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Our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman Chairman Mao

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Our literary and art workers must accomplish this task and 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.

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

Long Live Chairman Mao! Long Life, Long, Long Life to Him!

— The Great Leader Celebrates National Day
with the Revolutionary Masses

On October 1, the red sun rose in the East.

Our great leader Chairman Mao, glowing with health and in excellent spirits, walked firmly up the steps of the Tien An Men rostrum. He was accompanied by his close comrade-in-arms Comrade Lin Biao and other leading comrades of the Party's Central Committee. One and a half million revolutionary people broke into tumultuous cheers. The band played the majestic strains of *The East Is Red*.

High above Tien An Men Square floated five enormous red balloons carrying the words "Long live Chairman Mao!" in glittering golden characters.

In the centre of the square, 100,000 revolutionary people held multicoloured garlands to form the five huge characters: "Long live

Chairman Mao!" They expressed the boundless love of 700 million people for their great leader.

The vast contingent of paraders — workers, peasants, soldiers, revolutionary teachers, students and cadres of Peking and other parts of the country — waved bright red copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. They formed a sea of red. Over this surging sea rolled the mighty cry shaking the earth: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long life, long, long life to him!"

The Hearts of Hundreds of Millions Are Turned to Chairman Mao

As they caught sight of Chairman Mao, worker, peasant and soldier representatives invited to the celebrations and standing on the two wings of the rostrum shouted aloud, unable to contain themselves for joy.

A young girl worker, her face flushed with excitement, cheered again and again: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!" She was Sun Wei-chen, a "Five-Good" woman worker of the Yentai City Lock-Making Plant in Shantung Province, an activist in studying Chairman Mao's works. She told the people around her: "The morning I left for Peking, my workmates made me promise that when I saw Chairman Mao, I would cry 'Long live Chairman Mao!' 403 times — once for each of the workers in our plant."

Many were the revolutionary people in Tien An Men Square who, as they were escorted for several stages of their journey to Peking, were urged on all sides to "Give our greetings to Chairman Mao when you see him in Peking!"

Chang Pu-wen, the Party secretary of the Date Garden Production Brigade in Yen-an where Chairman Mao lived for a long period of time before the victory of the War of Liberation, brought with him to the capital some dried Yen-an pulse and peppers. They were sent by the old poor peasant Kao Tung-yu, who had taken a meal with Chairman Mao in the old days, Han Kuei-ying, the head of the Women's Association there at that time, and Li Hsing-fa, the former local ad-

ministration chairman. Indeed, Chang Pu-wen had brought with him the hearts of all the Date Garden people, which have been with Chairman Mao night and day ever since. He himself brought two cattles of millet for Chairman Mao. He said: "In those days, with Chairman Mao to lead us, we beat the Japanese imperialists and the Kuomintang reactionaries with the help of millet plus rifles. Today, with Mao Tse-tung's thought our weapon still, and carrying on the revolutionary traditions, we will certainly crush all our enemies!"

Chairman Mao had come. As Chang Pu-wen gazed at the Chairman, tears ran down his cheeks. He recalled the time when he had clearly seen Chairman Mao receiving a *yangko* team in Yen-an, and now it's twenty years later! But the Chairman is still ruddy and robust, and in the best of health. He couldn't help murmuring to himself: "Yes, this is what I will tell the people back home. This is what they want most to know."

The people have the deepest love for Chairman Mao, and Chairman Mao has the deepest love for the people. Up on Tien An Men, Chairman Mao waved again and again to the animated and cheering crowds on the wings of the rostrum, on the reviewing stands below, and on the vast square.

The poor-peasant woman Chu Hsiu-lan, mother of the fighter for communism Liu Ying-chun who gave his life gloriously in the service of the people, was also up on the rostrum. When she saw Chairman Mao waving in her direction, she cheered even louder than before: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Her boy was what Chairman Mao had made him, and the mother has immeasurable love for the Chairman. On her way to Peking, hundreds of people had sought for her autograph. Instead of signing her own name, Mother Liu has always signed: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Today, she spent more than an hour near Chairman Mao; it was the happiest hour in her life.

Pazang, the emancipated Tibetan woman serf, was on the rostrum to speak for all China's minority nationalities. She is now deputy head of a county in Tibet. She walked up to the microphones and started her speech: "We, members of the Minority Nationalities Delegation, have come from remote border areas to the capital of our motherland, Peking, which we have been longing for day and night,

and we have come to the side of our most, most respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao —” Abruptly, she broke off, choked with hot tears.

Chairman Mao turned slightly towards her and looked at her kindly, encouraging her to calm down. From the bottom of Pazang’s heart came the words: “Chairman Mao! You are the great saviour of the working people of all our nationalities! You are the red sun in our hearts!”

When she had finished her speech, the ex-serf went up to Chairman Mao and grasped his hands. On her way to the capital, Pazang had fixed it in her mind that she would say three things to Chairman Mao:

“Chairman Mao, it was you who led us to emancipation!”

“Chairman Mao, we will always, always follow you!”

“Chairman Mao, we wish you eternal life!”

Now with Chairman Mao’s hand in hers and a warm rush of feelings surging through her veins, she had forgotten every word!

What Pazang had wanted to say is what all the one million emancipated Tibetan serfs want to say, what all the 700 million Chinese people want to say.

Mao Tse-tung’s Thought Is Victory

Standing alert and martial on the reviewing stands were the courageous No. 32111 Drilling Team.* They all wore their shining aluminium safety helmets and cheered exuberantly. Wang Ah-mao, their political instructor held with both hands a red banner with five big characters “Long live Chairman Mao” composed of badges of the Chairman which glittered in the morning sun.

Wang Yu-fa, a member of the team, spoke on behalf of all the workers of the nation. When he walked up, Chairman Mao warmly grasped the hand that had helped to put out the blazing fire. Wang Yu-fa’s heart was bursting with joy. He had so much to say that he did not know where to begin.

*See p. 14 of this issue.

Chairman Mao gently patted him on the shoulder, and pointing to the microphones, indicated that he should take his time.

Wang Yu-fa spoke with great feeling, expressing the boundless love the nation's working class has for Chairman Mao and its firm determination to follow Chairman Mao forward for ever.

After he had spoken he held Chairman Mao's hand in a firm grasp and said fervently: "We wish you good health and eternal life!"

"Were you hurt?" asked Chairman Mao solicitously.

"No," replied Wang Yu-fa. "I had a wet quilt around me when I threw myself over the well-head to put out the fire."

"Very good," said Chairman Mao approvingly.

This was the highest praise the heroes of Drilling Team 32111 could have. This heroic collective was nurtured on Mao Tse-tung's thought. Their famous motto "Imprint Chairman Mao's instructions on our minds, absorb them into our blood, and carry them out in our actions" is stimulating more and more people to diligently and creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's writings.

Ku Ah-tao, an old poor-peasant woman of Taichang County, Kiangsu Province, is a devoted student of Chairman Mao's works. Up on the rostrum, she presented Chairman Mao with three letters of greetings written by the commune members in her locality and a big pumpkin engraved with the words: "Long live Chairman Mao!" and "Study diligently and make progress every day." The words were carved on the pumpkin by her youngest son when it was still growing. She also showed Chairman Mao a set of simple pictures which she had asked someone to draw for her as the outline for a talk she gave on her experiences in studying Chairman Mao's works. Chairman Mao smiled and said: "Good! Good!" and later had a picture taken with her.

Elated, Ku Ah-tao told everyone: "In the old society, we poor and lower-middle peasants were less than nothing. But in the new society, Chairman Mao sets great store by us. Before, an old woman like me could see no further than the stove in my house. Since I began to study Chairman Mao's works, I have been able to see the whole country before me and keep the whole world in my mind."

She expressed her determination to hold Chairman Mao's works in the hands which had shaken with him and to study them well.

When Chairman Mao had a photo taken on the rostrum together with the invited PLA representatives — brilliant models for the whole country in creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works — Wang Yu-chang,* an exemplary cadre in looking after the fighters and a quartermaster of an air force unit, shouted again and again: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

It was the great thought of Mao Tse-tung which had enabled Wang Yu-chang in critical moments to step forward five times to protect the lives of his comrades-in-arms; it was the great thought of Mao Tse-tung which enabled him to wage a stubborn struggle against pain and be fitted with an artificial leg so as to stand up again and continue to serve the people. Wang Yu-chang said with great emotion: "I will spend the rest of my life following Chairman Mao in making revolution and always be a most faithful soldier of Chairman Mao."

As the columns of paraders marched past Tien An Men, Comrade Lin Piao, standing at the side of Chairman Mao, waved his red-covered *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* to the revolutionary masses.

Mao Tse-tung's great thought shines over the whole nation, spreading its light throughout the whole world. A new high tide, a new situation, of several hundred million people creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works is emerging.

Following Chairman Mao Forward Through the Waves and Storms!

Among the paraders were the capital's university and middle-school students and Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students from all parts of the country. Hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, like a mighty torrent several dozen *li* long, they streamed through Tien An Men Square to be reviewed by Chairman Mao.

*See p. 29 of this issue.

Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao! You are the great supreme commander of the great proletarian cultural revolution and the highest commander of us Red Guards!

Revolutionary students marched past Tien An Men carrying the big golden characters: "Study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings and act according to his instructions." They vowed to respond to Comrade Lin Piao's call, push the mass movement of creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works to a new stage and use his works as weapons to carry out the great cultural revolution successfully.

Nieh Meng-min, a student of Peking University representing the revolutionary students of the whole nation, gave this pledge to Chairman Mao: Chairman Mao! We will assuredly follow you and hold aloft the great banner of proletarian revolutionary rebellion to charge and advance bravely in order to overthrow and utterly defeat all the counter-revolutionary revisionists, bourgeois Rightists and reactionary bourgeois authorities, never allowing them to rise up again. We will certainly sweep away all the scum and filth left over from the old world and create a bright red new world radiant with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

After his speech, Chairman Mao shook hands with him. Nieh said firmly: "Rest assured, Chairman Mao, we will follow you to make revolution to the end!"

Peng Yun, the son of the revolutionary martyr Comrade Chiang Chu-yun,* was also on the rostrum. Over a month ago, inspired by the example of the Red Guards in Peking, the Harbin Engineering Institute where he is studying also organized Red Guards. The 16-Point Decision drawn up under the personal direction of Chairman Mao was made public and the news came that Chairman Mao had reviewed the Red Guards. Chairman Mao's warm support for the initiative of the revolutionary masses inspired him; the revolutionary predecessors' spirit of upholding the truth even at the cost of their lives encouraged him. Today he saw Chairman Mao. He said with

*A staunch woman Communist fighter immortalized as Sister Chiang in the well known novel *Red Crag*. See *Chinese Literature* No. 5, 1962, for the story of this revolutionary.

spirit: "With our great supreme commander Chairman Mao leading us, we dare to scale a mountain of swords and brave a sea of raging fire. No one can stop us in our triumphant advance!"

Standing on the reviewing stands, veteran Red Armyman Li Yuheng saw the red waves of revolution rolling on and on. This recalled to his mind the thirty years and more since he became a Red Army fighter, followed Chairman Mao across mountains and rivers on the 25,000-*li* Long March and then fought battles in the north and south under the leadership of Chairman Mao. He saw clearly that in the course of the revolution, each forward step was the outcome of Chairman Mao's correct leadership and was a brilliant victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought. Today the great proletarian cultural revolution launched and led by Chairman Mao personally has made it possible for China's revolutionary youth to temper themselves and mature. This veteran Red Armyman could not help saying: "Our younger generation is a red generation. It is sheer day-dreaming for the imperialists and modern revisionists to hope that it will change colour."

The Red Sun in the Hearts of the World's Revolutionary People

Cherishing boundless love for Chairman Mao and infinite faith in Mao Tse-tung's thought and bringing with them the revolutionary friendship of the people the world over, many foreign friends who had travelled a long way, flying over mountains and rivers and crossing oceans and seas, were here by the side of the great leader Mao Tse-tung. On this glorious red-letter day, they shared the festivity with the Chinese people and cheered with the Chinese people in one voice: "Long live Mao Tse-tung's ever-victorious thought! Long live Chairman Mao, the great leader of the revolutionary people all over the world!"

Shoulder to shoulder with Chairman Mao on the Tien An Men rostrum, Comrade E. F. Hill, Chairman of the Australian Communist Party (Marxist-Leninist), reviewed the paraders. He asked Chairman

Mao to autograph his copy of the English edition of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*.

Comrade N. Sanmugathan, member of the Political Bureau and of the Secretariat of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Ceylon, and other foreign friends also took out their copies of the *Quotations* for Chairman Mao to sign.

Combat heroine Ta Thi Kieu from south Vietnam, the forefront of the struggle against U.S. imperialism, warmly took Chairman Mao's hands in hers, saying: "I wish Chairman Mao good health and eternal life!" Then, beside herself, she shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

Chairman Mao cordially told her: "I wish you victory and I wish President Ho Chi Minh long life!"

Ta Thi Kieu then turned to Comrade Lin Piao who stood by the side of Chairman Mao, and said: "I wish Comrade Lin Piao good health. I wish the Chinese People's Liberation Army great success!"

Comrade Lin Piao warmly shook hands with her and said: "I wish you victory. Please convey my greetings to President Ho Chi Minh!"

On the reviewing stands for foreign guests, many foreign friends, the *Quotations* in hand, enthusiastically read from it in different tongues together with the Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students. Members of the Japanese Women's Congress Delegation learned the song *The East Is Red* and sang it over and over again. When a giant statue of Chairman Mao was carried past by the paraders, a group of young Ecuadorian students burst into jubilant applause and rhythmically cheered in Chinese: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long life, long, long life to him!"

Foreign friends were warm in their praise of the tremendous world significance of the great proletarian cultural revolution personally launched and led by Chairman Mao. They heartily acclaimed the courageous and fearless revolutionary rebel spirit of the Red Guards. Comrades of the New Zealand Communist Party Delegation said that China's cultural revolution was a great event in the world proletarian revolution. The Chinese Red Guards had left the deepest impression on them. The Red Guards' boundless vigour and enthusiasm and

diligent study of Chairman Mao's works, they said, had been a great inspiration to them.

Masao Shimizu, head of the Matsuyama Ballet Troupe of Japan, said: "As a cultural body, we have learned a great many things from China's great cultural revolution. When we get back to Japan, we will publicize this widely among the Japanese people so that they learn from the Chinese Red Guards, learn from their revolutionary spirit."

When Chairman Mao walked out on to the two wings of the rostrum to wave salutations, the friends from abroad burst into shouts of "Long live Chairman Mao!" Many were moved to tears. They cheered him continuously, rejoicing that the reddest, reddest sun has risen in their hearts and is lighting up the hearts of all the world's revolutionary people.

Chairman Mao's Heart Is at One with the Masses

Our great leader Chairman Mao has the greatest confidence in and concern for the masses; he is most eager to go among them. On this great occasion, Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Comrade Lin Piao spent over six joyous hours with one and a half million of the revolutionary masses.

When the flow of paraders had finally ceased, the buoyant throng of 100,000 and more revolutionary people concentrated in the southern part of the square surged forward towards Tien An Men. Chairman Mao faced them and clapped warmly. The square rang with exultant cheers; up and down Tien An Men, jubilation reigned. Comrade Chou En-lai, waving his red-covered *Quotations*, led the people in singing: "Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman; the growth of everything needs the sun. . . ."

Their song reverberated across the length and breadth of Peking and swelled up into the infinite skies.

Our great leader waved to the revolutionary masses again and again. And they in their turn reached up higher and higher, waving their *Quotations*. Their hearts had already flown up to the Tien An Men rostrum.

Our great leader has the deepest understanding of the masses. Chairman Mao steadily descended the one hundred steps leading down from the rostrum, crossed Chinshui Bridge with vigorous steps, came into the midst of the masses and cordially extended his holiday greetings to one and all. With one voice, the people shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long life, long, long life to him!" "Eternal life to Chairman Mao!"

The entire square was in a tumult of joy and happiness that surged to a new peak.

At dusk, the bright lights over Tien An Men shone on a sea of faces. Our great commander Chairman Mao came in military uniform to Chinshui Bridge and sat on the ground. There he enjoyed the brilliant fireworks and happily spent the festival evening with a million of the revolutionary masses.

Late that night, the revolutionary masses assembled in Tien An Men Square were still unwilling to leave. They sang and danced, jumped and cheered and eagerly told each other:

"Today Chairman Mao, the greatest leader of our era, has received us. This is our happiest day."

"Chairman Mao's excellent health is the greatest happiness of the Chinese people and of the world's revolutionary people as well!"

"Chairman Mao shows great concern for us and supports us. We must hold aloft for ever the banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end and work hard to make our great motherland even stronger and more prosperous!"

Mao Tse-tung's Thought in Command of Our Battle

Dare to scale a mountain of swords and dare to brave a sea of raging fire. This describes the heroic mettle of the people of our country in the great era of Mao Tse-tung.

Workers of the heroic No. 32111 Drilling Team take the study of Chairman Mao's writings as the first need of their lives. They master Mao Tse-tung's thought and make it their souls, make the implementation of Chairman Mao's directives their conscious action and regard the interests of the revolution as the first thing in their lives. With their blood and lives, they have quenched a blazing sea and safeguarded state property!

This is a story written by *Renmin Ribao* and *Hsin Hua* correspondents about the heroes of the No. 32111 Drilling Team who displayed proletarian revolutionary heroism in their battle against a sea of fire caused by the explosion of a gas well. Also see the excerpts on p. 27 of the bold sayings of these heroes.

“Imprint Chairman Mao’s Instructions on Our Minds, Absorb Them into Our Blood, and Carry Them out in Our Actions”

At 1 a.m. on June 22, 1966, the site of the gas well where the No. 32111 Drilling Team worked seethed with activity. Comrades of the No. 1 and No. 4 squads who were on duty were carrying out a shut-in well pressure test; their intent eyes were fixed on a well-head, as great beads of sweat rolled down their cheeks. Should the test succeed, the installations at the top of the first high pressure, high output gas well, which they had drilled on a new geological structure, would soon be changed and the well would go into operation. Then these oil workers would lose no time in sending the good news to their great leader and to the people of the whole country.

