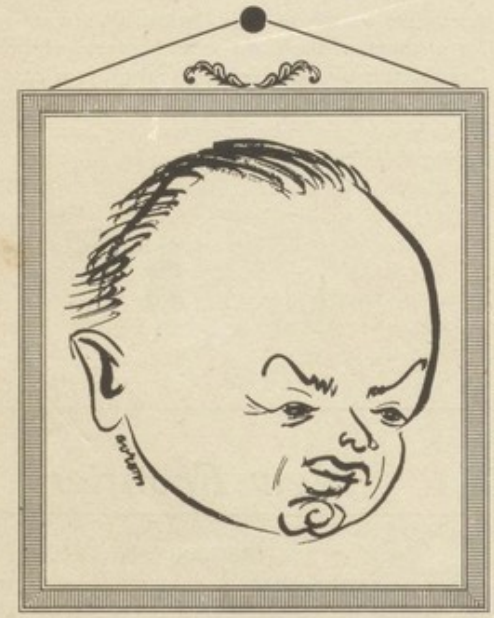
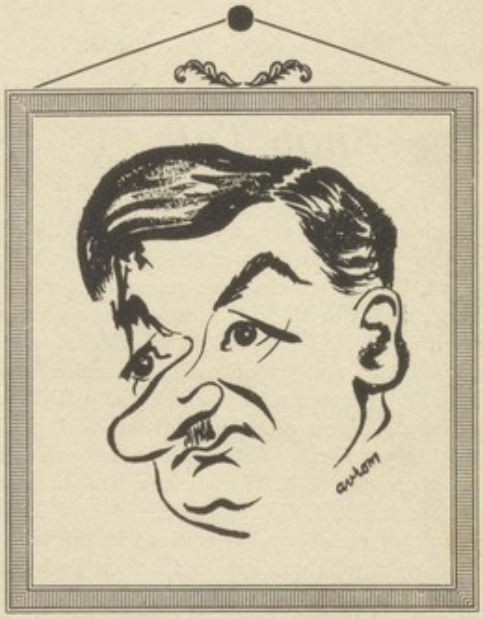
Story . . . by Jack Parr

New FRONTIER

TORONTO
OCTOBER, 1937





HEPBURN DUPLESSIS

Political Portraits

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

Novelist in Spain

Vol. 2, No. 5.

15¢

CANADIAN LITERATURE & SOCIAL CRITICISM

This Month

Shop Talk

MORE FIRST-HAND REPORTS from Spain . . . in this issue we are proud to present an article by Sylvia Townsend Warner and a story by Valentine Ackland, both of whom have recently returned to England after a visit to Madrid. Most of our readers are familiar with Sylvia Townsend Warner's last novel, *Summer Will Show,* and probably with her earlier books, among them *Mr. Fortune's Maggot* and *Lolly Willowes.* She has been a frequent contributor of late to *Left Review* and other periodicals. Valentine Ackland writes us, "I am co-author, with S. T. Warner, of a book of poems published here and in U.S.A. in 1933. In 1936 I published a book on social-rural conditions in England. I contribute fairly regularly to *Life and Letters Today;* the *London Mercury;* the *Left Review; Time and Tide* . . . and in U.S.A. to the *New Republic; New Masses;* the *Saturday Review of Literature.*"

Also from Spain comes the drawing on page 12 by the Spanish artist Rivero Gil.

The articles on Hepburn and Duplessis which we feature this month are by Canadians . . . Peter Quinn is by now familiar to our readers, and Dennis McColl is a newspaperman with political connections.

We had an interesting talk the other day with a man from Hamilton who knew John Cornford, whose poem *A Letter from Aragon* we publish this month, at Cambridge. Cornford, son of a Cambridge professor and grandson of Chares Darwin, was considered one of the most brilliant student leaders Cambridge ever had. He organized a united front between Socialists and Communists there and edited the publication, *The Student Vanguard.* He volunteered for Spain, and commanded an English-speaking unit of the International brigade. He was wounded in the head and sent to a hospital behind the lines, but within twenty-four hours he insisted on returning to the front. When his unit was attacked by an overwhelming force and in danger of being surrounded, he ordered his men to retreat. With a white bandage around his head, he stayed behind with a machine gun to cover them. He was killed in action at Cordoba on the day after his twenty-first birthday.

C. Day Lewis, one of the most outstanding of England's modern poets, now writes a monthly commentary for an English publication on Culture and the People's Front. His best known books are *A Hope for Poetry, The Magnetic Mountain,* and *Noah and the Waters.*

Jean Murray went from Eastern Canada to spend a year on the Continent and in England. We hope to publish more of her keen and interesting comments on what she is seeing and experiencing, in future issues of *New Frontier.*

Edward Flood, who writes on the revival of Vigilante tactics in connection with the recent strikes in auto and steel, lives on the spot, in Detroit. When we asked him for a survey of the situation with special applications for Canada, this type of thing, he told us, is what you Canadians should know about and be ready to combat. Interesting points of similarity crop up with our recent article on the Winnipeg General Strike.

New Frontier

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New FRONTIER

The Ontario Elections

THE FORTHCOMING provincial elections in Ontario have much more than usual significance as a test of progressive opinion in the province. But their importance is definitely more than province-wide. Their outcome will make a difference to the whole political future of Canada. For there is no longer a clear cleavage between the two parties, Liberal and Conservative. Both are split within themselves, with Tory leaders backing even more reactionary Liberals, with Hepburn repudiating Mackenzie King and other Liberals repudiating Hepburn. Symptomatic of this confusion is the fact that the Toronto Daily Star, formerly a Hepburn champion, now sits on the fence. However, former Liberal voters whose faith in Hepburn has been shaken will make a grave mistake if they believe that Mr. Rowe's bashful comments on the C.I.O. have in any way qualified him to enter the lists as a champion of liberalism, or that there has been any change in the anti-labor policies of the Tory machine. Despite the bellicose attitude of Mr. Hepburn and his unsavoury connection with the mine-owners (being prominently played up by the Conservatives, whose equally entangling bonds with finance capital are ignored in their election literature) the possibility of a Conservative majority in the next House presents as gloomy a prospect as the return of the present government. For some years the Tories have been putting out feelers for a "National Government" and just prior to the elections the Hepburn Liberals were making similar proposals. So whichever party is returned the outlook will be black for true liberalism.

But the magic phrase "farmer-labor" has introduced a new element into the present campaign. Although the third party for which many of us hoped has failed to materialize up to the present, the Labor Representation Association has been formed. The appearance of this committee of Trade Unionists interested in political action was the main cause, it is said, for Hepburn's hurrying-on of the election date. And there are a number of candidates running on labor and C.C.F. tickets who have the endorsement of the L.R.A. *New Frontier* urges its readers to support these candidates, as well as C.C.F. and left Liberal candidates generally. The checking of united reaction in the House and the immediate future of the farmer-labor movement in the province is bound up with the success of their campaigns.

It will be necessary to support labor nominees with more than votes. With the exception of the daily press, the strongest weapon in the hands of the old-line parties continues to be the overwhelming amount of money at their disposal. Those who are in a position to do so should give generously to the campaign chests of the labor candidates, who are universally handicapped by lack of funds with which to open headquarters and publish election literature. We will have in this election the support of thousands of citizens who formerly have voted Liberal. With their votes, and with enough money raised to cover campaign expenses, we can and will return a group of labor members. For the first time labor will not have to rely on "spokesmen" from the old-line parties; in the new House it will speak for itself.

It Is Not Too Late!

FOR YEARS writers in journals like *New Frontier* have been pointing out the dangers implicit in the foreign and domestic policies of world fascism, and warning the democratic nations that they must take action to check fascist expansion. Before the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, when the terms "war" and "peace" were still abstractions, it was fashionable to laugh at these warnings. Today fascism presents us with the *fait accompli*: tens of thousands of Abyssinians, Spaniards and Chinese, soldiers and civilians, men, women and children, fallen as victims of the first stage of its drive for world supremacy.

The tragic events of these last few years have caused a world wide revulsion of feeling against fascist barbarism. But owing to the weakness of our peace movement, and the lamentable lack of unity among progressive organizations generally, many Canadians who understand the significance of the fascist drive are silent, believing that it is now too late to take adequate measures against it. These overlook important factors in the world situation which differentiate it from that of 1914. Today there exists a group of nations, headed by the Soviet Union, and including France and other European countries, who are sincerely anxious to maintain world peace. There is still time for these countries, acting through the League of Nations and with the popular support of the peoples of the world, to put an end to the fascist invasions of Spain and China, and thus avert at least temporarily, the danger of world conflict.

The chief obstacle to this sane policy of collective security against aggressor nations is the pro-fascist line of the National Government of Great Britain, which involves capitulation before the fascist advance on all fronts where there exists no direct threat to British interests. It is becoming more and more difficult for the British Foreign Office to conceal its support for Hitler and Mus-

solini. At the Nyon piracy conference, the Soviet Union's open denunciation of Italy and aroused public opinion in Great Britain forced Eden to make a show of firmness. But this has already been cancelled by the action of the committee in inviting Mussolini to patrol the Mediterranean against his own pirate submarines. While new German and Italian armies pour into Spain, Britain continues its pretence of neutrality.

In sharp contrast to the stand taken by some of her sister Dominions, notably New Zealand, Canada slavishly follows the lead of Chamberlain and the Tory diehards. Alone among the Dominions, she showed her fascist sympathies by voting to deny Spain a seat on the Council of the League of Nations. Canadian manufacturers continue to sell airplanes and other war supplies to Franco, although all trade with the Spanish government is forbidden. In recent months there have been marked increases in Canadian exports to Japan, particularly in such war materials as scrap iron, copper, lead and nickel. It is interesting to speculate on what percentage of Canadian nickel went into the manufacture of the bombs which the Japanese are dropping on the civilian populations of Canton, Nanking and Shanghai.

Canadian citizens must act quickly to repudiate a government which has broken every one of its promises respecting its role in the League of Nations and its conduct of foreign affairs. We must demand that our spokesmen at Geneva press for collective security through the application of economic and if necessary military sanctions against the fascist aggressors. We must force our government to resume friendly relations with the legitimate government of Spain. We must put a stop to the export of war materials to fascist belligerents. The people of Canada have demonstrated again and again that they love peace; now is the time to strike for it.

A Primer on the C.I.O.

EDITORIAL NOTE: Mr. Hepburn and the editorial writers of most Canadian newspapers are clearly in the illiterate stage regarding the facts of labor history and labor organization. They are trying very hard to keep the Canadian public in a like state of ignorance by a terrific barrage of misinformation. The editors of *New Frontier* think that this simple statement of facts may serve a useful purpose.

Question: What is the C.I.O.?

The C.I.O. is a committee which was formed by eight of the leading unions of the American Federation of Labor to organize the unorganized workers of North American into industrial trade unions.

What is its History?

At the 1934 annual convention of the American Federation of Labor there was a large body of opinion in favor of the organization of the hitherto unorganized workers into industrial unions. The workers in mass industries were demanding organization and they were demanding that it be on an industrial basis. A resolution was passed by which the convention instructed the Executive Council to issue industrial charters where such organization was necessary. During the next year the Council did little to carry out this mandate. It granted charters in the rubber and automobile industries which excluded many classes of skilled workers in these industries and refused industrial charters in others, notably radio, oil, cement and aluminum. The Council was "respecting" the jurisdictional claims of the craft unions to workers within these industries, but the craft unions *did not and could not* organize these workers.

At the 1935 convention the Council's actions were subjected to spirited criticism and many industrial resolutions were presented. They were reported unfavourably by the Resolutions Committee but a strong minority of that committee, led by John L. Lewis of the Mine Workers, presented a report urging an industrial organization campaign. Though voted down it received more than 40 per cent of a roll-call vote.

On November 9, 1935, representatives of eight unions met to set up the Committee for Industrial Organization, with the expressed purpose of assisting the formation of industrial unions *within the A. F. of L.* The immediate objective of this committee was the complete unionization of the mass production industries. Today in size, strength and influence this committee has replaced the A. F. of L. as the leading organization of American labor. Latest reports place its membership as over three millions, with applications for new charters coming in daily. Of this number some two millions have been organized since the inception of the C.I.O. through its successful drives in auto, rubber, steel and other industries.

Is the C.I.O. part of the American Federation of Labor?

On August 4, 1936, the executive council of the A. F. of L. voted to split the American labor movement by suspending ten of the twelve unions then affiliated to the C.I.O. on charges of "dual unionism". At that time the C.I.O. unions had a membership of a million and a quarter, or 40% of the total A. F. of L. membership. In addition they had thousands of supporters in unions not affiliated to the committee. Their suspension was illegal, for the charter of the Federation states that unions can be expelled or suspended only by annual conventions and by a two-thirds majority vote. Although they have made every effort to heal this unfortunate split in the labor movement, the C.I.O. unions have never been reinstated in the Federation.

What is meant by industrial unionism?

Technically, industrial unionism means the organization of all workers in one factory into a single union, affiliated to locals in other shops to comprise one vertical union for each industry. As compared to the craft union organization, which split the workers into as many different unions as there are crafts in a given industry, the advantages of this organizational form in collective bargaining and all labor disputes are obvious. But in addition to structural differences, modern industrial unionism breaks with craft unionism in its philosophy.

Is the C.I.O. a political organization?

The C.I.O. does not accept the outworn "non-partisan" attitude traditional in the American labor movement, which means in practice depriving the workers of their democratic rights to nominate and support their own candidates in elections. The C.I.O. stands for progress in all fields, and will support those progressive candidates for governmental office who are pledged to pursue the interests of the working class. In the last American presidential election, its support of Roosevelt was largely instrumental in obtaining his decisive majority over the Republican candidate.

It is not unlikely that in the future the C.I.O. will throw its influence behind the formation of a political party which will represent the interests of the workers, farmers and middle class. But this does not mean that the C.I.O. is in any way a political organization. By its structure and constitution it is and can be nothing more than an alliance of trade unions, with one paramount objective—the organization of more than 30 million unorganized workers in basic industries on this continent.

