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CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

The people who have triumphed in their own revolution should help those still struggling for liberation. This is our internationalist duty.

— *Talk with African Friends*



Our great teacher Chairman Mao Tse-tung

**Statement by Comrade Mao Tse-tung,
Chairman of the Central Committee
of the Communist Party of China,
in Support of the Afro-American
Struggle Against Violent Repression**

(April 16, 1968)

Some days ago, Martin Luther King, the Afro-American clergyman, was suddenly assassinated by the U.S. imperialists. Martin Luther King was an exponent of non-violence. Nevertheless, the U.S. imperialists did not on that account show any tolerance towards him, but used counter-revolutionary violence and killed him in cold blood. This has taught the broad masses of the black

people in the United States a profound lesson. It has touched off a new storm in their struggle against violent repression sweeping well over a hundred cities in the United States, a storm such as has never taken place before in the history of that country. It shows that an extremely powerful revolutionary force is latent in the more than twenty million black Americans.

The storm of Afro-American struggle taking place within the United States is a striking manifestation of the comprehensive political and economic crisis now gripping U.S. imperialism. It is dealing a telling blow to U.S. imperialism, which is beset with difficulties at home and abroad.

The Afro-American struggle is not only a struggle waged by the exploited and oppressed black people for freedom and emancipation, it is also a new clarion call to all the exploited and oppressed people of the United States to fight against the barbarous rule of the monopoly capitalist class. It is a tremendous support and inspiration to the struggle of the people throughout the world against U.S. imperialism and to the struggle of the Vietnamese people against U.S. imperialism. On behalf of the Chinese people, I hereby express resolute support for the just struggle of the black people in the United States.

Racial discrimination in the United States is a product of the colonialist and imperialist system. The contradiction between the black masses in the United States and the U.S. ruling circles is a class contradiction. Only by overthrowing the reactionary rule of the U.S. monopoly capitalist class

and destroying the colonialist and imperialist system can the black people in the United States win complete emancipation. The black masses and the masses of white working people in the United States share common interests and have common objectives to struggle for. Therefore, the Afro-American struggle is winning sympathy and support from increasing numbers of white working people and progressives in the United States. The struggle of the black people in the United States is bound to merge with the American workers' movement, and this will eventually end the criminal rule of the U.S. monopoly capitalist class.

In 1963, in my "Statement Supporting the Afro-Americans in Their Just Struggle Against Racial Discrimination by U.S. Imperialism" I said that "the evil system of colonialism and imperialism arose and thrived with the enslavement of Negroes and the trade in Negroes, and it will surely come to its end with the complete emancipation of the black people." I still maintain this view.

At present, the world revolution has entered a great new era. The struggle of the black people in the United States for emancipation is a component part of the general struggle of all the people of the world against U.S. imperialism, a component part of the contemporary world revolution. I call on the workers, peasants and revolutionary intellectuals of every country and all who are willing to fight against U.S. imperialism, to take action and extend strong support to the struggle of the black people in the United States! People of the whole world, unite still more closely and launch a sustained and vigorous offensive

against our common enemy, U.S. imperialism, and against its accomplices! It can be said with certainty that the complete collapse of colonialism, imperialism and all systems of exploitation, and the complete emancipation of all the oppressed peoples and nations of the world are not far off.

EDITORS' NOTE: In the autumn of 1967, when a decisive victory was won in the great proletarian cultural revolution, our great teacher Chairman Mao Tse-tung inspected parts of north China, central-south China and east China and studied the progress of the cultural revolution in the provinces of Honan, Hupch, Hunan, Kiangsi and Chekiang and in the municipality of Shanghai. During his travels he issued a series of important specific directives which were a great inspiration and encouragement to the proletarian revolutionaries. The following two articles depict this great tour of inspection by Chairman Mao.

Wu Ko-tung

Happy Days

One September morning in 1967, the red sun rising in the east shed its shimmering rays on Wuhan, adding fresh beauty and magnificence to this heroic city on the Yangtse. From the bell tower of the Wuhan customs-house sounded the grand song *The East Is Red*. The proletarian revolutionaries and revolutionary masses of this triple city,

exulting in victory, were studying Chairman Mao's supreme directives and from the bottom of their hearts wishing a long life to our respected and beloved great teacher Chairman Mao, the red sun in our hearts. Little did we guess that, at that very moment, our respected and beloved great leader was already beside us!

This marvellous, breath-taking news flew first to 8th Company of a certain unit stationed in Wuhan which was assigned the task of guarding Chairman Mao's temporary living quarters. That day Chairman Mao, having made a tour of inspection of Wuhan and looked at the mass criticism posters in the streets, drove in an ordinary army jeep to the house put at his disposal. Red Guard Mountain sang for joy, the East Lake smiled, while the cassia trees in the parks poured forth a heady fragrance to welcome Chairman Mao. A million ardent hearts throbbed with excitement, a million smiling faces were raised to the red sun. So great was the happiness of the cadres and fighters of 8th Company that many of them sang for joy, many shed tears of emotion.

To stand guard for Chairman Mao — what a sacred, glorious duty! One fighter, Shih Han-chu, declared with deep feeling: "Oh, Chairman Mao, your goodness is higher than mountains, deeper than any sea! Vast as are heaven and earth, they cannot contain our boundless reverence for you. The earth may quake, mountains topple, but nothing can shake our loyalty to you."

Another fighter, Ching Pao-chun, wrote this poem:

I stand guard for our teacher,
Like a sunflower facing the sun;
Standing guard for our leader
Is infinite joy and honour;
Standing guard for our commander,
Firm as steel my revolutionary resolve;
Standing guard for our great helmsman,
Red hearts are turned for ever towards the Party.

The comrades of Third Squad exclaimed: "Chairman Mao is like the red sun rising in the east; we are standing guard beside the red sun. Chairman Mao is the great teacher of the people of all China and the

whole world. To guard Chairman Mao means guarding the Chinese revolution and the world revolution."

The thoughts and feelings of the whole company crystallized in one single resolve: We must guard Chairman Mao with the same fighting spirit with which our company held Sangkumryung Ridge.

We shall fight for Chairman Mao and play our part in defending him! This was the common pledge of all the commanders and fighters of 8th Company. And, indeed, the combat history of this heroic company over the last thirty-odd years is one of defending Chairman Mao and his revolutionary line.

In the smoke and flames of the War of Resistance Against Japan and the War of Liberation, under Chairman Mao's brilliant leadership, 8th Company campaigned all over the length and breadth of our fair land for the liberation of the Chinese people, taking part in more than 150 actions large and small, and receiving nine citations for meritorious service.

During the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea, in the world-famed Battle of Sangkumryung, relying on the thought of Mao Tse-tung, the comrades of this company held out in their tunnels for fourteen days and nights. They were up against fearful odds. Each drop of water fetched cost a high price. But when they thought of our great leader Chairman Mao, they drew on a source of inexhaustible strength. Finally they wiped out over a thousand U.S.-Syngman Rhee troops, and received a collective citation for their outstanding meritorious service.

Since Vice-Chairman Lin Piao took charge of the work of the Military Commission, the comrades of 8th Company, who have boundless love for Chairman Mao, have raised high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and for six successive years have won the title of "four-good" company.

During the great proletarian cultural revolution unparalleled in history, this company has gone to the front line of helping the Left, helping industry and agriculture, exercising military control, and giving military and political training. Infinitely loyal to Chairman Mao, in these fiery class struggles they have performed more meri-

torious actions to defend Chairman Mao and his proletarian revolutionary line.

And now that our most beloved and esteemed great leader was beside them, this company had the task of directly guarding Chairman Mao — how great and lofty a trust had been placed in them by the Party and people, by the people of the whole world!

In those unforgettable days, a light always shone late at night in Chairman Mao's room, as he worked tirelessly for the great revolutionary cause. Disregarding the fatigues of his journey, he listened to reports from responsible members of the Wuhan troops and Wuhan Garrison District. Chairman Mao asked detailed questions about the situation of the proletarian revolutionaries, Red Guards and revolutionary cadres of Wuhan, and issued most important directives regarding the great proletarian cultural revolution in Hupeh Province and the work of the Wuhan Garrison. Ah, Chairman Mao, when our revolutionary fighters saw that bright light in your room, it reminded them of the lamplight in your loess cave dwelling in Yen-an, or the light shining from Chungnanhai in Peking. This light, like the morning sun shedding countless golden rays, irradiates every corner of China and the world.

In those memorable days and nights many comrades of 8th Company were privileged to see Chairman Mao. At last their long-cherished dream was realized. Glowing with health, brimming with energy, he walked with a firm step past the fighters and smiled at them.

Good news travels fast. The commanders passed on to the fighters Chairman Mao's words: "It is very quiet here, very good." Chairman Mao asked the attendants with warm concern: "How is the relationship between 8th Company and you people?" "Give my regards to the comrades." When the fighters heard this thrilling news, they could hardly contain their elation. That night many cadres and fighters shed tears of emotion. Many expressed their firm determination to be loyal to Chairman Mao as long as they lived. Oh, Chairman Mao, your heart is one with ours. You take constant concern in our growth. You are dearer to us than our own parents. Your loving-kindness is greater than heaven and earth!

Two days later, on another clear morning, after *The East Is Red* had sounded from the bell tower, our great leader Chairman Mao set off on his travels again.

The young driver Hsiao Lo who drove Chairman Mao was indescribably moved. Times past counting this poor peasant's son had dreamed of seeing Chairman Mao. Now that Chairman Mao was sitting in the car he was driving, he was the happiest person in the whole world. He drove quickly yet carefully. But several times Chairman Mao told him to slow down. Our great leader, on the point of leaving Wuhan, wanted to have a last look at the heroic city which had been tempered in the revolutionary storm, and at the impressive mass criticism posters which filled the streets.

You had better speed up, Hsiao Lo. You know how many ardent hearts are pulsing with excitement. Commanders and fighters of the Wuhan garrison force are waiting at the station with their proletarian revolutionary comrades-in-arms. Their hearts swelling with joy, they are straining their eyes towards the rising sun, waiting for the happiest moment in their lives.

At last! At last! Here comes Chairman Mao! Wild cheering breaks out and people jump for joy, carried away by excitement.

See how healthy and in what good spirits Chairman Mao is! He has the deepest trust in and concern for the masses, and loves to be with them. After speaking cordially to the guardsman on duty, he walks briskly into the cheering crowd. When he reaches the lawn, he beckons the comrades near by to gather round. He sits on the grass to have a friendly chat with them.

Radiant faces are turned to Chairman Mao, eyes filled with tears gaze at him. The sight of Chairman Mao's kindly, fatherly smile, the sound of his friendly voice, make the comrades feel so much at home that instinctively they draw closer to him. They look to see if the place where he is sitting is smooth, feeling the grass to make sure there are no stones, unwilling that he should feel the least discomfort.

With friendly concern Chairman Mao asks the local comrades beside him what part they have taken in the cultural revolution. "Did you rebel?" he asks. They answer in ringing tones: "We certainly did!" Chairman Mao smiles approvingly. Then he turns to look at the com-

rades behind him and says with infinite warmth: "I don't know your faces yet." At once they call back at the top of their voices: "We know Chairman Mao! We know Chairman Mao!"

Forty to fifty yards in front of Chairman Mao stand a group of young fighters who are longing to go closer to him and clasp his powerful hands. As if aware what is in their minds, Chairman Mao extends both arms and calls: "Come on, all of you!" At once, dozens of happy faces turn towards Chairman Mao, as dozens of fighters fly swiftly to his side. They gather around him, cheering and jumping for joy, unable to contain their jubilation. Oh, Chairman Mao, it is you who have led us to break through storm-tossed waves and advance from victory to victory. It is you who have nurtured us, to enable us to mature rapidly. It is you who kindled the fierce flames of the great proletarian cultural revolution, which are shedding a brilliant light throughout all China and the whole of the world. Ah, Chairman Mao! No words can express our boundless loyalty to you. No songs can convey our infinite love for you.

The comrades surround Chairman Mao, cheering, clapping and singing. The shortest ones stand on tiptoe, while the taller crane their necks, all eager to have a better look at the greatest leader in the history of mankind, the red sun in our hearts. The photographer is the busiest of them all, taking precious shots to keep as souvenirs. Waving their bright red copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, all shout "Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long life to him!" Chairman Mao says to the photographer: "Take some pictures of the comrades." The photographer asks the crowd to quieten down. But at such a happy time as this, the hot blood racing through their veins makes it impossible for them to keep still.

The red sun rises slowly in the east. Chairman Mao gets up from the lawn and shakes hands with all the comrades, who feel as if their hearts will burst for joy. What a glorious moment! As they grip Chairman Mao's mighty hand they cannot put into words their boundless love for him, their absolute devotion to him. They clap for all they are worth and cheer: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long life to him!" With a kindly smile, Chairman Mao shakes hands with

each in turn. They leap for joy, raising their little red books higher and higher and cheering louder and louder.

Platoon Leader Wei Tsai-ching is so busy gazing at Chairman Mao and shouting "Long live Chairman Mao!" that when Chairman Mao comes to shake hands with him he cannot get a word out and forgets even to salute or greet him. When Chairman Mao moves on, he suddenly wakes up and hurries after him to give a smart salute and exclaim with tremendous feeling: "Chairman Mao, I wish you a long, long life! A long, long life!"

When Chairman Mao reaches Hsiao Wang, he smiles at the young fighter and remarks: "How young you look, little devil!" As Hsiao Wang clasps Chairman Mao's hands, happiness courses like warmth through his whole body and hot tears well up in his eyes. These are Chairman Mao's hands! These are the hands which have written four glorious volumes, and brought Marxism-Leninism to a completely new stage. These hands piloted the ship of the Chinese revolution and world revolution, and led the whole world to advance towards the complete victory of communism. Now the fighters will use their hands which have shaken hands with Chairman Mao to write bold articles, keep a firm grip on their guns, hold close to Chairman Mao's great strategic plan and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

Time flashes by. Chairman Mao is going to board the train. Shaking hands with the people whom he passes, he walks towards his carriage followed by the crowd. At the door he turns once more to raise his right arm and wave repeatedly to the masses who have come to see him off. The crowd is in a ferment. Countless copies of the precious red book are waved in the air, countless radiant faces smile at Chairman Mao, like sunflowers facing the sun. All strain their eyes to impress his glorious image more deeply on their hearts. Again and again they shout: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

Several times people urge Chairman Mao to go into the carriage and rest, but instead he raises both arms to greet the crowd giving him such a send-off. Filled with lofty class feeling for the revolu-

tionary masses, he calls again and again: "Greetings, comrades! Long life to you all!"

As the train starts, the crowd is still cheering and jumping for joy. Their cheers and the slogans they shout shake the skies as they stream along the platform following the train.

Slow down, train, slow down! Let us have another glimpse of our most respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao! Our hearts follow close behind him. Even after the train has disappeared from sight, we go on cheering and leaping up and down as if Chairman Mao were still beside us.

Now the sky is a clear expanse of blue, the ineffably brilliant rays of the red sun overhead irradiate Wuhan seething with excitement, irradiate the whole of our motherland with a myriad beams of golden light.

*Wang Yao-tung, Lin Yu
and Wang Yun*

Red Flags on the Chingkang Mountains

Rosy clouds shine over Chingkang as glad tidings spread over the length of the Kankiang River. 1968 is a year in which the hundreds of millions of revolutionary people, under the brilliant leadership of the great teacher Chairman Mao, are winning complete victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution. Amidst the beating war-drums celebrating the New Year, 22 million sons and daughters of the Chingkang Mountains, raising high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, seized Party, government, financial and cultural power and set up the Kiangsi Provincial Revolutionary Committee. On this day, people streamed like a tide amidst seas of red flags while gongs, drums and fire-crackers reverberated. The whole province was immersed in festivity and joy. Holding high their bright red *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, the proletarian revolutionaries and the revolutionary masses cheered again and again, "Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Oh, Chairman Mao! In the joyful celebrations over the birth of the Kiangsi Provincial Revolutionary Committee, in the glorious festivity over the great victory of your revolutionary line, the sons and daughters of the Chingkang Mountains cannot but recall a day four months ago and remember that happiest of happy moments.

The east wind swept over laughing hills and streams on that early morning of September 17, 1967 and a red sun shone over the earth. Our great teacher Chairman Mao had come in person to inspect Kiangsi Province. At 9:30 in the morning, Chairman Mao received Comrades Cheng Shih-ching and Yang Tung-liang, members of the Preparatory Group for the Kiangsi Provincial Revolutionary Committee. Full of spirit, his face glowing, Chairman Mao in an ordinary cotton suit and cloth shoes of the kind worn by PLA fighters stood up and stretched out his great warm hand to shake that of Comrade Cheng Shih-ching and others. Indicating seats, he invited them to sit down in a very cordial tone and asked about every comrade present.

