

AUGUST, 1961

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New World

REVIEW

PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV ON THE GERMAN QUESTION

A Commune Dining Room
ANNA LOUISE STRONG

A Tour of Slovakia
JEANNIE MELISSA WHEELER
and GEORGE WHEELER

**The Teaching of English
in Soviet Schools**

IN EAST GERMANY TODAY
MARGRIT PITTMAN

NEW WORLD REVIEW

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Jessica Smith Writes from Budapest

July 7

"It is rather strange to be suddenly set down in a very small country like Hungary after the vast stretches of Siberia. But what an advancing, attractive and hopeful small country!

"Budapest is a beautiful city—its graceful bridges linking Buda and Pest span a Danube that is not muddy, as so many people disappointingly report, but a soft, pale green.

"The new workers' housing here has a lovely imaginative quality, with a charming, fanciful use of flowers and plants everywhere.

"The main theater program for the season is over, but I saw a program at the opera house made up of parts of various operas and operettas and, amazingly, a rather shockingly modern Bartok ballet!

"I have a strong impression of great solidity here. People are well dressed indeed—the women quite smartly dressed, in fact, with rather a Parisian air about them.

"People look serene, the food is excellent, the hills of Buda are full of vacationing children and, as in the Soviet Union, you at once get the feeling of the vast love everyone has for their children, for everybody's children."

Don't miss any of Jessica Smith's accounts of her visit to the Soviet Union.

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Billions of Books

An Exhibition of Soviet Children's Books

THE exhibit of Soviet children's books held in the New York Public Library during June brought the breath-taking statistics of Soviet publishing wonderfully alive in the brilliant display that turned, as if by magic, the rather pompous marble corridors of the second floor into a children's carnival.

All the heroes and heroines of childhood—Little Red Riding Hood, the Sleeping Beauty, Don Quixote, Gulliver, Huckleberry Finn—in vivid, life-sized cut-outs welcomed you to the hundreds upon hundreds of books printed in all the bewildering variety of languages spoken in the USSR.

If the languages in which the books were printed were often unreadable, the illustrations spoke eloquently of old friends. Who could not recognize *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, *Tom Sawyer* or Jules Verne's *80 Days Around the World*, by the drawings on their dust jackets and the generous illustrations inside the books.

And who could not recognize from their pictures on the cover in the biography section, Thomas Edison, Frederick Douglass, Jack London, Albert Einstein, Abraham Lincoln, among other familiar faces?

Opening a book that was obviously poetry, Lord Byron's familiar romantic face stared back at you, and in another book of poetry it

could only be Heinrich Heine's face that quizzically smiled back.

Particularly handsome were the art books which seemed to cover the whole field of European painting and sculpture. If the process of reproduction of color-plates was not up to the highest standards our expensive art books have accustomed us to, the reproductions were nevertheless generous in number and most carefully selected.

For any one familiar with the Russian classics in translation it was easy to discover all the great novels in beautifully illustrated editions.

The textbooks, stoutly bound and elaborately illustrated, seemed to cover the whole field of knowledge.

And (as at the Soviet exhibit held at the New York Coliseum in 1959) one of the main pleasures of the book exhibit were the delightful young men and women guides. Knowledgeable, relaxed, speaking English with great ease, they were prepared to answer all questions, translate puzzling titles, or discuss various aspects of Soviet or American writing and writers as though it were the most natural thing in the world. As indeed, when you come to think, it is.

The staggering figure of 2.5 billion copies of fiction for children published since 1917 seemed altogether reasonable in the midst of this overwhelming display. The fact

that 200 million copies were published in 1960 alone was not a surprise nor the fact that 184 publishing houses catered to children in the USSR. And such facts as that books by Mark Twain number 13.2 million copies and those by James Fenimore Cooper number 4.5 million copies seem no longer beyond comprehension.

This remarkable exhibit, held as a part of the official cultural exchange program between the governments of the U.S.A. and the USSR, went on for a three-week display in the central library at Cleveland during July and then will go for the same length of time to the main library in Denver during August.

—M. Y.

English Language School, No. 4

THE head of the group of teachers, editors and English-speaking guides who brought the exhibit of Soviet children's books to this country is Mr. Dimitry Toptykov, principal of the English Language School, Number 4, in Moscow, in the Oktyabrskaya District, near the University.

Mr. Toptykov organized the first English language school in Moscow in 1948. At present there are four schools in Moscow in which the English language is a concentration of the students. There are, of course, other schools in which the specialization is French, German, etc. These schools are found not only in Moscow but in many of the larger cities of the country.

Taking School Number 4 in Moscow as typical, Mr. Toptykov pointed out to this interviewer that from the second to the fourth grade English is studied four hours a week; from the fifth through the eleventh year, the number of hours devoted to English varies from 6 to 7 hours a week.

This means that in such language schools the students carry a fuller program than in other schools since

the regular classes taught all over the USSR are also obligatory.

From the 8th grade on, Mr. Toptykov said, the pupil's knowledge of English is rich enough so that frequently certain subjects — such as geography and mathematics — are taught in the language under study. Particularly is this true in the last three years when English literature is taught directly.

Apart from regular class work in English, pupils in the lower grades play games using English terms and frequently their visits to museums and parks are used as a means of familiarizing them with English names for the objects they see. They also sing songs and put on brief plays in English.

There is a general school wall newspaper, *Friendship*, in the school, as well as wall newspapers for individual classrooms. These are of course written entirely in English.

Twice a year there are special evenings for parents with speeches, songs and plays in English. Just before coming to this country with the book exhibit, Mr. Toptykov's school had held such an evening with a production of *The Prince and*

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the *Pauper*, by Mark Twain, as the main event. The parents take part in the preparations for such evenings, helping with costumes, props, etc., and attend them proudly—as parents do all over the world, Mr. Toptykov said with a smile.

SCHOOL Number 4 has its own radio station over which it presents programs in English twice a week. As of the school year beginning in September this station will have a city-wide hook-up. At present its broadcasting is confined to the school itself. From the beginning of their studies in English the students use tape recordings to correct their pronunciation, and each classroom is equipped with an elaborate system of earphones and radios by means of which the teachers can give the students individual attention.

The frequent showing of movies in English is also employed and the library is especially strong in English books, with one area set aside for those wishing to read and study.

The school has an International Club which conducts most of the extracurricular activities in English. The club particularly encourages correspondence with pupils in the English-speaking countries. Mr. Toptykov said that the pupils in his school have many "pen-pals" in England and Canada and an increasing number in the United States.

Asked about the kind of work the students in his school did in relation to the whole study-work emphasis now increasingly stressed in Soviet schools, Mr. Toptykov said that his students tended a vegetable garden used by the school kitchen, some of them worked in the kitchen, others

did library work, while still others took part in regular industrial jobs, very much as in other Soviet schools.

To the question whether pupils from such schools as his went on to specialize in English in their higher studies, Mr. Toptykov replied this was by no means the case. Most of them went on to specialize in the broad range of fields open to all Soviet students with their command of English simply an additional qualification. He had earlier pointed out that students were by no means specially selected for the school. They attended for the most part because the school was in the neighborhood in which they lived. While of course some of them found their ability in English a help in their work, the general purpose was to enrich their general equipment for life. (One thought, as Mr. Toptykov carefully pointed this out, of Premier Khrushchev's remark at the All-Russian Teacher's Congress in 1960: "The worker on any job needs above all knowledge; it is easier and gayer to live with knowledge.")

MR. TOPTYKOV then spoke at some length of the new decision just passed by the USSR Council of Ministers on improving the instruction in foreign languages at schools and in institutions of higher education. Drawing attention to the importance of a knowledge of foreign languages both for specialists and broad sections of the people in promoting international contacts and in improving the value of cultural and scientific exchanges, the decision sets a goal of school children being able to speak a foreign language and students in higher education, in the first place those

majoring in the humanities, having a fluent command of a foreign language upon graduation.

The decision stresses the importance of teaching foreign languages in small groups, and envisages that between 1961 and 1965 there will be 700 general schools (organized in the manner of School Number 4) in which a number of subjects will be taught in foreign languages.

Compulsory foreign language studies at higher schools will be extended and optional foreign language studies will be introduced. More teachers of foreign languages will be trained.

The languages spoken in Asia and Latin America are to be provided for and there is to be special em-

phasis on films and phonograph and magnetic tape recorders in foreign languages. The radio and television will also be more widely used and there is to be an increase in the publication of dictionaries, phrase-books, as well as language books.

While it probably will not noticeably improve the quality of the English spoken at School Number 4, the new indoor swimming pool, large enough for the four schools in the Oktyabrskaya District, opening for the term beginning with this September, which Mr. Toptykov described at the end of the interview, will certainly make life gayer for the students as they wrestle with the wholly irrational pronunciation of English words.

—M. Y.

