

# The New Magazine

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## Over the Cliff!



The foreign capitalists who have entered China for exploitation and robbery will be pushed into the sea by the Chinese revolution, says Fred Ellis, the Daily Worker Cartoonist.

### Jim Crow Justice

A WHITE man of the upper class of Lexington, Ky., committed the act, which is not so unusual as many think, of raping a little Negro girl eleven years of age. Because this happened almost simultaneously with the hanging of a Negro who had a farcical trial, it became necessary to go thru the pretense of trying the young white man of the privileged class. Since it could not be denied that the white gentleman had with cold-blooded deliberation assaulted the little Negro girl, the man was declared "insane" and sentenced to live in a hospital.

Can anyone imagine that a Negro, proven to have committed the same fiendish crime against an eleven-year-old white child, would have been allowed to escape the gallows on the plea of insanity?

The elaborate fiction to the effect that Negroes possess some inherent "race" impulse toward committing violence upon white women, is one of the most useful means of maintaining a perpetual reign of terror against the millions of Negro toilers. Members of the ruling class (which incidentally is white) have practiced violence against the women of the most suppressed of the toiling classes (who are incidentally black) for not less than three centuries in this country. The violence in the opposite direction has been almost entirely a fiction used as a basis for lynching and terrorizing a section of the toiling classes in order to make exploitation easier.

Recent deep-going changes in class relationships, brought about by such processes as the industrialization of the South and the migration of Negro laborers, have made it necessary to find a legal covering for the institution of terror against Negroes. Negroes accused of rape have been "protected" from street mobs while they were being in fact lynched by being condemned to death in "sixteen-minute trials" without the slightest chance of a real defense, while the mob howled outside the court-rooms.

The "sixteen-minute trials" are lynchings. The trial of this Lexington aristocrat with the verdict of "insanity" is a new assertion of the ruling class' privilege over the lives and bodies of the exploited Negro. Capitalist class society shows that it cannot consent to a change in the status of the Negro masses, but can only produce a farcical covering for the old suppression.

The most contemptible sight is the "Negro newspaper" which

is today grovelling before the ruling class, giving thanks for this new and more efficient means of subjugation.

### Mussolini's Nose

A PISTOL shot of an unbalanced woman of the British aristocracy supplied the necessary psychological conditions for the departure of the pygmy Caesar, Mussolini, for a tour of his African provinces.

"Il Duce" was shot. That it was only "il Duce's" nose does not matter. The event enabled him splendidly to put his nose into Africa where and when it might have been a less splendid intrusion. There was a flood of headlines proclaiming that "Mussolini, wounded, bravely proceeds to Africa," where otherwise there would have been a flood of headlines saying that Mussolini threatens to upset the peace of Europe with a military adventure. A petty incident enables Mussolini's campaign for a redivision of Africa to be launched with greater ease. The contradictions of imperialist capitalism, pushing toward a cataclysm, are intensified. The coming world battlefield in Africa is further staked out for trenches.

It would probably be too much to assume that such an advertising stunt as a shot in the nose could have been arranged for such exact execution; more like it was for Mussolini only a fortunate coincidence.

One can imagine the terrorism that would have been turned loose on the basis of the incident if the fascist reaction could have found a working class partisan upon whom to blame the attentat. We observe that one feeble, distorted attempt has been made by Mussolini's journalistic prostitutes to make it appear that the devout Roman catholic "Hon. Violet Albina Gibson" who shot Mussolini in the nose is "sympathetic to Communism." But assassination is not a weapon of the revolutionary proletariat. Nothing can make the affair appear as other than a psychopathic case in which both the active and the passive participant are of more or less the same political family. Since the expert nose shooter turns out to be an eccentric titled catholic lady of the British aristocracy, she is to be pronounced "eccentric" and turned over to the custody of her family.

But Mussolini's nose, minus a nostril or two, is in Africa. Another step toward the overturning of the political balance of Europe.

-R. M.

# Nobody Home



Representatives of the Striking Passaic Textile Workers Went to Call on President Coolidge. Maurice-Becker, the Daily Worker Cartoonist, Shows Them Knocking on Mr. Coolidge's Door. But Mr. Coolidge, Who Always Has Time to Meet Charleston Dancers and Jazz Singers—not to Speak of the Textile Millionaires—is too Busy a Man to See the Representatives of Many Thousands of Textile Workers in a Desperate Struggle for a Chance to Live. His Job as President of the Biggest Capitalist Republic is to Help Bosses, Not Workers.

## The Social Workers' Ideal Is the Ideal of William Green

By ROLAND A. GIBSON.

WE hear a lot of talk nowadays among bourgeois "friends" of the labor movement, as well as from so-called "labor leaders," about the "social ideals of labor." Seldom are these ideals specified. There is much confusion in the minds of those who talk glibly about them and wide disagreement between those who advocate them. Even President Green himself is not too clear on the subject, but he is at least trying hard to make his ideals coincide with the most accepted and most respectable conceptions of social workers and humanitarian company-unionists.

Consider two choice paragraphs from Brother Green's address to the American Association for Labor Legislation on December 30, 1925:

"Charitable organizations and friends of suffering humanity, thru the press and thru other mediums of communication, attract our attention to the ever-increasing number of people who suffer bodily pain and who are torn by the fangs of poverty. For these unfortunates assistance is

sought and the public is asked to give generously and freely to alleviate their distressed condition. In keeping with the spirit of good will which prevails at this season the public answers the call of the needy in a most commendable way. Many who are hungry are fed. Many who are cold are clothed and made warm. Many who are sick are given medical attention. Homes which have been dark and dreary are made cheerful and bright with the laughter of happy children.

"We may dream of a world without poverty and distress, but our dream can never be realized. The underlying causes of human suffering have always existed and in all probability they will ever remain with humanity in some measure or degree. Human want and human woe can be traced to various causes, and I am confident that it is the will and the desire of society to remove the causes which make for human suffering and human distress. While we cannot attain the ideal by eradicating all causes of human ills we can deal with some of the causes from which our social ills originate in a concrete and effective

way. Chief among these are the social problems growing out of industry and inseparably associated with industrial development. In this category may be placed industrial accidents, child labor, unemployment, occupational diseases, sanitation and industrial hygiene. There are other classifications which, while important, are considered of a minor character. All have their bearing upon the main and principal matters of interest."

There is meat for the social workers. Labor's spokesman praises philanthropy. Unfortunately class collaboration has not yet perfected capitalism to the point where social ills will be largely eliminated. In fact, we must admit, says Brother Green, that these ills can never be eliminated. Poverty and distress are inevitable. True enuf, under capitalism!

Nevertheless, President Green pays tribute to the millionaire philanthropists who, after obtaining their wealth out of the exploitation of the workers, do their little bit each Christmas season "to alleviate their distressed condition." This is "in keeping with

the spirit of goodwill." Shades of Christ attest.

Who is this "society" which Green says is pining "to remove the causes which make for human suffering and human distress?" The "public," perhaps, which responds so commendably to the cries of starving children—once a year. Is it the government which refrains from interfering in these petty matters? Or is it the proposed Harmony Corporation, with capital and labor as joint stockholders, that is going to make the homes of all the workers "cheerful and bright with the laughter of happy children?"

It would be hard to dope these birds out, if one were to give them credit for possessing any knowledge about the real causes of the ills of capitalism. But we know that they don't possess this knowledge. They do, however, control the labor movement. That is why the militant workers must be on to their antics and prepare themselves to wrest control from the class-collaborationists and turn the labor movement into revolutionary channels.

# Mysticism in the New York Theatres

By MICHAEL GOLD.

