



CHINESE
LITERATURE

9

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

Going all out, aiming high and achieving greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism.

We must work for the interests of the vast majority of the people, for the interests of the vast majority of the people of China and for the interests of the vast majority of the people of the world; we must not work for a small number of persons, for the exploiting classes, for the bourgeoisie or for the landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements or Rightists.

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A Tireless Revolutionary

Chen Kuo-jung is an old soldier. He joined the revolution during the War of Resistance Against Japan. At present he is chief of the supply department of a military district in the province of Kiangsu, and has been named an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought in the Nanking garrison.

Throughout the revolutionary war period, under the wise leadership of our great supreme commander Chairman Mao, Chen fought boldly and distinguished himself many times in battle. What people commend him, however, is not only for his glorious past, but also for his conduct during the socialist revolution. Chen has been assiduously studying and putting into practice Chairman Mao's great doctrine in regard to continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. Never proud or complacent, fearing neither hardship nor death, Chen has always rushed to pick up the revolution's burdens. His revolutionary spirit is tireless and thorough.

November 11, 1945 is a day he will remember all his life, for on that day he joined the ranks of the proletarian vanguard and became a

member of the glorious Communist Party of China. Chen's heart beat fast and blood raced through his veins. Standing before a picture of Chairman Mao, he vowed: "I shall go with Chairman Mao and fight for communism till the end of my days."

In the succeeding twenty-five years, Chen has striven by his every act to fulfil that solemn vow. During the war years, he followed Chairman Mao and courageously fought the foe. After nation-wide victory, maintaining his revolutionary enthusiasm, he has always chosen the most difficult tasks and most dangerous places, proving himself in critical moments. Chen has been selected repeatedly as a delegate to conferences of activists in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought in both the provincial and Nanking military areas.

But as Chen was striding briskly forward down revolution's road in the political sense, physically his rheumatism was getting worse. On cloudy or rainy days his joints became red and swollen. The pain was often so bad he could neither stand nor sit comfortably. Several times the Party committee discussed his condition and made recommendations. Now the higher leadership had no choice but to relieve Chen of his duties and urge him to rest.

To Chen it was a bolt from the blue. All the battles he had fought, waging revolution with Chairman Mao, again drifted before his eyes. Our great leader's momentous teaching rang in his ears: "**Never forget class struggle.**" Internationally, the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries were colluding in a vicious anti-China campaign. Domestically, the class enemies hadn't halted for a moment in their schemes to overthrow our proletarian dictatorship. These savage beasts had not yet been annihilated. How could a Communist leave the field?

Chen took his problem to the works of Chairman Mao and found this teaching: "**With victory, certain moods may grow within the Party — arrogance, the airs of a self-styled hero, inertia and unwillingness to make progress, love of pleasure and distaste for continued hard living.**"

"You mustn't use the concern of the Party and your comrades as an excuse for giving rein to those 'moods,'" he reminded himself.

He expressed his feelings to the Party organization. "I owe my life to Chairman Mao," he said. "A Communist cannot be quelled by illness. It may torment my body but it cannot shake my determination to fight to the finish for the cause of communism."

Not long afterwards, Chen heard that they were going to set up a farm. He requested the Party to give the job to him.

The site selected was a big marsh where the borders of the provinces of Kiangsu, Chekiang and Anhwei met. It was ringed by mountains, and thousands of streams emptied into it in the rainy season, converting it into a vast lake. Since ancient times, no one had ever been able to put it to the plough or plant so much as a single rice sprout. The local people had a jingle that ran:

Three Pagodas Marsh is cruel country,
When the rains come it's a misty sea.
Never tilled since ancient days,
Ten years out of ten it's flooded always.
Turn it to grain fields from end to end?
The gods must first from Heaven descend!

Chen arrived with twenty-seven soldiers in the middle of a severe winter. The marsh was buried in snow. They stood and looked. Each man was equipped with a knapsack, a rifle, a rake and a pickaxe. How were they going to tackle this land which had been asleep for a thousand years?

Chen threw down his knapsack and commenced a rally on the spot. He and the soldiers studied the Three Constantly Read Articles by Chairman Mao and his teaching "**Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people.**" Chen told the soldiers about the stubborn fight of the New Fourth Army in the enemy's rear during the War of Resistance Against Japan and how, guided by Mao Tsetung Thought, the people's forces courageously annihilated the foe, in spite of the harsh surroundings and a severe shortage of equipment.

The more they studied, the clearer they became in their minds. The more they talked, the more confident they grew that they could conquer the adverse conditions. Twenty-eight hearts beat with a

single purpose. The Party had given them the task to setting up the farm. They had loyal minds and strong hands. Regardless of conditions, they would do the job.

There were no houses, so they built walls of earth, roofing them over with tarpaulins. The natural warmth of the congregated men melted the ice during their first night, and by morning their bedding was soaked. Where Chen had slept there was a small puddle.

"You're living in the Palace Under the Sea, department chief," the men said jestingly.

Chen laughed. "Why not, if that will change this marsh to grain fields?"

They had no equipment, no draught animals. Should they ask the state for money with which to buy some? "A hundred times better to sweat it out," said Chen, "than to hold our hands out for a penny." He borrowed a plough from a nearby commune and pulled it himself. When the men saw the grey-haired old veteran straining forward, they were very moved.

"Our department chief doesn't act a bit like a sick man," they said. "He has the steel sinews and iron bones of a typical Communist."

One by one, they overcame their problems. All winter they battled under Chen's leadership. They built a big dyke and opened up more than five hundred *mu* of land. That summer fields of rice, green and shimmering, gladdened the eye. On the land "never tilled since ancient days" a farm was born.

But just when the rice was flowering and putting out tassels, an unusually heavy rain began to fall. It poured without a let-up.

Chen was away at a meeting with army leaders at the time. In the evening he heard that Three Pagodas Marsh was flooding, and insisted on setting out at once. With a bamboo stick for a staff, he walked steadily through the rain all night and all the next day, not even stopping to eat. Chen travelled more than a hundred *li* to return to the farm. The soldiers were reinforcing the dyke. How stirred they were when they saw the department chief staggering towards them through the storm. They rushed forward to support him. He was pale, drenched and trembling. They wanted to take him to their quarters for a rest. Chen wouldn't go.

"I want to check the dyke first," he said, "and look at the rice."

Chatting with the soldiers, he inspected every inch of the dyke. Suddenly, a section collapsed and water gushed through, swirling into the fields.

Chen leaped down into the gap.

"That's dangerous, department chief. Let us do it." The soldiers wanted to take his place, but Chen refused to move. While blocking the hole with his body, he directed the men to drive in stakes, bring sandbags and dump earth. After a two-hour battle, the gap was filled. Then Chen passed out.

Mud was clamped in his fists when the men carried him to the embankment. They gathered around him, tears of emotion streaming from their eyes.

"Our department chief not only teaches us the Three Constantly Read Articles and tells us stories about the perseverance and fearlessness of our revolutionary forebears," they said; "he takes the lead in putting the wisdom of Chairman Mao's works into practice."

The flood waters receded. The fields were saved. With their sweat and blood Chen and the men wrested a bumper harvest. They garnered a hundred and eighty thousand *jin* of rice that year. Even more to their joy, they were acclaimed a Four Good unit, and a representative of the farm had the pleasure of being received by our great leader Chairman Mao.

On battlefields shrouded in smoke, Chen had advanced through a hail of bullets. Now, with the revolution continuing under the dictatorship of the proletariat, he fought and worked with equal selflessness, further distinguishing himself for the people. The Party and the people gave him new honours.

But Chen never forgot Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**The comrades must be taught to remain modest, prudent and free from arrogance and rashness in their style of work. The comrades must be taught to preserve the style of plain living and hard struggle.**" Constantly criticizing "self," Chen didn't let honours turn his head. He lived simply and would accept no special treatment. He remained always an ordinary revolutionary soldier.

A PLA company was doing construction work in the mountains, and Chen made a long trip to see them. When he entered the barracks he found them busy setting up a bed for him. "I don't need a separate bed," said Chen. He pointed at a young soldier. "Liu is small and I'm thin. Why can't we double up?" Chen worked with them for three months, and slept every night of the ninety days in the soldiers' barracks.

After he returned to the farm office, the supply clerk, who had just received some new beds, gave one to him. The old one was falling apart. Chen kept it tied together with rope. He looked at the new bed, ran his hands over it, and tears came to his eyes. "I was a landlord's hired hand in the old society," he thought. "I ate chaff, wore sacking, slept on a pallet of straw. I never even saw a bed like this." He turned and looked at his old bed. It was pretty battered, but it was still a lot better than the straw he had slept on in the old society and the reeds on which he had bedded down during the war years.

"I can tighten it up with a little more rope," Chen said to the supply man. "I don't need a new bed."

"I don't need it." That was Chen's standard reply to any special consideration offered. Some comrades didn't understand at first. It seemed to them only right that an old cadre, whose health was far from good, should be looked after. Why did he always refuse? Chen reviewed with them what Chairman Mao said comrades "**must be taught**" and his teaching: "**Without the style of hard struggle, it is impossible to maintain a firm and correct political orientation.**" Chen also told them of something which had impressed him deeply.

He had gone to a certain city to attend a conference and heard that an old friend of his now held a responsible position in one of the organizations there. In an early battle in the War of Liberation they had both been wounded. Chen, carrying the man on his back, had waded across seven icy streams, and got him safely out of the enemy encirclement. He remembered his old battle companion with affection and hurried to see him.

Chen was dressed the same as he had been on the battlefield — bare feet shod in cloth shoes, a homespun shirt, an old army uniform. The other fellow, sitting in his fancy office, was plainly contemptuous of Chen's rough and ready appearance. Elegantly clad, he was cool and distant. They had little to say, and Chen soon left in a fury.

The incident had shaken him severely. All of the old friends who had faced death with him on the battlefield had continued following our great supreme commander Chairman Mao and remained spirited revolutionaries. Only this man had changed. Why? Not long after, someone told Chen that the man, taken in by the blandishments of the bourgeoisie, had gone revisionist and committed serious errors.

"As soon as we entered the cities people like him couldn't wait to drop their 'rustic' ways," Chen said angrily. "They became quite bourgeois and performed the duties which the Party gave them as servants of the people as if they were aristocratic officials. No wonder they made mistakes."

This encounter sharpened Chen's conviction that a man must choose between being pampered and becoming more revolutionary, between seeking after personal pleasure and fighting difficulties for the revolution. It is a battle between two diametrically opposed world outlooks, between the schemes of the bourgeoisie for making a come-back and the counter-measures of the proletariat. His mind racing, he stared long at a picture of Chairman Mao. In a neat firm script he wrote that day in his diary: "I shall fight hard all my life."

Although Chen had been commended in battle, he never mentioned himself when he gave a talk about the war. He was always pointing out the weaknesses and short-comings in his thinking and his work. He effaced himself when honours were being awarded. He never took credit for anything.

Last August he went back to the Three Pagodas Farm, where he had laboured so hard, to check up and help with the work. One day he was notified to return to headquarters for a meeting. It was a good distance from the farm and there was no convenient place to eat along the road. A few comrades boiled a dozen or so duck eggs and quietly slipped them into his rucksack.

The bag felt strangely heavy when he slung it over his shoulder. Chen opened it up and discovered the duck eggs. He returned them to the kitchen. The comrades were very upset.

"You've done so much for our farm, department chief," they said. "Surely you deserve a couple of eggs?"

"The fault lies in the word 'deserve,' comrades," Chen replied. His voice was affectionate but serious. Any successes the farm had achieved were a result of relying on Mao Tsetung Thought, on the joint efforts of the fighters, he said. "As for me," he went on, "those few duties I had I didn't perform very well. A revolutionary fighter sweats and bleeds for the revolution, not to win honours and comforts. He pulls the cart, he doesn't ride in it. That's the nature of a revolutionary, just as it's the nature of the bourgeoisie to ride and not to pull. We Communists never carry in our pockets a list of our accomplishments, and we never keep in our mind a list of comforts due us."

That summer Sixth Company, which was on a long-term assignment in the mountains, decided to build a permanent camp. Chen announced that he was going to help. Some comrades were afraid the work would be too heavy for him, and suggested that he send someone else.

"A commander who doesn't work with his men doesn't know their hearts," he said. "The man who prefers life a bit softer and works a bit easier gets lazy. He goes revisionist in his thinking."

Chen plunged right into the job at the mountain station. He was all over the place, planning, working beneath the hot sun and in pouring rain. He levelled ground with the soldiers and toted earth, getting himself as plastered with mud as any of the boys. In the evenings he studied Chairman Mao's writings with them by an oil lamp and told stories of the Red Army during the 25,000-*li* Long March.

Sixth Company needed more than ten thousand tiles for their roofs. The source of supply was several hundred *li* away, and the tiles had to be relayed via boat and cart and carrying poles in more than ten different stages. Chen stayed in turn at each of the trans-shipment points. There was hardly a tile that didn't pass through his hands.

When the men began building the roofs they found that only three tiles had been broken in the entire shipping operation.

"Our department chief is well on in years and his hair is grey," said the company soldiers, "but his steps and his heartbeats are in cadence with ours."

Chen has been troubled constantly by illness in recent years, but he has never slowed his pace. In fact he has intensified his study of Chairman Mao's works and stepped up his fight against selfishness and his criticism of revisionism. He maintains that only by revolutionizing himself and changing his subjective world can a man continue to be a revolutionary in the course of transforming the objective world. Only the Communist who prevents his thinking from becoming afflicted with the rickets of bourgeois selfishness can continue marching down revolution's road with firm sure steps.

One stormy night Chen, who was staying in Third Company, received an important directive by phone from a higher Party committee. It also had to be transmitted immediately to a nearby company whose telephone line had been snapped by the storm. Whoever went would have to cross a five-thousand-metre lake, heaving with wind-tossed waves. Since they had only a small boat, the journey obviously would be dangerous. Many comrades of Third Company volunteered but, since the directive was important and the trip risky, Chen decided to go himself. No one could dissuade him. He took only one soldier, and they set out. Their small craft tossed and rocked like a cradle on the bounding waves. Pain stabbed through Chen's rheumatic joints and his stomach ailment flared up. Both his legs became so paralyzed he could hardly stand. Silently, he kept repeating to himself the teaching of our great leader Chairman Mao: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

It seemed to Chen he was not merely battling against wind and wave, but further tempering his ardent loyalty to Chairman Mao. He vowed to defend our great leader and work for the people's interests every second his heart continued to beat, regardless of storms.

Chen grasped the punting pole harder and stubbornly shoved the boat's prow into the menacing swells.

After transmitting the directive, Chen collapsed. The Party and comrades urged him to go to the hospital for a check-up and a good rest. Chen only smiled.

"It doesn't matter. An old ailment. The storm brought it on. If I grit my teeth, it will pass. Besides, being sick often means I have less chance to serve the people. I've got to use every precious minute for the revolution."

Nevertheless, the organization ordered him to rest, and terminated his duties.

A few days later he was back at headquarters, pleading with the senior commander: "Let me return to work. I just can't get used to resting."

Although the organization wouldn't assign him any new duties, Chen kept looking for ways to serve the people. A city boy who had joined the army was having difficulty in settling down to working and serving in a remote mountain village.

Chen warmly helped him, carrying the same big basket with him during the day and sharing the same bed at night. Together they studied the Three Constantly Read Articles, together they compared the bitterness of the past with the sweetness of the present. With Chen's guidance, the boy refuted renegade Liu Shao-chi's pernicious dictums: "One goes to school in order to become an official" and "Manual labour is a punishment," and excoriated bourgeois selfishness. He soon was named an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought.

With the advent of the rice-transplanting season, a cadre bought some plastic string for tying the seedlings into bunches. Chen couldn't sleep all night when he heard about this. In the past they had always used rope made of rice straw. Why were they now switching to plastic?

Chen worked as usual during the day, but for the next ten evenings he made straw rope. He also wrote out a number of quotations from Chairman Mao regarding maintaining a style of hard struggle in

work and presented them to the cadre, together with many hanks of straw rope.

"Better use these," he said.

The cadre was extremely moved. He studied Chairman Mao's teachings and, of his own initiative, did a self-criticism. This expedited the revolutionization of his thinking.

On May 20th, this year, not long after he started his convalescence, Chen spent an unusual day. He was checking the preparations on the farm for summer harvest and planting. Because he was over-tired, his knee swelled up and his whole body burned like fire. Everyone was concerned about him. After supper, they helped him to a thatched shack and told him to get a good night's sleep.

That evening, the radio broadcast Chairman Mao's solemn statement: "**People of the World, Unite and Defeat the U.S. Aggressors and All Their Running Dogs!**" To Chen it was like an order on the battlefield to fight, a bugle call to charge. He had to go and study immediately.

The members of the Party branch committee, in the midst of studying the statement, were startled to see Chen enter. "Sorry to be late," he said apologetically. He sat down beside the assistant political instructor and joined in the discussion.

"I'll help you back to bed, department chief," the instructor offered. "I'll report to you tomorrow on how the study went."

"You comrades can't study for me," Chen replied. "Chairman Mao's statement is a call to battle. We must respond at once." He resumed his study of the statement with the others and discussed with them how to implement it.

It wasn't until one o'clock in the morning that Chen allowed the comrades to help him back to his quarters. He was much too stimulated to sleep. He copied the statement carefully and neatly in his notebook.

The first light of day, rosily entering through Chen's window, fell on the copy he had written, burnishing each word like gold. Chen felt brimming with strength.

He walked through the sunrise to the fields, the pig pens, the barns, and talked with every cadre and soldier. He wanted to make sure

they understood Chairman Mao's statement thoroughly. He discussed with them how they would respond to it by concrete action and support the people's revolutionary struggles all over the world. Chen didn't get back to his quarters until nine o'clock at night. From the time Chairman Mao's statement was issued, Chen had been on the job a full twenty-four hours.

That's how Chen is. His mind illuminated by Mao Tsetung Thought, as he follows the course charted by Chairman Mao, he continues to wage revolution, striding forward with youthful vigour.

Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people. ►



The Big Hammer Spirit

It was a cold snowy day in winter.

On the northern bank of the Sunghua River stood a small factory. In its courtyard several furnaces were ablaze. The sound of hammers could be heard inside and out. A group of vigorous workers, all in a sweat, were going at it hammer and tongs, producing disc-wheels for carts in a new manner. Snow-flakes melted as they fell upon the workers' backs; cold wind turned into vapour when it touched their bodies.

"Stop."

"We've beaten our hammers a thousand and two hundred times," a worker shouted proudly. "Big factories manufacture disc-wheels with machines, we make them with our hammers."

"Long live Chairman Mao!" Cheerful voices rang in the courtyard. This was the small Chaotung Red Flag Machine Shop.

In 1955 the movement for agricultural co-operation arose. The poor and lower-middle peasants of Chaotung County set up co-ops. The rapid development of agriculture stirred everyone. Three

blacksmiths, each with a big hammer in his hands, came together. They were Li Chia-chih, a Communist, and two poor peasants, Chao Fu-chang and Ma Kuang-yi. They had just one idea in mind: To spur the advance of the socialist agriculture with their three big hammers.

Their determination won quick support from the county's revolutionary cadres. It was decided to let them organize all the blacksmiths and build a small shop to serve agriculture.

Li Chia-chih, who came from a poor peasant family and joined the Party in the storm of class struggle in 1948, kept firmly in mind the bitter sufferings of his class and his hatred, born of blood and tears, for the old society. With infinite loyalty to the Party and Chairman Mao, he made a pledge to the Party organization: The task of a Communist is to fight all his life for the cause of the Party. I'll do my bit for the Party by working with the hammer in my hands.

Li organized more than twenty blacksmiths. Their only equipment was the three hammers and two pairs of pincers. How should they run this small shop?

"We must rely on the state for equipment, tools and financial support," said one. "We can't operate a factory with nothing."

The world is made by the working people, others countered. Is it impossible for us, the working class, to build up a small shop with our hammers under the leadership of the Communist Party and Chairman Mao? We cannot dismantle the big machine of the state to get parts for our small machines.

