

# LIBERATOR

FEBRUARY 1923

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TRADE RELATIONS WITH AND  
RECOGNITION OF RUSSIA**





HUGO  
GELLERT

Shylock: "My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond." (*Merchant of Venice, Act. IV. Sc. 1*)





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# THE LIBERATOR

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## EDITORIALS

### The Second World War

AS we go to press, the clouds of war hang black and massive over the world, and they hang ominously low. They may burst, or they may pass; but if the French invasion of the Ruhr fails to provoke a general clash of arms, it will be nothing short of a miracle.

Already the peanut republic of Lithuania, with or without collusion, has seized the League of Nations port, Memel. Two vassals of France—Poland and Czechoslovakia—are polishing their rifles, their eyes greedily focused on Upper Silesia. Hungary is watching Czechoslovakia for a chance to regain some of her old territory; Rumania and Jugoslavia are watching Hungary, and in turn are being watched by Bulgaria. All for the same piratical reasons. The firing of a single cannon anywhere in Europe would be sufficient signal for Turkey to recapture West Thrace from Greece, for Italy to make another assault on Fiume and Dalmatia. Once the battle is on, England would be certain to hurl herself into it to protect her interests in the Near East. And such is the interdependence of the world that the circle would then be completed, once more coming back to France, whose interests in Syria would be at stake.

Thus, four years after "the war to end war," Europe is again an armed camp bristling with bayonets; and again the masses of the world are facing the slaughter and disaster which are the inevitable consequences of capitalism, with its attendant imperialism, militarism, and foul diplomacy.

The Versailles Treaty, that insane document of pillage and revenge, is beginning to bear its poisoned fruit. This was predicted by John Maynard Keynes, the British economic adviser at Versailles; it was predicted by communists, by liberals, by everybody who knew anything and was honest enough to speak out. Clemenceau and Lloyd George knew that Germany could never possibly pay the usurious demands of her conquerors; and Clemenceau never intended to let her.

For the Versailles Treaty was not intended to be a peace; it was intended to be, it was in fact, merely an armistice. Time and again the bourgeoisie of the Allied countries have complained that "the war ended too soon." Now the war is being continued, with Germany effectively disarmed. It is now clear to the whole world that no capitalist nation is interested in peace; each is interested in seizing the greatest industrial treasure for itself, and in smashing its chief economic rivals for good.

This was their intent from the very beginning, which accounts for the fiasco of one "disarmament" conference after another; it accounts for Washington and Genoa, for the sterility of the hundred and one sessions of Allied premiers; it

accounts for the silence with which Russia's frank and genuine offer of disarmament was received.

Capitalism cannot dispense with robbery, with chicanery, with brigandage and murder. These are the life-blood of the system. Inflamed with the lust for profits, giddy with victory, the bourgeoisie of Allied Europe is marching into the abyss of another war in which millions of workers will be slaughtered. Unable to repair the ruins of the last catastrophe, Capitalism is already preparing a new one.

But this darkness is not without a gleam of light. Another world war, whether it comes now or later, means a fatal blow to capitalism. That criminal system of exploitation has already run its course in Europe. Its days are counted, though the days of history may be a little longer than the days of man. Already the bourgeoisie is violating without apology or pretense its own most fundamental doctrines. The Versailles Treaty is another "scrap of paper." The rape of the Ruhr is no less spectacular an infringement of international agreement than the rape of Belgium—though the diplomatic John Summers of England and America do not find it as shocking.

The French capitalists have seized the mines and banks of German capitalists. Sacred rights of private property. . . The masses of western Europe will remember this lesson in expropriation. Berlin has ordered the Ruhr workers to strike. The masses of western Europe will remember this lesson in the use of the strike for political purposes.

Meantime troops are being massed all over the continent. Bankrupt capitalism is seeking solvency through bloodshed; but 1917 has already shown the world that they who sow wars ultimately reap revolutions.

### Gallows for Strikers

THE murder of C. E. Gregor, a striker on the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad, by a mob of "indignant citizens" of Harrison was the tragic climax of a series of violent measures directed against the strikers of that region. It was preceded by the burning of the union headquarters, the confiscation of important records, and the expulsion of scores of union men from the town. The same mob flogged a hotel owner in his nightshirt because he had gone bail for one of the strikers; and it forced the mayor to resign and the city marshal to quit town because they were suspected of being sympathetic with the strikers.

Who were these "indignant citizens" guilty of brutality, arson, and murder? According to press reports they were 1,000 businessmen and farmers enraged by the burning of railway bridges and the dynamiting of trestles by the strikers. The strikers deny any share in these acts of sabotage, and certainly previous experiences in labor disputes gives this



denial an obvious validity. One has only to recall Santa Fe and other acts of sabotage in the recent Shopmen's strike which were eventually discovered to be the work of company provocateurs. In the case of the Missouri and North Arkansas, it is well known that the owners have been eagerly looking for a good excuse to discontinue the road altogether. Ever since the Federal Government returned it to them, they have been threatening to suspend operations. And well they might. The road has for a long time been a losing proposition. It went into the hands of a receiver over a year ago; and it would have saved the more decent "citizens" of Harrison from committing murder if they had only remembered that the road went bankrupt before the strike. In fact, the strike was declared when the Receiver, after taking over the road, ordered a substantial cut in wages.

From these facts then it would seem that the strikers were the victims on the one hand of the company's anxiety to drop the road; and on the other hand of the fear of Harrison businessmen that such a step would ruin their trade and the value of their property. Harrison's program was simple; let the strikers accept starvation wages, but let the road continue.

A few days before the murder of Gregor, another bridge was burned. The sheriff arrested three men. One of them is said to have confessed and implicated the other two. Who are these men? No names have been given. It is not even claimed that they are strikers. But the situation was sufficient excuse for "citizens" of Harrison to become "indignant"—to whip, to burn, and to kill.

Who these citizens are we shall probably never know. They will silently recede into that safe obscurity which our capitalist laws have afforded to the murders of Frank Little.

But we do know that the murder of Frank Little was inspired by the mine-owners of Montana; and at the grave of C. E. Gregor we can only bow the head and marvel how strange it is that "indignant citizens," prowling about like savage wolves at night, kill only workers. . . .

## Such is Friendship

THAT celebrated friend of organized labor, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, has once more risen like a lion from slumber to champion the oppressed workers. This time it is against "the faithless and disloyal leaders and other enemies within their own ranks." More than that, Mr. Untermyer would convert the unions "from an autocracy into a democracy."

Sublime intentions, militantly reminiscent of William Z. Foster. Unfortunately, however, these avowed intentions are merely a smoke screen. Under cover of clouds of verbiage the crafty counsellor is seeking to push through the legislature of New York State a measure which, if enacted into law, would either cripple all labor unions or else force them into "illegal" activities.

Mr. Untermyer's proposal, submitted without recommendation by the Lockwood Committee to the Senate and Assembly, but submitted nevertheless, does not directly forbid workers to strike for higher wages and better living conditions; but its provisions aim at something just as drastic. The very life of the unions is to be placed in the hands of a commission of bureaucrats to be known as the State Department of Trade and Commerce.

No union, according to Mr. Untermyer's proposal, could legally exist without a license from these bureaucrats, who would also have the power to regulate the conduct of these unions. The bill would also make it illegal for unions to penalize any boss who employs scab labor, or any boss who locks out groups of union men from his shop in order to raise his profits. In fact, it would be illegal for unions to do anything whatsoever which the capitalist butlers at Albany would consider "to be injurious to trade" or "a substantial injustice to the employer."

With the recent admission by the Railroad Labor Board that capitalism in the United States can no longer pay a living wage, it is not difficult to imagine what Mr. Untermyer's proposed commission would consider "to be injurious to trade." Anything short of the complete robotization of labor would be considered "a substantial injustice to the employer."

The bill seeks to chain workers' organizations, to imprison them within the intricate nets of the law, to sabotage their struggle for better living conditions.

## He'll Never Be Missed

THE *New York Times*, general organ of the bourgeoisie, and *Women's Wear*, particular organ of the garment manufacturers, have both editorially regretted the sudden resignation of Benjamin Schlesinger as president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. Undoubtedly Mr. Gompers will also regret the loss of one of his staunchest and most powerful henchmen. But the garment workers will miss him very little. Already his resignation has been forgotten in the eager discussion as to his possible successor.

Schlesinger was an outstanding example of the old type of bureaucratic labor leader—by temper a despot, by training contemptuous of the mass of workers whose destiny he guided. During the nine years of his personal rule, he proved to be intensely stubborn, impervious to advice, unwilling to learn either from the masses or from experience. He never mitigated the ignorance with which he came to his post, never acquired a broad outlook on history. To the end he failed to see the changes which were taking place in the labor movement.

Schlesinger, like so many other petty autocrats, was handicapped by an exaggerated belief in a purely illusory greatness. He could not stand criticism. He could not co-operate with his fellow officials, much less with the rank and file. Thus, wittingly or unwittingly, he became the menace of the garment workers and the ally of their exploiters.

The official reports in connection with Schlesinger's resignation intimate that he was forced out by the militant Lefts within his own organization, whose attacks upon his policies made further tenure of office unendurable. We hope it is true. If Schlesinger failed to understand the new spirit which these critics of his represent, if he was unable to adjust himself to the change in the aims and tactics of the more alert workers, it was high time for him to go.

There are other autocrats like him still occupying positions of power in the labor movement. They are hampering the progress of that movement. We can only hope, for their sakes, that they will be equally sensitive to the attacks of their critics, and will quietly and gracefully retire before the irate rank and file throws them out.

# Poems by Simon Felshin

## Moscow

**M**OSCOW shows remains of barbaric splendor.  
Here the races are being welded together.  
Here Ivan the Terrible murdered his son.  
Here the Czars danced with the Patriarchs.  
Here the blood of the people flowed.

Oh city welding the races together!

The Kremlin floats over Moscow.  
The towers and golden domes float over the city.  
They are floating in the blue sky.  
Among the stars of the Milky Way.  
I saw the sun setting  
Among the golden domes of the churches.  
The setting sun was also a golden dome.

Oh white, blue and gold city!

Red soldier why do you rise in your stirrups?  
Are you proud of your youth and your strength?  
I will be a lieutenant in the Red Army.  
In my pride I will rise in my stirrups.  
I will tell my Red Soldiers to chant their battle-songs.  
I will tell them to lift their lances.  
I will tell them to draw their curved swords.  
At the clashing of their arms  
The enemy will tremble.

Oh red city!

I walked in the streets of Moscow.  
I saw the magic hand of the Revolution  
Smoothing the brow of the city.  
I saw the new life  
Rising out of the ruins.

Oh blessed people  
Living in the valley among the golden domes!

## Sen Katayama

**S**EN KATAYAMA  
Looking through the slits of his eyes  
From the slope of Fujiyama  
Across the Pacific.  
He is bent Japanese fashion,  
He laughs Japanese fashion,  
And he sees everything through the slits of his eyes.  
They have driven him from land to land  
Because he wants to bring the races together,  
Because he wants to build a long bridge  
From Fujiyama to the Golden Gate.  
They have driven him out of Japan;  
But he will come back.  
He will bring the races together.  
He will tell the poor  
To take the rice from the rich.  
He will climb again the side of Fujiyama,  
And they will sing his praises in the pagodas.

## Karl Liebknecht

**T**HEY feared him  
Because he was the lion's offspring,  
Because he was Spartacus arisen,  
Because he led the slaves to revolt.  
They murdered him  
Because we loved him.  
Karl Liebknecht's blood on the ground,  
His blood on their hands,  
Our curse on their heads,  
Our tears for Karl Liebknecht.  
He arose single-handed against their crimes,  
He asked them disconcerting questions.  
His words struck on our hearts,  
And we went towards him.  
Therefore they murdered him—  
Because they feared his voice,  
Because he was the lion's offspring,  
Because he was Spartacus arisen,  
Because he led the slaves to revolt.

## The Red Army

**W**E are the millions of the Red Army.  
We will not lay down our arms  
Before the day of the World Revolution.  
Our horses' hoofs break the earth's crust.  
Can you stop the stars in their courses?  
We sweep across the steppes and the tundras  
Of Holy Mother Russia,  
And we bring you freedom.  
We are ready to fraternize with you.  
But if you will not cease your crimes  
We will go over to the offensive.  
We will come against you fully equipped.  
We will appear suddenly in your mountain-passes.  
We will hurl you back a thousand miles.  
We will hurl you into the sea.  
Our horses' hoofs break the earth's crust.  
We will not lay down our arms  
Before the day of the World Revolution.

## Karl Radek

**H**IS mind is a knife  
Which he sharpens every night.  
While you were busy polishing your manners  
He was sharpening the knife of his mind.  
He grew up without your knowing it.  
Now he is a giant,  
And you dare not grapple with him.  
His laugh is a cry.  
Do not mistake his smile—  
It is born from the silent weeping of his torn heart.



# The Throne of the World

By Robert Minor

*Sequel to "The Throne of the United States", published in the January number of the Liberator.*

J. P. MORGAN & COMPANY of New York have taken over the British Government.

In the tight fix that he was in, in regard to war loans, etc., and having lost the White House to the Rockefeller dynasty, Morgan had to get this additional power to trade with. The secret visit of the president of the Bank of England, whom Morgan had imported with a slightly altered name last May, and whom he had kept "underground" for two weeks in Washington for a talk with Harding, Hughes, Mellon and Hoover, had not accomplished much, even though immediately afterward the value of English paper money began a rise that finally totalled 25 cents on the pound sterling, putting half a billion dollars gain into the pockets of the British, and God knows how much into the pockets of those who possessed the secret in America. The Rockefeller-Mellon industrial dynasty in control of the White House was generally ignoring the needs of the Morgan-British interests—in erecting a tariff wall so high as to prevent the repayment of the European war obligations to the Morgan followers, as well as injuring the British shipping with preferential rates at the Panama canal, and trying to get through an American ship subsidy.

Morgan was obliged to go to London to mobilize his British reserves. He did it successfully. Mr. E. Grenfell, of the firm of Morgan & Grenfell, with Mr. Bonar Law, got together the most reliable of the old bond-holding type of leaders of the Conservative Party at the Carlton Club on October 19. These leaders decided to throw Lloyd George out of power, cut loose from the "Liberal" manufacturers and to take the British Government into their exclusive hands. So, in the elections of November 15, the British Government passed into the possession of Morgan's London associates.

