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CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Front Cover: Chairman Mao at the Tsunyi Conference



Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

It is man's social being that determines his thinking. Once the correct ideas characteristic of the advanced class are grasped by the masses, these ideas turn into a material force which changes society and changes the world.

— *Where Do Correct Ideas Come from?*



Our great leader Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Hail the Mass Publication of Chairman Mao's Works

China printed and published 80 million sets of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* in 1967. The target for the year was fulfilled ahead of schedule. This great undertaking was achieved at a time when the great proletarian cultural revolution had won decisive victories. This is great news for the revolutionary people of China and the whole world! It is a splendid victory for Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. The revolutionary people of our whole country and the world warmly cheer: "Long live the victory of Mao Tse-tung's thought!"

Never before has such a vast number of Chairman Mao's works been printed in a single year and distributed on such an extensive scale. Up till December 20, 1967, more than 86,400,000 sets of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* (I-IV) had been printed in the main Chinese language, in the languages of the national minorities of China and in many foreign languages. This figure is more than seven

times the total printed in all the 15 years before the great proletarian cultural revolution. In addition China has printed 350,000,000 copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, over 47,500,000 copies of *Selected Readings from the Works of Mao Tse-tung* and over 57,000,000 copies of *Chairman Mao's Poems*. To meet the urgent demand of the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works, these brilliant works have been distributed at top speed to the hundreds of millions of Chinese workers, peasants and soldiers and the revolutionary people in 148 countries and regions throughout the world.

The mass publication of Chairman Mao's works was given direct leadership and close attention by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, the State Council, the Military Commission of the Central Committee and the Cultural Revolution Group Under the Central Committee.

This great achievement which has made the world ring with the triumph of Mao Tse-tung's thought is due to the proletarian revolutionaries on the printing, publishing and distribution fronts in China, the members of the People's Liberation Army who are helping the Left throughout the country, revolutionaries in many trades and, indeed, the hundreds of millions who whole-heartedly love, trust, are loyal to and esteem our great leader Chairman Mao and the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Before the great proletarian cultural revolution, only 13 printing houses in seven provinces and municipalities were assigned to print the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, owing to sabotage by China's Khrushchov and the handful of other counter-revolutionary revisionists. In 1967, 181 printing houses in 28 provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions throughout the country engaged in this glorious work.

A mantis cannot stop the wheel of history; the wings of a crow cannot blot out the sun. During the great proletarian cultural revolution which was initiated and is being led by Chairman Mao himself, China's Khrushchov and the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists entrenched in publishing and printing trades have been overthrown and the revolutionary workers are realizing their aspirations

by printing huge editions of the treasured revolutionary works of Chairman Mao.

"Each additional volume of Chairman Mao's works produced will increase the strength of the Chinese and the world revolution!"

The revolutionary workers in China's publishing and printing trades spent countless fighting days and nights in making a good job of printing these treasured revolutionary books, putting incomparable revolutionary enthusiasm into their work.

To make a good job of printing the treasured revolutionary books, they gave up their own leisure and worked against time.

To make a good job of printing the treasured revolutionary books, they took great pains in their work, striving for perfection.

To make a good job of printing the treasured revolutionary books, they never wavered no matter how great the difficulties.

In Chaoyuan County, Heilungkiang Province, the temperature dropped below zero on the eve of National Day. At the Chaoyuan Printing Shop, which had begun printing Chairman Mao's works in the cultural revolution, the workers stayed late to rush out the treasured revolutionary books.

A howling north wind was piercingly cold. Yet, in front of the Hsinhua Bookstore, large crowds of people — workers, peasants, revolutionary teachers and students, cadres and men of the People's Liberation Army — were waiting to buy the treasured revolutionary books, braving the cold wind and singing songs based on quotations from Chairman Mao.

The printers who saw this on their way home were so moved that they could not fall asleep. They thought: Right at this moment, how many other people in China and the world are longing to obtain the treasured revolutionary books of Chairman Mao!

Unable to lie in bed any longer, one after another they got up, went back to the printing shop and resumed work.

At the printing house of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, the workers look on the task of printing Chairman Mao's works as a glorious responsibility undertaken for the revolutionary people of China and of the whole world.

Once they printed 50,000 copies of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*. When they had nearly finished the binding and packing they found that two copies with three almost illegible words had been put in by mistake.

The problem then arose whether they should look for these two copies among the 50,000 copies or let it pass.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **“Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people. Every word, every act and every policy must conform to the people’s interests, and if mistakes occur, they must be corrected — that is what being responsible to the people means.”**

The workers acted according to this instruction of Chairman Mao and made a serious self-examination. They said: Chairman Mao’s books are the source of strength and the guarantee for victory. Every word is true gold and every sentence is the truth. One sentence by Chairman Mao equals 10,000 ordinary sentences. Every word, every sentence is concerned with the future and prospects of the revolutionary people of China and the world. We must ensure one hundred per cent quality and absolutely cannot allow the slightest negligence.

The workers became more anxious the more they thought about it. They spent the following Sunday examining the books, package by package, volume by volume, and page by page until the two faulty copies were finally discovered.

The revolutionary workers in publishing and printing trades in Peking, Shanghai and the provinces of Shantung, Heilungkiang, Hopei, Honan, Chekiang, Kiangsu, Kwangtung and Hunan, distinguished themselves by the way in which they contributed to the fulfilment of last year’s splendid plan for printing Chairman Mao’s works. They printed a vast number of copies and took great pains to make them handsome, using every ounce of their skill, even on the covers and embellishments. While manufacturing red and gold plastic covers, the revolutionary workers at the Tung Fang Hung (The East Is Red) Printing House in Tientsin carried out more than two hundred experiments.

Not long ago the revolutionary workers at the Shanghai No. 17 People’s Printing House successfully trial-produced a new machine

which can print words and profiles of Chairman Mao in gold on the red plastic covers of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* and *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*.

The revolutionary workers at the two factories said that they had only one wish: To make the covers of these treasured books show more vividly the radiance of the thought of Mao Tse-tung and express the vital feature of this great era when hundreds of millions of red hearts are turning towards the sun.

The revolutionary workers in China’s publishing and printing trades bear the whole world in mind when they stand beside their machines. While their hands are printing the revolutionary treasured books of Chairman Mao, their hearts beat in unison with the Chinese and world revolution. They contribute their strength to the loftiest and most splendid cause, namely, the dissemination of Mao Tse-tung’s thought.

Actually, not all those who help to print the treasured revolutionary books and to disseminate Mao Tse-tung’s thought are professional printing workers.

In Tzukung, Szechuan Province, in August and September, 1967 the masses went all out to help print the works of Chairman Mao. The Hsinhua Printing House of Tzukung decided to overhaul and repair its machinery so as to ensure good quality and the fulfilment of its task in the printing of the treasured revolutionary books. When this news spread, helping hands were offered from all sides: The No. 1 Machinery Plant promptly sent cadres and technical personnel to help with the check up and repair of the machines; the Municipal Foundry worked through the night to rush out the spare-parts urgently needed by the printing house; and the revolutionary workers of the Municipal Repair Plant for Salt Manufacturing Machines volunteered to repair one set of machines. In addition, the Municipal Salt Company sent their best technicians, the Municipal Party School and the Physical Culture Committee put some of their buildings at the service of the printing house, which needed more store-rooms and workshops. Young Red Guards and housewives as well as revolutionaries from all walks of life flocked in to join in voluntary labour at the printing house. They said: Chairman Mao is the red,

red sun in our hearts. The publishing of Chairman Mao's treasured revolutionary books is our common task — a glorious task for us all.

These moving episodes in Tzukung epitomize the help given everywhere to the printing of the treasured revolutionary books. Proletarian revolutionaries and hundreds of millions of revolutionary people in our country have contributed to the publication of Chairman Mao's treasured revolutionary books and to the victory of the Chinese and world revolution.

The fact that last year's grand plan for printing 80 million sets of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* was fulfilled ahead of schedule is a great victory for the all-illuminating thought of Mao Tse-tung.

The fact that this huge number of the treasured books has been delivered into the hands of millions upon millions of revolutionary people is another resounding song of triumph for Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Throughout our vast country, in factories, villages, government institutions, schools and in PLA barracks sounds of rejoicing — gonging, drumming, snapping fire-crackers and rousing cheers — often signal the arrival of a precious consignment of Chairman Mao's works.

When the decorated van or lorry carrying the treasured books arrives, the revolutionary masses rush out to spread the news. People gather from all around and cheer: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

"We will read Chairman Mao's books, listen to his words and follow him in making revolution throughout our lives!"

"The sea may dry up and the rocks crumble, but our loyalty to Mao Tse-tung's thought will never change." These are some of the sentiments expressed by people who have waited a long time to get the treasured books.

The distributors cross mountains and rivers and overcome all manner of difficulties to deliver the books to distant mines and people's communes, and to the commanders and men guarding the coasts and the frontiers. The revolutionary workers in other walks of life

such as the postal service, supply and marketing and the health department also look upon the distribution of the treasured revolutionary books as their own noble political mission.

Book distributors working in Haiyang County, Shantung Province, competed with one another to deliver the treasured books to work sites, to the farms, to the classes studying Mao Tse-tung's thought and to the homes of former poor and lower-middle peasants. In the course of delivering the books, they joined the workers and peasants in manual work in order to disseminate Mao Tse-tung's thought, help them organize study groups and find out what other books they needed. Proletarian revolutionaries working in other fields also help in the distribution work. They put up special counters in shops, supply centres, and places such as health centres and banks. They set up book stalls in the schools. Postmen, public health workers and tax-collectors carry cases of books with them on their rounds. In this way, Chairman Mao's works have been distributed to every part of the country, every corner of which is radiant with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In the Altai area of Sinkiang, northwest China, a book distributor once made a five-day trip to a mountain pasture in the Hunghsing Commune. He arrived in a thunderstorm but as soon as news of his arrival got about, the Kazakhs from twenty kilometres around hurried over that very night and there was great rejoicing. An old man of over seventy kissed the little red book, *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Looking at the portrait of Chairman Mao inside, he said, "It is you who have opened my eyes, helped us poor people to distinguish our own kind from the enemy and to see through the wicked plots of China's Khrushchov. We people of various nationalities will always follow you in making revolution and will never depart from your brilliant thought."

The book distributors have seen with their own eyes how the revolutionary masses cherish Chairman Mao's works, how they study and apply them in a living way, linking study with practice so as to get quick results, and how they are turning their creative study and application into a tremendous material force. Profoundly inspired by all this, they have gained a deeper understanding of

Comrade Lin Piao's words — "Once Mao Tse-tung's thought is grasped by the broad masses, it becomes an inexhaustible source of strength and a spiritual atom bomb of infinite power."

The world has entered the new era which has Mao Tse-tung's thought as its great banner.

Hundreds of millions of revolutionary people throughout the world have found the orientation for revolution in the brilliant works of Chairman Mao and have drawn mighty spiritual strength from them for forging ahead triumphantly.

Today, a new situation is being brought about throughout the world with the unprecedented popularization of Mao Tse-tung's thought. In 148 countries and regions in the six continents, from heroic Albania to Vietnam which is persisting in the war against U.S. imperialism and for national salvation, from the mountainous areas in South America to the dense forests of vast Africa, countless revolutionaries are studying and disseminating the great thought of Mao Tse-tung to enable the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought to illuminate the whole globe.

Guided by Mao Tse-tung's thought people in Laos, Burma, the Philippines, Thailand, India, Indonesia and other countries are taking and persisting in the correct road of revolutionary armed struggle and rebelling against the imperialists, modern revisionists and all reactionaries who ride rough-shod over them, in their fight for complete emancipation.

"Only Mao Tse-tung's thought can save Japan." Through studying and applying Chairman Mao's works in a living way our Japanese friends have become aware of this great truth, as have the revolutionary people of many countries.

The imperialists, modern revisionists and all reactionaries are frightened out of their wits by the dissemination of Mao Tse-tung's thought. They arrest, imprison and even kill revolutionaries who study Chairman Mao's works. But under the threat of the enemy's bayonets and in gloomy prisons more and more revolutionary fighters, at the risk of their lives, persist in passing on the treasured works of

Chairman Mao secretly, book by book and page by page, and draw inexhaustible strength from them.

From their personal experience the revolutionary people of all countries realize that in publishing and distributing Chairman Mao's works in large quantities and disseminating Mao Tse-tung's thought widely, the Chinese people are providing the greatest support for the revolutionary struggles of the world proletariat and the peoples of all countries!

Among the innumerable letters and gifts which express eager longing and heartfelt thanks for such support, is a red banner sent in the name of the Communist Party of Burma.

This banner was presented by Comrade Thakin Ba Thein Tin, first vice-chairman of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Burma, on November 7, 1967. The Burmese edition of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* had just come off the press in China. In presenting the banner to the revolutionary workers of several Peking printing houses who had taken part in the work, Comrade Thakin Ba Thein Tin spoke in the highest terms of this "invaluable treasure and the sharpest ideological weapon" presented by the Chinese Communist Party and the Chinese people to the Communist Party and people of Burma. He declared, "Our Party and people's army will put Mao Tse-tung's thought in command and persist in armed, people's struggle until final victory in the Burmese revolution is won."

His speech expressed the common feelings and aspirations of Marxist-Leninists throughout the world and the revolutionary people of all countries.

Our great leader Chairman Mao's close comrade-in-arms Comrade Lin Piao has pointed out with brilliance:

Once Mao Tse-tung's thought — Marxism-Leninism at its highest in the present era — is grasped, the oppressed nations and peoples will, through their own struggles, be able to win liberation.

Once Mao Tse-tung's thought — Marxism-Leninism at its highest in the present era — is grasped, the countries that have already established the dictatorship of the proletariat will, through their own struggles, be able to prevent the restoration of capitalism.

Once Mao Tse-tung's thought — Marxism-Leninism at its highest in the present era — is grasped, the people of those countries where political power has been usurped by revisionists will, through their own struggles, be able to overthrow the rule of revisionism and re-establish the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The integration of Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought, with the revolutionary practice of the people of the world will smash the old world to smithereens.

"Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tse-tung's thought" is a great truth of our times.

"Study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions and be a good fighter of Chairman Mao" is the common pledge of the revolutionary people of our era.

Mao Tse-tung's thought means victory!

Follow Mao Tse-tung and the whole world will be red!

Long live the great, invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung!

Long live the great teacher, leader, supreme commander and helmsman Chairman Mao, a long, long life to him!

Sea Battle at Night

A play in six scenes

CHARACTERS

Kung Hsien-wen	political commissar of a convoy flotilla of the Chinese navy
Kuan Ta-lung	a squadron commander
Tieh Chen-hai	political instructor of Gunboat 878
Ting Chang-pao	turbine man on 878
Teng Teh-meng	one of the turret crew on 878
Chou Hai-sheng	878's signalman
Yu Leng	a seaman on shore duty in the dock administration office
Chou Yen-hua	Chou Hai-sheng's elder sister, a nurse in the mobile medical team of the naval hospital
Liu Chun	Kuan Ta-lung's wife, a doctor in the mobile medical team

This was written by the drama group of the cultural ensemble of the political department of the navy.

Old Ah-kung	Ting Chang-pao's father, a fisherman
Ling Hsiao-jung	leader of a Young Pioneer brigade
Captain Li	head of a militawomen's detachment
Iron Hammer	captain of an enemy task group
Sui Kuei	a prisoner

PROLOGUE

Our heavenly fighters' anger batters the firmament

Chairman Mao says: "Weapons are an important factor in war, but not the decisive factor; it is people, not things, that are decisive."

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao says: "As far as our army is concerned, what is the best weapon? It is not aircraft, heavy artillery, tanks or the atom bomb. The best weapon is the thought of Mao Tse-tung. What is the greatest fighting power? It is the men who are armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung. It is courage, not to fear to die."

To the strains of a stirring, martial overture, against a background of turbulent waves appear the heroic silhouettes of workers, peasants and soldiers. From the foam rises the title: *Sea Battle at Night*.

(Voice offstage)

Sea,
 Turbulent, mighty sea,
 Wild, surging sea,
 Great sea of a storm-tossed age!
 Sea,
 Sea of the people,
 Sea of revolution,
 Vast sea of people's war!
 It will engulf
 U.S. imperialism and its henchmen;
 On this mighty stage

The revolutionary people armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought
 Will enact many a splendid historical drama.

A red light floods the stage, revealing heroic images of armed workers, peasants and soldiers. Triumphant music sings their praise.

SCENE ONE

To find men truly great and noble-hearted We must look here in the present

Chairman Mao says: "Over a long period we have developed this concept for the struggle against the enemy: strategically we should despise all our enemies, but tactically we should take them all seriously."

Time: 1965.

Place: The dock of a certain convoy flotilla.

The stage is thronged with people holding bright red copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. The hills surrounding the harbour are covered with green pines. Waves pound the foot of the cliffs.

Signals are being rapidly dispatched from a raised signal platform.

(Gonging and drumming sound on the quay; a ship boots from the harbour. Gunboat 878 is coming alongside. Under Kuan Ta-lung's supervision seamen stand by with hawsers. The signalman signals to the vessels behind...)

(At one side of the stage, personnel of the administration office set up a cheerful din with their gongs and drums. Yu Leng, the leading drummer, makes fast a hawser to a bollard, then picks up his drumsticks and sets up a furious tattoo.)

Yu: Comrades! Second squadron won a big victory last night. Let's first celebrate this victory. *(Gonging and drumming)* Now, welcome second squadron's triumphant return.

(Gonging and drumming.)

A seaman: Congratulate second squadron on this new success they've won by living study and application of Chairman Mao's works!

(Gonging and drumming.)

Another seaman: They've had a crack at Chiang Kai-shek and U.S. imperialism, and won another victory.

Yu (*towards 878's conning tower*): Report, second squadron commander! On behalf of the flotilla, the dock administration office welcomes you on your triumphant return. The flotilla commander and his staff officers have gone to the restricted zone to an emergency meeting. They asked us to congratulate you from them on your magnificent victory last night!

Kuan (*taking off his helmet, earphones and oilskin*): What magnificent victory? We let our main target, task group 34.7, get away. Those two big tin cans *Yungchang* and *Chienkuei* gave us the slip. All we caught was some smaller fry. (*To the deck*) Deputy commander, let's hold a branch committee meeting to sum up experience. (*To the signalman*) Tell 879 and 880 to heave to by Number Two Quay, and then take those prisoners to the restricted zone. (*The signalman does as ordered.*) Yu Leng, we let 34.7 get away! (*Exasperatedly*) They made off, confound them!

(The seamen talk together.)

Yu: I always look on the bright side, squadron commander....
(With a show of secrecy) According to reliable intelligence, task group 34.7 — that's to say those two large enemy destroyers *Yungchang* and *Chienkuei* — will be heading this way again....

Kuan (*eagerly*): Today?

Yu (*vaguely*): Maybe.

Kuan: Is that official?

Yu: Yes.

Kuan (*hurrying down the accommodation ladder*): When will first and third squadrons be back, Yu Leng? You don't suppose, do you,

they'll be sent to attack directly from their present position, leaving us here in dock?

Yu: Impossible. They're due back at noon.

Kuan: Good. We must get in first and grab this task! Master sergeant!

Master sergeant (*appearing*): Here!

Kuan: Clean all equipment and guns, and stock up on ammunition, oil and water. Look sharp!

Master sergeant: Very good. (*With a long blast on his whistle he relays this order. The crew set busily to work.*)

Kuan: Where did you hear this, Yu Leng? The flotilla commander's gone to an emergency meeting....

Yu: Just promise me one thing, second squadron commander, and I'll give you the gen.

Kuan: What is it you want? Go on.

Yu (*drawing Kuan aside*): Put in a word for me to the flotilla command, to let me join 878 for this next fight. I've served five years now as a longshoreman. It's time I was tempered in action....

Kuan: That's no problem.

Yu: I've your word for it?

Kuan: Of course. Now go on.

Yu: Second squadron commander, I can see which way the wind's blowing. As a matter of fact, all the comrades know....

Kuan (*catching on*): What?

Yu: Dogs can't cure themselves of eating shit any more than flies can stop droning. U.S. imperialism and all diehards can never change their reactionary nature. They're liable to head back any time....

(General laughter.)

Kuan: You scoundrel, Yu Leng! (*He tries to grab Yu Leng, who dodges.*) ...Join us, eh? You can cool your heels on the quay during the next fight. Deputy commander, I'm going over

to flotilla headquarters. When I come back we'll hold that meeting, and make ready for continuous fighting. (*Exit.*)

Yu (*calling after him*): Second squadron commander! I'm sure as can be that I'll join in the next fight!

A seaman: Here, Yu Leng, 879 and 880 are coming alongside. (*He draws Yu Leng away.*)

Master sergeant: Hey, Yu Leng! Is the political instructor back?

Yu: What a brainless question! Each ship has a political instructor. Which do you mean, 879, 880 or 878?

Deputy commander: Ours, of course. 878's. Our former commander.

Yu: Ah! Tieh Chen-hai, Political Instructor Tieh of 878.

All: Is he out of hospital yet?

Yu: Not so far as I know. If he is, I want to see him.

(*Yu Leng and others go off, gonging and drumming.*)

(*In the distance Kung Hsien-wen shouts: "Kuan Ta-lung! Ta-lung!"*)

A seaman: Here comes the political commissar.

(*Kung Hsien-wen and Old Ah-kung hurry in.*)

Kung: You've been having a tough time, comrades.

Seamen: We serve the people.

Old Ah-kung: That was fine fighting last night, comrades!

Seamen: Well, Old Ah-kung, how goes it? (*They go over to greet him.*)

Kung: Old Ah-kung's here representing Big Fish Island to find out what protection we can give the fishermen. He's come to see you comrades and his son at the same time. Where's Chang-pao, anyway?

Seamen: Ting Chang-pao and the master sergeant are practising night fighting, political commissar.

(*Ting Chang-pao, blindfolded, feels his way round the conning tower. Behind him is the master sergeant. They are doing a blackout drill. When the master sergeant sees Kung Hsien-wen and Old Ah-kung, he wants to break off to greet them. But Kung signs to him to go on.*)

Master sergeant: Comrade Ting Chang-pao.

Ting: Here.

Master sergeant: Muster in front of the flash plate ready to board the enemy.

Ting (*swiftly takes a carbine from behind the conning tower, runs unerringly to the flash plate and stands in front of it*): Ready.

Master sergeant: An enemy vessel to port has come within range. Boarding party take cover behind the fore gun.

Ting: Aye, aye. (*He runs without hesitation to the right of the gun, and drops down to await orders.*) Ready.

Kung (*quickly boarding the boat*): Comrade Ting Chang-pao!

Ting: Here!

Kung: The vessel you are going to board is the large destroyer *Chienkuei*, the most powerful ship in the U.S.-Chiang task group 34.7.

Ting: Chairman Mao says: "All reactionaries are paper tigers." We shall board the enemy and wipe out *Chienkuei*.

Kung: The enemy vessel still has fighting strength.

Ting: Proletarian revolutionary fighters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought are not afraid of night combat or close combat. Fighting hand to hand, we shall subdue every enemy. We'll fight our way on to the enemy vessel and capture those pirates alive.

Kung: Good for you! (*Old Ah-kung has been irresistibly drawn towards his son.*) Ting Chang-pao.

Ting: Here.

Kung: Feel who that is to your left, who's going to fight beside you.

Ting: Aye, aye. (*He runs his hands over Old Ah-kung. When he reaches his arms he lets out a yell:*) Dad!

Old Ah-kung (*laughing heartily*): Smart lad. How did you know?

Ting (*taking off his bandage*): By those chain scars on your arms.

Old Ah-kung: Thousands of poor men were beaten up and chained by the dihardes. I'm not the only one with scars, am I?

Ting: No, but scars come in different shapes and sizes. I've fingered these scars of yours since I was a kid. And each time

you gave me a lesson in class education. Something like that isn't easily forgotten.

Old Ah-kung: Wasn't I right to give you those lessons?

Ting: Of course you were.

Old Ah-kung: Always remember the sea of blood we fishing folk have shed, the bitterness of our hatred!

Kung: Comrade Ting Chang-pao's an activist in the study of Chairman Mao's writings and a "five-good" fighter, Old Ah-kung.

Old Ah-kung: That's good. We must all study Chairman Mao's works hard. I do myself, even though I'm over sixty. And the more I study, the clearer my mind grows, the younger I feel...

Kung: Comrades, Old Ah-kung is an example to us all. Chang-pao, take your dad into the cabin to rest, and tell him your "five-good" plan.

Ting: Aye, aye. (*He leads his father past the conning tower.*)

(*Kuan Ta-lung hurries in.*)

Kuan: I was looking for you, political commissar, at flotilla headquarters.

Kung: Well, now you've found me. You carried out your task very well last night, comrade. Put up a splendid fight.

Kuan: I don't see anything splendid about the overall battle, political commissar.

Kung: Why not?

Kuan: We let 34.7 get away! Those devils gave us the slip. If we hadn't been recalled, we'd have pursued and done for them.

Kung: Pursued them? How far...

Kuan: We'd have followed, no matter how far, and split up their formation.

Kung: Followed? How far would you have followed? Your speed is the same as the enemy's. How long would it take you to overtake him?

Master sergeant: We knew what we were about. If we'd kept after them, their turbine men — those old crocks — would have

been no match for us. Scared stiff, they'd have been, unable to keep up their speed.

Kuan: Our turbine men, on the other hand, will shed their last drop of blood and still keep going to ensure the engines' smooth running. We'd have overtaken them.

Kung: There may be truth in that. But how far would you have followed them to fight? To Taiwan? How long would you have gone on? Till after daylight?

Kuan: Well...

Kung: You see.... Comrades, let's recite together the first part of the second extract on page 79 of the *Quotations*. Chairman Mao teaches us: "**Over a long period we have developed this concept for the struggle against the enemy: strategically we should despise all our enemies, but tactically we should take them all seriously.**" According to Chairman Mao's supreme directives, we must take into full account the enemy's crafty scheming. The U.S. imperialists have told Chiang Kai-shek to use this task group 34.7 in co-ordination with their "gradual escalation" to enlarge the scope of their aggressive war in Vietnam. It is part of their overall plan to spread the flames of war to our territory. With their heavy tonnage, high speed and large-calibre, long-range artillery, those two destroyers can strike at us from a distance. If we're not very careful we may burn our fingers!

Kuan: We're fighters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, ready to cross hills of swords and seas of fire. Even if the enemy's guns can blast half the sea sky-high, once we close with him he can't hurt a hair of our heads.

Kung: Right. Close combat and night combat are right up our street. But there's more to it than that. Here, comrades, sit down. (*The seamen sit down round Kung.*) Relying on our spiritual atom bomb, we must take full advantage of our strong points — the small target our gunboat presents, her mobility and the ease with which she can take cover. We must, in particular, take full advantage of night-time and the cover the islands provide. If we make good use of natural cover and strike like lightning

to intercept and pin down the enemy, we can come to grips with him and let his blood. This...

