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CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Front Cover: "The White-Haired Girl"

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.



Our great teacher Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

The Chinese people have high aspirations, they have ability, and they will certainly catch up with and surpass advanced world levels in the not too distant future.

Chairman Mao Gave Her a New Life

Golden rays of the rising sun bathed the broad Hopei plain. The morning of February 25, 1968 was clear. An army ambulance tore along the Mancheng County highway towards a village in the Kuo-tsun Commune. As it entered the village a troupe of kids set up a cheer: "PLA uncles have come! PLA uncles have come!" They chased after the ambulance, yelling. The little village of Langtsun was thrown into an uproar.

At the door of the home of woman commune member Chang Chiu-chu, a lower-middle peasant, the ambulance halted and a young soldier with thick brows and large eyes hopped out. He couldn't have been more than twenty-two or three, and was a member of an army medical unit stationed in Peking. The kids immediately surrounded him and clasped his hands. Laughing, he announced: "Chairman Mao has sent us to take Chang Chiu-chu to the hospital."

"Chairman Mao has sent the PLA to take Chang Chiu-chu to the hospital." The news flew from one end of the village to the other. Chiu-chu's house and courtyard were soon crowded with people.

Women washed her face, combed her hair, helped her change her clothes, packed some of her belongings. Even on her wedding day she hadn't been fussed over like this. Grandma Teh-hsi, a neighbour in her sixties, held Chiu-chu's little boy Lai-suo in her arms. She was happy and excited.

"Lai-suo's ma," she said, "Chairman Mao has sent the PLA to cure your ailment. The end of your suffering is in sight."

Chiu-chu's abdomen was shockingly large as she knelt on the brick bed. With tears in her eyes she gazed at a picture of Chairman Mao.

"Chairman Mao," she said, "I'll never forget your kindness."

Her husband, Tsui Ping-wu, is a Communist who works on the railway. The moment the young medic entered, Tsui grasped his hand, too moved to speak. Finally, he turned to the others and said in a voice shaken by emotion: "I want to thank you aunts and uncles for helping us these last few years. You've come at all hours of the day and night to look after Chiu-chu and take care of the kids. She's just one person but she's been a burden to many of you...."

"Ah, no need to talk like that," Grandma Teh-hsi interrupted. "We poor and lower-middle peasants are all one family. You're always away from home building railways for our country and your daughter Lan is too young to manage. There's nobody to look after things here. What if we give your wife a hand now and then? It's not worth mentioning. She's been suffering so these past few years. She can't stand, she can't sit, she can't even lie down. We're all upset to see her in such a state. If only it will help her to get better soon, none of us minds getting tired."

Hsiu-hua, a girl who was combing Chiu-chu's hair, said: "That's how we all feel. Chiu-chu was very healthy when she was leader of our women's group. She was nimble and quick in her work. Everybody praised her." She looked at Chiu-chu and said sadly: "How thin you've become. We've watched your belly swelling and your arms shrivelling day by day. We all feel terrible about it. Every day we sisters have been wishing: 'Let Chiu-chu get well soon and be our women's leader again. How wonderful it will be when we once more study Chairman Mao's writings and work

together.' And now Chairman Mao has sent the PLA to take you to the hospital. They're sure to cure you."

"That's right," added a young fellow named Teh-hsun. "The PLA is very good to us poor and lower-middle peasants. From the time they came to our county, look how many poor and lower-middle peasants their medical section has cured. In three days you couldn't finish telling all the good things they've done. Just take their Doctor Kao Chia-cheng. I hear that once their army unit stopped to rest in a village after marching for hours. Dr. Kao hadn't had time to set down his pack when he saw some people carrying a sick person on a litter. He hurried over. A middle-aged woman was lying with her eyes closed. She was pale and perspiring heavily. Dr. Kao immediately examined her without even wiping the sweat from his own brow. He found that she had acute appendicitis. The village was over seventy *li* of hilly road from the county hospital. If they tried to get her there, she might die on the way."

"But what else could they do?" his listeners asked tensely.

"Dr. Kao decided to operate on the spot. There was no operating room, so he and the soldiers set up a tent. There was no operating table, so he borrowed an ordinary one and used that. When everything was ready and he was about to make the incision, suddenly it began to pour."

"Ai," Hsiu-hua exclaimed, "bad weather can certainly cause trouble."

"But bad weather can't stop our PLA comrades. You know what they did? They built a small canopy of raincoats over the operating table. Then Dr. Kao took out the infected appendix without a hitch.... Those good medics in the PLA will cure you, Sister Chiu-chu. I guarantee it."

"Chairman Mao teaches us to serve the people whole-heartedly," the young medic said, "and Chang Chiu-chu is our class sister. We'll definitely cure her suffering."

This stirred up a wave of animation. Lan, the patient's daughter, who was standing by her mother's side, cocked her head and cried happily: "You said you were incurable, ma, but the PLA uncle says they'll save you."

Though there was a smile on Chiu-chu's face, tears ran down her cheeks. She compared her present prospects with what had happened to her in the past four years, and her heart was torn by conflicting emotions. Four years ago she had been stricken. She had gone from hospital to hospital. . . .

II

Originally Chang Chiu-chu had been a strong, capable farm woman. In the autumn of 1964 she felt a pain in the left side of her abdomen. At first she paid no attention and carried on with her work. But the pain kept growing sharper. Then she discovered a hard lump. She became a little worried and went to the hospital for an examination. The doctor said that it was a tumour, but that she also was pregnant. He advised her to wait till after the birth of the child and then have the growth removed.

Finally the baby was born. Chiu-chu went to a hospital in a big city to have the tumour attended to. At that time, Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line was being pushed in the health departments. Some of the big hospitals were far from cordial to poor and lower-middle peasants who came from the country for treatment. The specialists who examined Chiu-chu could see that she was an ordinary peasant, and they weren't at all interested in her ailment. Coldly, they went through the motions of a perfunctory examination. They diagnosed her condition as a "retroperitoneal neurofibroma (slightly malignant)," and sent her to another hospital to have it treated.

But the capitalist roaders in this hospital were afraid to take any responsibility. They refused to operate. They said anti-cancer medicine was the only cure. Chiu-chu took the medicine for over a month. The tumour got bigger while she got thinner, and the growth increasingly hampered her movements. She went back to the hospital. The capitalist roaders were very impatient with this ordinary commune member. They said there was "no way of operating" on her tumour, that treating it was "no longer necessary," and urged her to go home. They told her husband Tsui privately:

"Don't bother taking her to any more hospitals. If there's anything she likes to eat especially, buy it for her if you've got the money." These words went through Tsui's heart like a knife.

In 1965, he took her to a third hospital. Some of the doctors here had been poisoned by Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line of believing only the "specialists." When they heard that other "specialists" and "authorities" had already diagnosed Chiu-chu's case, they sent her off without even giving her a prescription.

"Am I really doomed to die?" she asked Tsui miserably.

What could he say?

Things looked black indeed. As a last resort he wrote a letter to the Ministry of Health, pleading with them to save his wife. At last a reply arrived. The couple excitedly tore open the envelope. Finished! Their last hope was gone. The letter stated it plainly: "There is no cure for this disease in China. Even abroad they can do nothing for it." A brief and merciless "death sentence."

By now Chiu-chu's tumour was so big that her hands couldn't meet around her abdomen, which was as big as a cauldron. She was unable to stand, sit or lie down, but had to kneel on the brick bed day and night. She couldn't even wash her face or perform her bodily functions without someone helping her. Long kneeling formed thick calluses on her knees and elbows. The constant pain, plus the cold attitude of the big hospitals and the cruel reply of the Ministry of Health drained away all hope.

Just at this time the great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by Chairman Mao personally, shook the land like a clap of spring thunder. The struggle between the revisionist and proletarian revolutionary lines in medical and health work was exposed to light. Chairman Mao's great instruction "**In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas**" smashed through the thick blockade placed around it by the bourgeois headquarters commanded by Liu Shao-chi and at last reached the army, the factories and the vast countryside. Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, the comrades on the medical and health front performed many moving deeds.

The evening of February 20, 1968, Tsui suddenly returned from Szechuan Province where he had been working on the railroad.

"Lai-suo's ma, you're saved," he shouted excitedly, as he entered the door. "You're saved."

"Don't fool me, Lai-suo's pa," Chiu-chu said mournfully.

Tsui pulled out a Szechuan newspaper. "You don't believe me? Listen to this." He read an account of how a PLA medical unit successfully removed a thirty-two *jin* tumour from the abdomen of a woman commune member.

Chiu-chu's face brightened. She had been stirred by the report. "Let us try too," she said. "I hear there's a PLA camp near our commune office."

"One of my mates saw this story in the newspaper," explained Tsui. "He came running over with it and said: 'Don't go looking for any more specialists or authorities. Go to the PLA. They'll think of something.' I'm going to take you to the PLA. That's why I've come home."

The next morning at sunrise Tsui and his daughter Lan loaded Chiu-chu on a cart and set out.

They brought her to the medical section of a PLA unit under the Peking Command. The doctors, medical personnel and soldiers gathered before a picture of Chairman Mao had just finished their daily hour's study of Chairman Mao's works. They do this so that Mao Tse-tung's thought will guide their work throughout the day. Immediately they crowded around their callers and greeted them warmly. Tsui told the painful story of seeking a cure for Chiu-chu. The medics at once took her inside and gave her a detailed examination. Although frightfully thin, she weighed one hundred and ninety-two *jin*, since the tumour filled the entire abdomen and half the thoracic cavity. The doctors told her: "Go on home now. We promise to find a way to cure you. We'll let you know as soon as we've studied the problem."

One day, two days, three days passed. Chiu-chu's mind was in a turmoil. She was happy one moment and worried the next. For four years big hospitals had kept refusing her. Would the PLA medical section take her in? Although her husband didn't say

anything, he too was worried. Hadn't the Ministry of Health said there was no cure for her ailment either in China or abroad? Could the PLA cure it?

The fourth day after her examination, Chiu-chu was just getting up when she heard the sound of a vehicle entering the village. Her heart began to pound, and she stared at the door. A young PLA medic came in. She saw the red star on his cap and the red tabs on his collar. Her eyes were blinded by tears. Chairman Mao had sent the PLA to take her to the hospital. It was true!

Wiping her eyes, she gazed at Chairman Mao's picture, then at the dear PLA comrade, then at the poor and lower-middle peasants who had done so much for her over the past four years. Weeping, she said: "Look at me, neighbours. I went from one hospital to another with my big belly, and the 'high class' doctors pushed me out the door. Today, PLA comrades sent by Chairman Mao have come personally to call for me in an ambulance. When in history were there ever soldiers who picked up a peasant and took her to the hospital?"

"Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao! Learn from the PLA! We salute the PLA!" shouted the poor and lower-middle peasants who crowded the room.

III

The ambulance sped smoothly along the highway, then made several turns. Ahead were rows of red buildings with red tile roofs. Quotations from Chairman Mao in golden letters gleamed on the walls facing the sun. Red signboards in the courtyard, also inscribed with gold-lettered Chairman Mao's quotations, were particularly eye-catching beneath tall green cedars. They had reached the camp.

A few days before at the entrance to these same red buildings, Tsui had grasped the hand of a comrade from the medical section and said with hope in his moisture-filled eyes: "I've brought you comrades a patient who is waiting to die. I know you don't have any so-called 'specialists' here, but it's not technical skill I'm looking

for, it's the army led by Chairman Mao. Take her in. I'm sure you can cure her."

His wife's miserable plight and Tsui's unhappy recital made a deep impression on the comrades of the medical section. A class sister was suffering deeply, but could a small medical section like theirs do anything to alleviate her pain? No one was sure enough, though they all want to take her in.

After Chiu-chu and her husband left, the medics reported the problem to the Party committee. The committee issued immediate instructions: "Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Heal the wounded, rescue the dying, practise revolutionary humanitarianism.'** Although the door of your medical section is small, you must open it wide to the poor and lower-middle peasants. When the masses come to you with their ailments, you cannot disappoint them. Whether or not you take Chang Chiu-chu in is actually a question of whether or not you're loyal to Chairman Mao. Form a Mao Tse-tung's thought study class and analyse this question. Arm yourselves with the thought of Mao Tse-tung and come to a unified understanding. We must be absolutely true to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, cure Chang Chiu-chu and strike a crushing blow against Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line on the medical and health front."

Right. When you hit a snag you should form study classes. The medics had always carried out this instruction of Chairman Mao.

That night the branch Party secretary called a meeting of the branch Party committee to reach unified thinking on the problem. Then a study class was organized, which included everyone from the leaders of the medical section to the cooks. They again conscientiously studied Chairman Mao's instruction: "**In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas.**" There was a heated discussion over whether to take Chang Chiu-chu in as a patient. Cheh Li-yi, head of the clinic, spoke in some agitation.

"I joined our army when I was thirteen," he said. "During the war years, it was poor and lower-middle peasants like Chang Chiu-chu who made our shoes, carried our stretchers, and supported us

from victory to victory. Why has Chairman Mao led us through decades of bloody battle if not to liberate and protect the broad masses of our people? Liu Shao-chi and his handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists don't care whether the people live or die. But we care! They won't treat them, but we will!"

As a child in the old society, Cheh had gone begging with his mother. After he joined the revolution, the Party developed him from an illiterate "rustic" to leader of the clinic of a PLA medical section. He had the deepest proletarian feelings for the Party, for Chairman Mao, for the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Everyone was moved by what he said. "Our dear Chairman Mao criticized the old Ministry of Health for serving only a minority of people instead of our many poor and lower-middle peasants," another comrade observed. "Today Chang Chiu-chu has come to us. If we don't treat her, our medical section will also become one of those units that serves only a minority."

"The masses sent us not just a patient but a test of whom, after all, we are serving," said a third, "a mirror to reflect whether or not we really are faithful to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. To defend that line we must accept Chang Chiu-chu as a patient."

They all agreed that she should be taken in. But one of them raised a troublesome question.

"We're not very well equipped here, and her tumour is enormous. Suppose we can't cure her, then what?"

Their equipment was much inferior to what the big hospitals in the cities had, that was true enough. They were not capable of making many tests a patient like Chiu-chu needed, and they were sure to run into numerous difficulties during the tumour operation. Most of the department's eleven doctors originally were ordinary medical personnel who received their training in actual practice. Their sixteen medical attendants were all recruits who joined the army after liberation, and began work after only six months training in a course run by the medical section.

But brief formal medical education and limited equipment couldn't daunt heroic soldiers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

From his own experience Dr. Li Tzu-yuan refuted the idea that a doctor couldn't function without "proper conditions," demanded by the counter-revolutionary revisionist line.

"In 1965," he said, "a poor peasant's boy fell into a vat of boiling bean milk. Half his body was badly scalded. He was only ten, and immediately fainted. His mother and father were weeping with anxiety as they brought the child to us. The poor and lower-middle peasants who came with them begged us to treat him. Under the conditions we have here, it didn't seem possible. But if we sent him to a big hospital, he might die on the way. What were we to do? The poor and lower-middle peasants were all looking at us. We followed Chairman Mao's instruction: **'Heal the wounded, rescue the dying, practise revolutionary humanitarianism.'** With every comrade in the section working together, we conquered our difficulties and saved the child. So you see, conditions aren't decisive. As long as we remember Chairman Mao's teachings and serve the people, heart and soul, we will find ways to change our conditions and cure Chang Chiu-chu."

At the conclusion of the study class everyone confidently agreed that they must accept Chang Chiu-chu as a patient and that they must cure her as well.

IV

Chiu-chu had been in the hospital quite a number of days. Again gloom clouded her countenance.

The doctors, the medical attendants, leaders of the army unit and soldiers frequently came to see her. Their warmth and concern moved her, yet she was silent and morose. She would say nothing, replying to questions with only shakes of the head. The more solicitous everyone was, the worse she felt. When she was alone, she often wept.

One day, Li, a young medical attendant, found her in a depressed mood. "Aren't you feeling well, Comrade Chiu-chu?" he asked her kindly. "Why not tell me about it?"



Tears ran from Chiu-chu's eyes and she said hesitantly: "I know how well-meaning you all are. But specialists in several big hospitals have said I can't survive an operation, though an operation is my only hope. You're not very well equipped and there's not much chance. My coming has only caused you trouble. Don't waste any more effort on me."

This woman, who for four years had been "condemned to death" by the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in medical and health work, was enveloped in a pall of despair.

The medical section's first prescription for her was: Arm her with Mao Tse-tung's thought and give her confidence that her ailment could be conquered. It was arranged that she and Li should study Chairman Mao's works together.

Li came from a family of poor peasants. He was stirred by a strong class sympathy for Chiu-chu the moment he saw her. When the Party branch appointed him her nurse he was so moved he couldn't sleep all night.

"The old society was full of poor and lower-middle peasants like Chiu-chu," he thought, "never with enough to eat or wear, crushed

by the three big mountains of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism. After liberation they were able to rise to their feet politically, but because of Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line on the medical and health front many died who might have been saved. Chiu-chu is like a sister to me. I can't just stand by and watch a class sister die. Every class sister we save is one more person building socialism, one more person defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, one more person spreading the thought of Mao Tse-tung."

Li rolled out of bed and wrote a statement of determination which he addressed to the Party branch.