At the same time a strangely similar thing occurred in Germany. Two days before the British election, the Stinnes party made a sudden demand for participation in the German Government, almost the exact counterpart of Grenfell's and Bonar Law's action in London. Also in Germany it resulted in the resignation of the Cabinet and in the Government's changing hands. Wilhelm Cuno, Director-General of the Hamburg American Steamship Lines *which are controlled by the Harriman shipping interests of the United States*, became head of the German Government on the day after Bonar Law, ally of Morgan & Co., won the British election. Whether this means that the Rockefeller dynasty grabbed the German Government while the Morgan dynasty was taking the British, I don't know enough about Wall Street to say.

After the British elections, Morgan now had the following chattels to trade with:

1. The power to raise a high "Imperial Preference" tariff wall around the whole British Empire against the Rockefeller-industrial group, if the Rockefeller dynasty does not come to terms.

2. The power to give or to refuse the Standard Oil Company a share of the British oil loot won in the war.

T was only after Morgan had these powers in his hands that the White House and the Rockefeller-Mellon dynasty, really came down to terms. It was then that Morgan could

walk publicly into the State Department "as king visits king to show that two kingdoms have made a treaty", and Morgan's British Chancellor of the Exchequer would come to Washington with the expectation of getting something, bringing with him the President of the Bank of England—this time without disguise.

It appears that Morgan and the British want to get an interest reduction and seventy-five years in which to pay the British debt to the United States Treasury. And of course they will arrange with the Rockefeller-Mellon dynasty to put the United States into the League of Nations on terms that will provide the foreign oil lands for Standard Oil which were denied in Morgan's Versailles treaty.

It was going along very smoothly as a private arrangement between the Morgan-British group and the Rockefeller-Mellon group, with the public fed on a few meager bulletins and the Senate to be told afterward what to ratify. But suddenly Borah threw a monkey-wrench by introducing his amendment to the Navy Appropriation Bill, calling for an *official* conference to settle the economic questions. This would have replaced the *private* conference between the houses of Morgan and Rockefeller with an *official* conference where every little Tom, Dick and Harry of small business would have had a right to intrude.

The Old Guard was thrown into fury and fear. Under Borah's steady badgering they were forced to let out a little information. A cautious letter was issued by Otto H. Kahn of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, the brokers who represent the Rockefeller side of Wall Street. From this letter it appears that Kuhn, Loeb & Co. will allow the United States to do as follows:

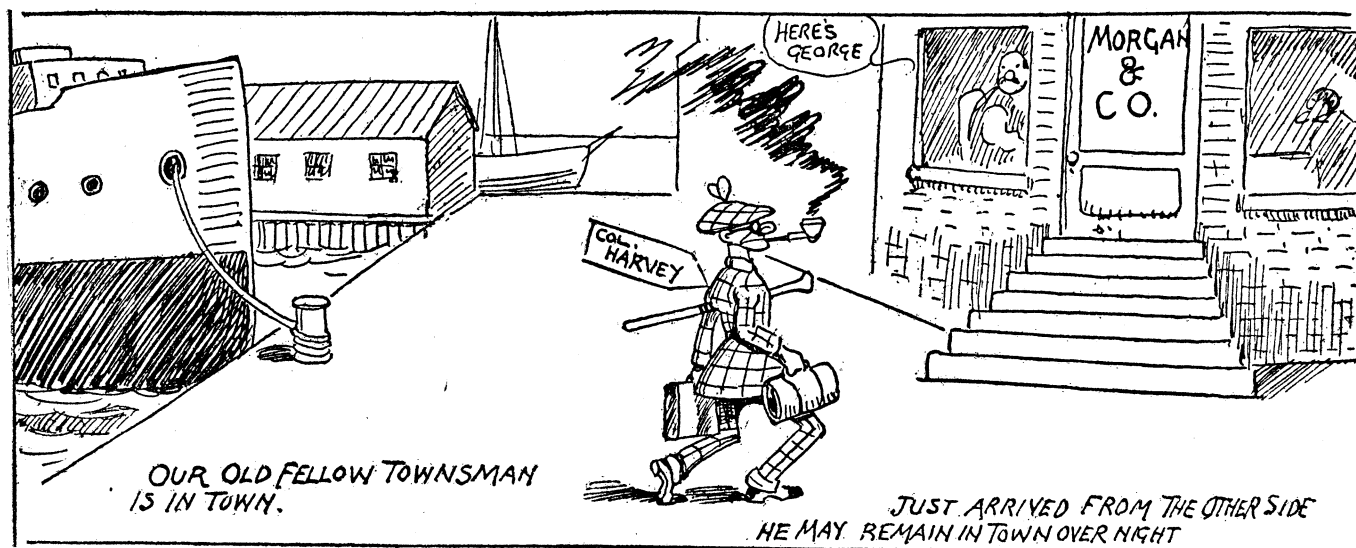
a—Join a League of Nations, which Mr. Kahn calls an "organized and permanently established international effort."

b—To extend the time for payment of the Allied debts to the United States Treasury, from twenty-five years, as at present, to forty-seven years for the British and fifty-six years for the French. And to postpone the beginning of the payment to five years hence, so as to give the *private* holders of Allied war securities a chance to collect first.

c—To cut down the interest by a few hundred million dollars.

Senator Lodge was goaded into letting it out that the big deal for Standard Oil in Turkey would not permit a weakening of the Army and Navy, for, says he, "No man can tell when some reckless, desperate Power, perhaps a small one, may suddenly make an attack upon American citizens in foreign lands . . . The American people feel a deep sympathy and also a very deep indignation regarding some of the cruel massacres perpetrated by the Turks, which have disfigured Asia Minor and which have made the taking of Smyrna forever infamous."

Finally Mr. Harding got so worried about this Senatorial meddling in government affairs that he wrote to Senator Lodge an open letter which seems to suggest that if the fellows that are outside of the big deal would go to the State Department "to inquire for confidential information in a



By T. E. Powers in N. Y. Evening Journal. Copyright 1923 by Star Company.

spirit of co-operation," instead of blurting their grievances in public, something might be done for them.

On December 29, Hughes gave some further information, to the effect that the government is going to let the matter be settled by a secret conference of "men of the highest authority in finance in their respective countries—men of such prestige, experience and honor that their agreement upon the amount to be paid and upon a financial plan for working out the payments would be accepted throughout the world as the most authoritative expression obtainable." Of course this description can only mean, in this country, Mr. J. P. Morgan on the one hand, and Charles E. Mitchell of the Rockefeller bank on the other.

On the same day the White House let out that the deal would be handled by representatives of Chambers of Commerce appointed by the government. The newspapers say that undoubtedly Morgan would be appointed on such a commission, and Mr. Mitchell has recently been calling on Harding on the same business for the other dynasty.

After this much information had been brought out, there was a strange interchange of words between Borah and the Administration spokesman in the Senate Chamber, on December 29, after which Borah withdrew his amendment. The negotiations of the dynasties continue in the dark.

Whatever else Borah may have accomplished, he at least held undisputed the center of public attention for many days of a time of crisis, and put himself about three jumps ahead of La Follette for the Republican nomination for the 1924 election. After it was all over, an envious member of the Old Guard came over and told him admiringly, "Bill, you are one hell of a good fighter."

**W**ALL Street and Washington are bustling with three important measures of preparation. The first of these is—the final and complete rounding up of all big industry into a single system of Trusts. Armour & Co. are swallowing Morris & Co. and this is only the beginning of a bigger combine that will consolidate the whole meat, leather, packinghouse by-product and grain elevator business. Mellon and Rockefeller are said to have put over something in further oil combination, though it is reported that they

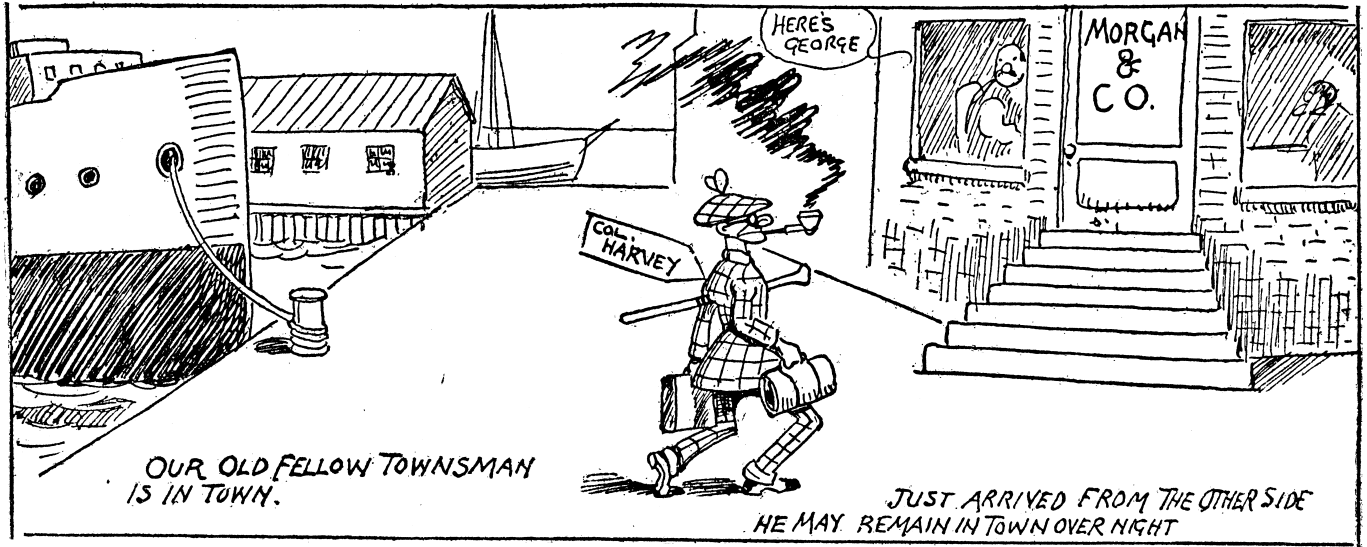
have trouble with the independent oil men of the Southwest. John D. Ryan's and William Rockefeller's Anaconda Copper Co., the biggest copper producing company in the world, bought from the Guggenheims the Chile Copper Co., which owns the biggest copper-ore reserves in the world; and as though to symbolize the fusion of the dynasties of Morgan and Rockefeller, Morgan's Guaranty Company and Rockefeller's National City Company jointly arranged the purchase.

Harding himself has spoken to Congress on behalf of railroad consolidations, for which it appears that some Congressional arrangements have to be made. The railroads used to be under the control of the elements allied with Morgan & Company, who had placed a great deal of British money in American railroads. But the British had to give up these securities in payment of munitions bills in the United States; and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. bought them in as brokers for the Rockefeller-industrial group. Now they are to be combined into a few big systems connected under the control of the huge Rockefeller dynasty.

But the shipping combination movement is the most interesting of all, in connection with the "Throne of the World." On January 11, Congress was asked to give a Federal charter for a two-billion-dollar shipping syndicate. I think this super-trust will be a consolidation of the two dynasties' shipping, and that it will have for one of its little assets the entire shipping of Germany.

**T**HE second measure of preparation for the big deal, is a measure of insurance against the rising tide of "radicalism" shown in the recent elections in the West, of which Harding has a terrible fear. The Administration has to clean house, to get rid of the worst scandals. Daugherty and Fall have to get out. The Senate Committee has whitewashed Daugherty and turned the impeachment proceeding into a threat to arrest Representative Keller who made the charges against Daugherty. In preparation for his resignation, Daugherty has commenced several prosecutions against war grafters. These prosecutions will be allowed to hang in court until after Daugherty resigns; then it will be up to Daugherty's successor to find a way to drop them or to sabotage them so that at least none of the big men will suffer.





OUR OLD FELLOW TOWNSMAN  
IS IN TOWN.

JUST ARRIVED FROM THE OTHER SIDE  
HE MAY REMAIN IN TOWN OVER NIGHT

By T. E. Powers in N. Y. Evening Journal. Copyright 1923 by Star Company.

Furthermore, Secretary Fall had to get out. It appears that one of the treasures that Harding was to deliver to the Southwestern gang was the right to the great forests of Alaska, the administration of which was to be transferred to the department under Mr. Fall, for this purpose. But the stirring "radicalism" of the West made this too dangerous. Fall resigned, to go, it is said, into the private employ of one of the Southwestern oil companies whose representative he had been in the Harding Cabinet.

**T**HE third measure of preparation is to get the public mind ready for the abolition of the United States Government, to be replaced by an "international government"—that is to prepare for the entry into the League of Nations. Already the intensive propaganda is under way. Some of the orators speak for the "Permanently Organized Effort of Nations" in deference to their political past; but all of the propaganda means: A League of Nations with the Rockefeller Dynasty Let In.

Ex-Judge John H. Clarke, who left the Supreme Court to become the chief propagandist, calls it frankly the League of Nations. He says that America is losing its own soul and that its conscience is troubled. Clarke's first words are a lurid picture of the "next war" that will be so terrible if we don't get into the League of Nations that keeps one nation from invading another's coal district. But, sticking through the "soul stuff" like a steel bayonet are the hard material reasons for the big deal. Judge Clarke says, with little disguise, that owners of America can't sell their surplus unless the country goes into the big deal, so as to keep the markets open to Rockefeller, Mellon, Guggenheim and Morgan in China, Asia and Africa. He asks us to enter an international capitalist League for war on "*Russia and Germany, united in misery and despair,*" which, "in their exhaustion, Britain and France could not stand against." He asks "what would our prospect become with Russia triumphant to the Atlantic and bent on the conversion of the world?" In behalf of the white-terror governments of Poland and Jugoslavia, he says: "Our duty to mankind and to that political liberty to which we owe so much requires that we unite with our friends and former allies in an attempt at least to put Germany and Russia, the natural foes of these and other new-born republics, under the bond of the League of Nations to keep the peace. We are a moral and religious people. Notwithstanding appearances to the contrary during a short, abnormal time after the war, as a nation we still believe that 'God's in His heaven' . . ." Judge Clarke gets around to the oil fields, finally, with this: "If America had been standing with Britain in the League of Nations and at the Dardanelles, the Turk would never have raised his murderous hand again, and millions of Christian lives would have been saved . . ."