At this moment when all hearts were astir, the scene in which the workers had received their glorious task once again flashed through their minds. Early one morning in February this year, the great leader Chairman Mao’s militant call to the workers and staff on the oil front to find more oil and natural gas was passed on to them through their leading organization. It was already four in the morning. Could relaying the news be deferred till dawn? No! There should not be a minute’s delay, not even a second! All the workers and staff immediately gathered for an emergency meeting on the site. Chairman Mao’s militant call instantly stirred everyone’s heart, and shouts of “Long live Chairman Mao!” resounded in the starry sky.

It was at this rally which brimmed with confidence and strength that the oil workers made their solemn pledge to the Party and Chairman Mao:

“We’ll imprint Chairman Mao’s instructions on our minds, absorb them into our blood, and carry them out in our actions.”

“We are Chairman Mao’s oil workers who will find more oil and natural gas for the motherland. Once the order is given, we’ll march forward even to the ends of the earth, never being weak-kneed and never frowning.”

They began their march over mountains that morning to the new well site hundreds of miles away. As soon as they reached their destination, they flung down their knapsacks and, putting all thoughts of their living quarters and food out of their minds, started work even though it was dark. They vowed that they would find more oil and natural gas field for their motherland. They said:

"We can die and we can shed our blood. But if we fail to fulfil the task of finding more oil and gas, we would rather die on the derrick floor and be buried in the oilfield!"

Braving the winds and living in the wilderness, they worked day and night, outpacing time. Putting three months' work into 30 days, they succeeded in drilling, at the highest speed and with the best quality, the first high pressure, high output gas well on a new geological structure where bourgeois "authorities" had considered that there was no natural gas at all, thereby catching a big "gas tiger."

The well was drilled at a time when the great proletarian cultural revolution was in high tide and when a new all-round leap forward was emerging on all fronts throughout the country. The natural gas which had slumbered underground for ages has now been tapped and has become an important rich possession for the motherland and a new force in the country's socialist construction.

The good tidings soon spread far and wide. Highly elated, the people passed on the word.

It was late at night on June 21. Chang Yung-ching, the deputy leader of the No. 1 squad who had refused to leave his work despite illness, once again studied our great leader Chairman Mao's brilliant work *Serve the People* before he went to the well site to take over his shift. On the top of the page he printed in a clear hand: "Everyone of us revolutionaries should serve the people whole-heartedly as long as he lives." Then he changed into his work-clothes, put on his aluminium helmet and strode to the brightly lit well site.

After looking at the manometer, he told the comrades in a quiet but determined voice: "This is the first wildcat (exploratory well) drilled on a new geological structure, and we do not have all the information about the formations. Pressure has risen rapidly tonight. We must remain at our posts and be responsible to the Party and the

people without any reservation whatever. Our hearts should be like screws fastened to the well-head. We must stand our ground no matter what happens!"

Steel May Melt in Fire, but Not the Red Hearts of the Oil Workers

As he finished speaking, and they were carrying out the shut-in well pressure test and getting ready for the open flow test, an imported seamless pipe on the side of the well-head suddenly burst and there was an earth-shaking explosion. This was caused by the powerful onrush of the "gas tiger" and the rapid rise of the gas pressure due to the well's extraordinarily high output and the extremely high gas pressure — so great that it was nearly double that of the old gas well nearby.

The high pressure gas current which rushed out from the explosion point carried with it the rocks and mud on the ground and swept through the derrick and diesel engine shack like tens of thousands of exploding shells. It smashed the explosion-proof bulb under the derrick floor and immediately caused a raging fire. So big was the blaze that it could be heard 20 *li* away and seen from 40 *li* away.

The powerful gas flame wave fanned out, swept the well site with the force of a typhoon, and rushed all the way to a nearby hill and back. It roared skyward and on the ground. In no time, there was a sheet of flame some 50 metres in length and width and 30 metres high. The 40-metre-high steel derrick was burnt and collapsed in three minutes. The diesel engine melted and became a shapeless mass of iron. On a hill slope dozens of metres away, rocks became red hot and trees were reduced to cinders.

The big natural gas field was threatened with destruction.

Red-hot fire can melt steel and rock but it cannot burn out the red hearts of the oil workers who are loyal to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tse-tung's thought, to the Party and the people.

At this critical point, the comrades working at the well site, who were faced with the sudden attack by the blazing inferno, completely disregarded the threat to their own safety. No one thought of death.

There was no change of expression and no quickening of the pulse as they fought the fire. All that was in their minds was that they must put out the fire, save the gas well and safeguard state property.

This was the "Battle of Sangkumryung" on the industrial front.

The deputy leader of No. 1 squad, Chang Yung-ching, a model Communist and a demobilized PLA man, rushed to open the No. 4 valve, in the same way he headed for the enemy in a bayonet charge he had on the battlefield.

Nos. 4, 5 and 8 were all safety valves. By opening these valves and channelling the natural gas away from the well site, it would be possible to diminish the fire.

But the raging flames generating a simmering heat lay in the way to the valves. When Chang Yung-ching broke through to the explosion point, a powerful gas flame wave hit him with the impact of a thousand catties. A huge man, his body was shaken and he was flung into the inferno seven metres away.

A few days earlier, Chang Yung-ching had insisted on being released from the hospital, although he had not fully recovered from an illness. When the doctor refused, he said: "Now is the crucial time for us oil workers to carry out Chairman Mao's instruction to look for gas and oil. Mai Hsien-teh remained in battle even though he received a brain wound. My battle post is not on this bed but at the well site." Three days after he came out of the hospital, he gave his life for the cause of the Party.

Wang Ping, a demobilized PLA man and deputy chief driller, saw Chang Yung-ching fall; he dashed across to the No. 4 valve without hesitation. He had hardly taken a few steps when he too was hit by the wave of heat and fell by the derrick.

This Communist Youth League member had been forced by the old society to be separated from his own flesh and blood until 1964, when with the help of the government he was reunited with his parents. Full of love for the Party and the deepest hatred for the class enemies, Wang Ping grabbed the steel leg of the derrick over the well with all his might and firmly pulled himself up onto his feet. His whole body was enveloped in flames, but once again he hurled himself over to open the valve. Right until the raging flames swallowed up his



life, he stood upright with his arms stretched forth as if he was holding out his devoted heart and marching forward for ever!

Nineteen-year-old driller Wang Tsu-ming was in charge of the No. 2 valve. When he took over his shift he told the squad leader: "The Party can rest assured that even if the sky falls I shall be able to stand up to it. To make revolution one must not be afraid of death; to fear death one cannot make revolution." This young hero lived up to his words. In the raging flames he remained on his feet holding firmly to the hand-wheel and sacrificed himself by the side of the valve. He was like the evergreen fir tree standing erect on a high mountain!

Fierce flames can burn down iron and steel but they cannot burn up the red hearts of the oil workers. Such brave warriors as Lo Hua-tai, whose job was to operate the manometer; Wu Chung-chi, who was in charge of the engine house; and Teng Mu-chuan who had rushed to take over the No. 1 valve, were engulfed in the angry flames as they

stayed steadfast at their posts to the very end and heroically fought on until they had given their very last measure of blood for the Party and the people.

The courageous and self-sacrificing spirit of the martyrs, their heroic spirit of daring to fight, daring to take on anything and daring to risk all will always inspire each and every one of our revolutionary fighters and will live in the hearts of hundreds of millions of people for ever!

Comrades of Squad No. 4 who had rushed to save the well-head were all burnt by the fierce flames. Huang Cheng-hou was swept into a ditch by a tremendous gas flame wave. Not far from him was a water-pipe valve, and he dug his hands into the earth and dragged himself over to it. Just as he got hold of the wheel to open the water-pipe valve, his hand became fused to the red-hot water-pipe valve. Despite excruciating pain, he stuck to it and opened it.

Jan Shu-jung, thrown from the sea of fire by a wave of gas, remembered that his class brother Wu Chung-chi was still in the engine house and twice turned and rushed in search of his class brother in the raging fire. He was seriously injured, but covered himself with glory.

Deputy commander and chief engineer Chang Chung-min, a member of the mining area's Communist Party committee working on the site, had all his hair burnt off, his face and chest were also burnt and both hands nearly burnt to the bone. But he forgot about his agonizing pain and thought only of: Quickly finding the source of the fire and at the critical moment between life and death, a Communist could only advance, not retreat. Once again he staggered and stumbled into the sea of flames. The comrades from behind rushed to carry him out. But still, this hero anxiously shouted: "Don't bother about me! Quick! Quick! Shut No. 3 valve quickly!"

Flames Were Combat Orders

No. 3 valve was right in the centre of the sea of fire. With this valve shut, the source of the gas could be cut off and the fire put out.

Armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, comrades of the No. 32111 Drilling Team deliberately went, so to speak, into tiger-infested moun-

tains, knowing there would be tigers, and rushed into the sea of fire, knowing they would get burnt. When one fell, more charged forward in his wake.

The explosion awakened all the comrades in the living quarters. Grabbing padded quilts and clothes, gunny sacks and anything that could possibly extinguish fire, they ran to the well site like a ferocious tiger hastening down a mountain to get at its prey. How they wished they could devour the fire in one mouthful and instantly smother it with their own breath.

The waves of gas were roaring and spurts of flame were rocketing while these heroes wrestled with the inferno.

The flames were combat orders. People rushed to wherever the danger was the greatest and wherever things hung on a single thread. The fire site was turned into a battle ground, and the sky-rocketing fire was the enemy. At this moment, everyone felt that Chairman Mao was by his side and Mao Tse-tung's thought was in command of the battle.

Lei Hung-ping, a worker who was recently elected a deputy instructor, was the first to rush into the fire, with a wet padded quilt covering his head. The moment he managed to get into it, he, together with the wet padded quilt, was thrown aside by the powerful gas flame wave several metres away. Then he and all the others made several successive attempts to charge but were swept back by the current.

Seeing that shutting No. 3 valve was impossible, Lei Hung-ping, together with the other comrades, turned to open the No. 8 safety valve on the right side of the well site in an attempt to get the natural gas out. But scarcely had he succeeded in rushing to the front of the valve when he was choked by the poisonous hydrogen sulfide fumes.

Lei Hung-ping was carried from the fire by chief driller Chang Chih-chieh. The thing uppermost in his mind after he regained consciousness was, "What is most demanded of a cadre is to give the lead at the crucial moment of life and death. Even if I have one breath left, I will make the charge."

Lei Hung-ping lost consciousness three times, but each time he got to his feet again with a strong will and rushed into the fierce flames.

Covered by water gushing from the hoses, he and several other comrades finally broke open the No. 8 safety valve.

At the same time, deputy team leaders Peng Chia-chih and Liu Shou-jung, together with comrades Hu Teh-ping and Hsu Kuang-yi, formed a combat group on the spur of the moment and went to open the No. 5 safety valve on the left side of the well site.

The fire was too ferocious for them, and their five attempts all failed. So Peng Chia-chih and Hsu Kuang-yi, carrying the hoses with them, charged into the sea of fire to provide a cover for the comrades in front of them. The burns on their skin caused them great pain, the hydrogen sulfide made it difficult for them to get their wind back and the gas flame wave was so strong that they could not stand upright. But when they thought of the comrades in front of them who could not go on for a single second without the water, they gritted their teeth and carried on the struggle.

Just as they were about to lose consciousness, team leader Chou Wen-hua and other comrades rushed forward with something to shield them from the flames. The few precious seconds thus won kept them on their feet to cover the comrades in front who managed eventually to open the No. 5 safety valve.

While a Man's Life Is Precious, the Party's Cause Is Even More So

The safety valves on the two sides were forced open, and some of the gas was let out of the well site. Battling forward in victory, the courageous fighters concentrated their forces to launch a general offensive on the No. 3 valve.

The moment a passage was made in the raging sea of fire by the seven or eight hoses pouring powerful water columns on the fire, these brave fighters, their heads covered with soaked padded quilts or wet gunny sacks, rushed in.

But the fire had badly spoiled the shape of the valve. Despite using every ounce of their strength, the comrades who had succeeded in getting to the burning hot hand-wheel, failed to turn it. A second

group of comrades dashed to the spot with a couple of large tongs. Such force was applied that the tongs became crooked and bent; the wheel turned only twice.

One comrade after another lost consciousness because of the raging fire, the poisonous gas and the thin air. The fire was great, but the wisdom of the workers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought was even greater; the fire was towering high, but the determination of our oil workers towered even higher; the fire was red, but it paled before the red ideology of the oil workers who are loyal to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tse-tung's thought, to the Party and the people. Stubbornly the comrades fought on; as one fell, others stepped into the breach.

Hsu Kuang-yi, a new hand who had come from a village only six months earlier, was felled by the poisonous gas fumes after battling for two minutes. Hu Teh-ping carried him out on his back. The moment Hsu came to, he jumped up and again dashed to the fire site. He seemed to have heard the loving voice of our great leader: "Young fellow, charge! Be resolute and unafraid of sacrifice, you will surmount every difficulty to win victory."

Hu Teh-ping also fainted at this time. When he came to and saw that his comrades, one group after another, were rushing in, he was filled with strength. He sprang up and joined his comrades and dashed into the roaring flames to turn the wheel of the No. 3 valve. He thought:

"It is now the moment of putting myself to the test, the moment the Party needs me most! While a man's life is precious; the Party's cause is even more so. I am going to shut this valve as long as I can move. To stick it out one more second, to turn the valve once more means one more contribution to putting out the fire!"

Learn from the Example of Heroes, Follow the Heroes' Path and Perform Heroic Deeds

The No. 3 valve was finally shut down. Gas was stopped from gushing to the explosion leak. The fire over the site slackened.

But inside the well, the pressure continued to rise swiftly and the well-head was in imminent danger of exploding. Ignoring their searing burns, the crew members continued to battle. They were reinforced in their efforts to protect the well-head by seasonal workers, members of their own families and members of people's communes who had hastened to the site from all over.

Mou Mao-hsiu, a worker's wife, was rushing water to the fire when suddenly someone shouted to her: "Your husband Heng Szu-shu is injured!" She abruptly recalled what her husband had told her that morning before going to work: "We're out for the 'gas tiger' today! If anything should happen, remember to save the state's property first." Without the state's interests, she continued in her mind, there can be no personal interests. She just could not dash off to see her husband and stayed on to carry water.

A little later, somebody urgently cried out again: "Mou Mao-hsiu! Mou Mao-hsiu! Hurry up and go to your husband! He's hurt badly!"

Mou Mao-hsiu's heart throbbed, the water almost spilt out of the container she was holding. She thought to herself: Should I go? At this moment, she saw some of the injured men pick themselves up from the ground and rush in front of her to the fire. Such heroism sustained her, and she became calm. "No, I cannot leave my post. Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice."

She quickened her steps as she brought water and barite powder to extinguish the flames.

In the heat of the battle, deputy chief driller Wang Yu-fa, a Communist Youth League member, grabbed up a wet cotton-padded quilt, threw himself towards the raging flames under the floor of the derrick and covered the well-head with the quilt. It was immediately burnt. He tried with another one and it was also burnt up.

At this crucial moment, his mind was clear: once the well-head exploded, the drilling equipment in the well, weighing dozens of tons, would all blow sky-high and the entire big gas field would be destroyed. More lives would be lost among the several hundred class brothers putting out the fire.

An orphan in the old society, a boy who took care of ducks for a landlord, Wang Yu-fa, after he started working, had written in his diary with deep feeling:

“The Party has given me my life. Every cell in my body belongs to the Party. I can give up everything — all, except the interests of the Party.”

In the midst of the scorching flames, he told himself: “Wang Yu-fa, you are the son of a hired farm labourer. You are a child brought up by Chairman Mao. You can give up your life, but you mustn’t lose your revolutionary soul!”

His blood pounding in his veins, he grabbed another soaked quilt and rushed, stumbling, into the flames. The large sodden quilt slipped down from the burning well-head, which was almost as high as Wang himself. With all his strength, he again put the quilt up. It slipped again, bringing him down with it.

At that moment, his ears rang with Chairman Mao’s call to be “determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.” The noble images of heroes Huang Chi-kuang and Chiu Shao-yun passed before his eyes. He was filled with infinite courage and strength. He jumped up, wrapped the quilt around himself, and threw himself on the burning well-head shouting: “Go ahead and burn! Go ahead and burn!” He lost consciousness for a second time.

That was how the young man, who learned heart and soul from the example of heroes, followed the heroes’ path and performed heroic deeds.

“Comrades, We Have Won!”

After a 30-minute life-and-death struggle, the big fire was finally put out by heroes who had been armed with Mao Tse-tung’s invincible thought and who gave their own lives and blood and used the collective bravery and wisdom to protect vital state property. They had made an imperishable contribution to the Party and the people.

After the fire, deputy team leader Peng Chia-chih, walking through the crowds and the smoke-clouded well site, shouted:

"Comrades of Team 32111 fall in!"

Behind the broken derrick, by the side of the burnt-down pump room, heroes walked out and lined up in rows. They looked like a rock on the sea coast, standing there proudly at the well site. When they thought of their fallen and injured class brothers, tears welled up. Yet sadness immediately turned into militant strength.

"Comrades, we have won!"

"We have beaten the fire!"

The heroic acts of these brave men and women who protected state property give the people boundless pride and encouragement. The brilliance of their communist ideas reddens the surrounding high peaks, and brightens the blue sky overhead!

This is another resounding paean to the victory of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Once again our oil workers testify by their own deeds: Fighters nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought possess the greatest and farthest-reaching ideal, and embody the richest spirit of sacrifice and fighting power. They are all-conquering in the face of obstacles and enemies. They can create miracles of any kind in the world!

The titanic heroic deeds of the No. 32111 Drilling Team were soon told to all those engaged in oil production and in the surrounding cities and countryside. Millions of people praised them as Chairman Mao's good fighters, as the best sons and daughters of the motherland, as a collective Huang Chi-kuang, a collective Chiu Shao-yun, a collective Ouyang Hai, a collective Mai Hsien-teh. . . .

On the same day after the fire was extinguished, scores of trucks loaded with personnel, derricks and instruments sped to the well site in proud array, after making their way over the mountains.

The "gas tiger" has been subdued. New derricks have been erected in this place of heroes. Bathed in the shining rising sun, they stand there to welcome new victory!

True Gold Isn't Afraid of Fire, the Longer It's Tempered the Stronger It Gets

— Bold Sayings by Men of the 32111 Drilling Team

When you understand Mao Tse-tung's thought, your eyes are sharp, your heart true; you stand firm and solid. No matter how big the blaze, you're not afraid. Your heart beats no faster, your face doesn't blanch.

We imprint Chairman Mao's instructions on our minds, absorb them into our blood, carry them out in our actions.

