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G. D. Dehn 1926
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In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'Flaherty

ACCORDING to press dispatches, the British miners' strike has been officially called off. The miners have been instructed by the executive of the federation to enter into negotiations with the operators on the basis of district agreements. Thus the operators have won a victory despite the heroic struggle waged by the miners. But the operators' victory will prove Pyrrhic. It was won thru the treachery of the reactionary leadership of the British trade union movement and the failure of world labor, outside of the Soviet Union, to come to the miners' assistance. It is very doubtful if there is recorded in the annals of labor history a more shocking instance of betrayal than the story of how the miners were let down by the officials of the Trade Union Congress and of the Labor Party.

THERE is a deep-rooted belief that the action of Thomas, MacDonald, Bevin and Pugh was not due to objection to a general strike on principle, but that those men are conscious agents of the British government and that they considered their duty to the crown higher than their duty to the trade union movement. It is significant that J. H. Thomas, when he sued the official organ of the British Communist Party for libel a few years ago, admitted on the witness stand that when he took the oath as member of the privy council that he bound himself to advise the government of any information that in his opinion might be prejudicial to the interests of the royal family.

THERE is no doubt that the general strike was a strike against the government and was a decided menace to British capitalism which is the essence of British rule, the royal family being merely the figleaf. The government correctly estimated the strike as a threat and acted accordingly. The labor leaders continued to groan that it was only an industrial struggle. The government was relieved of considerable worry thru the knowledge that its agents on the inside, namely Thomas, MacDonald,

Bevin, Pugh and company, would do everything possible to prevent the strike from getting out of bounds. They fulfilled their obligations to the empire quite faithfully.

A VICTORY for the miners was a certainty when the general strike was called off. The government would be obliged to declare general martial law or else quit office. This would seem to be MacDonald's long-awaited opportunity to walk into office again with his Labor Party. But at this moment the right wingers were not thinking about anything else but the preservation of the empire. Instead of rallying the masses nationally and internationally to the aid of the miners they opened a guerilla war on Cook and Smith, the miners' leaders, and finally pulled the underpinning from beneath them. When the work of betrayal was finished and the miners were left fighting a rear-guard action, alone, J. H. Thomas went to cheer up the drooping spirit of the imperialists in Canada, Ramsay MacDonald went for a trip to Africa for his health and Ernest Bevin, generalissimo of the general strike, accompanied a delegation of British manufacturers to the United States to learn how our bosses manage to keep their slaves contented.

DURING the entire struggle only the Communist Party proved to be the steadfast friend of the miners, always taking the blows in front and giving encouragement and direction to the strikers. The right wing leaders noting the gains made by the Communists in recruiting members as a result of their conduct during the strike, opened a new war on the revolutionary elements. One faker who spent a few weeks in the United States collecting money—he did not collect enough to pay his passage—charged the American Communists with withholding money they had collected for the miners. This was a falsehood. He did not mention the \$5,000,000 that the Russian workers under Communist leadership contributed to the strike fund while wealthy America only sent about \$50,000. As a result of the

strike the British workingclass see clearly that the government, supposed to be of all the people, is but a tool of the master-class. Millions of them now see that the reactionary leaders are agents of the government and of the capitalists. This is a gain from the struggle. The miners will rise again with better leadership and greater experience. The miners have been defeated. But the class hatred that has been engendered during the long battle will steel them to victory in the future.

HOW did the capitalists fare? What have they gained from the war? The president of the British Board of Trade estimated the losses at from \$1,250,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000. But those are only the direct losses he was careful to emphasize. The indirect losses, such as dislocation of trade and loss of markets are enormous. The total income of Great Britain is estimated at \$18,000,000,000 yearly. At last a sum equal to one-fourth of this was what the luxury of defeating the miners cost the British ruling classes. In addition to other troubles the strike delivered a blow to British imperialism from which few believe it will ever recover.

THAT Benito Mussolini has been the author of most of the attempts on his life that have occurred with such monotonous regularity during the past years is no longer in doubt. The arrest of a member of the Garibaldi family, who was in the pay of the fascists while posing as an anti-fascist, revealed a story of intrigue and duplicity unequalled in the annals of provocation. The French police, for reasons of their own, saw fit to expose Mussolini's conspiracies. It appears that the Italian police, with Mussolini's knowledge pulled off fake plots against the duce's life in order to keep the popular mind inflamed against the enemies of fascism.

THE neurotic Violet Gibson, sister of the eccentric Lord Ashbourne, was given a toy pistol with blank cartridges and told by a fascist spy to let it

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Marching Men -- A Review

By V. L. Calverton

Several centuries ago, in the time of Shakespeare and Bacon, authors lived upon their patrons. The system of patronage was a European institution. There were few other ways whereby an author could earn a living. John Wolfe offered the opportunity of translation, an experience in hack-work, to a limited number of the craft. Ballad-scribbling presented a simple medium for literary prostitution. University fellowships demanded too many qualifications and were encumbered with too many entailments to be an important source of assistance to any but the desiccated scholar. Samuel Daniel and William Browne supported themselves by private tutoring; Cadman, Ocland and Shirley were regular teachers. The life of the author in general, however, was dismal, insufferable, hopeless without the aid of a patron.

The practice of a patronage, deeply rooted in the economic basis of feudal society, injured poet and dramatist. Monastic patronage has disappeared with the predatory English reformation, and it was to the feudal lord that the artist had to appeal. The Earl of Southampton, for instance, was Shakespeare's patron; Leicester, not with untainted purity, was Spencer's; Herbert was Daniel's. It was the economic element involved in the relationship of the author to his patron that bred danger. Spontaneity was often transformed into sycophancy, and servility became a literary virtue. The author too often looked to his superiors for favor and commendation. This tendency speedily became a habit. Even so acute a mind as that of Francis Bacon solicited the king for "a theme for treatment" in this fashion:

"I should with more alacrity embrace your Majesty's direction than my own choice."

Stultifying as Bacon's solicitation was, it is surpassed by that of Mathesen, a composer, who in his dedication to Landgraf Ernst Ludwig of Hessen declared:

"If god did not exist, who could more fittingly take His place than Your Supreme Highness."

What a contrast is to be discovered today, then, in Sherwood Anderson's dedication of his second novel to "American Workingmen."

The wide gulf of years that separated the two dedications is disclosed in their antithetical sentiments. The literature of the one age scorned the proletariat, the literature of the other age has begun to exalt it.

Marching Men is a romantic, proletarian novel. It is one of the few novels in American literature that is devoted to the toiler. While it may not visualize the class struggle as a historical process determined by social conflict and economic destiny, it does project the cause of the worker as an issue revolutionary and significant. There is, it is true, a noticeable sentimentality of description in the advance of the protagonist, Beaut McGregor, from the position of menial to that of master. The sense of social awareness that he develops, however, counterbalances something of this sentimentality. Beaut McGregor is harassed by the unsightly chaos of human thought and activity, the wild clash of individual impulse and purpose. He is obsessed with a desire for orderliness, for design amid confusion. This craving becomes a mania, demanding active not contemplative expression. Sheer intellectual specula-

tion, dreamful theorizing in historical abstraction, are an abomination to one of his temperament. He is in vital revolt against the cabinet retreat of the student and philosopher. His life is a cry for vigorous organized force, perpetually in motion, ceaselessly advancing, defiant and invincible.

As a symphony of impulse, a drama of the grandiose, Marching Men is a moving and picturesque novel; as a piece of realism, which it pur-



Sherwood Anderson.

ports to be, it fails of solidity and conviction. We marvel at the eloquent McGregor heading his countless ranks of marching men. He is imperious and inexorable, inspired with the faith of a fanatic in the efficacy of his ideal. In our enthusiasm, for a moment, we almost come to believe in him, to accept the situation as a reality of the esthetic. Removed from the immediacy of the object, however, our emotions more tranquilized, we are forced to change our judgment. He is another giant, an apotheosis of an ideal rather than the crystallization of an idea, a personification of a movement, not an individuality. His achievements are illogical—melodramatic. They belong to another civilization than ours, a civilization constructed upon a different ethic. Men could not have been made to march in the fashion of McGregor's squads if they were employed and lived at the time and under the social conditions in which they were placed. There is something exceedingly romantic about the drilling and chanting of the proletarian groups, marching unarmed in endless procession in town and city over all the country.

"And then the movement of the Marching Men began to come to the surface. It got into the blood of men. That harsh drumming voice began to shake their hearts and legs.

"Everywhere men began to see and hear of the Marchers. From lip to lip ran the question, 'What's going on?'"

"'What's going on?' How that cry ran over Chicago. Every newspaper man in town got assignments on the story. The papers were loaded with it every day. All over the city they appeared, everywhere—the Marching Men"

"Of course, the police tried to stop the marchers. Into a street they would run crying 'Disperse!' The men did disperse only to appear again on some vacant lot working away at the perfection of the marching. Only an excited squad of police captured a company of them.

The same men were back in line the next evening. The police could not arrest a hundred thousand men because they marched shoulder to shoulder along the streets and chanted a weird march song as they went."