But despite the sentimental rot and camouflage, Clarke does throw on the question a light of historical parallel that is very good. He makes the analogy between the question of the nations adopting the Covenant of the League of Nations and the question of the Thirteen American States adopting the United States Constitution in 1887. The analogy is better than Clarke would admit. In 1887, by a vote of a very small minority of the population and with the utmost haste and secret manoeuvring, the budding capitalists and the landlords of the Thirteen States put the Constitution over on the debtor class for the purposes of:

1. Stabilizing currency (to prevent debtors paying their debts in cheap money).

2. Raising the value of war loan securities which they had bought cheap after the War of Independence.

3. Establishing a tariff for the benefit of the manufacturers of the whole States, leaving free trade between the States.

4. Forming a single strong Army for all of the States, to fight Indians and to *put down rebellions* of the debtor class that might threaten to overwhelm any single State (such as Shays' Rebellion in Massachusetts, which had just occurred), and rebellions of Negro slaves which were then dreaded in the South. (If any reader thinks I exaggerate here, let him read Professor Beard's "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution").

The similarity between 1887 and 1923 is indeed startling. We, the fifty-odd "States" of the world, are now going to adopt a "constitution" of the world, called a "covenant," for the following purposes:

1. Stabilizing currency (to enable capitalistic processes to continue and debts to be paid with a valuable currency).

2. Restoring the value of war loan securities which American money lenders bought through the Morgan Bank at a supposed bargain.

3. Reaching a tariff adjustment that will enable the nations in the League to trade profitably between themselves, and also establishing a means of blockading the trade of any unloved nation.

4. Forming a single international military and naval force under the League of Nations to fight Russians, East-Indians, Egyptians, Turks, and to *put down rebellions of the working class* (such as the Russian revolution and the impending German workers' revolution) that might threaten to overwhelm any single government.

The propaganda is going beautifully; the chambers of commerce are responding, and it looks as though the people of the United States will be happily established in the League of Nations before the end of the term of Mr. Harding whom they elected to keep them out of the League of Nations.

**S**LOWLY the international clique closed in on France. As the 15th of January approached, the exposure of the French treasury as an empty shell became imminent. France has to break and kneel to Rockefeller and Morgan unless she resorts to the desperate measure of re-opening the war on Germany. To see that she doesn't do this, the Harding Administration, at some time previous to October 12, sent a notice to J. P. Morgan & Co. and all other American banking groups that they must not lend any money to any European government without the consent of Mr. Hughes. This was expected to concentrate in the hands of the Rockefeller-Mellon group the power to dictate any war moves that might be made by any Nation in Europe, as none of these is now able to go to war without borrowing, and the American bankers are the only ones on earth that have large sums to lend.





*Adolph Dehn*

In the Ruhr: "Ah, my dear, now it is a war for God and King Coal."

On Christmas day the rumor floated in Washington that France was ready to surrender to Morgan and Rockefeller. But in Paris the remnants of French nationalism were fighting desperately against extinction. Leon Daudet, the hysterical royalist, screamed in the Chamber of Deputies a sentence which shows that France knows to whom she is to kneel:

"What I see coming is a petroleum and hydroelectric ministry constituting an alliance between the all-powerful American magnates and Mr. Loucheur himself!"

A Federated Press dispatch from Washington comments upon Daudet's remark: "This financial receivership for France, Germany and the rest of Central Europe will be wider in its make-up than Daudet indicates. The British will be in it. And J. P. Morgan, now busy in his shift from worthless government bonds to natural resources, has been

in Washington to make sure that America will not move until the hour is ripe, and meanwhile do nothing to postpone the political disintegration of France and Germany."

France rebelled. On January 4, the Entente was broken and the half-formed League of Nations was fractured.

The French capitalists with their army have countered against the enveloping movement of American capital, by seizing the greatest physical treasure in all Europe. By invading the Ruhr district, France has snatched a guarantee, not so much out of the hands of Germany, but virtually out of the hands of the Rockefeller and Morgan dynasties.

Now the trading will begin—or the war, and the revolution which Rockefeller and Morgan will send us to Europe to suppress.



*Adolph Dehn*

In the Ruhr: "Ah, my dear, now it is a war for God and King Coal."



*Adolph Dehn*

In the Ruhr: "Ah, my dear, now it is a war for God and King Coal."



# Communism in the Open Again

By C. E. Ruthenberg

A LITTLE over three years ago the words "Soviets" and "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" appeared for the first time in the program of a political party in this country, when the Communist Party of America was born in Chicago in September 1919. For three years the ideas for which these words stand have been taboo so far as open expression in the program of a political party is concerned. They came to life in the open again in the program adopted by the second convention of the Workers' Party of America, held in New York City beginning December 24th.

While the Chicago convention of 1919 and the New York Convention of 1922 wrote the same ideas into the program adopted, there is a great difference in the movement behind these ideas.

The Communist Party of 1919 came to life on the wave of enthusiasm inspired by the Russian Revolution. It was a spontaneous outburst in this country of the forces generated by the first proletarian revolution. The 1919 convention was satisfied to make its declaration of Communist faith. It did that with fervor and enthusiasm, but the practical application of the Communist principles to the life of the American workers was not undertaken. The movement was too young and too much under the influence of the great events in Europe for it to consider the necessity of planning the slow, difficult, painful process through which the American workers would be educated to the necessity of acting upon Communist principles.

The psychological attitude of 1919 was not favorable to such planning. The proletarian world revolution had begun. The workers were on the march. The Revolution would sweep on. In a few years—two, three, perhaps five—the workers of the United States would be marching step by step with the revolutionary workers of Europe. In such an atmosphere it was not likely that the details of the immediate struggles of the workers of this country would receive attention and that plans would be formulated to make these struggles serve the Communists' ends.

In the three years that have passed since the open Communist convention of 1919, the Communist movement in this country has undergone a transformation. It is no longer a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm. It has not lost its enthusiasm, but it has learned during these three years to direct this enthusiasm into the task of creating support for Communist principles among the working masses of this country. While it again publicly announces its faith that the Soviets and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat are the instruments through which the Proletarian Revolution will achieve its ends in this country as well as elsewhere in the world, it does not expect to convert the workers to a belief in the Soviets and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat by merely holding up the example of European experience. It proposes to teach the necessity of Soviets and the Proletarian Dictatorship to the workers through their own experiences in their struggles against the capitalists; and its campaigns and programs of action are therefore based upon the actualities of the life of the workers in the United States.

That was the distinguishing feature of the Workers Party Convention. It was a convention devoted to the discussion of

the problems of the working class as they exist in the United States today. There was no hope or belief that the American workers would over night become converted to Communism. The convention made the basic assumption that to make revolutionists of the workers of the country it was necessary to make the present state of mind of these workers the starting point, and step by step to lead them into revolutionary methods of thinking and into revolutionary action. The concrete plans adopted by the convention reflect this method of approaching the problem.

## The Delegates

THERE were 54 regular delegates in the convention, 51 representing districts of the Workers Party, and three from the Young Workers League. The delegates represented every section of the country except that part south of the Mason and Dixon line where only the first shoots of the Communist movement are sprouting. Besides the regular delegates there were fraternal delegates from the 16 language sections included in the Party.

The convention got down to work without the usual waste of time in "organizing." A half hour after the rap of the gavel which opened the convention the delegates were seated, officers and committees were elected and the convention had before it the report of the central executive committee giving an accounting of its year's leadership of the Party.

This report showed that during the first four months of actual functioning as a Party—March, April, May and June—there were 8320 members who paid dues. During the next four months there were 12,394; and the December membership was estimated at 20,000. The major actions of the Party during its first year of existence were stated as a united front May Day celebration campaign, a campaign to promote united action of organized and unorganized workers against the open shop and unemployment, participation in the November election campaign, a nationwide celebration of the fifth anniversary of Soviet Russia and the campaign for the formation of a Labor Party.

## The Labor Party

WITH the report of the Central Executive Committee out of the way, the Convention took up its first question of policy. It is significant of a new orientation of the Communist movement in this country that this should have been the question of a Labor Party. The emphasis becomes still greater when it is added that more time for report and discussion was allowed for this question than for any other point on the agenda of the Convention.

The Labor Party policy had been initiated by the Central Executive Committee after the convention of a year ago. In the early months of 1922 the Communist International had developed the tactic of the "United Front." In applying this tactic to the United States, the Central Executive Committee of the Workers Party declared last May that "The problem of the United Political Front of Labor in the United States is the problem of the formation of a Labor Party," and laid down a program of activity in the unions to develop sentiment

for the formation of a labor party by the unions. When the Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action appeared on the horizon, the Central Executive Committee launched an aggressive campaign to crystalize the sentiment for a labor party so that such a party would be formed at the Cleveland conference.

Through a representative appointed for that purpose (the present writer) the Central Executive Committee submitted a report which included an analysis of economic and political changes which are generating the sentiment for a labor party and which make possible the organization of such a party and a statement of the tactics it has pursued. The resolution submitted by the Central Executive Committee asked for a vote of approval of its past action and proposed as a means of continuing the campaign the entering "into negotiations to bring about joint action by those elements in the trade unions, farmer organizations and other workers organizations which favor a labor party, for the organization of labor party committees, to consist of delegates from all working class organizations favoring the formation of a labor party."

Five hours of discussion followed during which practically every delegate spoke. There was some criticism of the Central Executive Committee for not having acted promptly enough. Some of the Finnish delegates were suspicious about what would happen to the Workers Party while it devoted its energy to the campaign for the formation of the Labor Party. To the latter it was explained that it was through the campaign for the Labor Party that the Workers Party would grow stronger; that by this campaign it would become a factor in the life of the American workers and attract to itself the more militant elements among the workers. At the end all doubts had been cleared away and the resolution adopted by unanimous vote.

## The Trade Union Policy

**N**EXT on the agenda came the question of the trade unions. The first convention of the Workers Party will stand as a landmark for the future historian who studies the attitude of the revolutionary movement in this country toward the trade unions. The Workers Party at this convention set its face against dual unionism. It adopted a program of permeating the existing trade unions for the purpose of bringing about their amalgamation into industrial unions and making these militant fighting organizations carry on the struggle against capitalism.

Here, therefore, it was not a question of adopting a new policy, but of finding out what progress had been made in carrying out the policy already adopted.

The report for the Central Executive Committee was submitted by William F. Dunne. The report and the discussion which followed illuminated the basic change which has taken place in the Communist movement here. In the Communist Party and Communist Labor Party conventions of 1919 it would have been difficult to gather together a half dozen delegates who knew anything about the trade union movement. The trade unions were an alien subject in these conventions. In the convention of 1922, delegate after delegate rose to tell, not of theories to be applied to the work in the trade unions but of the concrete things which had been done or were being done on the union field.

Dunne, known all over the country for his union work, made the general survey showing the sweep of the amalga-



*William Gropper*

"Why, I thought Mr. Burns had abolished the Communists!"

mation movement through the state federations of labor and in the railroad unions. Fred H. Merrick told of the fight to elect a progressive ticket for the Pittsburgh district of the United Mine Workers of America. T. R. Sullivan reported the successes in the Southern Illinois mining fields. Charles Krumbein and Nells Kjar related the achievements in the Chicago building trades. Wicks and Canter were there from the printing trades. Others represented the needle trades. Earl Browder of the Trade Union Educational League was there to tell of the work of that organization.

These reports and the discussion following them emphasized the impression that the Communist movement is no longer an alien thing in the labor movement of this country. Already its roots have sunk deep into the labor unions. It has still many prejudices to overcome; it has a long and difficult road to travel before it will win the trade unions; but it is on the right road; it has adopted the right policy.

The convention reaffirmed the previous year's policy unanimously and urged those members of the Party who were not members of the unions to join a union at once and thus make possible even greater work in this field.



*William Gropper*

**“Why, I thought Mr. Burns had abolished the  
Communists!”**



*William Gropper*

**“Why, I thought Mr. Burns had abolished the  
Communists!”**



## Protection of the Foreign Born Workers

**T**HE realistic character of the Communist Movement of today was again illustrated in the resolution adopted by the Convention initiating a campaign for the protection of foreign born workers.

The workers in the basic and large scale industries in the United States are so predominantly foreign born that an analysis of American society, even before the new developments, gave one the impression that in addition to the class division of capitalist society into worker and capitalist there exists in this country the additional division of an American exploiting caste and a caste of exploited and oppressed foreign born workers. Everything points to the fact that the exploiters are planning to make this previously existing division even sharper by all kinds of exception laws directed against the foreign born workers.

These exception laws include proposals for registration, photographing and finger printing foreign born workers like criminals, and the forfeiture of naturalization papers and deportation for rebellion against the exploiters.

Ludwig Lore, the reporter on this subject, showed a dark future ahead of the foreign born workers if these exception laws are passed. The convention declared itself for a campaign to protect the foreign born workers against this new aggression. It invited all organizations sympathetic with its purpose to participate in the organization of councils for the protection of foreign born workers. The campaign, in addition to being directed against the exception laws, will seek to bring the foreign born workers into the unions and into the political life of this country.

## The Party's Program

**T**HE program adopted, as has already been pointed out, is a clear statement of the principles of Communism. It has the additional merit of being written in the terms of American life, all its illustrations being drawn from the experiences of the workers of this country. It states in unmistakable terms the sympathy of the Workers Party with the Communist International and its acceptance of the leadership of that body.

Resolutions were adopted pledging the Party to carry on the struggle for the release of all class war prisoners; of sympathy and support for Soviet Russia; endorsing the relief work of the friends of Soviet Russia and the reconstruction work of the Russian American Industrial Corporation; defining the relations of the Party with the Young Workers League and pledging assistance in building that organization; expressing the need of the language federations within the Party and appreciation of their work; approving the soldiers' bonus and denouncing the American Legion and Ku Klux Klan as counter-revolutionary organizations and urging all ex-service men to join the World War Veterans.

