

home and hand worker, who played an important part in pre-war days. More than half the Russian population procured its clothes and shoes, its agricultural implements, and even its nails and knives from home industry. Now the peasant who tries to spin the flax that he has grown or the wool that he has sheared from his sheep is arrested for not handing his produce over to the state. The domestic spinning wheel, the peasant's loom, are regarded as enemies of the state. The annihilation of domestic industry is responsible for the widespread shortage of goods.

There is still one year to go before the first Five-Year Plan is completed, and no final verdict can yet be passed on it since everything is still in a state of flux. The basic industries are not advancing. The first Five-Year Plan anticipated the production of seventeen million tons of cast iron during 1932, but in 1931 only five million tons were produced. The programme has now been cut down and the attempt will be made to produce ten million tons during the Plan's fourth year, which has also become its last. Industrialization has not spread during the course of the past year.

The general rule that the first Five-Year Plan has followed is to multiply all Russian industrial production by the figure four in the space of five years. This is of course a rough estimate, and in the years to come the quality of the goods produced will be

improved. What can already be detected in the second Five-Year Plan is its comparative moderation. A year ago people said that the second Five-Year Plan would aim at producing fifty-five million tons of pig iron a year by the time it was completed. Now the programme calls for only twenty-two million tons, slightly more than twice as much as will be produced when the second Five-Year Plan goes into effect. On looking closely at the figures that have to do with the development of electrical plants, with the construction of fifteen to twenty thousand miles of new railways, and with the completion of buildings that have already been commenced, one discovers that the second Five-Year Plan has taken two and three as its multiple, two and two and a half for heavy industry and three for finished goods. Yet in spite of this relative moderation it is looked upon with a certain amount of skepticism.

It is evident that moments of exhaustion have begun to occur, due to the fact that new industries need many years before they can produce goods. This period of time must be bridged somehow, and it is a hard task. Also, the lack of skilled labor is becoming a greater and greater handicap. Efforts are being made to provide technical education, but here, too, time is needed before results can be achieved. It is easier to bring machines to a country than to place men at the machines.

II. FROM SAINT PETERSBURG TO LENINGRAD

By FRIEDRICH SIEBURG

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Liberal Daily

AS THE steamboat, *Siberia*, from London was making fast to the Neva dock its steel side rammed against the little house belonging to the shore police. The great wooden piles sup-

porting the house yielded gently, the tin roof folded up like a sheet of paper, and only the breaking windows lent an air of animation to the slow, almost stealthy impact of the boat. A crowd

was standing on the dock, in spite of the earliness of the hour, to watch the arrival of the steamship from England with its load of reaper blades, woolen socks, and agricultural machinery, and its few passengers. A group of young G. P. U. officers wearing field-green blouses and extravagantly cut blue riding breeches gave a semblance of pattern to the gray throng of bystanders. It was a glorious day. A delicate haze lay over the Neva, but the city itself had already awakened to the translucent air of a clear day. The people on the shore looked sulky, as if they had not slept enough. A division of infantry drilling at the end of the long shore road was singing while it exercised, as is the custom in Russia.

On the forward deck of the boat stood about twenty laborers from the United States. They included Slavs, Italians, and Germans bearing contracts with the Soviet State in their pockets and rejoicing at the prospect of assured work plus a worth-while human existence after two years of drifting unemployment in the large cities of America. Compared to the spectators on the bank, these workers from America looked absurdly elegant in their gray summer suits, yellow shoes, and light colored hats. Their cheap New York and Chicago clothes brought tidings of a capitalistic world where a high standard of living and the most profound human misery dwell side by side. On the previous evening a social gathering had taken place in the crew's quarters to which the first-class passengers had been invited. The sailors gave a concert, the captain made a little speech in English, and each emigrant told his story. They were all tales of hopeless struggles for work and of endless frozen nights on park benches and in subway stations. Now these men were standing at the ship's rail drinking in the first sight of their new fatherland.

One of them, a white-haired mechanic from Yugoslavia, held in his hand a little red flag that he had had made in New York. I had seen it often during the voyage. Sometimes it was rolled up and sticking out of his pocket; sometimes he flourished it in the wind when the weather was fair and the sun was shining and the forests of Sweden or Finland sent their fragrance out over the sea. Now as he was about to set foot on the soil of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics he felt that the great moment for displaying the symbol of brotherhood was at hand. The fragment of red cloth shone prettily in the morning sunlight as he lifted it and waved it toward the shore. He flourished it with the gesture of a Marathon runner bringing news of a defeat that will inevitably turn to victory, and he looked like a long-lost child who has grown white-haired wandering in strange capitalist lands. He had expected that the faces of his comrades on shore would light up at the sight of his little flag and that they would greet him with a tremendous chorus of welcome, and as he raised the flag he thought he was taking a decisive step from the past into the future.

But no one noticed his gesture. The people on the shore stared sullenly at the boat and utterly disregarded the flag. The old man, however, still held it timidly aloft for a moment, like a child growing weary of his play. Finally he abandoned his exertions. He was visibly embarrassed as, looking shyly about him, he stuck the flag in his pocket. I felt ashamed to have been watching him and scurried as fast as I could behind a lifeboat.