From then on, Li was by Chiu-chu's side day and night. During the day he brought her food and drink, combed her hair, washed her face. At night, afraid that Chiu-chu wouldn't want to disturb him, he tied a string from her wrist to his. The moment she moved, he got up. She required a lot of attention. He brought the bed pan for her natural functions. If his hands were dirtied, he silently wiped them clean.

Chiu-chu felt she was too much trouble to him. One day, at meal-time, he brought her liver, which she liked very much. "Here you are," he cried cheerily, placing the dish before her, "one of your favourites. Dig in." But after only a few mouthfuls, Chiu-chu stopped eating.

"What's the matter?" Li asked anxiously. "Isn't it any good?"
"I'm full."

"Oh, well, have some water." He poured her a bowl of hot water.
"Put it down a while. I'll drink it later."

The next day and the day after were the same. The clever Li finally realized what was wrong. Chiu-chu hated to have to keep asking him for the bed pan. She thought if she ate and drank less, she wouldn't need it so often.

This set Li to thinking. He made a special point of studying Chairman Mao's works with her and of comparing the bitterness of the past with the sweetness of the present.

"You mustn't treat me like a stranger, Comrade Chiu-chu," he said. "We're bitter melons from the same vine. My family worked for the landlords for generations. My grandma died early, and

grandpa had to take six kids with him wandering from place to place. My pa was only eight when he started watching cows for a landlord. He didn't even have straw sandals to protect him from the deep snow. His feet swelled like turnips and split from frostbite. He left bloody footprints with every step. The only way he could warm his feet was by shoving them into fresh cowflop.

"Even so, the family couldn't make a go of it. My grandpa steeled his heart and decided to sell his twelve-year-old daughter. When it was time to go, she knelt and wrapped her arms around his legs, weeping: 'Don't sell me, pa. Let me stay with you. I can do any kind of work. I'll herd cows with brother, I'll take little sister to dig wild herbs...'"

"My grandpa's heart was breaking. But if he kept her, she'd only die of starvation with the rest of them. He let the landlord's people take her away. Not long after, she died from overwork and bad treatment. As she lay on her deathbed, she begged her older sister, who had come to see her: 'Tell pa and the boys not to sell little sister or brother to the landlord, it's better for them to starve to death with the family...'"

Li couldn't go on. Chiu-chu was choked with sobs. After a while, she raised her head and said in a broken voice: "We also suffered before liberation. My ma was a wet-nurse for a landlord's family half her life. When she was too old they just kicked her out. The Japanese grabbed my pa for forced labour and worked him nearly to death. Out of six daughters, five got sick and died. I'm the only one left. When liberation came at last, the neighbours trusted me and elected me the women's leader in our village. I'm in my thirties, at an age when I can work really hard for socialism. Who would have expected four years ago that a little bump on my belly would swell up to something as big as this..."

"And who allowed that to happen?"

"Why . . . the big hospitals."

Li shook his head. "No, not the hospitals."

"Who was it, then?"

"Big renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi," Li exclaimed angrily.

"It was Liu Shao-chi who harmed me?" Chiu-chu's eyes were wide with surprise.

Li explained the class struggle between the two lines in medical and health work.

Chiu-chu ground her teeth. "So he's the one. He wants me to die. I'll live just to spite him."

Li clapped his hands together. "That's the spirit. Liu doesn't want any of us poor and lower-middle peasants to live, because we're stopping him from restoring capitalism. But we're not only going to keep on living, we're going to fight him to a finish. Chairman Mao says: **'We hail from all corners of the country and have joined together for a common revolutionary objective. . . . Our cadres must show concern for every soldier, and all people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.'**

"I'm nursing you because I serve the people. When you get better and go back to work in your commune, that's also serving the people. You're eating and drinking less because you don't want to trouble me. But if you don't build up your strength, how are you going to get through a big operation?"

Chiu-chu was moved. "I understand," she said. "I promise to listen to you from now on. I'm going to get well so that I can serve the people, fight Liu Shao-chi and defend Chairman Mao." She had Li guide her hand and teach her to write "Down with Liu Shao-chi."

Chiu-chu is thirty-seven. As a child she had only a few months of schooling. Li patiently taught her to read quotations from Chairman Mao, explaining as they went along. The more Chiu-chu learned, the better she felt. She became cheerful, and smiled a lot. She asked Li to put a picture of Chairman Mao at the head of her bed. Every morning, as she knelt there, she wished Chairman Mao a long life, while everyone else in the hospital was doing the same.

In less than twenty days, Chiu-chu memorized over twenty quotations. Mao Tse-tung's thought unlocked her spiritual shackles. In twenty days, she became a different person. Before, she hadn't welcomed visitors. Now she asked Li to invite other women

patients to her room. They taught her to sing *The East Is Red, Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman, Chairman Mao Is Dearer than Father and Mother* and other revolutionary songs. She talked and laughed a great deal.

Once, when her husband came to see her, she said to him: "Lai-suo's pa, if I get better, I want to go on waging revolution and building socialism. But if I should die during the operation, don't feel bad. Tell the PLA comrades to remove the tumour and use it to figure out how to cure this kind of growth. We mustn't let it harm any more poor and lower-middle peasants."

She gazed at the picture of Chairman Mao and said resolutely: "I'll definitely follow your teachings, dear Chairman Mao. No matter how big the operation, I'll see it through."

V

The Party branch organized a special investigation team. It examined her records in each hospital in which Chiu-chu had been treated, and studied the experience of another army hospital where they had successfully removed a thirty-two *jin* tumour.

As a result of two years of the cultural revolution, there had been a big change in all these hospitals. In each of them, together with the proletarian revolutionaries, the team studied Chairman Mao's instructions and criticized the counter-revolutionary revisionist line carried out by Liu Shao-chi on the medical and health front. The revolutionaries showed the team Chiu-chu's case history and explained the treatment she had been given. A few individuals, however, were not very encouraging.

"Your spirit of serving the people is fine, of course," they said, "but there's no scientific precedent for cutting out such a large tumour." And "That tumour is like a mountain. You won't be able to budge it. In such cases, the probability of the patients dying on the operating table is ninety-nine per cent."

One night Young Fan, a member of the investigation team, tossed and turned on his bed, unable to sleep. "Tumour like a mountain," "ninety-nine per cent sure death," "no scientific basis," "incurable" —

these discouraging phrases tumbled through his brain. He saw that Dr. Li, lying in the next bed, was staring at the ceiling, also deep in thought. Fan nudged him.

"Shall we go to the hospital where they removed that big tumour tomorrow?"

"What do you say?"

"Of course we can learn a lot from them. But I'm not so sure we can cure Chang Chiu-chu."

Li sat up and turned on the light. Opening a copy of Chairman Mao's essay *On People's Democratic Dictatorship*, he read aloud: **"We must learn from Wu Sung on the Chingyang Ridge."**

"Who was this Wu Sung, anyway?" he asked Fan.

"A hero in an ancient novel who went up a mountain and killed a tiger."

"Did he know there was a tiger there?"

"Yes, that's why he went."

"In other words, he knew there was a tiger on the mountain, but he insisted on taking the mountain path."

Suddenly, Young Fan saw the light. "I've got it, I've got it," he exclaimed. "I don't have a strong enough urge to eliminate a wild beast that's been ravaging the people. I've been frightened by the 'tiger.'"

By then the sky was grey in the east. Fan threw back his covers and jumped out of bed. "Come on," he said excitedly. "Let's go to that hospital and study their fine spirit of serving the people."

After two weeks of investigation, the team returned. The Party branch organized another Mao Tse-tung's thought study class to analyse their findings. They had a lively discussion. The final consensus was this: "In operations the size of this, only one per cent chance of survival in the big hospitals. Our little medical section has to fight for that one per cent chance. Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Man has constantly to sum up experience and go on discovering, inventing, creating and advancing. Ideas of stagnation, pessimism, inertia and complacency are all wrong.'** To call a disease 'incurable' is a manifestation of stagnation and pessimism. Some diseases we can't cure at present, not because they're incurable

but because we don't know enough. As long as we follow Chairman Mao's teachings, constantly sum up our experience, refuse to be tied down by the dogmas of our predecessors and advance regardless of difficulties, sooner or later we'll cure those diseases. Chairman Mao's teachings are our scientific basis. Even if there's only one chance in a hundred to save Chang Chiu-chu, it's our duty to fight for it. We have no right to give up that one chance."

Chairman Mao's teachings gave them confidence. With the help of other hospitals, they made a thorough examination of Chiu-chu's entire case, making over thirty different tests. They boldly refuted the diagnosis of those "specialists" and "authorities" who had said that her tumour was malignant, and concluded that it was benign.

VI

Day by day the operation drew nearer. "Is everyone mentally and materially prepared?" Political Commissar Wang wondered. He went into the administration platoon, where the comrades were discussing the equipment needed for the operation. They eagerly told him of their preparations.

"We guarantee the supplies," they said. "Everything needed will be there. Of course the technical questions will be up to the medics."

"Oh, the technical questions will be up to the medics?" Wang's reply was in fact a query.

As he was leaving the administration platoon he ran into Young Lin, a nursing attendant. "Are you fellows all ready?" he asked.

"Ready," Lin said promptly. "We'll do a good job of the nursing, even if it means going three days and three nights without sleep. Of course the operation itself depends on the doctors."

Two of the army doctors happened to be passing by, and they overheard. "It's the surgeons the operation really depends on," they asserted.

"Obviously not everyone is very clear about who this operation depends on," Wang said to himself. "Should we depend on just a few, and take the old specialist approach, or depend on everyone,

and take the mass line? On this hinges not only whether we can cure Chang Chiu-chu, but also what orientation our medical section should follow."

He put the matter before a meeting of the Party branch. The others all agreed that it was not simply a question of method, but rather of choosing between two world outlooks, two lines.

A class was formed to study particularly Chairman Mao's great teachings: **"The masses are the real heroes"** and **"Of all things in the world, people are the most precious. Under the leadership of the Communist Party, as long as there are people, every kind of miracle can be performed."**

As a result of their study, the comrades came to this conclusion: "A specialist's ability is limited, but there is no limit to the wisdom of the masses. We must follow the mass line politically and in matters of technique as well. Chang Chiu-chu's operation doesn't depend on only a few surgeons. To take this approach is equivalent to following the old 'specialists' road, it will make her suffer the same torments again."

To encourage the fullest initiative of the masses, the Party branch called a big meeting entitled "We pledge to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, to heal the wounded and rescue the dying." Aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm, everyone out of their loyalty to Chairman Mao racked his brains for means of ensuring the operation's success. Doctors, medics, cooks, stablemen, patients, all joined in the battle. Chiu-chu's ailment was discussed in the offices, the kitchen and the wards. The Party branch went through the hundreds of proposals offered by the masses and summarized the best in "Ten What-to-do's" and one hundred and twenty concrete measures.

The first problem to be hurdled was where to make the incision. The army doctors and medical attendants explained the nature of Chiu-chu's illness and the position of her tumour to the laymen in the medical section and to the other patients. Everyone studied the question.

Li, the male nurse, was concerned whether Chiu-chu's health was good enough to withstand a major operation. These remaining

few days were very important. So anxious was he to get her to eat and sleep better that he himself spent several sleepless nights.

Learning that she liked lung, Li hurried to the kitchen. Several of the cooks, standing around a flour pan lying face down on a table, were gesticulating over it with knives. Li was mystified. "Surely they're not going to cut up the flour pan?" When he approached, he found that the overturned pan was being used to simulate Chiu-chu's tumour, and the cooks were discussing where to make the "incision."

"Everyone is concerned about the operation," Li said to himself as he left the kitchen. Deep in thought, he bumped into another man, walking towards him. It was Dr. Kao. The doctor observed how thin Li's usually round face had become.

"You're not getting enough rest," he said to the young male nurse, "and the hardest part is yet to come."

Li looked at the doctor's bloodshot eyes. "What about you? Your eyes are sunk in their sockets."

Dr. Kao hadn't slept well for several days. He had been put in charge of the anaesthesia team, consisting of himself and two other comrades. He'd had only a three-month course in this field. It was going to be very difficult for a man with his limited education to administer the anaesthetic in a case like Chiu-chu's.

But, as a Communist, he faced up to the problem squarely. Together with his two team mates, he sought the solution in repeated study of the Three Old Favourites. Day and night he pondered—what sort of emergencies are likely to happen? How should we meet them?

The team prepared three different sets of anaesthetizing equipment and various measures to meet every contingency, but they still weren't satisfied. In addition to the standard equipment, they made an ingenious device of their own. "Better to prepare dozens of sets and hundreds of measures," said Kao, "than to sacrifice a class sister's life because we haven't thought of everything."

That's how it was with all the men in the medical section. They passed sleepless night after sleepless night.

A few days before the operation, the section was a hive of activity. The comrades in the housing section produced a semi-circular red lacquered table. Army supply section came forward with an extra-large sheet. The mechanics and signal sections each contributed an electric generator. Army wives made gauze packs and rolled bandages.

The whole camp was involved. A class sister's life was at stake. This was the constant thought in countless loyal minds.

Of all the preparations, the most important was deciding how to apply Mao Tse-tung's thought in conducting the battle. The medical section comrades chose twenty of Chairman Mao's directives to be their guides during the operation.

"We are doing great and glorious things never before done by our predecessors. We definitely can and will attain our goal."

"Man has constantly to sum up experience and go on discovering, inventing, creating and advancing."

.....

Chairman Mao's words, glowing like the rays of the sun, illuminated untrodden paths.

VII

The morning of March twenty-third. A battle to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, to heal the wounded and rescue the dying was about to begin. The divisional commander, who was deputy secretary of the Party committee, and leaders of the political and logistics departments arrived. Everyone faced the east. All eyes were on a portrait of our great leader, our beloved and respected Chairman Mao, the red sun in our hearts. "The east is red, the sun rises, China has brought forth a Mao Tse-tung..." The song rang out across the camp grounds. Courageous soldiers made this solemn vow: "Chairman Mao, dear Chairman Mao, revolutionary fighters will remain true to you for ever. We will resolutely carry out your proletarian revolutionary line and conduct our battle armed with your glorious thought. We will conquer all difficulties and win victory in honour of your name."

Seven forty. The political command, surgery, and six other teams, took their battle stations, carrying with them Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's great instruction: "Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tse-tung's thought."

Pictures of our great leader Chairman Mao and quotations from his works shone brightly on the four walls of the operating room.

Chang Chiu-chu was carried in. As she was leaving her bed, she had looked at Chairman Mao's picture and said three times: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** On the way, she kept reciting this quotation of Chairman Mao's. Now, lying on the operating table, she gazed at a picture of Chairman Mao on the wall. Mao Tse-tung's thought gave her confidence that she could conquer her ailment. She was cheerful and relaxed.

Eight o'clock. The pre-operative measures were commenced. Many of the commanders and soldiers had gathered in the courtyard outside the operating room. Several convalescents also came, supported by medical attendants. It was a major operation. How many snags would be encountered? This was the question troubling them all.

Sure enough, even before the operation began, even before the incision was made, things happened which they hadn't anticipated. According to plan they opened two big veins for blood transfusions, but no blood returned. Then they tried a small vein, also to no avail.

This rarely happens in surgery. The atmosphere grew tense. Immediately, the political command team read out this teaching of Chairman Mao: **"We must thoroughly clear away all ideas among our cadres of winning easy victories through good luck, without hard and bitter struggle, without sweat and blood."** At this critical moment, Chairman Mao's words were like a master key which removed all fetters from their minds. The operating team soon found the cause of this unexpected snag, took the necessary measures and the blood flowed freely.

Now the anaesthetizing started, but after five minutes Dr. Kao said tersely: "Careful. Respiration has nearly ceased."

Everyone looked. Chiu-chu was breathing with difficulty. Her blood pressure had dropped, her heart beat was rapid, she broke into a cold sweat, her complexion had a purple tinge. It was obvious that she was going to stop breathing at any moment.

Dr. Kao switched to another set and yet another set of anaesthesia equipment. No use. The crisis had developed so rapidly that everyone grew tense. The divisional commander, who was deputy secretary of the Party committee and member of the political command team, read coolly from the little red book, *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*: **“What we need is an enthusiastic but calm state of mind and intense but orderly work.”**

The words “calm” and “orderly” registered at once. Everyone steadied down and quickly found the cause of the problem. Dr. Kao switched to the device which the anaesthesia team had created themselves. A pink flush gradually crept back into Chiu-chu’s cheeks. Her breathing became easier. The comrades heaved a sigh of relief.

Ten five. The first incision was made.

How should such a huge tumour be removed? From what angle should it be approached? They used Chairman Mao’s military concepts: **“Attack dispersed, isolated enemy forces first; attack concentrated, strong enemy forces later.”** **“Encircle the enemy forces completely, strive to wipe them out thoroughly.”** They decided to start by cutting all around the tumour.

Again they ran into difficulty. Chiu-chu had been lying on her right side. Now they wanted her to lie on her back so as to sever the tumour attachments, first on the right, then on the left. Turning a patient in an ordinary operation is not hard, but with Chiu-chu it was extremely risky.

“Her blood pressure is very unstable,” said Dr. Kao, the anaesthetist. “If we move her too suddenly it may kill her.”

What should be done? The divisional commander and the comrades of the political command section immediately called a meeting beside the operating table of all present. Everyone made proposals until a method was evolved on which all agreed. Then, closely coordinating, they solved this difficulty as well.

