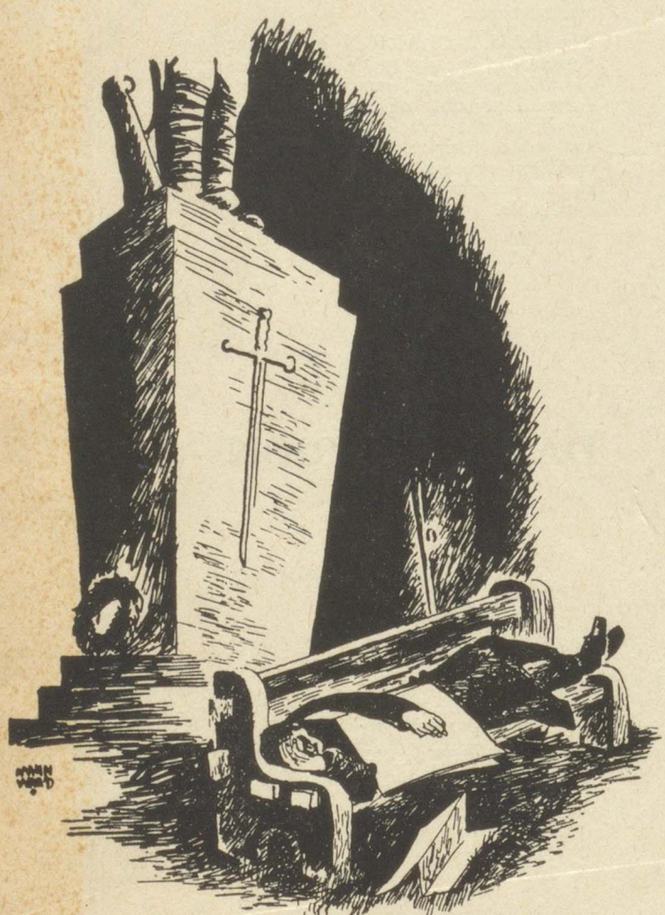
In this issue: Trotsky and Terrorism

New FRONTIER

MARCH, 1937



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15¢

CANADIAN LITERATURE & SOCIAL CRITICISM

Contents

New **FRONTIER**

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New FRONTIER

A Fascist Victory

AN ARMY of 20,000 Italian troops, several thousand Germans and 1,000 Moors, aided by 100 Italian tanks and commanded by Nazi officers aboard German battleships, has taken Malaga. Now Franco's fascist jackals who follow the invading armies of Hitler and Mussolini, are busy murdering the loyalist defenders of that city. The fall of Malaga marked the beginning of a critical stage in the defense of Madrid. The fear is expressed that unless the Government forces are able to take the offensive in the very near future, and win a decisive victory, they will be crushed by sheer weight of numbers. The command of the loyalist forces has been unified under General Miaja, and steps are being taken to apply the laws for compulsory military service. The Trotskyite battalion, which has consistently disrupted the defense by deserting its position, has been disbanded; the Trotsky faction's radio station and newspaper have been confiscated, and their headquarters closed. Meanwhile tens of thousands of German and Italian troops continue to pour into Spain, the Belgium of the new World War. Hitler and Mussolini boast openly of their victories on one day, and deny that they are waging war in Spain on the next. Now as never before all Canadian progressives should unite their efforts in defense of Spanish democracy. If fascism is victorious in Spain, then the fantasies of the Canadian pacifists and isolationists will be smashed to pieces by the reality of another World War.

The Moscow Trials

THE TRIALS of the Soviet Trotskyists and Zinovievists have given rise to much confusion, doubt and anti-Soviet criticism. Most of this found expression in the press long before the critics had had an opportunity to familiarize themselves either with the evidence brought forward at the trials, or with the detailed confessions of the accused. Such criticism was based on the incomplete and misleading reports of the trials published in the world press; its authors, even the presumably disinterested liberals, *assumed* the innocence of the Trotskyist leaders. This is not the first time that the majority of the critics have been found guilty of partisanship and gross error in their comments on Soviet affairs; each new stage of the Russian revolution, each new step toward the establishment of a classless society, has been distorted by the ignorance and prejudice of the news commentators and "specialists on foreign affairs" who mould public opinion on this side of the Atlantic. Now that the complete reports of the trial proceedings in both cases are available, it is clear that a position of scepticism toward their fairness is no longer tenable. The Trotskyist leaders all made long and detailed confessions of their guilt. We have only to read these confessions, to compare the statements of each of the accused, to realize that they could not possibly have been manufactured by the most Machiavellian prosecution. Responsible eye-witnesses, including the legal authority D. N. Pritt and the novelist Lion Feuchtwanger, have published their opinion that the trials were absolutely fair, that the Trotskyists confessed freely and without compulsion, and that their stories were unmistakably genuine. On the other hand, an examination of the criticism of the trials reveals that it is a mixture of fantasy and conjecture, without any basis in fact.

The Forum and The Trials

THE REVELATIONS of the Moscow trials have incidentally afforded an interesting sidelight on recent developments within the C.C.F. It is rather disturbing to note, for instance, that our contemporary *The Canadian Forum* has to date refrained from making any editorial comment on the trials, and has not carried a line of news about them. We do not need to labor the importance of the repercussions of the trials on international politics, nor magnify the interest which they have aroused, not only in liberal and socialist circles, but among all sections of the population. It is now obvious that Trotskyism is no academic question to be fought out between the Communist Party and the Trotsky groups. The Trotskyite plottings with Fascism for the division of the Soviet Union, their disruptive activities in the war in Spain, and the emergence of Trotskyite anti-unity groups within the C.C.F., are all matters of vital importance to the progressive movement in this country. Readers of a journal of left-wing opinion such as the *Forum,* most of whom rely on its interpretation of foreign and domestic news, are entitled to ask why it has failed to state its position on these problems. Perhaps they will draw erroneous conclusions from the fact that in its last issue the *Forum* carries an advertisement for

a scurrilous anti-Soviet pamphlet on the trials written by the Trotskyite leader Max Schactman. This advertisement describes the trials as "the greatest frame-up in history . . . will rank in history with Dreyfus, Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney and the Reichstag trial". It is our belief that the editors of the *Canadian Forum* are making a very serious mistake in accepting such advertising material. The pamphlet in question is in no sense an analysis of the trials; it is a collection of slanders against the Soviets, written by one who was undoubtedly a party to the Trotskyite conspiracy. Schactman was not present at the trials, and asserts that he does not possess any information which is not available to the public. Surely the editors of the *Canadian Forum* do not share his opinion, which is not backed up by any proof, that the trials were a "frame-up". They must realize the seriousness of advertising in their columns such irresponsible attacks on the Soviet Union. The editors of the *Forum* have a right to accept or reject advertising as they see fit; we doubt very much if they would permit publication of an advertisement for anti-Soviet pamphlets published by the Friends of the New Germany or the Canadian Union of Fascists. Why then do they make an exception for the Trotskyites? This is a question which must puzzle readers of the *Forum;* we trust that it will be answered in its next issue.

January Split

On JANUARY 17, the Socialist League, the outstanding left-wing group in the British Labor Party, made explicit in a drastic way the growing current of dissatisfaction with the official Labor Party policy and its refusal to enter any united front or popular front movement. In the face of a warning by the Labor Party Executive as recently as January 12 that no section of the party should give any support to any united front proposals, the Socialist League formed a united front with the Independent Labor Party and the Communist Party on a program of immediate objectives centering around the struggle against fascism and war, against the National Government and rearmament under the National Government, and for the return of a Labor government "as the next step in the advance to working-class power". The unity campaign was launched by a mass meeting held at Manchester on January 24, addressed by Sir Stafford Cripps, James Maxton and Harry Pollitt, at which pledge cards were signed by 3,763 people, 1700 of whom were described as Labor Party members. To the outside observer it is obvious that left-wing unity is urgently needed; whether the Socialist League has taken the best means to bring it nearer is not so certain. But since it has made a test case of this, the one issue of importance is now the attitude of the Labor Party. The membership of the Socialist League is only about 3000: a united front which does not include the bulk of the Labor Party cannot be an effective united front of the left. So far, one can say only that the attitude of the Labor Party Executive has not been such as to preclude all hope. It has, of course, formally disaffiliated the Socialist League, as it was bound to do after its own recent warning and in view of the decision of the Edinburgh Conference. But this expulsion applies only to the League as an organized body and not to individual members. And it appears that for the time being, until the Executive has seen the strength of the response to this movement, individuals will be allowed to retain their membership in both the League and the Party. It would seem from this that the Executive is sensitive to the criticism of its policy, and that its mind is not finally closed. If the united front campaign is allowed to gain headway within the Labor Party, without the threat of individual expulsions, a split within labor ranks may still be avoided and a further approach towards a united front may be achieved.

The Doctors Speak Out

THE British Columbia Health Insurance Act, passed last spring on a basis of C.C.F. support and due to swing into action on March 1st, has met with organized resistance from the medical profession. The doctors are refusing to subscribe to the terms of the act, on the ground that its provisions are inadequate both towards themselves and toward those whom it is intended to benefit. Even those who feel that the Act is a step in the right direction are bound to agree with the doctors when they point out that it is too limited in its application. It does not provide for indigents and other classes of people most in need of it: agricultural laborers, domestic servants, casual workers, old-age pensioners, workers in certain industries, and all low-wage earners, those receiving under $10 a week. While the Insurance funds are to be contributed by both employee and employer, the former must pay 2% of his weekly wage, double the obligation of the latter. The length of waiting time is four weeks; moreover, after an insured worker has been unemployed for one month he and his dependents would automatically be cut off health insurance. On the other side, the terms of service and remuneration offered to the medical men are, they say, unacceptable. Considerably more work will be expected but the remuneration will not be higher; if, indeed, it is not lowered. The question arises: can the Government dictate without the co-operation of the main professional group involved? This last-minute organized protest of the doctors of British Columbia is worthy of comment in several particulars. It brings before the public eye the inadequacy of such a plan, however well meant, under the present governmental system. Such a plan must be conceived and put into practice democratically, that is by the groups who would benefit by it, including the doctors, and not by a governmental committee which fails adequately to represent them. Finally the protest demonstrates clearly that Canadian professional people can be united around a problem which touches their economic interests, and in fact are realizing the advantages accruing from such unity.

Education Week

THE LAST WEEK of February is being marked all over Canada by an effort to focus public attention on the question of education. The main object of Education Week, sponsored by the Canadian Teachers' Federation, is the building up in the public consciousness of a belief in the importance of education and in the necessity for unceasing vigilance lest our educational institutions fail to progress with the times. The forward steps which are stressed include more financial support from both Dominion and Provincial Governments, an increase in the wage-level for teachers, more national and provincial scholarships for talented students; elimination of the small, uneconomical school unit; reduced size of classes, and a more varied curriculum keyed to the needs of today. Radio broadcasts, newspaper releases, talks at service, community and women's clubs and from the pulpits, are the means adopted by the Teachers' Councils for popularizing this project. School principals are holding Parents' or Open House Nights, to make the detail work of the school more generally known. The campaign is being endorsed by the Department of Education. This campaign, undertaken by the teachers themselves, is a sign of the times which progressive people will heartily welcome and to which they should give all possible support.

The War Budget

AS WE GO to press the drive to reconcile the people of Great Britain and Canada to the proposed next war is attaining fantastic heights. The tactic is to break down resistance to the idea of a new imperialist war by pointing to the huge rearmament programs of the fascist powers. It is conveniently forgotten that this rearmament has been encouraged, and in the case of Germany actually financed, by the National Government through the Bank of England. Then with a loud clamour from recruiter Duff Cooper and Sir Samuel Hoare, in the startled atmosphere invoked by gas-mask teas on England's most fashionable lawns, the next budget for rearmament is announced, a mere seven and a half billion, of which two billions will be borrowed from the gentlemen who own the stock of the munitions plants. British capital is determined that when British workers and bank clerks die to defend its privilege, they shall do so while armed with the most effective weapons science can prescribe.

Canada's proposed war chest for 1937-1938 is proportionately as large as Britain's: $41,254,274, with last year's carry-over of $4,659,139, although the military experts at Ottawa are reported to find this figure distressingly low. Comparisons of some of the "defense" increases indicate that in spite of its denials the King Government has given thorough consideration to the rearmament plans of the National Government. The increase of over 150 per cent in naval services includes $2,000,000 for new destroyers. Air force expenditures are increased by more than six million dollars, not including civil government air operations, or grants for civil aviation. The total armament increase is some thirteen million dollars over last year's total.

Vigorous resistance to the contemplated budget has come from the C.C.F. members of the House. Although it was expected in some quarters that the Quebec members would oppose any increases, it now seems that Duplessis and his backers are prepared to condone the expenditure on battleships, tanks and pursuit planes, because they may be needed to fight communism at home. In 1913, when Sir Robert Borden urged the House to turn over $35,000,000 to the Imperial naval exchequer, the members from Quebec opposed him, and the Senate subsequently threw out the proposal. Quebec members fought conscription tooth and nail; they have heretofore displayed a singular sanity on such issues. However, the rabid red-hunt which has occupied authority in Quebec for the last year is apparently having the effect of blinding these war-haters to their true interests.

For progressives the outlook is black enough, particularly in Quebec. This year that glorified red-squad the R.C.M.P. will have its stipend increased to $6,017,000, if the budget goes through. Although it is still doubtful whether the Quebec provincial government proposes to fight the red menace with Fokker planes over Mount Royal and cruisers in the St. Lawrence, the reaction is growing in strength. The success of the proposed war measure would be a powerful blow to the forces of peace. It is imperative that every Canadian citizen be heard in Ottawa, and be heard continuously until the measure is defeated. Individuals, organizations, clubs, trade unions, should wire and write protests to their members of parliament, swamp them with delegations, and flood the newspapers with letters denouncing the budget. Public opinion has seldom been put to the test in this country, and yet its potential strength is boundless. The protest that arose over Hoare's proposed partition of Ethiopia a short while ago precipitated a cabinet crisis, and made Baldwin drop the measure like a hot coal. It is of vital importance that the same pressure be applied to the Canadian warmakers.

A Victory For Labor

AN IMPORTANT ROUND of labor's struggle with the forces of American finance capital has been fought and won at Flint, Detroit, Bay City and other points where General Motors 1937 production was cut off in its prime. By February 11, when jubilant sit-down strikers streamed out of the embattled plants and went home to hot suppers with wives and families after forty-four days of separation, the strategists of the C.I.O. and U.A.W.A. had gotten William S. Knudsen's signature to the following gains: Recognition of the U.A.W.A. as the collective bargaining agency for its membership, initial wage increases of five cents an hour, effective

immediately, immediate resumption of work in all idle plants with no discrimination against strikers, withdrawal of charges laid by General Motors against certain strikers and Union officials, and the promise to commence collective bargaining negotiations on February 16th. The Union agreed not only to evacuate the plants but to withhold all further strike activity during collective bargaining negotiations.

From the strike's beginnings early in January, a nice sense of political values and a brilliant technique had distinguished the automotive workers' battle for union recognition. Messrs. Sloan and Knudsen, helped by any number of high-priced corporation lawyers, and with Liberty Leaguer Dupont's brain trust to formulate strategy, still let themselves be outguessed time and again by John L. Lewis, Homer Martin, and the officials and council of the U.A.W.A. From the first injunction against the strikers granted by Judge Black, who held several hundred thousands dollars worth of corporation stock, to the more recent threat of a thousand strong "civilian army" in Flint, General Motors legal and extra-legal weapons to break the strike were consistently anticipated by the strike committees and promptly met by counter-actions. The one technique which G.M. could not overcome, the "sit-down" itself, was the most important factor in the victory. That General Motors are not taking the defeat placidly, but are planning to fight back to the full extent of their resources, is indicated by the flare-up at Anderson, Indiana, immediately following the signing of the general strike settlement. Terrorism by company police, hired thugs and vigilantes was gravest at Anderson during the strike, and its revival at the Guide Lamp Company and Delco Remy Company, both G.M. subsidiaries, on February 13, constitutes a further attempt to discredit the value of the strikers' agreement. The General Motors battle has been won; it remains to be solidified.

Ottawa Notes

THE KING GOVERNMENT has now disclosed its war plans, and made clear its support of the imperialist policies of the National Government of Great Britain; the preliminary estimates for "defense" amount to nearly thirty-four million dollars. It has rejected Mr. Woodsworth's neutrality bill, and refused to consider legislation designed to take the profits out of war industries, as proposed by the C.C.F. The government has still to explain from what direction Canada is in danger of being attacked, and for what other purposes Canada's armaments will be used. Millions of dollars which might better be spent in alleviating economic distress within the country, are being donated to the munitions makers in order that Canada may join the world armament race and do her share in support of the war policies of the British Tories. It is but the first step to calling on Canadian youth once more to cross the seas and defend British investments on European battlefields.

Four measures of social legislation have been rejected by the Privy Council of Great Britain, namely the Employment and Social Insurance Act, the Limitation of Hours of Work Act, The Weekly Day of Rest in Industrial Undertakings Act, the Minimum Wage Act and the Natural Products Marketing Act. This was legislation designed to benefit the industrial, commercial and farm workers of the country, for which Canadian labor has fought for years. Its rejection, which sets a dangerous precedent for all future legislation, is now being subjected to criticism by some member of the House. At the same time the British North America Act is under fire on the grounds that it is out-dated and useless for present-day needs. While the C.C.F. members are rightly demanding the necessary revision, no one will be fooled by a similar action on the part of R. B. Bennett, who is using this play as a means for a political comeback. Canadians remember only too well the ex-Prime Minister's drive for concentration of power in his own hands for reactionary purposes; a constitution revised to Mr. Bennett's liking, one entailing the elimination of "duplication of services" such as the centralization of taxing powers, might very well ham-string the progressive legislation of a potential C.C.F. government in British Columbia.

