

Workers of all countries, unite!

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On the cover: Soviet war poster: "Our forces are numberless,"
by V. Karelsky.

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The Great Coalition of Nations Against Hitler

A menacing danger hangs over the whole world in this most sanguinary war that the world has ever known. It is not only the fate of individual territories that is hanging in the balance but the fate of many countries, of the whole of humanity itself—all that is most valued in the welfare of mankind, the welfare of freedom, progress, culture and civilization.

The confessed aim of German fascism is to enslave all peoples and to make them serve the "higher race" of "Teutonic lords". This program of the nazi wild beasts in human form includes the destruction, the physical and moral extermination of Slavs, Anglo-Saxons, French, Jews and all other "lower races," the devastation of the countries grabbed by them, the whole of Europe covered with smoking ruins and flooded with the blood of men, women, children and old people.

All freedom-loving people have risen in arms against this brown plague for the sake of honour and freedom, for the salvation of culture and civilization, for self-preservation, have risen to defend their hearth and home. The 12th of July, 1941, is a significant day in the annals of the great coalition against fascism. On this day the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain signed an agreement to collaborate in the war against nazi Germany. This agreement, which, as Mr. Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain, rightly remarked, is a union between two great powers, is a firm basis for the formation of

a powerful and universal coalition of peoples who have rallied their reserves and resources for the defeat and destruction of humanity's mortal enemy—German fascism.

The Anglo-Soviet agreement, which was dictated by mutual interests and the necessity of prompt and immediate action, which came into effect the very day it was signed, and which, for these same reasons, was not subjected to the normal ratification procedure usual for such diplomatic documents, reads:

"1. The two governments hereby mutually bound to render each other every aid and support in this present war against Hitlerite Germany.

"2. They further undertake that during this war they will neither conduct negotiations nor conclude an armistice or treaty of peace except by mutual agreement."

The news of the conclusion of the Anglo-Soviet agreement evoked the unanimous approval of the Soviet people, who are withstanding the perfidious invasion of the Soviet Union by German fascism. The agreement evoked a similar ardent response in the hearts of the British people and all the nations of the British Empire, who are defending their life and liberty against the attacks of the Berlin nazi gangsters. It was greeted with a welcoming echo by all the nations of Europe, whose countries are at present engulfed in the gloom of fascist occupation, robbery and violence. The peoples of the occupied

countries and Hitler's vassal States, on the one hand, and his pirate hirelings, on the other, are separated by a deep, impassable abyss. Darlan is not France, Quisling is not Norway, Antonescu is not Rumania, Horthy is not Hungary, Ruti is not Finland, nor is Tisso Slovakia, just as Hitler's lackey No. 1, Mussolini, is not Italy, and Hitler and his band are not Germany. And the Anglo-Soviet agreement aroused similar sentiments in the hearts of the peoples of Europe, in the United States of America and all over the Western hemisphere, towards which Hitlerism is stretching its rapacious tentacles across the seas and oceans.

The German fascists are preparing to invade Great Britain from across the English Channel along the whole length of the coast line, from the most northern fjords of seized Norway to the south of the Bay of Biscay on the territory of occupied France. The invasion of England by air and sea was openly declared to be the primary task of the Hitlerites after the victorious "Blitzkrieg" in the East. The battles being waged along the north-west, west and south-west frontiers of the Soviet Union by the heroic Red Army are also battles fought for London, Manchester and Edinburgh.

Hitler's Vichy vassals are being urged to put Algiers and Bizerte, Casablanca and Dakar at the disposal of the German fascists. This endeavour is dictated not simply by a wish to march over the black continent, to further extend his domination and grab the African colonial wealth. Algiers and Bizerte are the muzzles of nazi guns trained on British positions in the Mediterranean. Casablanca and Dakar are barriers to ocean communications along the West-African coast and a jumping off place for Hitler's projected invasion of the Ameri-

can continent, so dear to his heart. The nazi threat to the new world is seen in all its reality when we remember the unending series of plots revealed by the U.S.A., the discovery of legions of spies and diversionists, when we recall the cravings disclosed in the writings of Hitler and his gang towards the countries of North and South America. These considerations show sober and foresighted people that the fight against the advance on Leningrad and the Neva will raise a shield against the advance towards the Thames and Hudson Bay.

Hitler, who is possessed with the mania of greatness and who imagines himself to be a super-Napoleon, a new conquistador of the continent, has ignored the historic lessons of the past. He has declared a war on two fronts. Actually this is a war not only on two fronts but many more. The military machine of German fascism has stuck in the sands of Africa, on the Livian-Egyptian frontier.

By straining a great section of its naval and air forces, the German military machine is still fighting the battle for the Atlantic, which has now been dragging on for many months. In Western Europe it has to reckon with the growing danger of the Royal Air Force. On its main, Soviet front, stretching for over two thousand miles, Hitler's hordes have been floundering in their own blood for the last two months, suffering cruel losses and paying dearly for every foot of captured territory.

Hitler's military machine is still powerful—not in vain did it take eight years to build, not in vain was it paid for by the sufferings, deprivations and starvation of the masses of the German people, whose supreme law of life during that time was Göring's notorious

"TASS Illustrated Window" devoted to the agreement of great historical and political significance:

"Friendly hand
each other grasping
Hold the foe in grip
of steel,
Soon the fascists
will be gasping
As our steely clasp
they feel."



phrase: "Cannons instead of butter." But Hitler has roused against himself two of the greatest powers of the world with their inexhaustible resources—the U.S.S.R. and the British Empire, with a total population of nearly 700 millions—such is the concrete and killing significance of the Anglo-Soviet agreement for his regime.

In the ranks of this coalition are included Czechoslovakia and Poland, who have also concluded pacts with the Soviet Union in view of their mutual struggle and the organization of their national armies on the territory of the Soviet Union. The valiant Czechoslovakian and Polish troops have already been fighting for a long time on various fronts against their common Hitlerite foe, shoulder to shoulder with the armed forces of the British Empire. The entire Slavonic world has also risen to struggle against

the nazi enslavers, and the partisan warfare is waxing and growing in all occupied slavonic countries. The Pan-Slavonic meeting, recently held in Moscow, at which representatives of the Russian, Ukrainian, Byelorussian, Czech, Slovak, Polish, Serbian, Horvath, Slovenian, Montenegrin and Bulgarian nations swore an oath of solidarity in the fight, was a powerful demonstration of Pan-Slavonic anti-fascist solidarity. This meeting evoked a storm of enthusiasm all over the world—wherever the Slavs live.

The historic conference held on board the British warship "Prince of Wales" in the Atlantic, between Franklin Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, and Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain, gave an enormous impulse to the rallying of the united front of peoples against fascist Germany. Above all, the very

fact that a conference took place between statesmen of the United States and England is but another proof that the mastery of the seas is held firmly and for ever by the anti-Hitler coalition and not by the fascist pirates.

The Roosevelt—Churchill conference must be regarded in the first place as a significant landmark in the collaboration of the trans-oceanic democratic powers in the struggle against Hitlerite Germany. The responsible political circles of the United States, headed by President Roosevelt, foresaw the significance which the gigantic struggle now taking place in the fields of Europe has for the vital interests of the Western hemisphere and lost no time in making their conclusions. It can be said without exaggeration that England's success in warding off the deadly threat which hung over her in the days immediately following the capitulation of France was to a great extent due to America's help. In an exceedingly short time the United States set in motion the whole of their enormous potential military industry, raw products, foodstuff, mercantile transport. That country of unlimited possibilities and record figures was overnight covered with giant aviation plants, and tank and arms and ammunition plants, producing guns and shells of all sizes and calibers, and colossal wharves—which sprung up like mushrooms, born of that efficiency so inherent to the American nation. All necessary supplies are being delivered to the ports of the British Isles, the United States helping to guard a large sector of the ocean routes along which sail steamers with war freights.

On August 15, the American and British ambassadors in Moscow jointly visited J. Stalin and handed to him a personal message from Roosevelt and Churchill, a

document which consolidates still further the ties of mutual collaboration between the U.S.S.R., U.S.A. and Great Britain in their struggle against Hitler. We would like to remind our readers that the Soviet-American agreement was signed only a few days before the Roosevelt—Churchill conference and the presentation of their message to J. Stalin; that this agreement gives great possibilities for placing orders for Soviet defence plants, for licencing the export of goods necessary for the defence of the U.S.S.R. and also for placing American ships at the disposal of the U.S.S.R. for speeding up the delivery of freight.

The message, which gives due recognition to that great resistance which the Soviet Union is putting up against the fascist invasion, points out that "already many shiploads have left our shores, and others will be leaving in the immediate future." Roosevelt and Churchill proposed to the head of the Soviet Government the plan of calling a conference of high representatives from three great powers for the discussion of the problem of the distribution of all the resources at their command. This step, taken by the American President and the British Prime Minister, has been wholly justified. J. Stalin, expressing in the name of the Soviet people and the Soviet Government cordial gratitude to the authors of this message, welcomed the suggestion that this conference should be held in Moscow and promised to take all measures to ensure its taking place as soon as possible.

There is a wise saying which says that victory never comes of itself, but that it has to be organized. The enemy with which this coalition of liberty-loving peoples has to deal is not only powerful, but is well known for his bestial ferocity



*Fighting gallantly,
attacking desperately,
grandsons of Suvorov,
children of Chapayev.*

Soviet war poster by Kukryniksy

and his cunning. He will do his utmost to realize his game of vabanque. There is no unheard-of crime at which he will stop. Documents captured after the defeat of one of the fascist field headquarters by the Soviet troops revealed the devilish preparations of the Hitlerites for a chemical warfare, which was to be sudden and total. The enemy will not hesitate to employ deadly gases and poisons against the allied armies in the West and in the East, against the women and children of England and the Soviet Union. For the fascist air pirates did not hesitate to bombard the peaceful population of England, costing Great Britain no less than 14,281 killed and 20,325 seriously wounded in air raids from August to October 1940 alone. Do you ask for reasons? The Berlin nazi gangsters will fabricate them in any and every form and shape: the corrupted Goeb-

bels propaganda bureau has specialized itself in falsifications and lies.

Hitlerism will be wiped out. But the road to its final destruction will be difficult; the path to victory is thorny and will require enormous sacrifice and effort. The Red Army of the Soviet Union has taken the main blow of the whole mass of the fascist hordes upon its shoulders, giving an example of unparalleled self-sacrifice and heroism to the whole world. It has dealt the German armies crushing blows and continues to strike, bleeding, weakening and exhausting them. Scores of Hitler's picked divisions have been wiped out. Scores of other divisions and regiments have lost the best part of their contingencies. More than two million nazi soldiers and officers have been killed, wounded and taken prisoner. These losses have been inflicted on the German armies in the first two months of

the war in the East. The material losses are also enormous.

The whole of the Soviet people, imbued with a flaming patriotism, are supporting the Red Army in its struggle. The rear and front are united, and there are no sacrifices too great for the Soviet people to offer on the altar of the sacred war of the fatherland against the fascist scum. The example of the Soviet warriors, the example of all men and women of the great Soviet Union calls upon all people enslaved and threatened by nazi Germany to make the same self-sacrifice, put up the same stern, unbending struggle for honour, freedom, culture and civilization.

Innumerable English and Soviet bombers must blacken the sky over the German armies and destroy

the technical and man power of nazism. "More airplanes!" This is our slogan! This is our need! The rumbling of tanks and the hurricane fire of Soviet and British artillery must make the German soil tremble. Not a single battle-ship or submarine must be allowed to leave German ports. All this can and must be accomplished by the great coalition of the U.S.S.R., U.S.A. and Great Britain. The union and cooperation of all forces and resources is the firm pledge of victory. The fighting cooperation of peoples, close, sincere and all-embracing, is the main decisive force with which the coalition of the three great powers will break Hitlerism and so free mankind from the stinking, bloody brown plague.



"Shock work is the bulwark of the defensive might of the U.S.S.R."

Soviet war poster by V. Karetsky

Greetings from Hewlett Johnson

Alexander Faddeyev,
c/o Post Office Box No. 850.
Moscow.

To the Red Army, Red Navy and Red Air Force, to Stalin and to all the heroic peoples of the Great Soviet Union we send our greetings and salutations.

With ever deepening admiration we watch the magnificent struggle with which you meet a wanton and brutal attack. Against the shock of treacherous and unexpected blows you stand firm, blunting the spear-head of an army hitherto deemed invincible. You show for all the world to see what free men and women adequately armed, skillfully led, and inspired by noblest ideals can do in defence of their country, their factories and their fields.

Nazi fascism signed its death warrant when, beaten back in its vain assaults on our Island Home, it flung itself on you and your broad lands. With a pang of pain I learned that you who had least deserved the blow were now to feel its fullest force. It was grim irony indeed that permitted a people whose only desire was peaceful construction, whose sole ambition lay in erecting a new and nobler society where exploitation had ceased, where classes are abolished and equality between man and man, race and race prevails, and where science and invention serve the manifold needs of man, it was irony, indeed, that a people bent on these high pursuits should be driven from peaceful work to face the deadliest for all that is noble in both the old and the new in our civilized order.

Not unnatural, however, is the fact that you are chosen as victims of this culminating outrage. As champion and chief exponent of

those hopes and aims which in every land, from China to Spain, were arising to fling off the chains of barbarism, you stand as freedom's stoutest fortress. Against you the supreme assault must inevitably be made. Has not Hitler himself declared it?

The world's progressive peoples saw in you their major friends, the nazi fascists their major enemy. Of the outcome of your struggle there can be no question now. Whether sooner or later, the German fascism will fall at your hands and ours. The evil spirit that dominates the Germanic peoples will lose its spell, and the German worker, after this tyranny is over, will stand free once more from fetters of monstrous fascist ideals, and live to thank you for his deliverance.

Comrades of the Soviet Union! For twelve months the people of this country have borne alone the brunt of the nazi fascists air attack, thus breaking the legend of Germany's air invincibility. Never once have our people flinched or doubted that right would prevail. For nine months London and all the major cities of our land have suffered merciless bombardment. Small cities and villages received their blows too. I send this message from what is but the shell of my once lovely Deanery. Yet never for a moment has the courage of the common people broken the hail of fire bombs or high explosives. Like the heroic defenders of Madrid, whose memory we cherish, they cry: "¡No pasaran!"

With proud pleasure we perceive the same faith animating every Soviet citizen. Your dauntless resistance, the valour which contests yard by yard the soil of your precious fatherland, your ruthless scorning of its earth when compelled

for awhile to relinquish it, your heads unbowed before the storms which sweep around you—inspire us afresh and bring hope to subject peoples everywhere.

With breathless eagerness we follow the sway of your armies and observe your unbroken ranks.

You have won the admiration of the whole world for the skill, science and tenacity with which, on land, you are breaking the dread of German invincibility as we broke it in the air.

Your common people in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev and Minsk, your men, women and children in every village and hamlet in the mighty Soviet State, show the same staunch faith in defence of the Soviet heritage. In that faith they will win. As from the very first days of this conflict I wrote for all to see: my own personal confidence in your power to resist never fails me. It stands upon the solid rock of your moral, social and scientific achievement.

In the knowledge of what you have done and what you are doing the British masses rise in spontaneous enthusiasm to greet you as our valiant ally. We are proud of you. Your destinies and ours are linked in high endeavour. Behind both stand the hearts and hopes of freedom-loving men in every land. Dark days may yet await us. We shall not waver. Nor will you. We shall meet troubles with courage and confidence, and we pledge the skill of our workers, the gallantry

of our fighters and the industry of all, in a comradeship sealed now by the sacrifice of the living and the blood of our dead.

The days will come when united we shall march together through the Continent—not to subjugate but to liberate its peoples. The days will come when the breath of freedom shall sweep like the ocean breezes across Europe from Yugoslavia to Spain. And then shall we recite with you the words of your great Pushkin:

*The heavy hanging chains will fall,
The walls will crumble at a word!
And Freedom greet you in the light
And brothers give you back the sword.*

And then, by the graves of those who fell and by the ruined lands of those who live, we shall stand and dedicate ourselves afresh to the task of Socialist construction, to the building of that new world where war and exploitation will cease, where moral forces will control production and science direct it, where children will grow up without fear and reach a rich and varied maturity, where culture probes deep and opens its rich stores for all, where the latent powers of every man upon the mightiest scale shall enrich a common comradeship embracing every tongue and every race throughout the world.

HEWLETT JOHNSON

Canterbury,
July 20, 1941

The Confraternity of the Slav Peoples

The great patriotic war which the U.S.S.R. is waging is evoking a wide response throughout the world, the ardent sympathy and support of all honest and progressive mankind. The peoples of the Slav nations feel with particular keenness their indissoluble ties, their fraternal friendship with the land of the Soviets. Their own bitter experience has taught them what fascist aggression means. The Huns of the twentieth century, the German fascists, have hurled the whole force of their death-dealing technique against the freedom-loving peoples of Poland and Yugoslavia, in order to destroy them, they have enslaved Czechoslovakia, and transformed Bulgaria into their colony. With hope in their hearts the peoples of these countries now turn their eyes to the heroic Red Army which is delivering a rebuff to the savage foe. With every day that passes, new partisan units are being formed in these countries to wage an armed struggle against the fascist enslavers.

Hitler and his henchmen on the "ideological" front, Goebbels, Rosenberg, etc., are imbued with a savage hatred for the Slav peoples. Harbouring dreams of a "new order," which in practice implies the unbridled reign of the most unrestricted bloody terror, of a "Nordic Europe," to be

ruled by a band of fascist cut-throats, the Hitler gang is bent on wiping out the Slav peoples. In his "scientific" book, *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*, that bloodthirsty buffoon Rosenberg hurls insults at the Slav peoples. Of the Czechs he writes: "In the Czechs there is a kind of deep-seated taint, which like some secret worm consumes them." The fascist magazine *Ostland* gives the following characterization of the Poles: "Poles are frivolous and fickle. The Polish nation is lazy and slovenly. . . In manner the Polish people are rude and almost barbarians." The fascist beasts of prey harbour a particular hatred for the Russian, Ukrainian and Byelorussian peoples, the whole force of whose resistance the fascist army is feeling at the present moment. "In the Russian blood," exclaims Rosenberg with the frenzy of a sadist, "there is something unhealthy, a kind of bastard taint." And with unexampled ferocity the fascist butchers vent their rage on young and old and on the women folk in the occupied towns and villages of Byelorussia and the Ukraine.

But the hopes which the rabid fascists have placed upon the extermination of the Slav peoples, which they visualize as the primary stage in their plans for world conquest, will be shattered for good.



Alexei Tolstoy

A united peoples' anti-fascist front is being formed, and in this front the confraternity of Slav peoples is called upon to play a great historic role. The Soviet government has already concluded an agreement with the governments of the Czechoslovakian Republic and Poland; diplomatic relations have been resumed with Yugoslavia. Fraternal solidarity is cementing all the Slav peoples, who see in the Soviet Union, in the might of its Red Army, a guarantee that the bloody medieval regime of the Hitlerite usurpers is doomed to destruction and that all the enslaved peoples will win freedom and the unlimited opportunity for national and cultural development. This feeling of solidarity was particularly manifest in the speeches made by people who occupy a prominent place in the public and social life of the various Slav countries at the meeting of the representatives of the Slav world on August 10 and 11 in Moscow. These speeches were broadcast, and there can be no doubt that the ardent, stirring words of the speakers were listened to by many of their countrymen groaning beneath the fascist jack-boot.

The meeting was opened by the

Russian writer, Academician Alexei Tolstoy. He appealed to the Russians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Serbs, Horvathians, Macedonians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians, Slovenes and Transcarpathian Ukrainians—to all those “who speak in a fraternal language springing from one Slavic root.”

“Slavs!” said Alexei Tolstoy. “The hour has struck when the entire Slav world must unite for a swift and final liberation from the Hitler yoke. We are uniting as equals with equals. Among us there must be none who are of higher or lower rank. We have one task and one aim—the defeat of Hitler’s armies and the destruction of the entire system of military aggression of which nazism is the synonym. We have one passionate all-embracing desire—that the Slav peoples, just as all our neighbouring peoples and States and all other peoples, should be able to develop peacefully within the framework of their own States. We do not seek domination or supremacy for any peoples. We firmly and categorically repudiate the very idea of pan-Slavism as a thoroughly reactionary trend, absolutely incompatible with equality between peoples and the lofty tasks of the national development of States and peoples. Our aim is to unite all forces for the destruction of the German fascist yoke, whatever sacrifices it may cost us.”

The writer addressed himself to all Slav peoples with the ardent appeal:

“Not an hour of procrastination or hesitation, not an hour of delay! The Slav peoples must rise, each of their own accord, for the liberty, independence and peaceful happiness of its own generation, and join the struggle of the common and united front. Liberty is not presented on a golden platter, liberty has to be won with arms in hand”.

Speaking of the losses which the

heroic resistance of the Red Army is causing the German fascist forces, and the growing hatred of the Slav peoples for fascism, Alexei Tolstoy ended his speech with the following rousing words:

"Long live the liberation of the Slav peoples! Long live our great ally, Great Britain! Long live all countries and all peoples of the world fighting against fascism!"

The next to speak was General Marian Januszajtis, of the Polish army.

"Poles!" he said. "Our duty is to realize immediately the Polish-Soviet agreement. There is no room now for doubt or hesitation! At the present time it is necessary to defeat Hitler! This agreement coupled with the aid of the British people is the pledge of our own victory, and of that of all our brother Slavs and all of healthy-minded humanity.

"Poland will form an army to fight side by side with the Red Army. Its ranks will quickly be filled. But in the rear too we must prepare to fight the dastardly butchers of Slav children. . .

"Long live Poland!

"Long live the Polish-Soviet agreement, may it flourish!

"Long live the union of all Slavs!

"May our German and fascist enemy disappear forever from the face of the earth!"

His words resound with the speech

of the well-known Polish writer Wanda Wasilewska, whose works are familiar to our readers. She had come straight from the front, and was still in military uniform.

"The ruins of Warsaw, the crushed, ravaged, defiled Polish soil summon us to struggle," Wasilewska exclaimed. "The anguished cries of those who have perished and are daily perishing as a result of the reign of terror of the army of occupation summon us to struggle. The grand traditions of our people which fought heroically for its freedom, which has never let itself be crushed or broken, summon us to struggle. . .

"Poles! A people who gave to the world Copernicus, Mickiewicz, Chopin, Kosciuszko, Jaroslaw Dombrowski, Ludwig Warynski, can never be slaves!"

Professor Zdeněk Needly, the well-known Czech scholar, appealed in his speech to the Czechs, Slovaks and Transcarpathian Ukrainians:

"I know quite well," said Needly, "and everyone knows it too, how valiantly the Czechoslovakians are behaving, how the Czech workers do serious damage to the Hitler armaments industry, how the Czech peasants successfully hide their crops from the German usurpers, how gallantly the Czech intellectuals are conducting themselves, led by our splendid students, writers and artists; in a word—all, all to the very last man, woman and child."