Sitting by Chairman Mao, Comrade Cheng Shih-ching and Yang Tung-liang gazed at his dear, kindly smiling face with great emotion and hot tears filled their eyes. How many things they wished to say to Chairman Mao and how many incidents they wished to tell him about! Dear Chairman Mao, a month ago the comrades of the Preparatory Group left Peking taking your latest directives back to Kiangsi engulfed in whirling wind and clouds, and returned to the sons and daughters of the Chingkang Mountains who long for you day and night. The first thing they did on their return was to pass on, rapidly and thoroughly, to the proletarian revolutionary fighters and the revolutionary masses, your great teachings through talks, reports, telegrams, telephone messages, propaganda teams and other media, word by word, sentence by sentence, without forgetting a single detail. Oh, Chairman Mao! Your great directives are a lamp lighting up the path, the orientation for advance, a fighting weapon and the strength for struggles. As soon as they reach the masses, they cause earth-shaking changes. The proletarian revolutionaries of Kiangsi Province rapidly developed and gained in strength; the cadres have

rejoined the masses in the revolutionary movement; new revolutionary order was very quickly established; production figures for both industry and agriculture rose by leaps and bounds; those members of the masses who had been deluded all returned to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party were engulfed in a sea of revolutionary masses. The surging waves of the Kankiang brought news of victory; the revolutionary situation was boundlessly good. Oh, Chairman Mao, you have always shown such solicitude for the people of the old Kiangsi revolutionary bases and the great proletarian cultural revolution there. At every critical point you personally took the helm and guided our course. Now you are in Kiangsi again, to give us your newest directives personally so that we can follow your great strategic plan closely, step by step, and advance from victory to victory.

While listening to the reports of Comrade Cheng and others, Chairman Mao interposed a number of questions and comments. He radiated warmth and kindness as he spoke, smiling. When Comrade Cheng mentioned the Fuchow region, Chairman Mao appeared very familiar with the locality and named all its nine counties: Lingchow, Chinchu, Tzuchi, Nancheng, Nanfeng, Lichuan, Yihuang, Chungjen and Loan. Forty years ago, our great supreme commander Chairman Mao set up China's first red revolutionary base in the Chingkang Mountains and, leading the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, campaigned here on horseback, weapon in hand, writing a most glorious page in the annals of mankind. Even today, Kiangsi's hills and streams, trees and bushes are still etched clearly in his memory, so deep is his love for the heroic people here. Oh, Chairman Mao! From the Chingkang Mountains to the Long March, from Pagoda Hill in Yen-an to Tien An Men Square in Peking, the revolutionary path of **"the encirclement of the cities from the countryside"** and **"the seizure of power by armed force"** blazed by you is the only correct road to victory for the Chinese revolution. It is also the glorious road to complete emancipation for the proletariat and oppressed nations the world over. Oh, Chairman Mao! Our every step forward is the fruit of your personal guidance. Every new stage of our advance is guided by your great thought.

In raptures, we gaze at the dancing red banners around the Ching-kang Mountains, every single one dyed red with your glorious thought. Joyfully, we listen to the victorious songs re-echoing along the banks of the Kankiang River, every single song composed by your great directives. Oh, Chairman Mao! With you, the future of the Chinese revolution stretches out in full splendour; with you, the future of mankind is boundlessly bright. Every single sentence you teach us is a source of strength for us to overcome the enemy and achieve victory.

It was nearing noon and the day was exceptionally fine. The room was airy and warm. Seated in his chair our beloved leader Chairman Mao listened placidly to the reports of Comrades Cheng and Yang. He nodded understandingly when they described how Chairman Mao's thought and policies have taken firm root in the hearts of the broad masses of Kiangsi and are playing a decisive role in the province, and when they brought up the questions of educating the cadres and setting up training classes, dealing correctly with the deceived masses and the ideological building of the armed forces. He gave the comrades some most penetrating, comprehensive and profound directives.

When touching upon the heroic exploits of the "Help the Left and Cherish the People Model Platoon" of 6th Company of Unit 6011, Comrade Cheng Shih-ching said, "Comrade Li Wen-chung and other comrades of Fourth Platoon are outstanding models of the units helping the Left. We are now making propaganda on learning from Comrade Li Wen-chung and the others." Our great supreme commander Chairman Mao appeared very satisfied on hearing this and what he said was the highest commendation, the greatest encouragement to all the fighters of the "Help the Left and Cherish the People Model Platoon" as well as to all the PLA units helping the Left in Kiangsi and to all our fighters and commanders of the P.L.A. Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao, day and night you work so tirelessly for the Chinese revolution and the world revolution, you read the young Red Guards' papers so promptly and carefully, and show such solicitude for the PLA fighters. Oh, Chairman Mao! You have such trust in the masses,

such concern for them, giving their revolutionary movement such support and respecting their initiative. Your heart is always one with the masses. Great as heaven and earth are, they are not as great as your bounty; dear as our parents are, they are not as dear to us as you are. You are the never-setting red sun in our hearts, the closest member of our family. All our lives we shall study your works, follow your teachings, act according to your instructions and be your good fighters. We shall follow the example of the "Help the Left and Cherish the People Model Platoon" and Comrade Li Wen-chung whose motto is "We love what Chairman Mao loves, we support what Chairman Mao supports, we act according to Chairman Mao's instructions, we advance as Chairman Mao directs." We shall spend our lives fighting to defend your proletarian revolutionary line and willingly die in defence of it.

Red and glowing are the foothills of the Ching-kang Mountains as the splendour of the morning irradiates both banks of the Kankiang. In these days of celebration over the birth of the Kiangsi Revolutionary Committee, oh, Chairman Mao, how can we fail to remember the great instructions you gave us again and again. On the basis of your instructions we resolutely launched fierce attacks against China's Khrushchov and his agents in Kiangsi. In those days when louring dark clouds bore down upon us, how we proletarian revolutionaries in Kiangsi longed for you! As we gazed towards Peking in the depth of the night, our hearts surged within us and hot tears filled our eyes. Over and over we sang, "Looking up we see the Dipper, our hearts go out to Chairman Mao." Many a time we gathered before your august and kindly portrait and opened the most precious book in the world to read out your instructions: **"When dark clouds appeared in the sky, we pointed out that they were only temporary, that the darkness would soon pass and the sun break through." "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

Tears of emotion streaming down our cheeks, we have loyal hearts, keen vision, a clear orientation, firm determination and stiff backbones. Oh, Chairman Mao, we will live up to your instructions and we pledge again and again: "For the truth, we are ready to lose our lives. To

defend Chairman Mao, we will willingly die." For countless days and nights your great instructions and solicitude warmed our hearts and inspired our advance. When Kiangsi was in the throes of a great contest between the two classes, two roads and two lines, your directives cleared away the folds of heavy fog and guided us around hidden reefs and shoals, giving us the courage to brave the wind-tossed waves. At the crucial moment of decisive battle between the two classes, two roads and two lines, you personally ratified the "Decisions of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Kiangsi Question" and advanced the great proletarian cultural revolution in Kiangsi to a new stage, further clarifying the orientation for us and giving us boundless strength. Time and again we repulsed the class enemy's frantic attacks, enabling your brilliant thought and your revolutionary line to enter more deeply into people's hearts than ever before.

The waters of the Kankiang flow endlessly on and a thousand songs cannot pour out all our feelings. Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao, if we travel all over the old revolutionary base in Kiangsi, we find your glorious footprints everywhere. When we look through the annals of the heroic people of Ching kang, every single page records your bounty in nurturing us. We constantly bear in mind Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's directive: "Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on the thought of Mao Tse-tung." Your thought is Marxism-Leninism in the present era and a powerful ideological weapon against imperialism and revisionism. We shall always remain faithful to your glorious thought, to your revolutionary line, and seize all-round victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution. Oh, Chairman Mao! If we gaze at the whole world from the Ching kang Mountains, the wind and thunder over the Five Continents seem to rock the sky. The world today has entered the new epoch of Mao Tse-tung's thought. You hold the helm for the world revolution, so that red radiance lights up the whole globe. We are determined that the ship of revolution with you at the helm will reach the new shore of communism.

The red sun, infinitely bright, lights up the universe. As we look ahead, hot blood courses through our veins. Most respected and beloved Chairman Mao, we sons and daughters of the Ching kang Mountains follow close behind you. The seas may dry and the rocks turn to dust but our will cannot be shaken. We sons and daughters of the Ching kang Mountains with revolutionary resolve and militant fervour wish you, from the bottom of our hearts, a long, long life!

Heroes Who Fought and Gave Their Lives for Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line

As bugles sound the advance to win all-round victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution, it is with heartfelt emotion that we give this account of Deputy Political Instructor Li Hsien-wen and nine other martyrs, who served in a motor transport regiment under the General Logistics Department of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. The lives of these fine sons of the working class shone with the radiance of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Battling with a landslide while transporting defence supplies, they fearlessly gave their lives to smash the provocations of the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries and to defend the great proletarian cultural revolution.

Chairman Mao has recently taught us: **"The Party organization should be composed of the advanced elements of the proletariat; it should be a vigorous vanguard organization capable of leading the proletariat and the revolutionary masses in the fight against the class enemy."**

These ten martyrs were heroes of this type, advanced elements of the proletariat.

Year in year out they battled on snowy mountains, not for fame or profit but out of whole-hearted devotion to communism.

In the struggle to defend our socialist motherland, faced with a life and death choice amidst hurtling rocks, they braved landslides and earthquakes, because they had a red sun in their hearts.

In truth, while living they fought for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and, at the last, died for it. With their lives they wrote the most splendid martial music — a march of the new era of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The Red Sun in Their Hearts Emboldened Them to Advance Though the Earth Split Asunder

The unprecedented great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by Chairman Mao, has dealt heavy blows at China's Khrushchov and galled the imperialists, revisionists and all reactionaries. In August 1967, when our army and people in their hundreds of millions had raised the massive cudgel of Mao Tse-tung's thought to attack the bourgeois headquarters under China's Khrushchov, the panic-stricken forces of reaction in China and abroad flew into a fury. Hand in glove they stirred up an anti-China current in an attempt to sabotage this great revolutionary movement. The Indian reactionaries also organized repeated provocations along the Sino-Indian border. This was the time when the 11th and 12th Companies of the 3rd Battalion of a motor transport regiment received orders to carry military supplies to the frontier in Tibet.

These commanders and soldiers boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao regarded this mission as a battle to smash the provocations of the class enemy at home and abroad against China's great proletarian cultural revolution. They said: "The highway is our battlefield for wiping out the enemy, and the cabins of our trucks are fighting positions to defend Chairman Mao." They hung portraits of Chairman Mao in every cabin and in ringing tones recited the quotation: **"This**

army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield." Then, in militant spirit they set off on their long journey over the snow-swept plateau.

On August 25, the truck convoy of the 12th Company led by Deputy Political Instructor Li Hsien-wen reached Lhayueh, a notoriously dangerous section on the Szechuan-Tibet Highway. On one side of the road loom the Palung Mountains, a range of the Himalayas; on the other flows the Tungchiu, a tributary of the Yalutsangpo. For a stretch of two or three *li*, geological changes taking place in the Palung Mountains cause frequent rockfalls. Debris and rocks are liable to rain down on to the road at speeds of 20 to 30 metres per second. Thus traffic is often held up.

When the convoy of the 12th Company reached this rockfall area, the mountain was shrouded in mist. A local truck, unable to move on, was in considerable danger as rocks clattered down on to its cabin roof. Deputy Company Commander Chen Hung-kuang led his men quickly to the rescue. They dug up earth, prised up rocks and pushed or lugged them away. While they were hard at work, a bigger rockfall started and boulders came thundering down from the mountain top. All hastily withdrew from the danger zone. As soon as the flow had subsided a little, the fighters charged forward again. Four times they advanced and four times they had to withdraw. But after a hard fight lasting over an hour they succeeded in freeing the truck.

Earth and rocks were still cascading down. However, nothing could daunt these transport troops of the plateau armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Deputy Political Instructor Li Hsien-wen took his stand at the most dangerous spot. In a ringing voice he recited Chairman Mao's teachings to encourage the men to overcome the rocks and repair the road. So they succeeded in crossing this landslide area.

No sooner had the truck convoy of the 12th Company passed than a fresh fall of stones and mud blocked the road again, leaving the trucks led by First Platoon Leader Chu Yueh-lun, and those of the 11th Company that followed, cut off at the east end of the danger zone.

To advance or to retreat? Company Commander Yang Hsing-chun, secretary of the 11th Company's Party branch, called a Party committee meeting on the spot. They decided to set to work at once to clear away the debris and press on quickly through the danger zone. They must push on to the next army post at all cost.

Company Commander Yang told his men: "Chairman Mao has called on us to **'grasp revolution and promote production and other work and preparations against war.'** We must respond to our supreme commander Chairman Mao's great call by passing this danger zone as fast as we can to deliver these supplies. That way, we'll be taking practical action to defend the great proletarian cultural revolution."

They plunged into an all-out battle against the fearful landslide. The whole company charged into the danger zone to clear away the rocks which kept crashing down. Since there were not enough tools to go round, some men dug up stones with their hands and carried them off on their backs. Sentries posted to watch the mountain issued warnings when it was necessary to take shelter. Deputy Political Instructor Cheng Teh-feng had his left shoulder battered by falling stones, but he kept up the fight. After five hours' assault by these heroes, the piled up debris was steadily giving way. One metre, ten, a hundred, were gradually cleared.

Then the avalanche gained momentum. Boulders careening down blocked the stretch of road just cleared, and made it impossible to go on working. The convoy's safety was threatened. At once Yang Hsing-chun called another emergency meeting of the Party branch committee and strongly proposed withdrawing to a safe place three *li* away. When someone suggested returning to the army post thirty *li* back, Yang Hsing-chun pointed out: "We withdraw in order to advance. Although it would be more comfortable at the army post, we'd not be in such a good position to watch developments here and seize our first chance to push on, to carry out the task given us by Chairman Mao."

What a strong, incisive statement! What lofty moral stature! Yang Hsing-chun's loyal heart was set on carrying out the glorious task given him by Chairman Mao and on safeguarding his class

brothers. Later events proved that this withdrawal of three *li* was crucial. It saved the lives of the whole company, the loss of dozens of trucks and military supplies.

The wheels of the trucks stopped turning, but not for a second did those red hearts determined to defend Chairman Mao stop beating.

The convoy withdrew, but the fighters' resolve to advance did not falter by a fraction.

After discussion the Party branch decided that while held up they would investigate the situation and take steps to pass; at the same time they would organize the fighters to criticize the "philosophy of survival" of China's Khrushchov. The fury of both commanders and men was aroused by the news coming just at this time of the Indian reactionaries' provocations at the border. Their hearts flew to the front-line of national defence. Every day several men went of their own accord into the danger zone to spy out the land. First Platoon Leader Chu Yueh-lun, looking at the choked highway and thinking of the needs of the comrades ahead, urged the fighters: "The road may be cut, but we must never lose our determination to take the way pointed out by Chairman Mao! If the trucks can't pass, we'll carry these supplies over on our backs."

For fear the fighters would meet with accidents, Yang Hsing-chun put the danger zone "out of bounds." But he himself and the other cadres went in three or four times a day to study the rockfall and watch for a chance for their convoy to pass. Massive boulders flying over their heads sent up pillars of water twenty feet high from the Tungchiu River below. But contemptuous of danger, they were engrossed in studying the landslide. Yang Hsing-chun got the deputy company commander to keep his eye on his watch, while he estimated and recorded the volume, duration and frequency of the rockfalls. When the landslide was at its worst, some comrades urged him: "Don't go, company commander, it's too risky." He answered: "Chairman Mao has taught us that the only way to catch a tiger cub is by going into the tiger's lair. How can we pass if we don't understand the laws of the landslide?"

Meantime, while the 11th Company was busy investigating the danger zone, the convoy of the 12th Company led by Deputy Polit-

ical Instructor Li Hsien-wen found itself held up at the west end of the zone on its return from its mission.

One company was unable to go forward, one unable to go back. Li Hsien-wen was desperately worried. The transport task entrusted to them by the Party had not been carried out because of the landslide. What had happened to the 11th Company after it was held up? He made up his mind to enter the danger zone to inspect the highway and work out some way to get through.

On August 29, more rocks and rubble started hurtling down, making the situation more fraught with danger. It was at this perilous time that Li Hsien-wen reached the danger zone. He told the driver with him to stay in the safety zone with the truck and keep his eyes open for rockfalls while he went on alone. Just then boulders started crashing down thick and fast. The driver yelled: "Come back quick, deputy political instructor! Come back!" Li Hsien-wen simply turned his head and waved, then kept straight on.

Dense mist hung thick over the Palung Mountains, huge crashes rent the skies. Since the road heaped with rocks was impassable, Li Hsien-wen crossed the river by a chain bridge and continued along a path on the other bank. A little further on he met some road-maintenance men on their way back to their base. "Find a safe place to rest," he said. "When I come back presently, we can take the truck together."

At the foot of a sheer cliff, a soldier from another unit warned him: "Don't go any further, comrade. It's too risky!"

"I've no choice," was Li's earnest reply. "Another of our companies is over there."

So he went on, of his own accord, into danger. Beads of sweat standing out on his face, covered from head to foot with dust, Li Hsien-wen strode on resolutely, facing the radiant sun, until he was lost to sight in the swirling mist deep in the danger zone.

That morning, when Yang Hsing-chun heard that Deputy Political Instructor Li had gone into the danger zone, he decided to go and help him reconnoitre and find some way to cross. He announced that he would take with him Deputy Political Instructor Cheng Teh-feng and Platoon Leader Chu Yueh-lun, as well as the 12th Company's

Deputy Company Commander Chen Hung-kuang and Deputy Political Instructor Tan Jen-kuei, who had come on foot from the west end the day before. As soon as they knew of this two Party members, Squad Leaders Yang Ching-chung and Li Jung-chang, and two Youth Leaguers and new recruits, Chen Chang-yuan and Li Hsing-fu, volunteered eagerly to accompany them. Looking at these soldiers, as full of fight as young tigers, Yang Hsing-chun gave his smiling consent. Then the nine of them entered the danger zone from the west end.