To anyone the least acquainted with our social system such description is palpably absurd. Our recent experience has proved that without chance of doubt. If the police could not arrest these chanting hordes, and the very sentence implies that such was (and had to be) the wish and object of the upper class, the militia would have been summoned to conclude the demonstrations. A dozen pretexts could have been invented. Agent provocateurs could have been employed, as may have been the case in the Haymarket riot of '86, if not other means could have been devised. Further, the disalliance of the movement with any political or economic policy or any method of definite reform taxes our credulity beyond endurance. Men do not march for the rhythm of marching, nor involve themselves in movements without knowledge of their purpose and finality—nor without promise of reward!

"We do not think and banter words. We march"

These two verses of their song express their movement. There is no clean, steady plan that directs their enthusiasm, no orderliness of design, except the orderliness of marching. "We will not talk or listen to talk—but march . . . on and on forever." This is romantic psychology and sociology—it is not fidelity to reality.

David Ormsby, "the quiet efficient representative of wealth," is an exaggerated type of antithesis. His psychology, an embodiment of the attitude of the capitalist, is softened by a strange and grasping affection for his daughter Margaret, who, despite her vacillation of sentiment, is in love with McGregor. His opposition to McGregor, anemic and pulseless. His opposition to McGregor, pallid and feeble though it is, is easily comprehensible, but his attempt to discourage his daughter's admiration for the leader of the Marching Men and convert her to his philosophy, his platitudinizing explanations and defense, are the actions of a puppet, done without vigor or vitality. He is another giant, less winning and magnetic, however, than the stalwart, flaming McGregor.

Nevertheless, with all of its inconsistencies of character and situation, Marching Men possesses unique significance in American literature. It is radiantly and romantically symbolic of the rise of the proletariat. The tragic cry of the working man finds passionate echo in the voice of McGregor.

"I am going to fight the comfortable well-to-do acceptance of a disorderly world, the smug men who see nothing wrong in a world like this. I would like to fight them so that they throw their cigars away and run about like ants when you kick over ant-hills in the fields."

The effect of the organization of the proletariat, a result of industrial limitation and oppression, obtains vivid and unmistakable reflection in this curious novel. The decay of an old and the synthesis of a new civilization are implicit in the substance of the narrative.

In the Wake of the News

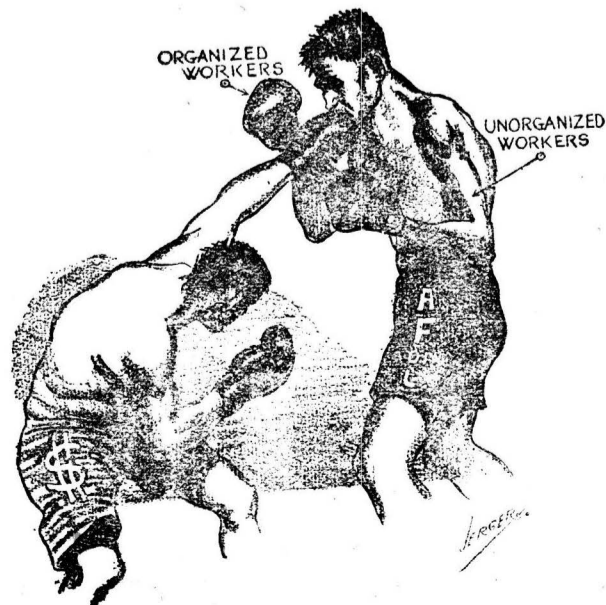
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fly at Benito's nose. After the revolver spoke, Mussolini could afford to remain calm. His handkerchief was able to undo the damage which consisted of a smudge. The latest "attempt" on his life was also framed by the police. The incident cost a youth his life and hundreds of people were murdered by the fascisti in a mad orgy of revenge. How long will the Italian people have to suffer under this mad tool of imperialism? Perhaps he will be mad enough to tackle Mustapha Kemal Pasha in order to provide a thrill for his brigands. And what can we think of our democratic bankers whose money has kept this murderer in power?

WE are minus a queen and we are not sorry. Our big butter and egg men can go back to their counters, our packers can return to their swine and our gold coast poodle-dogs can dry their tears for their dear ones will be able to give them more attention, at least until the next queen hoves in sight. Marie is leaving in tears. One of her sons is bastardizing Europe and half a dozen concubines are on his trail. Tho a famous English monarch once said that "a king's bastard is a house's pride" modern royalty has to be more careful and the conduct of Marie's brood has clapped a gas mask on more than one royal snout. Her boy Carol is reported returning to Roumania and divers other

burglars are making the royal seat uncomfortable for Marie. The queen is hurrying home, perhaps to exchange a tack for the cushioned seats of American royal trains.

THE queen came to the United States to get money. Whether she got it or not remains to be seen. Some say her technique was good, but the heroine of Cotzofanesti could not be good, even for a little while. She surrounded herself with a bunch of



drunken bums that could not keep from brawling. It was a common sight to see a hat, expelled from the royal train, only to be followed by a pair of pajamas and a millionaire. The masses liked this. It was more entertaining than the romance of Mr. Edward Browning and his baby bride. But the bankers like their fun in its native state they favor dignity in public. The money they loan comes out of the pockets of depositors and out of the hides of the workers. That's where it all comes from. If there is anything a small depositor likes better than his life it is his money. So it might not look well for our bankers to supply a bawdy queen with enough money for a five years' debauch while hundreds of thousands of American children are going hungry.

BUT our ruling classes care little for public opinion, since it means little unless organized. What is usually called "public opinion" is about as influential as a hog-tied flea. Were the American workers, class-conscious and organized industrially and politically, not only would they be in a position to prevent this parasite queen from entering New York harbor but there would be no bankers left to lick her boots. As it is, only the Communists and those closest in sympathy with their program protested the queen's visit, therefore the royal harlot was able to defend the tyrannous rule of the Roumanian boyars and spread considerable poisonous propaganda against Soviet Russia.

American Planning at the Waldorf

By ROBERT DUNN.

WHILE the American Federation of Labor was worrying the allied, assorted and associated automobile manufacturers in Detroit, the National Association of Manufacturers, the One Big Union of the employers, was convening under the gilded ceilings of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and worrying no one.

The N. A. of M. is a brilliant, strident, he-mannish aggregation of business evangelists. The delegates at one of their annual pow-wows are said to represent an invested capital of something like \$4,000,000,000. The organization talks big at its conventions (this was its thirty-first), but its activities during the year are confined pretty much to lobbying and propaganda. Its reports are impressive. Its "open shop department" last year had over "1,600 college and university teachers of economics and sociology on its mailing list," and its publications, it says, "are widely used and quoted by industrial associations and it is constantly supplying material upon request to industrial organizations, college professors, debaters and others."

For the Open Shop.

The open shop department of the N. A. of M. is particularly interesting. This year, in addition to the representative of the manufacturers, those who spoke for education, finance, religion, "men who stand for big constructive things," were on the program. They added their hosannahs to the open shop American plan of employment.

First, education: In the person of Dr. George B. Cutten, president of Colgate University. Dr. Cutten quoted from Oscar Wilde and the scriptures, deplored the English coal strike and predicted that there may be just a union or two left in America when the American plan boys get through cleaning them up. He asserted that every worker has a right—"god-given," were his words—to work and that his remuneration, like that of university presidents, should be based on accomplishment. Bricklayers, especially, should lay more bricks. This point seems to have become an obsession with some folk who are not bricklayers. They cannot see—at least from the Waldorf gallery—why bricklayers don't splash the old mortar just a little quicker.

Then Dr. Cutten referred to workers as morons who ought not to ask for a share in management through collective bargaining. He smote the sympathetic strike idea and deprecated the late Brother Gompers for attacking the courts. Gompers, you

will recall, once asked Jehovah to save labor from said courts. This, the doctor thought, was very bad.

Hammond Praises Coolidge.

Second, finance: Mr. John H. Hammond of Brown Bros. & Co., startled his audience with the statement that the country is prosperous, "thanks to the economical administration at Washington," and added that the workers should be encouraged to purchase shares of stock in the companies hiring them and thus get in on the prosperity via the dividend route. He advocated treating labor "as well as possible," but claimed that Herrin was a blot on our scutcheon. With something resembling a shiver the cozy little group of business men heard his words: "Had it not been for the non-union miners many of us would have frozen to death last winter."

A Hymn to Hate

By COVAMI.

O thou, twin-born with Love from Beauty's line,
Her alter ego and, like her, divine!
To thee I lift my voice in feeble praise!
To thee, admiring, my eyes I raise!
To thee whose fructifying kiss, O Hate,
So oft hath 'courage'd men to challenge fate!

Thou art not evil,—thou art good and fair!
To thee we owe the strength of our despair;
To thee alone, when all around is night,
When Hope is dead and Love herself in flight,—
To thee we owe the iron strength and will
To battle for emancipation still.

'Tis not till slav'ry's hated by the slaves,—
'Tis only then Truth rises from her graves,—
'Tis only then that Freedom comes to birth,—
'Tis only then Love glorifies the Earth,—
'Tis only then, O Hate, 'tis only then,—
After thou hast cleansed the hearts of men!

