

READERS' COLUMN

Objects to Tone Of Critical Letter

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

If I lived in a madhouse, I doubt that I could see such things as I have in the past two years. People leave the party of socialism crying they are socialists, use the "enemy" press to spit on this party, curse and revile it, and if someone dares to breathe a word against these people, a torrent of abuse is directed upon them.

People cry out for democracy and when they lose their points democratically, they quit—and woe to anyone who questioned their views or casts doubt on their so-called democracy.

By now I have become more or less impervious to these acts of madness, and madness they are, but every once in a while my stomach writhes at some of the things done.

An object case of this is one, Jack Styles, your reporter who uses the reader's column of Sept. 29th to attack Mike Gold. Here we have a man (Mike) who has stood like a rock when many of the self-annointed cultural leaders beat their breasts and marched off in all directions. Here is a man who has written of, for and by the people—and this Jack Styles, instead of friendly, comradely criticism, uses a phrase-mongering type of attack.

Let us look at the issue. Mike writes an article on Jewish-American farmers in California, and in the article says Jacob Schaeffer was the father of proletarian music. Oh, Error of Errors! For this statement, words such as sectarianism and infantile leftism are used to describe Mike Gold.

Not a word to say wasn't it wonderful that this man at such a late age remains so close to the people—stands fast and lets not money or fear or apathy corrupt him.

Just scorn and abuse. Comradely criticism? Not by any stretch of the imagination. Just scorn and abuse.

I don't want to sound corny, but I must say "Shame" Jack Styles. Where are your ethics, your feelings for a man who has given his life for socialism. What manner of man are you?

I am a youth and I WILL SEE the golden era of Socialism, and when that comes I wonder how many will remember the abuse and scorn of Jack Styles—but many will remember and revere the words of America's first proletarian writer—a lion among cockroaches, Mike Gold.

Comradely,

LEW B.