One resolution which deserves especial mention is that dealing with emigration to Soviet Russia. The Party declares its opposition to mass emigration to Soviet Russia and urges all revolutionary workers to carry on the struggle against capitalism here. The Party will not permit its members to emigrate and declares that only especially needed experts should go to Russia.

Those who sat through the three days' work of this convention and heard the reports and debates, gained new enthusiasm and new hope for the Communist movement in this country. Through all the proceedings one felt something young, virile, strong—a giant waking from sleep and becoming conscious of his strength.

The delegates went from the convention with new courage in their hearts. They expressed this in the last act of the convention, a cablegram to the Communist International, the vote being given by the singing of "The Internationale." The cablegram read:

"Second National Convention Workers Party sends greetings to Comintern. Convention reports with joy absence of all factionalism. Convention devoted itself to constructive work of building a powerful revolutionary movement in America. All reports indicate greater influence of Party in actual struggles of workers. We go forward with new strength and enthusiasm. Long live Communism and the International."

*Pressure of other work prevented Floyd Dell from preparing the first installment of "The Outline of Marriage" for this number. The series will begin in March.*



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

The Storm



*Woodcut by J. J. Lankes*

**The Storm**

# Moscow Art Theatre

By Alexander Chramoff

"The Art Theatre is the best page of that book which will some day be written to describe the contemporary Russian theatre."—Chekhov.

ON May 22, 1897 two men met in one of the private dining rooms of the restaurant "Slavonic Bazaar" in Moscow. They were C. S. Stanislavsky and B. I. Nemirovich-Danchenko. The waiters serving them, judging by the character of their discussion, could have concluded that the subject matter of their conversation was the theatre.

Of the two diners, one was advocating a new stage management while the other desired new stage productions. They spoke of everything. They discussed literary tastes, art as an ideal, the methods of stage management and scenic construction. They did not omit the problem of administrative arrangements and financial requirements. They talked while it was day. Night came and they continued to talk. Having talked for eighteen hours at a stretch they parted.

This meeting was destined to play an important part in the history of the theatre of the world. As a result of it was born the Moscow Theatre, at the present time one of the most extraordinary theatres in the world.

## The Men at the Helm

WHO are Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko?

Constantine Sergeevich Stanislavsky was born in Moscow. His parents were merchants. Their real surname was Alexiev. From his childhood he was devoted to the theatrical art, often appearing as a chorus boy in the small private theatre built on his father's country estate. In Moscow, his parents' house, near the Red Gate, was the gathering centre of many theatrical amateurs, who under the direction and management of the best contemporary stage directors presented operas and dramas. Among these was the father of Mr. P. Komissargevsky, the stage manager of the Theatre Guild in New York.

His father's business affairs brought Stanislavsky to Paris. The French theatre made an enormous impression upon young Stanislavsky.

"Perhaps," Stanislavsky himself has suggested, "this tremendous admiration for the French theatre was partly due to the French blood in my veins." Stanislavsky's grandmother was the well known French actress Varley, who had played on the Petrograd stage.

His admiration for French scenic art induced Stanislavsky to join the Conservatory of Paris. But it did not last long. He was soon disillusioned. He saw that the French scenic school thought only about carefully worked out "registering." His free artistic soul revolted at the idea of stereotyped engineering in the expression of moods and passions. He felt a call for original and individual expressions of feeling, totally at variance with the recognized forms of scenic art.

After its first favorable impression, the French school produced in Stanislavsky a revulsion of feeling, which blossomed into a veritable revolt against the established forms of stage acting. This revolt played an important part in the subsequent history of the Moscow Art Theatre. As important an event in Stanislavsky's life was the arrival in Moscow of

Meiningen and his artists. Stanislavsky fell completely under the influence of Meiningen; and his first plays at the Moscow Art Theatre were directly modeled on the style of Meiningen.

Stanislavsky was particularly impressed by the following event: Mr. Kronengi, chief stage manager of the Meiningen theatre while it was in Moscow, engaged as his prompter a Russian who spoke German fluently. It was the final rehearsal of Schiller's *Robbers*. The prompter, reading the German text, got stuck in one place and held up for a few seconds the part of an actor. After the rehearsal, Kronengi called the prompter and asked him for the reason of his blunder. The prompter offered various excuses. Kronengi, turning to the nearest stage-hand, asked him: "When is the turn of such an actor?" The workman unhesitatingly answered: "After such and such words." "You see", said the German stage manager triumphantly to his confused Russian assistant.

Devotion to duty, responsibility for his part, teamwork, symphonic harmony of acting, iron discipline in the theatre—these were the foundations which helped Stanislavsky to systematize his ideas and give to the Moscow Art Theatre a theoretical basis. However, if Meiningenism suffered from concentrated realism and excessive reproduction, Stanislavsky succeeded in stripping his stage management of unnecessary exaggeration and mummerism.

It is interesting to note that the first play produced by the Moscow Art Theatre in New York, *Tsar Feodor Ivanovich*, with Moskvin in the title role, was also the first piece played by this theatre, when it opened its doors in Moscow in June, 1898. In theatrical circles, it is considered the triumph of Meiningenism transplanted to Russian soil.

While Stanislavsky is considered the creator of the scenic part of the Art Theatre, to Nemirovich-Danchenko is due the honor of making the Moscow Art Theatre the mirror of the social and political questions of the day.

At the time of the meeting in the "Slavonic Bazaar" Nemirovich-Danchenko was already recognized in Russia as a dramatic author of note. His dramas met with success both in the principal and the provincial cities of Russia. His articles in the theatrical papers and periodicals astonished readers by their depth of thought and originality of taste. He was also a professor at the Philharmonic Society which ultimately supplied the Moscow Art Theatre with many of the latter's personnel.

The Russian theatre of the time was clogged with French melodramas. Nemirovich-Danchenko was dreaming of the theatre that would reflect undercurrents; that would finely sense the social and economic problems of the day. He wanted to create the theatre of Ibsen and Chekhov.

Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko. These two men are responsible for the creation of the Moscow Art Theatre. But not of the Art Theatre alone. They are also the fathers of the contemporary Russian Theatre at large.

From the very beginning of the theatre's operation, the work of these two men was strictly divided according to a mutual agreement. Nemirovich-Danchenko had a deciding vote upon the questions which dealt with the choice of plays,

the definition of the purpose and significance of the selected production, the literary description of a type to be presented and the vital characteristics of that type. Stanislavsky, on the other hand, had the final say in matters of stage management, decorations, stage business, methods of scenic expression and the discipline of the personnel.

## Traditions of the Theater

THE first productions of the Moscow Art Theatre were full of deep "naturalism." The German ex-Kaiser has fittingly described this period of the theatre's activity by saying that "one of their productions may well equal ten volumes of history." And, indeed *Tsar Feodor Ivanovich* by Alexis Tolstoy, *Antigona*, *In the Claws of Life*, by Knut Hamsun, *The Lower Depths* by Gorky—are veritable historical museums. The actors who played the various parts made trips to Western Europe to get personally acquainted with the locations where the scenes were laid.

The decorations in the antiquary store of *In the Claws of Life* included thousands of various costly antiques. Shylock speaks with a real Jewish accent. For *Tsar Feodor Ivanovich* actual costumes of that period were used. During the presentation of Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard* the spectators can detect the genuine aroma of fresh ripe cherries. A real wind blows the curtains. . . . Beating of hoofs on a wooden bridge . . . . Natural cries, tears and fear. . . .

At first, the newly born theatre was anxious to destroy all the former theatrical traditions, old conventions, everything that restricted the freedom and imagination of creative theatrical art. For example, it was customary on the Russian stage to place the trees along the sides of the stage. Young actors of the Art Theatre, sincere, enthusiastic, with unbounded faith in themselves and their talent, did just the reverse by placing the trees for no apparent reason in the middle of the stage. Russian actors speaking on the stage generally faced the public—the actors of the Moscow Art Theatre, if this was required by the natural course of events, turned their backs on the public.

In order to do away with the "fourth wall", they placed the furniture in one of Chekhov's plays along the curtain side of the stage. All these steps were taken in order to impress upon the public the right of actors to freedom of expression, the absolute right to freedom of creation. Stanislavsky defined this period somewhat differently: "It was," he said, "an exercise of liberty from routine."

While Stanislavsky with his company of actors and actresses were groping in the dark, slowly finding the road along which the Art Theatre subsequently travelled, while as a result of thousands of various tests, examinations, trials and mistakes, the now famous "Stanislavsky system" was being born, his collaborator, Nemirovich-Danchenko, was searching for new productions which would distinguish the Art Theatre from its contemporary rivals. Nemirovich-Danchenko was an intellectual, living in the conditions of tsarist despotism and oppression. The dearest thoughts and most sacred ideals could only be expressed, if at all, by means of suggestion and eloquent silence for fear of punishment by the government. The opposition to the dominant classes had to be clothed in forms which were "censored" and yet well understood by the mass of Russian intellectuals.

Finally, Nemirovich-Danchenko made a choice. Although Stanislavsky was not enthusiastic about his early selections, Nemirovich-Danchenko decided to stage as one of the first productions *The Seagull*, a piece by his favorite author Chek-

hov, In the past this piece had registered two failures—one in Petrograd and another in Moscow. Built out of subtle suggestion and delicate innuendo, it was not grasped by the intellectual public forming the bulk of Russian theatre-goers. Still greater, therefore is our debt to the Moscow Art Theatre and to the Russian scenic art of Nemirovich-Danchenko; because by staging this piece they laid out a new field of activity for the Russian theatre and discovered possibilities for new scenic effects.

The production of *The Seagull* marked a turning point in the history of the Moscow Art Theatre. It decided the fate of the young and as yet unknown theater—in case of failure it would have struggled in vain; in case of success, it was assured of universal recognition, a splendid future. Stanislavsky has again and again told the story of that memorable evening when *The Seagull* was first produced:

"The first act ended. The curtain fell amid deadly silence. All of us felt a cold sweat creeping down our backs. Madame Kniper fainted. Miss Roxanova—a young actress—could not stop the tears that came streaming from her eyes. The public was so long silent that we left the stage and went to our dressing rooms.

"And then, the theatre burst into tumult. The applause broke like thunder. The public shook off the impression made by the play, awoke from the scenic trance, and the silence, so erroneously interpreted by the artists, gave place to a storm of approval."

"I remember," tells Stanislavsky, "how the assistant stage manager with surprising unceremoniousness grabbed me and pushed me forward on the stage. The curtain was already up. The public left its seats and noisily applauded. We were all perplexed, dumbfounded and stood motionless. None of us thought of bowing to the public. After the first act we were called on the stage twelve times. Finally it dawned on us that the play was a success."

"We felt as happy, as if it were Easter," says Nemirovich-Danchenko. "Someone, whose nerves could not stand such an abrupt turn of fate, softly sobbed. Everybody who had any connection at all with the play, rushed on the stage,—workmen and costumers as well. The intermission was unduly prolonged. Tears of happiness spoiled the make up and it was necessary to paint up all over again."

In these surroundings, full of love and devotion to their work on the part of all its collaborators, the Art Theatre of Moscow grew and developed.

Years went by. The naturalist productions, realism and neorealism were succeeded by the passion for symbolism.

The Moscow Art Theatre produced with tremendous success such symbolic plays as "Human Life" by Leonid Andreiv. A cozy nest was found among its walls for the "Blue Bird" of Maeterlinck. Gordon Craig, the English artist-manager, came as a guest of the Art Theatre, and produced in Moscow Shakespeare's "Hamlet" in his original settings.

Passing through all these stages, the Art Theatre constantly learned its lessons, gathered experience, freed itself from mistakes and fallacies and finally became the foremost European theatre. Contemporary Russian art may, indeed, be justly proud of it.

## The Stanislavsky System

THERE is a type of theatre where the actor dominates everything, as in Shakespeare's theatre. Another type of theatre, like that of Antoine and Reinhard, places the responsibility on the stage manager. Still another type like the



Kamerny theatre in Moscow, emphasizes stage decorations. And a fourth type where the composer reigns, as in Wagner's Musical Drama. A fifth type is the theatre of the public, the futuristic theatre of the masses. And there is yet another, where the author or dramatist is supreme, as in the theatre of Yevreinov and Meyerhold.

The Moscow Art Theatre, the theatre of Stanislavsky, is one that belongs neither to the actor nor to the author, neither to the spectator nor to the composer. The Moscow Art Theatre is collective. Everyone shares responsibility, whether he be stage manager or stage hand. The Art Theatre is a dramatic symphony where each musician plays his instrument expertly and is a willing and able cog in a large machine. It is a theatre without stars and without specialization. A theatre without first and second parts. Above all it is not a commercial theatre out for profits. It exists through art and because of art. Amusement, the thing most sought after by the contemporary public in the contemporary theatre, will not be found in the Moscow Art Theatre. According to Stanislavsky, the theatre is not a place for the fattened and overfed parasites of humanity or for the exhibition of coiffeurs, costumes and jewelry.

"Amusement," says Stanislavsky, "is a worthy aim; it is one of the objects of the theatre. But when the existence of a theatre is limited by amusement alone, it is as if someone used a costly piano for storing oats instead of producing wonderful sounds. Surely, a more appropriate place might be found for the oats. Every actor is a priest. His play on the stage—a liturgy."

This explains why the actors of the Art Theatre have such tremendous respect for Stanislavsky and his theatre. That is why, when they come for rehearsal, they take off their hats, walk on tiptoe and talk in subdued tones. And the famous German actor, Moysi, was thoroughly justified when he declared: "This theatre is an altar, and the play of the actors a divine performance."

Let us analyze Stanislavsky's system. Even in his youth, while still an amateur, Stanislavsky loved posing. Once he arrived at the funeral of a friend riding a dark horse and wearing a wide black hat and a black cape.

"A cape is everything", he declared proudly. "It allows one to express everything that is necessary."

His trip to Paris reformed him. Having studied in the Conservatory, seeing how actors were prepared in the French theatrical kitchen in accordance with the prescribed recipes, young Stanislavsky acquired a tremendous hatred for the French scenic school. Returning to Moscow, he headed a revolt against the system that prescribed the registration of human feeling by certain theatrical motions. Simplicity and sincerity, artistic truth and absence of mannerism—these are the mainstays of the Stanislavsky system and the peculiarities that distinguish his theatre from most American and European theatres.

