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CHINESE LITERATURE

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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is the central task and the highest form of revolution. This Marxist-Leninist principle of revolution holds good universally, for China and for all other countries.

— *Problems of War and Strategy*

The Culture of New Democracy

January 1940

The Culture of New Democracy

In the foregoing we have explained the historical characteristics of Chinese politics in the new period and the question of the new-democratic republic. We can now proceed to the question of culture.

A given culture is the ideological reflection of the politics and economics of a given society. There is in China an imperialist culture which is a reflection of imperialist rule, or partial rule, in the political and economic fields. This culture is fostered not only by the cultural organizations run directly by the imperialists

in China but by a number of Chinese who have lost all sense of shame. Into this category falls all culture embodying a slave ideology. China also has a semi-feudal culture which reflects her semi-feudal politics and economy, and whose exponents include all those who advocate the worship of Confucius, the study of the Confucian canon, the old ethical code and the old ideas in opposition to the new culture and new ideas. Imperialist culture and semi-feudal culture are devoted brothers and have formed a reactionary cultural alliance against China's new culture. This kind of reactionary culture serves the imperialists and the feudal class and must be swept away. Unless it is swept away, no new culture of any kind can be built up. There is no construction without destruction, no flowing without damming and no motion without rest; the two are locked in a life-and-death struggle.

As for the new culture, it is the ideological reflection of the new politics and the new economy which it sets out to serve.

As we have already stated in Section 3, Chinese society has gradually changed in character since the emergence of a capitalist economy in China; it is no longer an entirely feudal but a semi-feudal society, although the feudal economy still predominates. Compared with the feudal economy, this capitalist economy is a new one. The political forces of the bourgeoisie, the petty bourgeoisie and the proletariat are the new political forces which have emerged and grown simultaneously with this new

capitalist economy. And the new culture reflects these new economic and political forces in the field of ideology and serves them. Without the capitalist economy, without the bourgeoisie, the petty bourgeoisie and the proletariat, and without the political forces of these classes, the new ideology or new culture could not have emerged.

These new political, economic and cultural forces are all revolutionary forces which are opposed to the old politics, the old economy and the old culture. The old is composed of two parts, one being China's own semi-feudal politics, economy and culture, and the other the politics, economy and culture of imperialism, with the latter heading the alliance. Both are bad and should be completely destroyed. The struggle between the new and the old in Chinese society is a struggle between the new forces of the people (the various revolutionary classes) and the old forces of imperialism and the feudal class. It is a struggle between revolution and counter-revolution. This struggle has lasted a full hundred years if dated from the Opium War, and nearly thirty years if dated from the Revolution of 1911.

But as already indicated, revolutions too can be classified into old and new, and what is new in one historical period becomes old in another. The century of China's bourgeois-democratic revolution can be divided into two main stages, a first stage of eighty years and a second of twenty years. Each has its basic historical characteristics: China's bourgeois-democratic revolution in the first eighty years belongs to the old category, while in the

last twenty years, owing to the change in the international and domestic political situation, it belongs to the new category. Old democracy is the characteristic of the first eighty years. New Democracy is the characteristic of the last twenty. This distinction holds good in culture as well as in politics.

How does it manifest itself in the field of culture? We shall explain this next.

The Historical Characteristics of China's Cultural Revolution

On the cultural or ideological front, the two periods preceding and following the May 4th Movement¹ form two distinct historical periods.

Before the May 4th Movement, the struggle on China's cultural front was one between the new culture of the bourgeoisie and the old culture of the feudal class. The struggles between the modern school system and the imperial examination system,² between the new learning and the old learning, and between Western learning and Chinese learning, were all of this nature. The so-called modern schools or new learning or Western learning of that time concentrated mainly (we say mainly, because in part pernicious vestiges of Chinese feudalism still remained) on the natural sciences and bourgeois social and political theories, which were needed by the representatives of the bourgeoisie. At the time, the ideology of the new learning played a revolutionary role in fight-

ing the Chinese feudal ideology, and it served the bourgeois-democratic revolution of the old period. However, because the Chinese bourgeoisie lacked strength and the world had already entered the era of imperialism, this bourgeois ideology was only able to last out a few rounds and was beaten back by the reactionary alliance of the enslaving ideology of foreign imperialism and the "back to the ancients" ideology of Chinese feudalism; as soon as this reactionary ideological alliance started a minor counter-offensive, the so-called new learning lowered its banners, muffled its drums and beat a retreat, retaining its outer form but losing its soul. The old bourgeois-democratic culture became enervated and decayed in the era of imperialism, and its failure was inevitable.

But since the May 4th Movement things have been different. A brand-new cultural force came into being in China, that is, the communist culture and ideology guided by the Chinese Communists, or the communist world outlook and theory of social revolution. The May 4th Movement occurred in 1919, and in 1921 came the founding of the Chinese Communist Party and the real beginning of China's labour movement — all in the wake of the First World War and the October Revolution, *i.e.*, at a time when the national problem and the colonial revolutionary movements of the world underwent a change, and the connection between the Chinese revolution and the world revolution became quite obvious. The new political force of the proletariat and the Com-

munist Party entered the Chinese political arena, and as a result, the new cultural force, in new uniform and with new weapons, mustering all possible allies and deploying its ranks in battle array, launched heroic attacks on imperialist culture and feudal culture. This new force has made great strides in the domain of the social sciences and of the arts and letters, whether of philosophy, economics, political science, military science, history, literature or art (including the theatre, the cinema, music, sculpture and painting). For the last twenty years, wherever this new cultural force has directed its attack, a great revolution has taken place both in ideological content and in form (for example, in the written language). Its influence has been so great and its impact so powerful that it is invincible wherever it goes. The numbers it has rallied behind it have no parallel in Chinese history. Lu Hsun was the greatest and the most courageous standard-bearer of this new cultural force. The chief commander of China's cultural revolution, he was not only a great man of letters but a great thinker and revolutionary. Lu Hsun was a man of unyielding integrity, free from all sycophancy or obsequiousness; this quality is invaluable among colonial and semi-colonial peoples. Representing the great majority of the nation, Lu Hsun breached and stormed the enemy citadel; on the cultural front he was the bravest and most correct, the firmest, the most loyal and the most ardent national hero, a hero without parallel in our history. The road he took was the very road of China's new national culture.

Prior to the May 4th Movement, China's new culture was a culture of the old-democratic kind and part of the capitalist cultural revolution of the world bourgeoisie. Since the May 4th Movement, it has become new-democratic and part of the socialist cultural revolution of the world proletariat.

Prior to the May 4th Movement, China's new cultural movement, her cultural revolution, was led by the bourgeoisie, which still had a leading role to play. After the May 4th Movement, its culture and ideology became even more backward than its politics and were incapable of playing any leading role; at most, they could serve to a certain extent as an ally during revolutionary periods, while inevitably the responsibility for leading the alliance rested on proletarian culture and ideology. This is an undeniable fact.

The new-democratic culture is the anti-imperialist and anti-feudal culture of the broad masses; today it is the culture of the anti-Japanese united front. This culture can be led only by the culture and ideology of the proletariat, by the ideology of communism, and not by the culture and ideology of any other class. In a word, new-democratic culture is the proletarian-led, anti-imperialist and anti-feudal culture of the broad masses.

The Four Periods

A cultural revolution is the ideological reflection of the political and economic revolution and is in their service.

In China there is a united front in the cultural as in the political revolution.

The history of the united front in the cultural revolution during the last twenty years can be divided into four periods. The first covers the two years from 1919 to 1921, the second the six years from 1921 to 1927, the third the ten years from 1927 to 1937, and the fourth the three years from 1937 to the present.

The first period extended from the May 4th Movement of 1919 to the founding of the Chinese Communist Party in 1921. The May 4th Movement was its chief landmark.

The May 4th Movement was an anti-imperialist as well as an anti-feudal movement. Its outstanding historical significance is to be seen in a feature which was absent from the Revolution of 1911, namely, its thorough and uncompromising opposition to imperialism as well as to feudalism. The May 4th Movement possessed this quality because capitalism had developed a step further in China and because new hopes had arisen for the liberation of the Chinese nation as China's revolutionary intellectuals saw the collapse of three great imperialist powers, Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary, and the weakening of two others, Britain and France, while the Russian proletariat had established a socialist state and the German, Hungarian and Italian proletariat had risen in revolution. The May 4th Movement came into being at the call of the world revolution, of the Russian Revolution and of Lenin. It was part of the

world proletarian revolution of the time. Although the Communist Party had not yet come into existence, there were already large numbers of intellectuals who approved of the Russian Revolution and had the rudiments of communist ideology. In the beginning the May 4th Movement was the revolutionary movement of a united front of three sections of people — communist intellectuals, revolutionary petty-bourgeois intellectuals and bourgeois intellectuals (the last forming the right wing of the movement). Its shortcoming was that it was confined to the intellectuals and that the workers and peasants did not join in. But as soon as it developed into the June 3rd Movement, not only the intellectuals but the mass of the proletariat, the petty bourgeoisie and the bourgeoisie joined in, and it became a nationwide revolutionary movement. The cultural revolution ushered in by the May 4th Movement was uncompromising in its opposition to feudal culture; there had never been such a great and thoroughgoing cultural revolution since the dawn of Chinese history. Raising aloft the two great banners of the day, "Down with the old ethics and up with the new!" and "Down with the old literature and up with the new!", the cultural revolution had great achievements to its credit. At that time it was not yet possible for this cultural movement to become widely diffused among the workers and peasants. The slogan of "Literature for the common people" was advanced, but in fact the "common people" then could only refer to the petty-bourgeois and bourgeois intel-

lectuals in the cities, that is, the urban intelligentsia. Both in ideology and in the matter of cadres, the May 4th Movement paved the way for the founding of the Chinese Communist Party in 1921 and for the May 30th Movement in 1925³ and the Northern Expedition. The bourgeois intellectuals, who constituted the right wing of the May 4th Movement, mostly compromised with the enemy in the second period and went over to the side of reaction.

In the second period, whose landmarks were the founding of the Chinese Communist Party, the May 30th Movement and the Northern Expedition, the united front of the three classes formed in the May 4th Movement was continued and expanded, the peasantry was drawn into it and a political united front of all these classes, the first instance of Kuomintang-Communist co-operation, was established. Dr. Sun Yat-sen was a great man not only because he led the great Revolution of 1911 (although it was only a democratic revolution of the old period), but also because, "adapting himself to the trends of the world and meeting the needs of the masses," he had the capacity to bring forward the revolutionary Three Great Policies of alliance with Russia, co-operation with the Communist Party and assistance to the peasants and workers, give new meaning to the Three People's Principles⁴ and thus institute the new Three People's Principles with their Three Great Policies. Previously, the Three People's Principles had exerted little influence on the educational and academic world

or with the youth, because they had not raised the issues of opposition to imperialism or to the feudal social system and feudal culture and ideology. They were the old Three People's Principles which people regarded as the time-serving banner of a group of men bent on seizing power, in other words, on securing official positions, a banner used purely for political manoeuvring. Then came the new Three People's Principles with their Three Great Policies. The co-operation between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party and the joint efforts of the revolutionary members of the two parties spread the new Three People's Principles all over China, extending to a section of the educational and academic world and the mass of student youth. This was entirely due to the fact that the original Three People's Principles had developed into the anti-imperialist, anti-feudal and new-democratic Three People's Principles with their Three Great Policies. Without this development it would have been impossible to disseminate the ideas of the Three People's Principles.

During this period, the revolutionary Three People's Principles became the political basis of the united front of the Kuomintang and the Communist Party and of all the revolutionary classes, and since "communism is the good friend of the Three People's Principles," a united front was formed between the two of them. In terms of social classes, it was a united front of the proletariat, the peasantry, the urban petty bourgeoisie and the bourgeoisie. Using the *Communist Weekly*

Guide, the Kuomintang's *Republican Daily News* of Shanghai and other newspapers in various localities as their bases of operations, the two parties jointly advocated anti-imperialism, jointly combated feudal education based upon the worship of Confucius and upon the study of the Confucian canon and jointly opposed feudal literature and the classical language and promoted the new literature and the vernacular style of writing with an anti-imperialist and anti-feudal content. During the wars in Kwangtung and during the Northern Expedition, they reformed China's armed forces by the inculcation of anti-imperialist and anti-feudal ideas. The slogans, "Down with the corrupt officials" and "Down with the local tyrants and evil gentry," were raised among the peasant millions, and great peasant revolutionary struggles were aroused. Thanks to all this and to the assistance of the Soviet Union, the Northern Expedition was victorious. But no sooner did the big bourgeoisie climb to power than it put an end to this revolution, thus creating an entirely new political situation.

The third period was the new revolutionary period of 1927-37. As a change had taken place within the revolutionary camp towards the end of the second period, with the big bourgeoisie going over to the counter-revolutionary camp of the imperialist and feudal forces and the national bourgeoisie trailing after it, only three of the four classes formerly within the revolutionary camp remained, *i.e.*, the proletariat, the peasantry and the other sections of the petty bourgeoisie (including

the revolutionary intellectuals), and consequently the Chinese revolution inevitably entered a new period in which the Chinese Communist Party alone gave leadership to the masses. This period was one of counter-revolutionary campaigns of "encirclement and suppression," on the one hand, and of the deepening of the revolution, on the other. There were two kinds of counter-revolutionary campaigns of "encirclement and suppression," the military and the cultural. The deepening of the revolution was of two kinds; both the agrarian and the cultural revolutions were deepened. At the instigation of the imperialists, the counter-revolutionary forces of the whole country and of the whole world were mobilized for both kinds of campaigns of "encirclement and suppression," which lasted no less than ten years and were unparalleled in their ruthlessness; hundreds of thousands of Communists and young students were slaughtered and millions of workers and peasants suffered cruel persecution. The people responsible for all this apparently had no doubt that communism and the Communist Party could be "exterminated once and for all." However, the outcome was different; both kinds of "encirclement and suppression" campaigns failed miserably. The military campaign resulted in the northern march of the Red Army to resist the Japanese, and the cultural campaign resulted in the outbreak of the December 9th Movement of the revolutionary youth in 1935.⁵ And the common result of both was the awakening of the people of the whole country. These were three positive results. The

most amazing thing of all was that the Kuomintang's cultural "encirclement and suppression" campaign failed completely in the Kuomintang areas as well, although the Communist Party was in an utterly defenceless position in all the cultural and educational institutions there. Why did this happen? Does it not give food for prolonged and deep thought? It was in the very midst of such campaigns of "encirclement and suppression" that Lu Hsun, who believed in communism, became the giant of China's cultural revolution.

The negative result of the counter-revolutionary campaigns of "encirclement and suppression" was the invasion of our country by Japanese imperialism. This is the chief reason why to this very day the people of the whole country still bitterly detest those ten years of anti-communism.

In the struggles of this period, the revolutionary side firmly upheld the people's anti-imperialist and anti-feudal New Democracy and their new Three People's Principles, while the counter-revolutionary side, under the direction of imperialism, imposed the despotic regime of the coalition of the landlord class and the big bourgeoisie. That despotic regime butchered Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Three Great Policies and his new Three People's Principles both politically and culturally, with catastrophic consequences to the Chinese nation.

The fourth period is that of the present anti-Japanese war. Pursuing its zigzag course, the Chinese revolution has again arrived at a united front of the four classes;

but the scope of the united front is now much broader because its upper stratum includes many members of the ruling classes, its middle stratum includes the national bourgeoisie and the petty bourgeoisie, and its lower stratum includes the entire proletariat, so that the various classes and strata of the nation have become members of the alliance resolutely resisting Japanese imperialism. The first stage of this period lasted until the fall of Wuhan. During that stage, there was a lively atmosphere in the country in every field; politically there was a trend towards democracy and culturally there was fairly widespread activity. With the fall of Wuhan the second stage began, during which the political situation has undergone many changes, with one section of the big bourgeoisie capitulating to the enemy and another desiring an early end to the War of Resistance. In the cultural sphere, this situation has been reflected in the reactionary activities of Yeh Ching,⁶ Chang Chun-mai and others, and in the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press.

To overcome this crisis, a firm struggle is necessary against all ideas opposed to resistance, unity and progress, and unless these reactionary ideas are crushed, there will be no hope of victory. How will this struggle turn out? This is the big question in the minds of the people of the whole country. Judging by the domestic and international situation, the Chinese people are bound to win, however numerous the obstacles on the path of resistance. The progress achieved during the twenty years since the May 4th Movement exceeds not only

that of the preceding eighty years but virtually surpasses that achieved in the thousands of years of Chinese history. Can we not visualize what further progress China will make in another twenty years? The unbridled violence of all the forces of darkness, whether domestic or foreign, has brought disaster to our nation; but this very violence indicates that while the forces of darkness still have some strength left, they are already in their death throes, and that the people are gradually approaching victory. This is true of China, of the whole East and of the entire world.

Some Wrong Ideas About the Nature of Culture

Everything new comes from the forge of hard and bitter struggle. This is also true of the new culture which has followed a zigzag course in the past twenty years, during which both the good and the bad were tested and proved in struggle.

The bourgeois die-hards are as hopelessly wrong on the question of culture as on that of political power. They neither understand the historical characteristics of this new period in China, nor recognize the new-democratic culture of the masses. Their starting point is bourgeois despotism, which in culture becomes the cultural despotism of the bourgeoisie. It seems that a section (and I refer only to a section) of educated people from the so-called European-American school⁷ who in fact supported the Kuomintang government's "Communist suppression" campaign on the cultural front

in the past are now supporting its policy of "restricting" and "corroding" the Communist Party. They do not want the workers and the peasants to hold up their heads politically or culturally. This bourgeois die-hard road of cultural despotism leads nowhere; as in the case of political despotism, the domestic and international pre-conditions are lacking. Therefore this cultural despotism, too, had better be "folded up."

So far as the orientation of our national culture is concerned, communist ideology plays the guiding role, and we should work hard both to disseminate socialism and communism throughout the working class and to educate the peasantry and other sections of the people in socialism properly and step by step. However, our national culture as a whole is not yet socialist.

Because of the leadership of the proletariat, the politics, the economy and the culture of New Democracy all contain an element of socialism, and by no means a mere casual element but one with a decisive role. However, taken as a whole, the political, economic and cultural situation so far is new-democratic and not socialist. For the Chinese revolution in its present stage is not yet a socialist revolution for the overthrow of capitalism but a bourgeois-democratic revolution, its central task being mainly that of combating foreign imperialism and domestic feudalism. In the sphere of national culture, it is wrong to assume that the existing national culture is, or should be, socialist in its entirety. That would amount to confusing the dissemination of communist ideology with the carrying

out of an immediate programme of action, and to confusing the application of the communist standpoint and method in investigating problems, undertaking research, handling work and training cadres with the general policy for national education and national culture in the democratic stage of the Chinese revolution. A national culture with a socialist content will necessarily be the reflection of a socialist politics and a socialist economy. There are socialist elements in our politics and our economy, and hence these socialist elements are reflected in our national culture; but taking our society as a whole, we do not have a socialist politics and a socialist economy yet, so that there cannot be a wholly socialist national culture. Since the present Chinese revolution is part of the world proletarian-socialist revolution, the new culture of China today is part of the world proletarian-socialist new culture and is its great ally. While this part contains vital elements of socialist culture, the national culture as a whole joins the stream of the world proletarian-socialist new culture not entirely as a socialist culture, but as the anti-imperialist and anti-feudal new-democratic culture of the broad masses. And since the Chinese revolution today cannot do without proletarian leadership, China's new culture cannot do without the leadership of proletarian culture and ideology, of communist ideology. At the present stage, however, this kind of leadership means leading the masses of the people in an anti-imperialist and anti-feudal political and cultural revolution, and therefore, taken as a

whole, the content of China's new national culture is still not socialist but new-democratic.

Beyond all doubt, now is the time to spread communist ideas more widely and put more energy into the study of Marxism-Leninism, or otherwise we shall not only be unable to lead the Chinese revolution forward to the future stage of socialism, but shall also be unable to guide the present democratic revolution to victory. However, we must keep the spreading of communist ideas and propaganda about the communist social system distinct from the practical application of the new-democratic programme of action; we must also keep the communist theory and method of investigating problems, undertaking research, handling work and training cadres distinct from the new-democratic line for national culture as a whole. It is undoubtedly inappropriate to mix the two up.

