Listen to the voice of official England speaking through these two mouthpieces of their country's policy. They indicate to the discerning reader what lies in store for India and the Pacific.

BRITAIN *and the* East

A British Symposium

I. Britain and the Pacific

By General Jan Smuts

From the *Times*, London Conservative Daily

EUROPE, like the poor, is always with us. But in the Far East a cloud is appearing that, although it is at present no greater than a man's hand, may come to overshadow the whole international sky in time. Already on its mere appearance it has severely shaken the League and led to menacing reactions in several directions. People instinctively realize that here is a phenomenon of first-class order, which may have the most far-reaching effects on the fortunes of peace and indeed of our civilization. Manchukuo is perhaps not yet the parting of the ways, but it is the warning that we are coming to the parting of the ways and may soon have to make a very solemn choice in national policy.

I have always looked upon the Washington Treaties of 1922 as probably the greatest step forward yet taken since the Peace on the road to a stable future world order. In 1921, at the Imperial Conference of that date, I stated my view that a great change was coming over world politics and that the scene was shifting from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was felt, and not by me only, that the future of the world would probably be decided

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down all their swindles to the last penny and describe them to the last comma. I remember his telling the Kabarda kolkhoz members in the same grouchy tone: 'Your collective labor has dissolved national antagonism, and that is most important. I can swear that if a strong Bavarian peasant, proud of his knowledge of the land and how to cultivate it, were to come to you, he would be a child compared to what you know.' This is spoken quietly. After long thought. Grouchily. Without any striving for effect.

Even Graf can't find anything to laugh at and he therefore goes for Toller. 'Friend Ernst, why do you draw your hand over your hair in a sweeping gesture and look at the moon? Are you writing poetry? Your eyes are growing lyrical.'

Sucking at a long, straight-stemmed pipe, Toller laughs this off. He and Graf have been intimate since the time of the Soviet Bavarian Republic. Toller walks through the Russian cities like an old friend. People meet him on a porch, hear the name Toller, and the clapping turns to thunder.

'Hello, Toller!' a worker from the Kharkov tractor factory who fought by his side for Soviet Bavaria greets him.

'Toller, your *Hop-la, wir leben!* has been playing in our theatres for five years,' they tell him in Tiflis. His plays have one theme—the intellectual humanist in the midst of the revolution becomes frightened at the sight of so much bloodshed and cruelty. And then the final outcome —the bloodshed and cruelty of the victorious reactionary forces.

That is the reflection of his autobiography and explains the bitterness that creeps into all his speeches on this one theme: 'Praise be to you who created the Red Army and conducted the Revolution with a firm hand. You conquered, and here is the result—the prosperity of happy people. In our day we pampered the enemy, and the answer is Fascist torture and bloodshed.'

Balder Olden is also a humanist, a pacifist, and a believer in non-resistance. He has traveled all over the world. He has worked and fought in Equatorial Africa. He spent four years in a British prison in India. With all the passion of his individualist honesty he has turned against Fascist compulsion, for he hates compulsion of any kind. Olden is the most clear-eyed and the purest in heart of all the eight travelers. He is like a child and at once makes friends with children. When he sees something wonderful and says 'Akh' with a full breath, it seems as though he has just awakened in his cradle and seen the sun.

Indeed, did he not awake? At Tiflis he offered this toast to the assembled writers: 'I, a bourgeois democrat, in principle opposed to all compulsion and all war (that is why I am an anti-Fascist), now declare—the Bolshevist way is the only right way, and I am on your side.'

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show how the prisoners kill lice. And then María Teresa sings alone—lullabies, folksongs, shepherd-songs.

Poetry follows. Plivier reads his own composition, 'The Stokers,' with terrible intensity, and after him we listen to Rafael, whose poems are so much tied up with the sound of the words that they cannot really be translated. But the Spanish peasants know these poems well, for he reads them in the village squares, and the folklore of the people flows through his verse. He will read poetry endlessly, but just ask him to make a speech and he waves his arms helplessly and refers you to María Teresa; 'Go to her, please. That's her job.' Indeed, if he represents the emotion, she stands for the intellect of this talented pair. She is the organizer, she is the editor of *Octubre*, she is the one who was arrested after their first trip to the U. S. S. R.

In Baku she said: 'The Spaniards have never seen Baku, but they know it, for a part of Baku is in every automobile that travels the roads of Spain.'

And in the Kabarda: 'I have seen the crops of your fields; I wish the country just such a crop of wonderful human beings.'

And to the Pioneers in the Crimea sanatorium: 'The children of Spanish workers are badly off, but their fathers are fighting that they may have rest homes as wonderful as yours.'

After every one of her speeches there is the same boom of applause, above which floats the rich voice of Oskar Maria Graf: '*Magnifico!*' It's his only Spanish word, corresponding to the '*spasibo kharasho*' (thank you, very well) he says in Russian. But Graf cannot admire too long; he has to pick a fight with someone. He assails Adam Sharrer, drawing him out of his 'trench,' as Sharrer, who spent many years at the front, calls his compartment.

Sharrer's gray hair stands up above his stubborn forehead like the crest on a cockatoo. There is n't a more precise writer than he. He studies everything that has the vaguest connection with the peasantry, particularly the German peasantry, and he knows the life and psychology of the peasants thoroughly. He himself comes from a hard-working, oppressed, poverty-stricken family of Bavarian peasants. His morbid sense of justice permeates everything he writes and is whipped into a fury whenever he comes in contact with Fascist arrogance and charlatanism.

