

# THE NEW MAGAZINE

Section of THE DAILY WORKER

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ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor

## EDITOR'S NOTES

By ALEX BITTELMAN

### "SHANGHAI FALLS: U. S. MATINES LAND."

This is a typical headline of the many that appeared in the capitalist press of this country early in the week upon the receipt of the news that the Nationalist revolutionary army was about to take control of Shanghai. Our so-called open door policy in China is working out very nicely. . . for the American imperialists. It is a door made open for further penetration, conquest and exploitation of China by American imperialists instead of by the older exploiters of Britain, France, Japan, etc.

The American government is apparently reluctant to join hands with the discredited government of Great Britain for common military action against the Chinese revolution. But—and this is the important thing to remember—not for a single instance is the American government taking its hands off the Chinese situation. It is continually strengthening its military forces and defiantly demonstrating its power before the Chinese. It is ceaselessly maneuvering for a split in the revolutionary People's Party of China—the Kuomintang—which is leading the war of independence. It, our own imperialist government, is skillfully conspiring against the Chinese revolution with the view of making American capitalists the chief beneficiaries of such action as against the imperialists of Britain, Japan, France, etc.

ACCORDING to "popular" capitalist propaganda in this country, American capitalism is supposed to be less interested in maintaining the rule of foreign imperialism in China than is Great Britain. This is not true, of course. American capitalism, being comparatively a newcomer in the field, is unwilling to accept as final the old arrangements whereby Britain and Japan are enjoying the position of dominance. American imperialism wants elbow room and more power for itself, and is preparing to fight for it by sacrificing the lives of thousands of American workers. American diplomacy in China is dedicated to nothing else but this "noble" end.

ALREADY the investments of American capitalists in China are of considerable proportions. In the city of Shanghai American imperialism is interested chiefly in industrial enterprises, such as, tanneries, chemical factories, automobile and tobacco concerns, etc. American capitalists in Shanghai are large employers of native labor and are therefore the main enemies of the awakening of the Chinese workers and of the growth of trade unionism in China. American diplomacy in China is quite consciously devoted towards breaking the influence of the Chinese trade unions and the toiling masses generally upon the Nationalist revolution, the aim being to bring about a central capitalist government in China which would agree to sell the country for joint exploitation by American and Chinese capitalists. It is for this reason that the capitalist press in this country treats us so generously to the so-called Communist "menace" in China.

THE sympathies of the working class throuth the world have become so actively in favor of the Chinese revolution that even the Second International, the sworn flunkey of world capitalism, felt compelled to issue a manifesto calling for the support of the Chinese revolution. The pressure of the masses seems to have become too strong for the champions of so-called class peace and class collaboration.

But in issuing this manifesto the Second International makes sure that it does not fall out of touch with the imperialist policies of its masters. Hence, it already attempts to limit the scope, contents and nature of the Chinese revolution by confining it to the establishment of a "decent" honest-to-goodness bourgeois democratic government in China. Says the manifesto:

Give your support as much as is possible, to the Nationalist and Democratic liberation movement of the Chinese people which constitutes the basic condition for the liberation of the proletariat.

In other words, according to the decree of the Second International, the Chinese revolution must not go beyond the establishment of a nationalistic democratic bourgeois government. But suppose the exploited masses of China are of a mind and have the power to make a few revolutionary economic

and social changes in the life of China? What then? Well, then the Second International will consider it its duty to oppose the toiling masses of China and to support their exploiters, the same as the Second International is doing in the case of the Russian revolution. If the Chinese working class, in alliance with the peasantry, attempt to expand the bounds of the revolution by giving it basic social content the Second International will play the role of reaction and counter-revolution. This is the meaning of the sentence quoted above.

A TELEGRAM from Geneva, Switzerland, the other day reads like this:

Tension in the Balkans today caused a stir in league of nation circles as the league's preparatory commission assembled to discuss preliminary plans for an international disarmament conference.

This stir, we understand, was caused by Mussolini's protest to the European capitalist governments against alleged warlike preparations of Jugo-Slavia on the Albania border.

The truth of the matter is that by this protest Mussolini is attempting to cover up a nasty little conspiracy of his own against Jugo-Slavia and

against the peace of the Balkans generally, in which conspiracy he is being ably assisted by Chamberlain acting for British imperialism. It is quite generally known that Mussolini is preparing to seize control of Albania thus thrusting a knife into the heart of Jugo-Slavia. It is also quite generally understood that the recent action of Mussolini recognizing Bessarabia as part of Roumania constituted a hostile move against Jugo-Slavia as well as against the Soviet Union, all this being a part of the British-Italian imperialist game.

Now, when Jugo-Slavia begins to manifest some uneasiness over these hostile and aggressive moves of Italian imperialism, Mussolini raises the cry of danger coming from Jugo-Slavia. The Italian fascist press professes to feel anxiety over the situation on the Jugo-Slav-Albanian frontier charging the Jugo-Slav government with stirring up revolt in Albania. All of which is a new variety of the old burglar trick raising the cry of "Hold the thief" in order to escape punishment himself.

WHAT is Lewis doing with the coal miners' union?

This question must immediately be raised by every labor union in the United States. For the

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"On To China!" Is Money's Command.

# The "Red" Hater

By ALEX JACKINSON

SINCE the war ended, November the eleventh has been a memorable day for Sam. He made it an irrevocable habit to don his soldier's uniform each year on that date in order to commemorate with a shadow of his former self a lost cause.

Today was that anniversary and he prearranged to sleep somewhat later than usual. Immediately upon arising he made an effort to collect his sleep thoughts; after doing so, he walked to a corner of the room where a battered trunk stood. There was something about it that brought back old memories. He opened the lid, and withdrew from the bottom his uniform which he keeps carefully preserved from year to year. Without further ado he stepped back to his bed and began dressing. It was still dark in his scarcely furnished room and he interrupted his routine by drawing up the shade, allowing a thin streak of light to penetrate. Thoughts flickered through his head; they were brief reminiscences of other days; troublesome thoughts at that, which however, did not disturb his mental balance. A vague semblance of a smile, or it may have been a sneer contorting the corners of his mouth.

A half hour later he finished dressing. He then looked at himself, as best he could without the aid of a mirror. First his eyes glanced at his shoes, then shifted to his body. The look in his eyes betrayed that he was displeased. His uniform, creased from lying untouched did not fit as well as it once did. The jacket hung loosely on his shrunken frame, as though it suddenly grew several sizes too large. And his stained trousers bore evidence of long usage. On his left breast pocket hung two medals, one of which he won for bravery, and the other he picked up in a pawnbroker's for fifty cents. Then exchanging a soiled handkerchief for a clean one he drew down the shade and walked out of the room.

He paused on the steps of his house, before he decided to walk down Houston Street. At the corner he bought a copy of his favorite tabloid and stepped into a coffee pot. He ate a scant breakfast, reading the paper, while his fingers kept dipping a cruller into a cup of coffee. Regaining the street, he buttoned his jacket and shivered. It was a cool autumn day and he felt chilled without the protection of a topcoat.

Out on the street cries of hallelujah once again welcomed Armistice Day. Laughs and smiles, intermingled with enigmatic howls of delight sounded everywhere. It is on this day that people pin patriotic emblems in their coat lapels, and large and small flags wave silent communications. Also on this day fresh wreaths of flowers are placed on weed covered graves. All these things have a meaning, more than that, a purpose.

There is something about this day which brings to life long-buried corpses that smell of a dead lust. These corpses infuse the air with an artificial spirit of patriotism, which people seem to enjoy inhaling. It intoxicates them like a sweet drug, which feels good before it bites into their system and kills.

Sam turned up Second Avenue. He was thinking, not of the puerilities of life, but of events that make history. Of wars and of great deeds ran his thoughts. Today is his holiday. The only day in the year he does not open his newsstand. To do so would have been tantamount to a gross sacrilege. This day he reserved for a solemn rite. Later in the day he planned to attend the reunion dinner given each year for disabled war veterans.

That was hours later, meantime to while away the time he joined the carnival processions on the avenues. He bought a small flag which he stuck into one of his buttonholes. Past gaudily decorated windows behind which lay an assortment of merchandise. And past grinning civilizees, whose faces seemed saturated with tranquility, he walked. Up the avenue, and down, not only on this street but everywhere pedestrians turned out.

