least a temporary dominance in these waters. And naval supremacy implies ability to interrupt seriously or to stop the transport of vital supplies. For India remains dependent upon Great Britain and the United States for replenishment of machine tools, aircraft and tank engines, certain high-test grades of steel, and so on. Automotive and plane assembly plants are located in the interior but are of small capacity. The necessity of supplying these war needs places an immense burden upon the already overstrained transport lines of the United Nations.

Facing the enormous area of India, the Japanese are likely to strike at strategic points without making any attempt to digest all of the country until a later date. The most valuable region economically, because of the location of the Tata iron and steel works, is the Ganges Valley, especially the neighborhood of Calcutta. From bases in western Burma aerial harassment of some of this region is possible, but any effective occupation would probably require a major naval expedition since the mule trails leading from Burma to India would be insufficient for large bodies of even the light-traveling Japanese. Once Calcutta had been seized, a campaign up the Ganges Valley would offer a minimum of natural obstacles and the greatest gains. Ceylon, because of its strategic position at the crossroads of the Indian Ocean, is certain to be attacked in force, especially since the cocky Japanese suffered heavy casualties in their first aerial attacks, made with insufficient forces. If the Allies are able to hold Ceylon, effective Japanese penetration into the western Indian Ocean to interrupt convoys to the Near East will not be easy.

In the defense of India the United States, which has more vital interests elsewhere, cannot play the leading part. But we can and should so increase naval pressure in the Pacific that Japan will run enormous risks in transferring major units to the Indian Ocean. Such measures can afford important but probably not decisive aid. It may be poetically just but it is certainly not comforting that the main defense of India must rest with the power to whose mistaken policies are due both India's economic incapacity to fight and its lack of will to do so.

Russia Behind the Lines

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

T HE German invasion of Russia stirred me perhaps more deeply than any other event since the war began. June 22! Exactly a year had passed since the evening when I landed at Falmouth on board the Madura, at the end of that melancholy voyage from Bordeaux. Since then I had lived through the Battle of Britain and through the grim nights but exhilarating days of the London blitz; but when we learned on June 22 that Russia had been invaded, it was clear that, for a time, at least, the center of the world war had shifted to the east. It also became apparent, almost at once, that there was going to be no walk-over for the Germans. Obviously, a successful, long, and extensive Russian resistance would enormously increase our chances to win the war quickly, and from what one heard, the mood of the Russian people for such a resistance was admirable.

I felt I had to go to Russia. I had spent my childhood and boyhood years in St. Petersburg; the Russian half of me was clamoring to "go home"—after twenty-four years. I had always kept up my Russian, especially during my years in Paris; I had continued to read Russian books and papers, and had followed as closely as possible the political events of the Soviet Union and whatever was new in Russian thought and literature. Not always with approval, but always with interest. To see Russia again—and in its hour of supreme national trial; how could such a chance be missed?

Moscow, Sunday, July 6, 1941

Funny things are happening about religion in Russia. Most of the churches I passed yesterday seemed to be used as warehouses, and there are no signs of much Sunday churchgoing,... But in the office yesterday I looked at the latest copy of the Bezbozhnik, the anti-God paper, and the whole of it was devoted to indignant denunciations of the Nazi persecutions of the Protestant and Catholic churches in Germany! There were several long articles on the subject. Clearly, Stalin is working for the greatest unity among the Russian people, and anti-religious propaganda is one of the things which has completely vanished since this war began. However, the volte-face of the Bezbozhnik is just a trifle blatant.

One of the Americans told me today about his recent interview with the Metropolitan of the New Church. He looked a sly old fox but talked very eloquently and, apparently, sincerely of the Russian fatherland, of Alexander Nevsky and Russia's great national tradition, and of the general acceptance of the Soviet regime. The man has a large income from the faithful, pays heavy taxes, lives in a luxurious flat, with "Professor So-and-So" written on the name-plate, and owns several admirable Murillos, of whose value he is perhaps unaware, for
they are hung side by side with some trashy nudes of 1900 or so.