Stanislavsky has often remarked: "In my theatre actors do not sally forth on the stage; I have men coming into a room." According to Stanislavsky, the actor must ignore the public. He must not be governed by the will or the whims of the spectators; he does not act for them. The stage is the limit of his activity, because the stage is life itself. The actor must become his part. He must so thoroughly identify himself with this role that it becomes one with him.



Adolph Dehn

### The Barn

The preparation for the production of *Hamlet* by the Moscow Art Theatre took two years. *Crime and Punishment* by Dostoyevsky went through 150 rehearsals, and the presentation of the play took two full days.

Boring into your part. . . Analyzing its smallest details and most minute particulars. . . Living through it not only in your mind, but actually with your feelings, heart, flesh and blood. This explains why it is so difficult to be an actor in the Art Theatre; why Moskvín, Leonidov and many others were often sick of nervous exhaustion, why others could not stand the trial and sorrowfully left its portals.

"Don't pull your hair frantically and don't flop into previously arranged chairs," Stanislavsky taught his actors, "Give better expression to psychological truth; and cut out even artistic gesticulation; do away with the registration of your genuine feelings by external signs. Speak not only with gestures; speak with your eyes when you are silent. Let the public even then understand and feel your presence."

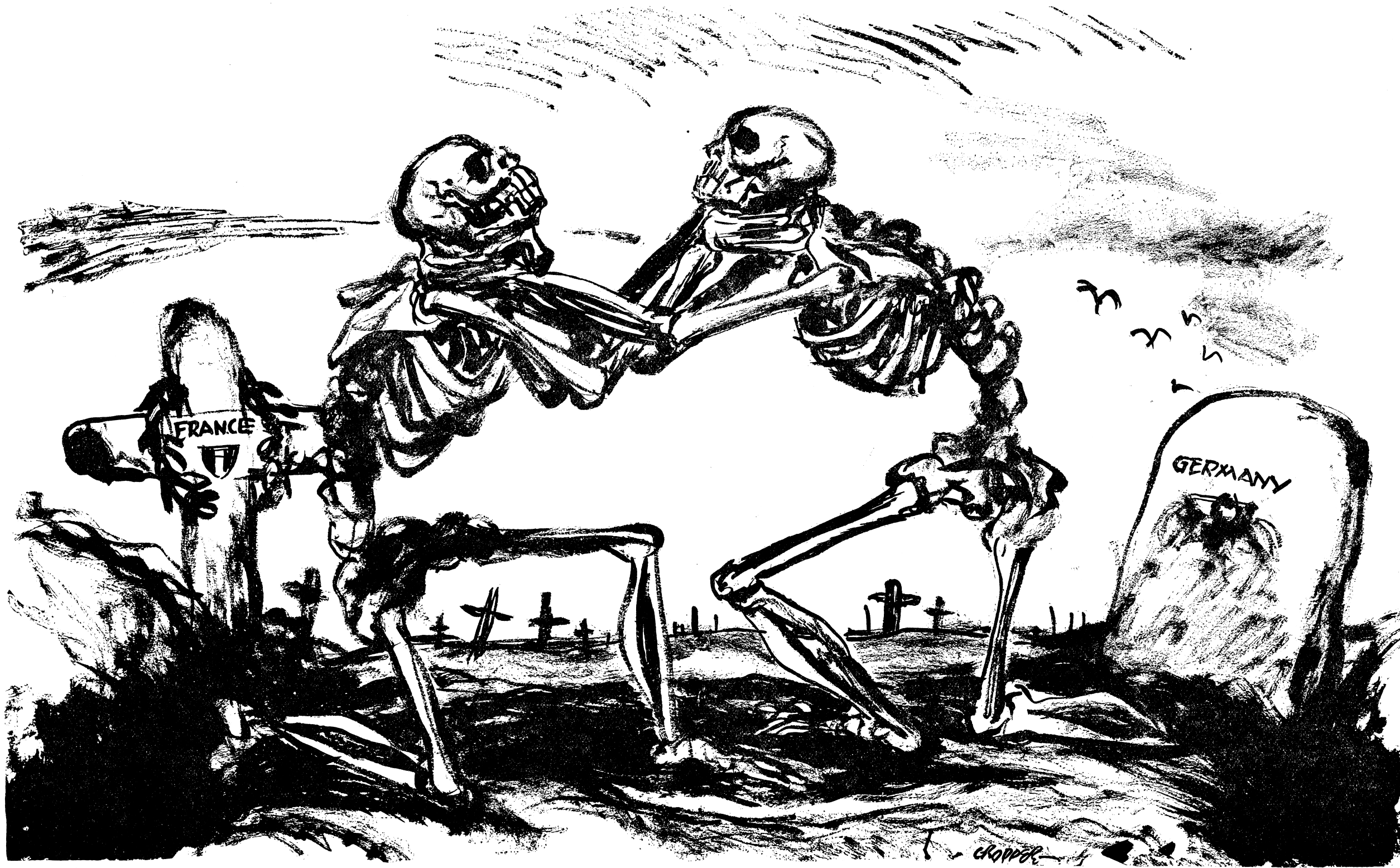
The Moscow Art Theatre has justly earned the reputation that in its plays, as in symphonies, even the moments of silence live and create indelible impressions upon the public. Here is a true story showing how the actors of the Art Theatre live their parts: A crowd collects on the corner of a street in Moscow. The passersby gather curiously about a small group of men loudly discussing some subject. Cries, threats. . . The public is divided and takes sides with the disputants. Someone calls a police officer. He stops the fight and asks questions. When the names are given, it is found that the culprits are actors of the Moscow Art Theatre studying their parts. The public bursts into laughter and the policeman departs in disgust.

And here is another illustration: A friend of one of the leading actresses of the theatre—Ydanova—called to see her one day and was astonished to find her greatly changed.



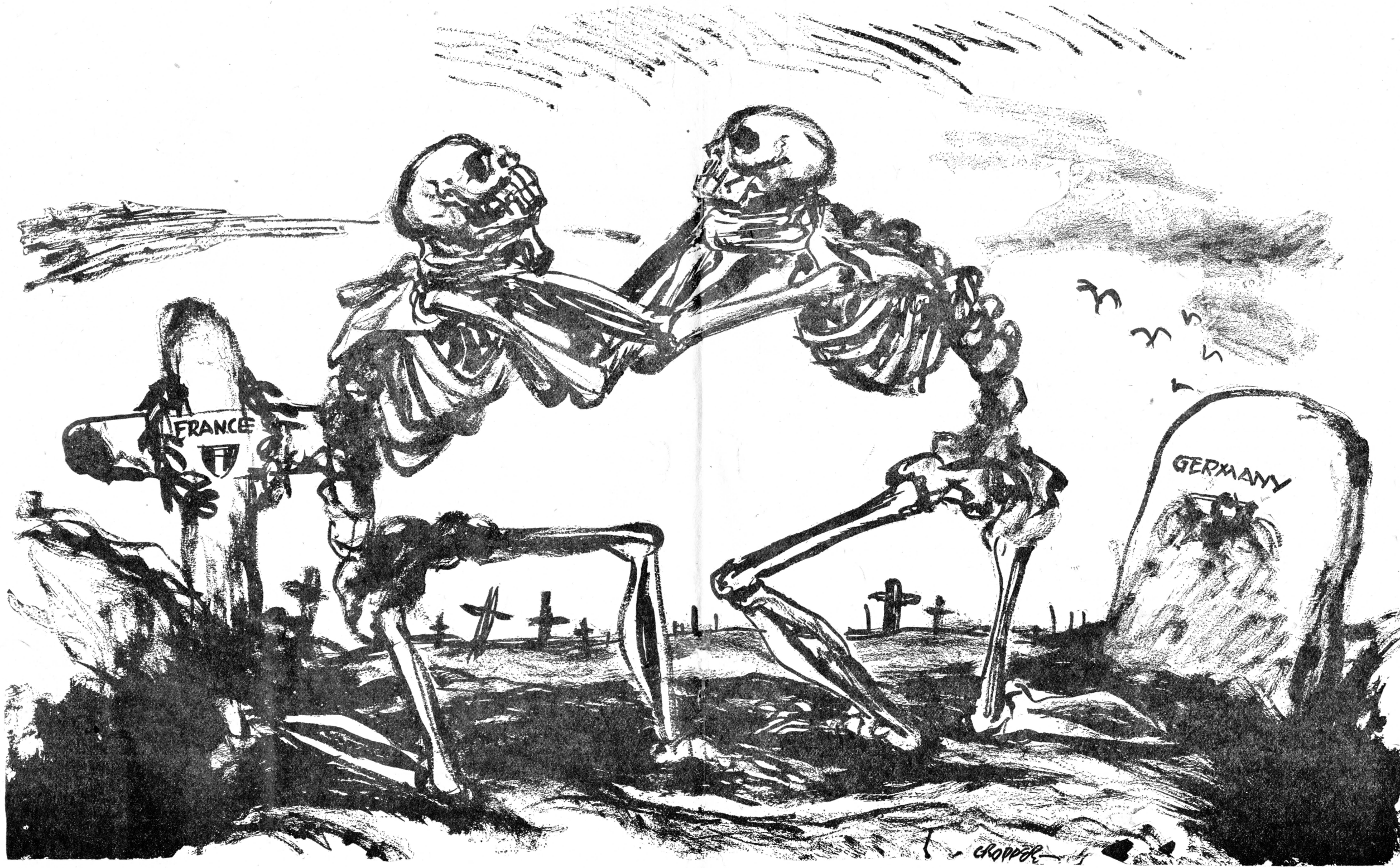
*Adolph Dehn*

The Barn



William Gropper

“Vive Poincare!” “Es Lebe Stinnes!”



William Gropper

“Vive Poincare!” “Es Lebe Stinnes!”



Originally an elegant lady, with a finely developed artistic taste, she was now wearing a cheap dress with ugly yellow flowers. She had a novel head dress. The expression of her eyes, the manner of her walking, the features of her face expressed something new, totally strange.

"What has happened to you?" asked her surprised and bewildered visitor.

"Don't you know? In two weeks time I am playing the *Inkeeper's Wife* by Goldoni, and I must get thoroughly into my part," she answered nervously.

Generalizing the peculiar characteristics of Stanislavsky's system, we may say that first and foremost it strives to attain artistic liberty and artistic truth. It demands the liberation of the stage from established scenic routine and dead literary forms. It rejects all the conventional scenic symbols and brings to the stage nature itself, and naked, unadulterated truth. It teaches the actor to consider the play as material which must be transformed into a picture of life. It teaches the actor to hold the attention of the public through centering it upon his feelings. It is based on a company well drilled and accustomed to teamwork. Finally, it rejects the word "actor" and contrasts it with the conception of 'artist.'

## The Theater and the Revolution

THE Russian Revolution, having shown the world new forms of combating the capitalistic system of production and distribution, has also pointed out new ways of solving spiritual problems. The revolutionary storm, shaking to their foundations all phases of modern Russian life, naturally had its effect on Russian art. The Moscow Art Theatre through the course of inexorable events was thrown into a whirlwind of human passions. The terrific avalanche of revolutionary events quickened the pulse of human life a thousand times and fundamentally affected the organization of the theatre.

Yes, the theatre of Stanislavsky is collective, but it is a theatre for privileged devotees of art. The theatre of the revolution is also a collective theatre, but a theatre of the

masses dancing their carnival, creating impromptu a unique and mighty scenic action.

The productions of the Moscow Art Theatre are those chosen by Nemirovich-Danchenko—plays appealing to the foremost representatives of the Russian intellectuals; plays created by these intellectuals and staged for them. The plays of the revolution are the productions of dynamic movements, of faith in the mighty achievements of man, capable of forging in the furnace of the revolution the approaching millennium of mankind.

The heroes in most of the plays in the repertory of the Art Theatre, in the plays of Chekhov, are not universal. They are not superhuman. They are ordinary men, weak of will, bereft of revolutionary determination. These quiet heroes, fed upon the peace and prosperity of their lordly estates and ancient cherry orchards get no sympathetic reception from the new public, now filling the theatres in Russia.

The new spectators—workmen, peasants and intellectual workers—do not seek in their heroes suggestions for the future or mirages of beautiful dreams. They demand superhumans, performing divine deeds; they insist on artistic, but not stereotyped, reproductions of the deadly struggle between capital and labor, between slave drivers and the driven, between the old world and the new. They yearn for plays where "we laud the madness of the brave," where new radiant people call, as through a clarion, to struggle, to healthy labor, to love for nature, to gay and happy life.

*The Cherry Orchard* of Chekhov gives way to *The Robbers* of Schiller, *The Weavers* of Hauptman and *The Dawns* of Verhaeren. *The Autumn Song* of Tchaikovsky is replaced by the music of Wagner, Debussy and Prokoviev.

The Moscow Art Theatre could not become the theatre of the Revolution. Nevertheless, the great Russian Revolution carefully preserved it, as a living brilliant illustration of the best traditions and achievements of Russian art and as the very best creation of the bourgeois period, now about to depart into the realms of musty history.

## Sonnet

BY God! There are too many stars tonight,  
Too many stars for wounded eyes to bear.  
I will not look at them—they are too fair,  
Too far away and cold, and yet too bright.  
They mock my misery—they have no right  
To roof the wretched world with loveliness,  
Or guide the searching fool who wants success  
Where only failure is, or make that height  
A battlemen from which to hurl a jest.  
Oh let my aching body shake with glee!  
An understanding stabs me now—the knife  
That presently shall violate my breast  
Can only cut enough to take my life—  
This knowledge takes my immortality!

Ralph Goll.

## We Laugh

WE laugh—strong wine to drink! a law to break!  
A clever utterance to start and chase!  
We laugh—I catch a scarlet line and shake  
The showy plumage out before your face.  
I mock the witless justicers who make  
A code of rags that wrap a mummied race:  
"Be desperat with life and law—and take!  
Our youth is steel, our world a prison-place.  
Be terrible! If virtue means the ache  
Of continent desire, why, then, be base!  
We have no honor left except disgrace . . ."  
We laugh—you, lest a Torquemada wake  
Within your merry eyes—I, lest I trace  
Behind your mirth the torch, the faggot-pile, the stake.

