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中國革命詩

POEMS OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

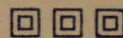
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(Cartoon by Robert Minor)



蔣希曾 作

by H. T. Tsiang

FORMER EDITOR OF "THE CHINESE GUIDE IN AMERICA"

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2nd Printing



25 Cents

Every worker interested in the aspirations of the Chinese masses should read "Poems of the Chinese Revolution" by Hsi-Tseng Tsiang.

The poems in this small book are filled with the spirit of class struggle, . . . are very readable and hold one's attention from first to last.

The poem "Chinaman, Laundryman" perhaps is the best of the collection. The "Canton Soviet" also is a masterpiece of proletarian poetry.
—DAILY WORKER.

This young Chinese student has written inspired poetry. The spirit of revolt has so taken hold of this young man that it gives him a facile expression that needs no rules. In reading poetry of this kind it is necessary to feel it.

He portrays the revolutionary mind of the "Rickshaw Boy," "Laundry Man," Chinese students, and Chinese workers. The poem called "Canton Soviet" is a lyrical drama in itself.
—NEW MASSES.

ווער עס האָט נים געלייענט די פּאָעמען פון דעם יונגען כינעזישן דיכטער, דער ווייס נים ווי טיף עס האָט זיך איינגעוואַרצלעט די כינעזישע רעוואָלוציע אין דעם האַרץ פון אַ כינעזישן אַרבעטער, וועלכער איז פאַרוואַגלט נעוואָרן דאָ אין די פאַראייניקטע שטאַטן. הסי טסענג טסיאַנג נים אין זיינע פּאָעמען אַ ריי בילדער סיי וועגן דער כינעזישער רעוואָלוציע און סיי וועגן דעם לעבן פון די כינעזישע אַרבעטער דאָ אין די פאַראייניקטע שטאַטן. עס איז נאַאיווע פּאָעזיע, אָבער עכט האַרציק און אמת'דיק אָנגעשריבן. ער פירט אייך דורך אַ טיפן תהום פון ליידן, דורך וועלכע די כינעזישע מאַסן האָבן זיך אויפגעהויבן צום רעוואָלוציען קעגן אַזאָ ריוויקן שונא. און ער גלויבט, דער דיכטער, און זיין גלויבן איז אַן עכטער, אין דער צוקונפט פון זיג פאַר די אַרימע און אונטערדריקטע אַרויסגענומען פון דער „פּרויחיים“

Jewish Daily FREIHEIT.

I am glad to see the old flowery way of writing thrown into the waste-basket; for that style has only the capacity of lulling people to sleep. Your poems breathe the spirit of rebellion.

—MINNIE DAVIS.

(From the letter of a young worker in Canada)

This is real poetry, the spirit of the revolutionary Chinese proletariat.
—WILLIAM Z. FOSTER.

STATEMENT

By

UPTON SINCLAIR

This is a voice to which the white world, the so-called civilized world, will have to listen more and more as time passes. I do not mean to this particular young Chinese poet, but to the movement which he voices. The exploited races of the world are awakening and demanding the rights of human beings. Here is a young Chinese student whom the American authorities sought to deport and deliver to the executioner's axe at home. What he has written is not perfect poetry, but it is the perfect voice of Young China, protesting against the lot of the under-dog.

(Signed)

UPTON SINCLAIR

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By H. T. TSIANG

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

—AS A WORKING WOMAN

—AS A CHINESE WORKING WOMAN

—AS A CHINESE WORKING WIDOW

FOREWORD

Five of the eight poems in this collection have already appeared in print, and I am now publishing all of them in various languages so as to let millions of readers become more familiar with the Chinese revolution, which is a part of the world-revolution.

The subject matter of these poems has never been so tragically important as it is today and I believe it must stir the world.

As most of my previous experiences have been with practical work I have not had sufficient opportunity to prepare myself for such a great task as I have undertaken. Not until May of this year did I write any poems in English, a language still unfamiliar to me, nor had I written any in my native tongue.

I sincerely hope that these poems are material from which to form some conception of the Chinese Revolution, and in that, they will have served their purpose.

The third, fourth and fifth poems in this collection were originally written in Chinese; the remainder in English. Many friends have aided me with English and encouragement but special acknowledgement is due to Mr. Henry Reich, Jr., author of "Minor Music," Mr. John Rose Gildea, author of "Troubadour," and Mr. Parker Tyler, poet and critic, for their painstaking assistance.

Also I wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Mark Van Doren, former Literary Editor of "The Nation"; Ashley Horace Thorndike, Professor of English at Columbia University; and John Dewey, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University, with many others for their reading manuscript and giving criticism.

I am indebted to the "Daily Worker" and the "New Masses," in which most of the poems first appeared.

Special additional thanks are due from me to the many kind friends whose advance subscription to copies of this book makes possible its appearance in this form.

H. T. TSIANG.

December 25, 1928, Columbia University, New York City.

Rickshaw Boy

What shall I do?
What shall I do?

Father, penniless! Rent? No.
He was a farmer, the year was bad, so
He killed himself a year ago.

Now soldiers come, the bugles blow,
Raping the women, you take them where you go!
O my mother, where do they keep you now?

Who can pay with father gone!
The landlord come, there is no one
Here but old, old folks with money gone!

