MUSSOLINI IS ALWAYS RIGHT

the first of three pages

In Italy, unlike Germany, there is almost no opposition to the stern parent of a nation. Unlike Germany, there is practically no terror, spying, bayazna. There is no need for that. bayazna. The subterranean forces that might undermine a one-man show are impo-tent. Unlike Hitler, Mussolini has no recalcitrant and suspicious army. It is as fascist as Mussolini himself.

as fascist as Mussolini himself.
Precisely on a par with the Hitlerite, the Italian has not an iota of freedom—except the right to inhale and exhale. He isn't too certain of the continuation of that Mussolini-ruled

privilege.
You talk to a leather worker in

You talk to a leather worker in Florence, a pottery worker in Milan, a clerk in Rome, an ex-Ethiopian soldier in Naples, a farmer in Sicily, a colonist in Libia. Their answers to your questions are as like as a carbon copy of a Mussolini speech.

Why should he resent the loss of his liberty, the right or chance to think for himself, to speak freely, to read what he wants?

think for himself, to speak freely, to read what he wants?
"Why should we?" they demand like robots. "Why should I try to exert my initiative when we have a genius to guide us? What are my tiny thoughts compared to the magnificence of his!"

This Mussolini mass hypnotism has expected a school

ensared a nation as surely as a school of sardines in a net. You and every Italian see on all sides in wood block letters three feet high, silhouetted on embankments:
MUSSOLINI IS ALWAYS RIGHT. And when you pass that sign, and have your eyes stabbed by: DUCE! DUCE!

Sprawled across the whole length of a warehouse, there is another imperious order painted on the entrance to the tunnel around the bend:

jective mind.

BELIEVE! OBEY! AND FIGHT!
To talk to an Italian is like hearing ne of Mussolini's broadsides, with a slight diminution of the bluster. Only occasionally is there an objective soul, who, without criticizing Il Duce, manages to view events from the Olympian heights of a normally objective mind

Those who can, jut their jaws at the approved Mussolini angle. Those who can raise a thick beard like Marshal Balbo's, rusticating in Libia. But all of them emulate Il Duce's idea of power politics, to use every device of bluff, to overwhelm by talking in exclamation points

They are surcharged with a resur-gence of Roman pride. It has rescued them from the depths of shame for their nationality of only 16 years ago. It is bringing the renaissance of the Roman Empire The Italian is keyed to the pitch of a tuned violin string. He is forever strained to the utmost, disciplined to

the finite degree, forever in a combative mood. Mussolini demands that, commands them to live "in an atmosphere ideal tension." That, says he, is necessary so the nation's energies shall be coiled at all times for "expansion in the world and

ever-increasing power."

Il Duce and his cohorts are the physical, mental and moral Simon Legrees of every last soul in Italy. The people are totally devoid of will, and

the government operates on the theory that it would be dangerous to give them complete information because they are incapable of considered judg-The Italian is hipped up to a fearful OldMagazineArticles.com

returning from Ethiopia, dreaming of a pleasant tour of duty in Italy, but shunted off to Spain—and inevitable fist fights with the German "volunteers." the Italian and war-minded mood. If war comes tomorrow to Italy, there will be no need to coagulate public opinion. It is forever coagulated for battle, for mass jumping off a building, for individual standing on the head. Trilby never had such a Sueggali

vidual standing on the head. Trilly never had such a Svengali.

The Italian has come to believe, with the faith of the mesmerized, Mussolini's fiat that:

"Only in bloody effort do the fundamental values of a man reveal themselves in the full light of the

sun!"

Right now, you see only isolated and unimportant evidences of the psychological inevitability—that this psychological inevitability—that this constant mobilization of the people's minds, tautened to a climax that is too long delayed, will leave them jaded and flabby.

That is why Italy will have war, just as Germany will have war. Indubitably and unavoidably. War is as essential to the continuation of a dictatorship as are the periodic purges of opponents.

opponents.