It can thus be seen that the content of China's new national culture at the present stage is neither the cultural despotism of the bourgeoisie nor the socialism of the proletariat, but the anti-imperialist and anti-feudal New Democracy of the masses, under the leadership of proletarian-socialist culture and ideology.

A National, Scientific and Mass Culture

New-democratic culture is national. It opposes imperialist oppression and upholds the dignity and independence of the Chinese nation. It belongs to our own nation and bears our own national characteristics. It links up with the

socialist and new-democratic cultures of all other nations and they are related in such a way that they can absorb something from each other and help each other to develop, together forming a new world culture; but as a revolutionary national culture it can never link up with any reactionary imperialist culture of whatever nation. To nourish her own culture China needs to assimilate a good deal of foreign progressive culture, not enough of which was done in the past. We should assimilate whatever is useful to us today not only from the present-day socialist and new-democratic cultures but also from the earlier cultures of other nations, for example, from the culture of the various capitalist countries in the Age of Enlightenment. However, we should not gulp any of this foreign material down uncritically, but must treat it as we do our food — first chewing it, then submitting it to the working of the stomach and intestines with their juices and secretions, and separating it into nutriment to be absorbed and waste matter to be discarded — before it can nourish us. To advocate “wholesale westernization”⁸ is wrong. China has suffered a great deal from the mechanical absorption of foreign material. Similarly, in applying Marxism to China, Chinese communists must fully and properly integrate the universal truth of Marxism with the concrete practice of the Chinese revolution, or in other words, the universal truth of Marxism must be combined with specific national characteristics and acquire a definite national form if it is to be useful, and in no circumstances can it be applied subjectively as a mere

formula. Marxists who make a fetish of formulas are simply playing the fool with Marxism and the Chinese revolution, and there is no room for them in the ranks of the Chinese revolution. Chinese culture should have its own form, its own national form. National in form and new-democratic in content — such is our new culture today.

New-democratic culture is scientific. Opposed as it is to all feudal and superstitious ideas, it stands for seeking truth from facts, for objective truth and for the unity of theory and practice. On this point, the possibility exists of a united front against imperialism, feudalism and superstition between the scientific thought of the Chinese proletariat and those Chinese bourgeois materialists and natural scientists who are progressive, but in no case is there a possibility of a united front with any reactionary idealism. In the field of political action Communists may form an anti-imperialist and anti-feudal united front with some idealists and even religious people, but we can never approve of their idealism or religious doctrines. A splendid old culture was created during the long period of Chinese feudal society. To study the development of this old culture, to reject its feudal dross and assimilate its democratic essence is a necessary condition for developing our new national culture and increasing our national self-confidence, but we should never swallow anything and everything uncritically. It is imperative to separate the fine old culture of the people which had a more or less democratic and revolutionary character from all the deca-

dence of the old feudal ruling class. China's present new politics and new economy have developed out of her old politics and old economy, and her present new culture, too, has developed out of her old culture; therefore, we must respect our own history and must not lop it off. However, respect for history means giving it its proper place as a science, respecting its dialectical development, and not eulogizing the past at the expense of the present or praising every drop of feudal poison. As far as the masses and the young students are concerned, the essential thing is to guide them to look forward and not backward.

New-democratic culture belongs to the broad masses and is therefore democratic. It should serve the toiling masses of workers and peasants who make up more than 90 per cent of the nation's population and should gradually become their very own. There is a difference of degree, as well as a close link, between the knowledge imparted to the revolutionary cadres and the knowledge imparted to the revolutionary masses, between the raising of cultural standards and popularization. Revolutionary culture is a powerful revolutionary weapon for the broad masses of the people. It prepares the ground ideologically before the revolution comes and is an important, indeed essential, fighting front in the general revolutionary front during the revolution. People engaged in revolutionary cultural work are the commanders at various levels on this cultural front. "Without revolutionary theory there can be no revolutionary movement";⁹ one can thus see how important the cultural movement is for the practical revolu-

tionary movement. Both the cultural and practical movements must be of the masses. Therefore all progressive cultural workers in the anti-Japanese war must have their own cultural battalions, that is, the broad masses. A revolutionary cultural worker who is not close to the people is a commander without an army, whose firepower cannot bring the enemy down. To attain this objective, written Chinese must be reformed, given the requisite conditions, and our spoken language brought closer to that of the people, for the people, it must be stressed, are the inexhaustible source of our revolutionary culture.

A national, scientific and mass culture — such is the anti-imperialist and anti-feudal culture of the people, the culture of New Democracy, the new culture of the Chinese nation.

Combine the politics, the economy and the culture of New Democracy, and you have the new-democratic republic, the Republic of China both in name and in reality, the new China we want to create.

Behold, New China is within sight. Let us all hail her!

Her masts have already risen above the horizon. Let us all cheer in welcome!

Raise both your hands. New China is ours!

From On New Democracy

NOTES

¹The May 4th Movement was an anti-imperialist and anti-feudal revolutionary movement which began on May 4, 1919. In the first half of that year, the victors of World War I, *i.e.*, Britain, France, the United States, Japan, Italy and other imperialist countries, met in Paris to divide the spoils and decided that Japan should take over all the privileges previously enjoyed by Germany in Shantung Province, China. The students of Peking were the first to show determined opposition to this scheme, holding rallies and demonstrations on May 4. The Northern warlord government arrested more than thirty students in an effort to suppress this opposition. In protest, the students of Peking went on strike and large numbers of students in other parts of the country responded. On June 3 the Northern warlord government started arresting students in Peking en masse, and within two days about a thousand were taken into custody. This aroused still greater indignation throughout the country. From June 5 onwards, the workers of Shanghai and many other cities went on strike and the merchants in these places shut their shops. Thus, what was at first a patriotic movement consisting mainly of intellectuals rapidly developed into a national patriotic movement embracing the proletariat, the urban petty bourgeoisie and the bourgeoisie. And along with the growth of this patriotic movement, the new cultural movement which had begun before May 4 as a movement against feudalism and for the promotion of science and democracy, grew into a vigorous and powerful revolutionary cultural movement whose main current was the propagation of Marxism-Leninism.

²The modern school system was the educational system modelled on that of capitalist countries in Europe and America. The imperial examination system was the old examination system in feudal China. Towards the end of the 19th century, enlightened Chinese intellectuals urged the abolition of the old competitive examination system and the establishment of modern schools.

³The May 30th Movement was the nation-wide anti-imperialist movement in protest against the massacre of the Chinese people by the British police in Shanghai on May 30, 1925. Earlier that month, major strikes had broken out in Japanese-owned textile mills in Tsingtao and Shanghai, which the Japanese imperialists and the Northern warlords who were their running dogs proceeded to suppress. On May 15 the Japanese textile mill-owners in Shanghai shot and killed the worker Ku Cheng-hung and wounded a dozen others. On May 28 eight workers were slaughtered by the reactionary government in Tsingtao. On May 30 more than two thousand students in Shanghai agitated in the foreign concessions in support of the workers and for the recovery of the foreign concessions. They rallied more than ten thousand people before the British police headquarters, shouting such slogans as "Down with imperialism!" and "People of China, unite!" The British imperialist police opened fire, killing and wounding many students. This became

known as the May 30th Massacre. It immediately aroused country-wide indignation, and demonstrations and strikes of workers, students and shop-keepers were held everywhere, forming a tremendous anti-imperialist movement.

⁴The Three People's Principles were the principles and the programme put forward by Sun Yat-sen on the questions of nationalism, democracy and people's livelihood in China's bourgeois-democratic revolution. In the manifesto adopted by the Kuomintang at its First National Congress in 1924 Sun Yat-sen restated the Three People's Principles. Nationalism was interpreted as opposition to imperialism and active support was expressed for the movements of the workers and peasants. Thus the old Three People's Principles were transformed into the new Three People's Principles characterized by the Three Great Policies, that is, alliance with Russia, co-operation with the Communist Party, and assistance to the peasants and workers. The new Three People's Principles provided the political basis for the co-operation between the Communist Party of China and the Kuomintang during the First Revolutionary Civil War period.

⁵The year 1935 witnessed a new upsurge in the popular patriotic movement throughout the country. Students in Peking, under the leadership of the Communist Party of China, held a patriotic demonstration on December 9, putting forward such slogans as "Stop the civil war and unite to resist foreign aggression" and "Down with Japanese imperialism." This movement broke through the long reign of terror imposed by the Kuomintang government in league with the Japanese invaders and very quickly won the people's support throughout the country. It is known as the "December 9th Movement." The outcome was that new changes manifested themselves in the relations among the various classes in the country, and the Anti-Japanese National United Front proposed by the Communist Party of China became the openly advocated policy of all patriotic people. The Chiang Kai-shek government with its traitorous policy became very isolated.

⁶Yeh Ching was a renegade Communist who became a hired hack in the Kuomintang secret service.

⁷The spokesman of the so-called European-American school was the counter-revolutionary Hu Shih.

⁸Wholesale westernization was the view held by a number of westernized Chinese bourgeois intellectuals who unconditionally praised the outmoded individualist bourgeois culture of the West and advocated the servile imitation of capitalist Europe and America.

⁹V. I. Lenin, "What Is to Be Done?", *Collected Works*, Eng. ed., FLPH, Moscow, 1961, Vol. V, p. 369.

A Fondest Wish Comes True

"Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman...."

"Chairman Mao is dearer to us than our own parents...."

The revolutionary artists of Japan's Haguruma Theatre sang these songs while waiting in the reception hall of the Great Hall of the People. Their clear bright voices sang movingly and from the heart, every word reflecting limitless love for Chairman Mao, our great leader and red sun in the hearts of the revolutionary people of the world.

They had heard the wonderful news that morning. Chairman Mao was going to receive them. They were overjoyed. Several leaped and shouted: "Chairman Mao is going to receive us! Chairman Mao is going to receive us!"

On leaving the hotel, they each pinned Chairman Mao badges on their chests. All carried the little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* as they gathered at the entrance, and they sang *The Golden Sun Rises in Peking*.

It hadn't been easy for them to come to China. The U.S.-Japanese reactionaries and the revisionists of the Japanese Communist Party had put every obstacle in their path. But, inspired by their limitless love and respect for our great leader Chairman Mao, they finally succeeded. They had been thinking of him constantly, sometimes to such an extent that they couldn't sleep. "Suppose Chairman Mao decided to see us right away and we were asleep," one of them said. "That would be awful."

Now Chairman Mao was going to receive them. Their fondest wish was about to come true. Why shouldn't they sing for joy?

They arrived at the reception hall highly excited. While waiting, they read aloud from their precious *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. They also recited in unison from Comrade Lin Piao's foreword written for the re-edition of the little red book: "Comrade Mao Tse-tung is the greatest Marxist-Leninist of our era. He has inherited, defended and developed Marxism-Leninism with genius, creatively and comprehensively, and has brought it to a higher and completely new stage."

The happy moment came at last. At 12:15 on October 23, 1967, our great leader Chairman Mao, his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, and Comrades Chou En-lai, Chen Po-ta, Kang Sheng, Li Fu-chun, Chiang Ching, Chang Chun-chiao, Chi Pen-yu and Yao Wen-yuan, entered the reception hall. Waving their little red books, the revolutionary Japanese literary and art fighters shouted at the top of their voices: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!" With tears of joy, they sang *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. Chairman Mao and Comrade Lin Piao waved and clapped to return their greetings, and posed for photographs with them.

Amid prolonged applause, Chairman Mao left the reception hall. But the Japanese artists did not want to go. Greatly stirred, they jumped up and down, shook hands all round and embraced each other. They said: "Chairman Mao is fit and well. This is the greatest happiness of the Chinese and Japanese peoples and the revolutionary people all over the world." To record this moment of unforgettable joy, many, wiping their streaming eyes, wrote down the time neatly on the flyleaf of their treasured little red books.



Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Comrade Lin Biao receive the Japanese artists

"Chairman Mao, you have received us. This gives the greatest support and encouragement to the revolutionary struggle of the Japanese people."

"Chairman Mao, we will always follow you, whatever the difficulties. We will always travel the revolutionary road you have pointed out, and march from victory to victory."

They were deeply moved as they left the reception hall. Clasp their little red books, they vowed they would always remember this day and devote their lives to the liberation of the Japanese people.

Natuko Fuzikawa, 56-year-old leader of the theatre, was like a girl again. She shook each of her comrades by the hand, and said emotionally: "It is the teachings of the great leader Chairman Mao that

have helped our theatre onto the bright, broad road. It is Mao Tse-tung's thought that guides us in rebelling against revisionism and in gaining new life." She was voicing what was in the hearts of all the literary and art fighters. They recalled how for a long time their fifteen-year-old Haguruma Theatre, because of the control of the Japanese revisionists, had been diverted from the revolutionary orientation of serving the workers and peasants. They had staged lengthy foreign and ancient plays, allegedly "of interest to all." But the labouring people didn't like this type of drama, and Haguruma was on the verge of collapse.

It was Mao Tse-tung's thought and China's great proletarian cultural revolution initiated and led personally by Chairman Mao that lent the

Japanese revolutionary fighters the courage to rebel. They firmly drew a distinct line of demarcation between themselves and the revisionist clique of the Japanese Communist Party. The young artists bombarded the theatre's revisionists with big-character posters and finally expelled them.

Early in the morning of New Year's day 1967, the revolutionary fighters of the troupe hung up a portrait of Chairman Mao and gathering before it, vowed: "We will hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and be good pupils of Chairman Mao. We will take Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* as our guiding principle."

From that day on, they resolutely guided themselves by Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Our literary and art workers must . . . shift their stand; they must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the process of going into their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society. Only in this way can we have a literature and art that are truly for the workers, peasants and soldiers, a truly proletarian literature and art."**

They started going into the countryside and to the mining areas, and took part in productive labour. With the help of the workers and peasants, they produced plays reflecting the struggles of the labouring people. Poor peasants said: Welcome back to the countryside. Workers said: You have become our own theatre. Both workers and peasants encouraged them, saying: You have taken the right road.

The light of Mao Tse-tung's thought now shines on the broad revolutionary road followed by the Haguruma Theatre.

Natuko Fuzikawa said after meeting Chairman Mao: Today is the most significant and precious day in my fifty-six years. The comrades of Haguruma Theatre are determined to raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and study and apply Chairman Mao's works still more creatively, and fight all their lives for the cause of the liberation of the Japanese people.

Actress Motoko Sahara was one of the young fighters in the troupe who first put up big-character posters against the Japanese revisionists.

When she returned to the hotel, she opened to Chairman Mao's photograph in her little red book and said: "You give me limitless strength to battle against the U.S.-Japanese reactionaries. You give me boundless knowledge to use in rebelling against the revisionists of the Japanese Communist Party. Respected Chairman Mao, we will forever follow you in making revolution, no matter what dangers and difficulties we may meet! We will always remember your teaching: **'Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.'**"

Katuyuki Shinoda, a young actor, has the utmost love and respect for our great leader Chairman Mao and his writings. He has a picture of him over the head of his bed as well as some quotations which he has copied out by hand from the little red book to help him solve some immediate problems. He carries as his constant guide Chairman Mao's "Three Constantly-Read Articles" and makes many careful notes.

"From the experiences of our struggles," he says, "we have realized that Chairman Mao is the saviour of the Japanese people. If the Japanese people want to make revolution, they must hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. It is only when we follow Chairman Mao's teachings and study his writings that we feel strong and full of confidence in victory. For the sake of the Japanese revolution we are determined to be good students of Chairman Mao and outstanding propagandists of his thought."

On returning to the hotel, playwright Hisayosi Fukusima went over in his mind every moment in the reception hall. Since his arrival in China, he has frequently sought inspiration and strength from the *Quotations* in rewriting his plays *Prairie Fire* and *Advancing Through the Storm*. With the help of his comrades he has successfully rewritten the plays which now clearly reflect Mao Tse-tung's thought.

He picked up his treasured *Quotations* and recorded on the flyleaf that unforgettable moment: At 12:15, October 23, 1967. Waving the *Quotations* he said enthusiastically: "Whenever I take up this treasured book and look at this page I am filled with boundless courage and strength."

Young musician Syoji Tsuda has expressed his love for Chairman Mao by composing music for the quotations "Be Resolute," "In Times of Difficulty We Must Not Lose Sight of Our Achievements" and "March Ahead Along the Path Crimson with Their Blood," studying related writings by Chairman Mao as he composed. He said he would take the songs back to Japan and spread Mao Tse-tung's thought so as to encourage and guide the Japanese people in their struggles. "I am determined to be a good soldier of Chairman Mao and spread Mao Tse-tung's thought for the rest of my life," he added.

At the reception of the Japanese revolutionary artists by Chairman Mao, young actor Taku Yamamoto held up his copy of the *Quotations* and over and over again led the cheers: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

He said: "We have come to see Chairman Mao on behalf of the one hundred million Japanese people. When they learn that he has received us, Japanese revolutionary people will undoubtedly, like all of us, be overjoyed and shout: 'Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!'"

No amount of words can tell how ardently the Japanese artists love Chairman Mao. No amount of songs can express to the full their veneration for him. Perhaps they would sum it up like this: Chairman Mao, you are the red sun in our hearts. In the light of your glorious rays a new Japan belonging to the revolutionary Japanese people will surely make its appearance in the East.

*The World's Revolutionary People Love
Chairman Mao (gouache)* ►

Tales of the Autumn Harvest Uprising

EDITORS' NOTE

In September, 1927 the people's armed forces of Hsiushui, Pinghsiang, Pingkiang and Liuyang counties on the border of Hunan and Kiangsi, staged the world-shaking Autumn Harvest Uprising, under the personal leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao. It was the first peasant armed revolt in the history of China ever to be led by the Chinese Communist Party. 1967 marked the 40th anniversary of this glorious event and many articles and poems commemorating it were written in praise of Chairman Mao's great revolutionary practice. Below, we present some of them.

Our Great Helmsman

Nineteen twenty-seven.

A tide of counter-revolution was sweeping China's vast land. April 12, May 21, July 15* . . . a series of days written in the blood

*On April 12, 1927 Chiang Kai-shek staged a counter-revolutionary coup d'état in Shanghai and elsewhere, massacring the workers, suppressing the peasants and attacking the Communist Party. On May 21, 1927 Hsu Ke-hsiang, a counter-revolutionary Kuomintang army commander in Hunan, ordered a raid on the provincial headquarters of the trade unions, the peasant associations and other revolutionary organizations in Changsha. Communists and revolutionary workers and peasants were arrested and killed en masse. And on July 15 Wang Ching-wei betrayed the revolution in Wuhan.

of slaughtered Communists. From over 60,000 members, the Party was reduced to seven or eight thousand. Of 280,000 trade union members only 30,000 remained. Scattered were most of the members of peasant associations, formerly ten million strong. Chen Tu-hsiu had handed the fruits of the First Revolutionary Civil War to the Kuomintang on a platter, and Chiang Kai-shek strangled the revolutionary movement. The atmosphere was oppressive, dark clouds rolled. Over China's vast land spread the stench of blood and gore.

China's ship of revolution was in danger. There rose the question of which course to pursue. Flight, concessions, compromise and surrender? Or waging the revolution through to the end?

Right opportunist Chen Tu-hsiu contended that China's bourgeois-democratic revolution had already been completed, that Chiang Kai-shek's coming to power marked the victory of China's bourgeoisie over the forces of feudalism and imperialism, that capitalism now dominated Chinese society. He claimed that our proletariat could engage only in legal activity with a "national assembly as its central aim"; the socialist revolution would have to wait for the future.

What sort of talk was this? Sheer counter-revolutionary rot. Chiang Kai-shek's butcher knife had scared Chen out of his wits. He even had the temerity to praise Chiang's counter-revolutionary crimes and to shamelessly demand that our Party surrender to Chiang Kai-shek.

His course would have steered our ship right on to hidden rocks. Was that the way for China's ship of revolution to proceed? No. Absolutely not.

Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman. Our revolutionary people were seeking, waiting, for a great call. Then, a tall stalwart figure stood up in the August Seventh Meeting, rising like the red sun, casting its radiant beams over China's mountains and rivers. He stood like the magnificent Mount Tai towering beside the East Sea, overlooking the land. A mighty clarion call rang out across China's 9,600,000 square kilometres, echoing in the hearts of the hundreds of millions of toiling workers and peasants.