Kuan: This is what is meant by: "You fight in your way and we fight in ours; we fight when we can win and move away when we can't."

Seamen: Or: "When you want to fight us, we don't let you and you can't even find us. But, when we want to fight you, we make sure that you can't get away and we hit you squarely on the chin and wipe you out."

Kung: Yes. Vice-Chairman Lin Piao says: "When we are able to wipe you out, we do so with a vengeance; when we can't, we see to it that you don't wipe us out. It is opportunism if one won't fight when one can win. It is adventurism if one insists on fighting when one can't win. Fighting is the pivot of all our strategy and tactics." This is Chairman Mao's military theory. It's easy to learn, hard to put into practice! All right, get on with your work, comrades. (*The seamen go aboard. To Kuan Ta-lung:*) The restricted zone has collected everybody's proposals and drawn up a plan for annihilating task group 34.7. It's called Plan 202. It embodies an excellent suggestion from Tieh Chen-hai on the crucial question of the choice of an alert station from which to make a sortie.

Kuan (*pleased and surprised*): Tieh Chen-hai? Has he recovered, then, and left hospital?

Kung: He came out today. But he'll still have to spend some time in a sanatorium. He made his suggestions in hospital. The restricted zone went into them and added certain proposals, and after consulting our flotilla and the military area adopted them. The flotilla has decided to give the most difficult task in Plan 202 to your second squadron.

Kuan: Splendid!... But the problem of 878 ought to be settled at once, political commissar.

Kung: Yes, 878 has sent men to the new ship. You're shorthanded now, with no signalman, and your political instructor's in hospital.

Kuan: And 878's commander has gone to take part in the socialist education movement.

Kung: That's why you've been asked to command 878 concurrently.

Kuan: That's not what's worrying me. It's getting my full complement of men...

Kung: I'm seeing to that today. Some fine men I've chosen, too. I guarantee you'll be satisfied with them.

Kuan: That's good, then. (*He shouts:*) Deputy commander! Alert all hands to welcome some new comrades.

Kung: Your wife has come. She's a doctor now in the mobile medical team. (*He calls towards Number Two Quay.*) Comrade Liu Chun!...

(*Enter Liu Chun.*)

Kuan: You here!

Liu: I've been here a week, while you've been out on a mission. We heard you took some prisoners last night, and have come to attend to the wounded. Political commissar, one of the prisoners wants to speak to you. I've had him brought along.

(*A seaman hurries in.*)

Seaman: Report! The prisoner is here.

(*Seamen march in the prisoner Sui Kuei.*)

Liu: Didn't you say you'd something to report? Go ahead.

Sui (*darting up to Kung Hsien-wen*): I'm a prisoner, sir, not a spy. My name is Sui Kuei. I'm a decent sailor. They ordered me to operate the out-board motor for their spy boat, but I'm a turbine man. I sent the signal: We surrender.... They call me a stubborn bastard.

Kung: A stubborn bastard?

Sui: A pig-headed trouble-maker.... I've punched three first mates and two captains, and spent forty-two days in the lock-up. That's why they call me a stubborn bastard, a reprobate.

Kuan: If you surrender honestly to the people and turn over a new leaf, the people will let you make amends for your crimes.

Sui: I'm honest, I swear! How I've dreamed of surrendering to the Communist Party! If there'd been a bridge between Taiwan and the mainland, even if it had been covered with atom bombs, I'd have crossed it on the double.

Kung: Tell us about 34.7.

Sui: 34.7 has been organized by the Yanks themselves and given the code number 34.7. It has two top-notch destroyers given by the Americans, American equipped, American trained and American supplied. The captain of the flagship was trained by the Yanks. We call him Iron Hammer.

Ting: Bah, sucking up to those gangsters. What do those Yanks amount to, anyway? The Chinese people have beaten them once already.

Sui: Yessir.... Did I say something wrong?

Kung: Go on.

Sui: Yessir, I will. Iron Hammer keeps bragging that these little gunboats of yours are just not in his class. Eight of you aren't as big as one of his destroyers. One round from his guns could cripple you, whereas ten rounds from your guns would barely scratch him. And Iron Hammer....

Old Ah-kung (*rounding furiously on Sui*): Shut up! Stop peddling quack medicine for those U.S. pirates and traitors. Bring your Iron Hammer, your turtles and other trash here.... We fishermen on Big Fish Island will harpoon the lot and feed them to the sharks, without troubling the PLA to lend a hand. Just bring Iron Hammer here!

Sui (*putting up his hands*): Uncle Fisherman, I surrender. I... I'm waiting for news that you've wiped out 34.7... I'm waiting....

Kung (*to the seamen*): Take him to the restricted zone.

Seamen: Come on.

(They march the prisoner out.)

Old Ah-kung (*to Ting Chang-pao*): Did you hear that, son? Those diehards look down on the likes of us. If they only looked down on us two, father and son, it wouldn't matter. But who are you? Who am I?

Ting: I'm one of Chairman Mao's fighters!

Old Ah-kung: And your dad is one of Chairman Mao's people! Army and people, we must have more determination, polish up on our thinking, improve our skill, and be ready day or night. Then no matter who comes to make trouble, 34.7 or 56.8, we'll send him down to meet the Dragon King!

Kung: Chairman Mao says: "The army and the people are the foundation of victory." (*To the men*) Comrades, let's arm our minds with Mao Tse-tung's thought, raise our ideological consciousness, train to be crack fighters, and always be prepared.

Kuan: The day will come when we suddenly draw alongside 34.7, when we wipe out Iron Hammer and 34.7 thoroughly, wholly and completely!

Kung: Can you do it, men?

Seamen (*all together*): Aye!

Old Ah-kung: Spoiling for a fight, they are! All right, political commissar, it's all settled about convoys for the fishing fleet. Our boats from Big Fish Island put out to sea today too. The sailing date's fixed, as well, for your squadron. I must get back home now. But didn't you say you were sending men on a mission to Big Fish Island?

Kung: They may set out this evening.

Old Ah-kung: Good. See you again on the island.

Kung: Why not stay and have a good talk with Chang-pao?

Old Ah-kung: No, all the advice I have for him boils down to four sentences....

Ting (*breaking in before his father can finish*): Study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions and be Chairman Mao's good fighter.

Old Ah-kung: Quite right. Oh, Chang-pao, the political commissar told me young Ah-meng of our Big Fish Island has finished training and is being assigned to your boat....

Ting: Teng Teh-meng? Is he joining us?

Kung: Yes, he reported in this morning.

Old Ah-kung (to *Ting Chang-pao*): You've been taught a lot all this time you've been in the navy. You must do all you can to help Ah-meng. The two of you should become a "red pair."

Ting: Don't worry, dad.

Old Ah-kung: All right, I won't say any more. See you on Big Fish Island, comrades!

(They see the old man off.)

Kung (to *Kuan*): After that drubbing you gave him last night, the enemy may well come back to take his revenge. You must step up your sailing readiness and combat readiness. Hold yourselves prepared for a task at any time.

Kuan: Where's Tieh Chen-hai? Ask the hospital....

Kung (indicating *Liu Chun*): Ask her. She's in charge. *(He hurries off.)*

Liu: I must go back now to the medical station.

Kuan: Wait a bit. Let us have Tieh Chen-hai. 878 has no political instructor....

Liu: He lost too much blood from his wound in the last battle. Although, basically, he's better, he still needs to convalesce for quite a time. Why be in such a hurry to get him back? Is this your way of showing concern for comrades? *(Exit.)*

(The deputy commander of 878 enters from the aft deck.)

Deputy commander: Squadron commander, 880 has berthed by Number Two Quay, and the political commissar wants you to go over.

Kuan: All right. For the daily reading follow the political commissar's instructions and get all hands to study quotations dealing with "strategically we should despise all our enemies, but tactically we should take them all seriously." *(Exit.)*

Deputy commander (to the master sergeant): All fall in at the poop for the daily reading.

Master sergeant (*whistles*): All hands to the poop!

(The seamen go off.)

(Chou Yen-hua runs in and meets Yu Leng with a load of cables.)

Yen-hua: Hey, comrade! Have you seen the second squadron commander?

Yu: What d'you want him for?

Yen-hua: To get hold of someone for me.

Yu: Who is it you want?

Yen-hua: Hmm. 878's Political Instructor Tieh has rejoined the squadron. I'm going to take him away.

Yu: Tell me, comrade, how is Political Instructor Tieh? Fit again?

Yen-hua: Now then, comrade, it's your squadron commander I want.

Yu: What's the hurry? Political Instructor Tieh....

Yen-hua: The political instructor.... Oh, you wouldn't understand. Just tell me where your squadron commander is.

Yu: He just went over there.

Yen-hua: Thanks. *(Hurries off.)*

Yu: You're welcome.

(Tieh Chen-hai enters in high spirits.)

Tieh: Yu Leng!

Yu (*in pleased surprise*): Political Instructor Tieh!... *(He steps forward eagerly.)* You've been discharged from hospital, political instructor?

Tieh: Hmm.

Yu (*puzzled*): Then....

Tieh: What?

Yu: Why was that little nurse from the mobile medical team hunting for you just now?

Tieh (*on his guard*): Was she?... *(He takes cover.)*

Yu: What's the idea?

Tieh: Nothing, Yu Leng.... See you later. *(He turns to leave.)*

Yu (*barring the way*): Nothing? Why so nervous, then? In such a hurry to withdraw?

Tieh: The fact is, the restricted zone has given me a task on Big Fish Island. I'm afraid if the comrades here see me, there'll be no getting away. So long! (*Tries to leave.*)

Yu (*still holding him*): I think I know . . . you haven't been discharged from the hospital, have you?

Tieh: Who says so? I can show you my discharge papers.

Yu: In that case, why are you hiding like this? Come clean.

Tieh: I really have been discharged, Yu Leng, but . . .

Yu: But what?

Tieh: But the hospital advises a spell in a sanatorium. Since you say a nurse was here hunting for me, I don't think I'd better come aboard. As an old comrade-in-arms, do me a favour. Fetch me the charting instruments from the ship.

Yu: All right, on one condition. (*Tieh nods.*) Help me get permission from the flotilla command to join 878 for the next fight. (*Tieh promptly nods.*) Word of honour?

Tieh: Sure. Hurry up and fetch those things.

Yu: Right you are. Wait here. (*He goes aboard.*)

Tieh (*looking with shining eyes at 878*): How goes it, comrades? How I've missed you all every day for a month and more! The news of your victory set my blood racing like the sea under our propeller! Every man of you is like a young tiger, brave and utterly fearless of death.

**"To find men truly great and noble-hearted
We must look here in the present."**

(*Yu Leng comes back with the instruments.*)

Yu: Here you are, political instructor. Always ready to help an old comrade-in-arms, that's me.

Tieh (*quickly taking the instruments*): Thanks. See you later, Yu Leng. (*He hurries off.*)

Yu: Don't forget your promise! So long!

(*Enter Kuan Ta-lung.*)

Kuan: Who's that who just left, Yu Leng?

Yu (*unguardedly*): Political Instructor Tieh.

Kuan: What? You're kidding.

Yu: That's right. I was kidding. (*He hurries off.*)

(*As Kuan is about to go aboard, three young seamen march cheerfully in singing a quotation from Chairman Mao.*)

Chou (*saluting Kuan*): Report! Which is Gunboat 878?

Kuan (*sizing them up*): Why do you ask?

Chou: We want to report to 878.

Kuan: Where are you from?

Three seamen: The training unit.

Kuan: Just the three of you?

Chou: That's right. So far as we know.

Kuan (*to Chou*): What are you called?

Chou: I'm called a signalman. . . . No, I mean, I'm Chou Hai-sheng, a signalman.

Kuan: And you?

Teng: Teng Teh-meng.

Kuan: From Big Fish Island where Ting Chang-pao comes from, eh?

Teng: That's right. I hear he's on 878.

Kuan: He's a fine comrade. (*To Chou*) When did you join up?

Chou: In March 1965. At the same time as my sister Chou Yen-hua. She joined the nurses' training class, I the seamen's training unit. . . .

Kuan: How old are you?

Chou (*promptly*): Seventeen. (*Hastily correcting himself*) I mean eighteen.

Kuan: Seventeen or eighteen, which?

Chou: Eighteen, eighteen.

Kuan (*to the other two*): And you?

The two seamen (*one after the other*): Eighteen. Eighteen. The same.

Kuan: Oh, all new recruits.

Chou: Hey, comrade, why look down your nose at us? What's wrong with being new?

Kuan: All I meant was....

Chou: Aren't the best things in the world new things? An old seaman like you started off as a new recruit.

The other two seamen: That's right.

Kuan: See here, young comrades....

Chou: There's nothing like young blood. Doesn't Chairman Mao say that new things are invincible? So what's wrong with us new recruits? Steeled and tested young revolutionaries like us are quite capable of taking up the important task of safeguarding our motherland.

Kuan: Yes, I agree. But, comrades....

Chou: But new forces in the budding stage often don't get taken seriously by people. What's your attitude to them? Revolutionary or conservative? This is a serious question.

Kuan: All right, since it's a serious question, let's deal with it seriously. I'll make a public self-criticism. I was wrong to talk the way I did.... But you don't realize that this gunboat of ours is a fighting vessel.

Three seamen: A fighting vessel! Splendid! *(They jump for joy.)*

Kuan: Wait a bit. That means it's going into battle. And a battle means hand-to-hand fighting, casualties....

Chou: Don't try to frighten us. We're all quite determined.

The two seamen: We follow Chairman Mao's teachings, fearless in the face of death.

Chou: If we were afraid to die, we wouldn't have joined the PLA. Since you've such a poor opinion of new recruits, we'll let you know what we've been thinking. We weren't too happy about being assigned to this little gunboat of yours....

Kuan: Oh!

Teng: Now then, Hai-sheng....

Chou *(cutting him short)*: You two keep out of this. This is a struggle. *(He goes on.)* A big battleship, now, that's really impressive. If we're to take on the invaders, why not do it in a big way?

Kuan *(intrigued)*: Well, that's frank talking. What are your folk?

Teng: Workers.

Kuan: Good. From now on we're comrades-in-arms. Welcome to our ship!

Chou: We're going to serve on 878. You....

Kuan: I'm on 878 too. *(Calling towards the gunboat)* Deputy commander! Turn out all hands to welcome our new comrades.

Deputy commander: Very good, squadron commander. *(Exit.)*

Chou *(startled)*: Oh! Are you the squadron commander? Just now....

Kuan: Never mind. In your own words, that was a struggle! *(He laughs.)*

(Ting Chang-pao and the other seamen troop in sounding gongs and drums. They take the new men's packs and shake hands warmly.)

Ting: Ah-meng! Teng Teh-meng! *(He grabs hold of Teng.)*

Teng: Chang-pao!...

(The seamen shepherd the newcomers to the forecabin. Chou Yen-hua runs breathlessly in from one side and dashes up to Kuan.)

Yen-hua: Comrade! Where's the officer in charge of second squadron?

Kuan: What's your business with him? You can tell me.

Yen-hua: I want to find Tieh Chen-hai, political instructor of Gunboat 878.

Kuan: He's not come back yet. Why....

Yen-hua: Don't try to fool me! Hand him over. He's got to go to the sanatorium.

Kuan: I know. He's just been discharged from hospital and still isn't....

Yen-hua: That's right. Hand him over, so that I can go with him to handle the transfer.

Kuan: But this is fantastic! I tell you, he hasn't come back.

Yen-hua *(smiling coaxingly)*: Come off it, comrade! Hand him over. He was wounded in the arm in the last battle. Since his wound

has healed and he kept asking to leave, the hospital has discharged him; but he needs to recuperate for a while longer. He took the transfer papers, but instead of transferring to the sanatorium he came straight back to the squadron to report for duty. This won't do! We're responsible for his health. Just now I met Dr. Liu, and she says Political Instructor Tieh must go to the sanatorium at once, or she'll send him back to hospital. Do find him for me, comrade!

Kuan: But I give you my word, he really isn't here. (*Towards the gunboat*) Has Political Instructor Tieh come back?

Seamen: No.

Kuan: Did you hear that?

Yen-hua (*smiling*): You're all in league. But I've inside information. Dr. Liu's husband is your squadron commander. She says he's fiery and stubborn, and itching to get the political instructor back; so he may just refuse to give him up. It seems she was right. Do find him for me, quick.

Kuan (*losing patience*): How many times must I tell you? He's not here. Not here!

Yen-hua: You've no call to lose your temper. All right, I won't trouble you, I'll find your squadron commander....

Kuan: That fiery and stubborn squadron commander? That's me!

Yen-hua (*sheepishly*): Sorry.... All right then, Comrade Squadron Commander. Political Instructor Tieh really must have more rest. Let him go back!

Kuan: I can hardly wait to get him back.

Yen-hua: But he's not fit enough.

Kuan: I tell you, he isn't here. (*He sees Chou Hai-sheng on the mast-head.*) Who's that? Come down.

Yen-hua (*catching sight of Chou*): Oh, brother! Hai-sheng! (*She runs towards the ship.*)

Chou (*swarming quickly down*): Sis! What are you doing here? (*He takes her hand.*) Squadron commander, this is my elder sister — Comrade Chou Yen-hua, I should say.

Kuan (*smiling*): Yes, I see a strong family likeness.

Chou: Comrade Chou Yen-hua is in the nurses' training class.

Yen-hua: No, I'm in the mobile medical team of the naval hospital.

Chou: Serving at the front?

Second seaman (*running in*): Report, squadron commander. A brigade leader's here looking for Political Instructor Tieh to study a problem of strategy.

Yen-hua: Haha! It's time to end this farce, squadron commander. D'you still say Political Instructor Tieh isn't here?

Second seaman (*towards the rear*): This way!

Kuan (*mystified*): This... doesn't make sense. What brigade leader?

Second seaman (*pointing behind*): Here she is.

(*In marches a little girl wearing a red scarf — Ling Hsiao-jung.*)

Hsiao-jung (*saluting*): Ling Hsiao-jung, Young Pioneer brigade leader, has come to report. How are you, uncle? I'm looking for Uncle Tieh.

Yen-hua: So you've tracked him here too, Hsiao-jung?

Hsiao-jung: I went to the hospital to ask him to coach us in our anti-invasion exercise this Sunday. A nurse told me he'd gone to the quay.

Kuan: Comrade Chou Yen-hua and Comrade Brigade Leader, I can assure you Political Instructor Tieh isn't here. The sooner he comes, the better pleased we shall be; but so long as he's not fit for duty we shall carry out his fighting tasks for him.

Yen-hua: Come on, Hsiao-jung, let's look on that quay over there.

(*They go off.*)

Kuan: Strange. What can Tieh Chen-hai be up to? (*In comes Yu Leng.*) Oh, Yu Leng, where has Political Instructor Tieh got to? Weren't you saying goodbye to him just now?

Yu: I was talking through my hat.

Kuan: Listen. Gunboat 878, the mobile medical team and the Young Pioneers are all trying to find him.

Yu: I take an optimistic view of this. I'm sure he'll come back some time.

Kuan: Get away with you! (*He is about to go aboard when Tieh comes in.*)

Tieh: Squadron commander! (*He salutes.*)

Seamen: Political Instructor Tieh!

Kuan: So you've really come back! They're searching for you high and low, hot on your track!

Tieh: I've put my case before the leadership and won over the political commissar. He's told me to take a diver to Big Fish Island to do the sounding and charting for Plan 202. The squadron will follow tomorrow.

Kuan: Ting Chang-pao!

Ting: Here!

Kuan: Get diving equipment straight away, and then set off with the political instructor.

Ting: Aye, aye.

Tieh: Comrades! (*He unfolds a chart.*) We've a difficult task at the narrow entrance to these straits where the current runs swift. But —

Do not say that the strong pass is guarded with iron.

This very day in one step we shall pass its summit.

(*Curtain*)

SCENE TWO

And the landscape here is beyond compare

Chairman Mao says: "While the prospects are bright, the road has twists and turns. There are still many difficulties ahead which we must not overlook. By uniting with the entire people in a common effort, we can certainly overcome all difficulties and win victory."

Time: Early the next evening.

Place: Big Fish Island. On a cliff overlooking the bay.

Two mountains tower to the clouds. On the peaks are inscribed in bold characters "Long live Chairman Mao!" and "Bastion of Iron." At the foot of these moun-

tains is a narrow channel. When the tide is ebbing or flowing, swirling waves buffet each other as they thunder through it. Slightly left of its centre stands a rock, dividing the current into two and making this channel extremely difficult to navigate.

The sun is about to set. Fiery clouds redden the sky and are reflected by the tossing sea.

The roar of the surf re-echoes through the hills. . . .

(*Tieh Chen-hai and white-haired Old Ah-kung stand fearlessly at the edge of the cliff, looking down at the channel through which the sea is racing. A militiawoman holding a rifle is standing guard.*)

Old Ah-kung: At that opening there. . . .

Tieh (*as if recognizing a hated enemy*): Wolf Jaw! Isn't that Wolf Jaw, Old Ah-kung?

Old Ah-kung: That's right, Wolf Jaw.

Tieh: How deep is the water there at high tide?

Old Ah-kung: No one's ever sounded it.

Tieh: Can you see the bottom at low tide?

Old Ah-kung: No.

Tieh: Are there any hidden reefs?

Old Ah-kung: I don't know what you're driving at, lad. No boat can get through, and nets can't be cast there either; so who'd risk his neck by trying to measure the depth there? To tell the truth, if the militia corps hadn't told me to bring you to look at that rock, I'd not have set foot again here till my dying day.

Tieh: Why, Old Ah-kung?

Militiawoman: The only time Old Ah-kung's ever spoken about Wolf Jaw was at a meeting our militia corps held to tell about past sufferings. The very mention of Wolf Jaw upsets him.

Old Ah-kung: Maybe I shouldn't ask, comrade. But as soon as you got here yesterday evening, you started making inquiries about Wolf Jaw, and this morning you got me to row you here. Over rocks and ridges you've climbed to look at it, and you can't take your eyes off it. What d'you have in mind?

Tieh (*casually, still concentrating on Wolf Jaw*): Our gunboat wants to go through Wolf Jaw.

Old Ah-kung (*bellowing*): What?... What?... Say that again!

Tieh (*startled out of his brown study*): Why, Old Ah-kung, you yelled so loud, you scared the wits out of me! I said: Our gunboat wants to pass through Wolf Jaw.

Old Ah-kung: You spoke softly, yet you scared the wits out of me too. Big Fish Island has a bay on the west and a channel to the north. Why should you go this way? Which of your commanders decided this? Come on, let's go and see your leadership....

Tieh (*laughing*): Don't get so worked up, Old Ah-kung.

Old Ah-kung: Worked up, you say? You've made my hair stand on end!

Militiawoman: Steady on, Old Ah-kung. Give him a chance to explain.

Old Ah-kung: Why must you use this channel?

Tieh: It's tactically necessary, Old Ah-kung.

Old Ah-kung: Aren't there other ways open? One year when the Japs and Kuomintang encircled our guerrillas, they had no choice but to try this strait. But why does the invincible PLA have to use this strait today?... The Japs' little gunboat was wrecked on Wolf Fang in Wolf Jaw, young fellow, and that's only telling you the half of it....

Tieh: You've started in the middle, leaving out both beginning and end.

Old Ah-kung: Ah? How do you know?

Tieh: If the little Japs were smashed to smithereens, wouldn't they do something about it?

Old Ah-kung: Of course.

Tieh: If you fishermen hadn't been politically conscious, would you have dared lure the Japs to Wolf Fang?

Old Ah-kung: No.

Militiawoman: Tell us the whole story, Old Ah-kung.

Old Ah-kung: Well, it all began in those difficult years with the coming of coastal guerrillas to Big Fish Island. (*Other militiawomen and their captain appear on the cliff. They approach quietly,*

so as not to disturb the old man.) The thought of those guerrillas....
(*He breaks off in distress.*)

Tieh (*nodding to Captain Li, urgently*): Go on, Old Ah-kung.

Old Ah-kung (*raising his head*): It wasn't till those guerrillas came to Big Fish Island that we poor fisherfolk saw any future, that the poor had their own armed forces. It wasn't till then that we learned about the Communist Party which was going to save China, and Chairman Mao, the saviour of the people! The guerrillas led us to fight the Japs at sea and struggle against them on shore. The guerrillas taught us, and once we had the consciousness and courage we dared lure the Japs to Wolf Jaw. But no sooner had the Japs surrendered than along came the accursed Kuomintang. Those guerrillas who had risked their lives to fight the Japs were a thorn in the flesh to them. The year before liberation, they sent over ten ships with troops. They blockaded the harbour and channel, then tied up all us fisherfolk, young and old, and rowed us in a dozen boats to near Wolf Jaw, to force us to tell them which were the guerrillas. But we fisherfolk have guts. Not a single one knuckled under. Then the Kuomintang devils pushed those boats into the current, and all of them smashed on Wolf Fang.... (*Tieh and the militiawomen listen intently, distressed and angry.*) But our guerrillas didn't let the bastards off. Swift as heavenly troops descending from the sky, they raced on to the cliff—just here it was. A burst of machine-gun fire and hand grenades scared those two Kuomintang gunboats. But before they could weigh anchor, the guerrillas boarded them and wiped out the Chiang Kai-shek soldiers to the last man.

Tieh: Good! Nice work, Old Ah-kung!

Old Ah-kung: That's true. But then the Kuomintang sent a huge force to search Big Fish Island. Ransacked every single height. They drove the guerrillas to the top of this cliff. With no other course open to them, the guerrillas borrowed two fishing boats and told the men who brought them: "We're going to sail out of Wolf Jaw." That was a thunderbolt to the fishermen. They begged the guerrillas not to risk it. But just then the

enemy opened fire — things were desperate. The guerrillas made the fishermen take cover while they charged and wiped out the enemy van. Then, with a big axe, they hacked through the cables and the two big boats shot off towards Wolf Jaw. (Old Ah-kung breaks off. The militiawomen lower their heads. Tieh Chen-hai is lost in thought.)

Tieh: Old Ah-kung, did you see what happened? Did the guerrillas' boats smash on Wolf Fang, or did they get out of Wolf Jaw?

Old Ah-kung: It was too dark to see the palm of your own hand. How could I see what happened?

Tieh: Did you find any wreckage the next day?

Old Ah-kung: No, we didn't.

Tieh: Did guerrillas disappear from Big Fish Island after that?

Old Ah-kung: No. After two months struggles were waged again.

Tieh: Old Ah-kung! (*Firmly*) The guerrillas weren't drowned, they navigated Wolf Jaw and found the way to victory.

All (*in amazement*): You...

Old Ah-kung: How do you know?

Tieh: I know they got safely away. I know hundreds of other narrow escapes they had. Who were they, Old Ah-kung?