Thursday, July 10

I think it’s highly indicative of a better disposition on the part of the Russians that they should have published my article on the London blitz without delay, and not just in some rag but prominently in Izvestia. I talked, in it a lot about the spirit of the British people during the blitz. It is something that is almost new to the Russians, for during their “appeasement” period they paid us very few compliments in their press. Nor did the Russians fully realize the difference between Chamberlain’s England and Churchill’s England. The fact that I am allowed to explain all this in Izvestia is a very healthy sign. Cripps is much pleased about it.

People tell me that on June 22 many of the Russians believed that we had given leave to the Germans to attack Russia. This was absurd, and could only have arisen from a complete ignorance of Churchill England.

And yet, if they still distrust some of our people—which is quite different from distrusting the whole of England—one can hardly blame them.

Monday, July 28

What is it, I often wonder, that makes the Russians fight like this? They are defending something—their country, their regime, which, whatever one may say, are part of the same thing. There is no longer a dividing line between “Soviet” and “Russia.” Even the old people have accepted it, have become reconciled to it, especially since it has become a national regime. And though it is ruthless in some ways, even the most critically minded feel that, at least potentially, it is a good regime, with the Stalin constitution as a basis for the future. The army’s resistance is, of course, strengthened and supported by iron discipline. Timoshenko has the strongest views on that subject; but anyone who makes wisecracks—and I have heard some—to the effect that this war is “run by the GPU” is just a fool. A thousand problems will, of course, arise when Russia ranks among the victors over Germany—as the chief victor, or as England’s equal. Perhaps, almost certainly, some of our Tories are already getting cold feet at the prospect. They will not carry much weight, but our Labor Party will get alarmed at the idea of the Communists cashing in. Not that Harry Pollitt and Willy Gallacher, leaders of the British Communist Party, deserve the slightest credit for Russian resistance and an eventual Russian victory. They don’t know much more about Stalin and the Russian people than I do about the Fiji Islands.

Much depends on whether, after the war, the Comintern will be allowed to play any part in European affairs. It has seldom done Russia’s national policy any good and often a lot of harm, notably in Germany and France, and has played into the hands of fascists and reactionaries. But the Comintern is one thing and Sovietism another. The post-war competition (and the ultimate choice for Poles, Czechs, and even Germans) may be not between capitalism and communism but between two forms of democracy—capitalist democracy and Soviet democracy, with a progressive application of the Stalin constitution. The social regimes of both England and Russia are going to evolve in the course of this war; they may become very similar in many respects, with Britain becoming more “socialist,” in the wide sense of the word, and Russia adopting more and more of those democratic liberties which its people would welcome and which they will expect from a full peacetime application of the Stalin constitution. Perhaps the real difficulty will be America, which may for a long time persist in being stubbornly capitalist.

Wednesday, August 27

Moscow is taking an increasing interest in England and in the R. A. F. There is a new poster showing an R. A. F. man and a Soviet airman shaking hands over Berlin; English grammars are sold in the bookstalls; an exhibition of English books “from Chaucer to Shaw” has been opened in the West European Library; a new newsreel about British anti-aircraft defenses is showing in the cinemas; the Moscow Art Theater is playing “The School for Scandal”; and good prices are offered for English books by the second-hand bookshops.

Tuesday, September 2

Somebody told me that winter clothes would be scarce this year, and since I am probably going to be here a good part of the winter I decided to go on a shopping expedition, taking Misha with me as my guide. Shops in Moscow are very unattractive—looking just now, for all the windows are either sand-bagged or boarded up with rough planks. We went first to the Stoleshnikov Lane; Misha said it had the best shop for winter clothes.

The attendant said that their stocks were low just now but that they might get a consignment of reindeer coats from Archangel in a week or two; he was rather indefinite about it, and I thought I had better see what they had. The few reindeer coats they still had—pretty light-brown fur with a soft silky texture—unfortunately didn’t fit me, and I was left with the choice between some second-hand long, padded cloth coats with fur collars, at about £30, and a fairly short jacket (a poluhubok) made of some kind of white fur with a rather doubtful astrakhan collar. I tried it on; it looked rather like Father Christmas, but it fitted. What kind of fur was this? I asked. “Dog,” the assistant said, “Siberian dog.” Siberian or not, it smelled like any other dog. He assured me it was “the warmest fur in existence,” and a bargain at 337 rubles—which worked out at about £7.