Five surgeons continued freeing the tumour. It was surrounded by innumerable blood vessels. The largest, each as big as a small finger, pulsed and throbbed. To avoid damage to them and to the surrounding tissues, the surgeons used forceps cushioned with layers of gauze rather than scissors or scalpels, and slowly separated the adhesions.

In spite of their painstaking care, because the growth was so huge and the blood vessels feeding it so numerous, the patient lost a lot of blood. Several times her blood pressure dropped and her heart beat became erratic. The 5,000 cc. of blood readied for transfusion was not enough.

As soon as the comrades waiting outside heard this, they hurried forward to give their blood. Every cadre and soldier in the guards company, carrying pictures of Chairman Mao and statements of resolution, demanded as one man that their blood be accepted.

A cadre named Chiang Pa-lung, who just returned from an outside mission, had the right type of blood. After this was checked and confirmed, Chiang pushed his way in and lay down on a bed in the transfusion room.

“You’re out of turn,” the comrades there told him.

“I’ve just come back and I’ve got to go right out again,” he said. “So take me first.”

“Better not,” they urged. “You’re tired. Besides, a lot of people are giving blood.”

“This operation is to defend Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line and save the life of a class sister,” he retorted. “I must give blood. I’m not leaving this bed until you take it.”

Only after they drew out 200 cc. did he smilingly depart.

No sooner had he left than another man entered and lay down. The chief nurse observed a puncture mark on his arm. Everyone urged him not to give blood a second time. It was Chou Pei-hua, head of the kitchen squad.

“My ma and pa had to sell me in the old society because we didn’t have enough to live on,” Chou said agitatedly. “Chairman Mao rescued us, and our family was reunited. Now Chairman Mao wants us to save the life of a class sister. Can I refuse to give my

blood? I'd gladly drain every drop out of my body to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line."

Other comrades waiting outside to donate blood were growing impatient. When they learned what was causing the delay, they crowded into the room and, after much urging, persuaded Chou to go. Thirty-eight cadres and soldiers donated a total of 7,520 cc. of blood, much more than Chiu-chu had in her entire body.

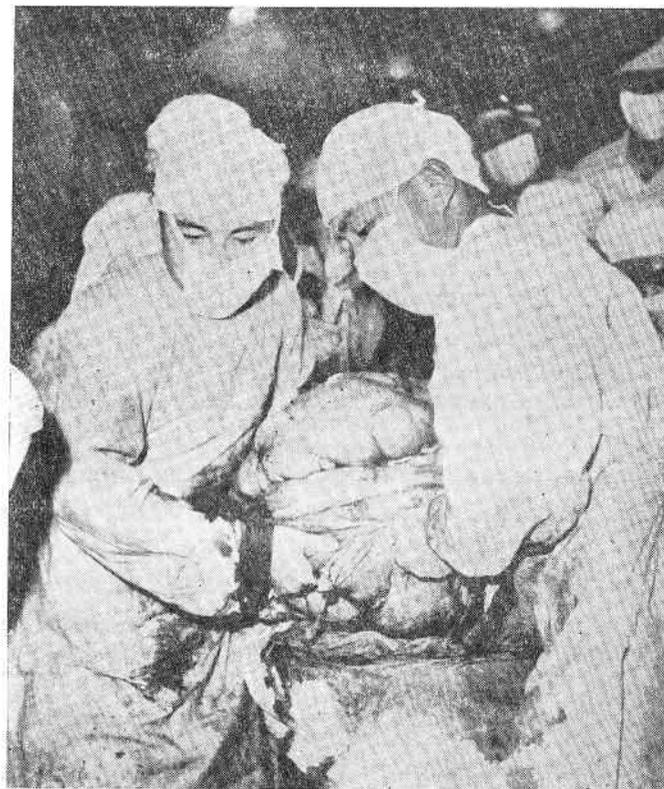
It was after six p.m. The doctors and nurses had not stirred from the operating table in over ten hours. Not a drop of water, not a morsel of food, had passed their lips. Steaming rolls were brought in. They went cold. Fragrant rice had been raised to their mouths. No one would eat.

The cooks were frantic. All five of them, in turn, kept asking if anyone would like something to eat. No one even replied. The cooks were beside themselves with anxiety. They went back to the kitchen, made some bean milk, added sugar, poured it into bottles and inserted straws. This, they hoped, the concentrating men would sip. The leaders of the political department sent some milk.

But whether bean milk or cow's milk, no one would touch it. They forgot hunger and thirst and fatigue, they forgot even their own existence. Only one thought possessed them: "Chang Chiu-chu must be cured."

Army doctor Ho Szu-yi, who had been operated on for stomach ulcer, ordinarily could not stand for more than two or three hours at a stretch. Today he had voluntarily assumed the job of holding the tumour. For over ten hours, not moving a muscle, he stood supporting the weight of the heavy growth with his hands. His arms ached, his stomach hurt, sweat rolled from his face. Silently reciting quotations from Chairman Mao, he didn't move an inch from his post.

Seven p.m. The tumour had been freed from its surrounding attachments. Part of its base was exposed to view. Victory was near, but the danger was great. The base of the big growth was located between the peritoneum and the main abdominal artery. If this artery were ruptured, the patient would die that instant. They had reached the last hurdle.



The Party branch issued the call: All our wisdom and courage stems from Mao Tse-tung's thought. We must use this wisdom and courage to scale heights the bourgeois "specialists" and "authorities" never dared assay.

Meticulously, delicately, the doctors worked, inspired by boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao and boundless love for the people. At seven-thirty, the last blood vessel had been clamped off. Then the ninety *jin* tumour was removed intact from Chiu-chu's body.

Cheers broke from the lips of the army commanders: "Long live the victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line! Long live Chairman Mao!"

The people inside and outside the operating room went wild. "Long live the victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line! Long live Chairman Mao!" they shouted. "Long live Chairman Mao!"

Their joyous shouts rang through the camp, flew across the fields, rocked the entire land.

Four hours after the operation, Chiu-chu's eyes fluttered open. She gazed around vaguely. Young Li and the army doctors, who had never left her side, exchanged pleased glances. "Feel your belly," they said fondly.

Chiu-chu touched her abdomen. Her eyes lit up. The swelling was gone. Was it a dream? She looked at the picture of our great leader on the wall. Chairman Mao was smiling at her affectionately. Hot tears welled from her eyes. With all the strength in her body, she shouted: "Chairman Mao saved me! Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!"

Eight days after the operation, Chiu-chu, who for over a year had been able only to kneel, who had been expecting to die, got out of bed. She stood firmly beneath Chairman Mao's picture, the little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* pressed to her chest. "Long live Chairman Mao!" she cried again and again.

Her husband had come with the children to visit her. That reminded her of something. "I've been thinking a lot," she said to Li, the young nurse. "I don't know how to thank Chairman Mao for saving me. I was wondering whether I couldn't change Lan and Lai-suo's names so that they'll always remember Chairman Mao's bounty and always follow his teachings. What do you think would be good names?"

Li stared at Chairman Mao's picture and thought. "How about Chung-tung and Chung-piao?"

"Ah, Chung meaning loyal—loyal to Chairman Mao Tse-tung and loyal to Vice-Chairman Lin Piao. Those are wonderful names, just what I want." She turned to Chung-piao, the little boy, and asked: "Who saved your mama?"

Solemnly, the child pointed his small finger at the picture of our great leader and said: "Chairman Mao."

The young nurse drew back the curtain. Warm sunlight bathed the room. Chairman Mao's picture glistened like gold, and the smiles on the faces of the four happy members of Chiu-chu's family broadened.

VIII

It was a sunny breezy morning when Chiu-chu left the hospital. On her chest were golden Chairman Mao badges, in her hand the little red book. With boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao in her heart, facing the morning sun and mantled by rosy clouds, she walked once again, with firm tread, on the broad highway of building a new and socialist countryside.

Today she can do all the work around the house and in the fields, and has become an ardent propagandist of Mao Tse-tung's thought. "She's ten years younger," everyone says.

"Why shouldn't I be?" Chiu-chu replies feelingly. "I've Mao Tse-tung's thought in my head and the blood of thirty-eight young fighters in my veins." She tells everyone she meets how Chairman Mao gave her a new life.



The news that an army medical section had removed a ninety *jin* tumour flew like the spring breeze to every corner of the land. Everyone talked about the comrades who performed this remarkable feat and praised them for their whole-hearted dedication to the people, hailing it as another great triumph for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

On August 1, 1968, Army Day, the Military Commission of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party issued an order, personally approved by our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Biao, bestowing on the medical section the title of "Advanced Medical Section Which Whole-heartedly Serves the People." The honour didn't turn the heads of the comrades in the section in the slightest.

"We're more determined than ever to study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions, and be his good soldiers," they said.

Many songs of triumph have resounded during the cultural revolution. This moving feat of whole-hearted dedication to the people by the comrades of the medical section is yet another splendid page to the victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. It is an encouragement and stimulus to the people to continue boldly advancing along the shining course pointed out by Chairman Mao.

A Song of Triumph over the Yangtse

EDITORS' NOTE: The Yangtse is the biggest river in China with a total length of over 5,700 kilometres. It runs east and empties itself into the East China Sea. Nanking lies on its lower reaches. On December 29, 1968 the revolutionary people of China, under the illumination of Mao Tse-tung's thought, completed the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge. The following article written by *Renmin Ribao* correspondents and reporters presents the outstanding figures of the heroic workers who participated in this great engineering project.

At the foot of the Purple Mountain, situated to the east of the city of Nanking, Kiangsu Province, where the old city called the Rock City, used to lie, the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge in all its grandeur and majesty has been opened to traffic. This huge steel rainbow flying across the water to bridge the south and north, is a song of triumph over the Yangtse.

Its completion is a great victory for Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. It is a wonder created by the Chinese working class in developing the revolutionary spirit of regeneration through

its own efforts, in waging struggles against imperialism, revisionism and all reaction, against Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line while at the same time struggling with nature, "heaven and earth." With their own tremendous creative power the workers have composed this ringing song of triumph for Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The grand project for fulfilling the prediction that **"a bridge will fly to join the north and south, a deep chasm become a thoroughfare,"** work on the Nanking banks of the Yangtse was started several years ago. Bridge builders came here from all parts of the country, from the construction site of the Paishato Yangtse River Bridge at Chungking which had just been completed, from that of the Yangtse River Bridge at Wuhan, from that of the Yellow River Bridge at Chengchow. . . . When they accepted the task of building at Nanking the biggest modern bridge of our country their enthusiasm was so high that their feelings were moved by currents as strong as that of the Yangtse itself. Pitching their tents on the sandy shores, the workers began this epic battle.

Veteran bridge builder Wang Chao-chu, who had started as a child labourer, had helped build numerous bridges in the interests of the revolution and had had several trials of strength with the imperialists and modern revisionists in this field of work. Now he and his comrades-in-arms were the first batch of workers to arrive at this construction site.

There spreading before Wang Chao-chu's eyes was a span of long desolate shores and reeds waving in the autumn breeze. Nanking lies on the lower reaches of the Yangtse where the river, running wide and deep, is subject to frequent attacks by typhoons from the coast and sea tides. Before liberation the Kuomintang reactionaries and the U.S. and Japanese imperialists had gibbered: "Building a bridge at Nanking would be more difficult than ascending to heaven!"

Together with several other veteran workers, Wang Chao-chu started by recalling the past and comparing it with the present, and then rolled up his sleeves and said resolutely: "With Chairman Mao leading us, the working class of China are capable of building any type of bridge." But some bourgeois technical "authorities," full

of slavish attitude to foreign ideas, did not have any faith in the inexhaustible creativeness of the working class. They said, "Nothing can be done unless we invite some foreign experts to give us directions."

At that time the imperialists were not only enforcing an economic blockade of China but they did their utmost to prevent China from getting any technical data. The modern revisionists too were maliciously slandering our project for the building of the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge. In co-ordination with the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries, the big renegade and scab Liu Shao-chi and his agents also spared no efforts to oppose Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. There were no equipment and technology for building the bridge. Everything had to start from scratch; difficulties were many. Fully determined and without wavering, Wang Chao-chu and the other workers studied again and again this teaching of Chairman Mao: **"On what basis should our policy rest? It should rest on our own strength, and that means regeneration through one's own efforts."** In the direction pointed out by Chairman Mao, the workers went ahead with great courage. To express their determination they said, "We will prove that we can build the bridge by building it. Then the Soviet revisionists and the Yankees will be confounded." In the daytime the bridge workers went together to study the topography and in the evening they lit up an oil lamp and studied Chairman Mao's works. Thus commenced the great project for the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge.

The under-water geological conditions at the Nanking section of the Yangtse are very complex. The foundations for the bridge had to be sunk very deep. Someone said, "According to foreign records bridge piles can never be sunk so deep." Refuting what he said, Wang Chao-chu and his work mates, full of confidence, went ahead sinking the first experimental pile. At that time large machines and equipment had not yet arrived at the site; what was available was a truck and several tubular piles. The engineers and technicians advised them, "Better wait for a few months more. Work can be started when equipment is complete." To this Wang Chao-chu replied, "We won't wait a day. To complete the bridge as early as possible

we must seize every minute, every second! Without machinery and equipment we can use indigenous methods. Let's show the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries how we'll succeed in building the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge." Then he had a conference with the other workers. They decided to set up an improvised hoisting mechanism making use of the truck's motor to drive the piles. Again some bourgeois technical "authorities" came out to stop them, "Such improvised methods won't work." Wang Chao-chu answered, "Whether you approve or not approve, we'll go on just the same." Having set up a mechanism more than twenty metres high with the materials available, he and the other workers connected up the driving power, lifted the large tubular piles scores of metres long with the truck, and started pile-driving.

After hard struggle for days and nights Wang Chao-chu and the other bridge builders worked a wonder undreamt of by the bourgeois technical "authorities"; they successfully sank two long experimental tubular piles to the river bottom by this indigenous method. Their success provided valuable geological data and constructional experience, and greatly strengthened their faith in their ability to complete the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge and put the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries to rout.

However, a handful of die-hard capitalist roaders in the Party, ignoring the desire for an intensive pace in building the bridge and having no belief in the inexhaustible creativeness of the working class, put up all sorts of "reasons" to arbitrarily fix that only one pile tube a day should be sunk by one working team, trying thus to tie up the workers hand and foot. For Wang Chao-chu and those workers who had mastered the skill of pile-driving, actually it took only two to three hours to sink one. Imbued with revolutionary spirit Wang Chao-chu firmly refused to accept such rubbish. With the first one smoothly sunk, they quickly followed it with the second, and the quality of work turned out excellent. This angered the handful of die-hard capitalist roaders. In exasperation they summoned Wang Chao-chu to their office and, stamping angrily, gave him a severe reprimand: "Whoever told you to speed up like that? Slow down. That's an order!" Highly indignant, Wang Chao-chu determinedly stood up

to his "boss": "Is it a crime to overfulfil our task while guaranteeing good quality in our work and no accidents?" Left tongue-tied, the "boss" found that he had no ground to stand on, but he was not willing to take his defeat lying down. He resorted to trying to put a label on Wang Chao-chu. "You are disobeying the leadership, you don't listen to orders. It is a political issue." Far from being cowed, the veteran worker said with spirit, "Chairman Mao wants us to achieve greater, quicker, better and more economical results in building socialism. We follow Chairman Mao's teachings. That's absolutely right. We'll go on the way we are doing now and that's all there is to be said about it."

Comrade Wang Chao-chu's revolutionary action won the general support of the bridge workers. They carried on, with one working team sinking four piles in one shift. Whether in quantity or in quality their work was rated excellent, creating a record by efficiently sinking 60,000 metres of piles at high speed and with guaranteed quality — a miracle in the history of world bridge construction.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The Chinese people have high aspirations, they have ability, and they will certainly catch up with and surpass advanced world levels in the not too distant future."** Our bridge building workers do have such high aspirations, they have created innumerable wonders and broken advanced records one by one. Whether in deep-water diving, deep-water welding, riveting thick rolled steel beams, manufacturing prestressed beams or pouring concrete under deep water, they have caught up with or broken world records.

What sort of people have created such records? They are not "authorities" and "experts" who boast of their "wide knowledge," but just a number of ordinary workers. They say with pride: "To surpass advanced world levels we do not rely on heaven nor on earth, we do not have blind faith in foreigners nor in 'authorities.' What we depend on is the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung."

The riveting of the girders was a key to the completion of the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge. Because of its long span and the thickness of the rolled steel beams, riveting had to be used of a kind rarely seen anywhere in the history of bridge building. The bourgeois intellec-

tuals worried over the possibility of riveting these special rolled steel. They trotted out a set of revisionist wares, copied from foreign countries, which called for "putting technique above everything else." But the workers put it neatly when they said: "In our riveting we do not rely on our skill only. The main thing is to depend on our loyalty to Chairman Mao." They were determined to overcome the difficult problem of riveting these rolled steel so as to make their contribution to the early completion of the bridge.