Old Ah-kung: Who were they?

Tieh: They were Communists, Red Armymen, guerrillas, Chairman Mao's fighters. The beacon light in their hearts enabled them never to run off course or founder on a reef. Old Ah-kung, villagers, you've heard about the Red Army on the Long March. The enemy thought the Red Army would run into a dead end; the people were afraid it couldn't win through. But Chairman Mao led the Red Army to victory! Countless heroes of old had been checked by the Tatu River, but it couldn't check the advance of the Red Army. Peaks too sheer for beasts to climb, too high for birds to fly over, couldn't block the Red Army's way. A folk song runs:

*Skull Mountain's up above,
Treasure Mountain down below;*

*The sky is only three foot three away;
If you cross on foot you must bend your head,
If you ride a horse you must dismount.*

But what of the Red Army?

Mountains!

Faster I whip my speeding horse, never leaving the saddle;

I start as I turn my head,

For the sky is three foot three above me!

Mountains!

Like surging, heaving seas with your billows rolling,

Like a myriad horses

Rearing and plunging away in the thick of battle.

Mountains!

Piercing the blue of the heaven, your barbs unblunted!

The sky would fall

But for your strength supporting.

Old Ah-kung, the Red Army and the guerrillas were Chairman Mao's good fighters, real heroes. They navigated Wolf Jaw!

Old Ah-kung: I like the spirit with which you spoke, but how do you know the guerrillas got away?

Tieh: What was the name of their commander, Old Ah-kung?

Old Ah-kung: Tieh. Commander Tieh's known for a hundred *li* around.

Tieh: When Commander Tieh was here, I was only six years old.

Old Ah-kung (*stirred*): Why, you mean to say ... you're...

Tieh: I'm his son.

Old Ah-kung: You're Commander Tieh's son? (*He springs forward and catches hold of Tieh.*)

Militiawomen: Political Instructor Tieh!... (*They exchange excited glances.*)

Old Ah-kung: Is Commander Tieh still alive?

Tieh: Alive and well!

Old Ah-kung (*joyfully*): That's fine! You've taken a great weight off my mind... (*He searches for words.*) Those guer-

rillas! They were men of iron, real heroes led by Chairman Mao. . . . But, young Commander Tieh, why do you want to sound Wolf Jaw and sail your gunboat through it?

(Tieh looks round.)

Captain Li *(to the militiawomen)*: Stand guard, all four directions!

(Several militiawomen run off to mount guard.)

Tieh: Old Ah-kung, Captain Li! We want to use this dangerous strait, thought to be unnavigable, to spring a surprise attack, to intercept and wipe out our crafty enemy.

Old Ah-kung *(eagerly)*: Ah!

Tieh: Two large enemy destroyers often cruise northeast of this island to harass the fishermen. Their code number is 34-7.

Captain Li: They shell our fishing boats and sabotage production. The fishermen hate them!

Old Ah-kung *(excitedly)*: You're going to knock out those two bastards?

Tieh: Yes. We're going to knock them out. But they're very cunning. If we put out from the main bay here, they'd spot us and steam away. If we put out from Wolf Jaw, when they change course we can hit them head-on, and send them down to report to the Dragon King!

Captain Li: Good! A splendid plan.

Old Ah-kung: It's a good idea. How do you mean to get through Wolf Jaw?

Tieh: First we'll find out the depth of the water and the speed of the current. We'll see whether there are hidden reefs and how much sea-room there is. We'll see what changes take place between day and night. That's what I'm here for.

(Enter Ting Chang-pao in diving-dress.)

Ting: Report, political instructor. The water in Wolf Jaw is twelve metres deep; I haven't discovered any hidden reefs.

The fairway is about ten metres across. But I'll need someone's help to measure the speed of the current.

Old Ah-kung: Let's go back to the commune, and get the Party committee to help.

Captain Li: During the fishing season all the men are out at sea.

Tieh: Never mind, I'll go. *(He starts taking off his clothes.)*

Old Ah-kung *(bellowing)*: What! . . . You?

Tieh: Don't worry, Old Ah-kung. I grew up by the sea. I've swum 10,000 metres fully equipped.

Ting: But you're only just out of hospital, political instructor. You're not fit enough yet. I think. . . .

Tieh: I'll have a try. If I can't make it, I'll come back.

Captain Li *(catching his arm)*: It's too risky, Political Instructor Tieh. You mustn't.

Militiawomen: We'll go.

Old Ah-kung *(to the militiawomen)*: You? You're not up to it. None of you can go, while I'm here to do the job.

Tieh: Old Ah-kung, if the guerrillas could navigate Wolf Jaw on a dark, stormy night, why can't I swim out to the rock in broad daylight while the sea's calm? What's a little difficulty like this to one of Chairman Mao's fighters?

Old Ah-kung *(bursting out)*: Good for you! That's the way to talk. Frankly, I've agreed from the start with each word you've said. You're a man after my own heart. Chairman Mao's fishermen like tough fellows like you who aren't afraid of death. We never forget class hatred or all the accounts, new and old, we've yet to settle. Chairman Mao's army and people have the courage to scale hills of swords, cross seas of fire! All right, I'll row you there. *(He takes Tieh's arm.)* Come on, to my boat.

Tieh: My word, Old Ah-kung! You really mean this? Sit down, while I think it over.

Old Ah-kung: What's this?

Tieh *(suddenly)*: Don't worry. Ting Chang-pao, follow me. *(Shaking off Old Ah-kung's hand, he sprints off.)*

Ting: Aye, aye! *(He follows the political instructor.)*

Old Ah-kung (*shouting*): Wait for me, young Commander Tieh! I'll row you out. (*He follows.*)

Captain Li: Comrades, come up the left headland with me. (*She leads the militiawomen swiftly off.*)

(The stage is empty. The booming of the ebbing tide grows louder. Presently voices sound behind the cliff. As they draw nearer, Kuan Ta-lung's voice can be distinguished. He leaps to the top of the cliff and yells: "Tieh Chen-hai!" He is joined by Teng Teh-meng, Chou Hai-sheng, Chou Yen-hua and the first and second seamen. A militiawoman is their guide.)

Kuan: Tieh Chen-hai! (*To the militiawoman*) Is this the place?

Militiawoman: Yes, so headquarters told me.

Kuan (*to a seaman*): Go to the commune Party committee and tell the flotilla's political commissar where we are. (*The seaman assents and goes off. Kuan shouts:*) Tieh Chen-hai!

(Echoes. They listen quietly. Someone seems to be answering, "Hey!" The sound echoes too.)

Teng: Political Instructor Tieh! (*Echoes. Old Ah-kung comes on anxiously. Teng sees him and shouts:*) Ah-kung! . . .

Old Ah-kung (*incredulously*): Young Ah-meng? What are you doing here?

Teng: Looking for Political Instructor Tieh. Didn't he come with you?

Kuan: We're looking for Tieh Chen-hai, Old Ah-kung.

Old Ah-kung (*anxiously*): You mean that young Commander Tieh?

Teng: Gunboat Commander Tieh, who was wounded in that action to protect your fishing brigade. He's our political instructor now.

Old Ah-kung: Oh! (*He bounds on to a rock and points.*) See there! He's swum out to Wolf Fang.

Kuan (*amazed*): What! . . . (*He springs on to the rock and looks down.*)

Old Ah-kung: Go and help him back, quick!

Kuan: Comrades! We're going to race out to Wolf Fang. Fall in, all good swimmers.

Seamen: Report, 10,000 metres! Report, 10,000 metres!

Chou: Report, 12,000 metres!

Kuan: Teng Teh-meng, Wang Chan-hai, Li Yung-tao. . . (*He points to the other men.*) And you, follow me!

Seamen: Aye, aye!

Chou: What about me, squadron commander? I can swim 12,000 metres.

Kuan: You . . . with your 12,000 metres . . . stay here on guard!

Chou: What!

Yen-hua: What about me? I came here specially because of Political Instructor Tieh.

Kuan: You . . . get ready to give first aid . . . and injections. (*He turns to leave.*)

Chou: What am I to guard, squadron commander?

Kuan (*impatiently*): Everything, of course. (*He and the soldiers rush off, with Old Ah-kung leading the way. Only Chou Hai-sheng and his sister are left on the stage.*)

Chou: Our squadron commander looks down on new recruits!
Yen-hua (*who has been scanning Wolf Fang in suspense*): What did you say, Hai-sheng?

Chou: He has no use for a new recruit like me. He won't assign me a difficult task though I've swum 12,000 metres fully ac-coutred. Instead, he makes me stand guard. (*He sits on a rock.*)

Yen-hua: Are you a seaman or not? Can you stand guard sitting?

Chou (*scrambling to his feet*): Who's sitting? I'm standing, aren't I?

Yen-hua: Hai-sheng!

Chou: I'm on sentry duty. I can't talk to you.

(Voice off: "Political instructor! Bear left. There's a current right. . .")

Chou: I can't stick here. The political instructor's safety is more important. (*He wants to run off.*)

Yen-hua: You mustn't leave your post like that, Hai-sheng. It's too undisciplined!

(A militiawoman runs in.)

Chou: How's our political instructor making out, comrade?

Militiawoman: The current's too fast for us to get the lifeline to him. *(She runs off.)*

Chou: The political instructor's in danger of being swept away, sis. I must go to his rescue. Those are my orders. Chairman Mao says: **"A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater."**

Yen-hua: All right, Hai-sheng, I back you up. I'll take over your guard duty.

Chou: Good! *(He hands her his rifle and runs off.)*

Yen-hua *(calling after him):* Swim fast, Hai-sheng. Holding out is victory!

(Voices off: "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.")

(In come Kung Hsien-wen and others.)

Kung: What are you doing all alone here, Little Chou?

Yen-hua: I'm standing guard, political commissar. The squadron commander has gone to meet the political instructor. They're swimming out to Wolf Fang.

Kung: Wolf Fang? *(To the men)* Go on the double to Squadron Commander Kuan. Ask him to organize you in a rescue team.

(The seamen assent and run off.)

Yen-hua: Squadron Commander Kuan detailed Chou Hai-sheng to stand guard here, but when we heard that Political Instructor Tieh was in danger of being swept away I relieved Chou Hai-sheng and encouraged him to go to the rescue. Was that wrong of us, political commissar?

Kung: Wrong? No, under the special circumstances you were right. I fully support you.

(A seaman hurries in.)

Seaman: Report, political commissar, Political Instructor Tieh made it to Wolf Fang all right. But Chou Hai-sheng. . .

Kung: What of Chou Hai-sheng?

(Enter Chou and others.)

Yen-hua: What's happened to Hai-sheng?

Chou: Scratched, that's all. Nothing to make a fuss about.

Kuan: This young fellow's a 12,000-metre swimmer, all right, both fast and strong. Hai-sheng battled against the current like a frigate. In no time he got the lifeline to Political Instructor Tieh.

Kung: Well done!

Kuan: Chou Hai-sheng and Chou Yen-hua, you've completed your tasks.

Yen-hua: Very good.

(In come Tieh Chen-hai, Old Ab-kung and the militiawomen.)

Tieh: How's Hai-sheng?

Chou: Absolutely all right!

Kuan: A true young revolutionary!

Seamen: We must learn from Comrade Chou Hai-sheng!

Chou: Mao T'se-tung's thought gave me the strength. And Political Instructor Tieh's. . .

Yen-hua: Political Instructor Tieh!

Tieh: What are you doing here, Little Chou?

Yen-hua: I'm here on a mission -- to check up on your health. If it's not up to scratch, I'm going to take you back to hospital.

Tieh: There's nothing wrong with me. Political commissar, comrades! *(He points to Wolf Fang.)* Look at Wolf Fang! Listen. *(The sea roars.)* Wolf Fang! I've been up Wolf Fang, political commissar. This channel is completely navigable.

**I care not that the wind blows and the waves beat;
It is better than idly strolling in a courtyard.**

This place has sunk its fangs into me. I can't leave here till we've fought it out. We can finish our surveying tomorrow, political commissar.

Ting: Nothing to it, political commissar!

Kung: Comrades, higher command wants us to rely closely on the fishermen and work with the militia to carry out Plan 202. This is a difficult pass for us to storm. We must train hard in night combat, ready to annihilate 34.7.

Old Ah-kung: Speaking for our commune, political commissar, I can promise you all the men or material you need. If you strike any snags, we'll help to straighten them out.

Captain Li: Yes, political commissar, you can count on full co-operation from our militia who are ready to assemble at the first call and are capable of fighting and winning.

Kung: Good. Chairman Mao says: "What is a true bastion of iron? It is the masses, the millions upon millions of people who genuinely and sincerely support the revolution."

Kuan: Political commissar, we have our brother villagers, we have our path-breaker, Tieh Chen-hai; our comrades have come here burning with class hatred, just itching to come to grips with the enemy. We shan't give up till we've wiped out 34.7.

Tieh: We must form a shock force at once of Party and Youth League members.

Kung: Yes, we shall make a night sortie from Wolf Jaw and strike at top speed to finish off 34.7.

(Curtain)

SCENE THREE

The tide of my heart rises high as its waves

Chairman Mao says: "All our officers and fighters must always bear in mind that we are the great People's Liberation Army, we are the troops led by the great Communist Party of China. Provided we constantly observe the directives of the Party, we are sure to win."

Time: Evening, ten days later.

Place: A temporary anchorage in a sheltered cove in Big Fish Island. Another side of Wolf Jaw can be seen from here.

On the hill behind, to one side, twinkle the lights of a fishing village.

Gunboat 878 is riding at anchor at its alert station. Black clouds are gathering; lightning flickers. . . . Fierce gunfire can be heard beyond Wolf Jaw, where a battle is raging. . . .

(Kuan Ta-lung leans over the rail of the conning tower, looking into the distance. Men standing on the gun emplacements, the accommodation ladder and hatch covers — anywhere higher than the deck — have their eyes fixed anxiously on Wolf Jaw and the conning tower.)

(Chou Hai-sheng is signalling with lamp to 879 and 880.)

Kuan: Chou Hai-sheng.

Chou: Here!

Kuan: Ask the telegraphist if there's any reply from headquarters.

Chou: Aye, aye.

Teng: Give the order, squadron commander! *(Gunfire)* The enemy needs a good lesson!

Seamen: Give the order!

Kuan: Have you made ready your combat stations?

Teng: The fore turret is ready to fire at the word of command. We guarantee to riddle them with holes.

A seaman: The aft turret is ready.

Ting: The turbines are ready.

Kuan: The calculated life of your turbine is due to end soon, Chang-pao.

Ting: It still has a few hours to go. Don't worry, squadron commander. Our engines do as we say. I guarantee to keep it running smoothly.

Kuan: Good.

(The deputy commander and master sergeant of 878 mount the conning tower. Gunfire.)

Deputy commander: The nerve of them! We've had our Party branch meeting, squadron commander. The political instructor

and committee members made the rounds of the battle stations to pep the crew up. They're human dynamos, every man of them, all set for full-speed action.

Kuan: Good.

Deputy commander: They've plenty of drive, but... *(He lowers his voice.)* They've a criticism of our leadership.

Kuan: Good for them. Let's hear it.

Deputy commander *(drawing closer to Kuan):* They want the leadership to take a more positive attitude towards our combat task.

Kuan *(loudly):* What!

Deputy commander: They say our second squadron has always been in the van. Now we've made a sortie from Wolf Jaw under combat conditions, we've trained in boarding techniques and been stationed here on the alert for more than ten days in order to come to grips with 34.7 in night combat and close combat. But now that the enemy's here, second squadron keeps under cover in this cove and no one orders a sortie....

Kuan: Well! Anything else?

Master sergeant: Yes. Don't revolutionary soldiers say that gunfire is a command? But now... *(Gunfire)* doesn't this gunfire count as a command?

Kuan *(insistently, to both):* Is this the men's idea, or yours?

Deputy commander: The men's and ours.

Kuan: All right, go round the battle stations and talk to the men. *(The deputy commander and master sergeant turn to leave.)* Wait! Tell them to study Chairman Mao's works with these problems in mind, so as really to get the better of their impatience.

Deputy commander: Get the better of their impatience? With the enemy just in front?

Master sergeant: The men's eagerness for battle is fine.

(The deputy commander and master sergeant are prepared to argue this out.)

Tieh *(entering):* Carry out the squadron commander's instructions. Look sharp about it!

(The deputy commander and master sergeant leave.)

Kuan: I fully understand how the men feel, Chen-hai. Of course, their eagerness for battle is fine. We're the closest on our side to the enemy, and by making a sortie from Wolf Jaw we could engage him. But we've been at sea for some time and are rather fagged. In addition, we're short of water. We have enough to run our ships, though. We can do without drinking water for a day... Or do you suppose headquarters has in mind the fact that our main turbine is near the end of its calculated life?

Tieh: It can't be that. The leadership knows our fighters too well.

Chou *(after signalling):* Report, squadron commander! 879 and 880 have signalled for instructions. They ask how much longer we must stay berthed listening to gunfire? Shall they make their crew turn in?

Kuan: Call that asking for instructions? Tell them to study Chairman Mao's works with this problem in mind. They must overcome their impatience thoroughly. After studying, all those not on watch must turn in!

Chou *(grumpily):* Aye, aye. Listen patiently to the gunfire as long as you are ordered to. Turn in! *(He goes to the signal lamp.)*

Kuan: Hai-sheng! You....

(The telegraphist brings in a telegram.)

Telegraphist: A notice from headquarters. Bearing 80° of Small Fish Island two enemy vessels have intruded into the fishing ground. Third squadron has been sent out.

A seaman: What... third squadron sent out... Why, squadron commander, political instructor, what about us?

Kuan *(to the seamen):* General quarters. Await orders!

Tieh: General quarters, comrades!

(The men go off, disgruntled.)

(Gunfire. Kuan turns to look with a frown at Wolf Jaw. Huge waves dash against the ship and make it shudder.)

Kuan: Honestly, Chen-hai, how do you feel? As calm as the sea?

Tieh: Me? *(He tears open his jacket. Gunfire. The waves roar.)*
**With wine I drink a pledge to the surging torrent;
The tide of my heart rises high as its waves!**

Kuan: What fighter can sleep when the enemy's on the rampage, when we should be wiping out the enemy?

(Waves break with a deafening crash.)

Tieh: Hear that? That's the tide of our whole squadron's hearts!

Kuan: I heard. *(Loudly)* And it says: Advance to the attack!
Wipe out the enemy!

Chou *(waking up with a start, yells):* Aye, aye! Advance to the attack!
Wipe out the enemy!

(Teng Teh-meng hears the repeated order.)

Teng *(yelling):* Comrades, the order's come at last! Advance to the attack! Wipe out the enemy!

(In a second, this "order" spreads over the ship. Some seamen burst out of the forecabin. The steersman and seaman in charge of the propeller rush towards the conning tower.)

Tieh: Take it easy, comrades!

Kuan *(not knowing whether to laugh or lose his temper, loudly):* Who gave the order to make a sortie? Teng Teh-meng, who gave this order?

Teng: The signalman relayed it.

Kuan: Ha! You're all dreaming.

Chou: I didn't dream it, squadron commander. I distinctly heard you say: "Advance to the attack! Wipe out the enemy."

Kuan: Didn't you hear what I said before that? I said this was the wish of the whole squadron. A wish, not an order!

Chou: Oh, a wish. Squadron commander, political instructor... I got it wrong. I don't know why, I heard those words so clearly... loud and strong as a command.

Kuan: Ha.

Teng: But squadron commander, political instructor... when will you give the order to make a sortie?

First seaman: Why are you in such a hurry? Real eagerness for battle only comes when you're well prepared mentally and have made full combat preparations.

Second seaman: The order's bound to come.

(Suddenly they hear the click of keys in the radio room.)

Kuan *(unable to repress his excitement):* Quiet now! Chen-hai, go and have a look.

(Tieh hurries to the radio room. The others strain their ears. More gunfire. They stare in suspense at the radio room. Presently Tieh comes out with a telegram. He reads it carefully under the masthead light.)

Tieh *(reading):* Small Fish Island, bearing 40 degrees, distance 4 nautical miles....

Kuan: Splendid! Putting out from Wolf Jaw we can reach the enemy in half an hour.

Tieh: The target has been identified. It is not 34.7 but two small submarine chasers and a few auxiliary vessels....

Kuan: Too bad!

First seaman: Never mind, we'll take whatever comes.

Second seaman: With us as well as third squadron, we can concentrate an absolutely superior force....

Tieh: One nautical mile outside our territorial waters are two U.S. destroyers.

Seamen: If they dare intrude, we'll take them on at the same time.

Kuan: Go on! When do we start?

(Tieh looks up at Kuan in silence.)

Kuan *(sensing something wrong, takes the telegram. After a pause he raises his head with an effort. To Tieh):* Drop anchor!

Tieh (*goes to the bridge and rings a loud signal on the bell*): Prepare to drop anchor!

(*All the seamen set to work. Only Teng stays rooted to the spot.*)

Ting: What's wrong, Ah-meng?

Teng: I . . . can't see any sense in this.

Ting: Well, I think the leadership's absolutely right not to send us out.

Teng: Why?

Ting: Because we're blindly impatient. We haven't made thorough preparations.

Teng: Who says so? Just go and inspect our fore turret.

Ting: There's no need. Tell me, what's the target we want to wipe out in this sortie?

Chou: Task group 34.7. *Yungchang* and *Chienkuei*.

Ting: Right, but they're big destroyers of over a thousand tons, with large-calibre guns. We're small gunboats with small guns — how are we to destroy them?

Teng: By close combat, night combat. Full steam out of Wolf Jaw and small will overcome big.

Ting: All right. But how shall we fight? Why are we confident we can wipe them out?

Teng: Because we're Chairman Mao's fighters, with boundless hate for the enemy. We'll make a sortie out of Wolf Jaw and go full steam ahead till we're under the enemy's nose, then smash him to pieces.

Ting: Is the enemy blind? Will he wait quietly to be rammed? He'll pound you with his long-range, large-calibre guns.

Teng: Our dual mounts aren't just toys either.

Ting: Of course, all our people's fighters dare fight against fearful odds. But our task this time . . .

Teng: Is to wipe out task group 34.7.

Ting: But 34.7 isn't here yet. So?

Teng: No matter what enemy comes, we ought to fight!

Ting: What about Plan 202?

Teng: . . .

Ting: Come on, Ah-meng, let's study Chairman Mao's work with this question in mind.

(*Teng nods and goes off with Ting.*)

(*Enter Kuan. He meets Tieh coming down the accommodation ladder.*)

Kuan: Chen-hai, judging by that notice from headquarters, the reason why we've not been given sailing orders is very clear.

Tieh: Yes. If we sally out blindly we'll give away our alert station, give away Plan 202.

Kuan: I entirely agree. But the men's hatred of the enemy is making them impatient.

Tieh: It looks as if our biggest enemies now, ideologically, are blindness and impatience. It's a stern test for all of us, fighters and cadres alike, to see whether we can cope with these faults correctly at the crucial moment.

Kuan: Absolutely right!

Tieh: Chairman Mao says: "To be good at translating the Party's policy into action of the masses, to be good at getting not only the leading cadres but also the broad masses to understand and master every movement and every struggle we launch — this is an art of Marxist-Leninist leadership. It is also the dividing line that determines whether or not we make mistakes in our work."

Kuan: You talk to the men, in line with Chairman Mao's directive.

(*He goes to the port side.*)

(*Tieh walks to the side and reads "Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung" in the faint light from the engine room. Bursts of heavy fire. Waves thunder against the ship. From the hill with twinkling lights behind drift strains of "A Golden Sun Has Risen in the East." Ting enters from the foredeck, carrying a carbine. He walks softly up behind Tieh and drapes a coat over his shoulders.*)

Tieh (*discovering him*): Oh, Chang-pao, why are you on watch again? You're exempted from sentry duty when you've been cooking.

Ting: I'm taking this watch for Ah-meng, so that he can have a good rest. His morale's pretty low.

Tieh: You know him well; you must help him. Ah-meng's had a hard life, he feels strong class hatred. That's why he's burning to fight. But you must help him to make a good study of Chairman Mao's works and raise his level of understanding, so that he becomes a really conscious fighter.

Ting: Yes. We were reading quotations together just now, and Ah-meng's still studying with this problem in mind. But, political instructor, I've fallen down on my job these last few days in the galley. Our comrades are training night after night to wipe out 34.7, yet they don't eat the food I cook. . . . And I can't issue so much as a drop of water. . . .

Tieh: That's not your fault. There are no vegetables or fresh water in this out-of-the-way spot. The water the militiawomen bring once a day isn't enough. . . . (*Huge waves pound the ship, which pitches. Ting suddenly clutches his belly and runs to the side to be sick. Tieh takes his arm.*) What's wrong, Chang-pao? You've never been seasick before.

Ting (*bracing up*): It's nothing, political instructor.

(*Chou Hai-sheng, his work done, comes down from the conning tower.*)

Tieh (*touching Ting's head, shocked*): Why, Chang-pao, your head is burning! You're running a high fever. Here, Young Chou, quick! (*He and Chou Hai-sheng make Ting sit on a hatch cover.*)

Chou: He may have caught a chill, coming from the hot engine room to the deck.

Ting (*standing up with an effort*): I'm not feverish. I. . . .

Tieh (*loudly*): Sit down at once! Keep an eye on him, Young Chou, while I fetch some water. (*He turns to go.*)

Ting: No, political instructor! (*He catches hold of Tieh.*) I'm not thirsty, I don't need a drink. There's barely enough water for the engines. . . . I haven't issued any even to the squadron commander or you today, although you're only just out of hospital.

Tieh: But you really do have a fever. . . . (*He starts off.*)

Ting (*loudly*): Political instructor! I won't drink it. . . . A man with fever can do without water; but if there's none to cool the engines and guns, and they get overheated, we can't be sure of fulfilling our combat task. How could I swallow a drop, when I haven't even been able to let my comrades drink? Political instructor, I won't drink it. . . .

Chou: I'll relieve you. (*He takes the carbine from Ting.*)

Tieh: Come on, Chang-pao, there's a good fellow, to the commander's cabin. Do as you're told.

(*Captain Li hails them: "Aho! There! Throw us a line! The militia's brought you water."*)

Tieh: What boat is that?

Chou: The militia's brought water.

Tieh (*running to the side*): Is that Captain Li? It's so late, you shouldn't have troubled.

Kuan (*springing from the chart house to the conning tower*): Has Captain Li come? (*He descends swiftly, calling:*) Well, Captain Li!

(*Captain Li and some militiawomen bring water aboard.*)

Captain Li: Today our fishing team was attacked out at sea by the enemy. All the militia boats went to their rescue, so we had no way to bring water.

Kuan: Did you lose any boats?

Captain Li: It's too early to say. The boats aren't back yet.

A militiawoman: Our captain thought, with such a fight going on outside, your squadron would be bound to be putting out to sea. You'd be needing water. So we had to bring some at all costs.