The bill introduced in the Senate to convert the Board of Railway Commissioners into a Board of Transport Commissioners is one which will easily empower the government, if it so desires, to help the railroads drive the smaller shipping companies out of business. Under this bill, the Minister of Transport is empowered to license shipping between Canadian ports and pass on tariffs and tolls, much in the same manner as the Board of Railway Commissioners has in the past regulated the tariffs on railways. The Minister will have the power to name the ports between which the ship or ships may operate, and the schedules they must maintain. The license need only be issued when the Minister is satisfied that the purposed service is or will be required. The bill is designed to regulate competition, and will have full control over transport service on the railroads, highways, air routes and shipping lines. Carried to its logical conclusion it will eliminate smaller competitors in the favor of shareholders of the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific railways; for dictatorial control over the issuance of licenses and over the setting of schedules is a weapon which will undoubtedly leave the lion's share of the business to the two large companies in the field of transport.

Mr. Woodsworth vigorously attacked the Home Improvement Bill as one which did not start to solve the housing needs of the people of Canada, which only helped a small strata of home owners in the middle class as compared to the large sections of the working people paying rent in the slum areas; the only real achievement of the bill being to guarantee loans by "standing behind the banks." He strongly urged the government to bring in legislation which would offer a genuine solution to the housing problem.

THOMAS MCCARTHY.

Why Hitler Wants Colonies

DAVID MORGAN

As IN HIS SPEECH at the convention of the Nazi Party at Nuremberg, so in his speech of January 30, when he celebrated his four years as head of the German Government, Hitler vigorously put to the fore the question of the return of the German colonies. Though a slightly less belligerent tone may have been noted in the assembly of January 30, the Nuremberg convention, labelled by some alarmist observers as "the last convention of the Nazi Party before the next world war", must go down in history as the most hate-inspired gathering of the representatives of any government to date. For four days the assembled Nazis did literally nothing but fulminate against the other peoples of the world. It is significant that Hitler chose this convention to ask openly for the first time for the return of Germany's pre-war possessions.

He advanced two reasons for the absolute necessity for re-possession of the colonies: first, the density of the population in Germany, and second, its need to own sources of raw materials, permitting independent economic development. Germany, he said, was obliged to revert to the policy of undercutting the export market only because of her need for raw materials. Underselling naturally constitutes a danger to competing countries, but Germany has no alternative. As regards population, he said that "136 persons per square kilometer in Germany cannot find complete sustenance even with the greatest effort and the most ingenious exploitation of their existing living room."

Germany started to build her colonial empire in 1884, thirteen years after her victorious war with France. This began the great period of German colonial expansion, permitting uncontrolled exploitation and emigration. Thirty years later, just before the World War, the total German population in all her colonies was exactly 19,696, including soldiers, officials, missionaries and traders, according to the official German records. Yet the same records show that in 1934 there were 16,774 Germans in the former German colonies, and these figures do not include any soldiers or officials, which classes constituted a considerable proportion of the German population before the war. So much for Germany's need for an outlet for her surplus population. Hitler's fears about overpopulation were negated in customary Nazi style by himself, when shortly after the Nuremberg Congress he addressed a group of German women and urged on them the desirability of having more and still more babies.

Colonies are expensive luxuries. They may add to the 'prestige" of the imperialist powers and to the profits of the traders, but they are a decided liability to the taxpayer and to the masses of the people. Germany knows this very well. While the total of her trade for 20 years (1893-1913) with all her colonies, including Kiaochao in Shantung, amounted to 972 million marks, her expenses, not including Kiaochao, were 1,002 million marks more than the local receipts of her colonies. During the same period Germany developed a decidedly profitable trade with other countries over which she had no political control. But these facts are of course irrelevant to the ruthless expansion of German imperialism. Germany had to secure a place in the sun, and she did so to the extent of 1,044,000 square miles. Most of this territory was in tropical or semi-tropical countries, to which German settlers could not emigrate in any appreciable numbers. *None of the colonies contained any important mineral deposits.*

Most of the former German colonies are in Africa. The most northern colony was Togoland, now mandated to France and Great Britain. To the south is Cameroon, also under French and British mandates, and on the southwest coast Germany had a colony adjoining the Union of South Africa. But the most important colony was Tanganyika, on the southeast coast. It covers a territory of 365,000 square miles, practically twice the size of Germany, and has a population of over five million natives and 8,217 Europeans, including about 400 Germans (1931 census). Considerable exploitation of its natural resources has taken place since it was mandated to Great Britain. This colony is constantly mentioned by the Germans as the one which would solve all their problems. Mount Kilimanjaro, 14,000 feet high, is placarded in German propaganda material as the peak of their demands for the restoration of colonies. But how its return would help her out of her shortage of raw materials is a mystery veiled in deepest secrecy by the German government.

The Encyclopedia Britannica tells us that Tanganyika exports copra and maize, but not in great quantities. Any attempt to revive its rubber industry has been rendered useless by the development of the rubber production of the East, but other products, particularly sisal hemp, have yielded good results. Small quantities of tin ore are mined, and coal, iron, copper and lead have been found, but are not worked. There are small deposits of mica, gold and diamonds, the last yielding in 1927 18,095 carats, valued at £102,000. The whole export from Tanganyika in 1926 amounted to slightly more than three million pounds, an insignificant sum so far as Germany's needs for raw materials are concerned. The rest of Germany's former colonies are of no importance in area or in yield of raw material. New Guinea is mandated to Australia, German Samoa to New Zealand, Great Britain controls the island of Naura, and Japan has Kiaochao and the small Marshall Islands.

Needless to say, France, Britain and the United States are all strongly opposed even to discussing the question of the return of the colonies to Germany. Even Hitler's allies in Italy and Japan are, for their own reasons, lukewarm about the idea. The peoples of Australia and the Union of South Africa, already alarmed over the activities of Nazi propagandists in the adjacent colonies, view with apprehension the possibility of the restoration of German rule. At present the only support for Hitler's demands comes from ultra-Tory bloc of Lord Lothian, Lord Londonderry and the other jingoists who have been discussing the matter with Von Ribbentrop in London.

The question arises: in view of this hostility, and of the fact that the colonies do not offer any financial advantage or even begin to solve the question of raw materials, why does Hitler desire their return? There are two basic reasons for his putting this question to the front in all declarations of German foreign policy. The more immediate one will be found in the internal difficulties of the Nazi regime. The Canadian press did not publish the most important section of Hitler's speech of January 30, the section which dealt with the present economic situation in Germany. Hitler's demands for colonies are an injection in the arm of a very sick nation. They are devised to deceive a starving and restless population, by offering them an explanation for the shortage of foodstuffs and raw materials. They are intended to offset criticism against his government for importing war materials instead of the necessities of life. Hitler spoke to the German working class, which is becoming articulate again after four years of Nazi terror and semi-starvation. He warned them that his fiscal policy would not be changed, that there would be no deviation in his four-year plan to establish German "independence". Even though the cost of living is soaring, he stated that it would be "insanity" to raise wages; workers asking for wage increases were guilty of "punishable selfishness" and would be placed in "protective custody". The German people must trust in him, and support him in his efforts to overcome the crisis by securing the return of Germany's former colonies, stolen from her by the robbers at Versailles.

But there is another purpose underlying the explosive demands for the return of Germany's former colonial possessions. German imperialism must soon enter into a long period of expansion, or perish. It cannot expand with such an adversary as Great Britain in the way. Germany may declare her ever-lasting love for England, but the venom of the war slogan, "Gott Strafe England" is not forgotten by those who dream of "Deutschland ueber alles". And if she is to achieve this dream, Germany must first eliminate her most dangerous enemy. The quickest road to supremacy lies through Africa.

In case of war with England the strategic value of the former German colonies is immeasurable. Naval and aerial activities directed from the eastern and western colonies would completely cut off the flow of supplies and raw material to Great Britain from South Africa, India and Australia. On the south west coast a submarine base

and air port would destroy any possibility of making use of the Cape Town trade route. British freighters would not move any further, perhaps, than the Equator, as they would be attacked from German bases in Togoland and Cameroon. On the west coast in Tanganyika, Dar-es-Salaam would be a base from which submarine activities could stop traffic through the Suez Canal, thus paralyzing traffic from India and Australia. German Papua in the Pacific would take care of the traffic from Australia and New Zealand, as well as of the Singapore base.

In inland operations Germany would be in a position to destroy the entire structure of British holdings in Africa. Occupying as it does the most important strategic position in southern Africa, Tanganyika could cut off the Union of South Africa from the British Isles by stopping the "All Red" air route from London to Cape Town. Aerdromes at Mwanza and Tabora would menace every important point south and north of Tanganyika, threatening Kenya and Uganda, and forestalling any plan of aerial co-operation between the other British colonies. An army of natives between 250 and 300 thousand strong, led by German officers and aided by re-inforcements from the west coast, would over-run the Union of South Africa. With the destruction of her African Empire and the severance of communication with India and Australia, Great Britain would be in a perilous condition. Without doubt the result of these operations, if they were carried through with customary Nazi thoroughness and efficiency, would be the complete collapse of the British Empire.

This is, of course, a plan for the remote future, a plan which must be carefully prepared and worked out in advance. *But this is the reason Germany wants her colonies back;* this is what Hitler has in mind when he raises the cry for "raw materials" and "a place in the sun". Little wonder then that Great Britain has categorically refused to consider his demands, for the day on which Germany gets back her colonies will mark the beginning of the end for the British Empire.

Mexican Day-Break

STANLEY RYERSON

"CALLES IS IN SAN ANTONIO!"

The phrase passed from mouth to mouth among the passengers as our train crossed southern Texas. In these few words was summed up the whole tense present period of Mexico's history.

For San Antonio is Mexico's Coblentz. It is here that the *emigre* reaction meets to plot the betrayal and destruction of the Republic. It is here that the sleek emissaries of Wall Street bargain with the fallen Calles, spearhead of Mexican reaction. "Calles in San Antonio" — a danger-signal. From California, where he fled last spring, driven into exile by the anger of the Mexican people, he had moved to San Antonio, Texas, to be nearer to the Mexican border.

In the months that preceded the United States elections, agents of Calles shipped a continuous flow of arms and munitions, by devious routes, across the border to the south. Franco has found a disciple in Calles: progressive democracy having become an obstacle in the path of reaction, the obstacle was to be "overcome" — by machine-gun fire. . . . But Calles, like his teacher in betrayal, could not take on single-handed an entire people on the march towards their freedom. He required "backers". He needed a government in Washington which would adopt a benevolent attitude towards his landlord-imperialist counter-revolution. He needed Landon. It is now a known fact that had Landon been elected, Mexico to-day would find itself in the throes of a bloody civil war. Hearst and Morgan and Calles had banked on an election victory which would sanction a "national" uprising to win and hold Mexico for Wall Street. They miscalculated. The defeat of Landon meant a breathing-space for Mexican liberty.

How well the people of Mexico have used this breathing-spell is shown in the following significant fact. The hitherto divided forces of progress in the country—the trade-union federation, the peasant federation, the Communist Party and the governing (National Revolutionary) Party of President Cárdenas, have come to the conclusion that if Calles can learn from Franco, they and the Mexican masses can learn from the Spanish people. On November 20th last, the largest demonstration ever held in Latin America thronged the Cathedral square in Mexico City, acclaiming the slogan of a People's Front. This slogan, first put forward by the Communist Party, was taken up by the powerful trade union federation, and finally, this January, accepted also by Cárdenas and the government party. This agreement for a People's Front in Mexico is the people's answer to the traitor in San Antonio and his masters on Wall Street.

* * * *

The name of "Mexico" calls up the vision in the mind's eye, of a sunlit country, colorful and possessed of an age-old culture, but torn by civil upheaval and religious strife. When Cartier was discovering the shores of the St. Lawrence, books were being printed and a university founded, in Mexico. And yet to-day, behind the turmoil of its political life, lie a poverty, a physical and cultural hunger, a relentless oppression, which transcends the experience of Canadians.

It is only when we begin to grasp what the forces are that are driving Mexico along the path of revolution, that we can properly appreciate the struggle of that brave, unhappy people.

Mexico is a country which has not yet wholly freed itself from feudal oppression. It is a country, moreover, in which the suffering caused by mediaeval backwardness is interwoven with the poverty caused by modern capitalist factory exploitation; and in which both are many times multiplied by the crushing burden of a foreign, imperialist yoke. The masses of Mexico pay tribute in sweat and agony to grandee landlords, to native factory-owners, and to the great financial interests of Wall Street, the City,—and St. James Street.

Of a capital of one billion pesos (3.60 pesos = $1) invested in the so-called "national" processing industries (textile, food, etc.), over half is in the hands of foreign capitalists, leaving a few hundred million pesos to Mexican enterprises. Place this beside the 10 billion pesos of foreign capital in the extractive and heavy industries, mines, oil, power, railways, and its insignificance is apparent.

Not only does the overwhelming dominance of foreign monopoly stifle any independent economic development (the monopolies control among other things, electricity, telephones, sugar, salt, medicines, cotton, and even, as in Tampico for instance, *water*); but it makes it possible for foreign interests to reap a harvest of profit which the following facts only faintly suggest:

In the oil industry, 95% foreign-controlled (with a slight preponderance of U.S. over English capital), the Mexican worker receives one-fourth as much as the average daily wage of the American worker in the same industry. At the same time, the yearly output per worker is more than three times as great in Mexico as in the United States! For every dollar invested in oil in the U.S.A., the entrepreneur obtains a product worth $1.60. The same sum in Mexico realizes a return of $3.30!

The average annual wage of a miner in Mexico a couple of years ago was $240. The so-called "value added by manufacturing" (as an indication of the degree of exploitation) was just twice the amount paid in wages.

These facts, drawn from government statistics, are a slight indication of the way in which foreign capital exercises its strangle-hold in Mexico. Of particular interest to us is the part played in the oppression of Mexico

by "our own" ruling financial interests. The group which controls the Canadian Bank of Commerce has investments of some $150 millions in the Mexican Light and Power and Mexican Tramways Companies; and they draw a tribute of profit from 187 Mexican towns and villages. Progressive-minded Canadians will learn with pleasure that last summer's general strike in the power industry, directed against these same interests, was one of the things which gave a tremendous impulsion to the movement for a unified People's Front in Mexico.

The fight for national freedom, and for wiping out the vestiges of feudal oppression, is a fight of the whole Mexican people. It colours the entire national life. It is being waged by the supporters of the progressive government of Cárdenas, who has begun the division of the great landed estates, encouraged labor organization, upheld democratic rights and given support to the People's Government in Spain. It is being waged by those who rightly criticize the weaknesses and hesitations of Cárdenas, whose admission of Trotsky over the heads of the protests of the trade-union federation and all progressives simply plays into the hands of the bitterest enemies of the Mexican people—Calles, Morgan and Hearst. (Revealing in this connection is the way in which Trotsky concludes his interviews published in the Conservative, pro-Fascist press, saying ingratiatingly, in the tone of an outworn prostitute, that " for the duration of his stay, he places himself entirely at their disposal"—that is at the disposal of those who are straining every nerve to block the unity of the people of Mexico!)

The fight for freedom is being waged on every front. Writers, artists and intellectuals form shock-troops, and penetrate into the terror-ridden regions of Jalisco, where the "Cristero" bands mutilate and murder teachers who are sent to try and lessen the dark weight of ignorance and illiteracy imposed by the exploiters of the people. The best minds and creative spirits of modern Mexico are placing themselves at the disposal of the cause of freedom. With the support of the progressive people of the United States and Canada, and hand in hand with the peoples of central and South America, that freedom will be won in our time.

Doriot: Man of Tomorrow?

JOHN M. ABRAHAM

With the gradual disappearance of one national party in France, that of la Rocque, another national party, the Parti Populaire Francais, is taking its place. De la Rocque still presents an imposing figure as he rides around in his high-powered motor car, accompanied by a small army of figures when he so much as buys a package of cigarettes, but his power grows less every day. The person who appears as "the man of tomorrow" in French politics is Jacques Doriot, founder of the Parti Populaire Francais.

Doriot, preaching solely the doctrine of nationalism, has in less than two years grouped about himself a party of imposing strength. He is the party, even more than De la Rocque is the centre of his movement: "those who love me will follow me", he says, and while there is a programme of an imposing length, it is the man one must accept or reject. The programme of the P.P.F. along with the usual promises of some future Utopia, contains nothing more constructive than the doctrine of nationalism and a fierce condemnation of everything connected with Russia and the Communist Party.

The man himself can, with justification, boast of being what la Rocque never pretended to be, a man of the people. His father was a blacksmith and he himself at an early age a laborer in the steel mills of St. Denis. One out of every two pictures shows him in braces, without a tie; and this costume has almost become his official dress. His speeches almost invariably end up with his coat on the table and his tie on the floor; and it cannot be denied that he does put into his speeches a tremendous physical, if not mental, exertion. The town of his youth has been called the cradle of communism, and it was only natural that Doriot became first a communist. His natural ability gave him a certain advancement in the Communist Party and he was twice its representative to Moscow, where he became an ardent apostle of Trotsky. The real politician has, however, little to do with lost causes, and with Trotsky's disgrace Doriot found small difficulty in denying his master. As a delegate of the Communist Party he was in personal contact with Abd-el-Krim during the latter's uprising, and while it is not quite certain how much actual aid he tendered to the detriment of the French Government, the incident remains a part of Doriot's life that is conveniently and firmly forgotten by his followers.

Ardent Communist as he was, he is now even more ardently anti-Communist, and he has taken the opportunity to make his desertion a proof and argument for his sincerity. *L'Humanite,* organ of the French Communist Party, always refers to him as "that renegade Doriot". He makes no attempt to deny the accusation. "Yes," he replies, "I am a renegade. I renounce the policy of Stalin that is leading us to war. I was a partisan of the Russian Revolution as long as I believed it to be identifying itself with the interests of the proletariat of the world. But now the Russian Revolution has become the Russian Party. Stalin, and he is right in so doing, looks after the welfare of his own country. Are you going to hinder us from regarding the welfare of ours?"

Alongside his customary attacks on Russia, this quotation is relatively mild. Not only does he renounce the U.S.S.R. but his condemnation of her comprises the principal plank in his platform. It is the Soviets who create the war panic, it is Russian lying that spreads the news of German and Italian debarcations in Spain and

Morocco, it is the Communists who stir up the ugly rumours of civil war in France, and it is Russia along with England that wishes to drag France into another European war under the pretext of collective security, which is but the mask for her desire to sacrifice France to her own selfish interest. The parties of the working class have been turned into docile instruments of Soviet diplomacy, and now exist as a foreign army encamped on French soil.