Monday, September 8

Miliutin was an old Leningrader and loved the city. He was a typical Russian intellectual and spoke the good old Leningrad Russian, without the Moscow singsong
intonation. The man was so friendly that I ventured to touch on one of two sore subjects... "You've made mistakes," I said, "but in spite of it you have built up something which is magnificent. Soviet Russia is a great country. You've achieved that. I've been away for twenty-four years, and I know in my bones that this is still Russia—in many ways a better Russia, though in some respects a Russia that is less good. I'll talk to you quite frankly. I think if you had a satirist of genius like Saltykov, you wouldn't, like the czarist regime, allow him to write all sorts of scurrilous things about you. You'd simply lock him up in a concentration camp or shoot him."

"Yes, probably we should," said Miliutin. "But you've got to remember that, for the present, we can't afford the luxury of such freedom. In time all that will change, but not now; there are too many things to build up, too many things to do; anything that undermines the collective effort, the collective enthusiasm, is bad. But remember," he continued, "we've got the Stalin constitution, out of which a democratic Soviet Russia is going to evolve. It answers the aspirations of our people. Its application would be in full swing by now but for the present war and the menace of war that has hung over this country for years. And when I say democratic Soviet Russia, I mean democratic Soviet Russia, not a strict imitation of your parliamentary bourgeois democracy."

"What is going to be the position of the party?"

"Well, the Communist Party is the apparatus of national policy which will bring into full existence that Socialist democracy, that Soviet democracy—I mean democracy without private capitalism—which is Stalin's aim. There is no dividing line any more between the party and the nation; the two are becoming more and more parts of the same thing. And in this war you have seen how our people, who are easygoing in many ways, have had their discipline and morale constantly kept up to scratch by the party."

"Yes, I entirely agree. But the Comintern?"

"Well," said Miliutin, a little evasively, "we don't really see much of the Comintern these days, do we? And have you seen the last issue of the Comintern monthly?" I said I had, and that I couldn't help chuckling at the glowing tributes it was paying to the British people and the British government. "So you see," Miliutin laughed, "there isn't much to worry about."

"Well," I said, "not at the moment. But you will admit that the British Communist Party pursued a pretty absurd and anti-national policy before June 22. And I quoted a few examples. "I dare say," said Miliutin, "but, frankly, I don't think anybody in this country is in the least interested in what the British Communist Party is doing. We never even hear about it these days."

"Do you mean to say you don't care whether the ban is lifted from the Daily Worker or not?"

"What's that?"

"You know, the Communist Party paper."

"Oh, I don't know about that. But I don't think anybody worries. No, the way I look at it is that the world is going to change a lot in the course of this war; that we are going to become increasingly democratic—though there will inevitably be a few years' reconstruction after all the damage the Germans have caused; and that you too will develop a new kind of democracy, which may be quite a big departure from the present capitalist democracy. But I don't think the Communist Party or the Comintern need worry you..."

Wednesday, September 10

I spent the forenoon at one of the Russian artillery schools in the Krasnaya Presnya district of Moscow, where we were taken by our friend the pince-nez colonel. They looked such fine earnest fellows, all these young cadets with their closely cropped heads, as they attended their ballistics and higher math classes, and answered questions, and worked out angles and distances in front of a miniature battlefield inside a large glass case, with a voice behind the case registering "in," "out," or "hit." Many of these cadets were clearly of proletarian origin; one didn't feel, judging from the keenness with which they were working out difficult problems, that an intellectual pedigree was of any importance. We went through the clean but very Spartan-looking dormitories, with small iron bedsteads and thin mattresses; we looked at the menu in the refectory; the menu for the four daily meals seemed very adequate, and it also showed the number of calories contained in the dishes—a daily average of 3,538 calories for cadets and of 3,200 for soldiers. This does not include the bread, which is unrestricted. Impressive display of red and black charts and maps of important battles like Ismail, Borodino, and Perekop in the library. This also had its Lenin corner. The corridors of the school were decorated with pictures of famous Russian artillery experts of the past—in czarist uniforms. There were also numerous pictures of Stalin and Timoshenko.