Captain Li: You've had nothing to drink all day. Here's some sweetened ginger water. Have a good drink. . . . Why, what's the matter? Go on! Comrades . . . squadron commander, political instructor, give the lead!

Kuan (*taking a bowl in a deliberate attempt to lessen the tension*): Drink up, comrades! Come on, Chen-hai, drink. (*He points to the bowl.*) Drink up. Let's set an example.

Tieh: Yes, comrades, drink! Go ahead, everyone.

(The men hold the bowls motionless in their hands.)

Captain Li: What does this mean? Haven't you received sailing orders?

Kuan: That's it. We feel we don't deserve such kindness from you. We can see Wolf Jaw just before us, can hear the gunfire outside, and you've brought us drinking water out of warm concern for us; but we haven't been out yet to give those pirates a pasting. . . .

Captain Li: That's not of your choosing! Our hearts beat exactly like yours, comrades. We know just how you feel. Ah-chin, let's take some water to the engine room.

(They carry water to the poop deck. Kuan follows them off.)

(Seamen crowd to the main deck and call earnestly to Tieh: "Political instructor!")

Tieh: Come here, comrades. (*They gather round him.*) We all feel the same. We hear the enemy attacking our fishermen, hear the gunfire of this battle. Of course. (*He touches his head.*) We're all afire. But the higher command has given this task to third squadron and ordered us to drop anchor and await further orders. What should we do? Fume? Feel depressed? Put out the fire in our hearts? No, indeed! That fire's burning because the Party and Chairman Mao have taught us to feel class hatred for imperialism and all reactionaries. Nobody can put that fire out. Now that we're not allowed to make a sortie, what should our attitude be? (*The men say nothing.*) Comrades, what's our aim in remaining on the alert?

First seaman: To carry out Plan 202 and destroy 34.7.

Tieh: And why are we to destroy 34.7?

Second seaman: To avenge our brothers, the fishermen! To avenge the people of our motherland!

Tieh: Right. But that's by no means the only significance of this action. Comrades, let's open our *Quotations* and read the second passage on Page 58. (*All hands take out their "Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung." Chou Hai-sheng turns on the signal lamp. The brilliant red of the treasured book casts a ruddy reflection on the men's faces. From the fishing village sounds the signature tune of the Central Broadcasting Station — "The East Is Red." Tieh and the men read:*) Chairman Mao teaches us: "**'War is the continuation of politics.' In this sense war is politics and war itself is a political action; since ancient times there has never been a war that did not have a political character.**" Comrades, we must keep this teaching of Chairman Mao's firmly in mind. We're the People's Liberation Army, moulded by Chairman Mao himself. In the past, when Chairman Mao led this army of ours, "**we rolled back the enemy like a mat,**" and won political power for China's proletariat. In those days, every battle we fought served the political aim of seizing political power. And today, all the people in the world who long for liberation are looking to China; they are all listening to the voice of Chairman Mao, great teacher of the people of the whole world. They've placed all their hope on the Chinese people led by Chairman Mao. This means that every action we fight is closely linked with the fate of the world's people. So each time the command plans a battle, they proceed from this overall situation.

First seaman: Chairman Mao says: "**We should encourage comrades to take the interests of the whole into account.**"

Other seamen: "**Every Party member, every branch of work, every statement and every action must proceed from the interests of the whole Party; it is absolutely impermissible to violate this principle.**"

Tieh: Comrades, when the leadership orders one unit to sail and another to stand by, they are taking the whole situation into account. We are not being sent into action now because a more

difficult, more important task awaits us. Right now, it's quite clear, the enemy isn't 34.7, while our mission is to wipe out that confounded task group. We mustn't disclose Plan 202 for the sake of this small target. And in order to wipe out the enemy thoroughly and completely, we must first deal with the enemy in our own minds — blindness and impatience. Let's use Mao Tse-tung's thought to solve this problem.

Chou (*having received a signal*): Squadron commander, Number Two reports that a fishing boat wants to come alongside on urgent business.

Tieh: Port, stand by with the line.

(*Old Ah-kung's voice: "Comrades, I'm coming alongside your port."*)

Captain Li: Why, that's Old Ah-kung's voice! Has he come back? Are the fishing boats back? Old Ah-kung!

Old Ah-kung: I'm back.

(*The gunboat pitches as a motorboat comes alongside. A line is thrown and Old Ah-Kung comes aboard with his head bandaged, his clothes bloodstained.*)

Tieh: Ah-kung, you've been wounded!

Ting (*running in*): Dad, you're hit!

Old Ah-kung (*to Ting*): It's only a scratch.

Kuan: Ah-kung, did your fishing team suffer losses?

Old Ah-kung: Ha! Two of those turtles suddenly steamed into our fishing ground and opened fire on our boats. Our gunboats came to our rescue and lammed them hard. When they saw it was going against them they tried to scuttle away; but we'd crippled one of them so that it couldn't escape. We grappled with it, and Ah-tung shot one scoundrel who wanted to put up a fight. Another of the dogs fired at me. . . .

A fisherman: Old Ah-kung was hit in the left arm but didn't turn a hair. He snatched up a big pole and finished off two of the bastards. That left one, who tried to jump overboard. . . .

Old Ah-kung: We grabbed that shark with a boat-hook, and so put paid to both ship and crew. Still, our fishing team isn't completely out of danger. . . .

(*The pain in his arm makes him dizzy.*)

Tieh: Take him to the commander's cabin for first-aid treatment.

Old Ah-kung: Never mind about me, I'm all right. . . . It's the fighting that matters.

(*Some seamen help Old Ah-kung off.*)

Deputy commander (*entering with a telegram*): Headquarters notifies us that the enemy submarine chasers have been sunk. Two large enemy vessels have been sighted. Second squadron is ordered to prepare for battle.

Kuan: Fine! Comrades! The people brought us up, the Party taught us, the suffering people of the whole world are looking to us. This heavy task has been entrusted to us. We must prove ourselves worthy of the glorious name of revolutionary fighters! Comrades! Man all stations, on the double! Prepare to sail!

Seamen: Aye, aye! Man all stations on the double! Prepare to sail.

(*The seamen disperse to their posts. The fishermen go back to their boat.*)

Kuan: Chen-hai! Report our combat readiness to headquarters, and prepare to set sail.

Tieh: Very good! Send a telegram and prepare to set sail. (*He takes the telegram off.*)

Kuan: Ting Chang-pao!

Ting: Here.

Kuan: The direction beacon!

Ting (*holding up a red lamp*): Here it is.

Kuan: Go at once, with another man, to Wolf Fang, and hold up that lamp to light the squadron's way.

Ting: Aye, aye.

(Old Ah-kung and another fisherman, bearing this, jump aboard.)

Old Ah-kung *(snatching the lamp from Ting, to Kuan):* What, are you setting out?

Kuan: Yes. We're putting out from Wolf Jaw to wipe out the pirates.

Old Ah-kung: Good! I'll see to the lamp on the rock.

Kuan: No. You've been wounded, Old Ah-kung, you mustn't. We have men to attend to it.

Old Ah-kung: Each man on board has his job, you can't do without any of them. Just leave the direction beacon to Old Ah-kung.

Kuan: No, Old Ah-kung. *(He takes his arm.)*

Old Ah-kung: Why? Think I'm too old?

Kuan: You've got guts!

Old Ah-kung: Afraid I'll fall down on the job?

Kuan: I know you wouldn't.

Old Ah-kung: Then let go of me, quick. Scores of years I've drunk the wind, ridden the waves and knocked about at sea without doing anything for the Party and the people. Today, to wipe out the dichards, I must follow Chairman Mao's teachings: **"If we reach not the Great Wall, we are no true men!"**

Tieh *(appearing on the conning tower):* Report! A telegram.

Kuan: Read it.

Tieh: Orders from headquarters: Second squadron recalled.

All: What!?

(Curtain)

(To be continued)

Writing to Chairman Mao (traditional painting) ►



Mai Hsien-teh Follows Chairman Mao's Teachings

EDITORS' NOTE:

Mai Hsien-teh is an engineman on a naval gunboat of the PLA. On August 6, 1965, during a battle which ended in the sinking of two Chiang Kai-shek warships made in the U.S.A., Mai received serious head injuries. Displaying an astonishing tenacity in spite of severe pain, he carried on with his duties for three hours, until the battle was won. The Ministry of Defence has awarded him a Combat Hero decoration.

Only twenty when he was wounded, this son of a poor fisherman is armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung. Mai has the utmost love and boundless loyalty for our great leader Chairman Mao and for his brilliant thought.

Here is an account of what happened to Mai after he was admitted to the hospital.

During the naval battle of August 6, Mai Hsien-teh remained at his engine room post in spite of severe head wounds. For this he was awarded the title of Combat Hero. Mai has been hospi-

talized for over two years now, and the course of his recovery has been of personal concern to our great supreme commander, Chairman Mao, and to vice supreme commander Comrade Lin Piao, as well as to all the people of our land. Tens of thousands of Red Guards and other revolutionaries have written to him from every corner of the country.

Comrade Mai has proved himself worthy of this concern. With Chairman Mao's brilliant guidance, he has kept close pace with our revolutionary masses, fighting and advancing without cease. Recently he had the honour of being named an activist in the study of the works of Chairman Mao by the naval unit to which he is attached and by the medical unit treating him, and of being selected as a delegate to the first conference of such activists convened by the navy. His courageous behaviour in hospital is another paean to the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

DEAR AS FATHER AND MOTHER ARE, CHAIRMAN MAO IS DEARER

Mai is the son of a poor fisherman. His feelings for Chairman Mao are higher than the mountains and deeper than the sea. Though the enemy wounded him physically with their shells, reducing his ability to think, they could not damage his faith in and love for Chairman Mao.

His heart was still beating when Mai was admitted to the hospital, but nearly his entire body was paralysed. He was unconscious, or only semi-conscious, for a long time. It was the image of our great leader, Chairman Mao, and his splendid thought which brought Mai back to life and restored his mental processes, which enabled him to smile and sing.

A picture of Chairman Mao evoked the first change of expression on his face.

The first time he moved his limbs was when he reached out to touch Chairman Mao's picture.

The first time he smiled was when he heard the cheer: "Long live Chairman Mao!" "Long live Chairman Mao" were the first words he wrote.

"Chairman Mao" were the first words he was able to speak.

The first song he sang was *The East Is Red*.

"Dear as father and mother are, Chairman Mao is dearer," as the song goes. During Mai's first few months in the hospital, his medical record was filled with such notations as: "Discernment faulty.... Thinking confused.... Memory poor.... Speech slow." He remembered nothing of the past, but he never forgot our great leader, Chairman Mao. Even though his discernment was faulty, if you asked him who is the great leader of our many nationalities, he promptly and clearly replied: "Chairman Mao."

His commander, his squad leader, his mates came to see him, as well as his father and mother and brother, but he didn't recognize any of them. Even by April, 1966, he mistook his father for his commander. But from the very first days he regained consciousness, he had only to see a picture of Chairman Mao to know who it was. "Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao," he cried softly, each time, with respect and affection.

Chairman Mao is the saviour of the Chinese people. He drove away the darkness and brought the light. Mai's family, like millions of others, from being slaves became masters. Raised on the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, Mai, an ordinary fisherman, soon developed into a revolutionary fighter of the proletariat. He has the deepest class feelings for Chairman Mao and avidly consumes his writings. To read Chairman Mao's works has become his foremost requirement.

Before Mai was able to speak or move, he somehow managed to convey to the nurse that he wanted her to read to him quotations from Chairman Mao. Sometimes he would pass out while she was reading, and she would stop. But the moment he came to, if he couldn't hear the words of Mao Tse-tung, he would stare at her urgently until she resumed reading.

When Mai was able to sit up, although he still had a piece of shrapnel in his skull and his right arm and right leg were paralysed, by



leaning sideways on his bed table he was able to copy quotations from Chairman Mao with his left hand. He did this two hours a day, every day, without fail. Once in a while, visitors occupied him all day and he had no time. At night he would suddenly remember and get up and start copying.

When he was able to get out of bed, he carried the little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* wherever he went. And what he studied, he applied.

Mai eagerly responded to Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's call to advance the mass movement for the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works to a new stage. Several times the comrade on duty found him poring over the "three constantly read articles" in the middle of the night. With burning enthusiasm and astonishing will power Mai conquered all kinds of obstacles to his study.

Today, although speech is still difficult for him, he can recite by heart not only the "three constantly read articles," but over fifty

quotations from the little red book as well. He can also sing more than thirty quotations and poems of Chairman Mao which have been set to music.

The fundamental class stand and orientation of a proletarian revolutionary is shown by his attitude towards Chairman Mao and the thought of Mao Tse-tung. In this regard, Mai provides us with a shining example. Our great leader Chairman Mao and his glorious thought occupy first place in his heart.

ACT IN ACCORDANCE WITH CHAIRMAN MAO'S WORDS

In his fight to recover from his wounds Mai guided himself by Chairman Mao's teachings, just as he did in battles on the seas. The invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung forged him steel-hard.

He had five head operations in all, the last to extract a piece of shrapnel from his left frontal lobe. Before the final operation he read and re-read *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. A nurse asked him how he felt. In a firm voice he quoted from Chairman Mao: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Three days after the operation, a thick needle was inserted in the wound to draw out accumulated fluids. It was a very painful process and the doctors were not sure he could stand it. For half an hour Mai clenched his hands and gritted his teeth. Though his whole body was drenched in sweat, he didn't utter a sound.

Treatment was one mountain pass he had to fight through, recuperation was another. The right side of his body was completely paralysed. At first he could only lie in his bed, helpless without assistance from others. This, to an active fighter, was unbearable. He had the nurse tie a belt to the head of his bed. Grasping the belt with his left hand, he pulled himself into a sitting position. The pain to his head was so great he thought it was going to split. Every nerve and ganglion jangled. Mai went weak all over and fainted. His first attempt was a failure.

When he revived he opened his eyes and saw on the wall a quotation from Chairman Mao written in letters of gold. Strength flowed back into him. Again he attacked. With the help of the nurses, he stubbornly persisted until he was able to get out of bed and stand on the floor.

From getting up to walking was another bitter struggle. Mai's paralysed right leg was as stiff as a board; it was heavy and painful to move. He had to rely entirely on his left, itself not very agile, and drag the right leg along. The courageous young sailor, supporting himself on the edge of the bed, on the walls and window-sills, went round and round the room, step by arduous step. As pain and fatigue mounted, he encouraged himself with teachings of Chairman Mao.

After eight days of practice he was able to walk the fifty metres to the physiotherapy room. Two weeks later his paralysed limbs were functioning fairly well. "I never saw a paralysed patient recover so quickly," the physiotherapist said admiringly. It was a striking manifestation of the power of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In everything he does, Mai follows Chairman Mao's teachings and acts according to his instructions. It has become a habit with him, virtually an instinct. To Mai, Chairman Mao's words are the supreme authority. Sometimes Mai had bad attacks of nerves. He wouldn't take his medicine, he refused injections, he lay in bed and wouldn't eat. No one could persuade him otherwise.

But a nurse had only to produce a copy of the little red book and Mai immediately sat up. He would listen respectfully while she read some quotations. "Do you follow Chairman Mao's teachings?" she would inquire. Mai would nod his head, and do whatever he was asked. Once the nurses discovered this, they made extensive use of Chairman Mao's words to solve any problems they had with Mai.

One day when he refused to eat, a nurse read him this quotation: **"Even after country-wide victory, our army will remain a fighting force during the historical period in which classes have not been abolished in our country and the imperialist system still exists in the world."**

"A fighting force for ever," Mai exclaimed loudly.

The nurse smiled. "You're a fighter who follows Chairman Mao's teachings, and you're eager to return to the front. How are you going to get well enough to do it if you don't eat?"

Mai nodded. "Right. I'll eat."

"Every steamed roll you eat now will give you strength to destroy one Yankee devil later," the nurse explained.

"Good. Give them here. Ready, aim . . . fire," cried the young sailor. He began wolfing down his steamed rolls.

Mai's most precious quality, his most fundamental characteristic, is the way he follows Chairman Mao's teachings and acts according to his instructions. It is also the source of his proletarian revolutionary firmness and optimism.

MAI HSIEN-TEH IS FIGHTING BY OUR SIDE

The great proletarian cultural revolution swept like a storm across the land, it shook the entire world. Although Mai was in the hospital with serious head injuries, his heart was with the proletarian revolutionaries. He responded with the utmost enthusiasm to Chairman Mao's great call: **"You must concern yourselves with state affairs and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end."** Taking the hospital as his battlefield, Mai plunged into the new fight.

When the Red Guards were exchanging revolutionary experiences around the country, Mai always hurried out to receive them smilingly if they came to the hospital, regardless of whether he was weary or in pain. He met more than two hundred thousand in a little over a year. Each time he raised his arms and shouted: "You're doing the right thing, and doing it well." Every time he heard a recording of Chairman Mao's review of the Red Guards, he exclaimed: "Long live Chairman Mao!" The young revolutionaries were moved by his revolutionary ardour. They said: "Comrade Mai is one of us. He fights by our side."

On one principle Mai is absolutely clear: Whoever upholds Chairman Mao and the thought of Mao Tse-tung, he loves and sup-

ports; whoever opposes Chairman Mao and the thought of Mao Tse-tung, he hates furiously. In the heated battle between the two classes, two roads and two lines, he knows precisely what he hates and what he loves.

Even when he had attacks of nerves and concentration became difficult, his proletarian stand and sentiments were clear and strong. After the handful of top capitalist roaders within the Party were exposed, their names had only to be mentioned and Mai glared and ground his teeth, and made a motion of pounding them to smithereens.

One day he saw on the table a copy of the book on "Self-cultivation" by China's Khrushchov. Mai irately threw it in a corner. "Who left that trash lying around?" he demanded.

His condition began to take a turn for the better in May, 1966. But there was still a bit of shrapnel in his skull and he couldn't use his right hand. With his left, he wrote his first poster entitled: *Down with the Teng To Black Gang*. Since then, helped by the comrades in the hospital, he has written more than thirty other posters and critical articles. He wrote in his notebook: "Resolutely pull out the handful of top Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road, thoroughly criticize, repudiate and overthrow them, and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution firmly through to the end!" "Following Chairman Mao make revolution for ever." This is Mai's battle pledge.

FIGHT SELF-INTEREST, REPUDIATE REVISIONISM AND ALWAYS BE A GOOD FIGHTER OF CHAIRMAN MAO

When Mai was wounded, our great leader Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Piao were very concerned, and people all over the country honoured him. A steady stream of visitors came to the hospital. Every day he received many letters and gifts. Compliments and the slogan "Learn from Mai Hsien-teh" sounded in his ears. It put the young fighter to a new and serious test.

He was invited to attend a large meeting. A doctor asked him what he intended to say. His condition was just beginning to im-



prove and he still spoke with difficulty. Carefully enunciating, Mai replied: "Learn from the meeting. Make progress every day. Be Chairman Mao's good fighter." He wrote the last sentence down on a piece of paper, in order to present it to the meeting. A comrade suggested that he put the word "always" at the beginning of the sentence. Mai did so. But then he thought a moment. Taking up his pen, he crossed out "always" and substituted "strive to."

This is Mai's fundamental attitude towards honours and towards himself.

Chairman Mao says: "**We should be modest and prudent, guard against arrogance and rashness, and serve the Chinese people heart and soul...**" When Mai was moved to another room, he took this quotation placard with him to be his constant reminder. The honours he has won and successes he has attained he attributes to our great leader Chairman Mao, to the Party, the

people and the collective. Whenever he is praised at a meeting, he raises his arm and shouts: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

Mai still isn't able to speak well, but he has two phrases which he uses frequently. One is simply "Don't." The other is "Not good enough." When someone compliments him, he waves his hand agitatedly and pleads: "Don't." He sent two baskets of eggs, which had been presented to him as a gift, to the earthquake victims in Hsingtai. The nurse signed his name to a covering note. "Don't, don't," Mai angrily exclaimed. He crossed his name out.

A comrade came to the hospital and sang a song in his praise. Mai was virtually beside himself. "Don't, don't," he cried. He followed the man to the door, demanding a promise that he'd never sing the song again.

Mai becomes quite embarrassed when anyone praises him. "Not good enough," he says of himself earnestly. In the naval battle he stuck to his post though cerebro-spinal fluid was flowing from his wound. It literally was a case of "giving his vital juices" for the people. But if anyone talks about this and says they want to learn from him, he replies uneasily: "Not good enough, not good enough."

He wants nothing to do with personal gain, but he can never do enough for the public good, for the people. Mai's "Don't" and his "Not good enough" manifest his unwavering rejection of self-interest and his lofty communist spirit of complete devotion to the interests of the public.

Mai was a serious case, but he often forgot that he was ill and took the wards as a new field in which to serve the people, enthusiastically helping his comrades and working for the common good. As soon as he could move, he hobbled awkwardly about and lent a hand with the cleaning, and assisted weaker patients to and from the toilet. He adjusted the covers for the bedridden and helped them turn over.

When he got a little better, he demanded work. He and two other patients were put in charge of the clubroom and the athletic equipment. Mai kept the clubroom neat and spotlessly clean. One

evening he discovered that one of the chess sets was missing. He went through all the wards until he found it. Only then did he return to his room and rest.

Because of damage to his brain, he couldn't remember many things. Sometimes he forgot what he had just eaten. But he was meticulously careful about the interests of the collective. When he shifted a chair, he put it down quietly, in spite of the stiffness of his limbs, so as not to disturb others. If anyone moved a chair noisily, he said: "No good."

Once he went to the toilet and didn't come out for a long time. A nurse went to see if there was anything wrong. She found him listening intently, and she listened too. Somewhere, water was dripping. Mai checked every faucet and tap, till his shirt was soaked with perspiration. It wasn't until he discovered that the sound came from the drainpipe leading down from the floor above that he was willing to leave.

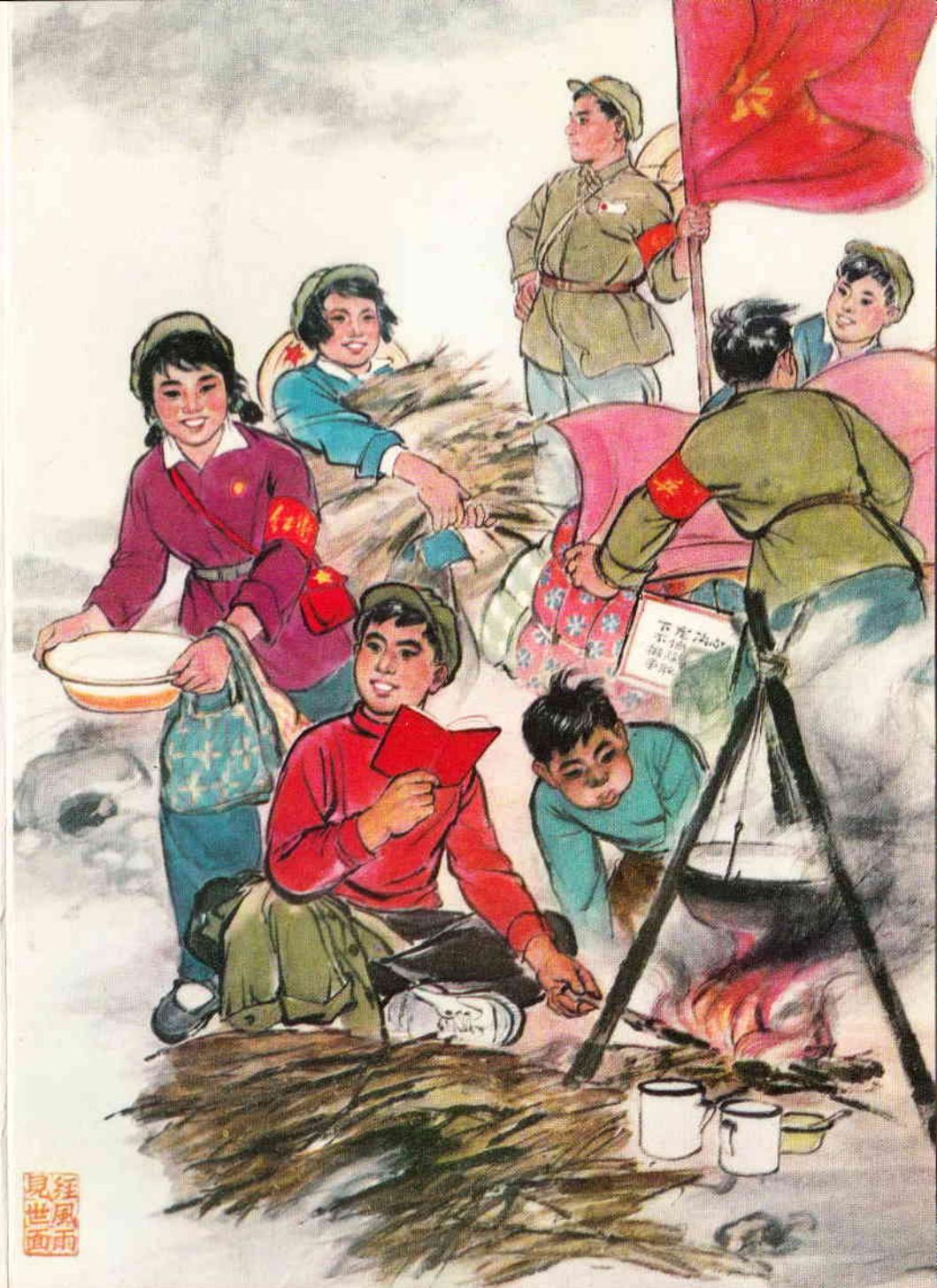
Mai does everything for the public good. He thinks only of others and never of himself. "In Comrade Mai," people say, "we see a living embodiment of the 'three constantly read articles.'"

But Mai says of himself: "Not good enough." His favourite quotation from Chairman Mao is the one advising that a Communist **"... should be more concerned about the Party and the masses than about any individual, and more concerned about others than about himself."** He frequently finds encouragement in these words and checks his actions against them, demanding of himself a spirit of wholly and entirely serving the people.

When Chairman Mao issued the call to fight self-interest, repudiate revisionism, Mai responded firmly and energetically. "We have to treat ideological faults in our thinking the way we treat the Yanks — bang, bang, bang, shoot them dead." Mai is determined to be more politically conscious and make higher demands on himself, in keeping with Chairman Mao's latest directive. He wants to thoroughly combat self-interest, devote himself entirely to the public good, and rapidly revolutionize his thinking.

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao has called on us to “study Chairman Mao’s writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions and be his good fighters.” Mai is firmly and loyally doing this in word and deed. He manifests the new spirit of the new men of the communist era, a spirit which reflects the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung’s thought.