Is John L. Lewis a communist? What are his political views?

Lewis is not a communist. He has always oposed the program of the Communist Party, and fought against the activities of communists in the trade unions. A concise statement of his own political thinking is taken from his article "The Future of Labor" in the *New Republic*, December 23, 1936.

"In its plan for the future, organized labor assumes that employees and management will work together for the attainment of maximum industrial productivity. It realizes that a life of reasonable leisure and plenty for all cannot be hoped for through a continuance of the restrictive methods and monopolistic practices as to prices, production and wages that were characteristic of the inefficient system of finance-capital of former years. It proposes to use its strength to establish an industrial procedure of constantly increasing productive efficiency and constantly lowering costs, prices and profits per unit of output, attended by a corresponding expansion of wages and salary payments, or in other words, a growth of mass purchasing power sufficient to absorb the ever-growing production of our mills, mines, factories and farms. . . . Organized labor may, therefore, be said to be constructively striving for a 'planned economy' under the auspices of the federal government."

Does the C.I.O. use or tolerate the use of, force and violence in labor disputes?

There is absolutely no evidence that the C.I.O. unions have used or advocated the use of force and violence in any strikes which they have conducted. On the contrary, these unions have always repudiated such tactics, and taken disciplinary action against individual members who have disobeyed instructions in this regard.

The peaceful strike of the Automobile Workers at Oshawa is an excellent example of their discipline, just as Hepburn's threats of violence were an excellent example of the tactics of anti-union forces. That such threats are often carried out and that the "rioting" and bloodshed in strikes in the United States was caused by agents of the employers or (as in the Memorial Day massacre at Chicago) by the police, is conclusively proven by impartial investigations. The evidence of such investigations by the U. S. Senate Civil Liberties Committee or by the National Labor Relations Board is available to all who care to read.

What about the sit-down strike? Is is not illegal?

The sit-down strike is not illegal; it is such a new departure in strike practice on this continent that no existing law has any relevance in regard to it. In the opinion of many legal authorities, including Leon Green, Dean of Northwestern University School of Law, the sit-down is an entirely legal and ethical method of protecting the rights of workers to collective bargaining, and defending them against unfair attacks by employers. Mr. Green has summarized the case as resting on four fundamental propositions:

1. Employees have an interest in the industrial relation distinct from any property interest. Such interest is a valuable one of the same dignity as that of property and is given the recognition of the courts as property.

2. Labor disputes involve economic and political questions outside the jurisdiction of the courts; the problems involved are of such difficulty administratively that the courts will not attempt to adjudicate them, but will leave them to other government agencies, or in the absence of such agencies, to the parties themselves.

3. Courts will not prejudice the issues between industrial employees and employers by assuming jurisdiction of issues incidental to the main dispute in absence of violence or fraud directed against the persons or property of the parties.

4. Occupation in good faith and peacefully of a plant devoted to industry by employees awaiting the adjustment of differences growing out of the industrial relation is but an incident of the industrial relation, and is in no sense unlawful.

Has the C.I.O. used the sit-down in its organizational drive in Canadian industry?

No.

Has it advocated the use of the sit-down?

No.

Are C.I.O. unions in Canada "foreign unions"?

No. Most unions affiliated to the C.I.O. have had a Canadian membership for many years. Most of them are also members of the Trades and Labour Congress, the Canadian central body. The overwhelming majority of Canadian unionists are, and have been since organization began, members of international unions.

In view of the above facts, what do you think of Premier Hepburn?

See the article on page 6.

HEPBURN

Dennis McColl

MITCH HEPBURN is the rarest flower that ever blossomed in Queen's Park. Tenderly nurtured these last three years, fertilized with flattery, he has been brought again to that fulfillment which rewards the patience of the husbandmen.

For Mitch is campaigning again. Mitch is on the platform, where he belongs. Again the rapt eyes assess audiences in drab halls, the plump chest swells with an ecstasy born of easy play on mass emotion, the pleasant voice and contagious grin get in their work, and the safe anecdote is selected from the finest storehouse in the province.

Mitch is back on the platform where he belongs, and not in a stodgy office fumbling with policies he doesn't understand or blustering into dramatic decisions for the shortlived joy of headlines. On the platform he has color and genius. With luck he will carry the province again, and back to office will go the boys who have neither color nor genius but have sense enough to recognize it in others. That will be the reward of their three years' travail with Mitch. God knows they're asking for trouble, since a re-elected Mitch will mean a doubly fretful Mitch, but power and patronage are sweet, sweet enough to make the gaff bearable.

Maybe that's not quite fair. Maybe I've suggested that these other men, and particularly the remaining ministers, are merely venal and self-seeking, merely using Mitch Hepburn for their own purposes. That would be to underrate his immense personal charm, which he faucets upon the individual as easily as upon a thousand listeners. It would be to underrate his genius for arousing loyalty in those around him and for seeing that it survives even the certain proofs of his own betrayal. You have to see Mitch Hepburn a good deal more clearly than those not very clever men around him see him; you have, indeed, to know him better than he knows himself, to realize that he's a phoney.

A magnificent one, yes; comparable with an Adolph Hitler or, as some have put it, a Huey Long. And, quite seriously, a man similarly to be feared.

Look at his background. Without going to Who's Who details, Mitch was born 41 years ago to a politically-minded family, spent his early life on the farm and was a bank clerk for two years before he went into politics professionally.

From this setting he emerged with three dominant opinions which are still the key to his philosophy. The political one is this: all Conservative politicians are double-crossing dogs. The social one: all farmers are the salt of the earth and all city workers are parasites. The economic one: at any cost, produce a good balance sheet.

For a clue to the unbelievable simplicity of this code, you have to go far back. You have to see a small boy heartsick over a tragedy he believed traceable to the local Conservatives' machinations. You have to imagine an older boy's bitter comparisons between his own lot on a none-too-prosperous farm and that of the free-spenders who were the sons of well-paid railway employees in nearby St. Thomas. You will have to remember, too, the ambitious young man in the uncongenial branch bank, eternally occupied with balancing his ledgers.

The wonder is not that the obsessions became established in his mind but that they persisted after he had learned of his spellbinding powers, first as United Farmers' secretary in Elgin, later as small-town campaigner on someone else's behalf, later still, by a lucky stroke, speaker on his own in a Federal campaign. The wonder is that they could survive in their original purity two parliaments at Ottawa and a long and difficult campaign as Provincial Liberal leader.

But they did, and once this is realized the fact sweeps away the troublesome contradictions between the leftist campaigner of '34 and the radical rightist of '37. It explains how the same man violated constitutional sanctity of contract in 1935 and constitutional labor privilege in 1937. It explains also how one who pays lip service to loyalty could cram his ashcan with two men who had served him with a fidelity carried to the point of fanaticism.

Remember those three points—hatred of the Conservatives, deification of the farmers, insistence on the surplus—and realize how this same simplicity would make for an overwhelming strength. See how the power created by the concentration would grow, year by year, if it were undisturbed by criticism. Think of the terrific force springing from this very simplicity, appealing as it must to uncritical minds when it is backed by high demagogical talents. Think of it and grow fearful of another Hepburn victory in Ontario and the broader vista it opens to him.

If a campaign is in prospect, there is no holding him. For no valid reason he stepped in to the Federal contest two years ago, toured the whole of the Dominion and let Provincial affairs stagnate in his absence. He detests the dull business of administration, with its unspectacular details, its routine, its unreported minor decisions on policy. There is no appeal for him in the fact that only through such drab devices can the business of the province advance.

Next to campaigns, he likes best the well-publicized sessions of the legislature. Into them he has introduced a personal bitterness that never before existed. He has fought friend and foe, tooth and nail, for the love of it and in defense of his own "Liberalism," the back-concession farmers and the budget surplus.

The formula again: but examine the record and see if it doesn't hold good. The "swing to the left" of 1934 was an opportunist phase of the determination to beat the despicable Tories. Mid-depression meant mass revolt, as Liberal strategists well know, and Mitch ostensibly accepted reform as an effective weapon. Abrogation of the Hydro contracts and collection of succession duties

were essential to a balanced budget. An anti-labor policy, with attendant relief cuts, fulfilled the philosophy of farm versus city. (Toronto single men, cut off relief, were told to take farm-hands' jobs for their board alone.)

What else has he done? His liquor policy was laid down by the Conservatives before he took office. His school-tax policy was stated and then revoked, his Minimum Wage Act rots on the statute books while the Labor Board fiddles and sets not a single rate after a long five months since passage of the bill.

No, there the meagre and powerful philosophy rests, and no criticism can touch it. Hepburn reads no books, sees no magazines, doesn't even look in the newspapers further than the headlines which may contain his name. The two enlightened men who felt bound to criticize are gone from his Cabinet. The others are poor little politicians who know that only Mitch can carry them back to office. They agree with him; God, don't they agree.

All that he hears comes from two small groups: the farmers when he's home in Yarmouth and the painfully rich playboys he knows in Toronto. Neither has what you would call an unrestricted outlook, but theirs' are the opinions which are reinforcing his policies. He knew nothing about the labor movement when he left last April for an expensive holiday at Miami Beach; he returned with a violent hatred for C.I.O., although it is doubtful if he could have told you the meaning of the letters. Troops and guns for Oshawa—and soon, of course, defeat and the long months of face-saving.

He has no knowledge of what is going on in the world, no appreciation even of the fantastically powerful interests using him today. To him their representatives are important citizens, good company for a companionable evening, possessed of the ability to reassure him that the public, bar radicals and those misled by C.I.O. agitators, is solidly behind his policies.

And that is why Mitch is a phoney and why none of us can have much hope for him any more. He is so distressingly ignorant and he can't get over those three obsessions of his. But beyond that he has gone past his depth, and I think he is beginning to realize it. He will still use, with every ability he owns, the words put into his mouth by other men, but there will be neither understanding nor acceptance in his own mind. For him there will be only the intoxication of the crowd and the platform. Back somewhere in his active mind must be the tormenting knowledge that if his obsessions are to have their course he must ultimately cast aside these new friends as he has so many old ones. There can never, now, be the peace of sincerity for him.

Meanwhile, he knows he must humble the Tories as he did in 1934. And after that the boys can cut loose again and heaven help us all.

DUPLESSIS

Peter Quinn

IN THIS eventful fall of '37, liberals outside Quebec are very hard pressed to follow all the current domestic political attractions. The hellbinding of Aberhart . . . Hepburn's shadow boxing for the plaudits of the electorate . . . the *Globe and Mail's* katzenjammer over Russia and the C.I.O. . . . various sideshows at popular prices are luring attention away from Quebec. Too, in some quarters it is becoming the easy practice to dismiss Duplessis as a dope in a cutaway and Cardinal Villeneuve as one in petticoats. No greater error could be made at this time, as alert left wingers in the French province are pointing out. For a progressive's eye view of Quebec's drift to fascism, it is necessary to recall some events that have made for the present danger.

It is no alarmist tactic to point out that Quebec's political leaders are following a line calculated to establish the first corporate state in North America. No observer who has followed Quebec's sharp lurch to the right since Duplessis' Union Nationale snatched control from the "liberal" Taschereau family in August '36, can be startled by the July '37 appearance of a National Party with a platform reared on corporatist props. This brew has cooked since the ballots were counted and the new premier turned a glassy eye on the extremists within his ranks. If there is any surprise in the bag at all it is that this insurgent team of Hamel, Chaloult, Gregoire and Drouin have waited so long to announce their corner on the fascist program which Duplessis himself has followed through twelve months of reactionary legislature. Duplessis gained power with demagogic slogans of "Bust the Trusts". Duplessis today is busting nobody but the workers and the lower middle class. Hamel *et cie,* dropped from the cabinet and gypped of their spoils, believe these same slogans will yet serve their turn. Hence the split. Hence the formation of a more frankly fascist bloc.

To date the National party's bid for mass support has been limited to several minor rallies and a major one. That ended in a Donnybrook with Duplessis henchmen swinging the clubs and Quebec City's Mayor Gregoire nursing abrasions. Preaching corporatism, the Nationalists are working hard to win the Church, whose titular head Cardinal Villeneuve has peddled the same political philosophy for several years now. Said Oscar Drouin, *late* Duplessis Minister of Lands and Forests, in his July 6th broadcast: "A French-Canadian type of politics is necessary . . . it must be based on corporatism and we are not the only ones who think so: Cardinal Villeneuve has already affirmed this." True, but the canny Cardinal is not so sure that Drouin's clique is the best one to realize his hopes. He realizes the temper of the masses is not yet for corporatism, as is indicated by his celebrated hair-splitting speech at Sherbroooke, in which he denounced the 'separatist' phase of the Nationalist pro-

gram, and protested that his campaigning for corporatism had not been made "in the sense of the State corporation, but in that of the professional corporation". The daily press was gratified by this distinction, which is really no distinction at all. Let Quebec establish professional corporatism, then see how quickly the same principles will dominate the political scene. The old fox is content to bide his time.

So long as Duplessis retains his mass support the Cardinal will not desert him. And Duplessis' needs the Church's aid to keep that following. To retain the favor of St. Peter's agent on the St. Lawrence River, Duplessis has established the infamous "Padlock" law, which he admitted was the Cardinal's idea; lent five million dollars of public funds without anyone's say-so to the bankrupt Sulpician Order—a loan which is probably uncollectable; o. k.'d the clerical plan to end the teaching of English in the earlier grades of French schools, and gratefully backed all of the Church's later reactionary moves.

What factions are driving to fascism in Quebec?