EUGENE O'NEILL is still America's great dramatist. For he is honest; he has a fire in his belly; is baleful, grim, smouldering, passionate; he is not a "little Johnny Weaver" chorus girl of the arts, flirting skittishly with the emotions; he is a man.

Everything he says seems as sincere as the raving of a gangster under the third degree, or a truck driver having his legs amputated after an accident. O'Neill suffers real pain; he has made art out of this pain.

One respects this man; he has never sold out. One respects honesty that wears for ten years in America; it is rarer than black pearls. This is a nation of intellectual prostitutes; most young rebels at thirty become somebody's hired brain; the cities are full of slick, bored, purchasable sophisticates. Menckanism and the disillusionment of the war have ruined whole generations. But O'Neill has endured.

## The Drift of Mysticism.

THE American intellectual has come to the impasse where he believes in nothing—nothing except making a comfortable living. He scoffs as Babbitts; but he himself is deeper sunk in dollarism than the innocent, crude Babbitt.

Many have accepted this state in the mood of the lady who took the "easiest way"—"there seemed to be no other," she cried between a sneer and a sob.

But the best of the younger intellectuals are trying to fight a way out. They know that in Menckanism, or sneering, or posing as a rake, a superman, a boulevardier, and a wise-cracker, there is no more solid nourishment than in cream-puffs and synthetic gin. The mind cannot live by froth, by negation alone. It must feel that life is moving somewhere.

But life, in the United States, is only moving toward a great, crass, loud, selfish, luxurious machine—plutocracy. We are building a bourgeois empire that will smother the world.

And so the intellectuals swing to the opposite extreme and become mystics. If there are no answers in life they grope forward into eternity. Eugene O'Neill, because he's so bitterly honest, seems to be one of those headed in the direction of mysticism. So are John Howard Lawson and other young writers. There is a strong tendency toward that on the stage and in books. This is alone real and it fights us with weapons of reality. To fight it back with shadows and vague symbols is to throw the battle entirely into its hands.

## The Great God Brown.

O'NEILL'S newest play is built on a solid theme—the conflict between the creative and the acquisitive values in life. He handles his theme nobly, and with his undimmed dramatic genius. In form the play is experimental; this man never rests on his laurels, he is always pressing forward into virgin places, a pioneer. He experiments with masks in this play. There are two men and a woman, and they show each other only the masks all of us wear. One made is an artist; the other is the Great God Brown, the type-symbol of American pusher, go-getter, exploiter, the sterile money-grabber who sneers at the artist, yet envies him his rich treasures of the mind.

The conflict between creator and exploiter, presented in power scenes, reaches its climax when the artist dies of despair, and the American success steals his mask, in order to possess the woman both have loved. But the deception proves a failure; Brown is still sterile under the stolen mask.

The play is capable of many interpretations, and it is true, also, as the fatter of our New York stage critics have declared, that its symbolism becomes confusing at times. What is clear is O'Neill's burning hatred of dollar-delinquency.

All his plays have a social overtone, even when, as in this one, mysticism rides over their surface like a fog, blurring outlines and meanings. Why so many Bible quotations? That book of old pastoral poetry should feel as useless to a young modern writer living in New York as to a scientist. It is a fairy-tale, fit for only funda-

mentalists and dilettantes, but we are in deadly earnest. We want real answers to our problems, not mystic soothing syrup. O'Neill is in deadly earnest, but he seems caught in the mystic wave that is creeping into American literature.

## Lawson's Nirvana.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON has had a more virulent attack. This man is the author of "Processional," produced last season, and as yet the most powerful, most sincere, most stimulating and ground-breaking play that has grown out of the rich, rank soil of the American labor struggle. Read the book, if you haven't seen the play; it is really a classic.

Lawson's newest play, "Norvana," was produced a few weeks ago in Greenwich Village. It was badly produced; the actors gave off a faint flavor of ham. (Few American actors are convincing in any play where the characters are really intelligent and modern.) The play was written in the mood of Dostoevsky, a wild, lurid, rending, epileptic and impossible account of the God-seeking of a group of American intellectuals. The hero searches for a faith in bourgeois America; and as there is none, except the national belief in the eagle on the dollar, he goes stumbling forward to some wierd electro-magnetic god, who is finally revealed to him and to us by a ludicrous Christian Science miracle at the last curtain.

Lawson's attempt at truth was magnificent. He was trying desperately to break thru the barbed-wire stockade that hems the American intellectuals into a common compound with their enemies, the sterile Babbitts. But he failed.

Lawson has wit, he has dramatic skill second only to O'Neill, he has passion, sincerity, fine cool brains, youth, courage—he has everything—but he cannot break thru the bourgeois philosophy. He has hammered no philosophy out for himself, and has to go god-seeking.

His play was a magnificent failure, and it should have been an even more magnificent success. This Lawson has the stuff of a world playwright in him. Only O'Neill is his master in this country. But he is doomed if he continues on the path to Nirvana. He must go back to the realities of the West Virginia miners of his last play; he must stick to the earth, where he is strong.

## Goat Song.

THE Goat Song, by Franz Werfel, is one of this season's importations of the latest fashionable foreign models by the Theater Guild of New York, was also a blend of mysticism and revolution.

Revolution—among vague foreign peasants, some three centuries ago, in a mythical country, not America.

Revolution—dolled up in pretty Maxfield Parrish settings, with charming groupings, and nobody gets hurt.

Revolution—sprung from the sick subjective brain of a student, instead of from the need of the masses.

Revolution—symbolized by a monster who has been pent for years in a cellar. (And why—such a symbol? Surely the monster is capitalism.)

Revolution—not something real, not something that cuts into the lives of a New York audience, but something in a theater. Something ending in Sunday school bible lessons.

There were great moments in the play; and perhaps a New York audience cannot digest anything like strong red meat in the way of revolution. Maybe this is the limit.

But I would like to see the Theater Guild put on a revolutionary play about the New York garment workers, with real workers massed on the picket line, New York cops pounding them, and an audience of New York clothing merchants writhing guiltily under the tongue-lashing of the agitator-hero.

That would be social revolution in the theater.

The Theater Guild does some really splendid things; despite its strange prejudice against American writers, it makes sacrifices for the new experimental stage.

Why doesn't it build a little studio

## Keep Religious with Cal



"Our institutions" must be made to rest on the foundation of "reverence for religion," which will help to keep (the working) class from asserting itself against (the capitalist) class, said the cool Coolidge this week, to the journalist's congress.

where it can give young revolutionary American playwrights a real chance to fail or succeed—at least to learn? In five years we might not need to import the works of the parlor-mystic, Herr Werfel.

Personally, I believe there is more hope for the American theater in a failure by Lawson, or in even a crude native success like "Is Zat So?" than

in a hundred imported Goat Songs.

One can learn a few things from others, but not how to create. This is a lesson, too, for the workers. They must experiment in order to find their own culture, which will not be mystic, like that of the bewildered bourgeois intellectuals, but real and dynamic as the barricades.

# Sanctifying Sausages

By HENRY.

ONE of the many important features of Easter in the Roman Catholic church is the baptizing of eggs and sausage. Last Saturday was the day set aside by the church for that particular function.

Passing one of the Roman Catholic churches in the near northwest district of this town, I noticed a large assembly of boys and girls in front of the church, each carrying a small basket, the contents of which was neatly concealed under a snowy-white napkin. Drawn by curiosity, I managed with some effort to elbow my way inside the church. Lo, and behold! what greeted my eye? The priest in a long black skirt covered with table cloth, small book in one hand, funny-looking whist broom in the other hand, surrounded by a crowd as large as the one outside, was murmuring some mysterious words in Latin to the amazement of the black-faced boys and girls surrounding him. From time to time he dipped the bushy end of that whist broom in a shallow vessel containing water, and with dignified motion of his hand sprinkled the tables upon which were hundreds of small baskets, each containing sausage, eggs, chunks of pork chops, or a cut of beef, dressed with green leaves. The contents of each basket upon the table were exposed to the precious holy water which the priest freely showered upon the baskets with his whist broom.