There was something of paganism about their motions which Sam disliked. The smiling faces that swarmed about, to him desecrated the solemnity of Armistice Day. This day was too sacred to Sam for mere trivialities. He unwillingly recalled that on a similar date some years ago something within him ceased to exist. It was his manhood. That which he now keeps in constant remembrance. He shrank way from curious glances, obviously nervous, and ill at ease. His eyes gazed at a flag displayed behind a window pane. The stars and stripes unfolded a half forgotten message which he did not stop to read.

It was a different Sam who marched gaily off to war ten years ago. And he was conscious of the change. The right side of his face was frightfully disfigured. He spent a year in the hospital waiting for the skin, grafted in place of the flesh torn off by an exploding shell, to heal. It did, but the scars remained, turning after awhile to a purple hue. When he saw himself in the mirror for the first time he grew violent, and shattered the looking glass with his fist. Since then he had a dread for mirrors, never keeping one in the house.

He left the base hospital emaciated, and broken in health. For a long time he brooded, before becoming reconciled with life, but on a different basis. Sam was no longer the same person. His real self died on the battlefield. What now walked in his stead, was in reality nothing more than a mere

mechanism of a man. This person, who doctors predicted would someday become insane, suffered from a mania which let itself loose in a deep rooted hate for "reds," as he termed all the opposers to this system. This hate was the one tie that bound him to life. It became an obsession with him that gnawed steadily at his vitals. He saw in that hate his own disillusion, and the more bitter he felt against society the stronger became his aversion for radicals who Sam felt profaned his heroic sacrifice.

Sam still believed in democracy. That for which he enlisted lived in his thoughts after everything else died. His distorted face was a constant reminder of what he gave for it. Yet he felt a strange heroism in that. He talked himself into believing that he did something for humanity. It was the mockery with which people spoke of it now that embittered him. That too he blamed on the "reds."



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situation has become extremely difficult, almost critical, as far as the miners are concerned, as a result of Lewis' policy to negotiate district agreements.

The mine workers' union is in danger. The situation has been made incomparably more dangerous by the policy of district negotiations and by the obstinate refusal of the Lewis machine to mobilize the miners, organized and unorganized, for a strike to enforce the demands of the workers upon the mine owners. What is going to become of the miners and their union? The call of "Save the Miners' Union" issued by the progressives and left wingers in the United Mine Workers' of America is rallying the rank and file of the organization around a program of action which represents the only solution to the present crisis in which the union finds itself. But the policies of the Lewis machine are of such a menacing nature that immediate organized action by the progressives and left wing in the union becomes imperative.

WHAT are the American trade unions doing to help the miners to save their union? This question, too, must be raised in every labor union in the country. Is it still necessary to prove that the fate of the American trade union movement is inseparably bound up with the fate of the miners' union? Is it really still necessary to argue the point that the miners' union constitutes the most important, basic and vital link in the chain of organizations that make up the American trade union movement? The fact is obvious that a further weakening of the miners' union which is today in a critical situation due mainly to the policies of the Lewis machine, would do terrific damage to the working class of this country as a whole and would seriously weaken the entire labor movement. The program advocated and fought for by the progressives and left wing in the United Mine Workers of America is supported by a majority in the union. While Lewis was successful in stealing the elections from the progressive left wing block and in railroading his reactionary policies through the packed convention which he dominated, he cannot obliterate the fact that the majority of the rank and file of the union are with the progressives and left wing. It is the program of this bloc, which if put into effect will save the union. Hence, it is the duty of every honest trade unionist and every progressive trade union organization to assist the miners by all means possible in their present struggles.

## SPARTACUS

By LEON ZINC

It does not matter much  
That Spartacus is slain.  
For Spartacus is such  
That he must rise again.

Bastards he called them. That was his favorite adjective which he used without discrimination.

With the passing years he grew lonelier and suffered more from melancholia. He would often sink to an abyss of despair from where he saw no escape but suicide. To ward off depressive attacks he built a world of fantasy in which he secluded himself more and more. It was only in his dream world that he was free from torment and weakness. There he let his imagination play tag with reality.

One by one his friends terminated their relations with him. Somehow he was glad when they stopped calling. He was tired of their condolences. Sam was even glad when his wife left him. He had one refuge where he was welcome; Kate's, an Allen Street brothel. There he went often in search of something tangible, but embraced only substitutes of companionship which neither pleased nor alleviated his unrest.

Sam continued to make his way uptown. Through many strange streets he walked. And bodies of men and women continued to press about him. He grew bewildered and self-conscious. There were too many people looking at him. He returned their stares but more often lowered his eyelids and swore inwardly. Fleeting ideas pressed against his head. Faces and buttocks came suddenly together and circled his thoughts in a delirious rhythm. Sidewalks became like raging seas that rocked people about. His head swirled, his delusions were interrupted by incoherent soliloquies. He collided with someone. "Beg pardon," he whispered faintly, and stepped aside. There was no escape. He sank into thought as he zigzagged through the shuffling columns of people. He muttered profanities, sometimes to himself and at other times aiming them at some passerby who attracted his attention. He felt lost and angry. Laughter continued to sound in his ears. His face turned crimson, and the side that was scarred a dark purple. People looked at him, at his bewildered expression, at his shabby dress, and smiled. He was an apparition, reminding them of an unreality that once lived.

He turned down a side street, only to find there a repetition of what he wanted to get away from elsewhere. His fingers slipped to his hip pocket, there he felt a heavy weight press down. It was his service revolver. A vital part of his equipment. The touch of it reassured him. He wanted to take it out and spray bullets into the laughing crowds. That would have pleased him. He smiled, for it was merely the unwinding of his distorted brain. He stepped into a cigar store, emerging several minutes later with a cigarette between his lips.

Near one of the city squares, reserved for such occasions, a huge open air meeting was being held. Here a large crowd of workers gathered to protest against American imperialism. A solid mass of bodies circled steadily about in a continuous chain. Above the heads projected white banners inscribed in red ink "Hands Off China," and similar inscriptions.

Into this gathering came Sam, attracted by the huge crowd. He knew it was a protest meeting of some kind. What it was he did not know until he drew closer. He read whatever placards were within his range. A woman handed him a leaflet. He saw the headline; "Fight against Wall Street Rule." Sam did not read the contents. His glance shifted to the bottom which bore the signature of the Communist Party. He let the leaflet slip from his fingers. "Reds" he whispered to himself. That was sufficient to bring back slumbering memories of a deep rooted hate.

The contact with people had a strange effect upon him. His attention was still riveted upon the speaker who several times repeated, "Lives must not be sacrificed again." These words beat steady tattoos in Sam's head. He felt himself being pressed together by other bodies. The contact crowded old hates and new desires. Diabolic fancies unfolded in his head. He bit his lower lip and elbowed his way to a less crowded spot. Here he paused. He again heard a loud outburst of applause. The continuous clapping and denouncement of the existing order began to irritate and in turn get on his nerves. He was in complete confusion. A cold chill slowly enveloped him. His thoughts assumed grotesque shapes. These mental pictures alternated with reconstructed war scenes. He once more pictured himself face to face with the enemy. A new enemy this time. A deadlier one than he faced years ago. Forms of dead soldiers presented themselves with vivid likeness. Muffled sounds of exploding shells echoed in his ears.

Something in his head snapped. He no longer had control of his faculties. Out of his wild dream formed curious pictures, one image followed another in a conglomeration of ideas. A cold smile settled across his face. He saw himself waving his revolver in the air. And the crowds desinated into swarms in little groups, running before his bullets. Pent up emotions kept running in all directions. He saw women crowding, pushing each other and falling dead in the streets. His face was wet with perspiration. The gutters became a pool of blood. Sam laughed out loud. It was a wild inharmonious laugh. The cigarette fell from his lips. "Bastards," escaped his mumbling lips. Those nearest to him gave him a curious look and redirected their attention to the speaker.

# TEN YEARS AGO

(Proclamations of the Bolsheviki During the Last Days of Czarist Rule)

"Down with the War! Up with the Civil War!"  
Verbatim text of a printed proclamation distributed in Siberia at the beginning of February, 1917.

Comrades!

THE most infamous of all wars known to history has, for the last two and a half years, been devastating a large part of the earth. This war is destroying the most valuable inheritance of mankind; it is threatening to bury under its ruins everything of which Europe boasted at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Why are those people suddenly beginning to speak of peace, who had dreamed of trampling the whole of Europe under the iron heel of their armies? Germany and her allies are not speaking of peace because a conscience has awakened in the mind of the German Ministers, nor even because their forces are exhausted.

No! Nothing has changed in the mind of the Ministers who have condemned the flower of their nation to death only that they may conquer new territory, only that they may rake in new profits for the capitalists of their country.