Participants of the Moscow meeting of representatives of the Slav world

Reminding his hearers of the historic past of the Czech people, of the mighty struggle of the Hussite heroes, Needly called upon all Czechs to rally for the fight.

"... That which we are doing today will tomorrow not be enough. This is not the time for Schwejks. We could fight in that way against the rotting Austrian Empire. German fascism is much more frightful; there are no weapons too strong, too sharp, too heavy to use against it. Utilize every means for its destruction, destroy its soldiers, its arms, its stores, its transports. What did the Taborites say of old: 'This is no time for clemency, but for retribution and a stern reckoning...'

"... And we are advancing to battle like the Taborites. You know what the song says: 'Who are you, fighters of God'—those fighters at the mere sound of whose names the Germans fled.

"Fear not the enemy, count not their numbers. Resort to every means to destroy the enemies of our country. That is our watchword today, and with this as our watchword we shall be victorious."

The Czechoslovakian poet, Professor Ondra Lysohorsky, is at the speakers desk:

"The sacred hour has struck when Slav and Slav join hands in one mighty ring which will strangle the most dangerous hyena humanity has ever known. On the ruins of the so-called Third Reich a new world and a new Europe will arise, and over the bones of the German marauders will be built up the freedom of all Slav peoples, each of whom, be it large or small, will grow and flourish.

"Every Slav must, is in duty bound, to do everything in his power at this historic moment so that when the brown-shirted fascist beast breathes its last, each man

may be able honestly to say: 'I have also done my part in this!'"

The Montenegrin poet, Radule Stiiensky, read a rousing, stirring appeal in verse to the Balkan youth:

*To arms, O you youth of the Balkans!
Hark to the tanks of the fascists
a-rumbling,*

*Your native soil sacred profaning,
Defiling the tombs of our grandsires,
And trampling their glorious remains.
Say who but the youth of the Balkans
are heirs*

*To the courage of forefathers famed
without peer?*

*Say youth of the Balkans—and did
not your sires*

*Teach ye their cunning, how death
to despise?*

*Then gather in militant patriot bands,
Like the avalanche sweep the foe out
from your lands,*

*Forget for the time the sweet lips of
your loves—*

*Your love is your rifle and her you
must hug.*

*So keen let your sight be, your trigger
hand firm,*

*Your bullet unerringly send to its
billet*

*Right in the swastika's cursed black
heart.*

In his speech Dmitri Vlahov, who holds a prominent place in Macedonian public life, spoke of the grave condition his country had been reduced to under the fascist heel:

"Hitler... has delivered the lands of the Macedonians to that robber Mussolini. Hitler Germany rules our country, laying waste to our industries, robbing the Macedonian peasants and artisans, forcibly deporting our kith and kin, robbing the Macedonian workers of the fruits of their labour, persecuting our language, persecuting our intellectuals. Courts martial carry on their bloody work."

Professor Bozhidar Maslarich, representative of the Serbian people, called on his countrymen to do everything in their power so that "Hitler may be made to feel at every step that the ground is burning under his feet."

The great Russian people, he reminded, have more than once assisted the Serbian people in their struggle for national independence.

"Brothers! Serbs! Spread the partisan movement throughout Yugoslavia. . . Make the fascists and their hangdogs pay a hundredfold for every Serb who perishes at their hands. Revive once again the militant traditions of the Serbian people."

Yuro Salai, who holds a prominent position in Horvathian public life, spoke on the conditions prevailing in his country, which Hitler has given as a present to his flunkey Mussolini:

"Hitler has given the Horvathian people a king, — his vassal, the Italian Duke Spoleto, brother of Duke Aosta, the bankrupt commander of the Italian forces in Abyssinia. But this is a king who prefers to stay in Rome, and does not relish the idea of going to Horvathia, for he knows well enough that the Horvathian people will never succumb to subjection without a fight. He—this king—has found himself a puppet in the person of Pavelich, a recreant who does his masters' bloody work. Tens of thousands of the finest sons of the Horvathian people have been thrown into concentration camps. Hundreds of our most valiant fighters have been shot."

Yuro Salai ended his speech with an appeal for a fraternal fighting union of Horvathians, Serbs and Slovenes against Hitler and his hirelings.

Ivan Regent, Slovenian journalist, noted that his people was the "smallest member of the great Slav family." "But," he continued, "...it is not a matter of numbers,

but of love of liberty and independence. . . Our struggle against fascism will be all the easier inasmuch as we will not stand alone in the fight. The great Russian people is fighting together with us, a people which throughout its history has always been victorious over its enemies. All the Slav peoples are fighting together with us. The great British people is fighting together with us. On our side are ranged the tremendous might of the U.S.A. and all democratic and freedom-loving peoples of the whole world. Here our numbers are of no matter, what matters is our firm will to struggle and to victory."

Doctor A. Stojanov, who holds a prominent position in Bulgarian public life, brands in his speech the traitors to the Bulgarian people who have kotowed to Hitler and Mussolini and are attempting to plunge the Bulgarian people into a war against their liberator—Russia.

"The national ideals of the Bulgarian people," said Doctor A. Stojanov, "cannot be realized in cooperation with vampires and cannibals, under the patronage of conquerors such as Hitler and Mussolini. The policy of their Bulgarian agents can only compromise Bulgarian national aspirations in the eyes of the whole democratic and progressive world. Only by waging a determined struggle against German fascism can the Bulgarian people clear off the stigma which Hitler's obedient hirelings in Bulgaria are striving to brand them with.

"True to its traditions of national liberty, the Bulgarian people will take its place in the united Slav front."

At its second session, held on the following day, the meeting of the Slav peoples was addressed by the writer, Academician Alexander Korneichuk, representative of the Ukrainian people, and the Byelo-

ussian people's poet Yanka Kupala.

"We are faced with a deadly danger," said Alexander Korneichuk. "The fascists have already tortured and massacred three million Poles. The blood of hundreds of thousands of Czechs, Serbs, Slovaks, Transcarpathian Ukrainians, Horvathians, Montenegrins, Slovenes; the blood of six thousand people tortured and killed in the one Ukrainian town of Lwow alone; the blood of the finest sons of the Russian, Ukrainian, Byelorussian and other peoples of the great Soviet Union who fell in battle against the fascist armies; the sea of tears shed by tortured children and women—all this summons us, Slavs, to unite against the common foe so abhorrant to us—Hitler and his fascist hordes. . .

"There is not a house or cottage in the Ukraine but which has vowed to die rather than become slaves of the hateful Hitler. The enemy reached out for our rich harvest, but it was no sea of golden grain that awaited him in the occupied regions of the Ukraine, but charred earth and the fierce hatred of the people. Wherever the bloody jackboot of the fascists trod, they found a desert."

"The Byelorussian people, together with the other peoples of the Soviet Union," said Yanka Kupala, "is not only fighting in the ranks of the heroic fighters of the Red Army, but is also waging a bitter struggle in the rear of the enemy, organizing ever more units of partisans."

"We Byelorussians are filled with joy at the news that with every passing day the Poles, Czechs and Serbs are rising in greater strength to grapple with our common foe—Hitlerism."

Prominent in Slovakian public life, Marek Chulen, deputy to the Czechoslovakian parliament, addressed his appeal to his people, whose sons are being sent to fight

against the Soviet Union by Hitler's myrmidons, the traitors Tuca, Mach and Tisso:

"Slovakian soldiers at the front! Do not fight against the Russians; turn your weapons against the German dogs and wreak vengeance on them for all they have done to our womenfolk and children, for all the torments to which they have subjected our people."

"Go into battle, Slovaks, fight side by side with the Red Army, side by side with the Russian people against the German murderers!"

"For the freedom of the Slovakian people!"

Ivan Lokota, prominent representative of the Transcarpathian Ukrainians, and deputy to the Czechoslovakian parliament, spoke of the tortures and sufferings inflicted on the Transcarpathian Ukrainians by the German and Hungarian fascists.

Lokota called for a merciless partisan warfare against those who had subjugated his people.

At the close of the meeting speeches were made by the German anti-fascist poet Johannes Becher and playwright Friedrich Wolf, who on behalf of all German anti-fascists expressed their solidarity with the Slav peoples.

The delegates to the meeting drew up a manifesto "To Our Oppressed Slav Brothers," which reads in part as follows:

"Oppressed Slav brothers! Let the sacred flame of struggle sweep through all our Slav countries enslaved by Hitlerism! Let every plot of Slav soil become a grave for the enemy and a base for liberation from the Hitler yoke!"

The great union of the Slav peoples, support rendered them by the democratic peoples of England and America, are a guarantee that the fascist hordes of Hitler and Mussolini will be crushed and destroy



К ОРУЖИЮ, СЛАВЯНЕ!
РАЗГРОМИМ ФАШИСТСКИХ УГНЕТАТЕЛЕЙ!

"To arms, Slavs! Destroy the fascist aggressors!"

Soviet war poster by V. Odintsov

An Army of Heroes

The Red Army has risen to meet the enemy with a living wall of tanks; unerring and devastating artillery fire; thousands of war planes vigilant and bold as falcons, swift and deadly as lightning.

Its mighty engines of war are driven by an inflexible reserve to smash the enemy; a courage which is amazing the world; ingenuity, Russian resourcefulness, iron stamina.

The Germans conquered most of Europe without much exertion. In each country, long before the war, they organized "fifth columns" recruited from the scum of the earth, bandits of every description, from those who commit their crimes with the pen to those who prefer a clean job with the knife, adventurers who had sold their conscience, their honour and, above all, their country. They destroyed the military power of European States by every possible method, bribery of cabinet ministers and parliamentary deputies, acts of sabotage and espionage, steam-roller press campaigns, murderous attacks on democrats, working men and intellectuals.

They flooded Europe with propaganda lulling her into a false sense of security, in which she slumbered, untroubled by dreams of war. And when she awoke to the roar of the German bombers, it was too late. The fascists held her at the point of the bayonet and robbed her to the last stitch, rather, the last

door-knob, the last crust of bread. All who were dissatisfied with such a state of affairs were put into concentration camps to be done to death by starvation and physical torture.

To Hitler's fevered imagination it seemed that Europe's fate was well and thoroughly settled. Thinking that we were also asleep and trusted him, he treacherously hurled one hundred and seventy divisions against the U.S.S.R. But here the world's No. 1 bandit with his gang of diplomats, ranters and pogrom mongers from the gutter who had become multi-millionaires in one year of the European war, miscalculated in two directions: in the rear and at the front.

The Europe he had plundered and humiliated proved to be unpacified. The peoples of Europe cherished in their hearts a burning hatred for their enslavers, they felt death was better than slavery.

And so as soon as a broad river of fascist blood began to flow under the blows of the Red Army, strange things began to happen in Europe: fires broke out in underground gasoline tanks, explosions blew ammunition dumps sky-high, troop trains were derailed, armament factories flew up into the air with their fascist guards, wherever possible *ca'canny* strikes crept round the factories and unseen hands chalked slogans in the streets: "Long live the Red Army!" "Long live Stalin!"

England, instead of capitulating on land and sea, as the fascists had been trumpeting to the world, for months past, became more powerfully armed and organized. The bombardment of London and other fair cities of Britain only made the British set their teeth with the determination to destroy Hitler and fascism.

This winter the British launched a phrase which flew round the world: "Hitler's position is brilliant, but hopeless..." Recently they declared they had won supremacy in the air over Western Europe and would not rest until they had won it against any combination, on any front.

Mighty squadrons of British bombers are now making terrible raids on Germany, destroying German armament factories, oil dumps, docks, quays, railway stations and ships.

Such a position has developed in the fascist rear that Hitler needs the eyes of an Argus to keep track of it.

Hitler's second mistake was his underestimation of the power and stamina of the Red Army, the power and stamina of our country with its numerous peoples.

He has bitten off more than he can chew.

He should have known that even in the most difficult periods of their history the Russian people have never gone cap in hand to would-be conquerors, but, if they could find nothing better, have met them with pitch-forks and ripped their bellies open. For their hallowed native soil our people have never hesitated to give their lives. Life is dear to us, we enjoy every moment of it, but dearer than life we hold our country, our polity and customs, our language, our entity, our firm conviction that we have strength enough to defend the U.S.S.R. and arrange life in

our own way, a life of abundance and freedom enriched with all the fertility of the soil and human intellect, a life where every newcomer into the world has an open road to happiness.

The fascists have no business to be on our land. We shall slay them.

It is a grim business we have on hand. The enemy is strong and dangerous. To destroy him we must have an organized, concerted, confident exertion of all forces in the rear multiplied tenfold—all our labours, all our thoughts, all our lives—for the Red Army and victory. That is Comrade Stalin's message. The whole country is behind him unanimously. The Red Army can be sure of the rear. The Russian people have strong shoulders and capable hands. Their heads are screwed on right. They are defending what is their own, the country they have gained for all time after agonizing centuries of struggle.

The Red Army—the flower of the Soviet country—will accomplish its sublime national mission in this war against the killer and robber of nations, a mission on which depends our all.

The eyes of all mankind are turned with hope, and some with entreaty, towards the Red Army. We Soviet people have not been too well known; all kinds of false ideas have been circulated about us—the fascists have seen to that with their yellow propaganda slandering the Russians and all the fraternal nations of the U.S.S.R. I need only say that as late as in 1937 people abroad who were well disposed towards us asked me nervously if it was true that women in Soviet Russia are nationalized and that children had not the right to be brought up by their parents, and other such absurd things.

The Red Army with its iron might, its courage, its superb pa-

triotism and selfless service has raised the name of the Russians high in the eyes of the world.

Let the scales of mistrust and prejudice fall forever, and the nations of the world will see that the Red Army is an invincible champion and friend of democracy, liberty, humanity and culture.

With its hammer blows against the enemy in this grim patriotic war, the Red Army, at one with the whole country, is defending the freedom and happiness of our country, freedom and peace for the nations of the world.

ALEXEI TOLSTOY

Never Shall the Ukraine Be a Slave to German Fascism

German fascism which has treacherously attacked the Soviet Union aims one of its first blows at the heart of the great Ukrainian people. Black carrion kites suddenly pounced upon cities and villages of Ukrain's Western regions; tanks, operated by picked fascist killers, drove across collective farm grain, cottages and human bodies.

The Red warriors are offering heroic resistance to the bestial fascist hordes. Hitler's finest divisions found their graves on Ukrainian soil. Under the blows of the Red Army enemy tanks are turned into shapeless masses of iron and fascist planes are brought down in flames. The earth is strewn with the corpses of hundreds of thousands of fascist gangsters.

In the territories occupied by the enemy, sons of the Ukrainian people are forming fighting units which bravely attack the enemy with lightning speed, wreck his supply trains, blow up his machines and set fire to stores and aerodromes.

In his frenzied hatred, the enemy attacks defenceless women, children and aged, subjecting them to horrible tortures and death. But his frenzy does not daunt the people; it merely fills hearts of men with hatred and mortal wrath. "The Ukraine shall never be a German

slave," the people vow. The Ukrainian people is aware of the ominous danger hanging over them. The enemy is out to destroy everything that has been created in 24 years of persistent labour and struggle, everything that the people take pride and joy in, everything they gained by dint of great sacrifice and privation, which made life happy and worthwhile.

The Ukrainian people together with all the other peoples of our great country has risen in a mighty patriotic war in answer to the predatory attack of the fascists.

The German pirates, who had more than once stretched their bloody paws to the fertile and beautiful Ukrainian lands, have found an outspoken and cynical mouthpiece in the person of the madman Hitler. The author of *Mein Kampf*, this most abominable piece of writing that has ever disgraced humanity, classifies the Soviet land and particularly the Ukraine as the "Eastern space" of the German Empire. The Soviet "space" is to be distributed among the fascist cut-throats. "The German race of masters" is promised by Hitler an easy life on lands tilled by the labour of "Slavic slaves." The number of slaves is to be governed by the needs of their masters. All the

superfluous "native" Slavs in the "Eastern space" are to be exterminated.

The dreams of Hitler's ancestors, the Teutonic knight-curs, the aspirations of the conquistadors who wiped out whole tribes in Mexico, the deeds of African hunters who supplied Negro slaves for South-American plantations—how pale and insignificant these seem when compared with the "ideas" of German fascism! Such bestiality, insolence and cynicism has never been reached by any hangman.

While preparing for war on Soviet lands, on the Soviet Ukraine, while drawing up their plans for exterminating the Ukrainian people, Hitler, Goebbels, Rosenberg and Company found in the Berlin slums suitable "experts on the Ukrainian question": Petlura whiteguards united under the aegis of Rosenberg in the Berlin "Ukrainian Institute." The Petlura gang hates the Ukrainian people who defeated them and drove them out from the country. Petlura traitors hang on to the tails of the German invaders and are given once in a while a chance to shout in poor Ukrainian over the radio.

Among this scum is to be found the nameless author of the mad *Short History of the Ukraine*, which our men find frequently in the pockets of German war prisoners.

The illiterate imbecile, the author of this work, insolently tries to prove that the Ukrainian people is incapable of running its own State affairs and must take orders from the "blond northern race of masters."

This booklet reiterates the old tale about the coming of the Varangians to the Slav lands. Who created Kiev Russ? Hitler's ancestors. Why did Kiev Russ collapse? Because Hitler's ancestors did not withstand the temptation of Slav women and mixed their

blood of masters with the blood of slaves. The Rosenberg degenerate who penned the *History* draws the following conclusion: let the Hitler hordes come to the Ukraine to govern and rule, to rape Slav women but after raping let them kill them so that no half-breeds should be born which once again would bring the downfall of Kiev Russ.

When he gets to the year 1918, a year ominous for the Germans, the author of the *History* heaves a deep sigh, but soon hastens to describe with the choicest terms in his meager vocabulary the riches and beauties of the Ukraine. It is the granary of Europe and has well-fattened hogs for good German soldiers, has ore, manganese, as well as coal, and, if need be, perhaps a certain number of people whom the "führer" might eventually allow to remain alive to become obedient Slavic slaves. The yellow dog of a "patriot" spared no colours. The hungry bandits certainly could work up an appetite from his glowing description.

And so the "ideological foundation" for the gangster raid has been laid. It is insolent, doltish and bloodthirsty enough to live up to the requirements of Goebbels' propaganda. Such cheap hash is enough for the German soldier. And where was Goebbels to get better hash? The insolence of the Hitlerite scribblers comes to a point where they, like their "führer," in hysterical outbursts speak their mind. "Attack and grab all you can," they proclaim in all their scribblings. And the same holds good for the *Short History of the Ukraine*.

But the Ukrainian people is well familiar with its true history. It remembers how many times throughout the centuries the bands of German robbers raised their battle cry "Drang nach Osten" on the borders of the Russian, Ukrainian

and Byelorussian lands. As early as the thirteenth century a pack of Teutonic hounds, beaten in the North and North-East, decided to seek easy pickings in the South, to move onto the fertile lands inhabited by the Ukrainian tribes. In the forests of Volhynia the warriors of the Galician Prince Danyla cut to ribbons the Teutons. Several years later Alexander Nevsky dealt them a mortal blow on the ice of Lake Peipus. The Germans were beaten.

In the battle near Grünwald, side by side with famed Smolensk regiments which won the day, together with the Polish and Lithuanian troops fought the popular levies from Galicia, Volhynia and Lwow. The Germans were beaten.

In the march on Berlin the ranks of the Russian troops included regiments formed in the Ukraine. The Germans were beaten.

During the imperialist war of 1914 the Germans were severely beaten on more than one occasion.

In 1918 the German robbers, with the aid of Judas Trotsky and the traitors from the camp of Ukrainian nationalists, tried once again to force Ukraine into slavery. We remember, and the robbers themselves also have not forgotten, how they ran, saving their skin from the furious onslaught of Shchors, Bozhenko, Parkhomenko and Voroshilov and how they were beaten.

The howling of the Teutonic

knights, the rapacious grinding of teeth by the Hohenzollern, the maniacal plans of Bismarck and the greedy calculations of Wilhelm — all are being repeated in the hoarse and furious ravings of Hitler. He has forgotten the lessons of history. He has forgotten about the ignoble end of all beasts who coveted the land which fascism now calls "the Eastern space" and which is the sacred land of the mighty State of Soviet peoples. If in past centuries Russians, Ukrainians and Byelorussians unitedly and valourously defended their land from German robbers, how much greater is their strength, kinship and valour today, when they are united in the free union of free peoples. And the German robbers will be beaten once again. They will be beaten so that no trace of them will be left on the face of the earth.

Never will the Ukraine be a slave to German fascism! German fascism with its myrmidons, the pack of the yellow-blue¹ adventurers, will find its ignoble doom. The Ukrainian people together with the great Russian people and the other peoples of the Soviet Union are fighting for freedom, honour and happiness of their great country.

The union of our peoples is indestructible! Our victory is assured!

MIKOLA BAZHAN

Byelorussia Up in Arms

Not for the first time are the Byelorussians encountering foreign invaders; not for the first time does the alarm echo through Byelorussia.

Byelorussia prepared a fitting welcome for the fascist barbarians in every village, every forest.

I saw how the Byelorussian

people met the invaders. Everyone who could move, everyone who could carry arms scattered in the forests and the swamps. The women carried their small children away with them saying: better to

¹ Banner colours of the Ukrainian counter-revolutionary nationalists.

rot in the marshes than fall into the hands of the German fascists.

The Byelorussian people have risen to fight a sacred war against the enemy. They know full well what Hitler means for them.

On my way from Kaunas I saw a German fighter plane suddenly swoop over the road thronged with old men, women and children. Flying low, the fascist vampire swept the defenceless crowd with machine-gun fire and then slunk off as soon as the wings of Soviet planes were sighted on the horizon.

The fascist vulture did not escape the punishment he deserved. Within 20 kilometers of the scene of the bloody massacre he staged he was brought down by Soviet flyers. But Byelorussian peasants lay dead and dying on the road. Blood stained the grey beards of old men. Dead mothers clutched their lifeless babies to their breasts.

Dastardly murderers! They bomb defenceless villages and towns!

They plunder, they violate our women, they slaughter people like cattle.

Need it then be asked why the Byelorussian people have risen against the invaders?

The Soviet power has given the Byelorussian people everything they wished for, all that they dreamed of for centuries. For the first time in history has prosperity and happiness come into Byelorussian huts, for the first time in history has Byelorussia received its independence.

What are we offered in exchange for our freedom? Whips and gallows of fascist executioners, the lot of slaves!

Never shall this come to pass! Never shall the Byelorussians yield their Soviet land, given to them for all time.

