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the czar. Italy was edged out of the picture by her stronger partners. Britain and France struggled for the spoils. But before long, fundamental changes matured within Turkey itself, and the French were satisfied to make a separate treaty with the revolutionary Turkey under Kemal Pasha.

In the fall of 1921 Lloyd George inspired a fatal adventure of Greek imperialism into Asia Minor. Through the Greek armies the British hoped to gain control of the Dardanelles, and realize their full ambitions at Turkey's expense. Halfway across the Anatolian plateau the Greeks were met by the Turkish revolutionary forces. With Soviet assistance in the form of supplies the Turks rallied to push the Greeks back practically into the Aegean Sea. It was so crushing a defeat for Lloyd George that he was forced to resign. Kemal was able to gain the only negotiated peace of the war at Lausanne, although not a full control of the Straits until 1936. Under the leadership of a single party, the National People's Party, Kemal set out to modernize the nation. The Islamic church was separated from the state; great strides were made toward the equality of women; the alphabet was Latinized; many steps were taken for Turkish industrialization and the improvement of agricultural methods. Turkey became an example of how far a revolutionary national bourgeoisie can go in a semi-colonial country. On the other hand the progress of the backward peoples starting from similar historical levels in the Soviet Union emphasizes how much further and faster the heritage of a thousand years can be cast off under the leadership of the working class.

Turkey's strategic importance is obvious, not only in terms of the Dardanelles but as a power which fronts the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and the vital areas of Syria, Iraq, and Iran. Lengyel is weakest in appraising Turkish foreign policy since Lausanne: it has been a shifting diplomacy, reflecting the influence of both German and British imperialism on different sections of the ruling class. On the whole, relations with the Soviet Union have been good, with many periods in which the hesitations of the national bourgeoisie and the influence of other powers have caused real strains. Turkey has taken a certain leadership among the Arab world, although, with the exception of forcing the Hatay republic from France in 1939, there have been few signs that Turkey aspires to regain the hegemony of the Ottoman empire in the Near East.

There is much more to be said about her internal structure, the peculiar role of the new state in fostering economic development, and the participation of the People's Party leadership itself in the management of state affairs. There is much to be investigated in the conditions of the Turkish peasantry and the developing working class, whose problems have not begun to be solved. But that would take a more ambitious scholar than Lengyel. It would take another book.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

Brief Reviews

LOUISIANA HAYRIDE, by Harnett T. Kane. William Morrow & Co. \$3.

There is very little new material in this study of Huey P. Long and his political heirs. Unfortunately for Mr. Kane the antics and scandals that marked the Long regime made such unforgettable newspaper copy that a chronicle of them still sounds rather like yesterday's headlines. The author, a New Orleans newspaperman, has done a neat job of organizing his facts and presenting them swiftly yet easily, with color and humor. He has also tacked onto the book, fore and aft, some timely moralizing about the threat of dictatorship within a democracy itself. This would be more valuable if Mr. Kane had integrated it with his main story and had understood its implications better. It isn't enough to say that this fuehrer-demagogue grew, in Louisiana and nationally because of poverty and popular discontent. Huey was not supported only by "amoral Cajuns" and the dispossessed; much of his strength came from bankers and planters, who were not too alarmed by "Share the Wealth" slogans as long as their crimes against organized labor were backed by police force.

JOB'S HOUSE, by Caroline Slade. Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

With considerable craftsmanship, Mrs. Slade tells a story of some of America's "little people," who come to the end of their road to find their savings eaten up, and relief and old age pensions appallingly inadequate and entangled in red tape. The Manns, Jobie and Katie, worked hard all their lives, built a small house, saved \$496—and found themselves facing stark destitution. The story embraces other characters—the inhabitants of the decrepit Gradon's mansion, who pay exorbitant rents for cold, dirty, unsanitary apartments; a young girl forced to prostitution by scant work in a textile mill; a Polish woman who feeds her family by taking in washing and ironing; a collection of derelict, drunken, and half-starved humanity.

Mrs. Slade knows her facts. She knows the truth about relief and investigators and application files. She writes poignantly in terms of human characters. But in her widely assorted groups of characters, some crushed by misery, others doggedly courageous, there is not one with any degree of class consciousness, not even labor consciousness, union consciousness. They are either "lumpenproletariat," or individualists like Job Mann who end up as bitterly uncompromising to the idea of state aid or responsibility to the needy, as they started. You would never think, to read *Job's House*, that relief and old age pensions are rights which men have struggled to win, and must now fight to maintain. And we know now, surely, that pride and individual ambition and enterprise are not enough, for all the Job and Katie Manns of America, and the world.

VOLGA-VOLGA

The Soviets do a musical—and how. The merry village of Smelkovodsk where the waiters sing tenor. Some of the actors have whiskers, says Joy Davidman, but not their jokes.