It is because Toil's legions know thee not,
Theirs is the burden and the bitter lot;
Theirs is the robot task, the servile name,
The peon's and the tenant's wage and shame:—
Because of this, O Hate, because of this,—
They have not felt thy fructifying kiss!

Out of his own personal experience Mr. Hammond cited the fruits of conscientious open shopping. He is the chairman of the Bangor and Aroostook Railway (if that means anything to you). Well, a few years ago he smashed a walk-out of engineers and in 1922 he beat the union shopmen led by "sinister outsiders." Result: all his "hands" are now faithful and sensible. They have group insurance and "slackers have been eliminated."

Third, religion: In the bluff and bulky form of the Rt. Rev. Mons. John L. Bedford, D. D., who a few years ago declared that every socialist should be shot. Mons. Bedford didn't repeat his stuff, but confined himself to stating that the church is impartial and that Leo XIII had penned an encyclical epistle on labor in order to dispose of the socialists. That was in 1891. "Mons." also said, "the right to private property is absolutely sacred," and that crafty agitators are stirring up the people to sedition. They should be dealt with firmly. The manufacturers, he thought, should make the open shop "attractive." However, if William Green wants to talk in Detroit or elsewhere, "let him go hire a hall." Only an "accredited minister of the gospel" should be permitted to shoot off his face in god's temple.

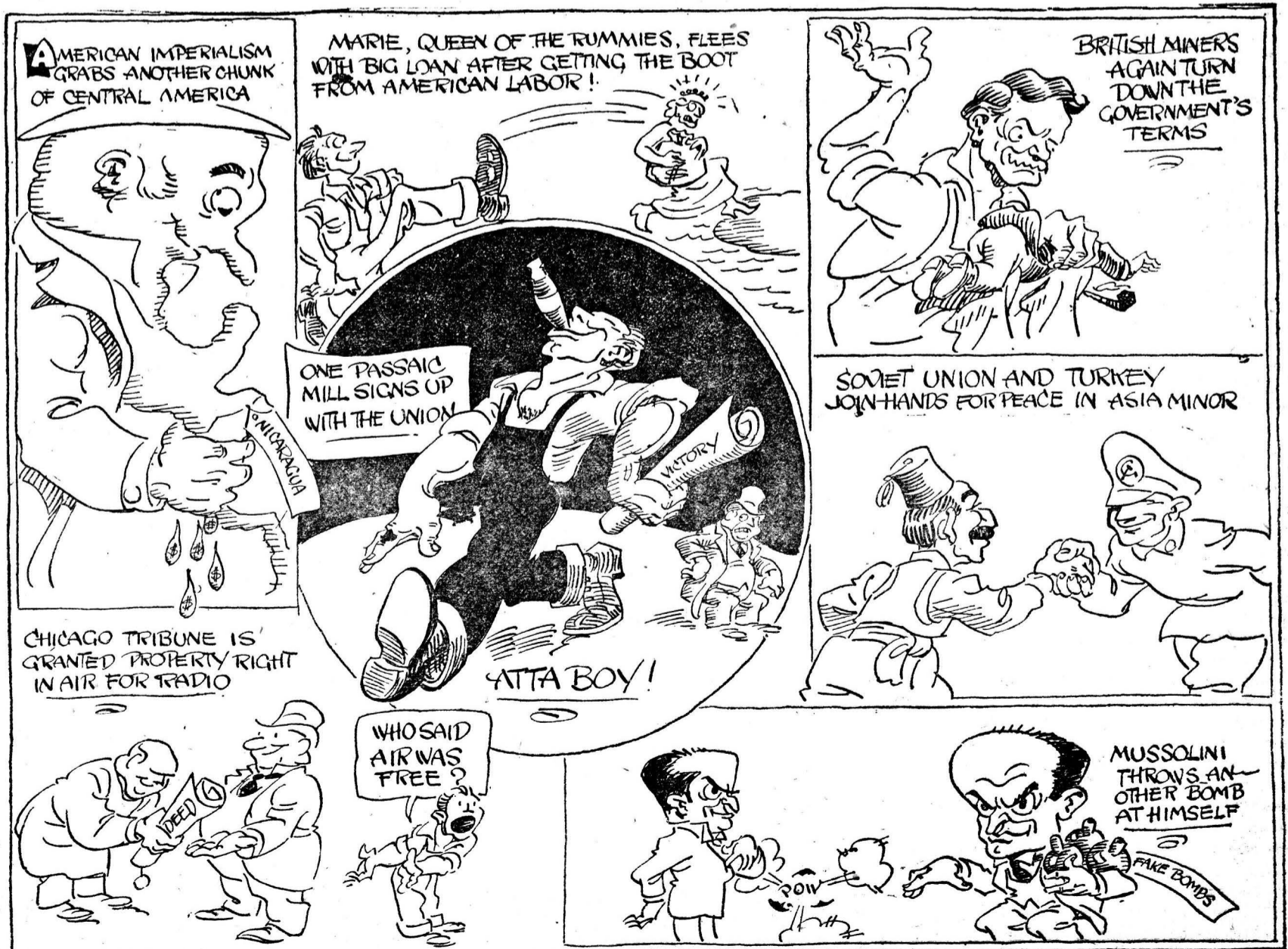
Big Man With Puny Voice.

Finally the manufacturer himself: Mr. John Lester Dryden, president of the Employers' Association of Detroit, reading his paper in a hurried, scarcely audible, school-boyish voice. Informing us that there are so many people in Detroit. There are so many employes there. Some of them are "free"—to be exact 97 per cent. They work in open shops. Only 20,000 are still "enslaved." They work in union shops. Labor conditions, in fact "are almost ideal." Why? Because the employers got together and—organized into an association with a "free employment bureau" to break strikes and maintain a blacklist. And now Detroit is no longer under the domination of the filthy union hod carriers and milk wagon drivers! In fact, the visiting delegation of "labor union men" sent over by the London Daily Mail says all sorts of nice things about the town. In short, everything is lovely because employers are organized, and workers are not.

It should be added that the chairman of the meeting who introduced the above worthy men of weight, insisted that the N. A. of M. is not opposed to organized labor. It is merely opposed to having labor organizations act like labor organizations after they get organized.

A WEEK IN CARTOONS.

By M. P. Bales



Lenin and Art - - By A. V. Lunacharsky

Translated from the German by Sophie Schmidt.

LENIN had very little time in his life to give close attention to art; and in that respect he usually considered himself totally incompetent. For that reason, as all dilettantism was foreign and hateful to him, he did not like to give an opinion on questions of art. His tastes, however, were nonetheless definite. He loved the Russian classics, and he liked realism in literature, painting, etc.

Once, in the year 1905, the time of the first revolution, he had the opportunity to spend a night at the home of Comrade D. I. Leshtchenko, which contained a whole series of Knackfuss monographs of the world's greatest artists. On the next morning Vladimir Ilyitch said to me, "How wonderful is the realm of the history of art! How much work it offers for the Communist! Last night I could not go to sleep till morning—I examined one book after another. And it vexed me that I had no time to occupy myself with art, and that I never shall have!"

Several times I had the opportunity—it was after the revolution—to confer with Lenin at various occasions about matters of art. I remember, for example, that he once asked me over the telephone to go with him and Kamenev to see an exhibit of models for a statue which was to be set up on the magnificent pedestal next to the Christ Cathedral in the Kremlin, from which the figure of Alexander III had just been removed. Vladimir Ilyitch examined all these models with a critical eye. Not one pleased him. For a long time he contemplated a monument in a futuristic style, and when asked for his opinion, he answered, "Here I comprehend nothing; ask Lunacharsky." Upon my remark that I saw no design worthy of execution, he was very happy and said, "And I thought you would set up some futuristic scare-crow!"

At another time a memorial of Karl Marx was under consideration. The well-known sculptor, M. manifested a particular obstinacy. He exhibited a large project for a statue called, "Karl Marx on the Four Elephants." This unexpected conception appeared very curious to us, and also to Vladimir Ilyitch. The artist began to alter his design, and he did this three times; under no circumstances did he wish to forego the victory over his competitors. When under my chairmanship the jury definitely rejected his model and gave preference to a common design of a group of artists under the direction of Alyoshin, the sculptor M. rushed into the study of Vladimir Ilyitch and complained to him about the matter. Vladimir Ilyitch took his grievance to heart and asked me over the telephone to call in a new jury. He declared that he would inspect the model of Alyoshin and that of the sculptor M. himself. He actually came, and approved Alyoshin's design; but that of the sculptor M. he also rejected.

In the same year the group of Alyoshin erected for the May celebration a miniature of Karl Marx on the spot where the memorial was to be placed. Vladimir Ilyitch walked several times around the statue, asked suddenly how large it was going to be, finally declared himself satisfied, added, however, turning to me, "Anatoly Vasilyevitch, remind the artist to see that the hair of the head be more like, so as to give the same good impression as does a portrait of Marx; it seems as if it were a little unlike."

Already in the year 1918, Vladimir Ilyitch called me to him and told me that art ought to be used for agitation purposes; at the same time he presented two projects to me. First, according to his opinion, buildings, walls, etc., where bills are usually posted, should be furnished with large revolutionary inscriptions, several of which he at once suggested.