Communist Li led his mates in studying two passages from the opening address Chairman Mao made in September, 1949 at the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference: **"There are indeed difficulties ahead of us, and, moreover, a great many of them. But we firmly believe that they will all be surmounted by the people of the country through their heroic struggle."** **"We, the Chinese people, will steadily reach our goal by our indomitable efforts."**

Chairman Mao's brilliant teachings lit up the way for the blacksmiths. They would run their enterprise by hard struggle. Their enthusiasm was like a basin of glowing charcoal, burning higher and

fiercer. They said: "We must take the road of **'maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts'** pointed out to us by Chairman Mao. With our three big hammers, we'll beat out a new socialist factory."

A hard battle ensued. As they did not have any workshop, Li took his twenty-four mates to a rickety shack that kept out neither wind nor rain in the grounds of a ruined temple. They cut thatch and sawed wood day and night to repair it. With broken tiles and bricks they picked up, they built three furnaces. They brought old planks and rusty nails from home and made frames for the bellows of three forges. They had no fuel, so they had their wives and children pick coal from ash heaps. They travelled all over the county town with sacks on their shoulders collecting scrap-iron. Some they obtained from the big factories. By dint of much effort, they finally managed to get one hammer for each man.

The furnaces were fired and burned day and night. Twenty-five hammers took their full swings, twenty-five loyal hearts all beat towards the red sun. Each of the workers had three tools: a big hammer, a pair of pincers and a bamboo basket. Following Li's example, they swung hammers in their working hours and picked scrap-iron and cinders after shift to keep their furnaces burning. Neither their hammers nor their baskets were allowed to lie idle. Soon they were producing shovels for digging irrigation canals and darkly gleaming iron ploughs.

"We've beaten a path with our three big hammers," Li said with great emotion as he gazed at the swinging hammers and new products beneath the lamplight. "We'll follow it always. Our three big hammers are forging for us a new-type socialist enterprise. We shall go on building socialism with this spirit till victory."

Soon, the Party organization named this small factory the "Red Flag Machine Shop," and Li was elected secretary of the Party branch. To meet the demands of the rapid advance of agriculture the shop was asked to manufacture six hundred ploughs, two hundred well-drilling rigs and fifty horse-drawn sprayers.

Some people proposed waiting for equipment from the state, saying: "Our factory is called a 'machine shop.' But we haven't

seen any signs of machines yet. Now they'll have to give us some."

"We're based on our three big hammers," argued Chao Fu-chang, an old worker who joined the Party during the arduous struggle of building the factory. "With Mao Tsetung Thought as our guide, we can crush poverty and backwardness with our big hammers and create a new world!"

All agreed with Chao. They decided to make their equipment during the course of production. The first thing they turned out was a shaping machine.

Party secretary Li and the workers found some old rails and scrap-iron. From these they began beating out parts for the shaping machine with their hammers at night. After dozens of experiments, they succeeded in producing their first piece of equipment in a few nights of hard work. Maintaining this spirit they manufactured a lathe, a punch and other machines. The task entrusted them was accomplished successfully.

The small machine shop, based on three big hammers, was now vigorously developing, nourished by the rain and dew of Mao Tsetung Thought.

In winter of 1961, a new problem arose. How should the workers of the machine shop take the next step on the road to self-reliance? Old workers Chao Fu-chang and Chao Yi-san, at the request of the others, went to the countryside in a snowstorm to seek the views of the poor and lower-middle peasants.

They found that the disc-wheels, both of wood and of cast iron, broke easily on the hard ground during the fiercely cold winters.

"Your machine shop was set up by relying on your big hammers," the poor and lower-middle peasants said. "Why not improve the disc-wheels for us in the same spirit?"

The two workers returned home and told their mates the request of the poor and lower-middle peasants. Party branch secretary Li and the workers felt that the disc-wheels were made only in a few big factories and it was not easy to manufacture them in their small shop. However, they recognized that the demand of the poor and lower-middle peasants was their fighting task. They made up their mind

to grip their hammers more tightly and beat out a way of producing good disc-wheels, not only for carts but for trucks as well.

But a follower of Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line in running factories disagreed with them. He asserted: "However hard your hammers may be, they cannot pound out hard disc-wheels like the big factories. If you want to bite into the bones of this job, you need complicated machinery — real 'electric tigers.' Working by simple methods will never do."

Li and the workers were very angry. "Our simple methods can bite into anything the 'electric tigers' can chew," they retorted. "We are blacksmiths. We have Chairman Mao in our hearts and the toiling people of the five continents in our minds. In our hands we have the big hammers that create the world. With their hammers the working class can turn iron and steel into whatever they like."

The workers, led by Li, studied Chairman Mao's teaching: "**We cannot just take the beaten track traversed by other countries in the development of technology and trail behind them at a snail's pace.**" This greatly enlightened them and they grew confident that by relying on Mao Tsetung Thought they could succeed.

Next, they studied *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. This further increased their confidence and doubled their strength. They were sure that once armed with Mao Tsetung Thought there was no peak they could not scale.

Amid the flying sparks and in the whirling snow Li and the workers never ceased hammering. At last, two new types of disc-wheels were produced. The poor and lower-middle peasants gladly took the new products and tried them out. The results were very satisfactory. They wrote many warm letters to the workers, congratulating them on their success and complimenting them for having displayed the grit of the Chinese people and blazed a new trail.

But that follower of big renegade Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line in the factory said: "The cost is too high and the profit is too low." On this pretext he did not allow the workers to produce the wheels.

Li and the workers refuted that fellow who blocked their way. In the light of Chairman Mao's glorious teaching, "**Work hard and**

redouble your efforts and a bright future lies ahead," they summed up their experiences, reduced the cost and improved quality. During that winter and the next spring they manufactured five hundred and thirty pairs of disc-wheels, which were warmly welcomed by the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Under the leadership of Party secretary Li the workers of the Red Flag Machine Shop battered down all obstacles with their big-hammer spirit and marched resolutely and proudly on their new road.

After the production of disc-wheels became included in the state plan, they were snowed under with orders from all parts of the country. Output could no longer meet demand. Li thought: If we had a 300-ton press we could mass-produce the disc-wheels.

"We'll do whatever benefits the development of agriculture," the workers resolved.

"The machines in big factories are really wonderful," a young worker who came to study said. "We must get a few if we want to manufacture more farm tools."

"We set up this factory by relying entirely on our loyal hearts for Chairman Mao and on the hammers in our hands," an old worker told the young man. "If we want equipment to develop our production, we must get them in the same way."

In spring of 1965, a battle to build a 300-ton press commenced. All the workers in the factory plunged in, heart and soul. With Li at their head they carried dozens of tons of pig iron to the furnaces and channelled the molten metal into moulds. Through the efforts of the workers, a machine tool of thirteen tons took shape. The workers, encouraged by the spirit of the Foolish Old Man and in the method of ants nibbling bones, completed the huge 300-ton press after three months of hard struggle. Their output of disc-wheels tripled.

However, the increase of production neither made the workers self-satisfied nor content.

Communist Chao Fu-chang said to himself: "I started in a factory at the age of sixteen as an apprentice and worked under the heel of a boss. I repaired carts made in Japan, Germany and the Soviet Union. But all the disc-wheels were electrically welded and riveted. We must

break away from these conventional methods and go our own way."

Li recommended to him a quotation from Chairman Mao: "**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.**"

Old Chao's mind became more clear. He seemed to see a bright broad road lying before him. "Chia-chih," he said to Li excitedly, "Chairman Mao has also taught us that what foreign countries have, we will have; what foreign countries do not have, we will have, too. Under the guidance of the Constitution of the Anshan Iron and Steel Company formulated by Chairman Mao personally, we will rely on our big-hammers spirit, launch vigorous mass movements, and introduce technical innovations. We shall try to reach world levels and be worthy of our great leader Chairman Mao and our great socialist motherland."

With the Constitution of the Anshan Iron and Steel Company as their weapon, the workers thoroughly criticized slavish comprador philosophy and the doctrine of trailing behind at a snail's pace — the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of renegade Liu Shao-chi in running enterprises. Everyone in the factory racked his brains and offered proposals in an effort to surpass world levels.

Old Chao was greatly inspired. He felt that the workers' proposals were good and scientific. After studying them he saw that a new kind of riveting could replace electric welding and the old way of riveting. He ran to the workers and with them sketched out the specifications. "Chairman Mao has told us," he said proudly, "**On a blank sheet of paper free from any mark, the freshest and most beautiful pictures can be painted.**" With our loyal hearts and our hands, we'll paint for the Party a beautiful picture surpassing world levels."

Old Chao, Li and all the workers fired their forges again in the courtyard and swung their hammers. They used as raw material scrap-iron they had obtained from big factories. After repeated experiment, they devised a method of riveting disc-wheels which increased efficiency twenty-four folds.

For the past ten years or more, Li Chia-chih, the Party branch secretary of the machine shop, has paid particular attention to Chairman Mao's teaching: **"The comrades must be taught to remain modest, prudent and free from arrogance and rashness in their style of work. The comrades must be taught to preserve the style of plain living and hard struggle."**

During the cultural revolution, Li became vice-chairman of the factory's revolutionary committee, but he always kept the oppressed people of the world in his mind and never changed his working class nature. His big hammer has not left his hands for a single day and he always wears his work clothes. When the iron is hot he swings big hammer; when the furnace is fired he carries pig iron. He chooses the hardest and dirtiest jobs. Every product is imbued with his blood and sweat; each machine in the shop bears the imprint of his diligent hands.

One Sunday morning some poor and lower-middle peasants, who were on their way home after delivering grain to the state, brought five carts to the shop for repair. Most of the workers were off that day. Only two were on duty. Li, who had just come back from a conference in the county town, joined them immediately. The three did the repairs in the courtyard in the whirling snow. As the tires were frozen hard, they had to knock them off with hammers. They all got wet through. The poor and lower-middle peasants, watching them, were very moved. In a morning of hard work Li and his two mates put all five carts into good working order.

Very grateful, the poor and lower-middle peasants asked for the revolutionary committee in order to express their thanks.

"He is our vice-chairman." The two workers pointed at the perspiring Li.

The poor and lower-middle peasants crowded round Li, looked at his callused hands and grimed body, and said excitedly: "So you are the well-known Big Hammer Li!"

Under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought, the twenty-two workers, led by three former blacksmiths, have created a thriving socialist enterprise. Their products all meet national specifications, and flow to every corner of the land. Their farm tools meet the needs of the

poor and lower-middle peasants developing socialist agriculture inside and outside the province.

For fourteen years the workers of the Red Flag Machine Shop have travelled on the road of self-reliance illumined by Mao Tsetung Thought. Relying entirely on their own efforts they have built complete sets of equipment for their factory. Their road glows with socialism. They have played an unmeasurable role in the great socialist construction.

Red Heart and Steel Bones

Spring, 1968, Lingyun County, in the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region. The Tsangyang Brigade had just started digging the second tunnel for its irrigation project. Everyone was hard at work. Suddenly a big section of the roof crumbled. Earth and stones came rolling down. It looked as if the digging would have to be brought to a halt.

Li Chen-yun, secretary of the brigade's Party branch, was in charge. When he heard the news, he hurried to the scene with several cadres. They talked the problem over with the masses and decided to support the roof with large wooden props. Putting these in was a dangerous job, because rocks and earth might fall at any moment.

"Come with me." Li strode into the weakened section with a hundred-*jin* log on his shoulder. As he built a support, brigade members handed him timbers.

More stones showered down. Li looked up. A huge rock was about to drop.

Li's life was in mortal danger. So were the lives of several class brothers working beneath the support.

At that critical juncture Li, firm as steel, made a silent vow: "I'll be crushed to jelly rather than let the masses suffer so much as a scrape."



He clambered on to the support and placed both hands firmly against the loose overhead rock, the way the hero Tung Tsun-jui* held the dynamite pack against the floor of the enemy bridge fort. Exerting his every ounce of strength to hold up the rock, Li shouted to his class brothers: "Clear out, fast."

The tremendous stone pressed down relentlessly. Li's eyes blurred. Big drops of sweat rolled from his face. He obviously couldn't hold out much longer. Death was drawing nearer, step by step. But

*See *Chinese Literature* No. 5, 1970.

he knew that what he was staving off was not the rock but the extermination of his class brothers. Setting his jaw, he silently recited: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

One second, two seconds, three. . . . When all the men were at last out of the danger area, Li abruptly removed his arms and jumped back. The rock came crashing down. The class brothers had been saved, but Li struck his left ribs against a crowbar which had been jammed into a crack in the side of the tunnel. Both hands had been hit by the falling rock and were bleeding freely.

The men carried Li out of the tunnel. They asked in concern about his injuries.

"Not serious," he said with a smile. "I only lost a little skin."

He returned to the barracks, where his wounds were bandaged. But as he lay down to rest he thought of the collapsed area. The work site was their battle ground. At a moment when the fighting was so fierce, how could a commander leave the front? They had to finish the Tsangyang irrigation project quickly in order to contribute to China's socialist construction and to world revolution. Li struggled to his feet and went back to the tunnel.

For six days and six nights Li and the brigade members waged a stubborn battle. They finally stopped the collapsing and the work was able to continue.

Li had been a hired hand in the old society. His life had been steeped in bitterness. From the day of liberation, he made up his mind to follow Chairman Mao, to advance boldly along the bright broad highway to socialism.

During the Land Reform, he was among the first to plunge into the struggle against the landlords and to distribute their land. He took the lead in forming Tsangyang's first mutual-aid team, together with a number of poor and lower-middle peasants, and was a pioneer in co-operative farming. At the time of the Great Leap Forward in 1958, he was famed throughout Lingyun County as a "red standard bearer."

Li always put the interests of the Party first. He fought without cease on revolution's road. He went wherever he was needed. Any place difficulties erupted, Li was sure to be found.

The national economy hit a temporary snag in 1960, and the Party sent Li to serve as Party secretary at a farm where the class struggle was quite complicated. Li promptly spread Mao Tsetung Thought in a big way. He relied on the masses, encouraged their initiative and actively developed the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between the socialist and capitalist roads and between the revolutionary and reactionary lines. The farm, which had almost been ruined by a handful of class enemies and capitalist roaders, was rapidly strengthened. Revolution and production flourished.

Just about this time, a capitalist roader in the regional Party committee suddenly arrived in his car at the Lingyun County Party office. A Party and commune rectification campaign was then in progress, and he took this opportunity to push the bourgeois reactionary line of arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi. Known as "hitting hard at many in order to protect a handful," the line was spearheaded against nearly all the cadres on the local level. Its aim was to crush their enthusiasm for socialism.

Completely without foundation, the capitalist roader accused Li of "breaking the law and violating discipline," of "showing no concern for the hardships of the masses." He ordered that Li "suspend all duties and reflect on his errors."

Li always guided himself by Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Communists must be ready at all times to stand up for the truth."** He fought anyone, regardless of rank, whose actions were not in keeping with Mao Tsetung Thought.

"I'm travelling with Chairman Mao to socialism," he thought. "What I'm doing is honest and correct. No matter what evil winds blow, I won't lower my revolutionary head." He refuted the slanders of the capitalist roader, point by point, and fought him on every issue.

Embarrassed, the man blustered and demanded that Li publicly acknowledge his "crimes." Li ignored him. He packed up his luggage and returned to Tsangyang. The capitalist roader was enraged. He dispatched a man to fool Li into going to the county seat. At a big meeting, he formally announced that Li had been removed from his post of Party secretary and expelled from the Party. He

confiscated Li's *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* and put him under house arrest.

Li's loyalty never wavered. He was determined to wage revolution till victory. He was confident that with Chairman Mao's leadership and with the support of the poor and lower-middle peasants, The accusations against him would prove groundless.

Although the capitalist roader couldn't produce a shred of evidence against the fearless revolutionary fighter, he labelled Li a "bad element" and sent him under guard to work in a production team in his home brigade. Li was as faithful to socialism as ever. The poor and lower-middle peasants, who knew him very well, didn't believe a word of the capitalist roader's smears. They continued to treat Li as a class brother.

It was then that the poisonous wave of restoring private enterprise, touted by the bourgeois headquarters of Liu Shao-chi, reached some of the Tsangyang teams. "We mustn't lose our socialist orientation," Li urged the cadres and members of the commune. "We must stand firm, no matter how hard it may be." And that is what he and the team cadres did. They stopped the capitalist attack cold.

After the autumn harvest a handful of class enemies tried to incite the masses to distribute and consume the entire yield among themselves. Li was absolutely opposed. He went from house to house, explaining the principles of the Chinese and world revolutions, urging everyone to fulfil enthusiastically their quota of grain sales to the state.

"Since our economy is having temporary difficulties," he said, "we poor and lower-middle peasants have to find ways to economize and increase output. We must sell more surplus grain to the state to aid in socialist construction."

With the help of the PLA and strongly supported by the poor and lower-middle peasants, the higher Party organization made a thorough investigation of Li's "question." As a result, he was completely exonerated of the charges brought against him by the capitalist roader. The Party sent a representative to Tsangyang to announce this decision and to formally re-instate Li as a Communist, and secretary of the Tsangyang Brigade Party branch.

Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line had beaten back Liu Shao-chi's bourgeois reactionary line. The poor and lower-middle peasants were delighted with the news about Li, and Li himself was very stirred. He stood before a picture of Chairman Mao and gazed long at the great leader's kindly face. Hot tears filled his eyes.

"Dear Chairman," he murmured, "before liberation I was a hired hand, but you rescued me from my sea of bitterness. Today you have saved me again, this time from the talons of a capitalist roader. Your concern for the people is bigger than heaven and earth, no parents were ever more affectionate. I shall go with you always to wage revolution. Nothing can make me change my mind, though my bones be ground to powder."

Li hurried to the district Party committee, covering a dozen *li* of mountain trails without a stop. He pulled out five yuan and handed them to the comrade in charge. "Please take this. It's my back dues."

Moved, the comrade accepted the money. He asked warmly whether Li had any requests.

"Only one," said Li. "I wish the leadership would give me a set of the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*."

In spring of 1963 a handful of class enemies in Tsangyang took advantage of the revisionist line Liu Shao-chi was peddling to push various measures which were in fact attacks on socialism. They advised the peasants to open up uncultivated public land for private use, to develop individual farming. A few commune members who had been influenced by capitalist ideas began to waver mentally. The fierce struggle between the socialist and capitalist roads was a severe trial to Li, who had recently resumed the post of secretary of the brigade's Party branch.

He couldn't sleep nights. Often he lit his small kerosene lamp and studied Chairman Mao's brilliant article *On the Question of Agricultural Co-operation*. **"If this tendency goes unchecked, the polarization in the countryside will inevitably be aggravated day by day."**

Chairman Mao's teachings opened Li's eyes. He recalled how his grandparents had been burned alive by a landlord in the old society, how the family had been unable to afford a burial plot for Li's father

when he died from poverty and illness. Li became a landlord's hired hand when he was only eight, and had endured more than his share of hunger, cold and beatings.

Recently many poor peasants, men who had taken an enthusiastic part in the Land Reform, had sought Li out. They were extremely worried about the capitalist miasma seeping through Tsangyang.

All of these events, past and present, made Li realize how serious his responsibilities were. "If we can't stop this capitalist plague," he thought, "the poor and lower-middle peasants will return to a life of misery. I'll be unworthy of their confidence and trust. I'll be letting Chairman Mao down."

He began calling on the commune's Party members and cadres and urging them to take action. During the previous Party rectification campaign Liu, chairman of the commune, had been vilified by the capitalist roader in the regional Party committee, and he was still resentful and depressed. Li aroused his revolutionary spirit by saying: "A personal attack is a small thing. But if socialism is defeated in China that will be a calamity."

These two had been companions in battle since the beginning of the movement for co-operation in agriculture. Now they sat down and studied Chairman Mao's teachings together, comparing the bitterness of the past with the sweetness of the present, recalling how arduous was the struggle to obtain political power.

Liu's revolutionary spirit was fired. He grasped Li's hand and said in an agitated voice: "I'd die rather than let capitalism be restored. We must stick with Chairman Mao and go the socialist road."

At a meeting of the Party branch Li made this proposal: Rouse and rely on the poor and lower-middle peasants. Rally the class ranks. Pummel the tiger of capitalism. Launch an all-out continuous attack against the class enemy.