As Li Hsien-wen, Yang Hsing-chun and the eight other men were advancing stubbornly along the slopes in the danger zone, they met with the greatest landslide in the whole history of the Szechuan-Tibet Highway. With an earth-shattering explosion, the Palung Mountains cracked open at a height of 700 metres. Boulders as big as houses, carrying with them huge old trees, smashed against the hill on the opposite bank, swallowing up the highway and choking the river. . . .

Chairman Mao's good fighters, our close comrades-in-arms, heroically gave their precious lives to safeguard Chairman Mao and smash the provocations of the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries.

Let us always remember these heroes!

The Internationale sounds — a song for heroes —

And a blustering wind comes down for us from the sky.

During his lifetime Chu Yuch-lun, an advanced element of the proletariat, wrote in his notes on studying Chairman Mao's works: "Death is dreaded by individualists and cowards; but it holds no terrors for proletarian revolutionary fighters. In daily life I must be a faithful servant of the people like Chang Szu-teh and Lei Feng; during battle I must be a heroic son of the people like Liu Hu-lan, Huang Chi-kuang and Tung Tsun-jui; when others are in danger I must give my life to save them like Ouyang Hai, Wang Chieh and Tsai Yung-hsiang!"

The glorious images of these heroes will always live in our hearts. Their communist spirit will always inspire us to follow close behind Chairman Mao and fight to build a splendid red new world.

Wheels Speed Along Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line

The ten martyrs who bravely gave their lives to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line were loyal fighters who, while living, had fought to defend that line.

These heroes boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao had the deepest love for our great supreme commander, made the best study of his writings and were the staunchest defenders of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Whether in snowstorms on the vast steppe or in army posts on the roof of the world, whether urgently transporting defence supplies or doing maintenance work, no matter how hard their conditions, how heavy their tasks, how short the time at their disposal, they gave top priority to the study of Chairman Mao's works, putting Mao Tse-tung's thought in command of each minute of their lives. They said: "Any departure from Mao Tse-tung's thought means leaving the revolutionary ranks."

Transport troops are always up against technical problems. The focal point of the struggle between two different lines on army building is whether to give prominence to men or things, to politics or technique. These martyrs resolutely carried out Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's instructions to give prominence to politics. They took firm hold of the central task, applying Mao Tse-tung's thought in remoulding men and stepping up the revolutionizing of their ideology — for this is the very heart and soul, the essence of politics. And so they advanced unswervingly along the course charted by Chairman Mao.

Yang Hsing-chun, described by the fighters as their "political company commander," made a point of using Mao Tse-tung's thought to lead his men in all their work. He summed up his experience as "One road, three trucks." In other words: Drive the trucks of

revolution, politics and ideology along the road pointed out by Chairman Mao. Out of his savings he bought a transistor. He said: "We work year-round out on the plateau. Unless we can listen regularly to Chairman Mao's voice we may lose our bearings."

Deputy Political Instructor Tan Jen-kuei, when in charge of training drivers, put politics in command of technique and encouraged the men to use Mao Tse-tung's thought in driving. Whenever they came to a dangerous stretch of road, he recited quotations from Chairman Mao to spur them on to overcome difficulties. He said: "The heavier our task, the trickier the situation, the greater the need to give prominence to politics."

Deputy Political Instructor Li Hsien-wen set an even better example of giving prominence to proletarian politics in everything he did.

At a meeting of the battalion Party committee to discuss which companies deserved the title "four-good," he said: "We must guard against the mistake of judging purely from the military viewpoint. The chief criterion for judging whether a unit ranks as 'four-good' or not is to what extent it gives prominence to politics, whether it studies and applies Chairman Mao's works in a really living way, and what the spiritual outlook of its men is." The discussion that followed raised the level of everyone's understanding.

Comrade Li Hsien-wen bore firmly in mind Chairman Mao's teaching that politics is the supreme commander, the soul of all our work. In every task he made a point of tackling any problem which had cropped up in the fighters' minds. He resolutely used Mao Tse-tung's thought to educate the men and speed up the revolutionizing of their ideas. Once he noticed that Yeh Yuan-hsing, while driving, voluntarily made way for other trucks to pass.

"What makes you so ready to pull in to the side?" he asked.

"That's the right style in driving," said Yeh Yuan-hsing.

"Any other reasons?"

"For safety's sake." Yeh thought a second, then added: "It's good road manners."

"All that's true," said Li Hsien-wen, patiently helping him think the matter out. "But you've left out the basic thing. Doesn't Chairman Mao teach us to show **'utter devotion to others without any**

thought of self?'" Li Hsien-wen was an adept at leading the men on step by step in this way as he studied Mao Tse-tung's thought with them.

Travelling in the highlands the year round, the motor transport units were often far away from their leadership and scattered in small groups over a vast area. Li Hsien-wen felt that these special circumstances should be taken into account to enable Mao Tse-tung's thought to occupy all positions and ensure the whole company's unity in thought, will and action. He urged the Party branch committee to work out rules for tackling the men's problems. And he himself moved to First Platoon to study conditions there with Platoon Leader Chu Yueh-lun. In the course of practice they worked out a list of "51 What-to-dos?" to be answered by quotations from Chairman Mao. They helped the whole company to make use of these.

For instance, when the unit was about to cross the Damala Mountains, Platoon Leader Chu Yueh-lun mustered his platoon.

"We're going over the Damala Mountains," he said. "The mountains are high and the road dangerous — what should we do?"

The fighters answered together: "Chairman Mao teaches us **'to determine our working policies according to actual conditions.'**"

"What if a truck breaks down and gets left behind?"

"Chairman Mao teaches us: **'What we need is an enthusiastic but calm state of mind and intense but orderly work.'**"

"What if our trucks need repairing at the next depot?"

"Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Give full play to our style of fighting — courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting (that is, fighting successive battles in a short time without rest).'**"

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After this, Chu Yueh-lun stated a few requirements and dismissed the platoon. That day, guided by Mao Tse-tung's thought, their unit successfully crossed the Damala Mountains.

Resolutely giving prominence to politics means taking the revolutionary road, the bright road to victory. The martyrs raised high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and completed their

combat course by following this glorious road. Their unit has determined to learn from them, never to forget to give prominence to proletarian politics, to ensure that the wheels of their trucks speed swiftly forward for ever along the road pointed out by our great teacher Chairman Mao.

Communists Seek Not Official Posts But Revolution

Six of these ten martyrs were cadres. Fighting to defend our country and the great proletarian cultural revolution, high on the mountains of the sonwy plateau they battled on year after year with their men until the very last second of their lives.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“We Communists seek not official posts but revolution. Everyone of us must be a thoroughgoing revolutionary in spirit and we must never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses.”**

Should a cadre give himself official airs and gradually turn revisionist, or should he follow Chairman Mao to make revolution to the end, retaining his revolutionary ardour for ever? The cadres among these ten martyrs answered this question in no uncertain terms by their own glorious actions.

Take the case of Company Commander Yang Hsing-chun. He set his face strongly against a cadre throwing his weight about and assuming official airs. His motto was: “An officer must give the lead in everything he wants his men to do.” Fearless and staunch at the most difficult junctures, he always took the lead, displaying the lofty revolutionary qualities of a Communist.

In February 1967, this truck convoy reached Janwukou. It had been snowing hard for days, and fierce gales had blown the snow from the mountains on to the road, making a snow barrier about a hundred metres long and four to five metres high. The road-maintenance men declared that it would be two or three days before this stretch was open to traffic. In face of this difficulty, Yang Hsing-chun's example was an unspoken command to his comrades-in-arms. He picked up a shovel and cried: **“Be resolute, fear no sacri-**

rice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.” Then he and his men put up a fierce fight against the snowstorm. As the blasting wind swept masses of snow down from the summit, Yang Hsing-chun ordered his men to take shelter; but he himself was buried under the snow and had to be extricated by the fighters. By keeping up this fight till dark, they dug a lane through the snow. Standing among whirling snowflakes as large as goose-feathers, Yang Hsing-chun signalled truck after truck to drive on.

“Wherever the danger's greatest, you'll find our company commander.” This was the tribute paid by the fighters of the 11th Company to Yang Hsing-chun's utter devotion to the revolution, his thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit and indifference to his own safety.

When driving over the plateau, Yang Hsing-chun proved utterly fearless each time they met with an earth-flow or avalanche. He strode forward to stand in the forefront of the struggle. Once, near the celebrated Kushe Glacier, the unit had to cross a bridge made of four tree trunks. The sight of the swirling stream beneath made some new drivers nervous. In view of this, Yang Hsing-chun recalled Chairman Mao's teaching: **“No difficulties can stop man's progress.”** He jumped into the cabin of the first truck and calmly drove it over the makeshift bridge. Then he directed the others to cross one by one. One of the front wheels of Truck 82 skidded over the edge of the bridge, which was wet with spray. The whole truck was in danger of toppling into the river. In that crucial moment Yang Hsing-chun, reciting Chairman Mao's instructions, was the first to jump into the icy current. Under his directions the fighters, some pushing, some pulling, got the truck safely on to the bank.

The thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of Yang Hsing-chun, this Party member utterly loyal to Chairman Mao, was also displayed in the way he kept close to the masses. His home was not far from the barracks, yet on Sundays instead of going home he visited the different squads and platoons to chat with the fighters and ask for their criticisms and suggestions. He was not much of a singer, but when the fighters sang quotations from Chairman Mao he insisted

on conducting, and he could always be counted on for an item at company concerts.

"Our company commander never puts on side," said the fighters with deep feeling. "He eats with us from the same pan, sleeps side by side with us in the same room, and sloshes through the mud with us in wind and rain. We all feel very close to him."

Li Hsien-wen was a man of the same calibre. Although a leading cadre in the battalion, he gave himself no airs and constantly stayed with the rank and file. He went out with them on their missions and regularly studied Chairman Mao's works with them. At the different army posts, he ate in the soldiers' mess and shared their sleeping quarters. He kept this up day after day on every trip, and proposed to the Party committee that cadres of all levels should "study, go out on missions, eat and sleep" with the soldiers. After discussion the Party committee adopted this proposal. This "four togethers" made for an even closer relationship between officers and men, and did much to speed up the revolutionizing of the company's thinking.

They Scaled the Heights of Communist "Public Interest"

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao says: "To consolidate the socialist system economically and politically, we must advocate the concept of devotion to the public interest and mould new people to build the new society, people who have the communist spirit." The ten martyrs were just and selfless communist fighters of this type, whose glorious lives were spent in scaling the heights of communist "public interest."

On the summit of Mount Chucherh 5,000 metres above sea-level, on the icy, muddy pasturelands of the plateau, on the dangerous roads winding up precipices, when his comrades-in-arms' trucks broke down, Squad Leader Li Jung-chang would go all night without sleep, impervious to cold and hunger, to repair them.

When a patient in a hospital at the point of death needed a blood transfusion, although Yang Hsing-chun's own health was not too good he volunteered to donate blood to save the life of a class brother.

The hearts of these ten heroes were completely devoted to Chairman Mao, the revolution and the people; there was no room in them for thoughts of self. Platoon Leader Chu Yueh-lun, a Communist, wrote this powerful statement in his diary: "Death can hold no fears for a Communist who is devoted to the interests of the people and the cause of communism."

On the precipitous Damala Mountains, a truck of the 2nd Platoon skidded to the edge of a cliff several hundred metres high. One of the front wheels was spinning above the abyss and the truck, tilted over, was in the direst danger. Chu Yueh-lun dashed forward and coolly climbed into the cabin to back the truck to safety. During a spell of military training, a nervous new fighter threw his hand-grenade to within five or six metres of a group of people. In the nick of time Chu Yueh-lun raced boldly forward and, at the risk of his own life, nimbly picked up the grenade and hurled it away, preventing what might have been a grave accident.

Chu Yueh-lun's selfless communist qualities will always live on in the hearts of his comrades-in-arms. When Platoon Leader Chu is mentioned, all the men in his unit speak highly of his "**utter devotion to others without any thought of self.**" There is no end to the stories they love to tell about his whole-hearted devotion to the revolution and the people. His alarm clock is a case in point. After he became platoon leader, he bought an alarm clock with a luminous dial. When at base, he put this on the window-sill of the barracks, facing out. When on a mission, he hung it up against the wind-screen of his truck where the whole company could see it day and night.

"Why didn't you buy a watch, platoon leader?" someone asked. "This ugly alarm clock of yours is a clumsy, awkward thing to carry about."

"A watch may be better looking," was Chu's reply. "But only one person can use it, whereas a clock is of use to everyone."

On this urgent mission to deliver supplies to the frontier, Chu Yueh-lun was in charge of the company's maintenance truck. Five trucks belonging to the 6th Company set off with the 12th Company's convoy, and he urged them to go ahead so that he could be responsible

for their repairs as well. He told his driver and technician: "They'll feel surer of themselves if they've us to fall back on. We've more men and trucks than they have, so we ought to think of those fellows' difficulties." When one of 6th Company's trucks broke down, he voluntarily repaired it.

One day another 6th Company truck had a serious breakdown which would take quite a while to repair. In order that the truck's crew would not miss a meal, he told the driver: "Take our truck and go on. I'll come when I've fixed this." He stayed up till late that night in the cold autumn wind, working hard on an empty stomach.

These ten martyrs are glorious examples of soldiers who have come to the fore in the new stage of the mass movement to creatively study and apply the works of Chairman Mao during the great proletarian cultural revolution. They belong to the new generation of Communists who have grown up in the big school of Mao Tse-tung's thought. They are advanced elements of the proletariat who truly fought all their lives for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and, at the last, laid down their lives for it.

With advanced elements such as these, our Party is bound to have great vitality, bound to be capable of leading the proletariat and the revolutionary masses to win victory in great revolutionary struggles.

With advanced elements such as these, our army has the greatest fighting capacity. Confronted by any enemy, no matter how powerful, it will prove invincible, irresistible, sweeping everything before it.

With advanced elements such as these, our country can be guaranteed to remain a firm bastion of the proletarian dictatorship, never changing colour for thousands of years to come. We shall always follow Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, advancing in great strides towards the splendid goal of communism.

Long Live the January Revolution
(traditional painting) ▶



电贺中央永新
THE PEOPLE'S
LIBERATION ARMY
MILITARY
MUSIC ENSEMBLE

Don't Rest on Your Laurels, Make New Contributions

In 1949, in his Report to the Second Plenary Session of the Seventh Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, our great leader Chairman Mao taught us: **“There may be some Communists, who were not conquered by enemies with guns and were worthy of the name of heroes for standing up to these enemies, but who cannot withstand sugar-coated bullets; they will be defeated by sugar-coated bullets. We must guard against such a situation.”**

Although at the time my understanding of this brilliant directive was very superficial, I firmly believed in the truth of all Chairman Mao said, and determined to display the mettle of a proletarian revolutionary fighter in defeating sugar-coated bullets of the bourgeoisie.

Chih Hsun-yi is a combat hero and an activist in the study of Chairman Mao's works in the PLA units under the Shenyang Command. He was a special representative to the second congress of activists in the study of Chairman Mao's works of the artillery corps.

During the years since then, in the fierce struggles between two classes, two roads and two lines, I have done my best to arm myself with the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, to fight self and repudiate revisionism and fiercely counter-attack the bourgeoisie who fired sugar-coated bullets. During these struggles I have tried to deepen my understanding of Chairman Mao's teachings and gradually I have come to realize: High rank must not be allowed to change our qualities as ordinary soldiers; better living conditions must not be allowed to change our tradition of hard work and frugality; honours must not be allowed to change our modest, prudent style; and old age must not be allowed to change our dynamic revolutionary drive.

In the ensuing years, and particularly since the start of the great proletarian cultural revolution unprecedented in history, it has been brought home to me that "self" is the root cause undermining proletarian political power, and concern for the public interest is essential to the consolidation of that power. While continuing to make revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, an important battlefield for each of us lies in our own minds, and one of our main enemies is our own self-interest. Flies go for cracked eggs, and sugar-coated bullets hit those swayed by self-interest. We must of our own accord make ourselves the target of the revolution and wage revolution in the depth of our souls to overcome self and foster public interest. For only so can we follow Chairman Mao for ever, carry the socialist revolution through to the end and ensure that our socialist motherland never changes colour.

Always Be an Ordinary Soldier

After I joined the revolution as an ordinary fighter, the Party trained me to become the assistant political commissar in a logistic unit. For a time, my rise in rank gave me some wrong ideas. I imagined that, as one of the leadership, it was enough for me to make plans, issue instructions and inspect the work. My sense of being different from the rank and file made me slack on the job. Then the fighters, who had always chatted and joked with me, had very little to say when

we met. Chairman Mao tells us: **"All our cadres, whatever their rank, are servants of the people."** When I examined myself in the light of this teaching, I realized that my sense of being different was a form of lording it over other people. So long as I rode the high horse, I was bound to cut myself off from the masses. Thereupon I determined to follow Chairman Mao's teachings, to fight official airs for all I was worth and really be a good servant of the people.