One, official Church opinion, which preaches corporatism as a philosophy through the universities it controls, clerical newspapers, handout literature, and even from the pulpit. The Cardinal has presently toned this to "professional corporatism". (It must be noted at this time that many groups under clerical leadership, notably the youth associations, are beginning to dissent vigorously with corporatist teaching.) Two, the Nationalists, a small bloc of rightwing radicals who demand corporatism without reservation. In this group the "separatists" flourish, and the more ferocious anti-Semites. It was against the "separatists" that Villeneuve spoke at Sherbrooke, the advocates of an independent French Canada on both sides of the St. Lawrence. Three, Duplessis' Conservative government, which, while denouncing the corporatists as loudly as he denounces communism and the C.I.O., has introduced some of the most reactionary legislation known to the British Commonwealth. Four, the big financial interests which lair respectably on St. James Street, which supported Taschereau till that ageing vulture could dominate Quebec no longer; these interests which accepted Duplessis as their front man when they saw his demagogy was worth the backing, even though, like Hitler, he abused his masters on the hustings while serving their ends. Obviously the groomed gangsters in the fourth grouping are the most dangerous enemies of the Quebec people. Obviously too, they must be fought through their servant, Maurice Duplessis.

Duplessis' efforts to suppress democracy in Quebec have all been made in the name of law, order, religion and the sanctity of the home. They have resolved themselves into attacks on living standards and social security, low as those standards are for the Quebec masses, and frail as that security is. The "Padlock" Bill was the first onslaught. It was rushed through the House before the ink was dry on the foolscap. A startled province awoke the next morning to find it owned a local Section 98—plus. Bill No. 55 "respecting workmen's wages," and the "fair wage act" Bill No. 209, followed promptly. Their arrogant, anti-labor character, their similarity to laws enacted in the totalitarian states of Germany and Italy, have filled labor leaders and progressives with justifiable alarm. Bill No. 55 for example, endows the provincial government (i.e., Attorney-General Maurice Duplessis) with extraordinary powers over wages, hours and working conditions. The interior evidence of these two vicious bills indicates that they are intended to establish complete governmental control of labor unions and associations. Bear in mind that it is a reactionary, labor-hating government in the first place. The outcome is familiar Hitler stuff.

As part of his pledge to save industry from labor agitators, Duplessis has declared that he will not tolerate the closed shop in Quebec. He simply will not let it happen, says he. He has joined with Ontario's apple-cheeked Hepburn to wage unqualified war on the C.I.O.

Duplessis unconstitutionally ordered the arrest of the leaders of the Montreal clothing strike, the success of which gave impetus to labor organization in the province this summer, and cleared the way for the recent textile victory. He is at present replacing direct relief in the municipalities with forced labor at a peon wage. The more headway he is given, the longer the working and lower middle classes permit him to betray their interests and bring their condition nearer to that of the corporate slave states, the harder will be the people's fight for democracy.

That fight, of course, is now on. Trade unionists, some enlightened public men, progressives and left wingers throughout the Province are disputing every inch of Duplessis' road to fascism. They are gaining some victories. But the fight is not yet broad enough; too many workers and middle class people are laxly acquiescing to corporatism by easy stages.

The strike of 10,000 French-Canadian textile workers in six Quebec towns which has just been won by the workers against the all powerful Textile trust, is a lion in Duplessis' way. He and his Tory backers have not yet recovered from the spectacle of French-Canadian workers—the lambs of industry—pressing their clerical leadership to the point of calling a strike, and maintaining the finest militancy till they won. The resolution shown by the strikers, the sympathy of the citizens for a victory, and Cardinal Villeneuve's alarmed appeal for mediation and settlement—all have given Duplessis a mild conniption. What these things have done to unite progressive forces in the province against his peculiar brand of reaction will make him froth when he really gets the gist of it. and Duplessis, we're told, is slow on the uptake. The most important lesson of the strike, however, is that co-operation is possible between the International trade unions in Canada and the Catholic Syndicates, those erstwhile barriers to working class unity. There's danger ahead for Quebec, of course. Danger of bigger and blacker reaction. But there's also every evidence of a broad, inclusive front of decent, democratic people, in the making.

Federico: A True Story

Valentine Ackland

On the way to the war Federico stood upright in a lorry, pressed close to the others, and with them sang songs and raised his fist in salute to the labourers working in the fields along the roadside. But when the long train of lorries reached Morate (or it may have been another place, I don't know; it was near enough to Madrid, anyway) and all the comrades clambered out and stood in ranks along the dusty road, then—and more than ever when they began to march—Federico felt his heart lag and his throat swell and tears born in his eyelids.

They marched, silent and sweating, along the dust straight road. Federico carried no rifle. No one, so far as he could see along the ranks, carried any weapon, saving Garcia who had a shining kitchen knife which usually hung at his side but at this moment was carried in his brown hand. Federico wondered to find himself so unhappy; trying to remember the feelings of pleasure he had known, only a little time ago, when they were all singing, pressed together in the lorry. But his mind, like a teasing parrot kept on repeating to him "Good-bye, Federico. Take care, Federico. Come back soon, Federico!" and always in his mother's voice.

And they marched on and on. Federico was only eighteen; he had never been so far from his home before. He had not been further than the small town, thirty kilometres from his village. Never slept a night outside his mother's house, never thought about it, never wanted to and never even wondered what kind of life, otherwise, he might have lived. And now the road was long and dusty and all around him there were strangers. Good men, he could tell from their gait and the way they turned their heads and the way they smiled—but all of them strangers; none of them his own brothers.

The road went on and on. As far as he could see it stretched away between its trees. His feet felt heavy and hot and he found it hard to shuffle them along in the thick dust. No one spoke and few, now, even turned to smile at him.

The column marched for two hours and more, and day became evening. It was still hot and the sun still showed, but light became softer and the grasshoppers ceased from singing. At a wayside stream, the column drew up and by fives the men went across the road and drank from the spouting pipe, holding their open mouths below it and catching the water deftly, swallowing down into dry throats, choked with dust. And after that as they marched they sang.

But still, although he sang with them, Federico's mind kept up its parrot-chant, and in his mother's voice he heard the last words she had spoken to him, and his throat swelled and eyelids pricked, and he marched on in the column, singing as they sang.

In the night they reached a village, and there—he supposes—they slept. But he was so tired that now he cannot remember how or where they lay down or whether they ate before they slept. Only he remembers that next day lorries drew up in the narrow street and he was packed into one, close to his comrades, and after a little while they entered Madrid.

And he noticed nothing there. There must have been a good deal to see and hear. Shells were falling, guns rattling away in reply. Houses were ruined along the streets they passed through. But Federico had no thought for anything in the world except coffee just then. His whole heart and mind desired coffee, and he dared not so much as mention the word in case someone should tell him that in Madrid there was no coffee—

After an hour or so, during which the lorries unloaded them and went off again, he and his comrades were sent along a street and into a large room and there were given coffee. And bread. And butter. Federico ate and drank, and then ate and drank some more, and then more still, and at least felt satisfied and gay again and began to talk, and sway back and forth on the bench, with his hands in his pockets, feeling himself a man and powerful and not scared of anything — even being a stranger among strangers.

They did not have to wait long in Madrid. After a day and a night someone came to them saying that rifles had been sent from Valencia and each man should have one, and each man should have cartridges, and go up to the front and shoot the fascists. And so it was: after an evening of instruction learning to handle the new-type rifles, they were formed into a narrow column and marched along the streets, close up to the good protecting walls, until they reached the last barricades of all. A maze of sandbags and massive concrete slabs, through which they filed carefully and beyond which they found fine trenches, deep dug-outs, and over beyond these the enemy lines.

Federico stayed there some days; long enough to learn the many different sounds of death and of escape. Sometimes his mind would start its parrot-cries, but together with knowledge of the voices of shells and shots and bombs he had learned how to close his ears when he wanted to. So, by the time of the attack, he had become a soldier and was chosen among those who went over first. And he went light-heartedly.

Machine-gun fire met them, of course; a solid curtain of it, one would have thought, but Federico and Juan, his chosen comrade, found their way like moths through

some hole or other in that curtain, and reached the enemy trench unhurt, only to be captured at once there—and from there they saw that the attack had failed.

In a moment, as it seemed, the noise lessened and the ground was shuddering and moving with bodies, the ground over which they had come. Dying men lay there, strangely active and flat-seeming, and in the fascist trenches men laid hold of Federico's shoulders and shoved him towards the end of the tunnel. He and Juan went along, disarmed and trembling with the aftermath of that run, that noise.

Before them, almost at right-angles to their own trench, they saw a deep gully filled with dirty quick-lime and dead bodies.

"Jump down!" they were told. And Juan jumped down. A rifle spat, another, another. Juan tumbled over, face-down in the quick-lime.

"Jump down!" to Federico.

But Federico ran.

He ran towards his own trenches, his own comrades. And the rifles spat again, rapidly and angrily, and he was shot twice—shot in both legs. But he reached his comrades, tumbling, he Federico, face-downwards in the dear earth of his own land. And Juan lay in the quick-lime on the other side.

Not much time passed, although it seemed long. He was bandaged and cared for, but when stretcher-men came to take him to the base he would not go. And it was almost dark when, as he lay in the bottom of the trench, he heard again the parrot-like voice in his mind, and smiled at it.

When it was quite dark he tied a rope to his belt, giving the other end to a comrade, and wriggled off across the same ground that he and Juan had covered in the afternoon.

It was dark, but in the flare of a light he saw the mark he wanted: a land-mark he had noted as they were pushed along the enemy trench towards Juan's grave. To the right of that mark was a dug-out entrance, and in that entrance was ammunition—a huge dump of it—and Federico lay flat and waited till he got his breath.

After some time, while his legs twitched and ached and his head felt light and clear, Federico raised his hand, and in it he held a grenade. He lobbed it over. And immediately a second one. And then he pulled on the rope and started back—and at the same time the earth in front of him flew into the air like a spout of water, crashing down around him as he was pulled back, as he grabbed his way along with his hands and did not even notice the anguish of his wounded legs.

Then hospital. Then ambulance journeys. Then hospital again, and visits from comrades whom he admired, revered, loved. And then home, and no need any longer of the deaf ears or of fearing that parrot-cry in his mind. The only distress then was his anxiety that maybe, when he returned to his comrades, one of them might have taken his rifle and he might not get another such good one.

"But you'll likely be a dynamiter, Federico—you're swift and nimble and a fine man to throw straight!"

"Sit outside the gate, Federico, in the shade, till your wounds heal. Sit here, my son—"

"Bring me some large stones, heavy clods of earth, Mother—and see here—ask Fernandez to make me a sling, will you? I'll practice a bit. It will come in useful soon—"

Vigilante's Return

An observer across the border notes Capital's revival of an old tactic

Edward Flood

A RECENT FULL-PAGE AD appearing in America's leading newspapers announces the formation of a nation-wide movement ". . . whose function it shall be to restore and protect those constitutional rights that have been taken from American citizens by certain unworthy officials." Conceived by Tom Girdler and his Chamber of Commerce stooges, this "patriotic" organization answers to the name of National Citizens Committees. The list of "unworthy officials" whom this group intends to combat does not include the name of Mayor Kelly of Chicago whose police murdered ten steel workers on Bloody Sunday, nor does it include that of Major Curley, who with the aid of police and deputized Republic Steel foremen led the attack that resulted in the death of three Massillon strikers. It takes no issue with Mayor Daniel Knaggs of Monroe, Michigan, whose police, supplemented by American Legionnaires and members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, plus a large number of vigilantes brought from surrounding cities, attacked two hundred pickets, overturning cars, driving union organizers out of town, and sending scores of people to the hospital. Its "protective" principles do not clash with those of Governor Davey of Ohio who allowed state troops to be used as strikebreakers, nor with any of the other public officials who have been doing the bidding of "little steel's" Tom Girdler. The objects of its wrath are those who have attempted to settle the steel strike by lawful and peaceful means. Its "constitutional" venom is directed against those men in public office who have striven to settle strikes without recourse to bloodshed.

On May 25, after Inland Steel Co. refused to sign a contract with the Steel Workers' Organizational Committee, the men walked out on strike. Within two days, 75,000 workers from Inland, Republic and Youngstown Sheet & Tube, laid down their tools. Asked for an elec-

tion within the struck plants, Girdler refused. Flaunting the workers' right under the Wagner Law, he stated that he would not recognize the SWOC no matter how many votes it got. "The mistake steel companies have made in the past," he said, "has been to reemploy these trouble makers. We won't make the same mistake this time." He denounced the National Labor Relations Board: he called Edward McGrady "Fanny Perkins's office boy"; Lewis and the CIO were "sponsors of terrorism and lawlessness, promoting and encouraging violence and disregard for law." Roosevelt and others came in for their share.

Girdler's vituperative remarks would under ordinary circumstances place him in a psychopathic ward. But this *fuehrer* of organized capital is not alone. Supporting his frothy rantings is not only the board of directors of the independent steel companies, but the massive coffers of Wall Street. His shrill voice is not that of a maniac escaped from an asylum, it is a symbol around which finance capital is rallying the fascist bands of America.

Monroe with its small Republic plant was the first to see the formation of a vigilante group consisting of merchants, thugs, and former Black Legionnaires. The move in itself was audacious, since it was taking place in Michigan, stronghold of the powerful CIO movement. Organized labor throughout the state was incensed by the action, and sent vigorous protests to Lansing. On June 10, Knagg's deputized vigilantes attacked the strike pickets. That same evening thousands of workers from the auto shops of Pontiac, Flint, Detroit and Toledo, wre preparing to march on Monroe. This expression of solidarity with the striking steel workers would, judging by previous experiences in Flint, have had its effects. Governor Murphy, however, heard of the contemplated march; he got in touch with the International officers of the United Automobile Workers and persuaded them to call it off.

Had this rally been held, the story today might be entirely different. Had Knagg's "law and order" group been thwarted at its inception as was the case with the Flint Alliance, the steel situation would present a different picture. It was this temporizing policy, without any doubt, that inspired Tom Girdler's mercenaries to extend their offensive against labor throughout the country.