This great and powerful call clearly and trenchantly pointed out:

First, the subjective reason for the defeat of the revolution was Chen Tu-hsiu's Right opportunist line which abandoned the Party's right to lead the revolution, particularly its armed forces. In the name of "fostering co-operation between the Kuomintang and Communist Parties," Chen's opportunist line actually put numerous impediments in the way of the mass movements in the five provinces and suppressed them. Catering to the bourgeoisie, it was a policy of capitulation.

Second, the Communist Party could no longer harbour the slightest illusions either about the Kuomintang reactionaries or the Right opportunist Chen Tu-hsiu. It should lead China's revolution independently, learn from previous defeats, and devote its main force to leading the armed struggle, using guns to win political power and advance the land revolution of the peasants. In the provinces of Hunan, Hupeh, Kiangsi and Kwangtung, where there was a strong mass basis, the Party should arouse the peasants to launch an autumn harvest uprising and give the Kuomintang reactionaries blow for blow.

Third, it was necessary to quickly set the Party organization in order and strengthen the central organizations.

This call was like a light-house in the murky night, pointing out the correct course for China's ship of revolution; it was like a sharp scalpel, exposing the renegade features of Chen Tu-hsiu. It was like a clap of thunder, awakening the revolutionary Communists and the hundreds of millions of labouring masses.

And who issued this great call? The greatest and most correct helmsman of China's ship of revolution, the red, red sun in our hearts — Chairman Mao.

The correct line, which Chairman Mao represented, defeated the Right opportunist line of Chen Tu-hsiu. At the August Seventh Meeting, the Party accepted the proposals of Comrade Mao Tse-tung and decided on using armed force to resist the Kuomintang's policy of armed slaughter, with peasant insurrections in Hunan, Hupeh, Kiangsi and Kwangtung, and a land reform programme. Comrade Mao Tse-tung was sent to Hunan, the centre of the peasant movement, which he had personally set in motion, to lead the Autumn Harvest Uprising.

China's ship of revolution, beginning to come under Chairman Mao's guidance, changed its course. It was an epochal turn.

The fact was that every step Chairman Mao took, every deed he performed, from the very first shot he had fired at the old society as a youth, all marked out a correct path for China's revolution. He had quite early made it clear in the Party that the fundamental problem of China's revolution was the peasantry, and that the revolution could only be won by guns.

In April of 1918 in Changsha, where Chairman Mao was studying at the First Normal School, he organized the Hsinmin Society, a group dedicated to seeking revolutionary truth. At a meeting to discuss the purpose of the Society, someone said it should be to "impel social progress." Another person said that it was impossible to overthrow the existing social system, and that they should "do research" into different proposals for social reform.

Only Chairman Mao disagreed with these ideas. He said our task is to thoroughly change China and the world. China must take Russia's road of violent revolution. She must have a workers' and peasants' revolution, build a fighting Communist Party.

Chairman Mao has always harboured the lofty ideal of changing China and the world. Even in his student days he already had the greatest concern and love for the worker and peasant masses. Several times during his vacations he made walking trips to the poorest rural communities and systematically investigated conditions. Equipped only with a roll of writing paper, an umbrella, a pair of straw sandals and an oil lamp, he travelled along the banks of the Tseshui River and the Tungting Lake, and spent many days in the mountain region of eastern Hunan.

On the eve of the Spring Festival in 1925, in opposition to the Party's "left" opportunists headed by Chang Kuo-tao, and the Right opportunists headed by Chen Tu-hsiu, all of whom scorned the peasant movement, Chairman Mao returned to his home in Shaoshan, Hsiangtan County, Hunan, and launched a peasant movement there. In a very few days China's earliest peasant association — the Vengeance Society — was formed, and the first lecture hall in the peasant movement — the Peasants' Night School — was set up. Chairman Mao

held classes for the poor peasants and talked about the necessity for a revolution.

That summer he went to Kwangchow and established a lecture hall for a nation-wide peasant movement. There he planted the seeds of the Shaoshan experience in comrades who took them throughout the country. The sun rose in the hills of Shaoshan, and Shaoshan was the first place to bathe in its beams. The peasant struggles there were a shimmering sun-reflecting red banner right from the start.

Chairman Mao went to Hsianghsiang County in the spring of 1927 while conducting his investigation of the peasant movement in Hunan. From worker, peasant, merchant, student and women's organizations, he learned a great deal about the people's struggles. Discovering that they had no "soldiers," he said to the leader of the county peasants' association: Without arms the peasant movement is a hollow shell; it has no roots. The landlords' defence corps has three companies of three hundred rifles. You must seize them immediately. Don't forget the *S.S. Chungshan* incident* in Kwangchow on March 20, last year. Chiang Kai-shek can't be relied upon. He's sure to change before very long; he's sure to betray us.

What remarkable foresight.

Chairman Mao also instructed the county comrades to organize a militia of a hundred thousand peasants armed with spears. Spears — pointed, doubled-edged silvery blades, dangling red tassels — wherever they were raised in the tens of thousands, there the peasant movement flamed the hottest, there the corrupt officials, local tyrants and

*A counter-revolutionary incident plotted by Chiang Kai-shek. During the period of co-operation between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party which began in 1924, Chiang, pretending to be revolutionary, usurped the position of principal of the Huangpu Military Academy as well as commander of the First Army of the National Revolutionary Army. On March 18, 1926 orders were sent in the name of the Academy for the *S.S. Chungshan*, which was manned mostly by Communists, to go up the river to Huangpu. When it did so, Chiang spread the rumour that it had acted without orders and that the Communists were planning a revolt. With this as an excuse, on the morning of the 20th, he arrested all the Communists headed by Comrade Chou En-lai, then director of the political department, in the Academy and the First Army and forced the Communists out of the First Army.

evil gentry were consumed by the flames. These spears manifested Chairman Mao's great concept that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun and that all the people must take up arms.

The first buds herald spring. These few brief anecdotes vividly illustrate the fact that Chairman Mao had already charted the most correct course for China's revolution. And history tells us that only Chairman Mao as the great leader of our Party has been consistently right. How can we help but cry from our hearts, again and again, long live Chairman Mao, a long, long life to him!

No sooner had the August Seventh Meeting ended than Chairman Mao's stalwart frame was seen on the streets of Changsha. White terror enveloped the city, he was dogged by enemy agents, even the house he stayed in was watched. But to ensure the success of the Autumn Harvest Uprising and to save China's revolution, for two weeks he risked many dangers and made careful preparations. He took charge of re-organizing the Hunan provincial Party committee, discussed the coming insurrection with the new organization, worked out a programme, set up a command headquarters known as the Front Committee (with himself as secretary) and an action committee, and set the date for the uprising — September Eighth. In the heated discussions that took place, Chairman Mao's brilliant views invariably won the support of the vast majority of the comrades.

During the discussions on land reform — the focal point of the insurrection, some said the land of the landlords should be confiscated only in a political sense, others proposed that all land be confiscated and nationalized. Chairman Mao criticized both these Right and "left" ideas. He said that only the landlords' land should be confiscated.

As to the uprising, some proposed that it be province-wide. But Chairman Mao, taking into consideration ours and the enemy's relative strength, said that it should be organized near the province's borders with Hupeh and Kiangsi.

Day and night, Chairman Mao held meetings, talked and worked. Sometimes he left the house before daylight and didn't return till late at night. Sometimes he didn't go home for three or four days. Sometimes he forgot to eat. Or, if he did eat, he stood with the bowl

in his hand, forgetting to raise the food to his lips, because his mind was so full of the coming insurrection. The Party had allocated funds for the uprising expenses, but Chairman Mao lived in an extremely frugal manner, eating coarse grains and simple vegetables. Often, he ate one meal without any money to pay for the next.

When Chairman Mao left Changsha for the Anyuan, Pinghsiang, Liuyang, Liling region, where the uprising was to take place, he bid farewell to his wife, Comrade Yang Kai-hui, and his two children. "Be ready to leave home and carry on the revolution at all times," he said. "I'll get in touch with you as soon as I have the chance." He walked out calmly, as if this were an ordinary departure.

Fiery red torches were about to enkindle eastern Hunan. The glow of victory already was visible in China's night sky. The Communists had wipe off their bloodstains and were rising from the ground to carry on the fight.

Clouds were rolling in eastern Hunan, rivers roaring, mountains quaking, spears dancing. Brewing was a momentous armed peasant revolutionary storm. A great day in the history of mankind was about to dawn.

His large hand on the tiller, Chairman Mao was guiding China's ship of revolution, starting it on a correct course through the wind-tossed waves.

The Red Flag Roused the Serf, Halberd in Hand

Spring thunder burst open the layers of dark clouds over Wenchia Town.

The sky turned light. A tall strong figure appeared, his large hand pointing towards the town. Then, along winding mountain trails and across narrow paths through the fields came band after band, surg-

ing towards Wenchia like a fiery dragon. It was a column of men, the likes of which had never been seen before. They held high flame-coloured banners and carried side arms and spears, all with red tassels which seemed to blaze in the wind. And in the breast of every man a red heart burned with class rage.

These were the First Division of the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army, created by Chairman Mao, our great leader and great supreme commander. They were the first armed forces of China's workers and peasants.

With Chairman Mao personally leading the detachment, they marched triumphantly into Wenchia. At once, the streets were plastered with slogans:

"Revolt. Kill the local tyrants and evil gentry!"

"Revolt. Down with the national government!"

"Revolt. Peasants seize the land!"

That day, September 18, 1927, was the eleventh day of the Autumn Harvest Uprising initiated by Chairman Mao. Eleven days that shook the world. Eleven days that brought down the heavens and overturned the earth.

Early in September, Chairman Mao had risked the reign of white terror and crossed mountains and streams to go among the worker and peasant masses in Anyuan, Liuyang, Liling and Tungku. The great majority of them had been steeled in the tumultuous worker and peasant movement during the Northern Expedition against the warlords, and they thoroughly hated the Chiang Kai-shek gang for its brutal slaughter of the people. But they had been unable to find a correct road.

Now, Chairman Mao had raised aloft the torch of revolution, illuminating their hearts. Chairman Mao told them: The peasants must be roused and armed, and a land revolution instituted; only thus can we strike a mighty blow against the insane murderers.

The Wuhan Guards Regiment stationed in Hsiushui, the Worker Volunteers in Anyuan, and the Peasant Volunteers in Tungku and Liuyang, he combined into the First, Second and Third Regiments of the First Division, Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary

Army. This, the first revolutionary armed force of China's workers and peasants, was a powerful fighting unit.

It was Chairman Mao, too, who devised the grand plan for the Autumn Harvest Uprising, and transmitted it to each local Party organization in eastern Hunan, spreading the fiery seeds of the insurrection throughout the region.

On September 8 the Autumn Harvest Uprising exploded like a thunderbolt. The rattle of muskets was heard in Anyuan. Red banners unfurled in Tungku. Revolutionary bugles sounded in Liuyang and Pingkiang. Battle smoke screened Liling. A new craving for vengeance against the Chiang Kai-shek murderers for their latest crimes was added to the hatred engendered by thousands of years of an enforced animal existence, and these were crammed into the breeches of the peasants' guns, smeared on the edges of their blades, as they charged furiously against Chiang Kai-shek, against local tyrants and evil gentry.

"Revolt. Kill the local tyrants and evil gentry! . . . Revolt. Peasants seize the land!" Guns awakened eastern Hunan's tens of millions of workers and peasants. Flames of the land revolution spread to every corner.

Third Regiment, led by Chairman Mao personally, went into action at Tungku. Banners high, they drove into the town of Tungmen, Liuyang County, and occupied it. In keeping with Chairman Mao's blueprint of the Autumn Harvest insurrection, which impelled the land revolution forward by armed force, the fighters erected three speakers' platforms and propagated the necessity for land reform to mass audiences.

The people of Tungmen rose up and swiftly formed a revolutionary current. Side by side with the soldiers of the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army, they smashed open the jails, crushed the local tyrants and expelled the corrupt officials. At a mass meeting, they condemned to death the worst of the big tyrants and the commanders of the landlords' "defence corps." Sentence was carried out immediately.

And as the people of Tungmen rose up, millions of down-trodden serfs in the Hunan-Kiangsi border region also rose in revolt. They

broke their shackles, burst their bonds, raised red banners and surged against their reactionary rulers, waving spears and hoes and carrying poles, like an angry river which has breached its dykes. The earth shook, the heavens trembled, the mountains and rivers roared. The masses remembered Chairman Mao's words:

"The patriarchal-feudal class of the local tyrants, evil gentry and lawless landlords has formed the basis of autocratic government for thousands of years and is the corner-stone of imperialism, warlordism and corrupt officialdom."

Now tens of millions of oppressed peasants were armed. With all their might they were destroying "the basis of government for thousands of years," they were uprooting "the corner-stone of imperialism, warlordism and corrupt officialdom." In Liling, with the help of the Workers' and Peasants' Army, the peasants — men and women, young and old — in a single night executed the worst of their local tyrants and evil gentry. The accumulated hatreds of thousands of years erupted like a volcano. The peasants had risen in armed revolt. What a heart-stirring, soul-shaking event.

This was the Autumn Harvest Uprising initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao personally. It electrified the world.

It was much more than an armed insurrection, much more than a few battles. For the first time in history, China had an armed peasant revolt led by the Communist Party. It was a tremendous peasant revolutionary storm.

This storm had already reached Wenchia when Chairman Mao arrived in the town. Chairman Mao, dear Chairman Mao. Ten years before, while investigating conditions in Wenchia, he had said that the land must belong to the tillers, and these words had remained in the hearts of the people. Today he had come again to lead the people into making the words a reality. He was their red sun, pointing the way. With his leadership, backed by the guns of their soldier brothers, and encouraged by the example set by the other peasants in the Hunan-Kiangsi border region, the people of Wenchia rose in revolt at last.

They wrecked the landlords' defense corps headquarters and smashed the jail. Dozens of revolutionaries and innocent peasants

were set free. The "storage granaries" controlled by the landlord tyrants and evil gentry in the name of "charity reserves" but actually the result of sucking the peasants' blood, were broken open. As Chairman Mao earlier indicated:

"More often than not the local tyrants and evil gentry have helped themselves to public money passing through their hands, and their books are not in order." He directed the peasants to use the checking of accounts as a means of **"publicizing the crimes of the local tyrants and evil gentry and for knocking them down from their political and social positions."**

In keeping with Chairman Mao's instructions, the revolutionary soldiers distributed the grain among the impoverished peasants, and the peasants exposed the hypocrisy of the landlord tyrants and evil gentry's "charity." Lines of poor peasants carrying home grain moved without cease along the streets and through the lanes. The "storage granaries," those blood-sucking tentacles, were amputated, crushed.

Enraged masses, with soldiers of the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army at their head, pushed into the mansion of one of the worst local tyrants, Peng Po-tang. Peng had already fled in terror. The people broke open his granary, smashed open his chests and divided the property which he had extracted from the poor. Then they set fire to the "Flower Tower" in which he held his wild revels.

The flames of the Wenchia peasants' insurrection leaped higher and higher. More and more soldiers of the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army crowded into the town. It was a joyous sight: The wrecked jail, the lines of people carrying home grain, the burning "Flower Tower" of Peng Po-tang. How grateful everyone was to our great leader, Chairman Mao. Ten years before he had offered hope to the people of Wenchia for the first time. Today again it was he who led the revolutionary army and liberated the oppressed poor. He lived in the Lijen School in town now, busy day and night analysing problems of the revolution. Lights could be seen burning in his courtyard far into the night. The poor peasants' problems were his ceaseless concern. Chairman Mao is the people's saviour, the never-setting red sun in their hearts!

Many gazed towards the Lijen School with deep emotion. They seemed to see Chairman Mao's large form.

The east reddened and the sun rose, spreading its warming, rosy beams.

On the morning of September 20, men of the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army gathered on the Lijen School grounds. Many villagers came as well, for this was not only a reunion of the Army, it was a victory celebration of the revolutionary soldiers and people.

Brighter spread the rosy beams of the rising sun. It was fully daylight.

"Here comes Committee-man Mao." People cheered and stood on tiptoe. Smiling, Chairman Mao advanced with a firm stride. He was dressed in homespun blue clothes and wore straw sandals. In excellent spirits, he looked around with an affectionate, kindly gaze.

Ah, Committee-man Mao, who but you thinks so highly of us muddy-legged peasants? You know our hardships best, you believe most in our strength. The finest army in the world is this one which you have raised. You are the red sun in our hearts.

Chairman Mao walked to the platform and gestured for everyone to sit down. Then, in a ringing voice, he spoke: We are a detachment of the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army. We are armed forces of the workers and peasants, and for them we fight. To battle against the reactionaries, we must have guns. In the past, because we had none, we lost out. If the revolution has armed forces, there's nothing we can't do.

In colloquial speech, Chairman Mao explained the function of the gun, his every word a torch, illuminating his listeners' minds. The soldiers grasped their rifles tighter, the peasants took a firmer grip on their spears. Guns, guns — in the hands of the enemy they are cruel weapons to suppress the people's revolutionary movement. But once the people get hold of them, they become major implements for liberating mankind and changing the world.

Chairman Mao gazed fondly at the crowd and in confident tones continued: We are not alone. Our revolution has the support of tens of millions of people in Hunan, Hupeh and Kiangsi, the whole



country. Our strength is enormous. We're like a small stone, but this stone will one day break the big Chiang Kai-shek water vat. Final victory belongs to us. . . .

While the strength of the revolution was still that of "a small stone," our great leader Chairman Mao with bold foresight announced that the revolutionary "small stone" would defeat "the big water vat" of the huge counter-revolutionary forces. What a brilliant prediction. What magnificent revolutionary spirit.

From Chairman Mao's words the soldiers of the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army obtained the utmost confidence and courage. They saw the strength of their "small stone," they realized what limitless force they had when they and the vast majority of the people fought side by side.

Chairman Mao was absolutely correct — our army was the people's own. How many peasants risked their lives for their brothers in arms, often braving a hail of bullets to deliver a message. How many peasants, when the fighting was cruel, sent their sons and brothers to join our army. When the people of Shangping, Liuyang County, heard that the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army led by Chairman Mao was coming, they deprived themselves to contribute their meagre store of rice for gruel for the fighters. They brought this to the valley and waited, and when the men arrived, hungry and thirsty, they had it ready for them. Was it ordinary rice gruel? No, it was pure milk, made with the people's blood.

When our troops entered Shangping, a dozen peasants, carrying the spears of which Chairman Mao so distinctly approved, went out and stood guard on the approaches of the mountain paths. People who take part in battle armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung are truly a wall of bronze. Heroes like these are a mountain of knives, a forest of swords. The enemy cannot advance an inch, while our army is a tiger bounding into the hills, a dragon plunging into the sea.

Our great supreme commander, great helmsman, Chairman Mao, at the end of the meeting announced that the Revolutionary Army was going to the Chingkang Mountains to build a rural revolutionary base and use the countryside to encircle the cities and finally capture them and win nation-wide victory. He said: big cities like Changsha

are not the place for us. We must go to where the enemy forces are weak and establish footholds there and build up our strength for battles against the foe.

Chairman Mao went on to describe in detail the Chingkang Mountains sector, which is in the middle of the Lohsiao Range, and explained the political, economic and military situation in the surrounding area and the advantageous conditions for the establishment of a base.

This was an epochal strategic decision, a great milestone on the road to victory for the revolutions of China and the world. It gave enormous spiritual sustenance to the fighters of the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army. Before the meeting, because the Army had suffered a few small defeats, some people couldn't see that the insurrection had roused tens of millions of revolutionary workers and peasants, that it was striking land revolution sparks which would set all of China's dark continent ablaze. They said disconsolately: "The Autumn Harvest Uprising has failed." Some comrades, after a few military set-backs, proposed risking everything in a single 'all-out battle.

Again China's ship of revolution was confronted with a choice of courses. Which way should it go? Many were troubled by this problem. Our great helmsman Chairman Mao opposed both blind "leftist" rashness and a Rightist tendency to flee. His hands firmly on the wheel, he steered the revolution along the only correct course.

