

New FRONTIER

FEBRUARY, 1937

The Tragedy of Spain

*Don Fernando de los Rios
Peter Quinn, Ted Allan
and others*



Results of Canadian One Act Play Contest

The Boss the Mockingbird . . . by Jack Parr

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CANADIAN LITERATURE & SOCIAL CRITICISM

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Between Ourselves

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE we will publish *And the Answer Is* by Mary Reynolds, prize winning play in the New Theatre Groups contest for Canadian one act plays, together with an article analyzing the results of the contest.

Due to an over-supply of material, the second of the series of two articles on Trotsky and Terrorism has been held over to our next issue.

Jack Parr's short stories are well known to readers of *New Frontier*, many of whom have written us to ask for more of them. He is at present working on a novel.

Don Fernando de los Rios is the Spanish Ambassador to the United States. His article in this issue is an abridgment of the text of a radio address made from the studios of the National Broadcasting Co., in Washington, D.C., on December 30 of last year.

Leonard Bullen is a frequent contributor to *New Frontier*, and has published poetry and criticism in other Canadian magazines.

J. S. Wallace is a columnist and staff writer for the *Daily Clarion*. Besides being sceptical about the existence of Baldwin, he has advanced ideas on a number of other subjects, and wears a dark green hat.

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New FRONTIER

War In Spain

ONLY AT THE VERY OUTSET was it possible to speak of civil war in Spain. The present war is one of intervention against the Spanish Government, carried on by Germany and Italy with the tacit support of Britain. The picked troops of the two fascist powers are slaughtering the Spanish people, spreading death and destruction through the countryside, bombing women and children. These troops are equipped with the newest and most deadly instruments of war, and supported by hundreds of bombing and fighting planes flown by German and Italian aces. And yet they have gone down in defeat again and again before the heroic workers' militia, re-inforced by anti-fascist volunteers from both democratic and fascist countries. Military experts now predict that Franco will never capture Madrid, that it will become in very truth the tomb of fascism. If the rebels are finally and decisively defeated, if Germany and Italy are forced to withdraw their troops from Spanish soil, it will be the beginning of the end for international fascism. It is precisely for this reason that we must not allow ourselves to become too optimistic about the possibilities of early victory. Hitler and Mussolini have too much at stake in Spain to give up without the most desperate struggle. The latest reports from Germany and Italy indicate that internal economic difficulties, the food shortage, and wide-spread opposition to fascist policy are laying the basis for powerful opposition movements in both countries. The prestige of fascism is at stake; it cannot withdraw from the fight unless it either wins a victory in Spain or succeeds in wringing some concessions from the other powers. At present thousands of German and Italian troops and millions of dollars worth of military equipment and supplies are pouring into Franco's camp. Large forces of Germans have joined the army attacking Madrid, while 20,000 German and Italian troops are starting a drive on Malaga. The capture of this seaport would be an important victory for Franco, for it would provide him with a naval base from which to cut off supplies to the Spanish Government. Anti-fascists everywhere must redouble their support for the Spanish loyalists, and win wider and wider circles of the population in the movement to halt this war before it gets out of control and develops into a new world conflict.

Britain vs. Spain

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT of Great Britain is playing a particularly despicable role in the Spanish crisis. It is now obvious to everyone that from the beginning the sympathies of the British ruling class were without reservation on the side of the rebels. So long as her own interests in the Mediterranean and in Northern Africa were not endangered, Great Britain was quite willing to allow Germany and Italy to dismember Spain. Under the traditional disguise of working for peace, and with the excuse of trying to isolate the war, the British Tories have done everything possible short of open intervention, to help in this bloody business. With the aid of Blum Britain forced through the farcical non-intervention pact, which temporarily succeeded in depriving the Spanish Government of its legal right to purchase munitions abroad, while it did nothing to halt the flow of troops and airplanes to Franco. Now that the loyalists have been able to secure arms and equipment in spite of this boycott, each successive Government victory is the signal for another pro-fascist move on the part of Britain. Her latest step, the enforcement of a ban on the recruiting of anti-fascist volunteers, was taken at a time when she knew that Hitler and Mussolini were sending tens of thousands of fresh troops to bolster up Franco's forces. Britain is in a strong position in the present crisis; if she wished it she could stop fascist intervention at a moment's notice. She holds the whip hand over Germany and Italy, for she is financing German re-armament, while Italy needs British capital with which to exploit Abyssinia. She could rely on the backing of the U.S.S.R., France, and the smaller European powers in any move to really isolate the war by keeping the greedy hands of fascism off Spain; the armies, navies and air fleets of the powers pledged to support collective security are more than three times the combined strength of Germany and Italy. But the National Government will make this move only when the organized mass indignation of the British people forces its hand.

There is a powerful movement in Great Britain, including in its ranks not only the Communists and left socialists, but even many Liberals and Conservatives, which is arousing public opinion to the dangers inherent in the pro-fascist line of the Government, and calling for an end to the farce of non-intervention. The immediate prospects for world peace depend in no small measure on the success of this movement.

Mr. Woodsworth's Field Day

THE OPENING SESSION of the Canadian Parliament was utilized by Mr. Woodsworth, leader of the C.C.F. opposition, to launch an attack on the Liberal Government for its procedure on the abdication of the former King. He was able to prove without much difficulty that the shifting of monarchs by Order in Council was a violation of the fundamental tenets of parliamentary government and created a dangerous precedent for similar action in the handling of more serious national issues. In the words of the Ottawa correspondent for the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, it was a field day for the C.C.F. leader, who "for once (*sic*) had the facts on his side". Although we can appreciate the motives which led him to lay bare the important constitutional issues involved in the abdication, we cannot help but feel that Mr. Woodsworth is wasting his time. There are more important matters to be discussed in the House, chief among them the question of Canadian policy in the present war in Spain. Mr. Woodsworth's position on the struggle to save Spain from the clutches of fascism needs some clarification. He is a leading representative of the "isolationist" school, and it is understood that he intends to introduce a motion in the House advocating Canadian neutrality. In doing so he will not be acting in harmony with the wishes of large numbers of C.C.F. supporters who are active in the defence of Spanish democracy and who have seen through the fallacies of the isolationist program. The National Government in Britain needs the support of the Dominions in carrying through its pro-fascist policy in Spain. Through bringing pressure to bear upon our own Government the Canadian people can add considerable weight to the growing movement for collective action against the fascist aggressors, for the liberation of Spain, and for world peace through collective security. Whatever their intentions the Canadian isolationists, by refusing to utilize the only instrument capable of checking the war-makers, are rendering indirect aid to international fascism and paving the way to a new world war. It is to be hoped that Mr. Woodsworth and other advocates of "neutrality" will consider these things before committing themselves to a policy which will do a grave disservice to the movement for peace.

God and M. Duplessis

SPEAKING FROM Three Rivers over a province-wide radio hook-up on New Year's Day, Quebec's premier Duplessis offered the electors a familiar concoction of piety and red-baiting, promising that he would hesitate at no measures to protect the province against "evil capitalism". He referred his audience to the recent manifestoes against radicalism and progressive liberalism emanating from the Holy See, and signified that his own punitive efforts against all attempts to relieve the distress of the French-Canadian working class would be fully in

line with the policies of Hitler and Mussolini. A more spiritual note was struck when he declared that "he trusted God would bless and make fruitful all such efforts for the welfare of the dear province". (*Montreal Gazette*.) None of this is new, and all of it is quite in character with every speech and action of M. Duplessis since his accession to office. The fact that 60,000 more Canadians were employed on December 1st 1936 than had been the year before, with 6,422 more in Quebec than on November 1st is heartening, but it is a mere bucketdrop beside the one million Canadians still on inadequate direct relief, with a too generous percentage in Quebec. M. Duplessis' "evil capitalism" has pushed production figures up 4.6% by the popular devices of speedup and stretch-out, without more than scratching the surface of the country's paramount problem, unemployment. It remains to be seen what measures more material than invocations to Rome and Deity M. Duplessis has in mind for the job of tackling unemployment in Quebec.

The Teachers Move Right

CONSISTENT with the growing agitation for a nationalist-corporative French Canada were the resolutions passed by one thousand members of the Catholic Teachers Association of French Schools in convention at the end of December. This largely-clerical membership solemnly resolved (a) that no English be taught in the French schools of Quebec province to children attending the first six grades; (b) that the "national" spirit be encouraged and taught, especially in the courses of history and geography; (c) that Catholic teachers be urged to apply themselves with diligence to a study of the principles of corporatism. These resolutions, two reactionary, and one frankly fascist, were forwarded to the Council of Public Instruction—to which learned body, at the demand of the Catholic churchmen, Premier Maurice Duplessis has promised additional powers.

There has already been much discussion of these threatening moves in the French language press, and a wholesome degree of opposition recorded to the teachers' plans for such improvement of elementary education. With no compulsory education in Quebec, a huge proportion of French Canadian children—the workers' children, to be precise—do not remain at school longer than six years, and many not so long. Should the first two resolutions become effective, therefore, thousands of malleable youngsters, imbued with the "national" spirit, would leave school to seek jobs in a bilingual province, with adequate knowledge of the mother tongue only. How responsive such children are to the leadership of such fascist organizations as the *Jeunesses Patriotes*, and the Church's own coordinated youth groups *les Jocistes*, will be recalled by all who witnessed the riots of October last in Montreal, on the occasion of the Spanish Delegation's visit. No better commentary on the means and ultimate objective of Quebec's French clerical educational system could be made than these resolutions for its refinement which were passed by the teachers themselves.



Lord Tweedsmuir

H.M.

The Speech From The Throne

THE SPEECH from the Throne ran true to the expectations of most observers, even if it did disappoint certain hopes that may have been raised in the general public. By referring at great length to the abdication of Edward VIII and the forthcoming coronation, and by skating warily around the edge of the real problems facing the country, the Government at Ottawa succeeded in saying nothing that would commit it to any serious meddling with the status quo. This negative *laissez-aller*-ism, characteristic of Liberal policies, bears certain positive consequences of a vicious character. The vagueness of the speech is not mere vacuity: it tends, on the domestic side, toward the preservation of privilege, and in international affairs toward the support of England's policies, discussed elsewhere in this section. This statement is borne out by even the most casual survey of the Speech. It sets forth the Government's great accomplishment as the placement on the farms of numbers of unemployed single men—but does not refer to the fact that the wages received by these men was \$5.00 per month. The Government recognizes the inadequacy of its program for the unemployed, in much the same way as one might recognize the existence of a wart on one's nose—unpleasant but impossible to ignore. Yet reports of relief cuts continue to be bruited. Nothing is said about reducing the staggering burden of 138 million dollars annual interest to bondholders, and nothing about any plan of unemployment insurance. Legislation will be introduced to provide loans to homeowners for repairs, undoubtedly "on a sound financial basis", which means that loans will *not* be made to those who need them most. Quite as unsatisfactory is the agricultural program. The

Government will "promote the sale of agricultural products", in some unspecified ways, but says nothing about the full re-establishment of trade and political relations with an enormous potential customer—the U. S. S. R. Apparently too, the work of the Wheat Board will be allowed to disintegrate: the farmer receives no guarantee of a fair price for his wheat, thus leaving the field open for operators to profit at his expense. But one clear clarion call on social security is issued: something will be done about giving pensions to the blind at some age less than 70 years.

In the field of international policies the program is, if possible, even less satisfactory. Canada will attend the imperial conference at London this year. And that, bluntly, is all! With this may be coupled the information that there will be hugely increased expenditures for armaments this year. It is to the credit of the C.C.F. parliamentary group, particularly of Mr. T. C. Douglas, young representative for Weyburn, that they have announced unqualified opposition to such increases. On the problems of war and peace, Fascism and Democracy, the present Spanish situation, questions which are agitating all people at this time, the government is blandly silent. Here again one cannot but wonder whether the very silence is not pregnantly and unpleasantly significant. The Canadian people should insist on a less equivocal statement on all these questions than are provided in the Speech from the Throne. And where there is no equivocation, popular pressure should be applied to force a reconsideration of the problems from the standpoint of the real needs of the masses of the people. Obviously, these needs have not been sufficiently taken into account.

Unamuno And Spain

PRO-FRANCO "intellectuals" in this country and elsewhere will have to find a substitute for Don Miguel de Unamuno. At the outbreak of the Fascist coup last July, Unamuno, who had been named rector of the University of Salamanca by the government of the Spanish Republic, came out on the side of the Rebels and uttered his famous dictum: "I am for civilization against barbarism." It proved a useful phrase. To supporters of the Loyalist cause who quoted the example of Menéndez Pidal, Américo Castro, Bergamín, Casals and scores of other Spanish artists and intellectuals, Franco's friends would always answer, "But what about the great Unamuno?" Now the great Unamuno is dead, but worse than that, it is now known that he reversed his untenable position before the end, and only his prompt demise at the age of eighty and fear of the effects of his execution on world opinion, saved him from a rebel firing-squad. The *New York Times* in its recent obituary notice quoted statements Unamuno had made just before his death expressing his detestation of the conduct and presence of the German "volunteers", but the *New York Times* did not tell the whole story.

As long ago as October 1st Unamuno broke with Franco, was dismissed from his rectorship and placed under open arrest with the threat that he would be shot

if he made the least move to leave rebel territory. The occasion of the breach was the opening ceremony at the University of Salamanca, when one of the official orators delivered a made-to-order attack on the Loyalists and on their Basque and Catalan allies. Unamuno, himself a Basque, was incensed at this and jumping to his feet he shouted: "You talk about Spain and anti-Spain, but let me tell you there are patriots and anti-patriots on both sides. And on the Red side at least the women fight with their men-folk. On this side women put on their scapulars and medals and go out to watch executions." One of the generals jumped up at this point and thundered the Fascist slogan: "Death to the intelligence; long live Death!" The ceremony broke up in confusion. Later in conversation with a friend, Unamuno remarked, "I am terrified by the violence, the sadism and the incredible cruelty of the Civil War as it is being waged on the Nationalist side. Every day here perfectly innocent people are shot simply because they are liberal or republican. You see, what these people hate above everything is intelligence. They are the sworn enemies of all that the spirit represents in a world opposed to brutal force and blind violence and destruction." Admirers of the author of *The Tragic Sense of Life* will be glad that he fought his way back to solid ground before his death.

Ottawa Notes

WITH THE SPEECH from the Throne over and the second session of Canada's eighteenth parliament under way only the vaguest optimist is expecting any progressive social legislation from the Government benches. Its cards in this regard were laid on the table during the meeting of the National Finance Committee last month. Extended financial assistance was refused to the drought stricken areas of the west which are now getting along as best they can on the donations of private charity; the Dominion refused to make any further advances for old age pensions to the provinces, and the Bank of Canada turned down any proposals for long-term advances to refinance bonded debts. With increased revenues pouring in to the treasury due to the rise in profits during the present boom, the King government will strive towards a balancing of the budget for the coupon-clippers rather than use its greater financial resources to assist Canada's vast army of unemployed in the cities and destitute farmers in Saskatchewan. What hope there is of compromising the Dominion into setting up a Royal Commission to investigate the economic and financial basis of Confederation, and the financial responsibilities of the Dominion Government towards it, rests with the C.C.F. and Social Credit members of the House.

The drive to link Canada with the imperialist National government of Great Britain continues, with plans under way to reorganize and rebuild the nation's air force and navy and armament orders being given to Canadian firms by the British government. Ian Mac-

kenzie, Minister of National Defence, has now revealed that a thorough modernization and reorganization of the Canadian militia has been completed. Land forces will henceforth comprise six divisions and one cavalry division; all will utilize the latest developments in military mechanization and motorization, excepting of course the cavalry which is to be used for reconnoitring. The estimated cost of this is placed at \$10,000,000 for each division, though it is planned at present to thoroughly modernize only one division, using it as a future model for the others. Which does not alter the fact that the Canadian people can expect to foot a military expenditure for the coming year vastly greater than the \$20,083,000 expended last year.

The Committee of the Dominion and Provincial Ministers of Agriculture for the purpose of marketing agricultural products has been reorganized. It will attempt to assist producers to minimize the cost of distribution and marketing of their goods through legislation and otherwise. It will also provide for a rational grading of farm products for interprovincial and international markets.