The average Italian, including Mussolini, reminds you of Lawrence Boythorn in Bleak House who, with a canary squatting on his forefinger, roared defy to all and sundry. He doesn't want war. He is proud of the Ethiopian conquest but knows that one day he must got owar again to expend the state of the sundry of the state of the sta one day he must go to war again to extend that conquest.

"We will fight for peace!" he shouts at you. Propaganda has puffed him, as it has the German, into a balloon of

self-confidence.

You are surrounded by belliger-ence in Italy. But especially is it in the clear-eyed, eager youth with black shirts, who don't walk like chi-dren but like pigmy soldiers, carrying their wooden guns, oozing with combat lust, saluting incessantly, goaded by signs in their classrooms, on the school walls, on buildings everywhere:

LIBRETTO E MOSCHETTO—FASCISTA Book and rifle make the perfect fasand they will be, quite soon

Sanctions imposed a great hardship on the Italian and yet today he tells you he is thankful for the "perfidy of other nations." It gave him three things: a start toward amazing selfthings: a start toward amazing self-sufficiency, a chance to celebrate the anniversary every Nov. 18 and a new reason for pride of race. "Yah," he jeers, "we are poor but we are strong! Fifty-two nations were against us but they were all afraid!" Because the Italian press is so rig-idly controlled, the Italian has only Muscaling's word for the condition of

Mussolini's word for the condition of other countries. The Roman campaign of vilification, though, finds only a partial echo in the Italian's throat. He

is essentially too nice, too charitable, too humanistic—and too engrossed with his own poverty—to work up a capacity to hate anyone. He jeers, but unlike the Nazi, he doesn't hate. Generally, he resents the Spanish adventure and the lives and money it

adventure and the lives and money it has cost. But he says sadly:

"It is necessary for us. We cannot have communism so close to Italy."

Mussolini has not yet informed him that he wants Spain for a military vassal as Austria was to Germany before 1914.

Moreover, what communism would do to him that fascism already hasn't

do to him that fascism already hasn't done, he doesn't know. Few soldiers want to go to Spain, and there is more than one riot, espe-cially in Northern Italy, but sup-pressed quickly and quietly, of weary

superiority and condescension toward

the Italian. Now, with Italy, Sicily and Libia swarning with German tourists, Nazi buttons, flags, Streicher bald-heads, Hitler mustaches and "Strength Through Joy" vacation parties, he resents him even more. The reason is that the German has been allowed to seem only \$\frac{4160}{2} \text{ a month}\$

man "volunteers."

The Italian feels himself cheated by the Allies who simply "consolidated" the gains he'd already made. He agrees with Mussolini's attacks on the "bleating flocks of the reactionary, so-called democracies." He hasn't the winders of

many illusions about the wisdom of pouring millions into desert Libia. He believes that Mussolini is the "Pro-tector of Islam." The Italian doesn't know what that means. In Libia you'll find the Arab doesn't either. From the narrow balcony of Venezia Palazzo, Mussolini sends his bull voice reverberating over the Seven Hills of Rome: The democracies are in a state of bankruptcy and are no longer any-thing but centers of infection for the

communistic bacillus!" communistic bacillus!"
From such premises, stems the Italian's conviction that France is on the point of revolution, that England is both decadent and a bitter enemy. In addition, Great Britain is a coward (but "ma surely middle has been apply and a surely middle has been apply and the surely middle has been added to the surely middle has been apply middle has been apply

(but "we surely wish she would loan us some money"). Didn't she back out of the Mediterranean? And now isn't she rearming to avenge that defeat? feat?

America is a nation of rich fools, so far away that she should have no concern in Italy, except as a tourist attraction. Russia is, quite definitely, the scourge of the world, the straining bear and the ogre that keeps the Italian awake at night.

On one vastly important matter—it may prove the great flaw in II Duce's

may prove the great flaw in Il Duce's risky foreign policy—the Italian dif-fers with the official Mussolini. He dislikes the Germans. No Italian man-in-the-street with whom you be come fairly chummy will admit one saving grace in the Nazi-except his -except his willingness to ally with Italy. Harboring the very fount of Cath-olicism, he abhors the Nazi religious

persecutions. He looks upon the Rome-Berlin axis in about the same way as the German-as papered with way as the chimaliness papered with steel, "What could we do?" a young clerk in Naples says. "We had no allies. You see that. Fifty-two nations against us. We had to find someone.