Ralph Goll.

# At the Fourth Congress

By Rose Pastor Stokes

FOR five years I have yearned to see the inside of Soviet Russia. Now, I am, for a little while, in the land of my heart's desire.

Moscow with its two million souls is a-buzz with life and activity. The droshkas are numerous but not very busy. Workers don't ride in droshkas, and the bourgeoisie—well!

The people are in the main healthier looking than in New York City. The effects of the famine, which struck the Volga Region with such terrific force, were not felt so much in Moscow. There is a grateful dearth of painted women here, and an unusually large crop of rosy-faced girls—and boys. The children, even homeless ones with their rags hanging by a last strand (boys and girls soon to be found and taken to some Soviet home for children) have an uncommonly healthy, sturdy look.

There is little evidence of bourgeois comfort on the streets of Moscow, in the theatres, at the Opera, etc., though the shop windows are lavishly trimmed. Furs, silks, men's and women's wear and luxurious trappings saved up and hidden away from the first days of the Revolution—the shop windows are full of these things. In fact, the shop windows are the only tangible signs of bourgeois well-being, with the exception of an occasional bourgeois in a droshka. It is not his world, any longer. It is not his country and, unlike the worker in any capitalist country, he cannot hope that it ever will be his. He is a shop-keeper, or a little manufacturer, on a Soviet string. All heavy industry is in the absolute control of the Soviet Government. In the small factories, it is different. There, in exchange for managerial services, he is allowed a slight percentage on the output. He cannot hope to become a rich man on it, but it gives play to his talent as manager and he must be content with the arrangement, especially if he has no desire to emigrate to countries where he might have to go through the proletarian revolution all over again, at any time. . . . Here, at any rate, the matter is settled, and things are getting better instead of worse. He's a shrewd man: it may not mean wealth but at least it spells security—if he behaves.

For every droshka with a bourgeois in it, there are at least a dozen motors and auto trucks flying the Red Flag, carrying soldiers or bent on other business of the Government, and of the workers who are the Government.

Streets and sidewalks are badly out of repair, but here and there new sidewalks are being laid, old roads mended. One who has not been in Moscow for a year is much impressed with the change. Nothing was done last year, now many things are being done. I see the evidence of much reconstruction work. Partly finished buildings, that have stood mere shells since the Revolution, are now being completed. Old buildings, warehouses, fine dwellings, hotels, halls, theatres, university buildings, etc., are looking up, smiling with a sweet sense of restoration. One of these is the *Bolshoi Paris*, on the corner of the Mokhovaia and Tverskaiya. It has been redecorated and fitted up in the rarest simplicity and good taste as a comfortable hotel, used at present for the delegates to the Fourth Congress of the Communist International. The facilities are as good as those of any

first class hotel, save that here the guests eat black bread, (great chunks of it!) cabbage soup, and soup meat.

## Within the Kremlin

THE days of official festivities in Petrograd and Moscow are over, and here within the Kremlin walls the Fourth Congress of the Comintern is getting to work in earnest.

The first issue of the "Bolshevik," the official daily of the Fourth Congress, contains an article important for the reason that it seems to sound the keynote of the Congress: TO THE MASSES! again, to the masses!—unite them for the struggle against the capitalist offensive. Build up a united front of the working class against their oppressors. Be in the front of every battle, take the brunt of it. Only thus can you hope to win a victory against the bourgeoisie.

We can draw one deeply significant lesson from the demonstrations just ended; the Communist Party has not only retained the sympathy of the population, but has even approached much nearer to the wide non-party masses. The Russian Communists adopted as a fundamental rule: to keep in touch with the masses under any conditions, regardless of all obstacles. They accomplished this by various means: the press, responding continually to the needs of the hour which agitated and interested the working class; oral agitation among the most advanced workers as well as in the midst of the masses; and direct contact with the masses in the working class districts and in the workshops and factories.

"The Bolsheviks carried out these tactics even under the Tsardom and found means even under the then prevailing police oppression to permeate the working masses", says the daily organ of the Congress. It points out that since then, in the early days of the revolution, on through the summer of 1917, through the October Revolution, and during the five years of external and civil war, the Communists have followed the same tactics of "appealing to the masses at every opportunity, familiarizing the masses with their creative work, profiting by the practical suggestions of the masses, and making their temper and mood the criterion of their political orientation." Little wonder that the non-party Russian masses recognize the Russian Communist Party as their true representative, accept its guidance and entrust Communists with the most responsible posts! "It is precisely these prerequisites of power and success," says the organ, "that the majority of the parties belonging to the Third International still lack," prerequisites without which the bourgeoisie cannot be overcome.

Whatever the Fourth Congress discusses, whether it is the period just ended, the general Communist program, the agrarian program, etc., whether the discussion takes place in the general sessions of the Congress or in the sittings of the Commissions—appointed to deal with specific party problems—the delegates are faced with the most important question of all: "the linking up of the Communist parties and the workers—the transformation of the working masses into mass proletarian parties for a successful defense against the attacks of capitalism, and for a successful transition to a counter-attack of the proletariat against the capitalist strong-

holds." The Congress seems to recognize that "to get within reach of a practical solution of this question" is to fulfill the Comintern's most important task in the world struggle for the emancipation of the proletariat. The Second Congress dealt with this question, the Third Congress likewise, and the Fourth must elaborate it.

## The New Battle Front

**T**HIS is in fact the pivotal point around which almost every other question or party problem revolves. Every important figure in the Congress; Zinoviev, Bucharin, Trotzky, Radek, or any other who speaks with authority, centres his speech around this question. Men who have gone through several revolutions and who have built revolutionary parties under apparently impossible conditions; men who have been placed in those fortunate positions from which a broad vision of the world proletarian movement is gained and who see the problem of each land in relation to others; men who are admitted by capitalist diplomats to be second to none in diplomacy, in statesmanship, in understanding of world politics; men admitted by every man and woman seated in the Congress to be true Communists seeking to serve the highest interests of the working class, striving with gigantic energies for the world revolution—these are the "best elements" in the Comintern. What they say the whole world wants to hear.

I should like to quote each of them, but this is impossible, so I shall quote from Zinoviev's, speech in reporting for the Executive Committee. No doubt the complete report will be published elsewhere. I want only to set down here the things emphasized by Zinoviev, as the only means I have of emphasizing to others what with voice and manner he stressed in the Congress.

To the French Comrades Zinoviev points out labor conditions in France that many of them did not themselves realize, and tells them that if they had considered the figures he is about to quote they certainly would have accomplished more in the matter of the United Front. Here are a few of them:

"The number of workers engaged in strikes in France which might be termed offensive strikes, that is strikes for raising the working class level of existence, for higher wages, etc., are as follows: In 1915, that is during the war, only 8000 workers participated in offensive strikes. In 1916 (still during the war) their number rose to 37,000; in 1918 to 131,000, in 1919 to 1,053,000, and in the first half of 1920 it dropped to 628,000. From that time the strike curve began to go down. In the second half of 1920 only 57,000 workers participated in offensive strikes and in 1921, the year under consideration now, only 9,000 workers.

"As against that, we have in the first 8 months of 1921, 160,000 French workers participating in defensive strikes. This means that in the year 1921-22 the offensive of capitalism was most acute and compelled the French working class to confine itself to defensive strikes, being too weak for an offensive against the bourgeoisie which had then launched its attack all along the line."

"This," says Zinoviev "was the deciding factor in France, as well as in other countries" in the question of the United Front tactics. "If our French friends had paid attention to these figures and had studied the developments of the strike movement in their own country a little more closely, I am



Art Young

The Kangaroo

sure that they would from the beginning have relinquished their opposition to the United Front." Since then they have relinquished it and admitted the correctness of the tactic.

Later: Since the slogan "TO THE MASSES!" was first issued (December, 1921) and the united front policy adopted, "all the strategy of the International" has been nothing but "the practical application of the United Front to the concrete situation in each country." Adding with special emphasis, "And I wish to state now that in my opinion this tactic will have to be adhered to during the coming year or coming years."

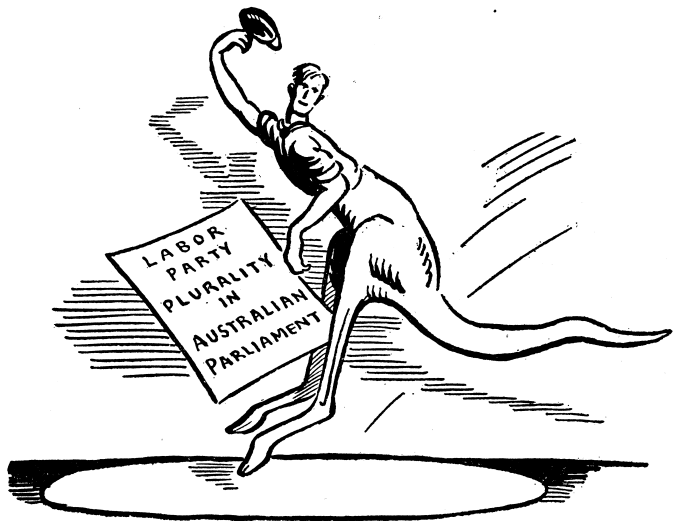
He reviews other campaigns that have been made, but adds that the United Front campaign was particularly important, and "It must be frankly stated that this campaign did not proceed without much hindrance," pointing to France and Italy as the greatest offenders.

Again referring to the French party, he said "When the party understands the real movement of the masses, the real proletarian movement, it will understand also the United Front tactic, the advocacy of which should be made the point of contact with the masses."

Other countries had made mistakes in applying the tactic. Germany and Czechoslovakia applied it best—that is, relatively. The German party did not always emphasize sufficiently "the independence of our line of action," insistence upon independent Communist action being the main necessity.

In Czechoslovakia "we have neglected certain opportunities in the Trade Unions; nevertheless, our party has succeeded in rallying the largest section of the Trade Unions . . . we must say that the United Front tactic has been most brilliantly applied by the Czechoslovakian party."

Even underground parties, such as the Polish, can marshal the working class for the struggle against the bourgeoisie. But only if as in Poland the party has an "old tradition" behind it. It is possible in Poland because there the party has already gone through a revolution; because in 1905 it led the working class. The party in Poland is universally acknowledged because the illegal leadership has already



*Art Young*

The Kangaroo

fought in the front ranks of the working class. It has proved its reliability through its activities during the revolution. "Therefore in Poland this method succeeds while in other countries . . . it is more difficult because the Communists have not yet had occasion to work before the entire working class, in a leading capacity."

But to the masses every section of the International must go!—underground if need be, provided there is an "old tradition" behind it; otherwise it must struggle to the open, where in every possible way the masses must be reached and united. It will mean police persecutions, imprisonments; very likely. Who says it won't? But what of it? Was it Bucharin, that streak of Marxian lightning with a sense of humor, or the politically razor-keen Radek who, when an American answered his announcement, "We must find new forms" with "Yes, the police will help us find them," shot back; "Well, and why not? A Communist accepts help from all sources."

In the Third Congress there developed a period of dangers from splits. But this, the Fourth Congress, has an atmosphere of vital integration. The International is more truly one international party, a party that has learned something in the period just behind it. It seems to have learned the

value of discipline; also, its necessity. Not every element here sees eye to eye with the Executive and the overwhelming majority at the Congress; but those who do not stand ready to accept wholeheartedly the decisions of the International can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Has not the Italian party, for example, learned that by acting contrary to the policy of the Executive it had not merely to wait a period and then be forgiven, but that it had also to see precious opportunities slip away from its grasp to the immediate injury of the entire working class of Italy? Had they not by their negligence permitted "accomplices of the bourgeoisie" to "remain in the party and betray the working class into the hands of the Fascisti?"

There is no evidence of even one small fraction attempting to break with the Communist International. A disciplined International, a true world party basing itself upon the "strictest democratic centralism," is emerging out of the mass of experiences that the Third International has had in the three and a half years of its existence. More firmly welded now than it has been in the past, facing serious times in the immediate future, it is beating itself into shape to meet the impact of world events soon to emerge upon the stage of history.



Lydia Gibson

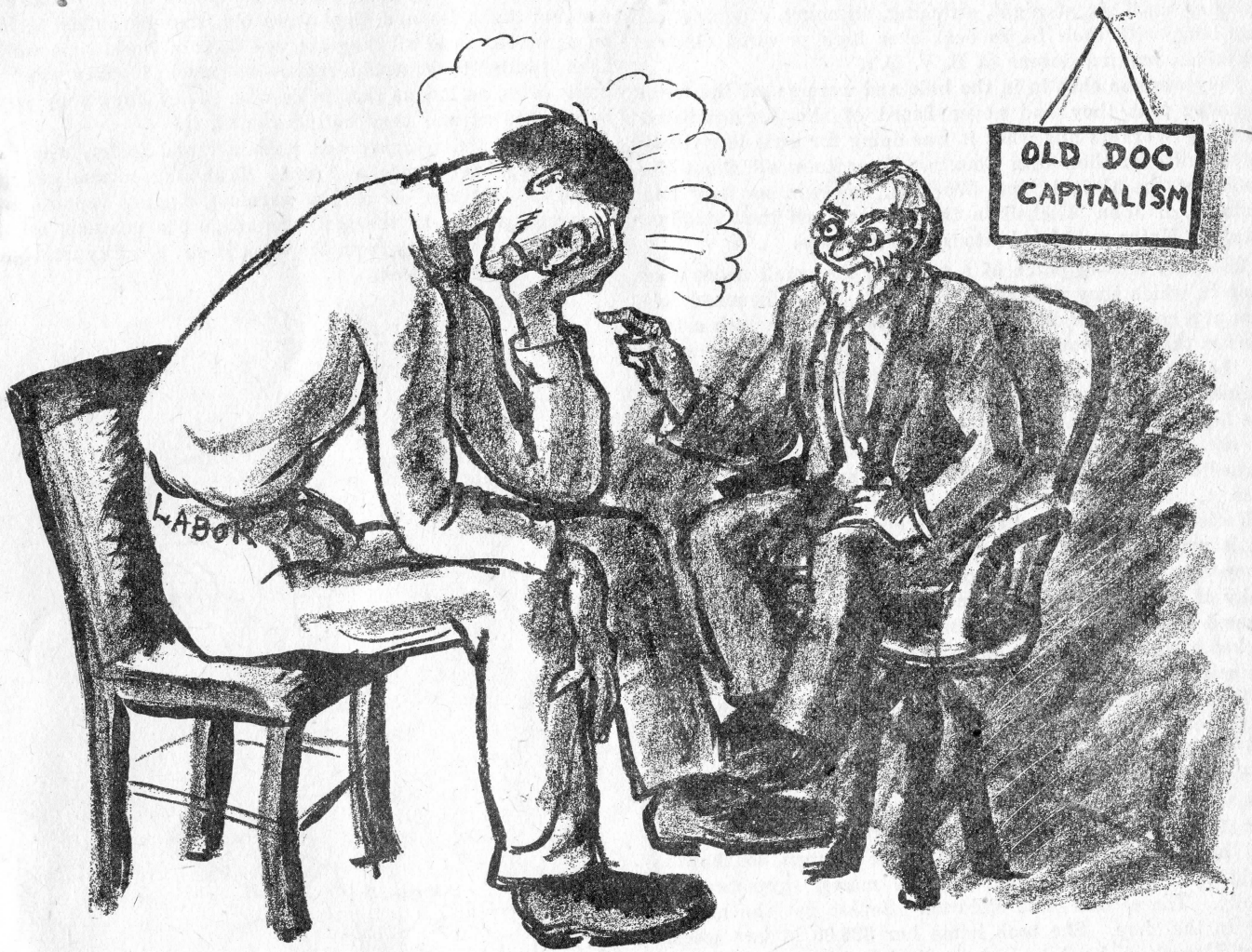
"Day by Day, in every way, I'm getting it in the neck."