Scattered Comment: the budget will undoubtedly be presented early in the session . . . this so Parliament can adjourn for the coronation . . . the deficit is estimated around \$100,000,000 . . . was Minister of Labor Rogers' plea for industrial peace early in the month a veiled threat to Canadian workers not to be too anxious for their share of rising profits in view of the strikes in the United States?

DILLON O'LEARY.

Play Contest

THE NEW THEATRE GROUPS of Canada are pleased to announce that the first prize of one hundred dollars in their contest for Canadian one-act plays has been awarded to Miss Mary Reynolds of Vancouver for her play *And the Answer Is* . . . In the opinion of the judges, there was no play which merited the second prize of fifty dollars, although many of the plays submitted showed definite promise. The following plays received honorable mention, and arrangements will be made with the authors of some to have their work published in mimeographed form to be made available for theatre groups throughout the country:

Kill the Bum . . . by Edna Hull.

The Build-up . . . by Jameson Field.

Westbound at One . . . by Jack Parr.

Backward, Turn Backward . . . by Charles R. Owens.

Saint's Holiday . . . by Russell McCallum.

And The Answer Is . . . will be printed in the March issue of *New Frontier*, and will subsequently be published in pamphlet form. Individuals or groups interested in securing production rights for the play should apply to the Theatre of Action, 81 Saint Nicholas Street, Toronto.

An article analysing the plays submitted will be published in the March issue of *New Frontier*.

Immediates

—Bruce of Halifax writes convincingly of the sea and ships, but his poetry carries the personal, insular emotion of one still unaware of immediates.—Leo Kennedy in *New Frontier*.

Immediates? Let us take for text
The bite of salt through sodden wool,
And place a running headrope next
Ink by the pen or bucketful.

A cent for haddock, two for cod;
Weather a chance, and wind a guess—
But no allegiance to the god
Of unavailing bitterness.

Here on the roofless beach they know
The fallibility of plan,
That justice and injustice grow
Not from the system but the man.

An ageless land and sea conspire
To smooth the imperfect mould of birth;
While freezing spray and drying fire
Translate the inexplicit earth:

"Get understanding first of these;
The open cut, the healing scar;
Before you flick prophetic keys
To tell us what immediates are."

CHARLES BRUCE.

Alternative

Immediates? Well we have birth and sickness and death,
And hunger for whispering water and good white bread.
Immediates? Fireside warmth and a caught breath
At flowering stars, and a friendly body in bed.

There are times when the eye of the spirit can see it all,
But voice and pencil are never enough to enrich
The man next door with a flame. They are only a scrawl
On the edge of a picture, one note on the pipes, one stitch

In a seam so woven that fabric and thread are one.
It is good to look at this hour and then set free
Protest and studied invective; Granted and done;
There is virtue too in a gray and dragonish sea.

CHARLES BRUCE.

In Preparation

Without this benefit, this dark
We'd catch no intermittent spark
Of sun shaft hitting out at snow—
This the unshadowed cannot know.
Let love be covering as kind
So we may have a morning mind:
Look fearless at these searchlight suns,
Unblinking at the sound of guns . . .

DOROTHY LIVESAY.

The Dispossessed

We are the ones without a stone
To lay our heads upon
No wilderness yearns out to us
No tiger-stripe of sun.

If love would have a pillow, look
It is the burning street
And sooty walls support the loins
And curbstones hem the feet.

If love would have a resting-place
It is the lull of fear
When traffic signals change and men
Clutch brake and slacken gear.

O come with me and be my love!
Here in the crowd, break free:
The world's eye shall our pleasures prove
And lust at misery.

DOROTHY LIVESAY.

In Praise of Evening

The excitement of evening, bare belief
In living, and thrusting the hand out
In taut silhouette against sunset
As a tree on the rim of horizon:
The liveness of breathing, clenched against hunger
Leaving defeat behind on the doorstep
The heart resilient with April's motion
Contracting, expanding to earth's own rhythm. . .
This will defend us from famine's gesture,
The run on the banks, panic at noonday,
Bones to a dog and taunts to a beggar,
Chattels and dishpans set on a sidewalk;
The will to be rooted, but like a tree waving
Sifting the air through boughs and branches
Leaning to lover, urgent with blossom
In wise embracing shielding the seed.

DOROTHY LIVESAY.

New Form for the Swearing-in of Constables

(A suggestion for Sir Charles Warren.)

"Dost thou accept the old creed of coercion
In England, as in Ireland, tried and true?
Dost thou regard all freedom with aversion,
And hate her name?" "I do."
"Wilt thou respect, court, venerate the classes,
Whate'er they seek to compass—good or ill?
Wilt thou molest and vilify the masses
In word and deed?" "I will."
"Swear'st thou to wield thy truncheon for the Tory;
To smite, and curse, and wound, and overbear?
Then seize and prosecute with lying story
Some injured wretch?" "I swear."

HENRY SALT

(quoted by William Morris, 1887).

Speech to The Irish

PETER QUINN

I

"Irishmen and Irishwomen. In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for freedom."—Padraic Pearse: Proclamation of the Irish Republic.

THE HISTORY of the Irish is noble and tragic. Four hundred years of oppression have not been enough to break the revolutionary spirit of our people. Tudor halberds and British imperialist bullets have torn our flesh and loosed our blood. From O'Brien's Bridge to Easter Week the valiant thread of rebellion runs, twists through the Anglo-Irish war of '18-'21, and today knits, as Brian O'Neill has put it, "the new generation—facing, like Connolly and Pearse, internal misery and a crisis on the stage of world politics—"who not only accept their heritage, but are determined to win final victory in their time."

Time and the lies of misleaders and detractors have soiled a tradition and dulled a memory for many Irish in the new world. The children and grandchildren of Irish who fled famine and misery at home to emigrate to Canada, cannot say now what forces drove their ancestors from the old land. Their songs of Ireland are sentimental and foolish; they do not recall the ballads of revolt and heroism which were sung at the risk of death. They listen to the honeymouths of the corrupt who would turn them upon their own brothers . . . progressive thinkers and workers who strive in this and other countries for that freedom and security which is the heritage of all.

Today the people of Spain are fighting heroically to throw off the yoke of oppression. The legal, liberal government, elected in February 1936 in accordance with the Spanish constitutional electoral law, has been fighting the cause of freedom against the old military ruling caste, the absentee landlords and a venal clerical hierarchy. The invasion of the Spanish republic was financed by Hitler and Mussolini for their own imperialist ends, and is now largely conducted by massed regiments of German and Italian regular troops, assigned to extend the grasp of the Fascist International over yet one more country where the spark of democracy smoulders.

Daily the pavements of Madrid are splashed with the blood and brains of women and little children, blasted to death by high explosives hurled from German Junker and Italian Caproni bombing planes. This is a brutal fulfillment of the promise broadcast from Seville by the Spanish fascist high command: "I will grind the bones of the workers to make mortar." Practice and threat are sufficient commentary on the objective of the fascists in

Spain: which is to return that unhappy nation to the feudal and semi-barbarous condition it endured under the old masters.

Now here, surely, is a cause to which the freedom-loving Canadians of Irish descent would be expected to rally. The issues cry to the intelligent and the humane; the Irish are such, and they too, in their time, have fought for liberty and survival. But it is to our shame that many Irish attend the lies of false leaders who confuse the true issues by invoking Christ in a fascist uniform, and who babble of "bolshevik menace", when the creatures for whom they invoke support are storming the Madrid barricades with Mohammedan mercenaries and troopers lent by one of the most vigorous persecutors of the Catholic Church, Adolph Hitler.

The Catholic faith in which they were born and bred is the dearest treasure of hundreds of thousands of Irish Canadians. It is also the religion of the major population of Spain, of most of the defenders of Madrid. Spanish Catholic cultural leaders, professionals, scientists and journalists have aligned themselves with the forces of the Madrid government against the fascist invasion. Prominent among these is José Bergamín, president of the League of Anti-Fascist Intellectuals for the Defense of Culture. Said he:

"I am anti-fascist *because* an active Catholic.

"Separated from the people, the Spanish Church had placed itself at the side of the aristocracy, the new-rich, the land-owners, the army.

"I began to experience a growing repugnance, indignation, at the interlacing of the Catholic hierarchy with the privileged classes and with their politics. The Church had taken a position that was anti-popular and anti-Christian.

"The Church in its real role as Christian, Catholic, is not under attack anywhere. Yet we cannot help but fight the Church fascist, because fascism is the negation of all that is Christian. We are true to the Church when we drive the heresy of fascism from the Church."

Angel Ossorio y Gallardo, jurist, is such another. Father Juan Garcia Morales, loyalist supporter in Spain, recently stated:

"I have not been excommunicated nor unfrocked, nor have I abandoned my religion. I have entered into Communist, Socialist and Syndicalist circles and everywhere met with respect for a priest who has preached the Gospel, who has stood and will stand unto death at the side of the humble.

"The hatred of the people is not directed at God nor at the Church; it is turned towards their 'ministers' because they have not placed themselves in the vanguard of the people's armies. *I therefore fervently applaud the Catholic Basque nationalists who have ranged themselves*

on the side of the legitimate government. And my hatred goes out to heirarchic superiors who have taken the side of those who bring the Moors, whom it took us eight centuries to expel, back to our soil."

Prominent Irish Catholics have taken this position in Spain. In the December columns of *New Frontier*, Morley Callaghan, a Catholic and Canada's most distinguished novelist, wrote: "It seems to me that those who have tried to make the rebel cause the Christian cause have no shame. All those who are heart and soul with the rebels have made a clear cut choice between the things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's. They are on the side of property rights against human rights."

II

"Our policy is the establishment of the Corporate State. Every member of that body acts in harmony with the purpose of the whole under the guidance and driving brain of the Fascist Government."—Oswald Mosley: *Fascism in Britain*.

"The Corporate State is Capitalism just as we know it today, with all its instability, its crises, its misery and its decay, plus a form of serfdom for the workers imposed by compulsory arbitration and the denial of the worker's right to withdraw his labor."—John Strachey: *Menace of Fascism*.

It is the shameful truth that the leadership of the Catholic Church is backing fascism in Spain. That it has subscribed to fascism in Italy. That it has combined with fascism to make Austria a clerical fascist state. That, within the past few weeks, in spite of the gravest persecution, it is now calling on its communicants to support the Nazi regime. That in the United States and Canada, many Irish Catholic clerics are clearing the way to an acceptance of fascism, by slandering the anti-fascist struggle of democratic peoples in Mexico and Spain.

The Society of Jesus in North America has brought its full weight to bear on the painless introduction of fascism. St. Louis University at St. Louis, Mo., is a centre of such Jesuit activity. Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., editor of the monthly magazine *The Queen's Work*, heads the propaganda department. Superficially, he observes the familiar red-baiting tactic, and has devoted much space to attacks on the progressive measures taken by Mexico's present Cardenas government, which is no more communist than is the government of Mr. Roosevelt. Father Lord's approval of spiritual coercion of the people of Mexico is illustrated by his statement that, "all Mexican bishops have united in a decree which excommunicates any parents who send their children to scholastic schools." *The Queen's Work* endorses fascist Austria where hundreds of Catholic workers along with their fellows of other religions have been tortured, murdered and jailed:

"There is one country in the world today that is trying to put into effect the Social Reign of Christ. And that country is a land governed by Sodalists. The land is Austria."

Father MacDonald, associate of Father Lord, and in-

timate friend of the discredited Father Coughlin, is a Jew-hater and a pro-fascist:

"Immoral Jews have the power. They're the bankers, the big men in New York. They have influence. The Jews have the biggest positions—I mean the immoral ones."

This was Hitler's line in 1931. It is the line in Quebec today of *Le Fasciste Canadien*, organ of the *Parti Social Cretien du Canada*, and of *La Nation*, rallying point of the Quebec separatist-fascist faction, of Marcel Hamel and Gregoire's Grey Shirts.

This Jesuit urges the "Corporative System in which employer and worker are represented in a council for each industry, and each industry (Capital and Labor) is represented in supreme economic council to plan industry as a whole." Italy has this system, and Mussolini represents both capital and labor in the council. The "Classocracy" advocated in Montreal by young Irishmen whose inspiration flows from the precepts of the Loyola College Jesuits, is, in essence, the Corporative System of Father Lord and Mussolini.

It cannot be stressed too sharply that Irish Canadians are permitting their devotion to their faith to be used as a rudder to steer them towards a denial of the principles of democracy. Their acceptance of the duplicity and false statements of the Rev. W. X. Bryan, S.J., lecturer in physics and "economics" at Loyola College, shamefully illustrates this tragedy. Father Bryan is a demagogue skilled in the tactic which Father Coughlin, encouraged by his pro-fascist Bishop Michael J. Gallagher, practised for years until his Union for Social Justice collapsed in the sweeping democratic vote that returned Roosevelt and sent the reaction scuttling.

I have heard Catholics say of the demagogue priest in Montreal, and of the demagogue priest in Detroit, "His ideas are the closest thing to socialism possible for Catholics; he would help the poor at the expense of the rich." Against this delusion set the observation of Professor Harold Laski, a liberal and no communist: "Fascism is the destruction of liberal ideas and institutions in the interests of those who own the instruments of economic power. Before their advent to power, Fascists have proclaimed objectives with a socialistic flavour. But it is notable that they have always attained power in concert with the army and big business, and that they have left effectively unchanged the ownership of the means of production." (*Rise of European Liberalism*.) Set also the fact that in Des Moines, Iowa, on September 23, 1936, Father Coughlin confirmed the warnings of left-wing observers, by bellowing to Dale Kramer, representative of the *National Farm Holiday News*, "I take the road to fascism!" The statement of Father James R. Cox of Pittsburg who led the 1932 Hunger March on Washington, at St. Anne de Beaupre on September 1, 1936: "I'm for Hitler one hundred per cent." The flagrant lies of Bishop Michael J. Gallagher to the Annual Conference on Catholic Family Life at Marygrove College, Detroit, on December 7: "Communists may seize the city and start a red terror . . . within three or four years. When the word is given for the revolution," he asserted,

the first act of the Communists would be "to shoot priests and nuns on sight and burn churches." Any examination of the programs of the Communist Parties of the U.S.A. and Canada will show how fantastic such charges are.

Consider the preachments of the Montreal Jesuit, Father Bryan.

His widely publicised lecture *The Truth About Spain* twisted and distorted the known facts of the July fascist uprising to show that the "Communist Party had long planned, and was the basic cause of the revolution in Spain." Actually, the Republican government which the fascists immediately sought to overthrow, had not a single Socialist or Communist member. That the government has now many such, and that the vigorous defence of Madrid is now extensively conducted under such leadership, is due entirely to the rebels who attacked the democracy they were pledged to support.

Father Bryan quoted J. L. Garvin of the London *Observer*, a "well known liberal," and H. L. Mencken, now a Bernarr Macfadden scribe, to make his points, when it is well known that these two journalists are among the strongest supporters of reaction against the Democratic Spanish people. Garvin wrote in the *Observer* of October 25: "The Spanish drama is at its climax with the assured triumph of the *national* uprising over class-war anarchy and total disruption."

Father Bryan and his authority Garvin construe as a "national uprising" a minority rebellion of army officers and fascists, using Moorish mercenaries and foreign legionaries, equipped by Italy and Germany to destroy a whole people and its legal government. No comment on such cynicism can be bitter enough.

This misinformer has embroidered his theme else-

where at some length. In the *Montreal Gazette* of November 18, he details a long list of priest-crucifixions, nun-rapes and burnings worthy of the fascist Toronto *Catholic Register*, winding up with: "In Spain there is no longer a government clothed, at least externally, with some relative legality representing at least theoretically a major proportion of the population—The so-called government, in whose favor so much agitation is going on here in Montreal at present, is a junta of Communist Terrorists who seized power like their teachers and masters the Bolsheviks in 1917, in Russia. The difference between the two countries is that Spain, the real Spain, Catholic and sound, is fighting back."

Democracy and International Fascism are at death grips in Spain. If the Black International wins there, it will be harder for democracy to win elsewhere in the world . . . in France, the United States, Canada. The Irish Canadians believe in democracy. They are being deceived into supporting fascism, under the guise of fighting communism. They have only to examine the true record of Fascism, its repression of civil rights, its destruction of culture, its ration cards, and the tremendous drive to war. In the one country where socialism has been put to practice, even the reactionary press must today report employment for all who will work, rising wages, lower living costs, the spread of art and culture, security and adequate old age pensions, a new Constitution which sets a precedent for all such documents, guaranteeing the right to rest and leisure with pay, equal rights for women, freedom of religious belief and practice.