Fire tempers gold, hardships test men. True gold isn't afraid of fire, the longer it's tempered the stronger it gets.

Steel is made by tempering; we arm our minds with Mao Tse-tung's thought. With high quality steel you can build the finest equipment. With Mao Tse-tung's thought you can do the most remarkable things.

Fire turns wood into charcoal, but red hearts loyal to Chairman Mao can never be scorched dark. Fire can destroy iron and steel, but cannot conquer revolutionary hearts.

The revolution is our life. Mao Tse-tung's thought is our soul.

Life is precious, but not as precious as the Party's cause. For it, I'd willingly be smashed to bits.

I'd give my life before I'd let the slightest harm be done to the interests of the Party.

I want to be a real man armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, an oil fighter with a stiff backbone, not a beancurd soldier.

We live to serve the revolution, and we must be ready to die for it. If our death benefits the revolution, then its significance will be weightier than Mount Tai. Men who are afraid to die are the most worthless kind of cowards.

The Party gave me my life. Every cell in my body belongs to the Party. I can give up everything — all, except the interests of the Party.

We are oil workers of Chairman Mao. For our country's sake, we seek oil and gas. Even if we were ordered to the edge of the sky and end of the sea, we would set out and search, our brows unfurrowed, our legs firm.

Concern for the Fighters Means Concern for the Revolution

The pine is nurtured by sunlight, dew and rain, a hero by the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Mao Tse-tung's great thought has nurtured countless revolutionary heroes of the working class.

It is with deep emotion that we here introduce another hero of the proletarian revolution who grew up on the sustenance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, Wang Yu-chang, administrative officer of an air-force unit in Fukien. He has always worked selflessly for the Party with the utmost political enthusiasm, always putting the revolution first, putting the work first, putting others first. He has shown boundless concern for the fighters and a high degree of class feeling. In an emergency or when there was a dangerous mission, he never failed to

We publish here a reportage introducing the heroic deeds of Comrade Wang Yu-chang, Chairman Mao's good soldier, followed by three anecdotes about him and excerpts from his diary and conversations.

take the lead with absolute fearlessness. He has risked his life several times to save fellow soldiers, always ready to die for the people. He has been called "a living Ouyang Hai," "a living Wang Chieh."

At the Crucial Moment

Early in the morning of May 30, 1965, Wang Yu-chang led out a small contingent of some thirty-odd men. They marched, singing, towards the rising sun through the cool breeze for an exercise in throwing live hand-grenades.

At first everything went smoothly. A keen, militant atmosphere pervaded the drill ground.

Then an emergency cropped up. When it came to the turn of the nineteen-year-old barber Chen Kai-tai, he swung his arm so hard that his grenade shot backwards over his shoulder. Sputtering black smoke, it curved through the air, landing in a shelter on the right. Wang Yu-chang was coaching a new recruit when he heard someone yell "Look out!" and whirled quickly round. Scribe Wu Hsu-pin was bent so intently over his record book that he had not noticed this grenade which had rolled up to his feet. It was likely to kill him.

In another 3.8 seconds the grenade would explode.

At this perilous juncture Wang Yu-chang bounded out of his own shelter and charged towards the grenade. He managed to grip the iron cap as it spun round. To throw it meant bending his outstretched arm. But there was hardly time for that.

In that split second one simple thought flashed through his mind: "Better that I should die than a comrade-in-arms."

Gripping the grenade tight, he smartly drew back his arm at the same time rolling over on one side to shield Wu Hsu-pin with his body. Before he could hurl the grenade away it exploded in his hand.

At the moment when a fighter's life is in danger, should a cadre rush to the rescue or shrink back? Which should he put first, the safety of a class brother or his own? This is a tremendous test. Faced by such a test, Wang Yu-chang had no thought of fear, no

thought of death. No personal considerations crossed his mind. He did not hesitate for a single instant.

At the risk of his own life, he leapt forward to rescue a comrade-in-arms. This was the fifth occasion....

In 1957, Wang Yu-chang was working in a company of new soldiers. During a grenade exercise one of the new recruits, through carelessness, dropped a grenade the fuse of which was already pulled at his feet. Wang Yu-chang, who was not far off, prevented a serious accident by rushing over to grab the grenade and hurling it away.

In the summer of 1962, Wang Yu-chang was deputy company commander of an anti-aircraft battery. While checking up one day on typhoon precautions, he saw a big stone start hurtling down from the roof. Before it could crash on the head of Huang Hsien-jung, leader of First Squad, who was working below the eaves, Wang Yu-chang tore over and pushed Huang aside. Unable to get out of the way himself, he had his right hand badly gashed by the stone.

Not long after that their unit was advancing along a narrow, precipitous road when a gun-carriage suddenly skidded. In another moment it would have run over a fighter, Huang Jen-lung. Wang Yu-chang grabbed a wooden wedge, shoved Huang out of the way and hurled himself towards the back wheels of the carriage. He jammed the wedge in place just as one wheel grazed his shoulder. Luckily the wedge did its job, preventing another serious accident.

Another time, in 1963, the fighters were throwing live grenades when a new recruit, Lo Kuo-chiang, pulled the fuse of his and failed to throw it in time. It was going to explode in his hands. Wang Yu-chang lunged towards him and hurled the grenade away, pushing Lo to the ground and covering him with his own body.

What was it that impelled Wang Yu-chang to risk his life time and again so heroically for others? He was acting on Chairman Mao's teachings, following the splendid example of countless revolutionary heroes. He said, "Chairman Mao tells us, '**Our cadres must show concern for every soldier, and all people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.**' Con-

cern for the fighters means concern for the revolution. I'm ready to give my all for the revolution."

He put this pledge into practice.

The Greatest Concern

As a cadre at the company level, Wang Yu-chang displayed ceaseless concern for every fighter, showed the truest, deepest class feeling and revolutionary friendship for them. He loves the revolutionary big family of the army with all his heart and once wrote in his study notes, "My home in this company is far dearer to me than a home with parents and children. For this is a big revolutionary family, in which the golden brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought has linked the hearts of us class brothers together. I love this family so much that never for a second do I want to leave it."

If a fighter fell ill, Wang Yu-chang often lost his appetite too and could not sleep. When he was in charge of the Third Company's mess, a soldier called Chu Tsai-shu remained ill in bed for several days and would not eat anything. Wang knew that Chu's people were fishermen, and that crabs were his favourite food. He decided to make young Chu a bowl of crab noodles to tempt his appetite. He tramped over a dozen *li*, from one fishing village to another, but did not succeed in buying any crabs until the fishing fleet came back after midnight. It was dawn before he got back to his company. And young Chu was moved to tears when this tasty bowl of crab noodles was put into his hands.

One day a deluge flooded their position. After a whole day of combat preparations the men had to drag all their guns and ammunition to a dry place for safety. They did not return to their barracks till midnight, their teeth chattering with cold. Just then in came Quartermaster Wang Yu-chang, with a bowl of hot ginger soup for every fighter. They knew quite well that he had been hauling guns the whole day too and must be as cold and tired as the rest of them, but he did not think of himself, only of others. As they held those steaming bowls of ginger soup, the men were deeply stirred.

When Wang Yu-chang was a company commander, Liu Chin-chuan wanted to quit his job as a range finder because he found it too hard. Wang Yu-chang used every means he could to help young Liu overcome this wrong attitude. He studied *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* with him, and said, "Chairman Mao tells us that work is struggle. To master technique, it seems we have to struggle just like that foolish old man who removed the mountains." He also said, "It seems to me, young Liu, that to get a real grip of your job, you must first have a real grip of yourself ideologically. If we have no selfish considerations, we can surely perfect our skill constantly just as Dr. Norman Bethune did." Thanks to Wang's patient help, Liu Chin-chuan raised his ideological consciousness, stopped thinking about a transfer, and passed the difficult test of technique.

Soon after Wang Yu-chang was transferred to the Fifth Company he heard that the telephone operators' squad was not united. In the course of a careful investigation he discovered that these four men came from three different provinces, and because each felt superior to the rest they could not hit it off. To cope with this problem he talked to each of them separately and studied *Serve the People* with them. "Doesn't it sound as if Chairman Mao had been to our squad?" he asked. "The Chairman says we hail from all corners of the country and true enough the five of us come from four different provinces; we have joined together for a common revolutionary objective. . . ." Before he could finish, the four men hung their heads for shame. After that they united well and their small collective brimmed over with class solidarity.

In 1964, Comrade Wang Yu-chang was transferred from the company to an administrative post. The evening before he left his company he studied *In Memory of Norman Bethune*. Comrade Hu Chiyuan, who was taking over from him, came up and urged him to turn in as he would have quite a long journey to make the next day.

Wang Yu-chang looked up and answered, "I was just thinking of the way Bethune handled his work, constantly perfecting his skill. I must do the same in handing over to you! Let's think, what is there I haven't made perfectly clear?"

"It's time you were in bed," replied Hu Chia-yuan. "I can't think of anything you've left out."

"Come with me, then." Wang got up. "Let's inspect the men's sleeping quarters."

This was a routine job. But their inspection that evening made a deep and lasting impression on Hu Chia-yuan.

They quietly opened the door and walked softly out, visiting all the barracks in turn. Beside each fighter's bed, Wang whispered a few words to Hu.

"This is Yen Fu-shou of the anti-aircraft squad. He thrashes about in his sleep just as hard as he hits out and charges in training."

"This is Wu Kuan-yu from Kwangtung. Keep a special eye on him — he kicks off his quilt every night...."

It was after eleven by the time they finished this inspection and strolled side by side in the moonlight up a hill. Neither felt the least inclined to sleep.

"No one could take better care of the men than you, old Wang," observed Hu.

"These youngsters are all successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat," was Wang's reply. "Taking a responsible attitude to their growth means taking a responsible attitude to the revolution. So we really should take the best care of them."

"You know each one inside out."

"Not a bit of it. Remember the saying, 'To train soldiers you must win their hearts, to win their hearts you must know them well, and to know them well you must show concern for them.' That's absolutely right. But it seems to me our best way to show concern is by seeing to it that they study Chairman Mao's works, by leading them along the road Chairman Mao has shown us, by training them with Mao Tse-tung's thought to become successors to the revolutionary cause who keep the whole country and the whole world in view. Judged by this criterion, I've fallen down badly on my job as company commander."

Hu Chia-yuan said no more. But he was thinking, taking over from Wang meant taking over his deep class feeling for the fighters, his high sense of revolutionary responsibility. And both these quali-

ties focused on one point — nurturing the fighters with Mao Tse-tung's thought so that they became genuinely outstanding successors to the cause of the proletarian revolution.

Disabled but Not Weakened in Resolve, Always Eager to Serve the People

When Wang Yu-chang recovered consciousness in hospital, his first words were, "What about the scribe? Is he in danger?" Relieved to learn that the scribe has got off with only a few scratches, he rested in peace.

He woke up again at dawn the next day, and opening his eyes asked the medical orderly to look for his keys. "I'm an administrative officer," he explained. "For me to lose my keys would be as bad as a soldier losing his weapon."

Wang Yu-chang's injuries were so serious that his first operation lasted for ten hours. He came through this first critical test triumphantly, with revolutionary fortitude, enduring fearful pain. Yet his prime concern at this time was not for himself but for his comrades-in-arms, for the Party's work.

His commanding officers came to the hospital to see him. Wang fought back tears of emotion before he could say, "I fell down on my job, I let the Party down...."

One commander asked if there was anything he wanted.

"Nothing, except the works of Chairman Mao," answered Wang. "I came here without them. Could you ask someone to bring them? Now more than ever I need to read Chairman Mao's writings."

His right leg had been so badly blasted that gangrene set in. The doctors proposed that it be amputated for otherwise his life might be endangered. When Wang Yu-chang learned that the Party committee of his unit approved of this, he agreed without hesitation to the Party decision.

As soon as Wang Yu-chang was slightly better, he set eagerly about working for the Party. Hearing groans from the next ward, he asked a nurse to wheel his bed there so that he could talk to that patient.

Together they recalled past bitterness and the sweetness of life today, and Wang urged the other man to struggle with his illness. When he saw that another fighter, Chiang Chuan-ku, was in great pain after an operation, he hobbled to his side on crutches and encouraged him by studying *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* with him. Together they sang *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*, and Wang said, "Recovering from our wounds is also for the sake of the revolution. We must rely on Mao Tse-tung's thought here too."

After several more months, Wang Yu-chang was so much better that the leadership sent him to Shanghai for final treatment before being fitted with an artificial leg. From the first day that this new leg was fitted on, he doggedly practised walking. Refusing help, refusing to use crutches, he struggled to his feet unaided. Tall and powerfully built, he weighs a good 80 kilogrammes. This weight on the tender flesh of his newly healed stump sent excruciating pain stabbing through him and made him break out in a cold sweat. But he declined the help offered by the nurses. "Doesn't Chairman Mao want us to be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory?" he said. "I'm going to surmount the difficulty of this pain to win victory in walking!"

Inspired by Mao Tse-tung's thought he trained himself resolutely, first walking one or two metres at a time, then gradually increasing the distance to one or two hundred metres . . .

Yes, the fighters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought have the most unyielding wills, the toughest backbone. No pain however great could overcome Wang Yu-chang's revolutionary optimism. During his operation, he was often in such agony that beads of sweat as large as beans stood out on his temples; yet he grit his teeth and bore it. When the nurses gave him injections or drugs to lessen the pain, he always commented, "Medicine's only half the battle in overcoming pain. What really counts is the spirit you bring to it."

The nurses felt deeply for him after the amputation of his leg, but with magnificent spirit he asked them, "Why be upset? Even with one leg I shall still take the revolutionary road. I mean to stride forward along the highway of revolution." "There's no need to feel sorry for me," he assured the comrades round him. "I've still my left

hand and left leg. And what's more important is that I've a heart bent on serving the people. I can work for the Party so long as I draw breath. Even if I lost both hands and legs, I should still be able to speak! I'd propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought every day, to encourage my comrades and attack the enemy." Another time he said, "It's the Party that's given me another life. Although I'm physically disabled, my determination isn't disabled. I'm going to put my second life unreservedly at the disposal of the Party and go on serving the people as long as I live."

Wang Yu-chang was born in a poor lower-middle-peasant family in the county of Chimo in Shantung. Nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought, this ordinary peasant linked his life with the glorious, magnificent cause of communism, so that he came to understand life's meaning, how to hate the enemy, how to love his comrades. The great thought of Mao Tse-tung is a red sun in his heart shedding light far and wide. It is the great thought of Mao Tse-tung which has supplied him with the strength to confront all hardships and dangers and fearlessly give his all to the revolution.

Anecdotes About Wang Yu-chang

Long Live Chairman Mao!

When Wang Yu-chang was in hospital, his wife Shu-hsiu came with his son to see him. "Don't feel bad about me," Wang said with a smile, trying to comfort her. "Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice. Some of the comrades who joined the army at the same time with me have given their precious lives for the revolution. I've merely got slightly wounded for the revolution, why feel bad about it?"

Looking at the boy standing by, Wang said to his wife, "I was only doing my duty and we should teach our children to do the same."

"Doesn't your teacher tell you to learn from Uncle Lei Feng?" he asked the boy. "What would Uncle Lei Feng have done in such an emergency?"

"The same as you," was the answer.

Wang smiled. But Shu-hsiu still kept her eyes fixed on his crippled leg and could not say a word. "Which do you prefer," Wang asked, "for me to get wounded or for our class brothers to be killed?"

“Of course, you did right,” said Shu-hsiu. “But you are so badly disabled, how can you go on with your work?”

“Don’t worry about that,” he reassured her. “Though my right hand and leg are disabled, I’ve still the use of the left. I’m already able to write with my left hand. Look!” With that he wrote some words on a piece of paper. Taking it, Shu-hsiu saw clearly written: Long live Chairman Mao!

Long live Chairman Mao! These glorious words expressed all that was in his heart.

Never Forget to Read Chairman Mao’s Works

When Wang was a company commander, the soldiers discovered a “mystery” about him. No one, in general, was more economical, but he used up batteries at an amazing rate. Gradually they solved the riddle: Every night after the light was out, he would study Chairman Mao’s works inside his mosquito net by flashlight.

Wang persisted in studying Chairman Mao’s works even when he was in hospital, seriously wounded. Every morning as soon as he woke up, the first thing he did was to study Chairman Mao’s works, turning the pages with his tongue and laboriously taking notes with his left hand. The first time he took up the pen, he had written: “Long live Chairman Mao!” He said, “Reading Chairman Mao’s writings gives me inexhaustible strength.” And indeed he used Mao Tse-tung’s thought as a weapon to struggle against pain. When his condition was very critical, he read and re-read the letter written to a sick friend by Chairman Mao and triumphed over fearful pain.

Wherever he worked, whether by day or by night and no matter how busy he was, Wang always made time to read Chairman Mao’s works. Though he had had little schooling, with the help of a dictionary he read through all four volumes of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* from cover to cover, reading some of the articles a great many times. Chairman Mao’s thought illuminated his way, enabling him to become a fine Communist and cadre who put the revolution and the work first, put others before himself.

Noble Moral Qualities and a Revolutionary Life

Wang's noble moral qualities shown in his relation to his wife won high praise from their neighbours. Wang's marriage was arranged by his parents in the old society. His bride was seven years older than he and she had even less education. After Liberation, he worked for a long time in a big city and some people suspected that he would be influenced by bourgeois ideas and start looking down on his wife. The facts proved that these fears were superfluous.

Wang took the correct attitude towards the question of his marriage. "Shu-hsiu is my class sister and an honest working woman," he thought. "When times were difficult, she worked hard in the fields and at home, and did some revolutionary work as well to support the front. It's not her fault if she's older and more ignorant than I am — the old society and old system are to blame for that. There's no reason at all for me to throw her over." Because he viewed the question in this light, Wang always remained on good terms with his wife.

Wang taught his children to live simply, work hard and love physical labour. His little girl's padded jacket was so patched that it caused talk among the neighbours. Someone said, "The girl's father is a cadre now. How can he dress his daughter like a beggar?"

On hearing this, Wang explained, "We are living a hundred times better than before, but we must never forget those bad old days. We should toughen the youngsters and let them put up with some hardships, so that they grow up true revolutionaries. What does wearing shabby clothes for a few years matter?"

Thanks to Wang's strict training and personal example, his children have all turned out well.