Bidding farewell to the people of Wenchia, the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army, under the brilliant direction of Chairman Mao, marched towards the Chingkang Mountains, its red banners like flaming torches held on high.

Chingkang Mountains, raise your arms in hearty welcome, for you are to be the best of cradles for the newly born workers' and peasants' revolutionary military forces, you are to be the first shimmering red sacred revolutionary site in all of China's vast land. You are to be a light-house illuminating the path for the people of China and the whole world.

The forces of the Autumn Harvest Uprising advanced towards the Chingkang Mountains, a march of great strategic significance in China's revolutionary history, an unprecedented event in the revolu-

tionary history of the proletariat of the world. It was the starting point of China's revolution's march to victory, the beginning of a great new era in world revolution.

The Sun Shines on Tiehluchung

On the eve of the 40th anniversary of the Autumn Harvest Uprising, which was led by our great supreme commander, Chairman Mao, we arrived at Wenchia Town, a place sacred to the revolution where the insurrection forces had met in victory. We gazed respectfully at the Lijen School, where Chairman Mao and the Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Army had stayed. One of the few large buildings in that remote mountain district, but it had accommodated over a thousand people. The comrade showing us around said:

"Chairman Mao had investigated conditions here ten years before the uprising. He lived in Tiehluchung then. It's not far from here. Chairman Mao planted two chestnut trees there."

We were very anxious to see the village and the trees, so we set out the next day at the crack of dawn. It wasn't fully light yet when we reached Tiehluchung, in a pretty little mountain ravine. We were received by a sixty-year-old grandpa. Before we could open our mouths, he said:

"You've come to see the chestnut trees Chairman Mao planted. It's exactly fifty years ago since he planted those trees. You've come at a good time." He draped a coat over his shoulders and escorted us animatedly out of the door.

We walked along a path between the fields. The old man looked at a small road leading from the ravine and said in a moved voice:

"Chairman Mao came here in the winter of 1917. He was wearing a long gown and a student's cap, and had walked three hundred *li* from Changsha. He came around to our homes every day to ask questions and talk. And he worked with us in the fields. When he

saw that we had planted beans on the ridges between the fields, he complimented us and said peasants didn't let an inch of ground go to waste. He was like a member of the family. Our peasants said: 'Mr. Mao is different from other people. He thinks and acts the same as us poor peasants. He certainly is a remarkable man.'"

The more he spoke, the more excited the old grandpa became, and his voice rose in pitch. It was as if he had returned to those days when he was at Chairman Mao's side. We got excited too. We seemed to see Chairman Mao plodding through the wind-swept snow on his rounds of the peasant homes in the Wenchia mountain district, we seemed to hear Chairman Mao chatting intimately with the peasants on the field's edge or beneath a tree. There wasn't a plot of ground in Tiehluchung that didn't bear his footprints, there wasn't a single thatched hut which hadn't heard his voice.

We understood much better now why Chairman Mao had arranged for the armed forces to meet in this area during the Autumn Harvest Uprising forty years before. He was familiar not only with the terrain, but with the social and class conditions as well.

Dear Chairman Mao, you once said: **"A clear understanding of the nature of Chinese society, that is, of Chinese conditions, is therefore the key to a clear understanding of all the problems of the revolution."** From youth, by your great revolutionary practice you have been a glorious model for the entire Party. Not only did you investigate conditions in Wenchia during your winter vacation in 1917, you walked 900 *li* in the heat of summer and conducted a large-scale investigation of Ninghsiang, Anhua and three other counties. By means of this investigation and revolutionary practice you brilliantly pointed out that the fundamental problem of China's revolution is the peasant problem.

With astounding power, you roused millions of workers and peasants to fight as one in the world-shaking Autumn Harvest Uprising. Crossing mountains and streams, you became familiar with every inch of terrain. Your investigations were the golden key opening the road to victory for China's revolution. Was there ever in history a twenty-three-year-old student who by the sheer force of will and determination was able to conduct so huge an investigation? No,

never. Only you, our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman. Only you, the greatest genius of our era.

"Chairman Mao knew every hill and stream in Wenchia," the old grandpa continued, "and he climbed all the surrounding mountains. See that high mountain over there? Chairman Mao climbed that one, too." He was pointing at a lofty peak to the southwest that rose straight into the blue. "Someone asked him what he was doing, and he said he was a geography teacher."

"A geography teacher!" We laughed. Chairman Mao had a good sense of humour. No one knew it, but this "geography teacher" was scouting terrain for China's revolutionary struggle. This "geography teacher" is the great leader of the Chinese people and the people of the whole world.

Gazing at the mountain peak, we seemed to see Chairman Mao standing on the top, holding aloft the flag of the Chinese and world revolution and looking down on the clouds below.

Sunlight filtered into the ravine. The sky was bright. We followed grandpa around a bend and looked up. Before us was a hill about two hundred metres high. At the foot of it was a small level clearing.

"A schoolmate of Chairman Mao used to have a house here. Chairman Mao lived with him, that time." The old man paused, then went on animatedly: "Chairman Mao was very keen on health. When he got up every morning, first he'd practise traditional callisthenics, then he'd climb a hill, then he'd wash his face with cold water. Wind or snow, he did it every day." Gesticulating as he talked, grandpa continued: "Once I asked him — 'Why do you climb hills every day, Mr. Mao?' — 'To toughen myself,' he told me."

"To toughen myself." A very ordinary phrase, but coming from the mouth of our great leader Chairman Mao, it was far from ordinary. For the sake of China's revolution, he put himself through the most rigorous training from the time he was small, developing his determination and willpower. And so, whether in the Autumn Harvest Uprising or on 25,000-*li* Long March, whether in the War of Resistance Against Japan or on the drive south across the Yangtse after the fleeing Kuo-

mintang army, his stalwart frame was always in the front ranks of the fight, marching with firm strong strides, leading us forward to victory.

Recently, at seventy-three, during the new Long March called the great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by him personally, Chairman Mao swam the Yangtse River for the seventh time, covering thirty *li* and staying in the water one hour and five minutes. Dear Chairman Mao, your good health is the greatest fortune of the people of China and the world.

We were immersed in these pleasant thoughts when a voice shouted: "Look, there are the trees Chairman Mao planted." On a mountain top were two tall chestnuts rising in tiers of leafy green layers, quite magnificent as they welcomed the sun. Stirred, we hastened towards the summit.

When at last we stood beneath the trees we lightly ran our fingers over their bark and gazed at them in silent emotion. The old man was just as moved as we were. He told us that Chairman Mao had lived in the village for more than ten days. He planted the trees shortly before leaving. Originally, the mountains had been bare, but the people followed Chairman Mao's example and planted more and more trees, until the whole section was afforested. Those two big chestnuts and the tree-covered slopes are a constant reminder of Chairman Mao to the people of Tichluchung.

Yes, Chairman Mao, they have much they want to say to you, many loving songs they want to sing. For you have raised high the big flag of people's war, led the great Autumn Harvest Uprising, gathered China's revolutionary strength, established the rural revolutionary bases, led China's revolution to victory, and won triumph after triumph for the revolution. All the words of praise in the world are not enough to tell of your fond concern, all the songs in the world are not enough to describe your brilliance and greatness.

When our visit was over we reluctantly parted from the old grandpa and said farewell to Tichluchung. But our hearts within us were like a turbulent river. What a graphic lesson we'd had in the thought of Mao Tse-tung. As we came down from the mountain we kept looking back at those unforgettable two chestnut trees and the village of Tichluchung.

How splendid was the lofty peak piercing the clouds; how tall the two chestnuts rose; how dazzling amid the greenery were the red signs bearing quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung. The hard-working people of Tichluchung were already in the fields; their gay, clear voices came to us on the wind. In Tichluchung a new day had begun. How beautiful the village was, how full of revolutionary spirit. Like those chestnut trees, it had weathered fifty years of storms and stress. Nourished by the sunlight and dew of Mao Tse-tung's thought, it had matured and grown strong.

In fact, Tichluchung is an epitome of our great country. For the past fifty years, China, in the glorious light of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, guided by Chairman Mao's correct proletarian revolutionary line, has grown like the chestnut trees from small saplings matured in wind and rain, to heaven-piercing trees towering magnificently in the East.

The more we thought, the more moved we became. The more we saw, the more beautiful our country's hills and streams appeared. Finally halfway down the mountain, we simply stopped and gazed in the direction of Peking where Chairman Mao lives. Just then a huge red sun came up over the rim of the mountain, turning the sky and all the land crimson. How red the sun, how bright, how warm.

Dear Chairman Mao, from youth you have been like that rising sun. As soon as you appeared on the horizon you spread golden rays, shining and sparkling.

Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, all living things depend on the sun. As we look towards a fiery never-setting red sun, the hot blood in our bodies carves these words in our hearts: "A long life to you, dear Chairman Mao! A long, long life to you!"

The Red Flag Roused the Serf, Halberd in Hand (traditional painting) ►

Yao Cheng-yu

A Song of Praise for Chairman Mao

The August sky glows brilliant as brocade,
The August earth is a sea of waving flags;
Now, on the fortieth birthday of our great army,
Songs of triumph soar on high!

Unforgettable, that night
Of beacon fires in the thick smoke of battle,
When Chairman Mao strode up the Chinggang Mountains;
Raising high the red flag
He called upon workers and peasants;
A single spark set the plains ablaze,
Illumined the whole sky.



Unforgettable, the warmth of Date Garden,
The sweet waters of the Yen,
Where Chairman Mao wrote articles by lamplight;
Great strategies to drive out savage beasts;
Firm as iron the fighting resolve
Of our army and people.

Unforgettable, the bugling high in the clouds,
The fierce fighting back and forth;
Chairman Mao directed the heroes
To force the Yangtse,
Keeping the universe in mind,
Pointing the finger at our land,
A host of red flags fluttering in the wind!

And today, in the militant drum beats
Of the cultural revolution
Chairman Mao wears green army uniform again,
Commanding the new generation
Of our mighty revolutionary army,
Determined to make a clean sweep
Of all ghosts and monsters!

Forty years, each step a clarion call,
Forty years, each step a revolutionary song!
Forty years, the red lantern guiding us on the broad highway,
Forty years, the red sun lighting our hearts!

Ah, Chairman Mao,
All the words of these forty years spoken together,
Cannot express our boundless love for you,
Our boundless loyalty to you.
Ah, Chairman Mao,
All the songs of these forty years sung together,
Cannot convey our veneration for you,
Our boundless trust in you!

Taking the ocean for ink and trees for pens,
On the blue sky we write our vow:
We will follow you, Chairman Mao,
Our whole lives long,
Our red hearts turned for ever
To the red sun!

Yu Tsung-hsin

Fighters Come to Tien An Men

Hearts filled with love, with longing,
Hot blood racing through our veins,
We fighters come to Tien An Men
Where a golden sun shines into every heart!

Striding swiftly to the foot of the red wall,
Before the portrait of Chairman Mao we salute,
Vowing to our supreme commander:
Forever we'll follow you to make revolution!

Gazing up at the red flag floating high above,
We think of the red-tasselled spears on Ching Kang Mountains;
The Red Army, following its red commander,
Fought south and north, spreading the revolution.

Stooping to hear the green water lapping the bridge,
We remember the crystal water of the Yen;
On its bank Chairman Mao waved his mighty hand
And forward marched an army a million strong. . . .

Our hearts fly to Chung Nan Hai,
Where the mighty brush sweeps, wind and thunder roaring,
Chairman Mao, by the window, is writing words of gold,
Charting the whole course of the revolution.

Hearts stirred by these thoughts, these scenes,
At the top of our lungs we sing *The East Is Red*;
Then, keeping in mind the great truths you have taught us,
Set off from Tien An Men on a new campaign!



Sung Chin-shan

We Have Struck Root in This Island

Winds roar, waves pound the shore;
We have struck root in this island;
To us, these winds are the sighing of pines
High on the Chinggang Mountains,
These waves soldiers tramping the ranges of Taihang.

In old Red Army caps
With the red star
And the coarse homespun socks
Of the Eighth Route Army,
We were sent by Chairman Mao
To guard this island;
And firm we stand here
Through the fiercest storm.

Standing guard, we mark the position
Of every reef;
Patrolling, remember the place
Of every flower;
On the misty sea we sing
The East Is Red,
And in our hearts we hold
Asia, Africa and Latin America.

Why do we love this island?
Because Mao Tse-tung's thought
Has taken root in our hearts.
"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."
This great truth lights up the world!

Wang Ying

Beacon Lights

Look up at the red lanterns over Tien An Men
And recall the arduous course of these last forty years;
On the great road of revolution
Shines a row of beacon lights
Leading to the summit of the Chinggang Mountains.

Who kindled the first beacon light,
Rending the murky gloom of China's night?
When Committee-man Mao led troops up Chinggang,
The ship of revolution set sail on its course.

Countless the currents, shallows, whirlpools, rapids . . .
How to steer through them? What was China's course?
A beacon light was lit in the town of Tsunyi,
Chairman Mao illuminated the way forward.

In Yenan, sacred to the revolution,
Again he raised high the beacon lighting our path;
The great truth that **"Political power
Grows out of the barrel of a gun"**
Taught us to use bayonets to welcome the dawn.

Now the beacon light over Tien An Men
Shines on our unparalleled cultural revolution;
To dig up all the roots of revisionism
And guard proletarian dictatorship.
It has lit up the road to communism. . . .

Ah, Chairman Mao, great leader,
For forty years
You have kindled all these beacon lights for us,
Have stood in the van of history,
Our tireless pilot,
Leading us to triumph over wind and storm.

These beacons shed their radiance far and wide;
By their light countless vessels speed forward
cleaving the waves.
With tears of gratitude I make this vow:
We shall follow you, Chairman Mao.
And no power on earth can defeat us!

Long Live Chairman Mao! (gouache) ►

Fighting South and North

Early in 1947.

Dusk is falling.

There is heavy gunfire at the horizon.

The howling north wind whirls snowflakes across the sky.

Four columns of the People's Liberation Army are advancing with heavy but rhythmical tread along the highway and railway. From time to time small groups of cavalry gallop past. The soldiers' helmets are camouflaged, their uniforms dust-stained. Their faces are grave, but they gaze fearlessly ahead.

Troops marching along the railway track a few dozen yards from the road enter a station. On the wall, pitted with bullet holes, is the name General's Temple Station. The station buildings and water tower are in ruins. The wind whistles through the dangling telephone line.

The troops marching down the highway stare hard at the station. In the distance rise undulating snow-covered mountains and huge grey cliffs, dotted with villages.

Li Chin, one of the soldiers, raises his water-flask to his lips. His eyes fixed on the station, he thinks: "General's Temple — surely I know that name?" He asks the man in front: "Where are we, squad leader?"

Squad Leader Chen Teh-hai: "We're in Shantung now. Have you forgotten how we wiped out more than 2,000 Japs here three years ago?"

Li Chin: "Of course. That's it!" He looks incredulously round and at the ground under his feet. "Well, we certainly get about! In Kiangsu just a moment ago, and now we're in Shantung. Isn't Peach Village just beyond this station?"

Squad leader: "That's right."

Li Chin quietly asks his neighbours: "Liu Yung-kuei, Wang Chun, you're both from Peach Village, aren't you?"

Liu Yung-kuei nods.

Li Chin, teasingly: "I expect your wife and baby will be waiting in front to welcome you back, Liu Yung-kuei."

Liu Yung-kuei scowls. "Stop fooling." Seriously: "I shan't know what to say to my folks. . . ."

Li Chin: "Why not?"

Wang Chun, pursing his lips: "That's simple, surely? We've kept on the counter-offensive all the way back to Shantung. What have we to say for ourselves?"

Before Li Chin can answer, he sees Company Commander Chang overtaking them. He signs to Wang and Liu to keep quiet. The company commander's head is bandaged. He has something on his mind. Glancing at Wang Chun without a word, he falls into step beside Li.

Somewhat embarrassed, Li Chin raises his water-flask and takes a drink.

Seeing the company commander still marching beside them, he offers his flask to Chang. "Like a swig, company commander?"

Chang shakes his head.

Li replaces the flask and asks with a tentative smile: "Will you call a halt, company commander, when we get to Peach Village just ahead?"

Chang: "No, we must push on." He moves ahead.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor come riding down the column.

Kao: "The men won't be too easy to manage, political instructor, if we go any further north."

Political instructor: "I know. I've given them two talks, yet not really solved the problem. Their main trouble is that they can't adjust fast enough to mobile warfare."

Kao: "It's not only the men. Some of the cadres are the same. We must straighten out the cadres' thinking before we can solve this problem."

Political instructor: "Yes, that's the key to it."

An air raid warning sounds. It is taken up by buglers all around.

Kao and the political instructor look up. The men on the highway and railway swiftly take cover. The officers, too, get into a ditch by the roadside, Company Commander Chang next to Battalion Commander Kao.

Planes can be heard approaching.

Company Commander Chang glares up at the sky. "The enemy has been tagging us for four or five days now, battalion commander. Where is the higher command sending us to fight?"

Kao: "Wherever it is, we must finish off the devils!"

Some nearby planes dive and strafe.

Li Chin, flat on the ground, looks up. "Never a dull moment on this march, with planes to cover us above, and an armed escort down below! To our quartermaster, Chiang Kai-shek, money's no object!"

Wang Chun, lying beside him, growls: "Why aren't we ordered to wipe out the enemy troops behind us? They've trailed us all the way from north Kiangsu to Shantung. They'd soon stop if we pasted them."

Squad leader: "What's the hurry? The time for pasting them will come!"

Enemy tanks made in the U.S.A. rumble down the highway.

A convoy of enemy trucks tows big U.S. guns down the highway.

Truckloads of Chiang Kai-shek troops armed with U.S. weapons advance along the highway.

Some trucks escort a jeep, in which loll the Kuomintang General Chang and his chief of staff, both in U.S. army uniform. A military map spread over their knees, they are listening to a radio.

Announcer: "... During the past month our East Route Nationalist Army has advanced at lightning speed. As a result of our general offensive, the Communist armies have lost cities and territory and are all beating a retreat. Our people are convinced that the officers and men of our Nationalist armies, with the help of our American allies, will put up a splendid fight, and that within three months we shall have wiped out all the Communist forces of East China in Shantung..."

General Chang points to Peach Village on the map. "The Reds' main force is retreating north of Peach Village. We must occupy it at all costs by dawn tomorrow."

Chief of staff: "Our vanguard is only 50 kilometres from Peach Village. At this rate, they'll certainly be there by dawn tomorrow. But, sir, judging by certain battles in north Kiangsu, I wouldn't advise an isolated force to thrust too far ahead until we're clear what the Communists are up to."

General Chang, arrogantly: "No! I know quite well what they're up to. This Communist force, at least, isn't going to get away. I tell you, the Reds are retreating into Shantung. Before they get a foothold there we must wipe them out completely."

A motor-bike overtakes them.

General Chang stops the jeep as a messenger jumps off the motor-bike. The chief of staff opens the door and takes a telegram from him. Having read it he tells the commander: "Call a halt. Headquarters wants you to go at once to an emergency meeting."

Chang is taken by surprise. Reading the telegram himself, he looks thoroughly put out.

Our army proceeds along the highway and railway.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor ride forward, gazing ahead.

Ting Pao-shan, Kao's orderly, exclaims: "Battalion commander, we've nearly reached Peach Village."

Kao looks ahead with satisfaction.

A village at the foot of the mountains in front. The whitewashed walls in the village throw into relief the loudspeaker on one building's roof.... Behind the village stone cliffs loom like giants. The scene has an impressive beauty.

Kao tells the political instructor: "I was badly wounded three years ago in one of our fights with the Japs, and I convalesced here in Peach Village. Aunt Chao and her little daughter saved my life. She's the salt of the earth, Aunt Chao..."

By the roadside in front of the village, at the foot of imposing cliffs, Aunt Chao leans with a heavy heart against a fruit tree, watching our men marching northwards. Her grey hair is ruffled by the wind.

Liu Yung-kuei's wife hurries up, a little boy of two or three in her arms. "Have you seen the village head, Aunt Chao?"

Aunt Chao: "Yu-min's at the bridge. Do you want her?"