Surely it is time for understanding and clarity, and the unity of all peoples against oppression. Surely the "blind mouths" have been credited long enough.

The Tragedy of Spain

DON FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS

WHEN KING PHILLIP THE SECOND inherited the Spanish throne in Fifteen fifty-eight, Father Bartolomé de Carranza, who had been the confessor of the late Emperor Charles the Fifth and who had attended him at his death bed, had become Archbishop of Toledo. Despite this fact, however, Valdés, General Inquisitor of Spain, had begun to persecute Father Carranza shortly before King Phillip the Second had ascended the throne. Father Carranza had gone to England with Phillip the Second on the occasion of his marriage to Mary Tudor, and he had attempted to check the religious persecution which had been unchained in England. To achieve this end he preached tolerance. A Sixteenth Century Spaniard preaching tolerance in England! Father Carranza, who was one of the theologians representing Spain at the Council of Trent, had written a "catechism" which at the time was being sold in Rome with the consent of the highest ecclesiastical authorities. And yet, because of this very same catechism, the Spanish

Inquisition condemned him and kept him in prison seventeen years! The Inquisition fought with the Pope to keep its prey, and at last succeeded in obtaining a sentence against Father Carranza—whom the Pope wished to save—on the grounds of his being "greatly suspected of heresy."

Carranza's trial is the symbol of the persecution and martyrdom suffered by all those who, possessing a deep religious feeling, represented the spirit of tolerance in that amazing period of the history of my country.

When Phillip the Second decided to seek the political unity of the State through a single religious faith, he felt that it was possible to do so only by imposing a dogma and all its attributes as a part of the authority of the State. In other words, the State became a Church-State, allowing no room within it for the dissenter. Citizenship was determined by the degree of one's conformity with the faith demanded by the State; for this reason in order to hold office it was necessary to show papers granted by

the Inquisition certifying that neither one nor one's ancestors had been persecuted for heresy. In attempting to unify Spain, Phillip the Second divided her; in the State's monopoly of the interpretation of the true creed he laid the foundations of the present totalitarian state. This I said at Harvard University during the International Congress of Philosophy in 1926. This is the age-old tragedy of the Spanish thinker from Cervantes to Saint Theresa, from Fray Luis de León to Saint John of the Cross!

The struggle for liberty has not ceased in Spain since those distant days; a struggle, silent at times, open at others, as it was in the Eighteenth Century. So great is Spain's hunger for liberty that it was in my native land where the word *liberal* was coined in 1810. The term "liberal" implies generosity of mind, the ability to understand opinions which are opposed to ours, and a willingness to sacrifice oneself for the cause of liberty.

How hard a road was travelled in the Nineteenth Century! How many of the select intellectual minorities were destroyed! How many were exiled for long, unending years! Twice in the course of that century it seemed as if a minimum of liberty was about to be attained by lawful means, and each time, in 1834 and 1872, the social forces representing totalitarian traditions rose, and, setting the law aside, unchained the destructive forces of civil war. This is the third time that we have Civil war in Spain. This is the third time that the social forces to which I have just referred, rebel against the State's constitution.

Last month it was a hundred years since the publication of an essay called "All-souls' Day, 1836". Its author, José Mariano Larra, a profound, liberty-loving spirit tormented by the sorrows of Spain—then in the midst of the first Civil war,—wanders through a cemetery, and finds a tombstone which reads: "Here lies military loyalty", referring to a rebellion which had recently taken place. Further ahead he finds another huge tombstone which says, "Here lies one half of Spain; it was killed by the other half." Two Spains! How can we unite these two Spains which have been struggling since a dogma was established by the State? The world has found no solution other than tolerance between those who disagree; that is to say, freedom of conscience for each and every man. But all of us who have embodied in the legislation of the Spanish Republic the human and humanistic spirit which liberalism incarnates—an absolute respect for the dictates of each one's conscience—all of us have been fiercely opposed by the totalitarian elements of Spain. We were accused of intolerance, precisely because we established tolerance. And tolerance must repudiate the privileges and exclusiveness on which intolerance thrives.

The totalitarian spirit, the spirit of political dogmatism, means above all things a hatred of human thought, a hatred of liberty and all that a dynamic and social ideal of freedom implies. For human thought will rise against it as long as there is oppression from which men seek to be free, as long as there is injustice to destroy, as long as there is one longing of the spirit to satisfy, as long as one single step toward happiness can be taken. This

seeking, this human desire for a good life, is but the hunger for liberty that through the years have moved the workers and intellectuals of my native Spain. Only through their own efforts will they attain a higher life, for they know that in my beloved country the ruling classes have never felt mercy or charity for the soul of the people. Whatever there has been of goodness, of light, of enjoyment for the masses, they have created for themselves out of their own genius. From those above them they could expect nothing but oppression and misery.

Against this search for spiritual, social and political liberty, there rose the specter of militarism. The militarists and, unfortunately, the larger section of the clergy joined hands. They declared their policy: "Spain will be governed in a fashion which will make it impossible for power ever again to fall into the hands of dirty politicians, freemasons, jews and similar parasites of human society." I quote this from a statement given to Mr. Robert B. Parker by the rebel generals, and published in the Washington *Evening Star* of August 30, 1936. And true to their word, rebels have proceeded with their "purification", exterminating the supporters of liberty and democracy in Granada, Seville, Cordoba, Salamanca, Pamplona, and in many other places.

I mourn for you, Federico García Lorca, beloved young poet—for you, Palanco, Dean of the Faculty of Literature of Granada University, for you, Landrove, Professor at the Valladolid Normal School—and for all of you who have been shot because of your opinions, and not because of your acts. And I mourn too, for the thirty Vizcayan priests executed by the rebels whose names were published by the Catholic Government of that region.

This is the tragedy of Spain, a tragedy brought on by reason of the intolerance that has characterized the Church in Spain. Such intolerance the Church has not possessed either in the rest of Europe or in the United States. It is a tragedy which goes back to the totalitarian Church-State of the Sixteenth century—a tragedy which finds new protagonists ready to play the same old parts. For, as of old, they see their ancient privileges endangered by that overwhelming tide of liberty through which men make themselves free.

This tide of democracy leads directly to one of the basic principles of the Republic: regional autonomy, states rights. It is this principle that today permits the functioning of a Catholic government in Vizcaya and of regional administration of a distinctly different character in Catalonia. It is this principle of tolerance, of individual liberty and of regional home-rule, that will enable us to coordinate the multiform characteristics of Spain. But this would mean freedom, liberty, tolerance, three ideals which the rebels would destroy.

Spain, our Spain which has suffered because she dared to think, which has been impoverished despite her ceaseless work, fights today a gallant fight for the same ideal that Lincoln engraved in the heart of humanity: to establish a government "of the people, by the people and for the people."

Blood For Spanish Democracy

TED ALLAN

A MUD-SPATTERED Ford station-wagon bearing the Red Cross rushes through the streets of Madrid in the early hours of the morning. The tires bounce crazily over the ruts and holes of the bomb-torn pavement. The three occupants peer ahead through the thickening fog; one of them urges the driver to go faster. Seconds are precious. The interior of the lorry contains human blood, which must be transfused into the veins of wounded soldiers. Heated vacuum flasks hold the life-giving fluid. This service is the first of its kind in the history of war. The sides of the ambulance bear the legend "Servicio Canadiense de Transfusion de Sancre"—Canadian Blood Transfusion Service. Its director is the Canadian surgeon, Dr. Norman Bethune.

The story of this transfusion service really begins in the summer of 1935, a year before international fascism began its murderous Spanish gamble. That summer a Physiological Congress was held at Leningrad, with doctors and scientists present from all over the world. Among them was Dr. Norman Bethune, M.D., F.R.C.S., internationally known chest surgeon. Dr. Bethune was then well entered on a brilliant medical career. His treatises on his specialised branch of surgery was being widely discussed. The new surgical instruments which he had invented had brought him commensurate fame. He was a member of the Council of the American Association of Thoracic Surgery; Chief of the Division of Thoracic Surgery in the Sacred Heart Hospital of Montreal; principal medical officer in the Canadian Air Forces; and Consulting Surgeon to the Department of Pensions and National Health.

In these positions he was able to get a very good idea of the difficulties which faced the medical profession in this country, and of the manner in which the Canadian Government looked after the health of its people. He saw what inadequate facilities were doing; unemployment and slum conditions were creating a new generation of misfits. He was dissatisfied with the world, but didn't know what to do about it.

And then he found himself in the Soviet Union. He attended only a few sessions of the Congress, but they were enough to impress him with the efficiency of Soviet medicine and science. What he saw outside of the Congress sessions was a new kind of world. As he expressed it later, he saw a world where slums were being eradicated, where no person died from lack of medical attention, where children grew up with a love and appreciation for science and culture, and where all the members of the medical profession were employed and happy. It was a world worth fighting for. That one month in the Soviet Union made a new person out of Norman Bethune.

On his return to Montreal he began to take part in the progressive movement. He organized a group of doctors to make a survey of health conditions in Montreal. He submitted the findings to the Quebec Government with the demand that something be done about them. The fact that nothing was done proved to these doctors that health projects were necessary, and a different kind of government was necessary too before they would be put into life. Bethune is gifted with organizational ability, and under his leadership the group grew and prospered.

And then Franco decided to make Spain safe for fascism. Like many other Canadian doctors, Bethune immediately took an active part in the work of the Canadian Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. He saw the full significance of the Spanish conflict as the prelude to a greater international fascist offensive, and he has helped thousands of other Canadians to see it. The Canadian campaign to raise funds and medical supplies for the Spanish people was helped from the first by the presence of a number of prominent Canadians in Spain, including Tim Buck, secretary of the Canadian Communist Party. Bethune's reaction to Buck's appeal for support was to tell one of his friends: "If this keeps up much longer I am going to Spain." When he was asked to head the Canadian Medical Mission to Spain, he resigned from all his positions and sailed for Spain on October 24.

The night before he sailed, the Spanish priest Father Sarasola was to have spoken at a mass meeting in Montreal as part of the drive for funds for medical supplies. But the local Catholic hierarchy had been alarmed; clerical-inspired gangs of young fascist rowdies were sent into the streets to shout fascist slogans and the police were sent out to protect them. The City Council banned the scheduled meeting; fascism was making its debut in Montreal. Bethune, watching the parading gangs of fascists, said: "I almost feel I am letting you down by leaving now". But as he went to his car he turned, a big grin on his features, and raised his fist in the anti-fascist salute.

He arrived in Madrid with \$6,000 worth of medical supplies bought by the Canadian people. These he handed over to the Government. Then, making a survey of the fighting lines, he saw that a blood transfusion service would play an important part in the defence of Madrid. Soldiers who could have been saved by blood transfusions were dying as they lay on stretchers. He proposed to the Government that the Canadian Committee undertake this particular job, and finance it. The officials accepted this proposal with enthusiasm.

A short time after he arrived he met Henning Sorenson, a Danish-Canadian who left his position as translator

for the Sun Life Assurance Company in Montreal to fight fascism in Spain. Sorenson's knowledge of Spanish has been invaluable to Bethune. He is now a full-fledged member of the Canadian unit. The other Canadian in the unit, Hazen Sise, approached Bethune on one of the latter's periodic visits to London to buy medical supplies. Sise was practising architecture in London. Completing the personnel of the unit are two Spanish medical students, a Spanish biologist, and a New York woman bacteriologist, Mrs. Celia Greenspan.

All Bethune's letters to his friends and to the Committee breathe the optimism and energy of the Spanish people. His first letter to the Canadian Committee is worth quoting. He is explaining his plan for the transfusion service, at that time still only a plan. It is written in obvious haste.

Berlin, Germany, Dec. 23. — The price of cabbage has been raised by the price commissioner. It is one of the mainstays of the German diet.

Nazis Find Too Much Food in Garbage

An official decree prohibited advertising agents from arousing yearnings for butter and other fats—of which there is a shortage—by picturing mouth-watering scenes.



"At last we have produced the perfect Aryan."

"I will use the latest Russian-American methods in collecting blood, storing it in suitable temperatures in vacuum bottles and transporting it to any hospital needing it within twenty-five miles. Three girls on eight hour shifts on telephones. Card index of five hundred voluntary donors (all have Wasserman examinations). A 'regiment' will turn up in rotation every day. Collect one or two gallons of blood—then store and rush out in car equipped for jar and shock to blood refrigeration—special storage tanks, etc., etc. (here have all details worked out). Will then give blood myself to patients. A really 'snappy' service can be set up. Special badges for donors—Star for each donation! It's a beautiful idea, isn't it? and Canadian! Will finally cover all fronts of the country. Need lots of apparatus, sterilisers, instruments in sets, microscopes, etc., etc. Have a lot of new ideas for improving apparatus."

The latest letter to the Committee goes into detail in describing his technical equipment. His comment on the International Red Cross is interesting. He writes that it is "suspiciously fascist". The Secoro-Rojo-International, under whose protection he is working, comes in for lavish praise. "The S.R.I. is the best organized and most powerful health organization in Spain. All its leaders are Party people. As everywhere in Spain the people who lead the major services are Communists. They do the hard and dirty work."

The spirit, the heroism and the determination of the Spanish people thrill him. He ends his letter with, "The morale is excellent. Madrid will never fall but will be the tomb of Fascism. Franco has declared that he will not leave a stone standing. Well, let him try!"

The Spanish people's gratitude to this Canadian doctor was eloquently expressed by a government official who exclaimed, "Dr. Bethune is the best Christmas gift Madrid has received." Bethune's methods of storing and collecting blood have aroused keen interest among seriologists. He has inaugurated something of tremendous value not only at the present time but for the future.

In the beginning, Bethune's main concern was the problem of finding donors. It has now become his least concern. The citizens of Madrid have answered the call through press and radio by coming in thousands; for them it is one more way of helping their brothers in the fighting lines. In the same spirit the Canadian people have rallied to the aid of their Spanish brothers. "Money to Save Spanish Lives" is a message which must be carried into every Canadian home where democracy is regarded. "Maintain Dr. Bethune's transfusion service." This is a way to aid democracy! By literally transfusing blood into its veins!

And it must be continued. The Canadian Medical Mission to Spain needs five hundred dollars every week to maintain and extend its services. Readers are urged to send donations to the Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 304 Manning Chambers, Queen and Bay Sts., Toronto. Donations must continue to flow in as long as the Spanish people's agony endures. They are the life-blood of Spanish democracy!

German Bluff in Morocco

SEMPER FIDELIS

ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO newspapers brought us reports of a new and grave international crisis in Spanish Morocco, and of the imminent possibility of an armed clash between France and the Nazi units sent to Spanish Morocco by Hitler. But just as quickly as this danger arose so quickly did it disappear, leaving in its wake talk of an alleged economic rapprochement between France and Germany. What happened in Morocco? Nothing except a very poorly staged and very poorly executed bluff on the part of Hitler to get some concessions and "elements of national equality" from Great Britain and especially from France.

A study of history tells us that Morocco was the stage where at the turn of the century Germany originally tried her hand at an international bluff and was successful to a much greater degree. In 1902 France made secret overtures to Spain to divide up Morocco. When Great Britain learned of this, a triple understanding regarding the fate of Morocco was arrived at and a treaty signed in 1904, whereby these three powers decided to parcel up the land of the Sultan when the opportunity arose. Only the part of the treaty promising to uphold Morocco's independence was published by the three powers, the rest of the treaty remaining unknown to Germany. The imperialist advance of France in Morocco was bought off from Britain by France withdrawing her opposition to Britain's digging in in Egypt. Britain, however, stipulated that Spain should control Morocco opposite Gibraltar, and build no fortifications nor lease this territory to any other Power.

