

THE SOLDIERS OF RED ARMY SING, AS THEY MARCH

By J. RAMIREZ.

"We'll never beat those soldiers of the Red army," sighed Denikin, as he prepared to turn his command over to Wrangel before leaving the Crimea. "They sing!"

They sing! We need songs in the American movement too—gay songs, thoughtful songs, merry songs, fierce songs, songs of the picket line, marching songs. . . . Men who sing as they march are unbeatable. That must have been what was in Bill Haywood's mind when he said to our musician, Comrade Rudolf Liebich a few years ago: "You want to help the revolution? Very well then, give us revolutionary songs."

And so Comrade Liebich wrote the music of "The Red Dawn." He wrote it as his contribution to the American working class movement; we shall all be singing it soon. It is destined to take its place in that still all-too-small collection of rebel songs that are known to radicals from coast to coast.

"The Red Dawn" is only one of the featured songs of a two-act operetta for proletarians, entitled "The Last Revolution," which is to be presented on April 15 at Wicker Park Hall by some 40 or more comrades of both sexes. The authors wrote this play because we felt it answered to a certain lack in the revolutionary labor movement. The play is propaganda, but it is a kind of propaganda

that to our knowledge has not been exploited in this country to any extent in the past. "The Last Revolution" is merely a musical comedy burlesque, written from the proletarian point of view. We believe that the comic opera vehicle offers propaganda possibilities, in the form of facile satire and even broad burlesque, which will be found to be decidedly worth taking advantage of. Whether or not we have realized these possibilities to the full, we feel sure that, in "The Last Revolution," we can assure you a novel evening's entertainment. If you get only as much real fun out of seeing the play as Mike Gold and I got out of writing it, we shall feel that we have done a good job. And if you don't like our lines and our acting, there will be the one and only "Last Revolution" Beauty Chorus (20 people!) swaying to the lilting music of Rudolf's unforgettable songs.

Since I am speaking of the chorus, I ought to announce that Comrades Kitty Harris and Mary Kaplan have been added to that gay galaxy of haughty, happy, hell-raising housemaids, who scandalize the whole Morganville capitalist colony with their singing:

"Then shout a hip, hip for us,
The merry housemaids' chorus;
Nor be surprised, nor scandalized
That housemaids should be organized!"