IN MEMORIAM: ERNEST HEMINGWAY

SAD NEWS HAS COME from the distant American town of Ketchum, Idaho. Ernest Hemingway has perished. He was not one of those people who die in their beds. And yet one cannot believe that the torero and boxer, soldier and hunter, and foremostly, the great writer, Hemingway is no longer among the living. How many times did the telegraph bring news of his death: either a plane in which he was flying had crashed, or he had disappeared in the remote African jungle. But these rumors were invariably false. We had already grown accustomed to the idea that merciless death passed him by. And suddenly this news came . . .

Incidentally, there are people whose immortality begins from the moment of their death. Hemingway is one of them. He was a great artist and a great man. The whole of his creative work was one long struggle, for Hemingway, the man and the writer, had many enemies.

Perhaps his greatest enemy was war. He hated it with all his heart, with his whole body, in which 28 shell splinters had left their traces. He hated those who made a business of war. In an introduction written in 1948 to a new edition of the novel *Farewell to Arms*, Hemingway said that wars were started by people who profited from them, and he suggested that the warmongers should be shot on the very first day of war, by sentence of the people.

Hemingway hated fascism. "Fascism is a lie, uttered by bandits, and a writer who becomes reconciled to fascism is doomed to sterility," said Hemingway. He never became reconciled to fascism. He fought against it with the pen and the sword. War against fascism was the only form of war which he recognized.

Hemingway's life and creative work cannot be expressed in the form of a Euclidian straight line. He also had his moments of weakness. But nevertheless, he remained unvanquished, like the matador Manolo, like the fisherman Santiago.

Hemingway's heart has ceased to beat, but what he gave his whole life to cannot be destroyed. That is why the writer Hemingway will live forever in our memories, in the books which he has left to us.

Izvestia, July 4, 1961

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"Resurrected from the Ruins"

The German Democratic Republic Today

by MARGRIT PITTMAN

WIDE, new streets with carefully kept flower beds and greenery, flanked by well-built modern apartment houses and fully stocked shops—it looks like a prosperous middle-income suburb, the type that is part of every American city.

But this is Stalinstadt, home of steel workers, the first socialist city of the German Democratic Republic.

"Stalinstadt is quite special," Hans Joachim Opperman, Secretary of the City Council and one of its eight full-time employees explains. "We are building socialism throughout the German Democratic Republic, but here in Stalinstadt we have no private enterprise at all."

When the first dwarfed pine was felled in the heath in 1950, to make way for the blast furnaces, 74.4 per cent of the GDR's industrial enterprises were still in private hands, employing a fourth of the industrial labor force and accounting for almost a fourth of the net industrial output. Stalinstadt however, was to be a preview of the socialist future.

There is much about this little town that tells the story of the GDR, all of it unique in German history. When the cold war divided Germany into two separate economic entities, the GDR was left with only

1 per cent of the total pig iron capacity. Since 1950, pig iron production of the GDR has increased by 600 per cent and Stalinstadt has no small part in this achievement. This accomplishment is not just one of the GDR. It represents a new historic factor—the international economic cooperation among socialist states.

Stand on the roof of one of Stalinstadt's eight-story "skyscraper" apartment houses and you can see, beyond the chimneys and furnaces of the combine, other flues and smoke-stacks near the horizon. "Those are in Poland," my guide explains. "We are just a mile and a half from the Polish frontier."

The smoke-stacks visible from Stalinstadt belong to a Polish steel combine across the Oder-Neisse line. In the socialist world, competition has a new meaning and while the two steel mills compete for better production, they cooperate in making the products socialism needs. On holidays there is much visiting back and forth between the workers of the two plants on either side of the peace frontier.

Without international socialist cooperation, "Eisensuetten Kombin at Ost" as the steel combine is called, would have been impossible and would have to discontinue operation even today.

The GDR has neither enough ore

MARGRIT PITTMAN and her husband John Pittman are the regular Moscow correspondents for *The Worker*.

nor enough high-grade coal to keep the blast furnaces going. 75 per cent of its ore comes from the Urals and much of its anthracite from Poland for the large bulk of Germany's rich resources in these raw materials is in the other Germany, the Germany of NATO and Adenauer.

PERHAPS even more impressive than the industrial achievement of the combine is the new type of German forged by the steel mill at the country's border.

Part of these people's past is plainly visible, embodied in a tall monument on "Friendship Plaza" in the city's center. Beneath this monument lie the remains of over four thousand Soviet war prisoners, foully murdered by Hitler's henchmen in the nearby prison camp on the Oder-Spree canal and secretly buried in mass graves in the heath until the bulldozers, digging the foundation for the blast furnaces, came upon them.

But the shame of Hitlerism is not the only sordid chapter in the history of the area. For many decades before the cornerstone of the steel mill was laid, a poverty-stricken, backward population eked out a meager living from the sandy soil of the heath as lignite miners, and, as the lignite deposits were exhausted, as basket weavers and artisans. This was one of the most backward corners of Germany, where Prussian Junkers dominated the economy and people's minds were bound by the century-old fetters of feudal relationships.

Training skilled workers to be the builders and masters of the new enterprise was a difficult job. There were almost no experts in the art

of steel making in the GDR. But international solidarity found a way to solve the problem. Engineers and highly qualified workers from the Soviet Union helped train specialists for the enterprise.

Not all the 25,000 people who live in Stalinstadt today were native to that poverty-stricken and thinly settled area. They came from all parts of the GDR, some from West Germany. They came for varying reasons. Some were moved by the pioneering spirit and wanted to be part of the new that was to be created. Others were attracted by the good pay, the bonus offered to building workers because of the difficult conditions that prevailed at first. Most stayed, because Stalinstadt proved to be a good place to live.

Average age, the Stalinstadters are quick to tell you, is 26 years. Almost 20 per cent of the city's population are natives of Stalinstadt. The city has the highest birthrate in the GDR—a testimony to the well-being of its inhabitants.

WE KNOCK at one of the newly built flats and are welcomed by Walter Schmidt, who lives there with his wife and two children. They have a pleasant three-room apartment with kitchen and bath, pay DM 49.25 (about \$15) for rent. He works as a crane operator in the steel combinat, his wife in the bakery, which, together with a meat packing plant, constitutes the city's light industry.

Because his work is considered unhealthy, "there are fumes and gases," he receives a 10 per cent bonus above his regular pay and a pint of milk a day, free of charge.

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Would he consider leaving Stalin-
tadt, returning to his native Meck-
lenburg, I ask.

Herr Schmidt grapples for words.
You don't know how I lived be-
fore. I was a farm worker. When
I was young, I slept in the master's
potting shed. I went to school dur-
ing the winter, when there was no
work in the fields. Now I have all
this." His hand sweeps across the
tidy, sunny living room. "It is true,
I work hard, but I am so well off!"

Herr Schmidt's children go to one
of the ten-year polytechnical schools
and, like all children in the GDR,
have every opportunity for a higher
education. Like half of all the
school children in Stalinadt they
take advantage of the hot noon-
time meal at school which is only
5 Pfennigs (9 cents), and the young-
est one attends the extended day care
center.

THE people of Stalinadt have a
stake in their city. On a volun-
tary basis they built recreational fa-
cilities, realizing today what the
plan had foreseen for tomorrow. In
three months they built an open air
theater to be ready for the city's
fiftieth anniversary last year. They
built their stadium and their Pio-
neer Palace, erected one apartment
block, and everyone over fifteen
years of age was involved in helping
these projects along.

Doing things together has taken a
new meaning in the GDR. Maybe
Germans have, traditionally, a great
propensity for organization than
other people, but for the first time
in history the tendency to "join"
has a new content. It is the first
time in the history of Germany that
the people rule. Saying "I" do this

and "they" do that has now been
replaced by the word "WE."

The city council is composed of
60 deputies, one third of them wom-
en, but council meetings are al-
ways attended by large numbers of
people. "There were 530 at the last
meeting," Mr. Oppermann told me.
"We were discussing questions of
future construction. There are al-
ways such big crowds at city council
meetings."

As it is, there are building sites
all over the town. Across the street
from the city hall a hotel is under
construction. New apartment blocks,
complete with schools, kindergar-
tens and nurseries are being built.
The city now is less than half of
its planned size—eventually it will
house 60,000 people and one can see
its entity on a scale model in the
foyer of City Hall.

Every city section has its own
ten-year school, its playgrounds, nur-
series, kindergarten and shops. Every
apartment building has a house
committee. There was a time, a
mere sixteen years ago, when the
"Hauswart," the house superinten-
dent, was a dread stooge of the Nazi
party. He has been replaced all
over the GDR by house committees
whose sole task it is to make life
more pleasant for the tenants.

In one of the "skyscrapers" on
the Avenue of the Republic, Lisa
Wendt, a tenant proudly takes me
to a light, sunny room on the roof,
next to the laundry room equipped
with washing machines. "We have
just painted it and installed steam
heat," she explains. "Next week
we will lay the linoleum and put
up lines—it's a drying room." Funds
for the installation come from that
part of the rent money which is

put at the disposal of the house committee for improvements. These funds can be spent in any way the house committee sees fit and almost every family participates.

I SIT with some of the young people in a spacious cafe on a wooded mountain slope overlooking the city. Here, the young folk get together in the evenings and dance to a live band, in summer on the large flagstone terrace, or they drop in for a cool drink after a visit to the open air theater which is just a few steps away.