Article 10 of the secret treaty provides that all schemes for public works, railways, mineral development and economic undertakings in general in the French and Spanish spheres respectively, shall be executed by French and Spanish enterprise. In 1911 France, with full approval of Britain, moved to occupy Fez, while Spain moved to occupy the territory promised her in 1904. Germany then despatched her warship "Panther" to Agadir in order "to defend the independence of Morocco," whose Sultan believed Germany to be his friend. Actually, it was discovered that Germany was willing to let France control the country in return for compensation elsewhere. The crisis ended with Germany receiving a good slice of the Congo known as the Cameroons and recognizing France in Morocco.

In his book *Economic causes of war* Peter T. Leckie writes that he was told by Mr. Jowett, M.P. for Bradford, that the war between Germany, on the one hand, and France and Britain on the other, was so near that Britain had her torpedo nets laid, but the differences in the British Cabinet and the unpreparedness of the German bankers enabled the inevitable clash to be postponed.

Analyzing the present situation in Spanish Morocco and comparing it with that of 1911, we find that there are entirely new elements which did not appear in the pre-war crisis and which are not explained, either by the press or by the respective Governments. In the first place we notice the complete absence of any direct representations made by Great Britain either to Spain or to Germany over the construction of powerful fortifications at Ceuta, just 14 miles across from Gibraltar. Are we to believe that Britain will allow Nazi Germany to push a stone right in the throat of her vital line of communication, without knowing beforehand of its preparations? If anybody is vitally interested in the Ceuta fortifications, then Britain should be the first not only to protest but to take steps to remedy the situation and force the Nazis and Franco-spaniards to drop the work at Ceuta. And yet, we see that when France asked for concerted action in Spanish Morocco, Britain refused to co-operate.

To believe that France had not known for a long time of the activities of the Nazis in Morocco, of the building of barracks at Teutan, Mellila and Ceuta, of the fortification works in Ceuta, of Nazi submarine activities in Melilla, would be to under-rate the splendid organization and work of the French Intelligence Department. France knew what was going on in Morocco, knew of the landing and the activities of about 2000 Nazis, but did nothing. Yet, as soon as Paris saw that Hitler was planning to raise the ante and send more troops to increase the bluff-pressure, France acted and acted quickly, checking any further advances of Germany. Nevertheless it would be wrong to say that the situation in Morocco has changed and that the Nazis have been sent back home by Franco. The elements of the bluff are still there and their potential power has not diminished, contrary to the reports of a French Military Officer who went to Spanish Morocco and found no large concentration of German troops.

How is it possible then that France finds one day a grave danger in Morocco, declares to the whole world that Germans are violating the 1912 agreement, that French Ambassador Francois-Poncet lodges a strong protest with Hitler against the presence of German troops in Morocco, and then, just a few days later, comes out with a statement which completely disproves the first accusations and clumsily tries to pacify the electrified world, saying that "she was mistaken". Had France wanted to enforce the 1912 treaty and to throw the Nazis out of Morocco, she could have done so in less than a week, and neither Germany nor Italy would attempt to do anything to stop her. Italy has enough troubles of her own in her fight to maintain the status quo in the Mediterranean Sea, without having Germany in a dominant position in

"Mare Nostrum". She is looking with faintly disguised displeasure at the possibility of the appearance of Germany at the Brenner Pass, and to give Germany a tremendously important strategic place wherefrom she could in the future intimidate and blackmail Italy (thieves do fall out occasionally), is not a part of her plan.

Consequently, had Italy received the assurance from France that nothing would be changed except the geographical position of the Nazis in Morocco, things would have happened quickly to the detriment of the German Foreign Legionaries. Germany would do nothing, firstly because she is not ready for a war, and secondly because to put up resistance would mean that she is digging in in Ceuta in all earnest, which would greatly displease Britain and Italy.

The explanation for the stand of France lies in the double-dealing politics of Britain in the Spanish question and her general policy towards Germany. It would not be conjectural to believe that Britain knew of the bluff and let Hitler stage it for the following reasons:

1. To placate the demands of the arch-Tories, like Viscount Elibank, Lord Londonderry and other influential people, for the return to Germany of some of its old colonies, while taking particular care that none of the British colonies are returned to Hitler.
2. To pursue the Nazi-loving policy of the Tories, and show them that the Government is doing everything possible to alleviate the "colony" crisis by subjecting France to a little chicanery from Hitler, meantime proving to Hitler that Britain is not on the French or Loyalist-Spain side of the fence, and that if he wants to play the bluff, he can go ahead without British interference.

Meanwhile, while Anthony Eden is going through the farce of instructing the British Consul General at Tetuan to ascertain whether the Germans there are "military experts", France is being egged on by Britain to start the counter-pressure and to call the Nazi bluff. And while France is calling her Naval Minister, Chief of Naval Staff and other High Military Officers to a conference, while the Resident General of French Morocco takes full command of his 100,000 men and strengthens the fortifications on the border of Spanish Morocco, Britain is giving France to understand that her protest to Germany should take the form of a protest, and no more.

Britain does not want to see France occupying Spanish Morocco, nor does she want to see General Franco thrown out of his highly important base and deprived of the possibility of receiving further help from the Moors. Above all, she does not want to see Franco defeated.

The situation has its amusing side. France, who knows that she is being bluffed, is behaving exactly as though Germany were carrying on in earnest; Britain, who understands that Germany is trying out this balloon in order to get as much out of it as possible, allows the Nazis to do the bluffing; Italy does not like the game, and yet they are all playing it as though it were the most serious thing in the world for the players. This is called "diplomacy" and fed to the public, which reacts with

market fluctuations, press hysteria and further increases in armaments.

But France is an old hand in the diplomatic game, not likely to yield anything, especially when she holds all the trumps. Ceuta is not Agadir, and in order to get a colony from France Hitler will have to pay a stiff price.

Britain is sure of one thing, that Germany is determined to plunder the mines and the natural resources of Spain. She is doing so not only in the Iberian Peninsula, but also in Spanish Morocco, where her 2,000 men have shown themselves to be expert mining engineers. In this regard the Germans are not much different from the Japanese, who have simply torn the mines of Manchuria to pieces. Indeed it is probable that the Germans will outstrip them, for they are much better engineers, and need to recompense themselves as quickly as possible for the \$200,000,000 which they have poured into Spain in the form of armaments, airplanes, etc.

From their point of view, the sooner the better. Perhaps in a few months they will no longer be able to "mine" any more in Spain, nor to bluff in Morocco. But as long as the bluff is there, there is potential danger, for we have seen a lot of money change hands in a poker game.

Memorial to The Defenders

(for Bess and Ben)

You Comrades rearing separate barricades
Of bone that's prompt to splinter, blood to spurt
And intricate, swift nerves that shock and dull
At blast of thermite and the bullet's rip;
You Workers gnawed by death astride a cloud,
Shrivelled by flame thrown, churned with mud and steel,
The limbs recoiling at the eyeballs twist,
The breath frayed out between prised, lurching ribs . . .
This love will yet set garlands round your names;
This sacrifice bear increment of joy
When the clean world you die for casts it slough;
And newborn men erect as monument
To your dispersed flesh and valiant hearts
The People's Spain with freedom on its towers!

LEONARD BULLEN.

The Egotists

The living soul is nailed upon a graph
and money bends the index towards despair
but, cushioned soft, our half-hog humans laugh
the child's way, ego's—their private joy sole care.
And still they throw as gypsies do a card,
staking the world come fortune lapse or thrive;
still pitch coins to a ghetto-ghost in the yard;
still yap "Stay yoked!" and still, "Be glad alive!"
Here's paradox, puffed to his size—reject your class,
parcel your pity off for a fool's iota,
fatten yourself like a pet bug under glass,
live for yourself and lo! death's sure your quota.
But death damned more, to end as fascist meat,
hung like a butchered rabbit by your feet.

AARON T. ROSEN.

Hope For Us

LEONARD BULLEN

BY A FINE coincidence, this winter's book list offers an admirable English translation of George V. Plekhanov's *Art and Society*,* along with the *Yearbook of the Arts in Canada 1936*,† prefaced by its editor Bertram Brooker with an essay which is also captioned *Art and Society*. It is very sensible to read both works together. The Marxist classic throws clear light on what is wrong with the Yearbook. Turning the plate and text pages of the latter, you will probably feel that what is essentially wrong with Canadian art (drawn, painted, carved or written) may very well be the attitude of Canadian artists to themselves, their work and their social milieu. Certainly if the mystical and obscurantist definition of the artist's function and place in society stressed in the preface is shared by those whose work is assembled in this book, then it is indeed time that a pause was cried to such immature thinking, and a measure of adult clarity invoked. And because Mr. Brooker is an artist of considerable talent and probable influence, it is important that such faulty shepharding be cautioned against, before it leads into an inevitable morass of sterile painting and gibbered writing.

It is Mr. Brooker's reiterated thesis that the artist has no obligation to society, but only to an abstract, indefinable "beauty" and to himself. He takes exception to the view broadly held today, that the artist should be of some use to his generation and time. Yet it is surely evident that the artist, through a life-long conditioning, does interpret the turmoil or quiet, the hope or despair of his age, whether he will or not. Mr. Brooker writes:

"If such a view were valid the concern of the artist would be hardly separable from that of the journalist or the scientist, who *do* perform functions of use to society. Art has nothing to do with science or journalism . . . Art is not—and should not be—*useful* to society, in any sense whatever!"

Mr. Brooker's artist must plunge into feeling and experience as into a well, and emerge in due course, dripping and a little shaken, with a creation in hand. There is also much talk here of the "nature" of the artist, and how important it is for people to recognise this "temperament" as part of the business of making art, as though artists were a sort of third sex with feathery heels and armpits, and not men and women who fuse talent with difficult labor to produce a picture or a poem.

Further: "The audience should not expect *consideration* from the artist. The sense of beauty makes him oblivious to the practical—to the mundane. He is almost a foreigner in the world." This described artist-

* *Art and Society*. Critics Group Series No. 3: New York. 35 cents.

† *Yearbook of the Arts in Canada 1936*. Macmillans. \$5.

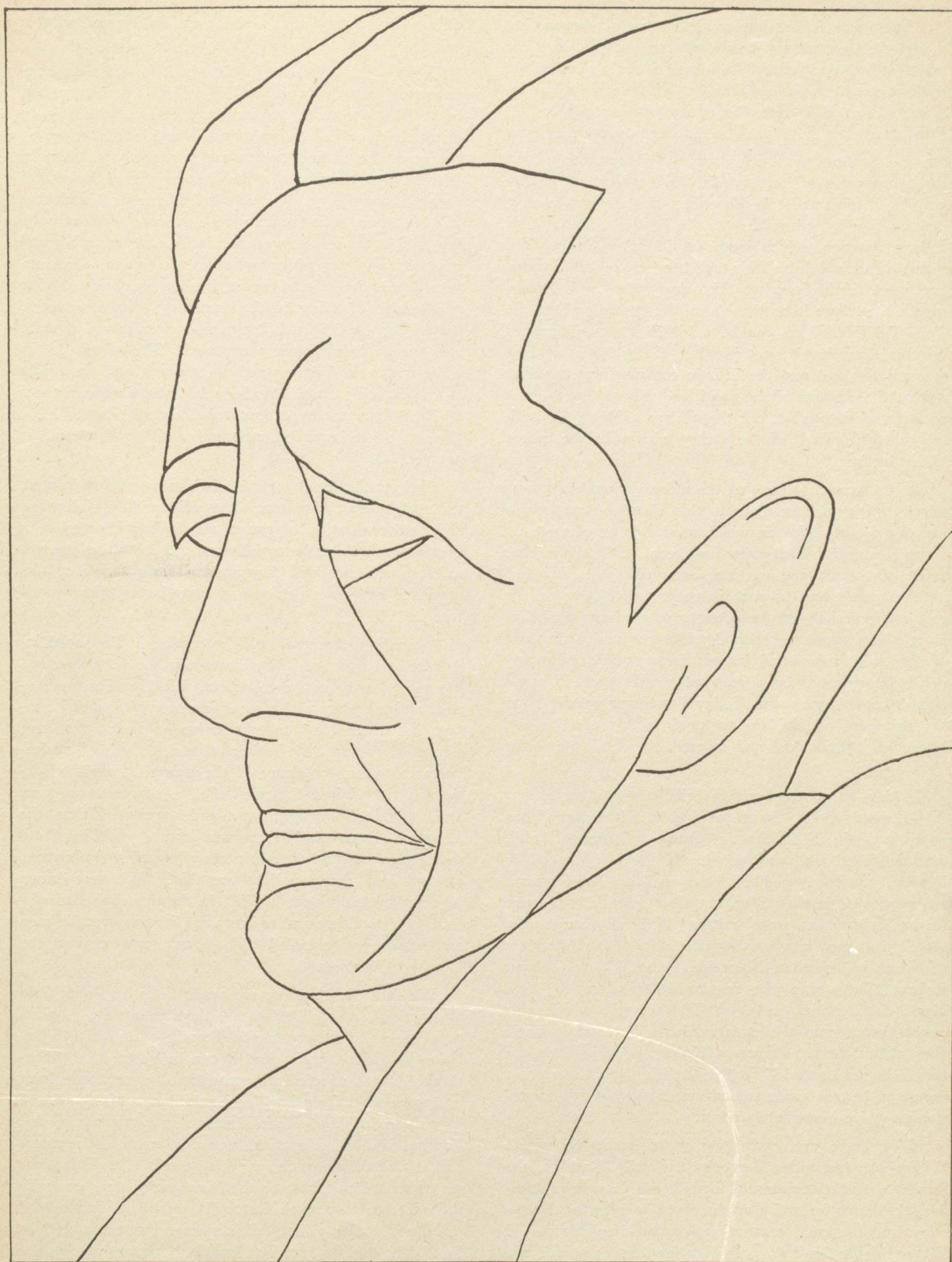
phenomenon heeds the "*power of dreams*". He eschews the call of the socially alert to take sides. "Among fanatical Communists an artist who does not use his gifts to further the cause of revolution is stigmatized as a sort of traitor to his generation. . . . Fortunately it is inherent in the artist's nature that he cannot settle into orthodoxies. . . . The moment he becomes a missionary he ceases to be an artist. . . . The job of economic stabilization is not the artist's business. . . . The artist is concerned with the way God runs the universe, and not with the way man proposes to run it. . . . 'His peculiar value to the community is that he is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact or reason.'"

Now this is quite precedented nonsense. You will hear the same deceptive talk at the festive teas of Authors' Clubs. This phony, this ecstatic innocent non-man with straws in the hair, call him Ishmael, Canadian Artist, Poet, Writer what you will—has been dandled in the lap of that section of the Canadian ruling class which buys art with the good red gold, for much longer than my generation has been in the business. This fiction is a dirty if welcomed trick on patronage, and when believed by the creative man himself, it is a neat and effective form of artistic suicide.

In essence, Mr. Brooker's artist is in revolt against the social order, but without direction. And the resultant, escapist credo of art for the artist's sake is not so far removed from the now discredited art for art teaching. Of the latter, Plekhanov observed: "The tendency of artists to adopt an attitude of art for art's sake arises when a hopeless contradiction exists between them and their social environment."

Plekhanov's comment on the rebellion of the French romantic writers has application: "The romantics wanted to change bourgeois customs without in any way changing the bourgeois social order. But this is obviously impossible. Judged by its practical results, the revolt of the romanticists against the "bourgeois" was ineffectual; nevertheless its impotence had important literary consequences. It gave the heroes of the romanticists that stilted and artificial air which led ultimately to the downfall of the romantic school. Such artificiality can only detract from a work of art."

French literature became drenched with mysticism, "because of the realization that it was impossible to be concerned with form only, and not with content or ideas, and because of the inability to rise to an understanding of the great emancipatory ideas of our times. This realization and inability have resulted in other consequences which, no less than mysticism, have lessened the intrinsic value of the art thus affected.



HUGH MACDIARMID

Margaret Fairley

"Mysticism is the implacable enemy of reason, but reason numbers among its enemies not only mystics but also those who advocate false ideas. *When a work of art is based upon a fallacious idea, inherent contradictions inevitably cause a degeneration of its aesthetic quality.*"

Return a moment to the fanatical Communists. Mr. Brooker protests too much about the danger of applying art to purposes of propaganda. Self-evidently, the hypothetical, ideal artist he describes, has already taken a definite side by subscribing to the bourgeois concept of artistic function, which is to fuddle with "beauty" all forms of art which by their tacit acceptance of the status quo, work for its futurity. Historical precedent indicates, surely, that there is no tenable middle ground, where the Tom Tiddlers of art can be unbiased and uninfluenced creators, listening to nothing but the whisper of God through the soul and the artistic consciousness, heeding neither the clamour of the politicized who are up to their necks in social conflict, nor the sibilant golden voice with the coin chink in it of the gentry who own the means of production.

