

risking being fired upon at meetings they addressed, they lived a life as full of danger, hardship, and martyrdom as that of the first apostles of Christianity or of any new "subversive" religion.

On the following day, after my arrival at Ivanovo-Voznesensk, my missionary activities began. For the world at large, especially for government agents, Sorokin disappeared; in his stead an anonymous "Comrade Ivan" emerged as a speaker at revolutionary meetings, as organizer and instructor for the "cells" of the party among intelligentsia, factory workers, and villagers; as a participant in political debates with the propagandists for other parties; and as a source of mimeographed and printed political leaflets distributed among the population. Being illegal and punishable, these activities had to be conducted under conditions of secrecy from the police and other government agents. Most of the important revolutionary meetings took place on the outskirts of cities, in wooded areas, with trusted observers serving as lookouts for the approaching police or Cossacks. As soon as they signaled such danger, the meeting was abruptly adjourned and its participants hurriedly dispersed, vanishing into the surrounding woods.

Most of the meetings addressed by Comrade Ivan were not disrupted by police or Cossacks; only a few were abruptly adjourned because of an imminent attack by the police. However, one of the larger meetings ended tragically, with two workers and one policeman killed, and several workers, Cossacks, and policemen wounded. It took place on a sunny spring afternoon, by a wooded bank of the Volga River near the city of Kineshma. The crowd was large, consisting of a thousand workers from nearby factories. Most of these workers passionately hated the Czarist regime, especially its police and Cossacks who were the regime's worst "pharaohs," "oppressors," and "executioners of the people." Standing above the crowd on a big stump, Comrade Ivan addressed the responsive audience in a fiery denunciation of the Czarist regime and a glorification of the coming order in which the government would belong to the people, the land to its cultivators the peasants, factories

to their workers, and there would be freedom with justice to all.

Unfortunately neither the lookout men nor anyone in the crowd noticed a detachment of mounted police and Cossacks concealed in a nearby gully. At the climax of Ivan's talk they suddenly emerged and surrounded the meeting. "All are under arrest until your leaders surrender to us," was the ultimatum of the commanding officer. An ominous silence ensued for a few moments. It was broken by Ivan's indignant denunciation of the attackers as the worst enemies of the people. A shot from a policeman's rifle abruptly interrupted his speech. Whether it was only a warning shot or was aimed at Ivan, the most conspicuous target, remains unknown, but with the shot he was immediately pulled from the stump by the guardian-revolutionaries, then screened by, and "lost" among them.

Simultaneously the "pharaohs" charged the crowd with whips and sabers. Part of the audience started to run in panic and collided with the attackers, while another, more courageous part counterattacked with stones, knives, and clubs, yanked the Cossacks from their horses, beat, kicked, and fiercely fought with all the primitive means at their disposal. Overwhelmed by the sheer number of fighters, the "pharaohs" began to retreat in confusion. In the ensuing *melée*, whether in self-defense or anger, some of the Cossacks fired sporadically into the crowd. In revenge the infuriated workers redoubled their efforts and soon forced the "pharaohs" to run for their lives. . . .

An hour or so later, a long mourning procession began to move slowly from the battlefield toward the factories. The killed and wounded comrades were solemnly carried on hurriedly made stretchers. Black and red flags indicated the nature of the *cortège*. In the oblique rays of the late afternoon sun the sadness of the procession contrasted strongly with the spring flowering of the countryside and the glittering undulation of the river. A song, *Requiem of a Revolution*, sung by a thousand voices, rose powerfully in protest and sorrow to the blue sky.

Inspired by your boundless love for the people,
 you fallen martyrs in the fateful struggle,
 You sacrificed everything you had for the people's life,
 honor, and freedom

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The time will come when the awakened people
 will rise—great, mighty, and free. . . .

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Farewell, dear brothers. You honestly walked
 the heroic and noble path of your life. . . .

Legions of fresh warriors, ready for battle and death,
 are marching in your footsteps.

Farewell, dear comrades.

In a later period of his life Ivan would often hear the great Requiems of Mozart, Cherubini, Berlioz, Brahms, Verdi, and Fauré, and the magnificent funeral marches of Beethoven, Chopin, and Wagner. But none of these masterpieces could fill his soul with such deep sorrow, pure sympathy, and a quest for justice as this simple and unpretentious *Requiem of a Revolution*. Incidentally, the theme of this Requiem with the composer's variations is found in the third movement of Shostakovich's eleventh symphony.

After a few weeks of missionary activities, the name of anonymous "Comrade Ivan" became quite popular among the region's workers, peasants, and intelligentsia and was equally familiar to the police and security agents of the government. They had intensified their efforts to discover his identity and to arrest this "elusive comrade." Several times he barely escaped their traps. In all such cases he was saved not so much by his own alertness as by the helping hands of sympathetic workers, peasants, and intelligentsia. They informed him of all suspicious persons, spies, and ambushes, hid him in their rooms or apartments, concealed him during dangerous situations, served as guides in coming to and leaving meetings, transported him from place to place along unfrequented roads, and abruptly pushed, pulled, or jerked him into hiding at critical moments, as they had done at the meeting near