The rich man smiles in garments of gold.
My elder sister but fifteen, must be sold.
The rich man cares for nothing—but women and gold.

Grandfather is too old to be a wage slave.
Grandmother stands near the edge of the grave.
No more firm-breasted sister of fifteen,
She is a concubine, though young and green.

What shall I do?
What shall I do?
Only one way:
I must leave today.

Faster than a horse can I move my legs,
Pulling the chaise I shall be a horse instead;
I shall not worry to earn my bread.

Ta! ta! ta! ta!
Pulling rickshaw!
How far, how far?
Way beyond the dimming star!

Ta! ta! ta! ta!
Pulling rickshaw!
How long, how long?
Till the moon has come and the sun has gone!

Ta! ta! ta! ta!
Pulling rickshaw!
The cruel wind ruffles my heavy hair!
The stormy rain washes my body in chilling air!

Ta! ta! ta! ta!
Pulling rickshaw!
On my back is my bed!
In the rickshaw is my shed!

Ta! ta! ta! ta!
Pulling rickshaw!
Surpassing the horse's speed!
Following the motor car in lead!

Ta! ta! ta! ta!
 Pulling rickshaw!
 My silent sobs are bitter, and I run and run!
 The rich man smiles merrily, and has lots of fun!

Ta! ta! ta! ta!
 Pulling rickshaw!
 I beg for one copper tip,
 The rich man answers with a ruthless kick!

Ta! ta! ta! ta!
 Pulling rickshaw!
 North! east! south! west!
 Is the grave the only place a workingman may rest?

Ta! ta! ta! ta!
 Pulling rickshaw!
 International Park, no dogs nor "Chinese" admitted,
 None but rich "Chinese" may be permitted!

Ta! ta! ta! ta!
 Pulling rickshaw!
 O, I shall die!
 Blood pouring from this mouth of mine,
 I shall die in the street's wet slime!
 O missionary, you whip me with an extra dime,
 Rushing to the station to meet your loving boy on time!

O! father, in death you are wasted low,
 O! mother, who knows where you are now;
 Sister, your misery is grandparents' woe.
 Grandmother and father, you are not lonely in gloom,
 For I still can feed you in my tomb.

O, horse, you are lucky! your master gives you care,
 Sometimes he releases you in the fresh air,
 O, motor car, you are lucky! Your master gives you care,
 Sometimes he spends money for your repair.

O, rich man now you make me pull rickshaw,
 Some day I will make you eat rickshaw!
 O, fellow workingmen, only to you dare I cry!
 How poor I die!
 How poor I die!

O, workingmen, you are rich men's fools!
 Rich men use you for their tools!
 O, workingmen, arise! Be no more fools!
 O, workingmen, be nobody's tools!

Sept. 1st, 1928.

“Chinaman, Laundryman”

“Chinaman”!
 “Laundryman”!
 Don't call me “man”!
 I am worse than a slave.

Wash! wash!
 Why can I wash away
 The dirt of others' clothes
 But not the hatred of my heart?
 My skin is yellow,
 Does my yellow skin color the clothes?
 Why do you pay me less
 For the same work?
 Clever boss!
 You know
 How to scatter the seeds of hatred
 Among your ignorant slaves.

Iron! iron!
 Why can I smooth away
 The wrinkles of others' dresses
 But not the miseries of my heart?
 Why should I come to America
 To wash clothes?
 Do you think “Chinamen” in China
 Wear no dresses?
 I came to America
 Three days after my marriage.
 When can I see her again?
 Only the almighty “Dollar” knows!

Dry! dry!
 Why do clothes dry,
 But not my tears?
 I work
 Twelve hours a day,
 He pays
 Fifteen dollars a week.
 My boss says,
 “Chinaman,
 Go back to China
 If you don't feel satisfied!
 There,
 unlimited hours of toil:
 Two silver dollars a week,
 If
 You can find a job.”
 “Thank you, Boss!
 For you remind me.
 I know
 Bosses are robbers
 Everywhere!”

Chinese boss says:
 "You Chinaman,
 Me Chinaman,
 Come work for me—
 Work for your fellow countryman!
 By the way,
 You 'Wong', me 'Wong'—
 Do we not belong to same family?
 Ha! ha!
 We are cousins!
 O yes!
 You 'Hai Shan', me 'Hai Shan',
 Do we not come from same district?
 O, come work for me;
 I will treat you better!"
 "GET away from here,
 What is the difference,
 When you come to exploit me?"

"Chinaman"!
 "Laundryman"!
 Don't call me "Chinaman"!
 Yes, I am a "Laundryman"!
 The workingman!
 Don't call me "Chinaman",
 I am the Worldman,
 "The International Soviet
 Shall be his human race"!

"Chinaman".
 "Laundryman"!
 All the workingmen!
 Here is the brush
 Made of Marxism.
 Here is the soap
 Made of Leninism.
 Let us all
 Wash with the blood!
 Let us all
 Press with the iron!
 Wash!
 Brush!
 Dry!
 Iron!
 Then we shall have
 A clean world.

Aug. 15th, 1928.

SHANTUNG

Don, Don, Don, the drum is calling;
Lun, Lun, Lun, the artillery is roaring.
Japan is in Shantung, Shantung,
In Shanghai far away
We can still work for a living.