London, December 22, Looking Back—and Forward

Russia has made more sacrifices in its fight against Hitler than any other nation. It has sacrificed not only the lives of countless soldiers; in its determination to defeat Germany it has sacrificed the lives of many civilians. The "scorched-earth" policy that Stalin proclaimed in his speech of July 3 is a ruthlessly heroic policy. It has meant not only the destruction of things like the Dnieper Dam, the fruit of ten years of concentrated labor and one of the proudest achievements of present-day Russia; it has also meant the destruction, as far as possible, of the existing crops and food reserves and fuel dumps, lest they fall into the enemy's hands. The population left behind is consequently condemned to months, possibly years, of hardship and even famine.
It was a bitter sacrifice which the Russian government found it necessary to make. No doubt hidden stores in the villages will keep most of the rural population alive until the hour of liberation, but in the German-controlled towns the situation is tragic. The Russian government, taking a long view of the war, also took the ruthless measure of preventing the Ukraine from growing food next year, and so strengthening Germany's war capacity, by removing the tractors from the Ukraine. Many a time I saw hundreds of them travel down the streets of Moscow. By reverting to primitive methods of cultivation the Ukrainian peasants may be able to grow just enough to keep themselves alive; and they will probably not be unduly disturbed by the German troops, who prefer not to depart from the well-guarded main roads of occupied Russia. But in any case, even if they had the tractors, the Germans could scarcely afford to spend any of their precious petrol on Ukrainian agriculture.

Russia's policy of sacrifices was described by the Germans as "devilish." They have to bring almost everything from their distant bases to keep their armies alive. How unlike France, where the newly arrived German tanks could refuel at any village petrol pump, and where the soldiers could gorge themselves on French food! But this policy also has its terrible repercussions on the local population which has remained behind.

And what fearful sacrifices are yet in store in 1942?

Return of a Native

BY JOHN T. WHITAKER

To win this war we must take the measure of ourselves as a people and the measure of our foes. How good are we? How good are they? For in this struggle, as Mussolini has said, it is "we or they." Some sentimentalists may still imagine that in modern times "nobody wins a war"; but they should know by now that the Czechs, the Poles, the French, and others have learned that you can lose a war.

Coming back to this country after ten years abroad—many of them spent in Berlin and Rome—I was struck most forcibly by the optimism and comfortable complacency of the American people. Apparently learning nothing from the fall of France or from Dunkirk, we have carried our complacency, like a priceless piece of bric-a-brac, through the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the burning of the Normandie, and the loss of Singapore and the East Indies.

Did the Japanese, the Italians, and the Germans make war on us because they thought we could beat them? Of course not. Counting most of all on our over-confidence and complacency, each of the Axis partners feels sure of ultimate victory. It was neither in the language nor in the spirit of hata-kiri that Major General Kenryo Sato, addressing a committee of the Japanese Diet, said that the fall of Gibraltar, Suez, India, and Australia was "only a matter of time." In both diplomacy and military strategy, he added, the Anglo-American camp "has been the victim of gross miscalculation, the like of which has seldom been witnessed."

Even the Italian leaders believe that America's military effort will be contemptible. Before I was expelled from Rome one of Mussolini's confident lieutenants said to me: "You Americans like your luxuries too much.

You are incapable of the sacrifices and discipline required to wage a modern war. When the Axis rules America, I personally will see that you are in a concentration camp." Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law and Foreign Minister, was no less explicit. When I said to him, "Time is on the side of the democracies," he shot back, "Yes, time is on your side—if there is time enough!"

German military men told me they felt sure that in this war they had too big a jump on us for us to catch up. This spring we have two million men under arms; the Germans have nine million, a proper percentage of them seasoned veterans, with more being called up regularly. The German General Staff believes, moreover, that American industry has been laggard and that Germany has been producing more arms than America and Great Britain combined. The only arms factories not operating in the occupied countries of Europe are those which fail to measure up to German standards of efficiency. France alone has supplied to Germany more than America has sent to Great Britain—according to an estimate given me by three German sources and confirmed by William L. Batt of our War Production Board. The Germans, basing their calculations upon espionage reports, see no danger from American arms production before the end of 1943.

German officers with whom I talked before Pearl Harbor believe that for the next two years America will not have the trained armored divisions or the preponderance in arms or the merchant shipping necessary to mass military superiority against the Axis on any front. In that period they think that Germany can drive through southern Russia and effect a junction with the