It has seemed to me that the more obvious objections which reviewers have made to this *Yearbook* are not so pressing as the objection which needed to be taken to its editorial stance. The point has been justly made that much of the art and writing contained dates back five and ten years, and as such is not representative of the creators, especially of the younger men whose work has latterly undergone a sharp development under pressure of economic failings and events. Example: Fritz Brandtner is represented by a pastoral wood panel of apple pickers carved years ago. Today Brandtner is known for his paintings of civilians tortured in gas attacks, for studies of the insulted and injured, the derelict and the dispossessed.

Taking the poetry section briefly, you observe that A. M. Klein's old "Soirée of Velvel Kleinburger" has appeared again, F. R. Scott's "Canadian Authors Meet", first published ten years ago in the *McGill Fortnightly Review*, has taken another lease of life. These poems are very good in their way, but their authors have gone forward since they were written. A. J. M. Smith, for some years now a surrealist poet whose work appears with that of Spender, Macneice, Dylan Thomas, Gavin Ewart, Madge and the regular contributors to *New Verse*, is identified only by "Testament", which also carries over from the undergraduate *Fortnightly* days. The best of the late Raymond Knister is available in the files of *transition* and *This Quarter*, but the Knister poem reprinted here is quite secondary. These are a few instances which immediately occur.

Then there are exclusions which must be noted. Where are Alexander Bercovitz and Lily Frieman, the former a worker-painter of significance in eastern Canada, the latter an artist of fluency who pays no brush-service to the easy convention of Canadian landscape? Where is the Halifax poet Charles Bruce; where are Jean Burton and Jack Parr, two western short story writers of unusual ability? The places which these should

fill are occupied by others who could be dropped without pain.

Yearbook of the Arts in Canada 1936 is artlessly unaware of Canada in 1936, '35 or '34 for that matter. More than one tenth of our population is subsisting on direct relief, subject to malnutrition and indignity, preyed by insecurity, salting their slender ration with despair. Hundreds of thousands in the western drought areas are people without hope. We have had a Hunger March that will be history when much of the delicate personal writing in this book is forgotten. Strife, unrest and brutal persecution of minorities and whole communities in company towns are rife. Fascism is afoot in Quebec. Our middle class is living on the crumbling edge of security, its livelihood threatened, its precious freedom of thought and speech being rapidly curtailed. The virtue of its white collar no longer stands between it and the plight of the laboring class. We have had the wanton murder of Nick Zinchuck by exonerated Constable Zappa . . . "he was a goddamn red, anyways . . ." and the end is not yet.

And yet the social portrait of Canada is being painted, the social history written. The pain and bewilderment and final realization of causes are finding expression in the drawn line and the typed word . . . but they are not in this book, nor will they appear in any book of this nature so long as confusion and unrealistic thinking motivate it.

There is a threat of self-destruction in the social indolence and irresponsibility that marks much of the writing and painting in the collection. We Canadian middle-class artists, happy with a small measure of material comfort, have been loath to take action on issues that have electrified the artists of other countries. Is it of no importance to us that many of the most distinguished artists in the United States swelled a congress last year and organized to fight war and fascism? That the League of American Writers was formed, enrolling those men and women whose work today has most significance, strength and courage? Why was this? "We were drawn together by the threat, implicit in the present social system, to our culture and to our very lives as creative men and women", declared Waldo Frank, who chaired the Writers' Congress.

We face the issues or we evade them by fleeing into abstractions, pretty landscapes, theories of the glorious timelessness of beauty, rhapsodic talk of the artist's relation to the universe. And it can be noted here parenthetically that mystical preoccupations in our time have a practice of trailing into fascist thinking. Marinetti and Pirandello in Italy, Knut Hamsun in Scandinavia, and Thomas Wolfe in America, have demonstrated the moral and artistic disintegration of this process. Idealistic chatter of soul, blood, race or the harmonic spheres can take the artist to hell much faster than the old formula of drink and doxies. The peril is within. Art must keep its head clear and its feet firm on the pavement among the people; for survival, artists must sooner or later align themselves with the forces of progress and social growth.

The peril is without. For artists and writers are also people whose bellies pinch under declining capitalism, whose flesh breaks and whose art perishes under the official heel in fascist countries, unless they embrace the boot that grinds, and purchase a slim substance by the prostitution of culture and decency.

It is true that many artists are not hoping for social change. Of these, Granville Hicks has a word to say: "They have decided that their grievances against capitalism are not so strong as their gratitude for favours received, and they have become, avowedly or in effect, apologists for the existing order. They have . . . lined up in some aesthetic camp that is safely on the side of privilege and property."

It is a tenuous security. In this time of social responsibility and a world's remaking, it is also a denial of

necessity and of the future.

Again consider Plekhanov: "The tendency to regard the function of art as a judgement on the phenomena of life and a readiness to participate in social struggles, develops and becomes established when a mutual bond of sympathy exists between a considerable section of society and those actively interested in artistic creation." In this Yearbook as out of it, there are artists whose *current* work presumes the need of social readjustment, and who are reaching out to vaster, more appreciative audiences than the few thousand art patrons at whose purse strings they have been taught to aim. They have in Canada a waiting audience of millions of people who are hungry to understand and possess art, as they are puzzled and restless to share in the tremendous release of creative force and happiness ahead.

The Boss the Mockingbird

JACK PARR

THE FINAL haunting crash of his dream jerked Don stiffly upright in his chair. Anticipating by a split second the rising surge of pain he clutched instinctively at the sling supporting his left arm, quieting weak muscles that trembled open ends of bone and sent the blood ringing in his temples. His lower jaw, sagging loosely while he slept, clamped tight and began to move sideways, back and forth, slowly as a cow's at cud time. The small chattering sound of his grating teeth brought him awareness of the watching men and like the headlights of a car coming down a rough black road, uncertainly and flickering, consciousness brightened his mind.

He sighed. It was pretty fine to wake up from a dream like that and find himself in this clean warm world. He looked up to see Bushy smiling sympathetically and managed an answering grin, but his eyes dropped quickly. He could tell by the man's close stare that he had been studying him and it made him suddenly enraged. Goddam it all, having a nightmare in the daytime wasn't so rare a thing in this blasted place. He'd watch the Irishman carefully and see if he couldn't catch him at it some fine afternoon.

It seemed hardy credible, but the clock said one-thirty. Only an hour had passed since dinner and here he was in the ward, safely wedged in a chair beside the bed, with the steam sizzling pleasantly in the radiators, and wish wish wish the nurses hurrying past the door with a flash of white and a rustle of crisp linen.

He lit a cigarette and casually studied the room. Renko was sprawled across the bed as usual and DeLong was slouched down, reading. By bending forward a little Don made out the shiny yellow cover of a magazine sunk in the bedclothes. He chuckled softly. It would be great to have Ma Thompson come in and pick that mag up and

rifle through it reading a line or two with tolerant interest as she sometimes did; it would be fascinating just to see the Super's expression when she got the smell of it! And DeLong, the rat, whimpering at night and reading psalms, asking his halfwit minister to pray for the boys, there he was reading the filthiest piece of print Don had seen in many a day. The contrast struck him just as he inhaled and he choked on smoke and smothered laughter.

He could feel himself faintly blushing. It must be quarter to two and in half an hour his wife would be up. Outside, framed in the one great plate glass window, the leafless and stiffly swaying branches of the trees glittered in pale November sunshine. It would be cold today.

Don closed his eyes and tried desperately to remember the way Mary walked on a day like this, scuffling the fallen leaves and lifting her throat to the wind. Above the reek of disinfectant came the elusive scent of memory's dead wet leaves crushed underfoot.

The cigarette burned his fingers as he stumped it out in the tray. Suddenly, all over the room, there were little slaps of sound as the men pitched down their magazines and books, intent with listening. Somewhere down the hall, down near Ninety-Three where there was a mug who had killed a cop in a stickup and had been brought down by the cop's buddies, away down the hall a woman screamed. "Ted!" she shrieked, over and over, until a door slammed and the unnatural hollow echoes of her cries faded into painful stillness.

As his first brief fear receded Don puzzled absently why a mobster had been put in the Compensation Ward (he guessed they wanted a single and the other flats were full) and whether Mary had yelled that way for him. You dog, he muttered, that dame's husband has probably just bumped off, and you want to know if Mary

bawled like that! He felt pretty good, telling himself that Doc Fraser and all East Nine's crew of butchers, to say nothing of the six-ton fruit truck that had tumbled over on him, hadn't been able to bump him off.

In half a minute Renko, who was always after gossip and had leaped from his bed like a rocket when the woman had screamed, came back and said yes, the poor dope had torn all the dressings off his wound and bled to death before the cop who was guarding him had noticed it.

Don's first thought was that the woman would be free. It made him apprehensive and he tried to back his mind away. Maybe the guy had done it because she was a double crossing bitch and he was glad to get rid of her, even to hell. That was ridiculous. The sound of her voice told him that she loved the man called Ted as much as his own Mary loved him. Intermingled with his love for Mary and the woman who was now free, a vague uneasiness stole over him and small warnings that were constantly whispering in his ears became too loud for comfort. Abruptly he ended his speculations and lit another smoke. When he raised his eyes Mary was standing in the doorway.

Goddam it, he said to himself, watching the way she tipped her head and showed one eye under her hat, looking around at all the others in the room before she turned to him, just to make him anxious, goddam it but my wife sure is the queen of this little kingdom. He stared hungrily at her lips and at her form under the tight coat, starting his heart pounding heavily. It gave him happy confidence to feel his heart thumping away inside him. He wished, oh hell how he wished a guy could unbutton his chest and show his heart and say look at it baby, there's a heart, kid, I'm telling you!

But in spite of the thrill of her visit and the look she finally gave him he felt forlorn and far removed from everyone, hunched up in his chair, rubbing the cold, blue, stiff fingers of his left hand. The tears welled up behind his eyes as they often did at night and conscience told him that if he hadn't been a lug he'd have let himself go like the dead punk down the hall and left a girl like Mary free. His stomach writhed.

"What's it like outside, hon?"

"A little chilly, but the sun's warm. Ice on the puddles this morning."

"Did it rain last night?"

"Just a shower. I'm late. Were you waiting?"

He grinned and reached for her small strong hand.

"Aren't you going to stay, hon? Won't you take off your coat?"

"Why sure, all right, I'll stay if you want me to."

Always the same, Don said to himself, never letting anything get casual as most of the wives did, still waiting for him to ask about her coat after four months of visits every afternoon. She was close beside his chair, bending her knees so that he could reach up with his one good arm and help her slip her coat from her shoulders. It was harder, he knew, than if she did it alone, and the memory of all the shows and parties he had taken her to,



helping her off with her coat, flooded back and overwhelmed him.

By the look in her eyes he knew that she had something important on her mind. It couldn't be that Fraser was planning another operation. She was too brightly eager for that. But it must be about his arm, he guessed, remembering how long the old devil had probed that morning.

"Darling," Mary said, the tremor in her voice making him strangely afraid, "darling, the most wonderful thing is going to happen!"

Don looked down at her body, startled, counting the months. His wife laughed and with one swift look around the room bent close and kissed him.

"Silly. Listen, darling. Oh Don, you're coming home!"

He snapped back and picked up the butt of his cigarette, stalling to collect his wits.

"Not for good, sweetheart, just for a few weeks until your arm is healed. Oh Don, aren't you glad?"

"Good Lord, hon! When am I going? Soon?"

So Don Bicker is going home at last, eh? He tried to think of himself as another person, as a man in one of the beds around him, and wondered if the boys would say (glad that he'd improved enough to leave, of course, but regretfully all the same) that Bicker was a real pal and it sure was hell for a big bastard like him to . . .

"And Mrs. Thompson told me everything to do for you and said she would send a nurse around until I got used to it. But I don't need anyone to help me with my own husband, do I? Do I, Don?"

The invitation in her lips and eyes made him lean towards her in sudden clouded longing. Going home and everything to do for me and no help, no help required. Hell no! Home is a three room suite and yellow floors and brown dark wood framing colored paper on the walls.

"And I'll get a good strong chair, nice and soft, and put it where we have the leather one now."

He turned away. He looked down and asked himself as he had never done before, with a finality that ended all his patience, why did she have to say a good, strong chair? He felt her nervously anxious beside him. It wasn't her fault, she hadn't once before said the least damn thing to remind him. But a good strong chair. No Bicker, he told himself, any chair will do, nice and soft. There was a time when you were careful of your chairs, and liked to hear the wood creak under a hundred and ninety-two pounds, but any nice soft chair will suit you now.

He marvelled that he had never considered it before. How much does a leg weigh, off high, close to the hip

For long minutes he sat stooped and motionless, staring down at the faded red slipper on his left foot. Not until his wife left did he rouse himself and tell the boys.

After supper he went back to bed instead of waiting until the evening visitors had gone, and when the night girls came on duty and gathered around in twos and threes to say good-bye, he admitted to himself that he had left the chair on purpose, hoping that if he were lying down with his one knee bent up to raise the bedclothes and hide the vacant space, then the nurses might not remember among all the endless cases in their minds, might not show in their faces the pity they had for his wife and for him. But it didn't work.

"You're lucky, big boy," June smiled wistfully, "even if you don't know it."

"By next spring," Gladys laughed, poking him in the ribs, "you'll be coming up here to visit Pete and you'll never think anything ever happened at all."

"That's right," Don agreed, twisting his face into a stiff grin and praying to God they'd leave him. He could

picture himself clumping out of the elevator on a cork and aluminum leg, with the massive harness cutting into his belly and chest and the sweat greasing his face. Yes, he would buckle the bloody thing on and come up here for a visit and never recall a previous existence.

For the sake of forgetfulness he read a cheap magazine until his eyes ached, tossing it away only when it was time to be rubbed down for the night. When the beds had been re-made and the pillow slips changed and the nurses had moved on to the next room, the melancholy fear that he could not express found him again. With incredulous amazement he heard himself fervently praying that the dawn would never come, that this last night would stretch out and reach to the end of eternity, thrilling him forever with sweet anticipation of the welcome his wife would prepare and silencing the nameless little fears that rose constantly within him. Sudden panic seized him as the lights went out and he fell back on Renko to find some triple aspirins and a couple of phenobarbitol tablets. He swallowed them in clumsy eagerness and talked incessantly to the other men until the drug took hold; lying back and feeling himself slide away he let heavy dull senselessness roll in like a smothering mist. Barbitol, he whispered, barbitol, barbitol! What a damn fool name. It was better than a needle, though, much better, and how peaceful it was, sinking, sinking into a world of yielding pinkness.

No memories, no dreams.

.

Don was almost ready to go when the Super came in to check over his leg dressings and lecture him.

"For goodness sake, Don, don't strike your arm or do anything that might prevent it from healing."

"No, Ma, I'll be careful."

"Good-bye then, old boy, and remember we'll be glad to have you back as soon as Doctor Fraser thinks you're ready for the grafting operations."

They trundled the bed down the halls. Outside, in the bitter cold air, before they swung the bed up and slammed the ambulance doors, Don caught a glimpse of the booby house across the parking lot and saw pale faces behind the bars, staring down at him. In Psycho because they were nuts. Even cork and aluminum was better than that. It was good, going home, flat on your back or not.

The car lurched over a curb, violently reminding him of his arm and making him a little ill. He thought of Mary and tried turning this way and that on the bed, only to prove again as he had countless times before that he couldn't stand having the sling anywhere but resting on his chest. He made up a careful speech to explain this to his wife, but decided he wouldn't be able to remember it, and if he did it wouldn't sound convincing.

When the ambulance swung down the boulevard he craned his neck and watched the living streets flash by the wide low window. Crowds waiting for the lights to change, busses roaring around against the red and here standing behind the safety chains of a car stop, with her arms full of books and her curls tossing in the breeze, a neat slim High School girl looking in at him. She



smiled with her mouth and her pale grey eyes. Bicker, you old bastard, she smiled at you! While his mind kept yelling at him that he was a damn fool, his heart went pounding and he said to himself that he wouldn't meet any serious opposition with that little honey if he had some spare time and really wanted her. He really wanted her, no doubt of that, and she was worth the wanting.