Hashi yi, hashi yi, buzzing bee, buzzing bee.
God has damned me,
Hard work comes to me.
My mouth is thirsty,
My stomach was never so empty,
Why don't you teach me to live without bread,
Papa, mama?

The whip is cracking,
The click is in my ear;
A look at the foreman's face
And my heart always blackens.
Think ye,
He can stop my tears, and my ears
That ring with pain.

Brother, sister, I have a message for you.
Are ye a worker, are ye a farmer?
We are alike then.
Brother, sister,
We have no wrong when we are born;
We toil yet we have no bread;
We spin yet we have no shirt;
We do building yet we have no shed.

Awake ye, brother,
Come hand in hand
To their defeat!

Brother, sister, there is a message for you:
Japan occupies Shantung,
But the toilers of Japan, they are with us;
Not Tanaka the oppressor,
Not Tanaka the murderer,
But the toilers of Japan will join us—
We together will crush Tanaka.

Brother, sister.
You are a farmer, you are a worker!
Hark to the cock,
A new day is coming!

Out of ruthless mass-murder
March to Manchuria,
South of Canton;
Away with the exploiters—
When the sky with blood is red,
We all will have our bread!

Daily Worker,

May 24, 1928

(1) Don, don, don is the Chinese expression for the beat of the drum, which was the signal for the advance of a military force.

(2) Lun, lun, lun, is the expression for the boom of heavy artillery.

(3) Hashi yi, hashi yi corresponds to "heave, ho." It is used by coolies when picking up or pulling at heavy loads.

May 30th

(*To the Martyred Students and Workers Killed in the Shanghai
Massacre, 1925.*)

Across great China's sundials
The sun and moon plied their shuttle.
The day came, the night—
Now my tears flow again,
It is May 30th.

O brothers: were you fools or heroes
To march to the international settlement?
The imperialist bullets were of steel,
Your bodies only of flesh and blood;
Which was stronger,
The egg or the stone?
O hear:
Your children call for their fathers.
Your widows burn paper money and sob.
Your father mourns, he has lost his strong sons and will starve.

But see:
Chiang Kai-shek's new wife has a beautiful diamond ring
And a twelve-thousand dollar automobile with expensive musical horns,
And he rolls in splendor to his palace while his mercenaries cheer.
He has glory and power,
While you are dead.

But O my brothers: don't envy that traitor general.
All China knows that workers' blood and sweat
Pay for those luxuries.
All China will find revenge.
And you, my brothers, were not foolish or mad,
But the first sparks of the fire to burn him up.
You will live while it blazes,
The fire of World Revolution.

New Masses

May 30th, 1928.

Gum Shan Ding

You, Gum Shan Ding!
You were born without conscience!

You spent a thousand dollars,
Appropriating to yourself
A strange father,
So willing you are to forget
The place where you were born.

When you are on the golden shore of America
You are without worry,
No longer being poor.
Your chief concern
Is to manage with all your wealth.

Don't talk about China!
"I am a rich merchant.
No more 'fatherland'!
I am an American citizen."

Yet there *are* worries.
That is too bad.
Face not so white,
Nose not so high.
When I pass by
All men call me,
"Chinaman!" "Chinaman!"

You, Gum Shan Ding!
You are worth no more than a penny!
You spend three dollars for a banquet ticket,
Ten dollars for railroad fare,
Just to bid farewell
To a big general,
Or the nation's ambassador.
Do you know what they are in China?
They are beasts,
Consuming the blood of the toilers.
They become bloated and fat;
They murder the workers.
They are satiated.
Now they come to America,
Just for sport and play!
Why give them a feast
Instead of blows?

You Gum Shan Ding!
You have no brains!
It was Yuang Shi-Kai*
Who invented the "Chinese Liberty Bond."
Ten years have passed.
This system is still in vogue
To kill the workers.

This in these generals' mouths is sweet,
 In their hearts a cruel dagger.
 You are looking for saviours—
 But these are traitors.
 Liberty Bonds?
 Better throw your money into the water,
 For there at least,
 It will make a musical sound.
 Have you a brain?
 Use it!

You, Gum Shan Ding!
 Be not angry nor sorry.
 Pardon the sarcasm.
 You are not alone.
 All of us are fools,
 All except, of course,
 Those traitors and mercenary generals!
 We are fools all the time!
 Fools! Fools! Fools!
 Oh, you fools, awake!
 Become as a spike,
 Kill all who are not fools!

Daily Worker

July 25, 1928.

* *Gum Shan Ding*—A sarcastic nickname given in China to those Chinese workers who return from America. The literal meaning is "gold mountain fool."

Yuang Shi-Kai—The treacherous president of China who accepted Japan's twenty-one demands and appropriated the proceeds of the "Liberty Bond" to make himself emperor.

SHANGHAI

*(Appeal of the Chinese workers to the American
Labor movement).*

Pacific Ocean!
You must be ashamed of your thundering flood,
When the wails of the Chinese toilers rise
To drown your frantic noise.
Pacific Ocean!
You can no longer be proud of your deep blue
dress!
It is now crimsoned by the blood of myriad
Chinese workers.

Rocky Mountains!
You must cease to take pride in your height!
For your lofty peaks
Fail as a white curtain
To hide from the American workers
The heaped heads of the Chinese toilers
That are high against the sky.