THE Soviet Government intends to have a large section of ancient Saint Petersburg torn down and rebuilt with extensive blocks of new houses. Half-

ruined palaces and bourgeois dwellings that were formerly pretentious but are to-day in a state of decay will be done away with, whenever necessary, to make room for blocks of offices and workers' homes. This wish on the part of the Government is perfectly comprehensible. Although Leningrad has not yet fully recovered from its collapse as a residential city, and has not developed to the same degree as Moscow, it still remains a great Soviet city whose development is hindered by all the historical relics it contains. Modern Leningrad enters the future of the Soviet Union as a sort of corpse. It seems as if the progressive and constructive tendencies that are apparent in the other great cities of the Soviet Union had almost given up the ghost here. The faded gilt of the palaces, the rose color of many noble gates, the dim red of certain gables and bridges do not fit into the picture of socialist construction. Socialism demands steel gray, concrete gray, iron gray, but Saint Petersburg still shimmers with the colors of ancient icons painted on wood. Leningrad strives vainly to achieve an icy, energetic gray, but, instead of working its will, it attains only the gray of age, despair, and misery.

The main street, stretching endlessly from the Admiralty to the Moscow station, is thronged with life, but it is a different life from that of Moscow. People here are less aggressive, less eager to laugh, less conscious that they are marching at the forefront of humanity. The beautiful buildings of bygone days seem to have no connection with the present and exhale a silent, imperceptible weariness that lies like fine dust on men and things alike. People walk home in the evening sunlight, tired people with loaves of bread under their arms, bread that they received in payment for the day's final task of standing in line before the

commissaries. There they go, usually a man and his wife together, crouching, exhausted, with sunken heads, pushing their bodies against time as if they were breasting the current of a river. The young support the old, men help their wives along, and a sigh of relief seems to go up that another day has ended. Yes, this human stream actually reminds one of a river, chiefly because the house fronts do not look like the sides of a street but like high banks confining a river. Everything flows past them, unhesitatingly, unceasingly.

The Neva glitters in the sun. From the bridge one sees nothing of Leningrad; only Saint Petersburg is visible. The façades of the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, the Holy Synod, and the Marble Palace stand marshaled in trim, austere ranks. In front of the buildings of the former Stock Exchange, on the other side of the river, there are commemorative columns decorated with ships' prows. Again and again the gaze of a person absorbing the view returns to the flat Fortress of Peter and Paul, whose soft red color is bordered by the dusky green of a park. A boat manned by marines is going through speed manœuvres on the glaring surface of the river. Leaping almost entirely out of the water, it tears the surface apart, and with raging motor cleaves a silvery furrow along the broad river. It nears the swimmers, who are everywhere along the shores. Then at the point where the Nevka joins the Neva it curves sharply and plunges forward again with a tremendous roar in the direction of the bridge where I am standing.

Just at this moment an old peasant cart rattles over the bridge. The driver, a white-bearded man with a moth-eaten fur cap on his head, looks at the plunging motor boat in terror, while a young man, probably his son, calms him. It seems really necessary to soothe the old man, who is so agitated

that he hurls loud oaths at the water monster and finally crosses himself, as if to exorcise the evil one. His anguish arouses the boundless laughter of the young man, who, gasping with joy, throws himself backward upon the sacks that are lying in the back of the cart, and slaps himself soundly on the knees. In the meantime the motor boat has turned abruptly near the bridge and is again racing off, poised on a crest of silvery foam, in the direction of the Peter and Paul Fortress. The old man again makes the sign of the cross, more slowly now, and the laughter of the young man dies away, as the eyes of both father and son wander over the river with a sort of yearning.

THE iron equestrian statue of Peter the Great stands on the broad square between the House of the Holy Synod and the Admiralty. It is a statue of incredible strength. The mass of rock on which the horse is standing is like a gigantic frozen wave, and the whole monument displays so much wild energy, so much space-consuming force, that Peter seems still to be brandishing his sceptre over the city which he created as if by magic out of river and swamp, in order to open a road toward Europe. The conqueror is still such a living presence, not only in his own city but in all Russia, that the present often seems to have an immediate connection with him. All the memories of him, his little house, the products of his handicraft, his poniard, his sceptre, could not have been more revered in the past than they are to-day by the young citizens of the Soviet Union. His iron horse always seems prepared, even now, to leap forward into endless space under the pressure of his master's will, and the eyes of the emperor still survey the unfathomable distances of the Baltic, which reverberate with the

noisy echo of Russia's will to construction.

This ruler who appeared to his own epoch as the anti-Christ, who broke the domination of the Church, who goaded his mediæval people forward several centuries overnight, who, after mature deliberation, killed his own son with his own hands because the son seemed determined to turn his back on Europe and lead Russia back to almost unrelieved Slavonic darkness; this man who introduced tobacco smoking and shaving to society, who had his fleet brought from Archangel by land to Ladoga Lake, and in so doing caused thousands of people to be whipped by overseers—this man inspires us to-day to call him the first Bolshevik, or at least the ancestor of the Five-Year Plan.