It follows logically that this fierce nationalist repudiates also the League of Nations. He sees it as aggravating the errors that existed in pre-war Europe and, far from being the universal fellowship of nations that it claims to be, as representing one bloc of powers in Europe against another. "A country cannot be international by itself, that is why our party will be National."

Less important than the danger of alliance with the Soviets and England, but still a menace in Doriot's eyes, is Conservatism as embodied in the "Two Hundred Families". The customary promises to vanquish the egotism of this class are given, but save in his programme Doriot has almost forgotten this group. That is to say, forgotten to attack it, for someone must pay for the tremendous cost of propaganda, and there is little doubt that the readiest contributors are found among the Two Hundred. It is natural that reactionary capitalists back such an outspoken enemy of communism, and now that De la Rocque's star is fading many who aided him financially turn to Doriot.

Another source of financial support for the P.P.F. is, it is commonly said, Hitler. While it is difficult to prove this definitely, there is little reason to doubt that more than a moral link exists between the present and would-be dictator. In a country such as France, where *Mein Kampf* is to be found on every bookstall and everyone is only too well acquainted with Hitler's threats against "Germany's arch-enemy, France" it would be quite impossible to carry out an active campaign of apology for Hitler, but that the fuehrer is indirectly defended in almost every one of Doriot's speeches is quite evident. Let it be noted that not only Doriot but some of the most widely read newspapers of Paris, who sell their columns to the highest bidder, are indirect apologists for the German regime.

This tendency was clearly noticeable at Doriot's latest meeting, which was on the occasion of his rescuing five French volunteers from the government forces in Spain. He roundly denounced "the Soviet barbarism and cowardliness of the Spanish government troops, which no longer fight but force the French recruits to receive the bullets in the front lines." A colourful picture was painted of the ex-patriated Germans and Russians who keep the French youths in the firing line with knout and revolver. According to Doriot the war in Spain is a war between Communism and the forces of order, and those who die in Spain can only say "I die for Stalin." Doriot lines up with Hitler and Mussolini in asking that ambassadors be sent not only to Valencia but to Burgos as well, and demands that Spanish money, government money, that is deposited in Paris, be seized by the French government. The whole tenure of his speech went to show that Franco and, by extention, Hitler, was the innocent victim of the Spanish war. He finished in a burst of eloquence, "We cannot fight Germany in Spain."

As I have said, it cannot be known to what extent Doriot is materially aided by Hitler, but the whole organization of his party well shows the example he has followed. First, the idea of an absolute nationalism, the country freed from every foreign entanglement, notably Russia and England (little is said of Germany and Italy) and second, the appeal to the working and middle classes, comprise the two arguments that swung the German nation behind Hitler. The Parti Populaire promises work for every man, an opportunity for the working masses to benefit from the abundance created by technical progress; it guarantees the farmer legitimate remuneration for his work, and for the middle class, the artisan and small craftsman it promises a continuance and protection of its interests without the bogey of Communism.

These promises are trite and sadly worn, especially to French ears that have heard them uttered by every one of the fifteen odd parties, but Doriot manages to give them some colouring of sincerity by referring to his past as Mayor of St. Denis. St. Denis is a suburb to the north of Paris which during and after the war experienced a period of growth and prosperity due to the erection of several large factories. There was a continuous growth in population dependent on the factories, until the crash of 1929. In less than a year there was a drop of $110 millions in wages; it was in this crisis that Doriot was elected mayor and undertook the reorganization of relief. While he could not find work for the 10% of the population suddenly unemployed, he did work out a system of relief which handled the emergency, and which kept costs fairly low. In addition, he inaugurated social reforms; a creche for working class babies, a new school with modern equipment, a municipal swimming pool, a library, installation of lighting on some fifty streets, and the creation of a fund which gave 4,000 children the opportunity to spend their vacation at the seashore. But it must be remembered that all this was not the work of Doriot alone, but of the local Communist Party, which put him in office and guided his policies.

Having thus demonstrated his ability, Doriot seems to think that he can do for France what he has done for St. Denis. He expects to gain followers from both the Left and the Right. As a general rule, the Right admires him for his hatred of the Communist Party. Already he has won over numerous of La Rocque's adherents, and it is not impossible that other Rights will support him in an attempt to overcome their chief difficulty, the astonishing number of parties. As for the Left, if the Popular Front should fall owing to dissension between the moderate and radical elements, the moderates will find in Doriot, the man of the people, one apparently closely in sympathy with many of their ideals.

His followers refer to Doriot as "The Man of Tomorrow", but in the perplexing chaos of French politics it is very difficult to prophesy about tomorrow.

Textiles On The Carpet

EUGENE BRINSLEY

THE DISCLOSURES of the Royal Commission headed by Mr. Justice W. F. A. Turgeon, of the machinations of the Canadian textile industry, are an interesting footnote exemplifying the contentions of the progressive labor movement that our economic system is well advanced in its tertiary stage of monopoly capitalism. There is nothing in the excellent brief prepared by Mr. J. C. McRuer which is not contained, either explicitly or implicitly, in such a book for instance as *Social Planning for Canada;* just as the latter is itself no more than an expanded footnote to the analysis of Marx.

For the record of the development of the industry, while not worse than that of other Canadian industries, has now been publicized as a shining example of the devious skulduggery of Big Business, a *dossier* containing every brand of financial crookedness from the legal and accepted methods of penny-snatching and profiteering, to downright crimes against the written laws of the country, punishable under the Criminal Code. The information, it is felt, can bear repetition and further analysis, although it is easily available and has received wide publicity in the newspapers.

The development of the textile industry in Canada is coterminous with the growth of monopoly capital in general. Characteristic is the history of Dominion Textile Company. From its inception in 1874 to 1934 it had swallowed seventeen other companies, growing nicely by what it fed on. The successive mergers, largely forced by the smashing of internal competition by Dominion Textiles, involved the closing of mills in the following municipalities: Windsor, Coaticook, St. John, Brantford, Verdun, Halifax, Moncton, Kingston, Chambly and Hochelaga. In many cases this process robbed the communities in question of major means of support. The brief further discloses the geometric increase in dividends and capitalization, citing Dominion Textiles as "increasing an original capitalization of $500,000 to $14,671,105 in thirty years, during which period another $14,837,500 was paid out in dividends," or an average annual rate of 98.4% per annum. In other words one half million invested produced in actual capital and cash, clear profits of almost 30 million dollars in thirty years.

Such enormous returns are, of course, only possible under a *laissez-faire* of the freest possible exploitation of the workers and consumers of the country. A few of the methods were brought out in the Commission report: savage rationalization of the factories and cutting of wage costs, under which for instance the Wabasso factory in the years 1928-36 "more than doubled production, while reducing the number of workers by one-quarter and payrolls by one-third"; extortion from the consumer by means of enormous tariffs on the publicly-avowed pretext of "building an infant Canadian industry," so that "while prices moved up in the U.S. due to the adoption of higher rates of wages and shorter hours of labor, prices in Canada (Canadian Cottons) moved up at the same time from $24 to $30 on cotton yarn, but with no corresponding increase in wages or decrease in hours of labor." In fact, the rates of wages were reduced by 10% in April, 1933.

It may be of further interest to compare the salaries of the executives with the wages of factory workers during the past few years. The following table is compiled partly from the Turgeon Commission Report (Canadian Celanese Company) and partly from reports of the Price Spreads Commission on wages in the Specialty Fabrics groups.

	Executive Salaries		**Workers' Wages**	
	No. of Executives	Total Salaries	Average No.	Total Salaries
1929	12	$135,000	511	$521,782
1930	18	178,500	597	585,888
1931	20	197,000	635	547,826
1932	23	227,000	693	549,642
1933	22	217,000	657	503,821

This presents a sufficiently clear picture of trends in salaries. The top executives advanced from $20,000 to $35,000 annually while average wages decreased (during the years for which figures are available) from $1,021 to $751 annually. It must further be noted that these figures were furnished by the companies themselves, which announced average hourly wage rates of 36c in 1934 as against 39c in 1933. The Turgeon report reveals rates as low as 9½c an hour.

All this occurs while prices to the consumer, and particularly the consumer in the low wage brackets, are skyrocketing to unheard-of levels. To satisfy the voracity of the profit-makers, tariff duties on warp yarns were raised 287% in 1930-32; on blankets 35% to 100%; on rugs 171%. And note the words of the Report: "Specific duties bear more heavily . . . on purchasers who have not the ability to pay, than on those who have."

This the class of capital owners legislate both in government and factory in order to batten upon the broken bodies of Canadian workers, certainly a more serious crime than the mere technical one of concealing reserves and withholding taxes. Nor is it to be expected that the present Liberal or any capitalist government will do anything important about it, in spite of the threatening gestures and harsh words of the commission. The case of Textiles is not exceptional. Its methods are the rule in Big Business today. Governments occasionally shake a warning finger at one recalcitrant group while nodding benevolently during thefts of precisely the same sort by another. Only the quiescence and disunity of the mass of the population makes such exploitation possible; only the united will of the whole people of Canada combining on the economic and political fronts either can or will stop it.

The Canadian Contest Plays

JOCELYN MOORE

COURAGE AND SINCERITY have the strongest impact among the impressions which gather from a continuous reading-through of the plays entered in the New Theatre Groups' recent contest. The dramatic qualities of the play might be good, bad or indifferent, the social outlook clear or confused, but practically every contestant felt strongly about his subject and did not pull his punches. Each writer was absorbed in a conscientious approach to a problem vital to him and in his opinion to all Canadians.

But courage and sincerity do not guarantee a full understanding of a social problem, nor, even more, its adequate expression. Nor will they miraculously teach an inexperienced writer how to make a play. One of the judges, in his report, points out: "there were plays whose characters were poverty-stricken and suppressed, but whose problems nevertheless did not arise out of their poverty or their suppression, but from something from within their individual makeup, or sometimes from purely extraneous and fortuitous causes. In other plays the conflict arose out of some social problem but was not clear and well defined. Too often a playwright succumbed to the temptation to assail everything that he felt was wrong in life, and at the same time to afflict his unfortunate characters with every conceivable misfortune without clearly linking these wrongs or these misfortunes to either of the protagonists of the play." The more experienced writers who knew what makes a good play were, too often, not thoroughly familiar with their subject matter, and their dialogue, even though crisp and colourful, did not ring true.

The nature of these problems witnesses that the plays are really Canadian; in many cases the limitations of the play are the limitations of our national standards, cultural and otherwise. A very large percentage of the plays dealt with the fortunes and outlook of young people in their twenties; there were no character studies of middle aged people, no tottering marriages, no broken business men, except as background to struggling, frustrated, but forward striding youth. "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail, or knock the breast," but much to raise the right fist against. A similar contest held by the New Theatre League in the United States a year ago had certain features in regard to which it will be interesting to examine the Canadian entries. One complaint was based on the use of stock labor situations. In our contest, true to the democratic middle-class background of most of the writers, these were replaced by stock family situations. Similar things in play after play made it possible to predict the probable outcome. Categorically, you had a young person from a well-to-do family who rebelled and went forth to live among the workers, therefore renouncing (1) a comfortable living, (2) a soft job, or (3) a reactionary betrothed. Or you had a different young person, or a young couple, in an ill-to-do family, who also rebelled. If the emphasis was on the couple, they would decide to get married anyway or to take their happiness without. If it was on the young man, he would go out and rob a bank, and upon discovery he would (a) commit suicide, or (b) get killed under a freight train. I am not suggesting that any one of these situations is not good dramatic material, but am merely pointing out the grooves along which the minds of our playwrights run.

Another complaint heard in connection with the American contest was "the insistence of sloganizing characters, the sermonized endings". In our plays, this tendency went underground and emerged, a step higher up, in a devastating tendency to argument. I say this is higher because the authors have thought and worried and lost sleep over the social beliefs expressed by their characters, instead of lifting their talk from pamphlets or streetcorner speeches. They failed to realize, however, that no matter how logical the argument and how fervent the belief, it is no substitute for dramatic conflict. Sermonized endings are absent here, too, but they are replaced in many cases with a curtain line which points up the individual situation and not the social problem. When this weakness was avoided, the endings were mostly fresh and forceful.

Especially is this true in regard to the prize-winning play. The idea of appealing direct to the audience by means of the written word is, of course, not new; but by having the words carved on the memorial, by having them a part of the actual scenery and action, Miss Reynolds has contrived an interesting and effective conclusion. Her dialogue on the whole is realistic without being undistinguished; though simple, it is full of emotive value; and most important of all, there are practically no lines which do not create atmosphere, depict character, or carry on action. There are no structural weaknesses; characters come on and off and the scene shifts to the clubroom and back with no wrenching or moaning of the bar, true to the inner necessity of the action.

Most praiseworthy of all, perhaps, Miss Reynolds has not gone outside the limits of her experience. She knows of what she writes, and she knows the theatre. She was born in England and started writing at an early age. From 1911 to 1919, she relates, "I was on the prairie, which effectually killed all my writing activities and very nearly killed me. In 1919 I came to Vancouver and started writing again within three weeks of my arrival, verse, newspaper stories, and a little magazine stuff . . . Then—since I have done a great deal of acting all my life with various amateur groups in England and Canada —I started on plays and now seem unable to do anything else. . . . I joined the Vancouver Little Theatre As-

sociation in its infancy and through that organization was able to test a number of my short plays on the stage —an invaluable help."

Of the other plays submitted, *Westbound At One* is the most exciting, and has some excellent writing in it. It deals with the situation confronting young people—in a wealthy home, in a relief camp, in jail, in the church, on the road—everywhere the hero's adventures take him. There are too many scenes, too many characters, a wilderness of material for a one-act play. Two scenes, one in which the boy says good-bye to his girl in a park, and the other, in a hospital morgue, are poignant and convincing. But though it shows acquaintance with and study of the new technical methods originated by playwrights of the New Theatre movement, the play suffers throughout from structural weakness, and from failure to visualize the limitations imposed by the theatre. *Kill the Bum,* wherein a procession of couples in different stations of life come past a young and hungry panhandler, too absorbed in their own problems to realize his, except as a social phenomen, will undoubtedly stand the test of staging, having simplicity of design and economy of treatment. However it is essentially static; seven-eighths of the speeches do not deal with the hungry boy's necessity to get money for food but with problems quite outside the conflict. *Backward, Turn Backward* is notable for the sincere and painstaking treatment of its prison scenes, although it reads like a dramatized novel, while *Saint's Holiday* creates some living, interesting characters.

There were several plays submitted which, while good in themselves, were thought too limited in subject to come within the requirements. The best of these was *The Build-up* which dealt with the prize-fighting racket, notable for its crackling dialogue and intimate understanding of the psychology of the fighters and trainers, and the masterly way it built up suspense. The historical plays, as a group, were perhaps the most disappointing. The best of them, *Neighbours on the Madawaska,* was founded on factual material, which had come down through the author's family, and it shed a certain amount of light on modern methods of working toward a People's Front. But the important revolutionary situations in Canadian history were quite neglected. The anti-war plays, while they showed a good deal of serious thought on the subject, were uniformly ineffective as plays. In spite of the increasingly powerful and increasingly open fascist tendencies in Canada, especially in Quebec, there were no plays which gave this any attention. Three or four dealt with labor situations, but they were either overviolent, full of arguments, type characters and gore, or else their approach to labor problems was not realistic.

Regarding technique, the judge's report formerly cited says, "Playwrights should further be schooled in the limitations and requirements of the form of the one-act play. Too many attempted to make the one-act play a full play in miniature. Others adopted such moving picture technique as the flash-back, and something approximating the close-up. One person at least tried to give the one-act play the full scope of a novel. All these things had disastrous effects upon the unity or the clarity of the drama they were trying to unfold. Only once or twice were experimental techniques employed effectively."

In spite of the sparse eulogies of this analysis, the contest has given us in the New Theatre Groups much to be glad of. We recognize the alert thinking along social lines that went into the plays, the courageous, constructive attitude of most of them. Many, uneven as they were contained certain things that would inspire the scene designer and the director. Some writers had evidently taken pains to verify the authenticity of their material. There was a body, not large but very important, of sound understanding of the basis and motives of our society today.

Even more encouraging has been the response to the contest. This refers not only to the authors of the sixty-six plays, but also to representatives of dramatic groups outside the New Theatre movement, who have written in inquiring about production rights for the plays, and many members of the general public who have in one way or another expressed interest. The ground has been cleared for further work of several kinds. A few worth-while plays have been made available for wide-spread production. The stimulation of the contest has been recognized, with the result that it will most likely be repeated, and will gather in a larger sheaf of more effective plays. The outlook has been brightened for a national movement leading up to a genuine, vital Peoples' Theatre.

History With Prayer

They leave the all they bargained for
In credulous years, these ardent,
To raise a nameless island in open sea,
To give love root in coral.
Argent is the hue these innocent long for,
And coolness, Autumn, is the weather.

Here at the portal of the burning world
Ambition and failure flame synonymous.
With list, like slip of star,
Down eyeless heaven wheels the record's justice.
Grieved and aghast God's torturer
Is victim of his prisoners.
They leave his stripped flesh ash
On Earth's altar, host
For no more loving tongue than wind.

O spare them acts that are on life derision,
The sponsored orgies, useful superstitions.
Untangle in their time all faith from worry,
And naked be their nature over these solemn ruins.
Emerging from these valleys, let them forget
The bones and abortions beside the rivers,
Let somewhere near the sky their camp-fires shine,
More bright than this destruction, shine on revelry.

C. A. MILLSPAUGH.

And The Answer Is....

MARY REYNOLDS

A War Memorial, grey in fading light against a black background. The column rises out of sight, its lower part and base only being visible. Across the lower part lettering is visible, but not readable. On the step formed by the base lie withered wreaths.

From the base, like spokes in a wheel, two stone seats radiate, their backs being common to a seat on either side, though the further seats are merely indicated at the lower end.

It would be well if the whole back scene, Memorial and seats, were raised on a low platform, though it is not essential.

In the extreme lower right corner rises the standard of a street-lamp, unlighted. In lighting the scene, greyness should be the aim; just sufficient illumination for the action. Floodlights for the Memorial, not yet turned on, are visible aloft to right and left.