J. Stalin, the great leader of all peoples, has said:

"The peoples of the Soviet Union must rise against the enemy and defend their rights and their land."

So shall it be! I know the Byelorussian people and I have faith in their strength. They will rise to a man at the call of their leader.

Partisan Denis Davydov, that gallant Russian warrior of the last century, wrote many years after Napoleon's hordes had been driven out of Russia:

"Never has Russia risen yet to her full titanic height, and woe to her enemies when she does."

Davydov, one of the progressive men of his day, realized that Napoleon's armies had been destroyed by barely one-tenth part of the Russian people. Only the provinces on the western frontiers beat back Napoleon's troops, while in central Russia people's volunteer forces rose to fight the invader. But how will the enemy fare today when from all corners of the Soviet land a mighty host of warriors is moving on it?

The words of this Russian patriot sound a grim prophecy, the death knell of the fascist monsters today.

Not all the marshes have been drained in Byelorussia. Deep graves are awaiting the fascists there.

A formidable partisan movement is rising in the forests and marshes of Byelorussia.

I know what my people will do. Following their leader's call, they will not leave the enemy a single pound of bread, not a single litre of fuel. Cattle, grain, tractors, railway cars — the Byelorussians will take everything out of the districts captured by the Germans, and what they cannot take with them they will consign to the flames.

Partisan detachments, mounted and foot, are being formed in the districts occupied by the enemy. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth will be our battle cry. Brid-

ges, stores and supply trains shall fly into the air. The Byelorussians are a hospitable people but they do not like uninvited guests. So long as a single Byelorussian breathes, the fascist invaders shall have no rest on Byelorussian land; bitter shall be their existence, because from every tree, every ditch the keen eyes of partisans will be watching them.

The great Stalin says that the war against fascist Germany is not an ordinary war. No, it is not an ordinary war. It is a war of reason against insanity, freedom against slavery, man against beast.

We are not alone in this struggle. The great Russian people stand behind us like a mighty wall; on the left flank of the Byelorussian volunteer forces march the armies of Bogdan Chmielnicki's descendants, the valourous warriors of Soviet Ukraine.

As in the old days, the Ukrainian *bandore* players and Byelorussian minstrels are scattering in the forests and ravines. Again, as 200 years ago, they will rally the people to fight the invaders.

Look around you, Byelorussians! A gallant partisan movement is growing in kindred Yugoslavia.

The Germans are putting up ominous posters over the blood-stained land:

"For every German killed one hundred Serbians will be shot or hanged."

But the Serbian partisans laugh in the face of the fascist threats.

"That's an awful lot," they say, "one hundred Serbians for one German. We can't afford that much. But if every Serbian will first kill one German, how then, fascist hangmen, will you kill one hundred Serbians for one fascist?"

We Byelorussians shall say the same. The blood of our wives, children, mothers and fathers has

been shed. We are not to blame for this war; the fascists have broken into our land like common burglars.

The uninvited guests must not complain. We shall give them as hearty a welcome as we can. For the good man our gates are open wide and there are bread and wine on the table. For the thief that comes in the night, for the villain, we have fire and the sword.

The Byelorussian people have invested me with the honorary title of People's Poet. The Byelorussian people have elected me a member of the Supreme Soviet of the Republic. They have honoured me with their trust.

To all those in Byelorussia who know and remember me, to all who are now on the other side behind the German lines, to all who on our side are meeting the fascist hordes with fire and sword, I wish to say:

I am an old man. I have been honest and frank from my youth and I shall not change in this grim hour. Listen to Stalin, my children. Stalin says:

"...our forces are numberless. The overweening enemy will soon learn this to his cost. . .

"All the forces of the people for the demolition of the enemy!

"Forward to victory!" said Stalin.

Let us repeat, brothers: Forward to victory!

Byelorussia will be happy again under the sun of the Stalin Constitution. The dark days will pass. Our glorious heroes, the sons of the Byelorussian people, will return to their native land. And the memory of those who laid down their lives for country, honour, and liberty, will be cherished forever by the people.

YANKA KUPALA

People's Poet of Byelorussian S.S.R.

We Will Fight for the Life and Honour of Our People

Hitlerism has inherited all the rapacious designs which Germany has nurtured for centuries.

The Polish State had barely come into being when iron-clad hordes swooped down from the West on the peaceful inhabitants of field and forest. With fire and sword the enemy laid waste to the log settlements, leaving a desert in its wake.

The crusaders were notorious as treacherous enemies who never carried out their obligations and grossly violated treaties and agreements. Hitler mastered well this tradition handed down by his mail-clad ancestors.

The Teutonic knights sought to exterminate the Polish people. The atrocities of these rapacious beasts comprise one of the darkest pages in the history of our people.

Another gloomy landmark is the partitioning of Poland.

It brought with it the disgraceful humiliation of my people. Polish children were forced to study in an alien language and were persecuted for preserving their native tongue. The children fought heroically for the language of their fathers, for their dignity. We will forever remember how the Germans persecuted the young for their love of their own culture.

The Poles were deprived of their land. The usurpers' sleep was disturbed by dreams of colonies. To depopulate large territories, to germanize them at any cost, to root out everything Polish—such was the aim of the aggressors. And this tradition too was well mastered by German fascism.

Ever since Hitler came to power it was clear that a mortal danger

threatened Poland, the State as well as the people.

Hitler proclaimed a crusade against the Slav peoples. He declared that they must become the slaves of the Germans. Every speech of Hitler, every article of his henchmen is replete with a bestial hatred for the Slav peoples. Ever more frequently they were seasoned with such epithets as the "Polish boors," the "Polish savages."

Came the year 1939.

Fifty-two cities and towns of Poland had been bombed. The extermination of the Polish people, of Polish culture had commenced. The Germans bombarded ancient buildings, works of art. Century-old cities were turned into heaps of ruins. The Warsaw Cathedral, one of the finest examples of Gothic architecture in Central Europe, was demolished. In a frenzy of rage the fascist vandals demolished the handiwork of artists which had been cherished for generations.

Small hamlets, with no industry and of no military importance, were not spared. From the very first day it was obvious that this was not a case of mere conquest but that the fascists had set themselves the task of completely destroying everything. Everything that met the eyes of the vandals was ruthlessly destroyed by fire and bomb. Even the humble wooden huts of the peasants of Kujawy and Masowsze suffered the same fate.

Poisoned candies were strewn from planes in the residential sections of Warsaw. In other cities the vandals dropped brightly coloured boxes which exploded in the hands of the children who picked

them up. Poisoned cigarettes, poisoned chocolates were strewn about with the same aim. German pilots flying low mowed down with machine-gun fire the crowds of refugees who were fleeing to the East. They turned their machine-guns on women working in the fields. The murderers hunted down shepherd boys and killed them in the most brutal fashion.

In September 1939, while making my way from Warsaw to the Soviet border, I covered several hundred miles on foot across Polish lands. The sky was lurid with the glow of fires, and in every direction there were raging seas of flames. The air was thick with an unbearable stench. The whole atmosphere was permeated with the smell of things that had been burnt and singed. It haunted you for weeks, it was everywhere—in field and forest. Everything was in flames, and from the smoldering ruins came the stench of decomposing corpses, for there was no one to remove and bury them. We walked through burned down villages, deserted homes, a derelict region, truly a valley of death. And on the highways and byways thousands of people, downtrodden, shattered, blind and oblivious to everything, aimlessly roaming about, not knowing where to rest their heads. People without hearth or home, without a country, waifs, women separated from their husbands, cows that looked more like skeletons dragging after carts—such was this dismal picture of utter desolation and sorrow.

This is what Hitler did to my native land, to the peaceful Pomerania, to the Masowsze villages and the green valleys of Podlesie.

Such is the bill, the bitter bill my people have to present to the twentieth century cannibals. Many of my brothers and sisters perished in those trying days. Life became

unbearable for the Polish people under the jack-boot of German fascism. Franck, the German governor-general, cynically declared that the Poles must become a people of slaves.

First came the plunder of our cultural treasures. The famed Jagellon library, one of the finest in Europe, was removed to Germany. Old scrolls and rare books, the contents of the Warsaw libraries and art galleries, followed suit. Bas-reliefs, sculptures and frescoes were removed from churches. The German marauder took everything he could lay his hand on.

The German fascists had decided to abolish Polish culture. Hence many things were no longer considered necessary. There was no need for universities, no need for secondary schools: to be a slave one does not need any education.

And certainly there was no need for a Polish intelligentsia. Professors of universities, irrespective of what branch of science, were arrested wholesale. And it is well known that none of them have come back to tell the tale of their cries in a German prison. Artists, who were reduced to working as waiters in order to keep body and soul together, were also rounded up. The Gestapo let loose its reign of terror. Many people committed suicide, preferring to die by their own hand rather than be tortured to death. But even this proved insufficient to physically exterminate a whole nation. In the winter, during the bitterest frosts, people were evicted from their homes. Hounded on they made for the desolate wastes, the unknown; they dropped from exhaustion on the roadside, froze and perished by the hundreds. All Poles were evicted from Cracow which suddenly proved to be an ancient German city. In general we did not know where we lived. The land where

our forefathers were born, where our language had resounded for centuries, this land steeped with our traditions, now, after hundreds of years, was suddenly proclaimed German.

The vandals continued systematically at their work of destruction. The Germans were bent on physically exterminating the Polish people. Everything of the least value, as foodstuff, was taken away. It is not merely the town dweller who is starving but also the peasant who has been turned into a serf by the German Junkers. The entire population is literally dying from hunger.

The Polish people will be wiped out unless they cast off the yoke of German fascism. That is why our life, our future depends on the victory of the Soviet Union.

The Soviet people are fighting for our existence, for our freedom too. It is for our sake that Soviet pilots perform feats of unexampled heroism. It is for our sake that

Soviet border guards are fighting to their last drop of blood.

This struggle is more ruthless and arduous than anything known to history. It is a life-and-death struggle. And we too must take part in this struggle. We will fight for the honour of our nation, for our culture, for our native land, for human dignity, for liberty, for the right of our people to live. Our fate too is being decided in the struggle now raging. The victory of the Soviet Union will also be our victory.

No, we are not a people of slaves, we are a people which has given the world Mickiewicz, Slowacki, Jaroslaw Dombrowski and Curie-Skladowska. The tortured land trampled by the enemy's boot calls for resistance. A mortal combat is on. This is a choice between the complete extermination of the Poles or the regeneration of our nation. We must live, we must win!

WANDA WASILEWSKA

Fascism—the Destroyer of Culture

Fascism and culture are mutually exclusive concepts. The franker of the fascist misrulers, men like Rosenberg and Hans Günther, who pass for "theoreticians" among the fascist barbarians, declare outright that fascism is inimical to all modern culture. As against humanism, which in the mouths of the Hitlerite obscurantists is nothing but a term of abuse, they set up the concept of *Blut und Boden*—blood and soil, the "German spirit," the "mystic secrecies of race culture," and similar drivel.

The Rosenbergs and the Günthers talk of a "national-socialist world-outlook" and of a "new German

culture." The "ideology" current in Hitler Germany is nothing but a stinking morass containing a little of everything—of maniacal race ideas plucked from Chamberlain and Gobineau, of a "voluntarism" culled from Carlyle and Nietzsche and adapted to the intelligence of the fascist storm trooper, and the like—all thickly peppered with the most diverse (and often mutually contradictory) theories borrowed from every reactionary philosopher of modern times, from Bergson and Spengler to Gentile and Klagges. If to this be added the most primitive and ferocious anti-Semitism and a spicing

of mysticism, we get some idea of the intellectual level and the originality of the fascist "doctrine," of the thievish eclecticism of the fascist scribes.

Reason is proclaimed by the graphomaniacs of every calibre to be a diabolical invention of the Jews, whereas the true German must be guided by the "race instinct," by the "call of blood."

"Literary scholars" plying their trade under the auspices of the swastika solemnly discuss whether Schiller was not murdered by Goethe (Ludendorff's widow wrote a rambling treatise on this subject in which she asserted that Goethe had poisoned Schiller); Lessing's genealogical tree is subjected to a searching investigation, the author of *Nathan the Wise* being suspected of non-Aryan ancestors. The classics are mutilated and distorted in the most uncereceremonious fashion to make them serve as illustrations to fascist slogans.

Storm troopers in the role of biologists, anthropologists and physicians have with a stroke of the pen abolished all "non-Aryan" discoveries and inventions; they have put a ban on psychotherapy and prophylaxis, lauded the "eugenic" role of epidemics and tuberculosis, advocated sterilization and woven a regular web of petty forgeries to bolster up their despicable race views. Raving maniacs danced frenziedly around bonfires of books, while thick-headed and cynical drill-sergeants imposed the regime of the Prussian barrack-room on university and academy.

In 1933, when the Reichstag was burnt and the brown-shirted and black-uniformed gangs gave vent to their sadistic instincts in the public streets and in concentration camps, there began the great exodus of Germany's finest scientists and artists.

Einstein, Thomas and Heinrich

Mann, Reinhardt, Feuchtwanger, Haber, Freundlich, Walter, scientists, writers, musicians and actors were hounded from their native country, or left it of their own free will, refusing to reconcile themselves to the barbaric unification of culture, trampled underfoot by the bloodthirsty obscurantists, race mystics and decriers of reason.

The decline of culture in Germany is borne out not only by the steady falling off in the number of students of higher educational establishments, by the closing down of theatres and newspapers, and by the diminishing size of editions of books and periodicals; every manifestation of what passes for cultural life in Germany testifies to the intellectual retrogression, to the stupidity, ignorance and utter impotence of the fascist *Kulturmachers*, or at best to their charlatanism or professional dexterity.

The fate of the two or three talented writers of the old generation who for one reason or another remained in Germany is a striking illustration of the inexorable action of this retrogression.

Gerhardt Hauptmann, Hans Fallada and Kasimir Edschmid, of whom Hitler's swash-bucklers were at first as proud as peacocks, praising them as geniuses and immortals, have in recent years fallen into the shade.

An editorial in *Die Literatur* (1940, No. 42, XI, p. 439), a leading German literary magazine, gloomily remarked that "the merit of our classical music and literature so far seems to be beyond the reach of our present-day artists and musicians, and even more so of our writers." Hitler's disheartened culture troopers try to explain this on the grounds that "weapons are still speaking, silencing the voice of the poets." Such, at least, was the assertion of one

Gerhardt Reinboth in an article on German and Italian culture in *Die Literatur* (1940, 43, II, p. 76). This fascist literary critic consoles his readers with the thought that "we are living in an epoch of action, and of swift action at that. But our spirits have still not been motorized" (Ibid.).

This talk of "motorized" spirits is a new catchword of the fascist spellbinders.

Let us examine a few specimens of productions of a so-called scientific character from among those that have been hailed with most enthusiasm by the fascist critics in the past year or so.

In his "capital" work, *World-Outlook* (*Weltanschauung*, Munich, 1940), Gustav Wyneken, philosopher and "theoretician of pedagogy," makes short shift of Hegel, Spinoza and Kant. While making pretentious claims to originality and epoch-making discoveries, this Hitlerite philosopher simply parrots the subjective-idealistic theories of Gundolf, Dilthey, Klagges and their like.

"We perceive the world only indirectly," he solemnly assures us, "through mythical thought, in which alone truth resides. Three concentric circles surround the ego: world experience, social experience and spiritual experience. Spiritual experience nourishes our super-ego and the super-mundane content of the world. Mythology is the revelation of religion."

And delirium tremens of this type is dignified with the title of a world-outlook, of a philosophy.

Bernhard Hecke, the "bio-psychologist," has bestowed upon humanity a solid and profound lubrication bearing the pretentious title: *An Inquiry into the Animal Soul Based on the Scientific Philosophy and Psychology of Johannes Rehmke* (*Die Tierseele auf der Grundlage der grundwissenschaft-*

lichen Philosophie und Psychologie von Johannes Rehmke, Bamberg, 1940).

Displaying no less zeal than his philosophical colleague, this storm trooper in the field of science demolishes with an air of finality Descartes, Lamettrie, Fichte, Hegel, Pavlov and Bekhterev. He extols the "spiritual life" of the brute beast, detects a profound philosophical and psychological significance in the gambols of dogs, and so forth. In brief, this fascist science-monger holds that there is no qualitative difference between the mind of man and the mind of animals. It is noteworthy that this exaltation of the brute beast to the disfavour of man is, generally speaking, one of the few permanent principles of the fascist "world-outlook." As we know, the "führer" himself is fond of widely advertizing his "love of animals," is always having himself photographed with a pet canary or a pet sheepdog, and has made the use of animals for scientific research a punishable crime—such is the tender heart of this butcher in whose concentration camps one and a half million men and women are rotting.

Fascist literary men of the type of Joachim Frieze go into long disquisitions on learned philological subjects. One of them, for example, points out that the word garden is subject only to two definitions: "children's" and "zoological" (*Kindergarten* and *Tiergarten*; *Die Literatur*, 1940, 42, XI, pp. 457—60), and sagely discusses the profound symbolical meaning of the goldfinch painted by Raphael in his picture of the Madonna.

There is nothing strange in all this. The fact that the ideologists of a political system that is founded on the most brutish and diabolical misanthropy talk so much of their spiritual affinity with the

beasts is quite natural and understandable—although rather hard on the beasts.

Philology is one of the vilest professions in the Third Reich. Language and literary research offer plenty of scope for the race "theoreticians."

One fascist philologist, citing a host of examples to show that Spanish words are absorbed into the Italian language "*via Paris*," that is, with French morphological and phonetic changes, clamours about the necessity of destroying this "last and most secret empire of France, the empire of language." He calls for the degradation of the French language to the rank of "a dialect that has suffered most (from civilization.—*L. K.*), that has been worn down by abrasion, and is therefore least of all worthy of exercising influence on the Latin languages" (*Die Literatur*, 1940, 43, II, p. 42). A certain Eduard Kölwel takes up the cudgels against the abundance of foreign words in *Museus*. With an ignorance truly astonishing in a man who to all appearances has received some philological education, this champion of race purism abuses the celebrated story-teller of the eighteenth century for writing in the language current in his day (*Die Literatur*, 1940, 43, II, p. 63).

The slogan of a "greater Germany" or "greater Empire" has become quite the fashion among the Hitlerites. Hence the "imperial consciousness" and the "imperial spirit." These resounding phrases are merely expressive of the predatory appetites of the fascist misrulers who have bent the whole life of the peoples they have enslaved into the service of their aggressive designs.

And now the "führer's" sycophants, with an air of learning, pretend to have discovered the

"imperial idea" and the "dream of empire" in no less a person than Sebastian Brandt, the eminent German sixteenth century humanist. They report him as having declared that "the Germans are the only people destined to rule the world." No quotations or arguments in support of this assertion are adduced (*Die Literatur*, 1940, 42, XII, p. 481). A sheer forgery, of course, of the crassest and most primitive kind, one that is only possible among the fascists, where "anti-historism" has been elevated to a principle.

An even more despicable counterfeited is a pamphlet by Ritter—*Goethe and the Empire* (*Goethe und das Reich*, Leipzig, 1940). With the help of a few quotations unscrupulously torn from their context, the author converts the great Goethe, an uncompromising foe of all nationalism and chauvinism, into a champion of the "imperial idea" and of "German grandeur" (the author now and again shamefacedly admits that Goethe was not always consistent and not always strictly orthodox).

We are told that the leading idea of *Götz von Berlichingen*, that drama of revolt, was nothing more nor less than the dream of "an ideal Western Emperor bringing order and peace into the world"—the most patent nonsense to anybody who has ever read this play, however long ago. A more superb piece of effrontery can scarcely be conceived.

A little more dexterous in his search for the "imperial idea"—this time in the works of Grimmelshausen—is Paul Gerhardt, a cultural storm trooper of Königsberg (*Die Literatur*, 1941, 43, VI, p. 269). But his almost total lack of faculty or inclination for historical thought lends everything he writes an almost fantastic hue. The astonished reader learns that

fascism was already known to Germany in the seventeenth century, and that the naïve, prankish and at the same time tragic Simplicus Simplicissimus, one of the most full-blooded popular heroes in German literature prior to Lessing, was nothing but an "intuitive" predecessor of Hitler.

The spectacle of this and a score of other brown-shirted pups would be comic if it were not so disgusting and so terribly tragic.

On a corresponding level are the cultural imports of the Third Reich. In 1939 a much-advertized translation of a "capital scientific work" on Dante by the Italian historian Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti appeared in Vienna. The chief feature of this voluminous tome of the Italian fascist "savant" is a vulgar and almost pornographic "exposure" of the "vices and evil passions" of Dante. The learned fascist doctor can scarcely conceal his hatred of the great poet; the conceited pigmy stands on tip-toe and hurls abuse and calumny at the shade of the giant in an attempt to exalt his own insignificant person. His description of Dante is plentifully spiced with such phrases as "vile qualities. . . petty vanity. . . village pump

politician. . . party vindictiveness. . . provincialism. . . spurious imitation of the classical style. . . bad taste. . . unscrupulousness," and so on and so forth. The great poet is portrayed as a dissolute gourmand, an egoist, a petty, vicious individual. There is no point, of course, in disputing "learned discoveries" of this kind. Even the reviewer in *Die Literatur* (1940, 42, XII, p. 520), who cherishes an obvious partiality for the book, prudently remarks that much in it is unsubstantiated and bears "too subjective a character." But this does not prevent him from admiring the bold anti-historism of his Italian colleague. Nauseating books of this kind expose not those about whom they are written, of course, but those that write them. Even if they were published anonymously in neutral countries and in neutral languages, one could unerringly detect the breed of their authors.

That books like those we have mentioned are not casual and deliberately selected instances of moral depravity, can easily be shown.

Last year (1940) the fifth centenary of the invention of the art of printing was celebrated all over the world. How was this



Berlin gangsters

Drawing by B. Efimov

auspicious anniversary fêted in the native land of Gutenberg, the great pioneer of the Renaissance? The fascist barbarians, to whom the public burning of books is a pastime, decided to make capital out of the anniversary. Solemn celebrations in memory of the inventor of printing were arranged, with music, fanfares, carnival processions and appropriate speeches by various "führers" who cited Gutenberg as an argument in favour of Hitler's claims to world domination. An article in *Die Literatur* summing up the celebrations is symptomatic. It was written by Christian Trenkner and was entitled: "On Reading—An Epilogue to the Gutenberg Fifth Centenary Year." Behind all the pomposity of style and pretentious erudition and philosophy lies a very simple idea—that reading is dangerous. Trenkner cites several quotations to bear this out, of which the aphorisms of certain modern fascist writers are characteristic.

Binding enunciates: "All words are lies; phrases, articles and books are false. . . for words make only a pretence of depicting reality and truth."

