



Louis Ribak's "Horse Auction"—one of his paintings on exhibition at the ACA Gallery in New York City.

and as we sat in the fashionable restaurant, with the heavy brown wooden stalls and the potted palms, I tried to visualize what the Cassandra of Æschylus would have looked like, or the pitifully betrayed Cassandra standing alone on the parapet in front of Agamemnon's palace in Robinson Jeffers' powerful version of the Greek legend.

Mme. Tabouis doesn't look like any of the Cassandras you might imagine. She is of frail build, wore a brown fur thrown over her shoulders in debonair fashion. Her grey hair, her skin of ashen-white, and the thin, sharp nose contrive to give the impression of an extremely rare piece of china. Tight lips, incredibly sad, the effect of which is broken by a generous smile.

The last time Mme. Tabouis came to the United States was with Edouard Herriot, about ten years ago. "My only thoughts then," she said, "were of parties, innumerable parties and gowns. A vanished world, a vanished world." Today she finds the United States much different. Talking to American audiences up and down the land she is impressed with the power and promise of America, the America she didn't see a decade ago. "But I am frank to tell you," she said, pointing her fork, "America has a fifth column. Very bad. I see it everywhere. I feel it. You American people must learn from France, and quickly."

I was impressed with the "vanished world" motif in Mme. Tabouis' conversation. Before she went in for political writing, and became the internationally famous foreign editor of *L'Oeuvre* (the circulation bounded up to 500,000), Mme. Tabouis had studied archeol-

ogy, or was it Egyptology? She published a couple of volumes about it, a very popular one on King Tut. All during the luncheon I had meant to ask about it, but somehow amid the talk it slipped my mind. She had a lot to say about Vichy, predicted as a matter of fact that Laval would come back (although on American policy toward Vichy she naturally was very discreet). The impact of the Red Army's victories on France? Yes, very important she thought, for after all, the left is a force in France, the alliance with Russia for which she fought, was after all the natural alliance for France. And since after all, the "colonies are lost, we shall never see them again the way they were," all the more reason for Frenchmen to look for victory within themselves and their European allies. Nevertheless, the immediate future would be difficult, as she saw it, a difficult struggle with the Germans despite all that the Russians have done so well.

And so the subject of Egypt never arose. But that is really what her book is: a sort of "Egyptological" view of France, the recollections of a vanished world. It is richest in its treatment of the twenties; there is a great deal in it about Briand and Stresemann and the halcyon days of Geneva, a period which our generation knows least about. As a niece of the famous Cambons, the great diplomats of modern France, Mme. Tabouis had access not only to France's diplomatic tradition but to all the personalities of French and European politics. The book is somewhat thinner on the thirties. She admits frankly that she was mistaken about Bonnet; thought he was

a patriot but he turned out to be one of the real architects of Munich. In the thirties, her sympathies were increasingly for the Russian alliance, for a strong policy, and therefore with the left. And she has the courage in this volume to pay her respects to two Frenchmen whom Hitler recently murdered: Lucien Sampaix, the journalist who exposed the Cagoulard fifth column in *L'Humanite*, and the unforgettable Gabriel Peri.

As we left the restaurant, sort of halfway across a busy street, Mme. Tabouis remarked: "So you like my book? It is what you would call 'healthy,' eh?" It was a strange word, and for the moment I did not like it. For there is so much in the volume that reeks of the festering corruption, the livid treachery in France, an unhealthy milieu if there ever was one, in which the author moved and worked. And yet there is a healthy streak in it. Mme. Tabouis is a Cassandra who has seen her prophecies fulfilled. Much of her perspective has been and remains toward the past. But unlike the Cassandra of the legend, she has lived into a new day, and knows that in fighting for it, she is fulfilling her duty to the France of the future.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

## Battle Record

HISTORY OF LEGISLATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF COAL MINERS IN PENNSYLVANIA, by Alexander Trachtenberg. International Publishers. \$2.

COAL mining is still a peculiarly dramatic and hazardous section of our economic life. And historically miners were among the first to organize and fight for better conditions on the job and a certain measure of legal protection against the greed of corporations.

It is good that Alexander Trachtenberg's graduate thesis on the history of coal mine legislation has at last been made available. For the story of how miners have advanced from the unrestricted perils of the 1840's to reasonable, and even scientific, standards of mine construction, mining equipment, and government inspection is full of adventure and heroism and sacrifice and organized persistence.

Every step of the long road has been won through struggle and disaster. And this record—scholarly and factual—is presented with warmth and liveliness of style. Although it is focused primarily on the conditions under which miners were compelled to work and the details which were gradually standardized and regulated, this is no mere handbook of legislative progress but a truly vivid and important part of American working class history.

Trachtenberg's story ends in 1915. The miners no longer have to fight for the right to organize. But the battle for genuine safety is not yet won. Serious mining disasters have occurred since the first world war in Pennsylvania and other mine fields. Barely three months ago a preventable explosion killed thirty-four miners in Colorado. And accidents,

"major" and "minor," still account for over 1,200 coal mine deaths every year. This historical record richly illuminates problems which the mining industry has not yet solved.  
ANNA ROCHESTER.

## Graveyard as Schoolroom

EDUCATION FOR DEATH, by Gregor Ziemer. Oxford. \$2.

WHAT makes a Nazi? This firsthand account of Nazi education supplies a vivid if incomplete answer. It is not a basic analysis of Nazi education seen in relation to the whole Nazi regime and its functioning; but it does describe the various phases of the educational setup from direct observation.

The author begins with a description of a virulent assault on the children of the American School in Berlin, of which he was then director. A jagged stone hit its mark; there were exclamations against the "Jews" and "meddlesome foreigners." "Across the street was a squad of boys under ten years of age. And their own school director calmly replied to Mr. Ziemer's questions: "You would not expect me to stop a *spontaneous popular demonstration*, would you? Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be allowed to do it."

Thus began the author's journey through the dread wastes of the Nazi educational apparatus, a system that reaches into the life of the growing child far more pervasively than any other, an interlocking series of organizations that takes hold of him before he is six, and holds him clamped in its grip from then on. First the *Pimpf*, for boys up to ten; then the *Jungvolk*, from ten to fourteen; and then the *Hitler Jugend*, up to eighteen. And then? From there on, the whole world now knows the barbaric story.

Every teacher the author questioned knew what he was expected to do. Had not the official Manual of Instruction told him that his job was "to fashion and mold the National Socialist being according to Party orders"? and what did this mean? The "true Nazi" is trained to die. This was the constant theme—it relentlessly appeared in the education of both boys and girls, and at every age-level. The favorite song of the *Jungmaedel*, who ranged from six to fourteen, was one which ran, in part:

*You will have to learn that happiness and bliss  
You can only earn  
If you bleed and die, and leave your life  
behind.*

And the nine-year-old boy who had had to march for his initiation into the *Jungvolk*, and had fallen ill with pneumonia as a result, shouted in his delirium, "Let me die for Hitler. I must die for Hitler." Over and over, pleading, accusing, beseeching, fighting against life. . . .

The chief weakness of this book is that the author offers no fundamental answer to the question which he asked himself as he left that scene: "What is this strange ideol-

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