Making Revolution Depends on Mao Tse-tung's Thought

— Excerpts from Comrade Wang Yu-chang's
Diary and Conversations

All say sunlight is warm, but it cannot compare with the warmth of Mao Tse-tung's thought; all speak of mother love, but it cannot compare with the love of the Party.

Oh, Chairman Mao! The radiance of your thought illuminates the hearts of the world's people, giving strength to the revolutionary people. It scares the U.S. imperialists out of their wits and sweeps away all ghosts and monsters!

The thought of Mao Tse-tung represents the people in every respect, speaks for them, and serves them. Chairman Mao has deep concern for the people and their hearts are linked with his.

Sunlight, air and food can only keep people alive. The thought of Mao Tse-tung gives them wisdom and strength, making them brave and hard-working.

We should live or die not for fame and profit but for the revolution, whole-heartedly serving the people in all we do, working and struggling earnestly, hard and loyally for the Party and the people. This is the greatest joy and happiness in life.

Serving the people heart and soul leaves no room for any pretence. Only so can we look upon death as going home, dare to charge mountains of swords and seas of flames!

The life of a revolutionary belongs to the Party and the people. He has no right to consider his own disablement or death.

To love my comrades is to love the revolution. The people's happiness is my own; my comrades' happiness is also my own!

The Party has given us the task of training successors for the revolutionary cause. We must care for the fighters as their own dear ones would.

The loss of a revolutionary comrade is a loss for the revolution. We must save him even at the cost of our own lives! If I could give my life to save a comrade, I should think my death well worth-while.

The value of a man's life depends not on its length but mainly on his loyalty toward the Party and his contribution to the people. Though Liu Hu-lan, Tung Tsun-jui and Huang Chi-kuang died young, they had indeed: **"A Great Life! A Glorious Death!"**

Though I have lost my right hand and leg, I still have my left; and, what is more important, I still have a heart intent on serving the people. So long as I draw breath, I have no right to stop working. With only one leg left, I can still take the revolutionary road! Even if I were

to lose both hands and legs I should still be able to speak, and I would propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought every day, to encourage comrades and to fight the enemy.

My body is disabled but not my will. So long as my whole heart is given to the revolution, I can certainly play the role of a cog or screw. The Party has given me a second life and I shall devote it unreservedly to the Party, going all out to serve the people as long as I live.

I may have only one leg left, but I mean to go on marching along the revolutionary road!

Dawn Irradiates All Peking

Under the brilliant light of Mao Tse-tung's thought in the new high tide of the great proletarian cultural revolution, Peking, the capital of our great motherland, is now towering in new splendour on the world's eastern horizon.

Shout for joy, Peking! You are clad in a new revolutionary costume, decked in a militant aura. The whole city resounds with the voice of revolution, the whole city brims over with revolutionary heroism. The revolutionary people love to read the works of Chairman Mao, they love to sing: "The east is red, the sun is rising...."

The Red Sun in Our Hearts

To Tien An Men sparkling in the sunlight daily come tens of thousands of revolutionary teachers and students from the provinces, who have day and night been burning to see Chairman Mao. They gaze up for a long time at his huge portrait. Many Red Guards, holding high

their bright red copies of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, make this pledge before his portrait: "Respected and beloved Chairman Mao! You are the red, red sun in our hearts! We shall always obey your teachings, read your works, act according to your instructions and be your young red fighters. We shall follow you for ever to advance through storms and waves, and pledge to defend to our dying day our impregnable proletarian motherland. . . ." It seems to them, at this moment, that Chairman Mao is on the Tien An Men rostrum. Standing there before Tien An Men, it seems to them they are standing beside Chairman Mao.

Some people pick up flakes of the red pigment which has fallen from the red walls at the foot of Tien An Men, and mix this with water to write in neat characters in their diaries: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Late one night some Red Guards come bringing five red flowers, which they ask the soldiers on guard at Tien An Men to deliver to Chairman Mao. These red flowers are a gift from some Albanian comrades, and because they symbolize the friendship of the Chinese and Albanian people the Red Guards want to give them to their most beloved and respected leader Chairman Mao.

When the glad news comes that Chairman Mao is going to receive revolutionary teachers and students at Tien An Men, some young men and girls sit up all night sewing, putting all the love in their red hearts into embroidering a banner with the inscription: "May our respected Chairman Mao live for ever!"

Students of the College of Industrial Arts paint huge portraits of Chairman Mao for different organizations, factories and shops. They proudly declare: "We love Chairman Mao most ardently. We are not using brushes but hearts filled with love for Chairman Mao to paint the glorious portrait of our great leader."

"Oh, Chairman Mao, you are the never-setting red sun always shining in our hearts!"

The broad revolutionary masses have infinite love for Chairman Mao, infinite love for Mao Tse-tung's thought. Each family, each household in all the main thoroughfares and small alleys of the city has written up quotations from Chairman Mao. The whole city is

a position for the dissemination of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Board any bus or trolley-bus in Peking, and you will hear revolutionary youngsters read or recite quotations from Chairman Mao. Three Young Pioneers from different forms in different schools happened quite fortuitously to get into a No. 10 bus together and start reciting quotations to the passengers. They stayed on the bus for its whole run, lasting over forty minutes, and during that time each recited dozens of quotations. Sometimes you see blind passengers reading to the others from braille copies of Chairman Mao's works. Complete strangers to each other, united by their infinite love and veneration for Mao Tse-tung's thought, their infinite faith in it, review Chairman Mao's teachings together.

The radiance of Mao Tse-tung's thought has illumined Peking's small alleyways too and the compounds where several families live together. A great many housewives have organized themselves into groups with primary school children to study the works of Chairman Mao. On their gates they have written:

"Read Chairman Mao's works every day, obey all Chairman Mao's teachings."

The white-haired wife of a veteran Red Army fighter is illiterate, but she gets her husband to read to her sentence by sentence, and when their children come home in the evening she asks them to read her some quotations too. She has learned the song *I Love Most to Read Chairman Mao's Works* and says this is her favourite song because it puts her own feelings into words.

During the great proletarian cultural revolution, the broad revolutionary masses have repudiated the vicious attempts of the former Peking Municipal Party Committee to restrict and oppose the study of Chairman Mao's works. Groups to study Chairman Mao's works are springing up like bamboo shoots after rain. An unprecedented mass movement to creatively study and apply the works of Chairman Mao is sweeping ahead with tremendous speed and momentum and reaching a new high tide. The sunlight of Mao Tse-tung's thought is irradiating the whole city of Peking.

Tens of Thousands of Revolutionary Manifestos

In the tempest of the great proletarian cultural revolution countless hitherto unknown young fighters have taken up their pens and gone into action. Tens of thousands of revolutionary handbills and big-character posters have been fired like round after round of ammunition at the handful of those in authority in the Party who are taking the capitalist road, at reactionary bourgeois "authorities," and at the old ideas, culture, customs and habits of all exploiting classes.

Revolutionary youngsters have made countless revolutionary proposals for destroying old ideas, culture, customs and habits and establishing the new; they have issued countless calls.

They propose that Chairman Mao's portrait should hang in every home, that quotations from Chairman Mao should be displayed everywhere, that Chairman Mao's works should be studied constantly, that Mao Tse-tung's thought should be propagated by all, that a strong political atmosphere should be created, and that Mao Tse-tung's thought should occupy all positions.

They demand a thorough revolutionizing of the old educational system, the eradication of "hot-beds" for bourgeois ideas and successors to the bourgeoisie, the elimination of the poisonous root of revisionism, the smashing of the influence of the educational theories of the exploiting classes.

They call for the elimination of all ornaments or obsolete rules and conventions which smack of feudalism, capitalism or revisionism.

Many excellent revolutionary handbills and big-character posters have met with an enthusiastic welcome and warm approval from the broad revolutionary masses. People hasten to copy them down and circulate them, describing them as revolutionary manifestos, as "magic mirrors" which disclose the true features of all monsters and ghosts, as sharp swords and daggers thrust at the class enemy.

The text of these handbills and big-character posters is short, but each expresses a revolutionary breadth of vision. "We revolutionaries must take the whole world as our sphere of duty and the Four Seas as our home; we must shoulder the burden of revolution and see to it that the Red Flag flies over the entire world. We not only

want all generations to come in our motherland to remain red, we must work for the complete liberation of mankind!"

"We must brave wind and rain and go through the mill. We must be tempered in great storms and waves. . . . Where are storms and waves to be found? Among the workers, peasants and soldiers, in the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the production struggle and scientific experiment. In order to truly merge with the workers, peasants and soldiers, always be one with them and for the sake of the revolution we propose that colleges and middle schools be moved into the three great revolutionary movements." Such are the revolutionary ideas and magnificent resolve with which our young Red Guard fighters abound.

Pine and cypress show their mettle in a bitter winter. True gold stands the test of fire. A helmsman can only master his craft by sailing through rough waves and dangerous rapids. Reliable successors to the cause of the proletarian revolution can only be trained in the tempest of class struggle.

The young fighters of the Peking Red Guards Combat School (formerly the middle school attached to Tsinghua University), have responded to Chairman Mao's great call by rising in rebellion. They study Chairman Mao's works over and over again and understand that "To rebel is justified." Their observation of the struggle inside their school and outside it has convinced them of the need to rise in rebellion, and they are no longer willing to tolerate the control of their school by bourgeois scholar despots and "authorities." Guided by Mao Tse-tung's thought, they have written four big-character posters entitled "Long Live the Revolutionary Rebel Spirit of the Proletariat" I, II, III and IV. They cry, "Long, long life to the revolutionary rebel spirit of the proletariat!"

These revolutionary handbills and big-character posters are fine! They epitomize the intelligence of our young revolutionary fighters in their struggle, they are a magnificent poem of the mass movement, a glorious historical record of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

An Iron Broom to Sweep Away All Refuse from Our Society

The young Red Guard fighters are the vanguard of the great proletarian cultural revolution. Whole-heartedly supported by the main force of workers, peasants and soldiers, with whom they co-operate closely, they have boldly taken up iron brooms to sweep away all the refuse throughout the land. They are sweeping clean their schools, sweeping clean society, and mean to rid our people of all pests. They are flushing out from dark corners all the filth and stagnant water which have accumulated over long years.

Their iron brooms are sweeping away the old ideas, old culture, old customs and old habits which have held sway for thousands of years.

Splendid new names reflecting the spirit of this age of socialist revolution have been proposed for the hundred-odd main thoroughfares of Peking. It has been proposed that Changan (Eternal Peace) Boulevard which runs through the capital from east to west be renamed Tung Fang Hung (The East Is Red) Highway. The revolutionary young fighters of the Red Guards say: Each time we stride along this broad highway, we shall think of the splendid image of our great leader Chairman Mao. How can we forget the countless rivers and mountains our fathers crossed under Chairman Mao's leadership during the Long March? How can we forget the glorious tradition of those fighting years when our fathers followed Chairman Mao into the Chinggang Mountains, to Juikin, Tsunyi and Yen-an? Today the east is red, the sun has risen and the Red Flag is soon to fly all over the world. We must for ever forge triumphantly ahead along the course charted by our great helmsman Chairman Mao.

Peking's largest department store — the Wangfuching (Well of the Prince's Palace) Store — is now called the Peking City Department Store. In the past it stocked a complete line of goods, everything except the works of Chairman Mao. The Red Guards put up a revolutionary big-character poster outside the shop criticizing this omission, and the shop assistants wrote a big-character poster "Establish a Position for Propagating Mao Tse-tung's Thought," ap-

proving their revolutionary proposal. Now the two large counters just inside the main entrance supply spiritual nourishment in the form of Chairman Mao's works. The expensive perfumes and other luxury cosmetics which used to be sold here have been banished from these counters. And the huge mirror which confronted customers as they came in has been replaced by quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Customers have commented: That mirror could only reflect people's appearance, whereas Mao Tse-tung's thought can remould their souls.

These iron brooms have brought about a tremendous change in the service trades as well.

When the Red Guards first took to the streets to destroy the old and establish the new, a group of these young fighters went to the Chung Yuan Photography Studio on what used to be Chienmen Street, and posted up this couplet: "Away with bourgeois spooks and spectres! Take pictures of our heroic workers and peasants." Written across the top was: "Destroy the old, establish the new."

To support the revolutionary actions of the Red Guards the staff of this studio decided to change its name in line with this inscription. They have altered Chung Yuan to Li Hsin (Establish the New).

Li Hsin Studio has certainly undergone a complete transformation. Gone from the windows and counters are the photographs of people in outlandish costumes and portraits with freakish hair-dos and heavy make-up. In their place are pictures of workers, peasants and soldiers. And the photographers are keenly discussing how to take better pictures of workers, peasants and soldiers to bring out the distinctive features of this new generation nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought.

A huge photograph of Chairman Mao reviewing a force of the cultural revolution at Tien An Men has pride of place now in the show window, and many passers-by stop to look at it. *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and various copies of his works have also been provided in the studio, so that customers can review Chairman Mao's teachings while waiting their turn to be photographed.

The staff of Li Hsin Studio declare: We mean to establish the new! To set up the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought! To turn our studio into a revolutionary position for the study and propagation of Mao Tse-tung's thought!

Let the Flames of Revolution Blaze All Over the Land

Recently Peking has been a sea of people. Everywhere comrades-in-arms are engaged in serious discussions, encouraging and stimulating each other. It can be seen from their school badges that some come from the region of the Great Wall, others from the banks of the Pearl River, the foot of the Tienshan Mountains or the eastern coast. . . . But these youngsters from all quarters of the land are bound together by a brilliant red thread — Mao Tse-tung's great, invincible thought.

Hung high all over Peking are big slogans: "Welcome to the revolutionary teachers and students from the provinces, come to Peking to exchange revolutionary experience." Handbills and big-character posters in the main roads, back alleys and many public places extend the most hearty welcome to these visitors. Peking residents, on their own initiative, have set up many stands with drinks for the newcomers. Each time a spirited contingent of revolutionary teachers and students from the provinces passes by, the Peking children at these stands eagerly offer them cups of water. There is no counting the people in the capital who busy themselves day and night to take good care of these comrades-in-arms.

In the brief space of a month, Peking University has received over four million visitors from the capital and other parts of the country to exchange revolutionary experience.

Tien An Men is the place, above all, which draws the visitors from outside like a magnet. Indeed, many of them hurry there as soon as they leave the train. Catching sight of it in the distance, they cannot help shouting: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long live Chairman Mao!"

Beside Chinshui Bridge at Tien An Men and in front of the Memorial to the People's Heroes, tens of thousands of revolutionary teachers and students congregate every day. They gaze for a long time at the portrait of Chairman Mao on Tien An Men, and have photographs taken there of themselves which they will always treasure.

Some Tibetan students asked the photographers there to write on their picture, "Serfs who have stood up will follow Chairman Mao for ever!" Some young revolutionary teachers and students from the Mongolian pasturelands longed to see Tien An Men each time they sang the *Song of Praise*. Now they have come to Peking and, however late they stay up exchanging experience, they come to Tien An Men every evening to sing this song they love over and over again:

Come from the pasturelands to Tien An Men Square,
We raise high a golden goblet and sing a song of praise;
All thanks to the great Communist Party,
Long, long life to Chairman Mao!

In Tien An Men Square, at long last, they have had the supreme joy of seeing our great leader Chairman Mao.

In Tien An Men Square, they have heard at first hand the combat orders issued by the Central Committee of the Party.

In Tien An Men Square, they have restudied the arduous, brilliant history of the struggle of the revolutionary martyrs.

In Tien An Men Square they have made a revolutionary pledge to the most beloved and respected Central Committee of the Party, to our most beloved and respected Chairman Mao. They will raise high the Red Flag of revolution, tread in the footsteps of the martyrs and follow the course charted by Chairman Mao to advance forward, forward for ever!

— *Hsinhua Correspondent*

Sunlit Buses Fill the Streets with Song

Early one morning in Peking, a No. 11 trolley-bus was waiting at the West Gate to start its run. As the conductress mounted the bus a clear voice rang out behind her:

“Have you anyone to read quotations from Chairman Mao, comrade?” Two spirited Red Guard fighters stood at the entrance, bathed in the morning sun, their red arm bands as bright as fire.

“Not yet,” answered the conductress. At once with a cry of joy the two Red Guards jumped on to the trolley-bus.

In fact, these two youngsters had come through the dew of dawn before the last stars had faded from the sky, hoping to arrive earlier than any other Red Guards. They had offered their services eagerly at one bus after another, only to find themselves forestalled by other smiling youngsters unknown to them. It was after all not easy to find what they wanted. Now that at last they had found a bus where they could propagate the thought of Mao Tse-tung, they couldn't but feel happy.

As the trolley-bus started moving smoothly, the two Red Guards took out their clappers and sounded them. Dozens of pairs of friendly eyes turned towards them. Calmly, with smiles on their faces, they declaimed in unison as they sounded their clappers:

Water grows stagnant if it doesn't flow;
Boats leak if not repaired;
Guns rust unless they're polished;
And people become backward,
Unless they study the works of Chairman Mao.

The two Red Guards put so much spirit into this recital that the passengers were enchanted and would have liked them to go on and on. But suddenly the sound of the clappers stopped as dazzling red *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* appeared in the hands of the two Red Guards and they shouted with great revolutionary feeling: "Revolutionary comrades, let's study the *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* together." Then, one putting a question and the other answering, they began:

"Who is a revolutionary in the full sense?"

"Chairman Mao has said: **'Whoever sides with the revolutionary people is a revolutionary. . . .'**"

As their clear voices rang out, the passengers took out their *Quotations* and reviewed Chairman Mao's teachings with the young fighters. The loud reading filled the whole trolley-bus and floated out to the street.

The Red Guards, born in the storm of the great proletarian cultural revolution, are being tempered in the heat of the struggle and advancing rapidly. They are determined to clean up all the filth of the old world and enthusiastically propagate the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. The flames of this revolution have spread throughout streets and alleys, to cars and trolley-buses. At the proposal of the Red Guards, three red flags have been fixed to the top of every bus, a portrait of Chairman Mao has been hung in a prominent position inside and neatly inscribed quotations have been put up.

Following the Red Guards' example, before setting off to work the drivers and conductors make sure that they have their *Quotations*

from Chairman Mao Tse-tung with them. One driver said: "Not to study the *Quotations* is like trying to drive without a steering-wheel."

Infinitely loyal to the Party and Chairman Mao, the Red Guards initiated the reading of the *Quotations* in the buses, turning them into centres for the dissemination of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Innumerable moving happenings take place here. Sometimes the bus is so hot that they drip with sweat, but still they stick to their posts. Sometimes they stay there for eight or nine hours at a stretch. When the conductor urges them to go home for a meal they produce steamed bread or buns from their pockets and say with a smile: "We've come prepared to fight all day!"