Late in 1936, when the sit-down strikes paralyzed the automotive industry, the big manufacturers were caught more or less unawares, still licking their wounds as a result of their defeat in the national elections. But even then they mustered their forces, forming vigilante groups, importing armed thugs and embarking upon a widespread campaign of intimidation and coercion. In Flint they organized the Alliance and put at its head George Boysen, former Buick paymaster. The customary standbys, such as the police, city administration and newspapers sprang into action to do their masters' bidding. The metropolitan press wrote hair-raising stories about "revolution," and "the breakdown of American institutions through the seizure of private property." They appealed to public opinion for the "sane American ways of settling strikes." Fortunately the public was well acquainted with those "ways" as were the workers who had been their victims for many years.

It is a well-established fact that the strikes in automobile were almost free of large-scale violence and bloodshed. The reasons for that however, do not lie in the employers' attitude toward labor. The sit-down strike, new but very effective, defied many of the old methods of strikebreaking. Here was more than the task of dispersing a picket line and arresting the participants. Here was a group of workers in possession of a plant, lodged inside, out of reach of adverse propaganda and intimidation, trained and ready to resist attacks from the outside. Another important factor was the fact that the company property would be in danger if any attempts were made to dislodge the strikers by force. The state troops sent by Governor Murphy were the company's last hope, but even this agency reversed its time-honored role and devoted itself primarily to the preservation of law and order.

The unionization of automotive workers, followed closely by "big steel," textiles, and other industries, created a powerful labor movement, at the same time weakening the employers' offensive. The Supreme Court decision on the Wagner Labor Relations Act, providing the necessary vehicle for the arbitration of labor disputes, was another severe blow from which many people thought they would not quickly recover. Recent events proved otherwse.

It is said often that the difference between British and American big business is that the former opposes labor legislation before its enactment, while the latter proceeds to break it after it becomes law. There is no doubt that such was the case in the past. But that these malpractices should be allowed to continue today, hardly one year after the stunning defeat of Hearst's presidential candidate, and in the face of popular clamor for unionization and progressive legislation, is something that every freedom-loving person should protest.

To date, the Liberty League policies of the steel magnates have cost the lives of 17 steel workers. Citizens Committees and Shot Gun clubs are allowed to roam unimpeded, terrorizing workers and destroying union property. In Chicago, a jury "investigating" the recent massacre, brings in a verdict of "justifiable homicide," thereby clearing Kelly's cossacks. In Detroit, Ford's private army has already indicated the tactics it intends to use against union men. The campaign to discredit Lewis and the CIO; charges of "Communism," "irresponsibility," "anarchism," and other epithets, find their way into the papers with alarming regularity. Alfred P. Sloan's latest tirade against the UAW, blaming the union for the decline in the General Motors profits, and his statement that ". . . neither industry in general, nor General Motors in particular, can be expected to long tolerate . . . ." prevalent conditions, should be a clear warning to labor and progressives that finance capital is more determined than ever to regain its lost territories.

What the Soldier Said

In a European capital under fire, writers assemble to defend culture

Sylvia Townsend Warner

"IN THE NAME of the soldiers of the Sixth Army Corps, I am come to say a few words to you. We are defending the legitimate cause of the Republic, and the cause of justice. We will defend them with courage and with all the strength that is in us. Now we, the Sixth Army Corps, say this to you: We fight in defence of justice and culture. We will fetch peace and culture on our bayonets' point, for the sake of our own happiness and that of our children. That's all. Greeting, comrades."

It was July, 1937. The International Association of Writers in Defence of Culture was holding its second congress. War had not, as we feared it might, deflected our intention of holding that Congress in Spain. The Spanish Government had confirmed the original invitation of the Spanish members of the Association. War had not affected, either, the arrangements for that congress. We held our sessions in Madrid, it was in Madrid that the delegate soldier from the Sixth Army Corps made us his speech.

His was not the only military voice to be raised at our congress. Many of the writers in defence of culture who took part in our sessions came to us on special leave, fighters in the defence of culture as well as writers: Ludwig Renn, Jef Last, Ralph Bates, were among these. And through all the various languages of the delegates from twenty-six countries sounded the international language of cannon; for we sat discussing questions of culture and humanism within earshot of the battle.

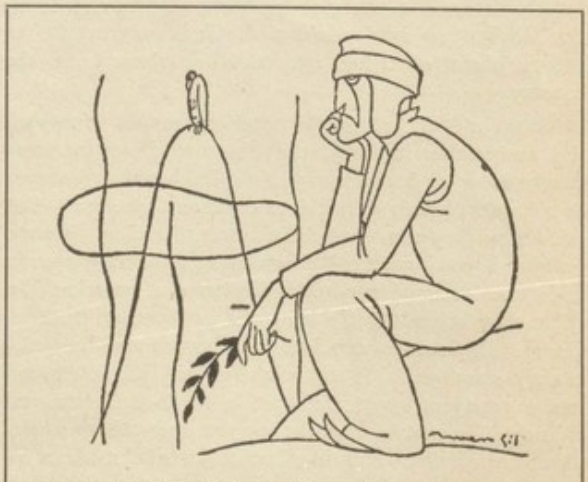
"What the soldier said is not evidence." This dictum is by now almost an axiom of British thinking. Even in the improbable event of a private soldier of the British Army addressing a congress of writers it seems unlikely that his speech would be received as evidence. His interest in culture must be felt as one of two things: a private idiosyncrasy of extraordinary force, or an indication that the War Office had issued orders that at such and such a moment interest in culture should be manifested. The hypothetical soldier in the British Army should, ideally, be better equipped for interest in culture than the Spanish soldier who addressed us. He would have learned, at any rate, how to read and write, whereas it is quite possible that our Spanish soldier had learned neither of these arts, or was but just now learning them, in the schools staffed by the Cultural Militia of Spain—an organisation of the lettered classes whose duty it is to teach the fighting men, in the barracks, and in the actual trenches.

But we could feel no doubt but that what the Spanish soldier said was evidence. His speech, as you see, expressed no subtlety of thought, no yearning for culture; it expressed a more solid appreciation than yearning, an intention to have and to hold. And what the soldier said to us was borne out by a hundred speeches we heard in Spain.

One of the long discontents of Spain has been its illiteracy. The Spaniard has a natural appreciation of culture, this shows itself in a hundred manifestations, in the decoration of a wayside inn, in the turning of a phrase, the lingual consciousness of those who use dialect (a cook in Barcelona said to me, "This is our Catalan word. In Castille you must say *manzana*"), in the common people's appreciation, passionate and passionately critical, of points of style in such things as the singer's coloratura or the gestures of the bull-ring. Even such affairs as the arrangements of wares on market stalls are stylised: a novel juxtaposition of fruits will call out interested comment and discussion.

But these people who have preserved a traditional culture and preserved it alive and kicking, have been in great number denied any education. In the streets one hears the clacking of typewriters, and the clacking comes from the public letter-writers' booths, where men and women whose faces bear the unmistakable imprint of intellect and thought wait in a queue to dictate the letters they are not able to write for themselves.

The Government of 1936 came into office pledged to carry out a programme of education. In spite of the war, this programme is being steadily carried out. New schools have been built and are a-building, every month the Cultural Militia render their figures of the numbers of soldiers who have passed from the analphabetics to being literates (the figure for May 1937 was over 4,000). Other war-time Governments might have hesitated to offer hospitality to eighty literary delegates, people who would consume food and petrol and accommodation and care. Going from Barcelona to Valencia, from Valencia



DANTE: *I never conceived of a non-intervention committee.*

to Madrid, we had no doubt that this hospitality of the Government of Spain was the hospitality of the people of Spain also. Hotel-workers, shop-keepers, people in villages, harvesters in the fields, welcomed us, not as curiosities, not even as possible propagandists, but as representatives of something they valued and understood. To us, the British delegates, this unfeigned and natural welcome was a particularly interesting experience. We learned to hear ourselves spoken of as *los intelectuales* without dreading words usually so dubious in good intent, without feeling the usual embarrassment and defiant shrinking. We were released from the old fear that by giving one's support as a representative of culture to a cause one had at heart one might be doing that cause more harm than good.

The experience was the more impressive in contrast to a recent experience in our own country.

For we had applied for permits to travel to Spain as delegates to the second congress of our Association, and had been refused them. With patience and firm serenity an official of the Foreign Office had assured us that there was no political bias underlying this refusal; it was merely that as representatives of culture we were not included in the Foreign Office's *Weltanschauung*, cultural reasons are not among those reasons recognized as valid reasons for wishing to travel to Spain. If you go (so he explained) as an accredited journalist, yes. If you go on a humanitarian errand, yes. If you go as a man of business, YES! But if you go for purposes of culture, no.

The March of Events in India

From the Peacock Throne to the National Congress

S. S. Dilfigar

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY INDIA was a chaotic scene of disintegration. The mighty empire of the Moghuls had crumbled; the glory of the Peacock Throne had vanished. Contending rivals were bidding for power; antiquated social institutions had made India static, cultural life was at a low ebb, and theology had taken a mortgage on her mind. Such was the state of affairs when the commercial adventurers of the west imposed their energetic acquaintance upon her. Eighteenth century Europe, on the other hand, was preparing herself for imperial expansion. Mercantilism had given way to *laissez-faire*, and the Industrial Revolution started a unique orgy of avarice and exploitation. Authority moved from the castle into the bank and brandished a check of credit instead of the rusty sword. With the increasing necessity for new markets and more raw products, Europe's mission of civilizing the "backward people" assumed a menacing mien.

So the West came to India with cargoes of gin and bibles and "junk". Of these, the "junk" was the most effective, for the cheap goods which the iron monsters of the West disgorged into India upset her economic equilibrium and threw the idle artisan back upon the crowded farm. This intensified unemployment and created a problem that is still to be solved. The bibles served a useful purpose in the ethical department of imperialism, for the new-comers were emboldened in their mission when they felt assured that in their daily actions they were translating their Sunday-School lessons into beautiful practice. About the gin there is a conflict of opinions.

By 1757 the British had definitely established themselves in India. A century later the yard-stick of the East India Company was transformed into a sceptre and India became the brightest jewel in the British crown.

The British people gave peace to India; peace was needful for their purpose. Under the shock of conquest, India began to imitate her powerful rulers blindly. Their clothes were good, their literature good, and their behaviour among their own kinsmen good. Good also, perhaps, was their religion, for had they not the biggest bank accounts? But here ancient India revolted. Certainly there were enough religions in India; she could easily do without a new one. The pendulum began to swing back again and nationalism asserted itself with increasing force. Everything foreign was suspected and denounced; everything indigenous was lauded. Mahatma Gandhi is partly a symbol of that revolt against the West. Now, however, a new synthesis between the East and the West is on its way.

Towards the Indian people the Britishers were naturally insolent, for they were the rulers of the land and fatuously prosperous. They ignored the humanity in those over whom they ruled and boastfully recounted their blessings by making a long list of railway lines, telegraph posts, coal mines, and tea plantations. When their victims showed any signs of unhappiness they felt sincerely amazed and attributed the increasing discontent of the people to the malevolent will of professional agitators.

With this background, the march of events in India becomes easier to follow.

The Indian National Congress was founded in 1885 under the patronage of the government. For twenty years it continued a placid existence as a body which the government might consult at pleasure. It opened its session with an eloquent tribute to the British Raj and closed it with a fervent prayer for His Majesty's health. In between, it gave vent to a few grievances and pleaded for a few concessions. It wanted a good government and

a lot more of it. Soon, however, it had to realize that begging is an unprofitable profession.

In 1906 the Congress declared that a good government is no substitute for self-government. A year later the increasing differences among its moderate and extremist leaders came to an open rupture. Under the leadership of Tilak, a Brahmin of keen intellect and persuasive personality, the extremists captured the Congress. Tilak had a passionate love for his country and a will to sacrifice. He aimed at destroying the hypnotism created by the foreign rule and raised his voice for Swaraj (self-rule), which was a right to be won rather than a favour to be sought. It was Tilak who started the idea of passive resistance. The moderates withdrew from the congress and organized themselves into the Liberal Federation, which has become a party of excellent leaders without any followers.

The Great War came to save the world for Democracy. Actually, it left little of the old order safe and secure. The torch-bearers of modern culture fell upon each other's throats with the combined force of savage ruthlessness and scientific civilization. Thinkers in the Orient began to doubt whether a civilization that can blow its accumulated wealth into smoke and shatter its precious humanity into bits could lead "backward people" to light. Yet India helped Britain with men and money to her utmost means, for the Allies were fighting a just war against the hungry imperialism of the Kaiser; the preachers and the papers said so.

The war was over; the right side won. Wilsonian sticks ferreted out autocracy from the old burrows of Europe and democracies raised their tiny, hairless heads. But, alas, there wasn't enough Democracy to go around. Moreover, India appeared to be not quite fit for it. Naively, her leaders expected that the Britishers would grant her self-government in appreciation of her loyalty in the War. But men in power seldom suffer from fits of generosity. The British assured India that if she would wait in a lowly Christian fashion and behave well she would get all she wanted. In the meantime, her rulers were willing to work with admirable patience in giving the Indian people the necessary amount of gradual training. Thus began the constitutional reform in India.

The Government of India Act of 1919 conferred upon India the Montague-Chelmsford reform. The central government remained responsible to the Parliament. But in the provinces the Act introduced a system of government called dyarchy or dual control. The Departments such as Education, Health, and Public Works were transferred to the ministers elected by the people's representatives, whereas the important Departments such as Finance, Law and Order were reserved for control by the governor of the province. The governor, moreover, had the power to veto any laws passed and promulgate any measures if the "safety, tranquillity, or interest" of the province were threatened. Franchise was granted, on the basis of a small payment in land revenue rent or rates, to about 10% of the male population. This was the beginning of "Dominion Status in action".