Not a love of peace and not weakness have forced the governments of Germany and Austro-Hungary to make offers of peace. It is the threat of revolution, which is growing beyond their control, that has decided them to take this step.

Our comrades, the proletariat of Germany and Austro-Hungary, have long ago taken up the fight against the devastations of war. They were the first to inscribe on their banner the slogan dear to us: "Down with the war!"

For two years they have fought bravely and tenaciously under this banner. The German government has thrown them into prison and has fired on the crowds in the street. The blood shed for the cause of freedom, for the cause of mankind, will not be absorbed in vain, not without fertilizing the barren soil, as is the blood of those who die on the battlefield. In Germany, the army of the proletariat, which has risen to fight for the restoration of peace, is growing from day to day, despite all violence.

The voice demanding that the war be stopped, is heard more and more distinctly, sounds more and more threatening. The waves of the people's wrath are dashing, with greater and greater violence against the walls of the palaces. This angry sea is causing thrones to totter.

The governments of the countries fighting against us are beginning to speak of peace. It is not difficult to see on what they are reckoning. They are making proposals of peace to their opponents. If their enemies reject the peace negotiations, they will say to their nations: "We have done everything in our power to put an end to the shedding of blood. You see for yourselves that the possibility of putting an end to the war is out of our hands. We are being attacked, we must defend ourselves."

The success of this manoeuvre would be a death-blow to the movement of the German workers against the war. The flames of war are flaring up with fresh vigor. New streams of blood, new piles of corpses, more victims called to the colors! How will it all end? When will this madness cease?

The whole manoeuvre of the German government is based on the presumption that the German proletariat is alone in its struggle for peace. The German government has staked everything on the hope that the workers of Russia, England and France will not support the workers of Germany in their demand: "Down with the war!"

It is the popular movement alone which has compelled the governments of the countries fighting against us to make offers of peace. Only the people can compel the governments of Russia, England and France to accept these offers of peace. Will the call of our brothers, the German workers, find an echo among the Russian workers? Will the Russian workers support them in their great and difficult struggle for peace?

The moment has come when the fate of Europe is to be decided. The question is to be decided as to whether the offer of peace made by the governments of the countries which are fighting against us, is to be a step towards peace or towards a further intensification of the fury of war. This question is on the point of being decided, and no one can keep aloof from this decision in whose breast a heart still beats, whose brain has not ceased to form clear thoughts, whose conscience is not dead.

Comrades! Which of you has not in his mind, cursed this present, futile, inhuman war? Any cry emitted between four walls is useless, when what is needed is action.

Every day of the war costs 25,000 human lives. Every hour the war continues demands the lives of thousands of human beings and destroys the happiness of thousands of families. Every hour by which we hasten an armistice, will save hundreds of comrades and brothers from perishing.

It is a crime to keep silent at such a time. He who holds his tongue today, shares the responsibility for the continuation of the war. . . . What are we to do? What must we get accomplished?

We will tear the mask from the faces of the hypocrites who speak of peace whilst at the same time they feed the flames of the world war.

What we desire is that the solution of the question of peace or war be taken out of the hands of the secret cabinets of diplomacy, where all questions are solved by intrigue, corruption and treachery, and entrusted to the peoples.

Peace negotiations must be commenced at once.

All proposals made by the governments of the countries fighting against us must be made public and discussed by the whole nation.

When the proposals of both parties have been made known, we and our comrades in Germany and Austro-Hungary will be faced by the same tasks.

We shall resist the lust for conquest of our ruling classes. Our comrades on the other side of the front will continue their courageous fight against the plans of conquest of the capitalists of their countries.

Together we shall fight for peace on the basis of the recognition of the rights of the peoples. We cannot, however, entrust the peace negotiations either to our government or to our National Duma.

We declare that the voice of Russia, is not the voice of the people. In the hour when the fate of the people is being decided, it must not be left to a handful of sycophant courtiers of Nicholas II and Grigori Rasputin.

In no case can the Duma, which was elected by the landed proprietors on the basis of the law of June 3rd, speak in the name of the people when that hour comes; the Duma which consented to the condemnation of the labor deputies and which drove from its meetings the deputies of the social democratic fraction, the only fraction whose hands are not stained with the blood of those murdered in the war, the only fraction in which the people has faith.

The government and the National Duma are equally responsible for the present war. The government and the Duma have led the country to the edge of an abyss, and the people cannot entrust its fate to them. The decision as to the question, war or peace, must be placed in the hands of the people itself. Forces will arise from the midst of the peo-

ple, which will heal the wounds it has suffered through the war. Once more our cry echoes throughout the country demanding a constituent assembly.

Our country is at the parting of the ways. The whole of Europe is at the parting of the ways.

Only the united forces of the proletariat of all countries can quench the fire of the world war.

Our comrades in Germany have raised the banner of the fight against war. Across the trenches they are reaching out their hands to us; they are prepared to cast away their blood-stained weapons.

It is now our turn. What shall we say? What answer shall we give to their appeal?

We greet them heartily! We will say to them: "Your banner is our banner, your cry is our cry." Down with the war!"

Peace negotiations must be started at once.

All civil liberties for the free discussion of the terms of peace by the people must be established without delay.

A Constituent Assembly elected on the basis of general, equal and secret franchise should be summoned at once to conduct the peace negotiations, to conclude peace and to regulate the life of the country.

These are our demands. In the struggle to have these demands fulfilled, the proletariat of Germany, Austro-Hungary, England and France are our allies. Let our old cry: Proletarians of all countries, unite! echo throughout the whole world which is looking to the working class to save it and to set it free!

Down with the war for the subjugation of other nations!

Hurrah for civil war and the liberation of the whole of mankind!

Down with arbitrary rule! Long live the Constituent Assembly!

Down with all the enemies of freedom!

Long live the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party!

January, 1917.

The Committee of the Labor Union.

Continued Next Week.



Young China in a New Interpretation of the "Open Door" Policy.

# A Newly Discovered Lenin Manuscript By W. ILJIN

Preface to Bukharin's Brochure: "World Economics and Imperialism."

Note of the Lenin Institute:

Comrade Bukharin writes in his preface to the brochure: "World Economics and Imperialism" (at the end of 1915):

"About two years ago, the manuscript (of the brochure) was sent to Russia from abroad and, after having first of all fallen into the clutches of the military censorship, it found its way by mistake to another publisher.

"After the February and March revolution (1917) 'it turned up.' In the July days it was to have been printed, but the police spies and Junkers, who destroyed our Party printing works, took my manuscript also into their care. Some time later I succeeded in recovering the manuscript, though in a crumpled and mutilated condition, but with the loss of the comprehensive and extremely valuable preface of Comrade Lenin, to whom I here express my deep-felt thanks."

Lenin, who apparently attached much importance to his preface to the above-mentioned brochure which was written in December, 1915, had made a manuscript copy for himself, which was preserved among his papers and is published herewith for the first time by the Institute.

The whole written manuscript consists of six pages in a small handwriting. On the fourth page of the manuscript are calculations in figures, written in pencil, apparently the number of letters in the manuscript.

At the head of the manuscript are pencil-notes by Lenin: "Kopia" and "NB." Lenin Institute.

The significance and relevance of the theme to which N. I. Bukharin's article is devoted, needs no special elucidation. The question of imperialism is not only one of the most essential, but we might say the most essential questions in that field of national economy which concerns itself with the changes in the forms of capitalism in recent times. Anyone who is interested in national economy or in any other field of modern social life, must absolutely become acquainted with the facts which have been so richly compiled by the author on the basis of the newest material. It goes without saying that it is impossible to speak of a concrete historical estimation of the present war, unless this estimation is based on a complete understanding of the nature of imperialism both from the economic and from the political point of view. From no other standpoint can an understanding of the economic and diplomatic relations of the last decade be acquired,—if this understanding is wanting, it is impossible to form a right judgment as to the war. In this question, Marxism expresses with particular clearness the demands of modern science as such, and if, by a concrete historical judgment of the war, be understood the selection of individual, insignificant facts from diplomatic "documents," political events of the day, etc., facts which suit or are pleasant to the ruling classes of a country, Marxism has nothing but a smile for the "scientific" significance of such machinations. Thus for instance, G. Plechanov had to say good-bye to Marxism, in order to replace the investigation of the fundamental qualities and tendencies of imperialism as a system of the economic relations of the most recent, most highly developed, ripe and over-ripe capitalism by extracting a few trifles such as are pleasing to Purishkevitch and Miljukov. In doing so, the scientific conception of imperialism is brought down to the level of a term of invective against the immediate competitors, rivals and opponents of the above mentioned imperialists, although both of them stand on the same class plane as their rivals and opponents. In our day of forgotten words, lost principles, uprooted views of life, resolutions and sacred promises thrust on one side, this is not to be wondered at.