Quite often, even primary-school children vie with each other to read the *Quotations* in the buses. Though young, they go about it very seriously and enthusiastically. Their childish faces glowing above their red scarfs remind people of the words, "Flowers glow brighter in the sun." These Young Pioneers come from different schools, but they have a common belief: "We're the younger generation of the Mao Tse-tung era, the propagandists of the Party. We propagate the thought of Mao Tse-tung. This is a glorious task the labouring people have entrusted to us."

As the No. 11 trolley-bus continued on its way through the sunlight, more and more passengers got in. The two Red Guard fighters felt thirsty. They looked up at the portrait of Chairman Mao, who was smiling benignly at them. Then they lowered their heads and gazed at their red arm bands, which seemed to say to them: "We are Chairman Mao's young red fighters." Suddenly they felt cool and refreshed, full of energy. After a whispered consultation they squeezed through the crowd to the middle of the bus and called out: "Comrade Lin Piao has said that learning a good song is actually an important lesson in politics. Shall we sing *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*?" "A good ideal!" approved all the passengers.

The two Red Guards showed themselves experienced conductors as they led the passengers to sing their deep love for Chairman Mao expressing the feelings of the masses of the people. When the song ended, cheerful voices were heard from the crowd: "Bravo! Let's have some more." "How about another?"

They sang revolutionary songs one after another. Even the conductress joined in while busy collecting fares. The whole bus was engulfed in joyous song. So the trolley-bus sped on its way, spreading revolutionary songs throughout the streets.

A young mother among the passengers told the little boy on her knee: "They are really good pupils of Chairman Mao. You must be a Red Guard too when you're big enough."

As the trolley-bus approached its terminus, all the passengers prepared to get off. The two Red Guard fighters bid them a warm farewell: "Goodbye, revolutionary comrades. Together let's raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and at our different fronts carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end!"

Scores of eager hands stretched out to shake those of the two Red Guards; scores of ardent hearts beat as one.

Some passengers about to return to Harbin declared with deep emotion: "Goodbye, young fighters. We promise to learn from you, to take back to Harbin the tremendous enthusiasm with which you in the capital are disseminating Mao Tse-tung's thought and to plunge whole-heartedly into the new high tide of the great cultural revolution."

The "Secret" Packet the Little Girl Sent

One morning a little girl wearing the red scarf of the Young Pioneers arrived at the gate of the Ministry of Culture. She took a neatly wrapped packet from her school bag, handed it to the man on duty at the reception desk, then ran back into the street and vanished in the crowds.

The packet was marked "secret." Curiously, the man opened it. Inside was eleven hundred yuan and a note full of revolutionary sentiments. The note, after angrily castigating Chou Yang, former vice-head of the Propaganda Department of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, for deliberately hindering the publication of the works of Mao Tse-tung, went on:

"More than anyone, we love Chairman Mao. More than anything else, we long for the invincible weapon of mankind, the thought of Chairman Mao. If we have that, we know what direction to take on the revolutionary road; no hardship can daunt us; our minds are broadened, our eyes are sharp. If we have that, we are sure to attain communism.

“My father and mother both are Communists. My father has retired, my mother is still working as an ordinary servant of the people. Words can't express how much we love Chairman Mao, how much faith we have in his thought. We were overjoyed to hear that the Central Committee of the Communist Party has decided to publish the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* in large numbers. Enclosed is the money we've saved in the past several years — eleven hundred yuan. Please give it to the publishing department as our small contribution to this project. Every additional volume of Chairman Mao's works that appears means one more person who masters Chairman Mao's thought. This will strengthen the revolutionary ranks and bring us to communism sooner. May Mao Tse-tung's thought be handed down for countless generations! . . .”

The note was signed “A Successor to the Chinese Revolution.” Many comrades in the Ministry of Culture read it, and all were extremely moved by the limitless love it expressed for Chairman Mao Tse-tung and his thinking. They vowed to search out this revolutionary family and learn from them.

But where, among Peking's millions, should they look? Sorting through the money, one of the comrades noticed that the bills were bound in stacks, and that the name of a bank teller was stamped on each paper binder. That was a clue.

The Ministry of Culture comrades immediately set out to trace it down. Police precincts and bank branches joined in the search. The note was reproduced in full on their blackboard bulletins for the edification of their personnel.

After five days of intensive effort, the mystery was solved. The little girl's name was Lin Hsiao-hua. She was fourteen years old, a second-year student in The East Is Red Middle School, Number Four. Her parents, of poor peasant origin, had joined the revolution in the days when the flames of battle were raging. They had the deepest regard for the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao.

When Hsiao-hua and her parents read in the newspaper that Chou Yang had hampered the publication of Chairman Mao's works, they were furious. On the 25th of July, they held a family meeting. Hsiao-hua's father said: “From now on we mustn't concern ourselves

just with our own study of the works of Chairman Mao; we have to find ways to help still more people to master Mao Tse-tung's thought."

Her parents proposed that they use their savings to buy a few hundred sets of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* and give them out. But they were afraid they couldn't find any bookshop that had so many sets in stock. Then Hsiao-hua had an idea. Why not send their savings to the publishers so that more of Chairman Mao's works could be printed?

Her suggestion met with the whole family's approval. But how could they deliver the money?

"What about the post office?" asked Hsiao-hua's mother.

"No," the little girl said. "You have to give your name and address when you send a postal money order, and we don't want anybody to know who we are. We should learn from Liu Ying-chun."* Finally it was decided to let Hsiao-hua send the money to the Ministry of Culture.

That night, she wrote the letter. The next morning, after removing her school identification badge, she set out from home with the packet of money and the letter inside. Everything went well. Hsiao-hua delivered the packet and flew home as happily as a bird.

It was agreed among the family that no one would breathe a word about this. The matter would be kept absolutely secret.

The day after the "secret" was solved, newspaper reporters called at Hsiao-hua's home. The first thing they saw as they entered the door was a coloured portrait of Chairman Mao, the great leader, hanging on the wall. There were portraits of the Chairman in every room. Hsiao-hua's room also had a placard bearing a quotation from Chairman Mao. Her parents said she had made the placard herself when they first obtained the book *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* in 1964. Every two or three days she changed the quotation to suit Chinese and international developments, or to fit some situation in the family or in her own thinking. She had been doing this for more than two years without a stop.

*A PLA fighter who was a model in creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works. He did many good deeds for the people but never let his name be known. In 1966 he died to save the lives of several children.

Hsiao-hua had been studying Chairman Mao's works regularly from the time she entered middle school. She read them every day when she returned home. With the advent of the great proletarian cultural revolution she read and re-read Chairman Mao's works on classes and class struggle and, in accordance with his teachings, took a vigorous part in all the activities of the cultural revolution in her school and in society. She played an outstanding part in the movement.

The revolutionary background of her parents had exerted a strong influence upon Hsiao-hua. Her father frequently reminded them never to forget the hardships the exploited classes had suffered, and insisted that they carry on the frugal, militant tradition of the old Red Army and the Eighth Route Army. Hsiao-hua had been wearing the same tunic since she was ten. The sleeves had been lengthened time and again, and the tunic was decorated with sixteen or seventeen patches, all of which she had sewn on herself.

Several times a year the whole family went out into the country and gathered wild herbs for food. On these occasions, they reminisced about the old Red Army and Eighth Route Army, and the thousands of revolutionary heroes who gave their lives so that the people could be liberated. This made them love the Party and Chairman Mao all the more.

To commend Hsiao-hua's family for their ardent devotion to Chairman Mao and his thought, the Ministry of Culture sent a delegation to their home which presented them with complete sets of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* and copies of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. It also returned their eleven hundred yuan — although this required considerable persuasion.

Hsiao-hua and her two sisters were wearing their father's old uniforms that day, and each had the red arm band of the Red Guards pinned on her sleeve. The girls warmly entertained the comrades from the Ministry of Culture and pledged that they would, even more diligently than before, read Chairman Mao's books and heed his words. They said they would temper themselves in the stormy class struggle to become staunch successors to the proletarian revolutionary cause.

Some Red Guards Meet Friends from Abroad

—A Few Anecdotes About a Train Journey

The Red Guards born in the storm of the great cultural revolution have shaken the old world with their irresistible revolutionary drive, while their excellent organization, strict discipline and fine moral qualities have won high praise from revolutionary people in every land. Foreign friends from all parts of the world after coming into contact with them exclaim, “The Red Guards are really fine!”

“The Red Guards Are Really Fine!”

In the middle of September some French and Australian passengers on a train were discussing their first impressions of the Chinese whom they had seen at Shumchun and their view of the Red Guards.



Just then a girl wearing a Red Guard arm band brought the French passengers some tea-leaves and, while making tea for them and mopping the floor, cheerfully answered the questions they put to her. One of the Frenchmen was intrigued to notice that although not a member of the train staff this Red Guard was making a most conscientious job of what would be considered menial work in the West; moreover her attitude to them was most friendly. Before coming to China this Frenchman had been warned by people taken in by the lies in the Western press, "You had better watch your step. Those Red Guards in China are tough!" But all the Red Guards he had met were totally different from the distorted accounts of them in the

West. Smiling all over his face he told the girl, "You Red Guards are really fine!"

The "Three-Eight" Working Style* on the Train

An express left Peking for the south packed with Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students who had been to the capital or were going to the provinces to exchange revolutionary experience. There was such a cheerful coming and going through the different coaches that long after the train left the station the din was still considerable. This at once caught the attention of the Red Guards. "We should be just as disciplined and well-organized as the PLA," they said. "We must show concern for each other, help each other and learn how to keep order among ourselves." On the proposal of some Red Guards from Peking, Shanghai and elsewhere, a temporary headquarters was set up on the train.

The Red Guard inspectors patrolled the crowded carriages and found seats for old people and children. Very soon revolutionary order was established owing to this initiative on the part of the Red Guards' temporary headquarters.

"We hail from all corners of the country and have joined together for a common revolutionary objective. . . ." The Red Guards' headquarters started doing propaganda through the loudspeakers, and the passengers quietened down to listen. A broadcast of the 16 Points** was followed by the PLA's Three Main Rules of Discipline and Eight Points for Attention,*** then by quotations from the

*The "three-eight" working style, formulated by Chairman Mao, in Chinese is written in three phrases and eight additional characters. It means firm, correct political orientation; a plain, hard-working style; flexibility in strategy and tactics; and unity, alertness, earnestness and liveliness. This has now become the common style of work of the PLA and the whole revolutionary people of China.

**The 16 Points refer to the Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. See *Chinese Literature* No. 10, 1966.

***The Three Main Rules of Discipline and the Eight Points for Attention were formulated by Chairman Mao for the Chinese People's Liberation Army. For details, see the note on p. 50 in *Chinese Literature* No. 11, 1966.

works of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. In the carriages where Red Guards were most numerous, stirring renderings were given of *The East Is Red, Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* and other revolutionary songs. So these carriages became a base for the dissemination of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The next morning the dining-car staff was hard put to it to prepare food for so many passengers. They were racing against time when some Red Guards joined them and quietly set to work washing and slicing vegetables and rinsing out canteens.

At noon word came from the coach at the rear that a party of Algerians was going to the dining-car for lunch. The Red Guards sitting packed together in the corridors promptly made way for them. As the foreign visitors appeared they clapped loudly, waved their *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and sang revolutionary songs to welcome these friends from Africa. Some eagerly took off their prized badges of Chairman Mao and pinned them on the Algerian visitors. Others gave them photographs of Chairman Mao. Their unaffected friendliness made such an impression on these guests from far away that they kept nodding and waving, and exclaimed to their Chinese hosts, "It's plain to see that your Red Guards are armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought."

An Unusual Get-together

An interesting conversation took place in one sleeper.

Some Japanese friends, after travelling for more than a week in China, were deeply impressed by the revolutionary actions of the Red Guards; and now, on the eve of returning home, they asked three Red Guards on the train to come and discuss some questions of interest with them.

The whole conversation was carried on in a keen, lively atmosphere. After some initial discussion of the exchange of revolutionary experience by revolutionary teachers and students and the organization of the Red Guards, one of the Japanese asked eagerly, "What do you Red Guards love best?"

A Red Guard from the Shenyang Mining School promptly answered, "Our great leader Chairman Mao. There is nothing we love more than reading his works, because not for a second can we do without Mao Tse-tung's thought."

"I really meant what do you like best in daily life — radios, record players, TV sets?"

"I'm very fond of listening in to the news. Because Chairman Mao has told us to pay attention to state affairs. We can learn a lot from the radio about state affairs in China and abroad."

"What else do you like?"

"As we Red Guards are a reliable reserve force for the PLA, we do our best to keep fit. We go in for athletics for national defence as well as military training, to be ready to finish off imperialism."

Both sides expressed their views absolutely frankly and listened to each speaker intently, anxious not to miss a word. A young Japanese sitting on an upper berth leaned down at one point to ask, "Would you like to travel? Which countries would you choose to visit?"

A Red Guard from Tientsin's No. 16 Middle School answered, "We've never really thought about it. Pleasure-trips don't appeal to us. If we had a chance to go abroad, we'd love to go to Vietnam, to fight shoulder to shoulder with our Vietnamese brothers and thoroughly wipe out the U.S. aggressors."

The young Red Guard fighters' revolutionary spirit, exemplified in the way in which they kept their motherland and the whole world in view, made these friendly Japanese nod approvingly. Some of them jotted down the Red Guards' replies. Then the young Japanese steered the conversation round to the youngsters' aim in life. A Red Guard from the Peking Aeronautical College said, "We are young people of the Mao Tse-tung era. Chairman Mao has told us, 'The world is yours, as well as ours, but in the last analysis, it is yours. You young people full of vigour and vitality, are in the bloom of life, like the sun at eight or nine in the morning. Our hope is placed on you. . . .' Whenever we think of these words of Chairman Mao, we feel the full weight of our responsibility, remembering that two-thirds of the world's people are still oppressed and have yet to be liberated. For the sake of the revolution, our revolutionary

forefathers struggled hard, giving their lives or shedding their blood with no thought of their personal safety. It's up to our generation to carry on the torch of revolution and ensure that it is handed on from one generation to another, that it always remains bright."

This intimate, frank discussion lasted for three hours, and late as it was they were sorry to break up. Afterwards one of the Japanese commented, "The way the thoughts of young Chinese centre on revolution and the way they are carrying out this revolution has helped us to understand their revolutionary spirit." Another said, "The Red Guards are thoroughly revolutionary. Mao Tse-tung's thought is great and correct. I find this most inspiring, and it has given me fresh strength."

— *Nanfang Ribao Correspondent*

Follow the Way of Nanniwan (coloured woodcut)►
by Chang Ya-tung, Hsing Feng-yu,
Ting Shih-yu and Chang Chia-tung

This is a collective work by soldiers from PLA units in Peking. Starting from 1942, the army, organizations, schools and masses of people in the Liberated Area, responding to Chairman Mao's call to "develop the economy and ensure supplies," and "use our own hands to have ample food and clothing," launched a vigorous big production movement. By this means they overcame the extremely severe material difficulties caused by the blockade and attacks by the Japanese invaders and Kuomintang reactionaries, thus laying the material foundation for the victory of the Chinese revolution. Nanniwan near Yen-an was one of the places where the reclamation work done by the famous 359th Battalion was most successful.



Indomitable Heroine — Nguyen Thi Chau

We met the indomitable heroine, Comrade Nguyen Thi Chau in the dense forests of south Vietnam. Also present was Phan Thi Quyen, widow of the martyr Nguyen Van Troi.* They were called Sister Chau and Sister Quyen, according to local custom.

Sister Chau, born in 1938, was a bit older than Sister Quyen. Long-term imprisonment had ruined her health. She was pale, and she couldn't see as well as before. But she was still very spirited. Her black hair hung down her shoulders. Sister Chau said it used to be longer, but because the enemy once tied her by the hair to a

*Nguyen Van Troi was a south Vietnamese revolutionary hero. A staunch fighter in the struggle against the U.S. imperialists and Vietnamese traitors, he showed an indomitable will and loyalty to the people when he was captured by the enemy. He was murdered by the U.S.-puppet reactionaries in 1964 at the age of 24.



bench in the torture chamber, she cut it all off as a gesture of defiance. Today it has grown back only partially.

Enemy planes were bombing nearby. To the crump of explosives, we listened to Sister Chau tell us of her thirteen hundred and ten days in jail.

They began on February 9, 1961. She had been in senior middle school and had joined the Youth League a short time before. Because a reactionary relative betrayed her to the police, she was arrested and sent to the "Central Special Work Detachment." This was an intelligence agency under the thumb of Ngo Dinh Can, brother of the dictator Ngo Dinh Diem, which specialized in "rehabilitating" young people. Duong Van Hieu, who headed the detachment, gave Sister Chau her first "rehabilitation talk" personally.

"You needn't be shy," he said with an oily smile. "Be as frank with me as with an older brother."

Sister Chau felt like throwing up. "I consider myself lucky that I don't have an older brother like you," she replied.

Duong Van Hieu wagged his head. "Don't hate us. We're only trying to drive out the invaders who are threatening our country's independence. If a robber broke into your home, wouldn't you take up a stick and chase him out?"

"Of course I would," said Sister Chau angrily. "But the only robbers I see around here are the ones who call other people robbers."

The enemy brought in some reactionary students and had them try to "win over" Sister Chau. They lied and claimed that the students in south Vietnam were happy, that they had a good future. This, to Sister Chau, was ridiculous and stupid. She was thoroughly familiar with the situation of the students in south Vietnam. The homes of most of them had been broken up by the American invaders and the Diem puppet government. Not only were they unable to afford tuition for school, they were lucky if they had enough to eat. Of course if you were wealthy, you could buy a diploma for twenty thousand *dong*. But if you were poor like Sister Chau, it was very hard for you to get one. Even with a diploma you had no chance of finding a job, since you wouldn't have the proper "connections."

When their attempt to win her over failed, the enemy adopted a new tactic. "A relative wouldn't have informed against you unless he had some proof," they said. "Why not just admit one or two small things? Then you can get an early release."

These words immediately put Sister Chau on her guard. Even if it's a small thing, she thought, won't I be knuckling under to the enemy? I wouldn't be any different than those shameless turncoats. Nothing doing!