Being a servant of the people means *servi*ng them. Plans, instructions and inspections were not enough, I should buckle to with my hands and do some manual labour. For manual labour helps us cadres to develop a great sense of responsibility in our work and great warm-heartedness towards our comrades, besides acting as an abrasive for any official airs we may have picked up.

So when I was promoted to be vice head of the administrative section, I made up my mind not to be afraid of trouble but always to put the public interest first and lay stress on serving others, so as to overcome slackness and lordliness. I mended tables, chairs and stools myself, cleaned out the drain in the latrine when it was blocked, and made the round of the barracks every night to turn off any lights or taps that had been left on. The first couple of days this had the interest of novelty, and for the first week or so I didn't mind it, but it wasn't easy to keep it up for a long time. My desire to take things easy showed that bureaucratic ideas still occupied a position in my mind. I must grapple with them in good earnest. If I stuck it out and soldiered on, those bureaucratic notions would diminish and the ideal of public service could take firmer, deeper root in my mind.

To come to grips with my official airs, I must act on Chairman Mao's teaching: **"A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater."** I must share the joys and sorrows of the masses and constantly join in their work.

One winter I was sent at the head of a fishing team to a remote village. It was the dead of winter. The north wind cut like a knife and the temperature often dropped to thirty degrees below zero. Our task was certainly tough, especially picking up the fish in icy water. As soon as our hands were wet they immediately became



coated with ice, sending stabbing pain up our arms. I told myself: When we fought in the old days, cadres were always the first to charge, the last to withdraw. We must carry that tradition further now and be the first to put up with hardships, the last to enjoy comfort, the first to work, the last to rest. So I made a point of getting into the water to pick up the fish each time we hauled in the net. Working side by side with the fighters convinced me that staying with them through thick and thin was the best way to rid myself of official airs, to grow really close to the masses.

During the cultural revolution, our great supreme commander Chairman Mao issued the combat order: **“The People’s Liberation Army should help the broad masses of the Left.”** Then, like all my comrades-in-arms, I hastened to the front line of helping the Left, helping industry and agriculture, exercising military control and giving military and political training. I went first to the countryside to help the peasants, then to a factory to support the Left.

To begin with, people were always most polite, with little to say to me. I decided that the quickest way to bridge the gap between us was by joining in their work. In the countryside, I farmed with the commune members all day, and in the evening went from house to house doing propaganda. I joined in work, too, as soon as I went to a factory. Each bale of products there weighed over eighty catties, and the workers argued that I was too old to carry such a load. I told them: “I’ve got no technical know-how, but heavy work I can manage.” I insisted on loading and unloading trucks with them, and soon we were such good friends that they told me whatever was in their minds. Some of them, to my face, frankly criticized the shortcomings in our work. That really bucked me up and warmed my heart. It meant that the great thought of Mao Tse-tung had enabled me to work with the masses, to see eye to eye with them and forge close ties of class solidarity.

These years it has grown increasingly clear to me that taking part in manual labour is the best way for cadres to overcome bureaucracy and keep in touch with the masses. So, wherever I may happen to be at any time, I make a point of working. I want to provide people with one more servant, not foist another bureaucrat on them. Travelling by train, I help fetch water and sweep; after meals, I help the cooks wash up. Comrades call me the “Eight-in-one.”* I have done all too little, I know, but I am determined to follow Chairman Mao’s teachings and do my very best to be a faithful servant of the people.

Persist in the Tradition of Plain Living

I was brought up in a poor family in the old society, and started working as a cowherd for the landlord while still a boy. My food was husks and wild herbs; my clothes, nothing but rags. At the age of seventeen I set up as a carpenter with my dad. Many a fine house we built for the rich landlords, but we ourselves had no home

*Referring to eight service trades in the army, those of cook, hairdresser, messenger, bugler, buyer, store attendant, hostel attendant and health orderly.

of our own, not even a patch of land. After liberation we poor folk stood up, and our life has been growing better ever since. What is the correct attitude to such an earth-shaking change?

Chairman Mao says: **“The Chinese revolution is great, but the road after the revolution will be longer, the work greater and more arduous.”** **“The comrades must be helped to preserve the style of plain living and hard struggle.”** I have studied these directives many times during these years, and kept on my guard. The better life is, the more we must guard against the enemy’s sugar-coated bullets, the more important it is to preserve our glorious tradition of plain living.

At home I often urge our children to work hard and accustom themselves to hardships. I don’t allow them to be spoiled. This, too, has involved a struggle. For instance, our whole family, old and young, often wear patched clothes. Once my eldest son came home from school looking thoroughly disgruntled. I found out that one of his schoolmates had sneered at him: “Fancy wearing patched clothes when your father’s an officer in the army!”

That set me thinking hard. If my boy was ashamed to wear patched clothes, he must have been infected by bourgeois ideas. Our children’s minds must be occupied by Mao Tse-tung’s thought, certainly not by bourgeois ideology. That evening I called my son to me and described in detail the hardships we suffered in the old society. Last of all I told him: “Your father’s a cadre, that’s true. But he’s a cadre of the Communist Party who wants to follow Chairman Mao’s teachings and live simply all his life. You must follow Chairman Mao’s teachings too and succeed to our revolutionary cause. Patched clothes are nothing to be ashamed of. But being self-indulgent ideologically is!”

After that, I taught him to wash his clothes and re-sole his shoes. I trained him to live simply, to love working with his hands. Later on, when he left for a job in a factory, as a parting gift I gave him a set of Chairman Mao’s works and a sewing-kit. I urged him to study Chairman Mao’s works well and follow Chairman Mao’s teachings, to carry forward his revolutionary forbears’ tradition of plain living and hard struggle.

To keep up and develop the tradition of simple living it wasn’t enough to crack down hard on self-indulgence at home. I had to oppose such tendencies in myself too. I have worked for seven or eight years in charge of supplies. Some of the things we discarded as junk seemed too good to be thrown away, so I made several packing cases in which to keep the scrap iron and rags which I picked up. When I had collected enough, I would make mops, fly-swats or the like. If there was no use to which they could be put, I would take them to a scrap-dealer to exchange for things for the office. As time went by, the comrades took to calling these cases “treasure chests.” Bracketing them with my old brown quilt and much patched uniform, they declared these were Chih Hsun-yi’s “treasures.” Well, many a true word is said in jest, for surely hard work and plain living are a family treasure for us revolutionaries!

Can I claim to have no finicky ways at all? I used to think I was pretty free of them, as a result of my hard life. But the great proletarian cultural revolution touched me to the depth of my soul. I kept asking myself: Are you never self-indulgent? I had to answer: Yes, sometimes. Just take the question of food. A few years ago, when I went home to visit my family, I never ate in restaurants or the train’s dining-car on the way, but always took my own provisions. The last couple of years, however, I haven’t done so. Or take the question of walking. A few years ago I used to walk a dozen or a score of *li* whenever I went out to make a report. Now I usually take a bus. These are surely signs of self-indulgence. While we were engaged in helping the Left, helping industry and agriculture, exercising military control, and giving military and political training, I studied Chairman Mao’s works with this problem in mind, and went whenever the difficulties were greatest. I thought: It’s cissy to be afraid of hardships. To get the better of my weakness, I must face up to hardships of my own accord, to overcome my soft ways with their help.

Remain Modest and Prudent

These years the Party and people have heaped honours on me. Three times I have seen Chairman Mao, the red red sun in our hearts. I have also been asked to give talks to army units and organizations outside, to write articles for the papers, to propagandize Mao Tse-tung's thought and the heroic deeds of Tung Tsun-jui.* I often received enthusiastic letters, sometimes several a day, from people all over the country, especially youngsters, which stirred me but also made me feel unworthy. As time went by, however, I began to take all this for granted, and found myself enjoying the sound of applause. So it was important for me to study and apply Chairman Mao's works in a creative way in regard to the problem of the correct attitude to honour, and to struggle against self-indulgence.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The masses are the real heroes, while we ourselves are often childish and ignorant."** I asked myself: Where does honour come from? To whom should it belong? As I thought over the history of my life, I realized very clearly that I wouldn't be the man I am today if not for Chairman Mao and the Communist Party. If not for the revolution led by our Party and the militant collective of our revolutionary army, in a word, if not for the nurture of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, where would I be today? I belong entirely to Chairman Mao, to the people, to the collective. And this goes for the honours conferred on me too. It would be very wrong to consider them as my own.

Grasping this helped me to see things more clearly. One year I was going to Peking to take part in the celebration of Army Day, and my orderly bought me a ticket for a de-luxe sleeper, which was against regulations. I asked him to change it, but he was unable

*Tung Tsun-jui was a hero of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. In May 1948, during the War of Liberation, he was given the task of blowing up an enemy bridgehead, the last obstacle to our troops' advance on Lung-hua in Hopei Province. He dashed under the bridge but could find no place to lay his charge of explosive. Since the offensive was due to start, he fearlessly pressed the charge against the bridge and detonated it. Thus he carried out his task successfully at the cost of his own life. Chih Hsun-yi served in the same unit as Tung Tsun-jui.

to do so. Once on the train, I tried to switch to an ordinary sleeper or seat, but again with no success. That night I tossed and turned and couldn't sleep. It was quite different on another occasion when I went to an army unit to make a report. It was midnight by the time I had walked from the station to the barracks, and the man there was sound asleep. It seemed a pity to wake him, so using my raincoat as a pillow I stretched out on a long bench for the rest of the night. Although the bench was rather hard, it helped me to overcome my tendency towards soft living and guard against taking privileges for granted. I thoroughly enjoyed that sleep.

Always Maintain Vigorous Revolutionary Drive

I am fifty this year. As I grow older a new problem has cropped up. Shall I muddle along listlessly, just hoping for a quiet life? Or shall I go all out, aim high and throw myself heart and soul into making revolution?

At one time it was said that people of my age and situation should retire from the army. That made me undergo a fierce mental conflict. Should I really leave the army, leave the dynamic revolutionary cause? I studied Chairman Mao's works again and again. His teachings made me see light. The day that I joined the Party I made up my mind to fight for communism as long as I lived; how could I abandon the revolution half-way and be a "revolutionary by halves"? Now that in the natural course of events I am growing old, I still have a sharp struggle between two world outlooks. To put selfish interests first, to be apathetic, weak-willed and eager for comfort in old age is a reflection of the bourgeois world outlook. To put the public interest first, to have drive, determination and a red heart in old age is the proletarian world outlook. Now that I am middle-aged, I should make better use of the little time left to me to serve the people. I should follow Chairman Mao closely to make revolution to the end, and always keep my revolutionary ardour. I must remain red till the end, not give up half-way.

A revolutionary cadre must never forget the dictatorship of the proletariat, must never forget class struggle. He must show

concern for class struggle all the time and take an active part in it. Chairman Mao's great call to train millions of successors for the proletarian revolutionary cause made me realize that, since the Soviet revisionist leading clique betrayed the revolution, the imperialists and reactionaries have placed their hopes for a capitalist restoration in China on the degeneration of our third and fourth generations.

In this fight with the bourgeoisie for the younger generation, I should have my own battle position. We must spread Mao Tse-tung's thought far and wide so that our young people really become reliable successors boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tse-tung's thought and to Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. These last years I have made it one of my chief fighting tasks to propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought and the heroic deeds of Tung Tsun-juí to young people wherever I go. I go and talk to three or four people, just as I do to audiences of several thousand. I have made speeches to the attendants on trains or in hostels where I happened to be, as well as in factories, villages, army units and schools. And when kindergarten children want to hear me, I go and speak to them too.

I have come up against not a few difficulties in trying to be a good propagandist of Mao Tse-tung's thought. I constantly receive letters from youngsters all over the country, and it is very hard for me to propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought by correspondence. At my age, with my lack of schooling, writing a letter a few hundred words long makes me break into a sweat! I haven't much spare time either, and have to do most of my writing at night. Sometimes these difficulties get me down. Whenever that happens I remind myself: To shrink from difficulties is a sure sign of apathy. Then I summon up my courage to fight on.

When the guns of the great proletarian cultural revolution boomed out, the handful of capitalist roaders inside the Party headed by China's Khrushchov were one by one dragged out. To thoroughly repudiate and discredit these counter-revolutionary revisionists politically, ideologically and theoretically, so that they would never be able to rise again, I responded eagerly to Chairman Mao's call,

took up my pen as a weapon, and plunged into the revolutionary mass criticism.

One evening I sat down to write an article. I had written barely a hundred words before I was dripping with sweat. That was a tough battle, all right! With difficulties barring my way, I recited this quotation from Chairman Mao: **"Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood!"** I thought: In this battle to repudiate the bourgeoisie, if I overcome selfish considerations, overcome apathy and dare take the field, I can master this type of fighting. With the help of some comrades I succeeded in writing an article debunking China's Khrushchov which was printed in the paper. Since then we have written *We Cannot Ignore the Class Struggle on the Literary and Art Front, Down with the Reactionary Theory of "Harmonizing Public and Private Interests"*! and a whole series of articles debunking the enemy.

In addition to writing articles of this kind, I join in the fight wherever I go. In the country, I have taken part in meetings with poor and lower-middle peasants to condemn the criminal attempts of China's Khrushchov to restore capitalism in the villages. In factories, I have joined the workers in criticizing the sinister plot of China's Khrushchov to change the socialist economy into a capitalist economy. With soldiers in the army, I have denounced the crimes of the counter-revolutionary revisionists Peng Teh-huai and Lo Jui-ching, who opposed Chairman Mao's line on building the army.

In this fiery struggle to defend Chairman Mao, Mao Tse-tung's thought and Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, I gain in drive the longer I fight, and feel younger and younger. I am determined to follow the course charted by Chairman Mao as long as I live, to adhere closely to Chairman Mao's great strategic plan, never to lose heart, halt or slacken my efforts. I must be a revolutionary my whole life long, and never cease making new contributions for the people.



Sun Shu-chun

Army and People Are Close as Fish and Water

Red flags unfurl in the wind,
Gongs and drums set the whole sky ringing;
Elder Brother and his wife run to the street
Where Uncle and Aunt are clasping soldiers' hands;

Tears start to Grandad's eyes, his white beard quivers,
While Granny brings out boiled eggs;
And the youngsters, small Red Fighters, like young swallows
Fly north and south at top speed through the village,
Taking word to each home, each household:
"Our PLA uncles are rejoining their unit!"

They grip the PLA men's hands,
Warmth surging through their hearts,
Smiling through tears —
How to find words
For all that fills their minds?

"Take a good look, Young Han,
At the sorghum red as fire on our South Hill,
The golden sea of millet on our North Slope,
The well-fed, sturdy livestock in our stables,
The wheat piled high, high, on our threshing-floor.
You PLA men helped us
Grasp revolution and promote production;
Not one night's sound sleep did you have,
Not one good hot meal;
Now that we've won victories
In revolution and production both,
You're off without even shaking the dust from your clothes;
How have we the heart,
We poor and lower-middle peasants,
To let you go like this?"

"Uncle Li, this shows the might
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought,
Which has written a new chapter
In the great proletarian cultural revolution.

I shall miss each family here,
Each hill, each stream;
But a new task is waiting for us,
The Party has called on us
To take up another heavy load and press on.”

Their way lies past the Cultural Centre
With rows of quotation boards before its door;
A glance at the little lamps inside
Conjures up countless memories....

“It was you PLA men, Young Han,
Who built this centre, thatched it;
Remember the meetings we held here
To pour out past bitterness;
Together we recalled class sufferings,
All the blood and tears,
Together denounced old injustice.
We poor and lower-middle peasants
Will never forget our roots;
You fighters’ red hearts will always be loyal to the Party.”

“Remember those meetings here, uncle,
When, the golden books in hand,
We blasted the black book on ‘self-cultivation’
And unmasked China’s Khrushchov;
We proved our mettle on that battlefield
Of mass repudiation,
Smashing to smithereens
The reactionary bourgeois line!”

“Remember our discussions here, Young Han,
When by the light of oil lamps
We studied the ‘three old favourites’*
And dug up the root of revisionism.
‘Fight self, repudiate revisionism’ —
Each tried to give the lead!”

Their way lies along the dike
Inscribed with the name Fish-and-Water Dike;
Below it the river swirls,
Plashing and gurgling, singing on and on.

“In the dog-days, Young Han,
When for two months no rain fell
And the young shoots shrivelled in the smoking fields,
Soldiers and peasants together
We fought the drought, built this dike;
How the sweat poured off us in the sweltering sun!
The record harvest we gathered in was hard won,
Each grain cost a drop of sweat!”

“We put up quotations, uncle, wherever we worked,
‘Grasp revolution and promote production’ —
Those big characters shone like gold.
By the light of the morning star
We quarried stone in the mountains,
By moonlight we built this dike;

*Referring to Chairman Mao’s works, *Serve the People*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune* and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*.

Quarrying raised blood-blisters
And calluses on our hands,
Digging canals covered us with mud and sweat;
The sweat soaked our green uniforms
Mended so neatly by Auntie!"

As they walk by the river,
Longer than the river



Are the ties that bind army and people
Like fish and water;
As they cross a mountain,
Weightier than the mountain
Is their mutual dependence
Close as flesh and bone.
At parting, the villagers
Grasp the soldiers' hands;
The tide of all their hearts
Rises high as great waves.

"Study and apply the 'three old favourites'
For all you're worth, Uncle Li!
Go all out with your movement for mass criticism,
Hold close to Chairman Mao's great strategic plan,
Take the lead in fighting self, in repudiating revisionism.
Here, as my parting gift, are Chairman Mao's works;
Keep these golden books by your side."