On the right seat, feet towards the memorial, lies the figure of a man, half covered with newspaper. On the left seat is THE MAN IN THE CAP. *He sits, elbows on knees, head in hands, whistling dolefully, tunelessly and unconsciously, a discarded newspaper by his side.*

VIGO, *a young slight dark man, of Danish extraction, with the collar of a cheap overcoat turned up and his hands thrust in the pockets, walks in from the left lower entrance and crosses towards the street lamp slowly, evidently filling in time. Reaching the lamp, he turns to begin his walk towards the left, when he pauses, his shoulders hunched to his ears, worried by the whistling. He starts to move again; again stops; finally can stand it no longer and approaches the* MAN IN THE CAP.

VIGO: Please! Would you change the record? (*He has a slight accent.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: (*looking up*) Eh?

VIGO: Your whistle. If you must whistle, would you do another tune?

MAN IN THE CAP: What's eatin' ya? Can't I do what I like? It's a free country, ain't it?

VIGO: Is it?

MAN IN THE CAP: Sure it's free. Some things is. Air, an' these seats and— (*he glances up at the floodlights*) an' lights when they turn 'em on. So who's ta prevent me whistlin'?

VIGO: (*giving it up*) All right.

MAN IN THE Cap: What's wrong with me whistlin'? Doncha like music?

VIGO: Yes. I am a musician.

MAN IN THE CAP: Yer a —? Say! Smart, ain't ya?

VIGO: (*with a slight shrug*) All right. (*He turns away, glances towards the street lamp and starts his tramp again towards the left.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: (*watching him*) What's eatin' ya? Lost ya girl?

VIGO: No. I am waiting.

MAN IN THE CAP: Then stop walkin' about. Ya make me dizzy. Here's a newspaper ya can look at free, and mind ya don't take it away with ya. It 's mine. I may need it.

VIGO: (*smiling suddenly*) Thank you. (*He joins the* MAN IN THE CAP, *sits below him and picks up the paper.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: It's three days old. Won't give ya no indigestion.

VIGO: There is no new news. It is all the same. Fighting — or getting ready to fight. (*He glances over the pages, coughing a little.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: That's right. It'd be too bad about the newspapers if there wasn't no war. They'd have nothin' to print but ads about B.O. an' Laxatives. (*He laughs shortly; so does* VIGO; *then the* MAN IN THE CAP *turns his attention to a* WOMAN WITH A BASKET *who comes towards them from the upper right shadows, passing between the upper end of the right seat and the base of the Memorial. She is middle-aged, neat, and looks tired. Her basket is covered with a white cloth.*) Hallo ma'am! Ya here again?

THE WOMAN: I lost me car so I thought I'd wait here for the next. Ten minutes, that'll be. (*She glances at the right seat, sees it is occupied, and seats herself on the base of the Memorial by the withered wreaths, one of which falls down. She picks it up.*) Guess I'd better put that back in place, though it looks like it oughta be thrown out. (*She shakes her head at the wreath and restores it.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: That's right. We gotta have some decoration on the grave of the forgotten dead.

THE WOMAN: That what ya call them?

MAN IN THE CAP: Well, ain't they?

THE WOMAN: I guess so. Mostly. (*An* ELDERLY WELSHMAN *followed her and hesitates at the upper end of the right seat, glancing around. He seats himself at the other side of the right seat, his head visible over the back.*) Were you in the last war?

MAN IN THE CAP: Sure I was. The Big Push? Sure I was; just like the rest of the poor simps. But never again. Not me.

THE WOMAN: Oh, you all say that. Come another and you'll go, unless you're too old.

MAN IN THE CAP: Not me. Next war can be fought by Generals and Bankers. They get the money; they oughta have the fun. Generals! Goddam swine! I'd likta see a few of 'em legging it over No Man's Land with a nest o' active machine guns behind 'em!

VIGO: (*who has listened*) In Italy a poet has praised them.

MAN IN THE CAP: What, Generals? Them Wops! Fascists. One's a Dictator an' the others all fall down flat. Sure they love Generals! I'd liketa feed 'em castor oil fer a month. That'd put 'em on the run!

THE WOMAN: (*amused*) It sure would!

MAN IN THE CAP: Ya bet it would.

VIGO: The poet has praised machine-guns. He has said: "It is beautiful to see green meadows burst into bright orchids of machine-gun fire!"

THE WOMAN: Well! That's wicked.

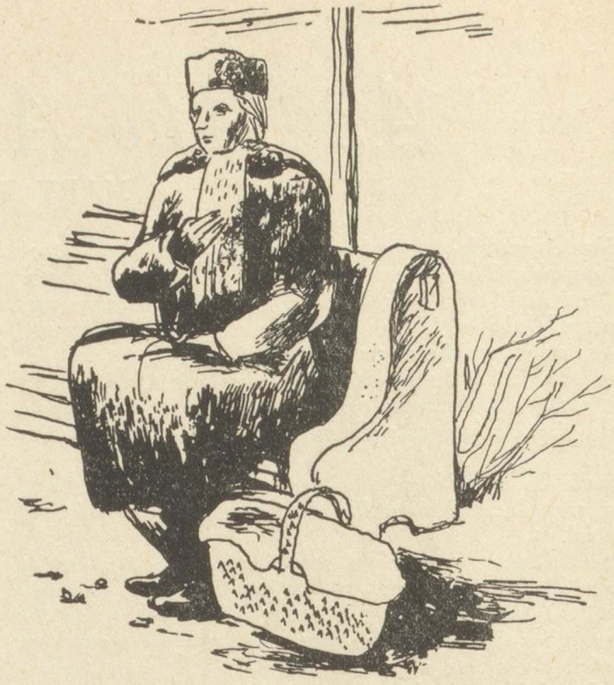
MAN IN THE CAP: That's them Wops for ya!

VIGO: It is perhaps only Italian machine-gun fire that he finds so beautiful. (*He laughs a little, his laugh turning into a cough.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: Sure it is. *Bright orchids!* Waddya know about that? Guess that guy'd get the helluva kick if *he* broke into bright orchids of machine-gun fire! Waddya know about that! (*They are all amused,* VIGO's *laugh contending with his cough.* THE WOMAN *looks at him concernedly.*)

THE WOMAN: That's a bad cough you've got. Y'oughtn't be sitting here in the damp, did you?

MAN IN THE CAP: He's waitin' fer his girl. Had a pretty good day, ma'am, with ya jellies?
THE WOMAN: Not too bad. It's marmalade this time. It's quite a chore and you get a bit tired doin' the same thing all the time; but outside o' that I can't complain.
MAN IN THE CAP: Sure ya can't complain. Millionaires suffer that way, I'm told.
THE WOMAN: Doin' the same thing all the time? Oh, spendin' their millions! (*She laughs*) I guess that would get on ya nerves after the first hundred years or so.
MAN IN THE CAP: (*very sarcastic*) Sure,—we ain't got nothin' to complain of. An' everything's all right. It says so in the paper there. No person can't starve to death under the new conditions.
VIGO: What new conditions?
MAN IN THE CAP: Them that's in the paper. Haven't ya found 'em? You take a look-see and you'll strike 'em all right.
THE WOMAN: Who says so?
MAN IN THE CAP: Oh, a member of parliament, or a prominent preacher or some person, so it must be right.
THE WOMAN: You tell that to him. (*She points to the lying figure*) He's bin pretty near it, time and again. (HELL-FIRE TAFFY *turns his head to look over the back of the seat at the figure.*)
MAN IN THE CAP: Friend of yours?
THE WOMAN: Oh, I seen him about often—here an' other places. You musta seen him yourself. Got a scar here. (*She touches her cheek*)
MAN IN THE CAP: Walks very slow?
THE WOMAN: Yeah. Got a weak heart.
MAN IN THE CAP: Oh, yeah. Looks bad.
THE WOMAN: It's not that he don't get no food, but he's had so little for so long that he's kinda run down all the time, if you know what I mean.
MAN IN THE CAP: You're tellin' me!
TAFFY: Or me! You tell me! (*He twists round to face them, kneeling on the seat, leaning on the back of it. His eyes hold the ready excitement of the cracked fanatic; his voice has the soft musical quality of the Welsh, when it rises, it rises almost in a song—a high musical note.*)
MAN IN THE CAP: What's eatin' you?
TAFFY: (*quietly intense*). People. The peoples of this Sodom and Gomorrah. They eat us all.
MAN IN THE CAP: (*half laughing*) Hell-Fire Taffy!
TAFFY: Yes. Hell-Fire Taffy. Repent! I say unto all, Repent!
MAN IN THE CAP: You shoulda stayed in ya own country, Taffy.
TAFFY: Would that I had! Would to God that I had, though even there the hand of the ungodly presseth hard upon the righteous.
MAN IN THE CAP: Ya don't say!
TAFFY: But I do say—and I say again, Repent! Repent! (*His arms fly heavenwards; his voice rises in a cry.*)
MAN IN THE CAP: Here, you scram. We was havin' a good time till you came, wasn't we ma'am?
THE WOMAN: I'd be a bit quieter, if I was you. No sense in gettin' a crowd, is there?
TAFFY: The more who come, the more shall hear the message.
THE WOMAN: Well, that's all right, but there's no sense in waking *him* up. Sleep's good for him. Sleep's as good as food sometimes.
TAFFY: (*quietly*) You are right, ma'am. Sleep is all the food there is sometimes. I will be quiet—for him. (*He spreads his hands in benediction over the figure*) Though the stones of the streets cry out, yet will I be quiet. (*He kneels upright, gripping the back of the seat, his over-bright eyes roaming their faces.*) Though I have lost a wife and a son and none can restore them to me, I will be quiet. I thank you, ma'am, for calling me to my duty.

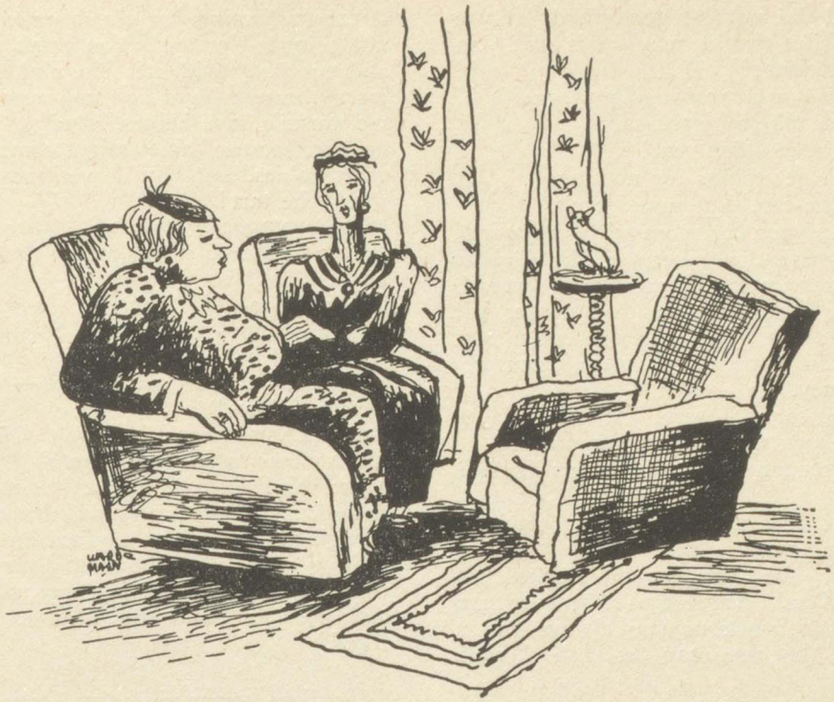


MAN IN THE CAP: That's right, Taffy. You sit down and be comfortable.
TAFFY: There iss no comfort. There iss no comfort anywhere. My son iss buried here— (*His left hand flies out towards the Memorial*) over my son's bones they raised itt! (*His hands falls again*) And now my wife waits buriment.
THE WOMAN: You poor soul.
TAFFY: I thank you ma'am. (*He gives her a little bow over the back of the seat.*) Look you, book-learning iss fery goot and our son had it. He was to be a minister. A preacher, look you. But the war caught him up and he fell like the grass of the field. Then I said, I will have book-learning and I will preach. I will preach Repentance to all. I gave up my work—for a man may not serve two masters—and the store that my wife kept wass a goot store. Groceries, look you. Goot, high-quality. We sell no cheap shoddy. And we are blessed with custom. Looking at her, so busy, I say we are blessed. But what is the abomination that comes to us? It iss the abomination of desolation, look you. It iss credit!
THE WOMAN: Ah, that's bad.
TAFFY: Bad? It iss of the devil! These customers they come—they buy—my wife trusts them—they do not pay.
THE WOMAN: It's wicked.
TAFFY: So what then happens? The store, look you, it goes. Our goods are seized and taken from us, because we owe debts. (*He throws his head up skyward*) How can we pay if we are not paid?
MAN IN THE CAP: I thought you Taffies could make a living anywhere.
TAFFY: (*looking at him and speaking with dignity*) Sir,—we are honest people, but we are not blessed in fortune.
VIGO: Whatever you are you can have luck, or not luck.
THE WOMAN: And credit's bad anyway. I've paid my way so far and I hope to god I'll go on to the end. Owing a single nickel gives me the jitters, thinking where it may lead. It's the only way you can be upright, to be clear of debt.
VIGO: And of sickness.
THE WOMAN: Be clear of debt and it clears the air. You breathe free. You're not so apt to be sick.
TAFFY: We are as grass, and the wicked flourish like the green-bay tree and trample us underfoot. We die—we

perish—and the heavens are as brass above us. (*He drops his face in his hands, rocking slightly on the back of the seat.* THE WOMAN *looks at* THE MAN IN THE CAP *and* VIGO, *shaking her head sympathetically.*)
THE WOMAN: What's been wrong with you, son?
VIGO: (*moving uneasily*) Oh,—a cold.
THE WOMAN: What's the doctor say?
VIGO: Oh, doctors—they are so dear. And they know so little.
MAN IN THE CAP: (*very sarcastic*) Well, fer the lands sakes! Whaddya know about that?
THE WOMAN: Oh, some of them are all right, though I prefer a chiropractor. You do seem to get something fer ya money out of them, if it's only the heck of a jolt when they straighten ya up. (*She laughs; then her concern returns to* VIGO.) What's the trouble? Can't ya get rid of that cough?
MAN IN THE CAP: T.B.
VIGO: (*quickly*) No!
MAN IN THE CAP: Sure it is. Only got ta look atya.
VIGO: No! It's not.
THE WOMAN: That's right. Mostly likely it isn't. You never can tell. Got a home?
VIGO: Yes, yes.
THE WOMAN: Got a mother?
VIGO: No; but I am all right.
MAN IN THE CAP: That girla yours?
THE WOMAN: Your wife, maybe?
VIGO: (*hastily*) Yes, yes. We need nothing—nothing but a little more money.
MAN IN THE CAP: Christ! Is that all? (*He bursts into laughter, slapping* VIGO'S *shoulder.*) That's easy! Just name the amount and I'll give ya m' check! (*He looks at* THE WOMAN, *inviting her to join in the merriment, but she shakes her head again, though she raises a little smile.* TAFFY, *who during this has been very still, his face in his hands as if in prayer, now raises a still, intense face and looks at* VIGO, *to the young man's discomfort*).
VIGO: (*moving a little from the* MAN IN THE CAP) Oh, we shall get money. It will be easy. It will not be hard where we hope to get it.
TAFFY: (*quietly—like a dead echo*) Hope!
VIGO: We have earned it.
TAFFY: (*as before*) Hope . . . (VIGO *gets up quickly, in nervous irritation, and swings down, across to the lamp-standard; he stands by it, his hands in his coat pockets, waiting, looking towards the left.*)
TAFFY: (*as before*) Hope . . .

(*The light goes out. Then a pool of light is thrown, left front, making visible three easy chairs, and a straight-backed one a little above them to the left.*
Throughout this scene all the other players and most especially VIGO, *must remain motionless.*
The middle chair, slightly further back than the others, is occupied by an ELDERLY LADY, *plump and placid. The chair to her left is in occupation of a* BRISK LADY, *smartly tailored. Both give the appearance of comfortable means.*)
ELDERLY LADY: Mrs. Lyneham is late.
BRISK LADY: She's always so busy. When I was her age I had my two little girls to mind, but not having any children, she's so free!
ELDERLY LADY: Yes. It's nice for young married women to take an interest in things. Nice for her, too—coming a stranger to a place—to be asked to join a nice Club like this and meet so many nice people.
BRISK LADY: Yes, indeed; she's quite an acquisition. She has ideas.
ELDERLY LADY: (*with a gentle sigh*) Yes; it's nice to be young.
BRISK LADY: Oh, but it's not just youth. Some young people are so vague—so don't care. They don't want to do this and they don't want to do that! If they'd only make up their minds!
ELDERLY LADY: (*with another gentle sigh*) Yes!
BRISK LADY: Not that I've much to complain of in my girls. They both know their own minds. They wanted to go out and earn their living, so they went.
ELDERLY LADY: So nice and independent, when they don't really have to.
BRISK LADY: Oh no, of course they don't have to, but I always say that girls should have a definite occupation, no matter how little they need it. You never know when they may need it. It's not the money; it's the experience, —though of course they can always do things with their pay checks.
ELDERLY LADY: Yes. A Bank, isn't it?
BRISK LADY: Gloria's in a bank. Wendy is doing Social Service work.
ELDERLY LADY: That's nice.
BRISK LADY: Not always. They have to visit very undesirable people sometimes. I don't mind admitting I'm a little afraid of infection for her; but still, she enjoys it on the whole. Experience, you know. And being able to have a say in things gives a girl a sense of power. It's all experience.
ELDERLY LADY: I often wondered how they worked. Does Wendy decide what's to be done with people?
BRISK LADY: Not altogether. Not finally. But she makes reports, and, of course, reports are acted on, or why make them? Oh, it's all experience. Quite interesting and amusing, some of the cases. She often makes us laugh.
ELDERLY LADY: (*with another gentle sigh*) It's nice to see the funny side of things.
BRISK LADY: Yes, indeed. She was telling us the other day— Oh, here's Mrs. Lyneham. (MRS. LYNEHAM *enters from the left; young, pretty, hard as nails, handsomely dressed.*)
MRS. LYNEHAM: So sorry to be late. I've had such a day! (*She smiles brightly at the other two and crosses to the other easy chair.*)
ELDERLY LADY: Shopping?
MRS. LYNEHAM: Looking at the new models. (*She settles herself in her chair, takes out her cigarette case and holds it up in invitation to the* BRISK LADY, *who declines, then lights a cigarette for herself, talking the while.*) I think I've tried on everything everywhere.
BRISK LADY: What did you buy?
MRS. LYNEHAM: Nothing. I never do at once. I always look at everything first. I started this morning, had lunch in town and went at it again all afternoon. I've just got to know every single evening gown in every decent shop before I buy. I've tried on most of them to-day.
ELDERLY LADY: I should think you'd be dead.
MRS. LYNEHAM: I stopped to have some tea. That's what delayed me. (*She moves; making the slightest pause.*) I heard something.
BRISK LADY: Oh?
ELDERLY LADY: That's nice.
MRS. LYNEHAM: No, It's not nice. I met Wendy.
BRISK LADY: My Wendy?
MRS. LYNEHAM: Yes. We had tea together. She told me something I think you should know. It's about Lili Larsen.
BRISK LADY: Oh?
MRS. LYNEHAM: Yes. She and that young man who plays for her. They're living together.
BRISK LADY: *Living together?*
ELDERLY LADY: Oh dear!
MRS. LYNEHAM: Wendy says there isn't a doubt of it.
BRISK LADY: Wendy would know.
ELDERLY LADY: Oh dear! That isn't nice at all.