Oh! Statue of Liberty!
When we see you from the top of the heaped
heads
On Shanghai land,
We wonder
Why should you still look toward the Red Flag
That is flying on the top of Lenin's tomb.
Worry about the Red Flag?
Oh! the Red Flag will never stop
Fluttering in the revolutionary fire
That spreads into the four corners of the earth.

Oh! Statue of Liberty!
Don't you care about the land under your feet?
"My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land
of Liberty, of thee I sing."
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!
Where is Liberty?
Who has Liberty?
Sacco-Vanzetti?
Negroes?
Workers?
Do you carry your liberty
To the people of Nanking and Nicaragua?
Oh! We know
They meet you only in the dream of their dreams.

Oh! Statue of Liberty!
Why don't you turn your face
And look at the eastern Asiatic land,
Where four hundred million toilers live?
They are thirsty for you!
They are hungry for you!
They are fighting for you!
They are dying for you!

The aeroplane speeds
 Swift as the lightning,
 How soon, Oh, Liberty,
 Will you come to us?
 How soon will you come to us?

The wind is blowing around the Statue of
 Liberty!
 The rain is falling on the Pacific Ocean!
 The clouds are drifting over the Rocky
 Mountains!
 Oh wind! are you mourning for our miseries?
 Oh rain! are you weeping for our sufferings?
 Oh clouds, are you trying to bury our grief?

Oh, dear wind! dear rain! dear clouds!
 Do you know why
 Our native bosses, foreign bosses, militarists
 and imperialists should
 Cut off our heads?
 One head must be more than twelve pounds;
 Thanks to their kindness!
 This is the only way to remove a part of
 our heavy burdens!
 For our weary, hungry bodies
 Can no longer carry our unnecessary heads.

Heads! heads! heads!
 Where are our heads?
 Hanging high on the telephone poles!
 That is the only place they are safe
 From the insects and beasts
 That would devour them,
 Now there is nothing to worry about
 And our headless bodies can then rest
 Till dawn.

Talk about "dawn"!
 She must wait for the cock's crowing!
 Oh! the number of our Chinese organized
 workers is so small,
 The voice of our crying
 Is not loud.
 But look at the darkness that surrounds us!
 Dark! dark! dark . . . terrible dark!

Fellow workers in America!
 If you fail to raise your voice to help us
 There can never be a dawning
 That comes to us and to you.
 Dear brothers!
 Raise your voice in protest!
 Break the darkness with your cries!
 Also help us with your pennies!
 When the day breaks,
 We all shall be repaid
 A thousand-fold.

Hark! Hark!
 The cocks are crowing!
 Look! Look!
 The dawn is approaching!

Sacco, Vanzetti

*(In memory of the first anniversary of the
martyrs' death.)*

Fast! Fast!
One year has passed!
Dead! Dead!
You will never be reborn!
Who said
There will be a resurrection?
Why didn't we see any of those gentlemen
Who were willing to take your places?
The real meaning of "death"—
You knew it.
Still you paid with your life for your class!
Sacrifice!
That was real sacrifice!

Look at your enemies,
They are fishing,
Smiling,
Murdering,
As ever.
Shameful!
It is an eternal disgrace to us all.
Before your death,
Did not millions promise—
To do 'this' or 'that',
If you should die?
Now
One year has passed.
What about 'this' and what about 'that'?

Petitions?
Protests?
Telegrams?
Demonstrations?
Strikes?
Oh! They may refire the cold ashes of our two
martyrs.
But they can never soften the murderer's heart!
Tears?
Sighs?
Complaints?
And the like?
Oh! They may expect the embraces
of your dear mothers,
They can never get pardons from the
bloodthirsty masters!

Have you ever seen sheep and pigs
Being dragged to the slaughter?
How pitifully they shriek!
How terribly they tremble!
Yet men enjoy their delicious flesh
Just the same!
Sheep! Pigs! Foreigners! Workers!
Your sweat is fertile,
Your blood is sweet,
Your meat is fresh!

Oh, Vanzetti!
 You did say:
 "I wish to forgive some people for what they
 are now doing to me"?
 Certainly, you can forgive them as you like,
 But you are the Wop, the fish peddler, the
 worker,
 And haven't anything in the bank.
 Isn't it a great insult
 To say "forgive" to your honorable master?

Oh, Sacco!
 You did say:
 "Long live Anarchy",
 But you should not forget,
 That when you climb up to heaven
 You must use the ladder!

Oh Martyrs!
 Dead! Dead!
 You are dead,
 Never, never
 To live again.
 Fast! Fast!
 One year has passed.
 But years and years,
 Years are piling up immortal bricks
 Of your lofty monument.

Oh martyrs!
 Look at the autumn flowers:
 They are dying!
 Dying! Dying!
 But
 The trees, the roots from which
 The flowers are coming,
 Never, never die!
 When the spring comes
 We shall again see the pretty flowers
 Blooming,
 Perfuming,
 Saluting the warm sun,
 Wrestling with the mild wind
 And kissing the charming butterflies.

Oh maytyrs!
 Dead, dead. You are dead!
 But
 Your human tree and your human root
 Are budding,
 Blooming,
 Growing!