"Yes. The men have all gone off as stretcher-bearers. The troops are waiting for supplies. I must go and find her." She starts off, then turns back to give the child to Aunt Chao. "Will you mind baby for a while?"

Aunt Chao hugs the little boy. "Of course."

Liu Yung-kuei's wife hurries off.

Ting Pao-shan in the distance shouts: "Aunt Chao!"

Aunt Chao gives a start and looks round. She fails to recognize them until Kao and his men have reached her. This is a pleasant surprise! "Well, I never! If it isn't Old Kao!"

Kao: "I'm back, aunt. You don't look a day older, after three years."

Aunt Chao: "Oh no, I've aged a lot." She laughs. "You know, Company Commander Kao..."

Ting Pao-shan cuts in: "He's our battalion commander now, aunt."

Aunt Chao: "Well, isn't that fine! You've forged ahead, Old Kao."

Kao: "Is young Yu-min well, aunt?"

Aunt Chao: "She's not a little girl any more. Last year we had an election, and the villagers elected her village head. . . ."

Kao: "Where is she now?"

Aunt Chao: "Busy at the bridge." She points north towards the river. "The last couple of days, with troops passing, she's hardly had time to eat."

Kao and the others look north towards the river.

The Tasha River flows from west to east. Snow still lies on its west bank and there is ice on the river, but it is beginning to thaw, although both sides are still frozen. A large iron bridge connects the north and south banks. Some villagers, carts and animals evacuating to the north cross over the ice; others cross by the bridge. Heavily-loaded cattle break the ice and wade across.

A sturdy, good-looking girl with bobbed hair is standing on the blockhouse at the south end of the bridge, directing the villagers heading north. This is Chao Yu-min.

Chao Yu-min: "Listen, everyone! Don't take cattle and big carts across the ice. It's too thin. Stretchers should go over the bridge. . . ."

Someone on the bridge shouts: "Village head, village head!"

Chao Yu-min: "Coming, coming!"

Liu Yung-kuei's wife comes up. "Village head, the troops need supplies."

Chao Yu-min: "All right." She turns to look at the middle of the bridge. "Erh-man, Erh-man!"

Erh-man, a girl in her teens with a thick plait, comes running over.

Chao Yu-min: "Go and see to the supplies with your sister-in-law."

Erh-man assents and goes off with Liu Yung-kuei's wife.

Someone below the bridge calls: "Village head, village head!"

Chao Yu-min: "Coming, coming!"

Aunt Chao: "Since the lass became a cadre, there's been simply no holding her."

Kao: "What quick progress your daughter's made!"

Aunt Chao: "It's all thanks to the time you spent recovering from your wound here, Old Kao. You taught her characters every day, taught her sound principles too. If not for that, she could have worn herself to the bone yet never become a cadre. Come on, quick, to my house and have a drink of water."

Kao: "I can't, aunt. We've got a task waiting for us and must go straight on."

Aunt Chao, anxiously: "Old Kao, we heard you'd been winning victories at the front. Why are you retreating now? Some people in the village are saying things. . . ."

Kao, reassuringly: "Chiang Kai-shek's like a wasp after the autumn, aunt. He hasn't much longer to sting. Take my word for it, sooner or later we'll fight our way back."

Aunt Chao: "I know that."

The little boy in her arms is upset by the sight of so many people going north. He holds out his arms to Kao and calls: "Uncle. . . ."

Kao sees the lost look in the child's eyes and strokes his head.

Kao: "Whose little boy is this?"

Aunt Chao: "Liu Yung-kuei's. He's never once set eyes on his dad. Ah, Chiang Kai-shek's broken up so many happy homes."

Kao: "We must put up with it a little longer, aunt, so that children later on will always be happy."

Aunt Chao nods. Horses whinny. They have reached the river.

Chao Yu-min, at the head of the bridge, is giving directions to the stretcher-bearers. "One at a time, comrades. One at a time."

Aunt Chao: "I'll fetch Yu-min to have a word with you, Old Kao."

Kao hastily stops her. "Don't! We mustn't hold up her work."

Company Commander Chang detaches himself from the column and comes up to Kao. "Battalion commander, let's halt here before moving on."

Kao: "Why?"

Chang: "Quite a few of the fighters in my company come from this village. They all want to go home to have a look."

Kao, calmly: "Didn't the political instructor explain this to everybody yesterday? We must make long-term plans. We have a mission. Make that clear to everyone. We must keep going."

Chang's face falls. "In a situation like this, especially, when the men pass their own doors. . . . If we hadn't come north, anyway, this wouldn't have happened. A real headache, it is."

Kao, firmly: "We'll halt ten *li* further on."

There is nothing Chang can do but salute and rejoin his unit.

Two horsemen gallop towards Kao from the north bank.

A staff officer reins in and salutes. "Battalion Commander Kao, regimental headquarters wants your battalion to halt here and stand by in Peach Village till further orders."

Kao: "What's our mission to be?"

Staff officer: "I don't know." He rides away.

Kao orders the bugler: "Call a halt."

The bugler sounds his bugle, and the troops halt.

Company Commander Chang stares wonderingly from the column at Battalion Commander Kao. Behind him, Squad Leader Chen Teh-hai exchanges puzzled glances with Liu Yung-kuei and Wang Chun. Then their faces light up.

Answering bugle calls ring out from the long column halting by the road.

4

That evening.

The troops are resting in the orchards and woods. Some lean against the trees, other lie on the ground, sit back to back or cluster around camp-fires. Cauldrons have been fixed up over the fires, and the water in them is boiling.

Wang Chun and Li Chin are sitting under a tree. Wang Chun grumbles: "If we go any further north, I shall ask to join the local forces."

Li Chin: "That's no way to talk! Join the local forces? Without the main force, how long do you think this village of yours could hold out?"

Wang Chun indicates the surrounding countryside. "See here, didn't we seize back all these fields, trees and houses from the Japs? Whatever happens, we can't let Chiang Kai-shek come and trample over them again. If we withdraw any further, I shall explode!"

Li Chin: "Don't get so het-up, comrade! All campaigns have their advances and retreats. . . ."

Wang Chun cuts in: "Retreats? How far must we retreat? If the enemy comes, engage him! It's not as if we can't beat him."

Li Chin: "You've got to look at it two ways. . . ." He tails off, not too clear about this himself.

Lanterns are hanging from the walls, trees and eaves of a large compound, where some young women have stayed up to grind grain for the troops.

Liu Yung-kuei's wife and younger sister Erh-man are turning a mill. Liu Yung-kuei, still fully accoutred, sits near them fondling his son.

Liu's wife: "Go your own way, I won't stop you. I'll take to the hills with the village head and fight as a guerrilla." She needles him: "You needn't worry about me. But you'll have to mind baby."

Liu Yung-kuei, helplessly: "Stop taking it out on me, will you? Whoever heard of a soldier in a field army taking a baby into battle?"

His sister and wife burst out laughing.

Liu's wife: "It's all very well for you, marching east or west with your gun as the fancy takes you, leaving me to look after baby all on my own."

Erh-man: "Now, sis, don't make it hard for brother. If old Chiang really comes, we can always take to the hills and fight another couple of years as guerrillas."

Liu's wife shoots her a glance. "Oh, you make it sound so simple!"

Erh-man: "So it is."

Chao Yu-min comes up with a lantern. "Your turn for sentry duty, Erh-man. Get a move on!"

Erh-man: "Right, I'll go straight away." She takes her grenades pouch from the wall and leaves the compound.

Chao Yu-min to Liu Yung-kuei's wife: "Are you nearly through grinding, sister?"

Liu's wife: "Pretty nearly. Don't worry, village head. I guarantee to finish before the first cockcrow."

Chao Yu-min: "The troops are waiting for grain. The harder you work and the earlier you finish, the sooner you can have a good talk with Brother Yung-kuei."

Liu's wife: "I've nothing to say to him."

Chao Yu-min: "What a way to talk! You haven't seen each other for three years, you must have plenty to say." To Liu: "Don't you agree, Brother Yung-kuei?"

Liu's wife: "We get up before dawn and keep late hours to grind grain for them; yet they'll probably clear out as soon as the enemy comes."

Chao Yu-min is rather at a loss herself when Ting Pao-shan comes over.

Ting salutes. "Comrade village head, our battalion commander wants to speak to you."

Chao Yu-min: "Good. I'll come at once."

The lamp is lit in a room where Chao Yu-min is sitting by the table, a notebook and pen in her hands.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor stand near by.

Chao Yu-min: "I'm afraid it'll take the villagers some time to get used to the idea, and they may delay you by holding the soldiers back."

Kao: "Explain what I've just told you to army dependents and other villagers. Tell them why we keep on marching and fighting in different directions — it's so as to wipe out the enemy."

Chao Yu-min nods. "I know." She trims the wick of the lamp. "I've fallen down on my job. I don't know how it is, but each time I run into trouble I can't think of any way out."

Kao: "You've made tremendous progress in these few years."

Chao Yu-min: "Don't flatter me! However much progress I make, I shall never catch up with you. What you just said has given me the key to untangle the snarl in my mind. I'll call a meeting at once of our group leaders and talk this over with them."

Kao: "That's the idea. If family dependents don't hold us back, our troops will be much easier to manage."

Chao Yu-min: "I promise you nobody will hold you back." She turns to leave.

Another lamp-lit room.

Company Commander Chang and the political instructor are listening to the squad leaders' reports. Chang is smoking furiously.

Chen Teh-hai: "Things are pretty much the same in our first squad as in the others. Most of the comrades don't mind marching and fighting, and are itching to go into action. What they can't stomach is moving away from the enemy."

Chang grunts.

Chen Teh-hai: "Here's the men's request to fight."

Chang takes the request from Chen Teh-hai. "You give me a pain in the neck! Is fighting so simple, that you can have a battle whenever you feel like it? Nothing of the kind!" He passes on the request to the political instructor.

The political instructor reads it and says to Chen: "Go on with your report."

Chen: "One of the comrades even wants to quit and work in the village."

Chang: "Who's that?"

Chen: "Wang Chun."

Company Commander Chang stands up. "What nerve!..." Making an effort not to lose his temper, he takes off his cap and tosses it on to the table, sits down, then springs up again. "You take charge of the meeting, political instructor. I'm off to battalion headquarters."

Company Commander Chang leaves the room.

The river bank is lit up by torches. People, cattle and carts are streaming towards the bridge. Company Commander Chang sits down on a mound and lights a cigarette. He is joined by Kao.

Chang: "Battalion commander. . ."

Kao: "Well?"

Chang: "Why are we standing by here, neither going forward nor back?"

Kao: "My guess is that there's been some new development."

Chang: "I don't see how we can retreat any further north. If we do, the men will be difficult to handle. As it is, some of them are down in the mouth...."

Kao: "That doesn't matter. I suspect we officers have infected them. We shan't be able to clear this up until we've straightened out our own thinking and built up our morale...."

Chang, pugnaciously: "We've licked the enemy in every battle from central to north Kiangsu, from central China to Shantung. I can't see why we're legging it north so fast."

Kao thinks for a minute. "So as to annihilate the enemy."

Chang: "After every battle we move away. This way of fighting makes me sick."

Kao: "Sure. I'd like to go into action this evening, and wipe out all Chiang Kai-shek's millions of troops tomorrow morning; but it can't be done! Didn't you hear the report from General Headquarters which the divisional commander passed on? Right now, we're pitting rifles and millet against U.S. planes and big guns. And the enemy outnumber us five to one. That puts difficulties in our way, like it or not."

Chang seems to catch on. "Difficulties don't scare us. Just give the order and my company will lead the charge."

Kao: "Courage alone isn't enough. Because of our courage, we've won many, many battles. But we've had setbacks too, because we sometimes relied on courage alone and paid too little attention to tactics. The most important thing now for the two of us is to get a whole company and whole battalion to carry out the high command's strategy and plan of campaign. The divisional commander says this is the key to defeating the enemy."

Chang: "Just now my squad leaders reported that half their men don't want to go further north, and one or two want to switch to the local forces. The villagers are grumbling, too, seeing us heading north. The higher-ups ought to take into account the low morale of the soldiers and villagers."

Kao: "The local cadres can be responsible for the family dependents. As far as the soldiers are concerned, we officers must do more work."

The battalion commander and company commander get up together. Chang is much calmer now. Kao glances at him and pats his shoulder as they walk towards the village.

Kao: "When difficulties mount up, the most important thing for an officer is to have patience and keep cool."

5

Our divisional headquarters. The divisional commander, political commissar and regimental commanders are standing round a table covered with maps, discussing the situation.

Divisional commander: "Chiang Kai-shek still hasn't learned the lesson he should from the pasting we've given them during their overall strategic offensive. Now he's under the false impression that we're retreating north." Jokingly: "Some of our comrades evidently have the same notion, and that's a serious problem. Now the enemy has marshalled 300,000 troops, and they are converging to attack us from three directions. They plan to fight a decisive battle against us."

A regimental commander puts in: "What about us?"

Divisional commander: "We'll join combat, of course."

All smile.

Divisional commander: "It's a critical situation. The enemy has assembled eighteen divisions against our main force. They are heading up here from the south. In the rear, seven enemy divisions are stealthily advancing south along the Tsingtao-Tsinan Railway. They mean to grip us in pincers from north and south, to wipe us out. But for years now we've been the ones to manipulate the beads of Chiang Kai-shek's abacus! We have orders to intercept the enemy here."

Political commissar: "We'll block their way, mind, by putting on a show of a decisive battle!"

Divisional commander: "That's the whole point. Our main force is confronted by eighteen enemy divisions, too many divisions, too many for us to swallow in one mouthful; while up north Chiang has another seven divisions, which we can be quite sure of mopping up. So our next move has to be carried out in two steps. Since the enemy wants to fight a decisive battle with us in southern Shantung, we'll put on a show of being ready to fight a decisive battle, so as to focus his attention here and get him to make a blunder. Our main force can thus be highly concentrated, highly mobile. We'll strike first to the north, and mop up that lot there. Then — (he makes a powerful gesture) — understand?"

Political commissar: "This means we'll have to look snappy and move faster."

All nod.

In comes a dispatch rider with a satchel to deliver a telegram. After reading it, the divisional commander passes it to the political commissar. He then signs it and returns it to the dispatch rider.

The dispatch rider goes out.

Divisional commander: "Good. General Headquarters orders us to dig in at once, and to intercept the enemy from the south in Peach Village." To Regimental Commander Liu: "What troops have you in Peach Village?"

Regimental Commander Liu: "My First Battalion."

Divisional commander: "Good. We need our strongest force there. What do you say, political commissar?"

Political commissar: "The success or failure of this intercepting action will play a great part in the whole campaign." To Liu: "You must do a good job of putting your First Battalion in the picture."

Regimental Commander Liu stands up. "I'll go and see to it at once."

6

Regimental Commander Liu, in battalion headquarters, asks Kao and the political instructor: "Any other problems?"

Battalion Commander Kao says incisively: "We will defend our position resolutely."

Political instructor: "Orderly, tell the bugler to sound the fall in."

As the bugle sounds, Regimental Commander Liu crosses the village, where troops are mustering. He crosses the woods, where more troops are mustering.

Chao Yu-min runs up to the battalion commander and political instructor: "Are you leaving immediately?"

Kao: "No. Very soon we're going to fight a battle here."

Chao Yu-min jumps for joy. "Splendid! I'll round up door flaps, stalks and wood for your defences." She runs off.

7

The same night.

A brightly lit western-style house. The enemy frontline command is holding a council of war.

The air is thick with smoke. Several dozen high-ranking officers are seated round the long table, presided over by a portly commander. Their faces are very grave.

General Chang, a typical young KMT officer whose chest is covered with medals, declares arrogantly: "I fully support the generalissimo's plan for a decisive battle. The Reds' army has retreated from the Linyi front in Shantung because no other course is open to it. If our powerful forces from the south and the north attack in a swift pincer movement, the Reds will have no choice but to fight a decisive battle with us here. This is our best opportunity of wiping out the Communist army. In my opinion, we should settle on this at once, and lose no time in occupying Peach Village. Peach Village is the gateway to Shantung, guarding the Yimeng Mountains. Once we're in possession of it, we can take Linyi any time."

General Li, an elderly, more cautious officer, rises to his feet. "I am in favour of a converging attack, and the scheme for a pincer movement from south and north. But it must be understood that the

central China Communist forces are not retreating to Shantung—they gave up north Kiangsu of their own accord to join the Reds in Shantung.” He pauses. “There is more to this than meets the eye. So our tactics in attacking must be to take every precaution, to set up blockhouses at every step . . . and to be on our guard. . . .”

General Chang, scornfully: “Of course, we must be on our guard when we fight the Reds, but that doesn’t mean hanging back like cowards. If you’d advanced faster during the Battle of Suchien in the Yangtse Valley, Tai Tzu-chi’s army probably wouldn’t have been wiped out, and we might already have occupied Linyi. No doubt you remember that lesson.”

General Li, with a great show of tolerance: “Yes, you are quite right. We ought, all of us, to learn from past experience. But knowing yourself and knowing the enemy is the key to winning all battles. This is axiomatic in military affairs.”

General Chang: “Certainly. But at a time when the fate of our party and nation is being decided, some people neglect the overall situation in order to preserve their own strength. Is this axiomatic in military affairs? . . .”

Before General Li can reply, another officer gets up to speak. “The interests of our party and state override all else. We must exert ourselves together to fight the Communists.”

General Chang: “What is your proposal?”

Officer: “The Reds have been retreating steadily. They’ve already reached the mountains between Linyi and Mengyin in the heart of Shantung.” He points to the map. “There! West of the Communists is the Tientsin-Pukow Railway, south the Lunghai Railway, east the sea and north the Yellow River. Where else can they go? If they withdraw any further, they will have to cross the Yellow River to flee to north China! This amply demonstrates that the Communist troops in Shantung are at the end of their tether. We must therefore attack them swiftly from south and north, using blitz tactics to wipe them out before the city of Linyi and in the Yimeng Mountains.”

General Chang: “I absolutely agree.”

General Li: “Our past defeats came of underestimating the enemy.”

General Chang: “I think you are unduly apprehensive, brother.”

A staff officer brings in a telegram.

The commander-in-chief reads it, then raps the table. “Reconnaissance reports that the Communist army is fortifying Peach Village. General Chen sends these instructions. . . .” The atmosphere grows more tense. “Conditions are ripe for a decisive battle. Our orders are to advance with no further delay, to wipe out the Reds’ army in the Yimeng Mountains!”

Commander-in-chief: “General Chang.”

General Chang springs to attention.

Commander-in-chief: “I order you to mount the main attack on the southern front, to pin down the main strength of the Reds’ army there. At twelve tomorrow, start your assault on Peach Village.”

General Chang: “Very good.”

Commander-in-chief: “General Li.”

General Li stands to attention.

Commander-in-chief: “I order you to strike quickly from the north to block the Reds’ retreat and hold them in a pincer grip. Lose no time!”

General Li: “Very good.”

Commander-in-chief: “Hurry back to the northern front. Set off at once.”

General Li: “Very good. I will go by plane at dawn.”

Commander-in-chief: “The generalissimo has given these orders: The decisive battle in southern Shantung is to be a victory, not a defeat! In anticipation of this victory, he will award decorations to all the officers and men under General Chang and General Li.”

Chang, Li and the other officers rise and shout: “We will fulfil our duty to our leader!”

On the steps outside the meeting hall, General Li and General Chang take their leave of each other.

General Chang: “I wish you a rapid advance. I shall be at Linyi to welcome you.”

General Li: “On the contrary, I shall be there to welcome you!”

General Chang: "That's settled, then. Here's to our victorious reunion after our pincer attack from north and south. I wish you a safe journey."

General Li: "The same to you. Goodbye."

He gets into a car and drives off.

8

Big guns marked U.S. rear up and let loose a deafening barrage.

Bursts of gunfire.

Our army's position in Peach Village is under heavy fire.

Company Commander Chang is directing Chen Teh-hai, Li Chin, Liu Yung-kuei and Wang Chun and others. Our soldiers are returning the enemy fire.

The battalion headquarters in Peach Village.