Tasting the Bitterness of Our Fathers (traditional painting) ▶



Li Ju-chung

Utterly Loyal to Chairman Mao

Patrolling the Changpai Mountains
Day after day
In wind and whirling snow,
We fighters are undaunted
By countless hardships —
We have Chairman Mao's great image
In our hearts.

Guns at the ready
We spur up narrow paths,
In snowstorms
Cross mountain torrents;
In our pockets
Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung,
And on our chests
Chairman Mao badges.

Hardships serve only
To strengthen our resolve,
We delight in danger;
Utterly loyal to Chairman Mao
We love our front-line post.

Thirsty, we melt and boil snow
Over our camp fire;
Hungry, we mix fried flour
In mugs of snow;
Our candles are the stars,
Our lamp the moon,
Our tent the sky,
Our rug the earth.

Over the roaring wind
We hear Chairman Mao's instructions,
Through the driving snow
We see Chairman Mao leading the way,
Spurring our revolutionary resolve,
Our determination to safeguard
Our mighty motherland.

Our song *The East Is Red*
Carries to Peking —
Can you hear it,
Dear Chairman Mao?
Peking may lie a thousand *li* away,
But your fighters stand guard for ever
By your side.

Chang Chin-tung

The Old "Kangta" Has Come Back to Yen-an

Winding waters of the River Yen,
Imposing Pagoda Hill!
Singing leads us into Yen-an.
The caves at the foot of the hill
Are freshly dressed out;
We have started a class
To study Chairman Mao's works.

Our square packs serve as seats,
We sit shoulder to shoulder
Together with our political commissar,
Using our knees as desks,
The level ground as blackboard.

"Kangta," the Chinese People's Anti-Japanese Military and Political College, was founded in Yen-an by the Communist Party to train revolutionary cadres during the War of Resistance Against Japan.



As we study Chairman Mao's works,
 Each sentence is imprinted on our hearts;
 We sing quotations from Chairman Mao,
"Combat self, repudiate revisionism,"
 Press courageously forward. . .

We use the enamel bowls of the old days
 And eat millet with willow chopsticks;
 We drink the clear water of the River Yen
 And our hearts are flooded with sweetness.

After study we take up mattocks
 And open a new Nanniwan* beside our caves;
 In the fields we fighters sing:
 "All our lives we shall be servants of the people."

Grannies are beaming with smiles,
 Kiddies troop after us,
 Red books in their hands;
 All the people of Yen-an praise our study group,
 Its revolutionary tradition
 Handed down from generation to generation.

Chairman Mao, ah, Chairman Mao,
 Our great banner of revolution
 Has reddened the sky.
 Laughing, the old Party secretary declares:
 "The old 'Kangta' has come back to Yen-an!"

*During the War of Resistance Against Japan, the army and people of the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia border area, led by the Central Committee of the Party and Chairman Mao, simultaneously resisted Japan and launched a big production drive to open up waste land. They reclaimed land in Nanniwan in north Shensi, and farmed it so successfully that they produced enough for their own consumption. In this way they smashed the military attack and economic blockade of the liberated area by the Kuomintang reactionaries in league with the Japanese, and provided a strong material base for the effective conduct of the war.

Wen Teh-yu

Transporting Treasured Books

We have scoured our truck inside and out,
Spread thick paper over the flooring;
Today we are going to carry Chairman Mao's works,
Our truck must be "well-groomed."

The engine starts up and off we streak like an arrow,
Still all too slow for us fighters.
Why such a tearing hurry?
The people of the Five Continents
Are waiting for Chairman Mao's works!

Through the windows of the cabin
We can see the Five Continents and the Four Seas;
In the dense forests of Asia
Where they are fighting U.S. imperialism,
On the banks of the turbulent Congo in Africa,

In the mountains and valleys of Latin America,
So many ardent hearts and eager eyes
Are waiting, watching,
All waiting for these books to direct the fight!

Look! The coconut groves of Vietnam are beckoning.
Listen! The war drums of Africa are calling!
We long to fix wings to our truck,
To fly to the struggle's forefront,
The sooner to put these treasured books
In the hands of our comrades-in-arms
And turn the whole wide world a glorious red!

Feng Yung-chieh

A Mobile Bookstore Comes to Our Barracks

Bugles greet the dawn,
From a truck a bell rings;
Fighters rush to spread the good news:
A mobile bookstore has come to our barracks.

The comrades of Hsinhua Bookstore
Understand our fighters' hearts;
A truckload of books and portraits —
What treasures they have brought!

New editions of Chairman Mao's *Selected Works* —
Handling them warms our hearts,
And quietly the men reckon
How many sets to buy for the folk at home.

Photographs of Chairman Mao
Grow dearer the longer we gaze at them;



We buy some to carry with us
Wherever we go,
To the four corners of the land!

Photostats of manuscripts
Of Chairman Mao's poems
Are spirited and splendid!
Hung in our club
They will put us on our mettle!

The comrades of Hsinhua Bookstore
Are hard at work,
The sweat pouring down their faces;
They have brought us a truckload of sunshine,
And when they leave
They take with them our red hearts.

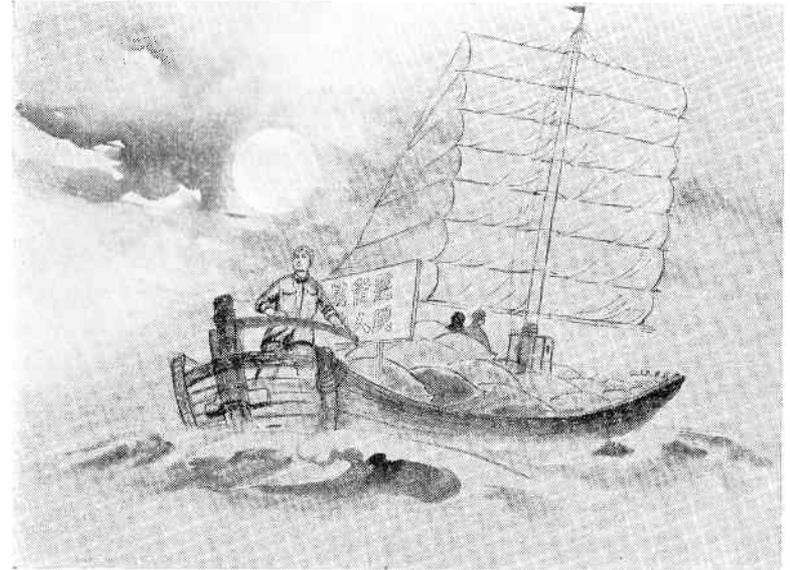
Yuan Wan-hsiang

Grain Boats Leave the Harbour

Grain boats leave the harbour
Loaded with golden rice,
As fighters deliver grain from our farm at night,
Speeding by moonlight to the grain depot.

Our army provides the state with grain,
Something unheard of in the world before;
But, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought,
We can work great miracles!

Good fighters taught by Chairman Mao,
Good students in the big school
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought,
Our motto is:
**"Preparedness against war,
Preparedness against natural calamities,
And everything for the people."**
Our hearts glow red as fire.



A swamp of reeds two years ago
Last year became another Nanniwan;
The May 7th Directive* has borne splendid fruit
And we soldiers are laughing for joy.

Boatloads of golden grain, boatloads of song,
Put out from the harbour by moonlight;
Thus our fighters give all-out support
To the great proletarian cultural revolution.

*On May 7, 1966, our great leader Chairman Mao issued an important directive to the Chinese People's Liberation Army, in which he pointed out that the army should be a great school. In this great school the army can concurrently study, farm, run factories and do mass work.

People Everywhere Think of You

A CHAIRMAN MAO BADGE

Last winter the deck officer of a certain Chinese harbour went aboard a foreign ship to carry out his duties. The moment he set foot on its deck he was surrounded by a score or so of sailors who asked him for Chairman Mao badges. He took some out of his pocket and pinned one on each man in turn. When they had gone cheerfully away and he was about to look for the captain, he heard a shout behind him. An African of over fifty in greasy overalls and with his face and hands smeared with oil was emerging from the engine room. You could see at a glance that his job was feeding oil to the engine. He drew a circle over his heart and said in broken Chinese: "Mao Tse-tung." Evidently he too was asking for a badge. Our Chinese comrade put his hand into his pocket but there were no badges left, and the eager anticipation in the African's eyes made him hate to disappoint him. He hurriedly unpinned the badge on his own chest. But the African waved this away and, wheeling round, ran to the fo'c's'le, leaving the Chinese thoroughly mystified. In no

time the seaman reappeared, however, holding a piece of red silk in both hands. The Chinese, catching on, laid the badge gently on the silk. The African solemnly held it to his chest and said with feeling: "Chairman Mao, you are the red sun in the hearts of the world's people. How can I let oil smudge your splendour?" Later, it emerged that his name was Krupa and that this was his first visit to China.

This spring the same Chinese met Krupa again. The African hugged him and whirled him round in his excitement. Then he said he wanted another Chairman Mao badge. For his beloved only son, who was fighting for the African people's independence and emancipation, had asked him for the Chairman Mao badge on his last visit home. And precious as it was to him he had given it to the lad, thinking that a fighter in battle needed Chairman Mao's encouragement even more.

Once again our deck officer complied with his request, pinning a sparkling golden badge on his chest. Krupa was moved to tears. His lips trembling he shouted: "Long life to Mao Tse-tung!"

When foreign seamen coming to China meet a Chinese, the first thing they ask for is almost always a Chairman Mao badge. They ask not only for themselves, but for relatives and friends, too. A Greek sailor who had already been given over twenty badges still wanted more. He said, "I have travelled the Four Seas and Five Continents. No matter what port we call at, when people hear that I have been to China they ask me for Chairman Mao badges. The people of the whole world love Chairman Mao."

A PORTRAIT OF CHAIRMAN MAO

One day, a pale grey vessel from West Europe steamed into this Chinese harbour. The shrill blast of a whistle summoned its crew on deck. The captain glared at the seamen, his eyes glinting coldly. Clapping his hands behind him, he stepped up to them and said, "I don't suppose you want me to lose my job. Because if I do, you will go hungry too..." The fact was that, the last time they came to China, the sailors, with boundless love for the great leader Chairman

Mao, had asked the Chinese Seamen's Club for a really good portrait of him. Back on board, however, before they could hang it up, the captain discovered it. This threw him into such a panic that he warned the crew seven times to throw it away, threatening that whoever kept it would be sacked. Yet now that they had returned to China, this portrait of Chairman Mao had suddenly appeared in the fo'c's'le again.

The captain, controlling his fury as best he could, said through tight lips, "I hope whoever hung that up will take it down." But this had no more effect than a ball of cotton-wool thrown into the sea. There was not the slightest response.

The seconds ticked by. The seamen stood there, stolid and impassive. Finally the captain burst out in a passion, "I order you to take it down! Take it down, I say!" Still the seamen did not budge. Then with no further regard for appearances, he stamped off towards the fo'c's'le. But Colin, one of the crew, dashed forward to bar his way. The captain started, then said with a crafty grin, "So you're the one who hung up that portrait. I know you will take it down now..."

"You're raving!" Colin roared, cutting him short. "Don't you dare touch Chairman Mao's portrait." The captain raised his fist, but Colin's powerful physique and eyes flashing with anger made him lower it again. By now the rest of the crew had gathered around Colin. Trembling, the captain retreated — bang into the bulwarks! At that point the wheelhouse bell sounded for a slow down. The ship was entering the harbour. The captain could only scuttle back to his cabin.

As soon as this vessel reached its own country again, Colin was discharged on a trumped up excuse.

When Colin said goodbye to his mates, he held high a portrait of Chairman Mao which they had given him and a red copy of the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. With deep emotion he said: "Chairman Mao has taught us the importance of **'acting in accordance with Marx's statement that only by emancipating the whole of mankind can the proletariat finally emancipate itself.'** They can fire me but they can't shake a sailor's belief in Mao Tse-

tung, in Mao Tse-tung's thought! All my life I shall march along the broad road of liberation for all mankind pointed out by Chairman Mao." Today, that portrait of Chairman Mao is still hanging in the fo'c's'le, a radiant sun for ever shining brightly in the hearts of the seamen.

A HANDFUL OF MOST PRECIOUS EARTH

A traveller from Africa was overjoyed at the news that her ship was going to call at a Chinese port.

After eagerly requesting permission to go on shore she was issued a landing permit. That evening, when she went ashore, she spent little time admiring the Chinese waterside, nor did she go to enjoy herself in the Club. Instead, she stood gazing at a portrait of Chairman Mao near the wharf, as if unable to take her eyes off it. Then she scooped up a handful of earth which she wrapped in her handkerchief before finally returning to the boat. When asked by the inspector what she had taken the earth for, this traveller from Africa replied, "This is earth from Chairman Mao's land, I'll keep it as a most precious souvenir." Understanding her boundless love for Chairman Mao, the inspector presented this African woman with a coloured portrait of Chairman Mao and a Chairman Mao badge. Accepting these with both hands, she cheered long and loud. The inspector joined her in Chinese, both shouting, "Long live Chairman Mao Tse-tung!"

A TURKISH REPORTER

One day when we went on board a Swedish ship we happened to meet a Turkish steward, whose name was Donis. He tried several times to approach us, as if eager to talk to us. When we saw this we walked up to him and together read a few quotations from Chairman Mao. Then we began to chat.

This young man's real name was not Donis, but Yunik, and he was not originally a steward either but a reporter for a local Turkish paper. The reactionary press in Turkey distorted China's great

proletarian cultural revolution, turning the facts upside-down. Yunik, being progressive, did not believe these distorted reports. He decided to come to China and see the cultural revolution for himself.

Yunik applied for a passport, but he was refused one when the authorities knew he meant to go to China.

Then, Yunik became a waiter in a small restaurant. Three months later, with his friends' help he got a seaman's permit from the port authorities. He changed his name to Donis on this card. Crossing the stormy strait in a small boat he had joined this ship, which happened to be sailing for China.

"I took a great risk to come to your country," Yunik told us. "But I don't mind what risks I run if I can learn Mao Tse-tung's thought, see Chairman Mao and find out the truth about your cultural revolution."

Very moved by his story, we pinned a Chairman Mao badge on his chest and presented him with a copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*.

Yunik took the little red book with both hands, looked at it time and again and said with great emotion: "I've found the truth at last!"

"The Turkish people love Chairman Mao," he went on. "Before I left my friends said to me: Even if you can't see Chairman Mao, you must try to bring back as many of his books as possible."

While the ship was in a Chinese harbour, Yunik went ashore several times to visit various places and wrote a number of articles to repudiate the distorted propaganda in the reactionary papers in Turkey. He told us: "When I write my reports, I try to act according to Chairman Mao's teachings. Every word of his is the truth."

The ship would soon be due to sail again and Yunik would have to leave us. On the sailing day, he asked us for twenty copies of Chairman Mao's *Quotations* and twenty Chairman Mao badges. While doing his packing, he said: "The Turkish reactionary government has banned Chairman Mao's books. But truth can never be banned. I'm taking back these presents to let the Turkish people know the

saviour of the world's people. Though I haven't been able to see Chairman Mao with my own eyes, every time I see his badge, I feel Chairman Mao is beside me, beside our people."

Just before the ship left, we read aloud some more quotations from Chairman Mao with Yunik:

"We should carry on constant propaganda among the people on the facts of world progress and the bright future ahead so that they will build their confidence in victory. At the same time, we must tell the people and tell our comrades that there will be twists and turns in our road. . . . There are no straight roads in the world; we must be prepared to follow a road which twists and turns and not try to get things on the cheap. It must not be imagined that one fine morning all the reactionaries will go down on their knees of their own accord. In a word, while the prospects are bright, the road has twists and turns."

We inspectors walked ashore and the ship weighed anchor. But Yunik, standing on the deck, waved his red covered *Quotations* until we were out of sight.

A YOUNG SAILOR

It happened on a Norwegian ship. Menopo, a young Tanzanian sailor, handed his passport to us and asked us to stamp it with an entry visa as a memento of his having come to China.

Instead, we gave him a copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. He accepted this delightedly and said: "This is certainly the best memento. Mao Tse-tung is a great leader. He belongs not only to the Chinese people but to us in Africa too."

Then, Menopo began the tale of his motherland. "My country was ruled by the British colonialists for more than forty years. They robbed us of untold wealth, leaving our people nothing but poverty and hunger."

"We lived in wretched huts before our independence," Menopo went on, describing the conditions in his village. "We had only one meal a day of millet gruel with a little palm-oil. Sometimes we had nothing to eat but boiled bananas."

"China is our good friend," he continued. "After we became independent Chairman Mao sent many Chinese experts to our country to help us with our construction — really selfless help they've given."

When he finished, one of our inspectors read this quotation from Chairman Mao to him: **"In the fight for complete liberation the oppressed people rely first of all on their own struggle and then, and only then, on international assistance. The people who have triumphed in their own revolution should help those still struggling for liberation. This is our internationalist duty."**

Menopo nodded and said: "The peoples of our two countries have a common fighting goal. That is to fight against U.S. imperialism. We in Tanzania love and respect Mao Tse-tung's thought with all our hearts. We will fight to the finish against those who dare to harm China and Mao Tse-tung's thought!"

Menopo expanded his powerful chest and clenched his fists, declaring, "I'll fight my whole life for the friendship between the Chinese and Tanzanian peoples!" Having said this he ran up to us and warmly embraced us. Then he asked for a coloured picture of Chairman Mao in army uniform. We were able to give him one. After wiping his hands he took it and saluted Chairman Mao. He then hung the picture over his berth and said: "Now I can see Chairman Mao every day!"

A QUOTATIONS BOARD

In the fo'c's'le of another foreign vessel there is a very handsome quotations board. On it Dessand, an African sailor, neatly writes fresh quotations from Chairman Mao every day. This board means a great deal to him, because of the story behind it.

One afternoon last April, over seventy U.S. air pirates swept towards the Vietnamese port of Haiphong like a flock of carrion crows. These criminals discharged tons of bombs and rockets into the bay where Dessand's ship was at anchor. Wounded in the right arm, he had to be sent to a Vietnamese hospital.

In hospital Dessand fretted and fumed. He paced the floor all day long, hugging his bandaged arm. The doctors and nurses urged him

to calm down and rest. "Calm down?" he retorted. "It's easy for you to talk. If I don't recover the use of this arm I'll be sacked. My old mother, my wife and children will all go hungry..."

Before long, however, Dessand did calm down. What kind of wind had driven his worry away? The truth was that in the same ward with him was a Chinese seaman who had also been wounded by U.S. aircraft and entered the hospital on the same day. Much more badly injured than Dessand, with his collar-bone fractured by shrapnel, he had been in a coma when taken to hospital. Every time his wound was dressed, big drops of sweat dripped from his temples, but he uttered not a single groan. Not a shadow of anxiety clouded his face. On the contrary, he often hummed cheerful songs. Touched and puzzled by his fine spirit, Dessand began to watch him carefully.

He noticed that each time this Chinese seaman came to, he asked the nurse to bring him a small blackboard covered with Chinese characters. As he fixed his eyes on it, a proud, happy smile at once overspread his thin face. This small blackboard had been brought him by his Chinese mates when they first came to see him. During each successive visit they erased the words on the board and wrote others on it. And this Chinese friend of his, whether having his wound dressed or resting, always fixed his eyes on that small blackboard.

How could a small blackboard have such a magical effect on a seriously wounded man? Dessand could not help asking him. The Chinese smiled, shifting himself with an effort. His eyes straying back to the blackboard, he replied, "There's no mystery about it. It's a board for quotations from Chairman Mao. Chairman Mao's teachings give me the strength to defeat the enemy as well as to get the better of my injuries." At the time Dessand couldn't fully understand what he meant.

To solve the puzzle for Dessand, the Chinese had brought from his ship a red-covered foreign language edition of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Every day he showed Dessand the translation of the extracts on the board and explained the meaning to him. Before long the Chinese seaman was transferred home for further treatment. As a farewell gift, he gave Dessand the blackboard and the *Quotations*.

And though the Chinese had left, Dessand had found a source of strength in the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*.

"Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice, and death is a common occurrence. But we have the interests of the people and the sufferings of the great majority at heart, and when we die for the people it is a worthy death." He studied this passage avidly. Every word, every sentence seemed a torch, lighting up Dessand's mind. Here he found the meaning of life, the truth of revolution. Not waiting to be fully cured, he left the hospital, holding high the blackboard and the little red book. He told the medical personnel seeing him off: "American bombs can scare only cowards, not the seamen of all countries armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought! They can inflict flesh wounds but can't shake my determination to aid Vietnam and resist America."

Since then, this quotations board has hung in the fo'c's'le of that vessel as it plies between the Five Continents and Four Seas. Whether at night amid high winds and turbulent waves, or by daytime during frenzied U.S. air raids, Dessand's blackboard with its neatly copied out quotations from Chairman Mao sheds radiance around it.

A FOREIGN "RED GUARD"

The militant slogans and quotation songs of mighty columns of marchers mingled like surging waves in a sea of red flags. This was a demonstration in protest against the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road.

Among the Red Guards in the parade, a young foreign seaman marched proudly. Around his head was a white band bearing the slogan: "To rebel is justified." And across his shirt was pinned another slogan: "To make revolution is no crime." In both hands, over his head, he held a portrait of Chairman Mao. For over two hours he never lowered that portrait. This vividly expressed his boundless love for Chairman Mao, his hatred and contempt for China's Khrushchov.

"Who is he?"

Isao's red arm-band with the words "A Japanese Red Guard" gave the answer.

"A Japanese Red Guard?"

"Yes, a Japanese Red Guard," affirmed Isao. "Chairman Mao says, 'To rebel is justified.' I want to rebel against Sato, U.S. imperialism and Japanese revisionism." He tore off the band round his head, revealing a long scar. That scar marked the part he had taken in revolutionary struggles.

Last March, the Japanese revisionists, terrified of Mao Tse-tung's thought, collaborated with the Japanese reactionaries to stage a hysterical anti-China farce in Tokyo. Hundreds of ruffians, wearing masks and armed with wooden or iron bars, surrounded the Zenrin Students' Assembly Hall. Isao and other Japanese friends fought shoulder to shoulder with the young overseas Chinese in Japan. He shouted, "All reactionaries are paper tigers" to spur the fighting spirit of his comrades-in-arms. At the same time he battled against the fascists who had forced their way into the hall. Suddenly a thug swung an iron bar at an overseas Chinese. With a roar Isao charged him. The startled thug missed the young Chinese and turned to hit at Isao. Blood gushed from Isao's head and he felt dizzy. But the hall rang with the singing of Chairman Mao's injunction: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" Drawing fresh strength from this, he bore the piercing pain and kicked the thug to the ground. . . . It was only when all the fascists had been driven away that Isao fainted in the arms of an overseas Chinese youth. Scarlet blood had soaked the front of his shirt and the precious *Quotations* in his pocket. . . . Isao could not contain his anger. He shook his iron fist and swore to his Chinese comrade-in-arms that their enemies were fools. Did they think that terrorism could extinguish the angry flames of the Japanese people's rebellion? No, the revolutionary youth of Japan was not to be frightened by bloodshed. We shall model ourselves on the Chinese Red Guards, he said, holding aloft the cudgel of Mao Tse-tung's thought to smash imperialism, revisionism and all reactionaries, rebelling to the last and carrying the revolution through to the end. Chairman Mao's young red fighters are fearless!

Isao is proud to call himself Chairman Mao's young red fighter. He is worthy of that name. He not only stood resolutely in the forefront of the Japanese people's struggle against U.S. imperialism and the Japanese reactionaries, but as soon as he landed on Chinese soil plunged into the ranks of China's great proletarian cultural revolution. With his deeds he most firmly defends the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung.

CHAIRMAN MAO IS PILOTING US

The night was dark. A storm was raging at sea. A European merchant vessel, whose radar had ceased to operate, was being pounded by the angry waves somewhere between Japan and China.

Captain James paced the saloon in silence, scratching his head. His officers and seamen looked at him with expectant eyes.

Suddenly the radio operator brought in a cable. A stir went round the room. Eyes shifted hopefully to the new arrival.

The cable was from a port of the nearby capitalist country. It read: "Regret to hear that your radar is out of action and that you are in danger from the storm. We extend our sincere sympathy. But the weather is too bad for us to guide you in from land. . . ." The captain commented at this point through clenched teeth: "Won't lift a finger to rescue us, in spite of all these flowery phrases!" He tore the cable up.

They had lost their last glimmer of hope. James had sailed the seas for more than thirty years, navigating all the oceans of the world. Many were the storms and dangers that he had won through. But he was on the verge of despair this time.

Just then several seamen dashed into the saloon. Beck, a veteran of over forty, shook off the icicles clinging to him and cried: "Send a cable to China, captain! Ask for help from Mao Tse-tung's China."

"That's right," agreed the other sailors. "Send an S.O.S. to Mao Tse-tung's China."

With a hesitant frown James answered: "The harbour near by can do nothing. And Chinese harbours are further away. Wouldn't

they be even more helpless? I haven't been to China for over ten years. What's the country like now? Is it able to help us?"

Advancing one step, Beck said loudly, "Mao Tse-tung's China is a revolutionary China, a people's China. You can be sure she will help us."

The other sailors backed him. So with this encouragement, James told the telegraphist to send out an S.O.S. to Chinese ports.

Against all expectation, a reply from a Chinese port came almost at once. It stated: "Your cable received. Shall do our best to help you out of danger. Get everything ready quickly. Our port will immediately set about guiding you in." What genuine friendship this short message conveyed! The men on board were moved to tears. Beck spoke for the whole crew when he said: "Brothers! Mao Tse-tung is sending men to pilot us in."

The Chinese port after receiving the S.O.S. at once set about making the necessary preparations. To ensure the safety of the foreign ship, the services of a skilled pilot and an experienced old captain were enlisted, and a group was organized ashore to plot the course carefully. With directions from this group, the foreign steamship quickly altered course and battled its way through the storm-tossed seas towards China.

At noon the next day, the ship found refuge in a Chinese harbour. When James and his crew heard that the harbour staff had been hard at work ever since receiving their S.O.S. the previous evening, they were very moved. Exchanging a firm handshake with the Chinese deck officer, Captain James said: "Our ship would have been lost if not for your selfless help. I've never met people like you anywhere in the world!"

At dusk a young Chinese radar technician came to repair their radar. The captain thought to himself, "Our radar has been overhauled several times during this voyage. Even in the States and England they failed to put it right. How can he fix it?" But the Chinese had been so good about helping them, that he couldn't refuse the offer. So he took the technician to the radar room, explained briefly what was wrong, and then left with little hope that the radar could be repaired.

He could hardly believe his ears when, after ten minutes or so, he was told that the radar was now working again. In great surprise he hurried to the radar room. As he approached it, he heard the apparatus working smoothly and he found the ship's old technician sitting quietly before the fluorescent screen, hard at work. The different pulses received were reflected distinctly on the screen. The captain smiled in satisfaction.