Before he had forgotten her the ride was over and Mary was running down the steps blowing kisses.

"Yes, sweetheart, I'm just as comfortable as I was up in the ward. This is a swell chair, all right."

"I'm glad you like it, Don. Oh darling, I'm half crazy having you back again."

"Same here, hon. Anything on the radio?"

Damn it, but the little suite was neat and cosy. The lamp shone just right on the card table Mary pushed up to his chair. No tray, food on a table again. Wife looking over a bowl of soup saying Isn't it swell? It was a big meal, but it was late, and the breath of outside air had given him real hunger.

The radio went over to a hockey broadcast when Mary brought in the steak, a thick juicy red slab as he once had liked it. Dizziness struck him and he rubbed his eyes. Oh God, his lips framed the prayer as though he meant it, Oh God it hasn't happened and I'm back in the shop working on Mrs. Lander's roadster, God, God, God! The steak was still there, the round bone sliced off neat with the marrow soft inside. He couldn't stop the shaking of his shoulders even though it hurt his arm like flame. Everything swung crazily and Mary was holding him, his face buried between her two firm breasts and her warm breath in his ear. He couldn't hold it any longer, not any longer after the months of nights holding it in. The announcer's voice was a hoarse excited bellow.

Connacher coming down centre ice . . .

down centre ice and over the blue line in the first thirty seconds of play!

And Don Bicker, with the Suprema Oil Company's senior squad, coming down centre ice, hurling over the blue line, sobbing on his wife's breast and the crowd stands up and roars.

Mary tried desperately to kick the switch with her toe but she couldn't reach it and sat stiffly, hugging him and watching a sparrow outside in the dark air shaft, wondering if her heart could hold the love she knew tonight.

In time Don blew his nose and ate a little steak and Mary cleared the plates away. They sat side by side, smoking the cigarettes that Mr. Nelwood, the boss, had sent up. Two shiny tins of fifties and a card, "Welcome home, Don, and Good Luck!" Worry would wait. Man and wife held hands, remembering, planning.

When Mary called it bed time Don didn't object, although he had planned to sit up late the first night, to celebrate. He knew, lying back in the dark while she fixed her hair and fussed about the room, that his brain had never bothered him like this before, with thoughts that came and went before he grasped them. It did no good to kid himself, to think about breakfast or some party he had been on, as he had done in East Nine. There

was no phenobarbital out in the hall. She was coming to bed.

"I'm not crowding you, am I darling?"

Christ, she still uses the same perfume on her nightgown. What was that speech?

"Mary, my arm . . . I mean it's hard for me to move in bed. The sling doesn't hold it tight when I lie down, so . . ."

No, no, that isn't it at all. Tell her, you goddam yellow rat! His throat drew tight, strangling him. He felt warm lips on his, her body against his ribs, then her hot leg.

"You mustn't think about it, Don! Mrs. Thompson told me you were to be very careful, and quiet. She told me we shouldn't . . ."

So the old bitch had told her that, eh? Rage boiled in his heart. Why the hell hadn't they told him, going behind his back telling his wife a thing like that! By God, he'd show them! He slipped his good arm around Mary's shoulders and pulled her close, heaving himself up on his elbow until the sling fell sideways and he felt sharp pain.

He lay back and let sick terror ride over him. He never would be any use. It wasn't just his arm, a chuckle said inside his brain, it wasn't just not being able to move around, but he was no more use and he might as well lie still and let his wife think it was the pain.

He wanted to get up and phone Fraser and ask him why he hadn't been told, but he wasn't certain and strained his memory to recall the first suspicion. Maybe it was the excitement of coming home. But he remembered a couple of weeks ago, waking up and worrying. Farther back than that, months ago, one afternoon when a screen had hidden him from the others and Mary had given him a fierce hard kiss.

Down in the X-ray room, three or four of them whispering, glancing sideways at him, turning back to the shadowy pictures on the screen. Injuries at the base of the spine. Whispers and faint smiles.

Damn them, they must be wrong! Hadn't he seen the little thing waiting for the car and hadn't he said he could have her if he wanted to?

He couldn't want to, the four dim walls of the room jeered. He couldn't now and he never would and forever and forever the bedroom walls would laugh until there was another face behind the bars in Psycho.

His wife's breathing gently moved the bed. The whiteness, the smooth roundness of her, swaying the bed. For the asking.

Somebody else to do the asking.

On the table the little propped-up card smiled Mr. Nelwood's greeting. And on a July afternoon the service station business is brisk. Suprema never hurries a job. (Sleep, and forget the rushed truck wobbling on a faulty hoist.) Suprema Service Satisfies.

That was the flute-like, twittering laughter in the night. For was this not a kind of satisfaction?

Don Bicker turned slowly, careful not to disturb his sleeping wife, and grinned at the card in numb realization.

Women Are Mugs

MARJORIE KING

WOMEN ARE TRYING. They don't think much of themselves. Their husbands have no great opinion of them. To their grown children they are a pain in the neck. Women's conversations with each other are about trivial subjects, persons, clothes, or repairs. They skip the news stories and editorials in the papers and read the society pages, the gossip sections and the cookery columns. Where women gather in numbers they shriek and exclaim. Their speech is full of over-emphasis and blanket adjectives. In mixed groups, even among the serious-minded, the women are apt to be silent and ineffective when the talk turns to science, politics and other non-personal matters. They get round their children by underhand appeals to their softer feelings. They spoil discussions by dragging in the personal element all the time. They give way to temperamental outbursts.

But that is not all that can be said. Women are not essentially mugs. They have been made into mugs by social conditioning. How, precisely, does this come about? How does the kind of life we consider normal for a woman make a mug out of her? But remember that for the moment it is middle-class women we are discussing. The case for working class women is quite different.

Women are mugs: *Because* they are brought up to believe they must marry and keep house for a living. They are taught to expect less of themselves than men, and to fear and distrust "working" for a living as a permanent prospect. The economic system makes this inevitable of course. But what a ridiculous situation! It means that myriads of intelligent women, with extremely varied capabilities and interests, find that if they wish to live a full emotional life, to which mating and parenthood are necessary, they are automatically doomed to one kind of occupation, whether they like it or not. A few can and do carry on their chosen work and bear and rear children as well, but in the face of our social customs they must have almost superhuman strength, and luck as well, to do it successfully. All very well to say a woman can use every bit of talent she possesses in the task of home-making. The fact is that in our inefficient and antiquated housekeeping plants too much energy goes to laundry work and dishwashing, and not enough to the human life that goes on within the home, especially when it is assumed that child-rearing is unskilled labor.

Because, following on this, women are cut off from the conditions of the world in which their children are to live. They are expected to be heavily responsible for moulding their offspring's characters, but must live in such a way that they can neither know from experience the nature of the productive world nor have any adequate opportunity of shaping that world. People imply this when they complain that married women lack discipline. A few years of marriage and motherhood almost com-

pletely unfits a woman to go back to a job again. Housekeepers have plenty of discipline, but it is not the discipline of co-operative social labor, and, indeed, militates against co-operation. Hence the common complaint that women do not co-operate well. It is true, but only partially and not because of any innate deficiency.

Because woman's traditional rôle of realizing her ambitions vicariously, through husband or children fosters the use of petty methods to get what she wants—nagging, cajoling, weeping, jealousy, deceit, all classed as feminine arts or feminine foibles. And the woman of energy and ambition married to a man who lacks these qualities, is forever thwarted and frustrated and will find her outlet in some way. Her man is no less badly off. He is bound to be goaded into situations which do not suit his needs either.

Because hundreds and thousands of women, for years on end are never free for more than a few hours from the physical presence and constant needs of young children. Their minds are continuously attuned to the needs of immature minds. During the twelve waking hours of the children's day the mother dare not apply herself to the point of absorption to any task. She must be prepared to desert whatever she is doing to make sure of a child's safety or comfort. A few years of this habit of constant shifting from one task to another robs many mothers of any capacity for sustained thinking. Moreover preoccupation with the physical needs and habits of other people is not conducive to thinking in impersonal and general terms. The average unaided mother finds her mind so much filled with matters of clean noses, regular bowels, fresh underwear and the high cost of green vegetables that the tariff and the qualifications of candidates for the next election seem so far out of her province as to be utterly unreal to her.

Because women in the home live an unhealthy life. They lack regular outdoor exercise, such as men get in the brisk walk to and from the street-car. Too often they never get out without young children and they rarely play games. Household work gives exercise, of course, but it is frequently the wrong kind, and married women quickly lose the buoyancy and elasticity of their freer days. In the home of small means it is almost impossible to provide for the hygienic measures which enable a woman to go through pregnancy and the periods following childbirth without unnecessary damage to her health. It has for far too long been accepted that most women must have indifferent health. And what of the "nerves" that make husbands and doctors throw up their hands in despair? It is a blot on the good fame of the medical profession that most physicians laugh at "women's nerves" and dismiss them as imaginary. It is pretty safe to assume that few women consult a doctor unless something is wrong, physically or mentally. Unfortunately the doctor alone can do little more than he does, unless he has the insight and courage to attack the social causes

which intensify women's "physiological burdens". It is high time we acted upon the obvious truth that women should be just as healthy as men. But we cannot achieve that ideal so long as husbands and wives recognize that the family's livelihood depends upon maintaining the husband's health at all costs.

Because home-making women lack the stimulating variety of scene and associates that men accept as normal—the trip to work, the work itself and the free-and-easy companionship of their workmates, with the relaxation of the home at the end of the day. Home to the wife means her work, reminders of her work and results of her work three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and if she goes on a holiday she usually takes some of it along with her. Marriage limits a woman's friendships and recreations severely. She misses her former friends and usually sees them only by special effort, and under nerve-racking conditions if both have children. She finds, too, that marriage entails obligatory relationships with other people. She must discharge certain duties to her own relatives and her husband's as well, especially after she has produced grandchildren for the parents. Much of this family duty is pleasant, of course, but much of it imposes heavy burdens and will impose them so long as we endure a society which condemns old people to dependence, illness and loneliness.

Because far too much of women's urge to work and create goes into clothes, house and food. Social pressure, especially the virtual exclusion of women from productive processes, is a factor in this. Another factor is the position of the woman as spender of the family income. An enormous weight of advertising and other sales methods is brought to bear on her to make her believe in the great social importance of smart new clothing, tricky up-to-date household gear of all kinds, and elaborate food. Every woman in the classes above the subsistence level is taught to believe that she must strain every nerve to acquire these things. The result is a terrible concentration of skill and effort upon shopping, the planning of novel bridge luncheons, the creation of strawberry chiffon pies, and a multiplication of little conventions in serving meals and the like which call for more and more gadgets. These women have been seduced by a false profit-makers' ideal of conspicuous expenditure.

Because women's personalities are warped by unsatisfactory sexual life. The need to marry to be assured of a living makes it necessary for women to resort to all sorts of tricks of dress, make-up, deportment and speech to attract the male. See the advertisements in any popular magazine for proof of this. But after marriage, full, free expression of love is inhibited by many things, fatigue, discontent, conflicting routine of husband and wife, worry over money, fear of pregnancy. A deal of nonsense has been written about the frigid wife, the impotent husband, faulty marriage technique and the like, and we are led to believe that marriage would be heaven if all followed the directions of this or that sexologist. The abnormal interest in the subject is in itself a confession. As a matter of pride, pride born of

the whole social complex, women pretend that their marriage—which is their life—is a success. Because they live isolated from each other there is little opportunity for comparison of the real facts, except by discussion. And who will take the first steps in a discussion which may reveal disappointment, disillusionment, and worst of all, apparent failure? Only a handful of intellectuals can keep discussions of personal affairs and private lives on an impersonal level, in any case. But a thousand chance confidences and catch phrases reveal that most women harbour a strain of bitterness in their married lives. This breeds a cold and cynical attitude towards sex. And this attitude, combined with the low grade of physical health we tolerate, makes a poor neurotic thing of love. We are not likely to know how glorious and lasting a thing it can be until men and women come together in the zest of exuberant health and happy work and play together, as economic equals and not as pursuer and pursued, supporter and dependent, breadwinner and cook.

Because by the time her children are grown up, the mother has lost touch with friends and activities which formerly stimulated and developed her, and has hardened into the habits of housekeeping and motherhood. When at last she might seem to be free of her handicaps she is more than ever in their grip. She has performed the only function society recognizes, and now when she looks about for serious occupation she finds herself at a loose end. This is no imaginary problem. Several times a year one woman's magazine or another comes forth with an article on the woman of forty-five. They prescribe activities for her, clubs, books, gardening, music, but she knows, if she is honest, that these are just time-fillers. Whatever unaccustomed outside activities she may undertake, her husband and children will look upon them with some amusement. No one thinks they are really and truly important. She pathetically tries to keep the family together and organizes Thanksgiving dinners and Sunday teas, and everyone tries to co-operate because they are fond of her and rather sorry for her—her health is never what it might be. But they know in their hearts that all this is a little false. Actually the children have gone their own way, far from the mother.

This is a picture of what middle class women may well fear as their lot in life. They are mugs, and if they allow themselves to be submerged they are likely to be just like the older women they see around them. The only ultimate escape is economic equality. But in the meantime what? Not an attempt to make the best of a bad job surely. That is just defeat. There is another way for the woman who rebels against a life like this. She can illuminate it with a healthy realism and get rid of a lot of the lumber which a bourgeois tradition has imposed on her. She can sort out the real from the false in her relationships with other people and in her material life, and get rid of the claptrap of stereotyped, meaningless social obligations and conventions in house-furnishing and table-setting and food. It is only when she has done this that she is free to work toward the real goal of economic freedom for women.

I Don't Believe There Is A Baldwin

J. S. WALLACE

THE HARDEST THING a speaker has to face is not the arguments, but the indifference of his audience. Right now, dear reader, as I proceed to demolish the Great Baldwin Hoax, you are probably saying to yourself, who cares a hoot whether there is a Stanley Baldwin or not? Am I right?

Of course. But I had to establish that before you would follow me further. You will tell me, moreover, that no one ever doubts the existence of Santa Claus until he has a selfish motive for his scepticism, i.e., until called up to spend his own pocket money on Christmas presents. My reply to that is that I still believe there is a Mackenzie King, though his existence costs me plenty; and not on the shallow grounds that I have seen him, but for the more solid reason that I have read *Industry and Humanity*, and nobody but a Mackenzie King could write such a book.

One last doubt. You are thinking: this man is a hardened sceptic; let's not be seen in his company. General charges like this are, of course, difficult to refute. Will it count in my favor if I announce that I believe in Oogopogo, the Loch Ness Monster, and the summer resort Sea Serpent as stoutly as I do in the tourist trade?

The personal factor out of the way, we can now proceed to deal scientifically with the yes or no of Stanley Baldwin.

To begin with, that 1867 birth date, suspicious, isn't it? Far from conclusive, of course. But you and I know in our heart of hearts if we were going to manufacture Empire Cement, let us say, we would try to claim Confederation Year as the period of its origin. But discussions on natal dates are not quite the thing; let us pass on quickly.

The next point we reach in the Baldwin legend is the great Harrow school, 1881. He is supposed to have entered this institution. The pass lists do not record his name.

Let me clear one point up: I am not claiming that there hasn't been a Baldwin family, a Baldwin firm. Far from it. The existence of this family, of this firm, is precisely what first started the Baldwin hoax on its historic course. You know how it is with these old English houses: rather than repaint the old sign, they make sure that in every generation there is an heir to take over. Now no one ever heard of Stanley Baldwin until his reputed (the word is used in its most respectable sense) until, I repeat, his reputed father died in 1908. At this date if there had been a Stanley Baldwin, and if he had been born the year now claimed, he would have been 41 years of age. The fact is that even the most fanatical of that strange sect known as Believers in Baldwin

do not claim that any one had heard of him at that date. 41 years old, heir to one of the greatest family firms, the son of a prominent member of parliament . . . and no evidence whatever of his existence. This simply won't do. We insisted, rightly, that Joseph Smith show the Book of Mormon before we would believe in him; that Mary Baker Eddy live forever in order that we should accept her Science and Health as our way of life. If God didn't exist, said Voltaire, it would have been necessary to invent him. We are, to say the least, justified in refusing to argue with people who have no evidence that there was a Stanley Baldwin until, well advanced in time, they took a hint from the French savant and created one.