Listen to the war cries of your living brothers!
 This is the incense
 We are burning
 To you.

Canton Soviet

I.—The White Terror

*The White Chorus
of victory*

“Hurray! Hurray!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We are all so gay!
All the trade unions are closed, they say;
We bosses shall not have to worry about a strike.
All the peasant leagues have passed away,
We landlords can do whatever we like.
All the ‘Reds’ are cleaned up,
And disturbances done;
We police, soldiers and generals
Are kings again and second to none.
‘Imperialists! Imperialists!
They called us;
We are no longer ‘Imperialists!’
You see: Our new tools do the murdering for us.
Hurray! Hurray!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We are all so gay!”

*A partisan
protests
this weakness*

“Not yet, one thing more;
Come along, boys!
Bobbed-haired girls are roaming the streets.
Suspicious-faced boys are whispering to every one they meet,
Crafty-eyed coolies will slay us in our defeat . . .
Grab them! Drag them away!
And put them into prison!”

An objector

“No, no! Comrade!
This is very wrong.
Prison is strong but the bars will bend.
There were hard, tall prisons in Siberia, my friend,
But Lenin escaped and fought to right their wrong;
Other prisoners have also won their day, and live to sing a victory
song.
But if you let radicals’ heads stay on their shoulders
They will chop your heads some other day!
Why should we shrink from a slaughter or fight,
Four hundred million Chinese: Are we not plenty?”

Concurrence

“Yes, yes! It is right,
All you say!
Chop the ‘Reds’ heads off,
Let not one man stay!
Search! Search!
Hurry! Hurry!
Go to the street!
Go to the back yard!
Go to the bath-room!
Go to the cemetery—
Question the dead!
Go to the river-bank—
Inquire of the gray sand!
Search! Search!
Hurry! Hurry!”

*They are
stirred into action*

*They begin
to find
their enemies*

Oh look!
There is a 'Red'!
Oh look!
There is a Bolsheviki!
Oh look!
There is a Radical!
Oh look!
Here's a worker
Oh look!
Here's a Coolie!
Oh look!
Here's a man! A woman . . .
Grab them!
Drag them away!
Take them to Red-Flower-Hill!
Give them death! Kill!
Line them up under the sinking sun,
Slay them, slay them with merciless gun!"—

*Their ardor
arouses them
to a chant*

*But a radical
member wishes
to prolong
the killing
for pleasure*

"Wait!
Wait!
Would you deprive us of our long-sought pleasure?
We have plenty of time, plenty of leisure.
Killing is a pastime much too cheap.
Tease them, torture them before they finally sleep."

*They taunt
their victims*

"Ha! Ha!
It would be real fun!
Ha! Ha!
Just look at them!
You poor, ignorant, ugly workers and coolies!
Money you want, eh! Go and get it!
Go to the robber packs: you won't regret it.
Death if they catch you; wealth if you win!
Give half of your hopes before you begin;
We will protect you: you shall not die!
The Government will sometime purchase you and place you high.
Now you envy generals and captains of the field,
Listen to our wishes and you your lives will yield.
You make us laugh at your foolish wiles,
Scheming for a dream beyond your eyes.
Do you want to be an officer digging in the files?
Is this your desire that you so much prize—
As you are struggling along in your short work-clothes
And shoes of grass,
You wouldn't know how to put on a long silk gown
Of the noble class!
Take no stock in the foolish Bolsheviki words,
You were not born for a high station—
You have no grace: you are raven birds
Wishing you were nightingales on a dream-plantation!"

*Their pictures
are rhapsodic*

*A victim
replies
courageously*

"Police! Soldiers!
Dirty dogs!
Am I complaining and afraid of my approaching death?
No torture can stop my breath!
But I am sorry!
I am ashamed!
You: poor men,
We: poor men.
Why should you sell yourselves

1. About 5 miles east of Canton City. In the Manchu Dynasty the nationalists were usually put to death on the Yellow-Flower-Hill which is nearby.

To the rulers, to the masters,
 Instead of joining with us to end disasters?
 If you don't know that,
 Where are your brains?
 If you know,
 It is no use for me to explain!
 Think!
 Remember!
 You were born a worker
 And you shall die a worker!
 Breathing your first and last breath,
 You shall be always of the working class.
 Think!
 Remember!
 We had no wrong
 When we were born.
 It is the exploiting class
 Who makes us eat grass!"

*A stupid White
 misinterprets
 the meaning of
 class-distinction*

"Class! Class!
 My body is much taller than my masters!
 Were there 'class',
 It is not my master
 But I who am the higher class!"