"It is hard to understand how people could fall for racial theories," one of the students says. "We feel that everybody is the same." We talked about the terrors of the past, the evil in the minds of men.

But talk soon veers to the present. The late afternoon sun dips the steel combine into a mellow haze. Stalinstdt rests peacefully in the soft light and the young people speak warmly of its beautiful future whose masters they are.

In my mind arises the tune: "Resurrected from the ruins, facing our future bright. . . ."—the anthem of the GDR. At this moment the full meaning of its words comes alive for me and fills me with a surge of happiness. Here Hitlerism is dead. Here Germans live free and in dignity. Free of poverty and fear, free of kowtowing cowardice and bestial inhumanity, free of fear of the tomorrow and their fellow men.

The people of Stalinstdt and the seventeen million inhabitants of the GDR have made this new start. They punish warmongering and racist propaganda. "If someone makes an anti-Semitic remark, we always

investigate very carefully," an official explains. "More often than not, we discover that such a person has a shady past."

Every year thousands of school children are taken to Buchenwald, shown through the concentration camp and acquainted with the full terror of the crimes perpetrated by Germans. This trip is just one step in the careful schooling the children receive to alert their minds to the evil chapter in the history of their country.

Talking to the young and confident people of Stalinstdt, you almost forget the difficulties their country faces. They talk about the adult evening school at which 2,000 people study, about the new one-room bachelor flats which have recently been built and they argue the relative merits of these and the residential hotels with their near single and double rooms, their community lounges equipped with TV.

BUT the spell, which tempts you to think that all is well, that Germany is no greater problem to the world than those peaceful problems which arise from building socialism, is soon broken, as it always is, everywhere in the GDR.

The seventeen million people of the GDR have a problem quite unlike that of any other country, a problem unprecedented in world history.

Stalinstdt is a scant two-hour drive by car from Berlin and two thirds of that city is still the NATO "outpost" in the socialist world.

West Berlin has over one hundred semi-military organizations such as the "Stahlhelm," "Kuffhausserbund" and "People's Movement

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for Emperor and Empire," all of which spread neo-fascist views.

In West Berlin you can buy hate sheets at every newsstand. At certain movie houses near the zonal frontier—showing pictures exhorting race supremacy, revanchist war and just plain depravity—East Berliners can pay admission with East Marks at an even exchange rate.

In most other financial transactions between the two Berlins, the phony, arbitrary exchange rate of one West Mark to four East Marks prevails. Though the buying power of the East and West currencies is about the same, this rate was instituted to harm the economy of the GDR. Accordingly, a West Berliner can exchange one Mark for four GDR marks and then buy East German goods in the Democratic Sector of Berlin at a fourth of what they would cost a few blocks away. "It is hard to estimate what this costs us," an economist explains, "but it is a terrible drag on our economic development."

"When I went to the university, all medical students received job offers from the West," one of the young people says. "They were offered all kinds of things, practically assured professorships. A few always fell for it." Those who "fall for it" need no passport or papers. They travel to Berlin, take a subway to the Western Sector and that's all."

The attempt to recruit young spe-

cialists who have received their long and costly training free of charge from the Government of the GDR is another form of assault the Bonn Government carries out against its socialist neighbor.

Everyone in the GDR agrees that the situation is intolerable. Sixteen years after the war, eleven years since Germany ceased being a political and economic entity, no peace treaty has been signed and the foreign military base that constitutes West Berlin still operates on their territory.

"How would the American people like to have a foreign military base in Chicago, a hostile base?" a young taxi driver asked accusingly. In West Berlin and a hundred miles farther west from Berlin in the Federal Republic of Germany the past looms large.

Instead of having made a new beginning, they are attempting to revamp the past. Adenauer and his industrial backers, the General Staff of the Bundeswehr, the Speidels and Heusingers are hell-bent to rewrite past history, to repeat Hitler's militarist adventures successfully.

The young people of Stalinstadt want to build their life. A life in which war, racism and hate have no room. They desperately need peace, need a demilitarized, neutral Berlin.

Then they can shake off the remnants of the past. Then they can fully "face their future bright."

FIRST ALL-CHRISTIAN PEACE ASSEMBLY

SIX HUNDRED and eighty delegates and observers from Protestant and Orthodox churches in fifty countries met in Prague, June 13-18, at the First All-Christian Peace Assembly. The message to all Christians, adopted at the assembly, calls for the ending of nuclear weapons tests, general disarmament, and solution to the German problem which is "a dangerous wound on the body of Europe."

A Tour of Slovakia

by JEANNIE MELISSA WHEELER
and GEORGE WHEELER

The following article was written by my mother, Jeannie Melissa Wheeler, after an eight-day tour of Slovakia with 24 foreign journalists. She was 79 last February. When I saw how interesting her letters back home were I thought that readers of New World Review might be interested in an article from her—so here it is.

George Wheeler.

MY SON and I have just returned from an 8-day tour with 24 foreign journalists through the hills and valleys of beautiful Slovakia. At one time the most underdeveloped part of Czechoslovakia, it is now the center of much varied industrial development that is transforming the lives of the inhabitants.

In the far eastern part of Slovakia, near the Soviet border at Humenne, is a big new plant that makes synthetic fibers. It is fascinating to watch the process from the raw materials to the glistening, fine white threads on hundreds of spindles. This process is automatic, with only a few girls needed to care for them. Though the factory was very noisy the girls didn't seem to mind. Study is being made to see if the noise can be lessened.

GEORGE WHEELER with his wife, our regular correspondent Eleanor Wheeler, and his family have lived in Czechoslovakia for over a decade. The author of a book on U.S. agriculture published in Prague, Mr. Wheeler this June received his Kandidat degree.

Not too far from Humenne was a garment factory using the synthetic fibers, as well as wool and cotton. Nylon stockings were in process, the little striped jerseys and socks that required all the different colors of yarn on top of the knitting machines, sports clothes, snow suits, all finished and then wrapped for shipping.

We passed a huge antibiotics plant, and went on to a cooperative where ten years ago there was only one cow—now there are large barns full of sleek cows. Perhaps too sleek—they are not milking types and production is below what it should be. Also at the research station the hens, kept in modern wire cages and fed by automatic bins that passed slowly along the cages seemed to be getting a right mixture of feeds, but production of eggs is also too low. (Average 190 eggs per hen a year.—G.W.) The co-op is very proud of its achievement, as well it might be, but there is room for improvement which is sure to come. Agriculture is not yet abreast of industry.

Before the war many thousands of Slovaks, because of unemployment and consequent lack of food, emigrated to other countries. Since the establishment of many industries here thousands have returned, but there is still a shortage of manpower. The birthrate is not high—neither is the death rate, particularly maternal and infant deaths in

which no country has a better record than Czechoslovakia.

WE SPENT Sunday in the High Tatras, at a fine modern place which takes care of heart patients as well as tourists. Extensive grounds are beautifully landscaped with walks and places to rest in the shade of linden and chestnut trees. Most of the party made a trip up the mountain; the guide, a doctor from Bratislava, had warned them to take raincoats. Three who didn't were drenched in a heavy downpour which often follows a sunny morning.

In the evening we went to a bar-becue. The meat, cut from the bone and mixed with vegetables and spices, was wrapped in long paper rolls, the spit, run through the center, was turned by long handles on the principle of the old farm grindstone. There was singing and dancing and "Tatranske tea" made of vodka, honey and browned sugar and served hot. Very good.

There was a big old-fashioned bonfire and later in the evening some of the men jumped over it—one made an unsuccessful landing and had to go to the infirmary to get an ankle bandaged. After the jumping, the logs were raked aside, the coals spread out and while they were still glowing, the Bulgarian journalist took off his shoes and socks, rolled up his trousers and walked, not once, but three times, across the coals. This you read about, but never expect to see. Pressed for an explanation, the young man said that mothers used to give very young children training, leading them across warm

ashes, the heat being gradually increased as they got older until they were a bed of coals. It was supposed to be good for them—this chap was the epitome of glowing health.

We couldn't play too long, as we were on our way to an oil refinery. Here, spread over acres of ground was a maze of aluminum-painted pipes of all sizes, huge furnaces, pumps (with electric motors placed outside the brick walls for safety's sake), some high steel supporting framework and more going up. The crude oil is now brought in tanks by rail and barge, but a pipeline is being laid to the Volga—this line is 1,800 miles long. Ultimately, besides all grades of refined oil, plastics of all kinds will be made.

In these industrial plants we were taken to a lunch room and served coffee and the delicious open sandwiches which are a specialty of Czechoslovakia. In each place the engineers, alert, intelligent men, highly skilled as was evident, told us about their plant, obviously happy to be bringing increased comfort to the men and women who had lived long in primitive fashion.