In 1908 there was a crisis in the Baldwin family. There was the headship of the firm of Baldwin's Ltd. in doubt, and no female issue would be permitted to take over. There was the parliamentary seat of Bewdley begging for a Baldwin—and Woman's Suffrage had not been voted. In a crisis like this, you can always leave it to the ladies: Stanley Baldwin was "born" to fit the occasion. The work of ushering him into the world full grown was very well carried out. But at one point the conspirators slipped: there is an issue of the English Hansard reporting a speech supposed to have been delivered in Parliament by a Stanley Baldwin, late in the year 1908. But it was officially credited to a man then dead many months: the elder Baldwin.

The founders of the Believers in Baldwin cult never made that kind of a slip again. But the record is still there to expose them—though readers are warned they must investigate it early before, like Mussolini's police court dossier, it mysteriously disappears.

The invention of Stanley Baldwin was a family matter. But, as has happened before, what started out as a private faith soon became a state religion. In the post-war crisis of British imperialism it was just as necessary to have a figurehead as Prime Minister as it was to have a figurehead as King. Ramsay MacDonald was tried hopefully several times. But people got to mistaking him for the newel post in Lord Londonderry's stairway. So Baldwin was taken over and made official. John Gunther, in his *Inside Europe*, quotes a Conservative leader as saying in 1918 that he had never seen Baldwin. And in 1923 when "Stanley Baldwin" was presented to the public as Prime Minister, Lord Curzon exclaimed "he is not even a public figure."

But they draped their lay figure with a pig and a pipe and the Baldwin legend was by now well launched. (The derivation of the pig and pipe idea from Alice in Wonderland will be obvious to the reader.)

The evidence that there is no Stanley Baldwin is now

crushing, though it is not expected to convert Believers in Baldwin whose faith has no relation to, or dependence upon, evidence of any kind. To make this explosion of the Baldwin Hoax as complete as a scientific work of this kind should be, I will, however, deal with one or two of their "arguments" in favor of the existence of a Baldwin.

First, they claim it is incredible that a non-existent being should be inserted into the English Cabinet which is so much in the public eye, not to say hair. I'll answer that question by asking, and answering, three others:

Who was Edward Wood, member of "Baldwin's" cabinet as Minister of Agriculture?

Who was Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India?

Who is Lord Halifax, Keeper of the Privy Seal, in the present "Baldwin" cabinet?

The answer is: not three men, but one. If the English ruling classes can transform one man into three, credit them with ability enough to conjure up one man out of nothing!

But, say the Baldwinites, the existence of Baldwin conforms to present day reality. In reply I refer them to the Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor. In one of these they will read of an aerial attack on a ship which was destroyed as a result. Will any one try to tell us that just because there do exist aeroplanes and they do destroy ships that we must believe in the existence of the fabled Roc? Let us have done with these credulous people.

There remains only to explain more specifically why "they" keep up the Baldwin hoax when they are beginning to throw kings around as though they were not the next best bet to aces. Let me tell a story out of my own experience to illustrate the reason, and you match it with one from yours.

My brother Howard could beat anybody in the family playing checkers except myself. It got so that he refused to play with me, while making it hot for others. One night I sat reading a magazine while he was gloating over a game with my young sister. The shadow of the magazine, falling on the checkerboard, gave me an inspiration. I drew my sister aside and tipped her off to follow the moves indicated by the corner of the shadow. She did. So did others. Soon we brought in a child of the tenderest years, played up as an infant prodigy, and he took another licking. "The trouble with all of you," said Howard, "is that you play the same mechanical kind of a game as Joe."

A short time ago the shadowy figure of Sir Donald Hankey slipped through Canada, across the Pacific to Australia, to Singapore, to India, to South Africa, and then back to England. Since then there has been a sudden upsurge in the military budgets of all the Dominions, Canada very much included. But none of the public noted the journey of Sir Donald Hankey. They were too busy looking at the briar pipe of "Stanley Baldwin".

Great conjurers, the English ruling class. They know how to keep public interest at one point while the devious work is going on at another.

French Novelists of Today

V. LOUIS-FERDINAND CELINE

CÉLINE'S REAL NAME is not Céline but Desportes or something of the kind. No-one is quite sure, but then no-one is quite sure about anything which has to do with the private life of this hermit of literature, who has no interest in advertising himself, belongs to no clique and is as far removed as possible from the conventional pattern of a Frenchman of letters. Not long ago I met a critic who boasted that he was the only man who had ever interviewed Céline in his lair, the lair being the hospital in a Paris working-class suburb where Céline practises as an interne. He was privileged to sit for half an hour and watch Céline examine tongues and count pulse-beats. There was no conversation about literature, because Céline was not interested in discussing the matter, but my critic friend was as proud of his unique achievement as if he had captured the baby panda. On only one occasion, as far as I know, has Céline taken part in a public function of a literary nature and that was last autumn when he delivered the annual address at Méan in memory of Zola. The speech had very little to do with Zola, but reveals a good deal of the blend of systematic misanthropy and qualified anarchism which might be said to constitute Céline's philosophy of life. *The New Statesman and Nation* printed an English translation of this speech last October.

Only a few facts, then, were known. The rest can be filled in by rough guess-work from Céline's novels which are accepted as largely autobiographical in content. The career of that unique character in fiction, Ferdinand Bardamu, is not very different from that of his creator. Céline is about forty years old. His family belonged to the lowest economic stratum of the petty bourgeoisie. In every large urban centre of France are thousands of people who just manage to keep body and soul together and to remain "respectable" by keeping small shops or selling things on commission. They spend their days dodging bailiffs and renewing promissory notes, and pinch, scrape and worry themselves into the grave. These people consider themselves socially superior to any proletarian, but in reality they are infinitely more defenseless and exploited and face a more hopeless future than the unionized industrial worker. If present society is destined to spawn its own future executioners, it will not be surprising to find many of them, particularly in France, springing from this depressed margin of the middle class.

Céline had a few months' fighting at the beginning of the War and was lucky enough to be so severely wounded that he was invalided out of the army. At some time or other, either during or after the War, he went to French Equatorial Africa and got a quick bellyful of imperialism at short range. It is surprising how many contemporary French novelists have been startled into a sense of the

realities by a peep behind the facade of Empire. Gide's political awareness dates from his trip to the Congo and *Voyage au Congo* and *Retour du Tchad* (1927) are the literary points of departure for this phase in his career. Henry de Montherlant has not yet dared to publish his *Rose du Sable* which deals with French North Africa. Leonard Woolf is perhaps the best English example of this curious modern by-product of imperialism.

His career as a novelist did not begin until 1932. In that year a new and adventurous firm of publishers, Denoel et Steele, brought out *Voyage au bout de la nuit* (*Journey to the End of the Night*). The author was Céline and the novel was what the French now call a *roman-fleuve*, that is to say it was fairly formless and of inordinate length, as is the modern fashion. But it was not just something long and loose; it caught the attention of the public by its gargantuan disrespect for almost everything under the sun. Bardamu, the principal character, bumming his way from France to Africa and from Africa to America constantly reminded the readers of a small urchin pulling snooks at a man in a top-hat. Generals, colonial administrators, American business men, all come in for a generous share of eloquent, bawdy, slangy ridicule. Nothing quite like it had appeared in France since the days of Rabelais and indeed "rabelaisian" is the best single adjective that describes both the style and the content of Céline's work. But along with slang and this Gallic earthiness were curious flights into the unreal, luxurious imaginative passages as unbridled as the realism that counterbalanced them. The *Voyage* was like a stone dropped into a duck-pond; it made a lot of splash but the ducks went on quacking and none of them—unfortunately—had been hurt.

Céline's next adventure into literature was a play called *L'Eglise*, though no-one knows either why it was so called or for what reason it was removed from the boards of the Vieux-Colombier after one solitary performance in 1933. Bardamu makes his appearance again and scenes wander from Africa to New York, from the League of Nations to Paris suburbs. It preaches the same gospel of *je m'en foutisme* (to Hell with everything) that saturated the *Voyage*, but the tone is distinctly more acid.

Then in 1936 came the second and the latest of Céline's *romans-fleuve*. *Mort a Credit* is 700 pages long. It is not a stone thrown into a duck-pond this time but a burst of machine-gun fire at close range. Its language is so forthright and so elemental that the publishers, with the author's reluctant consent, had taken the unique step—unique for French publishers—of omitting words, sentences and whole paragraphs from the text and leaving the corresponding white spaces in the printed page. But even with these gaps *Mort a Credit* is startling reading. It is at once incredibly depressing in its patient exploration of the depressed tenth of a depressed class and exhilaratingly vituperative. Because of this unusual combination it reminds one of Swift, though the author of *Gulliver's Travels* and of the *Modest Proposal* sounds like a jolly Rotarian compared to Céline when the latter really gets under way. Like Swift also, Céline takes a

fundamentally excremental view of the universe. That five-letter French word which General Cambronne immortalized at the Battle of Waterloo occurs at least six times to a page and this calculation is made without counting the many verbal and adjectival forms in which this vigorous noun-interjection can appear. The rabelaisian realism of the *Voyage* is raised to the tenth power in the later novel and one of the greatest *tours de force* in that connection is the description of a boatload of seasick passengers making a rough crossing from Dieppe to New-haven. I defy the most case-hardened critic to read that short chapter without acute physical discomfort.

Mort a Credit has not yet been translated and I doubt if it ever will be, but it has been suggested that an adequate title would be *Death on the Instalment Plan*. Out of the welter of slang, crudeness and rage in which this monster novel is entirely composed emerges a skilfully constructed and pathetic picture of childhood and adolescence: Ferdinand growing up in a mean street in Paris, Ferdinand driven into sullen heartlessness by his father's blind rages and his mother's incessant whimpering, Ferdinand endlessly job-hunting from the age of fourteen onwards and when employed in the most useless and fantastic ways. *Mort a Credit* is a distinguished novel of adolescence ranking among its contemporaries with Jules Renard's *Poil de Carotte* and Henry Troyat's *Faux Jour*.

Céline's political ideas are simple and he does not often bother to express them. All employers are—s; all jobs, except a few hand-picked ones at the top, are full of—. Not a very developed philosophy, and one is reminded of that other political infant, Restif de la Bretonne, who described French society on the eve of the Revolution with the same utter frankness and stubborn realism that Céline displays today. Like Céline he was both ignorant and contemptuous of either reformers or revolutionaries. His only social work was a perfectly serious treatise, *Le Pornographe*, pleading for more and better brothels. Dying organisms give off an odour of decay and Restif was the carrion-fly that settled on the *ancien regime* not long before its demise. Translated into terms of the twentieth century, Céline is the Restif of French bourgeois society today.

FELIX WALTER.

Sixth Annual
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Souvenirs. Prizes for Costumes.

Wear Russian or Oriental costumes, if possible.

AUSPICES—FRIENDS OF THE SOVIET UNION
PROCEEDS TO GO FOR SPANISH DEFENCE

Books

Life Without Capitalists

ONE GOOD STEP toward the union of theory and and practise has been made by the authors of *Britain without Capitalists*.* "This volume in no sense represents a programme. It is not a sketch of a party policy . . . It is an attempt by a group of about a dozen economists, scientists and technicians . . . to apply a certain body of principle to a critical analysis of the conditions of British industries today and the possibilities of achievement open to the working people . . . once the capitalists class were removed" says the preface. No attempt is made to cover the entire problem; in the ten sections of the book the more fundamental industries are analyzed: transport, distribution, building, coal and power, agriculture, chemical industry, textiles, iron and steel and a final section on science and education supplies the key to the entire book and the gigantic problem which it surveys.

The general theme which forms the basis of reorganization of industry without capitalists is the obvious essence of socialism; production for use. This means that the only limit to what society can consume under socialism is what society can produce.

The importance of this book lies in the fact that much economic theory and technical details are welded into a series of concrete proposals for the socialization of the eight most important British industries. Many fundamental questions which are constantly being raised are here answered, not in philosophical terms but in outline plans for the reorganization of basal industries. While the consideration is limited to British industry, the principles involved and much of the details are of general application.

The authors launch two prospects: a consideration of what might be immediately achieved and a long view of the results to be anticipated from socialist planning together with the application of scientific research. They first see the unleashing of productive forces once the shackles of monopoly and monopoly-profits are broken. It is a familiar fact, which the authors amplify in detail, that a large range of industries seldom work to full capacity and sometimes do not even do so at the height of a boom. At a time of crisis surplus capacity is almost universal, notwithstanding much spacious argument to the effect that this is prevented by *competition*. Much evidence indicates that at a conservative estimate this surplus capacity in British industry amounts to not less than 30 per cent even when due allowance is made for the fact that such plant idle today may be obsolete.

Without capital expenditure then, beyond maintenance, production might immediately be increased by a

third with a corresponding utilization of labor power once the bogey of profits is removed. If, as has been said, the Chinese could be induced to wear their shirts one inch longer, Lancashire would be saved; it is unnecessary to go so far afield, an extra shirt apiece for British workers would more than suffice though China has a population ten times greater than Britain. This is the solution offered: there is ample demand but much is not "effective demand"—the demand is not supported by the means with which to buy. Increased employment will make the demand "effective" and at the same time increased production will satisfy the demand. This is not simply a more uniform distribution of national income, it is a more uniform distribution of increased income.

These estimates consider only the taking up of the present slack. The more significant consideration follows, the general economic and scientific plan to extend production both in industry and agriculture to satisfy increasing social need. In the various industries examined the authors consider in some detail the form which the expansion will take. This varies with the industry but primarily consists in the utilization of more extensive machinery and scientifically controlled procedures. Under socialism, however, it is unnecessary to visualize an ever expanding industry. As an industry reaches a production level where needs are satisfied labor power may be diverted in more necessary directions or to general reduction in working hours.

One point which appear to have troubled many advocates of socialism in Britain is the question of foreign trade and the more difficult problem of foreign tribute to British capitalism. These questions are considered both in general and in connection with the several industries. Deliberate adoption of a policy of economic nationalism is repudiated. National or regional specialization in industry or agriculture is regarded as economically desirable if not essential. One of the great emancipating forces of a socialist Europe, it is recognized, would be the breaking down of the walls of economic nationalism. Modern industrial technique and scientific agricultural procedure make it possible for a country, if necessary, to become self-sufficient in things she never previously produced much more readily than was formerly the case. Such a contingency might be temporarily forced upon a socialized Britain but it would never be pursued as a policy.

The cancellation of foreign tribute is in some respects a more serious matter which would have to be faced, more serious than in countries where imperialism has not so far progressed. It is pointed out that at the present time, the value of British imports are almost £300 million greater than the value of export and re-export goods. This difference is made up for by "invisible exports"

**Britain without Capitalists*. By a group of economists, scientists and technicians. Lawrence & Wishart. \$2.50.

consisting in the main of three items: interest on foreign investments, short interest and commissions and shipping income. A considerable part of this would obviously be cancelled by a socialized Britain. No people in honesty could liquidate their capitalists and at the same time themselves become capitalists, living on the exploitation of subject or foreign people. This admittedly would be a serious difficulty for which compensation would have to be found if socialism were undertaken in Britain today. Out of many detailed considerations two significant points emerge. In the first place this monopoly-tribute is already dwindling and will decrease further, it is estimated, at an accelerated rate. Before a Soviet Britain is established this source of income may well have shrunk to a very much less significant figure. Actually these authors find much evidence pointing toward important compensating factors in foreign trade. If, they consider, India were freed of its somewhere about £100-million annual tribute for which goods or services are not received, India would be free to make favourable trade agreements, favourable to both India and Britain. What is true of India would probably be equally true of colonies, dominions and other states.

Already there is of course one great socialist country, the growth of a chain of socialist countries would break down over the whole area the barriers which economic nationalism has today imposed and which are a principal reason for the shrinkage in international trade and of British exports.

If industry and agriculture is to expand in these directions, many more thousands of trained men and women will be essential. The new state would take steps to ensure a general and considerable raising of the educational level of workers. As science is permitted to develop industry the inevitable reaction will be the expansion of scientific research and technical education. And as scientific processes increase production, there will be the demand and the leisure for greatly increased cultural development.