I asked one of the boys who apparently was owner of one of the baskets: "How will you find your basket when the ceremony is over?"

"Oh! I keep my eye on it all the time; I can see it now," he told me.

WHEN the holy ghost sufficiently permeated the cold storage eggs, the embalmed sausage and pork chops, the priest closed his Latin book, committed the whist broom to the care of his small pug-nosed assistant, and the show was over. By cross-motions in the air with his hand in the direction of the loaded tables the priest signified that by his magical words the holy ghost was firmly fixed in the sausage, eggs, pork chops and beef, and it is ready for the christian table.

Immediately the crowd of children surrounded the tables, hunting for their respective baskets. Several elderly women tried to maintain order and acted as referees whenever controversy arose as to ownership of baskets. At any rate the children miraculously found their baskets, or at least it appeared to me that each one got his or her basket, as they poured thru the wide open door into the street.

AS I was about to leave the place my attention was directed to a group of boys and girls, each one with a small milk bottle in his hand. In the midst of them stood the priest's assistant, wildly gesticulating with his hands to the growing crowd of children. "Don't! Don't! The priest may see it!" he plead in a subdued voice. "This is all the holy water we have today and the ceremony is not over yet!" Finally I heard the assistant say, "Aha! the thieves of holy water!"

"The thieves of holy water," I repeated as I left the holy house of god, just when another crowd with baskets filled with sausage, eggs and pork chops began to pour into the sanctuary.

# Democracy and the Popularist Movement in China

By Lenin

(Written in 1912)

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE:—The article below was written by Lenin in July, 1912, in the Petersburg Bolshevik paper, Nevskaya Zvezda. Lenin compares the Chinese Revolutionary Democratic movement with that of the Russian "Narodniki" (Populists). This article is still of immense value, if only for showing the difference between the ideas of Sun-Yat-Sen and Revolutionary Socialism. It remains a brilliant example of the Communist approach to the Chinese National-Emancipation Movement. The existence of a Chinese Communist Party is not only foretold, but the present Comintern policy of support to the revolutionary struggle of Kuomintang is pre-determined. Lenin's estimation of Sun-Yat-Sen must of course be viewed in the light of present history and Sun-Yat-Sen's new orientations: his faith in the new Chinese proletariat and in the U. S. S. R. as an ally, his fight against imperialism, his revolutionary work with the Communists during the last few years, etc. With the growth of the proletariat Sun-Yat-Sen began to interest himself in Marxism. He also studied Lenin's works. The appearance of this article for the first time in English is very timely on the anniversary of Sun-Yat-Sen's death, which occurred on the eve of mass revolutionary struggles. It is especially timely as the radical changes that have taken place in China during the last year—the strengthening of Sun-Yat-Sen's Party in the South and the appearance of the proletariat on the political arena for the first time—add weight to Lenin's conceptions.—Eric Verney.)

THE article by the acting president of the Chinese Republic, Sun-Yat-Sen, which we take from the Brussels socialist paper, *Le Peuple*, is of exceptional interest for us Russians.

An old adage says: "Things seem clearer from afar." Sun-Yat-Sen is an extremely interesting witness "from afar," for being a man with an European education he is apparently totally unacquainted with Russia. Yet this European-trained representative of militant and victorious Chinese democracy, which has won itself a republic, confronts us with purely Russian problems. These problems moreover, are presented quite independently of Russia, of Russian experience, of Russian literature. His resemblance to a Russian Populist is so great that it amounts to an absolute identity in basic conceptions and in a number of separate expressions.

Things seem clearer from afar. The program of great Chinese democracy which is indeed represented in Sun-Yat-Sen's article, compels us and gives us a convenient opportunity to view once more the problems of correlation between democracy and Populism in the modern bourgeois revolutions of Asia, from the aspect of new world events. This is one of the most important problems which faced Russia in the revolutionary epoch commencing from 1905. And it has not only confronted Russia, but the whole of Asia, as may be seen from this program of the acting president of the Chinese Republic, particularly if we view this platform in the light of the development of revolutionary events in Russia, Turkey, Persia and China. Russia in many and in every substantial respects undoubtedly represents an Asiatic state and, at that, one of the most barbaric, mediaeval and disgracefully backward of Asiatic states.

Russian bourgeois democracy bears the imprint of the Populist movement beginning with its far off and solitary forerunner Herten, and ending with its mass representatives, members of the Peasants' Union of 1905, and the "Trudovik" deputies (Right S. R.'s—Trans.) of the first three Dumas 1906-1912. We now see that the bourgeois democracy of China bears the identical imprint of the Populist movement. Let us see from the example of Sun-Yat-Sen what is the "social significance" of the ideas engendered by the profound revolutionary movement of hundreds of millions of people who are now definitely drawn into the current of universal capitalist civilization.

Every line of Sun-Yat-Sen's program is imbued with a militant, sincere, democratic spirit. There is full comprehension of the inadequacy of a "race" revolution. There is not one iota of anti-political reasoning, or even neglect for political liberty nor even the admittance of the idea of

compatibility of Chinese autocracy with Chinese "social reform," with Chinese constitutional transformations, etc. There are genuine democratic conceptions, with the demand for a republic. There is a direct presentation of the question of the position of the masses, the question of the mass struggle; there is warm sympathy for the toiling masses and the exploited, belief in the legitimacy of their cause and in their strength.

We see a really great ideology of a really great people, which is not only able to lament its centuries-old slavery, not only able to dream of freedom and equality, but also to FIGHT against the perpetual oppressors of China.

One cannot but compare the acting president of the republic in this barbaric, dead, Asiatic China with the various presidents of republics in Europe, in America, in the countries of advanced culture. There the presidents of republics are almost without exception business men, agents or puppets in the hands of the bourgeoisie, rotten thru and thru, stained from head to foot with filth and blood, not the blood of Mandarins and Chinese emperors, but the blood of workers, who in the name of progress and civilization have been shot for striking. There the presidents are representatives of a bourgeoisie which long ago disowned the ideals of its youth, which has prostituted itself to the last degree, sold itself entirely to the millionaires and milliardaires, to feudal landowners who have become bourgeois, etc. . . .

Here we see the Asiatic acting president of the republic—a revolutionary democrat, full of nobleness and of the heroism belonging to that class which does not go down hill but up hill, which does not fear the future but believes in it and self-sacrificingly fights for it—a class which hates the past and is capable of casting off the deadening rot of this all-destroying past—a class that does not cling to the preservation and restoration of the past for the sake of guarding its own privileges.

Does not this mean, then, that the materialistic West has decayed and that light is only shining from the mystic, religious East? No, it is just the contrary. This means that the East has definitely stepped on to the path of the West, that fresh hundreds of millions of people will henceforth participate in the struggle for ideals that the West has already achieved. It is the Western bourgeoisie that has decayed, and its grave-digger—the proletariat—is already standing by. But in Asia there is still a bourgeoisie capable of representing a sincere, militant, consistent democracy, a worthy comrade of the great teachers and great workers of the end of the eighteenth century in France.