We took Germany. And now, we have Japan," and he bursts out laughing. The Italian is an individualistic, generally gay, volatile, easy-going Latin. He resents the German temperament. He is nettled by his pomposity, austerity, frigidity and air of spend only \$160 a month.

The Italian, too, has not forgotten that only four years ago when Austria's

Chancellor Dollfuss was murdered the Italian puppet press screamed against Germany's "butchery and ter-But for Mussolini and his Press that was simply a moment of journal-istic aberration. Now Germany, with Italy, is heralded as the guardian of civilization and the entrepreneur of

stable, effective and progressive government. Even the all-believing fascist in the back line of the ranks, shakes his head in bafflement at that. The Italian has no idea that Italy's mushrooming growth is finished, or halted for very long. He has been coached to eye Tunisia, some of Algeria and eventually Egypt. The Roman walks down via dell-Imperio

geria and eventuarly Egypt. The Ros-man walks down via dell-Imperio from Piazza Venezia toward the Col-osseum and studies the huge boards which show the rise and decline of Roman territory—and now the rise in the Era of Mussolini. There is ample space for another huge board—for space for another huge board—for more territory.

"America is fortunate," a small business man says, "America closed its doors to immigration. We had to go somewhere. It was Ethiopia or some other country," and he looks at you significantly. As Mussolini has plastered on factories in Turin, on docks at Naples, on Arab houses in Libia:

THE VICTORY IS NOT A POINT TO REACH BUT A POINT OF DEPARTURE! The Italian gets ready for the next step convinced as the slogans scream from the train sheds at Bologna, from the cliffs at Taormina, from the barns of Tuscany:
THE ITALIAN IN BLACK-SHIRT IS AND WILL BE INVINCIBLE!

lini visage, encased in a steel helmet five times life-size, the words roar from a bridge: THE MORE THE ENEMIES THE GREATER THE HONOR!

And underneath the strong Musso-

HE Italians call themselves a fas

The Italians call themselves a fas-cist people, but for all their right to guide their destiny individually, they might just as well be under Rus-sian communism, or German Naziism. When you say Italians are under a dictatorship, you have detailed their situation without playing with descrip-tions of social systems. situation without playing with descriptions of social systems.

Every Italian knows that he has something called a corporative state. But no amount of pyramided bureaucracy with fancy fascist titles gives him any notion of an idea that he has voice in what that bureau does. He is well aware that everything that happens in Italy, occurs because II Duce decrees it so.

That was before the depression came, and since then Italy's income has fullen far short of rising to the speed of the budget deficit. The Italian has seen a lot of things happen to him since then. He either stayed on the dole and got \$2 or \$3 a week or was set to building roads and buildings at about the same wage. On he was sent to Libia, given a horse

No Italian, no matter how ignorant or poor, has the gall or blindness to presume that the cow he owns is unequivocally his. He knows it is his conditionally—conditionally on the needs of the state. Tomprrow, Mussolini may drive up and take the bovine away in the tonneau of his car. Not that the peasant wouldn't give it up. away in the tonneau of ms car, avo-that the peasant wouldn't give it up. He would, probably, and cheerfully. He is accustomed to giving things up and he is pretty well inured by now to shocks. Taxes take 26% of his income which has been steadily de-creasing, although the portion of lev-ies on it has not risen a great deal. He has all sorts of fascist rackets and

organizations to subscribe to.

If you ask the farmer how bad his taxes are, invariably from the South Tyrolean to the Sicilian, he puts his hands up to his throat eloquently and expressively bulges his eyes. But he says to you:
"I suffer now. My burdens are alost unbearable. I do not have

enough to eat or enough to wear. I have no money, no savings, and always I have more mouths to feed. But soon Italy will be strong and rich and all will be well." and all will be well."

He is convinced that when Italy has military and geographical influence, his personal economics will be solved automatically.