'Our friend Adam Adamovich,' Graf teases, 'is such a convinced grouch that when he wants to laugh he runs down to the cellar to do it *in solo*.' Adam smiles. Adam, the Bavarian, forgives the Bavarian Oskar his noisy jokes. But noticing his frowning, distrustful eyes and the way he asks about everything without changing his tone of voice, I begin to understand why the Fascists hate his books so violently. He will run

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'Contrast the fragile, played-out, melancholy, wavering doctor in Chekhov's story with the doctor whom I met in Livadia. Or compare the vigorous, unsentimental, mentally and physically alert kolkhoz member with a mujik *à la* Tolstoï or Leskov.'

I remember how Ehrenstein, the Austrian writer, scolded Graf for not writing down his impressions in a notebook. Graf burst into Falstaffian laughter and slapped his bare knees: 'My dear misanthrope, your scribblings won't do you the least bit of good, for you don't hear anything anyway. You are so scared of getting the grippe that you have stuffed both ears with cotton. You—you are a depressionist!'

'Depressionist'—according to Ehrenstein's own story—is the name that was given to him when he was the leader of the German Expressionist movement. Then he began translating the ancient Chinese poets and transposing mediæval Chinese novels. To this day Ehrenstein is remembered as a literary China-lover.

Graf is loud and quarrelsome. He has tackled Plivier again. 'The sea? I can't stand your old sea! (During his visit in the Soviet Union Graf traveled for the first time in his life in a sea-going vessel and in an airplane.) And what is the sea, I ask you? A hodgepodge of waves and no life—a few fish and almost no birds. But just look at this!' And he drinks in the landscape streaming past the train window.

Plivier takes out charcoal and paper, and ten minutes later displays in the corridor a portrait of Graf with the fantastically broad, stooped shoulders of a miller's helper. Only a few minutes elapse before a second portrait of Graf takes its place in the corridor next to the first. It comes from Spain; and Spain dwells in the compartment next to Plivier's.

THE author of the portrait is the poet, Rafael Alberti. His drawings are quite unique: they look like a thin, wet, black thread looped about itself on a white sheet of paper. Where does he get his talent from? Perhaps from his ancestor, Battista Alberti, who taught Michelangelo and built palaces and monasteries. Both Rafael and his wife, María Teresa León, the writer, are difficult to classify for those who have been brought up on the fiery-black Spanish ideal of *Carmen*, since, for one thing, they are both fair-haired. These two compose a living literary kolkhoz. Their typewriter is often going, and during our Writer's Congress they wrote over twenty essays. The Germans silently hold aloof from such fertility.

But generally, however, we hear singing rather than typewriting from the Spanish quarter, and Plivier is a faithful member of the chorus, for he is trying to revive his Spanish, which he has forgotten since his wanderings in South America. They all sing a prison song: '*Roma, E viva Roma*,' ending in a shrill whistle and snapping of finger nails—to

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Eight Writers in Russia

By Sergei Tretiakov

Translated from the *Literaturnaia Gazeta,* Moscow Literary Paper

THEY move about the country as though it were a giant university, going from town to town as from class to class, attending first the industrial faculties of Kharkov and Baku and then the green laboratories of the Kabarda and Adjaristan.

There are eight of them. The country flies past the train windows.

Round-headed, attentive Plivier has been glued to the window since we left Moscow. I have just described to him an old idea of mine—a guidebook that would tell the traveler what he sees through his car window. Plivier warms to the idea and warns me: 'Don't you go writing that book without taking me along!'

Plivier is a lover of things. He is interested in the metal huts over the oil wells and the screen-stacks against snow drifts; he wants to know who planted the protective row of trees along the road, and what crop that is over there that looks so red among all the other squares of land, and what factory those chimneys belong to; he asks how the Machine and Tractor Station functions and who owns the tractors, oil barrels, and workshops we just passed. This widely traveled seaman has an extraordinary capacity for drawing up an inventory. And his compartment already looks like a steamship cabin—everything is put away in its right place. On the wall, a map and the train itinerary.

'*Mein Freund Serësha.*' I hear Oskar Maria Graf's Bavarian accent in the corridor. He has finished arranging trunks and emerges from his compartment, big, fat, and sweaty. The leather suspenders that hold his Bavarian shorts look like a belly-band on a cart-horse. He is terribly sorry that we are going to pass Yasnaia Poliana at night. He pays little attention to what fascinates Plivier. Things are foreign to him; he is interested in people. For him the first stop on this unknown road is the place where Tolstoï's spirit dwells. Graf knows our literature very well. He has given a fine interpretation of Leskov, he likes Aksakov, he knows Herzen, Tolstoï, Turgenev, Pushkin far better than the average Soviet writer. And, when our trip is over, this knowledge enables him to write me the following letter from abroad, in which he marvels at the almost childish optimism that rules our country:—

'A man like me who is somewhat familiar with pre-revolutionary Russian literature will be better able to share my experience than a man who does not know that literature. For it is an almost unbelievable journey from Oblomov to the shock worker. What a road, what a transformation, what a transfiguration of the Russian spirit!

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