DO THE Soviets *have* to come out on top in everything? They already have the best diplomats, the best kindergartens, the best economic system, the best life—but is that enough for them? No; they go and get the best musical comedies too. I turn green. I gnash my teeth with envy. It isn't fair.

America may have Sidney Hillman and Westbrook Pegler, but until now there was at least one thing we could be proud of; nobody made better musical films than the boys on the West Coast. Hollywood was fast, Hollywood was funny, the girlies were pretty and they put over some good tunes. Nobody could beat us. Anyhow, that's what we used to think; but, having just seen *Volga-Volga* at New York's Miami Theater, we are no longer sure. The only thing we are really sure of is that three glasses of water have not yet cured the hiccups we got from laughing at *Volga-Volga*.

The film has a laugh about every ten seconds, and good laughs too; none of your getting the audience to a point where it'll laugh at anything, and then palming off Joe Miller's Joke Book on it. Some of the Russians may have whiskers, but their jokes don't. And the gags are of all sorts, from irresistible slapstick to the sly touches of characterization in which Soviet films excel. You giggle at the dialogue, you snicker at the camera tricks, you roar your head off over the antics of a musical score that ranges from a tuba part out of *Tristan und Isolde* to a swing tune played on a row of bottles. Meanwhile all sorts of other lovely things are going on—delectable folk dances, a temperamental love story, a race down the Volga between a superannuated paddle-wheel steamer and what looks like a Viking dragon ship. There's a honey named Lubov Orlova to look at, and there's Igor Ilinsky to sum up all the stuffed shirts of the world in one round, ripe, glorious fathead.

It all begins in the merry village of Smelkovodsk, where the waiters sing tenor, the letter carrier's a soprano (and how!), and the main industry is making balalaikas. In command of the Balalaika Trust is Bivalov (Ilinsky), a great man—to himself and his secretary, poor girl. He is invited to lead a delegation of local talent to the Moscow music competition, and local talent starts popping on all sides of him like grasshoppers in July.

Strelka, the letter carrier, gathers her cohorts, who can sing, do sword-dancing, and play every instrument that exists—as well as some that don't. But Bivalov prefers the classical, if off-key, orchestra of Strelka's young



man. The course of true love ties itself in knots, and the rival groups chase each other to Moscow, hitting every sandbank and snag the Volga can offer on the way. To keep things going, complications develop involving Strelka's *Song of the Volga*, which gets scattered all over the river and practically makes her a Heroine of the Soviet Union. Everything ends in triumph, kisses, and a swarm of candid-camera fiends who hop around like young frogs snapping shots of our heroes from the looniest possible angles.

The plot is fantastic, but it manages to be coherent and believable; revolutionary, these Russians, even when it comes to musical comedy tradition. The whole film is full of brilliant technical innovations. None of the stylized and lifeless Hollywood devices here; no revolving stages, no tinsel and ostrich feathers, no geometric designs made up of chorus girls doing the split, no romantic leads who suddenly moo lovesongs at each other at the most unlikely moments. Instead there is the great sweep of the Volga and a landscape full of fat cows and pigs and scenery; there is a story told clearly and swiftly in photographic terms, so that even without the abundant subtitles in English an American audience would not be confused. Rarely have the possibilities of the camera been so completely realized. That ticklish point in Russian films, the transition from one sequence to the next, has been handled with a dexterity equal to Hollywood's; the steamer's paddle-wheel measures off time; there are

lap-dissolves and trick fadeouts, there is even an ingenious introduction of individual members of the cast at the beginning, complete with words and music. It is fun to watch Mosfilm beat Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at its own game. Only one producer in Hollywood has ever succeeded in making his actors cavort with the joyous abandon of the *Volga-Volga* cast, and his name is Walt Disney.

But these are real people, and their gayety is a real gayety. From the long-bearded old doorman who does an incredibly agile dance, to the small boy who conducts an orchestra, they seem to be having a good time themselves. The fixed and painful smile of the professional entertainer is absent. In addition to the delightful and versatile Orlova and the endearing Ilinsky, there are solemnly comic performances by Olenev and Volodin—the latter, as the Baron Munchausen of river pilots, would have been a joy to Mark Twain.

A Stalin prize of 100,000 rubles has been awarded to Ilinsky, Orlova, Alexandrov (the director), and Dunayevsky (the composer) for this film. The music alone would have deserved it; no more charming score has ever been attached to a comedy. Broadly comic or lyrically lovely, it is superb writing and orchestration. But when all this has been said about *Volga-Volga*, the reviewer still feels inadequate. I hope I've conveyed the idea that it is good. With apologies to the boys on the West Coast . . . it's colossal.

JOY DAVIDMAN.