The following morning as Captain James came out of his cabin, one of the sailors told him, "The Chinese radar technician has come again." He went to the radar room to find out the reason. There he saw the Chinese working with great concentration, on the floor beside him a pile of dismantled parts, which he was cleaning and polishing one by one. His hands were greasy, sweat was dripping from his forehead and his shirt was wet with perspiration too. So he was overhauling the radar again! When he stood up presently to replace some spare parts, the captain could not help asking why he had come back again.

"Good morning, Captain James!" said the technician, only noticing him now for the first time. "Your radar's so old that cleaning it isn't enough. Some parts are worn out. If we don't replace them it will break down again before long."

"But we didn't ask you to do this."

"It's my duty. Surely you don't wait to be told what to do when you're navigating your ship?"

"That's different. It's a job I'm paid to do. But in your case, once you'd got the radar working, you'd done all that was required of you."

"In China, in all we do, we follow Chairman Mao's teaching. In his article *In Memory of Norman Bethune* he says, '**Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work. . . .**' Yesterday, while repairing the radar, I found what was wrong with it and was worried for the safety of my brother seamen on your ship. Only by giving the set a thorough overhaul can I show something approaching Bethune's '**boundless sense of responsibility in his work.**'"

"Comrade Bethune's . . . utter devotion to others without any thought of self . . . his boundless sense of responsibility in his work. . . ." James repeated these words in spite of himself, pondering over them. "Follow Chairman Mao's teachings. . . ." He had heard this expression more than once in Europe, Africa and Latin America but it gained fresh meaning today when he heard it in China. He stood watching the radar technician for some time. . . . Then he went out to find the Chinese deck officer. "I want *In Memory of Norman Bethune*," he told him. "I want to read Chairman Mao's writings."

Since then, on Captain James' desk you can often see newspapers and periodicals describing China's leap forward. Article by article, he reads them intently. . . .

Haxis Ndreu
(Albania)

In Praise of Shaoshan

Mountain eagles spread their wings,
Soaring aloft across the earth,
From Tirana to Shaoshan they come,
To the home of the great leader Chairman Mao.

Ah, Shaoshan, cradle of the revolution,
On your soil was born
The saviour of mankind;
You are for ever in the hearts
Of all revolutionary people;
Your praises will be sung
From generation to generation.

In Shaoshan was born
The most illustrious revolutionary;

Great Mao Tse-tung
Is hailed throughout the earth;
He will always lead the people
To battle forward,
The red star of the working class
Will always shed light.

Mao Tse-tung was born
In the village of Shaoshan;
He is the red sun in the hearts
Of the world's revolutionary people;
His glory irradiates
The whole wide world,
Lighting up the hearts
Of the whole working class.

We, the mountain eagles
Of Comrade Enver Hoxha,
Sing heartfelt songs to Shaoshan.
Our great helmsman Chairman Mao
Was born on your soil!

Long Life to Chairman Mao

With deepest respect in my heart
I have come to Shaoshan,
Most glorious cradle
From which rose the golden sun;
To be able to see you
Surpasses all my dreams —
This is the chance of a lifetime!
Shaoshan, native place
Of the supreme commander,
Is for ever engraved on my heart.
No place on earth can compare
With this happy village.
Here I sing at the top of my lungs:
Glorious teacher, great leader,
Genius of the world's people,
Sun lighting our path forward,

This poem was written by a Dominican friend.

Your red thought
Leads us towards the dawn;
The fierce fire of armed struggle
Rages on every side.
Ten thousand words cannot tell
My fiery ardour;
I can only shout
From the depth of my heart:
Long, long life to Chairman Mao!

Chairman Mao Is the Red Sun

Chairman Mao is the red sun
Whose radiance lights
The four quarters of the earth.
With you, in spring
A hundred flowers bloom,
The paddy shoots grow green,
The rape sheds fragrance;
With you, in summer
Tall the paddy grows,
The peasants' hearts rejoice;
With you, in autumn
Comes a bumper harvest;
With you, in winter
Hard ice melts,
The peasants glow with warmth.
Dear leader, Chairman Mao,
We can never forget your goodness.

This poem written by two old Vietnamese expresses the Vietnamese people's heartfelt love for Chairman Mao.

Hazis Ndreu
(Albania)

Salute the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution

Like a volcano belching molten lava,
Like thunder and lightning shaking the whole earth,
A red storm has burst in great China —
The great proletarian cultural revolution.

Now, led by Mao Tse-tung,
The army of the revolution,
The masses in hundreds of millions,
Exultantly cleave the waves and ride the storm;
In schools, factories and communes
Bright sparks flare near and far.

These sparks become a blazing fire
Which reddens the Five Continents and Four Seas,
Irresistible as a whirlwind,
The fierce fire of revolution
Blazes through mountains, villages and towns;
The revolution's mighty tide
Sweeps far and wide, surging and seething;
The bourgeois headquarters
Crashes into ruins,
Its death knell sounded.

Monsters at their last gasp
See their hopes and dreams
Pricked like bubbles;
Mao Tse-tung's bold, fearless Red Guards
Sweep away all pests.

Seven hundred million people
Unite around Chairman Mao,
Closing their ranks,
Their common resolve a fortress,
Their hearts turned towards Chairman Mao
Who gives correct and brilliant leadership!

Never forget Chairman Mao!
Let us work as one man
To set up a new milestone
And, if need arise,
Be ready to give
Our last ounce of strength,
Our lives!

Never forget Chairman Mao!
Brave workers, peasants and soldiers
Fight in the van,
Grasping revolution
And promoting production,
Advancing in step
And sweeping all before them.

Ah, Mao Tse-tung's China,
All men sing your praises!
Your land, staunch bastion of the revolution,
Will remain red, bright red,
For all time to come.

Great revolution,
Great proletarian cultural revolution!
You are a spiritual atom bomb,
You symbolize the future of mankind;
The people of Albania and China
Are true friends and comrades-in-arms;
From the depths of our hearts we salute you!
Great revolution,
Great proletarian cultural revolution!

Forum on the Clay Sculptures “Family Histories of Airmen”

EDITORS' NOTE: Today, at a time when the great proletarian cultural revolution is winning decisive victories, an exhibition of clay sculptures entitled *Family Histories of Airmen* has opened in Peking. The workers, peasants and soldiers who have seen these sculptures think very highly of them. They are the work of six ordinary fighters who never received any formal art training. These twenty-five life-size figures, divided into eight sections, portray the bitter family histories of Li Ming-sheng and five other men in the air force. They show the splendid images of the labouring people who, under the correct leadership of the Chinese Communist Party and our great leader Chairman Mao, dare to fight and resist.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“(Our purpose is) to ensure that literature and art fit well into the whole revolutionary machine as a component part, that they operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy, and that they help the people fight the enemy with one heart and one mind.”** In accordance with these principles, six ordinary young airmen have boldly made clay figures their **“weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy.”** Their artistic creations, refuting the old blind worship of bourgeois authorities on sculpture, are a good example of workers, peasants and sol-

diers portraying their own images. They represent a new victory of the thought of Mao Tse-tung and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, and are another fruitful result of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

In addition to photographs of the *Family Histories of Airmen*, we carry the comments of Li Ming-sheng, assistant political commissar of a wing; Chang Chin-hsiu, vice wing commander; Pang Li-chu, a pilot; and Li Hung-chun and Yang Chin-fu. The last two were members of the team which made the sculptures.

Li Ming-sheng (assistant political commissar of a wing):

You have seen at the exhibition our bitter family histories. One phase of my family history is depicted in those sculptures. Now I'll tell you about my past life.

My family lived in Wang Village of Yungcheng County, Hopei Province. As far as I can remember, four generations in our family — my great-grandpa, grandpa, father and elder brother — were hired hands to landlords. My great-grandpa and grandpa were harassed to death. My father spit blood because of overwork. Then the landlord discharged him. As father and elder brother could not support the family, we went begging and dug wild herbs for a living. My two younger sisters died of starvation.

When I was twelve, there was nothing to eat at home. So I dug wild herbs in the landlord's family cemetery. The landlord saw me and beat me severely with a stick. He roared, “Those wild herbs are for my cattle. If you eat them, what shall I feed my cattle?” Beaten and returning home empty-handed, I thought to myself: “We are human beings, why do we fare worse than the landlord's cattle?” His stick had lacerated my skin and the wounds festered. Burning with hunger and acute pain, I went out to beg for food. When I passed by the landlord's house, he set a fierce dog on me. It bit my leg which bled profusely. Wolves and jackals are cruel, but the landlords are crueler!

At thirteen I left home to work for the landlord as a small hired hand. But he dismissed me on the third day because I was too small and not strong enough. At fourteen I became a hired hand again. It was arranged that the landlord would give me meals but no money. My job was to carry water, a few dozen buckets every



day. Two buckets of water on a carrying-pole together weighed more than 100 catties. Under this heavy load I was hardly able to breathe. I did the job with clenched teeth. One day, hardly had I left the well side when I fainted and fell on the ground. When I came to I felt a sharp pain in my chest and spit blood. I remembered that my father had been discharged by the landlord because he spit blood. And now I had the same ailment. Two generations of us had fallen ill, toiling for the landlord. Some day I must revenge this mortal wrong, I told myself.

In 1945, the Eighth Route Army led by Chairman Mao came to our native place. Wang Village was liberated. **"In heroic triumph heaven and earth have been overturned."** The poor stood up and the dirty landlords were defeated. I, a young hired hand, was delivered from the tiger's mouth by Chairman Mao. I ran to the

village and sought out a political instructor of the Eighth Route Army. He told me, "Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests.'**" Hearing this I had much I wanted to say. Four generations of my family had been hired hands to landlords. Thanks to the revolutionary battalions led by Chairman Mao I was emancipated. Thinking of the millions of poor people who had not yet been freed, I made up my mind to be a fighter wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests. I made up my mind that, following Chairman Mao, I would make revolution all my life. I will never change my decision though rocks may crumble and the seas run dry.

I joined the army. Our Chinese People's Liberation Army is one big revolutionary family. All hailing from poor families, we fighters are class brothers. Chairman Mao teaches us that we **"must care for each other, must love and help each other."** In this revolutionary battalion I tasted what it is like to be a human being for the first time in my life. I had a rifle and fought shoulder to shoulder with tens of thousands of class brothers. We fought in the north and then in the south. The great thought of Mao Tse-tung guided us to battle for the toiling masses of workers, peasants and soldiers.

In 1952 the leadership sent me to learn flying, to become a pilot guarding our motherland's territorial air. That was something I had never even dreamed of. I hadn't learned to read when I was a child. I could not even write my own name when I joined the army. Taking to the air needs a mastery of technique. It was difficult for me.

When I arrived at the air-force unit the first thing I saw as I entered the gate was Chairman Mao's inscription: **"Build up a powerful people's air force to defend our motherland and be prepared to defeat the aggressors."** The shining words lighted my heart. I stood before the supreme instruction and said in my heart: Chairman Mao, ah, Chairman Mao, your love and concern are more magnificent than heaven and earth, you are dearer to us than our parents. I will

act according to your instructions. No hardship, however big, can daunt a revolutionary fighter armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Thus with full confidence I studied and practised every day. After repeated tempering I finally became a people's fier. Whenever I fly in the skies of our great motherland I always hear a voice within me saying, "Li Ming-sheng, ah, Li Ming-sheng, from a slave you have become a man. From an illiterate hired hand you have become a people's fier. From an ignorant child you have become a Communist, an owner of the country. It is Chairman Mao who is your saviour and liberator, who has educated you. And it is Mao Tse-tung's thought that has armed you. Li Ming-sheng, ah, Li Ming-sheng, you must work hard. Be a true fighter armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought!"

I am sure that I can overcome all difficulties.

Every one in our unit has a bitter family history. Our common experiences have fostered among us deep class feelings. Some young comrades were born in bitterness. But they were very young when liberation came to them and have grown up on sweetness. Lest we forget our past, we often hold meetings to recall class bitterness, educating the young comrades as well as ourselves.

Some comrades suggested that we should portray our past in sculpture to educate the people. So several young comrades made groups of figures depicting our earlier life. When I stood before these sculptures, I was overwhelmed by the bitter sufferings of the older generation, of my own childhood, and of the oppressed people of the whole world.

During the revolutionary struggles of the last few decades, Chairman Mao has led us to fight valiantly north and south, and we finally seized political power. Now, history has entered the new era of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Chairman Mao is the great teacher of the world's revolutionary people. The thought of Mao Tse-tung is the beacon lighting the way for all mankind. The world's revolutionary people, as long as they hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and press forward in the revolutionary direction pointed out by Chairman Mao, will win liberation. I am a revolutionary fighter. I vow to be loyal to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tse-tung's thought. I

am determined to fight to the end for the liberation of two-thirds of the world's people who are still under oppression.

Chang Chin-hsiu (a vice wing commander):

Like Comrade Li Ming-sheng, I have been through the mill. I was born in a poor-peasant family at Huangchuang, Chinhsiang County, Shantung Province. All the generations of my folk before me were oppressed. Not long after my mother was born, my grandfather died of overwork. My grandmother led my mother east and west, begging for a living. One winter, they struggled for three days through a snowstorm, going without food all that time. My grandmother was worn out. She died of hunger and cold when my mother entered a village to beg for some food. At that time my mother was only five years old. After that, she settled in a tumbledown draughty temple and went out begging every day with a censer.

When my mother was sixteen, she married my father, a hired hand. They worked day in and day out, but couldn't earn enough to feed the family. Ever since I can remember, my mother had to take me out begging. She would let me eat first whenever we got anything, usually bran or husks. To earn some sorghum and maize to keep us from starving, my mother went to serve a landlord's family as a wet-nurse. People used to say: "A wet-nurse's life is hell. She sells her own life-blood, suckling some rich man's brat, while her own children starve." My mother loved us dearly. It nearly broke her heart whenever she came home from nursing the landlord's brat to find us shivering and hungry. How bitterly she hated that evil society!

In the old society, all relations were cash relations. My family was too poor to have a patch of land, while a certain uncle of mine was a landlord. One year, I was so hungry that I picked some sorghum from one of his fields. Catching me at this, he seized back the sorghum and gave me a fearful beating. From that day on, I realized that all the poor in the world are brothers, and all landlords are bound to oppress and exploit the poor.

In 1947, the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao saved my family from that sea of suffering. The PLA had been fighting



to help the poor throw off the feudal yoke and become the masters of the country. When they came to our village they helped us poor peasants in every way. This is the poor people's own army and the saviour of the poor. All the youngsters in our village were determined to join the people's army led by Chairman Mao. From our own experience, my family loved the PLA whole-heartedly. We knew, Chairman Mao had saved us, and we should follow Chairman Mao to fight for the liberation of the poor the world over. My mother sent me to join the army. But because I was small for my age, having grown up on husks and wild vegetables, the soldiers felt that I was too small and too young to enlist. My mother went to beg the commanders to let me join up. We were so much in earnest that at last

they agreed. From that day on I became an armed revolutionary fighting to liberate and defend the whole land for the people.

I learned much in this great school of Mao Tse-tung's thought. When I first joined up, I was struck by the industry and courage of the tried and tested old soldiers. They were always full of spirit, and to them no difficulties were insurmountable. They told me that Chairman Mao had said: **"This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield. No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on."**

This is a people's army armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. In the army I began to study Chairman Mao's writings, and this raised my class consciousness. I determined to act according to all Chairman Mao's instructions. Thus my life had a clear aim: To be Chairman Mao's good soldier!

In 1951, to my great astonishment and joy, I was transferred to the air force to learn flying! Before liberation I had been the illiterate child of a poor peasant; now, thanks to the care and education of the Party and Chairman Mao, I was to become a people's pilot. At first, I felt pretty tense, because aeronautics were so complex, so hard for me to master. I was convinced, however, that since Chairman Mao wanted us to learn to fly, we should certainly fulfil the task. Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's thought, we finally mastered the aviation techniques. As we flew through the sky, I used to think: I am safeguarding the territorial air of our motherland, safeguarding Chairman Mao!

In the people's army, we have constant lessons in class education by comparing the bitter sufferings in the old society with our good life in the new society. During the great proletarian cultural revolution, we heard that China's Khrushchov had preached: "Exploitation is meritorious." This out-and-out landlords' viewpoint fired us all with indignation. We held meetings recalling our own bitter sufferings to denounce the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road. My mother, who attended similar meetings, keeps on teaching me: "If we don't tell about our bitter past, we'll forget our origin. If we don't remember class hatred, we'll forget

the Party's goodness. You must act according to Chairman Mao's teachings and follow him to make revolution for ever." I mean to bear these words in mind all my life through and be a people's soldier loyal to the thought of Mao Tse-tung for ever.

Pang Li-chu (a pilot):

This group of clay figures you have seen shows how my mother died twenty-five years ago.

My family lived in Wangan Village, Kueiping County, in the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region. There was a despotic landlord there by the name of Pang Yu-hao, at whose hands three of my family died within the short period of less than two years.

I was born in a poor-peasant family. My father worked for Landlord Pang and my mother led a hard life with four children — my two sisters, my brother and I. In the spring of 1942, my father planted some cinnamon trees, meaning later on to sell the bark which has medicinal properties. But not long after, Pang Yu-hao's ox chewed up the seedlings, pulling them up by the roots. At the sight of this, my father flared up and cursed Landlord Pang for riding roughshod over other people. The next day, my father was called to Landlord Pang's for a "clan council," beaten till he fell unconscious, and then thrown, half-dead, on the river bank. On hearing this my mother rushed to the spot and found my father in a dead faint. She strained every nerve to carry him home on her back.

With my father bedridden, our family of six had nothing to live on. My mother had to look after the sick man and the children by day. Only after nightfall could she go out to gather wild herbs or dig up taros to feed us. One evening my father came to and asked for something to eat. But there wasn't any grain left at home. So my mother told my brother and me, "Good lads, light the stove and boil water for your dad. Ma's going out to get food." This said, she went out.

She hadn't come back by the time the water boiled. Hour after hour passed, the stove went out, the boiling water turned cold again, and still no sign of my mother. My father sensed that there must be something wrong. He struggled to his feet and took us two boys

out, in the teeth of a mountain gale, to search for my mother around the village. The two of us called her at the top of our voices. Soon we heard the cocks crow in a village far away, but our cries met with no response. When we reached Liuchihchung, by the first glimmer of dawn, we saw the water in a paddy-field dyed red. There in the middle of the field lay a corpse. That was my mother, murdered. Who could we appeal to, poor as we were, for redress under that reactionary regime?

After my mother's death, my baby sister, hardly three months old, starved to death. My father's health went from bad to worse as we couldn't afford medical treatment. At last he called us to his bedside and said, "Children, dad has let you down! Don't forget how your dad and ma died!" That was how I lost three of my dear ones in less than two years. After the death of my parents, my younger sister was sold by the landlord, my brother left home to work as a young



hired hand and I became a cowherd. Landlord Pang had ruined my whole family.

In 1949, my village was liberated. At once I ran away from the landlord and joined the people's army. With a gun in my hand, I was able to safeguard our poor people's new won power. That same year I returned to my village and found my brother there. We had been separated for several years. Now he was also in uniform, with a gun. He, too, had become one of the people's fighters. Facing the portrait of Chairman Mao, the two of us knew that Chairman Mao was our saviour. Thanks to Chairman Mao who led the people's army to fight, our political power had grown out of the barrel of a gun and we poor people were now masters of the country. We could never express all that we owed to him. We vowed before the portrait of Chairman Mao that we would for ever keep firm hold of our guns to safeguard our socialist land. We shouted again and again: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Li Hung-chun:

I joined the Chinese People's Liberation Army when I was seventeen. In this revolutionary people's army, class education is constantly carried out by means of pouring out grievances and the three check-ups. Our great leader Chairman Mao says: **"The correct unfolding of the movement for pouring out grievances (the wrongs done to the labouring people by the old society and by the reactionaries) and the three check-ups (on class origin, performance of duty and will to fight) greatly heightened the political consciousness of commanders and fighters throughout the army in the fight for the emancipation of the exploited working masses, for nation-wide land reform and for the destruction of the common enemy of the people, the Chiang Kai-shek bandit gang. It also greatly strengthened the firm unity of all commanders and fighters under the leadership of the Communist Party."** The pouring out of grievances and the three check-ups have educated me, too, awakening and gradually heightening my class consciousness.

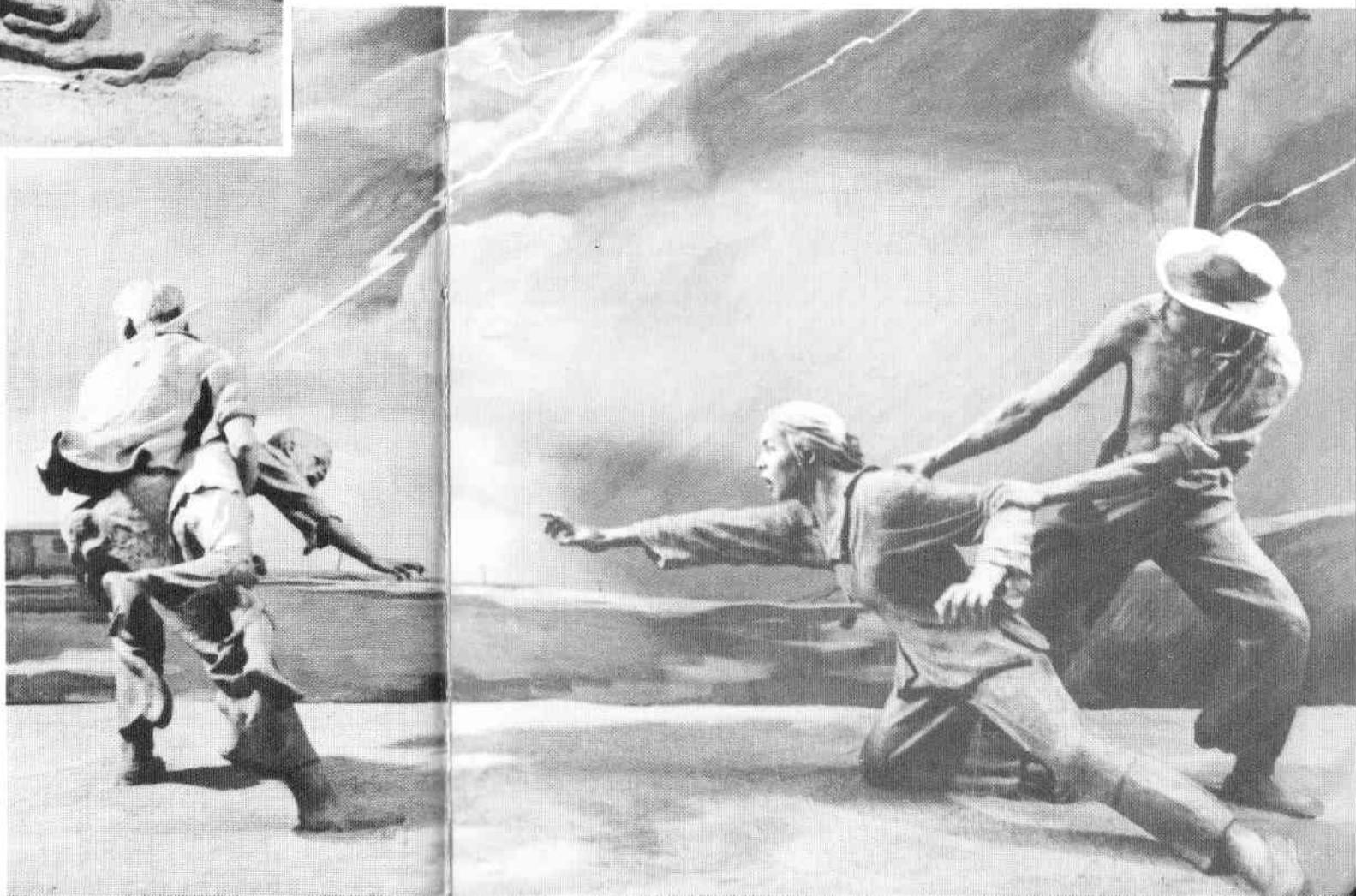
In our air-force unit many fighters have bitter family histories. Every time I listen to them pouring out grievances I am moved to



For generations in the old society Chang Chin-hsiu's family went begging



▲ Chao Li-ming's father, a hired hand, was bedridden because of overwork. At the end of the year the landlord seized what little food they had. After Chao Li-ming's father died, the three remaining members of his family were kidnapped ►

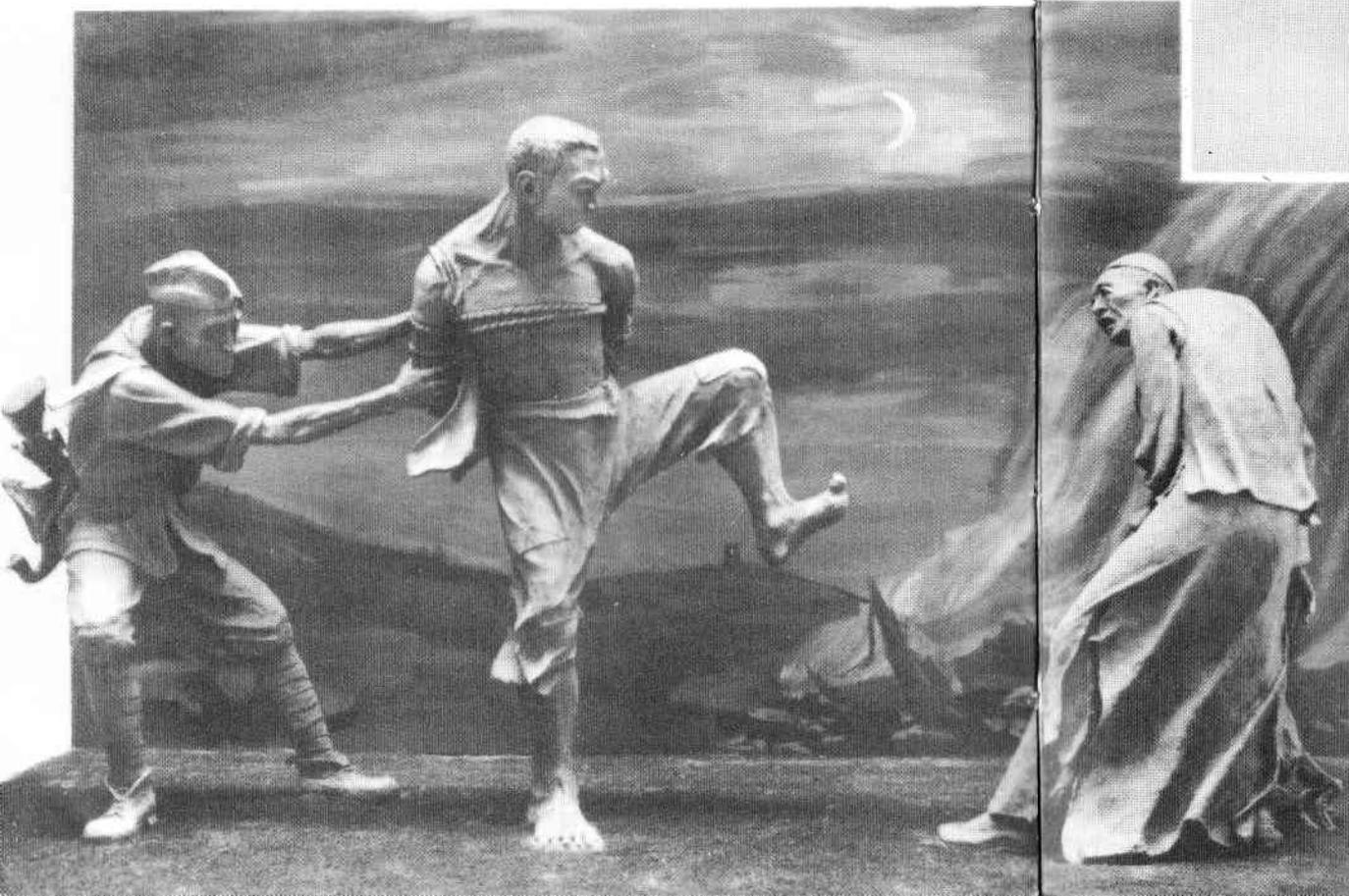




▲ Pang Li-chu and his father found his mother, murdered

Chou Pao-lung's father collapsed beneath a heavy load. A young worker defied the overseer and boss ▶





▲ Li Ming-sheng's mother sent her son to join the army

◀ Chen Kung-chu's father was conscripted by Chiang Kai-shek's bandit troops



The great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by Chairman Mao personally, has achieved brilliant successes. We must keep a firm grasp of the gun and the pen, never forget class struggle, never forget the dictatorship of the proletariat, never forget to put politics in command and never forget to hold aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought

tears of hatred for the exploiting class, of love for my class brothers. The Party committee of our unit decided to record these family histories and put on an exhibition to educate all of us fighters. So we visited the homes of forty-six fliers. Each family we visited poured out accusations of the bitter life in the old society and expressed boundless love for the people's great saviour Chairman Mao. They showed us the baskets they had used for begging, the rags they had worn in winter and other relics of the past. They kept urging us never to forget past sufferings, to follow Chairman Mao and make revolution for ever, and be Chairman Mao's good fighters. We passed through nine provinces and sixteen regions. When we returned to our unit, taking with us the expectations of the parents of several dozen fighters, we were stirred to the depths of our hearts. We resolved to make known their bitter family histories to educate the fighters of the younger generation.