*The defier
 continues*

"Foreign Devil!
 Imperialist!
 You now smooth away the wrinkles of worry
 From your wintry faces,
 And there blossom merry flowers
 Of content and satisfaction.
 You smile;
 You laugh;
 You shout;
 You clap your hands!
 Though you do not kill us with your hands,
 And are as 'ignorant' as we,
 We know that all our lives
 Will be reported to you,
 And you will put them on your record-books.
 You so-called 'civilized races',
 With death in your pockets
 And kindness in your faces!
 You occupy our seaports,
 And storm us from our seas.
 Take away our rice and cotton,
 Make us starve and freeze!
 Pour in opium and morphia to poison our bodies;
 And God of Christ, God of the Dollar, poisons our youth's minds,
 You hypocrites coming always crying
 'Mutual help!', to save your friends from dying.
 You help our rulers to murder: to kill: to pillage
 Our neighbors' village;
 Using our boys to aid your tillage!
 'Open Door!' 'Open Door!' you shout.
 Certainly, we will open the door,
 And let those smiling robbers exploit us to the limit.
 We shall die; yet we have no sorrow,
 And our blood will cry to to-morrow.
 And our death will release
 China from oppression, and bring her peace!
 Comrades! Fellow-workers! Shouts defy—
 While we are waiting our turn to die,

*His opinions
 yearn toward
 poetic sublimity
 of feeling*

Let us raise the Red Flag doubly high,
Shouting with joy, 'Kon Chan Wan Shui!' 2"

*The Whites try
to browbeat them*

"Hold your tongues! Ill-bred! Low-born!
Your arguments are vain.
We will not listen again—
Ill-bred! Low-born!
We will hear no words against the men of other parts.
They are not Red Russians from peddling carts,
But gentlemen and helpers with good hearts.
Ill-bred! Low-born!"

*They gag the
chief defier*

"Put gags in their mouths and tie them around,
Keep their ill-bred tongues well-bound—
Stop their scorn: stop their sound!"
"This one can talk no more.
Oh, gag! Why don't you help him talk?"
"What! He scorns us with his eyes!
Eyes of scorn—!"

*He faints
but they think
he is bluffing*

"Pull them out!
Where are your fingers, fellow-soldiers?
Now is the time!—Gouge!"
"Ha! Ha! His eye-balls are out!
Fingers are bloody!
Our hearts are happy!"
"What? You are a real Bolshevik!
You still scorn us with a gesture!"
"Chop off his hands!
Chop off his arms!"
"He has fainted!"
"He has fainted!"
"No! He has not suffered enough;
Throw water on him; call his bluff.
He wanted to argue: he wanted to scorn,
Let him have his reward: Ill-bred! Low-born!"
"Let him enjoy our offering to its last drop!"
"He moves no more!"
"Is he dead now?"

They exult

"We can have no more fun.
It is a pity!
But it will save the price of bullets
For our graft-ridden city!"

*They turn
their attention
to the girls*

"You bobbed-haired girls: I see by your eyes.
You want no communism: In this guise,
You want the freedom of the sweet 'Kon Chi';
Beneath your babel of Radical noise,
You want only more loving from the young sweet boys."

*They disrobe
the girls*

"Don't you know
The Communists had a naked parade in Hankow?"
"Really! Somebody said it was only a rumor!
Let them parade here now!"
"Tear off their clothes!"
"Are they not beautiful, naked?"

*They bayonet
the girls*

"They want more love,
Give them more love!
Bayonets! Bayonets!
Make the bayonets their lovers!
Sharp-pointed lovers seeking the sweet spot
With a new kind of love! . . .

2. 'Kon Chan Wan Shui' . . . Long live communism.

3. 'Kon Chi' . . . Nationalization of women.

*A soft-hearted
member speaks*

*He is shouted down
with lyrical
epigram*

*They attack
the students
for their
participation*

*One advances a
reason to spare
them*

He is heeded

*The killing
revives when the
Russians are
considered*

*Two argue in
heightened
strains*

*The shouting
develops into
a medley*

*The Whites'
irony*

*The killing
continues
triumphantly*

"Say Lor ' Lee, let's save that kid!
Forgive the youngster whatever he did—
He is only thirteen years or so!"
"Denied! Denied! You do not know
How far these suckling babes will go;
They are not like the children of long ago,
Take off his head before he has time to grow;
A kid nowadays grows much faster,
To spit on your face, and call himself your master."

"O students of schools,
Are you coolies? Are you fools?
Are you workers? Where are your tools?
Why do you traffic with the coolie-rabble,
Mixing your wisdom with their gabble?
Use your learning: leave them alone,
Why expose your head to the headsmen's stone?"
"Spare the intellectuals,
Let them go!
Give them a glance,
They are cheap: they are low!
You are the sun:
They, the ice—
They will melt one by one
At your advice!
Don't you see:
Their necks are decorated
With the capitalistic degrees
Showing—to you—they are ready and willing to please!"

"Now see: the Red Russians fall!"
"Kill them! Shoot them all!"
"Remember the Boxers! Remember the Peking wall!
Yes, we shot them once before—
Shot them down in their foreign gore,
But it cost us our ports and it cost us our shore!"
"Now this is past and the Russian men
Are hated by the world: It was not so then
Now we can sprinkle their blood on our lands
While the 'Foreign Devils' stand and clap their hands.
Chang Tso-Lin in the north can march
Into their Embassy beneath their arch.
This he may do but he dare not kill,
For Chiang Kai-Shek must work his will.
Praise to the Nationalist Kou-Min-Tang,⁵
It is better than the rest of the bandit gang."

"Foolish with power the worker-hosts
Of the new made Russia, have left our coasts,
Given up Unequal Treaties; withdrawn the sword.
Kill them! Kill them! Let them have their reward.
Shall the Hammer and the Sicle of the Russian slave
Rest in peace over the Tsarist Grave?"