Li and other Communists and cadres crossed hills and ridges in wind and snow to call on the poor and lower-middle peasants in every hamlet. Every place they went they emphasized three things: The difference between the bitterness of the old society and the sweetness of the new; the crimes of capitalism; and Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"Only socialism can save China."**

Under the leadership of Li, the poor and lower-middle peasants unearthed the handful of class enemies who were fanning up a capitalist wind and thoroughly exposed and criticized them.

As a consequence, these gentlemen hated and feared Li virulently. They circulated dire threats against him. Well-meaning people urged him to be careful, but Li asserted firmly: "If socialism can be preserved, my safety doesn't matter."

He travelled all over the hills of Tsangyang and visited every field, in order to strike a heavy blow at capitalism. Li heard that capitalist elements were arrogantly throwing their weight around in an out-of-the-way team which contained a large proportion of Yao nationality people. He hurried there with his friend Liu. They promptly roused and relied on the poor and lower-middle peasants, and exposed a bad egg who was working to restore capitalism. At an open meeting everyone hotly refuted spontaneous capitalist tendencies, thus greatly enhancing the socialist atmosphere in the team.

Li and Liu trudged through a snowstorm to sum up their experience in the team and publicize it to the commune. The trails were deep in snow. Li hadn't expected the storm. He was barefoot and lightly clad. Walking through the snow in the face of the north wind, he felt his feet growing numb. Liu was concerned about him. "Let's wait till the snow lets up a bit," he suggested.

But Li continued to stride on. "When the Red Army crossed the snowy mountains and the marshlands, they lived on grass roots and tree bark," he said. "That's the kind of revolutionary spirit we want to have."

It was dark by the time they reached the commune office. To the cadres gathered there, they looked like a couple of snowmen as they came in the door.

"We never thought you'd come back in this snowstorm," the cadres said, moved.

Li shook the snow off his clothes. "A revolutionary can't delay a second. Whatever has been decided, he has to carry out to the letter."

That year, because capitalism had been halted, the poor and lower-middle peasants all rallied to the collective. They beat the drought

and garnered a big harvest. "With a comrade like Li leading us," they said, "socialism is thriving again in Tsangyang."

"No rain in the sky, smoky dust over-rides. Good harvest, bad harvest? The weather decides." Tsangyang was notorious in the old days for its droughts. After liberation the people collectively dug four ponds and several channels, but they still hadn't fundamentally solved the problem. For years, drought remained the major obstacle in the way of Tsangyang's agricultural development.

They were hit particularly hard in 1963. A sixty-year-old poor peasant took Li by the hand and said: "Life was difficult before liberation because of class oppression. Today we suffer from lack of water. Lead us in solving the water problem. The people of Tsangyang need a second 'liberation.'"

Li was very stirred by the old peasant's words. A few days later, he took all the Communists and cadres to the fields and pointed at the withered sprouts. "It's no use blaming the weather," he said, "and we certainly can't blame the masses. Chairman Mao has given political power in Tsangyang to us. As Communists and cadres we should be ashamed that we still haven't led the masses to victory against the drought and to changing the face of Tsangyang."

Summer and winter, in heat and cold, Li worked hard on the problem, travelling to distant teams to seek water sources. After covering more than a thousand *li*, he was able to offer a complete irrigation project plan: Bore a four-hundred-metre tunnel through thirty-six turns of a rocky mountain. Then dig a thirty *li* canal along the sides of twenty-seven hills, and bring the waters of the Pinglin River to Tsangyang.

"Can it be done?" some people wondered. "Absolutely," Li retorted in ringing tones. "If we have the courage and determination of the Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains, we can cut through three hundred and sixty thousand mountains to say nothing of one with thirty-six turns."

The Party branch approved Li's plan, to the joy of the poor and lower-middle peasants. They rubbed their hands and couldn't wait to get to work.

Li went to town to enlist the support of the county authorities. The capitalist roader in the county Party committee listened to Li's description of the proposed project, then laughed coldly. "Bore through the rock! Where would you people get the technique for a job like that? We'll look into it and let you know."

Li had to go several more times to the county seat to plead for action. Finally, a water conservancy technician was sent to Tsangyang. He made a tour around and, posing as an "authority," proclaimed: "Tunneling is a big engineering job and the canal you plan to bring through the mountains is too long. The water would never reach the fields. I disapprove."

It was obvious to Li that this was not just a fight to build an irrigation project in Tsangyang. It was a question of whether Chairman Mao's teachings would be carried out in building up the mountain regions. **"Go all out, aim high and achieve greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism."** Li was determined to fight the battle to a finish, no matter what storms he might encounter.

At a water conservancy conference in the county seat, Li said what he had been thinking for a long time, vigorously blasting the so-called "important personages" and "water conservancy authorities." He criticized the capitalist roader in the county committee for instituting a bourgeois line in irrigation whereby the word of the "experts" was law, where money was the decisive factor, where cowardice and a fear of hardship prevailed. The "important personages" listened, gaping and speechless.

Afraid that he was biting off more than he could chew, some people urged caution. "They're liable to make things tough for you for coming right out with it like that," they said.

"The day I joined the Party," Li replied, "I vowed that I would dedicate my life to the proletarian revolution. Going to jail for the revolution wouldn't bother me. What does it matter if they make things tough?"

The poor and lower-middle peasants backed him up. "We're going to build this project whether the 'important personages' approve or not," they stated. "With Chairman Mao as our leader, if we

two thousand poor and lower-middle peasants work together, nothing can stop us.”

Armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, they poured out to the work site with Li at their head and set to work.

When the capitalist roader in the county heard about this movement of the masses to build their own irrigation project, he hurried to Tsangyang to squelch it. “So,” he said to Li, in his iciest official manner. “You people still haven’t given up your idea?”

“That’s right. We’re going to change the face of Tsangyang, come what may.”

“With no technique and no machinery? You’ll make a mess of it.”

“We’ve Mao Tsetung Thought and we’ve got the people. We’re confident that we can do the job.”

“Well, the county won’t send you any cadres. If anything goes wrong, I’ll hold you personally responsible,” the capitalist roader blustered.

“Fine, I’ll be responsible. I’d go through fire and water to change Tsangyang. Even if it kills me, I’ll die gladly if we can carry this off.”

The capitalist roader glared, and returned to the county seat.

Li had eight such clashes with him. But his confidence grew with every encounter, and his revolutionary determination stiffened.

The heroic people of Tsangyang, led by Li, were revolutionaries who went all out. They worked hard and cleverly. The original plan was to build the project in five years, but they completed it in only three. Clear waters of the Pinglin flowed through the tunnels, wound round the hills and irrigated fields which had always been dry. From then on, every harvest brought bumper yields.

The first dynamite salvoes blasting the tunnel for the irrigation project heralded the world-shaking Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

Revolutionary posters spread like a raging fire through every village and hamlet of Tsangyang. The flames licked at Li as well. Li considered this a very good thing, and he followed Chairman Mao’s instruction to cadres: **“You should put politics in command,**

go among the masses and, together with them, carry on the great proletarian cultural revolution still better.” He maintained close ties with the masses, grasped revolution and promoted production. In the hot battle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines, he further tempered his boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao.

“We’ve watched you grow up, and we trust you,” an old poor peasant said to Li. “No matter what, you must fight for the revolution. To be a blacksmith you must have bones of iron. This time, we’ll see how tough you really are.”

Li agreed, and thanked him for his encouragement.

With his own money he bought paper which he gave to the masses, urging them to write posters criticizing him. During the day, he worked on the irrigation project. In the evenings, he went round to the various teams of the brigade, sought the masses’ criticisms of himself, and openly excoriated any selfish or revisionist tendencies he may have had. Together with the poor and lower-middle peasants, he studied Chairman Mao’s works and documents on the Party’s policies and discussed grasping revolution and promoting production with them.

Once, after he and the peasants had battled eight days and nights to clean up a cave-in, Li wanted to go to a team that was twenty *li* distant. The assistant commander of the militia battalion saw how tired he was, and suggested that he postpone the visit.

“The worst thing for a cadre is not to constantly seek the masses’ criticisms of him,” said Li. “The sooner he fights selfishness and refutes revisionism, the better. Every second selfishness remains in his head means more harm to the revolution.” Li set out that same night for the team on the other side of the mountains.

The class enemies tried to incite materialist greed. They said: “Wages and grain rations are being cut, and it’s all Li’s doing.” Some people who didn’t know the real situation demanded subsidies. Many of the masses were upset. One or two even refused to work.

Li always remembered Chairman Mao’s teaching that distinguishing friends from enemies **“is likewise a question of the first importance for the great cultural revolution.”** He saw clearly

that a handful of class enemies were trying to knock a hole through the economic side, wreck the great cultural revolution and sabotage socialist construction.

He immediately went with other cadres to the masses at the work site. They all studied the Three Constantly Read Articles of Chairman Mao and firmly established the concept of serving the people whole-heartedly and entirely. They severely criticized the handful of class enemies and thoroughly refuted the "material incentives" and "money in command" theories of arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi.

The commune members proclaimed that they would not be taken in by the class enemies' tricks. They said they were determined to build the irrigation project in the revolutionary spirit of self reliance and hard struggle. The one or two who had previously quit, now quickly came back to work.

But the class enemies were not reconciled to their defeat. In September 1967 a handful of them tried to take over leadership of the irrigation project. They demanded the right to approve all decisions of the work site headquarters, and called for Li's "overthrow."

Li thought to himself: "The purpose of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is to prevent and refute revisionism, to guard against the Party and the state ever changing colour. It's not just my power as an individual the class enemies are trying to seize but the political power of all the poor and lower-middle peasants. If we let them get away with it, capitalism will be restored and the poor and lower-middle peasants will go back to a life of misery. We can't let the class enemies' plot succeed."

Standing firmly with the poor and lower-middle peasants, Li shattered one after another of the schemes of the class enemies to seize power.

The class enemies saw that the wind had changed. In a rage, they plotted to murder Li. People urged him to go into hiding for a while. But Li had confidence in the masses. He refused to leave them, or the revolution. "Class enemies must be fought," he said coolly. "We must hurry to the fore and grapple with them, crush them."

He continued travelling mountain trails alone and calling at the various teams. One night when he was explaining a new directive

from Chairman Mao, some young men set out guards around the hamlet. Li learned about this and called them back. "There's nothing to be afraid of," he said. "I'm armed."

"You are?" Everyone was astonished. "With what?"

"With this." He took a pamphlet out of his pocket and waved it. "This is the best weapon."

They all crowded around and looked. It was an important instruction by our great leader Chairman Mao. "This is a spiritual atom bomb," smiled Li. "When a man has this, he's fearless."

His listeners were extremely moved. "Long live Chairman Mao!" they shouted. "A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

The poor and lower-middle peasants asked Li to spend the night with them. He refused. They wanted to escort him home. He wouldn't hear of it. Instead, he went to another village to spread Chairman Mao's directive.

The rib injury Li had received at the time of the tunnel cave-in kept getting worse. He couldn't eat or sleep, the pain was so bad. He couldn't even lie down without first spreading several thicknesses of quilt. After turning restlessly for hours, he usually got up in the middle of the night, lit his lamp and studied the works of Chairman Mao. He fought his pain with Mao Tsetung Thought.

A cadre sharing his quarters asked him why he couldn't sleep. Li concealed the real reason and said he was thinking out a work problem. Later, his friend Liu noticed that Li was always pressing one hand against the left side of his chest. He suspected there was something wrong and pulled up Li's tunic. He couldn't restrain a gasp of surprise. There was a huge lump, red and glistening, where Li had been hit by the crowbar. Everyone urged Li to rest and recuperate, but he invariably replied: "I can't rest now. The revolution hasn't ended."

In December 1968 Li attended the conference of activists in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, convened by the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region. He represented Tsangyang. When leading comrades saw that he still hadn't recovered from his injury, they made him go to the hospital. Examination showed

he had fractured a rib. The doctors drained the swelling and when he was able to leave the hospital, instructed him to rest for three months, and to stay away from heavy work thereafter.

When Li got back to Tsangyang, the brigade members were just in the process of laying in the high-pressure conduit at the irrigation project. They had been steadily advancing up the hill with their digging, but the stones needed for the foundation for the conduit were all at the foot of the slope. It was too steep for push-carts, or even pack animals. Lack of stones was slowing down the work.

"We'll be needing water when spring comes," thought Li. "If we don't install the high-pressure conduit in time, there's no guarantee we'll gather a bumper harvest in '69."

He said to the cadres at the work site: "If carts and horses can't haul the stones, what's the matter with our shoulders?" Early the next morning Li and the cadres set out in an icy drizzle and began toting stones two hundred metres to the top of the hill. When the men who had been sleeping in the work shanties saw this, they tumbled out of their warm bedding and rushed to follow suit.

Li, a big stone on his shoulder, trudged in the lead, forgetful of pain and fatigue. He turned, from time to time, to shout back encouragement to the others: "Give it all you've got, comrades. We're doing this to pull out the roots of Tsangyang's poverty, to produce more grain for our socialist construction and for world revolution."

So bright was his voice, so abundant was his energy, that no one suspected he was carrying a convalescent leave in his pocket and couldn't consume even four ounces of rice in an entire day.

For twenty years Li has been developing his proletarian toughness and leading the people of Tsangyang in battling the earth and sky, in conquering a handful of class enemies, in writing song after song in praise of Mao Tsetung Thought. His boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao has been tempered in the flames of class struggle. The poor and lower-middle peasants commend him as a leader with a "red heart and steel bones."

Who Fears the Tempest?

Hurricane, thunderstorm and hail raged over the hilly western region of Fengcheng County, shaking the earth and shattering mountains. Trees toppled, bridges collapsed, telephone lines snapped, rivers swelled and roared. . . . The worst calamity in a century befell the Red Heart School.

I

On August 25, 1969, all the revolutionary teachers and pupils were in class.

Suddenly, a huge cyclone swept along from the west, carrying with it pebbles and rotten pieces of wood. It scraped the earth and licked the sky. The village millstone turned somersault, an uprooted pear-tree bigger than two arms could encircle rolled about like a rod, the ping-pong table went up into the air like a stray leaf, the thatched roofs of the school rooms flew off, the walls tumbled down. . . .

The hurricane left in its wake colossal devastation. And all this took place in only two minutes.



When the hailstones battered the eighth-year classroom windows and door, the pupils were learning to sing the aria from the model revolutionary Peking opera *The Red Lantern*: "I'm Filled with Courage and Strength." Suddenly a deafening thundercrash exploded outside. The youngsters of the poor and lower-middle peasants with hearts loyal to the revolution saw at once that the wild tempest was damaging their school. Led by Wang Hung-fang, head of the school's Red Guards, they plunged fearlessly into the battle against the furious gale.

Hsu Hsi-feng, teacher of the third-year class, had been telling her pupils about the heroic deeds of Comrade Men Ho. Just as she reached the point of how he sacrificed himself to save his class brothers, the door was blown open with a crash, and the roof lifted off. She saw that the wall near her was swaying and about to fall on her.

All she needed to do was step back and escape by the window. But she thought only of the children entrusted to her care by the poor and lower-middle peasants. The heroic image of Men Ho appeared before her. Without a second's hesitation she gathered the pupils nearest her in her arms and protected them with her body.

Two months before she was leader of the women's section in the production team. The poor and lower-middle peasants elected her

to the present post and assigned her the task of educating the young successors to the proletarian revolution. She had grown up with the nourishment of Mao Tsetung Thought, from which she drew inexhaustible strength. At this critical juncture she chose to advance a step and die for the public good rather than retreat half an inch and save her own life.

The wall fell, and buried her in its debris. The two children whom she sheltered with her body cried out in fright:

"Teacher!"

She gradually came to. It was not the gnawing wound nor the splitting pain that worried her.

"Crawl out from under me," she said. "Go and save your school-mates, quick!"

"But what about you, teacher?"

"Don't bother about me."

Screams and cries of other children came to her from various corners in the heaps of ruins.

"Teacher! Teacher!"

How she wished she could endure their suffering for them! How hard she tried to get on her feet and save them! But stones and bricks weighed her down. She could not budge an inch.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" She shouted answering the children, her heart swelling with profound proletarian feeling.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" exclaimed Shu, a girl pupil. She loved Chairman Mao and was very fond of singing songs of his quotations. At this last moment of her life, she shouted the most powerful cry of an age which encourages constant progress.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" cried the pupils and their teachers.

A red sun rose in their revolutionary hearts. Mao Tsetung Thought was guiding them to victory.

Liu Yung-shan, a nineteen-year-old teacher of the second-year class, led the children of eight or nine years old in an unbending battle with the hurricane. Reciting from Chairman Mao's teaching "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory," he blocked the crumbling door with his body against the hostile blast, which lashed him with pebbles.

Meanwhile he directed the children to take shelter under the desks. Hardly had he given the order than the roof sailed into the air and the walls collapsed with a thunderous crash. That instant, when the assault was in full swing, Liu caught sight of a girl still uncovered. Scorning death, he took the pupil in his arms and protected her at the risk of his own life.

The girl was saved. So were the more than thirty pupils. But their beloved teacher Liu, a youth who devoted his life to education in response to the call of the Party, heroically gave his life for the people.

Liu came from a poor peasant family. A year before, as soon as he was elected to this teaching post by the poor and lower-middle peasants, he moved into the school and became "a voluntary guard." He wanted to stand sentry at the educational front of the proletariat.

There was a Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda team in the school. Although Liu was not a regular member of it, whenever a new directive by Chairman Mao was issued, he joined the team in disseminating it to the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Liu cherished a boundless love for Chairman Mao and was immensely loyal to the leader's proletarian educational line. In the last days of his life he filled his notebook with Chairman Mao's brilliant instructions on education. His notes sparkled with brilliant Mao Tsetung Thought. The heroic manner in which Liu sacrificed himself struck us with profound respect and admiration. His death was indeed **"weightier than Mount Tai."**

The hurricane shattered the door and windows of the first-year classroom and swept the pieces into the air. Teacher Kang Heng-yuan had the presentiment that the house was going to fall. The pupils had joined the class only for seven or eight days. Without a moment's hesitation he ordered them to leave the room at once.

Each time the children forced their way to the door, the violent gale pushed them back. The roof came off, and the walls were tottering. At this crucial moment, Kang, son of a poor peasant, defying death, spread his arms and covered the children with his body. The walls crashed down and the section between the windows fell on his back. Only recently recovered from an illness, Kang lost consciousness.

The howl of the wind interspersed with cries of the children woke Kang from his faint. He slowly opened his eyes and found his head wedged between two bricks. A heap of stones, bricks and wood weighed heavily on him, while under him three pupils were still breathing. What was he to do? If he remained in that position, the kids would be smothered. The only way to save them was to arch his back as much as he could. And so he did.

"No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on." Kang was sustained by a spirit of revolutionary heroism. Clenching his teeth, he endured all the monstrous pains and held up the ponderous weight on his back by supporting himself on both arms. He was determined to protect the pupils at all costs.

Another crash. Another brick fell on him. Again he fainted. But his body did not give in. He was still supporting himself on his arms. He might be reduced to a pulp, but his iron will could not be shaken.

He came to, gradually.

"Persevere!" he encouraged the children under him. "To persevere means victory!"

Wang Chung-yi, member of the Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Team of the poor and lower-middle peasants in the school, was busy saving the children knocked down by the hurricane. He directed them to places of safety in the midst of flying bricks and mortar without the least thought of himself. He blocked the window of a classroom with a blackboard. Just then the roof was blown off. The howling dark cyclone carried him together with the blackboard into the air and deposited him in a gully behind a hilltop three hundred metres away.

"In the countryside, schools and colleges should be managed by the poor and lower-middle peasants — the most reliable ally of the working class." Following this great teaching of Chairman Mao he had come to work in the school as requested by the poor and lower-middle peasants of the Red Heart Production Brigade. "If we can't keep our power over culture," he used to say, "we won't be able to keep political power either."

Holding high the banner of educational revolution, he did all he could to build up the school politically. It was under his lead that the revolutionary teachers and pupils, using revolutionary mass criticism as a weapon, held regular meetings to refute Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line in education. They engaged in class struggle by clashing with a handful of class enemies in the community. Participating in collective manual labour for production, they cleaned their innermost souls with their own sweat.

II

Blustering squall, pelting rain, blinding lightning, crashing thunder.