In order to let the young riveters master the technique as quickly as possible, veteran workers ran a training course on the spot, which was attended by dozens of young workers. The first thing they studied there was not technique but Chairman Mao's brilliant Three Constantly Read Articles to learn the spirit of serving the people "wholly" and "entirely" as well as the revolutionary spirit of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains. Many young riveters said, "In the past, under the old rules and regulations we were not allowed to go on the bridge. We have the determination to master the riveting technique and to mount the peak of riveting technology. With the ever-victorious thought of Mao Tse-tung as our guide, we can overcome any difficulty." Cultivated by Mao Tse-tung's thought and with the help of the veteran workers, batches of young riveters only in their twenties went to work on the bridge. With high political consciousness and in the revolutionary spirit of whole-hearted devotion to the people, they set about riveting the bridge girders. Under the scorching summer sun, the temperature on the bridge went up to forty degrees Centigrade or higher, yet the riveters, drenched in sweat, kept on working. Nor did they flinch when the severe winter came although their hands became swollen with the cold. Reciting Chairman Mao's quotation, "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" they persevered in working high above the water at advanced world levels of accomplishment.

Once, during the construction of under-water foundations, when the caisson sank to the planned depth, there was scouring of sand at the river bottom. Large quantities of sand worked over into the caisson along a gap one metre in length. The bourgeois technical "authorities" were panic-stricken, knowing not what to do. Diver

Hu Pao-ling immediately thought: "To maintain the quality of this bridge we are building with our own hands it is essential to stop this. We must not allow a single flaw in this anti-imperialist and anti-revisionist bridge. If we can't block the intrusion of sand it shall be a matter of shame for us bridge builders." When the divers' team boldly suggested checking it by deep-water welding, Hu Pao-ling was the first to stand out and say: "Let me try."

As the water of the Yangtse at Nanking is very deep, it used to be described as a "fathomless river and boundless sea." Now that the caisson had gone through the alluvium layer and penetrated to the rock stratum, it was already very deep down at the river bottom. To proceed with electric welding under such a depth of water was something seldom heard of before at home or abroad. The bourgeois technical "authorities" dared not even think about it. Shaking their heads, they said, "To carry out under-water welding such as this, so deep down the Yangtse, there is no precedent here in our country nor any record of it elsewhere in the world." But the workers replied, "We can create our own precedent if there isn't any. We can make records if there aren't any. What we want to do is precisely to catch up with and surpass advanced world levels!"

Bearing firmly in his mind Chairman Mao's teaching that "**in times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage,**" Hu Pao-ling courageously dived into the deep water. In the piercing cold water his fingers got numbed and his teeth began to chatter. But afraid of neither hardship nor cold, he fixed his mind all the time on nothing else but Chairman Mao's teaching. It was a zone of utter darkness in the deep water. The welding sparks, in spite of their normal strong power of illumination, gave only a faint yellowish glow. Hu Pao-ling stretched out his hands to grope in the icy water. Before he had been long under the water, he got dizzy. But Hu Pao-ling had a strong faith in command of his actions: "The hole in the bridge foundations must be welded up." On the pitch-dark and freezing river bottom, Hu Pao-ling succeeded in finding the gap by feeling about with his fingers. He covered it up with an iron plate and welded it firm bit by bit.

"The lowly are most intelligent; the elite are most ignorant."

The young riveters, the heroic deep-water divers, depending on the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, conquered one difficulty after another, broke advanced records one by one and made great contributions to the grand objective of catching up with and surpassing advanced world levels as pointed out by Chairman Mao.

A good example of the thousands of bridge building workers battling hard on the site of the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge was Chen Chih-hsiu, a Communist and fine representative of the many people who consciously strive for the realization of the communist cause.

With high proletarian consciousness, this veteran worker devoted himself heart and soul in building this bridge. His task, together with the workers of his team, was to set up the beams for the approaches of both the railway and highway sections on the northern bank. Over thirty metres long and weighing more than a hundred tons, the large-size pre-stressed beams were something he had never seen before. To put them on the piers of the approaches, standing forty or fifty metres high, was indeed no easy job.

Comrade Chen Chih-hsiu, however, boldly accepted this difficult yet glorious task. He said, "We have Mao Tse-tung's thought, we are afraid of nothing." He initiated a study of the significant article *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* in his team. Encouraging each other, the workers said, "Chairman Mao has asked us to capture the Foolish Old Man's spirit which enabled him to move the mountains. No matter how large and heavy the pre-stressed beams may be, we will lift them up safely and effectively." They made careful observations to find out the laws governing this work and finally succeeded in lifting hundreds of the huge reinforced concrete beams on to the high piers with the help of a gantry crane. The bourgeois technical "authorities" tried to frighten them, saying: "The beams can't be lifted when there is a strong wind or a rainstorm, or at night." Chen Chih-hsiu answered, "To effect the early completion of the bridge by relying on our own efforts, we can't wait a single day." At night they lit torches and bonfires and, braving the strong wind, stood on the piers scores of metres high, pulling with hands and pushing with

feet. By sheer force of will they lifted the pre-stressed beams, which were swinging to and fro in the wind, on to the approaches.

It was with such a proletarian revolutionary spirit of consciously fighting for the realization of communism that Chen Chih-hsiu and his team succeeded in lifting more than seven hundred large-size pre-stressed sections on the nearly ten-*li* long construction site of the approaches to both the railway and highway sections without any accident and with exact accuracy, thus making a great contribution to the building of the bridge. But Chen Chih-hsiu was very modest. He said, "I took part in building the Wuhan Yangtse River Bridge and the Paishato Yangtse River Bridge at Chungking. Now I am building the Nanking Bridge. I feel proud to have a part in the construction of this biggest bridge designed and constructed completely by our own efforts. From now on I want to go all over the country wherever bridges need to be built. I'll build many more bridges, as solid as gold, along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line so that the train of socialism can speed along smoothly over the whole land."

Chen Chih-hsiu is only one of such workers, ordinary workers who have the high ideal of devoting their whole lives to the communist cause, who can be found everywhere on the construction site of the Nanking Bridge.

Wan Hsiu-cheng is another of the same kind. He is more than fifty years old. In the old society, several times he was almost beaten to death by the landlords just because his crops were not sufficient to pay the rent. His assignment was to construct the cross-over arch bridges. It was one of the key jobs in the construction of the approaches. He gladly and courageously accepted this arduous task. When he returned home that night he could not get to sleep. At midnight he wakened his daughter to read to him quotations from Chairman Mao. Chairman Mao said, "What is work? Work is struggle..." He pondered over the passage and fixed it in his mind word by word. Early next morning he hurried to the site and read this quotation of Chairman Mao's to the workers of his team as an encouragement. In order that the construction of the cross-over bridges would not affect the railway communications down below, scaffolding had already been taken down. Standing on the arch ribs

swinging in the air and with spandrels weighing more than one hundred *jin* in their hands, they proceeded with the work far above the ground. Wan Hsiu-cheng said, "To complete these approaches means a victory in the struggle against imperialism, revisionism and all reaction." Working hard for seven days and nights, they finally finished the task in a remarkably short time.

Long is the Yangtse River. All streams converge into the sea. Such heroic workers, educated by Mao Tse-tung's thought, as Hu Pao-ling, Chen Chih-hsiu, Wang Chao-chu and Wan Hsiu-cheng are a few representatives of thousands upon thousands of fine builders of socialism. By relying on such iron-strong workers, our proletarian revolutionary cause will flourish still more, our socialist state will be more firmly consolidated, our cause of socialist construction will advance day by day.

In building a bridge people are also built. With the magnificent Nanking Yangtse River Bridge towering over the big river running east in a never-ending stream, a contingent of new-type bridge builders who can fight hard battles and win victories is maturing robustly under the sunshine of the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman
(*gouache*) ▶



The Red Sun in Their Hearts Melts the Mountain Ice

On top of Mount Tangula, known as the ridge of the world, red road maintenance team 107, consisting of twelve Tibetan men and women, keeps a section of the Chinghai-Tibet highway free from obstruction.

Team 107's section is five thousand metres above sea level. The building they live in stands on permanently frozen ground. All around are snowy mountains. The air is thin and very cold. Ice covers the land all year round. The mercurial weather often changes several times in the course of a day. A clear morning may be followed by a gale in the afternoon, with hail or snow.

In the snowstorm season, the highway is frequently buried under a thick white blanket several metres deep. It is under such arduous conditions that the maintenance workers of team 107, with boundless proletarian love for Chairman Mao, study and apply his works in a creative way. They have a high sense of revolutionary responsibility, a stubborn will and revolutionary optimism. For several years now

they have been courageously battling the elements and keeping the highway open and in good repair. Enthusiastically, they spread Mao Tse-tung's thought among the travellers. This has been warmly approved by the masses.

The twelve Tibetan members of the road maintenance team began taking up their posts in 1962. Because of the altitude, water won't boil, and it's difficult to heat food. In winter, water has to be brought in the form of ice from distant places and melted.

Some comrades were discouraged by conditions when they first arrived. Drugdrub, the assistant team leader, who had been born a serf, did not want to stay there for long. Other comrades had helped him study Chairman Mao's teachings on serving the people. The thought of Mao Tse-tung was like a beacon, illuminating the road forward. Drugdrub recalled his misery in the old society. His life had been that of a beast of burden. But Chairman Mao had rescued him from that bitter sea and gave him the happy life he enjoyed today. Now the motherland had assigned him to a battle station, and he was thinking of quitting because the environment was tough. Wasn't he forgetting his origins?

Drugdrub determined to remain always on Mount Tangula and contribute his strength to the construction of the country's border regions. He studied Chairman Mao's works harder than ever, applying creatively everything he learned. He fought constantly against any selfish ideas that cropped up in his mind. Wherever the work was most tiring, there Drugdrub went. Everyone spoke highly of him.

Most of the team members came from very poor herdsman families. Their lives had been one long history of blood and tears. Studying the thought of Mao Tse-tung, comparing the bitterness of the past with the sweetness of the present they, like Drugdrub, continually increased their political awareness. They developed a high sense of responsibility to the revolutionary cause, and maintained the road with meticulous care. They went to work every morning at daybreak, not returning until the stars were in the sky. During the months when the road was most likely to be damaged, they lived in a tent they had bought, moving it in the snowfields to wherever they were work-

ing. They maintained ten kilometres of highway, constantly improving it.

Hard work and difficult living conditions forged stronger still their devotion to Chairman Mao and developed a noble dedication to the public good. They did their work gladly, militantly. In the lofty snowy range they were determined to strike root, flower and bear fruit.

An unusually severe snowstorm buffeted the highway on Mount Tangula in February, 1968. The comrades of team 107 were confronted with an arduous struggle. They went out into the nine degree gale as soon as the snow started to fall and began clearing it with their shovels. They laboured unflinchingly, though their hands turned blue and their feet swelled up with cold. Ice coated their clothes like armour, but no one complained. Although the storm raged for more than twenty days, they fought on stubbornly until at last they carved a free passage for the highway through the snow.

"All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other." In keeping with this teaching of Chairman Mao, the comrades of team 107 are very helpful and solicitous to travellers.

Bad weather on Mount Tangula constantly disrupts traffic on the Chinghai-Tibet highway. A company of PLA soldiers, travelling in a truck convoy, was stopped by an unusually severe storm in February, last year. Wind howled, snow blanketed the mountain. The temperature dropped to fifty below, Centigrade. Dips on the highway were filled level with snow several metres deep. For two whole days, the convoy was snowed in. Some of the men suffered from dizziness, frozen hands and faces. They were all in danger of starving or freezing to death.

Although the place where the PLA men were was not in the section which team 107 was responsible for, when the Tibetan comrades heard about it, they rushed through the storm with their picks and shovels, moved by their boundless love for the PLA. The snow was falling thicker and faster now, and the wind was fiercer. They could barely see or breathe, they were nearly blown off their feet.

But the intensity of the wind couldn't compare with the intensity of their determination. However deep the snow, it wasn't as deep as their love for the PLA. They sang Chairman Mao's quotation, which has been set to music: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" as they advanced in the teeth of the gale.

The sight of the PLA fighters battling courageously against the storm moved them to tears. Immediately, they pitched in. Soldiers and civilians fought the snowstorm side by side.

Even walking on the top of Mount Tangula makes you pant, because the air is so thin. You can imagine how much more difficult it is to breathe when doing hard work. But everyone battled with a will, their hearts loyal and true. When they glanced at the Chairman Mao badges pinned on their chests, they were filled with energy. "We're not leaving until we get these trucks down the mountain," they vowed.

The PLA and road maintenance comrades melted ice over a fire and poured warm water into the vehicles' radiators. Trucks that still wouldn't start they pushed or carried, advancing slowly down the road as each section ahead was cleared of snow. Some of the women comrades were plainly tiring. A number of times they were urged to go back and rest. But they refused to leave the PLA, they refused to leave the battlefield.

After a stiff fight by the soldiers and civilians, the several dozen trucks of the PLA convoy at last were out of the danger zone.

Late one night, as team leader Sodnam Rigyal walked through the falling snow, he peered, as was his custom, into the distance to see whether any traffic had been halted on the mountain highway by the storm. He saw lights on the section of the road maintained by team 108, but they weren't moving. Obviously, some vehicle was in trouble. He immediately informed the comrades of his own team, 107.

Everyone hastily dressed. Taking their tools, they hurried to the scene. They found a large bus bogged down deep in the snow. When the busily digging passengers saw them coming swiftly through the darkness, they were very moved. Although fatigued from their climb, the maintenance workers at once attacked the snow. A few were dizzy and out of breath, but they were concerned only about

the safety of their class brothers. They gave no thought to themselves. "We'll get the passengers down the mountain, even if it kills us," they shouted.

The battle lasted until the rising sun crimsoned the snowy peaks. Finally, out of danger, the bus was able to slowly proceed. The passengers gratefully waved goodbye to these comrades, praising them as good workers educated by Chairman Mao.

Team 107 has performed many such deeds. The moment they see a vehicle in difficulty on Mount Tangula, they rush to the rescue, regardless of the weather or the time of day. The members of the team put it well. "There is no limit to serving the people," they say. "Whole-heartedly serving the people is the greatest happiness."

The building in which the team lives on top of the mountain is a school for the creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought, a red battle position for propagating it.

"Chairman Mao, you are the red sun in our hearts. We Tibetan workers in the snowy mountains love you ardently." These are the favourite words, this is the favourite song, of the members of 107. On the snow-clad mountain top, they think of Chairman Mao night and day. The walls of their quarters are covered with his pictures, they wear golden badges with his likeness on their chests. In homemade red cloth bags which they constantly carry with them are pictures of Chairman Mao, *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and selections from his works. Every day, as the rising sun gilds the snowy heights, facing Peking they sing with deep emotion *The East Is Red*, and wish Chairman Mao a long, long life. They carry Chairman Mao's picture with them when they set off for work, and sing quotations from him which have been set to music as they swing along, heads high, down the sun-drenched highway.

"When we look at Chairman Mao's picture, it's as if he's commanding us in battle," they say. "We feel brimming with strength."

The comrades of 107 take the Three Old Favourites as their mentors, and make strict demands on themselves in keeping with Chairman Mao's teaching that we should serve the people wholly and entirely. The more they battle the snow and gales, the more they persist in studying

and applying the thought of Mao Tse-tung creatively. Whatever the problem, they study the appropriate writings of Chairman Mao and put them into practice. In their long struggle against wind and snow on the high plateau, it is Mao Tse-tung's thought they rely upon.

Not only do they study and apply Chairman Mao's works well, they enthusiastically spread the thought of Mao Tse-tung among all the travellers and local people they meet.

Mount Tangula is a remote place. Newspapers take ten days to half a month to arrive. But each time Chairman Mao issues a new instruction, the comrades of the road maintenance team crowd around their radio and listen to broadcast after repeated broadcast. Then they hurriedly climbed the slopes and ridges and spread the instruction among the masses.

When the Communique of the Enlarged 12th Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China was heard in Tangula, the team members were greatly stirred. They shouted joyously: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Assistant team leader Drugdrub set out in the gale to tell herdsmen whose tents were nearby about it. Comrades urged him to wait till the storm ended.

"I was a serf who grew up under the whips of the herd-owner and his headmen," said Drugdrub. "Chairman Mao saved me from the fiery pit. But that scoundrel Liu Shao-chi tried to drive us back to the old days, to force us back to the old suffering. I hate him. Now the Communique says he's been overthrown for good. How can I wait till the storm stops to tell this wonderful news to our Tibetan class brothers?"

The red sun shines on the icy mountains, red flowers open towards the sun. The heroic road maintenance workers of team 107, who battle the wind and snow on the high plateau, are striding forward along the glowing road pointed out by Chairman Mao.

P o e m s

Wang Hsueh-yen

Song of Praise to the Red Sun

High above Tien An Men rafters
Delicate clouds drifting, dancing,
Grand voices ringing, singing
The East Is Red!
Gazing at the red sun's glory,
Our hearts rise in endless waves.

Oh Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao,
It is in your glowing health,
That people the world over
Find confidence and joy.
Millions of loyal hearts do harmonize
To wish you a very long, long life!

From Shaoshan the red sun does rise, shining far and wide,
Chairman Mao's splendour paints the globe both red and bright.
Over chains of mountains paeans are resounding,
Hailing the victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line,
The rays of Mao Tse-tung's thought glittering
Across the Four Seas and Five Continents.

At Anyuan tempests arise,
Over Chingkang Mountains torches shine,
Chairman Mao has led us the old world to bury;
Tsunyi draped in morning clouds,
Yenho River aroused by battle songs,
Chairman Mao himself red state power creates.