It is this promise of the future,

reighted with the most bare-faced, spine-tingling propaganda in the world, that allows the Italian to endure deprivation that would drive a less optimistic and mesmerized people This rainbow-chasing allows him to

ee his nation's deficit constantly ris-

ing, now to 17 billion lire, to wake up with new and fantastic impossible taxes on his head, to toss gold wed-ding rings into a melting pot, to have children annually when there is no food for more, to see miles and miles of hard-surfaced highways being built which remain deserted of Italian autos He has seen 400,000 men troop to Ethiopia for a war that cost 750 million dollars. He sees a million men at home marching and saluting each other. He sees a nation still solvent with little credit abroad. He sees 99%

of his cotton, copper and oil, and 95% of his coal coming from abroad. He suffers painfully, often pathetically. In southern Italy and Sicily, his children beg in the streets the way they do in a banana republic of Central America but nowhere else in Eu-Only because the Italian is the Italian does he pull through. You can't insult an Italian by telling him his standard of living is below that of

'It was always low," he says. You watch women preparing oranges in Sicily for shipment to England as candied fruits. They work ten hours a day for 25 cents a day. They work with the speed of an ambidex-trous bill poster in a cyclone. You think: "If the men in the Ford plant

Poland, Spain or even the Canary

the largest selling French newspapers, and now issues a *Paris Soir* in Italy, filled with anti-French articles. It looks like the genuine article. As IN Germany, as in Russia, you see the complete totalitarian state beginning with the Italian youth. If scholarship suffers, militarism will not, nor will strong physiques.

Six million children in the Balilla are under the direct control of Achille Starace, the general secretary of the fascist party.

Every morning in school, the child s in Germany, as in Russia, you

Every morning
offers this prayer:
"Duce! I thank thee for what thou
givest me to make me strong and
healthy. Lord God, guard Il Duce so
that he may long be preserved for
fascist Italy." In Italy, a child looks to shoulder-ing a gun with the same equanimity that an American boy does to having a bar of chocolate. There are 7.000

Every morning in school, the child

a bar of chocolate. There are 7.000 courses for the military education of youth; 1,061 special technical courses for military mechanics; 263 naval schools and 138 flying schools. Military science has been added to the curriculum of every school and universitivity Yellow. versity in Italy.

The Gioventu Italian del Littorio is The Gioventu Italian del Littorio is the youth outfit which teaches soldiering to all under 21. After that, the boy goes into the army for 12 to 18 months, depending on whether he is an only son, attends annual maneuvers until 32 and takes post graduate courses until he's 60.

If in the midst of this paraettal

If in the midst of this perpetual military training, he forgets his obligations, he can turn in any direction building:

ing in every port in Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Libia and Pantelleria there is lettered a huge sign:

nean is only a way to reach their pos-sessions in the quickest time but for us Italians the Mediterranean is our Above all things, the Italian is cer-tain that it is Mare Nostrum, to be his to control, to dam, to drink or to

ferent to the fact that ten nations and 11 dependencies border on it. He has no patience with English arguments of necessity or French protestations of security. "It is our lake," he says flatly.

He is slowly developing the notion, to, that about everything adjacent to the Mediterranean ought to be his. Already he is convinced that Tunisia should belong to Italy and the longer

OldMagazineArticles.com hat stants have had to live on wild had a curiosity to see a foreign paper. Il Duce banned the Paris Soir, one of worked half as fast, they would double production."

Every industry in Italy is already government controlled through the corporative state, which is really an economic state within the political state. It fixes a firm's wages, hours and prices. It bars strikes and lock-

For 25 cents a day!

Mussolini said five years ago:
There is now no economic field in

which the state is not obliged to inter-

That means whenever he thinks an

industry is not producing enough, or he doesn't like the way the firm's president parts his hair or wears a cravat, that factory becomes govern-

ment owned.