MRS. LYNEHAM: It isn't. It's something we should act on.
BRISK LADY: Yes, indeed.
MRS. LYNEHAM: She can't sing here again.
BRISK LADY: Oh, no. It would give the Club a bad name if it got known. That would never do.
ELDERLY LADY: And after all we've done for her! Why I recommended her to friends of mine as a teacher.
MRS. LYNEHAM: You'll have to let them know. It wouldn't be right, not to.
ELDERLY LADY: Oh dear!
BRISK LADY: How annoying. But it can't be helped. We shall just have to get some other person to take charge of our music for us.
MRS. LYNEHAM: It's *very* annoying. I had some plans.
ELDERLY LADY: Can't you carry them out?
MRS LYNEHAM: It means extra planning, just when I thought everything was cut and dried, ready for your consideration. (*She puts out her cigarette*).
BRISK LADY: What were you thinking of?
MRS. LYNEHAM: Oh, nothing much,—only that, with Christmas coming on, we should do something to put the Club on the map. It's a useful Club. People should know about it.
BRISK LADY: It's the best time and money saver I've ever known. Why, before we had these rooms, one's home was never one's own, what with Bridge and other things. And so few of us had big enough places.
ELDERLY LADY: You can't entertain properly in a small place.
MRS. LYNEHAM: Impossible.
BRISK LADY: And the money and the time that one spent! And the wear and tear to one's things! This place is a godsend. It's so much simpler to entertain away from one's home. And with a few electrical appliances, one can almost do without help in the house, now.
MRS. LYNEHAM: Do as I do, take an apartment and do without the house.
BRISK LADY: Well, if you have a family, that's difficult. Young people like to have their friends about them and they must have a place. But now that we have these rooms, I just walk out of the house and leave my girls to do their own entertaining.
MRS. LYNEHAM: They're happier and you're happier. It's cosy here and husbands don't have to come home and find the place littered up with the remains of an afternoon's Bridge. Men hate being put out. I know my husband appreciates it. He hates afternoon Bridges. He calls this Club a real community effort! (*They laugh*) So that's what made me think we should make it better known. Put on an entertainment.
ELDERLY LADY: Oh?
MRS. LYNEHAM: For charity. Everyone does something for charity around Christmas time, and you do more if you concentrate on one thing instead of giving to a lot, don't you think?
ELDERLY LADY: Oh, yes.
BRISK LADY: Get up an entertainment and take a collection, did you think?
MRS. LYNEHAM: Not necessarily. Sell tickets privately. Make every member responsible for five or six. That's not too much to ask.
ELDERLY LADY: And give the money to charity — a Christmas Tree, or something?
MRS. LYNEHAM: Not all of it. Only a percentage. That's all anyone gives. One has to think of the upkeep of the Club, and we're needing a few new chair covers in the worst way.
BRISK LADY: We are.
MRS. LYNEHAM: Well, we have a membership of thirty-five. If everyone sells five tickets, there's a hundred and seventy-five people. Extra people. With the members, that would be two hundred and ten. Without bridge tables, the large room will accommodate that many. At seventy-five cents a ticket, that would bring in a hundred and fifty-seven dollars, odd. Catering, say twenty-five cents a head. The members might help with the catering. Some of them would love to, I'm sure. That would run into fifty-two-fifty, and would net us over a hundred dollars. Or we might cut out the food altogether. (*She rattles all this off very rapidly and the* ELDERLY LADY *looks almost worried as she follows the stream of words. The last bit she takes in with disapproval.*)
ELDERLY LADY: Oh, I don't we should do that. People like to have a bite of food at night.
BRISK LADY: Yes, I don't think we should do that.
MRS. LYNEHAM: Well, it was just a suggestion. An alternative plan would be have a buffet supper—a really nice one—with everyone paying for what they eat.
BRISK LADY: We could make money that way. (*The* ELDERLY LADY *gently nods her approval of this.*) Some of the wholesale houses would be glad to give us things as it's for charity and then the members needn't do a thing. I'm sure we're all busy people around Christmas. Just get a caterer who'll use the stuff we supply and give us a reasonable figure on the rest.
MRS. LYNEHAM: That's a good idea.
BRISK LADY: If you watch your overhead, you can always make money on a buffet supper.
ELDERLY LADY: A really nice one.
BRISK LADY: Get someone with ideas. Someone who'll put a real kick into some good made dishes. Anyone can have ordinary food. You want something tasty when you go out in the evening. (*They all smile, even laugh a little in agreement over this. Then the* BRISK LADY *remembers a trifle that is being overlooked.*) And what sort of an entertainment did you think?
MRS. LYNEHAM: Well, I thought some of the members might like to get up a little play. Or we might arrange some dance acts. We all know girls who can dance.
BRISK LADY: We haven't to go any further than you for that, I'm sure.
MRS. LYNEHAM: (*flattered*) Oh, well—of course, I can help. And then since it's for charity and around Christmas, we might open with a triptych.
ELDERLY LADY: A — ?
MRS. LYNEHAM: You know,—one of those things with three panels. (*She indicates what she means with her hands, rising to give a better demonstration, sketching out three large, gothic-arched panels before their eyes, talking as she does so*). We can easily get them made. We all know people who'd love to help us as it's for charity. Just plain wood—stained round the edges and painted blue in the middle.
BRISK LADY: Blue?
MRS. LYNEHAM: Yes. With stars.
ELDERLY LADY: Oh. The sky.
MRS. LYNEHAM: Yes. And have the prettiest girls we can get to stand one in each of the side panels, dressed like angels, and in the middle panel we'd have a little girl dressed like the child in the della Robbia plaque—
BRISK LADY: The — ? Oh, yes, I know. That little baby all swathed up in bandages with its arms out. Wendy has one in her room.
ELDERLY LADY: I know. The Foundling, isn't it?
MRS. LYNEHAM: That's it. Suitable, don't you think?
ELDERLY LADY: Oh, very. That would be very nice.
MRS. LYNEHAM: And while they're standing there, I thought we could have a few carols sung. But, of course, we shall have to get someone else to arrange them and the dance music, because we can't have that girl and her lover here again.
ELDERLY LADY: T't . . .



MRS. LYNEHAM: It's most annoying. I'd based the whole thing on a big musical programme.
ELDERLY LADY: It's most unpleasant.
MRS. LYNEHAM: It doesn't have to be. We can just send her a letter. We don't have to see her. (*She walks back to her seat, but before she can sit they all turn their heads to look to the left, listening.*) Come in. (*A girl comes out of the shadows and stands, as in a doorway, looking at them with a pleasant smile. She is fair, plainly dressed, with the strong, stocky figure often to be found in singers. Her appearance creates a little dismay. The three look at one another and* MRS. LYNEHAM, *still standing, takes charge of the situation.*) Yes?
LILI: May I see you a minute, please? (*The three exchange glances again.*) You are busy? Perhaps I can wait—or come again?
MRS. LYNEHAM: What did you want to see us about?
LILI: If I could explain? (MRS. LYNEHAM *glances at the others again, and sits.*)
MRS. LYNEHAM: There's a chair over there.
LILI: Thank you. (*She extracts the straight backed chair from the shadows above the* BRISK LADY *and puts it down to right of and slightly below that lady who draws her own chair nearer the Elderly Lady's,—a little, instinctive, herd movement.* LILI *sits.*) It is about Vigo.
MRS. LYNEHAM: Your—young man.
LILI: My friend. Yes. He is ill. At least, not strong.
BRISK LADY: He looks very sickly.
LILI: He is not strong and I—we—wish to get him strong again.
BRISK LADY: You think it's T. B.?
LILI: (*anxiously*) Oh, no; we hope not.
MRS. LYNEHAM: If it is, he ought not to be playing round at places and mixing with healthy people. I've suspected it for some time and dear knows how much infection he's been scattering around. (*The* BRISK LADY *nods in emphatic agreement and the* ELDERLY LADY *shakes her head in feeble horror.*)
LILI: But if it is not? Because he is thin and has a cough, it need not be T.B. Why does everyone say T.B.? (*She glances round at them with almost indignant anxiety.*)
BRISK LADY: One has to face facts.
LILI: But if it is not a fact?
MRS. LYNEHAM: Saying it won't bring it.
LILI: Yes! Saying it—believing it—will bring it! (*She looks them round again, but none of them makes any comment on this. Puzzled at their attitude, she goes on.*) So, if he could be examined by a good doctor—with X-Ray—then we should know and—
MRS. LYNEHAM: There's a free clinic.
LILI: They are so busy there, but—but we will go there—only, even to cure a cold—a bad cold—takes money, and just now we have so little. So I—we—thought perhaps you might—
MRS. LYNEHAM: Haven't you any pupils?
LILI: Vigo has very few, and I—yes, I have pupils, but some pupils don't pay.
BRISK LADY: You shouldn't give free lessons.
LILI: I don't. They just don't pay. I cannot get the money. And we must live. Vigo must have good food. So I thought if you—
BRISK LADY: A hospital. Or a Sanatarium. That's the place for him.
LILI: For a cold? (*She looks round at all of them, but no one helps her. She plods on.*) I can make him better if we have a little more money, so we thought—if you would be so kind—we might use the large Club room for a concert. Our friends will make up a good programme that anyone would like. A dandy programme. And perhaps the Club members would take tickets, though we would not trouble them. Other people from outside would fill the room. Would that be all right? (*The Committee exchange glances.*)
MRS. LYNEHAM: Our big room's no size for that kind of thing. It holds practically no one.
LILI: It would do. It would do nicely.
BRISK LADY: Why doesn't the Musicians Union help?
LILI: It cannot help everyone. With all this mechanical music, many need help. It's hard, earning a living playing, or teaching.
MRS. LYNEHAM: Just as I thought. Why you'd be better off doing anything else. You'd be better off doing domestic work, but I suppose you're too proud?
LILI: (*simply*) No. I am too slow. I am very slow, doing things. People do not like me to be slow at work.
MRS. LYNEHAM: So you've tried?
LILI: Oh, yes. Try anything once! But it did not work.

Vigo was unhappy and did not eat good food. It was very bad for him. I think that is why he is sick. So, may we have the room, please?

MRS. LYNEHAM: (*rising and exchanging glances with the others*) You'd better take a bigger hall.

LILI: But they charge rent—high rent!

BRISK LADY: You can't get things for nothing.

MRS. LYNEHAM: No one can. I'm sure I can't.

LILI: We could not use your big room without paying?

MRS. LYNEHAM: We have the upkeep of the Club to take care of,—janitor service and repairs and renewals and so forth. And rents are going up all over town. We may not be able to keep these rooms on unless we're very careful. Just before you came in we were discussing how we could raise money.

LILI: But I have sung for you—and Vigo has played for you—many times, many, many times, for nothing.

ELDERLY LADY: We recommended you to our friends. We got pupils for you.

LILI: Just a few. We advertised, like other teachers, and got pupils that way.

BRISK LADY: (*sharply*) And you haven't worked for us quite for nothing. Don't forget that whenever you performed at any of our functions you always had a good tea or supper, as the case may be, both of you, just like the rest of us.

LILI: I don't forget that, but it is money we need.

MRS. LYNEHAM: So does everyone. You talk as if you were the only ones! Why, compared with some people, you're well off. Very well off indeed.

LILI: Are we? I am sorry for it, because we feel poor—with Vigo's sickness, you understand. If he was well, we would'nt bother you, but—to get him strong again—we thought perhaps you would help us. It is for Vigo that I—

MRS. LYNEHAM: Yes; we know all about that, but we don't approve.

LILI: You don't approve?

BRISK LADY: No.

LILI: (*rising, incredulously*) You don't approve he should get well?

MRS. LYNEHAM: We don't approve of your way of living. Your life.

LILI: (*blankly*) My life . . . ?

ELDERLY LADY: (*reproachfully*) It's not nice, Lili. We all thought you were such a nice girl. I couldn't have recommended you to my friends if I hadn't thought you were nice.

LILI: (*with dignity*) How am I not nice, please?

BRISK LADY: We needn't go into particulars.

LILI: (*beginning to get angry*) But we need, please!

MRS. LYNEHAM: There's no need to take that tone. You know what we mean.

LILI: I do not.

MRS. LYNEHAM: Don't tell lies. You're living with this man.

LILI: With Vigo? In the same house, yes.

MRS. LYNEHAM: You share rooms with him.

LILI: No.

MRS. LYNEHAM: You do. We know you do.

LILI: No. I go into his room to clean for him and make his bed. He comes into my room to eat.

MRS. LYNEHAM: (*exchanging glances with the* BRISK LADY) We have it on the best authority that you're living together as lovers.

LILI: We are not! (*She swing round on the* BRISK LADY) That girl of yours! You tell her to go and clean her mind! (*She turns again on* MRS. LYNEHAM) It's a lie! I'm not a tart!

MRS. LYNEHAM: It's not a lie, and you'd better go. We shan't need you to sing for us again. (*She turns from* LILI, *coming down a few steps*)

LILI: (*following her a step or two*) It is a lie and I'm not going! Not me! You think you can call me a tart and get away with it? No, sir! Vigo and me, we don't marry because he is sick and we can't afford it,—because we mustn't have babies. And so we don't live together, neither, because babies might come. And that's why! We want babies, but how'd we keep them? No,—it's you who's the tart!

MRS. LYNEHAM: (*turning to face her*) Lili!

BRISK LADY: (*starting to her feet*) Oh!

LILI: (*To* MRS. LYNEHAM, *ignoring the* BRISK LADY) Yes, you are! You have money—you are strong, you and your husband—you are well-fed—you can afford to have babies and you have no babies. You take good care not to have any. You are a tart—a married one—one that the law allows!

BRISK LADY: (*coming down*) Oh, you abominable girl! (LILI *turns to face them both*)

LILI: No! It is you that is that! I know! You buy clothes, and you eat and you drink and you win and lose enough at Bridge to—to feed an army! And you give nothing—not even a home to your husbands! Ah, you—you make me sick! And keep your room! (*She holds their eyes for an instant, then goes out swiftly. BLACK OUT.*)

(*The light comes on again, grey as before; the chairs have vanished; the group at the Memorial is visible again*)

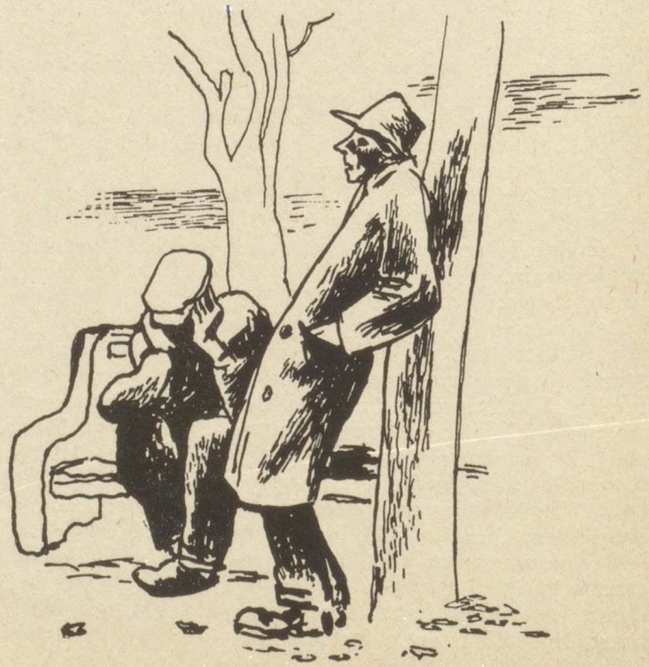
TAFFY: Life-eaters!

THE WOMAN: You can't count on nothin'; that's a cinch. Why even the folk who buy from me pretty steady, sometimes let me down cold. Some days is lucky and some days isn't. There's a lot in luck.

MAN IN THE CAP: You betcha. (*very sarcastic*) An' I'm one of the lucky ones. Wasn't killed in the war—wasn't even hit—so a grateful country don't need to pay me no pension. Discharged fit ta go back ta m' job, and since me discharge I've spent mosta me time lookin' fer me job. Nearly twenty years hard scratchin'. Some luck, I betcha.

THE WOMAN: What's your line?

MAN IN THE CAP: I done longshorin', haulin', cartin'—(*He gets up, exhibiting the fact that he is lame.*) See that? Got me leg broke on a cartin' job. No person's fault. Just a naccident. Just a naccident because the guy as dropped his enda the crate hadn't had eats enough ta keep him steady. So they said he was drunk. He lost



his job. I broke me leg. Everybody happy. (*He limps about*) Quite a bit of luck fera man, ain't it? Makes it easy to get jobs, don't it?

THE WOMAN: Ah, it don't give a real chance.