The revolutionary current in gigantic waves,
History's unending flow rolls undeterred,
"Bombard the Headquarters" —
Chairman Mao's big-character poster
Heads a most vivid chapter
In the history of mankind.

Look, strong flames of cultural revolution burning!
Listen, militant songs of the revolutionaries crashing the wide sky!
Millions of revolutionary people
Leap with joy, rejoicing,
The black bourgeois headquarters
Is completely toppled over.

Countless struggles between the classes, repeated trials of strength
Have swept Liu Shao-chi and his minions
Into the garbage heap of history.

Green mountains dancing, vast seas chanting,
Our great motherland's hue
Will for ever be red, never changing.

Stars turn towards the Dipper, sunflowers face the sun,
Today ever more and more
We think of the red sun in our hearts.
Holding high treasured book, here our iron vow:
Closely we follow our great leader Chairman Mao,
The whole mankind to liberate!

Chin Hsu-sheng

Red Sun Glowing in the Heart

Rolling waters of the East Sea under our feet,
Green firs and pines before the barracks,
Nineteen years on the East Sea frontiers
Guarding the borders in wind and rain,
Fighters longing for Chairman Mao,
Great emotions gather in our breast.

Thinking of you, we smile in our dreams,
Thinking of you, we feel our strength renewed.
How often we stand at our sentry post
Yet imagine all Peking glowing in the morning sun.
How frequently as our rounds we make,
Do we believe we see Chairman Mao smile on us.
When we think of you, with muscle of steel and firm resolve
We brave the tossing waves and roaring wind.

When we think of you, our high aspirations piercing the sky,
At thunderbolt and lightning we laugh in scorn.
When we think of you, though snow-laden and ice-clad, never cold,
For the red sun in our hearts is beaming in splendour.
When we think of you, shine or rain, hardships we dare defy
And crossing mountains and rivers we never tire.

Nineteen years, years of lustre and splendour!
Nineteen years, we escort Spring's departure, welcome Spring's
return,
Nineteen years, young buds sprout under sunshine, dew and rain,
Nineteen years, you've reared us up a new revolutionary generation.
Nineteen years, sky blue, waters green, your banner redder than ever,
Nineteen years, sprayed by wind and waves, pines grow ever greener,
Nineteen years, fighters' loyal hearts remain as red as flames,
Nineteen years, advancing in your footsteps, our eyes steadily look
ahead.

Look, the Four Seas rise, clouds and water rage,
Listen, the Five Continents shake, wind and thunder roar,
On soldiers' shoulders a heavy burden lies,
All our lives for the revolution, we'll never backward turn.
"Away with all pests!" Away! Away!
This great teaching at heart we always keep.
The future of the revolution stands revealed so bright,
Faith in our victory increases a thousand fold.
Our best wishes we send on their way to you:
Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to you!

Yung Kuo-feng
(*miner*)

Red Hearts For Ever Dedicated to the Party

Red flags fly in the mighty East wind,
At the mine, happy events come on each other's heels,
Gongs clash merrily and fire-crackers sing,
From the Revolutionary Committee a gift of Chairman Mao badges.

Pinning on the golden bright Chairman Mao badges,
We cannot calm our turbulent hearts.
A thousand cheers, ten thousand songs burst forth,
To wish Chairman Mao a long, long life!

Golden bright Chairman Mao badges at our breast,
Red *Quotations* in our hands, warmth floods our veins,

"The working class is the leading class,"
On our shoulders he places the revolutionary banner.

Golden bright Chairman Mao badges at our breast,
The class struggle is always foremost in our hearts.
Whoever opposes Chairman Mao we'll throw down,
We'll stand at our post for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Golden bright Chairman Mao badges at our breast,
Wisdom comes, our strength grows day by day,
Emulate and help each other as we move forward,
Black gold heaps up as production gains and gains.

Golden bright Chairman Mao badges at our breast,
Along the course Chairman Mao charts we ride the waves.
To launch a tide of struggle-criticism-transformation,
The revolution in education is writing history.

Golden bright Chairman Mao badges at our breast,
We dedicate red hearts to the Party for ever and ever,
We'll spend our life fighting for Chairman Mao,
And will not rest till we have given our all.

Golden bright Chairman Mao badges at our breast
Mirror the trust and hopes of the proletarian headquarters!
There 'neath the red banner a new generation, militant and bold,
Follows the supreme commander to set free all mankind.

Hsiao Yen

Put Politics in Command to Mine the Coal

— *The words of an old miner*

With our best shovel in my hand,
And the warming red book close to my heart,
As I stand by the coal seam to work I feel
The tide of my heart rise like a rolling sea.

Pick up these pieces of our black gold,
My eyes fall on the endless seam of coal.
Our working class wields political power now,
The vastness of the coalfield lies beneath our will.

We'll mine the coal; we'll mine the coal,
Revolutionary fervour never a moment cool,

The heart of every member of our working class,
Overflows with limitless love for Chairman Mao.

Who has piled up this "golden hill"?
Whence has come the fruit of the revolution?
Chairman Mao's great hands piled up the "golden hill,"
Chairman Mao's wise planning leads us on to victory.

Do you still remember
That peal of spring thunder?
The Party Central Committee's letter to us workers,
Delivered here by the PLA's own hands.
"Grasp revolution, promote production,"
These key words shine with golden light,
As from a height, straight into our hearts.

We workers follow Chairman Mao's teachings best,
In the battle with nature valour we show.
Over all the coal mines a fervent tide arises,
"Grasp revolution, promote production" echoes to the sky.
Month by month, ever more coal we gain,
Our workers' determination like dry wood set to flame.

"War drums" spur us on day and night,
Good news comes like peals of spring thunder.
The cultural revolution wins grand victory,
Our working class has boundless strength.
Chairman Mao tells us,
"The working class must exercise leadership in everything."
We must stride forward boldly to our appointed task.
When Chairman Mao waves his hand, we advance,

Put politics in command to mine the coal!
Digging at the coal face, here on our battlefield,
We'll succeed in the task of struggle-criticism-transformation.

We workers match actions with our words,
Swinging our shovel we set to work!
Black gold we mine by the thousands of tons,
Adding colour and light to our socialist construction.

Ma Cheng-chung
(*peasant*)

We'll Paint the Spring of Our People's Commune

We listen to Chairman Mao's teachings,
And make the mountains bow to our order.
Plant the southern slope with peaches, apricot and pears,
Sow the northern hill with *tung* oil tree and tea.
Green pines on the hills brave the high wind,
Leafy bamboos in our yard make a fine design.
Bare mounds are now all clothed in emerald,
Over the hillside, flowers and fruit shimmer like rainbow clouds.

We listen to Chairman Mao's teachings,
And make the waters bow to our will.
Before the village a pond is dug,

Behind the village a dam is built,
Channels and ditches criss-cross in a web,
As water runs freely to irrigate the land.
Build a reservoir with a power station,
Electricity will light up every member's home.

We listen to Chairman Mao's teachings,
And make the soil bow to our will.
Silver hoes build up high-yield farms
Iron ploughs conquer low-lying swamps.
Set up model plots for farming in a scientific way,
Keep a tight grasp on the Eight-Point Charter*
The red flowers of Tachai will bloom in our fields too.
We'll boldly advance to overfulfil the Outline.**

We listen to Chairman Mao's teachings
Hearts loyal, vision clear, our force is irresistible.
A thousand *jin* load is like a single feather,
To cross hills of knives and seas of fire is but a single step.
Path-breakers in the cultural revolution,
Monsters and demons we'll trample underfoot.
With the great earth as paper, our hoes for pen,
We'll paint the spring of our people's commune.

*Referring to the eight important measures for increasing agricultural production: deep ploughing and soil improvement, fertilizer, water conservancy, seed selection, close planting, plant protection, field management and reform of tools.

**Referring to the Draft Outline for the Development of Agriculture (1956-1967) put forward by the Central Committee of the Communist Party in January 1956.

The Story of Protecting Chairman Mao's Portrait

One evening Aunt Yu Chun-hsien, a poor peasant, prompted by her proletarian feelings, told a story to a group of young intellectuals who had come to settle down in her village as members of the Feng-shuikou Production Brigade under the Lanchia Commune of the city of Liaoyang, Liaoning Province. The story was about how in the turbulent war days she, at the risk of her life, had succeeded in preserving a photograph of our great leader Chairman Mao which she still possessed to this day. Aunt Yu spoke from the depth of her heart, infinitely loyal to Chairman Mao.

Aunt Yu started by leading the group in voicing their wishes for a long, long life for Chairman Mao. Then with great care she took down the great leader's picture from the wall. After looking for a while at Chairman Mao's kind face thoughtfully, she cast her eyes on the faces of her young listeners with their happy smiles. "Children, better let me begin with the days of bitterness and hardship in the past," she said with feeling.

It was the autumn of 1947. Oppressed in all sorts of ways by the landlords and the rich, Aunt Yu was begging her food from door to door like so many other poor people. And her boy, weakened by hunger, was then very sick. . . . It was at this time while they were struggling for existence that Chairman Mao sent the liberation army to Fengshuikou, bringing the poor people the hope of change and liberation.

The armyman who came to put up in the house of Aunt Yu was Quartermaster Chang. Seeing the family living entirely on grain husks and wild herbs and the boy very sick, he together with the other soldiers showed great concern and cared for them in every minute way. He helped the army health officer to give the boy treatment and tended him without sparing himself. Aunt Yu was so touched by all this that holding the quartermaster's hands in hers she could hardly hold back her tears. "You are really our benefactor!" she said.

"No," countered Quartermaster Chang. "It is the great leader Chairman Mao who is our benefactor!"

"Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao!"

"Right, Aunt Yu. It's our great leader Chairman Mao who is leading us labouring people to win emancipation. We must never forget him."

Since then the name of Chairman Mao, glittering like gold, was engraved in the heart of Aunt Yu. Day and night she thought of the great liberator Chairman Mao.

Not long afterwards the army unit stationed there was assigned a new task and prepared to leave the village. When he left, Quartermaster Chang gave Aunt Yu a picture of Chairman Mao which he had long treasured and preserved.

"Aunt Yu! This is a photograph of our great leader Chairman Mao. Please accept it as a gift from me."

"O Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao!" cried Aunt Yu in pleasant surprise as she took the picture in both hands. Warm tears streamed down her cheeks for at that moment the red sun of dawn had risen. Aunt Yu felt great warmth and a new vitality course through her body. It was time for the army unit to start. With Chairman Mao's picture

in her hands, Aunt Yu saw the people's soldiers march off on a new expedition.

During that stage the situation was such that the enemy might sneak into the village at any moment. So during the day, Aunt Yu carefully wrapped up Chairman Mao's picture in layers of paper, put it in a small box and hid the box away in a cabinet. When night came she would quietly take out the portrait. Then the whole family would gather round it under a kerosene lamp and look at it again and again. Before the likeness of the working people's great liberator, they would pour out their profound feelings for Chairman Mao.

But less than ten days after the army had left, the wicked Kuomintang bandits came to the village, bringing havoc to it like the God of Plague. One morning when Aunt Yu suddenly heard several shots outside she knew the Kuomintang bandits were already in the village. The first thing Aunt Yu thought about was taking out the great leader Chairman Mao's photo and putting it in a safer place. She was going to hide some of her other things too but it was already too late, the bandits had stormed into her courtyard.

Pointing their guns at Aunt Yu, the enemy demanded an answer from her: Had anything been left with her by the Eighth Route Army? Her answer was silence. Cursing and howling, these vicious dogs began searching the house. Her heart thumping hard, Aunt Yu stole furtive glances at the place where Chairman Mao's picture was hidden. She said to herself, "If the great leader Chairman Mao's picture were discovered, I would fight for it even at the cost of my life." A full half an hour passed. These scoundrels failed to find anything in the search. Then they seized Aunt Yu's only hen and took away several of her pumpkins. After the enemy had gone, Aunt Yu took out Chairman Mao's picture and had a good look at it over and over again, her heart full of relief she could not find words to express.

Then came the liberation of Liaoyang. Aunt Yu put Chairman Mao's photograph in a frame and hung it squarely on the wall so that her whole family could see the picture every day as if they were at the Chairman's side.

When Aunt Yu finished the story she cast another glance at Chairman Mao's picture which she had risked her life to preserve. Together

with the young people around her, she shouted with emotion: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!" The next moment, out of Aunt Yu's house came ringing voices of the young people, singing the song:

*Vast as are the heavens and earth, what we owe to the Party is greater,
Dear as are father and mother, Chairman Mao is dearer.
Fine as many things are, socialism is finer,
Deep as the rivers and oceans are, proletarian love is deeper.
Mao Tse-tung's thought is the treasure for revolution,
He who opposes it is our enemy!*



Making Revolution Depends on Mao Tse-tung's Thought (woodcut) ▶

The Red Sun Lights Up Old Granny's Heart

It was daybreak. A clatter of horse hoofs echoed and re-echoed over the rugged-paths which ran through the valleys of the Kunlun Mountains. A woman doctor from the medical team of an army unit, Chang Hsuch-lei, was seen leaning forward on the back of her horse with the reins in her hand. Medical kit across her shoulders, she kept the other hand on a pocket, seemingly for fear that something might fly out of it. In it lay a nicely-bound copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and a pair of spectacles for an old woman's failing eyesight.

She told herself that it was barely dawn, she would reach the home of the Tibetan woman, Old Granny in time for the voicing of best wishes to Chairman Mao and the study of Chairman Mao's works in the morning. How happy the old woman would be when she put on the glasses to look at Chairman Mao's portrait and hold up the bright red *Quotations* to offer best wishes for a long, long life to the great leader. Thinking of this, she pressed the stirrups hard and the

wine-red horse, giving a long neigh, galloped towards the Bacang steppe as if on wings.

Old Granny, Nyima by name, is over sixty years old. The great proletarian cultural revolution, unique in history, has greatly popularized Mao Tse-tung's thought and its splendour has brought light to Old Granny's heart. Like the other emancipated serfs, with extremely deep proletarian feelings, she has been earnestly and eagerly studying Chairman Mao's works. However, long and cruelly tormented by the black-hearted serf-owners in the old society, her health is failing and her eyesight poor and dim. Several months ago when the army doctor Chang Hsueh-lei came to do her rounds among the Tibetan tents, Old Granny told her: "Child, what I suffer most from is that I can't see clearly the portrait of our beloved Chairman Mao and I haven't yet got a copy of his precious red book."

This revelation of the intensity of her class feeling for Chairman Mao touched Young Chang's heart deeply. She said to herself: "Just imagine — an elderly person in her sixties considers her inability to see Chairman Mao's picture clearly and to read his books her worst deprivation! It shows what deep class feelings the people of the Tibetan nationality have for Chairman Mao and his thought. Chairman Mao teaches us to **'support the government and cherish the people.'** To propagate well Mao Tse-tung's thought through our medical work is to carry out this teaching in its fullest sense. I must do my best to help Old Granny overcome her difficulties so that she can study and apply well Mao Tse-tung's thought, this will relieve her of suffering from her deprivation."

From that day on, in her loyalty to Chairman Mao, Young Chang devoted herself wholly and entirely to the service of her Tibetan compatriots. Every day when she made her rounds in the areas where the Tibetans lived, she never failed to visit Old Granny, helping her to learn a quotation from Chairman Mao before she gave her an acupuncture treatment for her eyes. After a few months the old woman's eyesight improved a great deal.

So that Old Granny could see still better, Young Chang had asked the PLA motor unit which often passed by her place to buy Old Granny a pair of spectacles in Sining and also a copy of *Quotations*



from Chairman Mao Tse-tung in the Tibetan language. The night before the two things she had asked for had arrived. Young Chang was so delighted that she couldn't wait. Early that morning she jumped on the wine-red horse and left her office at top speed.

Crimson clouds reddened the Kunlun Mountains all over; the rising sun shed its golden beams on the Bacang steppe. In the morning breeze the green grass rose and fell in waves and over the grassland herds of horses were freely browsing or galloping about. Everywhere could be heard songs, chattering and laughter. What a joyous pastoral scene of prosperity and revolutionary advance! Cracking her whip to spur on the horse, Young Chang covered more than thirty *li* without a break and was soon there at Old Granny's tent. Drenched in sweat, she jumped down from the horse. Not bothering even to wipe her wet brows, she lifted the felt door screen and entered.

Old Granny's fond wish was fulfilled. With the new spectacles on and waving the bright red *Quotations*, she stood before the likeness of Chairman Mao and stared at his noble kind face for a while. Then she fixed her eyes on the red book, every word standing out clear and

distinct, every word conveying to her the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought. A warm glow of happiness spread over her. Tears in her eyes, in her emotion she couldn't help recalling the past of sorrow and misery.

In those dark old days Old Granny's father had been flayed alive by his herd-owner and his skin made into a parchment for the drums; her husband had been tied to a horse's tail and dragged to death simply because he had lost a sheep of the herd-owner's; her two children had frozen to death in the snow while tending the herd-owner's sheep when very young. . . .