Even more imperious in his condemnation is the oracular Steiel: "All reading is self-deception—a stimulant, not nourishment."

It must be admitted that in such statements the fascist writers give a fairly accurate appraisal of the value of their own productions. This philosophizing Prussian drill-sergeant formulates his conclusions as follows: "Book publishing is the road to the destruction of culture if it corrodes the healthy, active and religious core of the nation. Whoever wishes to save spirit and wisdom would do well to reflect on whether the Gutenberg renaissance was necessary."

In other words: Beware of read-

ing! Beware of disseminating books! For they are capable of damaging the "active and religious core," that is, the cannibalistic fanaticism of fascism. For all its florid circumlocution and philosophical phraseology, this article is essentially a frank admission of the fundamental hostility of the fascist "world-outlook" to the most elementary principles of human culture.

No less characteristic is the literature dealing with Gutenberg.

Heinrich Bitsch's play *The Black Apostle* depicts Gutenberg as a mystic and fanatic, a pious servant of the Lord, who dedicated his invention to the Church. Even the official reviewer, Schwank-Helfan (*Die Literatur*, 1940, 42, XII, p. 501), finds it necessary to admit that this play falls short of the truth and of all dramatic merit.

Wolfram von Heinsteint published a historical novel on Gutenberg (*Die Literatur*, 1940, 42, XII, p. 50), written in a style that would put a pornographic novel to shame.

In the light of these facts and of these cynical attempts to justify barbarousness and ignorance, it is amusing to hear the vociferous claims of the Hitlerite culture-mongers to the "civilizing mission" of Germany and to the "new Aryan culture." The fact that they can bring nothing concrete in support of their claims does not deter these noisy cheapjacks. They never attempt to argue, to prove, to convince; they merely decree, and the more absurd their decrees, the more imperious they are.

"We are the first to have attained to the art of ancient Greece."

"The foundation of the art of ancient Greece is the cult of magnificent young manhood. This is the cult on which the art of Germany, from Veda to our day, is founded. It will now reach its acme." "Only the Germans have a feeling for na-

ture, only in German literature is the true poetry of the forest to be found. In the Romance literatures nature is over-civilized, park-like; among the Slavs it is enveloped in superstition and mysticism (!); the Germans alone are able to get into intimate rapport with nature" (*Die Literatur*, 1940, 43, IX). Is it worth while answering this raving nonsense of the truculent ignoramuses?

But there is something more than an insane megalomania, the heated imagination of gangster theoreticians behind these pompous phrases about a fascist neo-classicism, neo-Hellenism, and the like. The references to ancient Greece conceal a very positive and very utilitarian aim, which on closer inspection proves to be the same old fanatical and cannibalistic campaign against humanistic culture.

C. Alexander Langenbeck, who enjoys considerable popularity in official fascist literary circles, and who is the author of several impossibly bombastic dramas in the historico-heroical style penned in limping iambs, last autumn wrote a "theoretical" work, *The Rebirth of the Drama Out of the Spirit of the Times* (*Wiedergeburt des Dramas aus dem Geist der Zeit*, Munich, 1940). Also citing the "neo-Hellenic" properties of the "new German spirit," Langenbeck lets the cat out of the bag. He declares that the cultural development of the last five hundred years had been nothing but one long chain of retrogression, and that Shakespeare was the "first artist of tragic individualism," and therefore "not our man" (p. 49). In other words, vilifying all the humanistic progress of the past few centuries, the fascist dramatist thinks that this will make it easier to falsify the antique drama, to palm it off as that "spirit of mystic fate" which has been proclaimed

the religion of the Third Reich. The fact is that Deubel, Gross, Langenbeck and all the other Hitlerite "theoreticians" try to bolster up their absurd and fanatical race theories with a counterfeit philosophy, with the concept of a supermundane, unknowable Fate that here on earth is embodied in race, in "blood and soil." Their heroics are the heroics of "zeal in the service of fate." This "impartial, ruthless fate, hovering over good and evil," has been created by Hitler's robots because of a lack of rational, scientific or even simply logical arguments to back their maniacal thirst for world supremacy and their pathological worship of the "führer."

In the name of this cult, utterly charlatan in "theoretical forms," they commit the most barefaced forgeries and counterfeits, outraging and mutilating the very concept of culture and art. In keeping with their whole spirit is the cynical utterance of Reinacher, the Alsatian "lyricist": "I am a madman (*Wahnsinniger*) who reserves himself the right to the use of reason" (*Die Literatur*, 1940, 43, II, p. 51).

And outspoken psychopaths, charlatans and obscurantists like these lay claim to the role of creators of a German national culture!

Can anything be more loathsome than such claims? The culture of a people who produced Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Hegel, Marx, Engels, Feuerbach and Heine is organically alien and uncompromisingly hostile to the fascist barbarism.

The years of fascist rule will forever remain a gruesome and shameful blot on the history of Germany. The citizens of the new and free Germany will recall them with horror and disgust.

But even now, in these gloomy and sanguinary years, the Hitlerite thugs have not succeeded in utterly destroying the creative for-

ces of the German people, in stifling the development of the genuine national German culture. Outside of that huge concentration camp into which the fascist misrulers have converted Germany, genuine German scientists, writers and artists are carrying on their creative work. They have fled from their tortured and humiliated country, but they have retained their loyalty to their people, their living and organic ties with German culture. The more actively and wholeheartedly the German anti-fascists, in their works, attack the rule of the Hitlerite bandits, their political practices and fanatical ideology, the more significant and valuable are their contributions to German culture.

We have only to recall Heinrich Mann's *Youth and Maturity of Heinrich IV*, Feuchtwanger's *The False Nero* and *Exile*, Bredel's *The Ordeal* and *Your Unknown Brother*, Irmgard Keun's *After Midnight* and *A Child of All Countries*, Becher's lyrics and his latest novel *Farewell*; one has only to read the latest works of the anti-fascist writers, such as Arnold Zweig's *The Crowning of a King*, Thomas Mann's *The Beloved Returns* and Bruno Frank's *Closed Frontiers*, among many others, and no doubt will be left in our minds that the true national German culture exists and is developing only in the open and direct struggle against the bloody barbarism of fascism.

Our country, and our capital,

Moscow, has furnished an asylum for many a powerful representative of this genuine national German culture. In our midst are living and working Becher, Theodor Plivier, Bredel, Weinert, Adam Scharrer, Fr. Wolf, and many another German writer and poet. We are profoundly interested in and impartially study the works of the anti-fascist writers living in other countries, such as Thomas and Heinrich Mann, S. Zweig, L. Feuchtwanger and A. Zweig.

A perfidious and ferocious enemy has attacked the Soviet Union. We are waging a sacred war in defence of our country against the German fascist barbarians. "The aim of this national war in defence of our country against the fascist oppressors," said Stalin, "is not only to eliminate the danger hanging over our country, but also to aid all the European peoples groaning under the yoke of German fascism. . . Our war for the freedom of our country will merge with the struggle of the peoples of Europe and America for their independence, for democratic liberties. It will be a united front of the peoples standing for freedom and against enslavement and threats of enslavement by Hitler's fascist armies."

When the great German people will have thrown off the fascist yoke, they will open a new chapter in the history of German culture.

LEV KOPELEV



In Berlin the women simply ran after Oberleutnant Schwainenau



And in Byelorussia also!

By B. Ejimov

In Fascist Germany

(Travel Notes)

I had occasion to spend some time in Germany shortly before the fascists launched their treacherous attack on the Soviet Union.

The very train I travelled in told its story. It was utterly unlike anything I had seen in Germany before Hitler came to power. All that was left of the Mitropa sleeping car (once the epitome of comfort and cleanliness) was the name. The ceilings of compartments and corridor, once white, had deteriorated to a dirty brown. The polished wood of the furniture was scratched. The floor was not too clean. The long metal strip on the door of the compartment hung loose and scratched anyone who chanced to brush against it. The conductor shook his head, slid his finger over the strip, made an unsuccessful attempt to put it in place with the aid of a penknife but gave up with a gesture of disgust. What was the use? That conductor ended up by cheating us out of a couple of marks—something that rarely happened in pre-Hitler Germany.

But what certainly could never have happened in old Germany was an incident that occurred in a respectable Berlin hotel on Friedrichstrasse. If it had happened to anyone else I should not have believed it. Sausage, about a pound and a half of Moscow sausage wrapped up with a roll in a piece of paper, was stolen from my hotel room.

At the border station the porter, a man in rags with a grey, exhausted face and tragedy in his eyes (I shall never forget those eyes), wore an armband with the letter "P" on it proclaiming him to be a Pole, a member of an "inferior race," a slave.

Later on we saw similar slaves all along the way to Berlin. They were prisoners, chiefly Frenchmen in berets or red Zouave caps and green overcoats. The overcoats had once been of good durable cloth. Now they were torn and filthy. The prisoner slaves did their work slowly, with wooden, lifeless hands that expressed hatred.

Berlin. The Friedrichstrasse station. Unter den Linden. The Brandenburg

Gates. The Tiergarten. Those familiar straight streets. The same majestic buildings (this was a few days before the big English bombardment which destroyed the centre of the city). Shop windows. On the whole the same windows with ladies' and gents' fashions, cigars, hats, alluring advertisements for ocean voyages. Restaurants and beer saloons. The same restaurants and beer saloons with marble topped tables and pasteboard holders for the beer mugs. The same policemen at the crossing regulating the traffic. In a word, the same old Berlin.

But the first impression lasted literally no more than a few minutes. Like a photographer's plate when dropped into a strong solution the contours of a new Germany, a Germany with the skinny hand of fascism at its throat, began to be delineated.

There was garbage on all the streets outside of two or three main thoroughfares. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Garbage in Berlin! A fresh breeze send clouds of dust whirling along the pavements. The pedestrians had to stop to rub their eyes. Just like a village. In the shops there was nothing to buy. The show windows were a deliberate, downright deception. Behind the counter in the empty shops the old shopkeepers or their wives stood forlorn. For the purchase of manufactured goods the population receives cards with a definite number of coupons but the number is ridiculously low. I walked cheerfully into a good tobacco shop with an attractive show window displaying at least twenty varieties of cigars and cigarettes. The salesman pointed wordlessly to a small sign over the counter: "Sold out." He smiled sadly in reply to my question as to when his stock was sold out. The beer saloons and restaurants were empty. Later on in Leipzig I learned the meaning of this emptiness to my own discomfort when for a whole day I was unable to obtain anything edible even when I tendered food ration cards. The police and the traffic signals regulating traffic were just as much of a fraud as the shop windows for there was prac-

tically no traffic to regulate. Now and again a low-powered car from the war office would drive past or a heavy, old-fashioned Berlin omnibus would rumble by, coming to a halt at the stops with a screeching of brakes.

But the most remarkable thing about this new Berlin was the people.

How much humiliation and extortion, what skillfully planned systematic undernourishment year in and year out, how heavy the hand of spiritual oppression to have turned the jolly, amiable Berlin crowds into these silent creatures that wandered singly down the streets! You will never see anything like a crowd in Berlin, you will not even see three or four people talking animatedly together. Companionship has disappeared. Visible bonds between people have disappeared. There are no people. There are only creatures. And each creature is locked tightly within himself. Combination safes full of ideas and emotions walk the streets of Berlin. And it seemed that the cipher to these safes, the key that might open them, had been lost for ever.

Happily I was mistaken. The keys have not been lost. People did commune with one another somehow. More, they even managed to express their opinions in eloquent fashion.

On one of the first evenings of my visit I went to a cinema. A documentary picture on the defeat of France was being shown. "Victory in the West" it was called. The picture was false but effective. There were at least a dozen scenes in the film intended by the regisseurs to evoke

Two woodcuts by the German anti-fascist artist Hans Vogeler



In a fascist prison



In a concentration camp

a storm of applause—the capture of cities, Hitler signing the armistice in the Compiègne forest and the raising of the fascist flag over the Eiffel Tower.

The big auditorium of the cinema on Potsdamerplatz was crowded, no less than a third of the public was in uniform. And still there was no applause whatever, let alone ovations. I did not hear a single handclap. Not one throughout the whole picture. This was a downright demonstration. When the film ended the people dispersed in silence. The heavy doors slammed behind them. Again the public had been transformed into individuals.

Another very unexpected but indubitably stronger manifestation of the true sentiments of the German people I witnessed in Leipzig at the so-called International Fair. I shall not dwell on this curious fair arranged on the same principle as the Berlin show windows or the mock regulation of Berlin traffic. But there was a difference. The Soviet Pavilion was there. And the people who came singly from all over the town formed a crowd in the Soviet Pavilion.

The Soviet Government honestly fulfilled its obligations under the Soviet-German Agreement, and as a large exporter it exhibited its export goods at the fair.

I shall never forget what I saw at that fair. Ignoring the other pavilions, people made a beeline for the Soviet Pavilion. They examined each exhibit several times over. The albums of photographs of new construction in the Soviet Union were literally mobbed. In commerce all this would have been termed a great success. In politics it was a great phenomenon. The people seemed to come to life. A cu-

rious change came over them. Forgetting the danger, they began to talk to one another, exchanging notes on their impressions. There were crowds around the large visitors' book on all of the seven days of the fair. And many displayed great courage by writing in the book although they knew very well that the fair was flooded with Gestapo spies.

Here are some entries taken at random: "Your exhibition can only evoke admiration. I am amazed at the wealth of your country and I wish your people and your cause continued prosperity. I myself have been on your side since the October Revolution and am interested in the welfare of your country."

"Your exhibition will help to dispel the fog and lies invented by German information about Russia."

"I did not believe that you had anything in your country, and I am frankly amazed. Our newspapers have given us an entirely different impression. I am glad to see I was mistaken."

"We are all delighted by the Soviet exhibition but few of us dare put our impressions in writing. It is very dangerous now."

"Everything we have been told about Russia before is lies and nonsense."

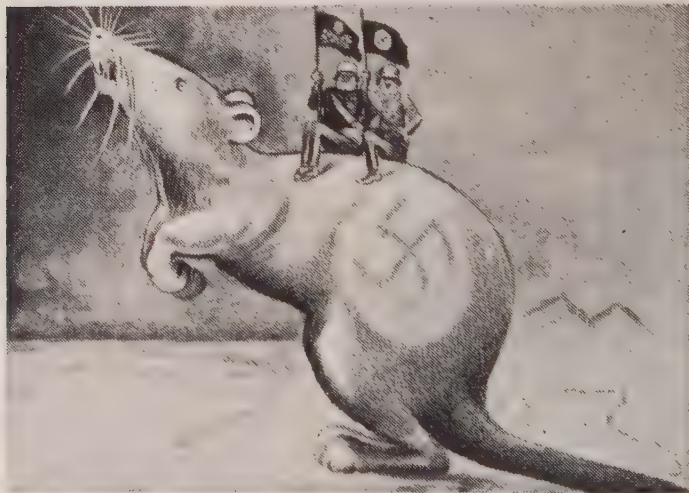
"We are delighted with what we have seen here. I dare not say more."

"You have Lenin to thank for your present life."

I remember one old man, an intellectual by the looks of him. For a good twenty minutes he hovered around the visitors' book, unable to take the plunge. He moved away and looked over the exhibits again only to return to the book. He was clearly suffering an agony of indecision. Suddenly he made up his mind. Looking straight before him, his face white and set, he walked straight over to the book and wrote. He paused for a moment, dipped his pen in the ink and signed his name. Then without looking to right or left he strode out of the pavilion. I glanced at what he had written. It was couched in glowing terms.

Yes, there are such people in Germany. And not so few of them at that. We must remember them. But still more must we remember the bestial face of German fascism, never forgetting for a second how sadistic, bloodthirsty, desperate and well-armed is the enemy with whom our people, peaceful in spirit, but majestic and terrible in their anger, have crossed swords.

EVGENI PETROV



The brown plague. By A. Keil

ILYA EHRENBURG

Paris Despoiled

People pushed handcarts through the streets, carrying old folks and children. Paris was leaving Paris. Oil installations were burning. The city was wrapped in a black fog. Then the rain came down; it was black with the soot. The streets seemed to be flowing with black tears. . .

The French fascists remained in the city, waiting for their fellow associates.

The capitulators entrusted the fate of Paris to General Dentz, a fascist, who later made himself notorious for his inglorious struggle against the French patriots in Syria. At this time few people had ever heard of him. The military governor of Paris immediately despatched his officers to Hitler's general staff. A proclamation appeared on the walls of the city: "Paris is declared an open city. The population is instructed not to show any ill will towards the German army." It was signed: "By order of the Military Governor, General Dentz." The gallant general had agreed to surrender Paris to the German fascists without resistance. The city was to be handed over together with the

French police, and General Dentz ordered the police to "fire on any person who dreamed of offering resistance to the Germans." This was the last order of the "French" governor.

Friday, June 14. It was early morning when I went out. There was not a soul on the streets. All the windows were shuttered. It was three by the clock—it had stopped. And all was still. Then a drone swelling into a roar. Aircraft flew low over the city. I could see the black crosses on their wings.

At the corner of the Avenue du Maine I saw some Hitlerites. They were sitting in their cars having a bite of something. An officer with the face of a hamster rat clicked his camera. Alongside of me stood a Frenchwoman with a baby. She put her hand over his eyes: "Only not to let him see! Anything but that!"

Two prostitutes waved handkerchiefs to the Germans. An old woman was weeping in a gateway. The Germans walked through the deserted streets, eating and eating. Some of them asked in surprise: "Is this Paris?" They had been hoping to see a great city hum-

ming with life. They found a kingdom of the dead. Garbage was rotting in the sun. A bin stood outside every house. It had been carried out three days before when there were still people in the city. Homeless dogs roamed through the streets with their tails between their legs, taking disconsolate sniffs at the pavement and whining. And the Hitlerites blew their trumpets. . .

The old woman peeped out from the gateway. The German officer wanted to photograph her. She hid her face and cried: "Better kill me!"

The Hitlerites held a parade in the Champs Elysées. They drew an audience of forty or fifty prostitutes. Newsreelmen photographed them to show them later as "the population of Paris greeting the German troops."

All that remained in the city of five million inhabitants was a few hundred thousand unfortunates: invalids, cripples, old men, women and children. They sat in their houses behind tightly closed shutters.

One Hitlerite stopped a Frenchwoman and said: "What a dirty town! It's only fit for Negroes. . ."

After them came middle-aged soldiers. They seemed sad and weary. Perhaps they remembered the last war—first victories, and then—would it once again be defeat, hunger and humiliation?

I saw a milkwoman with two children. She looked at the Germans and wept. She nodded to me and said through her tears: "I can't bear the sight of them." A soldier came up to her, a man past his prime, haggard. He said something, evidently to console her. He pulled out a photograph showing him in his Sunday best wearing, a hat with a little feather in it; alongside stood four children. He wanted to pet the heads

of the milkwoman's children but they burst out crying. The milkwoman only nodded her head. And when the German walked away she said: "The worst of it is I felt sorry for him. And this is no time for pity now. It's bombs we need. . ."

The next day three ordinances were published: it was forbidden to appear in the streets after eight o'clock in the evening, the clocks were put forward to Berlin time and occupation marks were introduced.

Looting began. Suit cases, boxes and travelling bags appeared in place of the tanks. The Hitlerites were shipping out the swag. What are "occupation marks?" They are spurious currency notes, not worth the paper they are printed on. They are not circulated in Germany. They are printed for the captured countries. In French they are called "monkey's money." The Germans distributed crisp new wads of them to their officers and soldiers. An order was issued to open all the shops. Officers sent their batmen with motor trucks. I saw an officer take ninety pairs of silk stockings.

They shipped everything out, from new-laid eggs to door knobs, from toilet soap to museum pictures. Shops which were closed were broken into without ceremony.

On my way from Paris to Berlin I saw a string of luggage vans behind a troop train. They were crammed with looted goods.

Motor trucks were sent to big factories to dismantle and cart away the machinery.

The Germans came lank and lean. They fattened up before our very eyes. They gobbled down enormous sausages. They gorged butter right there and then on the streets, spoonfuls of it, without bread. In the restaurants they took enormous helpings of everything,

washed down with beer and champagne by turns. Their hiccoughs made triumphal music. An omelette of ten eggs! Five bottles of champagne!

The population starved. They received fifty grams of bread a day, a hundred and forty grams of meat a week. Sitting on the terraces of the restaurants the Hitlerites cast mocking glances at the hungry lines of Parisians standing in hopes of a slice of bread. The French peasants starved, while the Germans got 250 grams of looted butter a day.

In July the Germans began to round up the refugees from the roads and sea coast and drive them back to Paris, a million and a half of them. People returned to their native city, reluctantly, as though it were a prison. Mothers hushed their children. The streets remained deserted as before: the Parisians avoided meeting the Hitlerites. No one had any work. People came out early in the morning, stood in queues for bread and milk.

A little shop. A German sergeant-major steps in. "Where's your coffee?" he shouts. The shopkeeper—a woman—replies: "There is no more." I translated. The German raises his eyebrows: "You had coffee the day before yesterday. Where have you hid it?" I translate: "All the coffee is in Germany now. Let monsieur sergeant go to Berlin for his coffee." And the shopwoman says to me: "Will they arrest me, you think, or perhaps kill me? Well, it's all the same to me. We won't be able to live under them."

A restaurant. A German officer enters, the first to come in. . . The waitress puts on her raincoat. "I don't want to serve him!" He smiles politely—he had read romantic novels and liked fine gestures. He merely whispers some-

thing to his companion—a civilian in a brand-new Paris costume. And the waitress was arrested.

The Hitlerites began to issue newspapers in French. They were counterfeits of the old newspapers: the same masthead, the same format, the same type. But Germans wrote for them. The *Paris Soir* was edited by Oberleutnant Eich. Germans masquerading as Frenchmen wrote: "We must admit that the German occupation will only bring us happiness now that it has come. . . Our French culture will be enriched if we study the works of Dr. Goebbels."

The Hitlerites took Chiappe, the French fascist, for a Jew. They could not distinguish Frenchmen from Jews, and this irritated them. They even published a booklet in French: *How to differentiate a Jew*. Then they gave it up as a bad job and declared that all Frenchmen were Negroid.

They declared that they would "put things in order." They substituted human traction for mechanical. Frenchmen with hand-carts stand outside all the railway stations. The Hitlerites line up these rickshas as though they were automobiles. I saw one unemployed man get out of line. A German stepped up to him and hit him on the head with the butt of his revolver. The Frenchman fell senseless. The Hitlerite did not beat an eyelid. He was proud of his mission. Explain to him that France was a highly cultured country, that it was not a question of how to keep rickshas in line but why Frenchmen had become ricksha drivers under the German occupation. He would not understand. He was proud of not thinking for himself. His business was to hit people on the head.