*Lydia Gibson*

“Day by Day, in every way, I’m getting it in the neck.”



*Lydia Gibson*

“Day by Day, in every way, I’m getting it in the neck.”

# B. V. D's

## By Ann Washington Craton

**I**F you wear so-called B. V. D's, beyond the fact that they constitute a very personal part of your clothing, and cost you something, you probably never thought that they had a particularly personal or human side. You pay from \$1.50 up, and when you protest the clerk tells you it's because of the high cost of labor. From overcoats to B. V. D's the cry is the same—the frightfully high cost of labor.

In the Anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, hundreds of young Lithuanian, Polish, Slavish and Irish American girls are marking probably the very B. V. D's you wear. The high cost of labor for making some of them is forty-three cents a dozen, for others the frightfully high cost of labor is fifty-six and three-quarters cents a dozen.

The coal fields, overcrowded with shirt and underwear factories and textile mills, are a fertile area for exploitation, long ago discovered by the New York manufacturers.

This particular story is about Sophie and Maggie and Elly and Katie and Lizzie and Rosie, and Irish, Polish and Slavish Mary and a number of others who work from seven in the morning until six at night, stitching, stitching, stitching, all day long, with their backs bent over high powered electric machines, making dozens of B. V. D's.

They were so shut in in the hills and were so off the main highway that they had never heard of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and what it was doing for girls like themselves all over their own County. They knew all about the Union of the United Mine Workers, however, as they had pictures of John Mitchell in their homes and their daddies all wore Union working buttons on their caps.

In a tiny mining patch of a town, in the small underwear shop in which they worked on B. V. D's, Lizzie hemmed collars at a cent and a quarter a dozen; but she was such a fast worker that she would have made too much on piece work, so the boss gave her \$6.00 a week; and when Lizzie complained about it he said, "If you don't like it, you can get the hell out of here." So Lizzie had to stay in the shop and as she was a conscientious, hard working little soul she turned out many bundles a day, making many dollars for the boss.

Katie hemmed fronts at a cent and a half a dozen, but Katie was not a fast worker; she talked too much and she stopped to powder her nose too many times a day. She was lucky if she made \$3.87. Sometimes when the boss was in a good humor he gave her thirteen cents out of his own pocket to make it \$4.00, to show what a good boss he was.

Rosie sewed labels at a cent a dozen. How many dozens of labels must Rosie sew on a day, and how many a week to "make out?" When she worked overtime, at the same rate, she could sometimes make about \$3.50 a week.

Sophie was the closer, which meant sewing up the sides. She was a fast worker and a hard worker. She had to be. Her father had miner's asthma and could not work. She and her brother, who pretended to be sixteen so that he could take his father's place in the mines, supported the family. There were nine children. Sophie got the highest pay in the shop. She took home her \$25.00 in two weeks. "But I work so hard to make it," sighed Sophie. "I never look up from my machine and I never talk and I hurry my dinner and I am the last one to stop at night." Sophie said that she was going on fifteen. She stopped school in the third grade.

Maggie made almost as much as Sophie. Her father had

been killed in the mines. They were the best girls in the shop. If only they all had fathers killed or injured in the mines and all supported families as Sophie and Maggie did, how many more thousands this boss could make on B. V. D's! Maggie did two operations; she was highly skilled. She did button holes at four cents a dozen, and marked at two cents a dozen. She did two operations because she was making too much money on button holes. She had been taken off to learn a new operation, and when she acquired that and was "making out," she would be changed again. It kept the wages low.

Maggie said that she was going on fifteen, but she also said that she started to work when she was fourteen and that she had been working for three years. She was the entire support of her family, which included a sickly mother and a sister with spells.

The three Marys were webbers. They put the elastic in your B. V. D's, which was the most important operation on the garment. They had worked for years in shirt and underwear factories and they were old, too—seventeen going on eighteen. And all they got was \$8.00 a week, time work. Like Lizzie, they would make too much if they worked piece work, as low as that price was. They knew they were being cheated and they hotly resented it.

Elly was the trimmer and examiner and folder, who got big money—five cents a dozen. Trimming means cutting all of the threads off of the garment, finding repairs and trotting upstairs to the girl who made the mistake, all of which took time away from the work itself, yet Elly managed to make her \$6 a week.



John Decker

Herr President Ebert: "Ach Comrades, Coal Miners of the Ruhr—now you can strike and I won't shoot you."

And so on. From the time the B. V. D. started with Katie, passing from machine to machine where it was hemmed and faced and collar stitched and webbed and button-holed and labeled, until, as a finished garment, it came to Elly to be trimmed and folded, it cost in actual labor fifty-six and three quarters cents a dozen.

One day the webbers decided that their wages were intolerable and that they had to have an increase and that the entire shop must make a protest. They began it by asking the boss for a cent more on the dozen and for piece work.

The infuriated boss screamed at them that they were fools not to want week work. They had nothing to complain about. And an increase, a whole cent increase! Did they want to ruin him? And then the usual answer: if they did not like it they could get the hell out. They were always making trouble for him.

The webbers sent the others down to demand a like increase with Katie and Elly as spokesmen. The answer to them was a shade more profane. Upstairs the webbers had made up their minds. "We are going to strike," they announced. "No more B. V. D.'s do we make until we get our cent."

And the shop, led by the dauntless webbers, flanked by the intrepid Katie, walked out.

They had been out a week when an organizer of the Amalgamated heard of them from a friendly street car conductor and went to the town to adopt them.

The first person she met was an Italian woman carrying a box with a lot of little chickens in it. The organizer questioned her about the strike. The woman had a sister working there who was working today. The boss had gone to all of their houses and had told them to come back, but only five had returned.

"Do you know what a scab is?" the organizer asked severely. The woman crossed herself and looked horrified. "Then your sister is a scab."

"Holy mother of God, no, it cannot be," she cried. The organizer was insistent.

"My father, he not know it, he not let her in the house." The Italian woman tried to explain that there had been no Union, that they had not understood, scab, no, no, she would go to the factory and take her sister out.

The organizer took care of the chickens until the Italian woman returned with a scared little big-eyed Italian girl about fourteen, covered with lint and thread, "You ruin us, you disgrace us," her older sister was saying. "Your father, he kill you, you scab."

"I only worked a half a day," wept Rosie. "The boss, he fooled me. He tell me everybody work. He would not let me out, I did not mean to be a scab, I never mean to be a scab, the girls, my friends, they will call me a scab, and will not have me for a friend."

"She organize a Union," said the sister, pointing to the organizer. "You join the Union first one, and your father and God will forgive you. Her father, he a great Union man," she explained proudly to the organizer, "he will not stand foolishness."

Assured of the forgiveness of her father and God, Rosie wiped away her tears and escorted the organizer to the home of the webbers, collecting strikers along the way, calling over the back fences for Katie and Lizzie and stopping Sophie who was minding the baby. Fortunately a small girl was found to "fetch" the forsaken baby home, as Sophie rushed off, thrilled with the news of a Union.

The news spread in a miraculous way. Everywhere women called out of the windows or over their back fences. "Join the Union, girls. We are for you. Stick to the Union."

They found Slav Mary busy in the back yard baking bread in the outdoor oven, Slav style, which her mother had insisted upon having built in her American home. "It is the Union lady," the girls explained to her, "a real Union has come to organize us."

In an incredibly short time all of the strikers had been collected, and they sat stiffly in Slav Mary's parlor, industriously crocheting or knitting, while the Organizer told them about the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Shirt-makers' Union in their own county. In turn they told her all about their wages and long hours and miserable conditions. They were delighted to be organized and they joyfully went forth to picket the shop and to invite their scabbing friends to join the Union.

At the meeting the next day, all of the ex-scabs were there with their initiation dollars and Union Button quarters, eager to retrieve themselves.

The tragic feature of this splendid little strike was its untimeliness. The Organizer gravely explained this to the girls at the strike meetings. These meetings they held in a daisy and buttercup field in the warm June sunshine, after chasing away inquisitive cows, nosey Slav goats and noisy children, all of whom were irresistibly drawn to the strike meetings. The boss had answered the strike with a lockout and had announced that he would not open the shop again. He had shipped his work back. This was the beginning of the great industrial depression, when the manufacturers discovered that there were no more profits to be made and shut down their factories indefinitely. The conferences with the boss were to this effect. He did not care, he announced loftily. He had made money on Army contracts and he could afford it. As for the girls, well, maybe this would cure them of their smartness, and he guessed by winter they would be glad to come back and work, as girls should, for whatever he would give them.

"We can pick huckleberries," said the strikers, "huckleberries last till September, and he will have to open in September, ain't it?" with a pathetic little appeal to a helpless Organizer.

"Tilly Bordick, she wants her quarter back for her Union button" said Elly. "She said she didn't need a Union button to pick huckleberries. What she wants is to go to the Silver Creek dance. You dassn't give it to her, she's a slacker all the way through." The slacker Tilly had sent word that she could not be bothered to come to strike meetings.

"I wouldn't give up me Union button for anything in the world," Katie proclaimed virtuously, "but I guess I like dancing better than anything in the world."

"We shall have a dance," declared the Organizer, and immediately new spirit was put into the strike meetings. Even the slacker Tilly returned, when she heard that the profits would be used as strike benefits, and that they would have a waltz contest with prizes.

"Tain't the Union what's bringing her," sniffed Elly, who had no illusions about her fellow worker. "She thinks she is going to win the prize."

The dance was a gorgeous success. Despite the hot July night, the little hall, with its low sloping ceilings, lit by oil lamps and dingy, stuffy lanterns, was crowded with all of the young miners from all of the surrounding "patches," who loyally supported the Union. A Union orchestra fur-

nished the music. Everybody ate ice cream cones which Polish Mary and Sophie sold, and everybody drank quantities of soda. Everybody guessed what was in the Guess cake, donated by the wife of the Secretary of the Miners' Local, proudly carried around by Elly and Katie regardless of the inconvenience they caused the dancers. And when no one guessed a rubber band, the cake was "chanced off" and more money was made. Tilly and her pardner won the waltz contest and they donned the blue crocheted boudoir cap and sleeve holders for the rest of the evening.

"I love the Union," announced Tilly, embracing the Organizer.

"We have made millions," exulted Maggie, running her fingers through the cigar box full of shiny quarters and half-dollars. "It has been such a beautiful dance, ain't? and we did it, and the Union is grand, ain't? and we are having such fun and it's so lovely being important and being on committees."

The millions amounted to four dollars for each striker. It seemed a fortune to the little girls whose meager pay envelopes had been stopped for five weeks.

"It ain't as if we didn't work because we didn't have to work," explained Irish Mary. "We all have got big families and our pops don't make so much. Everbody is going without because we are in the Union, and even if we live on bread and molasses all winter, my pop says I have no dare to scab. He says he is willing to feed me until we win the strike but I dassn't have any new clothes."

The two who had no fathers to feed them were the ones who suffered the most, but always uncomplainingly. "How are you getting along Maggie?" the organizer asked. Maggie's sensitive pale face flushed. "We have got a store book," she said, "and we are all picking huckleberries and everybody, even the baby, understands about the Union. It's hard now, but when we go back to work we will have good wages."

The summer and fall slipped by and they did not go back to work. The factories in the neighboring towns had long since shut down, and there was no work anywhere. The organizer saw them occasionally. They were thinly clad and not only had they had no summer clothes but they "would have no dare" to have the winter ones they needed. But they still had their plucky spirit.

"We are glad we did it," they said. "The factory has got to open some day, ain't? and the Boss has got to have us make his B. V. D.'s, ain't? and when we do go back we will go back with the Union."

## Save Sacco and Vanzetti!

**A** YEAR and a half ago Sacco and Vanzetti were found guilty of murder.

During the trial the most sensational witness against Sacco and Vanzetti was Lola Andrews, a lady of "miscellaneous avocations." Since the trial under threat of exposure of her past life she has confessed that her identification of Sacco on the witness stand was a lie, and that when she told defense investigators before the trial she could not identify Sacco she was telling the truth. She swears in an affidavit presented to the court that her identification of Sacco was obtained "under the intimidating and coercing influence of Michael Stewart, Albert Brouillard, Harold Williams and Frederick G. Katzman." The first two gentlemen are police officers, the other two are the Assistant District Attorney and the District Attorney of Norfolk County.

Louis Pelsler is the young man who said on the witness stand that Sacco was the "dead image" of one of the bandits, whom he claimed to have seen through a half-opened factory window. Before the trial he told defense investigators he defied anyone to identify him. He now states in an affidavit that his statement to the defense investigator was a true one.