"Who says so? Who says so?
The Bolsheviki are able—
They buy our workers and make them strike;
Buy our men to do foolish things: to suffer and to die.
To jump into boiling water and to lie upon the spike!"
"Yes! Oh yes!

The Bolsheviki are able,
They have power in their fingers' magic blood.
To cause a Japanese Earthquake and a Mississippi flood!"

4. Old (intimate usage).

5. People's party.

II.—The Red Terror

*On Red-Flower-Hill
an escaped White
captain reports
ultimate disaster
to the white forces*

“Terrible! Terrible!
The workers are again uprising!
I narrowly escaped death in the city.
You comrades here on Red-Flower-Hill should stay no longer!
The workers are nervous—
Excited—
Angry—
Crazy—
Their faces are blue,
Their hair stands on end,
Their noses smoke,
Their bodies shake,
And shouting with rage, they wreck the plants
With a sound like thunder!
They are not men,
They are tigers!
They are lions!
No—they are more terrible—
They are something we cannot understand!

*Spirit of the
new force
sings*

‘With armed fist,
Capitalist!
With armed fist,
Militarist!
With armed fist,
Imperialist!’
The terror of death
Stops my breath!

*His narrative
continues*

“Smoke and boom of guns . . .
Hundreds of workers fall;
Stepping over the corpses,
Thousands still advance.
They take our rifles, our artillery.
They attack us from the front,
And their spies suddenly turn upon us in our own rear forces.
Think—

*He harks
back to their
premonitions
and fears*

We foresaw it, even.
It was a dark night;
No light at all.
We were in bed, thinking:
Who knows when we shall lose our heads?
We know revenge will come some day,
Who knows if it is coming tonight?
We remember the revenge;
But sometimes we forget it.
Awakened by terror,
Whither should we run?
To a harbor where we thought once to flee to safety,
But we found a trap, full of storm!
We should need aid,
But whom could we ask to lend us a hand? . . .

His maid

“I called my maid to put on my shoes;
She slapped my face with them,
Shouting: ‘You have enslaved me day and night,
Now, again you ask me to put on your shoes
At a time like this!
Your time is over—
THIS TIME IS OURS!’

His cook

"Where was your pistol?"
 "I was so excited that I forgot where I put it.
 I called my cook to help me pack;
 But he grabbed his knife from behind him, saying:
 'You once beat me on my back,
 Now you ask me to pack!'
 He threw the knife,
 But I dodged it, escaping by the window.

The rickshaw boy

"I shouted to a rickshaw boy a quick 'Hollo'.
 He replied, 'Yes, I'll carry you
 Where you wish to go:
 Chop your head off and let your blood flow!
 Three miles once I drew you,
 Yet did you think to give me a cent?
 You asked me to pull the rickshaw,
 Now I will make you eat the rickshaw!'"
 He grasped the rickshaw to sideswipe me,
 But I turned, fleeing.

His own soldiers

"I rushed to my soldiers and ordered them to fight.
 I gave them money to induce them to fight,
 But they replied:
 'We shall no longer be fools
 We shall no longer be militarists' tools!
 Too late to pay us with your gold—
 You now must pay us with your blood'.
 I was hit by a bullet,
 Which luckily lodged in my shoulder!"
 "But how did you manage to get here?"
 "I pretended to be dead and fell down.
 They ran away;
 I covered my body with corpses and painted my face with blood;
 Nobody discovered me so I did not pay with my life."

*The captain
grows sarcastic*

"Did you report to the Superior?"
 "Superior, Superior?
 Inside of the palace,
 Beside his new-found wife,
 Flames ended his life!"
 "What about our general?"
 "Don't speak of the general, please!
 The general was wise: in heavy disguise
 He ran for his sacred life!
 He boarded a foreign gunboat—
 I followed him, like others,
 Trusting to be taken aboard;
 But he fired upon us, driving us back.
 He shouted that he didn't want the boat overloaded.
 That is our general!"

*He shows his
contempt**The colloquy
is halted by
manifestations*

"Look! Look!"
 "Smoke!"
 "Fire!"
 "Listen! Listen!"
 "Voices!
 Coming nearer!
 The Reds come to Red-Flower-Hill
 To push their comrades from the headsman's stone."
 "Hurry! Let us go."
 "Let's save ourselves!"

*They decide to
retreat
unconditionally*

*In the flight
they think of
their
constituents*

"Say! How about the social queen, Miss Pretty?"
"Killed, some say!"
"Why didn't she flee, Captain?"
"How could she, idiot!"
"Why not? She has feet!"
"Certainly. But they were destined for dancing and being kissed,
Not for such uncouth employment as running."
"Rickshaw! Sedan-chair! Automobiles! High-heeled shoes!"
Damn you! *You* killed her—not the *Reds*."
"Stop talking, march!
Mad workers are coming."

*They continue
disheartened*

*The workers search
Canton City*

"Find the Whites! Find the Reactionaries!"
"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"
"Here is a white!"
"Here is a reactionary!"

*They meet with
arguments to
save necks*

"Don't touch me, communists!
I am a famous philanthropist.
I give candy to the orphans: socks to bums,
Shawls to old ladies when Christmas comes."
"Hypocrite! Hypocrite!
Eating the workman's flesh off his bones,
Returning him a mass of mangled bones.
This is *your* gift."