EVERYWHERE modern apartments and individual homes were being built—so many it seems an overabundance, but the demand is for more and still more. In one place the road wound through an old village, possibly a mile long, with little cottages close together on each side. In each tiny front yard, fenced with weathered pickets or gaily painted iron fencing, was a round well, usually curbed with cement. The water was lifted with well sweeps or windlasses—one woman, doubtless the envy of her

neighbors, had a pump, such as we used on our farm in Eastern Washington half a century ago.

Also in each yard was a grapevine trained over the house, and flowers—peonies, lilies and tree roses. Trees lined the narrow alleys between the houses. Outside the fences, in ditches along the road, white geese paddled in muddy pools. Here two rows of sitting geese spread across the road. How the driver managed to avoid them we didn't know, but he did, without stopping. It would seem that epidemic disease must be prevalent here. We didn't stop and ask. Incidentally, there seem to be no flies—we saw only two—and no screen doors. On two of these cottages we saw storks sitting on their chimney-top nests.

Along the highways fruit trees were in bloom only a short time ago—now ripening cherries tempt the passersby. Apples, pears, prunes and apricots are so much easier to look at than billboards. As we left the rolling hills of Eastern Slovakia behind and came into the broad level fields of the valley of the Danube, lush walnut trees took the place of most of the fruit trees. There was a good crop of green nuts on each tree.

WE FINALLY came to a shipyard at Komarno on the Danube where fine riverboats are under construction, both for freight and passengers. The passenger boats are the last word in comfort—air-conditioned cabins with comfortable lounge chairs, view windows, polished woodwork—and run by Diesel-electric motors.

After the boats are finished they go down the Danube, across the

Black Sea, then up the Don and Volga and through a network of canals past Moscow and the Arctic Ocean as far as the Ob and Yenesei rivers.

We spent two nights in the new Devin Hotel at Bratislava on the Danube and then flew back to Prague which had been our starting point.

We had gone by train (sleeper) an overnight trip of 12 hours to Košice where we boarded the bus which took us to all the places described and more, 840 miles besides the train and plane trips.

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs planned the trip and two of their representatives were in charge. It was well carried out, and the journalists of the ten countries represented should have inspiration, information and encouragement from it.

MAY I add a few supplementary comments to my mother's report? When I last visited Slovakia six years ago (*New World Review*, April 1955) it was in a period of rapid transition. Now it has been transformed, but the rate of change is more rapid than ever. The best indication of this is the steady rise in volume of new investment in industry, agriculture, housing and cultural projects. In 1938 investments had totalled 2.6 billion crowns. Ten years later it was up to 7.2 billion annually. In 1959 it had reached 9 billion crowns. In 1955 a total of one billion was invested in Slovak agriculture. By 1959 it was double that figure.

The results of this very large volume of investment can be seen in every Slovak valley. In the pe-

riod from 1945 to 1960 a total of 225 new plants were built, while 170 (practically all) were modernized. In fact, since new technology is always developing, the process of modernization is practically continuous in all plants. Many of the new plants are far larger in terms of investment and output than older plants, but because an increasing proportion of the work is automated the increase in employment is much less than in output, which in 1960 reached 10 times the pre-war level. Even so, employment in 1960 in industry was 400,000 workers compared with 100,000 in 1937. In the decade 1948 to 1958 total employment rose from 480,000 to about 1,000,000, but an acute shortage of labor remains, particularly of skilled workers and engineers. An intensive and varied training and educational program is rapidly raising the level of skills, but the requirements always seem to rise faster.

The only answer to the shortage of labor is more automation, which incidentally, has the advantage of lightening the work so that the supervision of the machine can be done by women. At the rapidly expanding Slovnaft refinery and petrochemical works on the Danube near Bratislava 21 per cent of the workers now are women. Through automation they hope to be able to double that figure.

THE Slovnaft plant deserves special mention for several reasons. It is typical of the methods and purpose of industrialization of Slovakia. It illustrates not only the cooperation that has developed since 1948 between the Czech and Slovak parts of the country, but also the funda-

mental importance of the international cooperation upon which an increasing proportion of socialist industry is based.

Slovakia does not yet have the resources to invest in such vast plants in such a short period of time. The Czech part of the country has more funds for investment, but is even shorter of manpower than Slovakia. So the plant is built in Slovakia, which is also the logical place from the point of view of transport and distribution.

Slovnaft will get almost all of its oil for refining and processing into the first stage of various chemicals and plastics from the Soviet Union's Volga oil fields. A twenty-inch pipe line will start pumping in oil in December of this year. By 1965 Slovnaft will be processing 5,000,000 long tons of oil. The bulk of it will become various kinds of motor fuels, but the most valuable product will be plastics.

By 1965 Slovnaft will be producing 1,200 pounds of plastics per capita for Czechoslovakia—an abundance for consumer goods as well as for industrial needs and export. Note that the Soviet Union is exporting the raw material at a low price—the reverse of the “colonialism” of the smaller socialist countries about which Wall Street sheds so many crocodile tears.

MILK and egg production per animal are too low by today's scientific standards. And this is true of much else in Slovak agriculture and in productivity per person in farming. But these are comparative standards and we must not forget the tempo and direction of change as well as the present levels.

Before World War II in Slovakia there had been one million agricultural workers. When they had work at all, they often worked from sun-up to sundown. On this trip I noticed that some farmers on their private fields were already working before 4:00 A.M. and were a menace to traffic driving home in their unlit carts after dusk.

The bulk of the land, however, is now in cooperative farms, and there the standard is the eight-hour day. In spite of this shortening of the work day, only 500,000 workers in 1960 produced 40 per cent more agricultural products than in 1937. They will and must do better than that, because both more food is needed to cut down imports and more manpower to produce other consumer goods. But perhaps some of us have been too impatient in demanding an even higher tempo of progress.

WHEREVER one goes throughout Slovakia there are new houses and trucks carrying building materials for others. There seem to be so many of them that one would judge that the housing problem *must* already be solved. But the planning office officials tell us that this is not the case. A total of 130,000 housing units were built in the last Five-Year Plan and 180,000 are being built in this third plan. But not until 1972 will the target for *quantity* of housing be reached.

New increasing attention is being paid to quality—and this is typical of the trend in all affairs of the economy. Much of the older housing was without any plumbing or modern facilities such as electricity.

Of course all of it now has these facilities and the private houses are "villas" by pre-war standards. But even the new housing is also being criticized now in some cases. Around Košice some of the new apartments were ugly and with poor plaster. The people insist on better.

The individual houses pose a more complex problem. Each may be well built, but they in total lower the social standard in such planned projects as a unified pure water system from the High Tatra Mountains to the Danube. Sewage disposal from individual homes can not reach the standard of public health which has been set as a goal. Further, such individual housing, and even small villages themselves, complicate the problem of development of cultural and social life, make more difficult the problems of transport to work, and are wasteful in use of land. The Slovak population has grown from about 3 million in 1937 to around 4 million now, and with the prospect of further gains, these social problems assume greater importance.

One example of the rational development of location of housing is the fact that only a few of the workers, such as firemen, will have their housing at Slovnaft. The rest will be about twenty minutes away at Bratislava in fine new prefabricated apartment buildings where they can have ready access to the theaters, restaurants, movies, medical care and other community services.

OF COURSE such a high tempo of technological, economic and cultural change involves plenty of problems—they are all over the place. But they are the kind of

problems for which solutions are known or will soon be found—and they are being tackled with vigor.

The one grim problem that the Czechoslovak people can not solve by themselves is that of war. Everywhere, from the graves of Soviet, Slovak, Czech, Polish and French partisans in the High Tatras, to the beautiful monument near Banská Bystrica where the Nazis pushed nearly 1,000 men, women and even babies, many of them alive, into the flaming top of a lime kiln, and on to the vast memorial at Bratislava

where high over the Danube lie thousands of Soviet soldiers, one finds reminders of fascism and war.

The graves are tenderly cared for, the flowers most beautiful, and tens of thousands of people of all ages come to pay their respect and to pledge renewed efforts for peace.

But how much better if these men and women, most of whom would now be in their prime of life, were now alive, and could share in the new life that is being created in the countries for which they died.

GENERAL MACARTHUR CALLS FOR THE ABOLITION OF WAR

"THE GREAT QUESTION is: Can global war now be outlawed from the world? If so, it would mark the greatest advance in civilization since the Sermon on the Mount. It would lift at one stroke the darkest shadow which has engulfed mankind from the beginning. It would not only remove fear and bring security—it would not only create new moral and spiritual values—it would produce an economic wave of prosperity that would raise the world's standard of living beyond anything ever dreamed of by man.

"The hundreds of billions of dollars now spent in mutual preparedness could conceivably abolish poverty from the face of the earth. It would accomplish even more than this; it would at one stroke reduce the international tensions that seem to be insurmountable now to matters of more probable solution. This would not, of course, mean the abandonment of all armed forces, but it would reduce them to the simpler problems of internal order and international police. It would not mean Utopia at one fell stroke, but it would mean that the great roadblock now existing to the development of the human race would have been cleared.