The telephone rings. Battalion Commander Kao picks up the receiver. "Regimental commander, here is my report. We've repulsed the enemy's fourth charge today. Yes. Don't worry, regimental commander." Replaces the telephone. To the lineman who is eating a flapjack: "Get me first company." When the line is connected, Kao asks: "How's it going, Company Commander Chang?"

Company Commander Chang takes the telephone call from a machine-gun emplacement on the position. "The men's morale is fine. We guarantee to wipe out the enemy in front of our position. Battalion commander, today's the fifth day we've pinned the enemy down. I think we ought to go out and give them what for. Can we go out and paste them, battalion commander?"

Kao looks at his watch. It is four. "I'll let you know after reporting to the regimental commander."

Chang: "The terrain's very much in our favour..." The gunfire intensifies. "Report, battalion commander! The enemy is mounting another charge."

Kao: "Keep your men up to the mark. I'm coming over." He rings off and goes out.

The villagers are active in the bombardment. Chao Yu-min directs the stretcher-bearers who are carrying wounded towards the bridge. The divisional commander, Regimental Commander Liu and their body-guards walk towards them into the village.

They enter the battalion headquarters.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor salute them.

Divisional commander: "You've had a tough time. How's it going today?"

Kao: "In eight hours we've repulsed five enemy charges."

Divisional commander: "Splendid. You're putting up a magnificent fight." He looks at his watch. "We've tied them up for six days here, and completed our task. You're to move away at once now."

The battalion commander is staggered. "Move? Where to?"

Divisional commander: "Northwards. 450 li. I give you five days to do it. Regimental Commander Liu will fill in the details."

Kao thinks hard. "Very good."

Divisional commander: "Well? Any difficulties?" He smiles. "You don't look too pleased."

Kao: "The fact is, divisional commander, my men are in fine fighting fettle. If they're told to move north now... they'll find it hard to take."

Divisional commander: "I can promise you more fighting, bigger battles too. Tell your men not to be afraid of marching, or having their families' pots and pans smashed by the enemy. The loss of one town or place shouldn't worry us. By giving them up today we shall be able later to safeguard them for good. The villagers' losses and hardships today will help win a happier, better life tomorrow. We're leaving this enemy today instead of fighting him, so as to wipe him out completely in future."

Battalion Commander Kao listens intently.

Divisional commander: "Withdraw your troops before dawn, in strictest secrecy, mind. Those are your orders."

Kao: "I shall carry them out."

Divisional commander: "The higher command has ordered widespread people's armed struggle in the enemy rear. Leave some of your spare weapons for the villagers."

Kao: "Very good."

9

Battalion Commander Kao enters the position in front of Peach Village. Shells burst beside him.

He passes Chen Teh-hai and Wang Chun.

Liu Yung-kuei is firing a light machine-gun. Kao goes up to him. "Steady on, there. Wait till they're closer, at point-blank range, then — fire!"

Liu Yung-kuei fires.

The gunner in the heavy machine-gun nest is wounded. His No.2 is about to load the gun when Chang hurries up to him. "Let me do that." He inserts the cartridge belt and fires a rapid burst.

Battalion Commander Kao appears beside Company Commander Chang.

Chang, with feeling: "You've come just at the right time, battalion commander. The enemy's caved in again."

Kao: "The divisional commander and regimental commander were here just now."

Chang: "What did the divisional commander say?"

Kao: "He commended your fighting, and ordered our battalion..."

Chang: "To charge?"

Kao: "No. To move away on a new mission."

Chang is staggered. "Move away?"

Kao: "That's right. To win a still bigger victory."

Company Commander Chang is silent. Beads of sweat stand out on his temples. He fixes his bloodshot eyes on the position pulverized by enemy shells, the fighters holding out so stubbornly, the sprawling enemy corpses. He can hardly control himself.

Kao, sternly: "If you've any comments, save them for the next meeting. We must carry out our orders straight away. You've ten

minutes to withdraw from this position. Second company will cover your withdrawal."

Chang, with an effort: "Right. I'll carry out orders."

In the east, a glimmering white mist wreathes the mountains, river and woods. The troops, camouflaged, file out of an orchard and march through the woods towards the river. Under a tree behind the village Ting Pao-shan waits with a horse. Chao Yu-min, Erh-man and others are seeing the battalion commander off.

Kao: "Once we've gone, this will become part of the enemy's rear."

Chao Yu-min gazes at the misty Yimeng Mountains. "We're ready. The villagers are evacuating to the mountains. I've orders to lead our village militia and keep up the struggle here. Can you let me have a gun, battalion commander?"

Kao gives her a Canadian rifle. "Here you are. Just captured from the enemy."

Taking the rifle, Chao Yu-min exclaims: "Thank you! With this, we can turn the enemy rear into a front!"

Kao: "You'll have a harder struggle from now on."

Chao Yu-min: "We're sure we can hold out until victory, hold out until your return."

Kao: "Hold out well. We shall certainly fight our way back."

Gunfire.

The iron bridge and the dike are wrapped in mist. The villagers are evacuating with their cattle and carts. On the carts sit the old folk, women and children. Men and women of the militia are ranged by the road.

The troops march past them in silence. An old woman sheds tears at the sight.

Chao Yu-min jumps on to a truck to address the villagers. The troops, behind her, march north towards the iron bridge.

Chao Yu-min says passionately: "Don't be down-hearted, fellow villagers! We have mountains and rivers here, people and guns, the Communist Party to lead us, and the regular army to fight in front of us. We shall certainly win! Just think: In the eight years of the War of Resistance, Chairman Mao led us to defeat the Japs. We

can certainly defeat old Chiang too, friends! Today our regular forces are withdrawing for a while, but you may be sure they're going to fight their way back."

When the soldiers marching past behind her hear this, they hold their heads high and stride forward resolutely.

Battalion Commander Kao and others, who are waiting to cross the bridge, watch Chao Yu-min.

Aunt Chao says with tears in her eyes: "Old Kao . . . after you've won victory, mind you send me word."

Liu Yung-kuei walks silently up to his wife. He is too moved to speak. The child in her arms leans towards him and holds out its arms. Liu Yung-kuei bends over the child and kisses its cheek, his eyes on his wife.

His wife seems to understand. "I'm going up the mountains with Yu-min. We'll hold out until you fight your way back. . . ."

Liu Yung-kuei nods and says firmly: "We'll be back, I promise you." With that he turns resolutely and rejoins the ranks.

Erh-man and some other girls have brought baskets of dates for the soldiers. As Wang Chun passes, Erh-man offers him some. He stops, looks at the dates, at the villagers evacuating along the dike. With a heavy heart he thrusts aside her hand and strides on in silence. The dates scatter on the ground.

Battalion Commander Kao: "We're off, aunt." He stands to attention and salutes. He and the political instructor mount their horses and ride over the bridge.

Battalion Commander Kao's troops take the highway north. Chao Yu-min leads the villagers east along the dike, then up the mountain path to the left of the cliff.

The two columns sweep like two dragons left and right.

10

Some enemy fighter planes dive towards the highway, railway, Peach Village, the hills and the woods and carry out wild strafing.

Enemy soldiers crawl forward in small groups along the railway track.

Enemy soldiers creep in small groups down the highway and make their way stealthily into Peach Village, which is quiet and deserted. A wall confronts them with the bold inscription: "Victory will be ours. Chiang Kai-shek's armies will be defeated."

An enemy traffic-control man directs the motorized column into the deserted village.

Enemy soldiers cut down the peach trees and date trees.

Enemy officers line the main village street. An army jeep escorted by a patrol car pulls up in front of them. Out step General Chang and his chief of staff. The officers salute them.

General Chang notices the slogans on the wall. He snaps at his chief of staff: "Have that wiped off at once!"

The chief of staff passes on the order to an officer beside him.

The officer goes off to attend to it.

All around is utterly quiet, the street is deserted. There is no one at the doors or windows of the houses, no one in the courtyards, no sign of life but a few crows perched on the tree tops.

A dispatch rider on a motor-bike roars in from north of the village. "Report. . . ." He hands the chief of staff a dispatch.

The chief of staff tells General Chang: "The Reds' whereabouts is uncertain. Our advance troops have lost their target."

Their faces show misgiving.

The crows on the trees flap their wings and fly off, cawing raucously.

11

The same night.

A snowstorm is raging as Battalion Commander Kao's men march forward briskly along the steep mountain track.

A brook runs down the track. The fighters press on. Wang Chun's feet are so badly blistered that he can hardly walk. Company Commander Chang catches up with him and takes his rifle. They go on climbing.

Battalion Commander Kao stands watching the men pass. "On the double!"

The fighters pass the word on: "On the double!"

The fighters speed forward. The draught-horses keep pace, loaded with heavy guns and ammunition.

Company Commander Chang is marching with an extra rifle and pack. He draws level with Battalion Commander Kao.

Kao falls in step with him.

Kao claps Chang's extra rifle. "Whose is this?"

Chang: "Wang Chun's of first squad."

Kao, thoughtfully: "How's your company's morale?"

Chang: "Not bad, but they're rather quiet... Battalion commander, I really can't understand why instead of fighting the main enemy force in the south, we're heading north so fast..."

Kao: "It looks as if a new fighting task may be waiting for us up north."

Chang: "A fighting task?"

Kao: "Yes."

Chang eyes the battalion commander dubiously.

A storm springs up. The fighters struggle forward along the slippery track, sloshing through the mud.

The wind howls.

Horses whinny.

Snowflakes whirl.

12

The same night, in Peach Village.

The main room of a large tiled house. The telegraph transmitter is clicking.

Some enemy officers are waiting there in silence. A few of them pace to and fro.

One officer quietly asks the man beside him: "Where the devil has the Reds' main force hidden itself?"

The other officer, with a wry smile: "God only knows!"

"After holding out stubbornly here for five days and five nights they suddenly disappear without a trace!... This seems very fishy to me."

"Don't start losing your nerve!"

Two other officers confer in low voices.

"The Reds may be up to some of their tricks again."

"Let's hope not."

"They have the habit of striking where we're weakest. I've had three experiences of their empty city tactics."

"Shh!"

The chief of staff comes from the telegraph room. The officers crowd round him. He signs impatiently for silence, takes out a cigarette and lights up.

The telegraph transmitter continues clicking. The officers' hearts beat faster.

In the telegraph room a girl telegraphist in a forage cap is hard at work. General Chang paces up and down restlessly in another room, thoroughly exasperated.

The chief of staff comes softly in. General Chang looks at him questioningly. The chief of staff shakes his head, then says: "Our planes have flown over a hundred kilometres into enemy territory, reconnoitring every single village and wood. They spotted a few Red militiamen and guerrillas, but no sign of the enemy's main force."

General Chang cudgels his brains and makes no reply.

Chief of staff: "We've dispatched the third mounted patrol."

General Chang, half to himself: "Peach Village has mountains on one side, the river on the other. It's an important communications centre, a strategic position, a good base from which to attack Linyi and the Yimeng Mountains. It's a place the commanders of old all fought to get. Why should the Communist army give it up?"

Chief of staff: "The Reds intercepted us stubbornly here for five days, then suddenly pulled out — no one knows where. We should think this over carefully... Most likely they withdrew for strategic reasons."

The truth dawns on General Chang. "Ah..."

The radio operator hurries in. "A telegram from headquarters..."

General Chang reads the telegram: "Most urgent. Li's troops are surrounded by Reds at Phoenix Mountain. Take reinforcements there as fast as you can..."

General Chang changes colour and glares at the telegram. He goes to the table on which is spread a huge map. With a trembling finger the chief of staff traces the route from Peach Village to Phoenix Mountain.

General Chang pounds the table angrily. "Give orders to set out at once for Phoenix Mountain."

13

Dawn, among mountain peaks. In the distance heavy gunfire rumbles.

On the summit of a mountain, Battalion Commander Kao wipes his sweaty face. The political instructor, holding a map, stands by the path looking around. A sturdy old man with a rifle is beside them.

Behind them the fighters reach the top one by one. After mopping their faces and catching their breath they have a look at the view. They then turn north, towards the gunfire, and cheerfully start down the other side of the mountain.

Company Commander Chang helps Wang Chun to the top. "So there's fighting to the north, battalion commander?"

Kao: "Yes, I've sent a man to contact regimental headquarters."

Chang, mopping his moist face, asks the old peasant: "Where's that gunfire coming from, grandad? How far away?"

Old peasant: "That's Phoenix Mountain, twenty *li* from here. Don't go calling me grandad, comrade. I may be getting on in years, but I'm a militiaman."

Chang slaps him on the shoulder and grins. "All right, old comrade! You've got what it takes."

Ting Pao-shan dashes up to the battalion commander, and pants: "Report! I couldn't make contact with regimental headquarters. Divisional headquarters is on a small height eight *li* to the north. The divisional commander says we've surrounded fifty to sixty thousand of the enemy. Got them sewn up at Phoenix Mountain. . . ."

Kao and Chang: "What! Fifty to sixty thousand!?"

Ting Pao-shan: "That's right."

Kao: "Where is divisional headquarters?"

Ting Pao-shan: "On Eight *Li* Ridge."

Horses whinny.

Kao turns to an orderly. "Quick, my horse!"

The orderly tightens the horses' girths.

Wang Chun takes his gun from the company commander.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor jump into the saddles.

Kao: "Right about, watch out for air attacks. Quick march!"

Chang: "Watch out for air attacks. Quick march!"

"Watch out for air attacks. Quick march!"

"Watch out for air attacks. Quick march!"

As the orders ring out, Battalion Commander Kao spurs his horse to a gallop along the mountain track. The horses neigh. The troops march full speed towards the gunfire.

14

Field glasses show some villages on the mountain in the distance, under a pall of smoke.

In front of a command post on one height, a few officers are studying a map.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor hurry to the divisional commander and report, panting: "First Battalion of the First Regiment is here as ordered."

The divisional commander quickly shakes hands with them. "Fine. You've made good time."

Kao, urgently: "What is our task?"

The divisional commander hands him the field glasses. "First let me put you into the picture." He points to where smoke hangs thick. "Look there."

Battalion Commander Kao looks through the glasses.

The telephone rings, an officer takes the call. He announces: "For you, divisional commander."

The divisional commander takes the receiver. "Yes, speaking. Our last battalion has arrived from the south. Yes...." Puts down the receiver.

Kao and the political instructor return the glasses to the divisional commander.

Divisional commander: "Well?"

Kao and the political instructor exchange glances and smile. "We had no idea such a large enemy force was sewn up here."

Divisional commander: "While you were holding the enemy's south route army at Peach Village, our main force came here at top speed and surrounded these seven enemy divisions. This is the second day."

Kao: "Well, this *is* a surprise!"

Political commissar: "A commander must be good at assessing and analysing the situation at different places and times. It's no good being taken by surprise!"

Kao, urgently: "And our task?"

Divisional commander: "You have none at present. Stand by and await orders."

Kao and the political instructor exchange puzzled glances.

Kao gazes towards the gunfire. "Await orders?"

Divisional commander: "Await orders."

15

A forest on the mountain-side. Battalion Commander Kao's troops are resting in a state of considerable suspense. The fighters talk among themselves, their smiling faces turned towards the rumble of guns.

Liu Yung-kuei: "We've come to the right place, squad leader. We may have lost one Peach Village, but losing ten would have been worth it."

Wang Chun: "We haven't raced 450 *li* for nothing. If I'd known, I wouldn't have minded a march of 4,500 *li*!"

Li Chin: "So your thinking's straightened out at last, is it? Who was it grumbling every step of the way, grouching that he wanted to join the local forces...."

Chen Teh-hai: "The next march we have, your squad leader won't need to help you along."

Wang Chun: "Quit harping on it, will you, all of you?"

All laugh. Even Wang Chun grins.

Li Chin: "This is what's meant by mobile warfare."

A unit marches prisoners east through the forest. Our fighters grow more impatient at the sight.

Wang Chun: "Look there. They've already taken prisoners, while we sit here looking on. It's the limit!"

Li Chin: "Yes. We're like cats watching the fish in a glass bowl — unable to get at them! There's nothing more maddening than looking on while other fellows fight."

Liu Yung-kuei: "Why isn't our battalion commander back yet? This time we really must get made a shock force."

Company Commander Chang comes over, dripping with sweat. At once Li Chin asks: "When are we going into action, company commander?"

The company commander controls himself, although even more on edge than his men. "Don't be so impatient! You'll get action all right."

Company Commander Chang walks on.

Once he is out of hearing, Li Chin says softly: "Our company commander tells us not to be impatient. Yet he's more impatient himself than anyone else. The sweat he's in!..."

A battery hauls its gun through the woods towards the front. One of the gunners who knows Wang Chun yells: "Why are you digging in here, Wang Chun? Why don't you go to the front? Come and help us make mincemeat of the enemy."

Wang Chun, grumpily: "Think you're hot stuff, don't you? We'll soon be going into action."

Gunner: "Oh, waiting for the final charge, are you?"

Li Chin: "Don't forget, comrade! You can't mount bayonets on big guns. The final charge needs us infantrymen."

In a dugout on a height housing divisional headquarters, the divisional commander and political commissar are studying a map.

The telephone rings and the divisional commander answers it. While listening, he repeats the message for the benefit of the political commissar. "Orders from General Headquarters. Enemy troops from the south are rushing reinforcements to Sky Peak. They're twenty kilometres away from it now."

Political commissar: "The enemy's too foxy to take the direct route. But he's left it too late. He's lost the initiative completely."

The divisional commander answers the telephone: "Yes." He marks the map with a red pencil. "The orders will be resolutely carried out." He looks at his watch, and replaces the telephone.

Political commissar: "What's our task?"

Divisional commander: "We're to take our division straight to Sky Peak to repulse enemy reinforcements from the south. That will ensure the complete victory of the general offensive against Phoenix Mountain."

Political commissar: "When will the general offensive start?"

Divisional commander: "At five this afternoon."

The political commissar looks at his watch. It is two. "Only three hours to go!"

Divisional commander: "That's right. If we repulse the attack on Sky Peak successfully, victory at Phoenix Mountain is as good as won. Not only will we destroy the enemy at Phoenix Mountain, we'll be in a good position to mop up that lot in the south, to win complete victories both north and south. The higher command points out that this is the crucial significance of pinning down the enemy at Sky Peak."

Political commissar: "It's a tough assignment." He pauses. "Come what may, we must see to it that both actions are completely victorious."

Divisional commander: "The first battalion of the first regiment is experienced in repulsing attacks. I propose sending the first battalion as our vanguard."

Political commissar: "I agree."

They leave the dugout.

Two horses gallop along the mountain track. Their riders are Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor.

17

Kao's battalion is waiting tensely for orders in the forest on the mountain-side.

Company Commander Chang stands on a boulder, one hand on his hip, fanning himself with his cap. He can hardly stand the suspense.

Suddenly Li Chin shouts: "Here comes the battalion commander!"

Two horses gallop towards them. Chang hurries to meet them.

Chang, hastily: "What about it, battalion commander? Are we going into action?"

Kao: "Where?"

Company Commander Chang points toward Phoenix Mountain. "To Phoenix Mountain, to join in the general offensive."

Kao: "We're not joining in that offensive. We're heading south again."

Chang: "South! Why?"

Kao: "To fight enemy reinforcements. A force from the south is marching on Sky Peak. To ensure the complete victory of the general offensive against Phoenix Mountain, we must set out at once for Sky Peak. What do you say to that?"

Chang: "What! Our same old enemy?"

Kao: "Well?"

Chang: "This time we'll finish him off!"

18

A jeep, escorted by big trucks, proceeds in a cloud of dust.

In the jeep, General Chang asks his chief of staff: "How much further to Sky Peak?"

Chief of staff: "About fifteen kilometres."

General Chang: "We must occupy it before five this afternoon, then push on to Phoenix Mountain."

Chief of staff: "Yes."

General Chang: "That fellow Li ... he's as timid as a rabbit in action. If he'd moved a bit faster, he wouldn't have been surrounded."

Chief of staff: "I can't say I blame him. He's been fighting the Reds for nearly twenty years, growing more and more scared all the time."

General Chang: "It's the cowards who keep getting defeated. Call up Phoenix Mountain."

The chief of staff touches the driver on the shoulder, and the jeep stops.

Kao's battalion, fully camouflaged, is speeding towards Sky Peak under enemy air attacks.

On the south side of the peak, the enemy vanguard also speeds towards Sky Peak.

