Posters are executed rapidly, following the news. They are exhibited in the now worldfamous windows of the Tass news agency and thousands of reproductions by stencil process are distributed throughout the country. A special editorial board has been set up to discuss ideas and gags with the artists. The old postcards with their views of city and country have been replaced by cards with agitational cartoons in bright colors, based upon folklore expressions and humor. Satirical posters directed at the enemy are plastered on every wall in Moscow. All satirical verses, recited and set to music, are illustrated. Groups of artists have gone to the front and held conferences with soldiers and partisans.

Even the normal cultural function of art is not forgotten. When the artists of White Russia were evacuated from their territories overrun by the enemy last summer, they continued their work in other Soviet Republics. No one shouted that they were "boondoggling" or that the government was "molly-coddling" them.

What then can American artists do in this war? The President of the United States has acknowledged the artists' acceptance of their responsibility as citizens. In his address to the nation on April 28, he said, "Our soldiers and sailors are members of well disciplined units. But they are still and forever individuals—free individuals. They are farmers, workers, businessmen, professional men, artists, clerks. They are the United States of America." The artists ask for no more than the privilege of assuming their duties, and of using their craft

as one among many weapons to defeat the enemy. They have proposed the unification of all federal agencies dealing with art, such as the Treasury and WPA, and the employment of artists on a non-relief basis. They will do war posters, cartoons, silk screen work and educational displays for the Army, Navy, and government departments, illustrations for government books and pamphlets, murals and heroic sculpture and floats for parades. They can organize exhibits and other cultural entertainment for the camps and service clubs, working with the Morale Division of the Army. They can contribute to the decoration and design of war housing. They can easily be trained for camouflage, photography, map-making, and other technical work. The old outworn distinction between "fine" and "applied" art will be further broken down by the tasks which the artist accepts today.

Even more important for the artist, his work will open to him fields of knowledge from which he has long been barred by the division of labor and social custom. He will go into the laboratory, the factory, the field, and into battle, learning to see in a new way, comprehending the world of science, and making human beings and human relationships once more the subject of his creative labor. He will use all the resources of the recent traditions of painting and sculpture—postimpressionism, expressionism, "abstract" art, surrealism—but he will deepen the aim of art, returning it to the humanistic strivings of the people. As the League states:

"Need creative work motivated by the stormy passions or the tumultuous ideas of this people's war give rise to an art of lesser dimension than that of the landscape, the still life, or the abstraction? Need sculpture of the heroes of Bataan, or paintings of heroes of production be less dignified than a bather of Cezanne or less inspiring than a ballet girl by Degas? The answer has already been given by such great achievements as the 'Guernica' by Picasso, the 'Seventh Symphony' written for the defense of Leningrad by Dmitri Shostakovitch and by the wonderful art of the United Nations. The best contribution that the artists can make collectively to the war will be through art. The nation has need for paintings, sculpture and graphic art about the great realities of the war.'

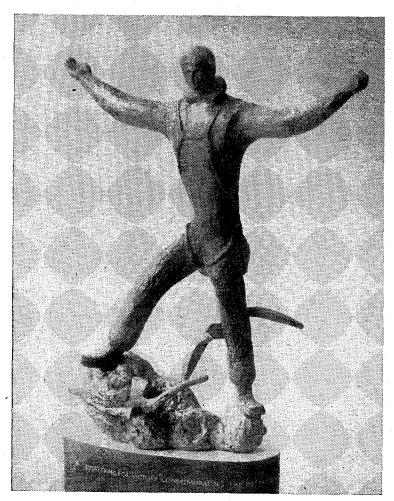
With this statement, American artists announce that they have come of age. Will they be permitted to work for victory?

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

Exciting Soviet Film

"Red Tanks" clicks. . . . New Hollywood comedy has ideas.

REITHER wholly documentary nor wholly fictive, Red Tanks may perhaps best be equated with some of our own productions for defense, such as the recent James Stewart short urging boys to join the Air Force. It is the first Soviet film about and for this war which we have seen here, except for newsreels.





From "Artists in the War," on exhibit at the ACA Gallery, 26 W. 8th St., N. Y. C., June 13-July 14.

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and consequently has tremendous interest as a source of screen ideas, over and above its intrinsic interest of a powerful story straightforwardly told. Comparison with the Air Force short reveals certain essential differences of attitude in film-making. The James Stewart piece emphasizes its star's personal charm in making the Air Force attractive, as well as such considerations as substantial salaries, valuable training, and even the effect an aviator's uniform has on the girls. In addition, it makes much use of photographic effects apparently hastily imitated from *Native Land*.