"You will say at once that although the abolition of war has been the dream of man for centuries, every proposition to that end has been promptly discarded as impossible and fantastic. But that was before the science of the past decade made mass destruction a reality. The argument then was along spiritual and moral lines, and lost. But now the tremendous evolution of nuclear and other potentials of destruction has suddenly taken the problem away from its primary consideration as a moral and spiritual question and brought it abreast of scientific realism. It is no longer an ethical equation to be pondered solely by learned philosophers and ecclesiastics, but a hard-core one for the decision of the masses whose survival is the issue. . . .

"Many will tell you with mockery and ridicule that the abolition of war can be only a dream—that it is but the vague imagining of a visionary. But we must go on or we will go under. And the great criticism that can be made is that the world lacks a plan that will enable us to go on.

"We are in a new era. . . . We must have sufficient imagination and courage to translate the universal wish for peace—which is rapidly becoming a universal necessity—into actuality."

From the text of an address by General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, at a joint session of the Congress of the Republic of the Philippines, in Manila, July 5, 1961.

"Youth's Stake in Peace"

by STANLEY SILVERZWEIG

Winner, 2nd Prize, Essay Contest

THERE is no national purpose in the United States today. But everywhere it is being sought; by presidents, congressional committees, even Henry Luce is busy combing his multimillion circulation for it. We young people make a suggestion. The national purpose of our country must become the achievement of peace or else we will witness, in our generation, a catastrophe which will insure every inhabitant on the earth being blown to bits with the equivalent of approximately twenty tons of TNT apiece, each man, woman and child.

When our country was founded it was believed sufficient for a government to restrict tyranny. There was little understanding of the idea that a government could be the *instrument* of benevolence, of security and peace and freedom. Just as democracy is not only the restraint of tyranny but as well the presence of the good, peace is not merely the absence of war but also the nourishing and encouragement of trust. Peace and democracy are not events, they are processes. They require dedicated and constant instrumentation.

Our country no longer leads and instructs the world. It is no longer a progressive country. And if there is no national purpose, how can there be an international one? Those we trust the most are dictators, neo-fascists and hypocritical tyrants. Our instruments of freedom are the Marines, the CIA, the un-

American committees and the FBI, the counter-revolutionaries treacherously attacking the freed people of Cuba. Our national concern is for civil defense, missile systems, nuclear undetectable submarines, clean hydrogen bombs, hypersensitive ALERT airborne systems, and most recently subversion and guerrilla warfare against newly liberated peace-loving nations. We are criticized and condemned by Castro and Nehru, Touré and Tito, Khrushchev and Lumumba. We are praised by Chiang Kai-shek, Batista, Kasavubu, Duvalier and Adenauer. Is not this shame enough? Damned by the heroes, lauded by the criminals and the killers!

Nuclear annihilation would be the consummation of madness with destruction. World War Three would serve only the purposes of the insane, the sick. The young of my generation, having lived through a time when lampshades were made from human skin, when conscious man has perpetrated the mutation of unborn children, when entire societies indulge in what must be called the pre-burial of civil defense, and we have learned that the sick and insane are not confined to mental hospitals and prisons. They walk and corrupt the earth. Adolph Heusinger, Hitler's Chief of Staff from '43 to '45 sits today in a Pentagon office, military chief of NATO, his finger close to a nuclear button. That man's power haunts my generation's plans for a decent future

The huge military-industrial trusts that General Eisenhower, pointing to his own Frankensteinian monster, warned against, the rich who profit and fatten as they prepare for doomsday, the politicians who represent and legislate their interests. These forces in our society are unreasonable, inhuman, yes, suicidal as well as homicidal, madmen who for the very first time in history possess in their bloody grip the power to end human history itself.

This is not a time for optimism. This is a time for struggle, and it is a delicate, desperate struggle. The increasing tide of the popular peace movements throughout the world are sobered by the realization that the power to end human existence is in the hands of the most corrupted and the most crazed. (We are faced with the intricate yet immediate task of not only demanding and winning the peace but as well disentangling insanity from its embrace with death.)

The new Administration came into office promising us sanity and security. Arms control which so far is the new Administration's position is not at all an adequate security for mankind because it does not extricate those motivated toward destruction from the means of destruction. What must be done is to disconnect the buttons, being careful not to jar the fingers, to undo the wiring, disarm and nullify the explosives and be rid of them completely, and then when those twitching fingers some day press down as some day they may *because they want to*, there will be nothing beneath those buttons, no death energies, the wires will lead nowhere and the weapons will be as toys.

Disarmament must be the goal of this Administration and not mere arms control or the limitation of war to conventional wars. Just as soon as terror and wounds and murder become conventional, the mad, doom-hungry men prosper.

Kennedy's Administration must rejuvenate the United States. Our country has been dying this last decade and a half because it has distorted our founding principles. If the Bill of Rights itself were to be enforced we would have an immediate revolution in this country right here and now. This is the pride of our radical birth and the shame of our contemporary reactionism. We young people are disgusted with the fact that our country is not only indifferent but actually hostile to these liberating forces of our time.

We have to revitalize ourselves. Let the Kennedy Administration take a lesson from its youth, the youth of the Southern sit-ins and the Easter peace marches. And let it respond with understanding to the demands of the youth of South Korea, Cuba and Tokyo.

Our still sane leaders must be convinced that our maniacs in uniform and those who profit from uniforms and munitions and the demonic devices of destruction that go with the uniforms must be thrown into the insane asylums and prisons. Now is a time for greatness and we young people are the partial possessors of that greatness. It is self-deception that those who would govern us must somehow and somewhere discover that greatness. It is rather that those who would govern us must be made to recognize the greatness in the peace-desiring, democratic people they would rule.

A Commune Dining Room

by ANNA LOUISE STRONG

WU CHIH-FENG, an attractive woman of thirty-three, is the manager of one of the public dining rooms in Foshan. Gay and friendly in manner, she wore above gray trousers, a close-fitting long blouse of strong blue ornamentated with large square pearl buttons down the front. Her jacket was navy blue, her hair black, plentiful and curly, and a tooth gleamed gold when she smiled.

It was mid-morning and the dining room was empty. The stone flags of the floor and the wooden tops of the tables were polished and shone as if with wax. In the kitchen a steady stream of water was flowing from a pump into a tub the size of a laundry tub where it was being filtered through rock and sand and possibly chemicals. From here it went to the big steam cookers where rice was being prepared and hot water was coming to boil for vegetables. I was interested to note that, despite the primitive equipment, the live steam from the rice cooking was piped directly to the dish cupboard where it sterilized the dishes for the next meal. After this the steam went to the service table to keep the foods warm while serving.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG, world famous correspondent and author of many books on the USSR, China and our own country, has been visiting in China for over a year. Another story about Foshan appeared in our July issue.

Several women were cutting vegetables for lunch. I learned that twelve women and two men worked in this dining room on shifts. They supplied three meals a day to 400 people.

We sat down in the kitchen and I discussed with Wu both the dining room and her personal life. She had been many years married but her husband worked in another county; he came home two or three times a month. She had three children, a boy of twelve and a girl of eight in the primary school and a girl of six in the kindergarten. Before liberation she had been illiterate; since then she had learned to read and write.

I noted these personal facts for later questions. I asked her first: "How did you get the job of running the dining room?"

Wu replied that she had been elected by the patrons of the dining room in a big meeting. Many speeches had been made. The reasons given for choosing Wu had been no special skill in cooking—"I cook like any housewife," she said—but that she had skill in organizing. I had already noted her charm, energy and clarity in expression and had felt that she might easily be elected in any woman's club. But the reasons given here were somewhat different.

"They said that I always remember that the dining room is for the

public and I always ask what people like and whether they are satisfied. They said that I was just in my relation with other workers in the kitchen. Formerly I did not understand relations of people in work. But we are like sisters in this kitchen. Then people liked it because I published the accounts of the dining room every day and put up what we used in ten articles: rice, oil, vegetables, meat, fish, salt, sauce, fuel, upkeep and money." Wu added that the kitchen had a regular accountant but it was Wu's idea to make the accounts open to all.

OF THE 400 who ate in her dining room, the majority were old people or students or children. The workers, she said, usually ate in their factory dining rooms, but the members of their families ate in this local dining room near the homes. Two main meals and a lighter breakfast were served. Some people took the food home to eat; for very old people or sick people the food was delivered cooked to the homes.

The dining room was run at cost and even somewhat below cost. The customers paid for the actual food and fuel but the kitchen workers' wages were paid by the commune as a service to its membership. The food thus cost less than it would cost to prepare at home. It cost slightly less than one American cent for a small bowl of rice, or about 7 cents for an entire pound of rice, a full day's basic food. A service of three vegetables and some meat cost 3.2 cents, while a service of soup and vegetables cost 2 cents.

"How is your food affected here by the grain shortage in the country this year?" I asked.

Wu replied that the normal grain consumption for elderly people had been about 30.8 pounds a month in 1959, but had been cut in the autumn of 1960 to 29.7 pounds as part of the nation-wide drive to economize grain. This slight drop in grain was made up by extra vegetables and also extra meat. "This dining room has its own vegetable garden and its own pigs. We have twenty pigs and kill one pig a month. We also have people who go fishing. Because of these additions, we had some meat, fish or lard in the diet every day in January. . . . In the old days before liberation, as a worker's wife I never ate meat or fish except perhaps once a year at Spring Festival when we went in debt for a feast."