Gen. Brichnitchev took up this project later, when he was director of the branch for mass-education in Homel. When I came to Homel, I found the city literally covered with these inscriptions, which really would not have been bad, had they been true to the original conception. Even the mirrors in a large restaurant, where an enlightenment committee was quartered, were written over with proverbs and citations.

In Moscow and Leningrad this idea was never realized, neither in the exaggerated form of Homel nor in one resembling the conception of Ilyitch.

The second project dealt with the erection of memorials for the great revolutionists, and on a very large scale. Provisional statues of plaster of Paris were to be set up in Leningrad as well as in Moscow. Both cities responded with enthusiasm to my suggestion that Lenin's plan be carried out. It was intended that every monument be solemnly inaugurated with a speech on the particular revolutionist; the rest was to be left to enlightening inscriptions. Vladimir Ilyitch referred to this as "Monument-propaganda."

In Leningrad this propaganda was very successful. The first of the memorials was by Sherwood

and represented Raditchev. A copy of this monument was set up in Moscow. Unfortunately the original in Leningrad was broken and has not been replaced. On the whole, because of their fragility, most good memorials in Leningrad did not last long. Among them I remember very good ones; for example, busts of Garibaldi, Shevtchenko, Dobrolubov, Herzen, and several others. The statues in a left-radical vein proved less successful. When, for example, the cubistically styled head of Peryovskaya was unveiled, some of the spectators were quite appalled, and S. Lilina made the positive demand that the statue be removed immediately. The memorial of Tchernishevsky also, was deemed too artificial by many. Most satisfactory was the monument of Lassalle by Selit. This statue, placed in front of the former city дума, is still intact. I believe it is of bronze. The monument of Marx by Matveyev, representing him standing, also turned out well. Unfortunately it was soon broken, and a bronze-head of Marx in the usual style, without the original plastic conception of Matveyev, took its place at the Smolny.

The Moscow monuments were less successful. Marx and Engels were represented in a sort of basin and received the designation, "The Bearded Bath-



ers." The sculptor K. surpassed all others. For a long time men and horses coming through Myaznitskaya street cast furtive, uneasy glances at a queer, spooky figure, covered by way of caution, with boards. It was Bakunin in the conception of the worthy artist. If I am not mistaken, the monument was destroyed immediately after its inauguration by anarchists, who, in spite of their advanced point of view, could not tolerate such sculptural derision of their leader's memory.

In general, there were few satisfactory monuments in Moscow. Better than the others is perhaps the monument of Nikitin. I do not know whether Ilyitch has given close attention to these memorials; at any rate, he told me once with a certain dissatisfaction, that the monument propaganda had turned to no account. By way of an answer, I pointed out the experience in Leningrad and the testimony of Zinoviev. Vladimir Ilyitch shook his head doubtfully and said, "Should all talent be concentrated in Petrograd, and in Moscow—only amateurs?" I was not in a position to explain to him this extraordinary phenomenon.

He also had certain skepticisms concerning the "Memorial-Tablet" of the sculptor, Kononov. Not without humor Kononov named his work "The Pseudo-Real Tablet." I also recollect how the artist, Altman, once gave Lenin a bas-relief representing Chalturin. Vladimir Ilyitch was greatly pleased with the bas-relief, but asked me whether it was not a futuristic work. He was altogether adverse to futurism. I was not present when Lenin once visited a home of artists which, if I am not mistaken, had been inhabited by a young relative of his. Later I was informed of a discussion between him and the artists of this group, who were all of the radical turn of mind. Vladimir Ilyitch avoided serious discussion, jested and ridiculed a little; but here, too, he declared that he did not consider himself sufficiently competent to talk seriously about the matter. Youth itself he loved, and rejoiced over its Communistic spirit.

In the last period of his life, Vladimir Ilyitch seldom had the opportunity to enjoy art. He was several times at the theater; I believe, without exception at the Art theater which he esteemed very highly. This theater always made an excellent impression on him.

Vladimir Ilyitch loved music exceedingly, but its effect on him was too strong. For some time good concerts took place at my home. Schaliapin sang occasionally, Meitchik played, or Romanovsky, the quartet of Stradivarius, Kusevisky and others. I often asked Vladimir Ilyitch to come, but he always was busy. Once he told me frankly, "Certainly it is a great pleasure to hear music, but you see, it

affects me too much; I cannot stand it very well." I recollect that Gen. Tchurupa, who succeeded several times in bringing Vladimir Ilyitch to attend a concert at his home at which the same Romanovsky played, also told me that Lenin enjoyed the music greatly, but that he was obviously very agitated.

I will add that Vladimir Ilyitch was very critical about the government theater. I pointed out to him several times that we enjoyed the theater at relatively moderate cost; but he insisted that state subsidies for this theater be abolished. In this matter Vladimir Ilyitch was guided by two considerations. The one he named forthwith, "It is not fair to spend large sums on a magnificent theater, when we have no means to maintain the most primitive schools in the villages." The other consideration he brought out at a meeting, where I refuted his attacks on the great theater. I emphasized the unquestionably great cultural value of this institute. Vladimir Ilyitch screwed up his eyes sardonically and said, "And yet, no one can deny that it is a piece of the purest 'feudal-culture.'"

It does not necessarily follow that Vladimir Ilyitch was hostile to all culture of the past. Specifically, he considered "seignorial" the entire ostentatious courtly tone of the opera. Art of the past in general, and especially, Russian realism (including also the tendencies of the "Peredvishniki"), was rated very highly by Vladimir Ilyitch.

These are the facts which I can present out of my reminiscences of Ilyitch. I repeat that to Lenin his esthetic sympathies and antipathies never became principles.

Comrades interested in art remember the declaration of the central committee, concerning questions of art and directed severely against futurism. I have no further information on the matter, but I am inclined to think that Vladimir Ilyitch was in some way connected with it. Lenin at that time quite erroneously considered me a follower of futurism and a man who supported that view exclusively; and therefore, perhaps, he did not consult me before the publication of this rescript of the committee—apparently endeavoring to correct my behavior.

A difference of opinion, and a very acute one, existed between Vladimir Ilyitch and myself on the subject of the "Proletcult." Once, in fact, he upbraided me very harshly. I will observe, first of all, that Vladimir Ilyitch by no means denied the importance of workers' groups for the purpose of developing authors and artists out of proletarian ranks; he even considered an all-Russian federation of such groups advisable. But he feared the pretensions of the proletcult—the endeavor to take over the entire development of proletarian science and culture. This seemed to him in the first place entirely premature and a task surpassing the resources at hand; secondly, he was of the opinion that the proletarian would, by such a system, be caused to neglect the study and the acquisition of the already existing science and culture; thirdly, Vladimir Ilyitch obviously feared also the possibility of political dissensions growing up in the proletcult. He was quite annoyed, for example, by the important role played by A. A. Bogdanov in the proletcult.

In the year 1920, when the conference of the proletcult was in session, Vladimir Ilyitch asked me to go there and to point out definitely that the proletcult must work under the leadership of the people's commissariat for enlightenment, that it must consider itself part of that institution, etc. In a word, Vladimir Ilyitch desired that the proletcult be drawn closer to the state, while he at the same time took measures calculated to intensify the relationship between the proletcult and the party. The speech I then made at the conference was fairly evasive and conciliatory. To me it seemed wrong to injure the assembled workers with a violent attack. Vladimir Ilyitch learned about the speech in a form still milder. He called me to him and there was an explosion. Later the proletcult was reconstructed according to the directions of Vladimir Ilyitch. I repeat, he never intended to dissolve the proletcult; on the contrary, he was sympathetic with its purely artistic pursuits.

The new artistic literary formations which grew up during the revolution received little attention from Vladimir Ilyitch. He had no time to occupy himself with them. At any rate, I know that the "Hundred and Fifty Millions" of Mayakovsky did not please Vladimir Ilyitch in the least. He considered this book to be affected and superficial.* It is to be deplored that Lenin could not pronounce judgment on the later and more mature development of literature in the revolutionary direction.

The enormous interest of Vladimir Ilyitch in the photoplay is well known to everybody.

*On the other hand, a little poem of Mayakovsky, treating of a hobo, made Vladimir Ilyitch laugh, and occasionally he even repeated several lines of it.

Gunboat Diplomacy In Nicaragua

By HARRISON GEORGE.

GUNBOAT diplomacy, sometimes going under the more pacific alias of "dollar diplomacy," is going ahead under full steam in Central America. The object is complete control of Nicaragua. This follows up Wall Street imperialism's forceful domination to Porto Rico and Haiti, its extension of actual control of Cuba and Venezuela, and is but one more step in making the Caribbean an American lake.

To understand the situation, we must first see what interest has brought on the present situation, with the Coolidge government proceeding with brass face to thrust its armed forces against the majority of the Nicaraguan people, using the bugaboo of "Mexican Bolshevism" to convince the Yankee bourgeoisie as a whole that an enemy of power and malevolence justifies the "energetic action" taken by the U. S. navy against the weak and small republic lying just north of the Republic of Panama through which U. S. imperialism constructed its famous canal also by act of violence.

Desire to Grab All.

