

state bureaucracy. The permanent state bureaucracy of Japan has no parallel in the modern imperialist states. It is a remnant of feudalism.

The emperor today is the center and rallying point of the most powerful sections of the bourgeoisie. Chief among these are the Mitsui, Mitsubishi, and Sumitomo combinations, which should considerably modify the term "moderate" as used in Japanese politics. These so-called moderate bourgeois groupings, while not abandoning the emaciated parliament, political parties, and the cabinet form of government, nevertheless place their main trust and reliance in the power of the emperor, who is becoming more and more the exponent of their interests in the struggle against the army groupings. The navy definitely leans to the "moderate" grouping.

THE ARMY of Japan is much more than the military apparatus of the state. Its officers, staffs, and bureaucracy have developed all the essential aspects of a political party. During election campaigns and between them, it issues propaganda and agitational pamphlets in millions of copies. The army as such is represented in the cabinet, but is not subject to its decisions. It is responsible to the emperor alone. The army officers have their roots and support among the old feudal landlords, the younger section of the state bureaucracy, and the more aggressive sections of the bourgeoisie (such as the munitions industry and certain export industries, such as cotton, often considered a "peaceful" industry).

The army formulates its foreign policy and often carries it out independent of the cabinet. This is most strikingly illustrated in China, in Manchukuo, and in the recurring border clashes with the Soviet Union. It is an open secret that the army occupied Manchuria without consulting the government or the emperor. Likewise, the army has its own definite domestic policies. It is the source and principal proponent of fascism. Fascism in Japan wears the army officer's uniform. The army is the bitterest opponent of the Diet, the political parties, and all democratic rights. It is the most bitter enemy of trade unionism and of social legislation. The army, through its minister of war in the cabinet, introduces and supports the most reactionary bills. The dismissed participants and plotters of the February 26 rebellion are now active leaders and organizers of civil fascist groups and societies and carry the army policy among the civilians. Now under the army leadership, they are preparing to launch a new reactionary pro-army political party.

The army at the present moment presents a fairly solid front to the moderate groups around the emperor. But within the army clique there are important divisions. The younger officers, headed by Generals Mazaki and Araki, together with the Kwantung army (the Japanese army of occupation in Manchuria), are the extreme fascist elements. General Hayashi, although not its leader, is a representative of the "centrist" group, while General Ugaki is the leading force among the "moderate" elements in the army.

## The Sweeter Our Fruits . . .

It was said that oranges could not be grown in the Soviet Union.

But there they are—

A new strain

Developed by crossbreeding Horticulture to Socialism.

Where Wrangel's army was to defeat the Reds,

Now the citrus groves,

Triumphantly fruitful,

With golden death-rays,

Vanquish the ghouls of another wish-prediction.

There, O Massman,

Lift a festival beaker,

Drink

This tart sweetness of revenge

To the health of your comrades all over the world.

Behind clenched teeth

In hells of "democracy" and fascism,

We taste

What you taste,

Your joy

Is our joy—

Of the inspiring *example*.

Before 1918 we were "visionaries,"

Socialism "against human nature,"

But now

We point

☛ To Red Russia.

*The sweeter our fruits,*

*The bitterer to profiteers.*

H. H. LEWIS.



These divisions, with various shiftings and modifications, have existed in the army for a long time. Their sharp character was most clearly revealed in the premature February 26 rebellion. This ill-timed and largely unsuccessful putsch greatly discredited the army among the people. Yet despite this loss of prestige, and despite the fact that a score of the rebels were executed and hundreds removed from their posts, the army won a series of important concessions by the February 26 uprising. For over five months the army exercised a virtual dictatorship through martial law. It strengthened the inner discipline in the army. It received a dominating position in the Hirota cabinet; its main demands were granted. And, most important of all, it received a special imperial ordinance restoring an old privilege: that the war minister in all future cabinets must be an active general in army service. Previous to February 26, the war minister under special conditions could have been chosen from among the retired generals who are no longer under direct army discipline. This ruling gave

the army clique unquestioned power to break any cabinet at any time by withdrawing its war minister or to prevent the formation of any cabinet by withholding its nomination of the war minister. The Hirota cabinet resigned because General Terauchi threatened to withdraw; General Ugaki was prevented from forming his cabinet for the simple reason that the army "could not find a general suitable" for him. General Hayashi formed his cabinet because the army agreed to nominate a war minister.