TWO interesting details were added by Wu about the food supply of her dining room. The first was that she now gives "five to ten grams artificial meat essence per person per day." On inquiry I learned that this is a form of yeast, known scientifically as *candida utilis*, and Wu grows it herself on the second floor of the dining room. She takes the vegetable remnants, like cabbage roots, large inedible leaves, adds greasy dish-water containing grease from the pans, boils this down and thus makes a base on which a yeast culture can grow. The yeast is of course pure protein with many B-complex vitamins. It has a meaty taste, and Wu's clients say they "eat better this year than last."

The second fact was that in January the city of Foshan raised the grain ration back to what it had been before the cut. Wu thought

this was because "the winter is colder than last year and we need more calories." In any case, the grain ration is again as high as ever while the meat and the "artificial meat essence" add more. The customers' statement that they now eat better, is true.

"How can you raise the grain ration after you have cut it?" I asked the Secretary of the City Party Committee who had come with me. "Did not Foshan City have to make definite plans for grain?"

Foshan, the Secretary said, consumed 4,800,000 catties* of grain per month in 1959, but in the autumn of 1960 they agreed to cut this to 4,600,000 catties in the drive to save grain. In the last months of 1960, the grain ration was cut on an average of a pound per person during the month. However, part of Foshan's grain was used for industrial purposes, especially for making paste for the paper lanterns. The workers sought ways to save paste and discovered that they could make a glue from grasses grown on Hainan Island.

"The saving we made on the paper lanterns was put into the food ration," the Secretary added. "We are still saving the 200,000 catties a month that we promised, but our grain for food is as high as before. And when our extra meat and vegetables are added, we eat better than a year ago."

I HAD one more question to ask of Wu, the manager. It was about freedom! "The press of the West," I remarked, "says the communes are slave labor, and they

separate wives from husbands and children from parents. I would like your views. I note that you live in Foshan and your husband works in another county. Who decides these questions? How far are you free?"

Manager Wu nodded and smiled at the question. She was well aware of the Western remarks. She had also discussed often with her husband the question where they both should live.

"Before liberation," she said, "I think we workers had no freedom, and we women had still less. Since 1947 my husband worked in another county because there was no work for him in Foshan. But I did not move with him to that other county because he slept in the factory there and could not pay for a home. Foshan has been our home for generations; his parents and mine live here. So I stayed in Foshan with his parents and he sent what money he could spare. But after he paid for his own food, all he could send for his parents and me was about eleven pounds of rice a month.

"What freedom did I have then? I was free to die of hunger or to hunt for work. I hunted work and did very hard work, badly paid. Even my old mother-in-law sought for work so that we might eat. We barely kept alive. I had no schooling; I could not even learn whether there could be a better way of life. I was ruled by my husband and his parents and especially by any boss who could give work.

"After liberation I knew what freedom was and I learned to read and knew something about the world. Then I decided that whatever kind of work the Chinese people

* 1 catty = 1½ pounds.

want of me, I want to do it if I am able. But, as for my present work, it is not only very interesting, but also an honor to be chosen. And now that I manage this dining room, I am not willing to leave Foshan, not even to be with my husband. For my parents and my husband's parents are in Foshan, and they are old and like to see their grandchildren, while my husband is busy."

"Could not your husband move to Foshan? Surely he can get a job now here?"

"We asked him to come back," replied Wu. "The Commune here is organizing a winery and they offered him a job in this, which is his trade. But my husband has worked fourteen years in that other city and they also want him there. The workers there chose him as head of a workshop. And since he likes it there and is offered responsible work he refuses to live in Foshan. But he comes to be with us several times each month."

"My oldest son is twelve and has won an award in drawing. Especially he draws planes and ships."

He says he wants to go to technical school and be an engineer in the airforce or the navy. He says: 'Mother, you had no chance to go to school, but we are happy; we study what we like.' I do not know whether his choice is really fixed yet, but I know that he will study and become what he chooses to be."

"So this is how I think of freedom. In the old society there was no freedom for workers and still less for workers' wives. I did what my husband said and what his parents said, or what the boss said who gave me work. But now my husband has freedom of choice and so have I. We must consider our jobs and the children and the needs of the old folks. Choices may change; they depend on many things. At present I choose to live in Foshan with my job and the children and the old folks, and my husband chooses to work in another city and visit us often. We both have freedom. Even my small son has freedom to become whatever he can."

It seems that Wu, so recently illiterate, has journeyed a long way.

GAGARIN HONORED BY BRITISH TRADE UNION

MAJOR YURI GAGARIN, speaking to the members of the Amalgamated Union of Foundry Workers, who had just made him "No. 1 honorary member" of the union, in Manchester, England, on July 12, said that he "visualized the great day when a Soviet spaceship landing on the moon will debark a party of scientists who will join British and American scientists already working there, and they will work together—teamwork replacing that spirit of competition that unfortunately exists today in people whose thoughts run along military lines."

Gagarin told the English trade unionists that his flight into space would "soon be followed by a second, a third and many, many more. We have the facilities for them and we know they will come soon." The moon, he added, was very large and had room enough for Russians, Americans, British and many others.

Major Gagarin had luncheon at Buckingham Palace with Queen Elizabeth and placed a wreath on the grave of Karl Marx in Highgate Cemetery before he left England.

PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV ON THE GERMAN QUESTION

We published in our July issue the full text of the memorandum on the German Question given to President Kennedy by Premier Khrushchev at Vienna on June 4.

Premier Khrushchev on June 15 made a speech over Moscow radio and television, reporting to the Soviet people on his meeting with President Kennedy and stating the Soviet proposals on Germany in language less formal than the memorandum. Subsequently, in speeches made on June 21, July 6, and July 8 Premier Khrushchev again spelled out in unmistakable terms the Soviet proposals.

The U.S. Government's reply to the memorandum made public on July 18 and President Kennedy's statement on Berlin at his press conference on July 19 were not addressed to the basic points of the Soviet proposals.

As for the distortions of the proposals in the U.S. press, Premier Khrushchev, in his speech on July 8, characterized them as follows:

"The capitalist 'free' press, sensing the weakness of the Western positions, is shouting that the Soviet Union allegedly wants to seize West Berlin, to make some gains at the expense of others. By such fabrications it seeks to conceal from public opinion the genuine nature of the Soviet proposals."

Because of persistent misunderstandings on this score, we feel that it should be reiterated that Berlin is situated 110 miles inside of the German Democratic Republic, creating a situation as abnormal as though part of Washington or London or Paris were under foreign occupation. The Soviet proposals to make of Western Berlin a free city, envisage that the people of West Berlin should themselves decide under what form of government they wish to live.

In the interest of truth at this grave juncture, we print below those excerpts dealing with the Soviet proposals in Premier Khrushchev's speech to the Soviet people on June 15.

THE Soviet Government has repeatedly stated its position on the German question. And the Western Powers cannot complain that they do not know our proposals sufficiently well. We have done and are doing everything to convince the Governments of Britain, the United States, France, and the other nations which took part with us in the war against Hitler Germany that the absence of a peace treaty with Germany has created a deeply abnormal and dangerous situation in Europe.

It has always been recognized that peace treaties should be concluded after the end of wars between states. This has already become a custom and, if you wish, a standard of international law. Instances of this can be found also in international practice after the end of World War II. Peace treaties with Italy and the other states that fought on the side of Hitler Germany were signed more than fourteen years ago. The United States, Britain and the other countries concluded a peace treaty with Japan in 1951. But the governments of the selfsame countries will not hear of the conclusion of a peace treaty with Germany.

Can such a situation continue into the future? After all, the peoples of Europe are vitally interested in the conclusion of a peace treaty with Germany. It has long been awaited by the peoples of Poland, Czechoslovakia and all the other states bordering on Germany. This treaty is essential to both German states, the German Democratic Republic (GDR) and the Federal Republic of

Germany (FRG). The population of these countries lives in the hope that a line will be drawn, at long last, through World War II and the German people will maintain relations with neighboring nations on the basis of mutual confidence.

The Question of Borders

The question seems to be clear. A peace treaty with Germany is indispensable. Moreover, of course, there can be no question of any new changes of borders. We proceed from the premise that the peace treaty with Germany will put a seal on what has already been established by the Potsdam Agreement. The Government of the GDR has repeatedly stated that it recognizes as final the eastern border of Germany along the Oder-Neisse line, established by this agreement, and regards it as a boundary of peace between the German and the Polish peoples.

Indeed the governments of the Western Powers obviously understand, too, how senseless it would be to raise the question now of revising Germany's boundaries. Their representatives have often spoken about this during our conversations.

French President General de Gaulle for instance, publicly stated that the German people "must not question the present frontiers in the West, East, North and South." Even Chancellor Adenauer, "cold war" herald and specialist in stirring up passions among states, came out with a statement to the effect that the FRG does not strive to alter the frontiers through war, through the use of force.