The scientific significance of N. I. Bukharin's work is especially that it investigates the most important facts of world economics, which are related to imperialism as a whole, as a definite stage of development of capitalism at its zenith. There was a time when capitalism was comparatively "peaceful," when it had finally defeated feudalism in the advanced states of Europe and could develop comparatively in a most calm and peaceful way, could "peacefully" expand over immense free territories, over countries which had not yet been finally drawn into the capitalist whirl-pool. Even in those times, in the period which embraces the years from 1871 to 1914, conditions were created by "peaceful" capitalism which, both in a military and in a general class sense, were infinitely remote from real "peace." For nine-tenths of the population of the advanced countries, for hundreds of millions of people in the colonies and backward countries, this was not a time of "peace," but a time of oppression, of distress and of terror—perhaps all the more frightful because it seemed to be a "terror without end." This time is passed beyond recall; its place has been taken by a time of sudden, eruptive, catastrophic development, full of conflict, in which what is typical for the masses is no longer "terror without end," but "terrible end."

It is particularly significant that this change has been brought about by nothing else than the immediate development, expansion, continuance, of the deepest tendencies of capitalism and of the production of goods altogether. The growth of exchange, the development of large industry, these are the fundamental tendencies which we can observe in the course of centuries, without any exception throughout the world. At a definite stage of the development of exchange, at a definite stage of the development of large industry, that is at the stage which was reached at about the threshold of the 20th century, exchange created such an internationalization of economic relations, such an internationalization of capital, large industry grew so strong that monopoly began to take the place of free competition. No longer are those concerns typical which "freely" compete with one another within the country and within the scope of relations with other countries; the modern type is that of monopolist associations of industrialists—trusts. Today, the typical "ruler" of the world is financial capital, which is particularly movable and elastic, which is strongly interwoven both within the country and internationally, is extremely impersonal, detached from direct production, which can be particularly easily concentrated and is already so well concentrated that the history of the world is literally in the hands of a few hundreds of milliardaires and millionaires.

Speaking theoretically, in the abstract, we may come to the conclusion, to which Kautsky (who, although in a somewhat different way has also abandoned Marxism) came, i.e., that the day will soon come when the magnates of capital will combine in a trust on universal lines, when the competition and the struggle of the elements of financial capital which were separated according to states, will be replaced by financial capital organized internationally. This conclusion is however as abstract, simple and wrong as the similar conclusion drawn by our "Struvists" and "economists" of the nineties

of last century who drew either apologetic conclusions (kow-towing to capitalism, being reconciled with it, singing its praise, instead of opposing it) or apolitical conclusions (the rejection of politics or negation of their significance, the probability of general political upheavals, etc., a mistake of the specialized "economists") or even professed their faith in the general strike (the "general strike" as the apotheosis of the general strike movement, carried through consistently even so far as to forget or ignore other forms of the movement, i.e., a clean "leap" from capitalism to its defeat by the weapon of the strike alone)—conclusions drawn from the progress of capitalism, from its inevitability, from its final victory in Russia. There are signs that even today the indisputable fact of the progressive character of capitalism as compared with the semi-petty bourgeois "paradise" of free competition, the fact of the inevitability of imperialism and of its final victory over "peaceful" capitalism in the advanced countries of the world, may also lead to similar numerous and manifold political and apolitical mistakes and aberrations.

In Kautsky's case especially, his open breach with Marxism has not taken the form of a negation or disregard for politics, of "skipping" the political conflicts, concussions and transformations which are particularly numerous and manifold in the time of imperialism, has not taken the form of an apology for imperialism but has expressed itself in dreams of a "peaceful" capitalism. "Peaceful" capitalism has been replaced by a capitalism which is not peaceful, which is bellicose, which advances by leaps and bounds;—Kautsky must admit this, as he has already admitted it in a special article published in 1909\*) in which, for the last time, he drew definite conclusions as a Marxist. Since, however, it is not possible to dream simply, openly and without disguise, of imperialism being converted into "peaceful" capitalism, would it not perhaps be possible to clothe these dreams, which are essentially petty-bourgeois, in the form of innocent meditations on a



This Is "Moving Time" For Imperialism.



Representatives of colonial peoples "congratulate" Briand and Chamberlain on receiving Nobel peace prize.

"peaceful" "ultra-imperialism"? If we give the name of ultra-imperialism to the international coalition of national imperialisms (or, more correctly, of imperialism divided according to states) which "might" save the petty bourgeois from the conflicts which are particularly unpleasant and exciting to him and which disturb his peace, such as war and political upheavals—could we not avoid the epoch of imperialism, which has already set in, which is already with us, which is unstable and full of conflicts, by innocent dreams of an "ultra-imperialism" which is comparatively peaceful, comparatively free from catastrophes and conflicts? Would it not in the same way be possible to avoid the "urgent" tasks which have been set and are being set by the imperialist epoch, by deluding ourselves with the idea that this epoch may possibly not last long and that it is conceivable that it may be followed by a comparatively "peaceful," "ultra-imperialist" era, which demands no "rigorous" tactics? Kautsky actually says: "Anyhow, a new phase of capitalism of this kind (ultra-imperialist) is thinkable. We lack sufficient preliminary evidence to decide whether it can be realized," ("Neue Zeit" \*\*).

There is not the least trace of Marxism in this endeavor to avoid the imperialist era on which we have entered and to lose ourselves in dreams of an unknown something, perhaps of an "ultra-imperialism" which may be realized. In this construction, Marxism is recognized only for that new "phase of capitalism," with regard to which its inventor himself could not guarantee that its realization was possible. In the phase of development, which has already set in, in which we are living today, a petty bourgeois and thoroughly reactionary endeavor to smoothe out contradictions, is being dishd up instead of Marxism. Kautsky gave his promise to be a Marxist in the future full of catastrophes and conflicts, which he could not fail to foresee and the coming of which he admitted unreservedly when, in 1909, he wrote about the future. Today, when it cannot be denied that this time has come, Kautsky again merely gives his promise to be a Marxist in the future, in an ultra-imperialist era which will perhaps never be realized. Briefly, he makes many promises to be a Marxist, but at some other time, not today, not under present circumstances, not in the present epoch! Marxism on credit, Marxism as a promise, Marxism—tomorrow, but today a petty bourgeois, opportunist theory—and not theory alone—of smoothing down contradictions. This is a kind of "export internationalism," which is so widespread "nowadays" which the enthusiastic—and how enthusiastic—internationalists and Marxists sympathize with any expression of internationalism—in the camp of their opponents, wherever you like as long as it is not in their own house, not amongst their own allies; they sympathize with democracy . . . as long as it remains nothing but a promise of the "Allies"; they sympathize with the "self-determination of the peoples" . . . with the exception of that which depends on the nation to which the sympathizers in question belong. . . In brief, one of the thousand and one species of hypocrisy.

Can anyone dispute that after imperialism a new capitalist phase of development can be "imagined" in the abstract? No, we can at least imagine such a phase in the abstract. In practice however it means becoming an opportunist who shuts his eyes to the urgent tasks of the present in order to indulge in vague dreams about "less urgent" tasks in the future. In theory this means that they do not rely on the development as it actually exists, but detach themselves from it for the sake of these dreams. There can be no doubt that development is tending towards the formation of an all-embracing world trust which will include all undertakings and all states without exception. This development, however, is proceeding at such a rate, in such circumstances, with such contradictions, conflicts and upheavals—not only economic but also of political national etc.—that, even before we arrive at an "ultra-imperialist" world alliance of national financial capital, imperialism will inevitably collapse and capitalism will turn into its opposite.

December, 1915.

\*) The "special" work of Kautsky is his brochure "The Way to Power."

## Prison Poems

By H. LEIVICK.

(Translated from the Yiddish by O. B. Magil.)

*Note.*—H. Leivick, one of the foremost living Yiddish poets and dramatists, was active in the pre-war revolutionary movement in Russia and spent several years in Czarist dungeons. The present poems, which are from a volume published in 1919, recount some of the terrible experiences of those early days.

Leivick is also the author of "The Golem," produced by the Moscow Habima players, of "Rags," which is part of the repertoire of the Yiddish Art Theatre, and of "Shop," now running at the Irving Place Theatre. He is a regular contributor to the "Freiheit" and "The Hammer," the Yiddish Communist monthly.—A. B. M.