Wang Chung-yi lay unconscious in the gully behind the hill. Huge bloody bumps stood on the back of his head. When his mind cleared, he felt acute pain all over his body. But this could not bother this poor peasant, who had a heart as red as fire. His chief concern was the school. It dominated his thoughts. He strove to get on his feet. Defying the frenzied squall and stormy rain, he clambered to the top of the hill.

The sight below took him aback. The four houses of the school were in ruins. He rushed down to the best of his ability. After passing through a clump of locust trees he came to the scene of disaster.

"Remove the pupils from the wreckage, quick!" he called out to the eighth-year children who were running from their classroom.

Other people also hurried to help. One of them unwittingly stepped on Kang Heng-yuan. This teacher, with extraordinary endurance, didn't give in under the weight. Fortunately he was soon discovered by another man.

"Clear the wreckage, quick!" Kang shouted. "Pupils are buried here!"

Time meant life in this case. Dozens of pairs of hands set to work against the seconds and minutes, searching in the debris for the living. What the rescuers had in mind was not their own younger brothers and sisters, but teachers and pupils. Wherever their class brothers were in danger, there they fought to save them.

Kang was finally dug out from the ruins. Cuts covered his arms, smeared with fresh blood. He was exhausted and felt his back breaking with pain. But without a second thought he plunged into the work of rescuing his pupils.

Yang Tso-an, an eighth-year pupil, was fighting the blast and down-pour to save his schoolmates when his sister came running towards him.

"Our cottage is in ruins!" she said.

The brother was not in the least perturbed.

"I am busy," he said in a firm, loud voice. "The work here is most important!"

The work here is most important! What simple words. But they expressed the utter selflessness and nobility of a soul forged by Mao Tsetung Thought. These were words of steel tempered with profound class feeling. They mirrored the sublime mentality of a revolutionary fighter who fears neither hardship nor death.

The work here is most important!

The squall brought with it a shower of pebbles, carried away rafters and joists, and left in its wake demolished houses.

Wang Heng-teh, responsible member of the leading group for educational revolution, was all wounds. His right eyeball standing out, his eyelids cut, his eyes, nose and mouth bleeding. But the moment he was extracted from the debris, he struggled to his feet and shouted in a voice of great urgency:

"Get the pupils out of the wreckage, quick!"

He loved his pupils more than his own kith and kin, he loved Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in education more than his own life. His father had slaved for landlords half of his life, and never had the chance to learn to read. But the son grew up in the sunshine of Mao Tsetung Thought. He understood what to love and what to hate.

"I'll for ever follow Chairman Mao to wage revolution!" This was his great ideal and aspiration.

To be a people's teacher, to cultivate successors for the revolution — this was a task which meant to him supreme honour. To rescue the

sons and daughters of the poor and lower-middle peasants from danger with his own life and blood was his greatest happiness.

The work here is most important!

How many poor and lower-middle peasants and revolutionary teachers and pupils had voiced the same words that stirred and rang in all our hearts. Again, how many people rushed to the scene from different posts to take part in the battle under the inspiration of this very voice: Bring the hope of survival to the class brothers although our own kin were in danger of death.

Li Kuei-teh was a "barefoot" doctor. His son's legs were fractured in the disaster. Li gave a glance to the child, then hurried away to treat the children of the poor and lower-middle peasants. His son was the last to get his medical attendance.

Chan Ching-jung, leader of the women's team, found her younger brother when she was removing the wreckage. But it was not he whom she took immediately for first aid. She gave priority to others. Then she found Hsu Hsi-feng, the women teacher, in the ruins. Without a second thought she carried her to safety.

The spattering rain brought Hsu back to consciousness. The first words she said to Chan were: "Don't bother about me. Rescue the pupils!"

Again she went into a faint. Until she was sent to the hospital each time she came to she said: "Don't bother about me. Rescue the pupils!"

What simple words! Yet how powerful they were! They were imbued with profound proletarian feelings, which sparkled with Mao Tsetung Thought.

Heroic words like these converged into a mighty current of voices that shook the earth and the sky.

Heroic deeds like these transformed themselves into a soaring song in praise of serving the public.

III

The pouring rain cut off the highway. The hurricane tore down the telephone lines. But the red line that linked the hearts of the

proletarians never snapped. When the squall was over, responsible comrades from various levels of revolutionary committees and the broad revolutionary masses rushed to the Red Heart School in defiance of the heavy downpour, hailstorm, swelling rivers, rugged mountains and precipitous peaks.

Liang Shu-fu, veteran labour model and head of the revolutionary committee of The East Is Red Commune, cut his meeting short as soon as he received the report about the disaster. He organized a rescue team at once. The mountain torrents and the flooding river blocked their way. They fixed a cable on the bank of the river and crossed by clinging to it at the risk of their lives. The attack of the hailstones, big as eggs, meant nothing to them. They must reach the Red Heart School in time.

The truck that carried the responsible members of the revolutionary committee and the medical team of Tantung Municipality fought its way on the water-guttered road, at the speed of eighty kilometres per hour, straight for the Red Heart School.

The Shenyang-Tantung express rushed in great haste a medical team, sent by the Liaoning Provincial Revolutionary Committee, to the Red Heart School.

When the revolutionary committee of the Penki Municipality was informed that the truck delivering their medical help had got stuck in the river, it immediately despatched five cars, fully loaded with required material, to the Red Heart School.

"This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield." On the banks of the roaring river, mighty waves of voices reciting quotations from Chairman Mao's works overwhelmed all the claps of thunder and howls of wind, shattering the valleys far and near. They were a crack unit of medical workers sent by the PLA garrison at Fengcheng. In face of the perilous situation the temporary Party group called a second meeting, urging all the comrades to **"be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** They were the first to reach the Red Heart School.

**The Red Army fears not the trials of a distant march;
To them a thousand mountains, ten thousand rivers are nothing.**

The truck of the PLA medical team was stopped on the way by floods. In order to reach their destination at the earliest possible time they shouldered the heavy cases of medicine and instruments and travelled on foot through the rugged mountains in the midst of the lashing storm. When the soles of their shoes came off, they walked barefoot.

“Rain as much as you like,” Yang Shu-hua, a nurse, said defiantly, “we shall march on, nevertheless. No rain can stop the advance of revolutionary fighters, however heavy it may be!”

They passed over a series of rugged mountains and forded innumerable torrents. After five hours of painstaking journey they got to the Red Heart School.

More than twenty carts loaded to capacity with relief material trundled on a muddy country road in the direction of the Red Heart School. They were sent by the revolutionary committee of the Poplar Commune.

Seven commune members of poor peasant origin were travelling in great haste in the northern hills of the Red Heart Production Brigade. They came from a neighbouring commune several dozens *li* away. They carried seven loads of fresh vegetables, together with the profound class feelings of the poor and lower-middle peasants of their commune, as gifts for the Red Heart School.

Profound class love and friendship united hundreds of red hearts into one.

Relief and help from every side reinforced people here with inexhaustible strength to overcome the natural calamity.

Vice-Chairman Lin said: “Difficulties are not invincible monsters. If everyone co-operates and fights them, they will be overcome.” All the class brothers injured in the disaster were saved by emergency treatment, and all the fallen houses built anew. This took place only in a few days.

An entirely new appearance, prosperous and throbbing with life, came into sight. All this gave the broad masses of poor and lower-middle peasants, revolutionary teachers and pupils a profound education and tremendous encouragement. They said with hot tears in their eyes: The natural calamity brought us damage economically,

but tempered us politically. Applying Mao Tsetung Thought in the struggle with heaven and earth, we further developed the revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death.

Steeled in this battle against disaster, the revolutionary teachers and pupils found their hearts became redder, their bones harder, their feelings for Chairman Mao more profound and their revolutionary resolve stronger.

“The hurricane may roll away our school,” said Wang Hung-fang, head of the school’s Red Guards, “but it can never roll away our red hearts loyal to Chairman Mao!”

Nor could the hurricane demolish people’s outlook of serving the public. In the same evening the disaster took place, over a dozen revolutionary teachers and pupils put up a mat shed where they passed the night protecting the property of the public and defending the educational front of the proletariat.

The hurricane could never shatter the young Red Guards’ valiant determination of “**making progress every day.**” The eighth-year pupils made up their minds to build the school anew.

“We shouldn’t wait for others to set up new classrooms for us,” they said unanimously.

They immediately got busy transporting bricks and tiles to the devastated site. Where the job was hardest, there they would be found.

The disaster caused by the hurricane sharpened people’s minds and enhanced their will to continue the revolution. Kuan Chun-chuan, a young teacher, who had taken part in the rescue work, saw for himself the great concern shown by the workers, peasants and soldiers for the educational revolution, and the rapid growth of the red successors under the guidance of Chairman Mao’s proletarian educational line. He began to understand the great importance of educational work, and was determined to devote his life to making the Red Heart School a real red school of Mao Tsetung Thought.

“If the proletariat doesn’t occupy the position on the educational front, the bourgeoisie will take it. The hurricane can raze our school to the ground, but the class for socialist culture must not be suspended.”

This statement represented the pledge of all the revolutionary teachers and the determination of all the Red Guards.

Three days after the disaster, the Red Heart School started class again in a new style.

In the shade of trees by the side of fields, the revolutionary teachers and pupils bent over boards writing articles for revolutionary mass criticism. A handful of class enemies took advantage of the disaster to spread rumours in an attempt to frustrate the resumption of classes and the work for the revolution. This was a new undercurrent in the actual class struggle. The revolutionary teachers and pupils seized this opportunity to start a campaign of denunciation against the arch-renege Liu Shao-chi's "philosophy of survival" and the rumours spread by the class enemies.

This revolutionary mass criticism swept all obstacles from the road. Class struggle was indeed the principal teaching material for the school. It heightened one's fighting morale the more one attended it.

The revolutionary teachers and pupils were all in the highest of spirits. The blue sky and the great earth were their classrooms, boards were their desks, bricks were their benches. They wrote on their knees and did their arithmetic exercises on the level ground. Thus they carried on their socialist cultural classes in real earnest. They wrote up as teaching material all the great deeds of the heroic people doing rescue work under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought, so that the selfless, fearless revolutionary heroism would shine brilliantly for ever in people's mind.

Classes resumed and the revolutionary work carried on. The revolutionary teachers and pupils showed by their struggles against the class enemy and the elements that the Red Guards boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao feared neither hardship nor death and that the school of steel guided by Chairman Mao's educational line could withstand any kind of attack.

Poems

Chen An-an

Chairman Mao's Statement Is a Beacon

**"People of the world,
Unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors
And all their running dogs!"**
Chairman Mao's solemn statement,
Shaking heaven and earth,
Spreads over three oceans and five continents. . . .

On the equator,
Battle drums call for attack;
By the banks of Mekong River,
Gun-barrels rise for revenge;
In Washington,
Revolutionary flames flare up;

Chen An-an is a worker.

Over Indo-China,
Giant arms lift rifles high. . . .

Like erupting volcanoes,
Like angry roaring seas,
Asia, Africa and Latin America,
Braving every storm,
Rise and fight the foe!
Chairman Mao's statement is a beacon,
Reddening the whole world.

Chao Nai-hsin

People of Five Continents Line Up in the Same Trench

Rumbling spring thunder resounds
Through the plain and equator so vast,
A sweeping east wind blows,
Warming snowy mountains and frosty islands.
Chairman Mao issues his solemn statement,
People of five continents line up in the same trench.

In each hamlet
Along the Mekong River,
Swords are sharpened to kill the foe;
Through every avenue and street
In Washington,
Angry tides surge against the U.S. aggressors.

Arm in arm,
Three thousand million fight together,
Guns and swords raised high,
To defeat the U.S. imperialist bandits.
Behold! flames of armed struggle storm the sky
And change into a myriad red flags,
Happily fluttering in the wind.

Chang Hsing-lien

Wind and Thunder in Our Workshop

Like battle drums our motors throb,
In a heaving sea billows surge,
“Grasp revolution and promote production,”
Chairman Mao’s teaching always in mind.

Look here!
Milling cutter quickly spins,
With fire-dragons jumping
And blue smoke curling.
Look there!
Grinding wheel turns swiftly,
Sparks splashing cluster by cluster,
A myriad golden rays dazzling bright!

Chang Hsing-lien is a worker.

Brand-new products, all presents
Of us workers for the revolution.

With the *Quotations* right by our chest,
Continuing the revolution for ever we press on.
To make revolution,
Heavy loads we shoulder;
For the people,
Blood and sweat we offer.

Who dares make capitalism resurgent?
Who dares push aback the wheel of history?
With the massive cudgel of Mao Tsetung Thought
We'll smash them into fragments!

Proletarian forces all over the world,
Unite and fight bravely,
Dispersing the darkness,
Welcoming in the red sun,
To bury imperialism, revisionism
And all reaction!

Lu Hung

Hail the Splendid Red May

Red flags, red flowers and Red May,
Clarion sirens blow, battle drums hastily beat,
Ten-thousand-ton freighters grow neath our hands,
Our soaring spirit shakes the heights.

Comprador philosophy trodden under foot,
By "**self-reliance**" we build our land.
What a spectacular sight is our dockyard,
Forward we leap like the bounding tide.

Crane arms embrace the wind and cloud,
Heaving billows rise under flailing hammers,
Flying sparks dot the blue sky,
Welding torches roar loud and louder. . . .

The east wind carries the good tidings far,
Big vessels tower over rivers and seas.
We workers mantled with crimson cloud
Hail the splendid Red May.

Kuo Teh-kuei

Singing of Our Dear PLA

From the south the swallows fly
In the north-bound wind.
For the soldiers of the PLA
I sing a ballad song.

Campfires on the Chingkang Mountains
And lamplights on Tien An Men
Illuminate Revolution's
Broad road.

Weathering rain and wind
For three and forty years,
The PLA soldiers closely follow
Chairman Mao.

Kuo Teh-kuei is a militiaman.

The red sun high above
Shines on the sunflowers down below.
PLA soldiers heed most
Chairman Mao's words.

Wind and thunder-storms may rage,
For ever steadfast our PLA fighters;
To Chairman Mao's revolutionary line
Boundlessly loyal they remain!

Chairman Mao waves
His powerful hand,
Millions of soldiers and civilians
Advance with him.

In full swing is
The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.
The "three supports and two militaries"*
Composes a song of victory.

Songs float over the Bacang Grasslands,
Water flows in the Kankiang River.
Heroic flowers blossom profusely
Each as beautiful as the other.

The sea embraces the mountains,
The mountains cling to the sea.
Our PLA supports resolutely
The proletarian revolutionaries.

*Support industry, support agriculture, support the broad masses of the Left, military control, political and military training.

Chairman Mao's latest instructions
Word by word they explain,
Every phrase so profound
Brightens up our hearts.

The army cherishes the people,
The people support the army.
Inseparable are they
Like fish and water.

One heart and one will,
A Great Wall of steel;
The army and the people,
An integral whole.

Shoulder to shoulder we fight,
Repudiating China's Khrushchov;
We follow for ever the road
Chairman Mao charts.

Red flags flutter south of the mountain,
North of the sea.
Our dear PLA soldiers
Help us run study classes.

**"Grasp revolution
And promote production."**

South and north of the Yangtse River,
Good tidings spread.

Ever more consolidated
Is the revolutionary three-in-one combination.

With the dear PLA soldiers
As its prop and pillar.

Keeping always in mind
Chairman Mao's teachings.
We learn from the good examples
Of the PLA fighters.

Water the fish love,
The swallow loves spring.
We put our faith in the PLA
For ever and a day.

Beams support the building,
Roots feed the tree.
On the PLA
We rely resolutely.

To sum it up in a few words
We ardently love the PLA.
Ten thousand songs a single theme —
A long, long life to Chairman Mao.

Chi Yung-fang

I'm Only Doing What Chairman Mao Teaches

Her nickname was Clever Miss and she was a member of the Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Team of a brigade in a commune. That evening she stood with a newly-made case for a *buchin* fiddle in her left hand while clicking a rhythmic accompaniment with a pair of bamboo clappers in her right as she sang:

Clicking a pair of ballad sticks,
To the stock farm I bring my song:
To thank Old Wang for his good tricks,
Last night he brought the case along.

Old Wang came rushing out of the stock farm and interrupted her. "Clever Miss, what a coincidence," he shouted. "I was just going to look for you. With such perfect timing a sesame seed could drop through a needle's eye." He handed her a stool and urged her to sit. "A fine thing happened here today," he said with a laugh. He pointed at a big pile of grass. "I found this when I got up this morning, more than five thousand *jin* of it. At first I thought our team members had delivered it. After I finished feeding the pigs, I started

to chop up the grass for mash. As I pulled the pile apart I came upon a bundle of rice straw, and in the bundle was a sheet of paper with these words:

One team red is one red spot,
All teams red is red a lot,
Red all China reddens half the sky,
Red the world a red universe is nigh.

"You're a spare-time reporter, Clever Miss. Write this up for me and have it broadcast over our loud-speaker network. We must praise this nameless hero and spread the influence of advanced thinking."

The girl smiled. "Even spoons and knives have names, uncle. How can I praise an unknown person?"

"Think of something. Use your head."

"I'm looking for a nameless hero myself."

"You are?"

"Yes. Last night our propaganda team was out reading documents of the Ninth Party Congress. When we got back we found a fiddle case and several pairs of clappers at the office door. Inside the case was a sheet of paper which read:

Welcome and celebrate the Ninth Party Congress,
Everyone's heart with joy is fraught,
Here are clappers and a case for your fiddle,
To spread the world over Mao Tsetung Thought.

Old Wang grinned. "I know a little about the comrade who sent those things," he said half in jest.

His words were honey to the girl's heart, music to her ears. She assumed he was talking about himself. "Uncle," she said, "I thank you on behalf of our Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Team."

"Don't get me wrong," cried Wang hastily. "It wasn't me, it was someone else."

"Who?"

"I'll have to keep that a secret for the time being."

Clever Miss saw he wanted to be coaxed. Perversely she picked up the case and turned to leave. "If you won't tell me who sent



the fiddle case," she said with a laugh, "I won't tell you who brought the grass."

Wang blocked the gateway. "If you don't talk, I won't let you go."

The noise of their banter startled Chang, the storehouse keeper next door. He thought they really were quarrelling and came hurrying over, waving a copy of Chairman Mao's latest directive.

"Stop your row. Chairman Mao says we should unite. Why are you two splitting apart?"

Wang and the girl dissolved in laughter. They explained to Chang what it was all about. "Nothing to it," said Chang coolly. "I can give you names of both heroes in less than three minutes."

Delighted, the old man and the girl seized his arms and bombarded him with questions.

"Just leave it to me," said Chang. "But I also must ask you to help me find a nameless hero."

Clever Miss asked him what he meant.

"I washed ten empty gunny sacks yesterday and hung them up to dry," said Chang, "intending to take them home in the evening and patch them. But a few hours later I found them mended as good as new, and a note on red paper tied to the mouth of one of the sacks. It read: 'Old gunny sacks become new again. We must always be diligent and thrifty. **Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people.** Support world revolution.' You're a spare-time reporter, Clever Miss. Write this up for me and get it broadcast."

The girl smiled, crinkling her eyes. "Do you know who patched the sacks, Uncle Chang?"

"If I did would I have to ask you to help?"

"Well, you don't have to look very far. He's standing right in front of you. It's Uncle Wang."

"Don't believe her," said Wang, assuming a serious manner. "I don't know how to patch sacks."

"You've done a good deed, don't try to deny it," said Clever Miss. "You came to our house yesterday and borrowed a big needle. What did you want it for?"

"I... I had to pierce the sow's snouts for rings."

The girl's sharp eyes noted an inch of hemp thread hanging from Wang's pocket. She snatched it lightly and pulled. Out came a hemp string threaded through a large needle.

"Look, uncle, I'm a magician. I can make things out of thin air. You see? What's this?"

Wang knew she had him. He couldn't get out of it. Chang gripped the old man's hand.

"You're one of our revolutionary pathbreakers, old comrade," he said, "and one of our hardest workers. You give your all to raising pigs for the revolution. A lot of pigs means a lot of manure, and that means a lot more grain. You deserve the name of revolutionary stock raiser. I must learn from you."



Wang was quite embarrassed. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. You're not bad either," he said, "sending a fiddle case to the propaganda team in the middle of the night."

"Who says so? What proof have you got?" Chang demanded.