The Hitlerites published a list of French books which had to be

burned on sight. It consisted of French novels, classics, verses and translations: Voltaire, Heine, Anatole France, Barbusse, Mann, Malraux. A novel by George Duhamel, printed on the eve of the German occupation of Paris, was publicly burned.

The Hitlerites gutted Rouen, the "museum city" with its wonderful monuments of French art and history. In Tours they destroyed the library where Balzac's manuscripts were kept.

Only prostitutes are honoured. Sentries stand guard on brothels, the favorite resorts of German officers. Proud notices are posted up on these establishments: "For gentlemen of the military only."

I saw a German colonel sprawling on a café terrace, drinking champagne in the company of two half-naked prostitutes. He raised his glass and shouted a toast: "To the destruction of France!"

Soldiers patrolled the streets day and night. Bombing planes flew low over the city. Their wings seemed to scrape the housetops. The Germans were afraid even of dead, deserted Paris. . .

More ordinances appeared—with a list of offences punishable by shooting. One person had been listening to the English broadcasts, another said that the English had bombed Berlin, a third had given food to a nephew stealing a trip to Lyon, a fourth had "not shown respect for the German flag," a fifth. . . There is no room to enumerate them all here. They kill because they have to kill. That is their nature.

They shot down hundreds of thousands of refugees. There was a reek of decaying corpses all round Paris—of old people, women and children. Then they stuck up a poster showing a German soldier with a nursing infant in his arms; a woman smiles at him trust-

ingly. These beasts ooze with sentimentality. . . "Here is the protector of the French population," said the poster, and at the bottom: "Persons guilty of damaging this poster will be shot."

The Hitlerites did everything they could to humiliate Paris. On the Place de l'Opéra a band played Hitlerite marches "conducted by Professor Schmidt." A Berlin company staged sickening little sketches in the best Paris theatre. The Hitlerites held parades on the Place de la Concorde, the beautiful square of which Mayakovsky wrote: "This square would justify any city," and they sang: "The French are wild boars. We'll stab 'em, we'll stab 'em. We know how to smoke bacon."

When the tragic farce was played in the Compiègne woods and the humiliating armistice terms were dictated to the French capitulators, the Paris radio announced: "Hitler showed magnanimity. A decanter of water and glasses were placed in the tent which was put up for the French parliamentaries." Yes, these knights who had put France in their pockets magnanimously gave the French generals a mouthful of French water!

They showed films in the Paris cinemas: the bombing of Paris, a German parade on the Champs Elysées, the massacre of refugees on the roads, Hitler in the Compiègne woods with subtitles: "Such is the fate of haughty France!" They demolished monuments to French generals. Everywhere they hung out their flag with the vile, spidery swastika. Alfred Rosenberg, the Ost-See adventurer, delivered a speech in the French Chamber: "We'll throw the ideas of the French enlighteners onto the garbage heap." A picture of Hitler with the Eiffel Tower in the background was exhibited in the shop windows.

Cultural life is dead. German soldiers are billeted in the schools. Many professors have been arrested; among them the eminent Paul Langevin. Writers are doomed to starvation. Romain Rolland's apartment has been taken over as a billet for German N.C.O.'s. The famous writer is a prisoner in his own house. There are no more theatre. Only music halls with naked girls—for German officers.

The Hitlerite headquarters are on the Rue Royale. Parisians have to step off the pavement when they pass. Hitler's police—the Gestapo—are busy under the leadership of the Lord High Executioner Himmler. Every day mass arrests are made among the university students, working men and women.

The fascists have hired the services of lackeys like Doriot, the rascally Laval and a hundred other traitors. People with any sense of decency will have nothing to do with the intruders.

All around the city is a desert. The peasants are ordered to clear out. "We are holding manoeuvres! . . ." And the Germans burn down the villages. The Hitlerites raid the hen cotes and grab all the eggs. The peasants kill their poultry. The Hitlerites requisition butter. The peasants slaughter their cattle. The Hitlerites empty the corn bins. And the peasants stop sowing.

The Germans raid the houses in search of ex-soldiers of the French army in hiding. I saw them drag out one of them, a mere boy in a worker's blouse. A shout went up from the watching crowd: "Let his mother pass!" An old working woman embraced him. "Good bye, mother," was all he could say.

French prisoners of war were carted through the streets of Paris like animals. The Hitlerites drove

off the Parisians with mocking remarks: "This is our game."

Paris is cut off from unoccupied France, cut off from the rest of the world. In vain mothers wait for news of their sons stranded in the other zones. Two million prisoners of war are working like convicts in Germany and dying like flies. The Parisians do not know what is going on in the world. It is dangerous to listen to foreign broadcasts. Yet when French patriots, the supporters of de Gaulle, speak from London, everybody listens. One woman told me: "I go to the dairy when there's broadcast from London. There are no queues then. . . ."

Advertisements like these appear in the newspapers: "Aryan ready to tackle any job." "I speak German, have graduated two faculties, would consider work in a café or restaurant."

When an Austrian regiment arrived, the Austrians shouted: "We are not Germans. We won't harm you. The Hitlerites have robbed us too."

The Hitlerites never say no to a bribe. For thirty francs they issue night passes to proprietors of saloon bars. For three hundred they will let you cross into the other zone without documents. But people have nothing left to give them, not even if you went through Paris with a fine comb. Paris is empty. France is squeezed dry.

The occupationists are living in a desert. When they go into a café, the French walk out. When the siren sounds the air alarm, the French applaud demonstratively, greeting the English bombers which have come to bomb the German fascists. The Germans carted English prisoners of war through the streets of Paris with a placard: "Here are the men who are demolishing the cities of France." The population of Paris gave them an

ovation. The people say: "Everybody who is against Hitler is for us."

Last November the university students held an anti-fascist demonstration on the Champs Elysées. Many were killed. The Hitlerites shot eighteen students. But the students were not pacified. The Germans had to close all the schools. Hundreds of students were sent to concentration camps where prisoners are put through the grill by executioners of eight years standing. Driven to desperation by the piggishness and cruelty of the Hitlerites, the Parisians stop at nothing. In the café Harcourt for instance an officer was thrown out of a third storey window for insulting a French woman. Recently two Germans were shot dead in a narrow street near St.-Paul's. The body of a German colonel was fished out of the Seine near Saint-Cloud.

The occupationists tried to make the French workers work for them. At the Citroen Works, Renault's and the Gnome Works they decided to repair damaged tanks and airplanes. And the Paris workers did a good job. The aircraft didn't fly very far after their repairs. The tanks came to a dead stop just outside Paris. The Hitlerites searched in vain for the culprits. The workers stood solidly together. Then the Hitlerites packed the Parisian workers off to serve

sentences of hard labour in Germany.

The French patriots issued a call from the London radio: "Write the letter V on all the walls, the first letter of the word 'Victoire'." The patriots wanted to see how many people in Paris were listening to their broadcasts. Three hours later all the walls were covered with the letter V written in chalk, charcoal or painted on. It stared at the Hitlerites whichever way they turned.

Even the Paris gamins, those mocking little imps of mischief, sing in the German officers' faces:

Don't romance,

Don't romance:

You'll soon be leaving France!

to the tune of an old sentimental song.

The French people have been cruelly punished for their levity, their taking the line of least resistance, for letting the fascist "fifth column" take over the command. Now the French people have received a hard schooling. They are ready to hurl themselves at the annexationists. I know the courage of the French people. I saw it on the Marne and at Verdun. I understand why the Hitlerites look round so nervously in the seeming tranquillity of Paris. The gamins sing: "You'll soon be leaving." And there's no doubt they'll have to leave—and at double quick time. But not all of them. . .

RUVIM FRAYERMAN

Courage

The engines roared. A squadron of seaplanes took off lightly from the surface of the water and, cleaving the heavy, still, humid air, started to climb. Lieutenant Zouyev's plane led the rear flight of the detachment. They were met by a strong head wind, and the whole crew, consisting of lieutenant Zouyev, flight commander, pilot Voinov and midshipman Frolov; the still boyish machine-gunner and radio-operator, gazed far ahead in the teeth of this wind. Beneath them rolled the dark night sea, merging into the starless sky.

All three were silent, but never had they been united by such singleness of purpose and emotion as in these minutes when they carried under their wings certain death to the enemy.

And their machine, as if understanding their feelings and thoughts, sped on obediently, straight as an arrow, faintly vibrating with the high speed. It broke through the dense clouds and flew over the enemy city. There it lay in the form of a crescent, nestling under the cape.

With a sure hand, lieutenant Zouyev flew his plane towards his objective. The raid was so sudden and violent that the enemy batteries were silent for some time.

Several terrific explosions followed in short succession. After each explosion, midshipman Frolov shouted in excitement:

"A direct hit, comrade lieutenant!"

The darkness of the night was lit up by wide sheets of flame which spread over the city.

It was only then that the anti-aircraft guns recovered from their surprise and opened fire.

The plane was flying surrounded by shell bursts, now to its left, now to its right, now behind it.

They turned and started on the journey home.

And here it was that lieutenant Zouyev sensed, rather than saw, the enemy fighter planes racing after him.

His crew was ready to meet the foe. The crew was ready for battle!

Frolov suddenly seemed to be glued to his machine-gun. His hands were firm, his eye sure, and heart confident of victory. He watched one of the Messerschmidts on his right, making persistent efforts to cut off the path of his plane. Tracer bullets drew patterns in the air quite close by.

Frolov waited a second or so, and his face suddenly shook with the terrific vibration of his machine-gun, and in the same instant flames

enveloped the fascist Messerschmidt. Falling and twisting in the air like a leaf, its own destruction—burning petrol—trailing after it, the plane crashed into the sea.

The commander smiled silent approval to his youthful machine-gunner. His smile, however, gave way to a frown, for an enemy bullet put his left engine out of action, and his plane, losing speed, began to fall behind.

And there was another foe at his tail. He appeared to be more experienced than the first.

"We'll have some trouble with this one," thought the lieutenant. The same thought flashed through the minds of pilot Voinov and midshipman Frolov.

Their attention was strained to the utmost. The Messerschmidt's fire had already damaged their radio.

Lieutenant Zouyev tried to shake the enemy off. But he stuck fast, though midshipman Frolov gave him not a minute's rest.

The seaplane climbed, dived, made sudden attacks. It was a fight to the death. Suddenly, a stream of fire swept the wings. Clenching his teeth, Zouyev looked round to his left, whence the blow had come. The wing was splintered and smashed. His plane began to lose control.

They had but one all-pervading thought: to sacrifice their lives for their country, to go down perhaps, but not without taking their enemy with them.

Their machine passed quite close to the enemy. The midshipman sighted and pressed the trigger. The moment was awful in its tenacity. Their own machine-gun fire seemed to produce no sound. They saw only the explosion on the Messerschmidt and a flame—a black flame which for a second blotted out the stars in the sky, then flowed downward and disappeared in the waves. The second enemy was no

more. But their own plane was falling like a stone too.

They struck the water in complete darkness. The waves rocked them for a short time—a minute perhaps. They climbed out of their cabin, jumped into the sea, and swam away, unfolding their collapsible rubber boat as they swam. They never looked back. They knew that by this time the machine which could have brought them back in safety to their own lines had gone under. And indeed, only a slight swell marked the spot where their plane had fallen.

Swimming was difficult, but all three were excellent swimmers. Their fur-lined suits dragged them down, and their breath came in gasps from their heaving chests. It was imperative to get rid of their clothes as quickly as possible. Holding on to each other, they dragged off their heavy boots, struggled out of their soaked flying suits and placed their helmets on the water. That was a bit better! Now they turned their attention to the collapsible boat. But they had neither a pump to inflate her, nor oars!

Pilot Voinov's subdued curses were the only sign that betrayed their dismay.

"We'll have to use our lungs to blow the boat up," said the commander.

They took turns in inflating the boat. At times their breath failed, though they all possessed excellent lungs. Only a dry, rattling sound came through their lips encircling the rubber tubes.

A whole hour passed before the heavy folds of the chambers of the collapsible boat began to fill up with air.

Slowly the boat assumed its shape and at last the commander, punching her sides, now stiff and firm, said:

"Ready. All aboard."

They climbed in and for a long

time lay still, breathing heavily, unable to exchange a single word.

They were alive. But their native land was far away.

"About a hundred miles, I guess," said the midshipman.

"A hundred and forty at least," said the pilot.

The midshipman made no reply, because he had but one desire—to float on, on towards his native shores.

Using their hands instead of oars, they paddled off. The night befriended them. And the sea helped them in every way—with a fair wind and favorable tide. But the sun came up as an enemy. His scorching rays filled them with a thirst which swelled and blistered their parched lips.

And so they sailed on, for a day and a night and still another day which was even worse than the first. It greeted them with a contrary wind. Fortunately, this headwind was not very strong. But still they had to put forth a tremendous effort for three solid hours to keep where they were by paddling with their hands. Then night fell and it was calm again, and the little waves, rising and falling with the boat, reflected the stars in the sky.

But the rowers gave themselves no rest, though their lips cracked, their eyes bloodshot and their hands sore and bleeding from the salt sea.

Another night passed. This time they hoisted a sail made out of two suits fastened together. They took turns holding the sails with hands outstretched, standing at the sides of the boat.

Another day dawned—the third. And suddenly, through the glare which every now and then blinded their tired eyes, they saw their own shore. They recognised it and smiled to each other with cracked lips.

"There she is, there she is—our Soviet motherland!" cried the lieutenant.

"Forward!" they shouted in one voice, and all three hands struck the water simultaneously.

Their faces streamed with sweat, their muscles stood out like whips, but their chests heaved with new power and the shore grew closer and closer.

A few more yards, it seemed, and... but they were suddenly driven back by a gust of wind.

But giving in was unthinkable. They paddled, paddled, paddled...

The blood drummed in their temples and ears. They could neither hear nor see. They did not even notice the Soviet patrol hydroplane which after circling overhead alighted on the water near them. They became aware of it only when its floats touched the water. They closed their eyes to make sure they were not dreaming. And when they opened them again, the plane was already taxiing towards them, the familiar face of airman Semyonov smiling out of his cabin. But their hands kept on beating the water—a mechanical habit built up in the three long nights and days.

Semyonov shouted:

"Hey, comrades, stop paddling! You've had enough of it, haven't you?"

He embraced them in turn, helping each into his cabin. Once in the cabin, they also laughed. Lieutenant Zouyev, glancing at his bleeding hands, and those of his comrades, said:

"That's nothing. We are all safe!"

"We are all safe, comrade lieutenant," replied pilot Voinov. And midshipman Frolov added:

"All safe, comrade lieutenant. We will still play dibs with the fascist's bones. Is there anything on earth that can down our Soviet people?"

"There is no such power," was the short reply of their commander. "Another day or so—and we will be bombing those beasts again."

JAMBUL

When Stalin calls



*Stalin our land 'gainst the foe leads in fight—
 Dear to us all is our motherland bright;
 Heroes their blood paid for her liberty,
 Founded on Friendship of Peoples is she—
 Shall I then calmly from battle refrain,
 Shall I not fight for my land, might and main,
 Shall I not mount my warhorse once again,
 Shall not my songs both in labour and war
 Tirelessly ring out my people to cheer?*

*Ho, my brave sons, come, saddle my steed—
My song shall ring out where'er Stalin leads!
Now our young country our joy has become,
Downtrodden peoples now sit in the sun!
Thief like, the jackal of sinister blend
Fell on our country with evil intent.
Truth in the popular proverb rings clear:
"Sensing their death, evil beasts quake with fear,
Driven by instinct, they rush from their lairs."
Sealed are the loop-holes; and biting our steel,
Fascist foul jackals shall eat their last fill.
Ho, my brave sons, come and saddle my steed—
My song shall ring out where'er Stalin leads.
Two worlds unequal have entered in fight:
One—old, decrepit, one—young in its might.
Foul fascist reptiles, their venomous spawn
Pitting their strength 'gainst my eagles of dawn.
Songs of my people are not sung in vain:
"Th' eagle shall triumph, the reptile be slain."
Stalin's our eagle, and eaglets untold
Soar in the heavens, triumphant and bold.
Listen, my native steppes, listen to me—
Lead out your horses for our Red Army.
Let your lead flow in hot streams, Chimkent mine—
Death-dealing lead for the foul fascist swine!
Balkhash, your copper in red torrents send,
Shells high explosive the en'my to rend!
Caspian fishermen, more and still more
Fish from the deep haul to your native shore!
Call on our fields and our steppes in your need,
Motherland—yours are their grain, cotton, steeds!
Stalin has called us in battle and toil:
Drive off the foeman from our sacred soil.
Rise, Kazakhstan belov'd, rise in your might,
Rise as one man, put the en'my to flight!*

Free translation from the Russian
by Louis Zellikoff

MARGUERITA ALIGER

TO SOVIET WOMEN

Woman, sister,
Sweetheart, wife
and mother!
Early rise tomorrow with the dawn,
To the front send off your husband, son or brother,
Ponder in the gentle breeze of morn.
Many are the duties now that face you,
Duties to your menfolk and your land.
Lose no time, but speeding, homeward haste you—
Children wait for you on every hand.
Bear in mind in this our hour of trial,
Though our life with hardships sore be fraught,
That our little children no denial
Have of loving care and peace and warmth.
Let them grow, not knowing grief nor sorrow.
Let them sing and frolic hand in hand,
Let their childish lips repeat and hallow:
"Victory
and
Motherland."
And your men, from battle home returning
Wreathed in glory, fame and honour won,
Pride in you will take on learning
That you your duty faithfully have done.

Free translation from the Russian
by Louis Zellikoff

FRONT AND REAR

Dauntless Son of a Winged People

"Get ready for the take-off," was the curt order.

With a loud hiss a signal rocket was shot skywards over the landing field, and instantly the formidable fighters rose into the air.

The sky was overhung with low-flying, torn clouds, and one had to keep a sharp lookout for the ruthless and crafty enemy. Senior lieutenant Nikolai Terekhin, commander of the squadron, anxiously scanned every opening in the clouds.

Fascist bombers were coming, they were out to bomb the city of N. Their aim was to drop their lethal load on peaceful inhabitants—women, children and old people. These nazi bombers had to be stopped before they reached the city.

Terekhin's squadron roamed the sky, seeking to track down the enemy and wipe him out. And suddenly a gleam of satisfaction flashed in Terekhin's eyes. The plane, obedient to his firm hands, dipped its wings—a signal for the others. Senior lieutenant Terekhin and his winged comrades-in-arms made ready to attack the enemy.

Five Heinkels which had just emerged from behind a cloud prepared for the coming attack. Terekhin could see plainly how the fascist gunner, turning his black little head in all directions, kept firing at him. Terekhin felt the impact of several enemy bullets as they hit his plane. But, notwithstanding

the fire, he kept coming closer, waiting to strike the moment he was certain of mowing down the enemy. When Terekhin could clearly discern the features of the fascist, distorted by fury and fear, he decided:

"Now!"

He pulled the trigger of his guns. Like a fiery sword his tracer bullets struck the bomber, killing the fascist. Flames broke out over the fuselage and the Heinkel dropped earthwards.

Terekhin looked over his shoulder and saw two more Heinkels enveloped in flames and smoke. His heart swelled with pride for his comrades.

With the battle over there was no time for lingering in the air. They had to get back to the landing field as quickly as possible. Terekhin noticed that his motors were not working smoothly, something had happened to the controls, and the plane was difficult to manage. During the landing the plane was suddenly thrown to one side, and were it not for Terekhin's skill and cool-headedness, it would certainly have crashed. The other pilots came running over to congratulate Terekhin on his victory. The senior lieutenant smiled, his white teeth showing in his leather-tanned face. A man of dauntless courage in the air, he is modest and unassuming on land, quiet and good natured. And this merely adds

to the respect and affection he commands to himself.

All the airmen in his squadron are young. Terekhin himself is 25. He is a native of the village of Chardym in the Penza Region. His parents are collective farmers and still live in Chardym.

Nikolai Terekhin's life story is simple: school, the Young Pioneers and the 10 years in the Young Communist League.

All these years he dreamt of becoming an aviator, but only on a fighting plane. When at last he applied, he was worried he would not be accepted because he was under 18. All the greater was his joy when he was enrolled in an aviation school. That was in 1934.

A close inspection of the plane by Terekhin and his comrades showed that it had some 60 bullet holes; two cylinders were damaged as well as the landing gear, and in addition there was a hole in the propeller. Nikolai Terekhin had to get a new plane as soon as possible.

The following evening at seven senior lieutenant Terekhin again rose into the air. His task was no different from that of the day before—to overtake a group of German bombers and wipe them out. And like the day before the sky was overcast; it was no easy matter to spot the enemy amid the grey clouds.

But like the day before senior lieutenant Terekhin discovered the German bombers and attacked them. With lightning speed he hurled his craft at the German plane nearest to him, the one at the end of the formation. He swooped down and when almost on top of it fired point blank killing the German gunner instantly. These were followed by more short, well-aimed shots, and the bomber crashed to earth amidst leaping flames and the rumble of exploding bombs.

But ahead of him were still two

more bombers. They were turning tail. No, he could not let them get away! And Terekhin set out after the two fascist vultures. He directed his fire at the one nearest him but suddenly his gun fell silent. His bullets had given out. The enemy was free to escape. But the enemy had to be annihilated at all costs.

For the fraction of a second the events of the past few days flashed through Terekhin's mind: the faces of comrades who had given their lives in battle for their country, for the honour of the Soviet people; pictures of fires made by the fascists who had invaded his native land. Conscious of the fact that he himself was now about to perish, Terekhin hurled his plane at the enemy with the intention of ramming him.

The stream of gases from the enemy plane threw Terekhin a bit to the side, and his plane struck the tail instead of the engine of the enemy craft. Impressed on Terekhin's memory for life is the sight of the enemy bomber hurling downwards, its right wing bent upwards and crumpling.

But his plane was still navigable and the last German bomber was trying to make his get away. It had to be destroyed too. Terekhin steadily got closer to the enemy. German bullets tore into his fighter. With a swift and precise motion Terekhin opened the side door of his cockpit, loosened his safety belt, and swept the goggles off his forehead. The next instant he rammed the German bomber full force.

The nazi craft crumpled to pieces but so did Terekhin's plane. Terekhin himself was flying through space. Thrown against the controls, he got a big gash on his forehead and was stunned by the blow. He recovered consciousness at a height of 400 metres and pulled the rip cord. While coming down he no-

ticed two German parachutists landing and running away.

"You won't get very far," Terekhin said to himself observing that they had landed in the midst of the Red Army men.

He himself landed in the arms of the Red Army men. But for him they were tender comradely arms.

In the first two weeks of the war senior lieutenant Terekhin has rolled up an imposing list of dozens of battle flights.