### I

The windows are barred,  
And frozen the walls;  
Feebly the light  
Of the doorlamp falls.

Under a cover  
Of gray I lie;  
A point on the wall  
Has fastened my eye.

I am far from myself,  
Forget all I know;  
Who knows? Perhaps I  
Was freed long ago.

And maybe I died,  
And dutifully  
The doorlamp was lit  
In my memory.

### II

Dry are the tears  
And laughter is bleak;  
The good and the bad  
Are equally weak.

Our bodies are beaten  
With iron bands,  
And he who is fearful  
Licks the guard's hands.

We all are shadows  
In the house of dead pains.  
Does the silence scare you?  
Then rattle your chains!

### III

Our hole is small,  
But we all must sleep in some wise—  
One puts his feet  
Upon his neighbor's eyes.

And one leans his head  
On the shackles of a brother;  
Our hole is small—  
So we all embrace each other.

### IV

Somebody tells me: Be still,  
Silent your tread and your touch.  
And if you get tired of silence,  
Cry, but don't cry too much.

Don't think you know why you weep,  
You weep for no reason at all;  
And all that you need to laugh  
Is to look at the spots on the wall.

Measure the length of your cell,  
Count the boards of the floor;  
Don't lie around there kissing  
The dirt beneath the door.

Stand up against the wall  
And watch those that go past;



THE "BENDS": Divers and "sand hogs"—men who work at considerable depths under great pressure, are subject to a peculiar disease known as "caisson disease." The workers usually refer to it as "the bends" for the simple reason that it bends a man up or "ties him into knots." It is terrifically painful and usually results in partial or complete paralysis and deformities and often, death. The cause of the disease seems to be that under great pressure the blood dissolves a considerable quantity of air. If the pressure is now gradually released, the air is slowly given up by the blood and carried out of the system. But if the pressure is released suddenly, air is given up suddenly, in the form of bubbles, which remain in the blood stream.

For this reason, great care must be taken on entering or coming out of the pressure. The workers are usually kept in an airtight chamber for about twenty minutes while the pressure is being gradually increased, or on quitting work, while the pressure is being gradually reduced to normal. It has recently been discovered that if the nitrogen, which forms 80 per cent of the volume of air, be replaced by another gas—helium, in other words if the decompression chamber is filled with an "artificial air" made up of 20 per cent oxygen and 80 per cent helium, the pressure can be released many times as rapidly without causing bubbles in the blood and consequent injury. It remains to be seen whether the sand-hog or the boss is going to get the benefit of the extra time saved by helium decompression.

SNAKE-BITE SERUM: Snake poison seems to be similar in some respects to the poisons (or toxins) produced in the body by certain diseases. In the case of diphtheria, typhoid, etc., it was discovered many years ago how to produce an anti-toxin, i. e., a substance that will counter-act the toxin and cure the patient. A small quantity of the toxin or of the bacteria that produce it is injected into the body of a horse; the horse's body reacts by producing the antitoxin which distributes itself through the blood. A small portion of this blood containing the anti-toxin or "serum" is now withdrawn and injected into the human patient.

There is nothing new in all this. But in Brazil, where the snakes feel that the country belongs to them, scientists have been experimenting for years on snake poisons and have found that serums against snake poisoning can be prepared in the same way as serums against diphtheria, etc. All that you have to do is catch the snake and make it squeeze out some poison. Although this sounds about as practicable as putting salt on a bird's tail, the fact is that it can be done, and a contrivance involving a forked stick, a noose, and various other little things is described for catching the snake. Once caught, the snake is grasped close behind the head (so that it can't turn and bite, the poison glands are pressed, and a few drops of poison drip out through the fangs. The Bronx Zoo recently arranged to have on hand a considerable quantity of snake-bite serum.  
—N. SPARKS.

## "SOLIDARITY"

By LEON ZINC

A wave is such that needs another wave  
To make a dash against a stubborn foe  
It takes an oceanful of waves to shock  
A shore, to overrun a cave.  
A single wave is tragic to behold,  
It rolls with daring splendor on to death,  
It flings a life away for one soul breath  
Of struggle wild and beautifully bold.

You're not the first in the cell,  
Be sure you won't be the last.

### V

I steal from my cell to you for a day,  
For one single day.  
Should somebody ask: "Who's in your house?"  
"One passing this way."

Shut all the windows, hang them with black  
For mourning and crying.  
Should somebody ask: "Who's in your house?"  
"One who is dying."

Dumb will I sit, only gazing and kissing  
Your dress with bowed head.  
Should somebody knock—cover me quickly,  
Say: "He is dead."

# The COMRADE

Edited by the Young  
A Page for Workers'



# Young SECTION

Pioneers of America  
and Farmers' Children

## RUTHENBERG YOUNG COMRADE DRIVE

Comrades, we have pointed out to you last week that the best way in which we could honor Comrade Ruthenberg and carry out his slogan "Let's Fight On!" was by joining the Young Pioneers and by subscribing to The Young Comrade. This week we are going to tell you about the big special Ruthenberg Young Comrade Drive that has been started by the Young Pioneers of America. In this drive the readers of the Children's Pages must take an active part. The Young Pioneers are going to offer many prizes to those who get the most subscriptions. A very pretty picture button will be given to each child who gets at least one sub. Anyone can do that. Any child who gets 50 subs or more will be given a week's stay at the nearest Pioneer Camp free of charge. That sure is some prize. The third prize will be a surprise prize. We won't tell you what it is. The one who gets the most subs will get that and he won't be sorry. Now, the question is how are we to get subs? We will tell you a few ways.

- 1.—You must become a subscriber yourself.
- 2.—Talk to your schoolmates and friends about the Young Comrade. Show it to them and get them to subscribe.
- 3.—If you belong to a club, dramatic, sport, social or any other club, explain to the other members what the Young Comrade stands for, speak to each member personally and get every one to subscribe.
- 4.—Visit the houses of your neighbors, relatives, friends, and speak both to the parents and to the children about the Young Comrade.
- 5.—Get your parents to help you. Make them take you to union meetings, affairs and clubs. Try to get those organizations as a whole to contribute, and get each one present to contribute. Get your friends to help you.

These are only a few suggestions, but they will surely give you an idea of how to do this work. So, Comrade Children's Page Readers, get on the job, fill out the Ruthenberg Subscription Blank, and FIGHT ON by getting Young Comrade subs.

## OUR LETTER BOX

### DESCRIBING A SCAB.

Dear Comrades: I am a girl of 13 and in the eighth grade. We live near a mine which is working since 1917, a scab mine as I call it. The children of the scab workers go to our school. We always tease them and call them scabs and fight all the time. We tell them we fight for our freedom, for our fathers to go to work in the mine like union men and not like your fathers working and taking our fathers' jobs away and our mothers' and children's bread away. They keep quiet then. On account of us fighting with these scabs a deputy was coming to guard these children. As soon as the school board or politicians heard about it they had a case, saying that the deputy must not come near the school. He must take care of Pittsburgh Coal Co. ground not the public road. But before that a little boy was coming home from school for his lunch as the deputy was guarding those scabs. He looked through the little boy's pockets and scared him almost to death. One of these deputies is a Lithuanian. I wish I could get to speak to him. I would tell him something. He is from Scranton. I will continue the other part next week.

HELEN BALSLES.

### ALL CHILDREN WELCOME.

Dear Comrades: I just wish to inform you that we just organized the branch of the Young Pioneers at the Hungarian Workers' Home, 8409 West Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Our next meeting will be held next Sunday. All children are welcome.—ANNA HECK.

## POEM

By WM. MURPHY.

Pioneer, Pioneers, you know very well  
And Pioneers can tell  
That if you want to put a rope around their neck,  
You'll have to work hard by heck.

## IN THE PIONEERS

ESTHER WIDREVICH and BELLA MILLER.

When we have our meetings here,  
They are cheerful full of cheer  
In the Pioneers  
How we talk about the news  
And then we all give our dues  
In the Pioneers.  
Then we have the roll call  
And we answer "Always ready."  
We end the meeting full of song  
And poems too all along  
In the Pioneers.

## A Letter From a Teacher.

By M. R.

I am a school teacher. Children are put under my care. Who are these children? Ninety-five per cent of them belong to workers, good, hard factory workers, who send their children to school hoping that they will not have to slave in the future. What happens. These children of the workers are taught certain subjects—reading, writing and arithmetic. Is that all? Of course not. Their most important subject is Americanism. What is Americanism and why is it given first importance in the public schools? Why are children daily taught the pledge of allegiance to the flag? To continue the present system under which we are living—to poison the child's mind while they are young, so that they will not want any other system. In other words to make him think as the bosses think. What happens to teachers who refuse to do as they are told? What happens to any teacher who criticizes the present form of government? They are thrown out of the schools.