Wang smiled and patted him on the shoulder. "In front of a true man don't speak false. Last night I heard you sawing and hammering. What were you doing?"

"Making a wicker hamper."

"A hamper is woven. It doesn't have to be sawed or nailed. What's that in your cuffs?"

Clever Miss turned down the cuffs of Chang's trousers. They were full of sawdust. The girl clasped his hand.

"You stand at the fore of the class struggle and the battle between the two lines every minute, uncle. You guard and fight for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. You're a good soldier in its defence and a revolutionary storehouse keeper. We must learn from you."

"You're not bad either," Chang said to Clever Miss, "delivering grass to the stock farm late at night with other comrades from the propaganda team."

"Don't believe him, Uncle Wang," the girl exclaimed. "He's just making it up. I didn't bring any grass. It was somebody else."

"To tell the truth I did make a fiddle case last night. After I delivered it, I passed your house. Your mother was sitting by a lamp near the window studying the Ninth Party Congress documents. She heard my footsteps and thought they were yours. 'That girl,' she said to herself, 'even at night she doesn't rest. She's probably taking more grass to the stock farm.' You see, your ma let out your secret."

Clever Miss blushed, but she knew denial was useless.

Old Wang grasped her hand. "You propaganda team comrades are completely loyal to Chairman Mao. You take the lead in studying and applying Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way. You propagate and defend it well, and are worthy of the name Mao Tsetung Thought propagandist. I must learn from you."

All three were very modest, each insisting that they wanted to learn from the other. And the reply of each was the same: "I'm only doing what Chairman Mao teaches."

A Pair of Gloves

One evening people crowded the conference hall of the Hungshan Brigade and angrily shouted "Down with the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi!" and "Thoroughly criticize and refute reactionary Immoral Li!" A man with his head down stood like a wet dog in front of the crowd. He was Immoral Li, a reactionary who had committed many crimes against the revolution.

A district secretary of the Kuomintang before the establishment of the People's Republic of China, Immoral Li had been hostile to the people for many years. He posed as a man in the daylight but acted like a monster in the dark. He fought tooth and nail against the poor and lower-middle peasants and the revolutionary masses.

Now that a meeting to criticize this bad element had been called, everyone was of course anxious to attend and speak.

"Out with it, Immoral Li," a young man pointed an angry finger at him and demanded. "How have you tried to corrupt our cadres?"

Immoral Li blinked his mousy eyes and looked around. Pretending to be honest, he stammered: "I...I...have not..."

"Liar!" a thunderous voice burst out and a man jumped forward from the crowd, his eyes burning with indignation. In a few steps he strode up to Immoral Li and yelled: "Stop pretending, Immoral Li! What about these?" He threw a pair of gloves down before the bad element.

Immoral Li had been busily trying to think of crafty words so as to weasel out of his predicament when the new white gloves were flung at his feet. Greatly shocked, he saw that standing before him was none other than the production brigade leader Wang Hsiang-tung. Immoral Li shivered all over, beads of perspiration rolling down from his waxen face.

Why was he so troubled about the gloves? Here is the story.

One morning when Wang and other commune members were digging in the fields in a piercing cold wind, Immoral Li sidled up to him and smirked: "Brigade leader, I want to borrow the brigade's carts for a couple of days. Can I take them?"

Why did Immoral Li want to borrow the carts at this busy time? Brigade Leader Wang wondered. He waved a large calloused hand and replied resolutely: "No, they can't be spared."

The reactionary glanced at Wang's hands, and an evil idea popped into his head. "Certainly, brigade leader," he said obsequiously. "If the carts are needed now, some other time will have to do."

That evening when Wang returned home from a meeting he found a pair of brand-new work gloves on the top of a cupboard. "Where did these come from?" he asked.

"From Immoral Li's wife," his wife answered. "She said Li was afraid you'd freeze your hands working in the fields. She just put them down and left. I say that fellow Li is a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Brigade Leader Wang got extremely irritated. He slammed the gloves to the ground and said: "A class enemy is really like an onion in winter — his cover is dry and his roots rotten, but his core is still alive. He thinks he can get something out of me. It can't be done!"

"These gloves are sugar-coated bullets," he told his children who came around him. "This is class struggle."

The whole family sat around an oil lamp and studied Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Never forget class struggle, never forget the dictatorship of the proletariat."** Wang told his family a cruel story about gloves which happened twenty-four years before.

It was a bitterly cold winter. A howling north wind blew branches cracking off the trees. Wang, then a twelve-year-old cowherd, worked day and night for a landlord. His little hands were frozen swollen like two steamed breads. Blood dripped from their cracked skin. Unable to tolerate the cold any longer Wang bought a pair of old gloves with the pay he had earned by the sweat of his brow. A few days later, an ox was wounded in the leg in a fight with another ox. The heartless landlord accused the boy of having hurt it and beat him severely without allowing him to say a word. Moreover, the landlord tore the gloves off his hands and destroyed them.

Brigade Leader Wang could not go on with his tale. He picked up the new gloves Immoral Li's wife had brought and said furiously:

"In the old society the landlord took my gloves away. Why does an old flunkey of the landlord class send me a new pair now that I am a brigade leader?"

"Why?" interrupted Wang's mother, sitting on the *kang*. "Because you have power in your hands now."

"You're quite right, mother." Wang smacked his thigh emphatically. "Immoral Li has sent me a pair of gloves and he wants political power in exchange. These are not merely a pair of gloves. They are a signal that the class enemy is moving to seize back power. I'm a Communist. Not only won't I be fooled, but I'll lead the masses in a counter-attack against the class enemy so that the political power remains in the hands of us poor and lower-middle peasants."

With boundless hatred for the old society and the class enemy, at the struggle meeting Brigade Leader Wang told how Immoral Li had been buttering up and corrupting cadres in order to snatch back political power. Pointing a finger at Li's nose, he said scornfully: "You are blind. You think you can shatter the revolutionary will of us Communists by your sugar-coated bullets. You are daydreaming."

Wang's words increased the indignation of the poor and lower-middle peasants. Full of militancy they waved their little red books of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*. One after another they rose to expose and flay the reactionary.

An old poor peasant who stood on a bench at the rear of the hall undid his jacket and shook his fists. "Immoral Li," he cried furiously, "why did you steal out to toil for yourself when you were supposed to be working for the production brigade?"

Before the old man had finished a Little Red Soldier who was sitting up front raised his hand and put in: "You fan evil wind and fire behind people and curse the poor and lower-middle peasants. What do you mean by that, Immoral Li?"

Exposures and criticisms like rounds of gun-shots knocked the reactionary Immoral Li tongue-tied. Beads of sweat streamed down from his forehead. His reactionary nature was exposed to the light of day; his long face was as white as a sheet. Under the political onslaughts of the people he had to lower his head and admit his crimes.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"We have won great victory. But the defeated class will still struggle. These people are still around and this class still exists. Therefore, we cannot speak of final victory. Not even for decades. We must not lose our vigilance."**

Yes, we must always bear this great teaching firmly in mind, keep our bows tightly strung and **"never forget class struggle."**

New Year's Eve

It was New Year's Eve according to the lunar calendar. Li Tai-chou's wife was making dumplings. Usually at this moment Li, chairman of Yunghung Brigade Revolutionary Committee, would have gone out in good humour and visited this family and that. After his return, he would have chatted with his wife about everything from how to arrange the livelihood of the commune members to the spring production plan. But this evening the situation was somewhat different. Li came home at dusk, sat down by the small table on the *kang*, and studied hard Chairman Mao's works.

After a while, he fixed his eyes on the brown abacus on the table for quite a time. His wife could not guess what was on his mind until she remembered Liu Hsueh-hung. Liu wanted to shirk his responsibility as the brigade's accountant. This afternoon he came in a huff and handed in the account books along with the abacus to the chairman. And now Li was pondering the matter. His wife was about to speak when the old man twanged the abacus, stood up with a solemn face and took the quotations of Chairman Mao he had previously writ-

ten on two sheets of red paper. He thrust the abacus under his arm, draped an old sheepskin coat over his shoulders and strode out.

"Where are you going? The dumplings are ready," said Li's wife.

"To settle accounts with Liu," replied the old man, waving the abacus.

"What?" His wife was puzzled. "He has handed in the accounts, hasn't he?"

"It's the ideological accounts I'm interested in," explained Li, smiling.

The old woman was surprised but soon laughed understandingly. "You really can seize an opportunity. Yes, it's a good chance to help him solve his problem in thinking."

Liu, a young man of twenty-five, was prudent and spirited. He dared to speak and act. But, though a promising sprout in the cause of the revolution, he was apt to be cocky. The other day, some poor and lower-middle peasants made some comments about him. One of them said, "The lad is good but a little conceited." Another added, "Since he has become a book-keeper, he does less manual labour and puts on airs. He is not very close to us now." These criticisms made Liu think but he failed to see the light. The problem remained unsolved in his mind. This afternoon a commune member came to check some work-points. Liu was impatient and an argument arose between the two. Because of this, Liu, abacus under his arm and account books in hand, dashed to the chairman in a fit of anger and resigned.

When Liu got home Chun-yun, his wife, criticized him. Liu was torn in two directions. He felt as if thousands of arrows were piercing his heart. Restless and uneasy, he had no appetite for the dumplings placed before him.

At this juncture Li entered the house. A portrait of Chairman Mao hung on the centre of the wall facing the door. As he was looking around, he heard Liu's wife saying in the inner room: "**Who is it that gives us our power? It is the working class, the poor and lower-middle peasants, the labouring masses comprising over 90 per cent of the population.**" You've completely forgotten this teaching of our great leader Chairman Mao. So you get impatient

when the poor and lower-middle peasants criticize you." At this point Li gently pushed the door open and entered into the room.

"Uncle Li, you. . . ." Liu stammered, jumping down from the *kang*. Chun-yun hurried to fill a bowl with dumplings for Li.

"Hsueh-hung, how many *jin* of meat have you bought and how many pecks of wheat have you ground for this New Year festival?" Li asked, mounting the *kang*.

"Six *jin* of meat and three pecks of wheat," replied the young man.

Li sat down and produced the abacus from under his coat and said jestingly, "Come, my self-dismissed book-keeper, I want to ask a favour of you. Figure this out for me: How many *jin* of meat and how many pecks of wheat has your family got per person for this festival? Please compare the amount with what you had before liberation."

Liu blushed, realizing the purpose of Li's visit.

"What is this?" Li asked, shaking the abacus.

"The abacus I used to balance accounts."

"It's not merely an abacus; it's political power! Have you heard its story?"

Liu shook his head.

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

Silence ensued. The young couple came over and sat by Li's side. Li began, in a very serious tone.

"This is no ordinary abacus. It is the one landlord Wang Shan-*jen* of our village used when dunning for debts and extorting rent from us poor and lower-middle peasants in the old society. Each of its beads is drenched with our blood and sweat. In that evil old society Landlord Wang collected several hundred piculs of grain from us every year, using this very abacus. When he calculated on it our land and houses flowed to him. As a result many a poor peasant was ruined, his family scattered.

"In 1929 our place suffered from a severe disaster. Your grandpa worked for Landlord Wang as a farm hand. He fell seriously ill because he was overburdened with work. He had to borrow nine strings of cash from the landlord to support his family. On the last day of the year Landlord Wang roughly burst into your home with

his lackeys. He twiddled this abacus and demanded that your grandpa pay the debt. When your grandma said they had no money, Wang bawled, 'Give me your land instead!'

"This enraged your grandpa. He propped himself up, pointed his finger at the landlord and retorted, 'If it's my life you want, you can have it. But you are out of your mind if you think you can take my land!'

"The wicked landlord grew frenzied. He passed a word to his men and they lugged your father out as a hostage. But your father was a tough fellow who refused to be bullied. One night, together with other farm hands, he gave the landlord a sound beating, then ran away to South Mountain and burned charcoal for a living. The next morning that vicious landlord directed a band of strong-arm men to tie your grandpa to a big locust tree at the west end of the village. They beat him to death. When your grandma rushed forward and tried to save him, that villainous landlord set his fierce dog on her. It bit your grandma till she breathed her last. Then those beasts burned down your home and Landlord Wang took the 1.7 *mu* of land of your forefathers. . . ."

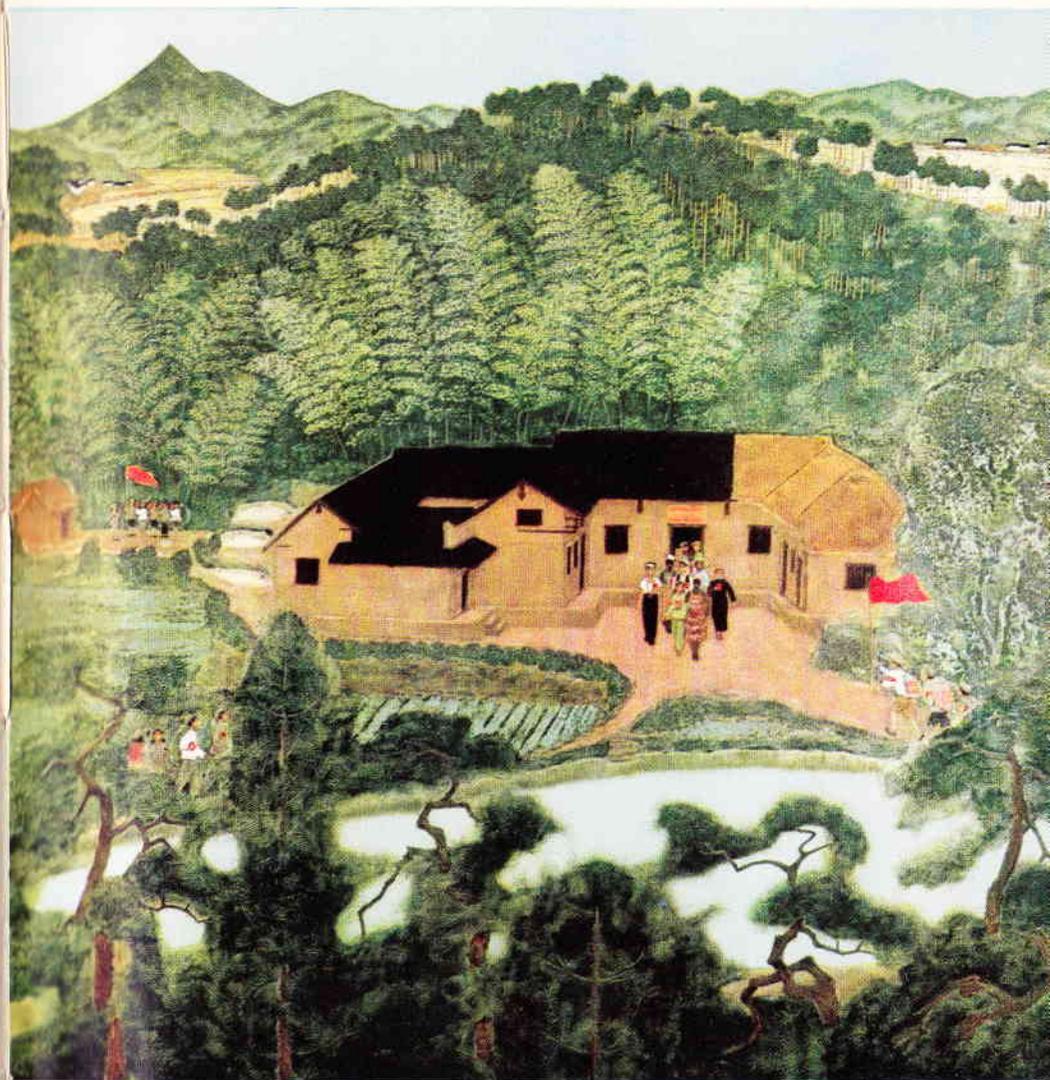
Li could not go on with his tale. The young couple clenched their fists tight, burning with wrath.

"Then, in 1949 we poor saw the sun," Li said finally. "Chairman Mao rescued your family from the fiery pit. Your father became a worker. Life has steadily improved for your family. Now, because people trust you they have put this abacus in your hands, hoping you will hold it fast and serve us poor and lower-middle peasants well. But you simply threw it away. Are you worthy of Chairman Mao, the poor and lower-middle peasants and the dear ones who were killed? You shouldn't despise this abacus. It's not easy to keep it in our hands. Never forget the bitterness of the days when we had no political power. Power is hard to seize, important to hold and dangerous to lose! If we the poor and lower-middle peasants don't hold the abacus, who will? If we don't fill the posts of cadres, who will? And if we don't make revolution, who will? The poor and lower-middle peasants criticize you because they love you and care about you. But you. . . ."

"I was wrong, Uncle Li," said Liu, very moved. He took the abacus, walked over to the portrait of Chairman Mao, and said, "Chairman Mao, I will never forget class suffering and our hatred bred in blood and tears. I'll follow you closely to make revolution for ever. All my life, I'll work with the abacus and wield political power well for the poor and lower-middle peasants!"

"Right. That's the spirit! Here are two of Chairman Mao's quotations for you. You must always keep them in mind."

Liu and his wife accepted the quotations written on red paper with great respect. They pasted one on each side of Chairman Mao's portrait. The one on the right reads: "**The fundamental question of revolution is political power.**" And the one on the left: "**Serve the people whole-heartedly.**" Gleaming red, they illuminate the whole room.



Shaoshan (Jacquer painting) ►

Always Marching Along the Road of Serving the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

— *Study of the "Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art"*

Twenty-eight years ago, our great leader and the revolutionary teacher of the proletariat Chairman Mao issued the *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*. This is a brilliant, epoch-making Marxist-Leninist document.

In this great work, Chairman Mao, with his thoroughgoing proletarian world outlook, comprehensively, systematically and penetratingly summed up the historical experience of the struggle between the two lines on the literary and art front. He pointed out that the fundamental orientation for proletarian literature and art is to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, defined the most correct

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proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art and solved in theory and in practice a series of questions of principle concerning the development of the movement for proletarian revolution in literature and art, thus bringing Marxist-Leninist world outlook and theory on literature and art to a completely new stage. The *Talks* is a great programme for the proletarian cultural revolution and a guide to action for the revolutionary literary and art workers as well as all revolutionary intellectuals in remoulding their world outlook.

Like a brilliant beacon, this great work of Chairman Mao's has in the past 28 years illuminated the way for the masses of revolutionary literary and art workers to advance victoriously along the road of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, tremendously inspiring the revolutionary people in their struggle to thoroughly smash the reactionary feudal, bourgeois and revisionist culture. Its influence has been great and far-reaching with regard to the Chinese proletariat's seizure and consolidation of political power and the promotion of the world revolutionary movement.

History has entered the militant 70's. China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has already won a tremendous victory. The movement for proletarian revolution in literature and art is surging forward. A re-study of this brilliant work of Chairman Mao's is of major importance to us in thoroughly criticizing the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art pushed by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his agents in this field — "the four villains" Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Tien Han and Yang Han-sheng — and in conscientiously carrying out the struggle-criticism-transformation on this front so that literature and art will always advance along the road of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers.

I

Chairman Mao explicitly pointed out in his *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art*: "All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants

and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use." This great teaching of Chairman Mao's represents the fundamental orientation in proletarian literature and art, and constitutes the fundamental distinction between proletarian literature and art and the literature and art of all exploiting classes.

The masses of workers, peasants and soldiers are the true makers of history as well as the true creators of literature and art. Ours is a new epoch in which the workers, peasants and soldiers are the masters. The proletariat and the working masses are grasping in their own hands the destiny of world history, and are creating a new world without imperialism, without capitalism and without any system of exploitation. Literature and art that persevere in serving the workers, peasants and soldiers will have boundless vitality, be capable of encouraging and educating the people and will be welcomed by the masses of the people, whereas the literature and art which run counter to the principle of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers are against the tide of history and are bound to be spurned by them.

Chairman Mao teaches us: "This question of 'for whom?' is fundamental; it is a question of principle." (*Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art*.) On the literary and art front, fierce struggles centring round the question of for whom have been waged between the two classes and the two lines. Acting on the instructions of their sinister master Liu Shao-chi and abusing the power they had usurped, the vicious chieftain Chou Yang and company in literary and art circles had frantically opposed Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art and energetically pushed the sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line. The so-called "literature and art of the entire people" was the major slogan of this pernicious line. Chou Yang and company alleged that the stage had been reached in which literature and art could become "the undertaking of the entire people" and that literature and art should "serve all types of people."