MAN IN THE CAP: Say! (*He goes to her, stands at her left side, his hand on the Memorial.*) Say, I tried fer one job this summer, cuttin' grass. Nice big stretch it was—mighta made thirty-five cents at it. So what? The lady don't want it done. Said the last guy as did it didn't make a good job. Her daughter could do it better. (*He gives a short laugh*) Sure her daughter could do it better! I seen her daughter. Big and strong as a heifer she was. Three squares a day an' snacks in between, all her life, she'd had. A hundred and fifty pounds of solid beef,—that's what her daughter was. Sure she could do it better'n a guy as hasn't had no three squares a day, not in years.

THE WOMAN: Sure she could. They don't think, some of them. They don't never think.

MAN IN THE CAP: Sure they don't. They don't have to. It's this as makes ya think. (*He holds his stomach with both hands*)

TAFFY: Life-eaters!

MAN IN THE CAP: Doin' a guy outa a job!

THE WOMAN: They don't always get away with that.

MAN IN THE CAP: How don't they? Sure they do.

THE WOMAN: No. A lady I know, her husband was gardener once a week to a guy that retired from business, and this guy felt a bit lonesome and kinda lost, not havin' his daily job, you see?—so he fires my friend's husband—thinks he'll do his own gardenin' fer exercise. Exercise! He'd never done a day's gardenin' in his life, and thinks he can do it when he's all soft from an office job! It killed him.

MAN IN THE CAP: Killed him, eh?

THE WOMAN: Sure it killed him. Died of overstrained heart. (*The* MAN IN THE CAP *gives a short laugh of somewhat fierce satisfaction.*)

VIGO: (*Suddenly*) Lili! (*He crosses swiftly to meet* LILI *who comes in from the left, still smarting with indignation*) Is it all right?

LILI: (*stonily*) No.

VIGO: No?

LILI: No. Never do we go there again—never.

VIGO: Why?

LILI: Things they said to me! (*She walks on towards the lamp-standard.*)

VIGO: But—

LILI: Oh, honey, please! Let us go home and forget them. We'll get the money some other way.

VIGO: What did they say?

LILI: Please, honey! (*He brings her to a stand by the lamp-standard*)

VIGO: What did they say? What was it? You've got to tell me. (*Urgent hands on her arms, he holds her. She tells him, silently, her indignant face looking into his. Meanwhile—*

TAFFY *comes round the upper end of the seat towards* THE WOMAN. *The* MAN IN THE CAP *looks across at him.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: So what, Taffy?

THE WOMAN: (*quietly*) Don't you get him all worked up again.

MAN IN THE CAP: What, fall down flat, like them Wops? Can't we put two an' two together? It don't make five, neither.

TAFFY: Unless repentance cometh as a dove—

MAN IN THE CAP: As a machine-gun! (*He gives another short angry laugh*) Orchids! Hey, son! What about a bursta orchids?

VIGO: (*suddenly, sharply*) Christ! (*He doesn't hear the* MAN IN THE CAP; LILI'S *tale is told and he crosses her, stands below the lamp-standard, thrusting clenched hands into his coat pockets.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: Huh! His girl's turned him down. Whaddya know about that? Ain't that too bad? (*He drops his sarcastic tone, moves away from the Memorial a little, his face dark.*) Betcha I could show 'em something with a machine-gun . . . betcha I could show 'em bright orchids . . .

THE WOMAN: Now, quit it. That kinda talk's no good. You'll only get in wrong with th' police. (*She gets up.*) What you boys want is a meal.

MAN IN THE CAP: Sure we do and where'll we get it? (*She feels in her pocket for her purse and opens it, goes down to him.*) What's this? Naaa . . . I'm not bummin' on you. Keep yer money.

THE WOMAN: Sure that's all right. I've had a pretty good day. You take it—it's not much—and get a bite of food. It'll make all the difference. (*She presses money into his hand.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: (*unwillingly*) Naaa . . .

THE WOMAN: (*decidedly*) Sure you'll take it. (*She turns quickly to avoid refusal and goes to* TAFFY.) An' you,—you get a bite, too, an' a cup of hot coffee and you'll feel better.

TAFFY: As the ravens are fed, I am fed. I thank you, ma'am. (*He makes a little bow.*)

THE WOMAN: You're kindly welcome, I'm sure. My mother, dear soul, used to say, it never was givin' that emptied the purse, nor lovin' that emptied the heart. (*She is about to put her purse back, when she thinks of the man on the seat.*) There's one as needs a bite. I might put a dime in his hand and he'll wake up and think it's Christmas! (*Kindly and amused, she goes to the figure and bends to put a coin in a closed hand. She finds this difficult; finds the hand icy cold. She lifts the newspaper, drops it again with a gasp; turns to the* MAN IN THE CAP. *She says, in a sharp whisper—*) He's dead! (*The* MAN IN THE CAP *crosses quickly, lifts the paper to make sure and puts it down.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: Jees . . . (*He moves away a step. Attracted,* VIGO and LILI *come up.*) He's dead. (VIGO *and* LILI *come to look, draw back, stand close to each other, holding hands.* THE WOMAN *kneels, feeling the dead man's heart.* TAFFY *comes down the other side of the seat, looks over the back.*)

THE WOMAN: It's his heart. It's stopped. Stopped while we were settin' talkin'. (*She is distressed.*)

MAN IN THE CAP: What could we do? We couldn't of done nothin.'

THE WOMAN: We might of. And what'll we do now? Get the police?

MAN IN THE CAP: P'lice . . . don't like them guys . . they ask too many questions.

THE WOMAN: We can answer. We done nothin' to him.

MAN IN THE CAP: (*looking at the silent figure*) No . . . we never done nothin' to him.

TAFFY: I come from a place of mourning to a place of mourning. Like a bird I fly back and forth in the darkness and there is no comfort. (*He drops his face in his hands.*)

THE WOMAN: (*near tears*) We did ought to of done somethin' for the poor soul.

MAN IN THE CAP: Jees . . . what could *we* do?

(*Suddenly the floodlights illuminating the Memorial are switched on, putting them all in glaring light. Startled, they lift strained faces to the glare. Only* TAFFY *remains with head bowed, hands covering his face. Behind them, now in full, unobstructed view, the words on the Memorial are plainly to be read: IS IT NOTHING TO YOU, ALL YE THAT PASS BY? A brilliant, glaring instant or two. Then Black Out.*)

CURTAIN.

Trotsky and Terrorism

WILLIAM LAWSON

ANY IMPARTIAL investigation of Trotsky's political career will show that far from being an "old Bolshevik", he has been from the beginning an outstanding opponent of Bolshevik theory, that he had fundamental differences with Lenin and the Communist leaders even while he was a member of their party. The case of Zinoviev, Kamenev, Radek and the other Soviet terrorists differs only in degree. All were former oppositionists, who fought against the policies of the Communist Party. All had been castigated by Lenin and Stalin as waverers, whose mistaken political theories and irresponsible factionalism had placed major obstacles in the path of the developing Russian revolution. On more than one occasion Lenin had used stronger words to characterize their activities.

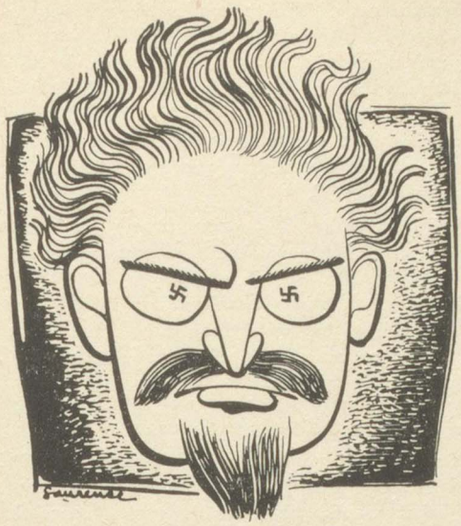
All these men participated in the united opposition bloc which was expelled from the party in 1927 by an overwhelming majority vote. Formerly they had held responsible positions in the state apparatus, and wielded considerable influence in Communist circles. But after their program had been rejected by the Soviet workers, they were left suspended without mass support, a pathetic group of generals without an army. They faced two alternatives: either they could give up their former views and submit themselves to the decision of the majority, or they could adopt new and necessarily conspiratorial methods of struggle against it. To their eternal shame they chose the latter course. On resuming their factional activities, at first through small underground groups which worked to undermine confidence in the Soviet leaders, they found themselves forced by their own isolation and the increasing strength of their opponents to resort to more and more desperate measures, until as Radek confessed they were horrified at the depths to which they had sunk.

If we take an objective view of these activities, we are forced to conclude that these men were acting as the agents of international fascism in the Soviet Union. But for all their weaknesses, their position was not consciously fascist. When they entered into intrigues with the Nazis, and plotted the defeat of the Red Army in the coming war with Germany and Japan, they were putting into practice a tactic first outlined by Trotsky in 1927, when he stated his "Clemenceau thesis": "It is necessary to restore Clemenceau's tactics, who, as it is well known, rose against the French Government when the Germans were eighty kilometers from Paris". This parody of Lenin's tactic of revolutionary defeatism (work for the defeat of your own imperialist government) was accepted by the Trotskyites as a last resort. They gambled on the hope that after the destruction of the Soviet state they would be able to organize a new insurrection against the fascist invaders, and place themselves at the head of a new dictatorship. The key to this treachery was their hunger for personal power.

Tempered with an unreasoning hatred for the Soviet leaders, the same motive guided the chief conspirator, Trotsky. An experienced factionalist, well versed in all the subtleties of underground work, he directed the illegal centres from abroad, attempting to weld together the various opposition groups, glossing over their doubts and hesitations with a thin veneer of "Marxist" rationalization, and constantly urging them on to further excesses. Meanwhile in his writings and manifestoes he began to prepare the minds of his American and European followers for the new turn in Trotskyite policy, the concentration of forces in a campaign to overthrow the Soviet government. The public espousal of this aim has been delayed by the arrest of the terrorists and the indignation aroused by their confessions, but it is foreshadowed in the more recent writings of Trotsky and several of his apologists. In the pamphlet *The Soviet Union and the Fourth International* Trotsky describes the Soviet leadership as a 'malignant growth" on the body of the socialist society, which can be removed "only by force". In the same pamphlet he again hints at the Clemenceau thesis: "A major historical test—which may be a war—will determine the relation of forces". Since the trials Trotsky has become even more outspoken. His statement printed in the New York *American* of January 26th last reads in part: "Inside the (Communist) Party, Stalin has put himself above all criticism and above the state. It is impossible to displace him except by assassination. Every oppositionist becomes, ipso facto, a terrorist. This is the logic of Bonapartism". Rather it is a succint statement of the logic of Trotskyism. A few days later, on Feb. 6, he was quoted in the same paper: "All political criticism is merely the first step toward the assassination of Stalin and his collaborators. Trotskyites do not by any means think Stalin is a sacred and indispensable life-long chieftain".

The establishment of the Soviet terrorist centres followed logically from the acceptance of these theses. How then are we to reconcile Trotsky's declarations of innocence with his open incitement to violence against the Soviet leaders? For there exists positive proof that his campaign for the overthrow of the Soviets was not confined to words; the Trotskyite groups had received definite instructions to *put these theories into practice.*

On February 25, 1936, the Canadian Trotskyite Maurice Spector returned to New York from Norway, where he had held a long consultation with Trotsky. According to a statement signed by Arnold Johnson, at that time a leader of the Trotskyite American Workers Party, Spector called together his adherents for a secret caucus, (the tiny Trotskyite group was split into five



warring factions), and informed them that he had brought back startling news. The Master had revealed that from then on the perspective of Trotskyism was *the organization of the counter-revolution in the U.S.S.R.* A. J. Muste, national leader of the Trotsky group, was so overwhelmed by this revelation that he soon afterward gave up politics and returned to the arms of the church, giving utterance to the pious hope that the blood of Jesus might wash away the filth of his political past. Johnson, who resigned in disgust and joined the Communist Party, pointed out that some of the other Trotskyite leaders present had been very much perturbed by the news, for in their naivete they had not realized the full implications of Trotsky's campaign against the Soviet Union.

Since then, however, they seem to have come around to their leader's way of thinking. A few months ago the leading American Trotskyite Max Eastman stated at a public meeting that "the foundations of socialism were practically wiped out in the U.S.S.R." and that only a "new revolution" could re-establish them. He was speaking to a socialist audience and was therefore soundly hissed, but if he had had an audience of Trotskyites (or fascists) his exposition of Trotsky's program would have been greeted with rapturous applause.

But the Trotskyites on this side of the Atlantic are still lagging behind their European confreres. The latter groups are not only composed of the elements which make up the lunatic fringe of the radical movement, but are also infested with police agents and fascist provocateurs. The liberal and socialist newspapers have published a number of reports proving this unholy alliance between fascists, Trotskyites and police, and their use of terrorism against progressive organizations. On occasion the more imprudent Trotskyite papers have boasted of these provocative actions, which include the murder of the Italian Communist leader Camille Montanari and attempts on the lives of Rakosi and Cachin. It is interesting to note that in several countries where socialists and communists are brutally persecuted by the police the Trotsky gangs are allowed full liberty of organization. In Italy Trotsky's autobiography is recommended for use in prison libraries, while in Poland his pamphlets have been published by the police.

The German Trotskyite Maria Reese, whose pamphlet on the fascist seizure of power provided the basis for most of her sect's attack on the German Communist Party, won the sympathy and protection of the Gestapo by her pro-Hitler radio address during the Saar plebiscite. This fascist propaganda speech was warmly applauded in the Trotskyite press, as representing a "realistic" way of looking at things!

It has been suggested that the Trotskyite-fascist alliance has been made possible through their mutual hatred of the Soviet Union, and a comparison of the Nazi and Trotskyite press serves to re-inforce this idea. Both habitually print stories of mass starvation and discontent in the Soviet Union, and affirm that the Russian workers and farmers are being forced down to lower and lower living standards. Both proclaim that Soviet economy is bankrupt. Both attack the new Soviet Constitution as a smoke-screen hiding an increasingly ruthless dictatorship. Trotsky emulates Goebbels in making personal attacks on the Soviet leaders and charging publicly, in the capitalist press, that they are corrupt, profligate and dishonest. At a time when reporters of such authority as the Webbs are writing in glowing terms of the economic and political achievements of the Soviets, the Trotskyites fill their papers with hysterical anti-Soviet propaganda, much of which is reprinted verbatim in the organs of the Russian White Guards. "Throw enough mud and some of it will stick" should be the motto emblazoned on the mast-head of every Trotskyite paper.

Another bond of sympathy between fascists and Trotskyites is their detestation of the growing Popular Front movement. We in Canada have had some experience with the attempts of the Trotsky groups to disrupt united front organizations, and with their efforts at such gatherings as the Canadian Youth Congress and the Congress of the League Against War and Fascism to prevent the progressive groups present from reaching any basis for common action. Even in Spain, where all the forces of progress are locked in a life and death struggle with international fascism, the Trotskyites continue to play the game of the reactionaries by their attacks on the united front. The Trotskyite P.O.U.M. has put forward the suicidal program of pushing through the socialist revolution at once. In order to attain this end it is concentrating on two objectives: the creation of a split between the working class and middle class parties in the loyalist camp, and the military defeat of the loyalist armies. (Again a parody on Lenin's tactics.) The novelist Ralph Bates, recently returned from the battle-front, is one of a number of eye-witnesses who have testified to the disruptive activities of the Trotskyites, which have finally led to the arrest of their leaders and the imposition of a ban upon their press. Reinforced by fascist provocateurs, the Trotskyites try to sow dissension among the left wing groups; spread rumours calculated to destroy confidence in the Government; attempt to demoralize the workers' militia by attacks on the Soviet Union. Typical of these attacks was their accusation,

given wide publicity in the fascist press, that the Soviet Government had aided Franco by engaging in sabotage on certain unnamed sectors of the battle-front. (See the New York *Times,* Jan. 3.)

In France as well as in Spain, the Trotskyite groups have been active in sabotaging the Popular Front. The wholesale acceptance of Trotskyites into its ranks has dealt what may prove to be a death-blow to the American Socialist Party, which is now bogged down in a morass of sectarianism, infantile leftism, attacks on the united front, and hysterical slanders against the Spanish government. The American Socialists are losing what little influence they possessed in the labor movement; unless they rid themselves very soon of the Trotskyite virus their party is doomed.

With the lessons of the American debacle before their eyes, socialists in this country have no excuse for making the same mistake. Yet it cannot be denied that during the last few months there has been a steady infiltration of Trotskyite elements into the C.C.F. An examination of the various groupings and opposing tendencies within that organization shows that this is not accidental. It is the result of the policies of certain right-wing C.C.F. leaders, who are not adverse to using the Trotskyites as a buffer against the growing sentiment for united front action, even when in order to do so they must give up the socialist objectives of the C.C.F. and turn it into an anti-Communist debating society. The Trotskyites are entering the C.C.F. with only one purpose, to win it for their own anti-united front position. Toleration of these activities will prove a costly mistake for all sincere socialists. If the progressive movement in this country is to organize a front capable of defeating the fascist reaction, it must drive out those elements who fulfil no function but to serve, whether consciously or unconsciously, as the agents of fascism within its ranks.

(This is the second of two articles on Trotsky and Terrorism. The first appeared in our January issue.)

Correspondence

I HAVE just run across the November issue of *New Frontier,* and was struck by the article "Another Note on Literary Criticism", in which Mr. Burgum seems to eulogize Farrell and his book beyond their deserts. May I be permitted to add a brief note to the discussion of the strange case of James T. Farrell. In looking through his book *A Note on Literary Criticism,* I was struck by this young novelist's distortions of the ideas of a man whom I have long admired, Robert Briffault. I cannot help but feel that in wantonly slandering such champions of working-class liberty as Briffault, Mr. Farrell is acting as an enemy, for his, surely, is not the attitude of a friend.

Perhaps a few excerpts will elucidate my feelings. The last chapter of Briffault's *Breakdown* is entitled "Between Two Worlds". In this chapter Dr. Briffault pictures the dilemna of members of the middle class who are of the world of socialism, but who live in the world of capitalism. "The brief span of their lives is laid between two worlds, with no firm footing or foundation in either. In a world which is speeding to dissolution they are strangers, the world to which they belong is as yet unborn. . . . All thought, all aims, all creation—all the activities of the mind and the significances of life are under the necessity of choosing between two sets of values, the transient values of a world which is passing and those of the new . . ." Since, as he goes on to say, true individualism will not surrender its birthright and submit itself to the values of the capitalist world, "moral courage is the condition of the only true kind of freedom . . . the present times call for two virtues above all others, moral courage and intellectual honesty".