Then why not sign the peace treaty, if everyone realizes clearly that the present frontiers of Germany cannot be altered without war, and war, as the Western governments declare, is not wanted by them?

A simple operation, it seems—to put a seal on what actually already exists and what has long been demanded by

the peoples. What is it then that keeps the Western governments from this step?

The reason, obviously, lies in the fact that certain people do lip service to peace while actually wishing to keep alive the smoldering coals of World War II, so as to choose a suitable moment and fan the conflagration of a new war. For this purpose more and more new divisions are being formed in West Germany and Chancellor Adenauer is demanding atomic weapons for his army. What is the purpose of all this? After all, neither a big army nor atomic weapons are needed to retain what West Germany possesses today. However, there are forces there which still covet what does not belong to them and cannot resign themselves to the existing borders. What would an attempt to change the frontiers at present mean? It would mean war, and a thermonuclear war at that.

That is why the position of the enemies of a peaceful settlement with Germany cannot but put the peoples on their guard. They have the right to say: If you are for peace, prove it by deeds—sign a peace treaty and pursue your policy in conformity with it.

Special Commitments

In our conversations President Kennedy, and as a matter of fact other Western representatives too, referred to the fact that the Western Powers bear some sort of obligation to the residents of West Berlin and that these obligations cannot be affected even by the conclusion of a German peace treaty. It is natural to ask, however, what obligations they feel must be maintained if all of them follow from the surrender of Hitler Germany and from the provisional Allied agreements and, consequently, can be valid only until the peace treaty is signed. What is more, there are in general no special Allied commitments with regard to West Berlin. The Allied obligations applied to

the entire territory of Germany and it was precisely these agreements that were grossly violated by the Western Powers. They turned West Germany into a militarist state, founded a military bloc directed against us, and in this bloc Federal Germany plays a primary part. The generals who commanded Hitler's troops, who committed atrocities in the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Yugoslavia, France, Greece, Belgium, Norway and other countries now hold commanding positions in NATO.

It has always been the case that after the signing of a peace treaty, the conditions of capitulation lose force on the entire territory which the treaty covers and throughout this territory the occupation terms are lifted. Consequently, West Berlin, which is situated in the territory of the German Democratic Republic, will, after the signing of the peace treaty, be free of all the conditions established as a result of the capitulation of Hitler's Germany and the introduction of the occupation regime there.

U.S. Treaty With Japan

It should be said that when the question of a peace treaty with Germany, and consequently of the normalization of the situation in West Berlin, arises, the representatives of the Western Powers in many cases depart from legal grounds and start appealing to questions of prestige. I should like to mention a fairly recent case.

We fought together with the United States against Japan, our peoples shed blood together. The Soviet Army routed the main nucleus of the Japanese Army—the Kwantung Army in Manchuria.

The Soviet Union, together with the other countries that fought against Japan, took part in drafting the measures for controlling Japan's postwar development. A Far Eastern Commission was set up in Washington and an Allied Council for Japan, with headquarters

in Tokyo. In these bodies Soviet representatives took a most active part, on an equal footing.

Then it came to the conclusion of a peace treaty with Japan. Our allies disregarded the views of the Soviet Union and signed a separate peace treaty with Japan. I shall not dwell on the reasons which at that time determined the position of the Soviet Union on the question of a peace treaty with Japan, since now we are speaking of a different matter—of the way the United States treated its ally in that case.

It unilaterally abolished the Allied Council for Japan and deprived the Soviet representatives of all rights. Our representatives were being pushed out of Tokyo by every means, yet we had certain rights and obligations which stemmed from the capitulation of Japan and were stipulated in the agreements.

So you see that then the Americans disregarded both the rights of the Soviet Union and the international agreements. Leaning on its superiority in atomic weapons, it sought to dictate conditions not only to conquered Japan but also to its allies in the war against Japan. . . .

Free Access to West Berlin

When we suggest signing a peace treaty with Germany and turning West Berlin into a free city, we are accused of wanting, allegedly, to deprive the Western Powers of access to this city. But that is a wrong and an unworthy argument. The granting to West Berlin of the status of a free city would mean that all countries of the world wishing to maintain economic and cultural ties with this city would have the right and opportunity to freely maintain these ties. Of course, agreement would have to be reached with the country across whose territory pass the communications that link West Berlin with the outside world. Otherwise the sovereignty of the state in which West Berlin is situated would be jeopardized.

The governments of the Western Powers claim that they have pledged to defend the freedom and well-being of the population of West Berlin. In the Four Power agreements on Berlin, however, nothing is said of these obligations of the United States, Britain and France. The idea of ensuring freedom for the population of West Berlin can in itself arouse no objections from anybody. The Soviet Union itself proposes that the political and social regime in West Berlin should be the one which its population wants.

That means that no hand is lifted against the freedom of West Berlin, nor are there any obstacles to access to the city. We said in the past and repeat again: A peace treaty will create all necessary conditions for ensuring the liberty of the free city of West Berlin and its unhampered ties with the outside world. Naturally, in solving the question of access to West Berlin it is essential to abide by the generally accepted international norms, that is, to use the territory of the country through which the roads of access pass only under agreement with its government.

A Normal Situation

Such a situation is recognized as normal by everyone, so why should it be considered abnormal to ask the consent of the German Democratic Republic to pass through its territory to West Berlin? After all, the ground routes to West Berlin pass through its territory, as well as the air routes and waterways.

Consequently, after the conclusion of a peace treaty, countries wishing to maintain ties with West Berlin will have to reach agreement with the German Democratic Republic on ways of access to West Berlin and communications with this city.

We are not suggesting anything unusual. That is the way it has been in relations between equal nations for hundreds of years. We did not invent this,

it exists not only *de facto*, but also *de jure* and has long ago become the general rule.

When the Soviet Government suggests concluding a peace treaty and normalizing on this basis the situation in West Berlin, it wants only peace, it wants to remove from relations between states everything that causes friction and could cause a dangerous conflict. It is not the socialist countries but the Western Powers that are throwing out a challenge to the world, when despite common sense they declare that they will not recognize the conclusion of a peace treaty and will seek to preserve the occupation regime in West Berlin, which they—if you please—conquered! That is not a policy of peace, that is trampling on the most elementary norms in relations between states. It is a desire to preserve a state of extreme tension in international relations and, moreover, it constitutes a threat of war. . . .

The People Want Peace

The peoples of Europe know what war is. We have had to take part in two world wars. Twenty years ago a war was forced on the Soviet people, the most sanguinary and difficult war in our history. The enemy reached the threshold of Moscow, he reached the Volga, occupied and devastated a considerable part of Soviet territory. But the Soviet Union withstood the drive of the enemy and won that war. We went to Berlin and punished those who unleashed the war.

We do not want another world war—we want peace. The best of relations have developed between the Soviet Union and the German Democratic Republic; the conviction has grown that we should be friends, not enemies, and that this friendship is useful and advantageous to both peoples. The Soviet people wish to have good relations also with the Germans of West Germany. Our people want to be friends with the French. We fought together with them

against Hitler's Germany, and each of us has learned from his own experience what fascism means, what war means. We want friendship with the British, the Americans, Norwegians and other peoples of the anti-Hitler coalition with whom we fought for peace on earth. We have no reason to quarrel with any people, we want to live in friendship and concord with all peoples.

To that end the Soviet Union is proposing to sign a peace treaty with Germany jointly with other countries. And this peaceful step is called a threat or even an act of aggression! Such talk can come only from those who seek to slander or distort our intentions, to poison the minds of the peoples with lies.

Peace Treaty Must Be Signed

We ask everyone to understand us correctly: The conclusion of a peace treaty with Germany cannot be postponed any longer, a peaceful settlement in Europe must be attained this year. We call on all countries that fought against Germany to take part in the peace conference when agreement is reached on its convention. The question that stands now is not whether or not to sign a peace treaty, but whether the peace treaty will be signed with the two existing German states—the German Democratic Republic and the Federal Republic of Germany, or with one of the German states—whether all countries that fought against Germany will

participate in the peace settlement, or only some of them.

The governments of some countries have announced in advance that they will not take part in a peace conference. The Soviet Union will, of course, regret it if some countries evade the signing of a German peace treaty; we have always wanted all countries of the anti-Hitler coalition to take part in the peaceful settlement of the German question.

But even should certain countries refuse to take part in the negotiations on the conclusion of a peace treaty, that will not stop us; and together with other countries which should desire it, we shall sign a peace treaty with the two German states. Should Federal Germany not agree to sign a peace treaty, we shall sign it with the German Democratic Republic alone, which has long declared its desire to conclude a peace treaty and has agreed to the formation on her territory of a free city of West Berlin.

There are some in the West who threaten us, saying that if we sign a peace treaty it will not be recognized, and even that arms will be brought into play to prevent the implementation of the treaty.

Evidently they forget that times are different now. If in the past the "positions of strength" policy was useless against the Soviet Union, then now it is more than ever doomed to failure. The Soviet Union is against the use of force in relations between states. We stand for a peaceful settlement of controversial questions.