FRUIT companies, mining, railway and banking interests make up the major part of Yankee capital interested in Nicaragua. But there are other larger imperialist interests, such as Washington's desire to control all territory anywhere near the Panama canal and to dominate Nicaragua directly with a view to building another canal through Nicaragua, joining the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by another big ditch from the east coast to Lake Nicaragua and another through the shorter land area from the lake to the Pacific. United States also has a naval base in the Bay of Fonseca, on the north-west coast of Nicaragua.

The United Fruit company had in 1912, an investment interest of \$8,253,226, including interest in some 276 miles of railway, and undoubtedly has greatly extended this investment, as have other companies cited in Robert W. Dunn's book on American Foreign Investments.

Controlled by Wall Street.

THE National Bank of Nicaragua up to 1924 was openly controlled by Brown Brothers and company and W. Seligman and company of New York. It was formally in that year bought back by the Nicaraguan government under the rule of the dictator and U. S. lackey, Emiliano Chamorro, but three Americans still remain in the directorate and Wall Street unquestionably rules Nicaraguan finance.

Over 70 per cent of the foreign trade of Nicaragua is conducted with the United States, and a host of corporations have concessions in the fruit, mining, lumber, public utilities, sugar, power and other industries, while the smell of petroleum has given a flock of oil vultures concessions for development of this basic cause for imperialist aggression. The National Railway of Nicaragua is formally owned by the government, but is managed by J. G. White and company of New York. The list of lesser interests is quite lengthy.

WITH each concession and loan, it must be remembered, Wall Street insists on such guarantees as having control of the government financial machinery, the right to share in the government directing body, to examine customs receipts and generally to boss things through a host of agents and "advisors."

The present revolution came about as follows: Some years ago an election was held under which a so-called "progressive alliance" was placed in power, with Carlo Solorzano, a Conservative, as president, and Juan Bautista Sacasa, a Liberal, as vice-president. Solorzano, however, was merely a figurehead for the active tool of U. S. imperialism, one Emiliano Chamorro, who in 1923 and with the

help of Solorzano, overthrew the constitutional government and by the grossest fraud had himself "elected" as president.

Resorted to Arms.

UNDER the Nicaraguan law, Vice-president Sacasa should have been installed as president upon the resignation, forced or otherwise, of the president. Therefore, the Liberal party, which clearly has the support of the majority of Nicaraguans, claimed the presidency for Juan B. Sacasa. Failing in all peaceful efforts to dislodge Chamorro from



power, the Liberals have resorted to arms.

Chamorro, after seizing power, well knew that Sacasa, backed by the population, would strive to depose him. Hence, he calmly proceeded to summon his clique in a "congress" and had a decree issued against Sacasa, charging him with "conspiracy against the peace and security of the state." This forced Sacasa to flee to the neighboring government of Guatemala for refuge, while the Liberal party continued to re-establish the constitutional regime and place the fugitive vice-president in power.

Must Save Its Face.

THE United States, which welcomed the rule of Chamorro as a servile instrument for imperialist ventures, was placed in an advantageous position, with the exception that it could not very well give the Chamorro government official recognition. This was because the Washington government had signed a treaty with other Latin American countries pledging not to recognize any government which seized power by force and not by being regularly elected. Wall Street needed the formality of an elected government.

The last few months developed a crisis in which the United States could no longer just let things drift while maintaining its rule through Chamorro unofficially, although it must be said that the ubiquitous U. S. Marines were ever-present to aid the ever-present "American investors." But the Liberals began a serious revolt and recently seemed on the point of pushing Senor Chamorro and his followers into the briny ocean. Secretary Kellogg immediately became "vexed" at the "menace to peace and order"—and Yankee imperialism.

ABOUT the time the Liberal army was seizing the town of Bluefields on the east coast, the U. S. navy was ordered to land marines and take over that territory. Although Coolidge had decreed an embargo on arms to Nicaragua, a whole shipload was allowed to leave New York harbor to aid Chamorro

—a flat violation by the United States of its own rules.

Dennis Got Busy.

To save itself, American imperialism was forced to save its tool, Chamorro. The U. S. charge d'affairs, Lawrence Dennis, got busy on one hand "negotiating" between Chamorro and the Liberals, and on the other hand brazenly threatening the Liberals with American occupation and open war if they did not "accept" peace.

DENNIS forced the Liberals to meet Chamorro on board a U. S. warship in a "conference" during which Dennis openly acted as Chamorro's protector and read the Liberals' an ultimatum from the Washington government demanding a stop to their attempt to reestablish constitutional government by force of arms. Dennis demanded that the Liberals accept one Adolfo Diaz, a Chamorro follower, as president, and threatened the Liberals with more warships and more marines if they did not cease fighting for the government.

The Liberals naturally resented this bull-dozing and bolted the conference with a promise to resume fighting, come what may. About this time the United States suddenly found a need to raise the image of some vague "peril" which would give grace to the intended crushing of little Nicaragua under the heel of the "Colossus of the North." A scare was quickly spread on the front pages of U. S. newspapers of "Mexican Bolshevism" and its "interference" in Nicaragua.

Mexican Progressives Sympathetic.

IT is undoubtedly true that progressive elements in Mexico, which have long been terrorized by American imperialism, sympathize with the Liberal attempt to oust Chamorro. But it is questionable if Mexico has intervened in their support officially if at all. The arms supplied to the Liberals have probably been sold by the same New York munitions corporation that sell the mto Chamorro. Such are the ethics of munitioners.

But Secretary Kellogg has recently waxed indignant at this supposed Mexican "interference," in such self-righteous way as to be amusing in view of his own clear aggression against the Nicaraguan people with warships, diplomatic threats and marines landed to "protect" American interests.

UNITED STATES Charge d'Affairs Lawrence Dennis has actively bossed the Chamorro regime. Following the collapse of the "conference," Dennis ordered Chamorro to summon his hand-picked "congress" and brazenly nominated Adolfo Diaz as Chamorro's successor, promising in advance that the U. S. would recognize Diaz as soon as he was "elected."

This was carried out, and the moment Diaz was "chosen" president, the U. S. government recognized his government, while Diaz replied in kind by asking the U. S. to send a force of U. S. army officers to take over his army and help crush the Liberal revolt. Another immediate effect was the arranging of a loan with Wall Street bankers, \$300,000 being given to Diaz as once on a loan which is to total \$6,000,000.

Yet the Washington government has the audacity to propagandize the American people with indignant protests at Mexican "interference" in Nicaragua!

Gunboat diplomacy is not expected to show any signs of conscience at its violation of sovereignty of weak little nations of Latin America, but under Coolidge it seems to have lost its sense of humor as well.

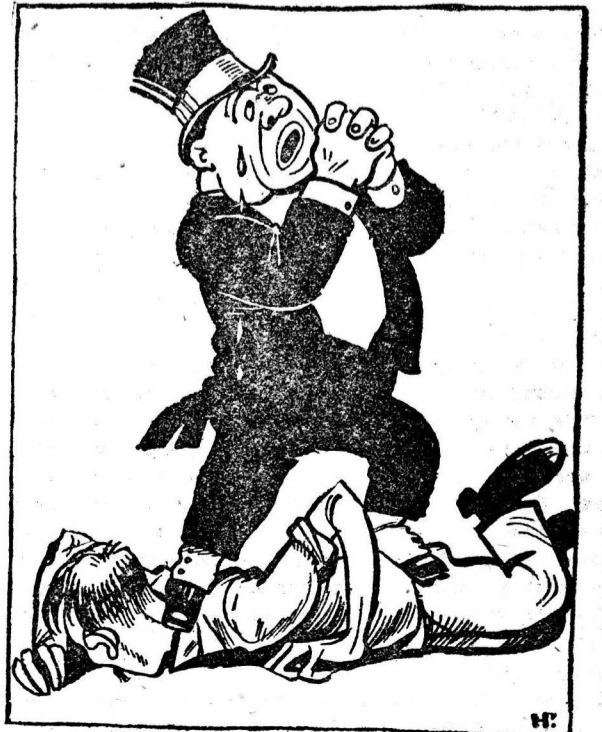


In Answer to a Sky Pilot

And must I never dare, against the State
That binds me helot-like unto this task,
Loosen the dark, the deep corroding hate
That crouches in my bosom like an asp?
Forever must I bow, a willing slave,
Humble and meek, because some lying priest
Prattles of rich rewards beyond the grave
For those who are good sheep, and duly fleeced?

No, never! Cursed be the servile wretch
So lost to manhood who would bear the yoke
That brands him with the shame of slavery;
Who to a man-made God his hands would stretch
In futile prayer, while falls the scorpion stroke—
I hate, and know my hate, and would go free!

—Henry George Weiss.



A Pan-Asiatic Congress in Japan

By TANG SHIN SHE.

THE imperialists of Europe wish to convoke a Pan-European Congress; those of America intend to create a Pan-American league of nations, while those of Asia have convened for August 1 of this year a Pan-Asiatic Congress.

These movements did not originate exclusively among the imperialists; the Second International and the Amsterdam International have also played their part in the matter. Several months ago the newspapers of the Second International and the Amsterdam International reported that a Pan-Asiatic Labor Congress was to be convened in Shanghai, and now it appears that a Pan-Asiatic Congress is to meet on August 1 in Negasaki (Japan).