Chairman Mao pointed out in his *Talks*: "In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and

are geared to definite political lines. There is in fact no such thing as art for art's sake, art that stands above classes, art that is detached from or independent of politics." Literature and art have always been an instrument of class struggle. In socialist society classes, class contradictions and class struggle still exist. The bourgeoisie vigorously opposes the literature and art which are of value to the proletariat. Naturally what the bourgeoisie welcomes and applauds is harmful to the proletariat. There is absolutely no such things as "literature and art of the entire people" that "serve all types of people"! This tattered banner — "literature and art of the entire people" — flaunted by Chou Yang and company is nothing new; it is only a refurbished version of "the literature and art that transcend classes" peddled by Chiang Kai-shek's hired literati Liang Shih-chiu and his ilk, which Chairman Mao discredited long ago in his *Talks*. Hitting the nail on the head, Chairman Mao pointed out then: People like Liang Shih-chiu **"talk about literature and art as transcending classes, but in fact they uphold bourgeois literature and art and oppose proletarian literature and art."** (*Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art.*) The "literature and art of the entire people" which Liu Shao-chi and Chou Yang and company advocated are in fact feudal, bourgeois and revisionist literature and art and are against the Party and socialism. Such reactionary literature and art served their plot to subvert the dictatorship of the proletariat and to restore capitalism.

In order to deceive the masses, Chou Yang and other counter-revolutionary revisionists sometimes raised the cry of writing about the workers, peasants and soldiers and including such roles in stage performances. In practice, however, they distorted the images of the workers, peasants and soldiers and threw mud in their faces. They either slandered them as backward elements, varlets and ruffians or filled our socialist literary and art stage with feudal, bourgeois and revisionist ghosts and monsters in the guise of workers, peasants and soldiers. The literature and art which they produced were not for the sake of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers but solely for the sake of serving the landlords and bourgeoisie.

In the fierce struggle between the two classes and the two lines on the literary and art front, Comrade Chiang Ching led the revolutionary literary and art workers in attacking and capturing the stubborn fortresses — Peking opera, ballet and symphonic music — in which feudal, bourgeois and revisionist rule prevailed, and subsequently creating the model revolutionary theatrical works radiant with Mao Tsetung Thought, thereby ushering in a new era of the development of proletarian literature and art.

The model revolutionary theatrical works have driven the representatives of the exploiting classes and all monsters and ghosts off the stage. This represents the emancipation of the workers, peasants and soldiers on the literary and art stage, and gives expression to their earnest aspirations. These productions portray and eulogize with enthusiasm worker, peasant and soldier heroes and heroines who are armed with Mao Tsetung Thought and in the process encourage and strengthen them tremendously. These works fully embody Chairman Mao's correct principles **"Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China"** and **"Weed through the old to bring forth the new."** Peking opera traditions and classical art forms such as the ballet and symphonic music which originated in foreign countries have been transformed or innovated, in line with the requirements of revolutionary contents, into the art forms loved by workers, peasants and soldiers in whose service they are now performed. From politics to the arts, from content to form and from the creative thinking to method of writing, these model revolutionary theatrical works have set a brilliant example of revolutionary literature and art serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. These art treasures reflect our great era of Mao Tsetung. They constitute a powerful spiritual weapon that inspires the Chinese people and the revolutionary people of the world to wage valiant struggles to bury imperialism, revisionism and all reaction.

Earth-shaking changes have taken place in the sphere of literature and art since the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. But **"the defeated class will still struggle. These people are still around and this class still exists."** A handful of class enemies who are not reconciled to their defeat are still attempting to use their reac-

tionary literature and art in putting up a last-ditch resistance. In addition to disguising themselves and continuously peddling feudal, bourgeois and revisionist rubbish or distorting the revolutionary political content through vulgar art forms to poison the people, they have constantly preached the fallacies "Literary and art work is dangerous" and "Literature and art should be eliminated" in a vain attempt to incite the literary and art workers to leave the so-called "trouble spots," hoping to "eliminate" proletarian literary and art work. At the same time, there are some people in the literary and art ranks who have not yet fully settled for themselves the question of literature and art serving the workers, peasants and soldiers because their world outlook has not been thoroughly remoulded and because the pernicious influence of the sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art has not been completely eliminated. This can be seen in whether they portray with proletarian feelings the lofty images of the worker, peasant and soldier heroes or follow the old path of engaging in "truthful writing" and in presenting "middle characters" based on their own unreformed bourgeois or petty-bourgeois feelings; whether they perform a play on a revolutionary theme and are revolutionaries or contend for title roles, seek prominence and attempt to steal the limelight; whether they go among and serve the workers, peasants and soldiers or want the workers, peasants and soldiers to serve them; whether they create new and original socialist and proletarian works or stick to outdated conventional practice and cling tenaciously to the old contents and forms; whether they learn from and help each other, unite and cooperate and make progress together or are unwilling to yield to one another and try to isolate one another. These questions are essentially questions of whether one serves the workers, peasants and soldiers whole-heartedly or strives for personal fame, gain and position. The masses of literary and art workers should wage an arduous struggle and commit themselves to long-term efforts in order to really solve for themselves ideologically the question concerning the direction for literature and art to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

II

In the *Talks*, Chairman Mao earnestly taught us: Our literary and art workers "must . . . shift their stand; they must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the process of going into their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society. Only in this way can we have a literature and art that are truly for the workers, peasants and soldiers, a truly proletarian literature and art." This great teaching of Chairman Mao's is the only correct road for revolutionary literary and art workers to follow in order to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Facts prove that only by integrating with the workers, peasants and soldiers, conscientiously remoulding their world outlook and becoming revolutionaries will literary and art workers be able to understand the mental world of the heroes of the proletariat and have the political enthusiasm to portray their images. Otherwise they cannot put on revolutionary theatrical works well or portray the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers, or when they do portray them, "the clothes are the clothes of working people but the faces are those of petty-bourgeois intellectuals" (*Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*), and the images of workers, peasants and soldiers they create are inevitably distorted and presented in an ugly way.

For a long time, Liu Shao-chi, Chou Yang and their gang opposed the literary and art workers' study of Mao Tsetung Thought and their going deep among the workers, peasants and soldiers. Declaiming the "special nature of literary and art work" with all their might, this gang separated the workers in this field from the workers, peasants and soldiers. It shut them up in isolated courtyards, let them take the bourgeois "authorities" and "drama despots" as their teachers, and advised them to learn from "deadwood" and "foreign dross" and experience feudal, bourgeois and revisionist life. All this was done under the guise of "cultivating the bearing of an artist." Poi-

soned by such "spiritual opium," many people in the literary and art ranks fell behind or stopped following the road of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, while some were even corrupted to the core. The powerful Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution shattered Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art and blazed a broad road for literary and art workers to integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers. Following Chairman Mao's great teaching, revolutionary literary and art workers have been going to factories, villages and army units to remould their world outlook in the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, and have achieved outstanding results.

In order to genuinely integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers, it is necessary to place the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought above everything else, strive to arm oneself with Chairman Mao's great theory of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, study the Three Constantly Read Articles as maxims, and continuously fight self and criticize revisionism. Only in this way can one wipe out the poisonous vestiges of the sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art and resist being corrupted by all sorts of decadent bourgeois ideas. Only in this way can one have the same stand, feelings and language as the proletariat and the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, can one move his feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat and persevere in the orientation of making literature and art serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

To truly integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers, one must stop putting on airs, respectfully take them as teachers, modestly become their willing pupil and learn from them sincerely. The workers, peasants and soldiers are the masters of our country. They cherish boundless love for Chairman Mao, study Mao Tsetung Thought well and have a firm proletarian class stand. Their consciousness of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines is high and they have acquired rich experience in the three great

revolutionary struggles. They are the natural and best teachers of literary and art workers. Revolutionary literary and art workers must accept re-education by them, thus putting into practice Chairman Mao's great teaching that **"only by being their (the masses') pupil can he be their teacher,"** and completely remould their thoughts and feelings in order to shoulder the militant task of using literature and art as weapons **for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy.** (*Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art.*)

If one wants to genuinely integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers, he must completely solve the problem of relationship between the individual and the masses, discard the so-called "bearing of an artist," serve the workers, peasants and soldiers whole-heartedly and be an "ox" for the masses. It is necessary to live, fight and study together with the workers, peasants and soldiers, breathing the same breath, sharing the same fate, loving what they love and hating what they hate. If one considers himself exceptional and believes he is pure and lofty, he will be unable to effectuate a basic change in his thoughts and feelings and make any progress in remoulding his world outlook even if he lives among the masses.

If you want to truly integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers, **"you must make up your mind to undergo a long and even painful process of tempering."** (*Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art.*) There are still some literary and art workers who fear hardships and fatigue, and are unwilling to go among the workers, peasants and soldiers. Some go physically but not in spirit. Some waver, get discouraged and retreat before difficulties. The intellectual, by nature, tends to waver and not be very thoroughgoing as a revolutionary. It is the revelation of bourgeois "selfishness." Through practical struggles, literary and art workers should learn from the workers, peasants and soldiers their spirit of revolutionary heroism and revolutionary optimism of fearing neither hardship nor death and seeking neither fame nor gain, and gradually establish the proletarian world outlook of serving the people heart and soul.

III

Chairman Mao pointed out in the *Talks*: **“Since our literature and art are basically for the workers, peasants and soldiers, ‘popularization’ means to popularize among the workers, peasants and soldiers, and ‘raising standards’ means to advance from their present level.”** Popularizing among the workers, peasants and soldiers and advancing from their present level is the fundamental principle which the literary and art workers must follow in serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. It is only through constant popularization and raising of standards in the course of the practical struggle of the workers, peasants and soldiers and in keeping with their needs, capacity to receive and the direction of their advance that proletarian literature and art can flourish and develop and truly serve them. Mao Tsetung Thought is the soul of the proletarian revolution. To popularize among the workers, peasants and soldiers can only be popularization under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought; to raise standards from their present level can only be an elevation under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought. The popularization of revolutionary literature and art actually means sweeping away all the old feudal, bourgeois and revisionist literature and art from every corner, and ensuring that Mao Tsetung Thought firmly occupies the positions in literature and art and that the proletariat exercises all-round dictatorship in the literary and art sphere. Therefore, popularization must be given first place. At the same time, because the revolution continues to develop and the people advance, literary and art workers must do a good job of raising standards on the basis of popularization to meet the needs of workers, peasants and soldiers.

In creating the model revolutionary theatrical works, the principle of combining popularization with raising standards is applied. These works portray the brilliant images of worker, peasant and soldier heroes, express their thoughts and feelings and speak what is in their hearts. They are both works of popularization which are **“needed and can be readily accepted by the workers, peasants and soldiers themselves,”** and treasures resulting from raising

standards **“in the direction in which the workers, peasants and soldiers are themselves advancing”** and **“in the direction in which the proletariat is advancing.”** (*Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art.*) Revolutionary literary and art workers should regard it as their lofty duty to study, propagate and defend model revolutionary theatrical works, and with a serious and conscientious attitude and high political sense of responsibility perform and implant them among the workers, peasants and soldiers. The popularization of these works also gives guidance to raising the standards of literature and art. We should take the model revolutionary theatrical works as examples to conscientiously carry out the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation on the literary and art front.

At present, guided by Chairman Mao’s proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art and propelled by the model revolutionary theatrical works, a movement for proletarian revolution in literature and art is gaining momentum. This is a widespread popularization movement to further liberate literature and art from the grip of a few “specialists.” Chairman Mao taught us in the *Talks*: Our specialists in literature and art **“should make close contact with comrades engaged in the work of popularizing literature and art among the masses. On the one hand, they should help and guide the popularizers, and on the other, they should learn from these comrades and, through them, draw nourishment from the masses to replenish and enrich themselves.”** Professional workers in literature and art must follow this teaching of Chairman Mao’s, plunge without hesitation into the surging movement for proletarian revolution in literature and art, integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers well, do their best in the work of popularization and raising the standards and better serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

The movement for proletarian revolution in literature and art is full of struggles between the two classes and the two lines. The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers welcome, applaud and actively plunge into this movement. But some people trail behind, gesticulating, criticizing and alleging that literature and art produced by the masses are “rice hastily cooked — tasteless”

and "a short-lived play." This is extremely wrong. It shows that the pernicious influence of the sinister line in literature and art has not been completely eliminated. A handful of class enemies who were not reconciled to their defeat tried to undermine this movement in a thousand and one ways. In the guise of exponents of "literature and art produced by the masses," they organized sinister theatrical troupes which performed all around and wormed their way into amateur literary and art ranks, creating trouble. In the name of performing model revolutionary theatrical works, they distorted, reviled and sabotaged them. In the name of portraying workers, peasants and soldiers, they actually touted for feudal, bourgeois and revisionist rubbish. We must deal a crushing blow at and resolutely halt the disruptive activities of the class enemy.

Literature and art serving the workers, peasants and soldiers is expressed through specific works of literature and art and artistic images. Therefore, the key lies in doing a good job of creation. Revolutionary literary and art workers must study the valuable experience provided by the model revolutionary theatrical works, study the literature and art produced by the masses and learn to use the creative method advocated by Chairman Mao, that is, the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. They must portray with utmost enthusiasm the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers resplendent with the brilliance of Mao Tsetung Thought. Revolutionary literary and art workers should also make great efforts to create literary and art works of various kinds which are guided by Mao Tsetung Thought, which serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, and in which there is unity of political content and truthfulness and also of revolutionary content and artistry. They should strive to create excellent works worthy of our great country, great Party, great people and great army.

Literary and art workers must have a revolutionized work-style if they are to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. To carry out socialist revolution and socialist construction, the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers fight day and night at the forefront of the three great revolutionary movements. Revolutionary literary and art workers must display the revolutionary spirit of enduring

great hardships and develop a revolutionized, militant work-style. They should also persevere in the main orientation of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and in using the flexible and varied forms of small detachments, small stage and short items to bring revolutionary literature and art directly to the fields, workshops and army companies at appropriate times and serve at the "homes" of workers, peasants and soldiers.

Chairman Mao very incisively pointed out in the *Talks*: **"Today, anything that is truly of the masses must necessarily be led by the proletariat. Whatever is under the leadership of the bourgeoisie cannot possibly be of the masses."** To place literary and art work under the leadership of the Party is a fundamental question in implementing the principle of literature and art serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. Hoisting the reactionary banner of "freedom of creation," Liu Shao-chi, Chou Yang and their gang frantically opposed the leadership of the Party and turned the entire field of literature and art into an "impenetrable and watertight" independent kingdom. We must firmly remember this historical lesson and, in the course of struggle-criticism-transformation, conscientiously grasp well the work of purifying the class ranks and of Party consolidation and building on the literary and art front, ensure that Mao Tsetung Thought strikes deep roots in the sphere of literature and art, guarantee the all-round implementation of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and the Party's principles and policies, and ensure that leadership in the field of literature and art is placed in the firm grasp of the proletariat.

Let us always raise high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, follow our great leader Chairman Mao closely, and always continue the revolution and advance valiantly in the direction of literature and art serving the workers, peasants and soldiers so that proletarian literature and art will develop and flourish and the dictatorship of the proletariat will be consolidated and strengthened!

Chung An

The Red Army Led by Chairman Mao Is an Army of Heroes

—A Refutation of the Anti-Communist Historical Play “The
End of Shih Ta-kai”

Chen Pai-chen, praised as a “progressive” writer by the “four villains” Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Tien Han and Yang Han-sheng, was an active member of Lu Ting-yi’s “palace of hell-ruler.” He was very active in creating counter-revolutionary public opinion on behalf of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat. A faithful lackey of the Kuomintang back in the thirties, he did much to subvert the revolution. In 1935, when the valiant Workers’ and Peasants’ Red Army was on its victorious march towards Szechuan Province, he wrote a play, with all the malice he harboured in his heart, under the title *The End of Shih Ta-kai*. Concerted with the counter-revolutionary military “encirclement” launched by the Kuomintang, it tried to tell the world that the Red Army, like the Taiping troops of Shih Ta-kai that perished by the Tatu River, was heading for its “end.” This testifies unmistakably to his counter-revolutionary activities.

From the thirties to the sixties, the “four villains” made use of historical plays as a means to engage in counter-revolutionary intrigues. They wrote about the peasants’ revolutionary movements so as to pose as revolutionaries while spreading their sinister ideas. Distorting the history of the Taiping revolutionary movement, and exaggerating certain superficial phenomenon, they wrote a variety of reactionary literary pieces which sought to discredit the present by historical allegory. This was how they carried out their criminal activities against the Communist Party and the people.

Chen Pai-chen did his job in close co-operation with his chief Yang Han-sheng, and they complemented one another. One wrote about Shih Ta-kai, and the other about Li Hsiu-cheng, each taking a renegade of the Taiping revolutionary movement as the hero for his plays. After the publication of Chen Pai-chen’s *The End of Shih Ta-kai* in November 1935, he wrote *The Taipings* in 1937, while Yang Han-sheng’s *Death of Li Hsiu-cheng* appeared later that same year. Whenever Chiang Kai-shek rampaged against the Communist Party and the people, they produced another anti-communist historical play. Their muck was not only staged under Chiang Kai-shek’s regime before the liberation, but also after the liberation. This is absolutely intolerable.

The “four villains” and their cohorts extolled this anti-communist trash to the skies in interviews, reviews and press notices. Without exception, the plays vilify and misrepresent the revolutionary history of the Taipings. They deny the fact that in China’s feudal past, peasant uprisings were the motive force that impelled history forward. Rather, they eulogize either the headmen who suppressed the peasants’ revolutionary movement or the renegades who sold out the interests of the peasant revolution, while attacking by innuendo the Chinese Communist Party and the revolutionary struggles under its leadership. In a word, they are in the service of imperialism and Kuomintang reactionaries. *The End of Shih Ta-kai* is a specimen of this genre.

Today, Liu Shao-chi and his agents in literary and art circles — the “four villains” — have all come to their “end” in the storms of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. But the poison they spread is still in need of thorough eradication. The hacks of social-

imperialism try repeatedly to revive the prestige and decadent rot dished up by the "four villains" in the thirties; they even praise the poisonous weeds produced by these villains as being "the most progressive of the time." For this reason it is necessary to dissect *The End of Shih Ta-kai* as a specimen, to see how reactionary these anti-communist literary diatribes are.

"The Red Army Is an Army of Heroes"

The great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Without a people's army the people have nothing."** (*On Coalition Government.*) The Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, predecessor of the present People's Liberation Army, under the wise leadership of the great leader Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party, had carried on arduous struggles and made heroic sacrifices during the past scores or so years, contributing enormously to the cause of proletarian revolution.

Japanese imperialism, after having snatched away our three north-eastern provinces, stretched its claws to north China in an attempt to seize the whole of our country. At this crucial moment of national existence, the Chinese Communist Party with Chairman Mao as its leader and the Chinese people time and again put forth the demand to terminate the civil war in the country and get united to fight the Japanese aggressors. But the Kuomintang reactionaries — the Chiang Kai-shek gang — throwing the national interests overboard, insisted on their rule of dictatorship, betrayal of the country and carrying on the counter-revolutionary civil war. Chiang Kai-shek clamoured that "settling internal affairs is the prerequisite to resisting foreign invasion." He persisted in the policy of non-resistance, always retreating before the advance of the Japanese aggressors. On the other hand, he concentrated his troops in successive large-scale "encirclements" of the revolutionary bases.

The Chinese Communist Party led the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army on the valorous Long March of twenty-five thousand *li*. The aim was to preserve the revolutionary forces and fight the Japanese invaders in the north. On the way, at Tsunyi, the Central Committee of the Party called the famous Tsunyi Conference. Unique in impor-

tance in the history of the Party, this conference proclaimed the end of the opportunist line pushed by Wang Ming and established the correct leadership of the great leader Chairman Mao in the entire Party and the Central Committee. Henceforth Chairman Mao has navigated the ship of Chinese revolution which, with its course now chartered in the correct direction, has been advancing steadily through violent gales and turbulent waves towards victory.