Holding the four golden books,
Old Li is moved to tears;
These four golden books beside him
Will link their hearts for ever,
For ever, even after the soldiers are gone.

A fiery red sun rises from East Mountain,
The highway stretches far, far, in the morning sun;
Army and people, one big family,
Will together make revolution
And advance for all time to come!

Chin Yen

The PLA Has Come Again to Our Mountain Village

The same mountain range,
The same hillside,
The same canal,
The same river. . . .
Now these dear ones have come back to us again,
We pour out heartfelt greetings.

Like tumbling, racing waves
The past springs to mind;
We voice all our innermost thoughts,
Our deep gratitude.
Ah, Chairman Mao's good fighters
Have come again to our village
To tell us his latest instructions.

Last spring
When warm the river, green the willows,
Spring winds gusted and the hills were a blaze of red,
Great red banners against the blue sky
And a sea of red quotations,
For better than any spring wind
Was the Central Committee's letter
Brought us by the PLA,
Making red flowers bloom
All over the hillside.

Crystal springs reflect the blue sky
As army and people sit by the clear water
To read the letter sent us by Chairman Mao;
With feeling too deep for words
Each red heart turns towards the sun,
And we determine to shoulder the double load
Of revolution and production.

Army and people terraced these mountainsides,
Clear springs flowed into one stream;
Drop after drop of sweat melted the spring snow,
Quotation after quotation warmed our hearts;
Grasping revolution and boosting production,
Army and people together made
An ever-flowing Friendship Stream.

And today
Our soldiers have come back to us;
Magpies chatter on the trees,
Streams dance, hills smile,
For they bring us the gladdest of tidings;



Chairman Mao's directives, word for word,
Are imprinted on our hearts.

Crystal fountains sing for joy
As once again army and people sit by the springs;
Holding the latest directives,
Our soldiers help us set up study classes;
Chairman Mao has pointed out the way clearly for us,
We must fight self, repudiate revisionism,
And march forward ever more.

Range upon range of mountains dance for joy,
The PLA is helping us with the spring ploughing,
Speeding uphill as if on wings,
Carrying loads of manure.
Their revolutionary drive assaults the clouds,
With each load of fertilizer goes a song,
Where singing sounds whole hillsides are manured.

Slope after slope of terraced fields,
Canal after canal, stream after stream;
You have clambered over every mountain ridge,
Shedding more sweat than the clear river's water.
Ah, dear PLA men,
From the red seeds which you sowed in our mountain village
Mao Tse-tung's thought has flowered,
Has borne good fruit,
Over all these mountains of ours.

A poster based on a quotation from
Chairman Mao: "The world is yours,
as well as ours, but in the last analysis,
it is yours. You young people, full of
vigour and vitality, are in the bloom of
life, like the sun at eight or nine in
the morning. Our hope is placed on
you." ▶

世界是你们的，也是我们的，但是归根结底是
你们的。你们青年人朝气蓬勃，正在兴旺时期，好
象早晨八、九点钟的太阳。希望寄托在你们身上。

毛泽东



Sketches

Tamarisk Gorge's Second Platoon

EDITORS' NOTE: Second Platoon of a certain unit under the Sinkiang Garrison Command stationed in Tamarisk Gorge is an advanced collective of activists in the study of Chairman Mao's works. In normal times they integrate themselves with the people and eagerly propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought; while in time of peril they are ready to wade through a sea of fire and face every danger in the people's interests. In July 1966, when most of the local able-bodied men were working away from home, Tamarisk Gorge was badly flooded. The comrades of Second Platoon, guided by the thought of whole-hearted service to the people, battled fearlessly for thirteen hours with the flood, regardless of their own safety, and succeeded in rescuing all the herdsmen and peasants of the different nationalities there.

Fearlessness comes from selflessness, and selflessness comes from raising high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The six stories below written by PLA men tell of the heroic exploits of the fighters of Second Platoon in Tamarisk Gorge.

Little Chen-hsin and Her Mother

Tai Jui-tao, the brigade accountant, was woken from sleep by the shouts of PLA men warning that the mountain torrent had flooded its banks. Not stopping to see to the safety of his wife and small daughter Chen-hsin, he rushed downstream to help the Kazakhs there.

Tai Jui-tao had not been gone long when flood waters, roaring like ravening beasts, swept into his little house. In a twinkling they had engulfed the *kang* and carried off the quilts. Little Chen-hsin cried for fright. Her mother, staggered by this sudden inundation, could not think what to do and just stared in stupefaction as the water rose higher and higher. By now the flood, rising swiftly, swirled furniture this way and that and clattered the pots and pans. Lumps of clay plopped down from the walls, already cracked. The whole house was tottering, on the point of collapse. Death was staring mother and daughter in the face!

At this desperate juncture, shouts could be heard outside: "Come out quick, folk! Your house is going to fall!"

Before Chen-hsin's mother knew quite what was happening, in came two men, splashing and sloshing through the water. One picked up the little girl, the other caught hold of her mother and hurried her out. Chen-hsin's mother, being ahead, kept looking round for the man carrying her daughter, but there was no sign of him. At any moment now the house might crash down. The creaking of its rafters as they cracked struck terror into her heart.

"What can have happened?" she wondered fearfully. "Have they been crushed under a falling beam?"

She was just going back to investigate when a man appeared in the doorway with Chen-hsin in his arms. As he stepped over the threshold — crash! — the whole house toppled down. The waves this set up made the young man stumble forward.

Chen-hsin's mother cried out with dismay, her heart in her mouth. Should he fall the relentless flood waters would surely swallow them up. But it seemed her fears were groundless. The man straddled his legs and strained to keep his foothold, still holding little Chen-hsin tight in his arms. As he straightened up with an effort and steadied himself, she heaved a sigh of relief. Her eyes on their wrecked house she muttered: "One minute more, and it would have been too late."

By the faint light reflected from the waves she looked gratefully at the two men standing before her. Their features were indistinct, but the stars on their army caps shone a bright, sparkling red.

Who were these two soldiers? Deputy Platoon Leader Ho Hui-chi and Kuo Hsiang-yi of the PLA unit stationed there. They had been on sentry duty on the hill when the river rose in spate. In this emergency, Chairman Mao's teaching flashed before them like a light shining through the darkness: **"These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."** They must not let the people suffer any loss of life or property. Chairman Mao's words filled them with strength, sent energy coursing through them. Deep though the gorge and black the night, they raced down the hillside at incredible speed, guided by Mao Tse-tung's thought, arriving as the house was tottering, just in time to prevent a fatal accident. Having bravely saved mother and daughter, they immediately took them to a place of safety.

Once Chen-hsin and her mother were out of danger, the soldiers found a sheepskin coat to keep the little girl warm. She promptly fell into a sound, cosy sleep. Her mother, gazing at her, lacked words to express the emotion that filled her heart. With tears of gratitude in her eyes she said: "You PLA sent by Chairman Mao and the Communist Party have saved my child and me at the risk of your own lives. Chairman Mao's goodness is higher than the

sky, deeper than the sea. We shall never, never forget it, as long as we live! We must learn from the PLA and do our best to study and apply Chairman Mao's works in a living way. We must learn the fearlessness of the PLA to make a good job of production and of building up our home, so that Tamarisk Gorge becomes a new socialist hill district, red and beautiful!"

Ho Hsiu-chien

Three Sallies into the Store

The mountain torrent, stampeding down the valley, swept with it great rocks weighing hundreds of catties and tore deep channels through the fertile fields, overwhelming all in its path. At one corner of Tamarisk Gorge stood a supply and marketing store. The flood waters, battering it, sucked earth from its walls and made great gaps in them. The whole place was in imminent danger of toppling down and of having its valuable state property carried off by the angry flood.

At this critical juncture, Platoon Leader Kung Shih-heng swiftly led a small party of his men to the spot. His concern increased when he learned that cash, books, cloth and other goods were still inside the store. As he looked at the tottering building menaced by the swirling water, in his ears rang Chairman Mao's teaching: **"These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."** More resonant than spring thunder, those splendid words drowned out the roar of the flood, making the hot blood race through his veins and giving

him fresh, inexhaustible strength. After cordonning off the danger zone he charged into the store with Squad Leader Tiao Chang-cheng and Tayierhkiang, the brigade's tractor driver.

The water inside the store, already up to their knees, was steadily rising. Plaster from the roof kept dropping on to them, and it was hard to make any headway. Platoon Leader Kung had barely got inside when a beam crashed with a stunning blow on his shoulder. He paid no attention, however, set on saving this state property as fast as he could. They battled their way to a cupboard by one wall and, lurching, lugged it out. But this was the cupboard the books were kept in; they had not salvaged the cash.

"That money belongs to the country," they said. "We must find it at all costs."

As they turned to go in again some villagers barred their way. "The store's going to collapse any minute now, Platoon Leader Kung," they cried. "You mustn't go in."

But Kung answered incisively: "Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people. Even if the sky falls, we must still go in." Freeing himself from the villagers, he cut through the water, splattering foam, and made his second sally into the store. The villagers watching were so touched that they wanted to follow suit, but the fighters cordonning the place off stopped them.

This time entering the store was even more hazardous. Some of the roof beams had snapped and the walls had split open; the whole building was creaking and groaning. But the cool-headed salvage team carefully groped in the water until finally, after a hard fight, they found a small cashbox containing a good deal of money. They seized this triumphantly and battled their way out with some sacks of chemical fertilizer over their shoulders. That was a close thing! The moment they emerged, the front wall toppled with a mighty crash. The blast of air and the waves caused by its fall sent all of them staggering.

Now that the front wall had gone, the roof was even more likely to cave in. But there were still things in the store. "What's to be done?" Platoon Leader Kung asked himself. Although the

amount of goods here was not very large, he knew that this store served all the peasants and herdsmen living within a radius of several dozen *li*. Thus it directly affected the lives and interests of the people of different nationalities. Chairman Mao has taught us: **“At no time and in no circumstances should a Communist place his personal interests first; he should subordinate them to the interests of the nation and of the masses.”** Even if Kung lost his life in this salvage operation, it would be a worthy death. He decided to persist, despite the risk, for each extra thing he saved would lighten the burden of the local staff workers, the peasants and herdsmen, would lessen the loss to the nation and the people.

Having reached this decision, he ordered his comrades to remain outside while he went in for the third time, fighting his way against a powerful current. By now two thirds of the beams had snapped and the remaining walls were gaping more and more ominously, all three of them sagging outwards. The place was a death trap. The villagers cordoned off on higher ground broke out in a sweat and held their breath as they watched. But Platoon Leader Kung remained absolutely calm and fearless. Back inside the store he kept an eye on the roof while salvaging the most valuable things he could find. As he struggled back outside laden with the last bales of cloth, all the onlookers who had their hearts in their mouths felt relieved. When he turned to go back for some odds and ends still left, the people stopped him. As they did so they heard a huge crash — the whole store collapsed and was swallowed up in the torrent. By then, however, nearly all its goods had been removed to safety.

Tears of gratitude stood in people's eyes as they gazed at the heroic fighters and the piles of goods they had rescued and all were loud in their praise of these intrepid soldiers. Each was telling himself: “The best writings in the world are Chairman Mao's writings; the best troops in the world are our People's Liberation Army. Fighters nurtured with Mao Tse-tung's thought have the deepest love for the people — we're like one big family.”

A Human Wall

The torrent was in full spate. In no time it would engulf the homes of the Tamarisk Gorge Agricultural and Herdsmen's Brigade. Platoon Leader Kung Shih-heng and Deputy Platoon Leader Ho Hui-chi led their whole platoon through the waist-deep racing tide to rescue the peasants and herdsmen of different nationalities. Our fighters rushed to house after house, carrying children out on their backs or helping old folk along, oblivious of their own danger. In their hearts was the single thought: “In whatever we do we must hold ourselves responsible to the people. There's no time to be lost in getting the villagers to safety.”

After battling for quite a while, they succeeded in evacuating all the villagers — Uighur, Kazakh, Hui, Khalkhas and Chuang — to a small hummock.

Throughout the pitch black night the flood waters raced down, swifter and swifter. Very soon they rose above the knees of the people on the hummock. Whirling eddies knocked some children off their feet. They screamed: “What shall we do, PLA comrades? What's to become of us?”

One of the fighters, Shih Kuang-hui, was standing among the villagers holding a child in his arms. When he heard these cries of distress, he shouted back: “Don't be afraid, folk. We're the people's troops trained by Chairman Mao. Chairman Mao has taught us to serve the people heart and soul. You've nothing to worry about as long as we're here. If the sky falls we can prop it up. We can overcome all difficulties and enemies!”

The villagers calmed down at that and reassured each other: “What's there to be afraid of when our PLA are here at our side?”

Some of the stronger among them organized a rescue team of their own accord.

Shih Kuang-hui said to Ho Hui-chi: "Deputy platoon leader, there are only old folk, women and children here. On a dark night like this, if any get swept away by the flood they'll be done for. Why don't we link hands in a circle to make a wall around the villagers?"

"A good idea," approved Ho. "Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people. We won't let a single one be washed away. First we'll encircle the villagers, and then find some way to move them to safety." With that he linked arms with Shih Kuang-hui on his left and Ho Ching-li on his right. Then all eighteen fighters, shoulder to shoulder, linked arms to form a "human wall" facing the racing current.

The thundering water threw up angry waves, buffeting the fighters' chests and hurling up jets of water which crashed down on their heads. Wave after wave pounded them. But the fighters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought held their ground proudly. Battered by the icy waves, they stood firm as Mount Tai. The villagers encircled by this human wall felt as safe and secure as if they were surrounded by a bastion of iron. Deeply stirred by the fighters' heroism they shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!" These heartfelt cheers in turn inspired the fighters, who of one accord started reciting: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice. . .**" Before they could finish, the villagers joined in: "**and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" This soul-stirring quotation on so many lips merged in a torrent of sound which pierced the night sky and drowned the roar of the flood.

Then the east glowed red, heralding the break of day.

On the Tractor

The flood waters surged up to the "human wall," eddied around it and then thundered westwards.

As dawn broke, the icy water brought gusts of cold wind. Some of the children inside the "human wall" were so numb with cold that they might die of exposure unless taken to a warmer place at once. The deputy platoon leader sent some fighters to find a safe way out. On their return they reported: "The water's not too deep, but it's racing too fast to carry children through it." They were in a serious predicament.

Suddenly, not far away, they heard the chug of a motor. Straining their eyes, they saw a Tungfanghung tractor lumbering towards them. At this sight, everybody burst into cheers.

"Evacuate the kiddies first," ordered the deputy platoon leader.

At once the fighters formed a line to pass the children one by one to the tractor. But the cabin was too small to hold more than half a dozen. No more could be fitted in by the time Kuo Hsiang-yi, a Youth Leaguer, who had a Hui toddler of two or three in his arms, reached the tractor. The child's lips were blue with cold, but without a murmur he clasped his arms tightly around Kuo's neck. "This little fellow will catch his death of cold if we don't get him out right away," thought Kuo. He sloshed round the tractor looking for a place where he could put the child. The tractor engine was roaring, its bonnet vibrating. That gave Kuo an idea. "Got it!" he said.

Stepping on to the treads, Kuo put the child on the bonnet. When he let go of him, however, the little boy called softly: "Uncle!" His eyes were pleading with Kuo not to go. At once the soldier took himself to task: "How could a mite like this be expected to sit steady with

the tractor lurching through potholes in deep water?" He climbed up and seated himself on the bonnet too.

Tayierhkiang, the driver, at once protested: "That won't do, comrade. It's too risky. I can't see the road for the water. If we jolt down a ditch you may easily be shaken off."

"That's all right," said Kuo. "Don't worry. Go ahead." He moved over to the chimney and hooked one arm around it.

"That's a worse place still," cried Tayierhkiang. "That chimney gets red-hot."

"It's the kiddy I'm thinking of," replied Kuo. "I don't mind getting burnt. Get going!"

Impressed by his determination, the driver let in the clutch and revved up. The tractor moved off through the water like a gunboat.

Cleaving the angry waves of the swirling water, that Tungfanghung tractor headed for the hills, lurching this way and that. Kuo Hsiang-yi on the bonnet was jolted in all directions; but he kept one arm round the little boy, the other round the chimney, to make sure that the child did not fall off. By the time they had crossed one ridge and a small gully, the chimney was so hot that his arm smarted. He recalled Chairman Mao's instruction: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" He made up his mind, in the interests of the people, to see the little boy safely up the hill even if the chimney turned red-hot, burnt his clothes and scorched his flesh! A big wave dashing at them made the chimney sizzle and steam. The pain in Kuo Hsiang-yi's arm was excruciating, but he gritted his teeth and held out, reciting this quotation again and again. The worse the pain in his arm, the louder his voice.

Gradually the red sun rose, throwing up countless rays of light from the horizon. The tractor headed towards the radiant sunrise and delivered its passengers to a place of safety.

The Most Precious Gift

The morning after the flood subsided, the soldier on duty sounded the reveille while it was still pitch dark, and our men at once got busy without stopping to wash their faces or brush their teeth. Some brought out red silk to make big rosettes for Chairman Mao's portraits, while others fetched red paper to wrap up treasured copies of pamphlets or selected writings by Chairman Mao; the cooks produced flour and dried vegetables; the deputy platoon leader prepared Chairman Mao quotation boards. . . . Our platoon's propaganda team was going to take Mao Tse-tung's thought to the peasants and herdsmen of Tamarisk Gorge in this hour of their need. No wonder the significance of the occasion fired everybody with enthusiasm.