One might wish that the authors had devoted less space to a critical analysis of existing conditions and more to the plans of socialization but the book will stimulate and clarify socialist thinking and at the present time that may be more important than precise plans.

GUILFORD B. REED.

Life Seen Through Tears

Honourable Estate, a Novel of Transition. By Vera Brittain. MacMillan. \$2.50.

IT IS HARD to be patient with Vera Brittain for her failure. She sets out with a very definite, well-documented experience of the changed status of women in England during the present century, of the women that is of the privileged classes. She herself, as she told us in the *Testament of Youth*, has gone through the process, and she repeats it here in *Honourable Estate*. The facts are all in her mind and are patiently, and at some length, set down. Moreover we are left in no doubt about the author's sincerity in all that she writes. Her zeal for peace and the Labour party are unmistakable, and it seems graceless and scandalous to repeat that the book is a failure. What is wrong with it?

As a work of art not much can be said about it, and probably its author does not herself think of it in such terms. But unfortunately the book is likely to be popular and it is worth while analysing its appeal.

In her Foreword Vera Brittain speaks of the "maturity of the spirit which comes through suffering and experience". This is a common enough fiction, and is the great fallacy running through the book, a fallacy which discounts all the good intentions in the world. The sufferings and experiences through which Janet and Ruth are supposed to reach their spiritual maturity in the story are the sufferings of bereavement, ill-adjustment in marriage, child-birth, sex-experience desired or not desired. Now nearly every woman goes through most and many go through all, of these experiences. But we are not all noticeably wise or mature. The truth is, as all great dramatists and novelists have known instinctively, that only the wise can learn wisdom. Not all the suffering in the world can make Ophelia spiritually mature.

Further, Janet and Ruth advance in wisdom with their eyes full of tears. Now tears have their place, as a nervous relief and so forth, but if there is one thing they do not do it is help anyone to see clearly. The great moments of Ruth's life are when she is standing by a grave, or singing a hymn in a cathedral crowded with uniformed men. It is a shame that Vera Brittain should so insult her public as to suggest that these are moments favourable to an advance in wisdom, or to hope that they can give any basis for a new order of society. She has, to judge from the Foreword read *War and Peace*. Does she remember those wonderful passages in which Peter and Andrew are conscious of a step deeper into reality? Peter as a prisoner among the French soldiers, Andrew lying wounded on the battlefield, are stripped by the harshness of their experience into a direct dependence, a feeding as it were, on life. Vera Brittain's women feed on death, and cherish their dead most when heads are bowed in prayer or when hymns are being sung. They have to make long excursions to graves or to home-countries in order to squeeze out another drop of sentiment, to become again "dazed with memory and half blinded with tears" (p. 542). Those who enjoy *Honourable Estate* are, for the time at least, disqualified for any strenuous thinking. "Heads up, and eyes dry" might be a good revolutionary slogan for the bourgeois left-minded minority to adopt.

MARGARET FAIRLEY.

A Socialist Classic

The Theory and Practice of Socialism. By John Strachey. Ryerson Press. \$3.00.

The Coming Struggle for Power drew attention to its author, John Strachey, as a keen and fearless analyst of the social and economic forces at work in the world today. If his two succeeding volumes, *The Menace of Fascism* and *The Nature of Capitalist Crisis* fell short of this achievement, his latest book undoubtedly approaches more nearly the standard set by it.

This work is a general restatement of the case for socialism and communism. Such a restatement Strachey considers necessary for several reasons. In the first place he sees both socialism and communism as growing, changing, developing concepts. Secondly he points out that, socialism being now a living reality, doctrine must be re-evaluated in the light of actual experience. And lastly, in view of the prevailing confusion regarding both the desired goal and the methods to be used in achieving it, he feels that such a recapitulation as he presents is indeed timely.

The direct objective of the working class movement is the achievement of socialism and communism. Strachey follows Lenin in considering the former—"the social ownership of the means of production and the distribution of products according to the work of the individual"—an important step toward the ultimate goal, communism, which is based on the principle, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs".

He attributes the failure of the English working class movement to the ignorance of its leaders regarding the "Science of

Social Change" as propounded by Karl Marx. Furthermore he points out that the very basis of the programme of the British Labor Party is the fallacious assumption that imperialistic capitalism, in its continued expansion, will be strong enough to defy resistance and at the same time productive enough to grant the concessions necessary to keep the working class quiescent. Capitalism, far from expanding, he sees in decline, and that decline must be accompanied by a steady infringement on democratic institutions, inevitable war, and a progressively lower standard of living for the masses.

Strachey's programme is as definite as his analysis of the problem to be faced is concise. Three steps are essential if the working class is to escape catastrophe. The first of these is "the reunion of the working class with its most active and advanced members"—those of the Communist Party. These are the only ones who understand the "science of social change" and who are adequately prepared to make a real stand in a moment of crisis. It is, according to Strachey, this lack of knowledge which accounts for the pitiable showing of the British Labor Party from 1931 to 1936. Ignorance of the fundamental issues involved prevents the adoption of any real programme and the possibility of obtaining a majority at the polls actually *frightens* the leaders of a party supposedly representing labor. Hence the author insists that the first essential step to be taken is a union of forces which will provide the working class with its only trained and active leaders. The second plank in this platform is the creation of a wide Peoples Front. This rather heterogeneous group would be taught and guided by the leaders mentioned previously. The third and final step, automatically resulting from the first two, is the development of a "single, united, highly organized, highly politically conscious working class party". These Strachey regards as the necessary steps to socialism, and he concludes that the only alternative to socialism is another descent into barbarism.

The work is, in many respects, a workers' manual. It contains a concise account of the differences between the economy of a capitalist society and that of one based upon production for use. Another section deals with the relation of the political to the economic in the socialist state. A third outlines the history of the British working class under industrial capitalism. The final, and most important, part of the book is devoted to a description of the "Science of Social Change". Here, in outline form, the Marxian thesis is set forth. In summary, Strachey has here provided the working class with both a textbook on the theoretical aspects of the class struggle, and a practical programme for the intelligent marshalling of its forces which he considers essential if society is to escape catastrophe. It is not surprising that Professor Laski has voiced the wish that every representative of labor read and digest the message it contains.

LORNE T. MORGAN.

New Writing

The New Caravan. Edited by Alfred Kreymbourg, Lewis Mumford and Paul Rosenfeld. W. W. Norton and Co. \$3.95.

THERE IS a temptation to compare this new edition of the American Caravan with the anthology *Proletarian Literature in the United States*, which it rivals in presenting a cross-section of the new American literature. The temptation becomes stronger as one reads it through and discovers that the work of the left-wing writers predominates, both in quantity and quality; although it should be noted that this is due not so much to the sympathies of the editors as to the fact that most writers of this generation who have anything to say are aligned on the political Left. But this uniformity of political outlook does not impose any standardization, in either style or subject matter, and in this point at least the Caravan gains in interest over the proletarian anthology. If it falls far behind it in other respects, it is the fault of that literary eclecticism which marred the former Caravans, and which is unfortunately all too evident in the present volume.

In a carefully worded preface the editors disclaim any "totalitarian" vision of America; it is their aim, in the spirit of Whitman, to present its multiplicity. But Whitman's failure to synthesize the varied elements in his poetry does not necessarily imply any *deliberate* attitude towards his subject matter. Rather is derived from the maelstrom of economic expansion and social chaos in which he lived, and in which only a trained sociologist could define the diverse threads which made up the many-colored pattern of American life. For Whitman and his contemporaries, an inclusive totalitarian vision of America was impossible. For the writer and critic of today it is not only possible but necessary, if we are not to yield to irrationalism and mysticism. Such a vision of America, with a contingent set of values rejecting all that is false and irrelevant in contemporary life, would have prevented the editors from publishing in volume after volume the work of the literary poseurs whose bogus "originality" and snobish affectation have done so much to discredit what is new and experimental in American literature, just as the antics of Dali and his satellites have befouled what is new and revolutionary in American painting.

Richard Wright's story "Big Boy Leaves Home" is easily the best thing in the collection. Wright's prose style evokes adjectives like clean, lean, muscular. In his simply told story of a lynching he creates with seeming ease the atmosphere of horror which so many American writers have attempted with indifferent results. His story can be compared with the best work of Ambrose Bierce and Stephen Crane; we may expect big things from this young Negro novelist and poet. Next to it, Meridel Le Seuer's novelette "The Bird", Paul Corey's "Bushel of Wheat; Bushel of Barley" and the poetry of Jean Toomer and Muriel Rukeyser seem to me to be the most successful pieces. Bob Brown contributes an exhilarating experiment in agitational prose, a relatively neglected art form. Delmore Schwartz' poetic play is interesting not so much for its subject matter or for any technical innovations, but for the consistently high level of its poetry. And "Sound of Trumpets" by Ernest Brace is a convincing and rather frightening picture of embryonic American fascism.

On the debit side there is the customary amount of bad poetry, some very dull stories, and one or two specimens of the shopworn balderdash of e. e. cummings, William Carlos Williams, and other once-talented writers whose appearance in each successive Caravan seems to be more of a convention than anything else. All in all it is a disappointing collection. After a lapse of five years which have witnessed fundamental changes in American life and letters, one had expected something more exciting, and much more important.

PAUL KELLY.

Worker's Nutrition

Workers' Nutrition and Social Policy. International Labour Office (League of Nations). \$1.50.

HERE IS AN extensive accumulation of data, partly physiological but largely statistical, concerning human nutrition, malnutrition and undernourishment. The controversial problem of the physiological basis of nutrition is reviewed in considerable detail and elaborated in connection with occupation, climate and many other factors. This is then followed by statistical information on the production of food stuffs and their consumption in most parts of the world excepting the Soviet Union and Asia.

The conclusions reached are important, as:

"Large numbers of the working population not only in impoverished or depressed areas but even in the most advanced industrial countries are inadequately nourished. Such malnourishment and under-nourishment are not the result merely of temporary dislocations due to an industrial depression, though a depression usually has an aggravating influence. It is a condition found among many employed workers in times of normal business activity.

Inadequate and insufficient nourishment among workers is due in some measure to an ineffective use of available income owing to ignorance of nutritive values, inability of the poor housewife to make the best use of her money, etc. But its primary and most important cause is inability to buy the right kind of foods, especially protective foods, in the necessary quantities. Low income or lack of purchasing power is thus the root cause of the inadequate nutrition of large numbers of workers and their families.

The potential productivity of agriculture is such as to enable producers to supply the food stuffs necessary to improve the dietaries of the working population in most countries. The non-use of potential capacity and the misuse of some of the existing capacity have undoubtedly been aggravated by recent economic trends, but they are due essentially to deeper maladjustments created by changes in agriculture and in world economy . . ."

G. B. R.

Correspondence

A LETTER FROM TOM MOONEY

County Jail No. 1

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Friends:

The hearings on my application for a writ of habeas corpus, lasting for more than one year in which there were one hundred and thirty-five court days, amassed a tremendous record of 15,000 typewritten pages of transcript of testimony and six hundred odd exhibits, before a Referee appointed by and sitting for the California State Supreme Court. We closed the actual record of this hearing on August 31, 1936.

For the first time in twenty years, we were able to present all the facts developed subsequent to my frame-up trial and conviction, more than amply proving my three specific charges against the State of California: first, the use of perjury to convict me; second, knowledge on the part of California officials of the perjury so used; third, suppression of material evidence by the California authorities that would have established my unquestioned innocence.

Then began the real task in this long, desperate struggle, of preparing for the Referee and the Justices of the California Supreme Court the following documents from the above record:

1. Findings of fact;
2. Abstract of the record;
3. Exceptions to the Referee's findings;
4. Brief of the entire evidence.

The cost of legal assistance required in marshaling the facts from this tremendous record and the clerical help, printing and binding of same, staggers our imagination, but in spite of it all, it must be done and we are now doing it. At least \$10,000.00 will be required to accomplish this great task. Our funds were completely exhausted in the year-long hearing.

Now, as never before, I need your generous, continued financial support. Without it we are lost. With it there is hope of real ultimate victory. I plead with you fervently from the depths of my heart for assistance, which you have so faithfully and generously given in the past. I cannot urge upon you too strongly the immediate need for a response to this appeal. The attorneys are crippled in their efforts to do the many things before them. I implore you to send an immediate contribution as generous as the circumstances will permit, and for this continued support you shall have my undying gratitude.

With every good wish to you and yours,

TOM MOONEY—31921.

Direct all funds and communications to Tom Mooney Molders' Defence Committee, P. O. Box 1475, San Francisco, Calif.

IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE of *New Frontier* appeared an article written by Mr. A. M. Stephen, apparently intended to inquire impartially into the state of poetry in Canada. In trying to do so, he also speaks of the past state of poetry in Canada and the birth of Canadian poetry. The article is very instructive,

and shows a close acquaintance with the subject. But he takes the view that Canadian poetry is, and is only, English-speaking Canadian poetry. If this is so, how are we to define the nationality of the poetical people of the largest province of Canada, who speak only French, and who have produced excellent poetry and are still producing masterpieces? Even their nationalistic poetry of the past, which clearly expressed their fight to be recognized as Canadians on an equal basis with the English Canadians, is worthy of consideration.

In view of the surprises now being prepared in Quebec, among them the Separatist movement, it is a error on Mr. Stephen's part to put the question as he did. It is very wrong to draw the conclusion that the great struggle of '37 found no echo in Canadian poetry. It found such an echo in Quebec that today the whole force of reaction is using all possible means to change the meaning and even the content of all the revolutionary poetry written about "our 1789" as Mr. Stephen rightly calls it.

As a single example I draw to Mr. Stephen's attention the name of an outstanding Canadian poet, Robert Choquette, lines from whose "Suite Maritime" appeared in an early issue of *New Frontier*, reflecting the struggle of the fishermen with the sea, and all that passes in the minds of those remaining ashore, waiting for the breadwinners to come back from the storm.

Mr. Stephen has contributed much to Canadian letters. It would be a loss for both English and French Canadians for him to continue to restrict his talents and researches to English-speaking Canadians only.

ANDRE BOULET.

IT IS HARD FOR ME to understand why Mr. Forsey, in his letter appearing in the December issue, should fear that I would call him a "liar" for his comments on the United Front. We are in close agreement on many points.

No doubt I should have confined my observances to the West, for I know nothing of Quebec. If there are shopkeepers, workers and intellectuals in the French Province who long for fascism, my apologies for ignorance.

Naturally, I expected scepticism regarding the "left" sympathies of the younger Liberals. Mr. Forsey is wrong in believing that the *Winnipeg Free Press* is simply in favour of a "peace bloc of free governments". This paper has taken an attitude of relentless severity towards the Spanish rebels, the farcical non-intervention agreement and Quebec fascism. The only recent sign of reaction on the part of the *Free Press* was its tendency to favour the defeat of a labor City Council majority, but it cannot be denied that civic issues are complex and that the labor group repeatedly rejected all offers for a United Front.

Mr. Forsey saw fit to emphasize my comments on the French situation and the more advanced state of affairs in that country. Why? I did not suggest that the time was ripe for building up a United Front of Liberals. There is no United Front. I thank my critic for hammering home this point. It is up to the C.C.F. and the Communist Party to build the framework; only after that is done can the Liberals be approached. And I think it is obvious that the framework will be built only when the situation warrants it, for history is not made by resolutions, nor yet by articles and criticisms.

When Mr. Forsey states that there are no admirers of Ramsay MacDonald in the C.C.F., he is speaking for the East and certainly not for Western Canada. I shall not throw "indiscriminate abuse" and mention names, but if Mr. Forsey should come to the prairies I will take pleasure in introducing him to prominent "labor" men who, I am quite sure, weep the occasional tear in Ramsay's memory.

A People's Party does not exclude those who are "merely confused and not very enlightened", but it most certainly must fight the hypocrites, the liars, the very enlightened and not-at-all-confused servants of reaction. It was against these scoundrels that my article was directed and no sincere friend of Unity should take offense. The United Front has enemies not only among the Liberals, but also in the ranks of the left-wing parties and it is our duty to guard against them, to expose them, to defeat them.

Yours for the Canadian People's Front!

JACK PARR.

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