"THERE IS AN ALTERNATIVE TO NUCLEAR WAR"

AN ADVERTISEMENT by SANE under the above heading, in the *N. Y. Times*, July 20, included the following proposals for an arms-free Germany under the UN in cooperation with the Big Four: 1. The prohibition of nuclear weapons from both East and West Germany. 2. The withdrawal in stages of all foreign armed forces from all German territory and their replacement by UN garrisons. 3. The reduction of German military forces to a level useful only in maintaining internal order. 4. The permanent establishment of the German-Polish border at the Oder-Niese line.

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MEETING AT A FAR MERIDIAN

Reviewed by ROMAN SAMARIN

Meeting at a Far Meridian, by Mitchell Wilson. Doubleday. New York, 1961. 580 pages. \$4.50.

The simultaneous publication in Moscow and New York of Mitchell Wilson's latest novel was a significant development in cultural exchanges. The novel has an American-Soviet setting and the principal characters are drawn from the two countries. Mr. Wilson lived for some time in the Soviet Union acquainting himself particularly with the life of Soviet scientists.

The following review of the novel, somewhat shortened in translation, appeared in Izvestia, June 20.

THE other day I happened to speak to a young American literary scholar who was visiting Moscow. I mentioned Mitchell Wilson's name to him.

"Oh," he said, "but nobody at home knows him. Nobody reads him! He's only known in your country!"

His charming smile and rather too hasty answer indicated to me that he had been prepared to respond in this fashion to questions about Wilson. *He*, at any rate, had read him.

Perhaps what he said is true. But however that may be, we in the Soviet Union read Wilson widely and appreciate his writing very much. And I am sure that a great many Soviet admirers of his would agree with me in hoping that his latest novel, *Meeting at a Far Meridian*, will be read and discussed in the United States.

There may, of course, be argument about the artistic merit of the novel, but it is unquestionably an important and timely document, calling as it does for peace and understanding between our two peoples.

What we appreciate most about the novel is its attempt to give an un-

biased picture of the world today. True, it treats only with one aspect of our time, but so significant is this aspect that many other important issues are touched upon. For us this attempt is all the more interesting because Wilson in great part concerns himself with Soviet scientists and Soviet life.

Wilson limits himself to the comparatively small world of scientists. But he realizes that scientists in Soviet society are not an exclusive caste; in the course of writing about them he introduces observations about our life as a whole. His observations seem to us sometimes not very important. Sometimes, in fact, they are amusing when not completely erroneous and contradictory. But these debatable points aside, Wilson does have a friendly approach, at times expressing himself with genuine—if somewhat naive—delight at finding ours is a really human, complex, creatively splendid life.

Of course Wilson is not an adherent of socialism and says so through one of his characters—a man named Horvath who is firmly convinced of the invincibility of the capitalist system of the United States. But Wilson's honesty and lack of prejudice is revealed precisely because in spite of his own beliefs he reaches the conclusion that peaceful coexistence is necessary and that there are merits to be found in the socialist system.

This conclusion grows out of the story of the spiritual death and rebirth of the American physicist Nicholas Rennet—and therein lies the message of the novel. A talented physicist, one of the "princes" of the scientific elite of the postwar world, Rennet worked on the atom bomb during the war and was present at its test. What he saw gave him a terrible shock: he is "paralyzed by the sight of the universe scorching

itself in a blinding white heat." It is a soul-searching vision of the extinction of everything alive on earth, a vision of "white death" itself.

Rennet is shattered by the realization of the role he has played in the making of the new weapon. His attitude towards life undergoes a painful and sharp change. He confines himself to a field of science where nothing can be used to the detriment of humanity. Haunted by the nightmare of universal destruction, he does not want to have any children—why produce still more victims? His wife, Ruth, whom he loves, leaves him because she wants to live an ordinary life, untormented by her husband's vision of "white death." His morbid brooding drives away another woman who loves him. He loses all interest in research.

A further entrapment faces him in the person of Leonard Henshel, a serious scientist earlier in his career who had gone into politics after the war to have a hand in "making history," as Wilson sarcastically puts it. Henshel, who is clever and observant, senses Rennet's problem and attempts to involve him in his own schemes.

Rennet refuses Henshel his friendship and rejects Henshel's ideas. He remains an honest scientist who has lost his faith in the meaning of life and work, but who regards this loss as a spiritual illness.

His protracted crisis is finally resolved through his relations with Gorchakov and Valya (the two Soviet scientists with whom he works on a challenging project in the Soviet Union) and the American woman, Annie, whom he meets in Moscow.

What was it that cured Rennet? What brought him back to life? Did he become a Marxist? An opponent of the capitalist system? Not at all. But in getting to know the Soviet people and the whole new world which opened to him in our country, Rennet could not help being influenced by the climate of Soviet society.

Taking part in the life of the Soviet people; working with Gorchakov and his assistants; becoming deeply involved with the beautiful young woman scientist, Valya; triumphing with Gorchakov over the grave danger of their important scientific experiment, a shared danger that resolved the far from simple relationship between the two men—all these combined to cure Rennet. He lived and worked among people who believed in the future and had no tormenting fear of "white death," among people who had declared war on "white death" and had already won several victories over it in the years following Hiroshima.

Wilson's book is eloquent of his great sensitivity, of his response to the aspirations for peace growing everywhere among men. His sense of the new is shown not only in the way he boldly champions coexistence, but also in the way he introduces wholly new and vital material.

The parts describing the scientific cooperation between Rennet and the Soviet physicists are the best in the book; they are the most interesting also from the literary point of view. As an artist and scientist, Wilson (a trained physicist) sees the world from a fresh angle enriched by exact scientific knowledge.

"We live in fantastic times, Rennet," says Gorchakov to his American friend, "but I made up my mind that for the sake of the problem we must at least try to work together within the framework of the possible."

Rennet agrees with Gorchakov and their hazardous experiment is crowned with success.

When I saw Wilson at Moscow University during the period he was living here in preparation for writing his book, I hoped that when his book was published, even if I wanted to argue with him about it, I would at least know that what he had to say was written with sincerity. Now that I have read his book my hopes have not been disappointed.

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FATE OF A MAN

Reviewed by MURRAY YOUNG

Produced and directed by Sergei Bondarchuk; based on a story by Mikhail Sholokhov. A Mosfilms Studio Production with the following cast:

Sokolov Sergei Bondarchuk
 Vaniushka Pavel Borishkin
 Irina Zonia Kirienko
 Ivan Timofeevich Pavel Volkov
 Mueller Y. Averin

THIS POWERFUL SOVIET film, magnificently photographed and superbly acted, is a timely reminder of the fate of millions of people in Eastern Europe during World War II—sixteen short years ago.

The ghastly record of the Nazis in Eastern Europe disclosed at the Nuremberg trials and again being disclosed to the world in the Eichman trial in progress in Israel, is given memorable form in this story of a Soviet soldier's suffering as a slave laborer in Germany and his return to his war-devastated country.

Sergei Bondarchuk, who plays the part of the soldier, Sokolov, and who also directed the film, brings to both his acting and his direction a restrained force tremendous in its accumulative effect. Scenes of almost unbearable horror have been so creatively directed that their impact on the viewer does not produce a sense of revulsion but rather compels his whole imagination, deepening his understanding of what is at issue in these agonizing encounters between the monstrous Nazi captors and the conscious will of the soldier Sokolov.

Unforgettable is the scene of the captured Soviet soldiers' night in an ancient church and the execution next morning of "all communists, commissars, officers, and Jews" in their ranks. Unforgettable too is the scene of their arrival at a concentration camp in Germany where they observe a group of Jews, their children savagely torn from their arms, herded to

a crematorium, masked as a "bath-house"—while a military band plays a tango. And equally unforgettable is Sokolov's attempted flight to freedom through a wheatfield and his horrifying capture by police dogs.

But this is not merely a film showing the horrors of war. As uncompromising as it is in revealing in searing images what the war was like for the people of Eastern Europe, it is just as uncompromising in its deeply moving portrayal of the courage, faith, and humanity with which the Soviet people countered the brutal attack and temporary triumphs of Nazism.

Sokolov, escaping at last, returns to find his wife and daughters long since dead in an air raid, and in time to attend the funeral of his brilliant son, a captain in the Red Army, heroically killed in the defense of his country.

Physically shattered, but indomitable still, Sokolov takes as his son a little tow-headed waif, like himself a casualty of the war, and goes forward to the future in which against all odds he has never ceased to believe.

We have recently seen two other Soviet films concerned with the war—*The Cranes Are Flying* and *Ballad of a Soldier*. Their reception in this country has been wholehearted.

Fate of a Man, exploring the darker depths of the struggle of the Soviet people against the Nazi invaders—and appearing here at a critical time when there is much talk about war by political leaders, editorial writers and popular columnist—should have even greater appeal. This film shows unflinchingly how war is conducted by Nazi generals—many of whom still hold leading places in the West German Army and in NATO—and makes unmistakably clear why the Soviet Union is determined to take every step possible to insure peace in Europe.

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