In the light of this fascinating thought Leningrad, which was his city, seems to take on fresh significance. Strangely enough, the traces of this ruler seem more real than the remains of a past as recent as the early twentieth century. Wherever Leningrad touches Peter the Great it also touches the present. Wherever it displays traces of the courtly splendor of the days before the War it seems decayed, ruined, deserted, and like the uncanny haunt of spirits who smother any desire for life.

Peter wished to Europeanize his kingdom. He wanted to make out of his agricultural, backward, poverty-stricken Russia an economic unit that would grow like the industrial countries of the West. He encouraged handicrafts, which had been almost completely lacking before his time. But in breaking down the Muscovite feudal dynasty he prepared the way for the rise of the bourgeoisie, and in trying to transform peasants into industrial workers he created a new form of slavery not unlike the compulsory collectivization of the peasantry under the

Soviet régime. It is certain that he only substituted one ruling class for another, just as Bolshevist Russia already possesses its new nobility in the form of the workers in industry. And in trying to effect a fundamental change in the nature of the Russian people he was as presumptuous as Lenin.

TO-DAY, as in Peter's day, a human type is being produced which, in order to survive, must succeed in overcoming entirely certain basic racial characteristics. The example of Peter the Great presents like a challenge the question of whether this change of nature is fundamental and likely to endure. The creative but crude compulsion that Peter exercised over the enslaved peasants formed in the Russian people that anti-organic disorder which to-day explains the depths of Russian misery. The Russians have never been happy, although they are the most patient people in the world. They have never had time to spin out their existence in tranquillity. The cudgels of Peter the Great whistled as pitilessly over them as the knouts of the Cossacks or the disciplinary rod of Leninism.

Seen from this perspective, Peter's actions have a double significance: public achievement and personal accomplishment. For if making over his kingdom in a day was an unparalleled

and heroic achievement, the emergence into industrial Europe of a young man brought up in the darkness of Moscow's religious night was doubly remarkable. Dazzling flame from factory chimneys and high-tension electric currents from Soviet power plants stream over the lonely life of a man who was almost insane and almost divine, whose fixed eyes stare out over the soft radiance of Saint Petersburg toward the north, where the Dvina flows through limitless forests; toward the south, where the Caucasus glows with wine and many fires; toward the east, where new Mongol worlds continually appear; and toward the west, where old Europe produces goods in order that human beings may first taste freedom and then lose it.

The white-haired emigrant from New York who fruitlessly waved his red flag at the Neva dock was going eastward through a door that Peter the Great had opened toward the West. He was a sacrificial offering to that conception of the world of which Russia's greatest emperor dreamed when he drew building plans in his little Dutch home or made calculations about shipbuilding. Peter's dream has been so fully realized that this white-haired figure from Yugoslavia came from New York to be cast up on the coast of the Soviet Union. On what shores shall we one day be tossed up, and what dream fisherman will find us, dead and rejoicing, in his net of dreams?

This simple account of a visit to a little Spanish town shortly after four civil guards had been killed there gives the truest picture of the real Spain that we have encountered anywhere.

SPAIN

from Inside

By FRANCISCO LUCIENTES

Translated from *El Sol*
Madrid Republican Daily

THE quiet fields of Toledo are bathed in soft sunshine, but as we enter the province of Estremadura on our way to Castilblanco the light becomes sullen and traveling more difficult. We pass through a tremendous forest of oaks and cork trees with ferns and swamp oaks in the clearings. Here the Guadiana River flows past an estate that includes some thirty-five thousand acres of woodland. It is called 'Ciraja' and belongs to the Marquis of Villapadierna. Soon we perceive, in the midst of the dense forest, a hill on the crest of which stands his solemn, martial, picture-post-card castle. People are very grateful to the Marquis for generously permitting travelers to cross his property, and were it not for his kindness it would be impossible to approach the river's edge, from which we ferry over to Castilblanco on a raft worthy of Noah.

The ferryman, except for his lack of joviality, resembles Sancho Panza. Gloomy, taciturn, and indifferent, he receives us on board. His dirty cap has

become part of his hair, which grows through its open seams. His face is a mass of unkempt beard and two malicious specks of blue serve as his eyes. A cigar stub hangs from his lips.

'What is Castilblanco like?' I ask him.

'What?' he grunts with hostility. 'Castilblanco is like all the towns in the world. Do you think we're savages?'

'No, of course not. But how about the uprising in which the four civil guards were killed?'

'Oh, anybody can lose his head,' he says philosophically.

'Are you from Castilblanco?'

'Yes, I, my wife, and my eight children. But none of us were mixed up in that affair,' he hastens to inform me.

'Have you been a ferryman very long?'

'Forty years. I inherited the job from my father-in-law. Twenty-five years ago this August he was drowned at this very spot with a couple of civil guards.'