Halfway up the north side of the mountain, between two peaks, Company Commander Chang, carrying a rifle, scrambles energetically up through the boulders. He stoops to lend a hand to Chen Teh-hai, who in turn helps Liu Yung-kuei, who is carrying a machine-gun; then Liu gives a hand to Li Chin. Bullets spatter the rocks around them, striking sparks. Wang Chun has no sooner been pulled up than he receives a head wound. He staggers. Battalion Commander Kao bandages his head. Wang Chun opens his eyes to ask: "Where's our unit, battalion commander?"

Kao: "Up ahead, nearly at the top."

Wang Chun springs to his feet. "I must catch up."

On the south side of Sky Peak, the enemy vanguard speeds up the road between the two peaks.

On the north side, Kao's men are scaling a sheer cliff. Company Commander Chang catches hold of a bush, but slips back. Chen Teh-hai clammers up, only to slide back again too. Chang tells his men to plant their bayonets in the cliff, and with the help of this improvised ladder they soon reach the top.

On the south side, the KMT troops are barely a hundred metres from the summit.

Company Commander Chang: "Fire!"

Hand grenades are hurled at the enemy, and under the cover of their smoke the fighters charge down from the top. The enemy retreat.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor stand on the summit.

Kao: "Comrades, we must hold our ground here. So long as a single man remains, this position will be ours."

Political instructor: "We must hold out to the last, to ensure the total victory of the general offensive against Phoenix Mountain. Can you do it, comrades?"

The fighters: "We can!"

Their fearless cries re-echo through the mountains.

19

On the highway halfway up the south side of the mountain, the KMT motorized column has ground to a halt.

The chief of staff gazes round in astonishment from the jeep. General Chang stands on the bonnet to scan the peak through his field glasses.

A soldier with a U.S. walkie-talkie is standing by the jeep.

The walkie-talkie sounds: "101, 101! Where are you? Where are you?"

The chief of staff takes the receiver and answers: "We've reached Sky Peak. We've reached Sky Peak."

Walkie-talkie: "Join forces with us, quick! Join forces with us, quick!"

Chief of staff: "Keep cool. Make haste and join us here."

Walkie-talkie: "Mind you get here before five. Get here before five!"

General Chang jumps down in disgust from the bonnet. Taking the receiver, he yells: "We're being attacked by Reds too. Please come to our assistance, and break through encirclement to Sky Peak! Break through to Sky Peak!"

A staff officer brings the chief of staff a dispatch.

Chief of staff: "Here's a dispatch from headquarters, commander. With orders to occupy this peak before five, then assist General Li to break through encirclement."

General Chang looks at his watch. It is 4:30. "Confound it! Order 303 to occupy the height."

Chief of staff: "Very good. . . ." He hurries away.

General Chang turns to a staff officer. "Bring up the reserve artillery regiment. Sky Peak must be taken by five."

20

Our position on Sky Peak. After a heavy enemy barrage it is suddenly quiet again.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor lie in a dugout watching the enemy.

Company Commander Chang lies in a dugout watching the enemy.

Li Chin, Wang Chun and Liu Yung-kuei, holding rifles, watch the enemy position.

All around is still. In some places the smoke has not yet cleared.

Li Chin asks Chen Teh-hai: "What time is it by your watch, squad leader?"

Chen Teh-hai, looking at his watch: "4:45."

Li Chin: "Why is your watch so much slower today than usual?"

Wang Chun: "Yes, why?"

Liu Yung-kuei, looking over his shoulder: "Why is nothing happening back there?"

Wang Chun: "They say the general offensive starts at five. Still fifteen minutes to go. How the time drags!"

Chen Teh-hai, warningly: "Eyes front!"

They all become silent again.

Company Commander Chang looks at his watch. It is 4:50.

Battalion Commander Kao looks at his watch. It is 4:55.

Squad Leader Chen's watch shows 4:58.

Suddenly guns roar behind them. Then follow staccato volleys of rifle fire.

96

The fighters' faces light up.

Company Commander Chang's smiling face.

Battalion Commander Kao's smiling face.

Company Commander Chang sees enemy advancing up the mountain. He shouts: "Eyes front!"

All the enemy guns below bombard our position. Enemy infantry charge up the mountain, yelling.

Company Commander Chang: "Comrades! Let's support the general offensive against Phoenix Mountain with action. Open fire!"

All the heavy guns and light arms on our position open a hurricane fire.

The enemy, halfway up, retreat again.

(To be continued)

97

Shih Hung-yu

Expose the Counter-Revolutionary Features of Sholokhov

The *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Piao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching* is a Marxist-Leninist document which holds aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The *Summary* points out: "In the struggle against foreign revisionism in the field of literature and art, we must not only catch small figures like Chukhrai. We should catch the big ones, catch Sholokhov and dare to tackle him. He is the father of revisionist literature and art." This is a call for a general offensive against the adverse current of international revisionist literature and art, a call to battle for all the proletarian revolutionaries of our country.

For forty years, Sholokhov has been lauded as a "great writer" by the revisionists and the bourgeoisie in the Soviet Union and in other countries. Khrushchov held him up as an "excellent example," alleging that he had taken an active part in the struggles "in the history of Soviet society" and in his works had described their "chief, decisive

phases." China's Khrushchov, too, virtually deified this "foreign writer."

What is Sholokhov in reality? If we run through his history, investigate his real character and take a look at the role he has played in the class struggle in the Soviet Union at each important historical moment, we can strip him of the cloak of "proletarian revolutionary writer" and show him up as a counter-revolutionary.

MORTAL ENEMY OF THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT

After the victory of the October Revolution, the Soviet Party and people, led by great Lenin, undertook the historic task of safeguarding and consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat. Trotsky, Zinoviev and company, representatives of the bourgeoisie who had sneaked into the Party, negated the road of the October Revolution and tried by every means to overthrow the new Soviet political power and to restore capitalism. After the death of Lenin, the Bolshevik Party headed by Stalin staunchly defended the road of the October Revolution, smashed the frenzied attacks of the anti-Party clique and strengthened the dictatorship of the proletariat. At this crucial juncture, Sholokhov sided with the anti-Party clique and took the lead in hoisting a black revisionist ensign, betraying the road of the October Revolution in the field of literature and art. He attacked violent revolution by the proletariat and the dictatorship of the proletariat to create public opinion for the usurpation of Party and government leadership by the Trotsky-Zinoviev counter-revolutionary revisionist clique.

The short story *Road in Tales of the Don*, Sholokhov's first collection of stories published in 1926, describes "a young grain collector" who goes over to the enemy after his capture by a bandit gang. This is actually a self-portrayal of Sholokhov's own renegade features. For this Sholokhov, who declared that he was "born in the revolution, and struggled for the victory of the Soviets during the years of civil war," was captured by bandits in 1921 while a grain collector. Forty years later, recalling that occasion with unforgotten trepidation, he

said regretfully: "I was too hard on the kulaks. . . . But they later turned me free . . . how I wished to stay alive!" Here is the very image of a shameless renegade! From that time on, he has travelled a road of betraying the October Revolution.

Between 1926 and 1939, Sholokhov devoted nearly fourteen years to concocting the big poisonous weed, *And Quiet Flows the Don*. In this novel, which runs to one and a half million words, the armed seizure of political power in the October Revolution and the revolutionary Civil War to defend proletarian political power are viciously depicted as a "great tragedy" which ruined the "rich and tranquil life" of the Don Cossacks, as a "greater anguish and calamity" than the imperialist war.

The novel lavishes praise on the blood-thirsty counter-revolutionary Gregory and the well-to-do Cossacks he represents, while viciously attacking the Soviet power established by the October Revolution as a "new and worse system." The book says, "This government will bring the Cossacks nothing but ruin," thus negating the glorious road of the October Revolution which established the dictatorship of the proletariat by means of violent revolution.

Lenin pointed out after the October Revolution that those who cursed the Soviets set up for the first time in history by the toiling classes in Russia were "all the bourgeois scoundrels, the whole gang of bloodsuckers, with Kautsky echoing them." And Sholokhov did precisely this, echoing these bourgeois scoundrels and bloodsuckers overthrown by the October Revolution.

Our great leader Chairman Mao says: "We definitely do not apply a policy of benevolence to the reactionaries and towards the reactionary activities of the reactionary classes." "With regard to such reactionaries, the question of irritating them or not does not arise." Yet Sholokhov in a letter to Gorky in 1931 blatantly attributed the Cossack rebellion during the Civil War to what he called the "excesses" of the Bolshevik Party and Soviet political power. He ranted: "The wrong policy of liquidating the Cossacks and harming the Cossack middle peasants should be described; for otherwise the reason for the rebellion cannot be

revealed. Not even a flea will bite a man for no reason; much less will men rebel."

He defends the Cossacks' counter-revolutionary rebellion in the same manner in *And Quiet Flows the Don*. He once admitted: "What I describe here is the struggle waged by the White army against the Red, not the struggle waged by the Red army against the White."

He portrays Gregory, a counter-revolutionary rebel, as a "wavering middle character" who is "disgusted with both the revolution and counter-revolution." He tries hard to convince people of the "truth" of this statement by such a mortal enemy of Soviet political power: "If the Soviet regime didn't oppress me, I wouldn't have opposed it."

What is Sholokhov's aim in preaching counter-revolutionary rebellion and demanding that the Soviet power renounce its right to suppress class enemies, if not the creation of public opinion for a counter-revolutionary restoration and the subversion of the dictatorship of the proletariat?

After its publication, *And Quiet Flows the Don* was sharply criticized by the revolutionary masses in the Soviet Union as a work "defending the rebellion of the Cossack White bandits," and "hostile and opposed to the proletariat." They described its author as "not a proletarian writer" but "a representative of the Cossack kulaks and foreign aristocrats." The bourgeoisie and revisionists, on the other hand, hailed its publication rapturously as the "birth of a Soviet classic," a work which they said, "leaves little to be desired." The heated debates which developed around the novel reflected the acute struggle in Soviet literature and art between the forces for and against restoration, actually centring on the question of political power.

Eighteen years after the publication of *And Quiet Flows the Don*, during the counter-revolutionary rebellion in Hungary in 1956, Sholokhov from his reactionary stand plunged in to laud and defend the ghosts and monsters of the Petofi Club, describing them as "waverers" like Gregory who "joined the White Guard movement fortuitously and blindly." This fully identifies the Gregory of the twenties with the Hungarian counter-revolutionary rebels of the fifties. *And Quiet Flows the Don* is a reactionary novel which resus-

citates and glorifies such counter-revolutionary rebels. And Sholokhov is the father of revisionist literature and art, with which he has carried out counter-revolutionary activities under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

FAITHFUL DISCIPLE OF BUKHARIN

Towards the end of the twenties and in the early thirties, the Soviet Union embarked upon the collectivization of agriculture. Chairman Mao says: **"Without socialization of agriculture, there can be no complete, consolidated socialism."** Carrying out the collectivization of agriculture represented a great decisive battle, a most extensive and penetrating socialist revolution in which socialism defeated capitalism in the countryside. The Right opportunists represented by Bukharin did their utmost to oppose the collectivization of agriculture and the elimination of the kulaks. The Central Committee of the C.P.S.U. (B), headed by Stalin, waged an irreconcilable struggle against these representatives of the bourgeoisie within the Party, and defended and upheld Lenin's line for the collectivization of agriculture.

During this sharp class struggle, Sholokhov served as the spokesman of the Bukharin Right-opportunist clique on the literary and art front. The novel *Virgin Soil Uplifted* (Book 1), which he began in 1930, is a representative work which under the banner of opposing "Leftist" errors extols the Right-opportunist line and negates the collectivization of Soviet agriculture.

Stalin pointed out that, in the movement for collectivization of agriculture, "the Right danger has been, and still is, the chief danger," and that a fight against the errors of the "Left" distorters was "a pre-condition for a successful fight against Right opportunism and a distinctive form of this fight." Yet Sholokhov in the novel leaves no stone unturned to exaggerate "excesses" and describes the "Left" deviation as the chief danger, presenting the vigorous collective-farm movement as devoid of mass support, as an "error" based entirely on "coercion."

He portrays Davidov, chairman of a collective farm who takes a Right-opportunist line, discriminating against poor peasants, relying on rich middle peasants and shielding kulaks, as the representative of the "correct line." The novel also paints flattering portraits of kulaks, and portrays a hidden counter-revolutionary as skilled in scientific management, a hard-working cadre who uses his head, and an excellent manager devoted to running the farm well. In spite of Sholokhov's painstaking camouflage and the contrived tributes to Stalin in the novel, he actually takes the reactionary stand of the Right opportunists in attacking the correct line for eliminating the kulaks and for all-round collectivization, lauding Bukharin's opportunist line and paving the way for a capitalist restoration.

Sholokhov himself is an out-and-out Right opportunist. Back in 1929, at the start of the large-scale movement for collectivization, he was exposed in the press as protecting kulaks in the Veshenskaya district. In a letter to Stalin and the Veshenskaya District Party Committee in 1933, he made another vicious attack on collectivization, protested against the injustice of liquidating the kulaks and tried to reverse the judgment on Right opportunists. He raved, "Fine people have been dubbed enemies of the Party." "This is a most serious problem." "We must struggle against all violence and ruthlessness." On the pretext of opposing the "violence" in the "work of collecting grain," he wildly attacked the socialist system and Party leadership, vilifying the collective farms of Stalin's time as "darker" than the villages under tsarist rule, and clamouring "We must track down the ringleader directing them." How utterly vicious! He was severely criticized by Stalin for this.

Sholokhov's hate for socialist collective farms was matched by his boundless admiration for capitalist agriculture. After visiting Denmark, Sweden, Britain and France in 1935, he lauded the "useful, valuable achievements" of "advanced capitalist farming," and shamelessly campaigned for "learning" from these capitalist countries. All this goes to show that Sholokhov is the advocate of a capitalist restoration and a faithful disciple of Bukharin.

RENEGADE TO PEOPLE'S REVOLUTIONARY WAR

In the 1940's, the Soviet people under Stalin's leadership waged a great struggle against the German fascists, a struggle affecting the future of socialism and the fate of mankind. During this rigorous test, Sholokhov blatantly exposed his ugly features, his opposition to people's war. Instead of praising the revolutionary heroism of the Soviet army and people, he did his best to spread pessimism and despondency in the political commentaries and novels he wrote during the war. Only two years after the start of the war, in his "Letter to American Friends," he lamented that his land would soon be lost. He whined: "Our country and our people have been fearfully lacerated by the savagery of war." He servilely begged the Americans to send troops, pinning his hopes entirely on U.S. imperialism.

After the Second World War, when the revolutionary struggles of the people of Asia, Africa and Latin America were surging forward, he echoed Khrushchov by wildly opposing people's war. Scared out of his wits by U.S. imperialism's nuclear blackmail, he raved that the "shadow of the hydrogen bomb" was "ruining the sunshine of joyful life." He maintained: "The major objective of mankind today is to strive for peace," totally negating the fundamental task of carrying the world proletarian revolution through to the end.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Every just, revolutionary war is endowed with tremendous power and can transform many things or clear the way for their transformation"** and **"Only with guns can the whole world be transformed."** Yet wherever Sholokhov went, he yelled "Say 'No' to war" and railed that "war, irrespective of its nature, cannot create anything. It is a 'destroyer.'" In order to "stay alive" he has gone to the length of clamouring for opposing people's revolutionary war "collectively" with imperialism and the reactionaries of all countries.

The big poisonous weed *The Fate of a Man*, dished up hastily after the 20th Congress of the C.P.S.U., provides conclusive evidence of his crime against people's revolutionary war. In this story of the "miserable lot" of the renegade Sokolov during the Patriotic War, Sholokhov paints a lurid picture of the "sufferings" and "horror"

of war, glorifying the renegade who surrenders to the enemy and vilifying the great anti-fascist war as "burying" the Soviet people's "last joy and hope." Today, when the angry tide of people's war is surging high in Asia, Africa and Latin-America, this piece of pacifist and capitulationist propaganda, and the film adapted from it by the Soviet revisionist clique to spread its poison throughout the world, are the greatest betrayal of the world revolution. A product of the 20th Congress of the C.P.S.U., this story embodies in an art form the Soviet revisionist clique's general line of "peaceful co-existence." That is why it has been lauded in Soviet revisionist literary and art circles as a "fresh departure, setting the new direction of modern literature." Khrushchov, too, praised it as an "outstanding short story." In the wake of this story appeared a host of poisonous weeds including *An Inch of Soil*, *Ballad of a Soldier* and *The Living and the Dead*, which oppose Stalin and revile revolutionary war. This ill wind in Soviet literature and art of strong opposition to revolutionary war was stirred up by Sholokhov.

STORM TROOPER FOR THE RESTORATION OF CAPITALISM

After the death of Stalin, the socialist Soviet Union confronted yet another decisive battle between two fates and two futures. At this crucial historical juncture, Sholokhov again stripped off his mask completely, further revealing his counter-revolutionary features.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"To overthrow a political power, it is always necessary first of all to create public opinion, to do work in the ideological sphere."** Sholokhov served as a storm trooper in creating public opinion for Khrushchov's usurpation of Party and government leadership. In the year after Stalin's death, at the Second Congress of the Union of Soviet Writers, Sholokhov took the lead in stirring up trouble and completely negating the achievements of the revolutionary literature and art of Stalin's time. He hysterically incited writers to "remove the rusty bullets from their cartridge cases and replace them with newer bullets," to rise up and settle a "problem which has weighed on our minds for twenty years." He levelled

his attacks directly at Stalin, whom he had once called the "dear father whom I have warmly loved throughout my life." At the 20th Congress of the C.P.S.U., he came out even more openly with a call for dismissing the Party leaders in the field of literature and art of Stalin's time.

While strongly opposing Stalin, Sholokhov frantically applauded Khrushchov's revisionist line and his attempts to restore capitalism. He lauded to the skies the out-and-out revisionist Programme of the C.P.S.U., calling it "a refreshing breeze," "radiance shining upon mankind," and "an indestructible monument." He acclaimed Khrushchov's revisionist economic policy of using material benefits and incentives as opening up "a bright future for state farm workers and collective farmers." He even had the effrontery to describe the colossal regression and calamities resulting from Khrushchov's vigorous restoration of capitalism in industry and agriculture as "magnificent events without parallel in history." He shamelessly eulogized Khrushchov's reactionary rule as "a splendid age filled with a daring, creative spirit."

Chairman Mao says: **"In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines."**

After the 20th Congress, in order to "keep in step" with Khrushchov, Sholokhov hastily brought out his *Virgin Soil Upturned* (Book 2). This big poisonous weed, using a historical theme, "subtly" and "covertly" serves the Soviet revisionist clique's political line for restoring capitalism in the Soviet Union. In this novel, the Party leaders of the collective farms are guided by the precepts assiduously spread by Khrushchov of "everything for man and his happiness" and "man and man are friends, comrades and brothers." These Party leaders, instead of criticizing and struggling against the spontaneous capitalist tendencies among the collective farmers, connive at them and allow them to spread unchecked. They show no vigilance against or even shield those hidden reactionary army officers and kulaks who wildly sabotage the collective economy. Such "collective farms" negating the dictatorship

of the proletariat and socialism have indeed degenerated into capitalist farms.

In literary and art circles Sholokhov has utilized the privileged position granted him by the Soviet revisionist clique to systematically peddle Khrushchov's black revisionist line on literature and art.

He has actively trumpeted "a literature and art of the whole people" in direct contravention of Lenin's principle of the Party spirit of literature and Chairman Mao's orientation of literature and art serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. To cover up the class nature of Soviet revisionist literature and art which serve a handful of old and new bourgeois elements, he describes literature as a "cause of conscience" and rants that everything done by artists is "for man, for mankind."

In order to maintain the privileged position of Soviet revisionist writers, he vigorously opposes the ideological remoulding of writers and tries to substitute the "maintenance of close ties with the people's life" peddled by Khrushchov for the merging of writers with the workers, peasants and soldiers. Sholokhov's own method of "maintaining close ties with the people's life" is by living in a villa. He has openly declared: "There is no need for me to 'go to the countryside.'" This would "waste too much time and affect my output."