Red Tanks, at first, seems quiet and unassuming by contrast. There is no direct appeal to the audience. An important thesis of the film is the fact that tanks are as intensely dramatic as the more spectacular and romantic air arm, for in the Soviet Union, where even babies are air-minded, there is no need to direct attention to the Red Air Force; the other branches of the service need it more. This thesis, however, is developed not as a recruiting appeal but as incidental to the basic educational function of the film. Red Tanks exists to show the Soviet people what can be done with tanks.

This function it fulfills with enormous power. Its cast is one of professional actors. Its photography, on the other hand, sacrifices the sleek glitter of studio perfection to the dust of actual maneuvers, and thus gains in realism what it loses in artfulness. Dealing with an unprecedented mechanized advance to capture a Nazi position, Red Tanks shows us the terrible land battleships of the Soviet reconnoitering, running down fleeing cavalry, destroying artillery positions and crushing the guns out of existence, leaping rivers like a buck antelope . . . everything but flying. And when Lieutenant Karasyov tells the captured Nazi general, "When necessary, Soviet tanks can also fly!," you believe him.

For you have seen, in the film's climax, a procession of tanks descending a ninety-degree cliff. Linked together by frail-appearing steel cables, the tanks go at the precipice as a party of roped mountaineers might come down a sheer drop in the Caucasus. They are literally like flies on a wall. And their subsequent crossing of a river and magnificent storming of the Nazi stronghold seem almost tame after their aerial acrobatics.

Nor does Red Tanks sacrifice human values to the achievements of machinery. As a swift account of a blitz, it must of necessity limit its characterization to mere suggestion. And yet the young soldiers of its tank crew emerge as likable and believable figures, the Nazi commanders are done with a wicked satirical touch; above all, the warm human relationship between Soviet officers and their men is everywhere in evidence. Moments of humor are not lacking, and the song of the Soviet tank brigades is stirringly presented. In short, Red Tanks does not neglect its entertainment opportunities.

Far more important than these, however, are the sober analyses of the problems of war.

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This is the first war film I have seen which actually presents a tactical problem and its solution; the first which acknowledges that the people, the audience, must participate actively in the conduct of the war; which does not consider the technique of battle a professional secret. This serious and adult approach is beginning to appear in our own films for civilian defense. It should spread to all wartime movies.

AT FIRST SIGHT Take a Letter, Darling is just another of the screwball comedies which derive their humor not from their truth to life but from their improbability. This is a second-rate sort of laughter, depending enormously on surprise. It does not live in the memory; and, as almost all the possible film surprises have been exhausted by this time, the screwball comedy has fallen on evil days. Take a Letter, Darling is certainly livelier than most, being distinguished by its characters' appalling honesty—they tell the truth about each other, the advertising business, and Daughters of the Old South. Many of the lines are hilarious; the basic joke, that of a female advertising executive with a male secretary-gigolo, will do at a pinch to hang a picture on. Nevertheless, and in spite of Rosalind Russell, you might blow away the film like a bit of thistledown, did it not contain, like seeds in the thistledown, some ideas.

There is really no incompatibility between hilarious comedy and deep thought, as Shaw has demonstrated long since. It is hardly necessary to say that Take a Letter, Darling is not in the Shaw category; its flashes of honesty and intelligence do not lead to any steady illumination. As if by accident, however, it makes at least one good point: that an independent woman who earns her money is not only more honorable but also more desirable than a clinging female who proposes to marry it.

Considerable emphasis is placed upon the first idea. Miss Russell, accused of being unfeminine because she is efficient, blasts that harem-minded absurdity out of existence with all the considerable fire at her command. She is effectively contrasted with a lady wolf from the tobacco country—the "feminine" type at its predatory worst. She is explicitly and sincerely complimented for standing on her own two feet like a self-respecting adult instead of hunting a millionaire like . . . well, the average Hollywood heroine. So all honor to Take a Letter, Darling for this bit of sound sense in the midst of nonsense.

Joy DAVIDMAN.

THE subject of swing music is evidently agitating the brain-boys of Hollywood. Following Paramount's Birth of the Blues and Warner's Blues in the Night, RKO makes its contribution to the field with Syncopation. Like its predecessors, it is saddled with a puerile love story. But unlike the others, it makes one or two manly efforts to evaluate the history of jazz with acceptable accuracy.