The public schools have become the tool of the capitalist class, and they use the schools to kill any real thinking that the children may have. The teacher thus becomes the tool of the capitalists. To fight this the children of the working class must join the Young Pioneers where they will learn to think.

## YOUNG REBELS

Y is for youth who leaders shall be  
O is for oil which capitalists own  
U is for union with which we agree  
N is for nonsense, which into our minds is thrown.  
G is for groups which we organize.  
R is for Russia that country of ours.  
E is for end which with capitalism will be  
B is for bunk which teachers tell for hours.  
E is for endeavor a workers' world to create.  
L is for Lenin whose ideas we follow.  
S is for bosses' stuff which we will not swallow.

## MY TEACHER.

This is the first time I am writing to you. I am nine years of age and in the fourth grade. My teacher is the same like all teachers are. She teaches us pretty well to salute the flag and many other foolishness, but she never says a word about the working class. She does not like a workers' organization.—HELEN CARLIAS.

## THE SCAB

ANNA BLASKOW.

A scab! A scab!  
He's on the bosses' side  
If he don't shut his gab  
He'll get it in the eye.

## RUTHENBERG SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

LET'S FIGHT ON! against the bosses by subscribing and getting subscriptions to The Young Comrade. Fill out this blank and send it with 50 cents to the Pioneer Editorial Committee, 33 First Street, New York City. This will entitle you to one year (monthly) subscription.

Name ..... Age .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

## LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 6 is

R	E	D
O	A	R
S	T	Y

Here are the names of those who answered the puzzle correctly:

Sarah Titefsky, New York City; Joseph Goldfield, Bronx, N. Y.; Mae Feurer, New York City.

## More Answers To Puzzle No. 5.

Violet Jappin, Paterson, N. J.; Henry Samek, Clifton, N. J.; Bennie Caruso, Chicago, Ill.; Beatrice Schwartz, N. Y. C.; Jennie Lukashewich, Utica, N. Y.; Mollie Wilinsky, Detroit, Mich.; Gertrude Victor, Chicago, Ill.; Michael Zagmester, Gasport, N. Y.; Elianor Ivanoff, Post Falls, Idaho; Mildred Strapec, Remsen, N. Y.; Milton Relin, Rochester, N. Y.

## THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 7.

This week's puzzle is a dandy. It spells the name of members of a workers' children's organization. It has eight letters. Do you think you can do it?

My first letter is in PEOPLE but not in MEN,  
My second is twice in INDIAN but not once in TEN,  
My third is in OVIET but not in ITALY,  
My fourth is in UNION but not in FASCISTI,  
My fifth is in STRIKE but not in STAB,  
My sixth is in WORKER but not in SCAB,  
My seventh is in REBEL and also in TRUE,  
My eighth is in SCHOOL and in TEACHERS too.  
Together I'm something that you all ought to be  
To help us win our liberty.

How do you like this puzzle? Can you solve it? Send your answers to Pioneer Editorial Committee, c/o Young Comrade Section, 33 First Street, New York City, giving your name, age, address and the number of the puzzle.

## HEALTHY SLAVES

Dear Comrades: I thought it might interest you or the Young Comrades who read the children's page, how we are taught to become worthwhile American citizens in school. They say that we must have health. But to be healthy we must live in a house with nice and clean surroundings, we must have good warm clothes and eat wholesome food.

They tell us that we should learn to save while young. But they don't tell us where to get the money to save. For a man who has a big family to support, will be glad to live anywhere as long as he lives under something. Not because he likes to live there, but he can't earn enough to even LIVE. Anyhow they just want us to be strong and healthy, so when we are ready to work, the capitalists will be able to get more out of us.—JOLAN MARSE.

## CLASS STRUGGLE IN WEST VA.

By MARGARET JANCSAR.

I used to live in Cliftonville, West Va. One summer day, July 17, 1922, Monday morning. (I remember it as if it was today. I'll never forget it in all my life) I awoke and heard a bullet whistle thru the house. I went out to see what it was and I saw some soldiers, so I told my mother there is a world war. My mother told me not to be afraid of the soldiers. She told me to go to the store and buy a loaf of bread. As I was going between the hills, two soldiers came running towards me pointing their guns at me. I was scared. But they saw I was a girl so they said that I can go and I went and bought the bread. As I was coming back from the store, I saw a man running from a hill. He ran so fast that he fell down and the soldiers caught him and beat him until the blood came from his body. When they were tired they took him to jail. You see! What the soldiers do to workers when they go on strike. Boys, don't join the army.

## FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM

The Boss  
Gets  
The Sack



From Off  
The  
Worker's Back

# DRAMA

## Symposium on Working Class Drama Sunday

This Sunday afternoon at the 52nd Street Theatre, the home of the New Playwrights Theatre, a symposium will be held by a group of writers, dramatists, critics, actors and directors, on "What Is Working Class Drama." The speakers so far announced who will take part are: John Howard Lawson, author of "Loud Speaker," and one of the directors of the New Playwrights group, Mossaiye Olgin, Joseph Wood Krutch, dramatic critic of the Nation; Helen Westley, of the Theatre Guild; Eleanor Wylie, novelist and poet; and Romney Brent, leading actor of "Loud Speaker." The audience will be permitted to take part in the discussion from the floor. The meeting will start at 3:30 and the admission is free.

### Broadway Briefs

The Jitney Players—that itinerant organization of young actors and actresses who roam about New England and Long Island summer resorts with their Ford trucks, announce that Richard Boleslavsky, of the American Laboratory Theatre, has been engaged to direct their plays.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," by Anita Loos and John Emerson, will come to the Bronx Opera House for the week beginning Monday. June Walker continues in the role of the little blonde gold digger, Lorelei Lee, Geoffrey Kerr, Percy Ames, Mrs. Jacques Martin, Adrian Rosley and Georges Romain are other players in the cast.

William A. Brady, Jr. and Dwight Deere Wiman, in association with J. H. Del Bondio, have a new mystery melodrama by Leigh Hutton "The House of Shadows," which they intend producing some time in April.

Oscar Wilde's comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest" is shortly to be produced in musical form by P. T. Rossiter. Robert Hood Bowers has written the music and Francis De Witt the lyrics.

For its first Shakespearean production of the season, the Repertory Theatre of Boston is offering "Macbeth." The tragedy is now in its third week.

The cast of Michael Gold's "Fiesta," now being rehearsed by Robert Milton for the New Playwrights Theatre, and scheduled to open April 6, will include Thomas Chalmers, Hortense Alden, Brandon Peters, Manart Kippen, Albert Perry, Mabel Montgomery and Peggy Allenby.

### At the Cinemas

ASTOR—"The Big Parade." Chaplin.  
BROADWAY—Charles Chaplin, Harry Langdon and Will Rogers in special comedies.  
CAMEO—Harry K. Eastace's "Thru Darkest Africa," a film diary of the Congo.  
CAPITOL—"The Fire Brigade," with Charles Ray, May McAvoy and Herbert Holmes.  
COHAN—"The Rough Riders."  
COLONY—"White Flannels," with Louise Dresser, Jason Robards and Virginia Browne Faire.  
CRITERION—"Beau Geste."  
EMBASSY—William Haines in "Slide, Kelly, Slide."  
HIPPODROME—Marie Prevost in Frederic Chapin's "The Night Bride," with Harrison Ford.  
PARAMOUNT—"Fashions for Men," starring Esther Ralston.  
RIALTO—"Metropolis," Germany's newest film sensation.  
RIVOLI—"Old Ironsides," with Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell and Esther Ralston.  
ROXY—"Wolf's Clothing," by Arthur Somers Roche, with Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller.  
SAM H. HARRIS—"What Price Glory," with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores del Rio.  
SELWYN—"When a Man Loves," with John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, with Vitaphone program.  
STRAND—Harry Langdon in "Long Pants," with Priscilla Bonner.  
WARNER—"Don Juan," with John Barrymore, Mary Astor and Estelle Taylor. Vitaphone program.

## JUNE WALKER



Continues in her role of the little gold digger in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," opening at the Bronx Opera House, Monday.

A new play by Edward Knoblock and George Rosener, "Speak Easy," will be put into rehearsal by William B. Friendlander next week.

Chamberlain Brown is planning to produce two plays in April. The plays are "The Tightwad," by Robert Keith, and "The Song Bird," by Frederic and Fanny Hatton.