He wildly opposes the criticism and repudiation of bourgeois literature and art, and has spared no efforts to bolster up new and old monsters in literary and art circles. In his eyes, the renegade Pasternak was a "talented poet" and a large number of reactionary young writers who call themselves "offspring of the 20th Congress" are "a real asset." He strongly urged that they should be taken into leading organs of the Union of Soviet Writers, to ensure the perpetuation of Soviet revisionist literature and art.

He has always opposed the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism in writing, opposed literature and art portraying the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers. He fanatically preaches a whole set of revisionist concepts such as "truthful writing" and "writing about waverers," aimed at defaming socialism and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Soviet revisionist critics say fulsomely: "The general line of Soviet literature today, its affinity to the people, its content and form, are all inseparably linked with Sholokhov's name." A frank avowal, indeed!

Sholokhov's painstaking efforts during the past decade and more to serve the Soviet revisionist clique's political line for restoring capitalism have won its special favour in return. Khrushchov paid him a visit in 1959, pronounced him a "glorious example" for Soviet revisionist writers, and bestowed on him the title of "plenipotentiary representative of Soviet cultural circles." Later he gave him all kinds of medals and titles, including "secretary of the Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Writers," "deputy to the Supreme Soviet" and "member of the Party Central Committee." After coming to power, the Brezhnev-Kosygin clique also conferred on Sholokhov the title of "socialist labour hero." He has, in fact, become the chief representative of the bourgeoisie in Soviet revisionist literary and art circles, and the Number One representative of the Soviet revisionist privileged élite in the field of literature and art.

FAITHFUL LACKEY OF IMPERIALISM

Chairman Mao says: **"The existence of bourgeois influence is the internal source of revisionism and surrender to imperialist pressure the external source."**

While actively campaigning for the restoration of capitalism at home, Sholokhov works hard abroad in the service of Khrushchov's general line of "peaceful co-existence," of which "Soviet-U.S. co-operation" is the soul. According to incomplete data, since the 20th Congress he has been to capitalist countries on twenty to thirty occasions to engage in underhand dealings in the capacity of "plenipotentiary representative of Soviet cultural circles."

In August 1955, following the end of the four-power Summit Conference in Geneva the month before, Sholokhov wrote a letter to the editorial board of *Foreign Literature* proposing the convocation of a "round table conference" of the world's writers. He urged

the instilling of the "Geneva spirit" in "every aspect of international life," and showed particular interest in "Soviet-U.S. cultural exchange," bestowed on him by Khrushchov.

In 1959, he accompanied Khrushchov to the Camp David Talks with Eisenhower which opened the criminal record of overt Soviet-U.S. collaboration in opposition to the world revolution. To mould public opinion for the talks, Sholokhov said: "Let us visit each other! We have nothing to quarrel over and no reason to fight one another." He urged: "Let us publish each other's books, and hold exhibitions to learn about each other's people. Wouldn't that be much better than firing anti-aircraft guns?" After the talks, he acclaimed Khrushchov's wholesale sell-out as "excellent, wonderful!"

In 1963, the Soviet revisionist clique joined the U.S. and Britain in signing the pact on a partial ban of nuclear tests, thus openly entering into a counter-revolutionary "Holy Alliance" with imperialism headed by the U.S.A. and all reaction. On the very day the pact was signed, Sholokhov peddled the "Moscow spirit" at a conference of European writers. He urged the writers to "find a common language" and "come to agreement" in the same manner as the "important statesmen and diplomats," of the U.S., Britain and the U.S.S.R. so as to rig up a "Holy Alliance" of imperialist, revisionist and reactionary writers.

From the "Geneva spirit" to the "Moscow spirit," Sholokhov followed in the footsteps of his boss Khrushchov along a road of increasingly dirty betrayals, thus becoming a faithful lackey of imperialism.

"Heaven rewards the faithful." This lackey's "efforts" were indeed rewarded by his masters when in 1965 the Swedish Academy of Sciences awarded him the Nobel Prize for Literature "reserved for Western writers and Eastern traitors." Thus his renegade features became completely exposed.

History, the best witness, shows that at every important historic moment in the class struggle in the Soviet Union, Sholokhov has invariably played the ignominious role of turning against the proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Trying to cover up for himself, he once said: "Nothing can ever be lower, dirtier or more contemptible than an act of betrayal." But this is precisely the "cause" to which he has devoted his whole life. Not all the waters of the Don can ever wash clean his low, dirty, shameless conduct!

China's unprecedented, great proletarian cultural revolution has greatly inspired and pushed forward the struggle of the revolutionary people of the world. The Soviet people, who have the glorious tradition of the October Revolution, will one day rise up to rebel against the Soviet revisionist leading clique. Today we expose Sholokhov to the bright light of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and tomorrow Sholokhov will not be able to escape a trial before the revolutionary people of the Soviet Union. It is certain that the Soviet people will sweep him into the dustbin of history, alongside Brezhnev, Kosygin and company!

Red Hearts Turn to Peking
(traditional painting) ►

Anti-Revisionist Struggle in the Examination Room

On January 10, 1964, at an oral examination in a Soviet higher educational institution, a Chinese student studying in the Soviet Union sharply denounced the revisionist writer Mikhail Sholokhov. The following is an account (slightly abridged) of the student's answer to the question "What is the significance of Sholokhov's short story *The Fate of a Man* in Soviet literature?" and remarks made by the presiding Soviet revisionist examiner.

The examinee: In the years of the great Patriotic War, the Soviet people demonstrated their heroism to the whole world. Fearing no sacrifice, they refused to bow their heads before the brute force of the fascist hordes. New fighters quickly took the places of the fallen. Thousands upon thousands of inspiring heroes such as Matrosov, Zoya and Shura Kosmodemyansky, and others arose amid the trials and tribulations of the war. The Soviet people defeated fascist Germany, successfully defended their

motherland, gave mighty help to the cause of liberation of the East European peoples and thereby made an immortal contribution to the cause of mankind's progress. They have good reason to be proud of this magnificent victory.

Sokolov, the chief character in the short story, *The Fate of a Man*, went through this great war like others. Sholokhov penned him as a hero calling for high praise. Now, let us see what were his thoughts during this great war, what he did and how he felt about it, and what Sholokhov wants to say in describing the fate of his hero:

Sokolov's dear ones died in the hungry year of 1922 and he was left alone. Marriage brought him happiness; he built his own nest, had a good wife who later bore a son and two daughters. He was particularly proud of his son for his keen intelligence. But the Patriotic War came and robbed him of his wife and children. His home was reduced to rubble and he was again alone. His grief knew no bounds. . . . While introducing him to readers, the author draws special attention to Sokolov's eyes, "eyes as if sprinkled with ashes, filled with such unforgettable death-like melancholy that it is painful to look into them."

Sholokhov felt deep compassion for the unhappy lot of his hero. Describing his fate, the author raised such questions as who destroyed Sokolov's happiness? How could his happiness be preserved? The answer to these questions is obvious. What the author means to imply is that it was the Patriotic War that ruined Sokolov's happiness; that without that war, Sokolov would not have lost his family and would have been the happiest of men. This implies that to preserve Sokolov's happiness the Patriotic War should not have been fought and should have been opposed. Such is Sholokhov's line of thought.

Examiner: What? Sholokhov was opposed to the Patriotic War?

Examinee: Exactly. It may be mentioned in passing, that the film *The Fate of a Man* is packed with gloomy, terrifying scenes. The director, like Sholokhov, went to great pains to show how horrifying the Patriotic War was. But as we know, that war was a just war. Marxism-Leninism teaches us that just wars

are what the people want and that only predatory, aggressive and unjust wars should be opposed. By raising his voice against the Patriotic War, was not Sholokhov actually opposing all just wars?

Examiner: The Soviet people lost 8 million lives in the war. Do you mean to say that all that sacrifice was necessary? The Patriotic War was a just war. But please remember that it brought the Soviet people the loss of no less than 8 million lives — nearly every one of us lost one of those dearest to him.

Examinee: But the Soviet friends I have had the pleasure to know think quite differently. They say proudly that it was the victory of the great Patriotic War that protected the independence of their Soviet motherland, upheld their national honour and gave a powerful impetus to the revolutionary struggles of the peoples of the whole world. It added a page of undying glory to the history of the international communist movement.

In his portrayals Sholokhov has distorted the image of the Soviet Communists. The only Communist in the story does not sound like a Communist at all. He is a wretched coward.

Examiner: A coward?

Examinee: He is. We need only recall that episode where the prisoners of war are spending the night in a church when a turncoat discovers Sholokhov's Communist. I quote the dialogue between them:

The turncoat: "I have no intention to answer for you. I'll be the first to point you out."

The Communist: "Please don't betray me, comrade. . . ."

The turncoat: "Your comrades remained behind the front lines. I'm not your comrade anyway."

To save himself from being handed over to the enemy, this Communist stoops so low as to call the turncoat "comrade" and abjectly entreats him not to betray him. Has he anything in common with a Communist? Has this portrayal anything in common with the image of, say, Zoya? Is this not sheer slander against Soviet Communists?

Examiner: But doesn't that Communist later on kill the turncoat?

Examinee: That's right.

Examiner: Is this not heroism?

Examinee: First of all, we must see what drives him to kill the turncoat and then, and only then, can we determine whether it is heroism or not. Seeing that the turncoat has made up his mind to betray him and that begging is of no use, the Communist decides to finish him off. He would not have killed him if the latter had promised not to betray him. So the Communist pleads with the turncoat to save his own skin, and for precisely the same purpose he kills the turncoat later. Can this in any way be compared with the revolutionary heroism of the Soviet Communists who have the courage to stare death in the face?

Examiner: Why should a Communist give up his life for nothing? Can't he be more flexible tactically?

Examinee: Tactical flexibility must be based on principle. Has not Lenin said that flexibility without principle is not true flexibility, but sophistry?

Examiner: Do you think that there are no villains among Communists?

Examinee: Of course, there are. However, can a particular villain represent the Communists? What impression did Sholokhov wish to leave on readers when he portrayed the only Communist in his story as a wretched coward? It is obvious that the impression he wanted to leave on his readers was that the Soviet Communists trembled before the enemy, before death, and begged for mercy for the sake of saving their own skins. This is a complete distortion of historical truth.

Examiner: That Communist is not the hero of the short story. It is Sokolov who is delineated as an image of the people. Why do you prefer to discuss a minor character instead of the hero?

Examinee: Very well then, let's see what sort of a "hero" is this Sokolov, this so-called "image of the people." He is called to the room of the commandant of the concentration camp and told to drink to the victory of the German army, he is not seized at that moment with that burning hatred for the enemy which

characterizes the Soviet people. He doesn't have the courage to say: "I drink to my Soviet motherland!" because he knows that for such defiance he could be shot dead. So he merely says: "I drink to my own ruin and deliverance from torture." Thus he manages to remain whole, and later when a Nazi gives him "a small loaf of bread and a piece of fat," he is filled with gratitude. This, be it noted, is a favour from the Nazis who are starving the prisoners of war. This "image of the people" holds the tiny loaf tight to his body and tumbles into his barracks. He shares it with all equally, each obtaining a thin slice. Under Sholokhov's pen, the hungry Soviet prisoners all enjoy these alms from the German fascists, but not one of them seems to understand the matter or is bold enough to declare: "To hell with this German loaf! I would rather starve to death than shamefully beg for my life. For the enemy is making a mockery of us."

How many of the finest sons and daughters of the Soviet people, how many fearless Soviet soldiers died a worthy death for the sake of the revolutionary ideals and their national honour! But Sokolov — that mock "image of the people" — shows not a trace of this fearlessness of the Soviet people, neither do the many other Soviet prisoners. The image of the Soviet people is deliberately distorted. Sokolov, in the eyes of the author, is a hero worthy of glorification, while in my opinion, he is not a hero at all but a complete egoist. This can be proved by the passages in which the Soviet people are joyously celebrating their victory after the Red Army has stormed Berlin. But on that very day of victory, what are Sokolov's sentiments? Because he has lost his son, he says in grim despair: "I've buried my last joys and hope in alien, German soil. . . ."

For Sokolov, his son was his "last joys and hope." Here I must underline the word "last." It means that the loss of his son amounts to the loss of everything. This loss cannot be made up for even with the liberation of the motherland, the freedom of the people and the victory over the fascists.

Sokolov is a typical representative of those for whom "personal happiness is above all."

Examiner: You must understand Sokolov from the point of view of human feeling. Wouldn't you feel deeply grieved if you lost your son?

Examinee: The death of a son or daughter naturally grieves the parents. But if they die for the sake of the people, they die a worthy death and their parents should be proud of them. This is the true feeling of the proletariat; Sokolov's is not.

What is more, in *The Fate of a Man*, Sholokhov spared no pains in portraying the Soviet regime as devoid of human feeling. After demobilization, Sokolov, the author's beloved "hero," gets the job of a truck driver. One day, his truck hits a cow and the transport inspector confiscates his driving license. After that he roams from place to place looking for a job. Does not Sholokhov mean to say by this: "See! The Soviet regime denies such heroes as Sokolov work because of a small fault, and forces him to wander from place to place. What lack of 'human feeling!'"

Examiner: Why should you drag the Soviet regime in? On what grounds do you declare that the Soviet regime is devoid of "human feeling"?

Examinee: It is Sholokhov, not I, who alleges that the Soviet regime was devoid of human feeling. Tell me if that transport inspector, who takes away Sokolov's driving license, does not represent the Soviet regime? I'm criticizing Sholokhov precisely because he calumniates the Soviet regime.

Examiner: That was a mistake on the part of a local functionary. Why should you attribute the mistake committed by an individual functionary to the Soviet regime?

Examinee: It is, I think, not uncalled-for to reiterate here that it is Sholokhov, not I, who portrays the Soviet regime as "devoid of human feeling." What message did Sholokhov want to give his readers by inventing the episode of Sokolov vainly seeking a job? The message is that the local agencies of the regime all treat this so-called "hero" with the same injustice, wherever

he goes. Is this not because Sholokhov wants to convince his readers that the Soviet regime, for 30 years under Stalin's leadership, was "devoid of human feeling"?

Now I want to talk about the significance of the short story *The Fate of a Man* in the development of Soviet literature. In this work, Sholokhov preaches bourgeois humanism from the tribune of Soviet literature and raises his voice against the Marxist-Leninist theory of class struggle. . . .

Examiner: How does bourgeois humanism come in here? You must explain how you have come to this conclusion.

Examinee: According to Marxism-Leninism, "History shows that wars are divided into two kinds, just and unjust. All wars that are progressive are just, and all wars that impede progress are unjust. We Communists oppose all unjust wars that impede progress, but we do not oppose progressive, just wars. Not only do we Communists not oppose just wars, we actively participate in them."

The bourgeois humanists take altogether a different point of view. They are against all wars, including just wars, without analysing them. Sholokhov is one of them. Under the slogan of opposition to war, he actually attacked such a sacred war as the great Patriotic War of the Soviet people. What is it if it is not bourgeois humanism?

Peking Art Exhibition Shows Victory of Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line

An art exhibition entitled "Long Live the Victory of Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line" is now showing in Peking. Held to mark the 18th National Day anniversary of the People's Republic of China, it is a revolutionary exhibition unparalleled in its broad range.

In the great proletarian cultural revolution, workers, peasants, soldiers, Red Guards and revolutionary art workers, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and closely following his great strategic plan, have launched a fierce attack on the handful of authorities in the Party taking the capitalist road headed by China's Khrushchov. Using their brushes as knives, in the revolutionary mass movement of criticism and repudiation, they have produced many art works extolling the magnificent victory of our great leader Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. The exhibits include huge photographs and paintings of various kinds, graphic clay sculptures and handicraft works with a completely new content. More than sixty per cent of these works were produced by workers, peasants and soldiers.

Chairman Mao is the red, red sun in our hearts. The workers, peasants, soldiers, Red Guards and revolutionary art workers are infinitely loyal to our great leader, whom they love, venerate and trust

with all their hearts; so they have used art forms of every kind to depict him. One portrait of Chairman Mao is a coloured woodcut carved by workers of the Capital Iron and Steel Company. A painting by members of a people's commune in the outskirts of Peking has as its title these two lines of a poem by Chairman Mao:

The city, a tiger crouching, a dragon curling, out shines its ancient glories;

In heroic triumph heaven and earth have been overturned,

and shows him waving to a mammoth parade of revolutionaries. Revolutionary artists have produced woodcuts of Chairman Mao's brilliant feats at different stages of the revolution. Many visitors to the exhibition, as they gaze at these, exclaim: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long life to him!"

One section of the exhibition is devoted to paintings from Shanghai which illustrate quotations from Chairman Mao. These new art forms, which vividly propagate the great invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, were created by revolutionaries with deep proletarian love for Chairman Mao's writings.

Some clay figures were made in over three months by six airforce men who had no professional training in art. These authentic, lifelike figures depict the class struggle and blood and tears of the old society, powerfully refuting the counter-revolutionary fallacy put about by China's Khrushchov that "exploitation has its merits."

Another set of 109 large clay figures, *In Praise of the Red Guards*, was completed in less than a month by Red Guards, PLA men and revolutionary artists. It presents some of the many splendid exploits carried out by the Red Guards during the cultural revolution according to the instructions of Chairman Mao.

Other historic events and scenes of the great proletarian cultural revolution are also recorded in this exhibition. They include the "January Revolution" in Shanghai, the proletarian revolutionaries' seizure of power in different parts of the country, the nation-wide response to Chairman Mao's great call for revolutionary mass criticism and repudiation and for the formation of revolutionary great alliances, as well as the tremendous eagerness with which people of every land

are studying Chairman Mao's writings. All these are truthfully and stirringly reflected in this exhibition.

Photographic Exhibition on Albania

Our great leader Chairman Mao has said: **"Heroic People's Albania has become a great beacon of socialism in Europe."** In accordance with Chairman Mao's instructions, in the summer of 1967 a delegation of Chinese photographers visited Albania and took many pictures of the brilliant achievements of the Albanian people in the socialist revolution and socialist construction. Over two hundred of these photographs were displayed in an exhibition entitled "The Great Beacon of Socialism in Europe," which opened in the middle of October.

Premier Chou En-lai and Comrade Mehmet Shehu of Albania attended the opening ceremony of the exhibition.

Renmin Ribao and other newspapers devoted whole pages to reproducing some of the photographs. These included pictures of Comrade Mao Tse-tung's cordial meeting with Comrade Enver Hoxha, Comrade Enver Hoxha with the masses, the Albanian people's devotion to Chairman Mao, and the keenness with which they study his writings.

China Mass Produces Colour Film

Mass production of colour motion picture film has begun in China as a result of successful experiments made by revolutionary chemical industry workers and technicians during the cultural revolution.

Full-length documentaries in colour, such as *The East Is Red* and *Chairman Mao Reviews the Great Army of the Cultural Revolution*, have been produced with this Chinese-made film, and its excellent quality has been acclaimed by the revolutionary masses. The imperialists and revisionists, who formerly monopolized the manufacture of colour film, were unwilling to send it to China. This success breaks their unreasonable blockade, and will enable revolutionary people through-

out the country to see our great leader Chairman Mao on the screen without a long delay.

"Lenin In October" Revival

To mark the 50th anniversary of the great October Socialist Revolution, the revolutionary Soviet film *Lenin in October* has been shown recently throughout China.

This film shows how the Soviet people, led by Lenin and Stalin, with revolutionary initiative rose in violent revolution in the nefarious world controlled by capitalism to smash the old state machine and establish the first dictatorship of the proletariat, beginning a new era in the history of mankind. The film presents the splendid image of Lenin, great founder of the October Revolution, as well as his successor Stalin, both of whom are deeply loved by the revolutionary people of China and all other lands.

东 方 红

Tung Fang Hung

中板 庄严地 (Moderato maestoso)



The East Is Red

(Literal translation)

The east is red,
The sun rises.
China has brought forth a Mao Tse-tung.
He works for the people's happiness,
(hu er hai yo.)
He is the people's great saviour.

Chairman Mao loves the people,
He is our guide.
He leads us onward
(hu er hai yo,)
To build the new China.

The Communist Party is like the sun,
Wherever it shines, there is light.
Where there's the Communist Party,
(hu er hai yo,)
There the people will win liberation.

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