Dr. Briffault makes his point clearly, and gives a fair description of the choice which I and others like me have had to make. Perhaps Mr. Farrell is unaware that men must make such a choice, must make sacrifices for their principles. But thousands are doing this very thing every day. It is an inevitable, yet tragic aspect of the class struggle of our times. It may be that Mr. Farrell does not propose to make this choice, and hence seeks to blur the issue with evasions and subtleties. Here is how he distorts Briffault's forthright picture of the dilemna facing honest members of the middle class: "Even when a condition of social breakup prevails there are still interrelationships. In other words, when we present a conception of two worlds and try to hierarchize them, we are in danger of over simplifying and thus of falsifying the picture of contemporary society. . . . There are not two worlds, there is only one, that world is divided into two classes. . . . Between them all sorts and hues of intercommunication cross . . . what we have to do is not to fulminate, as Briffault does in *Breakdown* or in his overrated novel *Europa,* our task is a far more constructive one. It is fairly described as understanding. . . ."

So our task to to stand aside and "understand" the class struggle; it is not necessary to make the choice between the two worlds. Mr. Farrell is deeply concerned with the interconnections between the two classes. A minor aspect of our society, it seems to me. But he labors his way through many weasel words to cover over what is the most important fact in the relation of the classes, their struggle with each other for the shaping of the world. In every chapter of his book Farrell tears words from their context in order to impeach left-wing writers of "narrowness" and "sentimentalism". His treatment of Briffault is only one example. He quotes Marx and Lenin profusely, also out of context. He is scholarly, it seems, as broad as all hell, and in favour of "real revolution", and he showers advice on the Communists and the Soviet Union. He writes naively, as though he were saying something new, but it is all very familiar to my ears. It is the old revisionism of Bernstein and the German Social-Democrats. Mr. Farrell would like us to forget the class struggle—that is the main purpose of his book. It is an attempt to liquidate revolutionary literature. Ebert and Scheideman once made the same attempt in the political field, in pre-Hitler Germany. For myself I prefer to leave Farrell and all such "theoreticians" in their ivory towers of understanding and to follow Robert Briffault out of the world of the exploiters and into the ranks of the exploited.

J. L. COUNSELL.

AGAINST the appalling mental and physical suffering that the Spanish Civil War is involving, we can already offset certain gains to humanity which will remain whether the Government of the People conquers or not; gains of knowledge which have been purchased far too dearly, but which for that very reason have an imperative claim on our attention. They are these:

1. No one can continue to believe that, if a People's Government is elected constitutionally, Capitalism will be content to oppose it only by constitutional means.

2. No one can continue to believe that violence is the special weapon of the proletariat, while Capitalism is invariably peaceful in its methods.

3. No one can continue to believe that Fascism is a merely national phenomenon. It is now abundantly clear that in a crisis the Fascist countries emerge as parts of an international whole,

the International of Capital. German and Italian arms are killing the people of Spain.

4. No one can continue to believe that Fascism cares for or respects what is best in humanity. In Garcia Lorca, the foremost modern poet of Spain, they have assassinated a human life which was especially valuable. Meanwhile the People's Government have made Picasso director of the Prado, hoping to widen still further the scope of his work for humanity.

5. No one can continue to believe that our National Government has any right to speak in the name of democracy. It has assisted in the crime of non-intervention; it has refused to allow the export of arms to a Government democratically constituted, and has regarded with equanimity the assistance given by Fascist powers to the rebels. There can be no more conclusive proof of its real sympathies than its conduct towards Portugal. Portugal is a British financial colony, and depends on British arms for the protection of its overseas possessions. A word from our Foreign Office would have secured her immediate adherence to the pact of non-intervention. Evidently that word has not been given. The National Government has permitted the Portuguese dictatorship to assist the rebels in complete freedom; at every stage of the campaign the rebel armies have been based on the Portuguese frontier.

If these things are clear, we are the gainers in so far as we know *inescapably* where we stand with regard to Fascism, to the People's Government, and to the National Government of Britain. And in the light of this knowledge we support the popular demand that the ban on the export of arms to the Spanish Government be lifted. We accuse our National Government of duplicity and anti-democratic intrigue, and call upon it to make at once the only possible reparation

ARMS FOR THE PEOPLE OF SPAIN

Hugh Sykes Davies, David Gascoyne, Humphrey Jennings, Diana Brinton Lee, Rupert Lee, Henry Moore, Paul Nash, Roland Penrose, Valentine Penrose, Herbert Read, Roger Roughton.

ISSUED BY THE SURREALIST GROUP IN ENGLAND.

IN THE February issue of *New Frontier* Professor Lorne Morgan has some good and pointed things to say about Strachey's *The Theory and Practice of Socialism*. But I am forced to believe that Mr. Morgan, in assimilating the main theses of the book, did not pay enough attention to certain of its details, and therefore may have given your readers certain misapprehensions about the book. To mention the two outstanding instances: in the first place, Professor Morgan states "The work is, in many respects, a workers' manual"; Strachey has, he says, "provided the working class with both a textbook . . . and a practical program . . ." and later the book is recommended to "every representative of labor." But Strachey himself takes several paragraphs of his introduction to point out that his book is intended particularly for "those whose economic existence is relatively satisfactory."

In the second place, Professor Morgan's interpretation of Strachey's three-point programme seems to me open to question. The first point the reviewer explains as "the re-union of the working class with the Communist Party." I fear Professor Morgan has been reading between the lines, because in this part of his work Strachey makes no mention of the Communist Party. He calls for "the ending of the present fatal divisions in the ranks of the working class". I do not wish to quibble about the reviewer's interpretation, but only to point out that his stating of them is not quite fair to the author, and not conducive toward making the book attractive to the largest body of readers, as I am sure he would wish to do.

R. N. DENNY.

French Novelists of Today

VI. — JEAN GIONO

FOR CENTURIES the peasant served as decoration or comic relief in French literature. Perfumed and beribboned he was made to prance through the pastoral romances like some two-legged lap-dog. Or he was the village half-wit, a clumsy foil for the brilliance of his betters. Even the socially-minded eighteenth century did little to improve matters. The heroes of Marivaux's *Paysan Parvenu* and of Restif de la Bretonne's *Paysan Perverti* may have had a bowing acquaintance with the land in the first chapter, but their creators quickly whisk them to town and proceed to scrape the manure off their sabots. The nineteenth century took the sociological duties of the novelist even more seriously, but Balzac's *Paysans* is the work of an irritated townsman and Zola's *La Terre,* in spite of its excellent intentions, presents country folk which in their way are scarcely more credible than the romantic rustics of George Sand. Art in that age found a real peasant to paint real peasants in Gustave Courbet, but the novel had to wait almost until the War for a similar boon. The land sprouted its two first authentic novelists in Emile Guillaumin and Marguerite Audoux. The French-Swiss novelist C. F. Ramuz came hard on their heels and this generation has two real peasant novelists of the first rank to its credit. They are the revolutionary André Chamson, who deserves an article all to himself, and Jean Giono, pagan mystic, prose-poet and passionate defender of his class.

It is natural for a peasant-writer to set his novels in some constant and familiar ambience: his own. Ramuz writes of the terraced vineyards and rich farms of the north shore of Lake Geneva, Chamson of the rocky mountain-country of the Cévennes, where Stevenson wandered on his donkey. Giono is as firmly rooted in the valley of the Durance beyond the hill-town of Manosque. Olive-orchards and wheat-fields near the river give way to lavender-grown slopes and the mountains of Lure. Beyond Provence merges into the Alps and the sun rises over Italy. It is a silent, magic land, subject to sudden storms and great extremes. No-one would dream that only two hours away by fast car play-boys and play-girls sun their buttocks on the beaches of the Riviera. It is also an extraordinarily beautiful land, as Giono has taken pains to prove to those of his readers who have never been there by publishing over 100 magnificent photographs by Kardas as an appendix to his latest work, *Les Vraies Richesses.*

Giono was born in 1895, the son of an Italian cobbler who emigrated from his native Piedmont for political reasons. Zola's ancestors too were from behind the Alps and the Aix where Zola grew up is not many miles from Giono's Manosque. Few details are available concerning Giono's early years, though there are some autobiographical fragments scattered through his novel *Jean le Bleu* (1932). He has said himself that he wasted seventeen

miserable years working in a bank, a servitude from which he only emerged thanks to a modest income from his first novels. One may at this point be tempted to ask how Giono the son of an artisan and himself for years a white-collar drudge can speak as one of the authoritative voices of the French peasantry. The answer is that Giono has adopted his class and its ways as sincerely and as completely as Lenin, say, adopted the Russian proletariat. And for the last eighteen months he and forty comrades have renounced the town and live in a peasant commune they have founded in the uplands. And lest this sound too much like William Morris or Isidora Duncan, it should be emphasized that there is nothing arty and crafty about the Commune of Contadour, however utopian some of Giono's ideas may prove in the last analysis.

A volume of poems appearing in 1924 was Giono's first published work. It was followed by another. His career as a novelist did not begin, however, until the publication in rapid succession of the three volumes of his Trilogy of Pan. They are: *Colline* (1929), *Un de Baumugnes* (1929) and *Regain* (1930). Varied as they are in theme and in the characters they portray, these novels can be discussed as a single work. Written in amazingly beautiful prose, of a kind that no other living French writer could hope to match, they form together a novel of the rhythm of the seasons, of the deep ebb and flow of life which conditions the superficial living of mere humans who crawl on the earth's crust. In such a work men and women are few and elemental; a girl on a farm, an itinerant labourer, a pimp from Marseilles, shepherds, many shepherds and their sheep. The humans talk little and their thoughts flow almost too deep to be captured, so that the novels are sustained rather by an amazing succession of descriptive passages. Behind everything is the brooding, blind presence of Nature and the few, stark elements which Malraux counts as the stuff of antique tragedy: "man, woman, destiny, suffering, death." The name of Pan in the group title is not a mere gesture. Giono is an authentic pagan. Demeter is real to him and so is the Hindu god Vishnu the Destroyer who inhabits Paris and all cities of the modern world.

It is perhaps hard for any Anglo-Saxon to take paganism seriously today. One thinks at once of poor D. H. Lawrence playing the satyr rather apologetically, but a Latin can do it without awkwardness. In many respects the early Giono is a latinized version of Lawrence. Only a thin line of hills separated them physically when Lawrence died at Vence, and some of their main ideas coincide very closely. But Giono never had to fight the English caste-system or feel self-consciously defiant in the presence of sex. He was able to go further than Lawrence and with less fuss and agony.

The popular success of the trilogy was considerable. One of the novels, *Un de Baumugnes,* was even very successfully filmed under the new title of *Angele.* Then other novels began to appear: the semi-autobiographical *Jean de Bleu* and two others in the Dionysic naturalism strain of the trilogy, *Solitude de la pitie* (1932) and *Le Serpent d'etoiles* (1932). There was also a most unusual war novel called *Le Grand Troupeau* (1931). Though fragments of it carry some characters to the Western Front the tragedy of war in Giono's valley is centered on one shepherd who brings down his flock from the hills and has to say good-bye for a time even to his favourite ram.

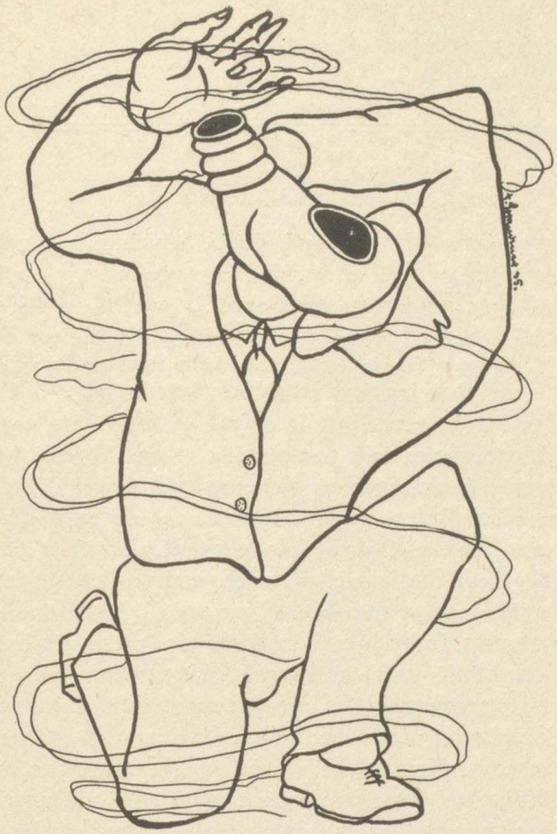
Then Giono published no more novels for a year or two, and with the appearance of *Que Ma Joie Demeure* (1935) there was evidence of a marked change. All the old magic, beauty and paganism were still there, but on this foundation were the clear beginnings of a superstructure of social thinking. The depression had at last reached the Valley of the Durance. The Government was buying wheat and mixing it with chemicals to make it unfit for consumption and keep up the price for the speculators. In Brazil coffee was being burned, elsewhere fish was dumped back into the sea. Giono the peasant heard of these things and was profoundly shocked as only a peasant can be by evidence of the deliberate destruction of food torn from the earth. The way out seemed to lie in a complete renunciation of our money civilization and in a return to the land.

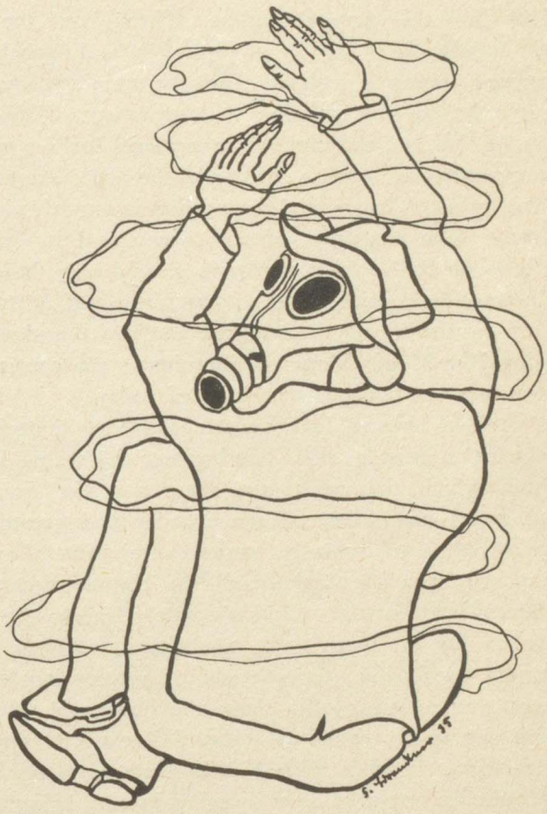
But there is more than passive renunciation and utopian dreaming in Giono's latest work, *Les Vraies Richesses* (1936). The peasant attacks capitalism in the name of all peasants. The "true riches" of the title are the real treasures man and the soil produce together by work and growth. Over against them are the spurious riches represented by worthless symbols on bits of paper, and Giono is savage in his denunciation of the "monsters" and "dragons" who spawn them. To the grain-speculator he says: "Supposing tomorrow you write down the price of wheat as zero—not you, because you don't count, but one of the big fellows at the other end of the telephone wire—and then come and say to us, 'Bad news, wheat isn't worth anything anymore'. Well, we know it will always be worth its weight in flour and its weight in bread. We shall cut it ourselves and give of it to others. I mean to those others who live in the little streets in sympathy with our lonely fields, the artisans whose skill aids our weakness, the comrade creators, those who work. Now, if you want a piece of advice, get a real job quickly. You'll soon need it."

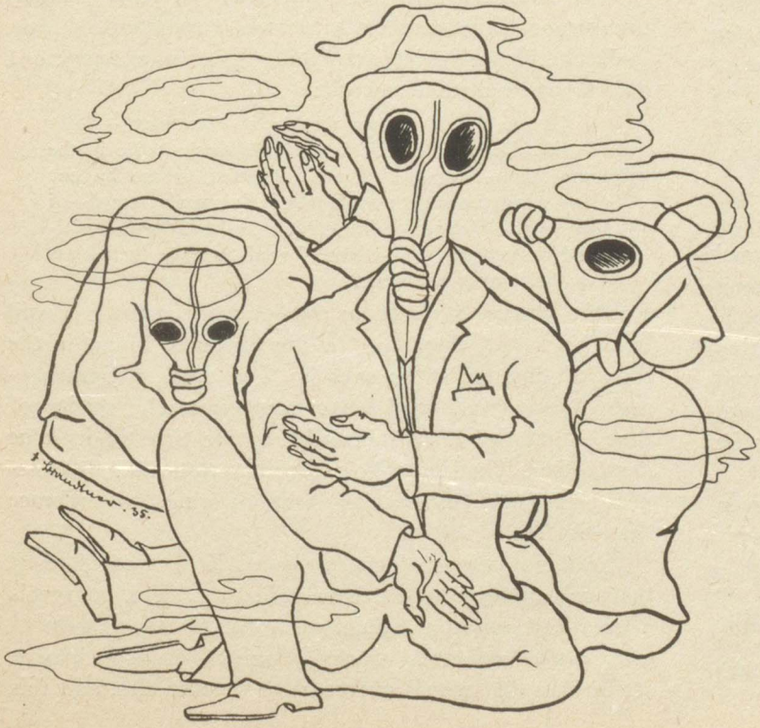
The new peasant world of which Giono dreams has its fantastic side. Forests and fields will cover France again and trees will grow through the broken roof of Notre-Dame and hide crumbling factory-chimneys. But it is significant that his new peasant world is a collective world. In his latest novels he celebrates all communal gestures: women baking together at the village oven, the peasant planting acorns for two centuries hence on the common lands. The suspicious, land-miserly French peasant of popular imagination is disappearing before the peasant of the future.

I have written of Dabit, the urban worker who mistrusted the countryside. Here is Giono, the peasant who hates the town. Some day soon a French writer will wield these two together in novels not yet written.

FELIX WALTER.







Triptych for A Mural

Fritz Brandtner.