### Screen Notes

"Beethoven," a Viennese motion picture is being presented in honor of the Beethoven centenary, this week, in the Wanamaker Auditorium, under the auspices of the Austria America Society.

Dolores Del Rio, the young Mexican actress who is playing Charmaine in the screen version of "What Price Glory?" at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, has been assigned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to the leading part in "The Trail of '98," by Robert W. Service, which is being screened by Clarence Brown in Colorado.

Herbert Brenon's latest picture "The Telephone Girl," will be shown at the Paramount Theatre next week. Madge Bellamy, May Allison, Holbrook Blinn and Lawrence Gray, play the leading roles.

The Duncan sisters have begun work on "Topsy and Eva," their first motion picture, in California.

Universal has booked "Potemkin" the Russian revolutionary film, recently shown on Broadway, for its theatres in San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit and Pittsburg. The Little Theatre, an art cinema house in Washington, will open with this Amkino production on April 6. "Potemkin" will get a second showing in New York City when it is shown at the M. & S. Commodore on Second Avenue, April 3.

To obtain the panoramic effect of the spectacular sea scenes in the production of "Old Ironsides" at the Rivoli Theatre, the screen is automatically magnified three times its normal size, through the use, for the first time of Magnascope, an invention of Lorenzo del Riccio, of Amsterdam, N. Y., who spent seven years in perfecting this innovation.

Artistic films seem to be taboo in the hinterland, judging by a report from Albany, where a manager was compelled to withdraw "Faust," because his patrons complained it was too "high-brow." He replaced the picture with another, called "Ankles Preferred." "Faust" which was shown here at the Capitol Theatre was considered one of the finest films sent us from Germany.

# MUSIC

## METROPOLITAN OPERA

"Mignon" will open the week of the Metropolitan Opera, Monday evening with, Mmes. Bori, Talley and Messrs. Gigli and Whitehill.

Other operas next week:

"Die Meistersinger," Wednesday afternoon with Mueller, Howard and Kirchhoff, Bohnen.

"Faust," Wednesday evening with Mario, Dalossy and Tokatyán, Chaliapin.

"Aida," Thursday evening with Mueller, Branzell and Fullin, Basiola.

"Boris Godunoff," special matinee Friday with Dalossy, Hunter and Tokatyán, Chaliapin.

"Gioconda," Friday evening with Peralta, Claussen and Gigli, DeLuca.

"The King's Henchman," Saturday matinee with Easton, Alcock and Chamlee, Tibbett.

"Siegfried," Saturday night with Larsen-Todsen, Telva and Laubenthal, Whitehill.

## MISCHA LEVITZKI



Will give his piano recital Tuesday night at Carnegie Hall, his farewell appearance for two years.

### With the Orchestras

## NEW YORK SYMPHONY

Walter Damrosch will give a concert performance of "Götterdämmerung" at Carnegie Hall next Friday evening, with Florence Austral, Rudolf Laubenthal, Frederick Baer, Frederick Patton, Gitla Erstinn, Claribel Banks and Viola Silva as soloists.

The program will consist of portions of Act 1, including the duet of Brunhilde and Siegfried and Siegfried's Rhine Journey and the entire third act, including Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens, Siegfried's story of his life, Siegfried's funeral music and Brunhilde's Immolation and the End of the Gods.

Next Sunday afternoon in Mecca Auditorium, Damrosch will give the following program: Symphony in D-minor, Cesar Franck; Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis, Vaughan Williams; Catalonia (A Spanish Rhapsody), Albeniz; March Slav, Tschaiakowsky.

For his two last concerts of the season, and also his last concerts as regular conductor of the New York Symphony, April 8 and 10, Damrosch will present Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with a chorus of 250 men and women, supplemented by 75 members of the Schola Cantorum.

## PHILHARMONIC

The Brahms Requiem will be played by the Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Wilhelm Furtwaengler next Thursday evening and Friday afternoon. A third performance will be given at the final concert of the season on Sunday afternoon, April 3, at the Metropolitan Opera House. The Choral Symphony Society of New York, consisting of 225 voices will assist.

This Sunday afternoon the Philharmonic appears at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Ernest Schelling will be the soloist in his own Suite Fantastique. Strauss' Don Juan and the Cesar Franck Symphony complete the program.

The last Students' Concert of the season, next Saturday night, at Carnegie Hall has scheduled the Braunsfels Don Juan; Strauss' Death and Transfiguration and the Beethoven Fifth Symphony. Mr. Furtwaengler sails on April 7.

### Music Notes

Mischa Levitzki, making his farewell appearance for New York in Carnegie Hall next Tuesday evening, will include in his program Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, a group of Chopin, a Rhapsody by Liszt and new compositions by Chasins and Buzzi-Peccia.

Harry Glickman, violinist, winner of the Paris Conservatory of Music

first prize, appears in recital at Aeolian Hall next Friday. His program will include a Mozart concerto and Tartini's "Devil's Trill."

Efrem Zimbalist will give his farewell New York recital before leaving for a tour of the Orient, on Monday evening at Carnegie Hall.

Mortimer Wilson's Suite "Music and Calories" will have its first performance at the last concert of the Chamber Symphony Orchestra, Max Jacobs conductor, at Aeolian Hall this Sunday evening.

Benno Moisewitsch will give his piano recital at Aeolian Hall this afternoon.

A free symphony concert, David Mannes conducting, will be given this evening at the Metropolitan Art Museum. The program will include Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, movement for a string quartet and "Coriolanus" overture, and excerpts from Wagner's "Parsifal."

## MUSIC AND CONCERTS

### PHILHARMONIC

FURTWÄENGLER, Conductor  
Last Pair of Thurs. and Fri. Concerts  
CARNEGIE HALL  
Thurs. Ev., Mar. 31, at 8:30  
Fri. Aft., April 1, at 2:30  
with Choral Symphony Society  
of New York (225 voices)  
Soloists: Elisabeth Rethberg, Soprano  
Fraser Gange, Baritone  
The Brahms Requiem will be given  
again on Sunday Afternoon, April 3,  
at the METROPOLITAN OPERA  
HOUSE.

Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., April 2, at 8:30  
LAST STUDENTS' CONCERT  
Braunsfels—Strauss—Beethoven  
Arthur Judson, Mgr. (Steinway Piano)

Concert Management Arthur Judson  
Announces  
CARNEGIE HALL  
Mon. Eve. Mar. 28, at 8:30

### ZIMBALIST

Farewell Recital for Two Years  
Tickets at Box Office \$1.10 to \$3.30,  
(Victor Records) (Steinway Piano)

### CARNEGIE HALL

April 4-5-6. Evgs. at 9:30  
Matinee Wed., April 6, at 2:30

### RUTH ST. DENIS

### TED SHAWN

### DENISHAWN DANCERS

Only New York Performances of Season  
Seats 75c to \$3.30, NOW on Sale, at  
Carnegie Hall Box Office

### CARNEGIE HALL Tues. Evg., March 29 PIANO RECITAL

### LEVITZKI

FAREWELL APPEARANCE  
FOR TWO YEARS  
Concert Mgt. Dan'l Mayer, Inc.  
Steinway Piano

AEOLIAN HALL, Fri. Evg. April 1  
VIOLIN RECITAL

### HARRY

### GLICKMAN

Concert Mgt. Dan'l Mayer Inc.  
Steinway Piano

# DRAMA

## Does New York Want a Proletarian Theatre?

"Reflect American Life With Robust Carelessness, Says John Howard Lawson

John Howard Lawson's "Processional," produced by the Theatre Guild several years ago, is the finest labor play yet written in America. Mr. Lawson is likewise the author of "Roger Bloomer" and "Loud Speaker," and is one of the directors of the New Playwrights Theatre. For years, as the leading advocate of the "dynamic" theatre, he has been crying out against stuffy bedroom and library sob-stories and demanding more movement, more life, more play of imagination on the stage. He will preside at the symposium on the new type of drama to be held at the 52nd Street Theatre tomorrow afternoon, with Mossaiye Olgin, Joseph Wood Krutch, Helen Westley, Romney Brent, and Eleanor Wylie as speakers. Other articles in this weekly series on the new American drama are being prepared by M. Olgin, Louis Lozowick, V. F. Calverton, and N. Buchwald of the Freiheit.