What form of presentation should we use? At first we were not sure. It happened that the clay sculptures *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* were then on display in Peking. The newspapers reported that this exhibition had a highly educational mass impact. We decided we would use the same art form to present the family histories of our airmen.

Coming from labouring people's families, the six of us knew nothing about sculpture and had read very little on art or other subjects. We joined the people's armed forces straight from villages or factories, without ever having seen any exhibitions. I remembered seeing a statue of Buddha in the temple in my native village, but did not know whether it was made of clay or of wood. Nobody seemed to have cared.

Now that we were going to mould clay figures we first studied Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art* and 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*. We came to realize during our study that the struggle on the art and literary front is a component part of the class struggle to decide whether the proletariat or bourgeoisie, socialism or capitalism, will win out. The central issue here is the problem of whom literature and art should

serve. This involves the proletariat's seizure of power from the bourgeoisie on the literary and art front. If the proletariat does not occupy the position of literature and art, the bourgeoisie will. As fighters of the proletariat we must occupy the position of revolutionary literature and art.

Resolutely the six of us, each taking with him the supreme instructions — the works of our great leader Chairman Mao — made the journey to Peking. We visited the exhibition *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* to learn from the artists who had created those clay figures. One day an art institute graduate told us that during the six years in which he studied sculpture he was only told to read books but not to do any modelling. The bourgeois "authorities" made sculpture seem something very esoteric. Every day before they came to lecture, workers had to mix the clay and make tea for them. Sometimes they just sat there for the whole morning, ostensibly examining their work or adding one or two handfuls of clay. Furthermore, those bourgeois lords set up many restrictions and conventions to fool the masses. We were very angry when we heard this. We determined to smash all old conventions and blaze a new trail in the art of sculpture. We were confident that with Mao Tse-tung's thought we could overcome all difficulties.

Having no professional training we didn't know how to set about moulding figures. Nevertheless, following Chairman Mao's directive "**to learn warfare through warfare,**" we started making models and learning from revolutionary sculptors. Knowing no anatomy, we could hardly make correct frameworks for the figures; however, by studying the proportions of our own bodies we managed bit by bit. Again, we knew nothing about the structure of muscles; so we took off our shirts and copied our own muscles. Thus we conquered one difficulty after another. As a result of three months' hard work we turned out eight sets of clay figures including *Driven to Begging*, *Demanding Rent*, *Sold*, *Killed*, *Conscription* and *Sending Her Son to Join the Army*.

Our own experience of moulding these clay figures made us realize that the workers, peasants and soldiers, formerly considered "clumsy" by the counter-revolutionary revisionists and reactionary bourgeois

academic "authorities," if armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, are fully capable of occupying the stage of literature and art. They can also storm the fortress of sculpture which used to be regarded as the "pinnacle" and "heavy industry" of art, to make it truly serve proletarian politics, serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

We gave close attention to three main points in moulding our clay figures. First, the working people's stiff backbone and daring to struggle under the oppression of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucratic capitalism. Second, the fact that wherever there is oppression there is bound to be resistance. Third, the fact that the working people's revolutionary struggle develops from individual rebellion to the rebellion of the entire class.

Our first group of figures presents the scene in which the mother of Chang Chin-hsiu, now vice commander of a wing, took him out



to beg. When we visited Comrade Chang's mother she had told us: "The poor people oppressed by the landlords could hardly breathe. They were compelled to leave their homes and start begging. But the poor are not spineless. Hatred burned in their hearts." As she went on she became more and more indignant and could not help shouting "Down with the landlords!" Her strong class feelings had a deep impact on us, and we successfully created the scene Driven to Begging. It shows a snowy New Year's Eve. Chin-hsiu's mother stands before the landlord's gate, one hand caressing Chin-hsiu, the other grasping a stick to drive away dogs. As she gazes at the gate, flames of bitter class hatred, old and new, blaze in her eyes. Little Chin-hsiu nestles against his mother, glaring angrily in front of him, the seeds of hatred for the exploiting class already deeply sown in his young mind. From these images we aimed to show the oppressed and exploited peasants' strong hatred for the landlord class, their spirit of rebellion in the face of poverty, and the inevitability of a stormy, large-scale revolutionary struggle to smash the landlords' oppression.

After that we created more groups of figures, linking them into a song of praise for the resistance and struggle against the exploiting class. But it was impossible for any class struggle and armed struggle to win complete victory without the Party and the correct leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao. To stress the armed struggle led by the Party we created the seventh group, Sending Her Son to Join the Army. This depicts the mother of Li Ming-sheng, now assistant political commissar of a wing, sending him to join the army. The political instructor has given Li Ming-sheng a gun, which illustrates the truth that **"only with guns can the whole world be transformed."** To make revolution means to take up arms and follow Chairman Mao. Comrade Li Ming-sheng firmly grasps the gun and keeps his eyes fixed on Chairman Mao's works, as though making a pledge to Chairman Mao. His mother, too, gazes at Chairman Mao's works, pinning all her hopes on our great leader, the red, red sun in our hearts. This is how we epitomized the people's boundless gratitude, their love and veneration for Chairman Mao and the Communist Party.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"All the dark forces harming the masses of the people must be exposed and all the revolutionary struggles of the masses of the people must be extolled; this is the fundamental task of revolutionary writers and artists."** In the whole process of creating the sculptures, from beginning to end, we observed this instruction of Chairman Mao's, extolling the labouring people and eulogizing the revolutionary spirit of rebellion. We will sing loudly not only today but for generation after generation, until all the imperialists and reactionaries who oppress and exploit the people are eliminated, until the sunshine of Mao Tse-tung's infinitely brilliant thought lights up every corner of the world.

Yang Chin-fu:

I am nineteen this year. I come from Sungshan County near Shanghai, where I still have a father of sixty-four and a brother of twelve at home. All our family before me were poor peasants. When I was small, my father often told my brother and me what fearful times he had been through. For forty years before liberation he toiled like a beast of burden for a landlord, and not one of the six children he had then lived. He earned too little to feed them! My brother and I grew up in the new society. Each time our father told us about the past we received a class education which made us loathe that wicked old society, made us love the new socialist society which we are building under the guidance of our great leader Chairman Mao.

The year that I was seventeen I joined the army. Our Chinese People's Liberation Army is a great school of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Hearing veteran fighters describe their family histories deepened my understanding of classes and class struggle. Six of us fighters decided to use the art form of sculpture to depict the family histories of fighters in the air force, in order to reflect classes and class struggle. I was a fighter trained to use a gun. Now, to meet the requirements of the revolution, I had to master another weapon, the art of sculpture.

After the six of us had decided on moulding clay figures, Liu Feng-ming and I teamed up as a "red pair." We helped each other in our work and study. Neither of us had ever tried our hands at sculpture, but we were convinced that if we put Mao Tse-tung's

thought in command there were no strongholds in the world we couldn't storm. First thing every morning we stood before a portrait of Chairman Mao to ask for our great leader's instructions on how to carry out our tasks that day; then we studied the *Quotations* and acted according to those supreme directives. Every evening we reported to Chairman Mao on our activities during the day. We kept this up day after day, with the result that after three months of hard work we and the four other comrades succeeded in moulding eight groups of clay figures.

Liu Feng-ming and I wanted to portray the family history of Chao Li-ming, one of our mechanics. Comrade Chao Li-ming's father had rented three *mu* of land from a landlord, and was hopelessly in debt to the dog. Just before New Year the accursed landlord seized the little grain the family had left, so that they had nothing to eat, and drove them out of their house. Because of this, Li-ming's father died and his younger brother starved to death. Now that things were desperate, the headman of the ward, Wang Kuei-chuan, viciously tricked Li-ming's mother into taking her two surviving children to Hsuehchow. No sooner had the three of them got off the train at a small station east of Hsuehchow than three kidnapers closed in on them like savage wolves, seized hold of Li-ming's elder sister and carried her off. When his mother left Li-ming to save her daughter, he was dragged off by another kidnapper. He kicked and struggled and shouted, "Ma, come quick! . . ." But as soon as she turned back, she herself was caught. So all three of them were sold by the kidnapers. Comrade Chao Li-ming's history filled us with burning indignation. We determined to portray it as an indictment against the vicious old society.

How should we go about it? With this problem in mind we studied the *Quotations*. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The ruthless economic exploitation and political oppression of the peasants by the landlord class forced them into numerous uprisings against its rule."** We must stress the people's refusal to put up with humiliation, the revolutionary spirit which makes them fight bravely back. So although Chao Li-ming's father is bedridden when the accursed landlord comes to demand rent, he makes the utmost effort

to get up, supporting himself with his right hand. Glaring furiously at the landlord, he points at him accusingly with his left hand, longing to tear his class enemy to pieces.

To portray this fury of Chao Li-ming's father, Liu Feng-ming and I, both of us the sons of poor peasants, recalled the bitter past together. Each in turn, we described the class bitterness our parents had suffered before liberation. As we did this, I had a mental picture of the look of fury on my father's face as he told me our family's story when I was a child. I recalled the expressions on the faces of other old poor peasants in my home when they denounced the old society. I was stirred, too, by Liu Feng-ming's account of his family's sufferings. By studying our problems together and working together on the figures, we finally succeeded in portraying this scene.

I am a new fighter. Chairman Mao has taught us: **"In our struggle for the liberation of the Chinese people there are various fronts, among which there are the fronts of the pen and of the gun, the cultural and the military fronts."** I shall do my best to study Mao Tse-tung's thought and become Chairman Mao's good fighter. I am determined to defend Chairman Mao's cultural front as well as the military front.

Hsu Kuang-ping

“Our Scabs Are Their Treasures”

— *Angry Refutation of China's Khrushchov and Company for
Their Crime in Sheltering Traitors to Attack Lu Hsun*

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **“The overthrow of political power is necessarily preceded by efforts to seize hold of the superstructure and ideology in order to prepare public opinion and that is true both of the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary classes.”** To realize their criminal scheme of restoring capitalism, China's Khrushchov and his accomplices engaged in many treacherous activities. In the 18 years since the founding of our people's republic, through their lackeys on the cultural front they carried out repeated attacks on Lu Hsun, ruthlessly cut down his writings and viciously distorted the history of the struggle between two lines on the literary and art front. On the other hand, they were most courteous and considerate to the notorious traitor Chou Tso-jen, regarding him as a “national treasure,” protecting him, making full use of him and enabling him to spread his poison on the cultural front and harm the people. When we contrast their actions in these two instances, their counter-revolutionary treachery is completely exposed.

Hsu Kuang-ping is the widow of Lu Hsun.

In his brilliant work *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, Chairman Mao clearly pointed out: **“Then literature and art exist which serve the imperialists — for example, the works of Chou Tso-jen, Chang Tzu-ping and their like — which we call traitor literature and art.”** But China's Khrushchov and his lackeys tried by hook and by crook to reverse the verdict on the traitor Chou Tso-jen. They cleaned and dolled up this spineless mangy cur, and let him loose again to continue to harm the people's revolutionary cause. Immediately after the liberation, they bailed Chou out of the Nanking prison. Hu, a vice-director of the former Propaganda Department of the Central Committee, considered him such a “treasure” that he promptly sent trusted men to call on Chou at his residence in Pataowan in Peking. Going as responsible members of a government organization, they raised the social status of Chou Tso-jen in the public eye. In addition, they notified the local security department “not to trouble Chou Tso-jen in the future.” And so this notorious traitor was given a legitimate status and freed completely from the supervision of the people and the organs of dictatorship.

Their success in protecting Chou Tso-jen emboldened them to go further and make use of him. Vice-director Hu of the former Propaganda Department told his henchmen, “Chou Tso-jen's books can be published.” “His essays can be published in a collection later on.” They spoke of him as a “rare talent of China” who could translate many foreign works and whose translations could be used as “text books of foreign literature” owing to the “fluency and simplicity of his language.” In actual fact, it was because they needed feudal and bourgeois writings to poison the people that they collected all Chou's translations of works from the time of ancient Greece down to the Meiji Restoration in Japan.

The People's Literature Publishing House alone published 11 books by this infamous traitor and was preparing to print six more of his translations. Thus scoundrels like Hu and Chou Yang squandered tens of thousands of the people's money to keep this lackey of the imperialists and enable him, with his corrupt soul, to poison the broad masses of our people and young students.

What was particularly intolerable was that China's Khrushchov and his henchmen, to meet the requirements of counter-revolution, waved a "red banner" to oppose the red banner, blatantly attacking Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* as "out-of-date" and trumpeting about the need in the future for a "literature of the whole people" which "does not bear a class brand" and "is acceptable to all classes." They utilized the traitor Chou Tso-jen to distort Lu Hsun's revolutionary spirit under the guise of writing reminiscences of Lu Hsun. In 1956, on the twentieth anniversary of Lu Hsun's death, because the former Propaganda Department turned on the green light, Chou Tso-jen was able to spread his poison in many publications. For instance, in a pamphlet published by the China Youth Publishing House entitled *Help Readers to Understand Lu Hsun and Learn from Lu Hsun*, at the instigation of these counter-revolutionary revisionists Chou Tso-jen resorted to many dirty tactics to fool young people who knew nothing of the inside story and so to sap the revolutionary resolve of the masses. Here their vicious scheme is clearly apparent.

As is known by all, Lu Hsun was a **"national hero, a hero without parallel in our history"** while Chou Tso-jen was a lackey of the imperialists who, during the Japanese occupation of Peking, hoisted a Japanese flag over his doorway and put a Japanese name plate on his door. Because Lu Hsun refused to compromise with the forces of darkness and waged resolute struggles, the enemy hated him. Chou Tso-jen was the first to act against him, making him move out of Pataowan, after which the northern warlords, lackeys of imperialism, issued a warrant for his arrest. Lu Hsun had to escape to far off Amoy, then to Kwangchow and Shanghai, fighting his way through the enemy's lines and finally settling down in Shanghai. In his book, Chou Tso-jen deliberately distorted the facts, using someone else's article as an appendix to whitewash himself. The article says: "When we were living in the same house as Uncle in Peking, I was still very young. By the time I was old enough to remember things clearly, Uncle had moved away; later he lived in Shanghai." Chou Tso-jen used this article to cover up the fact that Lu Hsun was persecuted. He emphasized that "while we were living together, we were a happy,

jolly big family," endeavouring to blur the class line between revolution and counter-revolution, and spreading the poison of "combining two into one."

At the end of the article *Lu Hsun and Jun Tu*, Chou Tso-jen quite shamelessly declared, "I hope to make a trip to Shaohsing in the not too distant future. I shall be able to see the changes in my native place since liberation and also to have a look at this grandson of Jun Tu. . . . Reminiscing about the past, I may recall certain forgotten incidents which will provide material for writing my memoirs. Perhaps this is not a purely selfish motive." This paragraph is most insidious. To inexperienced young readers, it implies that Chou Tso-jen's long absence from home was due to his devotion to public business which kept him occupied day and night instead of his out-and-out betrayal of his people and motherland, and his reluctance to show his face in his old home after serving the Japanese and recognizing them as his masters. Here Chou Tso-jen posed as a revolutionary who thought of retiring to his native place only in his old age, implying that he had done good deeds for the people and had deep feeling for his motherland to cover up the heinous crimes he committed against the people and his betrayal of the country. The word "shame" simply does not exist in his vocabulary.

A traitor to his country has no right to contaminate the new literature led by the Communist Party and to blatantly announce that his poisonous writings will not be based on "purely selfish motives." This is preposterous!

The treacherous activities of the counter-revolutionary revisionists headed by China's Khrushchov to promote a "literature of the whole people" reached a frenzied pitch after the 20th Congress of the CPSU. I remember the rumpus they made over this in October, 1956, twenty years after Lu Hsun's death, on the pretext of commemorating him. Before the meeting, on the instructions of their master, Chou Yang and his ilk selected the theme and appointed people to study the "formation of Lu Hsun's world outlook as a humanist and revolutionary democrat" and the "profound humanist ideas" in his writings. During the meeting, they included in their presidium remnants of the Ching dynasty, KMT warlords, patriarchs of the thirties, bourgeois

politicians, renegades, secret agents, Rightists, hooligans, counter-revolutionary revisionists, elements in league with foreign countries and a whole batch of reactionary bourgeois "authorities." In addition, they sent someone specially to escort the big traitor Chou Tso-jen to the meeting. Lu Ting-yi, an important chief of the counter-revolutionary clique, openly announced on the rostrum that "we hope that all writers and artists, old and new, including those in Taiwan, will unite under the slogan of patriotism." It is clear from this what kind of country they love. Is it not the greatest irony to drag in traitors when speaking of patriotism?

At that time, they certainly "treasured" Chou Tso-jen. In many articles, he wrote as an "authority" on Lu Hsun's works. He said that certain materials "in my knowledge have become rare editions and should be recorded and kept." He even put pressure on the people by comparing the material in his possession to "money which diminishes with every note spent."

The handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists collaborated with Chou Tso-jen to enable him to spread his poison; they and Chou made use of one another. They ordered magazines and newspapers to ask Chou Tso-jen for articles so that for a time his house in Pataowan was thronged with people coming to solicit him for writings. The history of China's cultural revolutionary movement was rapidly being changed out of all recognition and Lu Hsun's militant spirit was in danger of obliteration. Unable to contain my indignation and fury, in 1959 I added a special chapter on "So-called Brothers" to my *Reminiscences of Lu Hsun* and exposed the real facts. I wanted young readers to get a clear outline of history. But due to the protection of Chou Yang and his like, the traitor Chou was not in the least affected.

On instructions from Hu, a vice-director of the former Propaganda Department, the capitalist roaders in the People's Literature Publishing House had been paying Chou 200 yuan a month as royalties in advance. But the infamous traitor complained that this was a mere pittance and demanded 400. When Chou Yang learned about this, he promptly agreed. Thus the traitor was kept on a high salary, able to guzzle like a swine.

During the three hard years, when the broad masses of our people and cadres, relying on their own efforts, worked hard to overcome the difficulties due to natural disasters and the trouble created by the Soviet revisionists, the traitor Chou Tso-jen received special attention and care. The capitalist roaders in various organizations presented him with delicacies or visited him to ask after his health. Chou Yang himself was particularly good to him. Before leaving Peking for a trip, Chou Yang gave him a stack of blank stationery with his private seal so that this traitor could write down any requests, travel wherever he pleased, and satisfy all his reactionary desires. On looking back, I realize that it was not fortuitous that Chou Yang and company showed such favour to Chou Tso-jen and such hatred for Lu Hsun, suppressing his writings, distorting facts in footnotes, slandering and attacking him with the desire to derogate him at all costs.

Because Chou Tso-jen was protected and supported by China's Khrushchov and his accomplices, he perked up whenever the class struggle was intense, either at home or abroad. It was so in 1956 after the 20th Congress of the CPSU and again in 1962. During the period of temporary hardships in our country, those counter-revolutionary elements again brought out Chou Tso-jen to team up with ghosts and monsters and attack the Party. A renegade whom they placed in a position of authority in the Lu Hsun Museum bought Chou Tso-jen's reactionary diary for the high price of 1,800 yuan and kept it in the museum as a "cultural relic." Several magazines and papers asked Chou Tso-jen for writings and allowed him to use the pseudonym "Chung-mi" to issue anti-Party calls to the class enemy at home and abroad. Chou Tso-jen was in no way restricted but allowed to write freely for the reactionary press in Hongkong.

A shameless writer who had prostrated himself before the Kuomintang, ranting wildly in Hongkong, attacked our revolutionary writers for using the Marxist-Leninist viewpoint and the thought of Mao Tse-tung to comment on the revolutionary experience and the militant spirit of Lu Hsun. He claimed that on the mainland "even Hsu Kuang-ping dares not speak the truth." He went all out to blow the trumpet for Chou Tso-jen, saying that "certain missing links" in the historical material on Lu Hsun had been supplied by Chou Tso-jen in *Lu Hsun's*

Native Place and *The Characters in Lu Hsun's Stories*. He urged Chou Tso-jen to produce a biography of Lu Hsun. These ghosts and monsters, attacking from within and without, made the whole atmosphere revoltingly murky. They practically lauded this big traitor to the skies. I remember Lu Hsun once said: When the revolution is victorious, certain pugs will put up new placards to cover up the real situation and cheat the world, and there is no way to deal with them except to fight. To safeguard the interests of the revolution and reveal the true situation, in an article published on June 7, 1963, I once again exposed Chou Tso-jen's crime in getting someone to catalogue Lu Hsun's library and sell it during the Japanese occupation. He did this on the pretence that their mother was hard up, but actually he wanted to wipe out Lu Hsun's influence and suppress the people's revolutionary spirit.

The day after my article was published, on June 8, this traitor lodged a furious protest against the former *Peking Evening Paper*, alleging that my exposure was "wanton slander." Chairman Mao has taught us that **"to be attacked by the enemy is not a bad thing but a good thing."** If the revolutionary people's exposure of a traitor's crime is called "wanton slander," then the poisonous weeds traitors produce must become "fragrant flowers" of the counter-revolutionary revisionists. At that time, I could not understand how such a thief, a traitor to his country, dared be so arrogant. It was only after the cultural revolution began that I understood. It seems he had powerful backing. It has been revealed that Chou Yang, a trusted lackey of China's Khrushchov, once said, "Chou Tso-jen has never opposed communism." When Chou heard this compliment, he immediately wrote to Chou Yang to express his gratification, his "great sense of reassurance." With such backing, he naturally had no fears and could strike back furiously.

It is thirty-one years now since Lu Hsun left us. Although the class enemy has never ceased to attack him, his revolutionary spirit will always inspire the people to fight courageously. In the last clause of his "will" written before his death, Lu Hsun reminded us: "Never mix with people who injure others yet oppose revenge and advocate tolerance." But China's Khrushchov, activated by his

counter-revolutionary requirements, preached "tolerance" and opposed revenge. He opposed the proletarian dictatorship and advocated class co-operation. As early as 1936, at the start of the polemics over two different slogans, China's Khrushchov took the side of Chou Yang to peddle their sinister wares. He blethered: "Be bolder, give free rein to the people, and open the gate completely. Throw away all narrow, arrogant rubbish which will not 'tolerate' others. No matter what party, group or kind of people, you should bring them all in." He even openly yelled, "Don't be afraid that the leadership will be snatched away, that you may be utilized by others, or that traitors will commit sabotage. . . ." Although thirty years had elapsed, the lackeys of China's Khrushchov did not forget their master's instructions and implemented his political programme with even more verve, "bringing" in traitors to commit sabotage and so create public opinion for their restoration of capitalism.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Only if we draw a clear line between reactionaries and revolutionaries, expose the intrigues and plots of the reactionaries, arouse the vigilance and attention of the revolutionary ranks, heighten our will to fight and crush the enemy's arrogance, can we isolate the reactionaries, vanquish them or supersede them."** The viciousness and treachery of the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists lie in the fact that they blur the class line, distort history and confound the enemy and our own ranks, confusing black with white. The fact that after the liberation this infamous traitor Chou Tso-jen was sheltered and utilized by a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists has taught us an important lesson: It is of primary importance to draw a line of demarcation between revolutionaries and counter-revolutionaries, to do **"away with all pests"** and heighten our revolutionary vigilance.

**With power and to spare we must pursue the tottering foe
And not ape Hsiang Yu the conqueror seeking idle fame.**

To ensure that our country will never change colour, and for the eternal happiness of our people, we must respond to the call of our great leader Chairman Mao and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

Apologist for Bukharin, Agent of the Kulaks

— On “*Virgin Soil Upturned*”

In the late twenties and early thirties, the Soviet people led by the great Marxist-Leninist Stalin launched a tremendous movement for the collectivization of agriculture. This was a great economic revolution. More important still, it was a great political revolution to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat and develop the socialist system.

Revolution invariably meets with obstructions. Our great leader Chairman Mao has taught us: **“The agricultural co-operative movement, from the very beginning, has been a severe ideological and political struggle.”**

The same is true of the Soviet Union. The movement for the collectivization of agriculture led by Stalin was from the start frenziedly

Li Ching is a five-good fighter of a PLA unit.

opposed and sabotaged by Bukharin, veteran opportunist and agent of the kulaks. Bukharin and company frantically opposed eliminating the kulaks as a class and carried out a Right opportunist line aimed at steering the Soviet Union on to the capitalist road.