All the above facts illustrate and characterize the Japanese army as the political party of the most reactionary and most aggressive sections of the bourgeoisie. Needless to say, the common soldiers, as conscripts, are not included in this political characterization.

JAPANESE government spokesmen have at all times tried to impress the outside world with the legend of complete unity within the country. According to them, the only dissenters with the sacred national policy are a handful of Communists. The numerical extent of this "handful" is partly revealed by the fact that 60,000 suspects or released transgressors of the "dangerous thought" laws are under perpetual surveillance of the political police. Recent events disclose that there is anything but unity among the ruling classes. Their differences take the form of previously unauthorized seizure of foreign territory, armed uprisings, assassinations of capable leaders, rapid overthrow of cabinets, defiance of the emperor, etc. This is not all. The poverty-stricken masses are by no means in accord either with the policies of the divergent ruling group or with the agreed-upon policies of the rulers.

All this goes to prove that the crisis in Japan is growing deeper. The contradictions among the ruling classes are intensifying. Their imperialist objectives are already proving too costly. Add to this the smoldering discontent of the people. There is no way out for the ruling class except through a "big war"; but war threatens to destroy its entire system of exploitation. The army extremists propose to launch the war immediately, while the "moderates" are seeking for some vague insurance against the disaster and revolution which such a war is bound to bring in its wake. Despite these differences, war preparations are proceeding at an accelerated pace and the outbreak of war is approaching rapidly. The German-Japanese alliance, despite some opposition, is another step in this direction. The acute economic difficulties signalize a grave economic crisis which will sharpen and produce new political crises. The growing restrictions on democratic rights hamper the expression of the growing mass discontent. The people of Japan, however, are developing a mature political consciousness in the course of the turbulent political struggles among the rulers. Promise of prosperity from war and conquest leaves the masses cold when they see on every side the terrific cost in rising taxes, the soaring cost of living, the reductions in earnings; and the relentless strangling of their dwindling democratic rights.

# Wanted in Wales

*A conversation in a stalled elevator  
doesn't always turn upon the weather*

By Edward Newhouse

**O**UR car got stuck somewhere between the tenth and eleventh floors, and, no matter what the operator did, it would not budge. He hollered down the shaft, and they hollered back. Then he turned to me and said, "The motor's dead. Settle down to a good hour's wait."

He was a comparatively new man and I thought perhaps he had something to do with the stoppage. I asked if this had ever happened to him before, and he answered by saying he had been an operator for nine years.

All the operators I had ever known took their first job as a stop-gap, but either they couldn't find another job or they didn't get a chance to look for one. Why going up and down in an elevator should break a man's spirit I will not undertake to explain. Somebody's spirit being broken is a pretty shoddy expression anyway, but if it has any meaning at all, it certainly applies to a great majority of elevator operators.

It surprised me to hear that this little bantam had put in nine years, because all the times I'd gone up with him he exhibited no symptoms of anything like a broken spirit. During lunch hours he smoked cigarettes in front of the building and flicked the stubs halfway across the gutter with rather a saturnine aggressiveness. And I had never heard him violate the awful solitude of his car by a desperate little remark about the weather. Now he rested his elbows on the railing and studied me frankly. I was going to make use of the hour's wait, and asked him about wages and conditions. Sixty dollars a month, twelve hours a day, he said, but he seemed to think it was none of my business. He retaliated by asking what my line was and how much I earned. When I told him, he said, "I used to know a writer. Ever hear of Patrick McGill?"