Self-sufficiency, which is as good a cloak as any to cover a multitude of actions and to whip up a populace of patriots, already has dictated the actual and complete control of some 1,200 factories, government ownership of shipping lines and shipping companies

ment owned.

outs, but the employer has paid a price for that freedom from labor disturbances. He got in exchange utter government control. The textile worker in Milan, the leather worker in Florence has a fa-cade of freedom which he recognizes as a façade, but not an especially ob-

as a latact, but not an especially ob-noxious one. He belongs to a syndi-cate (labor union) but his member-ship is dependent on "good moral and political conduct from the national point of view." Even the most stupid Italian knows what that means. Moreover, it is use-less to complain—and he is looked upon suspiciously if he does—to the syndicate leader about any sort of

The leader of the syndicate is put Mussolini is the boss of that. Whether he was inclined or not, the worker has joined the fascist party. He wouldn't stand the chance of the proverbial snowball in hell if he didn't. The industrialist, who enjoys the status jocosely known as "private cap-

ys, it tells him: You have 500,000 lire surplus. You will buy today an issue of gov bonds in the amount of 500,000 lire. does, at once He can't spend or invest his money

can't borrow without Mussolini's permission. No, industry in Italy is not yet "nationalized." But if you call it anything else in talking with an indus-

trialist he retorts sharply: "You're being a silly purist." Everyone knows that the govern-ment can take over any factory, any

wants to. In June, 1929, Mussolini roared in

italism," travels a rocky road. Who the government needs money, which is

abroad. He can't start a new factory unless Mussolini says go ahead. He

store, any farm, any dairy herd, any horse, any egg-laying hen that it

a suge mound of lava in the shadow of Mt. Etna. In south Italy you see wheat growing up to two inches of the railroad tracks. In all parts of Italy, you see vegetables growing on sixfoot, semi-circular shelves perched on hillsides, endlessly. In all that elongated country, you are being prudent when you decide there is not six square inches of unused lead

and set down amidst sand and Arabs.
Or, if he was particularly unfortunate,

he was sent to Ethiopia as a colonist and as a target for "uncivilizable"

Self-sufficiency is having amazing results. In Sicily, you see orange trees growing three inches from the base of a huge mound of lava in the shadow of Mt. Etna. In south Italy you see

square inches of unused land. The Italian is using wool made of milk, cotton made of hemp. If he wants to have a suit made of genuine wool cloth it will cost him \$14 a yard. To all this, to everything, a govern-ment official will say to you: "We are in a revolution. There are

"We are in a revolution. After air hardships, autocracy, extremities in a revolution. We are trying to solidify the results of that revolution just as America did for 20 years after." I N ALL of Europe only in Italy do the children beg in the streets. In all of Europe, only in Florence dees all of Europe, only in Fibrence dees almost everyone sing gally riding a bi-cycle, walking along the street, push-ing a vegetable cart, selling lottery tickets, or draping the perpetual wash

of Messini to the tip of Sicily at Siracusa, the fascist salute has eliminated the handshake. Although the Italian loves his kin and Mussolini both, he is not torn by divided loyalty. Mussolini is careful to allow the king certain days and oc-casions to receive the adulation of the populace. What the average Italian doesn't know is that Mussolini very

often consults with King Victor Em-The man in the street doesn't think ery highly of Count Galeaszo Ciano,

present foreign minister, the sec ond most publicised figure and the man who hopes to succeed his father-in-law. Generally, he is considered a "softie," and a man who married into uence instead of earning it.

An Italian who really wants to know what is happening in the rest of the world tries to find foreign papers, or reads the Osservatore Romeno, the Yation City paper which alone in all Italy escapes the engineering the same press control.

Many many Italians mank English Many, many Italians spe

and see a stern edict blazoned on a THE ARMY IS THE CERTAIN GUAR-ANTY OF THE DESTINY OF THE COUNacross the front of the house.

But from the Alps across the Strait TRY! n some prominently-placed build-

"For other nations the Mediterra-

ocably his. He is indif

France keeps it the more beinous i "Isn't Tunisla," he asks you, "a natural prolongation of Sicily?" On that bridge that existed millions

the Italian Senate:
"There are places in Sardinia and Mussolini found a way to delude those French-reading, misguided souls who of years ago, the Italian expects one day to march into Africa again. south Italy where for months the in-OldMagazineArticles.com