The heroic Workers' and Peasants' Red Army broke through all encirclements and interceptions by hundreds of thousands of Kuomintang troops. It overcame countless perils and obstacles. The strategic shifting of Red revolutionary bases was finally crowned with victory. The world-shaking Long March terminated in triumph for us and in utter fiasco for the enemy.

Chairman Mao points out that **"the Long March is the first of its kind in the annals of history, that it is a manifesto, a propaganda force, a seeding-machine. Since Pan Ku divided the heavens from the earth and the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors* reigned, has history ever witnessed a long march such as ours? For twelve months we were under daily reconnaissance and bombing from the skies by scores of planes, while on land we were encircled and pursued, obstructed and intercepted by a huge force of several hundred thousand men, and we encountered untold difficulties and dangers on the way; yet by using our two legs we swept across a distance of more than twenty thousand *li* through the length and breadth of eleven provinces. Let us ask, has history ever known a long march to equal ours? No, never."** (*On Tactics Against Japanese Imperialism.*) This miracle, performed by the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army under the guidance of our supreme commander Chairman Mao, had no equal in the world. It will shine for ever in the glorious history of the proletarian revolution.

What should our attitude towards it be? Support or opposition? Praise or attack? This is a touchstone to test the difference between

*Pan Ku, according to Chinese mythology, was the creator of the world and the first ruler of mankind. The Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors were legendary rulers in ancient China.

the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary. The revolutionary people throughout the country and those of the whole world showed great solicitude for the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, and fervently wished that its Long March end in victory. Lu Hsun, the greatest and bravest standard bearer of the new cultural forces, gave the highest praise to the Long March of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army. In winter, 1935 he stated in a congratulatory telegram to the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party: "It is on you that the hope of China and of humanity rests." This message voiced to the full the heartfelt love of the Chinese people and all the labouring people of the world for the Chinese Communist Party and the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army.

On the other hand, imperialism, Kuomintang reactionaries and their lackeys trembled with fear before the Long March of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army. They hated it intensely. They tried to crush, belittle and defame it as best they could. In this context *The End of Shih Ta-kai* by Chen Pai-chen directly suited the counter-revolutionary needs of the Kuomintang and Chiang Kai-shek. It speaks for and bolsters up the enemy.

The experience of class struggle teaches us that reactionaries, compelled by their counter-revolutionary requirements, often pervert and distort the essence of a matter by enlarging upon a fragmentary fact or a superficial phenomenon in history, to make it mean something else. Chen Pai-chen is a counter-revolutionary of exactly this type. The Taiping revolutionary movement that broke out in the fifties of the 19th century was one of the greatest anti-imperialist and anti-feudal revolutionary peasants' wars of the last hundred years. It struck hard at the feudal rule of the Ching dynasty and the aggressive forces of imperialism. In this widespread revolutionary struggle, a number of revolutionary peasant leaders and heroic personages such as Hung Hsiu-chuan and Chen Yu-cheng, came to the fore. They dared to regard foreign aggressors and domestic feudal rulers with hatred and contempt, and performed countless moving and valiant exploits.

But in 1935, when national contradictions and class contradictions within the country were very acute, when the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army was struggling hard in its heroic advance on the Long March, Chen Pai-chen, instead of eulogizing the Taiping revolutionary movement and its courageous deeds, set his eyes particularly on Shih Ta-kai, a shameless renegade, of landlord origin, who had wormed his way into the revolutionary ranks and who finally surrendered to the enemy. In addition to making this renegade the hero of his play, in selecting historical data, Chen cut off the head and tail, and picked up only the section in which Shih Ta-kai left the capital and met his end together with all his troops at the Tatu River. He highlighted Shih Ta-kai's "end" above all else. What was his purpose, then?

If we inquire into the commotion made by the Kuomintang and Chiang Kai-shek against the Communist Party at that time, the answer is readily available.

The Red Army was on its way through Szechuan Province shortly before Chen Pai-chen began writing the play. The gangster chief Chiang Kai-shek had sent a telegram from Kunming to the local warlord Yang Shen, appointing him "commander of the garrison at the Tatu River" and urging him to emulate "the deeds of Lo Ping-chang, governor of Szechuan in the Ching dynasty, who captured Shih Ta-kai." On June 1, 1935 Chiang Kai-shek addressed "an open letter to the gentry of Szechuan Province," in which he maliciously slandered the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army and urged them to "annihilate en masse" the great people's forces. He arrogantly touted, "In the past, even Shih Ta-kai, with more than a hundred thousand men under his command, could not avoid the fate of utter destruction at the hands of the people of Szechuan, so how can the Red bandits, whose strength is a far cry from that of Shih save their skin?" On June 14, 1935, he issued another "open letter exhorting the people of Szechuan, Sikang, Shensi, Kansu, Ninghsia and Chinghai Provinces to help exterminate the Red bandits," disparaging the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army as having reached "the end — final collapse."

Chiang Kai-shek was an arch hangman, cruel and debased to the extreme. He ranted time and again about "Shih Ta-kai" and "the end," dreaming that the Red Army would become Shih Ta-kai the Second. The hue and cry raised by Chiang Kai-shek provides a clue to the intent of Chen Pai-chen in writing this play. Chiang Kai-shek furnished the theme, and Chen servilely developed it into a script for the stage. This is how *The End of Shih Ta-kai* came into being! "Like minds run in the same channel." What is the basis of their "like minds"? It is the counter-revolutionary biting hatred for the Red Army.

The essence of the play is the "end," the thesis Chen elaborates at great length. The play has the "end" in its title, dwells on the "end," and concluded with the "end." What is more, the entire piece is suffused with the pall of the "end."

"What can I say in a situation like this?

Where can I find a place to rest my bones?"

Chen takes these two lines of Shih's as the motif, which runs throughout the entire work. Here he racks his brains to magnify pessimism and defeatism with all the power at his command. Shih is despondency itself the moment he comes before the footlights. He murmurs these two lines "in the deepest of sorrow." He is a picture of utter forlornness, dejection and loneliness, suggesting that he is heading for the "end."

In Act Three, Chen paints the despondency of Shih Ta-kai with the gloomiest touch. The hero is immersed in despair, groaning that "So many of my men have disappeared during these four years!" "Commander Chen left us in a fit of anger. And General Yu was pitifully murdered! General Chu lost his life in action! Oh, the two heartless commanders, Chang and Yu! They joined the Manchu troops!" "I've covered five or six provinces, avoiding attacks and breaking out of blockades, but I've suffered great losses. Now out of a mighty army of two hundred thousand I've only ten or twenty thousand men left!"

Act Four, which is also the last one, describes the siege of the Taipings. Surrounded by pursuers on all sides, the Taipings howl in hunger and cold and bemoan their fate. The hopeless "end" is de-

scending on them. They complain, "Nothing to eat and no place to sleep. It's a dog's life!" "We've only mulberry leaves and horse flesh for food!" "Encircled on all sides we'll soon be tied and taken as prisoners."

And Shih Ta-kai himself cries desperately, "We have now no way out! Everything is finished!" The curtain falls with the lights fading, with Shih murmuring, "What can I say in a situation like this? Where can I find a place to rest my bones?" "Where to go?" — this is Shih's last wail. What a meticulous delineation and portrayal of the Taiping commander meeting failure and the "end"!

By distorting the history of the Taiping revolutionary peasant movement, by rendering ugly the images of the Taiping revolutionary fighters and spotlighting Shih's inextricable predicament, Chen Pai-chen vilifies by innuendo the great Workers' and Peasants' Red Army. Let's take a look at his own statement in which he confesses openly that in writing the play he was trying to "fit the contemporary material into the shell of history." His "attempt is 'to speak of one thing while meaning something else' and 'to swear at the locust while pointing at the mulberry tree.' In other words, to offer the living some sort of 'satirical parable.' Therefore the writing and production of a historical play should be regarded as a kind of strategy, a kind of tactic in the present dramatic movement." Indeed, the play in question bears witness to his confession.

The End of Shih Ta-kai fills "the shell of history" with Chiang Kai-shek's hue and cry against the Communist Party. It was staged for the purpose of "satirizing the present in the guise of the past" and "swearing at the locust while pointing at the mulberry tree." It condemns the Red Army's Long March through the "end" of Shih Ta-kai, in a vain attempt to destroy the faith of "the living," i.e., the faith of the broad labouring masses of workers and peasants, in the ultimate victory of the Red Army, and to undermine the fighting morale of the revolutionary people. This is the "strategy," and "tactics" of the play, which is actually a poison-arrow shot at the Chinese Communist Party and the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army under its leadership.

The wild dream entertained by Chiang Kai-shek and his lackeys Chen Pai-chen and company that the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army would become Shih Ta-kai the Second was only an indulgence of their counter-revolutionary wishful thinking and metaphysical fantasy. True, the reactionary troops of the Ching government did annihilate the entire army under Shih Ta-kai's command at the perilous Tatu River. But the Kuomintang reactionaries could by no means stop the forced crossing of the same river by the Red Army under the leadership of Chairman Mao. On the contrary, this army leapt over the most hazardous spots one after another, performing deeds never known in the chronicles of battles. This clearly demonstrates its invincibility.

**The Red Army fears not the trials of a distant march;
To them a thousand mountains, ten thousand rivers are nothing.**

These soaring lines from the pen of Chairman Mao summarize the countless historical feats accomplished by our heroes. What is the significance of these historical events? They indicate that the vicissitudes of war are not determined by the factors of topography or arms and equipment, but by men and politics. This is the very truth that Chiang Kai-shek, Chen Pai-chen and their like as well as modern imperialism, social-imperialism and all reaction can never understand, nor dare they envisage.

In treating peasant uprisings and peasant wars in Chinese feudal society, the great leader Chairman Mao fully affirms their historical merits, pointing out that they **"constituted the real motive force of historical development in Chinese feudal society. For each of the major peasant uprisings and wars dealt a blow to the feudal regime of the time, and hence more or less furthered the growth of the social productive forces."**

Chairman Mao also points out: **"However, since neither new productive forces, nor new relations of production, nor new class forces, nor any advanced political party existed in those days, the peasant uprisings and wars did not have correct leadership such as the proletariat and the Communist Party provide today;**

every peasant revolution failed, and the peasantry was invariably used by the landlords and the nobility, either during or after the revolution, as a lever for bringing about dynastic change." (*The Chinese Revolution and the Chinese Communist Party.*)

Of course, the Taiping peasant revolution could not free itself from these limitations either. The direct cause of the failure of the contingent of Taiping troops under Shih Ta-kai was the fact that he, a commander of landlord origin, betrayed and split away from the main forces and went into Szechuan alone without any support. But the root of the matter, as Chairman Mao points out, is that it **"did not have correct leadership such as the proletariat and the Communist Party provide."**

The Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, on the other hand, was personally created and is led by the great leader Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party. It is an army of a new type, armed with invincible Mao Tsetung Thought. Guided by Chairman Mao's correct political line and military line, it is strengthened by firm political work. All the commanders and fighters have a high proletarian consciousness, and conscientiously abide by revolutionary discipline. Imbued with the revolutionary heroism of **"fearing neither hardship nor death,"** the army **"is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield,"** to **"stand firmly with the Chinese people and to serve them whole-heartedly."** (*On Coalition Government.*) And for this reason it is warmly loved and supported by the masses of the people.

This is a heroic army with no match in history. Yet Chiang Kai-shek, Chen Pai-chen and their ilk fancied that it would suffer in the thirties of the 20th century the same total collapse that befell Shih Ta-kai's troops in the sixties of the 19th century. It was sheer day-dreaming. The law of history always runs counter to the wishes of the reactionaries. The great victory of the Long March **"has proclaimed to the world that the Red Army is an army of heroes, while the imperialists and their running dogs, Chiang Kai-shek and his like, are impotent."** (*On Tactics Against Japanese Imperialism.*)

“Political Power Grows Out of the Barrel of a Gun”

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is the central task and the highest form of revolution. This Marxist-Leninist principle of revolution holds good universally, for China and for all other countries.”** (*Problems of War and Strategy*.) But Chen Pai-chen throughout his play sermonizes on the hypocritical kindness and righteousness of the exploiting class, in direct opposition to Chairman Mao’s Marxist-Leninist revolutionary principle of seizing power by armed force. Time and again Chen preaches “kindness and righteousness” through incidents which he completely fabricates.

“The reason why I left the capital,” Shih Ta-kai says in the play, “is because I don’t want to kill people as the heavenly king and his coterie do. They think they can seize the power from the Manchus by killing people. They don’t know that in the course of winning power, how much suffering is inflicted upon the people!”

Chen also concocted a lot of nonsense in praise of Shih Ta-kai through the latter’s subordinates who sing, “Shih is kind to people and inanimate things as well. That’s why he is loved by the multitude.” “He is truly a man of kindness and righteousness.” To emphasize this point Chen also invented a character, Han Pao-ying. This Han hates the Taipings so much that he even wants to murder Shih. But the latter’s “kindness and righteousness” moves him to such an extent that he finally regards Shih as his father. Another phony character, Ma Teh-liang, is also so inspired that he comes over to join the ranks of the Taipings and pledges allegiance to Shih. This is how the author gives prominence to the moral strength of “kindness and righteousness.”

Most infamous of all in the play is the slander of Hung Hsiu-chuan as a ruler despotic, debased and incompetent, who “fools the ignorant masses” and “butchers countless innocent people.” Chen also spins a long yarn about how Shih conducts negotiations with Tseng Kuo-fan, the arch hangman who suppressed the peasant revolution, in an attempt to “establish a state for the Chinese” in co-operation with him. Here Shih shamelessly calls him a “gentleman.” The playwright

even fakes a situation in which Shih, surrounded by the enemy, continues to prattle about “meeting war with kindness and righteousness,” and stubbornly refusing to “break through the encirclement.” “We have to convince the enemy with kindness and righteousness,” says Shih. “In our present predicament, do you think I should lead my men to disaster? I won’t do it.”

Here Chen Pai-chen is trying to disguise the false in the garb of truth as he praises this despicable decision to await death and surrender arms to the enemy as an act of “kindness and righteousness” in order to save his men’s lives. “Kindness and righteousness” in this case is but a cloak for a renegade.

Of course, Chen Pai-chen also permits a few characters to oppose Shih’s principle of “kindness and righteousness,” but only as a smoke-screen with which to cover the truth. In some scenes Liu Shang-shu and Han Pao-ying express differences with Shih Ta-kai. But in the end they pledge allegiance, and show great faith in him, in fact they are even ready to work for him at the cost of their lives.

“Your humble servants have faith only in Your Excellency,” they say; “we are your loyal children. . . . For the sake of our father we are willing to give up our lives.” This kind of blather is designed solely to emphasize that Shih’s “kindness and righteousness” has power capable of winning the souls of men. Chen devises some conflicts and dissensions among the characters, cunningly contriving to project more conspicuously “kindness and righteousness.”

By distorting the history of the Taiping revolution, fabricating incidents and scenes, and viciously attacking the peasant revolutionary war as something contrary to the principle of “kindness and righteousness,” Chen is directing his spearhead at the Taiping revolutionary movement led by Hung Hsiu-chuan. And this is done for the purpose of propagating “kindness and righteousness” in a more effective context. What is the motive, then, behind all this? The masters give the order, and the running dog appropriately barks. An examination of the counter-revolutionary stratagem contrived by the Kuomintang and Chiang Kai-shek will make everything clear.

The Kuomintang and Chiang Kai-shek, like imperialism, social-imperialism and all reaction throughout history, are expert at playing

counter-revolutionary double tactics known as "the way of might" and "the way of right." As Lenin pointed out, "**All oppressing classes stand in need of two social functions to safeguard their rule: the function of the hangman and the function of the priest.**" (*Collected Works of Lenin*, Chinese edition, Vol. 21, p. 208.) Chiang Kai-shek, while launching the exceedingly cruel and barbarous counter-revolutionary "encirclement and suppression" against the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, at the same time advocated "virtuous culture" as defined by the feudal class. "Use the Three People's Principles which are imbued to the core with 'kindness' to defeat the heresies of the Communist bandits which are bereft of all kindness," he spouted. "To wipe out the bandits is an act of kindness." He pushed energetically the notorious "new life movement" which played up "loyalty, filial piety, kindness, love, trustworthiness and peace." Chiang Kai-shek prated that if one understood what propriety, morality, modesty and a sense of shame meant, "one would be willing to die rather than to steal: Even ex-bandits could become so enlightened as to barter their swords for an ox."

What kind of junk was Chiang Kai-shek's "new life movement?" He confessed of his own accord that its "ultimate aim" was to "thoroughly" impose fascist rule on "the citizens of the entire country," so that the oppressed class would cease fighting and resisting and endure apathetically the wanton enslavement, exploitation and massacre practised by the big landlords and the big bourgeoisie. The "kindness and righteousness" preached by Chen Pai-chen in *The End of Shih Ta-kai* serves only this atrocious, counter-revolutionary objective.

All the exploiting classes in history, hoping to blur or cover up the ever sharpening class contradictions, always resort to the hypocritical mask of "kindness" to fool and cheat the labouring people. To mislead people away from revolution by advocating "kindness and righteousness" is not the exclusive creation of Chiang Kai-shek and Chen Pai-chen. Confucius, spokesman of the declining slave-owner class, was the earliest mouthpiece in this field. The spokesmen of capitalism and modern revisionism, too, expound on "fraternity" and "peace." The renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu

Shao-chi also peddled widely the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius. They are all birds of a feather.

The so-called "kindness and righteousness" is in reality a veil for the monstrous features of the exploiting classes as well as a rope to bind the labouring people hand and foot, to keep them from putting up any resistance. That is why it has been esteemed by reactionary rulers and their lackeys through the ages as a very precious tactic.

Chen Pai-chen trumpeted "kindness and righteousness" at a time when the Japanese aggressors were riding roughshod over our people deep in the country, when the Kuomintang reactionaries were engaged in cruel military and cultural "encirclement and suppression" of the revolutionary struggles under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party. He was actually co-ordinating with Chiang Kai-shek's effort to deceive and paralyse the revolutionary people, opposing the armed struggle led by the Chinese Communist Party. His aim was to uphold the fascist rule of the big landlords, big compradors and big bourgeoisie represented by Chiang Kai-shek.

The sort of "kindness and righteousness" preached by Chen Pai-chen is nothing but out-and-out class capitulationism in which the enemy is regarded as friend and the thief as father.

Revolution and resistance arise wherever there is oppression and exploitation. In order to maintain their reactionary rule, the Kuomintang reactionaries built up huge armed forces and the police whose function was to suppress the people's revolutionary struggles. To propagate the fallacy "tackling war with kindness and righteousness" at a time when the Kuomintang and Chiang Kai-shek were massacring the people practically every minute, is tantamount to urging the people to stick out their necks for the butcher's knife.

In China as well as in other countries, reactionary rulers down through the ages, including the present-day U.S. imperialism, social-imperialism and all reaction, have wantonly murdered countless numbers of peoples. But can we find a single example in any history, in any country, in any dynasty when an oppressed class or an oppressed people ever won victory by "tackling war with kindness and righteousness"? No, never.

History tells us that the only way for the oppressed and exploited people to stand up, to free themselves, is to fight in armed struggle with guns, to oppose counter-revolutionary war with revolutionary war, which is **“a most lofty and glorious undertaking for the salvation of mankind and China, and a bridge to a new era in world history.”** (*Problems of Strategy in China's Revolutionary War*.) To support or oppose the revolutionary war is the fundamental line of demarcation between true revolutionaries and bogus revolutionaries, between revolution and counter-revolution. During the first revolutionary civil war period, Chen Tu-hsiu, the liquidationist, refused to let the workers and peasants build up their own armed forces and seize power through armed struggle. The renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, too, in his capacity as a running dog of imperialism and the Kuomintang, sold out the workers' armed forces. That is why, when the Kuomintang reactionaries engineered a counter-revolutionary coup d'etat, the Communist Party was powerless to offer any real resistance. A tempestuous, impassioned revolution was smothered and lost at the hands of such renegades and scabs.

The great leader Chairman Mao personally lit the fire of armed revolution to oppose the armed counter-revolution, built up the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army and revolutionary bases, led the people's forces in waging a people's war, implemented the strategy of using the villages to encircle the cities so as to capture them in the end, and finally won victory for the Chinese revolution. In summarizing the experiences accumulated through blood by the Chinese people in their protracted struggles Chairman Mao points out: **“Without armed struggle neither the proletariat, nor the people, nor the Communist Party would have any standing at all in China and it would be impossible for the revolution to triumph.”** (*Introducing “The Communist”*.)