The chief representative or the most important social support of the Asiatic bourgeoisie—a bourgeoisie still capable of historically-progressive work,—is the peasant. Side by side with the latter there is already a liberal bourgeoisie whose representatives, such as Yang-Shi-Kai, are more capable of treachery than of anything else: yesterday they feared the emperor and fawned before him; afterwards, when they saw the force and felt the victory of revolutionary democracy, they betrayed the emperor, and tomorrow they will betray the democrats for the sake of a deal with some old or new "constitutional" emperor.

Without a high and sincerely democratic enthusiasm which ignites the toiling masses and renders them capable of performing miracles, such as can be seen in every phrase of Sun-Yat-Sen's program, the real liberation of the Chinese people from age-long slavery would be impossible.

But with the Chinese Populists this militant democratic ideology is combined firstly with socialist dreams, with the hope of escaping the path of Chinese capitalism, of averting capitalism, and secondly with the planning and preaching of a radical agrarian reform. It is just these two ideological-political tendencies which represent the element that goes to make up the Populist movement in the specific meaning of the term, i.e., as distinct from democracy and supplementary to democratic theory.

What is the origin and significance of these tendencies?

Chinese democracy could not overthrow the old order in China and win a republic without a tremendous spiritual and revolutionary *elan* of

the masses. Such an *elan* presupposes and engenders the sincerest sympathy for the position of the toiling masses, and the most fervent hate for their oppressors and exploiters. And in Europe and America from which the advanced Chinese, in fact all Chinese who have experienced this *elan*, have culled their ideas of emancipation, the next thing on the program is already liberation from the bourgeoisie, i.e. socialism. Hence the inevitable sympathy of the Chinese democrats for socialism, hence their subjective socialism.

They are subjectively socialists, because they are against the oppression and exploitation of the masses. But the objective conditions of China, of this backward, agrarian, semi-feudal country, urgently confront the half-million of the Chinese people with only one definite historically-peculiar form of this oppression and of this exploitation, namely feudalism. Feudalism is based on the prevalence of agrarian life and of primitive economy; the origin of the feudal exploitation of the Chinese peasant was his attachment to the land in one form or another; the political expressions of this exploitation were the feudal landowners, all together and each one, separately, with the emperor as head of the system.

And the result is that from the subjectively-socialist ideas and programs of a Chinese democrat, in reality we get a program "of change of all bloody foundations" only of "real estate," a program for the abolition only of feudal exploitation.

Therein lies the substance of Sun-Yat-Sen's Populist conceptions, of his progressive, militant, revolutionary program of bourgeois-democratic agrarian transformations and of his supposed socialist theory.

This theory, if we regard it from the point of view of a doctrine, is the theory of a petty bourgeois "socialist," of a socialist reactionary. This is so, because the chimera that China can "avert" capitalism, that in China the "social revolution" is easier because of her backwardness, etc., is quite reactionary. And Sun-Yat-Sen with inimitable, one might say maiden *naivete* himself smashes to atoms his reactionary Populist theory, recognizing what life makes one recognize, namely: that "China is on the eve of a gigantic industrial (i.e. capitalist) development," that in China "commerce" (i.e. capitalism) is expanding in tremendous dimensions, that "in 50 years' time we will have many Shanghais," i. e. a huge number of centers of capitalist wealth and of proletarian need and poverty.

But the question naturally arises—does Sun-Yat-Sen defend, on the basis of his reactionary economic theory, a really reactionary agrarian program? That indeed is the whole gist of the question, the most interesting point before which plumed and castrated liberal quasi-Marxism often pulls up short.

That is just the point; he does not defend such an agrarian program on this basis. That is just what comprises the dialectics of social relations in China—the fact that the Chinese democrats, sincerely sympathizing with socialism in Europe, have turned it into a reactionary theory and on the basis of this reactionary theory of "averting" capitalism, they conduct a purely capitalist, maximum-capitalist agrarian program.

What does the "economic revolution," about which Sun-Yat-Sen speaks so fervently and confusedly at the commencement of the article, really amount to?

It amounts to the transfer of rents to the state, i.e. the nationalization of land by means of a kind of single tax after the spirit of Henry George. There is absolutely nothing else real in the "economic revolution" proposed and preached by Sun-Yat-Sen.

The difference between the value of the land in an out-of-the-way peasant farm and in Shanghai is a difference in the dimensions of the rent. To make the "increase in value" of land become the "property of the people" means transferring rents, i.e. property on land to the state, or in other words, means nationalizing the land.

Is such a reform possible within the framework of capitalism? It is not only possible, but it represents the purest, most highly consistent and ideologically perfected capitalism. Marx pointed this out in the "Poverty of Philosophy," proved it in detail in the third volume of "Cap-

# "The Crier"

By Henri Barbusse

(Translated by LYDIA GIBSON)

It is night. From the hilltop you look over the village. You know it's there, but you can't see it, the wind is so black. A few chalk lines are drawn on the blackboard that the night makes in front of your eyes. That is day coming; it grows lighter quickly and the cold wind thrusts the great hollow of the valley before your eyes.

Standing on the slope above the valley you can build the scene like a panorama. Helped by the wide shapeless light of dawn you can pick out the village, the woods, the fields, the mountains, all in miniature, from under the ceiling of melting shadows.

Far below appear a lot of tiny square things, which become ruddy, then red. The roofs. The houses range themselves evenly, side by side in their fenced yards. Lights prick through this chessboard: in this house and in that, people are putting the night out of doors. Further off, rows and squares of poplar trees lift themselves out of the shadows, and the last poplar of all, with only a little bundle of leaves at its very tip, seems like the greased pole at a fair. Nearer, right in the middle of the village you can see the public square, with the fronts of the shops around its edges.

Little moving specks, which each have what you can't see from here; at the top two eyes inside a heart, and outside, paint. The washerwomen. You can't see them separately, these washerwomen, but you can see the water of the brook running cloudy with soapsuds below the group of them on the bank. It's queer how the people of the brickyards and the farms, themselves invisible, show the tangled skein of all their goings and comings to the watcher on the hillside. The cemetery, which does nothing at all—the seamy side of the village—is spread out beside the village, and it is there that the sunlight first touches the immense box of the valley.

If you approach the village going down the hillside, you pass through rookeries, full of crows. And at every footstep, a big rapacious bird flaps up with a noise like a shaken-out overcoat. You see the pine cones on the pine trees, like flowers of wood, and warm soil underfoot; you hear distant cries, the rooster's mile-long crowing, the bells. You hear the heavy sound of a cart. Then it's one and another that you see, of the people who live around here. But above all, you see him.

Over there, you see him. He must look like any other farmhand to you as he stands beside the shop where the baker is putting little naked rolls into the oven.

There he is, that's the man. Good Lord, that's him. He'll begin to talk, and it'll be more and more himself.

That ruddy and well-built man, he's content, laughs, he sings.

He tells the truth; he smashes everything

ital" and particularly clearly developed it in the polemic with Rodbertus in "Theories of Surplus Value."

Nationalization of the land provides the possibility of abolishing absolute rent, leaving only differential rent. According to the teaching of Marx, nationalization means the most thorough removal of mediaeval monopolies and mediaeval relations from agriculture, the greatest freedom of commercial operations with the land, the greatest facility for adapting agriculture to the market. It is an irony of history that the Populist movement, in the name of a "struggle" against capital in agriculture, conducts an agrarian program, the complete realization of which would mean the most rapid development of capitalism in agriculture.

What economic necessity, in one of the most backward peasant countries of Asia, has caused the diffusion of the most advanced bourgeois-democratic land programs? It was the necessity for destroying feudalism in all its forms and manifestations.

The more China lagged behind Europe and Japan, so much the more was it threatened with dissection and national disintegration. China could only be "restored" by the heroism of the revolutionary masses of the people, capable of forming a Chinese Republic in the political sphere, and able to ensure in the agrarian sphere, the most rapid capitalistic progress by means of nationalizing the land.