The enemy soon realized that Sister Chau could not be "rehabilitated," and they sent her to "P42" — a hellish prison. In its gloomy dungeons and dim tunnels the bones of many a revolutionary were bleaching white.

Sister Chau was brought into P42 blindfolded. She couldn't see, but she could hear people being beaten and tortured. The enemy left her alone for a night, to give her a chance to think things over.

And think she did — of the Party, of her comrades, of Le Hong Tu, the boy to whom she was engaged. It was Tu who had led her to the revolution. She had begun taking part in the student movement at first only to fight for the chance to study and to get a job later on. Tu helped her to broaden her vision. She came to understand that unless the U.S. imperialists were driven out and the puppet government overthrown, unless the fundamental structure of the voracious man-eating society was changed, there would never be any hope for south Vietnam.

She remembered one day when Tu, carrying a placard, strode in the front ranks of a student demonstration. Sister Chau had been walking close behind him. Suddenly, the police charged, and Tu was beaten till he was bruised and bleeding. Nevertheless he went on shouting, "Down with the American-Diem clique!" He got the students to stick to their ranks and keep marching forward.

"Stay with the revolution, no matter what," Tu had advised her on parting, the last time they met.

Now, thought Sister Chau, I'm going to be put to the test.

The special agents took her in to see Major Ah Khanh. He asked her about her activities in the Youth League and its inner structure. Her answer was brief: "I don't know." He shouted an order and four agents dragged Sister Chau into the torture chamber. They tied her to a bench, pried open her mouth, pured soapy water down her throat, and pressed on her stomach till it spouted out again. Then they applied electric shocks. . . .

The first time she entered the chamber, she walked. The next time, two men supported her. The third time, she was carried in on a stretcher. Only when she lost consciousness did they throw her back into her cell.

This went on for over a month. She told them nothing.

The major was baffled. One day he came to Sister Chau, all smiles.

"Our last meeting wasn't a very happy one," he said. "We won't have any more of that sort of thing." He handed her a bottle of pen-

icillin. "This will cure those sores on your face. Penicillin is hard to buy and very expensive. I wouldn't do this for anyone but you."

"Quit acting," Sister Chau retorted. "If you've got any more tortures, do your dirtiest."

"Let's not argue. We'll release you as soon as you're ready to recant. We'll help you financially. We'll send you abroad to study; you can go to America or England, whichever you like. We're more than willing to educate a bright girl like you."

"Sorry, but I've never had to rely on anyone's charity. And I certainly wouldn't want it from the likes of you."

Obviously these lackeys were using alternately soft and hard methods, a trick they had learned from their American masters. First they tried "rehabilitation." When that didn't work, they used torture. When torture failed, they went back to cajolery. But it was all aimed at getting her to surrender.

Again Sister Chau was pushed into the torture chamber. This time, in addition to being beaten and getting the soapy water treatment, she had big pins driven under her finger-nails. All night they tortured her, and all night she cursed them. When she returned to her cell, she was faint and very weak. She felt that at any moment her breathing might stop.

But then she thought: This isn't the way to die. Anger flamed in her breast. Dragging herself to her feet, she pulled a bobby pin from her hair and scratched these words on the cell wall:

Erect, I stand like the seaside cliffs,
Neither wind nor wave can make me bend;
Soaked with blood is my tunic of white,
But the heart beneath shall be pure to the end.

When Sister Chau finished writing her poem, she collapsed, unconscious.

Not long after, she was transferred to the Gia Dinh Prison.

Here she experienced the most unforgettable moment of her life. She was admitted into the Vietnam People's Revolutionary Party. Sister Chau had heard of a Sister N, who was responsible for work among the intellectuals in the city, but she had never dreamed that



she would meet her in the Gia Dinh Prison. It was Sister N who sponsored her entrance into the Party.

Late at night on September 2, 1961 — the founding day of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, Sister Chau was formally admitted into Party membership. Everyone else in the big cell was asleep. A small oil lamp burned in the corner. Pasted on the wall was a picture of a hammer and sickle which Sister N had cut from a little book. Sister N announced that Sister Chau's application had been approved. Sister Chau raised her hand before the hammer and sickle and made the vow which she had herself composed: She would be eternally loyal to the Party and resolutely fight for its cause till her last breath.

Sister Chau wished she could shout her vow aloud — to the Party, to the brothers and sisters all over the world who were fighting for justice, but she could only whisper it in the silence of the prison cell. Her heart seemed to be pounding in rhythm with the leaping flame of the little oil lamp. When the enemy had tortured her to force her to admit that she was a Party member, her only regret was that she was not. She hadn't realized that in the course of those very torments she was already moving towards the Party's glorious ranks. Her blood raced through her veins. She swore to herself that she would never forget this solemn moment, that she would always be worthy of the appellation "Party member."

Sister N put her in charge of the Youth League work in Gia Dinh Prison. Sister Chau did her job so well that the enemy suspected her. They transferred her to the "Special Work Detachment." There, in accordance with instructions from the organization, she set up a Party branch, with herself acting as secretary. The branch developed rapidly. Soon in each cell there was a Party group in which the members studied politics, improved their literacy, and criticized and helped one another. Party members and Youth Leaguers made friends with some of the non-political prisoners, put on small theatrical shows, and secretly educated them. Sister Chau and other comrades successfully led several hunger strikes and won improvements in living conditions for the prisoners. The enemy said Sister Chau caused disturbances in whichever prison she was sent to.

One day while secretly relaying a message, she was spied by a special agent. She calmly destroyed it before he could seize it. They took her to the torture chamber and put electrodes in each of her ears, attached two more to her feet, and cranked the generator. Her body convulsed, and the room seemed to be filled with stars. This was followed by pouring soapy water into her nostrils till she fainted. The enemy beat her with sticks from head to toe until she revived, then applied the electric torture once more.

Although Sister Chau suffered a haemorrhage, the enemy went on with the torture the next day. She cursed them and said they were lower than beasts. They tied her hands and feet together, and a dozen of them stood around and kicked and beat her. Sister Chau's nails were torn off, her teeth kicked loose. But she bit into her own shoulder so as not to give the enemy the satisfaction of hearing her cry in pain.

At this point in her story, Sister Chau became quite stirred. "I could hardly breathe," she said. "But in my dazed condition, I seemed to hear Uncle Ho Chi Minh saying: 'Be brave, child. Keep your head high.' It gave me strength. When an agent came to question me, I slapped his face. Then I passed out. When I woke up the next morning, I was swathed in bandages. Only my eyes were uncovered. But I didn't feel too badly. I remembered what our old revolutionary Dong had said: 'An ideal can assuage all pain.' As long as people have ideals in their hearts, they're no longer bothered by physical suffering."

The enemy transferred Sister Chau to one prison after another — Cong Hoa, Phu Loi, Chi Hoa, Thu Duc. . . . She stayed in practically every women's prison in Saigon, in some several times. Finally, she was returned to the Police Headquarters Jail.

Wherever she went, Sister Chau fought for the Party and carried on its work, quickly enkindling the flames of struggle. Wardens were dismayed when she appeared at their gates. "What, is that girl back again?" they exclaimed. The enemy would have liked nothing better than to end her life, but it was not so simple. The people's forces were winning one encounter after the next in south Vietnam,



and the mass movements in the cities were rising in waves. To kill a young revolutionary would immediately arouse a broad and furious public reaction. Tens of thousands of Sister Chau's would stand forward where one had fallen.

Furthermore, Ngo Dinh Diem had just been deposed, and the Saigon government was very shaky. The various contenders for power were seeking every pretext to attack the temporary rulers. The question of what to do with Sister Chau was a real headache to the puppets.

Since it would be politically unwise to kill her, they decided to release her. This would prevent her from leading the struggles within the prison. At the same time, the puppets could pretend to be demonstrating their "democracy." Of course, Sister Chau would first have to recant, or at least give some slight indication of submission in public. That would save face all around.

The major in charge of the prison came to her and pleaded: "Look, I'm ready to go down on my knees to beg you. We're not asking you to make any statements of repentance. All we ask is that you bow your head before the national flag. Surely, you can do that."

"No," Sister Chau said firmly. "I hate your slave government. I won't bow to your dirty flag."

"You mean you don't want our government's amnesty?"

"What do I need an amnesty for? I haven't committed any crime."

"What do you want?"

"I want to go out in the courtyard and walk in the sun."

"That's easy. We'll arrange it immediately. But you've got to show a little friendliness to us, too. For example, while others are saluting the flag, you merely stand up. You needn't salute or bow your head, just stand there on the side. That much you can do?"

"Not even at gunpoint."

"We'll pretend you're ill, that you're not able to stand. Just say aloud to me that you wish to pay your respects to the flag."

Sister Chau disdained to reply. She turned her head away.

"Why are you so stupid about your revolution, so mechanical?" the major shouted. "All you have to do is say a polite word or two and we'll let you go. Once you're out you can do whatever you please."

The other prisoners heard this and burst into laughter. The major fled like a whipped cur.

He had thought he was very clever, that Sister Chau would fall into his snare. He hadn't expected she would be so alert and refuse to say or do anything the enemy might capitalize upon in the least. We're proud of our "stupid," "mechanical" sister. This slim quiet girl defends the sublime revolutionary spirit with a will of steel. She does indeed stand proudly like a seaside cliff, as she says in her poem, not giving an inch to the wildest storm.

Having failed in all their tactics, hard and soft, the enemy had no choice but to release Sister Chau after more than thirteen hundred days in prison. When she returned home, her family was overjoyed,

but the change in her appearance appalled them. Her grandmother embraced her and wept. Her mother knew she couldn't remain at home for long, she urged: "Rest a few days till you get your strength back, then go wherever you will. I won't try to keep you."

Sister Chau longed to stay with them, yet at the same time she couldn't wait to get back into the struggle. She remained only two days, then she managed to establish contact with the Party and left for the liberated areas.

Five months after she entered prison her sweetheart Le Hong Tu was also arrested. He and Le Quang Vinh and a dozen other comrades had tried to kill the American "ambassador" Frederick Nolting with hand-grenades, but unfortunately they were caught. This story is recounted in the first volume of *Letters from South Vietnam*. It gave the enemy a terrible fright. Le Hong Tu was sent to the prison on the Condore Islands. In October of 1963, he was returned to Saigon and sentenced to death.

We asked Sister Chau whether she ever saw him after his arrest. "No," she said. "But he sent me greetings and a medallion he made out of a coin. It had a hammer and sickle on one side and the initials of our first names on the other. The enemy discovered it when searching me one day, and took it away."

She showed us a photo of Tu. He's a bold lad with luminous eyes. At the bottom was printed the statement he made after the court martial had pronounced the death sentence: "My only regret is that I didn't have enough hand-grenades to kill all the Yankees in Vietnam." Gazing at that strong youthful countenance we could almost hear his ringing words.

"But where his comrades are concerned, he's very kind," Sister Chau said, after a pause. "If he went on an outing with classmates and the weather turned cold he was sure to give his blanket to anyone who needed it. Once a student lost his temper with him about something. Later, he asked Tu: 'Are you angry with me?' Tu replied: 'My heart is crammed with friendship for all of you. There's no room in it for anger.' That's the sort of boy he is."

From Sister Chau's brief introduction, it was plain that Tu's love for his comrades is as deep as his hatred for the enemy. Yet it is this pure youth, a boy who still hasn't finished middle school, that the Americans and their puppets are planning to execute. The people are watching carefully with angry eyes. They are determined that this excellent son of theirs shall not be harmed.

The Vast Sea of People's War

How the People of Co Chi in South Vietnam Resisted "Mopping-up" Operations

On our return from south Vietnam we were often asked, "How are the soldiers and civilians of south Vietnam putting up such a splendid fight? They have inflicted staggering blows on over 200,000 U.S. and nearly 600,000 puppet troops. Just how do they do it?"

Our stay in the south was so short and we visited so few places that our knowledge is necessarily limited. But there is one thing everyone should know: It is wrong to consider south Vietnam from the purely geographical point of view as a strip of territory on the map. No, it is far more than a sub-tropical region. It is a vast sea of angry, surging waves, "a vast sea in which to drown the enemy."

In the Co Chi base outside Saigon we witnessed a magnificent resistance to "mopping-up." Co Chi is only one infinitesimal part of the vast sea of the whole south; but we want to describe the thunder and fury of the angry waves, the flying spray we saw here.

A Knife Plunged in the Enemy's Heart

If we compare the cities besieged by the villages in south Vietnam to some huge wild beast made fast with countless ropes, then the Co Chi resistance base is like a knife plunged into the beast's heart. For this base lies just outside Saigon, the centre of the U.S.-puppet rule. After breakfast the people of Co Chi can cycle into Saigon to do their shopping and still be back easily in time for lunch. Naturally they are second to none in their eagerness to liberate Saigon. They say, "Saigon is only thirty kilometres away."

Co Chi's strategic position is a constant threat to the enemy's heart, and its people keep twisting a knife in that heart too. Liberation troops and guerrillas, based on areas like Co Chi, make frequent forays into the suburbs of Saigon to harass the enemy, sometimes striking right into the city. Even though the Saigon police cars keep their engines running twenty-four hours a day, while puppet soldiers, policemen and agents patrol the streets, they cannot prevent the people's armed forces from blowing up U.S.-puppet headquarters, officers' housing and airmen's barracks.

Co Chi, bounded on the left by the River Saigon, is in a position to cut the enemy's water-way, while on the right it commands the No. 1 Highway, one of their chief lines of communication. The people's armed forces of Co Chi have co-operated with the people of the Saigon suburbs to throw such tight cordons round the enemy strongholds, large and small, that in many cases their garrisons are virtually prisoners. The moment a puppet soldier sticks out his head, the guerrillas' bullets whistle through the air. In some forts the enemy have to dispose of refuse by wrapping it up in paper and throwing it outside. In others where there are no wells, the puppet troops have to ask the guerrillas' permission every time they go out to fetch water. They'd call out, "May we go and get water, Mr. Vietcong?" In yet others where none of them know barbering, the men's hair grows so long that the old village women laugh at them. "You'd better start using hairpins like us," they jeer. It takes a full battalion at least, covered by planes and heavy artillery, to convoy their monthly supplies to these garrisons.

For some years now the enemy have done all in their power to pluck out this deadly knife. Puppet troops with U.S. advisers launched many "mopping-up" operations against this base, but were repulsed each time. Last May when two puppet regiments were sent in, one regiment command and a whole battalion were immediately wiped out, and the survivors fled headlong. A U.S. adviser running for his life mistook some puppet soldiers with whom he collided for "Vietcong" pursuers. At once he threw down his gun and put up his hands. "Mr. Adviser, we're running for our lives too," the men wryly told him. For eight months after that the enemy dared not set foot inside the base. Now that the slaves had proved useless, the masters had to take the field themselves. This time U.S. troops came in force.

Every Village a Battlefield, Every Man a Fighter

The closer they are to destruction, the more desperately the enemy will struggle. Co Chi base is a triangle, not more than two dozen kilometres on its longest side, yet they flung in over 7,000 U.S. troops, over 200 planes, 150 big guns, and over 600 trucks, armoured cars and tanks.

We were brushing our teeth one morning when we heard the din heralding an enemy attack. First indiscriminate bombing by B 52 and other "strategic bombers"; then blind fire from the heavy artillery in all the neighbouring forts. Looking out from the headquarters bunker, we saw the sky filled with planes, the earth wrapped in a thick pall of dust and smoke. The explosion of bombs, napalm, rockets and shells mingled with the roar of enemy planes and the thunder of guns.

"The U.S. devils try to scare us with their planes and big guns," said an old village woman. "They don't scare us though, they only make us hate them. The more bombs they drop, the more we hate them." Her stirring assertion drowned out the roar of the enemy planes and heavy artillery.

Hate! Every man, woman and child in Co Chi is the embodiment of hate. For nine years in this base they fought bloody battles until they defeated the murderous French invaders. The guillotines of the U.S. henchman Ngo Dinh Diem made this strip of land flow with blood, and in every village the peasants have erected "hate memorials." The names of all their martyrs, men and women, old folk and children, are inscribed on these memorials, inscribed on the people's hearts. And these same people took up bamboo spears, machete or bows and arrows, any simple weapon for revenge, and struggled to the death against the enemy. For the last few years hardly a day or night has passed in Co Chi without a bombardment from the U.S. imperialists. And each bomb crater, each building destroyed, each tree or shrub burnt, is a new "hate memorial."

Nguyen Thang, a company instructor, told us that his wife, parents and children had all been killed by U.S. bombs or shells. His eyes on the white jade wedding ring his wife had given him, he told us, "There is no room for grief in my heart, it is so filled with hate! The whole Vietnamese people, my family among them, have suffered at the hands of the U.S. imperialist invaders. We shall certainly avenge our country and families."

And now here come the U.S. gangsters, the mortal enemy of the people of Co Chi, the mortal enemy of the people of Vietnam, the mortal enemy of the people of the whole world.

"It is them or us — the world cannot hold us both." In these villages with their "hate memorials," all the men and women, old and young, capable of bearing arms, prepare to resist.

The frenzied enemy bombardment lasts several hours. The people, gripping their weapons tight, take cover in their defences as they wait for the attack. Buildings are razed to the ground, whole villages reduced to rubble. Sixth Sister, a young village girl, peers through the dense smoke and cries, "Let them bomb! We shall build new houses on the ruins of the old." Orange groves are bombed out of existence, precious durian trees uprooted. But the owners pay no attention. Their whole minds are set on killing the enemy.

After a long preliminary barrage, 7,000 U.S. troops are transported by helicopters and armoured troop carriers to the rear of the base.

The time has come for the people of Co Chi to take revenge, for the fighting villagers to show their might.

The people of Co Chi are well organized. Under the overall leadership of the Party, each village is a strong fighting collective. They have been operating for some time already, these fighting villages, and are closely linked both above ground and below by a network of defences. The arrogant U.S. invaders call this first stage of their "mopping-up" a "scorched-earth advance." Well, they can scorch the earth at a cost of thousands upon thousands of U.S. dollars, but U.S. dollars cannot buy an "advance." Each step they take costs blood. As soon as they touch the ground, avenging bullets and hand-grenades rain down on them. Wherever they turn they meet with resistance. Every village fights, every single person in the base — guerrilla veterans of a hundred battles as well as ordinary peasants who have never previously handled a gun, women as well as men, old folk and children as well as strong young fellows. As there are not enough guns to go round, they take it in turn to fire. Those who have no weapons help to transport ammunition, act as stretcher-bearers or wash and cook for the combatants. Old women voluntarily form a "Wipe-out-the-enemy Dumpling Corps." Their sweet, filling dumplings made of sticky rice help the fighters to kill more of the invaders. The one thought in the minds of Co Chi's tens of thousands is: Fight! Fight! Fight!