As regards the anti-Japanese movement in China, in the political sense as well as the economic, which has arisen on account of the 21 demands of Japan, the Japanese assume that the antagonism has been produced by American agitation, and for this reason they have long desired to call a Pan-Asiatic Congress. The murderous shootings in Shanghai on May 30, 1925, which in reality were caused by the Japanese, are being used by them to ingratiate themselves with the Chinese, whose indignation is directed against the international imperialists. Japanese politicians sent repeated delegations to express to the Chinese their "sympathy" with them in their fight against the "whites." With clever and cunning words they endeavored to stir up racial hatred on the part of the yellow peoples against the whites. They immediately found adherents for this idea among the Chinese bourgeoisie, and committees were promptly formed in Shanghai and Peking to prepare for the Pan-Asiatic Congress.

The original plan was to hold the congress in Shanghai, but as the revolutionary wave in China continued to increase from day to day, and because such a congress would meet with great resistance, it was decided to hold it in Nagasaki in Japan. In all there were to be 100 delegates at the congress, Japan and China each sending 25 representatives, while the remaining 50 should come from India, Persia, Turkey and other countries. Under no circumstances is English to be spoken at the congress; French may be used when necessity arises.

It was, however, not satisfactory to the Japanese that, after all the trouble

they had gone thru to prepare the congress, only those politicians who live on Japanese money and the expelled members of the Kuomintang party—all persons of but little significance in China—were willing to attend. They, therefore, towards the end of May of this year, sent a delegation of parliamentarians to Shanghai to

a Pan-Asiatic Congress was to be held in France under the presidency of Suzuki. This plan, naturally, emanated from the Geneva labor office and the Amsterdam Trade-Union International, and with no other object than the disruption of the Asiatic labor movement, for it had long been a source of great dissatisfaction to these

congress would really take place in Shanghai. In consequence, the general secretary of the Shanghai Trades Council, Li Li San, wrote an article on this subject in April this year in the Guide Weekly:

"... What attitude should the workers adopt in regard to a congress of this kind?

"1. We have observed how the working class have been deceived by their reformist leaders, and that as a result they are still today under the yoke of capitalist domination. The reformist leaders are nothing but the jackals of the bourgeoisie, and no matter what fine words they may utter we cannot afford to trust them.

"2. During the recent imperialist world war eight million of our fellow workers were slaughtered under the slogan of defense of home and country, while many millions were crippled for life. Now the Japanese imperialists want to deceive the working class of the Far East with the same slogan of defense of home and country. We must not tolerate this.

"3. The large majority of the peoples of the East suffer under imperialistic oppression. There is only one way for us: a united front against imperialists! The workers in particular must line up in this front. It must also be their task to see that the Pan-Asiatic Labor Congress, which is merely a maneuver of the imperialists and a campaign of lies on the part of the reformists, is prevented. . . ."

This single attack served to bury the magnificent Pan-Asiatic Labor Congress.

The extension of the British naval base at Singapore, the maneuvers of the American fleet in the Pacific Ocean and the strong revolutionary tendency in China forced the Japanese imperialists to try to bring about a Pan-Asiatic Congress for the bourgeoisie and for the workers, in order to smash the revolutionary united front in Asia and to defend their conflicting interests against foreign imperialists. Such action signifies nothing less than preparation on the part of Japanese imperialism for a war in the Pacific Ocean.

NEXT WEEK.

Manuel Gomez's article, "China Hails the Philippines," is held over until next week because of technical difficulties.



invite the chamber of commerce of that city. But as a portion of the small traders displayed an anti-imperialist tendency, while, on the other hand, some of the bigger merchants were under English-American influence, there was little to be done in regard to the chamber of commerce beyond inviting a hundred members to visit Japan for the purpose of fostering friendlier relations between Japan and China, which invitation was accepted.

What is the purpose of the Pan-Asiatic Labor Congress?

Last year the Japanese government sent the reformist labor leader, Bunji Suzuki, the secretary of the Japanese Federation of Labor, to the congress of the internationale labor office at Geneva. Shortly afterwards American newspapers published the report that

bodies that the Asiatic labor organizations all incline towards the Red International of Labor Unions or are actually affiliated to it.

After his return to Japan—after the shooting in Shanghai—Suzuki stated in the course of an interview with a representative of the Japanese press that the Pan-Asiatic Labor Congress would take place in Shanghai and that its chief aim would be the leveling up of the wages of Asiatic workers with those of western workers. The reason for the sudden shifting of the scene of the congress from France to Shanghai may be attributed to the fact that the Japanese imperialists needed their reformist leaders for their own purposes and were not disposed to have them exploited by any other imperialists. At the beginning of this year it appeared as tho the





A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



"THE TEMPTRESS"

Greta Garbo, Antonio Moreno and a first rate director have made a success of this picture despite Blasco Ibanez. The sins of the story (and it's a story of sins) are many. So many in fact, that the whole business is hardly worth recounting. If you have read any Blasco Ibanez drivel, you are acquainted with the theme: a story of "unrestrained passion," a beautiful woman who plays hell with the lives of more than one man, whose nature "god given or by the devil" (that stuff still goes!) is such that she drives men to a passion of some hundreds degrees Fahrenheit. In addition to the high temperature of the story, the plot moves fast tho in devious ways. That's what that is.

Greta Garbo is something else again. This beautiful woman is also an actress. Tho only in her second American picture she seems sure of a gold-lined future. Antonio Moreno is fully as deserving. He gives a characterization, which like that of Greta Garbo's, helps to get conviction despite the unconvincing hokum of the plot.

Lionel Barrymore is also in the cast—as are one or two other movie notables. The supporting cast is one that lifts the whole production far above the average. The direction is a first rate job. The picture as a whole has both brains and bank-account and all the resources of motion pictures. Given an honest story to tell, we would have had something very much more worthy.

Motion picture art has made no progress with the making of this film. But motion picture profits are sure to be swollen. "The Temptress" with its many worth-while features, plus the highly-headed hokum should prove a first-rate box office attraction. It has color, movement, adventure and passion—glorified with a mention or two of God himself and some beautiful photography. All the great advances of the motion picture are included in "The Temptress."

The picture (showing at the Roosevelt) is well worth seeing. It is not one of the truly good pictures. But in comparison with the great majority of the super-heated holy halleluja we are usually asked to swallow, and unconvincing as is "The Temptress," you will find it entertainment worth the modest price of admission.

W. C.



Greta Nissen, Scandinavian beauty, in a new film, "The Popular Sin," now showing at The Oriental, where Paul Ash, jazz king, presides.

A DOZEN IN BRIEF

Breaking Chains—A Russian made movie masterpiece to be shown at the Douglas Park Auditorium Friday, December 3.

The Black Pirate—Fairbanks, the gymnastic pirate.

Eagle of the Sea—Piracy not so gymnastic.

Don Juan—Barrymore bares his passion. It's bearable. With the Vitaphone (McVicker's).

The Strong Man—A fairly good comic.

The Better 'Ole—Syd Chaplin makes warfare a laughing matter. With the second Vitaphone performance (Woods, Dec. 2).

Variety—One of the best ever made. London—Should have stayed there.

Subway Sadie—The kid's clever (Tivoli).

Men of Steel—Molasses.

Slums of Berlin—Slumgullion.

Passaic Strike—A striking picture. Don't miss it.

The Farmer—As He Is

ARTICLE II
By WILLIAM BOUCK

Now let us take a glance at the farmers' efforts to organize.

First he was herded into an organization by officers of the agricultural department in Washington. This afterward grew, and was called the Grange. Its co-operative efforts availed for several years. Then under the exploiting policy of this country these farmers fell victims to their own ignorance, viz., that a producer could live and prosper under a system which pyramided all his vast surplus which his poor marketing conditions gave to the other fellow upon his shoulders, as dividends and rent and interest which he had to pay the other fellow for taking it away from him.

Then came other organizations, all with the same holy belief in the sanctity of American exploiting methods, and they with the Grange have passed into that state which means no return.

Then in the early 80's of the last century an organization, more virile and more aggressive, came about on the western plains called the Farmers Alliance, which afterward merged into the Populist party. It had a program and an aggressive policy. It succeeded in electing numerous senators and congressmen, carried several states and governed them for several years. But instead of going on clearly to a workers' government it became befogged with success and quick achievement and "fused" with the aristocratic democratic party in 1896—and lost what independent policy it had. It too became a memory.

Not, however, until it had left as a legacy in several western states the principle of direct legislation, which is the direct outgrowth of populist teachings, and has in one way and another got into the constitutions of many of our states.

Passed away! Yes, it did not see the condition, or its cause clearly and made no great effort to fundamentally change the basic law of our country from a capitalist character to a co-operative commonwealth of which it talked a great deal.

Yet the Peoples' Party was a real effort of American farmers to take control of government for the producers.

Then about 1914-15, the North Dakota farmers led by A. C. Townley, Lemke and others came back with a new and aggressive force in the republican party—for let it be known the Non-Partisan League was not an independent economic organization. It was an effort to capture the republican party by one faction—and did for the time succeed in doing so with the North Dakota republican party.