As to whether this will succeed and to what

with the truth that comes out of him.

"That fellow? You say he always tells the truth?"

"Always."

"To everyone?"

"To everyone."

"It can't be done!"

"It is done all the same, my good sir. He's a sort of a queer one, I know, and his wife has left him. . . . But he clubs you with the truth like a god."

THAT pale lanky man beside him is his brother. We thought he couldn't tell him that he was so sick that he is going to die soon, because it's impossible to tell such things. . . .

"And how did he treat that thin brother, used like a machine by his illness?" "Well, he told him that he was going to die."

"He's insane, he's dangerous. . . . that's what your man is!"

"No, he's not crazy. More than that, if you like, but better."

Everybody said about the brother, "He is dying!" but nobody said it to his face. There was a conspiracy of silence around him, deceiving him like a husband to whom for a long time nobody dares to tell the scandal about his wife. When he was around, faces divided into two; on the side toward turned others, a grimace of pity, on the side toward himself, the mask of a smile. But the brother guessed it; he knew he wasn't up too much, and was losing weight, and coughed—and he made scenes with one and another of his neighbors, trying to make them verify his fears.

"You are going to die very soon."

A brutal gesture? Something more beautiful than that, believe me. It was something big, a terrible warm instinct that overflowed, a wound, quivering with emotion and pity! It was certain that he couldn't help speaking, and that he would have kept still if he could. And it was certain that he would have changed places with his brother if that had been possible.

No one knows in what corner of the village this strange thing had sprung up, this wing of an angel, this Holy Ghost: the great truthful Word.

You may well regret—(you giving me such a funny look) that you didn't see him when he was speaking. His face must have shone in the eyes, in the openings, like a face in a stained glass window.

His brother didn't believe it. He listened, without hearing, to the word, though he had begged for it.

He himself suffered more than the doomed man. He wept. The sound of his tears in the darkness was a fountain that bled gently, like himself. Even before that dark fate which he saw in the darkness, he wept as he will weep after it has happened.

It was a sad joy but it was joy. He went, to

degree, is another question. Various countries have brot into force varying degrees of political and agrarian democracy during their bourgeois revolution and, moreover, in the most variegated combinations. In China it is the international situation and the co-relation of social forces that will decide matters. The emperor will probably unite the feudal landowners, the bureaucracy, the Chinese clergy, and prepare a restoration. Yang-Shi-Kai, representative of a bourgeoisie which has hardly had time to become liberal-republican instead of liberal-monarchistic (will this be for long?) will conduct a policy of maneuvering between the monarchy and the revolution. The revolutionary bourgeois democracy represented by Sun-Yat-Sen is correctly seeking a path to the "resuscitation" of China in developing the greatest independence, determination and boldness of the peasant masses, in the way of political and agrarian reforms.

Finally, in accordance with how the number of Shanghais grow in China, so also will the Chinese proletariat grow. It will probably form some kind of Chinese Social-Democratic Labor Party, (i.e., Communist Party—Trans.) which, while criticizing the petty bourgeois utopias and the reactionary views of Sun-Yat-Sen, will be sure to select with care, to preserve and develop the revolutionary-democratic nucleus of his political and agrarian program.

(Translated especially for the Saturday Magazine Section of The DAILY WORKER by Eric Verney.)

and fro really in light. When I talk, speak, when I avow something, it is my heart that does something. To tell the truth is better than to avoid suffering.

THAT woman, now, who is standing near him, she once was his mistress.

Listen. We can hear what they are saying. The moon is full. In all this emptiness, so blue, so white, so rich, and near the wall plastered with light, these two small beings have met again.

They are really completely separated from each other. The ghost of shared caresses does not hold them together though they do not hate each other because of that, like so many others.

"It's true, I don't love you any more," says she.

"I never did love you," he answers.

At this, she is distressed, even though the past is only a poor painted decoration now.

"Don't say that! Today, yes, but once!—we loved each other."

"No, we used each other."

"I remember that we loved each other," she says less confidently.

"I remember that I needed your body, but that I did not love what you could love, and I didn't even care. To have you—not your dress, not your soul—that was all. Is that love? What I felt for you was nearer anger, because I couldn't do without you. . . . I shouldn't even have known your name," his voice was like a cry, "If I hadn't asked it. . . . And when you were ill, I told myself I was wasting my time with you. When we first knew each other, you planned to go away. I was going to lose you. But the dreadful thing that happened to you, you know."

"Yes."

"That dreadful thing forced you to stay and I could see you whenever I liked, and my heart beat and I sang for joy when I heard of the terrible sorrow that had befallen you."

She looked at him with suspicion, thinking visibly that there was something back of all this, and she bent her head.

"Why do you talk to me like this? Why do you hurt me?"

"Nothing but the body," he repeated, cutting memory to the quick, as you cut something with a knife. "Giving yourself, possessing each other, that meant but the body, and violence."

"Because it is strong," said the woman.

"It is strong, and it's necessary. But love, the miracle of two becoming one, that's greater."

She said only: "You hurt me!" and she closed her eyes, so as not to see the present man nor the man of the past.

He talked to people like that. When you've done that you can do anything.

And what came of his talk? A cleaning of the spirit, his own and the others', a throwing out of the thick rubbish that stuffed them. And the splendor that he could not keep back, and which was also in the others. Say what you please, he glowed with some of that light.

There's no doubt about it, we all live imprisoned in ourselves. But he had a way of unchaining our real selves, and they were born like children.

But that frightens people.

"I understand that! and I. . . ."

"Yes, they don't like that operation of truth a bit. When he appears, clear as a mirror, they'd rather turn their backs or tighten their hands at their sides. They don't want to be opened like cupboards and their things all pulled out!"

ONE day he passed a very old woman sitting on a step. Through the open door you could see her window, covered with newspapers to keep out the cold. On her wiry body was a jumble of shapeless rags. She spread her gnarled and discolored hands out on her apron, her face was yellow and her hair fluffs of dust. Beside her slept a mangy dog.

The man watched her attentively while he spoke to the others, saying that there is always, between human beings, either love or the opposite of love. Everyone, without exception attracts or disgusts the other more or less, through the flesh, or if you want to call it that, love. An old dog is an old dog. Old people are detested by all.

That day the certainty came to some of them

(Continued on page six)

# British "Minority" Movement Moves Up

By TOM BELL

THE special conference of the National Minority Movement held here (in London) on Sunday, March 21, was a wonderful demonstration of the swing of the masses of the trade union rank and file against the dilatory tactics of the trade union officialdom. Eight hundred and five delegates represented over 900,000 trade unionists organized in local unions, trades and labor councils and local groups of the National Minority Movement.

Tom Mann, veteran of the British labor movement and chairman of the National Minority Movement, acted as chairman of the conference. George Hardy, well known in the U. S. labor movement before his deportation and secretary of the National Minority Movement, was secretary of the conference.

The conference was held in the Battersea Baths, and was greeted in the name of the Battersea Trades and Labor Council by Brother Clancy, the president. S. Saklatvala, member of the house of commons for Battersea, welcomed the conference in the name of the labor movement of this borough.

The largest number of delegates were from the Amalgamated Engineering Union, the second being the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. It is significant that delegates were present from more than fifty of the trade

union councils. Every important industrial center of the country was represented, including the South Wales and Scottish mine fields.

THE spirit of the left wing of the British trade union movement is demonstrated. The first resolution presented was the "defense and maintenance of trade union rights." The present menacing situation confronting the trade unionists of Britain in outline in the resolution, the brutal attacks on the coal miners of Ammanford and the arrest of the twelve leaders of the Communist Party, together with the organization of all kinds of fascist organizations, is pointed to as a direct warning to the workers that they must prepare to resist all attacks of the bosses on their organizations.

