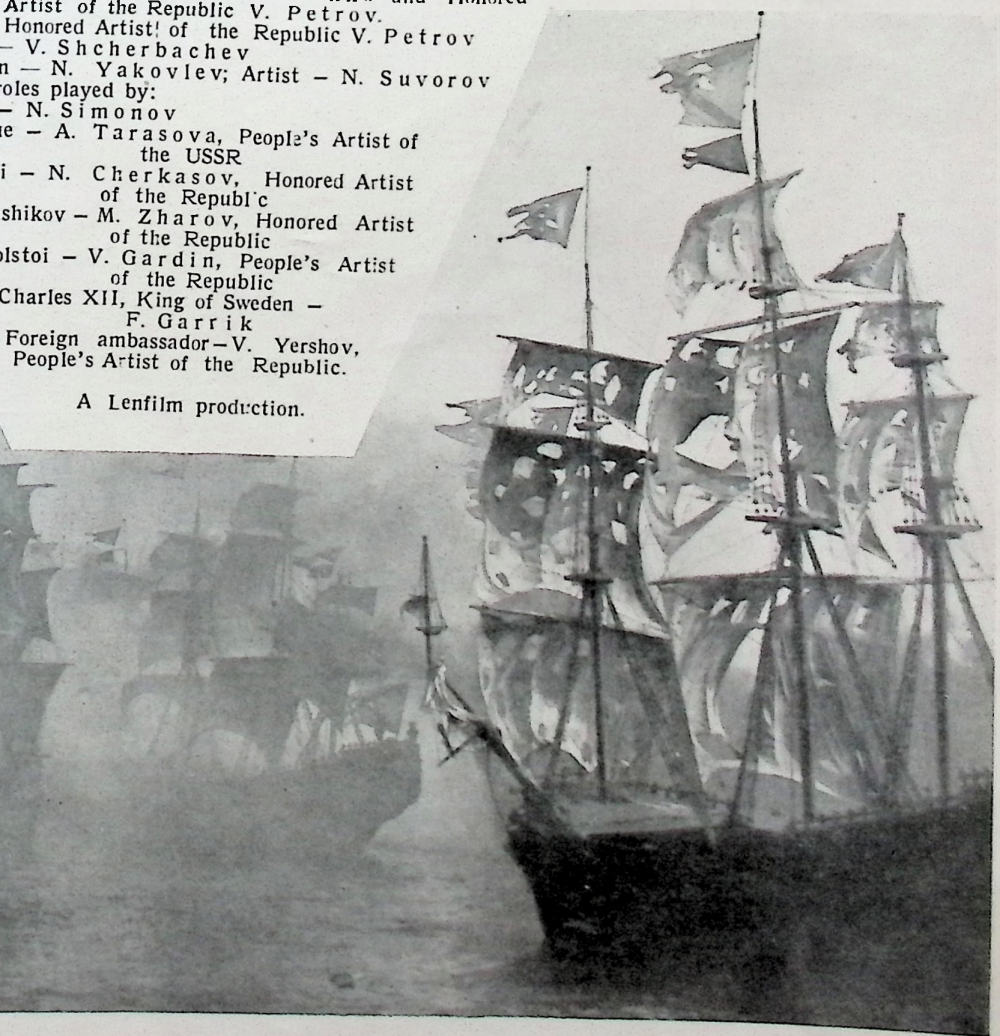
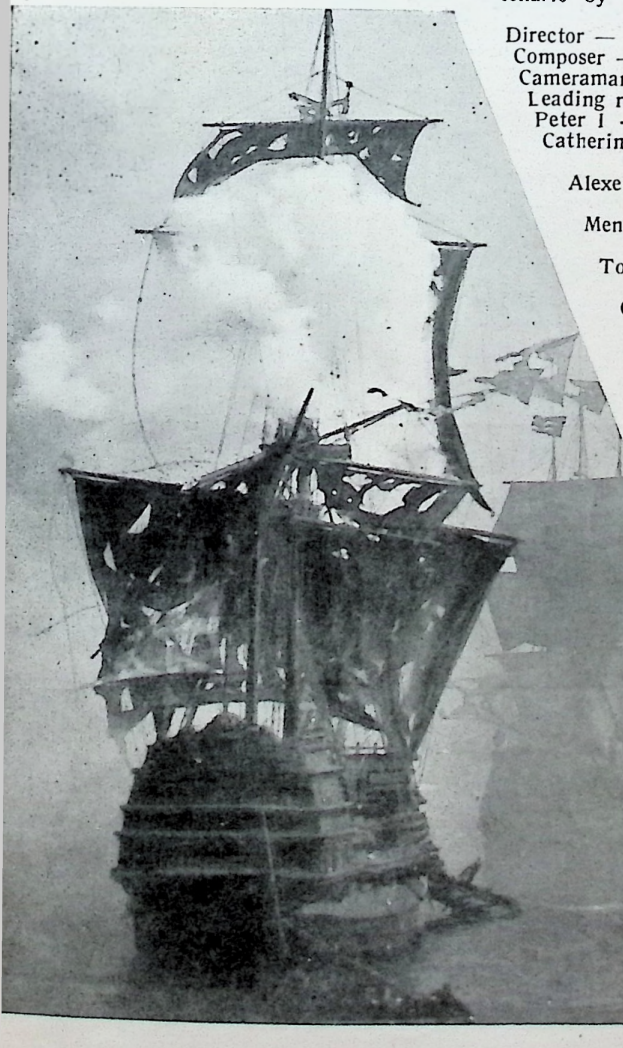


PETER I

(Second Part)

Scenario by A. Tolstoi, N. Leshchenko and Honored Artist of the Republic V. Petrov.
 Director — Honored Artist of the Republic V. Petrov
 Composer — V. Shcherbachev
 Cameraman — N. Yakovlev; Artist — N. Suvorov
 Leading roles played by:
 Peter I — N. Simonov
 Catherine — A. Tarasova, People's Artist of the USSR
 Alexei — N. Cherkasov, Honored Artist of the Republic
 Menshikov — M. Zharov, Honored Artist of the Republic
 Tolstoi — V. Gardin, People's Artist of the Republic
 Charles XII, King of Sweden — F. Garrik
 Foreign ambassador — V. Yershov, People's Artist of the Republic.

A Lenfilm production.



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