Discontent against the British rule increased rapidly in volume and intensity. Faith in the British justice was badly shaken; India shuddered at the atrocities in the Punjab and felt her helplessness in the most humiliating manner. All this changed Gandhi from a staunch loyalist to a crusader against the British Government and the Indian National Congress found a new leader. When Gandhi spoke, India herself spoke. He dressed like the poor peasants of the country, lived like them, and spoke the language they understood. Under him the Congress became known to the villagers who revered him as their ancestors had done the Mahatmas of old.

Through Gandhi, the people declared to their rulers that "we refuse to obey you because you are strong and refuse to respect you because you are wealthy." "Shed your fear and be free"—that was the message of the Mahatma to his countrymen. It reached the remotest corner of India and a miracle happened. Hypnotism of foreign domination was exorcised and India began to generate new energy. Gandhi started the famous Non-Cooperation movement, boycotting British goods and British institutions, and pointed to his people that the way to Swaraj was through suffering and self-sacrifice.

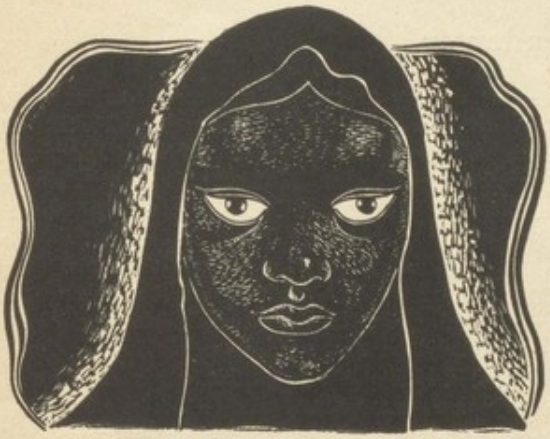
The Non-Cooperation movement failed partly because the Mahatma relied more upon the heat of inward evidence than upon objective facts and partly because India had not yet learnt to discipline herself. Reaction set in; national ends were cast to the four winds and communalism became rampant. The Moslem League, the Hindu Mahasabha, and the Sikh League began to talk in terms of narrow and exclusive interests of their respective communities. Under the leadership of Moti Lal Nehru and C. R. Das, the Congress itself entered the legislative bodies which it had boycotted in 1919. But the Mahatma remained a "no-changer" and went into the seclusion of Sabarmati from where he carried on his work on Hindu-Moslem unity, removal of untouchability, and regeneration of village industries.

The appointment of the Simon Commission in 1927 to examine into the working of the Montague-Chelmsford reform and to make further recommendations provided a new impetus for the forces of nationalism. "God's seven English men," as Baldwin introduced the commissioners, were best suited for the purpose because their ignorance about India insured their impartiality. India felt insulted because not one of her sons was considered fit to serve on the body which was to work out a democratic constitution for her. So black flags and shouts of "Simon Go Back" greeted the commissioners wherever they went. In 1928 the Congress under the presidentship of Moti Lal Nehru demanded that Dominion Status be granted to India within a year and Gandhi was compelled to come out of his seclusion.

In the meantime, the labour and peasant organizations had been growing in strength; they were compelling the National Congress to think more and more in economic rather than political terms. Of these the industrial workers were naturally better organized. Prior to 1918, a strike was a rare occurrence in India but within a couple of years after the war strikes became almost general in organized industry. Trade unions developed, and the All

India Trade Union Congress held its first session in Bombay in 1920. Nine years later, as the labour movement became increasingly militant, its right wing broke away from the Congress and organized itself into Trade Union Federation. This body works hand in hand with the British Trades Union Congress and holds political views popular with the Liberal Party.

The eventful year of 1929 witnessed a new enthusiasm in the youth of the country. Conspiracy cases were going on at various places, strikes had become common in industrial centres, and the condition of the peasants, because of falling prices, was becoming increasingly worse. Poverty was exerting pressure from the bottom with a growing force; intellectual lead was needed from the top. So a new man appeared on the scene. This was the



Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru. Under his presidentship in 1929, the Congress declared "complete independence" to be its goal. Disapproving of terrorist activities and secret conspiracies. the Pandit advised his countrymen to join in an open conspiracy against the British rule. Since then he has been imprisoned several times and has been elected president of the Congress twice. Allegedly a socialist and a republican, Nehru likes the modern kings of industry no more than he does kings by heredity. More enamoured of Marx than of Buddha, more concerned with the economic well-being of his people than the salvation of their souls, a keen student of history and economics, he studies India in the light of the world situation. Under his leadership, the fumbling way of Gandhian nationalism is given a definite direction and its emotional emptiness the much needed economic substance.

In 1930 the Congress started anew its fight for Swaraj. It began by violating the salt law, for salt is a government monopoly. Later on the "no-rent" campaign among the peasants of the United Provinces became the spearhead of the movement. The "red-shirt" (not a communist) movement swept across the North Western Frontier province and Bengal became turbulent. The Government started a joint policy of repression and reconciliation. It wanted to crush the rebellious nationalists of the Congress and rally the Liberals to its side. Under Lord Willingdon, repression was resorted to with full force and achieved its end thoroughly. But reconciliation was a slow process. The "rebels" were safely incarcerated and the "representatives" of the country, appointed by the British Government, were taken to London to give their advice at the Round Table Conferences in the St. James's Palace. They served a good purpose in showing the world how hopelessly India was disunited, enjoyed their stay in London, and returned home no sadder, no wiser. They left the Mother of Parliaments to discuss the Government of India Bill of 1935.

On April the first (a very appropriate day) 1937, the New Constitution was officially launched in India. Nehru refused to touch it; the Congress received it by declaring an all-India *Hartal* (cessation of business). The Liberal Federation and communal organizations such as the Moslem League, the Hindu Mahasabha, and the Sikh League all voiced their dissatisfaction with it, but it was understood that they would work it.

Allegedly, the New Constitution gives India provincial autonomy, but the British Governor can veto any laws passed and can act without the advice and against the will of the people's representatives if the "interest and safety" of the province demands it. At the centre, it creates a federal government in which the Indian princes are given a representation far above the numerical strength of the people over whom they rule. Along with other vested interests they will form a solid block against any popular reform, thus guaranteeing permanent security to imperial interests. Maintenance of an exorbitantly paid army of British officials, military officers, and soldiers, and promotion of British industry and commerce at the expense of those of India will continue under the new dispensation.

As a result the Congress went to the polls with a platform of opposition to the New Constitution. Although Nehru would not dream of contesting a seat for himself, he worked the ground with thoroughness for the success of his party. The Congress received two-thirds of the total votes polled—the franchise had been enjoined upon 35,000,000 people—and gained a majority in the legislatures of Bombay Presidency, Madras, Bihar and Orissa, the Central Provinces and the United Provinces—all together comprising three-quarters of the population of British India. In these provinces the Congress agreed to form cabinets if the British governors would give a formal pledge to act only upon the advice of their ministers. The governors declined to do so. Nehru declared that "the democratic veil is rent" and Gandhi announced that "India is now not to be ruled by the pen, or by an indisputable majority of the population, but ruled by the sword." The British asserted that "Mother Knows Best." The constitutional future of India is in the balance.

The election campaign, however, left a deep effect on villagers. The tenants witnessed the amazing phenomena of their masters, the landlords, cadging for their votes. More amazing still was the complete rout of landlords at the hands of the Congress nominees in their own stronghold—the eastern portion of the United Provinces and Bihar. The candidates had to discuss fundamentals rather than complicated issues. They assured the masses that their poverty was man-made and could be easily removed

if they would vote for the right man. All this has left the masses very much conscious of their own strength. Divine Providence is receding further and further back; people are discovering the cause of their misery in the social and economic order around them. Such a fundamental change in outlook will inevitably lead to other changes.

The defeatist mentality is leaving India and a vigorous will to improve her lot in taking its place. She is realizing that her problem of hunger cannot be solved by petty tinkering, obstructed by all manners of vested interests. A planned system dealing with various national activities is needed but such a system is impossible without political freedom. To this end, therefore, she is organizing a united national front against imperialism. The world shall hear more of her struggle in the near future.

GERMANY

Troubles at Home and Abroad

Alexander Henderson

HITLER's foreign policy is coming to resemble more and more closely the foreign policy of pre-war Germany. It aims, as that did, at separating Britain, France and Russia.

If this is kept in mind it is evident why an attempt at a German-Soviet understanding was made earlier this year. First reports of such a move were extremely guarded, and in London, at least, considerable scepticism was expressed. Actually the scepticism was unnecessary. Information which I have recently received from a German source shows that a definite attempt was made during April for a German-Soviet alliance. Further, the execution of Tukhachevsky and the other Soviet generals was a direct consequence of the German move.

The sequence of events was this:

At the beginning of April Dr. Goebbels ordered the German press to drop its anti-Bolshevik stuff. During April an offer was made from the German side. This was declined by Stalin. The Nazis, angered by the snub, resumed the anti-Bolshevik line. Hitler, in his May Day speech, abused Moscow in the same impolite language that he used all through the last Nuremberg Congress.

Chief force behind the German move was the Reichswehr officers, who, since Republican days, have never ceased to maintain close contact with the leading men of the Red Army. The same Reichswehr circles, despite the snub from Stalin, continued to put out feelers. The Reichswehr believed, apparently not without justification, that if Stalin would not accept a German alliance, it might none the less be possible to establish a Government in the U.S.S.R. which would accept. Then, on May 11, Tukhachevsky was removed from his post as Assistant Commissar for Defence. This was the first precautionary move, necessary to give the Soviet political police time to make their enquiries.

It was Reichswehr influence, it is said, which persuaded Hitler to make the proposal of an alliance. But Hitler's past line in foreign policy suggests no excessive persuasion was necessary. The violent tirades against Moscow are a comparatively recent development. Shortly after Hitler came to power in 1933, he replied to a question on this very matter put by a correspondent of *The New Republic*, by indicating the example of Fascist Italy, which had good relations with the U.S.S.R., despite the difference of ideologies. Moreover there is nothing especially anti-U.S.S.R. in *Mein Kampf*. And Hitler's policy has always sought to follow the lines he laid down in that book. Careful reading of the 14th chapter (pages 726-758 in the 1936 German edition) reveals that the fundamental, unshakeable purpose of Nazi foreign policy is the isolation and destruction of Germany's "mortal enemy"—France. Only when France is destroyed, in Hitler's view, can Germany turn to the "colonisation" of Russia and Eastern Europe. To isolate France, Hitler proposes in his book, an alliance with Italy and Great Britain. The U.S.S.R. in 1924, when *Mein Kampf* was written, was in Hitler's view not worth considering as a possible ally. It was a weak state about to disintegrate.

At the moment, Hitler has obtained the alliance with Italy, but not that with Britain. In the meantime the U.S.S.R. has become a great power. If Britain will not join Germany against France, perhaps the U. S. S. R. would. Hitler would be eager to secure his Eastern flank in order to deal with the west. Once that was done, he could safely turn to the East again.

The scheme for an alliance with the U.S.S.R. failed. But Germany's interest in the East will continue. Officers of the Reichswehr have been advised to learn Russian in preference to any other language. The headquarters of the Gestapo (secret police) in Berlin has a special department for the study of Soviet affairs.

But since April, Britain has acquired in Neville Chamberlain a pro-Nazi Prime Minister. Hitler therefore rightly sees a more hopeful field for his advances in that direction. We may expect to see in the future a continuation of the policy of attempting to draw on to the German side either Britain or the U.S.S.R.

In internal affairs, highly significant is the arrest and prospective trial of Dr. Martin Niemoeller, 45 year old Confessional Church pastor of Dahlem, in the west end of Berlin. The Government's continued persecution of both Protestant and Catholic churches is one of the clear-

est indicators of the state of nerves in which the Nazis now find themselves. The regime has got to the point when it is terrified of any possible kind of opposition.

Information I have received from several independent and reliable sources all points in the same direction. The Spanish war has aroused more hostility to the Nazis than anything else they have done. Picture postcards are circulating in Germany showing photographs of German prisoners in Spain, and giving the exact names and regiments of the prisoners.

The short wave (29.8 metres) broadcasting station, started by the Communist Party of Germany in February, and turned over to the People's Front in April, continues to broadcast every evening at 10 p.m. Sentences of imprisonment as high as six years have been passed on persons listening to this station, but without effect. Listeners are not merely of the Left. Storm Troopers and Black Guards also listen, because, as they frankly admit, they do not trust the Nazi broadcasting or newspapers. The loyalty of the Storm Troops to the régime is regarded as most uncertain, and even the Black Guards (SS), the élite of the Party formations, have shown signs of discontent. Many young men who during the depression joined the Black Guards for the sake of clothing, shelter (the majority are housed in barracks) and a little pocket money, now wish they could get back to ordinary civilian life again. They are weary of the drilling, the shooting practice, the parade-ground jobs of barrack life and want a trade or profession. But either the authorities will not release them, or else, if released, they find in many cases that being untrained for anything but marching, drilling and shooting, there is no civilian job for them to step into.

There has been a big increase in recent months in the distribution of illegal literature. This is of all kinds — sermons, pastoral letters, leaflets of the Communist, the Popular Front and the middle-class opposition. Copies of the message to the German people from the Preparatory Committee of the German People's Front, which met in Paris in April, have been smuggled into Germany. The message says, in part:

"In Berlin and the Ruhr workers in many concerns have fought for, and obtained higher wages. The miners in the pits have conquered the right to collaboration in the fixing of wages. In Oldenburg the Catholics have successfully defended their freedom of religion, and united with the peasants in their struggle against the oppressive measures of a military economy. In the Saar the opposition of Catholic parents to the removal of crucifixes from the schools found fraternal support in the energetic struggle of the miners. . . . There is beginning at a thousand points, in big movements and little, within the mass organisations of the régime, the people's opposition which must grow into a people's movement for the saving of peace and the conquest of human rights."

It is the growth of opposition in this way which drives the Nazis to desperate measures.