Mr. Townley's whole program was to keep away from being radical, from

organizing a new party, from being anything but regular, dyed-in-the-wool capitalists, and his teaching was at the beginning: "Don't try to scare the farmers by organizing new parties. It can't be done. Steal their party and make it do what we farmers want to be done." Time and time again their organizers reiterated that principle.

Again here was an aggressive, newly built, up-to-date party, teaching farmers that they could gain their ends and still not disturb these dividends—rent-interest-surplus, pyramided upon their backs and ever becoming heavier.

And the Non-Partisan league wasted tons of ink and carloads of paper defending their loyalty and urging others to buy Liberty bonds and so forth, and again and again defended their loyalty to this present capitalist régime.

It must not be understood, however, that it was a mossy-foot organization. They DID start out with a state socialist program. They did get as far as erecting a state mill and elevator. They did force state hall insurance. They did establish a state bank, and several minor functions. They did stay with the republican party. They did endorse Coolidge by their state campaign committee of the republican party which they controlled four to one, or state central committee properly speaking. They have this year degenerated into endorsing the whole state republican ticket, altho half of them are I. V. A.'s—old guard republicans. And this same republican administration which they elected two years ago is now sabotaging their mills and elevators at every turn.

The governor whom they elected says there is no cause for any disagreement between the farmers and the business interests. Everything is now harmonious, and any intelligent person knows what that means. The same administration has also curtailed the functions of their state bank until it is now merely a farm-loan bank. Altho the purpose when established was to make it a general bank and establish branches in every county.

Such is capitalism in the United States.

You tell me, dear reader, if the producer can beat its game of surplus pyramiding upon the farmers' backs?

And the fundamental teaching of the Non-Partisan League was that a farmer could still be under that load and win. That was its fatal defect, and that's why it's where it is to-day, an asset to capitalist politicians, like Governor Sorlie.

* * *

Another article by William Bouck will appear in next week's New Magazine.

THE THEATER

A NEW THEATER IN NEW YORK

Like the "Dog Bites Man" story, the inauguration of a new theater in New York is not news. But a new theater has been inaugurated in New York—in America. And it is news.

It is not a commercial theater. It is not an "art" theater. It is not a "little" theater. It is something more vital than any of these. It is a workers' theater. The first true workers' theater on this side of the Atlantic. It is called (at present) The Workers' Drama League.

America, thank god, has no Gordon Craig to tell it its need for a national theater. America had no Romain Rolland to tell it its need for a "peoples" theater. But America has workers. And these workers found the need of a theater to link their struggle in shop and field and mine.

I say this is a true workers' theater, because theaters or rather dramatic societies in the past and even in the present were and are "doing shows" for workers. Shows which generally depict the virtues of the poor and lowly workingman. The proletarian artist has gotten rid of the paper-cap working man. The proletarian theater must get rid of the sentimental weaver. The workingman in the arts, like in the economic field, must become a conscious power.

I predict the day when there will be not one, but a hundred workers' theaters in America. The theater

must become the vital power that it is in Russia. For the theater is the greatest power in which to express the emotions of the workers.

What has the worker to gain from the present commercial or art theater? In one he sees a false presentation of life: the poor mechanic finally reaches success and marries the boss' daughter.

The other theater is too cerebral, highbrow, as he calls it. And he calls it so justly. What has the worker to do with one suffering from an exaggerated weltenschmerz? The other theaters that are left to him are the vaudeville and burlesque shows which act like an opiate upon him.

Yes! I say the workers of America have need of a workers' theater. The workers of America need hundreds of workers' theaters. But this is only a start. A small but very significant start in the forming the country over of American proletcult theaters.

May this theater, The Workers Drama League, be supported by those for whom it was conceived.

—Max Geltman.

Note: The first production of the Workers Drama League will be "The Biggest Boob in the World." A play by a young German Communist, Karl Wittfogell. The play has been translated into English by Upton Sinclair. It will be shown on the evenings of Dec. 4, 8 and 10 at the Church of All Nations, 9 Second Ave., N. Y.

THE TINY WORKER

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Johnny Red, Assistant Editor.

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HEY—WHAT'S THIS?

By Johnny Allard, San Diego, Cal.

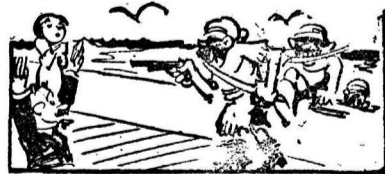
He works and works to beat heck, He simply loves his boss. He's solid above his neck, To Labor he's a loss.

2. He snitches on others, He's got a big gab, He hates his brothers, He's a dirty . . . ?

That's good, Johnny—welcome to the TINY WORKER. Come again and often!

HEY TINY REDS!

We aren't telling exactly what it is. But we have something scrumptious for next week. Oh, Boy—you sure will like it. It's the berries!



By MARGARET JOHNSON Ashland, Wis.

"Aw, c'mon and sing before I go to bed, won't you, mother?" Rosie Red asked.

"No, Rosie, I'll tell you a story instead," her mother answered.

"Did you notice our homely cat doesn't look so nice because she hasn't time to wash her face? The beautiful cat makes the other cat get all the food for her—all the rats and mice and everything."

"The homely cat is so humble, she just works and works for the lazy cat and the lazy cat is so fat—and the homely cat is thin and hungry all the time."

"Now, that's the same way with the capitalists and the workers. The workers don't know enough yet—but when they learn and organize—there will be a different story to tell."

"Now Rosie, you'd better get to bed. Johnny is sleeping already and probably dreaming about bosses and other pirates."

A FUNNYBIRD

By Rose Kaminsky Cleveland, O.

I hate the bird Who hates the Red He has a head That's almost dead.

He sure has Rose! Here's another FUNNYBIRD that's sent in by ALEC BOYD Tuscan, Arizona.

DON'T MISS IT! A FUNNYBIRD is Peggy Jinks, She never reads and never thinks!

WHO'S NEXT?

Johnny Red is still waiting for a batch of good stuff from any group of young PIONEERS. If they send in enough at one time we will print a SPECIAL EDITION OF THE TINY WORKER FOR THEM. Are you ready?

After Bloodshed--Fraternity

By GEORGE JARRBOE.

"Brothers, brothers!" chanted Klein monotonously. "All Mexicans are my brothers!"

"Why do you keep it up?" inquired Harry politely.

The Jewish gob hesitated. Then he spoke in a low, trembly voice. "I am from the working class! The time is coming when I must remember I belong to that class! And I will not kill!"

Harry shook his head and thought it best to walk away. As he pretended to watch the lazy gulf waves he was upset himself. Life as seaman, second class, on a dreadnaught seemed hardly worth while. But for his faith in the flag he would have jumped ship. Harry reflected: the soft-soaping enlisting officer had chatted briskly of broadside to broadside, then hand-to-hand combat, overcoming strong men for the honor of a stainless flag.

Stainless? Shipmates boasted of recent clubbings and stabbings of civilians in Nicaragua! Harry could not believe such cruel things were done;

To keep his head the boy had let out his emotions into bright dreams. He went off by himself and pictured a strongly walled city filled with soldiers and cannon, the heroes and Old Glory charging into battle smoke, the old man-to-man conflict. . . .

The dreadnaught dropped anchor in Vera Cruz harbor. Harry was puzzled when no shot was fired at them. The town seemed asleep in the trembling sunshine; no cannon; no soldiers. Just then a bosun's mate poked him and told him to go below and get ready. A landing party! Bloodshed! But where was the enemy? Harry could not understand the situation at all. Klein tiptoed over and whispered: "America is in the wrong. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo after 1848 provided that all disputes should be submitted to arbitration." Harry stole a glance at his precious flag, more puzzled than ever.

Hatred for the enemy was whipped up. The catholic chaplain rubbed his fat pink hands. "The greasers are turning against our holy church. Makes me more anxious to clean 'em up." The pious fellow was very

intact except for broken glass and balconies hanging from their fastenings, while the rear wall was nearly shot out. Harry and Klein thought it best to rush around, yelling like the other fiends, letting off their rifles, pretending to bayonet prostrate enemies. No plunder in the schoolrooms, just books, maps, globes and desks overturned among masses of mortar. To shouts of joy the bedrooms were being rifled. Helpless against the big shells, the Mexican boys had been chucked about by the hurricanes of explosions. Blood stank everywhere, on sheets, pillows, books, broken furniture, on the money and trinkets being lifted by the invaders. Everywhere things like bloody worms seemed to crawl over things; the cadets had taken mattresses from their beds and stuffed them into the broad windows—the shells had blown boys and bedding into feathery wriggling bits. Klein and Harry stood in a corner. They took a moment in which to breathe, and decided to smile as they saw two satin slippers borne away as a gift to the captain of an English warship.

A pious gangster from New York, whose loud voice and brutal fist had earned him rapid promotion to bosun's mate, routed out the boys. "Into the street with ye!" he shouted. As he was poking his bayonet their way they scuttled out. The pious catholic was now real bloodthirsty, religious fury agitating him against the helpless people. Crazy with fear, bleeding about the head, a child skidded up and clutched his legs. "Padre!" wailed the small shrill voice. The petty officer raised his rifle and was bringing down the butt on the little one's head when he paused and shoved the kid to one side. "I can't do it!" he wolfed, and squatted on a doorstep.