He says further that the "dead image" idea was not his own but was suggested to him by some one. He tells of an interview he had with Mr. Harold Williams the morning before he testified and quotes Williams as saying, "You know damn well that's the man," when he refused to make an identification.

Then there is Carlo E. Goodridge, a witness whose identification of Sacco was positive. Yes, quite positive. It turns out that this Goodridge at the time he testified was on probation under a larceny charge. He first came to the attention of the district attorney's office when he was charged with larceny. He pleaded guilty to this charge and was put on probation. Was he put on probation so he could testify against Sacco or did the district attorney take a fancy to him? His real name is Erastus C. Whitney, and he has been in prison in New York state twice, and is now wanted on a larceny charge there. He has been married four times and each time gave different data as to his birth, previous marriages, etc. Over forty affidavits are filed in court to prove his record, many of them from his former wives and relatives. He is a degenerate and criminal of the deepest dye.

This is the evidence of an affirmative nature that goes to prove "beyond a reasonable doubt" that Sacco and Vanzetti were framed. Before long the defense will be able to prove that at the time of the trial the district attorney was hard up for evidence with which to get a conviction. But the telling of that must wait till after it is safely in the court records.

Investigations not even the nature of which can be revealed at this time are held up because *the defense committee doesn't have enough money to push them.* The next month will tell the story. There are two things that can happen: this case can be pushed to the end if enough money comes in, or Sacco and Vanzetti will go to the electric chair because enough money does not come in. This is not an attempt to be sensational; *this is the truth.*

Before it is too late send a contribution to The Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, Box 37, Hanover Street Station, Boston, Mass.

Karl Pretshold.

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# Charlie in the Steel-Mills

By Floyd Dell

**C**HARLES RUMFORD WALKER is a young man, a graduate of Yale, an ex-first lieutenant, who worked for a few weeks during the summer of 1919, shortly before the Steel Strike, in one of the steel-mills around Pittsburgh. He wanted to find out what the steel industry was like from the point of view of the worker, and in particular he wanted to know what the twelve-hour day and the twenty-four-hour shift felt like. He found out. He held a number of different jobs in this steel mill, became acquainted with the technique, and with his fellow-workers. He kept notes, and these he has now expanded into a very interesting book—"Steel: The Diary of a Furnace Worker" (Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston).

The book is interesting not only because it tells something about a steel mill and how it feels to work there, but also because it tells something about Charles Rumford Walker, who is a sturdy and likable fellow with an eager and curious mind, a very good example of one of the best types that our American bourgeoisie produces—with the special virtues and shortcomings of that type.

Charlie—as his fellow employees affectionately called him, and as I shall call him here—shares the tendency of this generation to want to know about things at first hand; he has a temperamental aversion to second-hand theory, and a willingness to pay whatever price of discomfort or pain may be necessary in order that his knowledge may be really his own. Along with that he has the physical gusto which makes such first-hand acquisition of knowledge in itself a pleasure, however incidentally painful it may be. This tendency, which I am here describing in terms of a virtue, is also the defect of this type. At its best, it makes artists; but even at its best, it constitutes a limitation upon any very daring flights of thought—as we shall see in this particular case.

Charlie is already, in this book, an artist. He has the artist's enjoyment of experience as such, and the artist's enthusiasm for communicating experience. He is proud of being able to stand the gaff of the twelve-hour day and the twenty-four-hour shift; and I learn from him what I have never learned from any other book on this subject, just how it is that men do stand these terrific exertions. Reading his pages, we feel the heat, the fatigue, the anxiety; we enjoy also every moment of rest snatched in between the spells of work; we live every hour of the long day, counting these hours with him, driven with sympathetic energy and resisting the weariness that mounts with every hour, until at last we quit work, eat breakfast and stumble home to sleep. This is good—not because it is about the steel industry, but because it is about human experience; I would be as grateful to Charlie if he had communicated to me with the same vividness the sensations of butterfly-collecting, or trout fishing, or falling in love. It is a gift which I hold at a high value, irrespective of any sociological purposes or results to which it may lay claim. It is the gift of the creative artist; and I should not be surprised if Charlie presently found that his true metier was the novel. He could be a very good novelist, if he chose. So I conclude.

But such are not, apparently, his purposes. He has a serious sociological intention in this book, which he states in the

preface. A solemn young bourgeois sociologist has recently pointed out that "men do not act in accordance with the facts and forces of the world as it is, but in accordance with the 'picture' of it they have in their heads." That they have these different pictures not entirely by accident, but because they wish to have them, is an idea that has not occurred to any of these bourgeois dispensers of sweetness and light, from H. G. Wells down to Walter Lippmann, and including Professor James Harvey Robinson, author of that astonishingly naive production, "The Mind in the Making;" and that the wish to see things in this light or another is in turn conditioned by economic factors, also escapes these thinkers, because it would lead them straight into economic determinism and on to the theory of proletarian revolution! That would never do; and so we have these thinkers seeking to change the world by gently telling us what is what. Reformation by information, is their motto. Let us all know what is what, and we shall all join hands in making a glorious utopia out of this sorry mess!

But to get back to Charlie. Following these august intellectual lights, he points out that "an open-hearth furnace helper, working the twelve-hour day, and a Boston broker, owning fifty shares of Steel Preferred, hold, as a rule, strikingly different pictures of the same forces and conditions." True. And Charlie does not propose to go to the furnace helper with a "picture of forces and conditions" which might enable him to help overturn the capitalist system; no, he actually goes to the Boston broker with the furnace helper's "picture of forces and conditions!" His book is addressed to his own class; and he believes, apparently, that if they really find out that a twelve-hour day and a twenty-four-hour shift are too long, they will do something about it. He has been deeply impressed by "the lack of such knowledge or understanding in the steel industry, and the imperative need of securing it, in order to escape continual industrial war, and perhaps disaster."

Well, I am afraid that continual industrial war, and ultimate disaster, will not be prevented even by such excellent statements of the facts as Charlie's here; for the reason that the Boston broker doesn't want to know the facts, and will not thank anybody for forcing them upon his attention. The Boston broker doesn't want to know the facts, because he is engaged in sending his sons to Yale with dividends from Steel Preferred. If Charlie wants to change the conditions in the steel industry, he had much better consider presenting some such "picture of forces and conditions" to the furnace helpers as would hearten them to strike for an eight-hour day.

The truth is, of course, that Charlie is fooling himself when he thinks of himself as one born to carry the light to Boston brokers. The real reason why he went to work in a steel-mill was not in order to find out whether the twelve-hour day and the twenty-four-hour shift are too long. One does not need to work in a steel mill to know them. The slightest exercise of the intellectual faculties upon second-hand information will lead to conclusions as valid upon this point as those gained by experience. No, Charlie went to work in a steel-mill because he was young and sturdy and avid of experience,

eager and curious, wishing to feel with his own muscles and nerves the life of a steel-worker. I applaud that desire; but I do not think it constitutes a part of anything which can lay claim to the dignity of sociological investigation. It has a dignity of its own, and that dignity, I repeat, is strictly speaking aesthetic. Charlie is entitled to work in a steel-mill—or to sail the South Seas—because he is an artist engaged in finding out what life is like.

But I will make one amendment to my criticism. I said a moment ago that I would as soon the experience communicated to me by an artist were the experience of butterfly-collecting as the experience of tending a steel furnace. That is not, strictly speaking, true. I do not scorn butterfly-hunting; but I regard work in the steel-mills as more important for the artist to understand, because it is a more characteristic part of our civilization, and because it is a field of human experience that has up till now been vastly neglected. I think it is a healthy sign when young artists want to know about steel-mills rather than about the South Seas. Only I wish they would realize that they are artists, and would seriously dispute the honors of art with the young and timid artists who are now so noisily calling attention to the Ivory Tower—or, let us say rather, with due observance to the cheapness of the materials involved, the Celluloid Tower. I would like to have our literary critics obliged to compare the sturdiness, the gusto, and the simple human emotions of such a book as this, with the teary, beery pathos, the shivering disgust, the far-fetched obscurities, and the sentimental and elegant attitudinizations of, for instance, T. S. Eliot. Mr. Eliot is from Missouri, U. S. A. He fled to London, I assume, in the hope of finding there the medieval background proper to a poet; but alas! London is modern, too!—as he mourns at length in his poem, "The Wasteland." Now that Mr. Eliot has just received the Dial prize, and there can be no question of hitting a man when he is down, it may be permissible to quote from Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Miniver Cheevy," which applies so exquisitely to the Celluloid Tower school:

"Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,  
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons:  
He wept that he was ever born,  
And he had reasons.

"Miniver scorned the commonplace,  
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing—  
He missed the medieval grace  
Of iron clothing.

"Miniver loved the Medici,  
Albeit he had never seen one;  
He would have sinned incessantly,  
Could he have been one!"

All this is rather hard on Mr. Eliot, and conveys a harsher judgment than I would care to defend. Sentimental anaesthesia to the modern world has its literary values, like butterfly-collecting; only I happen to like the other thing better. I am glad that there are young artists who can think of steel-mills without calling for smelling-salts.

But I wish they would realize that they are artists; because I really don't expect any high intellectual flights from even the best of this admirable bourgeois type. If Charlie Walker cannot arrive at any more courageous intellectual conclusions, as a result of his experiences, than that the twelve-hour day

"tends to place a premium on time-serving and drudgery, in lieu of more masculine qualities of adventure and initiative"—a sentence which I think is the most intellectually daring in the whole book—then we shall have to get along without very much assistance from this type of mind in the troubled years of American history that are to follow.

## Anthropology Since Morgan

*Early Civilization, by Alexander A. Goldenweiser, Knopf.*

EVER since the days when Karl Marx, reading Lewis H. Morgan's work on "Ancient Society, realized the importance of a knowledge of primitive conditions for the study and understanding of the operation of contemporary social tendencies, information about primitive men has held fascination for the radical. The knowledge of the lives of these peoples has increased vastly since the days when Morgan wrote his work, but to the rank and file of the radical movement it remains the last word.

Anthropology has progressed far since 1877, when Morgan first set forth his theories as to the development of the human race. Tribes the world over have been studied, and studied in a fashion that makes the literature of anthropology as forbidding to the layman as that of biology or chemistry. It would be strange, indeed, if with an increase such as this in our knowledge of the tribes living today, certain of the ideas based on the more or less fragmentary data available fifty years ago did not call for revision.

Robert Lowie, in his work *Primitive Society*, did much to help demolish some of the misconceptions current about primitive man. And Mr. Goldenweiser has continued that task. In the light of this later literature it is nothing short of fantastic to talk of the predetermined failure of the Russian revolution because Russia skipped a step in the fixed economic development of nations. Our greater understanding of the organization, industry and ideas of primitive communities, makes it difficult to speak of "stages" of development, of "higher" or "lower" cultures. The biological unity of the human race, the equal potentialities of racial groups, stand out sharply, no less than does the fact that culture, being human, refuses to be neatly pigeon-holed and filed away for future consultation.

In his Introduction, Mr. Goldenweiser sets forth with brevity and essential clearness the position taken by the most advanced group of anthropologists on such problems as the unity of mankind, the nature of culture, (here termed "civilization") and the evolutionary theory as applied to the development of human groups. The almost slavish acceptance of the doctrine of the superiority of the present civilization to any other which has been heretofore developed, and that of the correlation between particular aptitudes, between certain "levels" of civilization and certain racial groups, are disposed of first. Then comes a discussion of civilization. Its nature, its development, and, above all, its persistence, are set forth. The revelation of the relation of a given individual to the culture in which he lives,—his impotence before it,—comes as a shock to the reader who is educated to regard as primary the doctrine of the importance of the great man. For, says Mr. Goldenweiser, "not only is man at the mercy of civilization, but he generally remains either partly or wholly unaware of what he is thus forced to accept." And while the economic determinist smiles in agree-

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ment with this point of view, he will be equally startled at the following section, in which the evolutionary doctrine as applied to societies is put to the test—and found wanting. "While hunting belongs without question to one of the earliest economic pursuits, it persists throughout all subsequent stages; agriculture was practised by many tribes that had never passed through a pastoral stage, nor kept domestic animals."

In Part I we have presented to us short pictures of five primitive civilizations. The Eskimo, the Tlingit and Haida of the Northwest coast of North America, the Iroquois, the Baganda of central Africa, and certain tribes of central Australia are described. A reading of this section alone will convince the reader of the bewildering variety of primitive cultures, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Goldenweiser had no more space at his disposal in which he might have made his descriptions fuller. And from the point of view of those interested in the extent of which human beings react to their economic advantage, it is to be further regretted that, in his description of the tribes of the Northwest coast, the author did not spend more time telling of the economic order which prevails there. It is worthy of thought that it is here we find that the man who would be most honored must destroy the most property.

After this exposition of the lives of single tribes, the book attempts a cross-section of primitive life as a whole. There are considered economic conditions and industry (including, by the way, a telling discussion of the place and importance

of inventions), art, religion and magic, and social organization, a subject distressingly complex to us who live in a society where terms of relationship are pared to a minimum. The Reflections of the second part of the book are devoted to a consideration of several problems of large theoretical interests. What is the importance of environment in the formation and development of a culture? Can it be that culture is itself a force, which builds on itself, working out social patterns which determine other patterns which, in turn, grow out of them? Again, just what is the significance of the fact that elements of culture tend to spread, not only in primitive civilization but in our own? What is the importance of this spread when compared with the independent origin of cultural traits? These questions are of great importance to everyone interested in directing and forcing change in society, and they are presented clearly and suggestively, and give food for further consideration on the part of the reader.

The work closes with a consideration of the ideas of early man. Mr. Goldenweiser, as an anthropologist, is distinguished for his fondness for the theoretical aspects of his subject. And certainly few are more competent to enter into a discussion of the theories of Spencer, Frazer, Wundt, Durkheim, Levy-Bruhl and Freud as applied to primitive mentality. A reading of the entire work should do much to make clear some of the fallacies about primitive men which are all too prevalent, and to stimulate serious thought in those who are interested in the workings of social forces.

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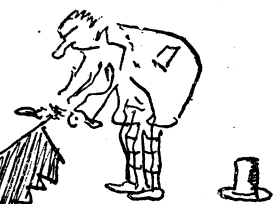
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