Now he knows the enemy, the fascist air force, well. The German pilots can never stand a direct attack, and in general avoid battle whenever possible. They attack only when they have a four-to-one superiority in numbers, they strike suddenly and on the sly. But even these tactics prove of no avail. In the air as well as on land the fascists are being beaten.

VLADIMIR STAVSKY

The Battle Goes On

Today is the third day of incessant fighting. The river S., which the enemy has been making vain attempts to cross, winds its way like a thin ribbon through solid fields of rye and thickets. The Germans have hurled their picked forces against us on this sector. The units operating here include the S.S. detachments. A skull and bones are embroidered on the tabs of their uniforms. These are the unmitigated scoundrels and cut-throats all of them, directed by Himmler. In addition, the enemy has concentrated here a large force of artillery and tanks.

The Germans as a rule brought all their guns into action when attempting to force a breach. This is how they usually set about it. Individual groups consisting of two or three soldiers armed with automatic rifles would press forward, making short spurts, taking cover behind each tree or clump. On encountering a barrage of heavy machine-gun fire from our advance line, they would immediately come to a standstill.

Having dug in, one of the fascists would raise a small white flag. This was a signal indicating the edge of the German advance. The enemy's

artillery at once directed a squall of fire against our front line positions. The fire at times was so intense that in order to avoid heavy losses our troops withdrew to a new position. Our guns then came into action, and when as a result of this artillery duel the firing nests of the fascists were silenced our men would return to their original positions.

Now, however, the battle is developing under totally different circumstances. This is due primarily to the fact that our men have learned to withstand the intense fire of the German mine-throwers without incurring any losses. On occupying a position our men build individual earthworks, and these afford them ample protection against the heaviest fire.

Once having dug themselves in, our men calmly wait until the hurricane of fire subsides and then they mow down the German infantry with a regular hail of lead from heavy and light machine-guns, not yielding an inch, and in many cases let the Germans have a taste of their bayonets. It has been proven time and again that under no circumstances do German soldiers sto-

mach a bayonet charge. It is sufficient for our Red Army men to go over the top and, with a rousing cheer, go at the enemy with their bayonets for the Germans to scatter panic-stricken, throwing away their arms as they run.

One of our battalions attacked the enemy yesterday eight times in this way. The Germans literally showered our entrenched men with shells from their batteries of mine-throwers, and then, almost assured that no one had survived, the fascists attempted to advance. But when the formidable command: "At them, men!" was given, the Germans simply turned tail and ran. Our troops immediately dug themselves in again and withstood the next onslaught of their batteries. Again the Germans tried to attack, another bayonet charge, and again they fled leaving dozens of dead behind.

Several days ago the enemy decided to launch an attack at dusk. When attacking at dusk or at night a rocket is used for signalling instead of a flag. A white rocket indicates the direction of the proposed advance, a red rocket indicates: "Open fire", and a green one: "Cease fire." The latter is a signal that the Germans intend to advance.

Senior lieutenant Sokolov, commander of the battalion, who had made a thorough study of German tactics, sent a runner to headquarters with a request for a rocket pistol and a couple of green rockets. When the man returned with the rockets, the battalion was under heavy rifle, machine-gun and artillery fire.

The man crawled over to the battalion commander.

"Did you bring the rockets?"

"Yes, comrade senior lieutenant."

"Let's have them."

Sokolov let fly a green rocket. The German fire ceased at once. A tense silence ensued broken sud-

denly by a mighty shout so dreaded by the Germans: "For Fatherland! For Stalin! Forward!" The enemy was overwhelmed by a devastating bayonet charge. Dropping everything, the Germans ran for their lives, but our Soviet bayonets ferreted them out no matter where they lurked.

The same battalion launched another bayonet attack the next day. This was after a twenty hours battle. Things had quieted down, the enemy was exhausted and resting. At sunset a company launched an attack. It came as a complete surprise to the Germans. The German soldiers occupying the front line positions were so exhausted and so taken unaware that they were wiped out in an instant.

Our men dashed into the village where the enemy headquarters were stationed. The Germans were caught napping. Seated comfortably under some trees, the fascist officers were feasting on geese, chicken and wine they had robbed the collective farmers of. The Red Army men made straight for headquarters. The officers tried to make a stand but they were simply cut down.

Lukichev, a battalion commander, distinguished himself on this sector of the front. A young strapping fellow, he excels in employing both defensive and offensive tactics. His battalion gave the Germans no end of trouble. They even went so far as to issue orders for his capture at all costs. They found out his name and, in helpless hurry, would bawl out in broken Russian: "Come out, Lukichev!" He was wounded twice but did not say a word about it to anyone; only a third wound compelled him to agree to be sent to a hospital for a while.

In the course of the three days during which the enemy has been trying to cross the river S. its losses, according to the most conservative estimate, amounted to no

less than 5,000 men. Yesterday, at one section of the front, the fascists, dead drunk, tried to stage a "psychic attack." They came in mass formation. Our machine-guns simply mowed them down, and when the field was strewn with dead bodies, ever new swarms, with frenzied shouts, hurried themselves at us only to be cut down by the death-dealing stream of lead. For a while our men could not understand what had come over them, the cause for their sudden grit. Everything became clear after an examination of the dead bodies. They were simply reeking from alcoholic spirits.

And here is another episode which vividly portrays the enemy. A batch of about fifty of them suddenly stood up. Holding their hands over their heads they shouted to our men: "Russ, don't shoot, we surrender!" They took several steps in our direction. About a dozen of our men came out from under cover to meet them. Just then the Germans threw themselves flat on the ground while a German machine-gun opened fire from one of the flanks.

Every day our men bring in some war prisoners. I had occasion to speak with many of them. Heinrich Kirsch was taken prisoner during an engagement. Wounded he was left to shift for himself by his pals who had taken to their heels. On his uniform were the skull-and-bones insignia.

"Will I be shot?" was his first question. His wounds were attended to; he was offered a flask with water, but was afraid to drink it fearing it might be poisoned. He comes from Saarbrücken.

"Why do you think you will be shot?" I asked him. "What do you do with Russian prisoners?"

He swore he had never seen a single Russian prisoner.

"Your soldiers do not surrender," Heinrich Kirsch said. "In our company there were 100 men; almost all

of them have been killed or wounded. Your artillery fire is more than we can stand. It's horrifying. . . Will you shoot me? . . . We don't want to fight against the Soviet Union. Yes, I was in France and in Poland too. I will tell you everything, everything. I had a brother who was a Communist. . ."

Documents proving him to be a member of the nazis were found in Kirsch's pocket.

"I'll tell you everything, only, please, don't shoot me."

Hervert Reisler is a lance sergeant from Breslau. Typical of the man is the narrow forehead of the degenerate, small, shifty, malevolent eyes. He, too, it appears, does not know why the fascist army has attacked the peaceful Soviet country.

"Do you ever read the newspapers?"

"No, I carry out the orders of my superior officer."

"What are you, a man or a machine?"

The question caught him off guard, and Reisler after some hesitation said:

"Yes, I am a machine, we are all machines."

Yesterday the Germans dropped leaflets exhorting our troops to surrender. "We will do you no harm and feed you." The leaflet was illustrated with one of Goebbels' innumerable fabrications—a photograph showing several men who, with a fixed smile, were staring into the camera. "These are your comrades," so read the inscription, "who have surrendered themselves voluntarily." It looked like a neat job, but there were a few details that gave the show away. The "prisoners" were fitted out in brand new uniforms and caps with shade—the type of cap our men never wear at the front—and short German top boots.

Kusinkov, a rank-and-file Red

Army man, was taken prisoner by the Germans. Before being questioned he was stripped bare, his only apparel was the steel helmet on his head. Suddenly an idea flashed into his mind. Taking off his helmet, he landed the German sentry a smashing blow on the head with its steel edge. The man dropped like an ox. Kusinkov made a dash for the woods and rejoined his unit.

. . . Night. The blood-red disk of the sun has settled beyond the fields of rye. A glow appears on the horizon. The woods are ablaze. Our artillery is pounding away at the enemy's positions. Heavy shells whiz by overhead. The enemy, gasping for breath, is licking his wounds, taking toll of his losses and picking up his dead.

R. KARMEN

A Master of Metal

In a corner of the hall just opposite the front door, children's overcoats were hanging on the rack, below it were some slippers and nearby a perambulator. . . Children's skis were propped up against the rack. Everything in this flat of two rooms breathed of love and tenderness for children. The owner of the flat, Vassili Obyedkov, a foreman of the "Hammer and Sickle" Plant, tiptoed towards me. I had purposely timed my visit early in the morning, for it is difficult to catch him at home at any other time. He took me by the arm and whispered:

"Let us talk softly, the youngsters are sleeping. They are tired out after being on duty all night."

We sat down before a white covered table. There were three cots and a small sofa in this room. The children lay fast asleep under embroidered covers; now and again they would turn in their sleep, smiling, and, though our conversation lasted for some time, they never woke up once.

"Three," said he, nodding his head at them, "two boys and a girl. The eldest—a grown-up young man, getting on for twenty-two. . . He's

serving in the Air Force in the Black Sea."

He looked closely at me. His eyes are brown and youthful, and taking all in all, you would never say that this man was fifty-one. His dark face is still fresh, youthful; his black hair shows but a trace of silver, his trimmed moustache looks like black down. He speaks in a swift patter, sometimes repeating himself, evidently aware that his swift speech may be misunderstood. On the whole it is easy to see that this man is used to explaining and expounding—he has been a propagandist for many years now, and not a single public campaign ever takes place without him.

"I was a propagandist during the election to the Supreme Soviet, and today, well, today I do my best to explain all the current events," he said, and added: "And how else do you expect, my dear man? You can't do anything else. Listen. I've been working. . . Now how many years do you think I've been working on production? Guess?"

"Well, I should say about twenty, at least," was my reply.

"Since nineteen hundred and se-

ven. That's when I started. How many years does that make?"

"That would be just over one third of a century."

"A third, do you say? See, I've done a third of a century working at machines and furnaces, and have come to understood a lot, friend, during this third of a century. Oh, I have learnt a lot!"

He leaned over the table towards me, and, continuing in his low voice, so as not to awaken the children, said:

"Here, for instance. In 1917, I shouldered a rifle. . . in the old army? No. I served in the Workers Guard and kicked out those who weren't to our liking, appointed those we could trust, guarded our plant. And later on, in 1918, I guess it was. . . we all of us, we Goujon Plant workers—you know our plant used to be called the Goujon Plant,—marched to the Red Square, to give our comrades a send off before they left for the front. There we stood, with our banners. And suddenly, Lenin turned up and spoke."

He repeated his words.

"Yes, Vladimir Ilyich himself, in person! I remember him so well. Of course, to tell you the truth, I can't remember every single word he said—that was many years ago—but what he did say, sank in my heart for ever."

Softly but forcibly he brought his fist down on the table and his brown eyes glowed in passion:

"It's a long time since I learnt about the enemies of the people, of whom Vladimir Ilyich then spoke to us. Now, they have once more crept out of their lairs! Well, times have changed,—today the people are far more conscious, they see ever so much further, and understand ever so much better! Today a hint is enough for our people, as for the rest, they catch the sense of it, as you would the refrain of a song!"

He sat opposite me, tall, dark-faced, in his white Russian blouse, and, to the tune of the measured breathing of his sleeping children, opened his heart to me—that wonderful heart of a Soviet worker. The room filled with the quiet, sonorous voice; the Moscow street, in spite of its proximity, was still—so much so, that it seemed as though the street was listening to our conversation. He told me how our people "catch up the thoughts," and, from what he said and how he said it, it was simple enough to see that he loves these people no less than his children, and knows them just as well as he does his children too. He is ever in contact with his people, speaks to them and writes to them, for he is a correspondent of the newspaper at his plant—*The Open-Hearth Furnace*. In print and verbally, he stresses the necessity of supplying our Red Army with the highest grade and the greatest possible volume of steel.

"So that there be no mistake about it being war metal," says he, significantly raising his brows.

In his newspaper he describes how his family reacted to the news of the attack of our perfidious enemies. His entire family takes turns in standing on watch, in digging gas shelters; they all study and work as propagandists.

"Our family decided that not only has our steel to be war steel, but that all of us have to be on a war footing," he added.

And then he made himself clear:

"For instance, take our Open-Heart Furnace shop. What was its reply? Short and to the point: we shall work incessantly, we shall defend our country from the invading hordes, we must forge victory! And metal, my friend, spells victory—but metal sent hurtling on the heads of our enemy."

He leaned back in his chair.

glanced at his children evidently under the impression that he was speaking too loud, and continued:

"And we do work! And how! . . . I told you that I have been a factory worker since 1907, and I have seen all kinds of attitude to work. I saw how our Soviet youth responded to the call to work. They made a fine response, worked with a will. The results: our Five-Year Plans! But you should see them working today. Why, words are powerless to describe it. If, so to speak, formerly a fellow would be likened to a pebble, then today he has grown to a tall mountain! Mountain isn't the word—I should say, the entire Caucasian Range."

He pushed the grey tomcat off one of the chairs and jokingly said:

"Knock on wood! You can't say a bad word about our fellows, they are all working splendidly. They turn up two hours before the whistle. And why? Because, at first, we all read the newspaper together, discuss the *pros* and *cons* of things and go into various details. Then we have a "lightning conference," a kind of shop meeting, where we decide as to what has to be done,

so as to produce A-1 metal; also, how to keep things tidy, so that not a speck of dust may find its way into the metal. Our metal, you see, is war metal, and everything must be prepared as though for an examination—molds, bellows and linings."

He bent his head close to mine and firmly said in his warm, pattering voice:

"Because we want victory."

And then he added:

"In 1939, I was supervising a test melt. Well, somehow or other, I happened to overlook a slight detail, poured seventy tons of metal in the ladle. And, as it happened, water-gas formed in the ladle. How it did explode! and how that metal spurted! Burnt my eyes, drops fell on my legs, burnt all my toes. I had to go to a hospital. After that, my legs got sort of weak, but just you say to me: 'Vassili Georgich, it's time for us old men to take a hand, too!'—and I'll say: 'We won't hesitate, we'll shoulder a gun and fight.'"

And he repeated:

"Because we all want victory and shall be victorious."

VSEVOLOD IVANOV



A worker of the country of the Soviets.
By Lukomsky

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS ABOUT HEROES

Each day the communiqués from the front report fresh instances of the valour and gallantry of the Red Army.

And today, when the Soviet people are waging a patriotic war against the fascist hordes, it is particularly edifying to recall the heroic battles the Red Army waged so recently against the Finnish white-guards, battles which gave ample proof of the courage and indomitable strength of the Soviet troops.

Hundred of sketches, stories and narratives from the front have gone to make up two thick volumes entitled *The Battles in Finland*, recently published in Moscow by the Military Literature Publishing House. Something on the same lines, a symposium of extremely interesting and stirring documents entitled *In the Snows of Finland*, has also been put out by the State Literary Publishers. The books in question give the reader a vivid portrayal of the entire campaign.

Step by step the war is traced in all its stages from the first provocative shot fired from a Finnish gun on November 26, 1939, in the district of Mainila, until noon on March 13, 1940, when the Soviet High Command gave orders to cease fire.

The first volume of *The Battles in Finland* opens with a long introductory article by Major-General A. Khrenov, Hero of the Soviet Union, entitled *The Destruction of the Mannerheim Line*. Major-General Khrenov gives a detailed description of the first-class fortification technique which, combined with the geographical and topographical features of the Karelian Isthmus, rendered the storming of this line extremely difficult, almost impossible.

But not even the Mannerheim fortifications could stop the victorious onslaught of the Red Army. In smashing this vaunted impregnable line, the Red Army was the first to have solved in practice a new problem in the art of warfare.

The accounts of the heroic struggle, written or reported by men who took a direct part in the events, make thrilling reading. By far most of the authors are not professional writers but military men, lieutenants, majors, colonels, generals and political instructors in the Red Army.

Every word they write tells of what they themselves have been through. Members of tank crews, airmen, sappers, navymen tell in the laconic language of facts of their own exploits or what they themselves witnessed.

The grit and tenacity of the Red Army men in the fulfilment of their duty is well described in T. Jatiev's story *The Memory of a Hero*.

"'Forward!' the command echoed over the lake. The men and commanders dashed forward. A moment's delay, one step back, would have meant instantaneous death. 'Forward!' No matter what the circumstances it always spurs us Soviet people on to greater feats. On hands and knees we made for the island. We did not open fire so as not to disclose our location. The enemy kept up an incessant fire; the tiny bullets from the enemy's automatic rifles patted against the steel helmets of the Red Army men that were only faintly visible against the snow and skidded off; the machine-guns fired long rounds; chunks of ice and boulders flew up into the air as mines exploded all around. Flares lit up the dark sky dropping slowly over the lake and dazzling the men. At rare intervals the groaning of a wounded man could be heard. The Finnish white-guards had with their fire cut us off from the rear and were preventing us from approaching our own emplacements. But we were bent on achieving our object. 'Forward!'"

And achieve their objective they did. For a long time the heroic exploits of the dauntless skiers who not only stood their ground in the face of grave odds but won through to victory, was on everybody's lips.

The bravery of the Soviet men, their scorn for danger is a common thing. "Our regiment proved to be in the van. This was something to be proud of," says V. Likhachov in his *Notes of a Sapper*. This remark made in passing is quite typical.

The very titles of the stories and features speak for themselves: *Gunners in Action*, *Land Cruisers Make Raid*, *On Skis in Pursuit of the Enemy*, *Sappers at Work*, *On a Blazing Airplane*, etc.

Many of the stories pay tribute to the ingenuity and initiative of the men.

"During the war with the Finnish white-guards our men and commanders hit upon many simple and clever expedients which later won general recognition," writes V. Maximov. "For instance, when a column of tanks advances over a snow field, every tank leaves behind it two narrow but deep ruts. These served our infantrymen and sappers good steak in attacking the enemy in the wake of the tanks as cover from enemy bullets. This method received official recognition and tank drivers were given strict orders not to back their machines during an attack.

"Sometimes tanks had to move through stretches of forest in which the trees had a thick covering of snow. Falling from the branches the snow blocked up the slits making it necessary every now and then to jump out and clear it off. We ascertained that a shrapnel volley fired through the woods cleaned all the snow off the trees as though someone had swept them with a broom.

"Our brigade had a chance to repay the artillery men for this friendly service. It happened around Ilves. One of the enemy pill boxes in the forest was keeping our infantry under heavy fire. The artillerymen trained their heavy guns on it intending to batter down the walls, but the trees were in the line of fire. The commander of the nearest tank came to their assistance by making two trips through the woods and creating a clearing wide enough to enable the artillery to take direct aim."

On one occasion snow shaken down from a fir tree helped to extinguish a blazing tank.

Besides battle episodes, the stories published in the books in question give one an insight into the details of the daily life of the men at the front. They tell of scouts who cleverly hoodwinked the enemy by the device of turning tractors into tanks. They tell of the heroic exploits of stretcher bearers and Red Cross nurses, of despatch carriers and players of the military band who proved themselves to be true heroes.

Some of the stories are extremely laconic. A record for brevity is lieutenant N. Lazarev's 16-line story *How Private Yakushin Felled the Enemy* that is at the same time a complete and stirring little story.

The narratives and stories published in *In the Snows of Finland* are of a somewhat different nature. The names of such well-known Soviet writers as N. Tikhonov, B. Lavrenyov, S. Marshak, A. Tvardovsky figure prominently in this volume.

The opening story is by a newcomer in the field of literature—N. Mitrofanov, a

mechanic who served as a junior commander in the war against the Finnish white-guards. His story covers the entire period of the war, touching upon diverse battle scenes, describing the refined cruelty and cunning of the enemy and the courage and determination of the Soviet forces. Written in the form of a diary, this story is actually an epic work told in stern and convincing language.

In one of his stories, V. Stavsky speaks of the sterling qualities of Soviet men, their spirit and cheerfulness in the face of danger. Nothing can deter them. Reading these stirring accounts one realizes that self-control and calmness are part and parcel of the make-up of these men. Such for example is Kashuba, Hero of the Soviet Union, to whom two leading Soviet poets S. Marshak and A. Tvardovsky have dedicated their verses; such, too, is private Yevsey Anikeyev, described by V. Ilyenkov in *The Exploit of Yevsey Anikeyev*.

Of particular interest is V. Stavsky's *Colonel N. Ugrumov, Hero of the Soviet Union*. The author has given us a pen portrait of N. Ugrumov as a courageous soldier, a man amongst men, an excellent comrade.

The fearlessness and indomitable courage of tank commander Dudko is described by G. Miroshnichenko. Wounded in the right arm, Dudko refused to be persuaded to go to a field hospital.

"'I'm not going to budge from here!' he retorted. 'Come on, lads! I've got plenty of fight in me yet!'

"With a stubborn lift of his head he strode forward followed by his friends. On they went, shoulder to shoulder, the very embodiment of the spirit of bolshevism—the spirit of comradeship.

"They reached the commanders observation point just when the Finnish white-guards were launching a fresh counter-attack.

"Early dawn. A signal rocket roared up in the still murky sky.

"'Forward, comrades!' the regimental commander snapped out setting an example to his men.

"Dudko was after him like a shot. 'Come on, lads! Give them a taste of your bayonets!' he shouted. 'For our country! For Stalin!'

"A rousing cheer filled the air. The infantrymen hurled themselves forward bent on taking the height by storm. As straight as a young sapling Dudko, his revolver in his left hand, led the men on, infecting them with his own courage. Now they had already passed the foot of the height and were climbing up the slopes. A shell burst nearby, but Dudko

went on without paying the slightest heed. His eyes were glued on the tanks ahead of him which were persistently blazing a track for the infantrymen. Suddenly one of the tanks, on the left flank, stopped, its nose butted against a granite slab. The earth around it seemed to be in eruption. Dudko made for the tank. The driver had been killed, the tank damaged. Dudko had found his place where he was most needed. He worked feverishly to breathe new life into the formidable land cruiser. At last the engine began to throb. He took his place at the wheel, and the machine surged forward intensely on crushing the enemy. Shells burst all round, dense smoke enveloped him shutting out everything from view, but Dudko, as it were, floated into sight again, there where he was least expected, on the most dangerous sectors of the front. . . .

The fine spirit of comradeship among the Red Army men is well described by Tvardovsky in his short story *A Crew of Heroes* about three young tankmen who spent the night in a besieged tank and came out of the ordeal with flying colours.

Further instances of this kind are described in P. Pavlenko's *Notes from a Diary*. In another of his stories, *Staff Cap-*

tain Matveyev, Pavlenko portrays a strong-willed man, commander, friend and comrade to his subordinates who repay him with their respect and affection.