Nguyen Van Ni, a village girl who has never done any fighting, asks for a mine and buries it under the track of a parked U.S. tank. As soon as the tank starts moving, it blows up. With this feat to her credit she justifiably asks for and gets a rifle, with which she kills sixteen U.S. soldiers and wins a citation as a marksman. Nguyen Van Ut, a primary-school teacher, is refused a gun on the grounds that his health is too poor. He has to be content to remain in the first-aid team. But soon he takes over a wounded guerrilla's gun and succeeds in killing seven of the enemy. This frail intellectual is cited for valour too. Nguyen Van Cam, a nurse, posts herself behind a guerrilla to help him load, and when he has shot down so many of the invaders that his hands can hardly hold the gun steadily, she takes it over from him and goes on firing. With fourteen shots she kills

seven Americans. At the end of the action, however, she tells us regretfully, "I'd never done any shooting before, so my aim was no good. It took me four shots to finish off one of those devils."

One young girl, coming to the end of her bullets, tries to "borrow" some from her father. "I've only thirty left," he protests. "I need them myself." But she pesters him till he gives her fifteen of them. We hear countless stirring anecdotes of this kind.

During the first three days of the resistance, the enemy force is so large that the Co Chi command headquarters loses touch with the different villages. But in the absence of a unified command, each village takes a heavy toll of the invaders. Sometimes different fighting units in the same village lose contact, but each goes on fighting on its own, each villager too goes on fighting on his own. Every village, every single person, is a combat unit.

The Tremendous Might of Guerrilla warfare

The U.S. soldiers have no power really but they swagger about because they have planes and big guns. However, these are completely useless against the local armed forces and guerrillas of Co Chi. Scattered units and groups of guerrillas get so close to the enemy, and remain there to eat, sleep and fight, that the planes and big guns cannot be brought into action. Again, believing that there is strength in numbers, the invaders send large forces charging into the villages all round in search of guerrillas. This is just what the guerrillas want. One of them, Nguyen Van Nap, tells us, "Nothing suits us better than having the enemy come to our village to fight. Because we can find our way about even with our eyes closed and know where there is cover to shoot, where to withdraw after a skirmish. Able to move freely above ground and with underground tunnels everywhere, we can put up a really tough fight or find a safe place for a breather. It's just the other way round for the Yanks. The moment they land they lose their way, and they can't find any targets. They can only serve as targets for us." That is very true. This is an unchangea-

ble fact determined by the nature of the people's war. There is nothing the U.S. invaders can do about it.

As soon as the U.S. troops hear gun-fire, they try to get into position for battle, but where is their enemy? At what shall they fire? They have no idea. Where are the "Vietcong"? Everywhere, but all out of sight. All day long thousands of radios and walkie-talkies gabble; thousands of binoculars search; thousands of military maps are studied — but all to no purpose. The invaders are as helpless as deaf and blind men, not knowing either the terrain or the people. And there is nothing they can do to change their hopelessly handicapped position.

The guerrillas, so highly alert, fearless and mobile, take full advantage of the bewilderment, cowardice and stupidity of the invaders. Each tree, each clump of bamboos, each ditch or bomb crater affords good shelter for snipers. When the U.S. troops are attacked on the highway, they dare not take cover in the woods on either side, because their maps fail to show the position of concealed stakes, pitfalls and landmines.

Mines await them not only on the ground but in the air too. When Nguyen Van Nap saw that the Americans were going to assemble in a square, he climbed a tree beside it and hung one of their locally manufactured mines there. No sooner had a company of U.S. soldiers fallen in than he detonated it, killing and wounding scores of the enemy. These mines in mid-air are the guerrillas' "strategic bombers," more effective than those of the enemy.

Here is a true story about mine and tunnel warfare. A U.S. company patrolling the highway to Duc Hiep suddenly heard a shot. A U.S. soldier dropped dead. The officer in command at once called a halt and asked his interpreter, "Where did that shot come from?" The interpreter stammered, "I really c-couldn't say, sir." In fact the gun was pointed through the slit of a tunnel just below their feet, hidden by a clump of grass. The comrades in south Vietnam call these gun slits their firing positions. This particular one was manned by three guerrillas, one of whom happened to know English. While the enemy were still speculating as to the source of the bullet, they fired three more shots. Then the Americans beat a hasty retreat,

dragging four corpses with them. But going back was more difficult than coming. The guerrillas had raced from the tunnel to the highway and buried a landmine there. When the enemy reached there they let it off, accounting for another thirty and more.

The night is a still better time for people's war. A captured U.S. officer in Korea once complained about the night attacks launched by the Chinese People's Volunteers, who "didn't observe the time ordained by God for rest." The Vietnamese do not observe God's rules either. The first night U.S. troops bivouacked in Mieu, a guerrilla commander called Nguyen Hong Quyet laid a mine just outside one of their tents and succeeded in blowing up a dozen tents, sending thirty-six U.S. invaders to the eternal rest "ordained for them by God."

The first stage of resistance to the "mopping-up" lasted eleven days. In that brief period the people of Co Chi put more than 1,600 of the invaders out of action, killing 1,300. They fought no large pitched battles, just killed a few here by sniping, a few dozen there with hand-grenades or mines, nibbling at them steadily day after day in guerrilla warfare throughout the entire base area. The combined casualties of the guerrillas and army totalled only twenty-one men. Thus their ratio of casualties, compared with that of the enemy, worked out at 1:100.

The Decisive Factor Is People

Chairman Mao has said, "Weapons are an important factor in war, but not the decisive factor; it is people, not things, that are decisive." This incontrovertible truth received fresh and striking confirmation in the Co Chi people's fight against this "mopping-up."

If we compare the simple Co Chi rifles with the American machine-guns, quick-fire tommy-guns and 203 mm. guns, or the locally made Co Chi mines and hand-grenades with bombs weighing half a ton, the disparity is enormous. But there is another standard of comparison. We asked Phan Van Can, the guerrilla leader of Duc Hiep, "Which do most damage, your hand-grenades or the American bombs?" He answered succinctly, "Their bombs explode in our for-

ests, our hand-grenades among the U.S. troops." An excellent answer. This well-attested fact is a highly significant truth. The whole world would do well to ponder the confident answer of this guerrilla leader.

Phan Van Can is a twenty-five-year-old worker on a rubber plantation. Before this "mopping-up," using nothing but a rifle and hand-grenades he wiped out fifty-four puppet soldiers fully equipped with U.S. military hardware. In this campaign he set a brilliant record by wiping out 124 U.S. soldiers, again with nothing but hand-grenades, mines and a rifle.

Why this contradiction between superior weapons and victory in the fighting? The woman guerrilla Nguyen Thi Ni told us the basic reason. "We have revolutionary ideals, so our target is clear," she said. "The enemy soldiers don't know what they are fighting for, so of course they can find no target for their weapons." True, men and women like Phan Van Can and Nguyen Thi Ni, with their revolutionary ideals and class consciousness, can see the target immediately before them as well as the more distant target.

Phan Van Can says, "Because I am fighting for the exploited class, for the people, I am not afraid to die. One individual may die, but our class will live on, our people will live on. They will live to know better times. To die for such a cause is glorious." It is this noble ideal and splendid determination that give Phan Van Can and his comrades-in-arms their irresistible strength.

Men with lofty revolutionary ideals know no fear. A fighter called Nhan infiltrated an enemy camp alone one night, crossing five barbed-wire fences and mine fields to make his way to the U.S. headquarters. As ill luck would have it, he set off a flare mine and at once he was exposed to a deadly fire. Not flinching for a second, he used his tommy-gun and hand-grenades in turn to take a heavy toll of the enemy. Even when mortally wounded, he held out steadfastly until he had fired his last shot and thrown his last hand-grenade. Not until he had seen the 34th U.S. soldier fall did Nhan finally close his eyes.

But if we look at the U.S. invaders, they are cowards whose only concern is survival at any cost. These men in their twenties and

thirties start crying bitterly at the sound of gun-fire. The people of Co Chi are only too familiar with their caterwauling. When the guerrilla leader, Nguyen Hong Quyet, sniped at some Americans resting in a large temple and killed just one of them, all the rest set up a howl. While blubbing, some opened fire at random, some made the sign of the cross. We asked Comrade Nguyen Hong Quyet, "How many did you see crying?" "More than I could count," he chuckled. "Just about the whole lot. You should have heard them boo-hooing! The racket they made pretty well drowned out the sound of enemy planes." And mind you, this was the crack U.S. First Infantry Division, which has a history of more than a hundred years. What a pity Nguyen Hong Quyet did not take a tape-recorder to record that caterwauling on the spot. For then we could have made a gramophone record with the "frenzied chorus" of U.S. planes and big guns on one side and this "concert of weeping" on the other.

These U.S. troops whose sole ideal is to survive cannot stand the smallest hardship. Cut off from their helicopters they are done for. Food, water and clean clothes are all delivered to them regularly by helicopters. If they want to cross a paddy field, they summon a helicopter. And they seem quite unable to stand the heat. Camping in the open, they spray their tents with water pumped from the river, and put in buckets full of ice brought all the way from town before they enter the tents. Even so, in a single action, over thirty of them died of heat.

The panic and despair of the U.S. soldiers mount rapidly as their casualties increase. Many of them tear up the photographs of their dear ones and their letters from home and make tracks for Saigon to desert. They would rather face imprisonment and a court martial than have to fight at the front.

The fighting spirit of the Co Chi people gains strength with each passing day, with each fresh victory. During the second and third stages of this campaign the U.S. troops converged upon one small area in the south of the base. Every hamlet and village there gave battle, and the villagers further north insisted on joining in the fighting too. Headquarters had to divide the combat area into small sections and allot one to each unit. But if no Americans appeared in

one section one day, the unit there would complain, "We're just resting here. Send us where there's some action." So determined were all the people here to destroy the enemy that many of them distinguished themselves in the fighting.

It is these innocent, lovable youngsters, slender girls, horny-handed middle-aged peasants and old people chewing betel-nut who strike terror into the hulking and well-armed U.S. soldiers and make them cry for their lives. Single-handed, these ordinary workers and peasants take on scores of the enemy. Because they have a spiritual weapon of infinite power.

When the time came for us to take a most reluctant leave of south Vietnam, the Co Chi people were still fighting hard. The enemy had expected that after a few days of their "scorched-earth advance" they could bring this "mopping-up" campaign to a successful conclusion. But the people of Co Chi pinned them down so that they could not extricate themselves. The U.S. First Infantry Division suffered such heavy casualties that the survivors were utterly demoralized, and several thousand men of the 25th Infantry Division had to be brought in to die in their place in Co Chi. The people there were overjoyed. Apart from wiping out several thousand of the enemy, they had held down a large American force for a considerable time, bogging the enemy down deeper and deeper. This was another splendid victory. For by bogging down the enemy they could mop them up little by little, greatly reduce their mobile strength and render powerful help to other battlefields as well as to the mobile warfare of the main force of the strong liberation army.

Of the 200,000-odd U.S. invaders only a few tens of thousands can be spared for mobile warfare in the south, and little Co Chi has bogged down nearly ten thousand. No wonder the U.S. commander-in-chief Westmoreland thunders that his army must be increased to 400,000. Actually 500,000 or 600,000 men would not be enough, the way the Vietnamese people deal with them. How many would be needed to fill up this vast, raging sea?

The U.S. imperialists are sinking deeper and deeper into a quagmire in south Vietnam, while the people of south Vietnam gain in strength the longer they fight.

This year was the Co Chi people's first trial of strength with the U.S. invaders. Before this they had no experience of fighting the U.S. imperialists. But now, after the last few months, they have taken the measure of the Americans. In the rally to celebrate their victory, one fighter who had killed many of the enemy said, "In the past I heard that Chairman Mao had called U.S. imperialism a paper tiger. I didn't fully understand what this meant. But now that we've tried our strength with the Americans, I understand. 'Paper tiger' is the best description for them." Another fighter said, "There's really nothing terrible about U.S. imperialism. So long as you dare fight and know how to fight, you can fight with any weapon, on any terrain and in any weather." This is the first-hand experience of the people of Co Chi. All people who live under the muzzles of the U.S. imperialists' guns, all who groan under the iron hoof of U.S. imperialism, should pay heed to this valuable experience of the Vietnamese people and, taking up any weapons to hand, should fight!

May 1966, Peking

Good Tidings from the Dry Grassland ▶

(New-Year picture)

by Szu Hsin

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New Masters of the Stage

— A Survey of the Peking Stage During China's
National Day Celebrations

As October 1, which is China's National Day, drew near, amateur theatrical troupes of workers, peasants and soldiers began arriving in Peking, home of our most respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao, to put on shows of their own composing. Representing millions of workers, peasants and soldiers, from as far north as Harbin to as far south as Hainan Island, they took over the Peking stage and, joining with the shock force of the great proletarian cultural revolution in Peking — the Red Guards — these artists from the forefront of production and struggle sang proudly and with deep emotion: "Thinking of Chairman Mao, we have tens of thousands of poems in our hearts, and tens of thousands of songs on our lips. Thinking of Chairman Mao we are all strength. Chairman Mao is the great saviour of the oppressed people of the world, the reddest sun in the hearts of us workers, peasants and soldiers."

The 17th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China was celebrated in the midst of the upsurge of the great proletarian cultural revolution, which was initiated by Chairman Mao personally. This far-reaching movement is counter-attacking all challenges of the bourgeoisie in the ideological sphere with the force of a hurricane and is changing the spiritual face of the whole society by means of proletarian new ideas, new culture, new customs and new habits. For the first time in the history of national celebrations workers, peasants and soldiers played themselves on the stage. With the iron broom of Mao Tse-tung's thought, they had swept away the theatre's historical flotsam and jetsam — the ancient emperors, kings, generals, prime ministers, scholars and beauties, who had formerly been the main dramatic subject matter.

Among the amateur artists were model workers and members of workers' families from the Taching Oilfield; crack shots and gunners of Kuochuang (Hopei Province) militia battalion, one of the best in the country; model members of people's communes; Kuo Hsiao-szu, activist in the study of Chairman Mao's works and hero first class of a PLA unit in Peking; Hsu Yung-chiang, a navy man who earned a first-rate merit in a fight at sea, Wang Yu-chang, PLA hero first class and Chairman Mao's good soldier, and Red Guards in Peking. Before and after October 1, the amateur troupes performed in the capital's factories, people's communes, army units and schools and in more than ten regular theatres, expressing fully in their presentations the spirit of revolutionary people successfully engaged in the great proletarian cultural revolution.

The oil workers of Taching Oilfield, nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought, have built up in a short time one of the world's most advanced oilfields by their daring spirit of self-reliance. Their troupe was composed of 90 members — 70 workers and 20 family members. Most of them are activists in the study of Chairman Mao's works, model workers and model family members. Their songs, dances, ballads, quick-rhymed recitals, poem-dramas, and singing accompanied with acting forcefully reflected the Taching people's boundless love for our great leader and showed how they made their astonishing accomplishments.

Take a look at the *Taching Oil Workers' Triumphant News*. It shows that when the workers arrived at the vast grassland in 1960 they had no data, no drilling technique and no modern drilling equipment. At that time the imperialists and revisionists were refusing to sell us petroleum in order to hamper our development. What to do? These oil workers of the Mao Tse-tung era decided to build from scratch! They studied Chairman Mao's philosophical works *On Practice* and *On Contradiction* by their camp fires, drawing strength from them and solving problems through the application of revolutionary ideology. They dared to experiment, to surmount all difficulties, to win victory. They had no houses — they built dwellings of earth; they had no tractors to haul the drilling rigs from the railway station to fields — they pulled them there by hand. Finally the derricks were erected. They struck oil. The Taching people, beating drums and gongs, reported this good news to the Party.

Taching Oil Workers' Triumphant News is indeed a stirring song in praise of Mao Tse-tung's thought. It vividly shows how the fighting proletarian spirit of the Taching people "made the sky bow to their will and the earth tamely yield oil." Holding up one of their own high-quality petroleum products, the actors exclaim: "You have vindicated us the Chinese people, and brought glory and honour to the Party's Central Committee and Chairman Mao!" Audiences could almost smell the fragrance of petroleum on the workers' overalls. They were greatly inspired by the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance and hard efforts.

The modern drama *Taching Women Make Revolution* shows the lofty spirit of the wives of Taching workers and reflects the new revolutionary atmosphere. The women, who came from various cities and villages, received a real education at this industrial base built by Mao Tse-tung's thought. In the past they had been concerned only with their home, husband and children. Now they too are workers concerned with all of China and the whole world.

In the play, a young wife, who has just arrived from a big city, is unable to stand the severely cold Taching winter and wants to go back

to the city. Neighbours remind her of the bitter past as contrasted with the present and help her to study Chairman Mao's works. She comes to understand the meaning of revolution and to enjoy the hard work involved in building an oilfield. When in the fourth scene, the women recollect their sufferings of the past, audiences are moved to tears. For many of the actresses had endured similar torments in the old society personally.

Teng Shu-chin, a Taching seamstress who plays the part of the women's leader, is from a poor family which never had enough to eat in the old days. From the age of five she had to go out and beg with her mother. Every time she thinks of her bitter life in the old society and the happiness the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao brought to her after Liberation, she is overwhelmed by class hatred and love.

The scene where the women are studying Chairman Mao's works is also very moving. In Taching the workers' families are indeed arming themselves with Mao Tse-tung's thought and remoulding themselves so as to remould the world. As the woman acting the part of the political instructor of the women's production group says with deep emotion: "The moon cannot shine without the sun. Without Chairman Mao's works, we wives will lose our way in the revolution." It is their strong proletarian class feeling and background of personal experience that makes the performance so vivid.

"The red sun rises in the east, Chairman Mao wears an army uniform of olive green. The more we look at him the happier we feel. We are fired with energy." This song, expressing the ardent love of the broad masses of poor and lower-middle peasants for our great leader Chairman Mao, proved to be the most popular item presented by the amateur troupe of Hopei peasants. It was written by them after Chairman Mao received a million revolutionary students and teachers. The 52 members of the Hopei amateur troupe are mostly from formerly poor and lower-middle peasant families. They include activists in the study of Chairman Mao's works, and crack shots and expert hand-grenade throwers in the militia. Over half are model commune members and model youths. Selected from those enthusiastically engaged in cultural activities of the communes' clubs, these



A scene from *Growing Cotton for the Revolution* Performed by the Hopei peasants' amateur troupe

amateur artists usually sing out in the fields with neither stage nor make up. Wherever they go they spread the thought of Mao Tse-tung, singing revolutionary songs and reciting quotations from Chairman Mao on trains and in the fields. They are a propaganda force for Mao Tse-tung's thought, a seeding-machine of the revolution.