"Yes. You Irish?"

"No, I'm Welsh; but I served with him in the London Irish Rifles. He made our company famous. Before the Marne, he wrote home to the *London Daily Mail* to send us a couple of soccer balls so we could relax, and they sent half a dozen. The last time we played with one was about an hour before we were moved up, and a kid called Alfred Shires tied it to his knapsack without letting the air out. We had to go over that day and do it through our own gas. These old-fashioned masks they give us, half the time we didn't even know if we were going in the right direction. There was no hand-to-hand fighting, because the Germans left their front line trench, and by the time this gas cleared up, somebody

found Al Shires's pumped-up ball, but Al'd been blown to pieces. That's where McGill came in.

"I never knew how that ball got there. Maybe the force of the explosion, maybe someone had really booted it in the fog. So Pat McGill went and wrote an article that said every time Company 107 of the London Irish Rifles went over the top its men would dribble a soccer ball right flush up to the German trenches, that's the kind of hell-cats they were. I'll lay money there wasn't a paper in the country didn't mention that. This McGill went on to write more books than I ever read, but I lost sight of him after a year. He wasn't with us in Egypt, I know. Can I have a sheet of your paper?"

I gave him the classified ads section. He spread it on the floor and sat down Arab fashion.

"You wouldn't think a guy like me has been to all those places?" he said.

"Why not?"

"I been to all those places and then some," the Welshman said. "I been to Bombay, Calcutta, and Shanghai. I deserted in Calcutta and went to Shanghai on a Malayan tramp. They had no right to keep us away from home after signing an armistice. I got a cousin in Shanghai who owns an importing business. I suppose you wonder why a guy that's got a rich cousin in Shanghai should be running an elevator on Seventh Avenue. I suppose you think I been slinging the old b.s. all this time."

"No."

"If I was to tell half these things to the young snots on this crew, they'd be calling me Shanghai Jim and winking behind my back. Take it from me, I had a reason for going to

Shanghai. Wales would have been no spot for a deserter. In Shanghai my cousin answered all the questions. That's where I should have stayed in the first place. I don't know why I came to this country except maybe I'm a sucker for blondes and there wasn't a single unmarried blonde in the city of Shanghai. The first blonde I saw in San Diego, I asked her to marry me. That one had enough sense not to, but the second one took a chance. She isn't blonde any more, but I'm still married to her. You don't think I'd have been operating elevators all this time if I didn't have to? Though this wasn't such a bad racket when I started. I had about six hundred dollars saved when I went to work at Tudor City, but I wasn't on the job more than a week before all these high pressure salesmen come around, says you better buy Tudor City stock, or else. Those stocks are worth their weight in cigarette ashes now. That was one of the few jobs I ever walked out on. Last Christmas I almost walked out on this one. You know who owns this building? Did you ever hear of Walter J. Matthews?"

"No."

"He's a millionaire twenty times over. Week before Christmas, his wife comes around here, smiling. She says, boys, wait'll you see the nice presents I got for you. So, finally, what do you think she give us in the name of the company? Assorted cheeses, one round box per man. One slice each of Rocquefort, Camembert, and the others, all wrapped in silver paper. You got to remember these people are millionaires twenty times over. We almost quit on them in a body that time. Say, are you sure you haven't heard of him?"

"I might have." I said. "His name must have slipped my mind."

"If you're a writer, you ought to have heard of him by now. You've heard of Charles Dickens, though?"

"Oh, yes."

"You've heard of a book he wrote, called 'Old Curiosity Shop'?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I was born across the street from the shop where he got his idea for that book," the operator said. He waited for me to say something.

"Yeah?" I said. "That's interesting."

"I'll say it's interesting. I intend to visit that street before I kick the bucket, family or no family, deserter or no deserter, rain or shine."

"Just on account of Dickens?"

"Dickens hasn't got a thing to do with it," he said. "I was born there, I tell you."



Miner

A. Ajay