Books

A Note on Re-reading "The Magic Mountain"

MARXIST CRITICISM has traced the general pattern of the late bourgeois novel. Reviews of the works of Proust, Joyce and others in the revolutionary publications have shown the decaying world that these novelists depict. Certainly *The Magic Mountain** falls into this general outline. Throughout the volume we breathe the sickly air of physically and psychically deformed creatures, isolated from the main streams of life, yet reflecting the maladies that grow out of the outside world. Beyond the immediate incidents lurks a world, or more correctly, a class, that is in the acute stages of disintegration. The general impression is one of widespread decay. The acuteness of this decay and its immediate effects on the novelist are more clearly seen, however, in the *specific* consideration of the ideas and attitudes underlying the bourgeois novel. A study of the ideas underlying *The Magic Mountain* illuminates the contradictions that face the bourgeois novelist of today.

People, objects, facts, emotions, are the materials with which the artist works. The broader the realms of being from which the artist can draw and the greater his sphere of consciousness, the broader and greater is his art. Yet, paradoxically, certain limitations have been imposed upon the vision and the consciousness of the bourgeois artist that would ultimately lead to the withering of his art were these limitations followed to their logical conclusion. Consciously or unconsciously adopting the ideology of his class, the bourgeois artist must shut out whole realms of being. His class interests come into direct conflict with his interests as artist and he thoroughly explores only those realms of being that are consistent with his class position. Necessarily, then, he resorts to partial consciousness and is conscious only of those realities that further his own weltanschaung.

An example of this partial consciousness reveals itself in the choice of characters in *The Magic Mountain.* Despite Mann's lengthy descriptions of people and objects he fails to give us even one vivid description of a worker. Even though tuberculosis is primarily a workers' disease, born of poverty, there is not one worker among all the inmates of the International Sanatorium Berghoff. Mann, in this novel, is totally unaware of the working world: workers are either left unstudied, or are depicted as physically deformed, in contrast to the many mental ailments with which his bourgeois characters, whom he knows thoroughly, are afflicted.

This partial awareness of reality reveals itself even further in some of the basic ideas of the book. In his conception of time and space, which is an underlying problem of the novel, Mann more clearly reveals the dilemna of the bourgeois artist.

> Space, like time, engenders forgetfulness; but it does so by setting us bodily free from our surroundings and giving us back our primitive, unattached state.

For Mann, excursions into time and space are not sources of experience and consciousness—on the contrary, they negate consciousness. Leaving the sheltered stronghold of his isolation and entering the objective world, Mann must don the cloak of blindness. Realities are dangerous, they bear the impact of truth, and truth, at times, must be ignored for the sake of the artist's "inner peace." He embraces forgetfulness and obviously ignores manifestations of life that would enrich his world of experience—and consequently his art—to maintain his illusion of a "primitive, unattached state." Ever the "free, unattached" individual, he remains above life, not of it. Yet, despite his illusion of detachment, life about him does touch him and in his further consideration of the problem he reveals the psychology of his class. "Time," he says, "brings things to pass," and it is in this statement that he wishes to concede to the fact that time is an objective reality. But it is precisely here that his class background most unexpectedly crops up. The passivity of the present bourgeoisie, the class that has already contributed its creative, positive qualities, dictates this static conception of time that denies the changes wrought by the exertion of man's force. Not people, but time brings things to pass. Obviously, let time take its course.

The shadiness of this conception is more sharply brought out in contrast to a Marxist conception of time. I. Kocherga, a Soviet dramatist, says, in answer to a questionnaire about his work:

> Of myself, I can say that in my last play — *The Watchmaker and the Chicken,* which won a prize in the competition—I used a theme suggested to me by our great construction: the theme of Bolshevik tempo—of *time* as an objective reality, which the builders of socialism have conquered and have forced to serve their class and their great problems.

For the *illusion* of freedom the bourgeois artist has paid with his *actual* freedom. In this instance Mann is the slave of time which he says is "a mystery, a figment—and all powerful," and his concession to the reality of time is nullified by his inability to see time in its true perspective. Unable to hold together time and timelessness he loses the specific beat of time to embrace "eternity".

Such limitations of consciousness if allowed to exert their full meaning would have stifled art. Yet, bourgeois art, with its false limitations and restriction has produced great artists and great works. Counter-forces had to be set in play that would overcome these obstacles, and this

* These notes on re-reading *The Magic Mountain* are of an extra-literary nature. The comments do not grow directly out of Mann's artistic expression—they are comments on Mann the thinker and artist as he reveals himself through his writing.

was realized in the *method* employed. With whole realms of being eclipsed out of consciousness, a method had to be evolved that would utilize fully the realms of being allowed into consciousness; thus the sensibilities were highly sharpened and refined, and attention was focussed on the more minute and unusual manifestations of life. What was lost in particular instances had to be made up in the sum total of impressions and observations portrayed. In his foreword, Mann says:

> We shall tell it (the story) at length, thoroughly in detail—for when did a narrative seem too long or too short by reason of the actual time or space it took up? We do not fear being called meticulous, inclining as we do to the view *that only the exhaustive can be truly interesting.* (Italics mine. D.M.).

In avoiding the more sustaining fare of the daily, the usual, the common,—the exhaustive method must be used whereby the sum total of many details, approximates the presentation of the really significant details. It is no mere chance that *The Magic Mountain* runs into 900 pages, that Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* runs into many volumes and that Joyce's study of one day—*Ulysses*—runs into a thousand pages. It is only by thoroughly exhausting the limited realms of being explored by the bourgeois novelist that he can produce works with body. And it is for this reason that the bourgeois novelist has to harbor in the unusual. On the one hand, the usual and the daily are too close to the prohibited realms of being, to be exhausted. And on the other hand, to arrive at the creative elements in man, that are latent and frustrated in a bourgeois society, the novelist must remove man from the meaningless routine of his daily life. And so Mann says:

> It was an unusual face, and full of character, (for only the unusual seems to us to have character).

DAVID MARTIN.

Canada And The League

Canada: The Empire and the League. Lectures given at the Canadian Institute on Economics and Politics. National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, and Nelson. $1.40.

THIS VOLUME, dealing with the general subject of "Canada's Responsibility for World Peace", would be useful of it did no more than reveal the number and complexity of the problems facing Canadians in the matter of foreign policy, and the variety of answers tentatively given by various schools of opinion in Canada. This it does. The problems are not solved, but they are at least stated in such a way as to stimulate thought. And Professor MacKay's "Summary and Interpretation" which prefaces the collection, brings out well the divergent points of view which were represented at the Institute and which we may take as representative of a considerable and influential section of Canadian opinion.

But the book does more than this. We are given, in the contributions of Professor MacKay, Professor Brown and Professor Lower on "The Background of Canada's Position", an admirably clear picture of Canada's relations up till now with Great Britain, the League and the United States, and a statement of those economic and social features of Canadian life which, together with the nature of our past foreign relations, must be taken into account as basic conditioning factors in the formation of any foreign policy in the future.

In Part Three, where suggestions are made "Towards a Canadian Foreign Policy", the preponderance of opinion is in favour of closer reliance on the United States and more or less complete withdrawal from European commitments either through the League of Nations or the British Empire, on the grounds that Canada can do nothing for world peace through collective security now that the Great Powers have so clearly abandoned that method, and that adherence to British policy will simply implicate us in all Britain's quarrels, and particularly in Britain's imperialist wars, which are no concern of ours. The case for "isolation" has never been more clearly stated.

The non-Canadian contributors show up badly in this collection beside the realism of the Canadians. Dr. Hans Simon in particular, who leads off with a lecture on the European situation and the future of the League, seems to be living several years in the past, and this somewhat impairs the value of his analysis and suggestions. A more realistic analysis of the world situation at the beginning of the Institute's proceedings might have altered the tone of the subsequent discussion on Canadian policy, which must after all be considered with reference to the world situation. But as the volume stands there is much of value in it. The wary reader will, however, begin at Part Two.

C. B. M.

Man's Worldly Goods

Man's Worldly Goods. By Leo Huberman. Harper and Bros. $2.50.

ONE DAY a month or so ago, long before I had any idea that I would be reviewing his book, I sent my friend Leo Huberman this telegram: "Have just finished reading 'Man's Worldly Goods' which was given me for Christmas. One of best jobs in field ever done for people of all ages stop You are the Tom Paine of 1936 and the John Strachey of America!" Now, going through the book again for purposes of review, I have no reason to regret the spontaneous and exuberant feeling of enthusiasm that this wire represented.

The reason I thought of Tom Paine was because of the splendid simplicity and clarity, readability and eloquence of Mr. Huberman's book. Here is the history of the West beginning with the Middle Ages skilfully summed up in a little more than three hundred pages, yet full of concrete detail, drawings, pictures, lively asides and giving no sense of cramped abridgment or forced condensation. Originally intended for high school students, *Man's Worldly Goods* turns out to be just the thing for adults as well. After all the tough, exasperating stuff I have been ploughing through the last few years this work of Huberman's constitutes one of the greatest blessings that has come my way in a long time.

But let no one think that because this book is simply written, because its sentences are reasonably short and don't haul your bewildered mind through half a page of unending qualifying clauses, because the words are familiar, in the vernacular, and on the average not more than half an inch long,—let no one think that there is not plenty of good meaty material in these pages. And here is where John Strachey comes in. For Mr. Huberman is a scholar, not only in the sense of knowing his facts, but also in being able to embellish them with all sorts of engrossing passages from rare and original documents. It is evident that an enormous amount of research went into *Man's Worldly Goods.*

Like, Strachey, too, Huberman presents an economic interpretation of his subject matter and an economic interpretation that is essentially Marxist. "History books," writes the author in one of his numerous telling comments, "go on at great length about the ambitions, conquests, and wars of this or that great king. Their emphasis is all wrong. The pages they devote to the stories of these kings would be much better devoted to the real powers behind the thrones—the rich merchants and financiers of this period." When Huberman comes to the analysis of Capi-

talism, he achieves a positively brilliant account of economic theory from Adam Smith and Ricardo down through Karl Marx to present-day capitalist apologists such as J. M. Keynes, John A. Hobson, and Professor Hayek.

In a surprisingly brief number of pages Mr. Huberman gives us the essence of Marxism as an economic doctrine in terms which the simplest mind should be able to understand. Here is his final boiling-down of the causes of depression and crisis: "Marx's analysis comes to this: the capitalists must maintain profits by keeping down wages; but in doing so they destroy the purchasing power on which the realization of profit depends. Low wages make high profits possible, but at the same time they make profits impossible because they reduce the demand for goods. Insoluble contradiction." If only our college professors and politicians and business men would meditate on and master these three sentences, what a marvellous thing it would be! But, alas, their minds have become so corrupted by their economic and social position and by the complex grandeur of their own apologetics that there is but little hope for them. It is a hundred times more likely that some sixteen-year-old student in a New Haven high school will grasp the truths set forth in *Man's Worldly Goods* than that Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics at Yale, or the respectable members of the Board of Trustees at the same university will ever see the light.

Again like Strachey, Huberman has accomplished a most significant task in the realm of popularization. Strachey's books, however, appeal to rather highly educated and advanced intellectuals and members of the working class. But Huberman's book goes beyond this in that it can be read and understood by almost anyone who is literate and who has reached the mental age of fifteen or sixteen. This is why I believe *Man's Worldly Goods* is the best popularization of Marxist economics and history that exists in the English language. This does not mean, of course, that because it is easy to read it was easy to write. Mr. Huberman spent two solid years on this job. And it ought to be clear that the art of authentic popularization is as difficult as it is important.

One of the chief capitalist propaganda weapons against drastic social change has been to claim that economics is such a hard and complex subject that only a few gifted geniuses from the upper classes can possibly understand it. The rest of us must simply accept what these great minds hand down. Now what Huberman makes abundantly plain is that the fundamental difficulties inherent in our present economic system and the fundamental advantages of planned Socialism are perfectly simple and understandable to all persons whose minds are not warped by an actual deficiency of brain-cells or extreme prejudice of some sort. And the same principle holds, I think (though the author does not go into the matter), in reference to the orthodox philosophies of our time and the general philosophy of Marxism.

There is no let-down at any point in Mr. Huberman's book. The middle is as good as the beginning and the end as good as both. Take, for instance, the next to last chapter called "Russia Has a Plan." Listen to the opening: "Seventeen years before the end of the nineteenth century Karl Marx died. Seventeen years after the beginning of the twentieth century Karl Marx lived again." You can't beat that. Then there is the unsurpassed crack that Huberman takes at capitalists who say that real national planning is impossible: "Here are captains of industry who have performed miracles of organization and planning in businesses which, taken separately, have more capital resources than many nations of the world, business whose ramifications spread over the globe; here they are—the leading planning experts in the leading capitalist country, arguing so strenuously against doing for all the nation's industry what they have so skilfully done for their own." You can't beat that either.

In fact, on the whole as well as in specific particulars *Man's Worldly Goods* is an unbeatable book. And I recommend it to everyone who wishes to understand this tumultuous, perplexing, remarkable world in which we live.

CORLISS LAMONT.

Soviet Life

Scenes from Soviet Life. By W. P. and Z. Coates. Francis White Publishers. $1.50.

ANY BOOK on the Soviet Union by the illustrious authors of *Armed Intervention in Russia* 1918-1922 demands attention. In addition to their study of military actions and political trends the authors have made several trips through the country where, with a knowledge of the language, they have apparently entered into the every day life of the people in homes, factories, farms, schools, hospitals and in their play. This repeated close contact with the people gives their opinions more weight than those of must of us who have had the opportunity of visiting the country. The present book seems to have resulted from an effort to impart a large amount of varied and intimate detail of the life in the U.S.S.R. in a form that may be painlessly absorbed by the superficially interested. Undoubtedly a good book to give an unsophisticated friend who thinks the Soviet people go about in fear, with every action regimented. At the same time the experienced reader will find much of value in the snatches of conversation with all sorts of people which at times may reveal more than statistical data or philosophical analysis.

G. B. R.

Recurrent Reaping

Whiteoak Harvest. By Mazo de la Roche. Macmillan, $2.00.

FROM THIS WORK emanates an aura of Presbyterian genteelness which we associate with a small Ontario town on a Sunday morning. The author has dashingly attempted to be ultra-modern, but she has never been able to escape from the "exotic" atmosphere of a public library. A daring respectability, D. H. Lawrence in a social climber's petticoat, is the reaction to this accumulation of manufactured episodes. The one impressive feature of the book is the way in which Miss de la Roche writes of horses and dogs. The sticky story of the neurotic Whiteoaks is epitomised in the incident where Renny, chief of the clan, acquires a daschund puppy and brings it to his temporary home.

"'A man in New York has owed me seventy five dollars for three years. I'd given up all hope of getting it out of him but this morning he gave me this puppy out of a champion-bred litter. It looks rather seedy because it's just been wormed. But it's a good one and he swears it will be worth ninety dollars when it's grown. I hope you don't mind my bringing it home. It's a sweet little thing and it can sleep on the foot of my bed.'

"Harriet Archer's brain reeled. Her world was rocking beneath her but she thought: 'Let it rock! This is life! It is real. It is earnest.'"

If this is life, we can hope that the Whiteoak crop is finally reaped. But one has doubts on this score, as the ill-bred child Adeline, Renny's daughter, shows strong signs of continuing the family's temperamental disorders indefinitely.

D. C. MACNAIR.

Brief Reviews

The Upps of Suffolk Street. By Wilma Pollock. E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc. $2.50.

TWO SCHOOLS of writing about New York Jewish life are beginning to emerge; one the soon to be called classical school of Michael Gold, Samuel Ornitz and Charles Reznikoff, and the other the kindly-fun school of Arthur Kober, and now Wilma Pollock. In this second group, the people are generally happy, have plenty to eat, and though they live crowded in small, dark rooms and battle for miserable jobs, they are used to it and think nothing of it. If such a light-hearted touch

doesn't bother you, you will enjoy this book to the full. Kuppelman Upp, a marriage broker, moves with his lively family to a New England village to take over a bogus matrimonial magazine. By a fluke, he develops an antique business as a sideline, and at the end of the book returns to New York with his oldest children satisfactorily married off, at peace with the world and his banker. Unlike Arthur Kober, the author made the acquaintance of her subjects through social work, and it shows in her writing. However, the excerpts from the matrimonial magazines are a riot, whether authentic or not—you can't tell; the adventures of the Upps are swift-moving and excellently plotted.

J. M.

Attar of Song. By Irene H. Moody. Macmillan, $2.00.

FOR THE LAST seven years at least Canadian poets have had epic themes smiting their eyes from day to day in the history of their country, but few of them have had courage to tackle these themes. A multitude of minor poets have found vicarious escape by dissecting fragments of their souls and peering analytically at these soul-sections through a microscope. Examination of this nature might well be restricted to students of biology. Why is so much of our poetry as glutinous as Canadian Balsam? Mrs. Moody is richly endowed with "amber and opals and alabaster, rainbows and nocturnes, pear-blossoms, orchids, pomegranates, tourmaline" and so on. *Attar of Song* adds one more to the legion of volumes dealing with personal emotions; it is architecturally baroque and the quality of humanism is notably absent.

D.C.M.

Between Ourselves

WE ARE HAPPY to be able to print in this issue the complete text of Mary Reynold's prize winning one-act play, *And the Answer Is* . . . Theatre groups are notified that no performance or public reading of this play may be given except by previous arrangement with the author, or with the Theatre of Action, 81 St. Nicholas St., Toronto. Text and illustrations may not be re-printed without permission of *New Frontier.*

Stanley Ryerson's article in this issue is the result of a recent visit to Mexico. He will contribute to our next issue an article dealing with education and religious liberty in that country.

David Morgan is a research worker who lives in Toronto. He has contributed articles on international affairs to *The Daily Clarion* and *New Frontier* under the psuedonym of Semper Fideles.

John M. Abraham is a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, who is at present doing post-graduate work in philosophy at the Sorbonne.

As we go to press our managing editor, William Lawson, is starting on a tour of Western Canada, with the object of building our circulation in the western cities. He will visit Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, Regina and Winnipeg. New Frontier clubs, organizations of individuals interested in our magazine and willing to help increase its influence, have been set up in Vancouver, Montreal and Toronto. We hope that as a result of this tour similar clubs will be organized in other Canadian cities.

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