Nikolai Tikhonov, well-known Leningrad poet, was war correspondent during the Finnish campaign. His stories and verses written at the front (*First Day* and *The Story of a Bandmaster*) are about ordinary Soviet people whom the war turned into heroes.

The Battles in Finland and *In the Snows of Finland* are full of patriotic feeling and inspire one with pride for the Red Army, for the whole Soviet people.

"Whoever happened to be in Leningrad during those sunny March days of 1940" (when peace was signed), writes lieutenant K. Snegiryov, "will never forget the feeling of exaltation at the inseparable unity of the great Soviet people and their Red Army."

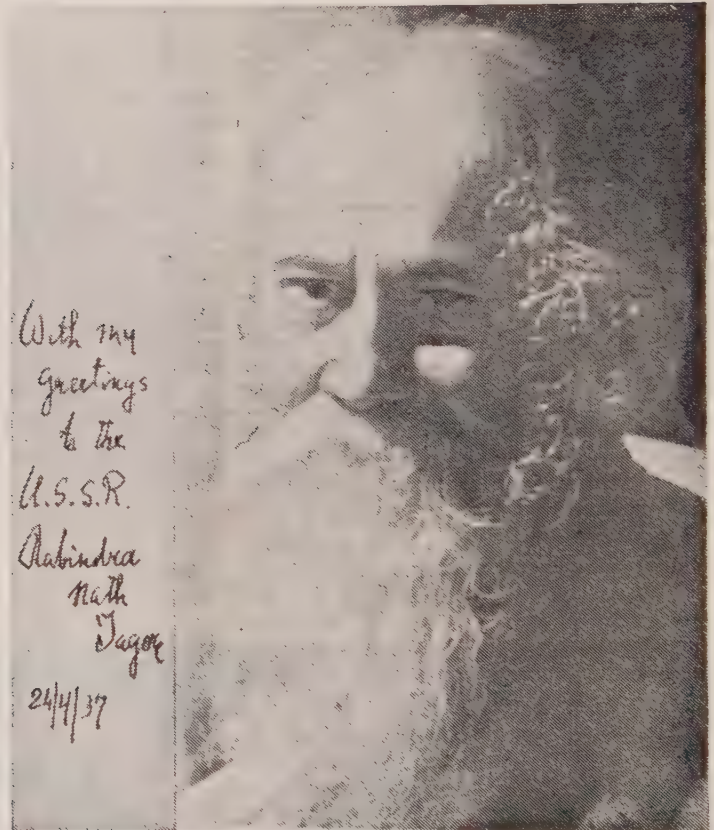
This unity is felt with new and unparalleled strength today in every corner of the Soviet Union, where every man, woman and child is ready to devote all his energy, to lay down his life if needs be, to defend his beloved country, to fight for the liberation of all mankind from the perfidious fascist barbarians.

L. B.



The events in Finland. Pencil drawing by 12-year old Ludwig Gazlowsky from the Moscow House of Pioneers Art Studio

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



Rabindranath Tagore, with whose name is associated a whole phase in the cultural development of India, died in the beginning of August at the age of 81. Tagore poet, novelist and playwright was an active public figure and a distinguished representative of contemporary Indian literature.

Rabindranath Tagore was born in Bengal where 150 years ago India made its first attempt to acquire the culture of advanced Europe, and the Tagores, a family of Brahman, gave Bengal many gifted men who played a prominent role in this attempt. The poet's grandfather was one of the first champions of western education. Rabindranath Tagore's father was also a firm supporter of European culture and social reforms.

At the age of 16, Tagore went to England to study law. But within a year he gave up this career and returned to India to dedicate himself wholly to literature. He made his debut in the world of letters as a poet, and it was only considerably later that prose became his chief medium of expression. Tagore the poet did not strive for a realistic conception of life. He spoke of life in India as a fête at which his part was to play on the instrument of his inspiration. Moreover, he adhered, to a certain degree, to the literary canons of Indian poetry, employing Indian allegory and mystic symbolism.

Tagore's verses seem to have been written under tranquil twilight skies, beneath the dark crowns of trees that cast their shadow over the slow, cool

waters of the Ganges. His verses lead the reader into the phantom world of mystic communion with the omnipotent and omniscient spirit embodied in man, in nature and in the infinite.

It was in this way that the lovers of poetry and the European literary critics understood Tagore's verses when they first made their appearance beyond the borders of India in 1912. The volume *Gitanjali* (*Song Sacrifices*), brilliantly translated into English by the poet himself, was the first book that earned the Bengal poet world recognition. A proof of this recognition was the award of the Nobel literary prize in 1913.

In European eyes Rabindranath Tagore was a rising star, but in India he had long been accepted as a creator of literary works in numerous genres. The people of Bengal knew him as an indefatigable innovator, as a leader of Indian literature. Endowed with great poetic gifts, Tagore exercised a great influence on Bengali literature. *Gitanjali*, *A Hundred Songs of Kabir* and *The Gardener* are for the Indian reader permeated with love for mankind, for labour, for the native land.

The manifold genius of Tagore the artist exercises a great cultural significance in all its manifestations.

At the end of the first World War Tagore made a trip abroad, visiting Japan and America, where he delivered a number of lectures on historical, social and philosophical subjects. These lectures were subsequently collected in a book entitled *Nationalism*.

Tagore had every right to consider himself a great Indian. He felt himself to be the heir to all that his people had created in literature and art, the custodian and promoter of the boundless cultural wealth of ancient and modern India.

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In the post-war period Tagore tirelessly carried on his creative work. He wrote poetry, published several philosophical works (including a series of lectures delivered at Oxford in 1930), and wrote several new prose works,

including *Lipica*, an Indian version of the Lucian's *Dialogues*.

In September 1930 Tagore came to the Soviet Union. This visit undoubtedly left a lasting impression on the 70-year-old Tagore. In a number of articles published at various times in India he endeavoured to analyse what he had seen and to formulate his attitude to the first Socialist State in the world.

Tagore was enthusiastic over those tremendous efforts of the Soviet Government in the field of public education, and he paid high tribute to the educational system in the Soviet Union.

* * *

In pre-revolutionary Russia Tagore's works first became known from translations made from the English version rendered by the poet himself. At that period Russian readers knew Tagore chiefly by his *Gitanjali*, *The Gardener*, *A Hundred Songs of Kabir* and *The King of the Dark Chamber* which were translated into Russian shortly after their publication in English. Russian critics compared Tagore to Maeterlinck and to the best of the French and Russian symbolists. They considered his works to be a unique combination of two cultures, oriental and occidental.

Soviet people in the epoch of the Great Socialist Revolution did not lose their interest in Tagore. His novels *Gora* and *The Home and the World* were especially popular. The Soviet reader endeavoured through Tagore's books to understand the recent historical past of India, striving to find in his works, and sometimes succeeding, literary heroes that were familiar to him. Such indomitable characters as Gora and the charming female characters Sucharita or Lolita, for example, are well known and warmly appreciated by the Soviet reader.

While there is much in the writings and utterances of Rabindranath Tagore that is organically alien from the standpoint of the Soviet people, the personality of the great Bengali has always been recognized and acknowledged by the Soviet reader as an outstanding phenomenon in contemporary Indian culture.

NEWS AND VIEWS

NEW BOOKS

The State Literary Publishing House is putting out Emil Zola's *The Siege of the Hill* and Guy de Maupassant's *Tales of the Franco-Prussian War*. Books coming off the press in the near future include a collection of small sketches by B. Brecht entitled *Fear and Misery of the Third Reich*, and K. Hinricks' *The Third Reich*.

Of particular interest is the book written by men of the gallant Chapayev Battalion which fought in the ranks of the Spanish Republican Army. The compiler of the book, Alfred Kantorowicz, who was chief of the information department of the Chapayev Battalion, writes that the volume is the collective production of 78 authors. It is prefaced by *Chapayev's Song*, the battle hymn of the battalion composed by Ulrich Fuchs (Walter Ulrich) who was killed near Teruel.

The State Literary Publishing House is also turning out a collection of patriotic war time poems by Jambul *Bullets for Enemy*, a collection of army songs and poems by N. Asseyev *The First Platoon*, and poems by Yanka Kupala.

The Soviet Writer Publishers are issuing a number of new books on the war against the Finnish white-guards (1939—1940), the Soviet Navy and the heroic exploits of the Red Army in the years of the Civil War.

Huns, by S. Rosenfeld, issued by the same publishers, deals with the defeat of the German invaders in the Ukraine in 1918.

The struggle of the Albanian people against Austro-German occupation during the first World War is the subject of the book *Shkipetari* by the Hungarian author Bela Illes.

LENINGRAD WRITERS TAKE ACTIVE PART IN PATRIOTIC WAR

Leningrad writers have placed their pen at the service of the great patriotic war. The local Mayakovsky House has become the writers staff headquarters in the struggle against the Hitlerite barbarians.

In the very first days of the war writers who had acquired experience as war correspondents in the fighting against the



Ilya Ehrenburg addressing the meeting organized by the Soviet writers against Hitlerite Germany

Finnish white-guards immediately rejoined the staffs of the military newspapers to which they had been attached. N. Tikhonov, A. Prokofyev, N. Sayanov, just to mention a few of the scores of poets and prose writers, are now at the front and with their trenchant words are helping the men in the armed forces to smash the fascist hordes. But those who are still in Leningrad are also doing their bit. The local Writers' Union formed a press bureau which has become the centre of the entire literary life in Leningrad.

Writers, poets and playwrights bring to the press bureau their new verses, monologues, sketches, songs and ditties. Composers work in close collaboration with poets, putting their lyrics to music.

The press bureau is issuing the first collection of poems, songs and ditties for Red Army men. Two more volumes are being prepared for the press.

PICTURES OF THE GREAT PATRIOTIC WAR

Soviet art is becoming more and more mobile and militant with every day that passes of the great patriotic war of the Soviet people against the fascist hordes.

The idea of posters and the satires called "TASS Illustrated Windows," some of which are given in this issue, has been revived. Noted Soviet artists are creating stirring panels and lithographs.

G. Savitsky's panel *Red Cavalry Attack* exhibited in a shop window in the centre of Moscow attracts the eye of the passer-by. The dashing horsemen—Soviet Cossacks—with the help of their sabres are giving the fascist bandits a lesson in the might of Soviet arms.

A group of artists, including I. Gurvich, K. Dorokhov, have produced a panel depicting Soviet cavalrymen wiping out a landing unit of parachutists.

Soviet artists have set themselves the task of conveying the feelings and emotions of the people in these days—the undying love of their country, the deep surge of patriotism, the hatred for the fascist barbarians who have treacherously and basely attacked the Soviet Union. A wife bids good-bye to her husband who is leaving for the front, a sister takes leave of her brother, a mother of her son. The separations are not accompanied by hysterical tears or soulful scenes. Personal feelings assume secondary importance. The great patriotic upsurge reigns supreme.

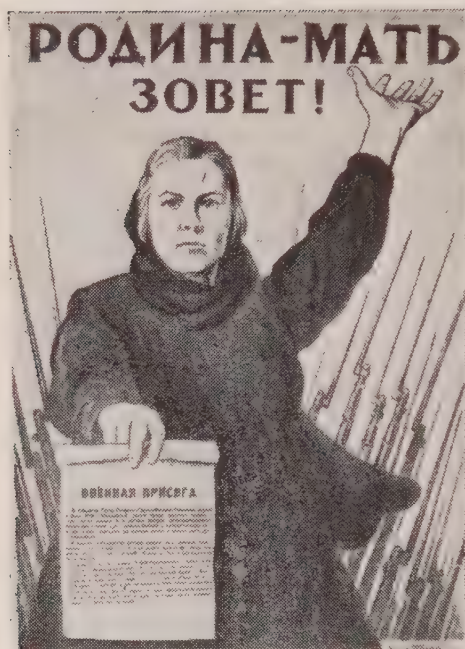
The painting of the noted artist P. Sokolov-Skala, typefying the patriot-mother, suggests the subject of the panel of E. Ilyin and V. Finogeev, depicting young Don Cossacks leaving for the front.

In their panel N. Sokolik and V. Fedotov give us a grim picture of pillage and rapine, of the cruelty of the fascist barbarians. The drunken murderers spare neither old men nor women and children.



"Shchors and his men write their answer to Pettura"

A painting by G. Fures



"Motherland is calling"

Soviet war poster by I. Toidze

These are, in truth, modern cannibals who must be exterminated on the earth, in the water, and in the air.

V. Panfilov's panel shows Soviet anti-aircraft gunners bringing down enemy planes. I. Modorov's lithograph depicts the struggle of collective farmers against a detachment of German parachute troops.

IN DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY

Sculptors of the capital are working with great enthusiasm on the creation of what are now called three-dimensional posters, heroic and satiric in plan.

V. Mukhina devotes her bas-relief to heroism of the Soviet people. The sculptor A. Lavinsky is working on a large composition *Fascism seized the bread from the peoples of Europe*. A. Manuilov, in a vivid satirical genre, composed a sculptural group of the war-mongers—Hitler and his fascist henchmen.

Students of the Institute of fine arts, under the guidance of the artist V. Shostakov, are producing from papier-mâché, cardboard and cotton colourful objects illustrating methods of anti-aircraft defence. The themes are: *Fighting fire bombs*, *Every building—a defence fortress*, *How to dig an anti-aircraft trench*.

These first creations of the sculptor-patriots, full of deep love for their people

and hatred for the foe, are on exhibit in the squares of the capital, on the walls of houses, in shop windows, at railway stations and at recruiting stations.

MOSCOW THEATRES

The theatres of Moscow are living an intensive creative life. Rehearsals of new plays are being held, premières are scheduled for the opening season, and work with playwrights is in full swing.

The Bolshoy Opera Theatre is rehearsing Moussorgsky's opera *Boris Godunov* in a new arrangement by D. Shostakovich, directed by People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. S. Samosud. The ballet troupe of the theatre is rehearsing the ballet *Coppelia* by Delibes, directed by the ballet-master K. Goleizovsky.

In the Maly Theatre rehearsals of the play *War and Peace*, adapted for the stage from the novel by L. Tolstoy, are in progress. I. Sudakov, People's Artist of the R.S.F.S.R., is directing the play.

In the Art Theatre, People's Artist of the R.S.F.S.R. V. Sakhnovsky is beginning rehearsals of I. Bakhterev's and A. Razumovsky's play *Field-Marshal Suvorov* (published in our magazine No. 1, 1941).

The Central Theatre of the Red Army gives daily performances of *Field marshal Suvorov* and *Parkhomenko*.

A group of actors of the Central Theatre of the Red Army is performing for the army at the front. The theatre also sends out troupes to give performances at recruiting stations of Moscow.

The Theatre of the Revolution will open its season with a première of K. Finn's and M. Gus' play *The Keys of Berlin*, based on the taking of Berlin by the Russian soldiers in 1760. The theatre is preparing a grand review on the theme of the people's volunteer force in various epochs of the history of the struggle of the Russian people against foreign invaders. In preparation too is A. Gladkov's play about Durova, the heroic girl-partisan of the great patriotic war of 1812.

The Yermolova Theatre opened its season with J. Herman's play *Surgeon Pirogov*, about the great Russian surgeon. The theatre is also preparing to produce Eugene Schwartz' anti-fascist play *The Naked King*.

D. Fibikh's and I. Kuprianov's *In the Snows of Finland*, based on the smashing of the Finnish white-guards by the Red Army, is having a successful run at the Moscow Dramatic Theatre. Matveyev's *Native Shores*, on the heroic sailors of the Soviet Navy, is in preparation.



Scene from a sketch presented by the Moscow Theatre of Satire at one of the concerts held for Red Army men at the front

"THE WINGED TRIBE"

The Central Theatre of the Red Army in Moscow is preparing to put on A. Perventsev's play *The Winged Tribe*. The play is based on the exploits of the fearless Soviet flyers in the war against the fascist vultures.

The scenes are laid in the rear and at the front.

The cast includes test pilots, fighter pilots, mechanics, airplane designers and workers of an aviation plant.

The cunning, malicious and villainous foe has attacked the U.S.S.R. Among the enemy fighter-craft appear a few planes of a new type—the "Jaguar." Chief designer Muratov has just completed his model of the fighter-plane, the "Thrush." The staff of the aviation plant is striving to organize mass production of this machine, which will beat the "Jaguar" and in the shortest possible time ensure complete mastery of the air to Soviet aviation.

In the testing department of the aviation plant every minute of work brings the hour of victory closer. In peace time a month was spent on a task like this, now it is carried out in three days.

The "Thrush" is ready for her final test. As he approves the machine, colonel Maximov says:

"Comrades workers! We have just finished testing the new fighter-plane. The success of military operations depends on you, workers of the aviation plant. You must produce thousands of "Thrushes." The front is waiting. The enemy is strong and stubborn. We have drawn our ranks closer in the supreme struggle for our fatherland and for our lives. You have entrusted us with arms; we shall justify that faith. We will win."

The last scene is laid on the western front. A detachment of flyers is ordered to penetrate deep into the enemy rear and bomb the "Jaguars." The fearless Stalinist pilots, cooperating with land forces armed with the most modern weapons, have begun the final battle for the honour and freedom of the Soviet land.

"THE SNOWS OF FINLAND"

In these days of the patriotic war of the Soviet people against the fascist hordes; the recent heroic struggle of the Red Army against the Finnish white-guards takes on special significance. By smashing the fortified lines constructed by German engineers in the immediate vicinity of Leningrad, Soviet troops removed from under the feet of the foe a springboard excellently prepared for a leap into the Soviet land.

... The small skiing detachment conveys the great moral strength which unites all the people of the Soviet Union and makes them valiant heroes able to master anything and to overcome any obstacle.

The millions of fighters who are today dealing the enemy such crushing blows are armed not only with tanks and airplanes, not only with mighty artillery and precise automatic equipment. They have what the enemy, mad for blood and destruction, has not and cannot have: the tremendous inexhaustible strength of patriotic feeling, heroic inspiration from the consciousness of fighting in a righteous cause; the Red Army is fighting for the sacred Soviet land, for the happy life of its people, for their labour and their future, for the destruction of fascism—the blackest and most bloodthirsty force which has ever threatened the world.

The theatre is full. The tension and preparedness, so characteristic of war times, is felt in each of the spectators. The courageous skiers smash the enemy; and every brave deed of the Red Army men, every bold dash, every exhibition of courage, valour or resourcefulness calls forth a burst of warm, patriotic applause.



Olga Kosareva, of the staff of the frontline paper "For the Fatherland," interviewing Red Army men on the eve of their departure for battle

The play *The Snows of Finland* gives us an insight into those qualities of the Soviet people which must inevitably carry them to victory over the enemy, however cunning and ferocious he may be.

PUPPET THEATRE WILL PRESENT ANTI-FASCIST PROGRAM

The Central Puppet Theatre is putting on its first anti-fascist performance. Varied and vivid scenes, written by a group of playwrights, have been included in the program.

L. Lentch's sketch *The Dream Comes True* is a biting satire. The figure of Hitler is tossing in a nightmare. Before his eyes appears the shade of a Livonian knight-cur. He is one of the many who were drowned in a battle with the Russians centuries ago. Learning of Hitler's attack on the Russians, he has appeared from under the ice of Lake Chudskoe to announce that the Livonian knights, despatched under the ice by Alexander Nevsky, have elected Hitler an honorary member of their drowned community.

Hitler hides under the bedclothes, but another ghost reaches him—the Tartar Khan Mamai bends over him compassionately. In a daze Hitler asks himself: "What's the matter with me, am I ill?" Mamai answers tersely and sensibly:

"You certainly are: no one in his right mind would attack the Russians."

Mamai vanishes. But the nightmare continues: before Hitler's eyes stands Napoleon. The shade of the Corsican looks at his pitiful imitator scornfully and pronounces in a monitory tone: "On the 24th of June 1812, I advanced on Moscow and the Russians beat me; and remember, I was a genius. . ."

Hitler, terrified, screams hysterically and calls for his adjutant.

The Soviet spectator knows that the doom of the super-bandit Hitler is sealed. Humanity will be freed from its most dangerous enemy.

STALIN CALLS TO ACTION

A new film has been shown on the screens of Moscow theatres, reproducing the speech of J. V. Stalin, leader of the peoples of the Soviet Union, which was broadcast over the radio on July 3rd, 1941.

It is six-thirty a.m. Our descendants will rightly call this hour one of the greatest in world history.

Stalin speaks the first moving words: "Comrades. Citizens, Brothers and Sisters, Men of our Army and Navy!

"My words are addressed to you, dear friends!"

The film shows the silhouette of the Kremlin towers. . . Streets. . . Squares. . . Plants. . . Ships.

In a silence menacing to the enemy, thousands of people are listening on squares, in house and factory courtyards, in trains and in their apartments—wherever the words of the leader sound from the loudspeaker. Here a group of people stand at a fence in a country place near Moscow listening to the radio. And now we see Red Army men before the loudspeaker. . . and young nurses. . . and men of the Popular Guards. . . thousands of all types of people. Youth, maturity, age. . . representatives of various nationalities, professions. In breathless excitement everyone listens to Stalin's words:

"Comrades, our forces are numberless. The overweening enemy will soon learn this to his cost."

There they go—heroes whose fearlessness the world has never seen before, whose valour calls forth the admiration of all mankind. We see Red Army men before entraining, we see them on the way to the front. Our irresistible cavalry dashes by, the Stalinist falcons in speedy aircraft flash in the air, mighty war vessels sail the reaches of the sea, fearless tank drivers rumble by in their juggernauts.

Stalin speaks of Napoleon's army, of the German army of Wilhelm, and the leader's words seem to blend the scenes of the smashing of these "invincible" armies which we see on the screen.

The pitiful remnants of Napoleon's divisions, crushed by the people of Russia, wander through the fields of the boundless country. Napoleon's army felt the might of the Russian bayonet, the precision of Russian artillery fire, the pulverizing force of the indignation of the Russian people, risen in defence of their fatherland.

In breathless excitement, the spectator listens to the wise words of Stalin. Again and again the spectator experiences the emotions which gripped the whole Soviet people on that morning, and now, as then, swears to carry out the leader's instructions.

Defend every inch of soil, create unbearable conditions in regions seized by the foe; strengthen the rear of the Red Army still more, subordinating all our work to this end. We shall bend all our energies to crushing the foe. The solemn strains of the "International" which end the film blend with this sacred oath.

The spectators, with a unanimous impulse, rise from their places and join in the words of the hymn.

CAMERA REPORTS THE GREAT WAR

Soviet camera reporters with the army at the front have sent the first documental films of the great patriotic war against

German fascism. They are being shown on the screens of the whole country.

The laconic ribbons are followed with tremendous interest. There go Soviet tanks, they move along roads and lanes, across virgin soil and pontoon bridges thrown across streams. Here we see camouflaged aerodromes in the woods and speedy Soviet planes covered with branches and leaves. At the first signal they whirl aloft and burst upon the fascist vultures or upon tank columns and infantry.