Now at this moment of present happiness how many heartfelt things Old Granny wished to say to our beloved Chairman Mao: "Chairman Mao! O Chairman Mao! We emancipated serfs think of you day and night. It is your splendour that has shone over our snowy mountains, and it is you our benefactor who have delivered us from the whirlpools of bitterness. It is our dear ones the People's Liberation Army whom you have kindly sent, that have brought us your concern for us. O Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao! With you we have everything. You are the never-setting red sun in the hearts of us liberated serfs." The more Old Granny thought of all this, the more agitated she became. Unable to hold back what she felt, she raised her arm and cheered: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

The morning practice of studying Chairman Mao's works began. With immeasurable happy emotions Young Chang and Old Granny, each in her own national language poured out the same sincere wish: "A long, long life to Chairman Mao!" This cry which they thought the most beautiful and most touching words in the world, rising from their innermost feelings, was like a red thread closely linking together the hearts of the soldiers and the people.

Hearts of Soldiers and People Always Linked Together

Not long ago the Shenyang Command of the PLA sent people over to the Altai District, Sinkiang, to procure and bring back a batch of army horses. When the poor Kazakh herdsmen heard this news they all considered it a very good opportunity to show their loyalty to Chairman Mao and make a contribution to the socialist motherland. They rode over hill and dale, driving along their choice herds to where the PLA men were to receive the animals. In the case of one commune, seventy-three per cent of what they supplied proved to be first rate, much to the satisfaction of the PLA men. But upon learning this the poor herdsmen set about calling an urgent meeting for a discussion on the question of quality. At the meeting it was decided that only first-raters were to be supplied. And this decision they carried out.

When the PLA men started their journey home the Kazakh herdsmen came to see them off. As if sending their own boys to join the army, they patted their cherished stallions and said with pride, "Go now.

Go and fight to safeguard Chairman Mao, our socialist land and the great proletarian cultural revolution." In addition they sent along their best herdsmen to help the soldiers escort the horses.

After twenty days' tedious travel the one hundred and twenty horses were herded on a piece of grassland near the Hundred Mouths Springs. According to their schedule the herd should stay there for the night. However, a glance at the place told the PLA men that there was only one small ditch of water, and so they thought: "It's only enough to water a hundred animals for one night. If the communes' herdsmen come here to cut grass by and by, they won't be able to have any water." To leave water for the convenience of the masses, the soldiers decided to head on into the darkness.

Night-time over the Gobi wastes is usually very serene and quiet unless it is very windy. But on this occasion things were different, the horses, hungry and thirsty, broke the tranquillity neighing from time to time. Keeping on the alert, the soldiers came among the herd to keep them company for the night. However, just before dawn the extremely hungry and thirsty animals suddenly panicked, stampeded and dispersed.

With the horses running away in all directions over the wide Gobi, what could the herding squad of only a few hands do to recover them?

While they were still worrying about what they should do, a truck driver passing by said to them, "Come on. Let me give you a lift to the White Lime flat where the workers of the Karamai Oilfields will surely come to your aid."

When the news reached the drilling station there, the workers ran one after another to the production headquarters asking for permission to help retrieve the horses for the army. They said, "Chairman Mao has taught us: **'Without a people's army the people have nothing.'** The difficulties of the PLA men are ours too. No matter how vast is Gobi wilderness, we won't fail to find the horses." After enquiries to find out the manner of the dispersal of the animals, they at once rode off in trucks in three directions. At the same time they reported what had happened by telephone to the neighbouring drilling teams and farms and people's communes. With the help of the work-

ers, poor and lower-middle peasants and poor herdsmen of various nationalities, by noon most of the lost horses were recovered.

Before the incident was quite resolved there came another. Two herdsmen workers Tohtul and Tohutahan who were helping escort the horses disappeared during the search. When the PLA men learned this they were greatly disturbed. How worried they were over the safety of their class brothers! While organizing people to look for the lost herdsmen, they reported the situation to their leadership in the Shenyang Command. The comrade in charge immediately gave the instruction: "It's imperative to save our class brothers. You must find the two men without fail."

"It's imperative to save our class brothers!" Before daybreak the PLA herding squad and the oil workers rode off in trucks across the Gobi expanses.

The fact was that the two herdsmen had lost their way while looking for the horses. A Gobi August finds the fiery-red sun hanging over the sky and the endless gravel and sand scorching travellers like burning flames. Without any water to drink, they sweated such a lot that their throats got parched like leather. But their infinite loyalty to Chairman Mao gave them remarkable courage to face their difficulties. While hunting the scattered horses, they sang aloud Chairman Mao's quotation set to music: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,"** and went on searching in a fearless spirit. Triumphant over hunger, thirst and fatigue, they finally succeeded in discovering where the PLA soldiers were and safely returned.

It was the twenty-first day of August, 1968. In the dusk the scattered horses were all collected on a piece of grassland near the drilling station. It so happened that within an hour all of a sudden the herd once again broke away and dispersed. The news spread like a bush fire. In an instant it set everybody into action including all the workers and staff of the drilling station and their families who also showed their concern for the army horses. All the cars and trucks available were started up, all telephones set ringing. Quickly all the drilling teams, farms and people's communes within 200 *li* of the White Lime area were notified. The Gobi immensity was manned in all directions like a net set to catch the fleeing horses. It was not too

long a time before all the panic-stricken animals had been found.

The PLA herding squad resumed their way with the horses. They endured all sorts of hardships on the route, but all along the way they were warmly received and cared for by the people of various nationalities. At last they arrived with the herd in the city of Urumchi.

On September 16, a train fully loaded with the horses pulled out.

Oh train, speed along! What you carry away is more than army horses, your load is something more precious. It is the most loyal feelings the workers, poor and lower-middle peasants and poor herdsmen of various nationalities of Sinkiang hold for our great leader Chairman Mao as well as their deep proletarian affection for the People's Liberation Army.

The Refund

The Hsipu Brigade of the Chienming Commune had an old steel mill which was no longer needed. Hsichuang Brigade of the Nankuan Commune bought it for three hundred yuan. The buyers had no sooner left with their purchase than the members of Hsipu started a heated debate over the price of the mill.

"We only spent a little over four hundred to buy that mill," said some one expressing the idea of many brigade members. "We've used it for over eight years. Although we did spend a few yuan to buy parts and attachments, three hundred is far too much to ask for an old mill like that. We should have acted in accordance with Mao Tse-tung's thought and not let our brother brigade suffer from a poor bargain."

"We wanted to sell and they wanted to buy," some one countered. "Why, for years and years that was the 'old custom,' the way prices were fixed."

And so the discussion went on among the members of the Hsipu Brigade....

News of this very quickly reached the ears of Wang Kuo-fan,* who headed the brigade's leading group. He immediately called the other leading members together to study the question. They first studied together *Serve the People* and *In Memory of Norman Bethune*, two particularly important works of Chairman Mao.

"We are wielding power in the interest of the poor and lower-middle peasants," Wang told the others. "That's why we must follow Chairman Mao's teachings in everything we do. We must express the new ideas and new style of work of the proletariat in everything." All the comrades agreed with him. After some discussion it was decided to calculate the price of the mill anew on the basis of depreciation and amortization and then add the amount the brigade had spent in buying new attachments. They decided that according to this calculation it was necessary to refund to the buyers, the Hsichuang Brigade, one hundred and twenty-four yuan.

After their discussion the leading members of the brigade went among the poor and lower-middle peasants to study Chairman Mao's quotations with them. Together with the revolutionary commune members, they used the incident as an opportunity to fight self and repudiate revisionism. When it was clear that they were unanimous in their way of thinking, the commune members agreed that the leading group should draft a letter of apology to the other brigade, expressing their self-criticism, and let two of their cadres Wei Chang-shun and Chang Tzu-ming take it along when they went to return the money.

Carrying with them the sincere goodwill of the poor and lower-middle peasants of Hsipu, the two brigade cadres went sixty *li* to the Hsichuang Brigade. Once they had explained why they had come,

*A poor peasant of Tsunhua County, Hopei Province who resolutely took the road of agricultural co-operation in 1952. Since all the members of his agricultural co-op were poor and lower-middle peasants, they were deprecatingly called a co-op of poor "ragamuffins" by the rich peasants. Because this co-op led by Wang Kuo-fan started from scratch and changed their backward conditions by hard work, it was praised by our great leader Chairman Mao and became one of the advanced collectives on the agricultural front.



they were immediately surrounded by the Hsichuang poor and lower-middle peasants who were greatly moved by their spirit but refused to accept the money they wished to return.

The warmth and good feeling of the Hsichuang poor and lower-middle peasants made it very difficult for Wei Chang-shun to accomplish his mission.

"A thousand words of my own may be useless but one quotation from Chairman Mao will convince them," he mused. He brought out his *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and read aloud: "**Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people. Every word, every act and every policy must conform to the people's interests, and if mistakes occur, they must be corrected — that is what being responsible to the people means.**"

"Comrades," he said, very much stirred. "When we sold you that steel mill, our level of political consciousness was not high and we didn't do things in the right way. After some studying, we became more aware of the correct attitude. Today we have come to apologize to you in the spirit of Chairman Mao's teaching." He then brought

out the letter of apology and the money and presented them to the buyers.

“What you have brought is not merely a sum of money,” said the poor and lower-middle peasants of Hsichuang. “You’ve brought us a good example of creatively studying and applying Mao Tse-tung’s thought. You’ve carried to us the sincere feelings of the “ragamuffins,” the new ideas and new style of work of the proletariat. You’ve brought us something priceless.”



Hsi-erh, full of class hatred, attacks Huang the despotic landlord and his lackey Mu in the temple (A photograph from the ballet *The White-Haired Girl*)

An Appreciation of the Ballet “The White-Haired Girl”

EDITORS' NOTE: *The White-Haired Girl* is a model revolutionary ballet produced under the personal guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching. It depicts the struggle between the poor peasants and the traitors and despotic landlords during the War of Resistance Against Japan.

One New Year's Eve poor peasant Yang Pai-lao returns home in a heavy snowstorm. He has been hiding to avoid his creditors. Despotic landlord Huang Shih-jen, a traitor serving the Japanese aggressors, breaks in with a gang and demands his rent. Huang knows Yang cannot pay. He has actually come to take Yang's daughter, Hsi-erh, instead. Yang angrily resists and is killed by the despot. Poor peasant Wang Ta-chun and other neighbours rush in. Huang holds them off with a gun as he and his gang drag Hsi-erh away.

Wang Ta-chun decides to join the Eighth Route Army, led by the Chinese Communist Party, and avenge his long suffering class brothers. Uncle Chao, himself a Communist, tells him where to find the people's army.

At the Huangs' house, Hsi-erh suffers untold torments and insult, but she refuses to submit. Later, helped by Aunt Chang, a servant, she escapes. She hides in the desolate mountains where she lives on wild fruit and herbs. Struggling against the elements and against wild beasts, she endures long bitter days

which turn her hair white. But she does not forget the debt of blood the landlords owe her.

At last the Eighth Route Army liberates Hsi-erh's village and Wang Ta-chun returns. The despot and traitor Huang Shih-jen runs away. Resting in a broken down temple in the mountains, he meets Hsi-erh. She attacks him furiously, and the startled Huang Shih-jen flees in despair. Eighth Route Army men and local people catch him, together with his lackey Mu Jen-chih. Hsi-erh, no longer a fugitive, goes back to her village. The revolutionary masses have stood up. They accuse and condemn the despot Huang Shih-jen, who meets the end he deserves. Finally, Hsi-erh too takes up the gun. Together with other neighbours, she joins the Eighth Route Army and travels the revolutionary road.

The revolutionary modern ballet *The White-Haired Girl* has been acclaimed by the masses from the day it was first staged. Here are three brief reviews of it.

Matured in Battle

Recently, our great leader Chairman Mao pointed out: **"Historical experience merits attention. A line or a viewpoint must be explained constantly and repeatedly. It won't do to explain them only to a few people; they must be made known to the broad revolutionary masses."** When we were composing and rehearsing the revolutionary ballet *The White-Haired Girl*, the struggle between the proletarian and bourgeois lines in our school was strikingly apparent. This testifies to the wisdom and greatness of Chairman Mao's recent instruction.

The struggle between the two lines in literature and art reflects the class struggle in society. It was inevitable that there should have been a fierce struggle between Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art and Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line during the composition and rehearsal of a model revolutionary theatrical work.

This article was written by members of the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams of the workers and of the PLA sent to the Shanghai School of Dance and the group in the school which produced *The White-Haired Girl*.

Its focal point was the question of political power. For a dozen or more years Liu Shao-chi had been constantly dreaming of restoring capitalism. Banding together a gang of renegades and enemy agents, he clamped down a counter-revolutionary dictatorship on the proletarians in the cultural field, and attempted to prepare public opinion for a capitalist restoration. He inserted his henchmen into influential positions everywhere in the field of culture, including our Shanghai School of Dance. They obeyed him implicitly, and used literature and art in every way to impose a dictatorship against the proletariat, to oppose Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, and to oppose the revolution in literature and art led by Comrade Chiang Ching.

Liu Shao-chi, big renegade, traitor and scab, persistently hated and opposed the proletarian revolution in literature and art. "We can't compel a reflection of present day life," he babbled. "Ballet and foreign-style opera are not really suitable for it."

The master had only to give the word, and his slaves hurried to comply. In 1963 our school's capitalist roaders flagrantly opposed the call to "write extensively about the post-liberation period" put forward by Chairman Mao's good student, Comrade Ko Ching-shih, First Secretary of the East China Bureau of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. Instead, they put on big productions of *Swan Lake* and *Red Scarf Dance* and turned our school into a hotbed of capitalist restoration.

When, thanks to the personal attention Comrade Chiang Ching was giving us, we decided to create a revolutionary ballet *The White-Haired Girl*, the counter-revolutionary revisionist clique in our school tried to switch us into producing a sickly story of frustrated love among aristocrats in days gone by. When proletarian headquarters urged us to study the ballet *Red Detachment of Women* put on in Peking, the clique flatly refused to let us go. But they sent some of us to Hangchow to learn a foreign dance *Pas de Quatre* then being performed there.

They did everything in their power to prevent a reform of the ballet, to keep it eternally in the hands of the bourgeoisie and use it in the service of the bosses. But we stood firmly on the side of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. Taking

Chairman Mao's thought on literature and art as our guide, we instituted bold reforms in the ballet and successfully created *The White-Haired Girl*, a dance drama with revolutionary struggle as its theme.

At this point, the class enemy came out into the open. They reviled *The White-Haired Girl* as "too revolutionary," crying that it "reeked of gunpowder." "*Swan Lake* is fine pastry," they howled, "*The White-Haired Girl* is a coarse bran muffin." They wanted to strangle the new ballet in its cradle.

Newborn life cannot be denied. From the day of its birth, the revolutionary ballet, *The White-Haired Girl* won the strongest support of the workers, peasants and soldiers, and the schemes of the Liu Shao-chi types were thoroughly bankrupted.

But the enemy would not accept defeat. In a two-faced counter-revolutionary manoeuvre, they attacked the ballet from the "Left," slandering it as a poisonous weed, and tried at the same time to take over control of it.

Proletarian headquarters had instructed us to stress the concepts of people's war in developing the ballet, to emphasize class struggle, armed struggle, the leadership of the Party, to give prominence to the girl Hsi-erh, her father Yang Pai-lao, to Wang Ta-chun — all typical poor and lower-middle peasants imbued with the spirit of resistance and revolution.

The counter-revolutionary revisionist clique pretended to comply with these instructions while secretly opposing them. They took advantage of their temporary superior position to impose reactionary revisionist concepts of Chou Yang and his gang on *The White-Haired Girl*, namely, "class reconciliation," and writing about "the truth" and "middle characters." They high-lighted the love between Hsi-erh and Ta-chun so as to weaken the revolutionary spirit and militancy of the theme and distort the revolutionary image of the poor and lower-middle peasants who dared to struggle and resist. This was in flagrant opposition to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. The Chou Yang and Lin Mo-han clique even gave secret orders to their Peking henchmen to produce a ballet version of *The White-Haired Girl* which would reflect their counter-

revolutionary intentions as a show of defiance of proletarian headquarters. The savage ambition of these counter-revolutionaries was beyond belief.

The capitalist roaders in the propaganda department of the former Shanghai municipal Party committee and their cronies in our school tried to get our ballet *The White-Haired Girl* to tout Liu Shao-chi's infamous dictum "class struggle has ended." They proposed a "pas de deux" finale emphasizing the joy of reunion and the peasants pitching into production at the expense of the ballet's powerful revolutionary spirit. Proletarian headquarters smashed their scheme by plainly instructing us that the finale must express Chairman Mao's brilliant concept "**carry the revolution through to the end.**" The difference between their finale and ours sharply demonstrates the struggle between the proletarian and bourgeois lines.

Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and their gang did everything to change the lyrics of a song in praise of Chairman Mao. This infuriated us. Those scoundrels dreaded the thought of Mao Tse-tung like an owl fears the sun.

"What's the point of singing 'the sun is Mao Tse-tung, the sun is the Communist Party?'" they demanded. "Everyone knows that."

When Huang, the despotic landlord, is executed at the end of the ballet, the poor and lower-middle peasants cheer: "Long live Chairman Mao!" as an expression of their revolutionary gratitude. The capitalist roaders in the propaganda department of the former Shanghai municipal Party committee and the counter-revolutionary revisionists in our school tried desperately to change this. "There's no connection between the two," they cried. "It spoils the effect."