The previous day we had fought the flood for thirteen hours. After rescuing all the local people, we had spent the afternoon helping them search in the mud for their belongings. We did not return to barracks till nearly eight, by which time everybody was worn out. I told the duty officer to get the men to turn in as soon as they had seen to their sodden things.

When I got back to my room, the deputy platoon leader and I talked things over and we got out some money and clothes, to donate to the flood victims. The difficulties of the masses were our own, we decided, and it was up to us to help them. As we were sorting out clothes, Kuo Hsiang-yi burst in carrying a bundle of shirts, shoes and the like. Before his heels had even touched the ground, he put the bundle on my bed and handed me ten yuan. "Platoon leader, the people of Tamarisk Gorge are suffering because of the flood," he said. "It's our duty to help them. Here are just a few things to show

how I feel. I hope the Party branch will pass them on to our class brothers who are up against it."

I was very stirred by the deep feeling with which he spoke. His flashing eyes made me reflect: "What quick progress Kuo Hsiang-yi has made these last two years by creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works!" Before I could express my appreciation some more men crowded in. They had brought with them all sorts of things: their prized portraits of Chairman Mao, selected readings from Chairman Mao which had been far from easy to buy, Chairman Mao quotation boards designed and made by themselves, new clothes and shoes which for years they had thought too good to wear, and money they had been meaning to send home. . . . A hubbub of voices broke out.

One said: "Platoon leader, we mustn't let these peasants and herdsmen who have been hit by the flood go cold or hungry."

"They're our class brothers. Their troubles are our own."

"What they need most are Chairman Mao's works. I've three copies here. Take them!"

"Let's send out a Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team tomorrow, and take these things along at the same time."

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These fighters had not yet left when another group arrived. Hot on their heels came the rest of the platoon, bringing various contributions. I was deeply stirred by this and called out loudly:

"Quiet, comrades! Let's all read a quotation. . . ." While the words were still on my lips, as if they knew just what I meant, they got out their *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and started reciting the passage I had in mind. **"All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other."**

"You're quite right, comrades," I said. "Our people's army must at all times be concerned for the sufferings of the masses; this is our sacred duty. But the best of all possible kinds of aid we can give is to take them Mao Tse-tung's thought. So we'll keep all the writings by Chairman Mao that you've brought, and the things belonging to the deputy platoon leader and me. We'll decide about the other things presently. . . ."

For fear we would not accept their gifts, someone cut in earnestly: "Don't worry, platoon leader! We can surmount all our own difficulties to help solve the masses' problems."

Kuo Hsiang-yi said: "Last year when my home was hit by a natural disaster, people from all over the country helped out. Now that the masses here are suffering, it's surely up to us to help them."

Chao Hsien-li and Lu Fa-chen proposed: "Don't worry about other things now, platoon leader. Let's hurry up and organize a Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team."

After the men had left, my bed was heaped with things. The deputy platoon leader and I decided to form a propaganda team at once, to set out first thing the next morning.

The comrades were hard at work when the sky grew light. First they prepared four stretcher loads of grain, dried vegetables and clothes, neatly crowning each load with a stack of Chairman Mao's works wrapped in red paper. Then from all four sides of the stretchers they hung quotations written on coloured paper. Some fighters marched ahead holding up portraits of Chairman Mao. Beating drums and gongs as if at New Year, we set out in high spirits from our barracks.

The sun was rising slowly in the east, bathing the whole of Tamarisk Gorge in crimson. Our Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team advanced to meet the sun!

We had not gone far before folk came running out, attracted by the sound of gongs and drums. Men and women alike were wearing the army coats we had taken them the previous evening. After clapping vigorously they crowded around us to clasp our hands. When they saw all that we had brought them, especially the resplendent works of Chairman Mao and the portraits of our great leader, the red sun in the hearts of the people of all nationalities, they started dancing for joy, too moved for words. At last their deep feeling found vent in tumultuous cheers of: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

The head of the livestock farm came over and took my hand in a firm grip. Holding up a pile of Chairman Mao's works for all to see, he cried: "You've brought us the most precious gift, the most precious

thing in the world. With this, we can overcome all difficulties, can build a brand-new Tamarisk Gorge.”

An old Kazakh herdsman strode up to a portrait of Chairman Mao and, holding it up in both hands, shed hot tears. Then, abruptly, he raised both arms and started singing at the top of his voice *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. At once all the rest of us joined in.

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.

Spirited singing resounded through the mountains to echo far and wide.

Ho Hui-chi and Lin Ching-lin

A Sea of Rolling Wheat

The previous winter we had helped the local people spread sheep dung on their fields, which were deep ploughed by tractors as soon as spring came. Because of this the wheat grew well, with sturdy stems and long ears. It seemed certain from that sea of waving grain that a good harvest was in sight. But then without warning the flood swept down the crops almost ready to be harvested. All Tamarisk Gorge's wheat was buried in mud. Many of the villagers' houses had collapsed too, so that they were up against it. In view of these circumstances, we decided to take Mao Tse-tung's thought as our guide in all our actions, give prominence to politics and mobilize the whole platoon to go all out to help the flood victims.

As soon as the flood subsided we sent some comrades to inspire the masses with the courage to surmount the flood damage and rebuild

their farms by spreading Chairman Mao's teaching: **“In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage.”** At the same time most of the platoon went to the villagers' wheat fields to save the crops.

The soil was still soft and muddy. The wheat, already in ear, was sprawling in all directions, covered with mud and weeds. Bending double, we carefully righted the plants one by one and firmed the earth over their roots. We had had very little rest since the flood broke, and were pretty fagged. But our comrades bore in mind the words: **“These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests.”** All raced to take the biggest share of hardships and choose the heaviest loads, determined to win back all that had been swept away by the flood by reliance on Mao Tse-tung's thought. With such high resolve, such dynamic drive, our comrades worked fast and well. Army and people working hard together rehabilitated all the wheat over a thousand *mu*, to the indescribable satisfaction of all.

After saving the wheat, we buckled to straight away to help the villagers build new houses. First thing after breakfast we set off with Chairman Mao quotation boards and tools. When we passed our own wheat fields we could hardly believe our eyes. The last few days we had been so busy seeing to the villagers' wheat that we had had no time to attend to our own. But now our wheat, too, had stood up in orderly furrows. Who was responsible for this? We learned later that it was the work of the cadres and members of the agricultural production team of the livestock farm. The men of the team were away at the time, cutting fodder or working on capital construction. The women left at home had flocked with the cadres to our fields, cleared the weeds away with small sticks, brushed the mud off the wheat and straightened up each plant. They had cleaned each ear down to the last speck of mud. They said: “Each plant has in it our fighters' blood and sweat, and the friendship and unity of army and people. We must make a good job of this.”

The sight of these wheat fields reminded us of a similar occurrence. At the beginning of spring, the cadres of the production team had sat up late one night in their office discussing their work plan. Knowing that we had no carts to deliver fertilizer, they decided to do the job for us. Since they were not sure, though, that we would accept it, they set to work that same night, not finishing till nearly dawn.

The next morning when we discovered all this fertilizer which had appeared from nowhere, we thought the villagers might have made a mistake while working in the dark. So without further ado we started carrying that fertilizer to the team's fields. The team members who came to stop us had to let us into their secret.

These, then, were the two "secrets" of our wheat fields. Here the sweat of army and people had mingled to water the rich soil. Now, in spite of the flood which laid waste Tamarisk Gorge, its people and livestock are flourishing, and every face is smiling. The fields are once more a sea of waving wheat. The way the place is thriving cannot fail to remind us of Chairman Mao's teaching: **"The army in the Liberated Areas must support the government and cherish the people, while the democratic governments must lead the people in the work of supporting the army and giving preferential treatment to the families of soldiers fighting Japan. In this way relations between the army and the people will become still better."**

Once our army and people are united as one, there is no enemy we cannot overcome. We have no fear of natural calamities, much less of the imperialists, revisionists and all reactionaries.

Hsieh Sheng-wen

A Review of "Days and Nights"

Days and Nights by Konstantin Simonov, the Soviet revisionist hack, is a poisonous novel. Its pernicious influence has spread far and wide. For many years it has been lauded to the skies by ghosts and monsters in China and other countries, who acclaim it as a brilliant work which "eulogizes" the Great Patriotic War, delineates the "lofty moral fibre" of the Soviet armyman and brings out the "essence of the Battle of Stalingrad." Simonov made his name with this novel and became a "dazzling figure" into the bargain.

What are the real facts of the case? Analysed and examined critically with the sharp weapon of Mao Tse-tung's thought, *Days and Nights* proves to be a black specimen of revisionist war literature, and Simonov a cowardly traitor who traded upon the glory and dignity of the soldiers of the Red Army. Black flags must be torn down and renegades overthrown!

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Revolutionary War Attacked As a "Human Tragedy"

How to regard war, how to regard revolutionary war — on this Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought, has always differed fundamentally with all brands of revisionism.

War is the continuation of politics. Wars always have a distinct class nature. It is incumbent upon all genuine Marxist-Leninists to hold high the banner of just war, hold high the banner of people's revolutionary war, and lead the proletariat and the revolutionary people forward to abolish the exploiting classes and to seize and remould the whole world.

Donning the red-starred cap of a "Bolshevik" but waving the black flags of bourgeois pacifism and revisionism, Simonov opposes people's revolutionary war under the pretext of opposing all wars. For many years he has devoted himself to writing war novels. He has always peddled the revisionist outlook on war, describing it as "bloody and horrible," "bringing pain and death to everyone," as "interrupting human progress" and so forth.

Days and Nights harps on the stale old theme that revolutionary war is utterly destructive, and maligns the defence of Stalingrad which revolutionaries the world over remember with pride.

The battle in defence of Stalingrad was a revolutionary and just one. This battle drove Hitler to the threshold of doom and the booming of its guns heralded victory in the war against fascism. In 1942, our great supreme commander Chairman Mao paid a high tribute to this battle, describing it as **"the turning-point in the history of all mankind"** which marked **"the victory of the world anti-fascist front over the fascist front."**

But in *Days and Nights* this great, just battle, this turning-point in the history of all mankind, is portrayed as utterly destructive, an evil tidings ending all hope. The book opens with an "exhausted woman," ghosting for Simonov, "telling in a voice calm with fatigue how Stalingrad had been burnt down." Nearly every page is filled with "battered and bloody heads," "corpses stiff and frozen," "burnt and battered streets," "groans" and "sighs." Under Simonov's

pen, the great Battle of Stalingrad was an unprecedented catastrophe and brought the people nothing but death and destruction.

Simonov not only portrays war as destroying everything but goes to great pains to paint a "beautiful picture" of what life would have been like if not for the war. By this means he denigrates revolutionary war still more viciously.

If not for the war, he writes, Saburov would not be crouching, in loneliness, in an icy trench but would be at home nestling close to his fiancée.

If not for the war, Matveyev, member of the War Council, would not be deafened by the roar of cannons but would be listening to pleasant music with his family in the park.

If not for the war, twenty-year-old Maslennikov would not have to cross the battle lines risking death at every step. Instead, he would be studying at some institute.

And so on and so forth. These are what Simonov calls "sweet dreams." But however beautiful, they are only "ifs," and however sweet, they are only "dreams."

Chairman Mao points out: **"Revolutions and revolutionary wars are inevitable in class society."**

This is an incontrovertible fact. Since World War II, imperialist wars of aggression and the revolutionary people's wars of resistance to aggression and for national liberation have never ceased for a moment.

All revolutionary regimes and every instance of liberation of the people in history have been born in the storm and stress of revolutionary war.

The Battle of Stalingrad resulted in the destruction of Hitler and ensured a bright future for mankind. If at that time the Soviet people had relinquished the revolutionary banner of resisting aggression, this would have meant the end of the first Red Power in the world and the hopes of humanity. That would indeed have been a tragedy for mankind!

By appropriating the glory belonging to the Battle of Stalingrad to wrap round his rotten, filthy revisionist wares, Simonov only reveals himself in his true colours as a despicable traitor from way back.

Corrupt and Reactionary "Soldierly Truths"

The revisionist outlook on war is a reflection of the bourgeois world outlook on the question of war. Therefore, to publicize the bourgeois philosophy of survival at all costs, of placing love above everything and to describe war as total destruction has become a requisite component part of revisionist war literature. Simonov fervently rants that the quest for "individual happiness" is an immutable principle common to the whole of mankind. He stresses the contradiction between personal happiness and war, presenting happiness and total destruction as mutually exclusive and calling upon men to fight for their personal happiness. *Days and Nights* is a manifestation in art of this decadent bourgeois philosophy of life. This trashy book sums up three "soldierly truths":

1. Love is the greatest happiness.
2. Survival is the most urgent thing.
3. War is most horrible.

Saburov, whom Simonov cracks up as a hero, is a faithful adherent of these "soldierly truths." The plot of the novel centres on Saburov's love for Anya and the conflict between love and survival on the one hand and war on the other.

Simonov says that love is happiness. Saburov lives solely for love. He cannot live without Anya. After three years away from her he is distraught, his face is drawn and thin and his hair has turned grey. Though only thirty-four years old, he looks terribly, terribly aged. His meeting Anya brought him boundless happiness. When he leaves the embattled front and spends ten days like a "sweet dream" in Anya's home, far from feeling ashamed of himself he counts this an honour. He says, "I'm very happy... Very, very happy." This repetition of "very" certainly shows up very correctly the dirty soul of both the author and his hero. Placing love above everything and living for love is the "truth" of this "hero's" life as Simonov portrays it.

Simonov says that when one has love, one has everything in the world and that the most important thing is to stay alive for the sake of love. Saburov sighs because man only lives once and, though he had so much, it is never quite enough. Anya says "I'm afraid

that I may get killed, and that there won't be anything then... I'll never stop being afraid." Both declare that whatever happens they must not die, not under any circumstances whatsoever. In war-torn Stalingrad, in a decisive battle on which the future of mankind hangs by a thread, the only thing these two are concerned about is the necessity to stay alive. None but renegades could voice such base sentiments. That survival is everything is another of Simonov's supreme "truth."

Thus, Simonov arrives at his third "soldierly truth": war is most horrible. Fighting always takes a heavy toll and there will be no "happiness" if one is killed. This is the "simple and fearful truth about war." War is the mortal enemy of happiness. "May war be damned for ever!"

Simonov curses war from the first day of the Battle of Stalingrad to the last. Not content with this, in 1946 he added an epilogue to *Days and Nights*, an epilogue which abundantly brings out all the author's low and vicious qualities. Simonov describes the reunion of Saburov and Anya in Berlin after the war. They find "happiness" again but both are suddenly overcome by fear; they remember those whose lives and happiness have been cut short by the war. Simonov slanders the battlefield of the Great Patriotic War which brought light and hope to mankind as pitted with shell holes filled with filthy water, with death-dealing shrapnel flying through the air. All around are blood-stained bandages and discarded gas-masks half buried in the mud. They spend three years on this soil risking death countless times, but luckily live to see the end of the war. Thank heaven, they have survived! The moral is: There must never be another war. With sinister intent, Simonov makes this reunion and exchange of memories take place at the time of the victory of the Great Patriotic War. In his view, victory means the death of millions. The war has been won, but people have died, happiness has been destroyed.

This "truth" is obviously the philosophy of slaves and renegades, the philosophy of survival!

In our eyes, the greatest happiness in the world lies in striving for communism, and the most important task is to overthrow imperialism, revisionism and all reaction in order to liberate the whole of mankind;

the most monstrous thing is to lose one's revolutionary will to fight, to have no sense of shame and become a willing slave of reactionary rulers. Abandon revolution and struggle, and you can have no happiness worth talking about.

**Bitter sacrifice strengthens bold resolve
Which dares to make sun and moon shine in new skies.**

Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice. Through the sacrifice of a few, all mankind will be liberated. Simonov tries, with his talk of sacrifice, to intimidate the revolutionary people striving for national independence, people's democracy, socialism and communism. He is only knocking his head against a brick wall.

The Soviet Army and People Led by Stalin Must Not Be Insulted

Revolutionary war is a war of the masses. The great Battle of Stalingrad fully manifested the invincible strength of the glorious Soviet army and people. Yet Simonov rabidly curses revolutionary war and does his best to vilify the glorious Soviet army and people.

Our great leader Chairman Mao has said: **"The Soviet people have built up great strength and become the main force in the defeat of fascism." "The warriors of the Red Army at Stalingrad have performed prodigies of heroism which will affect the destiny of mankind."**

But Simonov slanders the dauntless Soviet army and people as vanquished troops and refugees who could not withstand a single blow.

Days and Nights depicts the Red Army as a rabble pinned down helplessly by the fascists besieging it.

Under Simonov's pen, the Red Army withdraws to Stalingrad not for the purpose of launching a counter-attack against the fascist beasts but because it is cornered by Hitler and forced to retreat to the "isolated city" of Stalingrad. Under his pen, the commanders and fighters of the Red Army have no confidence in victory and no stomach to fight it out with the enemy. They shrink back like

cowards, their faces drawn with tension and fear. They reckon up casualty figures on their fingers, and shake their heads, exclaiming, "Hard! Hard! Hard!"