Stalin exposed the plot of Bukharin’s anti-Party clique, led the whole Party to smash its wild attack and upheld the proletarian revolutionary line of all-out collectivization of agriculture and liquidation of the kulak economy.

The struggle between Stalin and Bukharin was a struggle between two classes, two roads and two lines. Which side did Sholokhov take in this struggle? What part did he play? He took Bukharin’s side and opposed Stalin, opposed socialism and the proletarian revolutionary line. *Virgin Soil Upturned* is a poisonous book which plays the despicable part of apologist for Bukharin.

ON WHOM MUST THE SOCIALIST TRANSFORMATION OF AGRICULTURE RELY?

The socialist transformation of agriculture must and can only rely on the poor peasants.

When refuting the Bukharin clique Stalin pointed out that our attitude is to regard “the poor peasant as the support of the working class, the middle peasant as the ally, the kulak as the class enemy.”

Our great leader Chairman Mao has stated incisively that the socialist transformation of agriculture can be carried out **“only by relying on the great mass of the former semi-proletarian poor peasants,”** and **“Control of the co-op leadership must be established in the hands of the poor peasants and the new lower middle peasants.”**

Bukharin completely denied this. He considered that kulaks, middle peasants and poor peasants were all equally “poor.” Thus he denied the existence of classes in the countryside, denied the poor peasants’ socialist enthusiasm, denied the proletarian revolutionary line of relying on the poor peasants for the collectivization of agriculture. Not only so, he tried to intimidate the Party with his nonsensical argument that restricting the kulaks would “scare away”

the middle peasants. In other words, collectivization must rely on the kulaks.

Sholokhov faithfully publicized Bukharin's repudiation of the poor peasants. In *Virgin Soil Uplifted* he distorts poor peasants, presenting them as devoid of class consciousness and socialist enthusiasm, a selfish, backward, ignorant rabble. Let us take as one example his vilification of the old poor peasant Shchukar.

Shchukar makes a ridiculous entry wearing "a woman's white sheepskin." Sholokhov then proceeds to invest him with all the faults of superstition, backwardness, selfishness, greed, laziness, boastfulness and avarice. Shchukar is a fatalist. The least "unlucky" happening makes him shake in his shoes. He never stops bragging. He "was like that by nature; he could not help boasting and telling tall stories." Whether tending livestock or driving a cart, he always goes to sleep. To fill his greedy belly he dreams of "making big money" as an actor. He wants to join the Party because someone has told him "then you can buy yourself a leather briefcase, tuck it under your arm and go swaggering round the village with it." In his view, the main thing in life is eating. . . . Grandad Shchukar as presented by Sholokhov is a travesty of a poor peasant!

The basic reason for the poor peasants' support of collectivization and their tremendous socialist enthusiasm is that they have suffered so deeply from exploitation and oppression. But Sholokhov makes Shchukar reminisce at length about the old society to show that his sufferings were not due to classes but to animals! While still a boy he was bitten by a dog, pecked by a goose and nearly kicked to death by a foal; then he was frightened by a bustard, attacked by wild boars, and tossed by a bull. He has known every kind of "suffering" except class suffering. Sholokhov denies the oppressed and exploited class status of poor peasants, negates the class source of their socialist enthusiasm and the class policy of reliance upon the poor peasants to run collective farms.

More vicious still is Sholokhov's use of the "collapse" of the Gremyachy Association for Joint Working of the Land formed of eighteen poor peasant households — "all the poorest of the poor" — to prove that poor peasants are "unreliable." Such joint associations

were collective farms in embryo and a sign of the poor peasants' tremendous socialist enthusiasm. But Sholokhov makes Nagulnov, secretary of the Gremyachy Party group, and others malign them. "They're lying under the Soviets like a sick calf, sucking all the time and not growing at all." It's "just a dead loss."

It is easy to tell which class is speaking here.

The conclusion reached by this long painstakingly written work tallies with Bukharin's contention: Poor peasants cannot be relied on. If they are, collectivization will prove "a dead loss."

In that case, who can be relied on? Once again, Sholokhov echoes Bukharin: First the kulaks, then the middle peasants.

Sholokhov describes kulaks as angels in human form. Far from exposing the cruel exploitation which characterizes them, he describes them as starting with "nothing" and growing rich through hard work and ability. He presents the kulaks Yakov Lukich and Titok as evidence of this. Of the latter he says: "He worked day and night, let the hair grow all over him, went about winter and summer in only a pair of canvas trousers. . . . He ruptured himself through lifting heavy weights." That was how they became kulaks. Sholokhov never tires of singing the praises of kulaks. He has really mastered and taken to heart Bukharin's theory that kulaks grow rich through hard work.

Sholokhov's kulaks not only do not exploit others but are fine workers able to serve socialism. Yakov Lukich goes all out to open up virgin soil, supplies the Soviets with good seeds and wins prizes and medals and certificates of approval.

In this novel, the secretary of the District Party Committee openly declares that attacking the kulaks can "cause any amount of trouble . . . you'll soon break your neck at this rate. . . . If you act like that, you'll be destroying all faith in our undertakings." He claims that this will make the middle peasants unwilling to join the collective farms, and then it will be impossible to run them well. This is identical with Bukharin's view.

Davidov and Razmyotnov, chairman of the village Soviet, prostrate themselves in admiration before the kulak Yakov Lukich. It is at their insistence that he becomes the farm manager, with full power

of administering the collective farm. Davidov has nothing but praise for this "manager that'll make our kopecks go as far as rubles." In spite of Yakov's wrecking activities, Davidov decides not to discharge him. He believes that with a manager like this, the whole village will be transformed within a year. Thus the conclusion of Davidov, a Bukharin in miniature, is to rely on kulaks to transform the village.

On the question of middle peasants, too, Sholokhov makes his hero Davidov sing the same tune as Bukharin. After condemning the poor peasants' Association for Joint Working of the Land, he trails along behind the middle peasants. He finds not a single poor peasant to rely on, but the well-to-do middle peasant Maidannikov wins his confidence and becomes, like Yakov, one of the men he depends on to run the collective farm. All the poor peasants in this novel are lazy gluttons, but Maidannikov is a "real shock-worker."

Maidannikov gives Davidov advice, helps him with the work, and cannot sleep at night for concern for the collective farm. No wonder Davidov offers "special thanks to Maidannikov" and wants him to succeed to his job. Later, sure enough, Maidannikov joins the Party and takes over Davidov's duties, becoming the chairman of the collective farm.

As early as in 1927 Chairman Mao taught us: **"Without the poor peasants there would be no revolution. To deny their role is to deny the revolution. To attack them is to attack the revolution."** Events have proved that the poor peasants are the most revolutionary class in the countryside, the most eager to take the socialist road. Without relying on the poor peasants it is impossible to develop production, unite the middle peasants, complete socialist transformation and consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat. This is fully confirmed by the experience of the Soviet Union.

The middle peasantry is a vacillating class. The middle peasant is a toiler, which brings him close to the working class; but he is a property owner too, which brings him close to the rich peasants. If we do not rely on the poor peasants to unite the middle peasants, this is bound to intensify the polarization in the countryside, and socialist transformation will be simply empty talk. How can the "collective farm" in *Virgin Soil Uplifted* take the socialist road when Da-

vidov, a Bukharin in miniature, makes a kulak its manager and a middle peasant its mainstay? Such a "collective farm" is white and bogus. It is a blueprint for the restoration of capitalism drawn by Sholokhov according to his counter-revolutionary ideal.

IS COLLECTIVIZATION THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY OR DISASTER?

In his hatred for socialism and the collective-farm movement, Bukharin alleged that the development of collective farms would wreck the worker-peasant alliance and that attacking the kulaks would cause a grain shortage and mass dissatisfaction. . . . In a word, he described the collectivization of agriculture as a monster which would wreak total destruction.

Sholokhov obediently pipes the same tune, plagiarizing Bukharin's ideas, to loose a shower of poisoned darts at the collectivization of agriculture. The second part of his novel, published after Stalin's death, contains the most scurrilous attacks on collectivization. Sholokhov completely negates the great achievements of the collective-farm movement led by Stalin and does his utmost to resuscitate Bukharin, lauding Khrushchov's restoration of capitalism.

The question of whether collectivization is the road to prosperity or utter disaster is a vital matter of right and wrong, an issue which must be clarified.

Chairman Mao has taught us that **"the only way for the majority of peasants to shake off poverty, improve their livelihood and fight natural calamities is to unite and go forward along the high road of socialism."**

The Soviet peasants of Stalin's time did indeed transform the individual economy, shake off poverty and take the broad socialist road through the collectivization of agriculture.

But Sholokhov fumes that collectivization has caused weeping on every side. In this novel of his, the formation of a collective farm in Gremyachy brings disaster to the village.

It is hard enough to get the farm started, and as soon as any trouble crops up the collective farmers are thrown into utter confusion.

The rumour that the small livestock are to be collectivized results in a general slaughter. "In two nights the head of cattle in Gremyachy was halved." Different collective farms try to swindle each other, seizing land, stealing hay and often coming to blows. When collective farmers from elsewhere come to fetch seed grain, the villagers steal all the grain belonging to their own farm.

Sholokhov makes Shchukar and his wife curse collectivization as being the root of all their troubles. They complain that the barns are empty, even the rats there will soon have starved to death, while the villagers are famished. These vicious accusations express Sholokhov's inveterate hatred for collectivization.

In fact, the truth of the matter was totally different. The broad masses of Soviet peasants firmly supported Stalin's call, and resolutely took the road of collectivization. After organizing collective farms, their enthusiasm which had been suppressed for centuries erupted like a volcano. They held socialist emulation campaigns and supplied the state with large quantities of grain, smashing the kulaks' plot to starve the Soviets. Their living conditions steadily improved, their spiritual outlook was transformed. Sholokhov cannot have failed to observe this too. But his counter-revolutionary nature made him close his eyes to the truth and trump up lies.

In the last part of the novel, Sholokhov's attack on collectivization reaches a climax. The action of the book starts in the spring and ends with the autumn harvest. What do they reap in autumn from the collectivized seeds sown in the spring?

Sholokhov presents the collective farm at harvest-time as a scene of desolation, the air filled with the sound of sobbing. The farm has run into one trouble after another. In one single day a man dies, a woman has a most difficult delivery, and a goat falls into a well and is drowned. Then Nagulnov and Davidov are killed by white bandits. Davidov's fiancée returns to the village in tears and finds Shchukar, normally so boastful, very much weaker with little to say for himself. He spends the whole night in the graveyard, sighing, crossing himself and weeping. The nights are growing longer and darker. High in the inky sky sounds the mournful cry of a crane and plaintive honks of wild geese calling to each other, while below geese cackle in a re-

strained way and ducks flap their wings. Thus Sholokhov presents Gremyachy as having become a fearful, hellish place, utterly benighted. There is no sign here of the victory of collectivization, the people's happiness and joy in a good harvest, or the superiority of socialism.

According to Sholokhov, from the collective seeds sown in Gremyachy in spring they reap utter disaster in autumn. Some villagers die, others leave; homes break up in despair and sorrow. This is insulting collectivization, insulting the Soviet collective farms and Stalin. But no one can negate the great achievements of the collective-farm movement led by Stalin. Those who tamper with history will finally be crushed by the wheel of history.

After Khrushchov came to power, Sholokhov leapt off Bukharin's flagpole into the arms of the Soviet revisionist ruling clique to become a trumpeter for Khrushchov. In the second part of *Virgin Soil Upturned* he spares no pains to peddle Khrushchov's revisionist trash, his bogus communism, his state of the whole people and Party of the whole people. He applauds the restoration of capitalism by the Soviet revisionist leading clique.

The collective farms set up in Stalin's time no longer exist, except in name, in the Soviet Union today; for Soviet agriculture has taken the capitalist road of free administration and free competition. The Soviet revisionist leading clique has introduced a "new economic system" with "profit in command." They have parcelled out the land to different teams and households, enlarged private plots and started a free market. There has been an ominous increase in the spontaneous trend of capitalism, the polarization of Soviet society is becoming more and more acute, the socialist economy has been thoroughly undermined. The Soviet Union's "collective farms" have become paradises of the "red" rich, while the broad masses of the Soviet peasantry are living a wretched life under the new tsarist oppression of the Soviet revisionists.

Black clouds cannot cover the sky for long; the red sun will eventually shed its radiance again. Guided by invincible Marxism-Leninism, by Mao Tse-tung's thought, the Soviet people will once again whip up the great storm of the October Revolution, to sweep away *Virgin Soil Upturned* and all rubbish aimed at the restoration of

capitalism. They will overthrow the new tsarist throne of the Soviet revisionists, and once again build glorious socialism. Listen! The voice of our great teacher Chairman Mao is resounding now throughout the universe: **“The socialist system will eventually replace the capitalist system; this is an objective law independent of man’s will. However much the reactionaries try to hold back the wheel of history, sooner or later revolution will take place and will inevitably triumph.”**

Statement of the Afro-Asian Writers’ Bureau

The Afro-Asian Writers’ Bureau held, recently, intimate and friendly consultations with revolutionary and progressive writers from many Afro-Asian countries on the successful convening of the Third Conference of Afro-Asian Writers and on the activities that are to be accomplished, before the Conference is held.

During these consultations, it was re-affirmed that the Afro-Asian writers’ movement is a movement dedicated to promote the Afro-Asian people’s cause of opposing imperialism and colonialism old and new headed by the U.S.A., and for winning and safeguarding national independence, people’s democracy and socialism.

In promoting this cause, it was the consensus of opinion, that, should the Afro-Asian writers be guided themselves by Mao Tse-tung’s thought as expressed in the *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, they could serve the people better, in the light of the present political situation in the world, in general, and in Asia and Africa, in particular.

In the world, today, imperialism is heading for total collapse and socialism is advancing towards world-wide victory. The different political forces are in a process of great upheaval, great division and great reorganization. A completely new historical era has dawned in which Mao Tse-tung's thought has become the most revolutionary ideology guiding the world peoples in their struggle against imperialism, colonialism, reaction and revisionism, and for winning and safeguarding national independence, people's democracy and socialism.

The world situation is indeed excellent. In Asia, Africa and Latin America, the storm centre of world revolution, the people's revolutionary movement is making vigorous progress. The revolutionary struggle in Asia, Africa and Latin America is dealing a decisive and crushing blow on the old world headed by U.S. imperialism.

In these areas which represent the countryside of the world, the revolutionary peoples are building, consolidating and expanding their revolutionary forces, encircling the cities of the world, i.e., North America and Europe.

In Southeast Asia, in general, and in Vietnam, in particular, the people's struggle against U.S. imperialism and its puppets has reached a new height. The heroic Vietnamese people are scoring one victory after another, proving that U.S. imperialism, with all its might, is nothing but a paper tiger. In this area which has become the focus of the world struggle between revolution and counter-revolution, many people have taken up arms to defeat their common enemy and achieve liberation. The peoples in this area have scored brilliant victories.

The war of aggression against the Arab countries by Israel, a tool of U.S. imperialism, has educated the Arab people to distinguish more clearly between friend and foe. This war has exposed, once more, the treacherous nature of Soviet modern revisionism. The national liberation movement in this region is forging ahead. The Palestinian people are more determined than ever to liberate their sacred homeland through a people's war.

In Africa, many people have embarked on the road of armed struggle, delivering blow after blow against imperialism, colonialism, their lackeys and reactionary racist white minority dictatorships.

The people in the independent countries of Africa have awakened themselves to the great task facing them in combating imperialism, the vestiges of colonialist and neo-colonialist infiltration including that in the cultural field and are making continuous progress along the road of national democratic revolution.

In Latin America, the so-called backyard of U.S. imperialism, the people's revolutionary struggle is deepening and gaining momentum. In different regions, the people's struggle has victoriously developed into armed struggle.

While, in the United States itself, the Afro-Americans have arisen in a mighty storm against racialism and reactionary domination, resorting to revolutionary violence to achieve their liberation. The people's movement against U.S. imperialist aggression in Vietnam, is developing in breadth and depth, causing a continuous panic, confusion and internal contradiction within the forces of U.S. imperialism itself.

The deepening of the economic crisis in the imperialist and capitalist countries has resulted in devaluation of their currencies and a corresponding passage of the economic burden on the already suffering masses of the people. This has sharpened the class struggle in these countries and hastened the collapse of the capitalist system.

The vigorous development of the world's revolutionary movement is inseparable from the most important and historical event in the world today, the great proletarian cultural revolution in China, which has caused the world-wide dissemination of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and raised world people's political understanding to a new and higher level, helping them to draw a demarcation line between revolutionary and counter-revolutionary, between enemy and friend, between Marxism-Leninism and modern revisionism, and making the world peoples to grasp the sharpest weapon in their anti-imperialist struggle.

The great proletarian cultural revolution has made China, even more powerful, as the centre of world revolution, preventing capitalist restoration and, thereby, consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat and guaranteeing that world revolution will continue to have a mighty base-area as its mainstay. With the victory of the great proletarian cultural revolution, China will not change colour.

The adverse current caused by U.S. imperialism and their accomplices can never stop the main current which is the people's revolutionary movement, throughout the world.

The Soviet revisionists have degenerated to counter-revolutionaries engaging themselves in shameful activities splitting the revolutionary and progressive movement, thus helping the imperialists and becoming the inseparable part of the adverse current headed by U.S. imperialism. In the Afro-Asian writers' movement they have been working to split our ranks and to undermine our struggle as writers together with the Afro-Asian people and all the peoples of the world against the common enemy.

In this situation, we consider it as our duty to work ardently with all revolutionary, progressive and patriotic writers and artists to build a mighty united front of literary and cultural workers against imperialism and their accomplices and colonialism, old and new.

Many valuable suggestions have been made to the Bureau by our colleagues. The Bureau will try its best to fully co-operate with the revolutionary and progressive writers in Afro-Asian countries in the implementation of these suggestions which are beneficial to our common cause and which will pave the way for the successful convening of the Third Conference.

In the light of these suggestions, the Bureau calls upon the Afro-Asian writers to integrate themselves fully with the struggles of the people in their respective countries to promote the Afro-Asian new culture and new literature and art which are anti-imperialist, anti-colonialist, revolutionary, popular and national and to create more revolutionary literature and art to serve the struggle of the people; to organize local and regional activities in this direction and to strengthen and expand their organizations to ensure the success of the Third Conference.

(January 15, 1968, Peking)

Chronicle

Huge Coloured Plastic-covered Portraits of Chairman Mao

As the whole nation rejoices over the decisive victories won in the great proletarian cultural revolution, huge coloured plastic-covered portraits of our most respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao have been successfully trial-produced in Shanghai.

These portraits are 2.5 metres high, 2 metres wide. The plastic with which they are treated creates a glossy, transparent effect and makes them impervious to damp, no matter how wet the weather. It also prevents the colours from fading. Hung in streets, meeting places, factories, villages and army units, these large portraits give prominence to the magnificent image, the mighty stature, of our great leader Chairman Mao.

This large portrait was trial-produced by the Shanghai Number 9 Printing Press with the help of the proletarian revolutionaries of over a hundred other units. Brimming over with class love for Chairman Mao, they studied his works conscientiously, mobilized the masses, pooled their knowledge and by their concerted efforts overcame many difficulties, including the lack of materials and mechanical equipment. After several hundred attempts they at last succeeded.

New Gramophone Records Propagating Mao Tse-tung's Thought

The China Record Company in Shanghai has produced several million records of readings from Chairman Mao's works, quotation songs and Chairman Mao's poems set to music, as well as revolutionary songs

and revolutionary model works. These have circulated widely throughout China and the world.

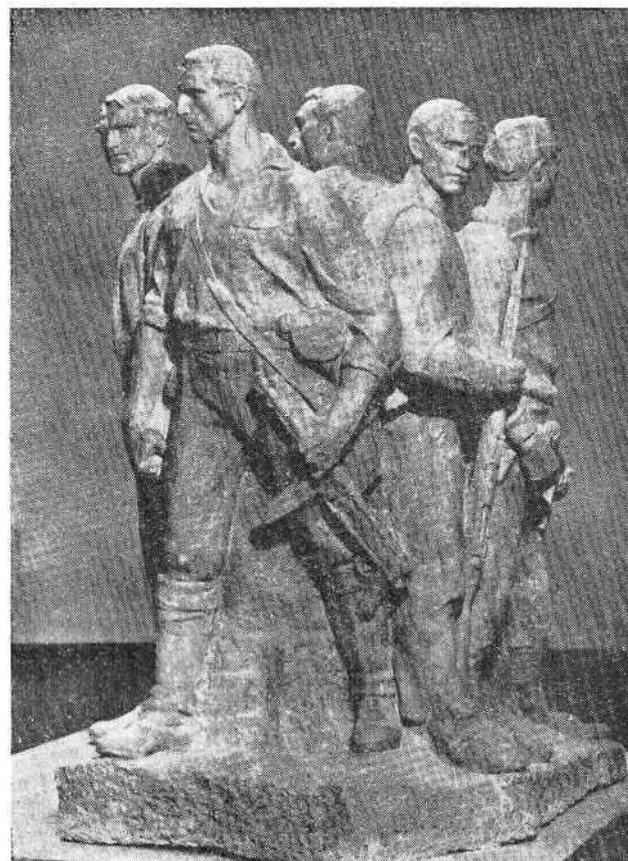
Previously the China Record Company, under the control of a handful of capitalist roaders, produced many obnoxious records to spread decadent bourgeois and feudal ideology. During the great proletarian cultural revolution, the proletarian revolutionaries rose up and seized power from the capitalist roaders. The revolutionary mass movement for criticism and repudiation made them profoundly aware that gramophone records are also a weapon for propaganda and education, and should become a position for the widespread dissemination of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. So they have now produced many records propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In the past year this company has made and distributed nearly a million records of quotation songs and readings from the works of Chairman Mao. It has put on the market 200,000 records of the set of quotation songs beginning with **"The force at the core leading our cause forward is the Chinese Communist Party."** Other sets of quotation songs, with over 100,000 records of each set have also been released.

These records sold out as soon as they came on the market. Never before has such a large number been sold to such a wide range of customers. China's workers, peasants and soldiers and the revolutionary people of the world have such veneration and love for Chairman Mao that letters keep coming from all parts of China and the world urging this company to produce more records of this type. This has greatly encouraged the workers here, who are determined to produce still more records propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought to satisfy the requirements of our people and the revolutionary people of the world.

Albanian Plastic Arts Exhibition

Recently, a large-scale Albanian Plastic Arts Exhibition opened in Peking. Among the more than 160 items were sculptures, oil paintings, posters and lithographs. From different angles they expressed the great achievements scored by the Albanian people in the socialist



Heroes at Vidut

revolution and socialist construction. They praised the wise leadership of the Albanian Party of Labour, and expressed the revolutionary heroism of the Albanian people as well as their infinite love for their leader Comrade Enver Hoxha.

Prominent in each hall were works reflecting the Albanian people's fearlessness and daring to struggle, and their seizure of political power by revolutionary force. A large sculpture *With a Pick in One Hand and a Rifle in the Other* showed the Albanian people enthusiastically building socialism while at the same time keeping a firm grip on their

guns and resolutely defending their people's revolutionary political power. Another large sculpture *Invincible Guerrillas* depicted the stirring struggle of a guerrilla against the enemy. The oil painting *A Story of the War of National Liberation* graphically presented the close ties between the Albanian army and the people. Another oil painting *Dawn in Tirana on November 17* shows the liberation of Tirana by the people's army, and the rousing welcome given it by the masses.

Works depicting fighters in the Chinese People's Liberation Army, Chinese Red Guards, workers and commune members were especially well received by the visitors. They said that this exhibition would add a new page to the annals of friendship between the peoples of China and Albania.

The exhibition was sponsored by the China-Albania Friendship Association. Kang Sheng, Yao Wen-yuan and other leading comrades attended the opening ceremony. Accompanied by Vasil Nathanaili, Albanian ambassador to China, they were conducted round the display rooms by Shaban Haderi and Kutim Buza, who had brought the exhibition to China.

Grand Revolutionary Theatrical Festival in Hongkong

A grand revolutionary theatrical festival of a mass character lasting for 25 days closed in Hongkong in December. Guided by Chairman Mao's brilliant line on revolutionary literature and art and inspired by the great proletarian cultural revolution in their motherland the artists put on 78 performances drawing a total audience of 120,000.

The most distinctive feature of this festival was the fact that the masses mounted the revolutionary stage of literature and art. More than 4,000 amateur artists took part, among them workers, students, shop assistants, children of five and six and elderly people, as well as workers' family members, pedlars and housewives. Between them they put on more than 300 items. This is unprecedented in the history of the Hongkong stage.

A chorus made up of 130 members of seamen's families and songs based on quotations from Chairman Mao sung by 40 elderly people were warmly applauded. Although their cultural level was low and

they had encountered not a few difficulties while rehearsing, their hearts brimmed over with love for Chairman Mao and their motherland. They mounted the stage with revolutionary pride, and put such spirit and feeling into singing quotations from Chairman Mao and revolutionary songs that the audience was deeply stirred.

More than ten workers performed *Imprisonment Means Nothing!*, a combination of recitation, dancing, tableaux and singing, which expressed the heroism of our compatriots in Hongkong during their struggle against British violence.

The many songs in praise of our great leader Chairman Mao and the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung were warmly applauded. The audience was inspired, too, by items presenting the heroic deeds of Nien Ssu-wang, Ouyang Hai and others of Chairman Mao's fine fighters. At every performance there were moving scenes of cheers from both the performers and the audience: "Long live Chairman Mao!" and the singing of *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*.

Syrian "Omayya" Ensemble Visits China

The National "Omayya" Folk Song and Dance Ensemble of the Syrian Arab Republic visited China last December and performed in Peking.

The Syrian artists' stirring songs and dances, rich in national flavour, presented the Arab people's courageous struggles against U.S. imperialism and Israel.

The ensemble also presented songs and dances expressing fervent praise for Chairman Mao. These were learned since their arrival in China. Holding bright red copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, with great verve they sang quotations including "**The force at the core leading our cause forward is the Chinese Communist Party**" and "**Be resolute.**" In front of a glittering portrait of Chairman Mao, they performed the dance *Long Live Chairman Mao!* and some Syrian folk dances, conveying the genuine and ardent love of the Syrian people for our great leader Chairman Mao and the friendship between the peoples of China and Syria.

Premier Chou En-lai and other leading comrades saw their performances and received all the members of the ensemble.

Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman

(Literal translation)

Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman,
All living things depend on the sun for their growth,
Moistened by rain and dew, young crops grow strong,
Making revolution depends on the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Fish can't live without water,
Melons can't thrive off their vine,
The revolutionary masses cannot do without the Communist Party,
Mao Tse-tung's thought is the never-setting sun.



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