The case of Dr. Niemoeller is particularly significant. The question of arresting him was under consideration a year ago. But the Nazis were then extremely reluctant to do so, partly because of the Olympic Games, and also because the Government did not wish to add yet another to its list of victims whose fate had already called forth so much hatred of the régime at home and abroad. Moreover, Niemoeller as a former U-boat commander and war time hero, and leader of one of the most profoundly German bodies in Germany, was an especially dangerous person to arrest. That the Nazis should nevertheless now have done so, indicates the degree of jitters now prevailing in the Government.

The churches and the workers are not the only sections hostile to Hitler. Business men wax bitter over the fantastic structure of regulations which controls every branch of economic life, and over the heartbreaking difficulties of obtaining raw materials. They complain of widespread financial corruption in the Party bureaucracy. And the peasants are becoming increasingly irritated by the regimentation of agriculture.

Especially interesting is the report I have from a most careful source that Fritz Thyssen, the steel millionaire and one-time financial backer of the Nazi Party, has sent a memorandum to Hitler in which he urges among other things that the Reichstag should be restored to a place in the national life. Some open, public control of affairs, he is understood to have said, is essential.

Bombers

Through the vague morning, the heart preoccupied,
A deep in air buried grain of sound
Starts and grows, as yet unwarning—
The tremor of baited deep-sea line.

Swells the seed, and now tight sound-buds
Vibrate, upholding their paean flowers
To the sun. There are bees in sky-bells droning,
Flares of crimson at the heart unfold.

Children look up, and the elms spring-garlanded
Tossing their heads and marked for the axe.
Gallant or woebegone, alike unlucky—
Earth shakes beneath us: we imagine loss.

Black as vermin, crawling in echelon
Beneath the cloud-floor, the bombers come:
The heavy angels, carrying harm in
Their wombs that ache to be rid of death.

This is the seed that grows for ruin,
The iron embryo conceived in fear.
Soon or late its need must be answered—
In fear delivered, and screeching fire.

Choose between your child and this fatal embryo.
Shall your guilt bear arms, and the sons you want
Be condemned to die by the powers you paid for
And haunt the houses you never built?

C. Day Lewis.

Exit R.N.

Jack Parr

HASCOMBE could feel the cool sands beneath her feet and smell the clean wet wind blowing in from the northeast. Far out on the lake blazing shafts of sunlight pierced the squall clouds, warming the rough waves. In the interlude between storm and tranquillity life itself stirred restlessly, uncertain and unwilling.

But there was no sand, no spray, no inshore gale. Only the ventilator shaft, bearing mingled stench of iodoform and stale suppers and the white tile floor of the dressing room shining spotlessly under glaring lights. Hascombe caught her breath sharply and bent over the table, smiling at the sudden illusion.

Aspirins. Three, gulped with a little water. Every hour. You could live on these tiny white pellets. That was something for them to teach the Nutrition Class: Food Value of the esters of salicylic acid. God make them hold for tonight, for twelve hours more. And bring a golden dawn in the park tomorrow morning, the last morning.

"All right, Hascombe, I'm going. It's after seven".

"O.K. Jenny".

By holding rigidly at attention and stiffening the neck muscles you could get the hall to stand still and the floor to level out under your feet. Then it was a simple matter to walk along, saying good evening Doctor, hello, what beautiful flowers, who sent them? Step by step until you reached the desk and old Pilkey looked up at you, pursing her bloodless lips and focusing her eyes over pale golden rims.

Leaning against the desk with her face in the kind green light of the reflector, "Good evening, Miss Pilkey".

She saw that Pilkey knew. The Super stared at the service bars and the '33 Obstetrics Medal, gleaming against a starched white apron bib.

"Did you enjoy your trip, Miss Pilkey?"

The nervous pen sputtered ink on a virgin blotter.

"Very much. But I'm afraid you've been working a little too hard in my absence. Would you like me to recommend a fortnight's holiday, my dear? In fact I'm going to insist, Hascombe".

The old jingle seemed to sound somewhere: Patients come and patients go but we work on forever. Twelve hours on, twelve hours off, on and off, on and off, on and off, blurring into a haze of motion and weariness, brittle motion and insatiable fatigue, faster and still more furious the twelve hours on and off with ghastly groping fingers touching, fastening, clutching until the fabric of flesh and bones collapsed. Lucky the weak who yielded. But when the will was strong and nothing gave, the ruin was invisibly relentless.

Invisible until you hid your face in the green light and the Super saw the long-stored red and gold medals, and knew.

She found it in her to grin. She walked away, leaving Pilkey staring at the directory and thinking frantically. Whose fault, her's? Unfair. The Rules? Too impersonal. Last December it had been Jorgenson, tall and goldenhaired; in February, Mackay, all nerves and hard muscle. Two more in March, forgotten names from other wards. Pilkey was suddenly cold and stiff, an unfeeling machine already busy selecting in her mind a suitable replacement.

She hated them. Ah, with what pent-up vicious fury she loathed these creatures who smiled and worked and strode away to laugh and play and return to fight the clock until released again. They couldn't win. It gave the Super comfort to know that Hascombe was finished. Her efficiency and brilliance. And something else, as patients fretting: Where is Marion tonight? They could ask it now and have her tip-toe in, but not again. Pilkey knew and it tightened her heart.

No more quiet male voices calling the ward for Hascombe. (I could leave the office early and meet you at four and we would have three hours before you had to get back). Damn her! Dangling her medals in my face as though they meant anything! Pilkey had medals from France, honest ones, won in shattered huts and pinned on by generals and kings.

But her mind would not permit this easy hatred and sought here and there for the personality, an Evil, that had banished Mackay and Jorgenson and the two unknowns, all in six months. The labels they gave it down in Bacteriology didn't satisfy.

The Super scratched a methodical design from the blotter's ink dots. In annoyance she picked bits of fluff from the pen nib, then remembered comfortably the chaste white tea-rose wreath she had sent for Jorgenson. The phone purred and a rush came up from Emergency.

At midnight's supper Hascombe slipped away, riding up to East Nine. It was still in the halls and silent in the long crowded length of Ninety-Seven.

"All asleep, you fellows?"

"Jesus, it's Marion! Put on your light, Mac".

She sat on Nelson's bed and talked furiously, a hundred questions and all the answers. What was her new ward like? Were the old dames fussy?

"One of them has a Pekinese. They let her keep it in the other room".

"Two rooms?"

"Two rooms."

"I thought you could only get one room."

"The other one is for her maid."

Petrucchi leaned up in bed, working his sweaty face. "Marion, some day I have money and I come back for two rooms. One for me, one for you, eh?" He sank back, defeated by the quick jeers.

"Listen, Marion, hook the pup sometime and bring it up, wontcha? Please. Listen Marion, we wouldn't hurt it and the old dame'd never know."

Hascombe rubbed Nelson's downy jaw and explained about the rules and dogs. It was different downstairs, where everything was sort of funny like two rooms instead of everybody in one.

"Aw just for a minute. Just bring it to the door, then."

But the light was out and she was gone.

It was carefully considered. Very strange, waking them all up. Holy hell, not that anybody minded waking for her. Everyone had a memory of Marion, cherished and sealed behind clenched teeth, born on some black night or screaming afternoon.

Jesus. let me die.
Shh. How silly. Here's your wife and the doctor.
Christ, let me die.
Take this. Look here's your little boy. There.
It's my legs.
Sure. They're going to take them off.

And make you laugh at it, too. It would always be a little easier at night if you could remember Marion's warning chuckle about the legs. The same with young Baker, blinded by a gas tank fire, he went home thinking Hascombe would have sickened him with her homeliness, the way she said. And her with everything a man could want.

"Listen boys," Mac's suspicion was heard unwillingly, "you know what I think?"

"Keep it to yourself, you fool."

"She'll not be back, lads, not with the dog or without."

Nelson, broken spine roped to the boards, whispered "Mac's right. She was bendin' over me. She was holdin' her ribs. Right side."

"I seen it too. Just chokin' to cough. Looks like the quick kind."

"She'll be back after a while. It ain't like it used to be, they can fix it nowadays."

"What about the Swede, did they fix her?"

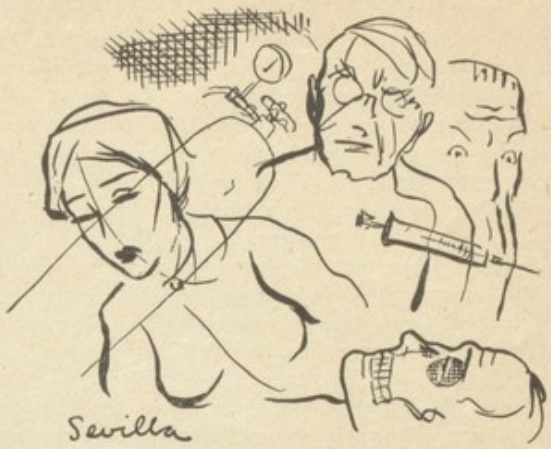
At five they were still wide awake, thinking, cursing.

"There ain't any old ones," Craig said at last, "and how do you account for that? Just a few dry old bitches pushing pens. Not like her."

"By God, her for an old slut with a dog!"

The place echoed to the small creak of a bed spring. Very softly, slowly, Wardle said in the silence, "They just keep training them. A new class every year."

That's a hell of a thing to say. She wasn't trained like that, like a bloody milk wagon horse. What a hell of a thing to say about Marion. But nobody doubted



Nelson's diagnosis. Funny how they could hide it until it got them under the ribs. That was the quick kind.

Wardle was a swine to say a thing like that. It was true for guys like us, maybe, coal shovellers and truck drivers and brakemen, they didn't give a damn and they let you take it between the eyes when it came, dumping you up here to be patched or rot away, but it couldn't be true for her.

The men in Ninety Seven counted dots on the ceiling, wondering about the awkward girls who had arrived last night, the new class in blue skirts and black stockings.

At five thirty there was a glass of Scotch, pinched from stores, and it held until she heard Pilkey's voice.

"Your holiday is approved. But Doctor Forbes will want to see you."

"Doctor Forbes saw me yesterday."

And he didn't stop me from coming back for one night because he's a fool and always was a little fascinated. He stood there looking at the X-rays and up to my breasts, looking down and up with his heart saying: what a shameful waste and now it's too late. You can see it already. A sort of softness, cheeks sinking, fever and a brightness of the eyes. It's a wonder no one noticed.

No one noticed Hascombe in the park. Watching three children playing around the flower beds she tried to think systematically. There was just a chance that Paul would believe her note, think there was someone else and forget easier. It was difficult to think of Paul, with his hurt eyes, ever forgetting. Bitter panic of thought.

Maybe it would turn out to be just overwork and worry and nothing serious. That's what she had tried to tell herself when Doctor Forbes had stood up, pale and flustered, stuttering something about immediate attention. In the end, maybe, it would turn out to be nothing serious.

But Hascombe knew what it would be in the end, and she cried a little, leaning her arms over the rough bench, catching the faint perfume of budding lilacs. There were scores of initials carved deeply into the bench and she searched them until tears scalded her

eyes and the children came over to investigate. She would have picked up the little boy and kissed him, had not common sense warned that it would be necessary to spray his nose and throat afterwards.

Somehow she got back to the Residence and stood watching the probationers rushing out of classes for recess in the spring air. The morning wind cut her lung gradually, deeper, until it reached her knees and she sank down on the stone steps.

Young Fisher, coat tossed over her uniform, ran over to the corner and climbed into a car. (We can go for a drive and I can sleep coming back. Hell, I've got to get away from it sometime, haven't I?)

On and off and forever.

Hascombe lost the peace given her by the lilacs and the children. She might struggle up and stop Fisher and tell her Don't. I've got to. Or be a dried old bitch at the desk. And it's fresh young warmth they need in the wards, and they'll give us medals to be worn never until the last hours, unnoticed, proudly, afraid.

An answer fought desperately, unborn in the frightened womb of her mind. There was the answer. Some unremembered woman had it, visiting from the States, a hard eyed girl who praised the rooms and sneered defiance at Pilkey and the head Super; strange talk of hours and shifts and committees to decide on holidays. Disloyal talk.

But if I had the answer, Hascombe murmured, I would give it to them. It would be better to have the answer than medals.

Her brain was hideously clear: it would be better to live defying Pilkey than have the medals.

They picked her up and carried her to the infirmary where she stayed for several hours waiting for the Sanitorium ambulance. The girls were shocked. Pilkey asked for and obtained three replacements. Doctor Forbes conscientiously rejected the whole daily list of applicants for the summer class; we must, he said kindly, raise the standard of physical fitness.

It was several days before the boys in East Nine heard the news and there was little said about it.

Three months later young Fraser, who had been sent to represent the class, described it all in detail.

"She looked perfectly natural, my dear, really you could hardly believe it. She had on her graduation uniform and just enough make-up."

Dickson said, "But they forgot to put on her R.N. badge."

"Yes, that was terrible. We all noticed that. It was lost somehow."

"Did you cry?"

"Everybody cried. Especially when the minister said how she was a heroine and the profession must try to live up to her example."

"Yes, that must have been terribly sad."

"It was lovely, she was so carefully fixed up."

"Uh-huh. I missed my afternoon off. I'm tired as hell and I go on at seven."

A Letter from Aragon

John Cornford

This is a quiet sector of a quiet front.

We buried Ruiz in a new pine coffin,
But the shroud was too small and his washed feet stuck out.
The stink of his corpse came through the clean pine boards
And some of the bearers wrapped handkerchiefs round their faces.
Death was not dignified.
We hacked a ragged grave in the unfriendly earth
And fired a ragged volley over the grave.

You could tell from our listlessness, no one much missed him.

This is a quiet sector of a quiet front.
There is no poison gas and no H.E.

But when they shelled the other end of the village
And the streets were choked with dust
Women came screaming out of the crumbling houses,
Clutched under one arm the naked rump of an infant.
I thought: how ugly fear is.

This is a quiet sector of a quiet front.
Our nerves are steady; we all sleep soundly.