Under his pen, the Red Army is not a body of stalwart fighters but merely a pack of cowards. On the eve of victory a commander declares: "Beginning tomorrow I'll bend my head still more often when going through the trenches, just because of the desire to live." And he advises others to do the same. Before starting the offensive he summons his officers "not to a conference" to study tactics, but so that they can "look each other in the eyes," for fear they may never see each other again.

According to Simonov, it is medals and promotion that spur the generals and rank and file of the Red Army on to fight. Before an action an officer mobilizes his men by saying: "The soldiers or officers who first break into the house get a decoration, and the following will be awarded a medal. Those who take prisoners get a medal too." Another carries out ideological education by saying: "If later I get the command of a regiment, I'll see to it that you're made a battalion commander." Soldiers will only risk their lives for medals. As soon as a sergeant hears that he has been awarded one, he answers: "Glad to serve!" as if he were still in the old tsarist army.

What Simonov writes about is not the "lofty moral fibre" of the Soviet armymen, but the morals of renegades and the fibre of cowards! The inspiring image of the Soviet hero Matrosov and the indomitable fortitude of Zoya are flung away by him. And yet this traitor has the nerve to claim that his novel "sings the praises of the Battle of Stalingrad." How utterly shameless!

So much for Simonov's vilification of the great Red Army. As for the great Soviet people, the main force opposing fascism, they, too, are trampled in the dirt by him. He writes: "Marching with difficulty along the tracks, a long line of refugees from Stalingrad were in tatters and exhausted, many of them wearing bandages which were grey and dusty." They flee for their lives, "thousands of hungry refugees desperate for a crust of bread."

The only Soviet civilian specifically mentioned in the book is a widowed "woman of Stalingrad" who takes refuge with her three children, some potatoes, carrots and a goat in the cellar of a building occupied by the Germans. She does not hate the German fascists, and chooses to live in the "pitch black" cellar rather than starve to death. She has no idea when she can return to her home, but it never occurs to her to help her own army attack the enemy. When she cooks potatoes for the Red Army it is purely out of "fundamentally Russian womanly pity."

This is how Simonov portrays the Soviet people and the Red Army! The way he bolsters up the fascists' arrogance and plays down the revolutionary people's morale makes one boil with indignation. No matter how frenziedly he maligns the great Soviet army and people, he cannot in any way detract from their greatness. On the contrary, he only demonstrates their greatness and staunchness and the paltriness and shamelessness of the renegades. Simonov, who has betrayed the revolution and sold out the honour and dignity of the Soviet army and people, can only come to an ignominious end. The day will come when the Soviet people will raise their iron fists against him!

Any Attempt to Save the Old World from Destruction Is Futile

Why did Simonov write *Days and Nights*? According to him, he "wrote about the past for the sake of the future." "The purpose of depicting this battle was to ensure that the year 1941 would never be repeated. For the sake of the future and of tomorrow's communism one should write about the past." "For the sake of the future," "for the sake of tomorrow" — how impressive! But whose "future"? What kind of "future"? It is only too clear that the future he speaks about is not "communism" but capitalism.

We are now in the great era of Mao Tse-tung. Chairman Mao's theory of people's revolutionary war illuminates the broad road which people throughout the world are taking in their struggle for emancipation. The great truth "**political power grows out of the**

barrel of a gun" is inspiring more and more people to rebel and make revolution. The storms of revolutionary war are sweeping over Asia, Africa and Latin America!

The flames of the people's revolutionary war are rising higher and higher and the whole of the capitalist world is tottering. In order to preserve capitalism's "future," the imperialists, revisionists and all reactionaries have pooled their remaining strength to hurl it against the people's revolutionary war, in a last desperate struggle. Under the pretext of opposing all wars, Simonov and company oppose revolutionary war. They have tried every trick they know, sweet reasonableness, bluff and blackmail, to stamp out the flames of people's revolutionary war. *Days and Nights* was written precisely for this purpose.

Do you want to wage revolutionary war? Simonov will use his "eye-witness" "true" account of the Battle of Stalingrad to "enlighten" you: Every war without exception is a "human tragedy" and will destroy everything, the future and all "happiness." Do you want to win victory? That is a "childish notion." You are only courting defeat. Better "bend your heads" and be obedient slaves!

As Khrushchov and company stepped up their betrayal of the revolution, Simonov found redoubled energy for writing. He churned out a whole series of trashy works, *The Living and the Dead*, *Soldiers Are Not Born* and others. Baring his fangs and exclaiming in dismay, he has done his utmost to advertise the invincibility of the enemy, the destructiveness of war, the paramount importance of survival, and the happiness of slaves. His honeyed lies about a "world without war" are aimed at protecting the dying capitalist system.

Simonov's novels have played a role which U.S. imperialism could never play. Because of this, the Soviet and U.S. overlords praise him as "an artist quick to respond to the demands of the times." Thus his reputation has been increasing, until now he is a "dazzling figure" in the eyes of the western bosses.

It is too soon for Simonov and company to rejoice. The imperialists' planes and guns cannot suppress the people's resistance, neither can your few trashy books.

The people's revolutionary war is sweeping the world with the momentum of an avalanche, irresistible and all-conquering. The future belongs to the proletariat, to communism and to the revolutionary people of all lands. Capitalism has no "future." Our era is advancing rapidly under the guidance of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. Socialism and communism are bound to triumph! You pests who batten on the blood of the revolutionary martyrs, your days are numbered!



Turning Shackles into a Sword (porcelain figure) ►

Repudiate Tao Chu's Revisionist Programme for Literature and Art

Tao Chu is an opportunist of long standing. During the ten and more years in which he usurped the leading position in Kwangtung and the central-south, acting upon the instructions of the top capitalist roader within the Party, he teamed up with monsters in literary and art circles to launch a series of frenzied attacks on the Party. From the year 1962 to 1965, in particular, when the class struggle was most sharp and intense, following closely at the heels of China's Khrushchov, Tao Chu recruited traitors and confederates in the central-south to promote their personal interests, savagely hacked down revolutionary literature and art and devised endless ways to spread poisonous weeds to prepare public opinion for a capitalist restoration. We must lop off the sinister hands Tao Chu stretched into literary and art circles and thoroughly expose all his reactionary words and actions there. We must thoroughly repudiate and discredit him!

This article was written by PLA men in Kwangchow.

HE TAKES THE FIELD IN A FRENZY TO CARRY OUT HIS COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY PROGRAMME FOR LITERATURE AND ART

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us that the class enemy always miscalculates the situation. **“Their class instinct always leads them to think that they are terrific and that the revolutionary forces are never any good. They invariably overestimate their own strength and underestimate ours.”**

In 1961, the Soviet revisionists held the 22nd Congress, at which they blocked out the complete system of their revisionist road. They proclaimed “a state of the whole people” and “a Party of the whole people” in order to restore capitalism, and replaced the dictatorship of the proletariat with the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie. Kennedy, Khrushchov, Nehru and Tito did a dirty political deal and joined forces to form a contraband company which opposed China, communism and the people. Setting up a hysterical outcry, they hawked their counter-revolutionary wares. China’s Khrushchov miscalculated the situation, imagining that here was a “heaven-sent chance” to seize political power from the proletariat. Thereupon he assembled the monsters in literary and art circles, launched an out-and-out counter-revolutionary revisionist programme for literature and art, and rabidly cried up bourgeois liberalization. For a while the whole air was murky. Their frenzy knew no bounds. In March 1962, Tien Han and other counter-revolutionary revisionists went south to Kwangchow to hold an All-China Conference on Drama and Opera.

This sinister conference was an important component part of the counter-revolutionary plot for a capitalist restoration so carefully devised by China’s Khrushchov and his accomplices. Its purpose was the complete repudiation of Chairman Mao’s proletarian revolutionary line on literature and art, the complete implementation of the counter-revolutionary revisionist programme for literature and art.

Tao Chu, in his three-fold capacity as “host,” “spectator” and “Party worker,” joined in this big chorus against the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung’s thought. At the conference he spoke at length,

attacking the great invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung and Chairman Mao’s proletarian revolutionary line on literature and art, and forcefully promoting the counter-revolutionary revisionist black line.

One moment he shrilly abused Party leadership as “despotism,” “arbitrary and arrogant,” “disrespect for the writers’ ownership rights,” “subjective blind directions” and “persecution” of writers. He claimed that writers were unable to produce “good works” because of “crass interference” from the Party. The next moment, in the name of “enriching literary creation,” he called for a “thaw,” for bourgeois liberalization which would make “all flowers blossom and song birds fly everywhere.”

Chou Yang, counter-revolutionary revisionist head of literary and art circles, once declared in a speech: “Although a thaw has set in, dogmatism and sectarianism are still rampant. We are in the season between winter and spring, and the blossom-time of the real spring warmth is yet to come.” Tao Chu now said: “It seems to me there is a blight in the air.” “At all events, this is not yet balmy spring but only early spring, with spells of warmth and cold.” “I hope we shall have no more autumn winds, but a little more spring warmth! Autumn winds blow all the leaves off the trees, and then how can your hundred flowers bloom?” See! Alike, the big Rightist Fei Hsiao-tung, Chou Yang and Tao Chu all boosted the warmth of spring with the same ideas couched in such similar language. As Tao Chu himself said: “We see eye to eye on this.” What they saw eye to eye on was opening up a counter-revolutionary revisionist road for literature and art in China!

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **“The Chinese Communist Party is the core of leadership of the whole Chinese people. Without this core, the cause of socialism cannot be victorious.”** But Party leadership was a mote in Tao Chu’s eye, a thorn in his flesh. He schemed to do away with the Party’s leadership of literature and art and wildly opposed putting Mao Tse-tung’s thought in command of them. How utterly vicious!

At this conference Tao Chu openly distorted Chairman Mao’s orientation for literature and art — that of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, serving proletarian politics. He described

putting politics in command of literature and art and making them serve politics as "formulistic" and "stereotyped." He bellowed: "This situation must be changed"; "serving politics must not be interpreted too narrowly"; "the range of subject-matter must be widened"; "so long as a work has progressive features and some educational significance, that is enough." In other words, any theme could be chosen. It was "permissible to write or perform" big poisonous weeds such as *The Case of Chen Shib-mei*, *Visiting the Nether World* and *Hai Jui Hauls a Boat*, which glorify the so-called "honest officials" of feudal times.

Tao Chu strongly urged writers to have the courage to write about "the seamy side," "to go into life" to "see the dark side of things"; "for that is the only way to acquire an overall picture and a deep understanding of life." He openly incited writers not to be afraid to tackle "three, six and nine" (the three red banners of the general line, the big leap forward and the people's communes; the six political criteria for distinguishing fragrant flowers from poisonous weeds; and the ratio of strong points to shortcomings in the socialist system, which is comparable to nine fingers as against one). "Three, six and nine" should be attacked; right deviations and opposition to the Party must be glossed over; failure to do this showed "disrespect" and "lack of trust" in writers; it was "undemocratic" and meant they had no "freedom." These reactionary theories so desperately put forward by Tao Chu fully expose his sinister scheme to clear the way for the free flourishing of feudalism, capitalism and revisionism and to back up the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists who were wildly trying to bring about a capitalist restoration.

Tao Chu's speech at this conference was an out-and-out manifesto for a counter-revolutionary come-back and thoroughly exposed his vicious ambition to stir up trouble in league with a horde of monsters in literary and art circles in a vain attempt to subvert the dictatorship of the proletariat and restore capitalism.

HE RECRUITED RENEGADES AND CONFEDERATES TO BRING ABOUT A FLOURISHING OF REACTIONARY LITERATURE AND ART

To implement his counter-revolutionary revisionist programme for literature and art, Tao Chu recruited many renegades, removed the label of bourgeois intellectual from a number of bourgeois reactionary "experts" and "authorities," and alleged that they were "tried and tested" "old revolutionaries." He frequently held "meetings for free and frank discussion" to enable them to "voice their grievances" and "air their complaints," doing all he could to "make amends" spiritually.

Tao Chu showed the utmost respect and consideration for these "authorities" and so-called "national treasures." Apart from giving them high positions and large salaries, he often invited them to spend holidays like "immortals" in beauty spots. By day they could gorge themselves on delicacies, sip fragrant tea or sleep, while the evenings were devoted to mah-jong, ballroom dancing, drink and debauchery, to invigorate these bourgeois zombies sufficiently to produce all manner of poisonous weeds opposed to the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought, to sabotage the revolution and poison the people:

As for the poisonous weeds produced by these "men of letters," Tao Chu used his authority to boost them and give them the green light. On the art stage feudal landlords, bourgeois and revisionist characters were glamorized as "heroes," while the proletariat and working people were made to look ludicrous and held up to ridicule. This was a complete reversal of darkness and light.

Film circles produced a whole series of reactionary films such as *The King of Chi Seeks a General*, in which a Right opportunist dismissed from office is later "urged" to return to court and is restored to power; *A Thousand Li Against the Wind*, which praises the "unyielding courage" of captured Kuomintang officers; and *Liu Ming-chu*, which glorifies Hai Jui's "spirit of rebellion."

The stage was occupied by emperors, princes, generals, ministers, talented scholars and beauties, as well as by landlords, rich peasants,

counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and monsters. Tao Chu went into raptures over these poisonous operas. According to him, *Hai Jui Hauls a Boat* was "an excellent historical drama"; *Wen Tien-hsiang* was "inspiring"; *Li Hsiang-chun* met with his "approval"; *The Press-gang* was a "revolutionary modern opera" which could "be put on in the countryside."

In the field of literature, he gave his approval to such obnoxious works as *Three-Family Lane*, *Bitter Struggle*, *Gleaning Shells from the Sea of Arts*, *Annals of Pearl River* and *City of Flowers*. All of these, he said, were "good socialist works," and "welcomed by the peasants."

In the field of music, he sponsored music festivals in Kwangchow to bring to light the "traditional heritage" of Kwangtung music. The air was filled with vulgar, decadent, sentimental music.

Still, Tao Chu felt that this was not enough. Liberal at the state's expense, he rebuilt Hai Jui's tomb in Hainan, restored the Temple of Five Masters, and did his best to rehabilitate Kang Yu-wei and Liang Chi-chao, two royalists at the end of the Ching dynasty. He did not even hesitate to spend over a thousand yuan on refurbishing the tomb of one of Su Tung-po's concubines in Huichow. Worse still, he misappropriated imports on which the state had spent over 70,000 yuan worth of foreign currency and gold, and invited artists all the way from Shanghai to select and publish *Famous Kwangtung Paintings*. The works of reactionary painters and even of traitors were included in this collection. And Tao Chu shamelessly bragged that this was a "good deed" he had done.

In order to utilize rotten bones to resuscitate right-deviationist opportunists and embolden scoundrels opposed to the Party and socialism, Tao Chu never tired of praising Judge Pao for his skill in "investigation and study," his "championship of the people" and "fearlessness of those in authority." He also urged "all Party members to learn from" the spirit of Hai Jui. When one dog barks, a hundred more will join in. The handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in the central-south, like flies swarming round a putrid corpse, wrote poems, painted pictures, carried out research and, standing on the graves of their reactionary ancestors, shrilly abused the proletariat.

The proliferation of poisonous weeds in the literary and art circles

of the central-south is one of Tao Chu's great crimes against the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought. It thoroughly exposes his criminal design to seize political power from the proletariat and restore capitalism.

THIS DOUBLE-DEALER TOOK THE STAGE TO HACK DOWN REVOLUTIONARY OPERAS ON MODERN THEMES

In 1964, to seize more of the position of literature and art and create wide-spread public opinion for a counter-revolution, China's Khrushchov instructed Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han, Chi Yen-ming, Hsia Yen, Tien Han, Shao Chuan-lin and other counter-revolutionary revisionist heads of literary and art circles to hold a number of sinister meetings, lay plots, spread poison and launch frenzied attacks against the Party and socialism. Tao Chu, "unwilling to lag behind," did his best to prove himself an able lieutenant of China's Khrushchov. He opened wide the gates to feudalism, capitalism and revisionism, allowing "enlightened princes and worthy ministers," "upright masters and loyal slaves," infatuated men and lovelorn women, and ghosts and deities to dominate the stage in both town and countryside and impose a bourgeois dictatorship over literary and art circles.

At a crucial point in the class struggle, our great leader Chairman Mao solemnly pointed out: **"In the last 15 years these associations, most of their publications (it is said that a few are good) and by and large the people in them (that is not everybody) have not carried out the policies of the Party. They have acted as high and mighty bureaucrats, have not gone to the workers, peasants and soldiers and have not reflected the socialist revolution and socialist construction. In recent years, they have slid right down to the brink of revisionism. Unless they remould themselves in real earnest, at some future date they are bound to become groups like the Hungarian Petofi Club."**

Chairman Mao's brilliant directive dealt a head-on, mortal blow at this counter-revolutionary revisionist clique, greatly deflating the

arrogance of the bourgeoisie and strengthening the determination of the proletariat. Then Comrade Chiang Ching, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, led the proletarian revolutionaries of literary and art circles to break through obstacles, overcome all difficulties and create glorious models of proletarian literature and art. This threw China's Khrushchov and his henchmen into a panic.

Tao Chu, scenting danger, veered with the wind and tried to sail with the tide. Hastily resorting to the craftiness of a counter-revolutionary double-dealer, he stretched out his sinister hands to "take firm hold" of revolutionary operas on modern themes.