Manifestos of intention and the like have no place in the running of a theatre. The whole point of the thing is to put on plays as well as we are able and to be judged by the fruit of our work. To say that the New Playwrights Theatre makes a special appeal to the mass of people who have been alienated by the stuffed shirt atmosphere of the commercial establishments does not mean that we are committed to any ism or to any special type of play. We believe that any art that is living is good art, in whatever form it may be cast. If it lives up to this requirement its social effect can be tremendous, for it can hold a mirror up to the distortions and social problems of our chaotic day. But this does not at all mean that any solemn lesson is embedded in the design of the thing.

One of the main criticisms which I hear concerning my own play, "Loud Speaker," is that it is low-brow and popular in character. This seems to me one of the main values of the play and I am delighted that many critics who came to the first night of this entertainment expecting symbolism sobs and solemnity went away to write horrified notices concerning the simple flippancy of the show. It seems to me about time that the idea of a revolutionary theatre be divorced from the idea of a preachy message. It is the age-old function of the theatre to express feeling and thought in its own terms—to say it with laughs, emotion, the electric spark that welds actors and

audience. The only test of a play is the degree to which this audience contact is established.

It is my own feeling that similarly too much has been said about newness and oddity in the theatre. In a sense of course every play must be a new entity, because a creative playhouse, if it is to exist at all, must be a place of continually fresh invention. Beyond this reliance on fresh ideas (provided to be sure that the ideas hold out), there is no essential difference between the Playwrights Theatre and any other organization trying to present plays before an audience. We are out to get audience support, because we cannot exist without it. We believe there is a definite value in relying upon invention rather than upon the jaded tricks which make up the bulk of the Broadway output. And we believe that this freshness can appeal to a new sort of crowd—the workers, the people with living contacts and living minds.

Such a theatre cannot be high-brow and it cannot be dull, because solemnity about art is as out of place in American life as a telephone in a medieval monastery. It is my impression that most of the art-stuff in the American theatre is a monastic flowering, a wish-fulfillment on the part of people who would much prefer to go back to the middle ages. But this is the day of the telephone, and we live in a country and in an age which conspicuously takes nothing seriously. Whether this curious

### The New Plays

#### MONDAY.

"LOST," a drama by A. E. Thomas and George Agnew Chamberlain, based upon a novel by Mr. Chamberlain, will be presented Monday night at the Mansfield Theatre by Ramsey Wallace. The players include: Ramsey Wallace, James Crane, Rosalinde Fuller, Harry Davenport, Mona Kingsley, George Henry Trader, Edward Van Sloan, and Louise Mackintosh.

"CHERRY BLOSSOMS," a musical play, with score by Sigmund Romberg, and book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith, will open Monday night at the 44th Street Theatre, presented by the Shuberts. "Cherry Blossoms," which is based on "The Willow Tree," by Benrimo and Harrison Rhodes, will have Howard Marsh and Desirel Ellinger featured in the cast. Other players include: Ann Milburn, James Marshall, Frank Davenport, Fred Harper, Frank Greene, William Pringle and Ann Yago.

"MARINERS," the new Actors' Theatre production of Clemence Dane's play, starring Pauline Lord, will occupy the Plymouth, beginning Monday night. The cast includes: Haidee Wright, Arthur Wontner, Mary Kennedy and Beulah Bondi.

"RUFUS LEMAIRE'S AFFAIRS," with Charlotte Greenwood, Ted Lewis and Lester Allen as the stars, will open the new Chanin Majestic Theatre on West 44th street next Monday evening.

#### TUESDAY.

"THE LEGEND OF LEONORA," James M. Barrie's fantasy, will be reviewed at the Ritz Theatre on Tuesday evening by William A. Brady, with Grace George in the stellar role. Bruce McRae, Moffat Johnston, Leonard Willey, George Thorpe, Edward Cooper, and Richard Simpson are other members of the cast.

"THE SCALAWAG," by David Higgins and Bennet Mussion, with Mr. Higgins in the principal role, will be ushered in Tuesday night at the 49th Street Theatre by Cast Productions.

#### FRIDAY.

"FOG-BOUND," a new play by Hugh Stanislaus Stange, will be presented by Richard Herndon at the Belmont Theatre next Friday night. Nance O'Neil is featured. Others in the cast include: Alfred Hickman, Curtis Cooksey, Betty Linley, Clara Blandick, W. W. Shuttleworth, Dorothy Ellin, Lois Ross, Parker Fenelly and William Johnston.

# AMUSEMENTS

## 7<sup>th</sup> MONTH CIVIC REPERTORY

COR. 6TH AVE. & 14TH ST.  
PRICES 50c, \$1.10 & \$1.65  
Wed. & Sat. Matinees  
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### EVA LeGALLIENNE

WEEK OF MARCH 28

Mon., Mar. 28....."Cradle Song" Thurs. Eve., Mar. 31.. "Three Sisters"  
Tues., Mar. 29....."Inheritors" Friday Eve., April 1... "Inheritors"  
Wed. Mat., Mar. 30... "Cradle Song" Sat. Mat., April 2.... "Cradle Song"  
Wed. Eve., Mar. 30... "La Locandiera" Sat. Eve., April 2... "Master Builder"

OWING TO DEMAND Special Matinees "Cradle Song" THURS., MARCH 31.  
THURS., APRIL 7

The Theatre Guild Acting Company in

## The Brothers Karamazov

GUILD THEATRE 52nd Street, West of Broadway. Evs at 8:30.  
Matinees THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2:34  
Week of April 4—THE ROCHESTER AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY  
Week of April 11—THE SECOND MAN

SIDNEY HOWARD'S

## THE SILVER CORD

JOHN GOLDEN THEATRE, 58th St., East of B'way. CIRCLE 5678  
Matinees THURSDAY & SATURDAY.  
Week of April 4—NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER  
Week of April 11—THE SILVER CORD

A. H. WOODS PRESENTS

## CRIME

A Sensational and Revealing Melodrama of New York's Underworld  
by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer,  
with JAMES BENNIE & CHESTER MORRIS & CAST OF 100  
TIMES SQ. THEATRE, W. 42nd ST.  
Matinees Thursday and Saturday. Evenings 8:30. Matinees 2:30.

## B.P.

Now in Its 5th Month

## THE LADDER

By J. FRANK DAVIS

WALDORF Thea., 50th Street, East of Broadway.  
Eve. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

## BROADWAY

ROADHURST W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30  
PRICES EVES. \$1.10 TO \$3.85.

quality of the American mind is an asset or a horrible liability is a matter rather for prophecy than for dramatic presentation. It is a question to be thrashed out on the lecture platform. But the immediate concern of the theatre is to reflect the life about us with the robust carelessness of the actual scene. I do not mean carelessness in technique, or carelessness in fundamental thinking. But rather to find the design and meaning in the noisy gaudy life which we see on every hand. There is bitterness in this and harsh laughter, as in the grind of the subway, the endless whirring of stock-tickers, the nervous rhythm of the city.

This is not a matter of a formula or a technical trick. I stated in the first paragraph of this article that the Playwrights, in their experimental work in Fifty-second street, are not committed to any special type of play. As a matter of fact, "Earth," the Negro folk play by Em Jo Basshe, which alternates with "Loud Speaker" in the present repertory, is an absolute contrast to it in technique and feeling. "Earth" is a terrifically stirring picture of the religious feeling of a race. It is rooted in the very depths of the Negro con-

## Neighborhood Playhouse

466 Grand St.  
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EARL CARROLL Vanities  
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Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

WALLACK'S West 42nd Street.  
Evensings 8:30.  
Mats. Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.

What Anne Brought Home  
A New Comedy Drama

NEW PLAYWRIGHTS THEA.  
52nd Thea. 306 West 52nd St.  
Col. 7393 Evs. 8:45. Mats. 2:45

'Loudspeaker' By John Howard Lawson

HAMPDEN'S THEATRE  
62nd St. at Broadway  
Evs. 8:15. Matinees Wed. and Sat.  
WALTER HAMPDEN  
in CAPONSACCHI

Sam HARRIS THEA. West 42nd St.  
Twice Daily, 2:30 & 8:30

WHAT PRICE GLORY  
Mats. (exc. Sat.) 50c-\$1. Evs. 50c-\$2.

sciousness. But here again, in a manner utterly different from the flippancies of my own play, you have the direct contact across the footlights. The play says exactly what it means to say.

Symbolism has no place in a real theatre. Away with theories! Away with aesthetics and formulas! Laugh with us or at us. Give us feeling, color, movement, above all vitality.

### Vaudeville Theatres

Starlight Amusement Park, in the Bronx, announces that arrangements have been completed to present the Lyric Grand Opera Company in a series of ten free open-air performances of grand opera at Starlight Park stadium this summer.