In the clean hospital bed my eyes were so heavy
Sleep easily blotted out one ugly picture,
A wounded militiaman moaning on a stretcher,
Now out of danger, but still crying for water.
Strong against death, but unprepared for such pain.

This on a quiet front.

But when I shook hands to leave, an Anarchist worker
Said: "Tell the workers of England
This was a war not of our own making,
We did not seek it.
But if ever the Fascists again rule Barcelona
It will be as a heap of ruins with us workers beneath it."

Political Travel Notes

Our correspondent visits France and Italy without benefit of Baedeker

Jean Murray

MAY 10TH: Arriving at Paris we were struck by the contrast between the porters here and those at Cherbourg. The Parisian porters were clean and healthy-looking and much more self-respecting. Was this explicable by a higher standard of living alone, or has greater social solidarity also played a part?

The next day we left Paris for Rome, taking the Switzerland routh. At the Brig station Karl Marx's *Capital* was for sale, as well as liberal and fascist literature. A successful commercial traveller, an Austrian, entered our compartment. It turned out that he had visited the Soviet Union in '32 and '36. He spoke cautiously, but finally disclosed his belief that the Soviet Union is the country of the future. "Mind," he said hastily, "I've no use for their system—I don't understand anything about politics and I don't concern myself with all that, but those people are going ahead—there's no doubt about that." Was the standard of living rising, did he think? "Listen", he leaned forward "when I was there in '32 there were many people without shoes on the city streets. Last summer I stayed in one spot for two hours—watching just the feet—and there wasn't one without shoes".

At Milan we changed for Florence. A Dutch law-student shared our compartment. He spoke English fluently; his mind and manner reflected upper-middleclass training. He felt at home in Italy. He disliked France. "The French government is helpless; it can't do anything: it is controlled by the laborers and the French laborer doesn't want to work." We changed the subject to Holland. Holland it appeared is "very clean and prosperous". "The ruling classes" he told us "are Protestant". He spoke with pride of the Dutch Empire and with condescension of its victims. "It is useless to educate the natives,"—in response to a question—"all they care about is gambling. If they get money they gamble it away at once. They have no desire to travel, and no appreciation of art." His chief worry was over the obsoleteness of the Dutch navy. The government has shamefully neglected the matter of imperial defense. The rich Dutch colonies today are fair game for any armed power. No, there isn't much fascism in Holland. Holland is a democracy. However the fascists will enter the elections for the first time this month, and they are sure to raise a howl about the navy, and perhaps they will bring the government to its senses. At this point I said I wished I had bought an Italian paper in Milan. Our companion pointed to a far corner of the compartment where an abandoned pictorial was sprawling. "I don't know what that is," he said, "but it seems to have a picture of the King and Mussolini on it". A winter in Italy in '31 had taught me that the mention of the Duce's name in public, or even in a private gathering where Italians are within earshot, simply isn't done. Before I could warn him, a member of the police force, whom we had not seen before and did not see afterwards, stuck his head into the compartment, glared at us, and withdrew into the corridor. The Dutch law-student appeared quite sobered by the incident.

Florence has a splendid new station, spacious and simple. In the town soldiers of various ranks were ubiquitous. The privates, raw from the farms, were sloppy in bearing and uniform. We went to a movie one evening in a poorer quarter of the town. Movies in Italy are very cheap. Admittance here was 1 lire (about five cents) with half-price for soldiers. The news flashes showed Italian guns in action at Tripoli; cohorts of Moors and General Franco in victorious possession of a ruined Spanish town; and last of all the Duce himself reviewing troops lined up on a destroyer. He strode down the line and made the fascist salute straight at the audience. There was not a sound in the theatre. When the lights went on we saw many soldiers, some of the higher ranks, among the packed audience. How shall we interpret that silence? It is easy for an anti-fascist to read into it sullen, if not sinister opposition. Would a fascist interpret it as an expression of awe and respect? Would a liberal regard it as simply casual attention, or perhaps a sign of the inherent undemonstrativeness of the Italian people? Florence, however, has always proved a hard nut for Mussolini to crack. The north is generally tough: I understand from an eye-witness that Mussolini's screen appearances have been greeted with open hostility by the audiences, and that he rarely visits the north.

May 16th: We were lucky to be in Rome for the annual Festa dei Fiori held in the Borghese gardens the day following our arrival. We missed the main celebration unfortunately, but were in time for the parade of floats. First came a flower-studded ship with square sail in red and orange inscribed S.P.Q.R. There followed a innocuous basket of pink and white carnations. Came the Empire float; in the panel facing us stood an attractive Ethiopian maiden in a white nightie and wreath of white flowers—flushed, flattered, ashamed. The next float lurched towards us carrying a maché mangey lion writhing in death-agonies below a pedestalled reproduction of the famous Wolf of Rome. Axe-and-fasces wrought in flowers marked the bow and Nazi swastika the stern of another float—both emblems of equal size and dignity. The culmination was a great square box on wheels with "AVE DUX" lettered in roses. The crowd, in holiday-mood, grabbed for flowers, was happy and good-natured, as were the policemen who struggled to keep the lane clear. The people gasped with surprise as each float appeared but there was scant cheering.

General impression of fascist Italy? It is not surprising that tourists come back with such favorable reports of what Mussolini has done for Italy. Every state does a certain amount of public works. What is important is that Mussolini has done a lot for the tourists. Slum-dwellings festering about national monuments have been banished to less frequented parts of the city. The bus service is excellent. The streets are very much cleaner and quieter than ever before. Silent stealth on the part of auto-bus and touring-car have replaced the orgy of horn-blowing that roared down the Via Nazionale in 1931. All this is clearly to the good, and what the tourist doesn't know or see of the living and working conditions of the Italian proletariat doesn't hurt him. Every fourth or fifth man in the street is in uniform; an exclusive class-consciousness exudes from the slickly-tailored bodies of a small middle-class element that strides down the streets after office-hours; thin-legged boys saunter along in ragged black uniforms; no matter how hot the day no man can enter a "holy place" without his coat, nor can a bareheaded or bare-armed woman enter a church. Thus are the Italian peoples spiritually "regenerated" by the hand of Mussolini and the Pope.

July 11th: Returned to Paris where it was damp and cloudy. The faces of the people in the street were restless and unhappy. There was an atmosphere of social disintegration; one wondered how long the indecisive political situation could continue. Forty hours before the government had passed a bill regulating the hours of hotel and restaurant employees. Many employers had refused to comply, or had given their workers evasive replies, and a considerable number of establishments were on strike. We discovered that the hotel in which the travel agency had put us up was run by scab labor. We asked one girl with worried face what was the situation in the hotel. "The management has promised to consider our demands after the Exposition. No, I don't know how many here are on strike—a few, I believe. You see this is the only time the employers get any business that pays. There is lots of it now and they can't be making changes. Yes, I know it's the law but what can we do? If we quit work now there'll be nothing for us when the season's over, and then where will we be?" About four o'clock in the afternoon we heard a rumpus in the street below and huried from our rooms to see the police running towards a crowd collected about the restaurant next door where some bottles and glasses had been dashed to the ground. A well-dressed woman in hysterical tears was being consoled by her companion: "He wasn't killed, he was only knocked out—don't take it so hard." It was impossible to find out just what had happened, but it appeared that the regular cafe employees were on strike; somebody had taken this means of putting the restaurant out of business for the day, and the police had intervened. A few scuffles and some arrests followed but there were no signs of police brutality that we could see. Crowd-feeling ran high but was indeterminate. The general reaction was that the act was that of undisciplined extremists and did more harm than good to the cause of the strikers. The side-walk section was closed up for the rest of the day with six mobile guards on duty.

Two weeks later there was a different natural and social atmosphere in Paris. The weather was clear and warm and the crowds were gayer. Hotel trouble generally had died down, although *L'Humanite* reported an incident in which police attacked some workers picketing a hotel that had violated the new law. According to the same paper some of the police officers expressed their indignation at having been given such orders, and *L'Humanite* advocated an investigation of the police command. However the enormous success of the Exposition overshadowed the class struggle for the time being.

Of the last three International Expositions this year's is by far the best. It is memorable for the architectural achievement of the new Trocadero with its gracious art museum designed in a sweeping semi-circle, its spacious steps, its rectangular pool and rocketting fountains. Here at the choicest site of the exposition a dramatic contrast rears itself. As you face the Trocadero across the bridge that spans the Seine, the Soviet and Nazi pavillions confront each other in implacable opposition. The Soviet building is styled after the wing of a bird: it rises in five modernistic tiers to form a base for the gigantic statues that dominate it. Both striding figures—the youth rearing aloft the hammer, the girl upholding the sickle—are of one movement with the rest of the structure. The whole is alive; even the marble slabs of which the building is constructed are luminously tinted, and the chromium finish of the realistically modelled figures is suggestive of speed as well as power. On the other hand, across the square rises the Nazi pavilion straight from its base, taller than its rival, impressive, square and rigidly abstract. Its flat top is surmounted by a conventionalized eagle; between its flat fluted columns the swastika motif is thinly drawn in gold against red brick. Two groups of sculpture in dull dark bronze stand at either side of the entrance. Each is composed of two muscular masculine figures stepping stolidly forward under the aegis of a winged figure (symbol of 'Volk' heritage?) that looms behind them. Even with this effort at humanistic relief, the whole conception is eminently static. Nothing could give the lie more successfully to the liberal illusion that there is no political difference between fascism and communism than these architectural revelations. On the one hand Man surmounting the State, on the other the State dominating Man: dialectical materialism and fascist idealism in eternal and immutable opposition.

Inside the respective pavilions this contrast was also noticeable. The Soviet pavilion was full of working-class slogans, comparative statistics of working conditions in the U.S.S.R., statistics of the cultural development of the masses, of economic production. There were some promising exhibits of school-children's art, a sample motor-car and a tractor, some tolerable sculpture of Lenin and Stalin, and a series of abominable murals. The Nazi

pavilion was conspicuously devoid of social reference of any kind. There were a few colossal photographs of Hitler standing at attention in an empty square on one occasion and reviewing troops on another, but the main emphasis was on craftsmanship in cameras and in glass, in silver and in steel, in colour-printing and in bookbinding. Downstairs we enjoyed a free movie for an hour and a half. There were a few shots of girls in athletic training, Hitler reviewing a massed gymnastic demonstration, German youth smilingly at work in the labor camps—digging ditches. A remarkably fine compilation of shots from the Olympic games followed. At the Russian cinema we paid five francs entrance and saw a long reel of Moscow scenes: youth at sports, Stakhanovism dramatized, crowds at the parks of Culture and Rest, the Moscow subway, crêches, workers studying, plans for the Palace of the Soviets, new production plants at work, etc., etc., not to mention repeated shots of mass demonstrations in the Red Square with glimpses of Voroshilov, and more numerous glimpses of Stalin waving a friendly hand. Stalin's casual bearing and Hitler's pompous posings in response to the acclamation of crowds echoed the cultural contrast which the two pavillions express. A long film followed called "Chains". A lamentably trite bourgeois theme of Tsarist days was so expertly directed and acted with such originality and subtlety by the entire cast that we felt that we had seen something really important. In the hands of Hollywood it would have become a ludicrous melodrama.

After leaving the exposition, we heard that a group of unemployed actors in town were playing Gorki's *"La mere"* to packed audiences. The story also ran that the theatre owners were trying to shut down on the play, but that the actors had foiled them by barricading themselves in and carrying on before enthusiastic audiences at a minimum charge of three francs (12 cents) per person and a maximum of fifteen francs. The house was indeed full the night we went. An ingenious set, quick shifts, some excellent acting, and a great deal of sincerity and verve carried the play in spite of some major weaknesses. The class-conscious section of the audience applauded roundly the socialist lines and responded warmly to each social situation that developed. True, the play would have been far more convincing if the old mother had had a few more furrows in her face and soul instead of that schoolgirl complexion and that ready comic sense. And it was hard to take the factory strike so very seriously when the women looked so gay in their bright peasant costumes. And *La mere's* repeated accesses of exaltation at the emergence of the workers from the dark into the light was almost more than flesh could stand. Nevertheless it was profoundly exciting and made one realize that there are tremendous cultural resources for the sosial struggle if they can only be tapped.

Something akin to this occurred on Jaurés day. Jean Jaurés, a prominent socialist pacifist, was assassinated on the eve of France's entry into the Great War. His memory is dear to the Popular Front. An entire day was devoted to memorial celebration. In the evening it was held at the Pantheon, where the vast square was half-filled with seats. A great red swathe draped the face of the Pantheon from roof to steps, and against this swung a huge commanding portrait of Jaurés. A tricolor across one cornice had been shredded by the wind and another tricolor was hastily slung at the base of the column. While waiting we fell into conversation with our neighbour, a lower middle-class Frenchman. He thought that the tricolor should have been more prominently placed. Yes, the popular front is firm in its opposition to fascism; the people know that fascism is the death of their freedom. But though the right is lying low it is by no means prostrate. And though the people are on the defensive they are by no means united for decisive action. The future is not at all secure. The purpose of these mass celebrations is to weld them into closer unity, to fire their faith, to press their socialist education.

A chorus of young workers crowd the platform. They start singing in the glare of the flood-lights. As the song gathers strength their harrowed faces take on unselfconscious and unquenchable brilliance. "Pour combattre la misère . ." There is something more here than good words, good music, good training, and private socialist conviction. Only unity in the day-to-day back-breaking struggle could give birth to the disciplined ardor of that song; only something authentic could galvanize the listening mass into such silence, and then release such bursting applause.