No matter how wildly Liu Shao-chi and his lackeys attacked proletarian headquarters with their counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art, all their schemes ended in ignominious defeat. Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art is leading the revolution in ballet victoriously forward. Model revolutionary theatrical works are already standing solid as a rock on the proletarian stage.

The White-Haired Girl, a revolutionary ballet, was born and has matured triumphantly in the struggle between the two lines. But the class struggle is not over. The struggle between the two lines

will continue for a long time. To ensure that heroic worker, peasant and soldier types like Hsi-erh and Ta-chun for ever dominate our stage, we must strive unrelentingly.

Monument to the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants

The White-Haired Girl, a revolutionary modern ballet, is a good drama that serves as a monument to the poor and lower-middle peasants, a song in praise of the peasants' armed revolution under the leadership of Chairman Mao. It is also a condemnation of the evils of the old society and the reactionary system of exploitation as well as a repudiation of the big renegade Liu Shao-chi. The ballet greatly heightens the will of the proletariat and crushes the arrogance of the bourgeoisie. Proletarian revolutionary art of this sort is fine indeed.

In the wretched old society we poor and lower-middle peasants had neither guns nor power, and suffered cruelly under the political oppression and economic exploitation imposed on us by the landlord class. We lacked clothes, we were always hungry. The tragic suffering of Hsi-erh and her father in the ballet, due to oppression and exploitation, reflects the dark days endured by hundreds of millions of labouring people in the old society.

But the peasant masses were not lambs going meekly to be slaughtered by the landlord class, they were not slaves who would swallow any insult. Still less did they accept the dictum peddled by big renegade Liu Shao-chi, namely that: "The labouring people are not opposed to being exploited; they welcome it."

This was the raving of a maniac. The masses of the poor and lower-middle peasants hated the old society's system of exploitation and the

This article was written by three five-good fighters of the PLA: Pei Ping-tien, Li Chao-min and Lei Cheng-chia.



landlord class for years; we were longing for the red sun to rise in the east. Day and night we looked forward to Chairman Mao and the Communist Party leading us in armed revolution, so that we could destroy the ravening beasts, overthrow the landlord class and the three mountains that were crushing the people—imperialism, feudalism and burcaucat-capitalism, and establish our own red proletarian state. Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary bilge that "exploitation has its merits" and "rebellion is unreasonable" was simply an expression of the outlook of despotic landlords like Huang Shih-jen in the ballet, the scream of bloodsucking vampires.

Chairman Mao teaches us: "**Without the poor peasants there would be no revolution.**" Poor and lower-middle peasants have

within them a deep and tremendous revolutionary strength. Of all the people in the countryside, their class love and hatred are the most sharply defined, their revolutionary stand is firmest, their revolutionary will is stubbornest, their revolutionary spirit is most lasting. They fear neither heaven nor earth, spirits nor demons.

You can see this in *The White-Haired Girl*. Huang, the despotic landlord comes to the home of Yang and demands payment of his debt. He starts to drag off Yang's daughter Hsi-erh and Yang furiously resists. With one blow of a carrying pole he knocks the landlord to the ground.... Ta-chun goes off to join the Communist-led Eighth Route Army, taking up the gun to wage revolution so that he can avenge his class brothers.... Hsi-erh refuses to swallow insults. She indignantly fights the landlord when he tries to trifle with her.... All of these things vividly and graphically demonstrate that the peasants dare to resist, wage revolution, struggle and win, and shows the revolutionary spirit with which they are so thoroughly imbued.

"The sun has come out, the sun has come out. The sun is Mao Tse-tung, the sun is the Communist Party," this vigorous chorus in *The White-Haired Girl* sung when the village is liberated, brings the theme of the ballet to a new height. For the words tell what is in the hearts of us poor and lower-middle peasants, they voice the aspirations of all the oppressed nations and peoples of the world. It is because we rely on our great leader Mao Tse-tung and his invincible thought that we are able to have a great Communist Party, a great people's army, victories in our revolution, revolutionary political power, and all the benefits the labouring people have won.

The best thing about this excellent ballet is that it hates what the poor and lower-middle peasants hate and loves what they love, sings their praises and draws a glowing portrait of the revolutionary peasants. Through the struggles of Hsi-erh, her father and Ta-chun with Huang the landlord, the ballet trenchantly depicts the essence of the centuries-long struggle to the death between China's labouring masses and the landlord class, between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie.

Another good feature of *The White-Haired Girl* is that it stresses revolutionary armed struggle. It demonstrates in a concentrated

form Chairman Mao's wise concept of people's war, and proves that **"political power grows out of the barrel of a gun"** is a great truth which is universally applicable.

In short, this revolutionary modern ballet is an artistic pearl glistening with the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought. We could see it a thousand times and never tire of it. For it teaches us to remember always class bitterness, to remember the tears and blood we shed, to **"never forget class struggle."** It encourages us to follow Chairman Mao for ever, holding on to our guns as we wage revolution, to fight courageously for the far-reaching ideal of the emancipation of all mankind.

Why does *The White-Haired Girl* have such a powerful political impact, why is it so brimming with vitality? Because Comrade Chiang Ching, when she was leading the revolutionary artists in the production of the ballet, thoroughly carried out these great instructions of Chairman Mao: **"Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China"** and **"All literature and art... are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use."**

The White-Haired Girl is a great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, a great victory for the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

From Flinging an Incense Burner to Taking Up a Red-Tasselled Spear

The revolutionary modern ballet *The White-Haired Girl* is a wonderful ballet shining with the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought. It is successful in depicting the revolutionary image of poor and lower-middle peasants who dare to revolt and struggle, and graphically

This article was written by Kuan Su-ching who is a poor peasant commune member of the Evergreen People's Commune in Peking. The term poor peasant refers to the class status and not her present economic status.



presents Chairman Mao's great concept on the seizure and consolidation of state power by armed force.

After seeing this ballet I recalled the poor and lower-middle peasants' life of struggle before liberation. There are many things I want to talk about. I'll start with the incense burner and the red-tasselled spear.

The incense burner and the spear are two weapons used by Hsi-erh in revolt as shown in the ballet, *The White-Haired Girl*. Before liberation she picks up an incense burner from the Huang family's Buddhist shrine and fights her enemy Huang Shih-jen. After liberation she joins the Eighth Route Army, shoulders a red-tasselled spear and marches down the revolutionary road. This shows penetratingly Hsi-erh's progress from spontaneous resistance to con-

scious struggle. In her, I can see my own past. In her, I see the road travelled by millions of us poor and lower-middle peasants.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: "The ruthless economic exploitation and political oppression of the peasants by the landlord class forced them into numerous uprisings against its rule. . . . It was the class struggles of the peasants, the peasant uprisings and peasant wars that constituted the real motive force of historical development in Chinese feudal society."

Hsi-erh in *The White-Haired Girl* represents the millions upon millions of cruelly oppressed and exploited poor and lower-middle peasants. Her tragic fate in the old society mirrors the life of misery of us poor and lower-middle peasants in those days. Her fiery, burning hatred for the enemy shows the class hatred of the broad masses of poor and lower-middle peasants. Confronted by a beastly enemy, she snatches an incense burner and flings at him, seizes a candlestick and hits him with it. This is the kind of revolutionary spirit of rebellion we poor and lower-middle peasants display when fighting to the death against the class enemy.

"What fear we for the howling of the wolves and the roaring of the tigers; we cannot rest until these beasts are wiped out." This is the heroic spirit of us poor and lower-middle peasants who show no fear of violence but dare to struggle.

However, to overthrow the vicious reactionaries and their regime, mere spontaneous resistance is not enough, and incense burners and candlesticks won't do. Only under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party, when spontaneous resistance is elevated to conscious struggle and we take up the gun to attack the enemy, can thousands upon thousands of Yangkechuang Villages be liberated, can we seize political power and enable "innumerable Hsi-erh's to be emancipated and the glorious motherland to shine in brilliance."

Hsi-erh is liberated and her wrongs avenged but she does not forget other girls like her who are not yet free. To emancipate them from their sufferings, to safeguard the political power already won, she shoulders the red-tasselled spear and follows Chairman Mao to make revolution for ever.

I am delighted to see Hsi-erh shoulder a spear. From flinging an incense burner to shouldering a spear is a tremendous change. It shows Hsi-erh's growth. It shows how the daughter of a poor peasant matures into a revolutionary fighter.

The fundamental issue of revolution is the question of political power. Seizure of state power depends on the gun; likewise the consolidation of state power. After the proletariat seizes power, in the course of the whole socialist stage, classes and class struggle continue to exist, and class struggle boils down to a question of state power. The exploiting classes wish to overthrow our proletarian dictatorship, while the working class and poor and lower-middle peasants strive to consolidate our own state power. So long as class struggle exists, we cannot lay aside our gun. In fact, we must take a firmer grip on it. We will always follow Chairman Mao and use the revolutionary gun to consolidate our proletarian dictatorship, to safeguard our iron-clad proletarian state power.

We Are History's Witnesses

EDITORS' NOTE: This is a summary of what nine old worker comrades said at a forum condemning Liu Shao-chi's crimes in Wuhan in 1927. The nine, all members of the worker patrols, participated in the heroic struggle in 1927 to take back the city's British concession. In an angry exposure and denunciation, they presented irrefutable proof that renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi betrayed the revolution, sold out the working class movement and surrendered to the enemy.

The nine witnesses are Wan Neng-shan, Wu Tung-shan, Chung Chen-hou, Liu Chuan-fu, Huang Cheng-hsing, Chen Teng-wen, Wu Kuang-hua, Yang Kuang-shuang and Cheng Ho-ching.

As early as 1927 Liu Shao-chi was already a faithful lackey of the imperialists, revisionists and Kuomintang reactionaries who betrayed the working class and committed many crimes. We are witnesses. We want to expose and condemn the towering crimes of Liu Shao-chi who, together with the imperialists, the Kuomintang reactionaries and the old Right opportunist Chen Tu-hsiu, bloodily suppressed the revolutionary movement of the Hankow workers.

During the years of the first great revolution we were sweated by the British and French imperialists and China's bureaucrat-

capitalists. They exploited and oppressed us cruelly. Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, we workers decided to get organized, to rally closely together and overthrow the three big mountains that were breaking our backs — imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism.

In 1926, the worker and peasant movement was rising all over the country. Chairman Mao, in his brilliant *Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society* pointed out: **"The leading force in our revolution is the industrial proletariat."** Subsequently, when he was in Wuchang running the Central Institute for the Peasant Movement, in another brilliant article entitled *Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan*, Chairman Mao said: **"A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another."** He called on the peasants to rise up and **"overthrow the armed forces of the landlords and establish those of the peasants."** This support by the great leader to our revolution and revolt encouraged us to the utmost. Chairman Mao's instructions said what was in our hearts. They were a powerful guide to the swelling worker and peasant revolutionary movement of that time.

Then the storm of the workers' revolutionary movement broke in the Wuhan district of the province of Hupch. We joined the railwaymen's union, and took part in the worker patrols. The union suddenly grew to three hundred thousand members, child labourers formed a Working Children's Army, and we all battered the forces of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism in a tremendous assault which grew into a general strike that shook the whole country at the end of 1926.

On January 3, 1927 British imperialist sailors brutally shot down a number of our compatriots. The working class of Wuhan was enraged. We railwaymen in the worker patrols were the first to take up clubs and stones and lead the revolutionary masses in a charge against the city's British concession. **"Down with British imperialism! Take back the British concession!"** we shouted.

Desperately the British police tried to stop us. They trained their machine-guns on us from the pill-boxes guarding the concession's gates. But we were not intimidated. We rushed in, drove away

the police, and took over the concession. This was a great blow to the imperialists' prestige and a great encouragement to the proletariat. The courage of our patrols became known all over Wuhan and they were cheered and applauded wherever they went. The revolutionary masses were greatly inspired.

The terrified British imperialists were thrown into a panic by our revolutionary actions. The Right wing of the Kuomintang hated us for our revolutionary coup. Their representative, public enemy Chiang Kai-shek, said frenziedly that it would "lead to serious consequences," that "violence must be avoided at all costs." Chiang wanted to strangle our vigorous workers' movement.

Chen Tu-hsiu and Liu Shao-chi, long-time Right opportunists within the Communist Party, parroting the imperialists and Chiang Kai-shek, threatened and swore at the Wuhan workers' movement. That scoundrel Liu ordered the worker patrols to leave the British concession. On January 7, three hundred of us withdrew with tears in our eyes. The victory we had won at the cost of our lives and blood was presented by big renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi to the Kuomintang reactionaries as an earnest of his surrender to them and to the imperialists. This shows beyond any doubt that Liu long ago became a counter-revolutionary standing on the side of the imperialists and the Kuomintang reactionaries, that he was the "Chiang Kai-shek" within our Party.

What followed is more infuriating.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."** We learned from long and painful experience that the reason imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism were able to oppress and exploit us was because the working class had no political power, and that only with guns could we seize this power. When Chairman Mao was running the Central Institute for the Peasant Movement in 1927 in Wuchang, he paid particular attention to military training. In keeping with his instructions our worker patrols trained with guns. At that time there were over five thousand workers in the patrols, and we had more than three thousand guns. We also had a Working Children's Army of over ten thousand, all armed with clubs.

The imperialists and Kuomintang reactionaries hated and feared the workers' armed forces from the day we took back the British concession. They couldn't wait to destroy us. It was a decisive moment in the battle between revolution and counter-revolution, it was an important question of principle — who controlled the arms. Liu Shao-chi, by throwing himself on the bosom of the imperialists and Kuomintang, exposed himself completely as a renegade. He came out in person to demand that we turn over our weapons. Then in the name of the "Hupeh Trade Union Federation" he issued circular telegrams to "all workers and soldiers," smearing the patrols with the lie that we were "influencing the joint front between workers and soldiers," insisting that giving up our arms was "in the over-all interests of the revolution," that we needn't "fuss about it." He shamelessly begged the reactionary Kuomintang government for their "protection."

We learned about the order to disperse the worker patrols and to surrender all arms and ammunition on June 28, 1927. Every one of us was bursting with rage. We knew how important guns were, we knew that once the worker patrols turned them in, the imperialists and Kuomintang reactionaries would again ride rough shod over the people and we workers would be trampled with unbridled savagery.

Sure enough, shortly after we gave up our guns, the Kuomintang reactionaries started a bloody massacre. Their counter-revolutionary policy was "rather slaughter a thousand by mistake than let one get away." They cruelly murdered countless Communists and members of the worker patrols. We were in danger of our lives all the while we were working in the shops. The foreman had only to scowl, and more of our comrades would be dragged out and killed.

And so the vigorous revolutionary movement of the workers was sent to its grave by Chen Tu-hsiu, Liu Shao-chi and their cronies. The blood of our martyrs testifies that Liu Shao-chi is a mortal enemy of the working class, a faithful slave of the imperialists and the Kuomintang reactionaries, a renegade to the workers' revolutionary movement.

His statement that for us to give up our weapons was "in the over-all interests of the revolution" was pure deceit. Guns are essential

to the labouring people. With the essentials gone, what interests are left to maintain? Public enemies Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei took the guns the worker patrols surrendered and slaughtered us with them. What better proof could you want that Liu Shao-chi was operating not "in the interests of the revolution" but in the interests of the counter-revolution, that he offered the essentials of the labouring people to court the Kuomintang reactionaries.

His advice that we needn't "fuss about" giving up our arms was clearly intended to help the enemy. When we handed over the weapons, our eyes blazing with anger, Liu the scab said we were "making a big fuss over a small matter." He wanted us to fawn on the Kuomintang reactionaries and be a boot-licker like him.

Bah! We workers never cringed before the foe. The working class is going to rule the world. We're going to stamp out the imperialists and the Kuomintang reactionaries, including their lackey Liu Shao-chi. Liu even pleaded, "as a sign of our sincerity and support," that the Kuomintang "government give us its protection." What was this if not a confession that Liu was a renegade selling out the interests of the revolution and surrendering to public enemies Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei!

All of this cuts away like a sharp sword Liu's disguise. "Old revolutionary," "Marxist," "leader of the working class movement" — what bilge. He was an old counter-revolutionary and Right opportunist, a big renegade to the working class movement, an arch traitor and scab.

The great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by Chairman Mao personally, has pulled out and exposed before the masses Liu Shao-chi, a counter-revolutionary revisionist of long standing, an extreme reactionary whose crimes can never be expiated. Our fury has been assuaged at last. What we old workers have been longing for has finally happened. This is a great victory for the cultural revolution, a great victory for the thought of Mao Tse-tung, a great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Unmask the “Leader of the Workers’ Movement”

EDITORS’ NOTE: This article was written by revolutionary comrades of the State-owned Textile Mill Number Two, Shanghai, exposing the crimes of the renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. The May Thirtieth Movement mentioned in the article was a great revolutionary movement led by the Chinese Communist Party against imperialism. It was touched off on May 15, 1925 when Japanese capitalists of Shanghai textile mills opened fire on striking workers, killing Ku Cheng-hung, a Communist and leader of the strike, and wounding other workers. On May 30, workers and revolutionary students of Shanghai held a mighty protest demonstration. The British imperialists, who had forcibly occupied Chinese territory in Shanghai and converted it into a “concession,” brutally massacred many of them in an attempt to suppress their revolutionary movement. This was the May Thirtieth Incident. Revolutionary people in Shanghai and other cities rose in large-scale demonstration and strikes and students stopped classes. A nation-wide anti-imperialist upsurge was thus started.