The most important point in this resolution is Clause B, which reads:

"To form (thru and under the supervision of the trades councils) workers' defense corps, in order to protect working-class speakers from bourgeois terrorism, to protect trade union headquarters from fascist incendiaryism, to defend strike pickets against police interference, and finally to build up a powerful working-class force capable of defending the political and industrial rights and liberties of the workers."

This resolution was introduced by Alex Gossip, general secretary of the Furnishing Trades' Unions, who was

a regularly elected delegate to the conference. He urged the passage of the resolution and recited the necessity of the formation of a workers' defense corps because of the use of violence by the bosses in many strikes in which he had participated. While he is a convinced pacifist and opposed to the use of violence on principle (either by capitalists or workers) he saw the necessity of the defense corps in the present situation. The resolution was seconded by Brother J. J. Vaughan, recently Communist mayor of the Bethnal Green and delegate from the London Electric Trades' Unions. Many delegates participated in the discussion and the resolution was carried unanimously.

THE next resolution was entitled "The Capitalist Offensive," and calls for the following measures to be taken to meet the offensive of the bosses on the working class:

- (a) The complete scientific utilization of the whole trade union movement in the struggle.
- (b) Securing the co-operation of the co-operative organizations.
- (c) Securing the active participation of the parliamentary and National Labor parties in the organization of the struggle by placing themselves at the disposal of the general council of the Trades Union Congress.
- (d) Urging the general council of the Trades Union Congress to take

steps to ensure the full support of the International Trade Union Movement for the struggle of the British working class.

In the discussion on the resolution the delegates stressed the necessity of the general council of the Trades Congress to utilize the resolution of the Scarborough congress to become the real leading center of the trade union movement and also to call a special meeting of the congress to take steps to put the movement in readiness for the coming battles. The mining situation, the engineering crisis and the unemployment situation were pointed to as justifying this course.

THE speeches of the delegates showed that the bosses had determined to place the burden of the continuance of the capitalist system on the backs of the workers by reducing their standard of living. It was particularly refreshing to see that many delegates pointed to the low standard of living of the colonial peoples exploited by British capital as one of the main reasons for the desperate plight of the British working class. Delegates from Dundee textile unions showed that the reason for the unemployment and starvation was the low wages of the Bengal textile workers and demanded that this be taken into consideration.

THE resolution on international trade union unity was introduced by Comrade George Hardy, acting secretary of the National Minority Movement. He delivered a splendid speech on the subject and was greeted by great applause by the conference. The resolution calls on the Trades Union Congress to issue a special bulletin for the information of the trade unions on this subject, to work for closer co-operation with the Russian trade unions, to send workers' delegations to the trade union conventions on the continent to explain the necessity of world trade union unity and to work untiringly for the convening of an international trade union congress of delegates from all organizations, irrespective of whether they belong to Amsterdam or the Red International of Labor Unions.

The discussion from the floor showed what a grasp of the necessity of world trade union unity the left wing of the British trade union movement has. Delegate after delegate took the floor and pointed out that the success of the British workers in defending their already low standard of living depended on the solidarity of the international trade union movement. The resolution was carried unanimously amidst loud applause.

DR. BAHT represented the All-India Trades Union Congress and in his speech showed the close connection of the situation of the Indian workers with those of Britain. Three Indian sailors who accompanied him on the platform were given a rousing welcome.

The Trade Union Educational League of the United States was represented by Tom Bell. In his speech of fraternal greetings he outlined the situation confronting the left wing trade unionists of the United States. The question of "company unionism" and the "B. and O. plan," labor banking and the other forms of class collaboration practiced by the trade union officialdom highly amused the conference. He declared that the work of the National Minority Movement and the other left wing trade union movements in other countries were of the greatest importance to the working class and must continue until the workers are organized in international solidarity for the defeat of the international capitalist class.

THE concluding speech of Chairman Tom Mann brot forth great applause when he declared that the wonderful success of the conference made it evident that in the near future the National Minority Movement would be the Majority Movement in the British trade union movement.

Altogether the conference was wonderful and shows that the left wing trade unionists of this country are on the job determined to win the masses of the trade unions for the path of the class struggle and a determined fight against the British ruling class.

## "THE CRIER"

(Continued from page five)

that he had said something perhaps never said before, and which was true.

He made you come out of yourself, where you were hidden.

THE public square and the holiday were one thing; you could see that right away if you looked down from a window on the square, so that your gaze covered it like a lid. The metallic dust of the music. In the crowd, zigzags of people flowing toward the swings, giant whirling saucers, and to the shooting galleries, and the booths, decorated with geometric figures, daubed, streaked, full of gewgaws. In the four corners, winesellers stimulating the thirst of the crowd.

A cyclist passed, curved over his bicycle like a capital letter, a right angle tangent to the perfect wheels upon which speed shimmered like watering on silk. The loungers stared at each other, studied each other, undressed each other with their eyes. What was each one thinking? Surely this: "Me, above all. I deserve to be happy," and "The others are wrong when they think I'm like everyone else."

Now, about eleven o'clock, first a lot of noise, then a rich man rolling in his jewel-box of an automobile. You saw, supposing that you were still perched up in that window, the excitement of the crowd, flowing and moving around the trajectory of the car. The king of the car alighted, in flesh and blood, at the hotel for lunch. You saw the American of wood (it was mostly his head that was of wood) with his lady.

When they came out again under the sign of the hotel, to their waiting car, the Mayor, who had learned of their arrival, and had come running to await them, saluted them.

The American didn't see him at first, preoccupied as he was by the price of the lunch: 8 francs each; he could hardly believe it, it was so small; only 8 francs! "O, damn it," he said, "how bad the food must have been!"

The mayor showed him the pretty new houses, like candy and gingerbread, on the square and on the hillside, hoping to influence the memory of this important tourist.

"There used to be only old houses here, all alike, their red tiles grey with age. Now there are Swiss chalets, Tunisian houses, Spanish villas, chateaus—one right near, with turrets. It's the good taste of France!" said the Mayor.

My lord Red-Skin answered that he had a daughter who was interested in knick-knacks, and who had read several books, but that he himself was a practical business man. He gave one to understand that others might have talent, others might have ideas, others might have taste; as for him, he bought all that.

Then a giant laugh burst out among the people (they guessed where it came from) and

that laugh whinnied that the kings of today aren't even savages, but only mechanisms.

"Our master is a dead one rolling in gold!"

The American climbed into his automobile (bows and salutations to him.) He pulled down the blinds (bows and salutations to the window-blinds).

And out of the great raucous laugh a hand pointed out the big, round twinkling coins, the golden wheels of the traveling throne.

That laugh was as strong and ample as the mountain of sound that falls from a bell-tower. Scandalous! That peasant, that nobody, mocking the lord of the universe! But the audience felt comfortably sure that the rich man couldn't understand—while the other yelled as loud as Jeremiah in the streets of Jerusalem:

"Our master is a dead one!"

Just the same, the image brought there by the mechanical tabernacle with them; it was the ideal of each one, it was the model, the statute of what each wanted. For each one tried, on a petty scale, to be like the millionaire, a being of superior essence, although not of superior essence, and to command, and to reign over others; over one, over two, over a hundred. . . . and each one whispered to himself: "My highness, My holiness."

The man who had laughed like an avalanche, said now in a very ordinary tone of voice:

"There's one word—'petty bourgeois'—it's indispensable, that word! If you try it on every one of the inhabitants of the country, you see that it fits perfectly, it's just made to order for them. The rich make the not-rich in their own image."