Then a dark-haired girl with a book in her hand came to the microphone. She read with discriminating feeling something which Jaurés had written shortly before his death on the relation of art and national sentiment to the underlying social forces. It was a beautiful sound piece of writing adroitly fusing patriotic feeling with world-wide working-class loyalty. We had to leave before the end of the program, but the abiding impression was of sound psychology within the popular front leadership in France. The working-class leadership in other countries has sometimes abandoned the spiritual field to capitalist politicians who know so well how to exploit it for their own ends, and limited itself to materialistic analyses that are intellectually important but fail to educate the emotions. One wonders to what extent this fatal omission caused the collapse of the working-class movement in Germany before Hitler's messianic rise to power. But the French seem to be learning in time. By liberating and channelling the spiritual aspirations of the rank-and-file they are stealing the thunder of the fascists. The class-struggle is still very much unresolved in France. Its successful issue is by no means certain and depends upon many other factors than the psychological. But one thing is certain: without the creative development of the emotional as well as the intellectual resources of the masses fascism will never be defeated, or a socialist community established.

Books

A Socialist Urges Unity

The People's Front. By G. D. H. Cole. Victor Gollancz Limited.

THE URGENT NEED of unity in the presence of a common enemy is the main argument of this book. The People's Front in France "exists in order to save democracy from overthrow by the forces of Fascism, and to pursue a constructive peace policy and a constructive policy of economic recovery and social and political reform." p. 103) In Spain the People's Front "has been denied the chance of showing what it could do to improve the position of the Spanish people by peaceful means. Instead it has been flung into a desperate struggle in which the conquest of Spain is only an incidental objective." In England the Labour Party issued on January 12th of this year a manifesto stating that "the support of Party members should be definitely withheld from . . . organisations which are clearly formed to pursue United Front or Popular Front activities."

These are the facts of the situation with regard to a People's Front in France, Spain and England.

The first half of Cole's book is an appeal to the British Labour Party to reconsider its manifesto in the face of Fascist aggression. The urgent need for unity among those who have everything to lose if Fascism is allowed to spread unchecked, and who have everything to lose from war, is examined and restated again and again. This is what is needed—the hammering away on the note that the present opportunity is slipping from us at alarming speed while the forces of Fascism are gathering momentum. "Unless we do get certain things done very soon, we stand in deadly peril of losing our chance of getting them ever done at all. When men start arguing about anything, there are as many possible sides as there are possible points of view. But in war—or civil war—there are, and can be, only two sides. War is, unfortunately, an activity of an eminently practical sort. You cannot play about with it, as you can with an argument, in which every participant is entitled to his own shade of opinion. You have, willy-nilly, to come down on one side or the other. . . What is true of war, is true also of the endeavor to prevent it. If there are war-makers about, those who are set on preventing war are under an imperative necessity to get together, in order to devise means of action in common." "A People's Front is essentially a practical movement, with immediate short-run objectives demanding immediate action." (pp. 24, 25.)

This statement of the case for the People's Front could not be more tellingly put. Cole's first chapters should be reprinted as a pamphlet and widely distributed. It is fortunate that they stand where they do in the book.

For in some of the later chapters Cole seems to forget that the program of a People's Front must, of necessity, be minimal. It is no good for one heretical member of the Labour Party, even if he is a man of Cole's knowledge, to elaborate such a program. It only confuses the issue of finding common ground with Liberals, orthodox Laborites and Communists. It is inappropriate to raise so many highly controversial subjects, about which there is no prospect of agreement, after his clear and stirring appeal for unity of immediate action on the widest possible basis of opposition to war and fascism.

"In the present situation," he writes, "I am far less concerned about the need for passing Socialist measures in the immediate future than about the need for saving democracy from total eclipse. I take this view as a Socialist—not because I have ceased to want Socialism, but wanting it, if possible, more than ever. I take this view because, if war comes and the cause of democracy is beaten, then good-bye to our hopes of Socialism or of anything at all for which it is possible for decent-minded men and women to hope" Cole's appeal is in short, not for liberals or socialists or communists to water down their own beliefs or to alter their long-view aims, but for them to unite for immediate practical purposes, for the next step towards these aims, with anyone who can agree. And this next step is not one in a long quiet progress. It is the decisive step for liberals as much as for communists, the step against the onrush of Fascism. "The first thing is for democrats, of all colours and persuasions, to get to know one another, and to get used to working together about particular things. . . . There are only two sides in war; and the whole world is on the brink of war."

M.A.F.

Writer Smells Gunpowder

Life and Death of a Spanish Town. By Elliott Paul. Macmillan Company.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS Elliott Paul, an American writer, found a haven on Ibiza, the smallest of the Balearic islands. His town, Santa Eulalia, has in true Marxist fashion become the hero of an absorbing and important book. Every man, woman and child is considered not only as a person but as a part of the life of the town. This collective treatment makes the town's collective tragedy almost unbearably inevitable and poignant.

But though he wrote his book from this viewpoint Paul is no conscious Marxist. It is his lack of understanding of the movements of history which principally prevents his book from being entirely satisfactory. The first part of the book describes the town as it was prior to July, 1936; and as it had been, he believed, since well before the Christian era. Cosmi, the innkeeper, Ramon, the bus driver, Eulalia, the beautiful young farmer's daughter, the priest, the banker, the postmistress, the civil guards, thrifty hotel keepers, indolent wives, pious old women, the houses, the streets, the fields, the fish in the sea, the smell of the air, marriages, deaths, births, quarrels, love affairs, joys and sorrows, quarrels and triumphs—these are what the first part of the book is about. Though Paul believes the village society has not changed for hundreds of years, his manner of describing it is anything but static. So much actually goes on in this first part it is almost confusing to realize that the movement of the book has not advanced. The author has a tendency to apostrophize, to sentimentalize a bit over the young girls, and the writing is sometimes hurried and careless, but much can be forgiven his righteous anger.

In the second part of the book, from July to September, events move rapidly. First, the big banker and the military officials set up a fascist dictatorship in the big town, the Civil Guard is reinforced at Santa Eulalia, and the liberals take to the woods. Some are arrested. Gunpowder is strewn around their cells, so if the town is bombed they cannot escape. Suddenly a mysterious airplane appears overhead. For several days the village is suspended, feeling that something is going on. A Government squadron appears but does not land. Messages are dropped from planes that the city will be bombed if the dictators do not vacate. More messages—people, imprison your officials, evacuate the towns. Finally Paul and his friends take to the hills. A few bombs are dropped on Santa Eulalia, but the capital

is badly hit. They return to investigate, and find Government troops in possession. The town liberals are brought back, the prisoners let out of jail, the church, whose basement was found jammed with fascist ammunition, is burned, all is fiesta. But the Government cannot maintain a heavy enough force in the Baleraic Islands. Madrid is in danger.

On this high plane of excitement the book continues. All personal matters in Santa Eulalia are submerged in the village's one question—what will happen. Many of the fighting men enlist for the mainland. The foreigners finally leave on a German ship. This is almost the end of the book, and it is a master stroke. We are left with a sense of impending doom—nothing definite, no details of shots, imprisonment, rape, nothing of that sort, just the shuddering sense of privation and loneliness and horror.

The world knows what happened to Ibiza; wiping out every trace of opposition, Franco's forces converted it into a naval base. Which of the laughter-loving inhabitants are not yet dead, of bomb, bullet or hunger, we do not know. It is regrettable that Elliott Paul conveys the impression that the fascist forces suddenly descended upon Ibiza, like a miracle from hell, and does not connect the financial interests behind Franco (which he knows about) with those behind the Emperor of Japan and Vickers Armstrong and Republic Steel and the Quebec corporatist movement. However—within the limits of his knowledge,—his writing talents and his emotions could not have been harnessed to better service.

JOCELYN MOORE.

All-or-Nothing Attlee

The Labour Party in Perspective. By C. R. Attlee. Ryerson Press.

MAJOR ATTLEE is the Leader of the British Labour Party, has over 8 million adherents, and this book may more or less be taken as an official utterance of the Party. The factual material is useful, giving information about the Trade Unions and the Co-operatives—their history and their modes of operation; and about the formation and constitution of the Party itself. But the arguments are on the junior debating society level; and the whole book has a general outlook which is unbelievably naive.

It is not easy in a few examples to indicate the nature of this disjointed pragmatism which serves as the author's philosophy. But let us take the way in which Major Attlee talks of the Party itself; at times the reader may picture it as so many particles of scattered dust; often it resembles a mule; sometimes it is merely a human hypochondriac. "There is a danger that a party may be so concerned about its own health that it becomes a political valetudinarian, incapable of taking an active part in affairs." Or take the Class War: the Major does not exactly agree with the idea, but he does not precisely disagree. "British Socialists have always recognized the conflict between classes but have not generally adopted the class war as a theory of society."

In the main, Capitalism and Socialism are treated as two absolute and unchanging entities; though in some way things have got better for Socialism than they were when Major Attleee was a boy. Young socialists of today 'hardly understand the feeling of us older ones, to whom the fight for Socialism still partakes of the nature of a forlorn attack upon the serried ranks of the supporters of things as they are.' Even the young Conservative has views that in 1907 would have been 'rank blasphemy' and 'sheer infidelity.'

English Socialism, of course, is 'different'. For one thing, it is largely inspired by religion. "There are probably more texts from the Bible enunciated from Socialist platforms than from those of all other parties." Then, too, British Socialists have more independence. Everybody thinks exactly as he pleases, and the Leader endeavours to follow the pooled thought of the 51 per cent. "As in religion, so in politics and economics, the Briton claims the right to think for himself." But most of all it is practical. "It has never consisted of a body of theorists or of revolutionaries who"—like Marx or Lenin for example— "were so absorbed in Utopian dreams that they were unwilling to deal with the actualities of everyday life."

When the attempt is made to describe and explain what this body of practical men has done, the reader is very hard put to it to decide which side they have been taking in the struggle for Socialism. The party first came into power at a time when the governing class had 'a very lively fear of revolution'. They did not effect many changes; and next time they were again in Opposition. In 1926 'the General Strike was tried and defeated'; nothing more is said—Major Attlee fails to explain how completely successful the General Strike was, and how it was sold out by its leaders.

The Party's second spell of office was ended in 1931 when MacDonald and Company 'betrayed the cause'. It is difficult to see how, on Major Attlee's premises, MacDonald's action constituted a betrayal. Gratified as one is that the rank and file refused to follow their leaders into a National Government, one cannot see at what point their theory differs from that of MacDonald, whom Major Attlee condemns because 'the philosophy of gradualness which he had always maintained became almost indistinguishable from Conservatism', and even because 'MacDonaldism is, in fact, in its philosophy essentially Fascist'.

The whole book, of course, reiterates the necessity of adherence to the Constitution. "The Labour Party has deliberately adopted the method of constitutional action and has rejected the tactics of revolution." The failure of the first Labour Government lay in the fact that they had too big a programme, according to Major Attlee, and 'nothing short of a miracle could have enabled the Party to get all these measures passed into law within the life of one Parliament." Yet apparently the writer does not envisage the same delay next time; because he rejects the idea of a Popular Front, and stands forth as All-or-Nothing-Attlee. "Socialists cannot make Capitalism work", and Attlee resolutely opposes any bid for power on a watered-down policy because "I desire the classless society'.

While admitting that the present ruling class may offer forcible objections to Socialism, Major Attleee hates to think of it. "I do not suggest that there is not a possibility of an attempt by reactionaries to seize power by force. I am well aware how slight a hold the principles of democracy have on some of our opponents, but I believe that the vast majority of the people of this country reject such methods."

We have already mentioned his views on the Popular Front, but must add that the Major is not adamant. "I would not rule out such a thing as an impossibility in the event of the imminence of a world crisis." As regards the United Front, such a plain and simple falsification of Marxian principles is built up that the communist plea for unity can easily be rejected. Communists 'think that the method of constitutional action is mistaken.'

It is hard to say whether this book, which through the agency of the Left Book Club has sold to from 50 to 100 thousands of readers in Britain, will help or damage the progressive cause. Obviously it does not give the reader a fair impression of Major Attlee, the Attlee of the New Fabian Research Bureau, the Attlee who assailed the Government for helping Franco to blockade Bilbao. In support of the Labour Party's drive for a million new members, it is not so much a clarion call as a husky and indeterminate yodel. It shows how ineffective the Labour Party's policy has become. The following sentence from Wardle's presidential address to the Labour Party in 1911 suggests the spirit that used to animate British Socialism, and that must animate it again. Wardle said: "Its (the Party's) strength has been in its catholicity, its tolerance, its welcoming of all shades of political and even of revolutionary thought, provided that its chief object, the unifying of the workers' political power, was not damaged or hindered thereby."

H. WALPOLE.

A MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

For the last year and a half, **New Frontier** has been enlightening and irritating people. During that time we have published stories, drawings, articles and verse by new Canadian writers and artists, as well as the work of writers with established reputations in Great Britain and the United States. We have formed discussion groups among our supporters in every Canadian province. We have subscribers in England, France, Spain, the U.S.S.R., Japan, China and Switzerland. We have established contact with friends in every Canadian city, who are on the outlook for news of political and social trends to tell us about, so that we can tell you.

Here is the other side of the picture

New Frontier is an independent venture, with the backing of no organization or party. Contributions from friends have supplemented its income from sales and subscriptions. But circulation has not reached a level which will enable us to continue on our present scale. This issue is late in appearing, and contains only twenty-eight instead of the usual thirty-two pages. To continue we must have circulation, and so we have decided to launch a public drive for the establishment of a circulation fund. **New Frontier** has no back debts of any kind; money received will be ear-marked for this fund and used for no other purpose. We are re-organizing our editorial board and securing the services of a full-time business manager. We hope that the improvement in the magazine and in its business organization will raise circulation to a point where we will be self-sustaining. You have a share in the responsibility for making this campaign a success, just as you will share in the fruits of that success.

We are asking you

to do one or more of several things; to become a Friend of **New Frontier** by pledging a monthly contribution of from one to five dollars; to contribute a sum of money occasionally, or one sum now; to renew your own subscription and get friends to subscribe; to organize parties, lectures or other affairs for the benefit of the magazine.

Remember: **New Frontier** must continue to grow in size and influence. And **you** must help!

Please write and let us know what you will do.

The Editors.