The Central-South Drama Festival, after long and careful preparation, opened on July 1, 1965. But a crow that arrays itself in peacock's plumage can still only caw like a crow. Tao Chu had not a moment's rest throughout the whole festival, so busy was he running from theatre to hostel, appraising performances and holding forth at great length. On August 15, he delivered the concluding report at the closing ceremony. This concluding report and the opinions he expressed in various meetings thoroughly exposed him as an incorrigible diehard who attacked Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line on literature and art and upheld the black revisionist line.

The occupation of the stage by revolutionary operas on modern themes has been an epoch-making development in socialist literature and art and a stern political struggle. But at this festival Tao Chu posing as a connoisseur of the arts vociferously preached the reactionary nonsense that "art is paramount." On the one hand, he paid revolutionary operas on modern themes a few half-hearted compliments; on the other, he savagely berated them for "monopolizing" the stage politically and falling short artistically. He yelled: "Peking opera must keep its uniqueness, and so must Kwangtung opera. We mustn't lose the distinctive features of traditional operas." He said: "We must correct the first signs, already apparent, of concentration on the political content at the expense of the artistic form. We must prevent and overcome this tendency to neglect art."

Tao Chu vilified "put the political criterion first" by saying "first is taken to mean the only criterion," and asserted that this would result in producing nothing but crude works "full of slogans." He

threatened: "If we neglect art, the quality of our works will sink so low that no one will want to see them," and "this may have the opposite effect to that desired." Tao Chu's constant harping on "art" was not because he was a devotee of art. "It is not for the sake of the wine that the old man gets drunk." Tao Chu's aim was political. Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"All classes in all class societies invariably put the political criterion first and the artistic criterion second."** Tao Chu peddled the nonsensical notion transcending classes that "art is paramount" to lead revolutionary operas on modern themes down the revisionist "labyrinth of art," and change them into sinister tools for China's Khrushchov and company to seize political power from the proletariat.

So "neglect of art" may "have the opposite effect to that desired." This is Tao Chu's way of pulling the wool over people's eyes. Ostensibly he was afraid of this "opposite effect," but in fact it was just what he was hoping for. A wolf disguised as a lamb has no way of hiding its tail. In conversation Tao Chu long ago revealed his "secret plans." He said: "After a while . . . a few traditional operas will be put on again." "After next July they can start being performed again, little by little. Traditional operas must not account for more than twenty per cent at most of the whole repertoire and number of performances."

Tao Chu made this statement in a speech entitled *Revolutionary Operas on Modern Themes Must Rapidly Occupy the Whole Stage*. If they must "rapidly occupy the whole stage" why let "traditional operas" start being performed again? This fully exposes his reactionary features and his scheme to strangle the new revolutionary operas. Tao Chu was afraid "traditional operas" would be unable to "swiftly occupy the whole stage." So he plotted to buy them over at a high price. He proposed that the huge sum of fifty million yuan should be spent to "bribe" the emperors, princes, generals and ministers, scholars and beauties into leaving the stage, and that the state should support all the opera companies of administrative regions above the county level which "could not write or perform" revolutionary operas on modern themes. This Machiavellian Tao Chu used this ostensibly "revolutionary" but actually royalist trick to shelter for the time being

from the storm, while preserving his actual strength and preparing to stage the big come-back he required of feudal, bourgeois and revisionist operas.

The counter-revolutionary revisionist double-dealer Tao Chu followed closely behind China's Khrushchov, sometimes entering the lists openly, sometimes mounting the stage in disguise, in his attempts to use the important weapon of literature and art to create public opinion for a capitalist restoration. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The fundamental question of revolution is political power."** The dictatorship of the proletariat is life itself to the working people. If the enemy tries to weaken the political power of the proletariat by one jot, we shall fight it out with him to the end! **"Workers and peasants have risen in their millions to fight as one man."**

We must stage many revolutionary operas on contemporary themes and sing many revolutionary songs to consolidate and strengthen the dictatorship of the proletariat. We must raise high the great red banner of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line on literature and art, enabling it to be an ever powerful weapon for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy.

A Counter-Revolutionary Record Aimed at the Restoration of Capitalism

Our great leader Chairman Mao has taught us: **"To overthrow a political power, it is always necessary first of all to create public opinion, to do work in the ideological sphere. This is true for the revolutionary class as well as for the counter-revolutionary class."**

The hasty dishing up of the poisonous weed *History of the Chinese Film* by Chou Yang, Hsia Yen and their crew of counter-revolutionary revisionists, in February 1963, was done entirely to create public opinion for China's Khrushchov to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat and restore capitalism.

This *History of the Chinese Film* edited by Cheng Chi-hua, a renegade and cultural spy who sneaked into the Party, brazenly fabricated history in order to sing the praises of Chou Yang, Hsia Yen and other counter-revolutionary revisionists, glorify the monsters in film circles, and frantically oppose Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on litera-

ture and art. It was a counter-revolutionary distortion of history aimed at the restoration of capitalism.

Its theme tune was first decided upon by the counter-revolutionary revisionist Lu Ting-yi, a scoundrel who strained every nerve to publicize the "achievements" of the films of the 1930s. At the meeting to inaugurate the Shanghai Film Studio in April 1957, he ranted: "Our post-liberation films have evolved from the pre-liberation Left-wing films. Who are the ancestors (of our present films)? Where are their roots? From what did they develop? The pre-liberation Left-wing films." He completely obscured the epoch-making significance of Chairman Mao's brilliant *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, in a deliberate attempt to resuscitate Wang Ming's opportunist line.

Soon after this, his confederate Chou Yang assembled his accomplices Hsia Yen, Chen Huang-mei, Chou Li-po, Lin Mo-han and Shao Chuan-lin to launch a ludicrous and vicious attack on Lu Hsun, in the hope of reversing the verdict on "a literature of national defence," the slogan of Wang Ming's Right capitulationist line. Hsia Yen also lost no time in publishing his pernicious article *The History of China's Films and Party Leadership*, which presented their crew of opportunists as the personification of "Party leadership" and shamelessly claimed that as far back as the thirties he himself had "waged an uncompromising struggle against all backward and reactionary ideas in the film world." He glorified the criminal service he rendered to landlords and capitalists as a "revolutionary tradition" of "serving politics," which should be "taken over" by film workers. It was at the time when this black wind was blowing, when fulsome praise was being heaped upon the literature and art of the thirties, that the reactionary scribbler Cheng Chi-hua enlisted help to compile his infamous *History*.

While this big poisonous weed was being cooked up, Hsia Yen not only read the outline, corrected the proofs and approved the final version, but kept encouraging Cheng Chi-hua by saying: "A history of the film is easier to write than an ordinary history of literature, because so much has already been achieved by men who are still alive." "You must get this book out as fast as possible." Chen Huang-mei,

too, fell over himself in his eagerness to read and help revise the manuscript. Chou Yang, the chief of the black line on literature and art, showed even more enthusiasm. With a flourish of his pen he changed "on instructions from the Propaganda Department of the Central Committee" into "on instructions from the Central Committee." It is crystal clear that the dishing up of this *History* was planned by Chou Yang and Hsia Yen personally, as an organized counter-revolutionary action to reverse the verdict on Wang Ming's opportunist line.

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 pointed out: "Wang Ming's line represented bourgeois thinking which was once rampant within our Party. In the rectification movement which started in 1942, Chairman Mao made a thorough theoretical refutation first of Wang Ming's political, military and organizational lines and then, immediately afterwards, of the cultural line he represented." In *On New Democracy, Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* and other brilliant works, Chairman Mao had already made a thorough criticism of the black bourgeois line on literature and art headed by Chou Yang in the thirties. Yet the *History* concocted by Chou Yang, Hsia Yen and company described Wang Ming's line as "the Party's general line during the period of the democratic revolution." This was an outrageous counter-attack on Chairman Mao's correct criticism. On the one hand they wildly opposed Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, on the other they posed as the "correct Party leadership," claiming that they had already established a "Marxist world outlook" in the 1930s, when their orientation was already that of "serving the proletariat and the masses of workers and peasants." They claimed to have "paved the way ideologically, organizationally, technically and as regards cadres for the establishment and development of China's socialist films." They glamorized as fine proletarian films a host of films reeking of the decadent landlord class and bourgeoisie and "national defence films" preaching capitulation. As for the renegades, traitors, secret agents, capitalists and other monsters who had sneaked into film circles, they entitled them all "progress-

sive film workers," the "forerunners" or "pioneering heroes" of revolutionary films, and recorded the names of each. They confounded men and monsters, mixed up black and white, and completely distorted history.

To make good publicity for Hsia Yen, Tien Han, Yang Han-sheng, Tsai Chu-sheng and other counter-revolutionary revisionists, the *History* devoted much space to whitewashing them, using every means to extol their "achievements" in spreading poison. Because Hsia Yen's big poisonous weed *Wild Torrent* idealized landlords, vilified peasants and praised the Kuomintang government, it was awarded the title of "best Chinese film" by the Kuomintang reactionary clique; but the *History* praised it as "the first red flag planted by the Party on the film position." *Three Modern Girls*, by the big renegade Tien Han, wildly advocated the decadent bourgeois view of life; yet it was lauded as "an excellent play, exerting a wide social influence." Yang Han-sheng's pernicious *Iron and Tears* presented a crime of passion in a landlord's militia as armed revolutionary struggle in the countryside, grossly slandering the peasants and land reform; yet it was cracked up as "a fine film powerfully opposed to feudalism and the local gentry." Tsai Chu-sheng's *Fisherman's Song*, preaching class conciliation and a slave mentality and glorifying bourgeois reformism, was also praised as an "overwhelming" indictment of bourgeois reformism; and the ridiculous claim was made that the author had "never faltered politically or gone astray in film-making." Many, many more fantastic encomiums could be quoted. The incredible thing, however, is that these passages were all touched up and expanded by the objects of praise themselves! They indulged in this shameless self-glorification solely to retain their positions as "veterans," to strengthen their bourgeois dictatorship over literary and art circles, and to drag the whole socialist film industry on to the capitalist road. This pipe dream of theirs will never be realized.

The concoction and dishing up of this *History* accorded completely with the needs of the counter-revolutionary revisionist political line promoted by the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road. China's Khrushchov was a confirmed opportunist and counter-

revolutionary, who consistently opposed Chairman Mao's teachings on literature and art. He preached a "literature and art of the whole people," and was against literature and art serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, serving proletarian dictatorship. He preached "seeing life in the country from a caravan," and was against literary and art workers going deep among the workers, peasants and soldiers, into the heat of class struggle. He preached bourgeois liberalization, was against the Party leading literature and art, and ranted that there should be "a more lenient censorship of publications, plays and films." He said: "Films from all over the world can be shown, provided they are harmless, give a picture of different countries and help us to understand conditions there. Even somewhat reformist ones can also be shown." He was the No. 1 promoter of feudal, bourgeois and revisionist films, the main root of the poisonous weeds which grew so rank in the film world, the chief boss behind the scenes of the black line on literature and art opposed to the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought. Because they had such powerful backing, Chou Yang, Hsia Yen and Chen Huang-mei, this gang of counter-revolutionary revisionists, had the effrontery to concoct the *History* in a counter-revolutionary attempt to reverse the verdict on Wang Ming's line; they actually dished it up after the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party in 1962. And Chen Huang-mei, making use of his position, lost no chance of boosting and advertizing it. Even after Chairman Mao's two instructions concerning literature and art exposed the question of the *History* to the bright light of day, Chou Yang did his best to defend it, arguing that the book had "its merits. It is no easy matter compiling such a wealth of material." "If I were asked to review it, I would start by affirming its merits." Why did Chou Yang and company spare no pains in the first place to concoct, and then by every means to defend, this counter-revolutionary record aimed at the restoration of capitalism? Because the *History* was the "capital" on which this gang of counter-revolutionary revisionists relied for a living, and a weapon with which they attacked the Party, they frantically obstructed a thoroughgoing criticism of it, in a vain attempt to preserve this rotten filth and continue serving the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“It is up to us to organize the people. As for the reactionaries in China, it is up to us to organize the people to overthrow them. Everything reactionary is the same; if you don’t hit it, it won’t fall.”** In the present high tide of revolutionary mass criticism, we must raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought and thoroughly repudiate all the absurd reactionary views spread by the *History*, to reverse its reversal of history.

Chronicle

More Treasured Red Books Published

This spring, while our army and people in their hundreds of millions were acclaiming the seizure of all-round victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution, revolutionary workers and cadres in the publishing field started holding meetings in many provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions to discuss the publication and distribution of Chairman Mao’s works. With the most profound class feeling for Chairman Mao, they determined to fulfill this year’s glorious task of publishing more treasured red books of a high quality, to enable the ever-victorious thought of Mao Tse-tung to shine all over the nation and the world.

At a meeting recently held in Peking, more than two hundred representatives from over a hundred publishing, printing and distribution departments made a conscientious study of Chairman Mao’s latest instructions, Vice-Chairman Lin Piao’s evaluation of Mao Tse-tung’s thought and other important articles. They discussed the unprecedentedly fine situation at home and abroad, and wrathfully denounced and repudiated the monstrous crimes of the handful of capitalist roaders headed by China’s Khrushchov, who in the past ten years and more had found many pretexts to obstruct and sabotage the publication of Chairman Mao’s works.

All present came to one conclusion: "Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tse-tung's thought." Whenever the thought of Mao Tse-tung is grasped by the broad masses, it gives them invincible strength, becoming a spiritual atom bomb with incomparable might. Thus Chairman Mao's works are urgently needed by the Chinese revolution and world revolution as well, and going all out to produce them is the most glorious and greatest historical mission entrusted to publishing circles by this age. They determined to fulfill this year's task.

Similar meetings were held in the provinces of Heilungkiang, Kansu, Hupeh, Kweichow and Szechuan to sum up the tremendous achievements and valuable experience of last year, and determine the new fighting task for this.

Denouncing the Towering Crimes of the Black Line in Literature and Art

Recently, over 6,000 PLA commanders and fighters and members of the revolutionary masses from literary and art circles held a rally in the Shanghai Academy of Dramatic Arts to denounce the black line in literature and art. The meeting, held under the direct leadership of the Shanghai Municipal Revolutionary Committee, had the vigorous support of the PLA units and proletarian revolutionaries in Shanghai.

All who attended the rally, holding high copies of their treasured *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, made a solemn oath before the statue of our great leader Chairman Mao. They vowed to hold closely to Chairman Mao's great strategic plan, respond to the fighting call from the proletarian headquarters and completely smash the counter-revolutionary revisionist black line in literature and art, which had China's Khrushchov as its chief boss with the counter-revolutionary revisionists Lu Ting-yi and Chou Yang as his lieutenants. They vowed to be boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, Mao Tse-tung's thought and his revolutionary line, and to firmly defend Chairman Mao's proletarian headquarters, the People's Liberation Army and the newly born red political power. They determined to carry through to the end the struggle between two classes, two roads and two lines.

From beginning to end, the rally brimmed over with fighting spirit. "Smash Chou Yang's counter-revolutionary black line in literature and art!" The revolutionary slogans which kept ringing out expressed the militant resolve of the revolutionaries of Shanghai's literary and art circles and their indignation against class enemies. Representatives from revolutionary mass organizations spoke at the rally, furiously revealing and repudiating the vicious crimes of China's Khrushchov and his black flunkies, who opposed the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought.

All comrades present determined to adhere strictly to Chairman Mao's great strategic plan, unite with proletarian revolutionaries throughout the country in a general offensive to smash the counter-revolutionary black line in literature and art, and not to call off the struggle until complete victory.

An Exhibition in Memory of Liu Ying-chun

An exhibition commemorating Chairman Mao's good fighter Liu Ying-chun was inaugurated in the west suburbs of Kiamusze, Heilungkiang Province, on March 15 this year, the second anniversary of the hero's death.

Liu Ying-chun was a soldier in an artillery company in Shenyang. He was driving a gun-carriage when the horses stampeded, and he fearlessly gave his own life to save a group of school children from harm.

In the main pavilion of the exhibition hall stands a statue of the great leader Chairman Mao. On display are the hero's four treasured volumes of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, his notebooks and letters, the articles he wrote, as well as photographs and other exhibits.

The entire exhibition reflects Liu Ying-chun's boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao, the great teacher of the proletariat, and the hero's noble qualities — his tremendous love for and creative study and application of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. It shows Liu Ying-chun's high degree of initiative and great enthusiasm in propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought to his comrades-in-arms, relatives

and the broad masses, and his heroic deeds to defend Chairman Mao, Mao Tse-tung's thought and his proletarian revolutionary line.

Death of Comrade Hsu Kuang-ping

Comrade Hsu Kuang-ping, member of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress and wife of Lu Hsun, the forerunner of China's cultural revolution, died of illness in Peking on March 3.

That evening, Chou En-lai, Chen Po-ta, Kang Sheng, Chiang Ching and Yao Wen-yuan, leading comrades of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and of the Cultural Revolution Group Under the Party Central Committee, went to Comrade Hsu Kuang-ping's home to express profound condolences to her family.

President Ho Chi Minh of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, the Standing Committee of the National Assembly of Vietnam and many associations and prominent figures in Japan sent telegrams to express their deep condolences over Comrade Hsu Kuang-ping's death.

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