Something else now.

"Yes," said the men around the table, "the Best is the enemy of the Good."

The great voice was there, as usual, and exclaimed:

"That's not true!"

"What!" said the employe peevishly, "you contradict that maxim?"

"The best is not the enemy of the good," he shouted, "since the best is just the best."

The other man reflected:

"Evidently, it's just a manner of speaking. When you say, the best is the enemy of the good, you don't mean at all that the best is the enemy of the good, just the contrary!"

As serious, as careful, as excited as a child absorbed in play, that's the way he broke down, one by one, the ghosts of catch-word phrases and ideas that you run into and that dance around the substance of reality (the reality which is: war of man upon man, and of men upon men.)

(To be continued next week in the Saturday Magazine Supplement of The DAILY WORKER—the issue of Saturday, April 17.)

By Henri Barbusse

# China and the Kuomintang a Year After Sun-Yat-Sen's Death

By TANG SHIN SHE.

"The bourgeoisie, which is decaying while still alive, will be replaced by the proletariat of the European countries and by the young democracy of the Asiatic countries, which is full of faith in its own powers and of confidence in the masses." (Lenin.)

A YEAR has passed since the death of Sun Yat Sen, who roused the four hundred millions of the Chinese people and led them to fight for freedom. His spirit, which during his lifetime developed in an ascending scale, just at the present moment dominates the Chinese people to an enormous degree. His most immediate wishes: the national revolution, the fight against the imperialists, the fight against internal enemies and, for this purpose, the improvement and disciplining of the revolutionary armies, the fulfillment of which he did not live to see, are now well on the way to being carried out. Let us look at the situation today in China and the Kuomintang party since the death of Sun Yat Sen.

The Canton government formed by Sun Yat Sen, the headquarters of the national revolution, was seriously threatened by General Tshen Shui Ming, the tool of the imperialists at the time of our leader's death. Only a month later, however, in April, 1925, Tshen Shui Ming was defeated; but he was not the only enemy. In Canton itself there were so-called revolutionary leaders of troops who were in reality the worst counter-revolutionary elements who enjoyed the support of the English imperialists. In June they made an attack on the Canton government in co-operation with the governor of Yunnan (a protege of Japan and France). Nevertheless, in quite a short time, the party troops with the help of the revolutionary peasants and workers completely defeated this really strong opponent.

After these victories, a Kuomin (people's) government, closely resembling the soviet system, was formed in Canton on July 1, 1925. In order to destroy this dangerous formation, the imperialists, especially English and Americans, organized their tools, General Tshen Shui Ming, Tuan She Sui and Chang Tso Lin, to make a general attack on Canton by land and by sea under the slogan: "The fight against the Communists!" By the end of 1925 all the attacking forces were driven back by the revolutionary soldiers and the armed peasants and workers, and the whole province of Kwangtung, with a population of 40,000,000, is now in the hands of the Kuomin government. The province of Kwangsi, which has for a long time sympathized with the Canton government, allied itself quite closely with the latter since that victory. Even Sun Tchuang Fang, the military ruler of the lower Yangtse district, whose provinces border closely on Kwangtung and Kwangsi, has expressed his sympathy with the Canton government, impressed by its strength.

The leaders of the revolutionary troops of Hunan, Kuishow and Yunan send delegates to Canton to prepare the way for co-operation. The governor of Hunnan, who had up to then been a bitter opponent of the Canton government and who marches under the manner of federalism, ordered that Sun Yat Sen's teachings should be laid before his soldiers. The only government which the people, whether in the south or the north, nay, even in Peking itself, regard as theirs is the Kuomin government in Canton. The latter will send 20 divisions of soldiers to the north in order to liberate the Chinese people from the imperialists and their tools, and will arm the peasants and workers so as to preserve peace and order in their district.

The soldiers trained in the Wampu military school, founded by Sun Yat Sen in 1924, are the nucleus of the revolutionary troops of Canton. Up to last year the number of real revolutionary troops of Canton only amounted to three brigades. On the basis of reorganization and reformation of troops, there are now 20 divisions, i. e., more than 200,000 sol-

diers. Not only are all of them well trained and equipped from the military point of view, but they also possess political knowledge. They have a clear conception of both the national revolution and the world revolution. In addition to these troops in south China there are in north China the revolutionary Kuomin armies, about 400,000 strong, under the leadership of Feng Yu Hsiang; at least 200,000 of them are well organized and armed. The revolutionary troops in China are strong enough to play a decisive part in the national revolution and in the annihilation of the counter-revolutionary elements; what is still lacking, however, is the connection between the troops of north and south China.

The fights in China caused by the bloody Saturday on May 30, 1925 (when the imperialists fired at unarmed demonstrators in Shanghai) have shown us how deeply Sun Yat Sen's slogans: "Fight against the imperialists!" and "The abolition of the unequal treaties!" have taken root among the Chinese people. Not only the students, workers and small shopkeepers but also the Chinese peasants, who represent more than 80 per cent of the population, have taken up a fighting attitude under the banner of the Kuomintang.

In north China the population compelled the national armies to establish close connections with the Canton government and to take up a definite attitude of opposition to the imperialists. In south China the Canton government was chiefly supported by the peasants and workers. Ever since Chang Tso Lin's defeat in the Yangtse district the population of the whole of China has been demanding, in meetings, demonstrations and resolutions, the establishment of a central Kuomin government in Peking. When, in 1924, Sun Yat Sen, at the first party session of the Kuomintang, spoke for the first time of a national revolution many learned persons opposed the idea, arguing that it was a distant vision; today the whole people is already concerning itself with the national revolution.

Before the China agreement in Washington, that plan of plundering our people, the imperialists intended to divide up China amongst themselves, for which reason each of them tried to gain influence in certain districts; since the agreement was concluded the policy of the "open door," at which America has aimed since 1899, has been pursued, i. e., since that time free competition has prevailed in China. Not only the American, but also all those who had established their influence in certain districts in China, tried everywhere to penetrate further into the country. In order to be able to realize their plans more easily, they backed the military rulers and, thru their striving after power, caused the wars of the generals in 1920, 1922 and 1924. England and America quite openly used Wu Pei Fu and Tshen Shui Ming, and Japan Tuan She Sui and Chang Tso Lin for this purpose.

Since the beginning of the revolutionary movement last year the fights between the military rulers no longer have the character of wars of the generals. The "Guide Weekly" (the organ of the Communist Party) writes as follows on the fight between Sun Tchuang Fang and Chang Tso Lin in October, 1925:

"Workers, peasants, students, small shopkeepers and a section of the bourgeoisie, i. e., the whole Chinese people, form one phalanx against Chang Tso Lin; to these must be reckoned in the south 100,000 revolutionary soldiers of the Canton government and in the north 400,000 soldiers of the Kuomin armies, which are fighting for national freedom. Only Tuan She Sui and the imperialists are co-operating with Chang Tso Lin. The great anti-Chang Tso Lin movement arises immediately from the people; Sun Tchuang Fang's war against him is nothing but fuel. . . . The Chang Tso Lin clique represents not only the interests of the Chinese military rulers, but also of the foreign imperialists. Altho in this war one



By Deni, in Moscow Pravda

## AS THE FOREIGN LORDS WOULD HAVE IT.

They Wish to Have the Chinese Grovel Before the Imperialist with Foreign Flag and Whip.

of the military rulers (Sun Tchuang Fang) played an important part, the whole fight represents as a whole a movement for freedom."