Chen Pai-chen and his ilk chattered incessantly about “kindness and righteousness” to oppose revolutionary war. But this vain attempt could never delude the revolutionary people. Lenin said it very well: **“Let the hypocritical or the sentimental bourgeois dream of disarmament. So long as there are oppressed**

and exploited people in the world, we must strive, not for disarmament, but for the arming of the whole people.” (*Collected Works of Lenin*, Chinese edition, Vol. 10, p. 36.)

“Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.” (*Problems of War and Strategy*.) This great truth is now being grasped by more and more oppressed people and oppressed nations every day. It illuminates and guides the revolutionary struggles of the proletariat of the entire world and the people of all countries from victory to victory. U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism are colluding and contending with each other, hopelessly aspiring to redivide the world. They strive with all the means at their command to thwart revolutionary wars launched by the people of all countries.

But wherever there is armed aggression and suppression by imperialism, social-imperialism and their lackeys, there is bound to be revolutionary war against aggression and oppression. This is a law that operates independently of the will of imperialism and social-imperialism and all reaction. Moreover, just as the great leader Chairman Mao recently pointed out: **“Revolution is the main trend in the world today.” “The people of a small country can certainly defeat aggression by a big country, if only they dare to rise in struggle, dare to take up arms and grasp in their own hands the destiny of their country. This is a law of history.”** (*People of the World, Unite and Defeat the U.S. Aggressors and All Their Running Dogs!*)

“To Be Attacked by the Enemy Is Not a Bad Thing but a Good Thing”

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“There is absolutely no such thing in the world as love or hatred without reason or cause.”** (*Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*.) Why do Chen Pai-chen and his like harbour such ardent love for the Kuomintang and Chiang Kai-shek, and such bitter hatred for the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party? We will not find it inexplicable if we probe into Chen's personal history. He is none other than a renegade to the proletariat and a running dog of imperialism, social-imperialism and all reaction. For us,

“to be attacked by the enemy is not a bad thing but a good thing.”

It is indeed an honour for us to be assailed by imperialism, social-imperialism, all reactionaries and their lackeys. It cannot hurt us one bit, nor can it do any harm to the great Mao Tsetung Thought, nor can it mar the brilliance of the people's forces and the theory of people's war.

In *The End of Shih Ta-kai*, Chen Pai-chen advocates, ostensibly through the mouth of his hero, surrender to the enemy. “Yes, surrender is shameful,” he admits. Yet he rationalizes, “But it is permissible when there is no other way out.” “In a situation like this, hundreds of lives would have to be sacrificed for nothing if we try to make a break through. It's better to endure humiliation for the time being in order to preserve our strength. Then we can wait for a chance to avenge ourselves....” These sinister words, spouted from the mouth of Shih Ta-kai, actually bespeak his own heart. Chen Pai-chen is here openly peddling a renegade philosophy in his capacity as one of Chiang Kai-shek's brokers. In this way he attempts vainly to undermine the revolutionary ranks, to find a pretext for traitors to sell out the revolution, and to give them a cloak with which to cover up their ugly features.

Chen wormed his way into the revolutionary ranks with high ambitions. He became a renegade in 1932 after his arrest by the Kuomintang. Despicably he submitted to the enemy, and betrayed the revolution from then on. He engaged enthusiastically in counter-revolutionary activities under the direction of Kuomintang agents while in Chiang Kai-shek's prison and reformatory. It was there that he scribbled the anti-communist historical play *Yu the Beauty* and a host of anti-communist articles in which he declared shamelessly that the gangster Chiang Kai-shek's reformatory “is not a prison. Nor are we prisoners. We are but scrap-iron thrown into the furnace of revolution. When we come out we should be tempered into fine steel.” So vicious was his slander of the Communist Party that he said: “It is on the verge of total collapse.” Isn't this a pronouncement of his real motive in fabricating the play *The End of Shih Ta-kai*?

Complying obediently with the order of Kuomintang agents, he sponsored the “National Theatrical Group,” and made himself

its head, to spread counter-revolutionary propaganda for the Kuomintang.

He professed openly: “I shall use the stage as a classroom and scripts as textbooks” to accomplish the task of “rejuvenating the nation.” “Rejuvenating the nation,” as understood by Chen Pai-chen, meant Chiang Kai-shek's traitorous rule of dictatorship. Chen was here employing the language of the Kuomintang to pledge his loyalty to it. In 1935, after being “tempered” into a running dog of the Kuomintang reactionaries in the counter-revolutionary furnace, hardly had he crawled out of the gangster Chiang Kai-shek's reformatory than he foisted upon the public *The End of Shih Ta-kai*. This is a further demonstration of how anxious he had become to serve the Kuomintang reactionaries. His play is an open manifesto against revolution.

During the War of Resistance Against Japan and the War of Liberation, Chen wrote a considerable number of reactionary plays to meet the counter-revolutionary needs of the Kuomintang. For this he was “commended” many times by the Kuomintang reactionaries. In 1941, Chiang Kai-shek stirred up the second anti-communist onslaught by creating the Southern Anhwei Incident. Chen's wicked mind became active again. He revised *The End of Shih Ta-kai* under the new title *Tatu River*, in which he, by innuendoes, continued his slander of and attack on the Chinese Communist Party, the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army. Then, in accordance with the instructions personally given him by the cultural agents of the Kuomintang, he adapted Chiang Kai-shek's notorious book *China's Destiny* into a play, in which he distorted the history of the War of Resistance Against Japan and sowed lies against the Communist Party and the people.

After the liberation of the country, this spineless, scabby dog made another about-face and again sneaked into the revolutionary ranks. Sheltered by renegades and enemy agents Liu Shao-chi, Lu Ting-yi and the “four villains” Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Tien Han and Yang Han-sheng, he was given responsible jobs, through which he pushed the sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and

art in order to create counter-revolutionary public opinion for the restoration of capitalism.

In 1956 and 1957, when revisionist thinking was rampant in the country and abroad, the "four villains" immediately came to the fore and stirred up trouble everywhere. They ordered their followers, and instigated freaks and monsters, to launch attacks on the Party and socialism. In response to these plots, Chen maliciously published one poisonous article after another, including *What Am I to Say?* and *Leadership for the Movement of Drama Is Necessary*, yelling that "the present is far worse than the past." His vicious thrusts were directed at the leadership of the Party and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Taking advantage of his position as editor of the magazine *People's Literature*, under the pretext of "soliciting contributions," he colluded with a handful of renegades, agents, rightists and reactionary writers, to proliferate poisonous articles against the Party and socialism. In this way batch after batch of reactionary writings came out into the open from under his wing. His crimes are indeed too numerous to list.

The personal history written by Chen Pai-chen himself proves that from the thirties to the sixties, from the new democratic revolution to the socialist revolution, Chen served heart and soul both the Kuomintang reactionaries in their activities against the Communist Party and the people, and Liu Shao-chi and his agents in literary and art circles — Chou Yang and company — in their attempt to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, personally initiated and led by the great leader Chairman Mao, has smashed the plot of Liu Shao-chi's renegade clique to restore capitalism and shattered the sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art peddled by its subsidiary firm in literary and art circles — the Chou Yang counter-revolutionary gang with the "four villains" and Lin Mo-han as its nucleus. The reactionary plays fabricated by the "four villains" and their like have been severely criticized and denounced by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, and by the

people. Now, imperialism, social-imperialism and all reaction are trying their best to attack our Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution by reviving these counter-revolutionary dramatic deeds. All these are vain attempts which inevitably will come to nothing.

It is the Kuomintang reactionaries and their lackeys who came to their "end," doomed by history. Under the wise leadership of the great leader Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party, the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, predecessor of the present Chinese People's Liberation Army, has grown from a small and weak force into one with great, powerful military strength. It fought north and south, and "**rolled back the enemy like a mat**," defeating the Japanese aggressors and annihilating eight millions of Chiang Kai-shek's bandit troops armed by U.S. imperialism. It went from victory to victory.

Since the founding of the People's Republic of China, the Chinese People's Liberation Army has become the pillar of the dictatorship of the proletariat, a wall of bronze for the defence of the socialist motherland. History has verified, and will continue to verify, that the Red Army led by Chairman Mao is an army of heroes and that the people's army is invincible. Tempered in the fire of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the Chinese People's Liberation Army and the seven hundred million Chinese people, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, are now becoming even more powerful and more impregnable, closely united around the Party Central Committee with Chairman Mao as its leader and Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader. If U.S. imperialism and its running dogs dare to impose aggressive war on us, their end will be none other than an ignominious fiasco.

The Chinese Government Holds Soirée to Warmly Welcome the Delegation of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea

On June 27, the Chinese Government held a soirée in Peking to warmly welcome the delegation of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea which came to China at the invitation of the Chinese Government to participate in activities of the Chinese people to commemorate the 20th anniversary of Korea's War for the Liberation of the Fatherland and to denounce the crimes of U.S. imperialism in forcibly occupying China's territory Taiwan. The revolutionary artists of the Peking Opera Troupe of Peking performed the modern revolutionary Peking opera *Shachiapang*.

Comrade Pak Sung Chul, head of the delegation of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, Comrade Kim Joong Rin, deputy head of the delegation, Comrades Han Ik Soo, Yang Hyung Sup and Hyun Joon Keuk, members of the delegation, and the entourage of the delegation saw the performance. Comrades from the Korean embassy in Peking also attended the performance.

Leading comrades from the Chinese side who accompanied the Korean comrades on the occasion included Chou En-lai, Chiang Ching, Li Hsien-nien, Wu Fa-hsien, Chiu Hui-tso, Yao Wen-yuan and Kuo Mo-jo.

When Pak Sung Chul, Kim Joong Rin and other Korean comrades, accompanied by Chou En-lai, Chiang Ching and other comrades,

entered the hall, all people in the hall stood up and greeted the envoys of the fraternal Korean people with warm and prolonged applause.

The modern revolutionary Peking opera *Shachiapang*, which portrays how Chinese armymen and civilians united as one, heroically resisted the Japanese invaders and their running dogs during the War of Resistance Against Japan, was warmly applauded by the Korean comrades-in-arms and the audience.

At the close of the performance, all the revolutionary artists and the audience shouted with one voice: "Long live Premier Kim Il Sung!" and "Long live Chairman Mao!" A jubilant atmosphere prevailed in the hall. At this moment Pak Sung Chul, Kim Joong Rin and other Korean comrades, accompanied by Chou En-lai, Chiang Ching and other comrades, mounted the stage and cordially shook hands with the artists to congratulate them on their successful performance. The Korean delegation presented the revolutionary artists with a floral basket.

Japanese Monthly Commemorates the 28th Anniversary of the Publication of Chairman Mao's "Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art"

Recently the Japanese monthly *Bungei Senshi* (Literary Fighter), organ of the progressive Japanese "Haguruma" (Gear) Troupe published a special issue to commemorate the 28th anniversary of the publication of the great leader Chairman Mao's illustrious work *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*.

The special issue carried beside its masthead the following quotation from Chairman Mao: "**All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use.**" Then under the banner headline "Welcome the 28th Anniversary of the Publication of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, Advance in Bigger Strides Along Mao Tsetung's Line in Literature and Art!", the special issue carried an article written by the "Haguruma" Troupe to give an account of its road of integrating with the workers and peasants in the five years after its rebellion against the Miyamoto revisionist clique.

The article said: On January 1, 1967, we renewed our resolve to advance along Mao Tsetung's line in literature and art, take the road of proletarian literature and art in the service of workers and peasants and strive for the creation of proletarian literature and art. In January 1968, we formed ourselves into three groups to unfold activities of "Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Teams" and presented revolutionary songs and dances and plays in various parts of the country. Through performances in factories and villages, we integrated ourselves with the workers and peasants and created works and dramatic skill focussing on the struggle of the Japanese people.

The article said: The past five years were the years in which the "Haguruma" Troupe in line with the reality of Japan began to advance along the brilliant road pointed out in the *Talks*. We began the struggle of self-remoulding to change our stand to that of the proletariat. The question of stand is a fundamental one. Though we have achieved certain successes on this matter, we must continue our self-remoulding and then go on to solve completely the problem of "how to serve" as raised in the *Talks*.

The article said: We will follow the teaching in the *Talks*, go deep into the life and struggle of the people, integrate ourselves with the workers and peasants in thinking and sentiment and speak their language.

The *Bungei Senshi* also carried articles by members of the "Haguruma" Troupe on their study of the brilliant *Talks* and the remoulding of their thinking by going deep among the worker-peasant masses.

Three Colour Documentaries Shown in China

Beginning June 25, *Peking People's Mass Rally Supports World People's Struggle Against U.S. Imperialism*, *Celebrating May Day in Spirit of Unity and Militancy* and *Fraternal Chinese People's Envoy*, three colour documentaries, were put on show in Peking and other parts of the country.

Peking People's Mass Rally Supports World People's Struggle Against U.S. Imperialism records scenes of the grand rally and mighty demonstration held in the Chinese capital in resolute response to the great leader Chairman Mao's solemn statement "**People of the World, Unite and**

Defeat the U.S. Aggressors and All Their Running Dogs!" To the powerful strains of *The East Is Red*, the film shows stirring scenes. When our great leader Chairman Mao, in excellent health and high spirits, stepped onto the Tien An Men Rostrum with steady strides, the whole square became a scene of jubilation. Waving their copies of red-covered *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, people cheered time and again "Long live Chairman Mao!" and "We wish Chairman Mao a long, long life!"

The film also records Vice-Chairman Lin Piao reading out Chairman Mao's solemn statement and Samdech Norodom Sihanouk, Head of State of Cambodia and Chairman of the National United Front of Kampuchea, speaking at the rally.

The whole film is permeated with the atmosphere of vigorous revolutionary militancy. It shows the staunch will of the 700 million Chinese people who, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought and tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, resolutely respond to the great leader Chairman Mao's fighting call, vow to provide strong backing for the three Indo-Chinese peoples and are determined to unite with the people of the world in carrying through to the end the revolutionary struggle against U.S. imperialism and all its running dogs.

Celebrating May Day in Spirit of Unity and Militancy vividly records the jubilant scenes of our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao celebrating the first May Day of the seventies with the capital's working class and soldiers and civilians. Full of vigour and looking very healthy, Chairman Mao met leading comrades in various fields of work in China, distinguished guests from foreign countries and diplomatic envoys of various countries at the Tien An Men Rostrum and cordially shook hands and talked with them. On the evening of May 1, an atmosphere of tremendous rejoicing and happiness prevailed over China's capital. Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, with Samdech and Madame Norodom Sihanouk, Samdech and Madame Penn Nouth and distinguished guests from various countries, joined soldiers and civilians in watching the fireworks display in Peking for the occasion. Soldiers and civilians warmly hailed the great victories scored in

China's socialist revolution and socialist construction and the great victories of the people of the world in their struggle against U.S. imperialism, social imperialism and all reaction. They expressed their determination to rally even closer around the Party Central Committee with Chairman Mao as its leader and Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader, to hold high the banner of unity and victory of the Ninth Party Congress and to win even greater victories.

Fraternal Chinese People's Envoy which was produced by the Korean Documentary Film Studio records the recent friendly visit of Comrade Chou En-lai, Premier of the State Council of the People's Republic of China, to the Democratic People's Republic of Korea at the invitation of Comrade Kim Il Sung, Premier of the Cabinet of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. The film warmly praises the militant friendship between the people of Korea and China, which was sealed in blood in the course of the protracted struggle against their common enemies, U.S. and Japanese imperialism. It expresses the determination of the two peoples to continue strengthening their unity and to fight shoulder to shoulder to smash and put an end to the new aggression and war provocations by the U.S.-Japanese reactionaries.

The three films have been warmly received by the revolutionary people throughout the country. These films gave the Chinese people further encouragement in rallying even closer round the Party Central Committee with Chairman Mao as its leader and Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader, in holding aloft the banner of unity and victory of the Ninth Party Congress and, with concrete actions in grasping revolution and promoting production and other work and preparedness against war, in responding to the great call of Chairman Mao and, in unity with people the world over, in carrying to completion the great struggle against U.S. imperialism and all its running dogs.

A Revolutionary Children Magazine Warmly Received

Red Little Soldier, a Shanghai literary semi-monthly, has been warmly received by Chinese children since its first publication in May, 1967.

The magazine contains stories, children's songs, photos, poems, pictures, talks on political affairs and articles on the preparedness against war. The writings and drawings are done by workers, peasants and soldiers, and by children themselves. It features "The World's People Love Chairman Mao," "Never Forget Class Struggle," "Stories of Revolutionary Heroes" and "Sing Revolutionary Songs." It is very educative for the children.

With vivid colourful pictures, beautiful language and ardent feelings, *Red Little Soldier* conveys the infinite love of the children for the great leader Chairman Mao and their determination to be his Red Little Soldiers. The journal also carries stories of how the people and children of various countries are looking to New China and love Chairman Mao. Poems written by Red Little Soldiers singing of Chairman Mao and photos showing the great achievements in China's socialist revolution and socialist construction are often presented. One of the poems reads:

The happy Shaoshan water I drink,
The red sun lights up my heart.
The precious book I daily read,
Every one of Chairman Mao's word I keep in mind.
On the playground I practise bayonet drill,
In the course of revolution I learn how to fight.
Revolutionary will is forged in childhood,
When I grow up, I want to be a worker, peasant or a soldier.

Articles on class education appear in every issue of the magazine to help the children treasure the fruits of revolution and understand that the happy life of today is due to Chairman Mao. They improve their ability to tell friend from foe and right from wrong. Revolutionary stories of heroes also published in every issue, teach the children about revolutionary heroism.

A Revolutionary Literary and Art Propaganda Team in Kwangsi

In the Sanlien Production Brigade of the Red Flag People's Commune in Kwangsi there is an amateur literary and art propaganda

team consisting of twenty sons and daughters of the poor and lower-middle peasants. All are militiamen and militia women in the production brigade. In the two years since the team was formed the members have, with Chairman Mao's brilliant *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* as their weapon, ardently propagated Mao Tsetung Thought and become a powerful fighting force of uniting and educating the people and attacking and destroying the enemy, a vigorous revolutionary literary and art new army warmly welcomed by the broad masses of the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Since its formation the team has regarded the dissemination of Mao Tsetung Thought as its foremost political task. They said: "We'll pass Chairman Mao's latest directives on to everyone as soon as we hear them, and carry them out to the letter." Whenever a new directive by Chairman Mao is published they immediately go into action, promptly studying and applying it. With full political enthusiasm, they compose literary items and go to production teams to show them to the commune members. By closely following the development of the revolutionary situation, the propaganda team puts Mao Tsetung Thought in command. Based on the central tasks of the Party in various periods and the trends of class struggle, they create literary pieces in praise of good people and good deeds in their brigade so as to educate the masses.

Based upon the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought by the poor and lower-middle peasants in their production brigade, the propaganda team wrote and performed many items such as *An Old Couple Study the Three Constantly Read Articles* and *Mother-in-law Participates in Study Meetings*. Their performances greatly spurred the mass movement for the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought.

The opera they wrote to sing of the new rural medical system impressed the masses very much. After seeing the performance the commune members launched a drive to offer medicinal herbs and local medical prescriptions in the production brigade.

The propaganda team has been warmly applauded by the people. They said: "The propaganda team is good at closely following the revolutionary situation and quick at writing and performing."

During the past two years the propaganda team did a lot of writing, rehearsal and performance, but they did not miss a moment in their collective production. Not only did they write and perform literary and art items to create public opinions for the revolution, but also they stood in the forefront of class struggle, analysed and discussed with the poor and lower-middle peasants the new trends of class struggle and persisted in revolutionary mass criticism and repudiation. Very often they carried water, washed clothes and gathered firewood for disabled people and the families of army men. They are fighters who struggle against the enemy as well as activists who serve the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Just off the Press

Fear Neither Hardship Nor Death in Serving the People

(In English)

This pamphlet, containing seven reports about outstanding collectives and heroic figures who fear neither hardship nor death, reflects that a new generation, educated by Mao Tsetung Thought, steeled in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and wholeheartedly devoted to the people and revolution, is vigorously maturing.

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