Retired workers of Shanghai’s State-owned Textile Mill Number Two who took part in the May Thirtieth struggle and the Mill’s workers and staff have been angrily exposing and criticizing Liu

Shao-chi at mass meetings for his towering crimes of selling out the fundamental interests of the working class and sabotaging the May Thirtieth Movement.

The veterans are old but they’re militant and loyal. Their words are like artillery shells bombarding Liu Shao-chi, like scalpels cutting away his mask and exposing him as an arch renegade, traitor and scab.

Chou Kao-sheng, a veteran in his seventies, was the first to get up and speak. “Just because I’m retired,” he said, “that doesn’t mean I’m going to let that big scab Liu Shao-chi get away with anything. I’ve got iron-clad facts to show him up. The scoundrel has always been posing as a ‘leader of the workers’ movement.’ Rot! That’s rouging the corpse with a vengeance, trying to put a good face on carrion. I was in the May Thirtieth Movement. Under the leadership of the Party, we workers were rebelling against the imperialists and the reactionaries in a big way, fighting class enemies who were armed to the teeth. Many class brothers gave their lives for the revolution. The martyr Ku Cheng-hung was murdered by the Japanese imperialists.

“We didn’t cringe before counter-revolutionary violence, we kept on fighting. Our general strike lasted over three months. But Liu Shao-chi, who had usurped the leadership of the Shanghai Trade Union Federation, was quaking in his shoes. He knelt before the imperialists and reactionaries and sold us workers out. Then, on the excuse that he was sick, he ran away to Changsha. While we workers were bravely fighting the enemy tooth and nail, he scooted off to save his worthless life. Whoever heard of a ‘leader of the workers’ movement’ like that? Liu has always been the deadly foe of the working class. He’s a dyed in the wool veteran counter-revolutionary.”

As soon as Chou finished, old worker Huang Kuei-sheng jumped to his feet. He too had been in the May Thirtieth struggle and had been wounded in the three armed uprisings of the Shanghai workers.

“We formed a trade union then,” he said heatedly, “so as to organize the workers and fight the imperialists. The reactionaries and imperialists were very scared, and did everything to break the union. In name, Liu Shao-chi was a leader of the Shanghai Trade Union Feder-

ation, but secretly he was a running dog of the imperialists and the reactionaries, and plotted with them to sabotage the union. That arch renegade, traitor and scab wanted us to abandon our demand that the bosses recognize the union, which we laid down as a condition for our return to work. He said it was 'too extreme,' and used his authority to eliminate it. After we went back to work, we carried on our trade union activities in every factory, whether the enemy recognized the union or not. It's very clear that Liu Shao-chi is a hundred per cent scab. Down with arch scab Liu Shao-chi!"

Again Chou rose. His voice quivering with rage, he said the strike had lasted more than a hundred days and the workers were very badly off. "Often we had nothing to eat," he said. "Com-patriots had contributed several million yuan in support of the striking workers, but Liu respectfully turned it all over to Yu Chia-ching, a big comprador, for safe-keeping. That filthy Liu tried to use starvation to force us to surrender. Did you ever hear of such a rat?"

Lu Szu-pao, a veteran woman worker, stood up with tears in her eyes. She said: "In Shanghai the year of the big strike Nanking Road and Soochow Creek ran with the workers' blood, class brothers were arrested and murdered in jail. Why? Because of imperialist oppression and the sell-out by arch scab Liu Shao-chi. Liu gave the imperialists and reactionaries a black list of strikers on the pretext that he was seeking living expenses for us. The result was that many workers were fired and arrested. That villain did us tremendous damage."

"After the People's Republic was established," she went on, "the scab Liu schemed to usurp power over the Party, the government and the armed forces, to restore capitalism on a large scale and force us workers back to a life of bitterness. That big scab was dreaming! We're going to repudiate and settle accounts with him for every one of his criminal betrayals of the Party and state."

Angry slogans rang through the hall: "Down with arch scab Liu Shao-chi!" "Settle accounts with Liu for his crimes against the Party and the state!"

Hsu Ah-ping, another old worker, was highly indignant. He recalled that though plainly a scab, Liu had pretended to be concerned about the strikers. Liu said: "The workers have been leading a miserable life since the strike.... So before we go back to work I'm going to ask the bosses to give us a little expense money, or make some other provision."

"Liu was talking rot," cried Hsu. "We were rebelling against the imperialists and the big bourgeoisie to wrest political power for the working class, to win liberation for compatriots all over the country. Just before he died, Ku Cheng-hung said: 'Rally our four hundred million compatriots and carry on the revolutionary fight.' That was the common aspiration of hundreds of thousands of revolutionary martyrs and courageously struggling workers. But arch scab Liu Shao-chi did his utmost to convert our political battle into a struggle for 'a little expense money,' to lead us up the garden path of economism, to wreck the very foundations of the May Thirtieth anti-imperialist movement."

Veteran woman worker Lu San-mei was unable to suppress her rage. She said: "Liu Shao-chi sold out the workers and sabotaged the May Thirtieth Movement. Those are unforgivable crimes. Besides secretly betraying us, he also openly slandered us, saying the reason the enemy opened fire and killed and wounded us workers was because we workers didn't 'maintain order.' He said we 'should not use armed force to counter' the imperialists and reactionaries who were suppressing the revolutionary people with counter-revolutionary armed force."

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another."** But Liu Shao-chi wanted us to maintain "order." Why? It's very clear. He wanted us workers to submit to the cruel oppression of the imperialists, to be their beasts of burden, without resistance or struggle. But we refused to maintain his kind of "order." We fought back. Liu was scared stiff, and hated us like poison. The imperialists were using guns and cannons to suppress us. Why shouldn't we use violence to cope with them? Ku Cheng-hung fought with a club in his hand.

Liu's fear of our using weapons showed what an arch scab he really was. Today, in the great proletarian cultural revolution, China's hundreds of millions of revolutionaries, led by our great leader Chairman Mao, have pulled out Liu Shao-chi, that arch renegade, traitor and scab, and expelled him for ever from the Party. This is very good indeed.

Intense class hatred burns like fire in the heart of every worker. Angrily, we exclaim: Big scab Liu Shao-chi is the inveterate enemy of the working class. We shall settle accounts with him for his crimes one by one. Until we have thoroughly criticized and repudiated him, we shall not leave the battlefield.

Chronicle

One Hundred and Fifty Million Sets of "Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung" Published in Less than Three Years

Today in China, the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works has become the primary need in the people's life. Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's call to "Study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions and be his good fighters" has turned into the common resolve of the people of the whole nation. In order to cope with such a revolutionary demand, the work of publishing Chairman Mao's works has greatly developed.

From the beginning of 1966 to the end of November 1968, China published and distributed more than 150 million sets of *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*. These include editions in the Han, Mongolian, Tibetan, Uighur, Kazakh and Korean languages. This is more than thirteen times the total quantity published in the fifteen years before the great proletarian cultural revolution.

During this three-year period China also printed and distributed more than 140 million copies of *Selected Readings from the Works of Mao Tse-tung*, over 740 million copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, nearly 2,000 million copies of Chairman Mao's *Serve the People*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune*, *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, *On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party*, *Combat Liberalism*, *Report to the Second Plenary Session of the Seventh Central Committee of the Communist Party of China* and other such illustrious

works in collections or single-article pamphlets, and more than 96 million copies of *Chairman Mao's Poems*.

The number of houses printing *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* has now increased from thirteen in seven provinces and municipalities before the great proletarian cultural revolution to more than three hundred in all provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions, except Tibet, throughout the country. Since the cultural revolution, the revolutionary workers and staff members of the paper making industry have increased the output of paper used in printing Chairman Mao's works by more than a dozen times and have succeeded in trial-producing a kind of thin letterpress paper suitable for printing pocket-size extra fine copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*. In this way it has been made certain that Chairman Mao's works will be published in large quantities. The broad masses of revolutionary workers and staff members of the plastics, printing ink and machine building industries have also taken an active part in and energetically supported the work of publishing and distributing Chairman Mao's works.

No sooner were these large quantities of Chairman Mao's illustrious works issued than the staff of the distribution sections and the revolutionary workers and staff members of trade, transport and postal service departments distributed and delivered them at top speed to the cities, villages, mountain areas, grasslands, islands, border areas and all corners of our great motherland. Upon receiving the treasured revolutionary books, the revolutionary people of all nationalities burst into enthusiastic cheers of "Long live the victory of the great proletarian cultural revolution!" "Long live the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung!" and "Long live our great leader Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

Large-Size Sculpture of Chairman Mao Completed in Kweiyang

On December 28, 1968 a large-size sculpture of our great leader Chairman Mao was completed in Kweiyang, Kweichow Province.

Towering on the Spring Thunder Square beside the city's Nanming River in all its dignity and impressiveness, this giant statue glistening

in golden colour is a little over twelve metres tall supported underneath by a pedestal seven metres high. On the front and rear faces of the base are Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's inscriptions: "Long live the great teacher, the great leader, the great supreme commander, the great helmsman Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!" and "Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tse-tung's thought." On its right and left faces are carved two passages from the "Foreword to the Second Edition of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*" written by Comrade Lin Piao. Behind the sculpture stand twenty-four poles with red flags unfurled in the wind. In front of it is hoisted a five-star red flag high on a twenty-metre pole around which are planted rows of firs, pines and other evergreens. The statue is flanked by three fluttering red banners on each side. All these serve as a fitting background to the huge statue of Chairman Mao, adding to its grandeur and magnificence.

Over two hundred thousand armymen and civilians in the Kweiyang area held a grand rally in warm celebration of the triumphant completion of the sculpture. The meeting decided to send a telegram of tribute to our great leader Chairman Mao. At the same time the provincial revolutionary committee and the Kweichow Command of the PLA announced their "Resolution to further unfold throughout the province the activities of pledging infinite loyalty to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tse-tung's thought and to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line."

Large-Size Colour Portrait in Porcelain Made

Recently, the Porcelain Art Factory in Chingtehchen, the famous porcelain centre in Kiangsi Province, succeeded in producing a large-size colour portrait in porcelain, *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan*.

This portrait is drawn after the oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan*. Made up of four hundred and twenty-eight porcelain plates, the portrait is six metres high and weighs over a thousand kilogrammes. It depicts the much-loved figure of our great leader Chairman Mao on his way to Anyuan. Its success represents a new develop-

ment in Chinese ceramics art. In making the portrait, showing in concrete form their infinite devotion to our great leader Chairman Mao, the ceramics workers made the strictest demands on themselves—to work with the highest degree of political enthusiasm, at highest speed and to produce the best quality. Serious and conscientious at work, they were resourceful in thinking of ways to overcome difficulty after difficulty which arose in the course of colour drawing. With the help and support of other units and Comrade Liu Chun-hua, artist of the original oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan*, they finally succeeded in their work on the glorious day of Chairman Mao's seventy-fifth birthday.

In addition, the ceramics workers, with their profound concern for Chairman Mao, completed the glorious political task of making twenty-eight million Chairman Mao badges during the year 1968, completing the task ahead of schedule. These fine porcelain badges have been sent to all parts of the country and are warmly welcomed by the revolutionary people of all nationalities.

At present the broad masses of the revolutionary workers and staff members in the ceramics industry are actively engaged in making more than thirty kinds of new Chairman Mao badges as an expression of their loyalty to our great leader Chairman Mao and a tribute to the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China.

Workers' Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team Enters Shenyang's Literary and Art Units

At the end of 1968, in accordance with our great leader Chairman Mao's significant teaching "**The working class must exercise leadership in everything,**" the Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team composed of a number of fine industrial workers marched into the various literary and art units of the city of Shenyang, Liaoning Province.

On that day more than three thousand revolutionary literary and art fighters, singing and dancing to their hearts' content, gave the Workers' Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team the warmest

possible welcome upon its arrival. They loudly cheered over and over again "A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

In the past decade or so, the renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his agents in the northeast area relentlessly pushed a counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art, with the idea of using the literary and art circles as their position in their attempt to restore capitalism. In order to thoroughly repudiate the counter-revolutionary and revisionist black line in literature and art, and get rid of the poisons it had left behind, the workers' propaganda team entered the literary and art fields to lead the task of struggle-criticism-transformation there. This occurred at a time when the people throughout the country have been winning all-round victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution, and showed Chairman Mao's concern, support and encouragement for the broad masses of literary and art fighters.

Responsible comrades of the workers' propaganda team and the PLA's propaganda team all spoke at the welcome meeting. The representatives of the revolutionary masses of the literary and art units also spoke and emphasized strongly that without the leadership of the working class, it was not possible for the proletarian revolution in literature and art to be carried through to the end and that without re-education by the working class it was impossible for the intellectuals' world outlook to be completely remoulded. They said: "We must act according to Chairman Mao's teaching that the working class must exercise leadership in everything, must conscientiously and voluntarily accept the working class' leadership and sincerely accept their re-education. Under the leadership of the working class we must accomplish the task of struggle-criticism-transformation in the literary and art fields and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end."

Kwangchow PLA Units Give Cultural Performances

For a month round about New Year's Day, the PLA units at Kwangchow jointly presented grand stage performances. Participants were the more than six hundred fighters belonging to the Mao Tse-tung's

Thought Propaganda Cultural Teams of the land, naval and air forces. Full of profound proletarian feelings of loyalty to Chairman Mao, they travelled far and wide into the factories, villages, army units, schools and street communities and gave performances there for the workers, peasants and soldiers. They looked upon the performances as a practical way of showing their loyalty to Chairman Mao as well as a very good opportunity for them to learn from the workers and poor and lower-middle peasants.

When they heard Chairman Mao's latest instructions and the New Year's Day editorial over the radio, the literary and art fighters at once started compiling and rehearsing their programmes. In one night, twenty-five propaganda teams produced and rehearsed over thirty items, which included *Warmly Hail the Publication of Chairman Mao's Latest Instructions and the New Year's Day Editorial* and *Mao Tse-tung's Thought Is the Commander*. Carrying out Chairman Mao's teaching of serving the people "wholly" and "entirely," the fighters of the propaganda teams braved the cold wind and rain to put on one hundred and twenty-eight stage shows for a total audience of over one hundred and eighty thousand revolutionary masses, who gave them their most enthusiastic approval. Everywhere they went they were received with a fanfare of cymbals and gongs by the masses of the revolutionary people who took them to their hearts. During the shows it often happened that the singing on the stage and the clapping down below merged into a most moving song of tribute to the unity of soldier and civilian. The revolutionary worker and peasant audiences spoke highly of these performances: "The PLA's programmes give prominence to Mao Tse-tung's thought. We like them very much." "You PLA men put Mao Tse-tung's thought in command of the entire stage. Every item you put on expresses infinite loyalty to Chairman Mao, expressing what we feel inside ourselves."

Through these performances the fighters of the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams have gained a deeper understanding of the greatness, wisdom and correctness of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, and the thoroughly criminal nature of Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line. They have now a better grasp of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and their conscious-

ness of the struggle between the two lines and of class struggles is greatly heightened. They are determined to follow always the orientation pointed out by Chairman Mao that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and proletarian politics, and advance courageously. They are also determined to put Mao Tse-tung's thought in command of everything and to produce a new vigorous development in the literary and art activities of the masses. Their labour will bring forth new fruits as a tribute to the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China and the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China.

"The Red Lantern" in Albania

The first issue of 1969 of *Nondoni*, organ of the Writers' and Artists' Union of Albania, carried an Albanian version of *The Red Lantern*, China's model revolutionary Peking opera with a modern theme.

This Chinese opera was translated into the Albanian language by Albanian literary workers Enver Fico and Ismail Kadare.

Before this, a singer of the Tirana Theatre of Opera and Ballet sang in Albanian the Peking opera aria *Hatred in My Heart Sprouts a Hundredfold* from the piano music version of *The Red Lantern*. This is a song sung by the railway worker's daughter Li Tieh-mei after she saw with her own eyes the execution of her heroic grandmother and father by the enemy.

The Chinese documentary film on the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing was also shown in Tirana and was enthusiastically received by the broad masses of Albanian working people.

WORKS OF MAO TSE-TUNG

Pamphlets in English

A selection of his works written between 1937-1941:

Policies, Measures and Perspectives for Resisting Japanese Invasion
For the Mobilization of All the Nation's Forces for Victory in the War
of Resistance
Combat Liberalism
Urgent Tasks Following the Establishment of Kuomintang Communist
Co-operation
Interview with the British Journalist James Bertram
The Situation and Tasks in the Anti-Japanese War After the Fall of
Shanghai and Taiyuan
Problems of Strategy in Guerrilla War Against Japan
On Protracted War
The Role of the Chinese Communist Party in the National War
Problems of War and Strategy
The Orientation of the Youth Movement
To Be Attacked by the Enemy Is Not a Bad Thing but a Good Thing
Introducing "The Communist"
Recruit Large Numbers of Intellectuals
The Chinese Revolution and the Chinese Communist Party
On New Democracy
New-Democratic Constitutional Government
On the Question of Political Power in the Anti-Japanese Base Areas
Current Problems of Tactics in the Anti-Japanese United Front
Freely Expand the Anti-Japanese Forces and Resist the Onslaughts of
the Anti-Communist Die-hards
On Policy

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TAKING THE BANDITS' STRONGHOLD

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