The boys slogged on. The street was filled with panic-stricken citizens. Three nuns on the run, showing their fat calves, were not molested. Harry passed rippling banks of morning glories and secretly marveled at the rich color of the hibiscus. Dark alleys. Prostitutes in silk tights killed by shells. An old beggar sitting on steps, very quiet. Breeze lifted white hair from forehead and there was a fragment of hot iron sticking in his forehead. Harry sobbed. "On! On!" bellowed the Annapolis masters and their overseers, the petty officers.

The imperialist shock troops drove on. To a smashed-up school. Shells had burst within. A slaughterhouse. Tough sailors cried out when they got in. The gangster howled to a saint. Harry had to go in, nearly stumbling over a child at the blackboard who was chalking away swiftly, making queer, crazy scrawlings. Harry peeked. Her eyes had been put out. He felt impelled to look up, and started backward. Above the blinded unfortunate smoldered the stern eyes Benito Juarez, liberator of Mexico.

Harry covered his face, leaning on his rifle, tears streaming down his cheeks. The great navy of the U. S. at a murdering job like this! A defenseless town bombarded, helpless men, women, children butchered! Klein tiptoed up, his long nose wobbling as his face worked up and down. "Harry, these poor kids! Some day there will be a change. Some day we shall enter another great room like this, but filled with dead oil men, senators and admirals!"

"All this murder and still no salute to the flag," muttered Harry. "What kind of rag is it that must drink human blood to satisfy its bastard 'honor'?" The boys dared to dream out loud of the big room filled with dead bosses, of the rich land of Mexico emerging from the exploiter's shadow. Away with priests and cathedrals, up with peasants and cottages! The boys trembled at the vision of a workers earth. Then there would be no more massacres like Vera Cruz! They had no blame for the imperialist shock troops. Mere pawns. Dumb, driven, unawakened.

"Just working class men like us!" observed Klein.

"Like the dead citizens in the streets!" put in Harry.

"Brothers, brothers!" chanted both Harry and Klein.

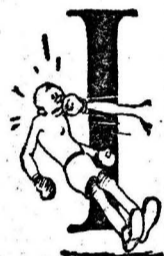


BUSINESS is business—meaning college football business. For the last few weeks this Bug insisted that our modern-brain emporiums spent more money to educate feet than heads. Now the Yale Athletic Association comes along with some data to show why.

They report \$800,000 as the estimated income of the football season just concluded Saturday with the Harvard game. The figure is based upon an appropriation of the gate receipts as follows:

Harvard game in Yale bowl, \$300,000; Princeton game in Palmer stadium, \$225,000; Army game in bowl, \$225,000; Brown game \$50,000.

With increasing profits football may become so important that all learning will be bent to this purpose. Enough mathematics will be taught to call signals; engineering will come handy to lay out football stadiums and measure yardage gained; physics to teach the laws of forward passing (here's where the Einstein theory will come handy); music and poetry will train cheer leaders; economics will be taught to the boys in the ticket office and finance courses will be given to the school board.



IWONDER how many fight Bugs know that Negroes were the pioneers of the noble art of knocking noses? The first heavy weight champ was Tom Molineaux, a slave of Richmond, Va. He won a \$100,000 purse for his master, Algernon Molineaux—and that much money bought more than one steak in those days. In fact, with all that money you could even get onions with the steak then. Molineaux lost his title to Tom Cribb in England in 1810, after knocking all "superior whites" loose from their necks in America.

Since then there have followed a succession of brilliant Negro boxers: Peter Jackson, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Sam Langford, Jack Johnson and a host of others who could also hit so hard they could knock the smile off a cigar store Indian.



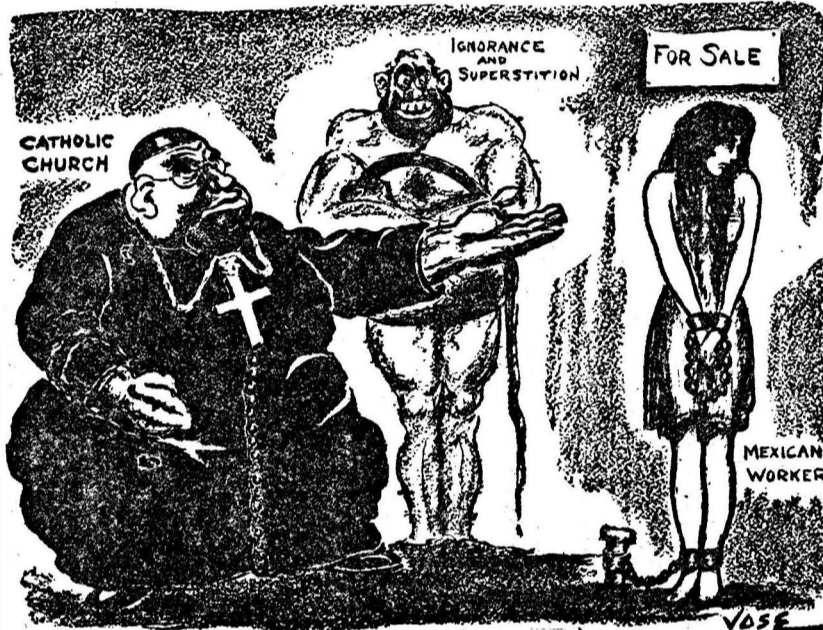
IJUST have to mention it again Brother Bugs. You might have missed it. The bird who raised such holy hell about the odoriferous circumstances surrounding the Army-Navy game in Chicago today is a fish—our friend the poor (Hamilton) Fish Jr. Brother fish complains that other fish among senators and congressmen besides himself want an investigation.

It seems that wiser congressional fish secured tickets for the game at a trifling \$3.50 and sold them for \$50. Members of congress secured nearly \$12,000 tickets which they peddled at a profit. Evidently poor (Hamilton) Fish and a few other fish were overlooked.

Meanwhile the poor Chicago fish who pay taxes will pay the \$30,000 deficit on the game. The expenses including transportation and housing of cadet and middy corps, printing, erecting temporary seats "and incidentals" will total \$630,000. The ticket sale brought \$600,000.

The Army and Navy will play today. The flag will be flown and saluted; the vice-president promises to be there; army and navy drills will show the dear public to what noble manliness we owe the safety of our country; and to the tune of Yankee Doodle and the Red, White and Blue, the poor (Hamilton) Fish, Jr., in congress and the poor (tax-paying) fish in Chicago can complain till hell freezes over.

The skating season is here. Any Bugs who like to get a skate on (not



The White Slave. What Mexico Is Fighting.

firmly he looked to the flag, symbol of justice and mercy. The others also adored the banner, but when Harry asked why, they shut up and just whispered about him. All were patriots except Klein; because he scowled at the flag nobody but Harry would talk to him. There was Klein now, all alone as usual, leaning over the rail. In spite of himself, Harry loped over and rested a hand on the Jew's shoulder.

"Come out of it, you! Get below white the gettin's good!" The petty officer pushed them along. They were to dip their white uniforms in coffee, dyeing them a khaki color. All the sailors were doing it, to make themselves less of a target. Vera Cruz was their destination. It seemed the "greasers" were to be forced to salute the flag. Harry inquired why. "Well, Wilson said so. What's more, you bastard, you're turning into a regular sea lawyer and you better look out!"

pre-war style!) or any Workers Sports Club that enters skating competitions, will always find room in this column for any victories they "put on ice." As usual, send the skating news to the skate who signs himself

The Bug



A well known Chicago outdoor sport.

happy. The landing party fell in along the ship's rail. Mostly young fellows with faces vacant of intelligence, standing stiffly, rather excited. "Growl as you charge, men!" snapped a natty officer. At the kind of snarl a drunken man gives to his dog the boats filled with imperialist shock-troops.

As the invaders raced across the bay in their fast motorboats, faintly, in alarm, they heard the beautiful Mexican bugle call. Straining his eyes, Harry could see no sign of soldiers. Only a pedestrian or two was ducking for cover. And well they might! Over the heads of the boys in the boats the "San Francisco," "Chester" and "Prairie" let drive a rapid fire. From then on events moved dizzily fast for Harry. He remembers landing, slipping in a pool of blood. He looked. It was ebbing from a woman's wounded side. He felt for his first-aid package. "On!" bellowed a petty officer.

Hustled ahead, motivated by the fear of court-martial and the desire to inflict hurt on helpless people, the young fellows licked their dry lips and sibilated like wolves. Only Harry and the Jew kept their heads. A rage gripped the boy who had dreamed of glory. He sneered at the flag, stained with the crime of it all. So Klein was right! Sidling up to his pal, Harry pressed his hand in understanding. "You are my brother; all men are my brothers," said the Jew huskily. With sad eyes Klein paddled by Harry. Neither fired at an object. These poor devils in the rags of their exploited country were brothers, brothers! "Brothers, brothers!" chanted Harry and Klein.

The boys had to slog on. At the big, once-handsome naval academy they stopped short. The cruisers had slapped in shells thru the windows so that the front of the building was