*Another tries
to save his neck*

"I am the non-participant, you see!
I belong neither to Left nor Right; to Red nor White.
I keep my eyes open and seek truth and justice always."
"You are here. You live.
You assert yourself by putting one foot before the other.
You cannot fool us by pretending that you do not walk at all.
You are not Red: You are then White!
You are not Left: You are then Right!
You say you seek truth and justice, yet when it passes
You have no eyes!"

*A poet
makes known
his vindication
and is answered*

"I am a poet. I make ripe the peace of the human race."
"You so-called poets sigh for nothing!
Winds; clouds; moon; flowers; tears—all nonsense!"
"Of course, poetry is poetry, not propaganda!"
"Not propaganda? You propagate sex and nonsense!
You burn incense for the ruling class.
You oil the machine of the capitalist class!"

*They discover
the opportunist*

"Shut up! I know you! You were in our party before.
You trim your sails to the prevailing wind,
And jump in time to escape the blow!
You are like street walkers' eyes
That watch 'Yes' and 'No'!
Your words are sweet as honey;
Your glance is as shifty as a fox's;
When the crisis comes,
You are the first to say 'Good bye'!
Your nose is like an eagle's beak,
Your mouth like a shark's snout—
Thus, you eat people's hearts;
You never feel regret.
You are the Opportunist.
To-day you will meet the revenging knife of the communist!
"I have done something for our party . . ."
"What have you done:
You actually brought into our party

The poison of your bourgeois class,
 Destroyed our party once
 And caused the revolution to fail!"

*Still another waxes
 hysterically poetic
 and is replied
 to in kind*

"I am your benefactor!
 I helped you when you were in great need;
 Without my help in clothing and food,
 You would not have the teeth to bite me!"
 "Quite true, Sir! But I'd like to ask,
 Who made it possible that you
 May wear your hypocrite's mask,
 And do what you have done to me?
 It was I and my class.
 I pay them now in killing you,
 And make the world perfect, through
 Ridding it of 'good' men like you!"

*Members of the
 family find
 themselves
 opposed*

"Son! Son! My dear son!
 Why should you kill even your grandfather's only son?
 You don't care about your father, perhaps,
 But you should not forget your beloved mother!"
 "Who is my father? Who is my father?
 You are the capitalist, the militarist,
 The exploiter, the oppressor, the traitor!
 When I gave you good advice,
 You scorned me as unfilial and unwise—
 And declared that you disowned me!
 Who is my father?
 Who is my father?
 Were you my father,
 I would kill you so much the quicker!
 Were I loyal to my father,
 I would not be loyal to my *grandfather*;
 My grandfather was a poor farmer.
 Were I loyal to my father,
 I would not be loyal to my mother;
 My mother was for a long time a poor seamstress.
 Kill my father!
 Kill my father!
 To save thousands of others' toiling fathers!
 Who is my father?
 Who is my father?
 End your guilty life
 With this revengeful knife!"

*The father
 is killed*

*A mistress
 unfaithful
 during her
 sweetheart's
 long absence
 is confronted
 by him*

She:—

"Beloved: Your unforgotten kiss
 Has lingered sweetly on my lips;
 I could not know we would meet like this.
 I was faithful long and made no slips.

"While you were far afield in the fray,
 I was aching for your lips to harry;
 In my soul I was theirs always—
 Yet, I was forced at last to marry.

"I waited a day, a week, a time
 That seemed such wasted years to me;
 Yet never a word, never a line,
 Though I enjoined you anxiously.

"How should I know that you still might care,
And my hand was sought: so I had to go;
And with my love, I made a fair
Helpmate and made his fortune grow.

"That he was a traitor, I must say true,
That I assisted him I won't deny;
But, dear one! I'll leave it to you,
You cannot want us harshly to die.

"You cannot deny our one-time love,
To which I was loyal so long,
By shaming us both in death, by rough
Acceptance of this pleading song?"

He:—

"What you say, my friend, is slily sure,
And a gentleman could scarcely say nay;
Such a motive would not be pure—
It serves my hate in too personal a way.

"On second thought, to enlighten you, dear—
I think I must really insist,
The vengeance to make my stand most clear,
Is to be revolutionist!"

He kills her

*The Red
Proclamation*

"Revenge! Revenge!
Tooth for tooth!
Blow for blow!
Terror! Terror!
White terror! Red terror!
The white terror is not yet over.
We must drown the 'white terror' with the 'red terror'!
No mercy!
No compromise!
No hesitation!
Bring them over,
Give them a blood-shower!
To confiscate the land, do away with the rent:
To clean up all the man-eaters,
Make the world belong to no one but the workers!
Now we have captured Canton power.
Maintain the power!
By the power,
Down with Feudalism!
Down with Capitalism!
Down with Militarism!
Down with Imperialism!
And make the world
A real 'Paradise'
Forever!"

(THE END)

Oct. 1st—Dec. 1st, 1928.

NOTE

December 12, 1927, the Chinese workers and peasants set up the Canton Soviet. It existed three days. On the fourth day the reactionary Chinese Nationalist's counter-attack ended the Soviet. So this was another "1905"!

Workers of the World, Unite!

全世界工人聯合起來！



From the "Daily Worker"