The fear which fascist flyers have of Soviet fighter-planes is not groundless. Cinema reporters give pictures of twisted, mutilated German planes brought down in battle by our courageous falcons. Motors and fuselage are smashed to fragments; over these graves the boasted "invincible" swastika protrudes ingloriously.

Other films show a large group of flyers taken prisoner by the Red Army, standing near the ruins of their planes. The captured fascist vultures, accustomed to bombing unarmed peaceful populations, look far from militant. . . The next flashes show us a crowd of woe-begone Rumanian prisoners marching side by side with their bloodthirsty instigators, German fascists, now prisoners like themselves.

The cameramen have caught heroes of the patriotic war—infantry, artillerymen, tank drivers, flyers. The men are unloading ammunition, machine-gunners are choosing advantageous positions, journalists are printing the front newspaper, pilots are bombing the rear of the enemy. The wounded refuse to leave the field of battle, and commander Gerasimenko remains at his post with a bandaged arm. Flyer Timofeev hands in an application for admission into the Party of Lenin—Stalin before taking off. Hero of the Soviet Union Krasnoyurchenko thanks a fighter for heroic military deed and warmly embraces the war comrade.

On the screen we now see the detachment commanded by K. Kokkinaki—brother of the Hero of the Soviet Union Vladimir Kokkinaki. Five brothers—five flyers. Three of them are fighting at the front.

Expressive flashes show the help which the population accords the Red Army. Collective farmers drive their cattle far into the rear; tens of thousands of people build fortifications, dig anti-tank pits and construct every possible kind of obstacle to enemy tanks. Partisans who have sworn to lay down their lives if necessary in the struggle against the Hitlerite bandits, move along forest paths into the rear of the Germans.

"IN THE REAR OF THE ENEMY"

The film *In the Rear of the Enemy*, with stirring truthfulness and simplicity,

reproduces one of the glorious episodes in the struggle of the Red Army against the Finnish white-guards.

Three daring Red Army scouts make their way to a farmstead occupied by a large fascist band in the enemy rear. Risking their lives, they remain there in order to keep a constant watch on the movements of the base and treacherous enemy. During a battle the courageous scout Boykov corrects the fire of the Soviet artillery by telephone from the enemy farmstead and succeeds in fighting off white Finns who have fallen upon him. Boykov's courage and resourcefulness enables the artillery to perfect their aim. Their fire becomes ever more deadly and destructive. The enemy is dislodged from his position and destroyed.

Director E. Schneider, scenario-writer R. Bershadsky, and N. Kruchkov who acts the part of the scout Boykov, have been most successful in conveying the courage and heroism of the Red Army fighters, the noble feeling of comradeship and mutual assistance in battle of which wonderful examples now occur every day, the profound patriotism of the Red Army men and their boundless devotion to their country.

"For my people!" Boykov shouts as he

throws grenades at the brutal fascists. "For my Party! For my country! For my Stalin!" And the explosions of the grenades fuse with the bursts of the artillery shells striking in the very heart of the enemy nest.

"GIRLS AT THE FRONT"

In the days when the peoples of the Soviet Union are uniting for the sacred war against fascism, the new Soviet film *Girls at the Front* calls up particularly great emotions in the hearts of the audience.

The film shows historic spots in the recent battles of the Red Army against the Finnish white-guards: the Karelian Isthmus, the environs of Vyborg covered with heavy snow and ice, grim flashes of landscape denuded by the mighty fire of Soviet artillery.

The film is about simple Soviet girls who go to the front with the Red Army as volunteer Red Cross nurses. The head of the nurses' group is Natasha Matveyeva. Though still quite young, she is a person with a strong will, and one feels in her the seriousness and inflexibility of a true organizer and leader.

The spectator sees the girls in the midst of the battle's thunder, in the field hospital and in the front lines. Enemy planes carry out a treacherous attack on the field hospital. It is the girls' baptism under fire. They are upset and a little scared.

"What is going to happen to us?" some of them are heard asking timidly.

But all about doctors are working intrepidly. Complicated operations are being performed, and Natasha calmly issues the command:

"Go on working! Pay no attention to anything!"

And the girls enter into war conditions together with their commander. They labour valiantly in the hospital, forgetting rest and sleep and easing the sufferings of the wounded.

Zoya Fedorova plays the role of Natasha vividly. Fedorova portrays the type so excellently, taking the qualities of the girl-patriot directly from life, that it is difficult to speak of acting as such.

In the picture there is another young girl, almost a child, nicknamed *Chizhik* ("Pussy"). She is still childishly giggly and direct, but grim war conditions discover in her will and courage. She nurses the wounded bravely and meets danger unflinchingly.

And there is valiant Zina Maslova, who died the death of the brave in the snows of Finland, killed from ambush at the hands of the base foe. The best qualities of the Soviet girl are portrayed with particular fullness in the character of Zina Maslova—a high consciousness of duty,



Delivering the newspaper "For the Fatherland" to the Red Army men



A still from the film "Girls at the Front"

depth of feeling, seriousness and fearlessness.

It is by no accident that in the film *Girls at the Front* the main theme is Soviet patriotic women.

In the days of the present patriotic war against fascism, Soviet women are again demonstrating to the whole world their supreme fidelity to their country, their valour, endurance and patriotism. The men have left for the front, and thousands of housewives have gone to work in collective farms, in factories and plants. Thou-

sands of women are caring for the wounded. One of the *Girls at the Front*, the actress Olga Fedorina, has left for the front to become a Red Cross nurse.

The Soviet press recently published the call of Soviet women-patriots to the women of the entire world. The call speaks of hatred of fascism, the most dangerous foe of womanhood; it speaks of an inflexible will to victory, of the unanimous desire of the peoples of the earth to crush fascism and liberate the world from the baneful breath of the brown plague.

FOREIGN ORGANIZATIONS SUPPORT THE SOVIET UNION IN HER FIGHT AGAINST FASCISM

It is utterly impossible even briefly to enumerate the flood of resolutions expressing solidarity with the Soviet Union that has been coming in from various countries. Sailors from New York, London printers, youth clubs in Stockholm, building trades workers from Hendon, England, the Women's Cooperative Guild in Rugby, England, iron and steel workers in Cuba, the Confederation of Labour of Latin-American countries, the Congress of Trade Unions in the Central Provinces of India, the Peasants' Federation of the Province of Camaguey, Cuba, Cooperators from Brigh-

ton, England, Shop Stewards from the Clyde District, a mass meeting in Toronto, Canada, the Executive Committee of the Socialist Party of the Punjab Province, India, trade unions from Vancouver, Canada, the Federation of Students Societies in India, a mass meeting in Newcastle, New Southern Wales, Australia, the National Garment Workers Union, Scotland, mass meetings held in many cities and villages of Argentine, Women's Association from Havana, the Federation of Bulgarian and Macedonian Pedagogical Clubs—are only a few of the thousands upon thousands

of organizations throughout the world, which have forwarded resolutions expressing their admiration at the heroic struggle being waged by the Red Army and calling for unlimited support of the Soviet people in their fight against fascism and expressing confidence in victory.

People in all countries are not content with merely expressing their sentiments but seek in some way to aid in the war against the Hitlerite hordes.

The Executive Committee of the Durham Miners' Federation, England, for instance, recommended its local branches to support a proposal to raise a fund of £3,000 for the purchase of equipment for a field hospital to be presented to the Red Army as a sign of admiration for the patriotism of the Red Army men, and for the heroism and valour which they are displaying in resisting the fascist aggressors.

"Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade," the organization uniting American volunteers who fought in the Spanish Republican army, addressed a letter to Stalin stating that the cause for which the U.S.S.R. has taken up the cudgels against Hitler is the cause of all progressive mankind. The Red Army is fighting not only for the Soviet people but for all of mankind. The veterans express confidence that victory will attend Soviet arms and that the joint struggle of all nations will wipe Hitlerism off the face of the earth. The veterans who fought against Hitler and Mussolini in Spain pledge, if the need shall arise, to take up arms once again in the name of peace and democracy.

People the world over have surrounded fascism with a ring of hatred which will press closer and closer until Hitlerism breathes its last. A united front of nations against fascism is coming into being in the great patriotic war of the Soviet people against the German fascist hordes. This is a united front of peoples fighting for freedom and against enslavement by the fascist invaders.

ENSLAVED COUNTRIES GROANING UNDER FASCIST HEEL

The struggle of the Soviet people against the Hitler hordes as well as the agreement between the governments of the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain made a tremendous impression on all sections of the Czech, Norwegian, Yugoslav, French, Greek, Dutch and other nations who are groaning under the heel of German fascism.

Czech patriotic circles in Prague, Pilsen, Kladno, Brno, and other cities, regard the Anglo-Soviet agreement as one of the most important events since the outbreak of war in Europe. Many thousands of Czechs and Slovaks listened secretly to the radio

address of J. V. Stalin. His undaunted message has inspired thousands of Czechs and Slovenians—workers, peasants and intellectuals—to carry on the struggle against their enslavers, and has strengthened in them the faith of the early downfall of the hated Hitler regime. The Czechs remember well the years of militant collaboration between the Slav peoples in the first war against Germany. The Czechs have not forgotten that on the morrow of the occupation of Czechoslovakia by German troops, namely on March 17, 1939, the U.S.S.R. declared, for the whole world to hear, that it will never recognize this act of aggression by fascist Germany.

Stalin's speech, particularly his words that the Red Army is defending not only its own country but also all the peoples of Europe enslaved by fascism against the onslaught of the fascists, spread rapidly throughout the cities and villages of Croatia.

In conversations among friends, Serbians openly express their joy at the conclusion of the Anglo-Soviet agreement which implies that the two great peoples who are waging war against the Nazi vandals have pooled their efforts to defeat the common enemy.

The following statement made by one Serbian teacher is typical of the sentiments of the population: "A mighty coalition of nations has arisen against German fascism. Taking part in it are not only the Russian and the British peoples but all the peoples in the countries enslaved by fascism. Serbian partisans separated from Soviet partisans and Red Army men by hundreds of miles are actually fighting shoulder to shoulder with them in the common cause. The Serbian and other Slav peoples feel certain that the victory of the Russians, as has been the case in history more than once, will secure for them deliverance from their oppressors."

The secret Freedom Radio Station in Norway reports that in Oslo, Trondheim, Stavanger, Skien and other cities great animation prevailed when the people learned of the conclusion of the agreement between Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. Norwegians openly expressed their sympathies for those fighting against Hitler's aggression.

"We express the views of the whole Norwegian nation when we say that fascist Germany has landed into the vise of the two fronts," the Freedom Radio declared. "The number of these fronts will increase, since every country enslaved by Germany is a future front against the fascist hordes. The hour of deliverance is nigh."

The powerful call of J. V. Stalin for a determined and implacable struggle, for

the annihilation of Hitlerism, has met a hearty response in various sections of the freedom-loving French people.

From Saint-Etienne comes the news that at night inscriptions "Long live the Soviet Union," "Long live the Red Army" appear on many fences and factory gates of this industrial district.

Hundreds of thousands of French patriots in France itself as well as beyond its bounds are already waging a struggle against the fascist barbarians for the freedom and honour of France; the others are potential participants in this great struggle. A deep gulf separates the French people from its present misrulers, the small clique of traitors who are holding the reins of power with the aid of German bayonets.

Even in Rumania, Finland, Hungary and Italy, which their treacherous rulers have turned into vassals of Hitler Germany, and in Germany itself, the courageous struggle of the U.S.S.R. has made a great impression. An unprecedented state of tension—that is the condition of the duped and enslaved peoples of these countries who have been perfidiously drawn into a war against the Soviet Union.

According to reports from Stockholm, large numbers of Finnish patriots fully share the sentiments expressed by Stalin. Stalin's speech has intensified the hostile attitude of the Finnish population toward the German troops who conduct themselves in a most arrogant manner as though they were the masters of the country. Of considerable interest is a letter received by a Finnish woman from her husband who was a railway clerk in Turku.

"This is my twelfth day in the army," the husband writes. "Some say we will soon be sent to the front. We frequently ask one another: what the hell do we need this war for? What is it going to give us? The Germans are lording over us in our country. It is they who are driving us to the front to fight so that Hitler may rule the world. But neither I nor any other Finn I know have any intention of laying down our lives in the interests of the German fascists and their blasted 'Führer.' Let them fight themselves. I know what I'll do when I get to the front.

"Yesterday I met Irrie Hakilaianan. He heard Stalin's speech over the radio



Drawing by the German artist Karl Schwesig. Schwesig, who had been arrested by the Hitlerite Gestapo and who subsequently fled to Belgium, shows in his drawings the tortures he underwent in fascist dungeons

and even dared to take it down almost in full. Every word of Stalin's sunk into my mind. If there is anyone who is putting up a really courageous fight, it is the Russians. All of us who learned what Stalin said consider that the Russians are fighting not only for their own country but also for us Finns, for the Norwegians and the Danes, for all the nations whose freedom was trampled underfoot by the fascists. With all my heart I wish the Red Army victory. We must put an end to the fascist swine. Only then will our sufferings come to an end. I am not the only one who thinks this way, there are many more, and we understand each other at a glance. That is why the members of the Schütz Kors and the Lapua butchers look so gloomy. They have sold us to the German fascists and now are afraid to look the people square in the eye. Soon, soon the hour of retribution will strike!"

Public circles in Rumania feel certain that since Hitler did not succeed in driving a wedge between the peoples of the Soviet Union and Great Britain, Hitler's bloody campaign will end in failure. They stand in dread that Rumania, which Hitler involved in his gamble, will be forced to bear the heavy consequences of the inevitable crash of the fascist armies. These considerations are giving rise to panicky sentiments in Rumanian ruling circles. Patriotic anti-Hitler elements have intensified their activity.

The situation is getting more tense in Germany itself. A journalist who arrived in Switzerland from Germany relates that since the outbreak of the German-Soviet war the population is in a great state of tension. Many are no longer able to contain their indignation at Hitler's sinister policy.

Wholesale arrests of persons hostile to the war against the Soviet Union have taken place in Berlin, Frankfurt, Hamburg, and Cologne. The German people are simply stunned by the trainloads of wounded which are arriving without end ever since Germany launched its attack against the U.S.S.R., by the colossal losses being suffered on the Eastern front, by the ever growing ranks of widows and orphans, and by the blows the English air force is raining down on German industry in the West.

FASCIST TERROR IN NORWAY

The fascist army of occupation in Norway has brought oppression, unemployment, poverty and humiliation in its wake. Hitler's myrmidon Terbowen, the German government commissioner in Norway, has disbanded all political parties besides the fascist so-called party of "national unity" headed by Quisling, another German agent.

"Terbowen's decrees", wrote the *Weckans Journal*, a Swedish weekly, "have abolished all rights for the Norwegian people. The freedom-loving traditions of the Norwegians have received a death blow. The Norwegian people will never trust Quisling while the so-called "national unity" is no more than an organ of the fascist dictatorship."

The German occupation authorities have established a regime of ruthless terror. The prisons are crowded. Wholesale arrests are the order of the day. Halvard Lange, rector of the people's university in Suermark, has been arrested; not to mention the large number of school teachers; rectors Heyessen and Ericksen have been removed from their posts; Juster, Christenson, Lökkeberg and Segelke, Norwegian actors who refused to perform at concerts for the fascists, have been arrested. The Swedish papers report the arrest in Oslo of some sixty men who hold a prominent place in public life. The pretext for this mass arrest was the protest of forty-four Norwegian public organizations against the terrorist actions of the Norwegian fascist party and the German authorities.

The fascist vandals have banned the works of the leading Norwegian writers. The novels of Sigrid Undset, famous Nobel prize winner, are among those suppressed.

As a protest against the arrest of thirty Norwegian teachers a wave of student strikes broke all over the country. The Swedish press reported major demonstrations of students in Oslo and other cities held under the slogan of "Down with Quisling". Pupils and teachers are refusing to use nazi textbooks preaching the "race theory" and other misanthropic "ideas" propounded by the fascist cut-throats. A "Hitler youth" exhibition failed ignominiously in Oslo in spite of the fact that the directors of all educational institutions were ordered to attend the exhibition with all pupils. Only a few dozen Quislingites were present. The *Deutsche Zeitung in Norwegen*, organ of the occupationists, could not hide its annoyance at the mass opposition on the part of the student youth.

"The disgraceful behaviour of immature youth," wrote this paper in a leading article, "has nothing in common with the foolishness of adolescence. The need might arise to regard this lack of respect in a totally different light."

The fascist brutes were not long in showing what they meant by this veiled threat. Hundreds of "immature" youths have been thrown into concentration camps, dozens of schools have been closed.

One striking illustration of passive resistance to the German invaders is the mass boycott by the population of the cinemas

which now show exclusively German-made films lauding the "successes" of the Third Reich. According to the *Dagens Nyheter* the boycott of the German films is assuming more active forms. As a rule the cinemas are attended only by Norwegian storm troopers, and German soldiers. Whenever Norwegian civilians do happen to come to the cinema, the German films are hissed and booed and anti-fascist slogans shouted.

Special instructions have been issued to the gendarmes by the police authorities outlining the steps to be taken in cases of anti-German demonstrations in cinemas.

"If the demonstration is made by individuals," read the instructions, "the guilty persons should be arrested on the spot. In cases where the majority of the public takes part, everyone should be removed from the premise and the film shown only to Germans."

Hatred for the fascist enslavers is growing in Norway. "In some parts of Norway," writes the Swedish *Ny Dag*, "real partisan warfare and popular uprising are taking place against the regime of terror prevailing in the country. Wholesale arrests and repression are meeting with stubborn resistance. Serious disturbances took place in the town of Sarpsborg when the police attacked persons wearing antifascist badges. Several persons were injured."

Thousands of copies of illegal newspapers and anti-fascist leaflets are distributed among the Norwegian population and pasted on the walls of houses. These leaflets call upon the Norwegian people to fight against the German invaders.

An underground radio station started functioning recently in Norway giving two broadcasts daily, exposing the sanguinary deeds of the German occupationists and the Quislingites, their despicable lackeys.

All liberty-loving Norwegians know by heart the new "Ten Commandments" which state:

"Thou shalt hate Hitler and not forget that without declaring war he ordered his bands of murderers to attack our peaceful people.

"Thou shalt always remember that the German fascists ordered their flyers to destroy Norwegian villages and towns in order to satisfy their lust for blood.

"Thou shalt remember that only the defeat of the Germans can bring us back our freedom."

HOLLAND UNDER FASCIST YOKE

German correspondents in occupied Holland are compelled to admit that this little country is resisting the attempts of the conquerors to germanize and fasci-



Drawing by Karl Schwesig

size it as violently as the other countries enslaved by the brownshirted bandits.

"To gain an idea as to what the Dutch people are thinking and feeling today," writes the fascist *Lokal-Anzeiger*, "it is sufficient to take a glance at any bookshop in any town of Holland. Besides Dutch books and some dog-eared editions of German classics their stock consists almost exclusively of works of English and French authors."

In this way the people of Holland express their contempt for fascist so-called literature for which there was never any demand among Dutch readers even before the occupation.

No less symptomatic is the attitude of population to the radio, the cinema and the press. The Dutch people stubbornly boycott the cinema whose programs consist solely of German propaganda films. According to data published by the Society of Cinema Proprietors of Holland, the cinema attendance in the second half of 1940 dropped by more than 30 percent and is continuing to decline.

Goebbels' censorship is rampant in all Dutch newspaper offices. How the public of Holland reacts to the unified press that has been foisted upon the country, is unwittingly revealed by the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden*, organ of the occupation authorities:

"No one reads the papers, mainly

because they have no faith in the printed word."

At the end of 1940 Zeiss-Inquart, the imperial commissar and arch-traitor of Austria, closed "until further notice" all higher educational establishments in Delft and Leyden. This was in retaliation to major student disturbances reflecting the general dissatisfaction with the regime of occupation. The schools have not been opened yet.

The entire teaching staff of the law faculty of the old Utrecht University was sent to Germany and thrown into the Dachau concentration camp.

The resistance of the Dutch to the German occupation authorities, according to the consensus of opinion of all objective observers, is growing more active all the time. Instances of direct resistance on the part of the masses, acts of sabotage, attacks on German soldiers have become common occurrences.

Demonstrations against the Germans are frequent. Portraits of Queen Wilhelmina are drawn over banknotes. The Dutch flag is manufactured in hundreds and thousands and distributed among the population. As soon as a German officer or soldier enters a café, all the Dutch present demonstratively leave the place.

Zeiss-Inquart actually issued an order forbidding anyone to leave a café in less than fifteen minutes after a German soldier or officer enters. But the Dutch made this order look ridiculous by laying their watches on the table as soon as a German soldier or officer appeared, and waiting for the prescribed fifteen minutes to pass. Formerly German soldiers sang on the streets, but when the children began running after them, shouting and whistling, they stopped.

The Dutch know very well that the invaders do not intend to stop at plundering and ruining their country. They know that Hitler's plans include annexing Holland to the fascist empire.

FRENCH CULTURE OUTRAGED

The position of the French intelligentsia today is another striking example of fascist barbarism, brutality and utter contempt for spiritual culture and human dignity.

The corrupt government of Vichy, obedient tool in the hands of the frenzied Hitler band, hand in hand with the occupation authorities are striving to root out French psychology, ideology and historical tradition and to crush the free spirit of the French people.

The enslavers of the French people began by cooking up new textbooks of history, morality and philosophy for schools and universities. These new textbooks preach the delirious "ideas" of fascism. Their compilation, however, is encountering serious difficulties.

The French press announced that the schoolbooks were due to appear after the summer vacations last October. But they were not ready by that time, and it is questionable whether they will be out by October of this year. The battle over the textbooks for schools has only just begun. The German fascists are demanding that the history of the relations between France and Germany, past and present, should be expounded in such a distorted manner that even the Vichy misrulers are outraged. Such falsification of history would confirm the terrible charge which the whole French people are laying at the Vichy government's door.

Nearly 200,000 French elementary and secondary school teachers represent the democratic tradition which the fascist swindlers will not be able to destroy at one stroke of the pen. The new schoolbooks will be sabotaged by oral teaching counteracting their effect. To prevent such a possibility, the Vichy government has taken a number of serious measures: it has abolished the district pedagogical schools training teachers for elementary schools in the spirit favourable to the clergy; it has altered the conditions of enrolment of teachers, the competition and entrance examinations for teachers.

The present rulers of France are consoling themselves with the hope of being able to pave the way for a new State "philosophy" which monarchist circles are attempting to foist upon the French people.

The textbook strife is one small illustration of the grim tragedy of enslavement which France is now experiencing under the heel of fascism.