It is easy to recognize that even that fight between Chang Tso Lin and Sun Tchuang Fang was no longer merely a war of the generals. It is still easier to prove this with regard to the present war. There is no longer anything but counter-revolutionary and revolutionary troops. All the counter-revolutionary, pro-imperialist military rulers, even the violent opponents of Chang Tso Lin and Wu Pei Fu, have combined to fight against the Kuomin armies under the slogan: "Against the Communists!" This means that all the imperialists, who were formerly rivals in China, have united to suppress the Chinese movement for freedom.

All the above mentioned progress and achievements within the last year have grown from the seed sown by Sun Yat Sen.

What is the position of Sun Yat Sen's party since his death? The Kuomintang has taken root thruout the country and its membership has enormously increased. At the second party congress in January, 1926, a membership of 400,000 was recorded. There were delegates from all the provinces and districts of China with the exception of the province of Sinkiang and the district of Tibet. Provision was made at the party congress for attracting still larger numbers of peasants and workers during the coming year. The manifesto of the Kuomintang, issued in January of this year, states that the Kuomin government and the national revolution can only lean on the strength of the peasants and workers. The purging of the Kuomintang, which had started in Sun Yat Sen's lifetime, was completed at the last party congress; further, the left and right elements once more united.

The new manifesto lays down as the chief duties for the coming year:

"The fight against the imperial-

ists and, with this end in view, union with the advanced countries of the world revolution. Alliance with the oppressed people of the whole world and alliance with the oppressed masses of the imperialist countries. Within the country a challenge is thrown down to the imperialist tools, the military rulers, bureaucrats, compradors (agents of the foreign merchants) and village usurers, for which purpose strong people's armies are to be formed, an honest, disciplined body of officials established, young Chinese industry protected and the peasants' and workers' organizations supported."

From the second party congress the Kuomintang sent a telegram to the soviet union, calling upon it to co-operate still more closely in the fight against the imperialists. Tchang Kai She, the present leader of the revolutionary armies, expressed himself as follows at the party congress, with regard to the alliance with the soviet union:

"Our alliance with the soviet union, with the world revolution is actually an alliance with all the revolutionary parties which are fighting in common against the world imperialists to carry thru the world revolution."

In reference to co-operation with the Communists, Wang Tching Wei, the leader of the Kuomin government, said at the party congress:

" . . . If we wish to fight against the imperialists we must not turn against the Communists. (Loud applause.) If we are against the Communists, we cannot, at the same time, describe ourselves as antagonists of imperialism. . . ." (Loud applause.)

This attitude of the Kuomintang has grown out of Sun Yat Sen's political testament and out of his parting letter to the soviet union.

The work and the struggles of the Kuomintang prove that Sun Yat Sen's disciples have remained true to his fundamental idea.

# "Thumbs Down"



The Daily Worker Cartoonist, Maurice Becker, shows the capitalist and one-hundred percenters "thumbs down" on the issue of registering and finger-printing the foreign-born worker. To keep a record of the real criminals, the workers should take the finger-print of the "thumbs down."

## Russia Inside and Outside

A REVIEW OF TWO PAMPHLETS

By Walt Carmon.

"Glimpses of the Soviet Republic," by Scott Nearing; "Russia Turns East," by Scott Nearing. Social Science Publishers, N. Y.; 10 cents each.

### I. INSIDE.

WITHIN the last year more men have gone to Russia to see for themselves—more investigators, more delegations of workers from various countries. From Sweden, Germany, Belgium, the Women's Trade Union delegation from England—and all have spoken and written. Speeches, reports, impressions and articles—heaps of documentary proof, facts, have been stacked up to give lie to the bile and venom poured on the first workers' government for eight years by the servile press and pulpit of this country.

The classic report of the British Trade Union delegation to Soviet Russia\* substantiated the previous reports of investigators and has been in turn found even cautiously careful in its praise by later delegations who found a new world being built for workers, and the non-Communists themselves, voiced their approval most heartily.

Individual and open-minded Americans have gone also, have seen and by facts have been conquered. Raymond Robbins, Albert Rhys Williams, Paxton Hibben and a host of others who have been there returned more or less loud in their praises and outspoken for the recognition of Soviet Russia. To them what was happening here "for the first time in history" was a great historical event, deserving at least of acceptance.

Scott Nearing is the latest. His sympathy for the first workers' government has been whole-hearted from the beginning. The trip he has just concluded gave no reason for a change of mind. His impressions briefly noted in his pamphlet, "Glimpses of Soviet Russia," is not a deep study. In 32 pages he is able to give only a few of the things seen, heard and thought in Russia during a stay of two months.

"This is a brief pen-picture," Scott Nearing tells us. "It is neither inclusive nor exhaustive. Perhaps it is not even typical. Like any other visitor in a big, complex, changing country, I describe, not the Soviet Union, but only a part of what I saw there."

"Here I have merely tried to picture the Soviet Union as a going concern, without indicating where it is going. I have done this deliberately, because any understanding of the situation in the soviet republic must begin with a realization that the social order existing there is just as concrete as the social order existing in Illinois. The working class is the ruling class in the Soviet Union in the same sense that the capitalist class is the ruling class in Illinois. But in the Soviet Union, as in Illinois, there is an established functioning social order." (We might remark that the "social order" in Illinois is rather capitalist anarchy—an important distinction. The comparison is perhaps not the best one for Scott Nearing to make.—W. C.)

"American newspapers have succeeded in making many of their readers believe that the Soviet Union is a welter of chaos. I traveled thru the union, by day and by night, for two months. I talked with all kinds of

people and visited many different institutions. Here is a record of some of the things that I saw. My hope is that Americans who read these pages will realize that most of the press stories about the soviet republic are, to say the least, ill-informed and inaccurate."

Briefly the author sketches a picture of a giant canvass: a Russian countryside, a factory, a factory committee, labor unions, labor clubs, co-operatives, schools, books, theaters, newspapers—all so hastily, he admits, that "not one of the descriptions that I have written here does justice to its subject. . . . In the soviet republic I saw the beginnings of an economic and social life so new in character and so vast and varied in extent that there are no adequate words with which to picture it."

Nevertheless the bare outline, truly omitting much (too much), will give the worker the latest word on the progress of the world's one bright spot which kindles hope for the future of all of the world's workers.

It will also serve, as it is meant to be, as a guide for workers for further reading on the subject. An added list of other publications on the subject is not the best that could be afforded, tho it may prove useful for more extensive reading on the subject.

### II. OUTSIDE.

"RUSSIA Turns East," the other one of these two leaflets, shows Russia on the outside. A worker's government, building with a vision, also brings its vision to other peoples, and doing this, it is, as the author terms it in his sub-title, "A Triumph of Soviet Diplomacy in Asia." To the Far East

where civilization was born and crumbled and is now prey to the rapacity of world imperialism, Russia brings new life and strength and gains, in turn, new allies in its struggles.

Like the first booklet, this one is necessarily sketchy in its treatment. Here is the bare outline of the subject, but neatly presented and tastily served to whet the appetite of the worker for further knowledge on the subject. A double page map of the eastern world is a well-chosen feature of the booklet, and here also is added another list of books recommended for further reading.

Both "Glimpses of Soviet Russia" and "Russia Turns East" are simply written, easily understood, excellently suited to give to a worker the opportunity to open his mind for the first time to Soviet Russia—and himself and his problems. Both books are also the kind which, once given to the man in your shop or in your union, will make him come to you for more and make him listen to your arguments he has previously ignored.

\*Russia Today—A report of the British Trade Union Delegation to Soviet Russia—The Daily Worker Publishing Co. \$1.25 duroflex bound, \$1.75 cloth.

## Workers!

Write for the Saturday Magazine Supplement of The Daily Worker.

Write about what you see and hear in your daily work in the shop.