

cut choice between the things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's. They are on the side of property rights against human rights. I have yet to hear any of these passionate advocates of the high Christian qualities of the rebels say openly that they believe that irrespective of who wins the great estates should be broken up and distributed among the people who work them, or that they are opposed to General Franco's plan to destroy the labor unions.

Men often find it necessary to wear strange masks to support unholy causes.

The spectacle of devout foreign legion thugs and pious, infidel Moors, ancient enemies of the Christian Spanish people marching to the tune of Onward Christian Soldiers leaves me very cold indeed.

As if it was a direct paraphrase of Callaghan's prose, here is Mackay's poem:, Battle Hymn for the Spanish Rebels:

Battle Hymn for the Spanish Rebels

The Church's one foundation
Is now the Moslem sword,
In meek collaboration
With flame and axe and cord;
Deep-winged with holy love
The battle-planes of Wotan,
The bombing-planes of Jove.

With the same message, but in his own rhetorical style, A.M. Klein wrote three poems, "Of Castles in Spain" of which two are satirical. Here is "Sonnet Without Music."

Sonnet Without Music

Upon the piazza, haemophilic dons
delicately lift their sherry in the sun.
Having recovered confiscated land,
and his expropriated smile redeemed,
the magnate, too, has doff'd his socialized face.
He beams a jocund aftermath to bombs.
Also, the priest,—alas, for so much bloodshed!—
cups plumpish hand to catch uncatechized belch.
The iron heel grows rusty in the nape
of peasant feeding with the earthworm — but
beware aristocrat, Don Pelph, beware!
The peon soon will stir, will rise, will stand,
breathe Hunger's foetid breath, lift arm, clench
fist,
and hell you to the fascist realm of death!