In the song and dance performance *Peasants and Soldiers As Well* the audience see how the young people in the countryside are responding to Chairman Mao's great call that everybody should be a soldier, with a hoe in one hand and a gun in another, ready at all times to deal blows at the aggressors. Carrying with them copies of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, shouldering their rifles, they sang and danced to a merry tune, performing scenes of reaping with sickles, turning up earth with spades and pulling carts to deliver grain.

Eight Young Women Ploughing with brisk and lively movements charmingly portrayed women working together and the broad scope of their ideas. The performance of the amateur troupe of Hopei peasants was colourful and varied, lively and concise, achieving a unity of revolutionary content and new form. It reflected at the same time the prosperous atmosphere of the people's communes.

Soldiers, nurses and military academy cadets of the PLA units in Peking also performed. Their chorus *The People's Army Marches Forward*, militant and stirring, sang of how the people's army, guided by the great supreme commander Chairman Mao, won one victory after another. *Heroes Emerge in Mao Tse-tung's Era*, a group recitation by eight fighters, extolled in poetic language and militant dance movements the noble deeds of Lei Feng, Ouyang Hai, Wang Chieh, Mai Hsien-teh and Liu Ying-chun, heroes of our age. One moving scene after another roused the audience's respect and admiration for the revolutionary heroes. Accompanied by resounding singing, dances in various forms displayed the heroic people's army striding forward. PLA fighters shouldering guns, holding sickles or hammers in one hand and Chairman Mao's works in the other, in lively *Yangko* dance steps and rousing song, depicted how our fighters are putting into practice Chairman Mao's instructions and are seeing to it that the army truly becomes a great school of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Nearly all the troupes have presented the dance-drama *Praising Heroes of a Sea of Fire*, which tells of the heroic deeds of No. 32111 Drilling Team. The stage was lit by a huge blaze shooting into the skies — the gas well of No. 32111 Drilling Team had caught fire. State property was burning. Workers and their families all rushed forward. One, two ... six workers heroically sacrificed their lives. With Chairman Mao's words ringing in their ears: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,"** more workers rushed on. Within thirty minutes the heroes had put out the raging fire, preserving the well for the state. The heroic workers had stood firm and steady. The working class nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought dares to brave mountains of daggers and seas of fire.

Red Guards, who emerged during the great proletarian cultural revolution and who always follow Chairman Mao's teachings, recited in ringing tones the quotation from Chairman Mao: **"In the last analysis, all the truths of Marxism can be summed up in one sentence: 'Rebellion is justified.'**" Then they sang vigorously *The Song of Revolutionary Rebellion* and performed many items portraying Red Guards' heroic deeds. The dance-drama *Smash the Old and Foster*

the New showed how Red Guards dragged out from dark corners some old blood-suckers and smashed feudal and capitalistic signboards. The Red Guards are rebels against the old and creators of the new. Their revolutionary spirit is strongly supported by Chairman Mao and the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers.

These young Red Guard artists have also created something new in their behaviour in the theatre. During the intermission they jumped from the stage and went amid the audience, shaking hands with old workers and Liberation Army men, asking for their comments. They were still perspiring from the exertions of their performance and people urged them to rest. "Never mind," they said. "It's nothing. We're doing a revolutionary job, and no revolution is leisurely and gentle."

When the show was over, the artists, beating gongs and drums, saw the audience off. At the front gate performers and spectators waved their red-covered *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* at one another, reluctant to part.

The performances of the amateur troupe of Heilungkiang workers, peasants and soldiers, the revolutionary songs and dances of the Sea-Borne Cultural Team under the Kwangchow Command of the PLA, and the song and dance performance *Mao Tse-tung's Thought Illumines the Grassland* by the Ulan Muchir of Inner Mongolia were also warmly received by the audience. Many were of the opinion that the workers, peasants and soldiers are the most faithful, the most resolute and most active in carrying out and defending Chairman Mao's line in literature and art and that professional cultural workers could learn a lot from them.

In celebration of National Day, many professional theatres and troupes also presented a number of songs, dances and dramas propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought, such as the plays *Chairman Mao's Red Guards*, *The Happiest Moment* and *Liu Ying-chun — Chairman Mao's Good Fighter*; the dance-drama *Smash the Old and Foster the New*; and the *pingchu* opera *Loyal Hearts Brave Raging Waves and Billows*. All these items portrayed workers, peasants and PLA men and Red Guards as the main

force, and comprehensively reflected the excellent situation of China's great proletarian cultural revolution. They victoriously spread the thought of Mao Tse-tung and showed the Chinese people's determination to carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

These performances of worker, peasant and soldier amateur troupes were warmly welcomed by the workers, peasants, soldiers, revolutionary cadres and revolutionary intellectuals in the capital. On and off the stage, again and again copies of the bright red-covered *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* were held aloft to the rhythmical cheers of: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Revolutionary students and teachers from all parts of the country praised the performances, saying: "A new proletarian style of featuring workers, peasants and soldiers has taken over the stage, and Mao Tse-tung's thought pervades the theatre."

In a letter to the Hopei peasants' troupe, students of Peking University wrote: "Your performance is a mighty blow against the bourgeois reactionary authorities in literature and art."

Chairman Mao says: "If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will praise not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will praise not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people; it must be one or the other." Now that the workers, poor and lower-middle peasants, men from the PLA and Chairman Mao's Red Guards have come upon the stage, it is inevitable that the broad revolutionary masses should acclaim them, for their appearance marks the end of bourgeois presentations.

Chairman Mao says: "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." The worker, peasant and soldier performers firmly carry out Mao Tse-tung's line in literature and art of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. They constantly study Chairman Mao's works and check constantly to ensure that their



A scene from **Esteemed and Beloved Chairman Mao, You Are the Red Sun in Our Hearts!** performed by the peasants' amateur troupe, Hopei Province

Stage Photographs of Performances During China's National Day Celebrations



A scene from **The PLA is a Great School** performed by the amateur the PLA units in Peking



A scene from **I Love Best to Read Chairman Mao's Works** performed by the amateur troupe of the family members of workers of the Taching Oilfield

material and performances conform to Mao Tse-tung's thought. Drawing their themes from revolutionary events in accordance with the demands of the workers, peasants and soldiers, and depicting their militant life, they have broken through the restrictions and conventions in literature and art set by the bourgeoisie, and have created, directed and performed many new theatrical pieces. Because they are inspired by their love for Chairman Mao and their urgent wish to pour out their class feelings, their performances are very natural and true to life. In *Taching Oil Workers' Triumphant News* the worker-artists' powerful dance movements as they portray how they pulled the drilling rigs to the oilfield show the heroism of the working class. These songs and dances are new pages written for the stage by the Chinese working class with their own labour.

Because the workers, peasants and soldiers are acting themselves, their performances are lively, rich and varied. Many moving events in the lives of the workers, peasants and soldiers have been made into songs and dances. Take *Taching Workers' Triumphant News* and *Triumphant News of Taching Workers' Families* as illustrations. The Taching workers and their families, whenever they make a new accomplishment, report the good news to the Party by beating drums and gongs, accompanied by singing and dancing. The workers appreciate this kind of thing, hence it has been adapted for the stage. Many innovations have been introduced in manner of presentation. Group recitation, for instance, expresses the ardent sentiments of the masses better than the usual single voice. To fully express the revolutionary feelings of the workers, peasants and soldiers, the amateur troupes often supplement one art form with another. Sometimes they combine several into one. But they integrate them well so that the results are liked very much by the workers, peasants and soldiers. For instance, the one-act play *Flying to the Ocean* put on by the Hopei peasants combined dances with rhythmic dialogues.

These amateur performances during the national day celebrations demonstrate clearly that workers, peasants and soldiers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought are not only the shock forces destroying the decadent in culture and art, but that they possess the wisdom and talent to create excellent new socialist culture and art.

Remould Our Thinking and Be Good Soldiers, Destroy the Old, Establish the New and Portray Soldiers Well

The Starting-point Is "Soldiers"

In green army uniforms,
Shouldering rifles,
While playing music or singing
We put the word "soldier" first.

Lo Chung-ching, the assistant-instructor: This song is the collective work of our drama-and-song group, and a self-portrait too. In the past some comrades used to say: "We sing, act, write about and paint nothing but soldiers. We are soldiers on and off the stage. Surely

This is the minutes of a discussion by cultural cadres in a PLA company in Kwangchow on studying and applying Chairman Mao's thought on literature and art.

the question of orientation and stand was settled long ago, and there is nothing for us to 'destroy.'” Recently, though, after making an intensive study of *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* and other works by Chairman Mao, after learning from the great proletarian cultural revolution, checking up on the influence of our work and tracking down the damage we have done, we all received a big shock. Not only is destruction called for, but no time must be lost in setting about it. Without destruction, the soldiers we present will not resemble soldiers. In order to portray soldiers who resemble soldiers and to serve the troops better, I call on all of you for your views on this subject, taking Chairman Mao’s teachings as the supreme directive.

Why Did I “Sing Out of Tune”?

Fu Ching-huan, a soldier on the cultural revolutionary committee: I have not too bad a voice and I love singing. After joining up I became a member of our company’s cultural revolutionary committee, and the comrades asked me to take on the job of teaching songs. At first I felt there was too little “variety” in the songs we sang on the drill-ground, in class or at roll-call — it was always *I Am a Soldier*. So by way of remedying this I taught everyone some lyrical songs. Later, when the company command asked me to teach *Always Prepared to Fight*, the tune seemed to me so simple and dull that I added some extra grace-notes. After Instructor Chang Chung-ming heard this he asked me, “How is it you can sing those complex film-songs in tune, yet you sing this out of tune?” I said, “There’s richer feeling in this way of singing. It’s not so stiff.” The instructor said, “It’s your thinking that’s out of tune. That’s why your way of singing has lost the spirit of our revolutionary fighters’ stiff backbone.” Then Instructor Chang helped me to understand that “singing a revolutionary song well is equivalent to a good political lesson.” What I had meant by “richer feeling” was not the fighting spirit of revolutionary soldiers of the proletariat but an “opiate” of the bourgeoisie, which was why I had sung out of tune, sung a bourgeois tune. After that, I looked upon each song I taught as a new weapon for my com-

rades-in-arms to kill the enemy. As a result, I stopped singing out of tune.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“If (our writers and artists) want their works to be well received by the masses, they must change and remould their thinking and their feelings. Without such a change, without such remoulding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits.”** This statement by Chairman Mao is absolutely true. I am deeply aware now that only by thoroughly eradicating the bourgeois thoughts and feelings in our minds can we sing songs filled with the militant spirit of the proletariat.

What Pitch Shall We Set?

Liu Hsi-jung, a new soldier in the drama-and-song group: When I was studying at home, my favourite instruments were the *erb-hu* and *san-bsien* because it seemed to me most romantic to pour out one's feelings through their strings. Whenever I played the *erb-hu* or *san-bsien*, I liked to pitch the key as low as possible and play tunes like *Rain on the Plantain* or *Wang Chao-chun Leaves the Pass*.^{*} To me these were “pleasing to the ear” and “enchanting.” In the army, however, the songs I spent all my time playing, like *Always Prepared to Fight*, struck me as dry and insipid. So when not accompanying songs, in my spare time or at evening concerts I enjoyed playing these “enchanting” tunes “pleasing to the ear” like *Rain on the Plantain*. After hearing them, many of the comrades asked: “What on earth are you playing, Young Liu? Gloomy, spineless stuff, with not a militant note in it.” Although I said nothing at the time, I was not really convinced by these criticisms.

After studying Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* again, I understood. I realized that the tunes you like or dislike are not just a matter of personal taste. The tunes you play and the pitch you set will depend on the sort of ideas you have. The reason I liked a low, soft key was that I myself didn't appreciate the

^{*}Two Kwangtung tunes.

“smell of gunpowder” popular with all revolutionary fighters, but instead I liked the light music popular with the bourgeois intellectuals. Such a preference inevitably results in letting decadent bourgeois ideas infiltrate our minds through the medium of the *erb-hu* and *san-hsien*, to corrupt our souls and weaken our fighting resolve.

Chairman Mao has taught us that our purpose is **“to ensure that literature and art fit well into the whole revolutionary machine as a component part, that they operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy.”** So we revolutionary fighters must pitch our key high to express revolutionary vigour and convey the courage of the proletariat and the heroism with which it forges fearlessly ahead. We must transform martial revolutionary songs into strength to kill the enemy! To do this, it is necessary to eradicate the influence of the old bourgeois culture and really establish a proletarian world outlook. Otherwise, no matter how many revolutionary airs we play, they will not express the feelings of a revolutionary fighter!

Why Don't Our Pictures of Soldiers Look Like Soldiers

Chou Mien-mou of the wall-newspaper committee: As soon as I joined the army, I was put on the wall-newspaper committee. From the start I was so eager to devote my “talent” to the company that I painted for all I was worth — masses of flowers, plants and the like. But the men after seeing them just shook their heads. Then I thought, all right, if they don't like flowers and plants I'll be a soldier drawing a soldier. But at sight of my soldier everybody said, “Young Chou really has something — he's turned a tough revolutionary fighter into a girl.”

Later the instructor advised me to make a careful study of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* with this problem in mind. Chairman Mao says, **“Prior to the task of educating the workers, peasants and soldiers, there is the task of learning from them.”** This statement by Chairman Mao went straight

to the heart of my problem. Yes, to draw soldiers who resembled soldiers, I first had to learn from the fighters, to acquire the same thoughts and feelings. Since then, while drawing I've been remoulding my thinking. Each time I draw a picture, I do my best to convey the magnificent feeling of our revolutionary fighters who read Chairman Mao's works, carry out his instructions, and while serving in their units keep the whole world in mind. Then quite a few comrades paid me the compliment of saying, "Young Chou, now your soldiers look like real soldiers."

This advance from "soldiers who didn't look like soldiers" to "soldiers who looked like soldiers" brought home to me the fact that only if you think in the same way as revolutionary soldiers can you portray their heroism. Otherwise, even if you can draw their outward appearance, you will never convey the splendour of our revolutionary fighters' thought!

New and Old Revealed in a Title

Tseng Kuan-ching of the wall-newspaper committee: You musicians and singers aren't the only ones who can be influenced by the old culture. So can we people who write articles and get out the wall-newspaper.

The year before last, just after joining the army, I went with an old soldier Chen Chen-cheng to do some productive work. We had a frank talk while working and he helped me a lot, besides drawing up a plan for the two of us to become a "red pair." That evening I wrote an account of the way he had helped me and called it *Friendship at Work*. But on thinking it over, I felt this title was too dull and colourless to attract attention. After tinkering with it for some time I changed it to *Talk of "Love" at Work*. This was so original, I was sure it would arouse interest. But no sooner had I fixed up the blackboard than Li Chia-an, leader of the Second Squad, told me: "Revolutionary fighters can't compare class love and the friendship between comrades-in-arms to 'love.'" Many other comrades commented, "That's not the sort of language soldiers use."

Why had I changed a clear, intelligible title into something so incongruous? Why, because I'd been influenced by the bourgeois literati. I'd read many trashy essays and found their titles so "orig-

inal” and “piquant” that I imitated them. It never occurred to me that this would result in a black bourgeois maggot crawling into my brain and confusing it. After the criticism the comrades gave me, with this problem in mind I made another study of such teachings of Chairman Mao as, **“All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers.”** I learned a lesson which put fresh heart into me. After that I always acted according to Chairman Mao’s instructions and did my best to learn from the fighters and to merge my feelings with theirs as far as possible. This year, while we were carrying out the spirit of the conference on political work in the armed forces, on the instructions of our Party branch we started a new column in our blackboard newspaper called *Fighters’ Forum*, and made a point of using the fighters’ language both in the titles and the text. Examples like *In Grasping Live Ideas There Can Be No Halt* or *The Time I Messed Up the Cooking* were welcomed by all the cadres and fighters in our company.

Acting Soldiers and Being Soldiers

Li Hsueh-wen of the drama-and-song group: I’ve taken part several times in performances in praise of Comrade Chang Chung-ming, the “five-good” fighter and model soldier in our army district who has served for ten years and been cited every year for exemplary service. Before each performance I learned the script, rehearsed and practised the gestures enthusiastically in my determination to convey Chang Chung-ming’s lofty thought and moral qualities. But after each of my performances some comrades would always complain, “Anyone can see you’re acting a part — you’re not like the real Chang Chung-ming.” Why did I give a bad performance in spite of trying so hard? Chairman Mao has said, **“Since the target of our literary and art work is the workers, peasants, soldiers and cadres, there arises the problem of understanding them and knowing them well.”** These words of Chairman Mao taught me that although I went through the actions of Chang Chung-ming, I did not know his thoughts well, let alone make them my own. No wonder my comrades said I was only acting a part. After that, I took Chang Chung-ming as my example in everything and remoulded my thinking continuously. As

my thoughts gradually drew closer to his, I was able to give a much more authentic performance.

Eradicating the influence of the old culture is not just the job of professional drama companies. The old culture's influence still exists in the cultural activities in our unit too. To give a good performance of a soldier we must first be good soldiers ourselves, learn well from the soldiers and become real soldiers. If we lack the thoughts and qualities of the men we are portraying, however good the words are, however fresh the tune, however good one's performing skill, it will be impossible to convey the image and thoughts of soldiers.

The Key Lies in Being a Good Ordinary Soldier

Lo Chung-ching, the assistant-instructor: Chairman Mao has said, **“Revolutionary culture ... prepares the ground ideologically before the revolution comes and is an important, indeed essential, fighting front in the general revolutionary front during the revolution.”** The cultural work in our company is of powerful assistance to the Party branch. It is an important, indeed essential, fighting front for guaranteeing the implementation of the five-point principle* of putting politics first, it is an indispensable position for

*Comrade Lin Piao's five-point principle guiding the work of the PLA in 1966 is: 1) creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's works and, in particular, make the utmost effort to apply them; regard Chairman Mao's works as the highest instructions on all aspects of the work of the army; 2) persist in giving first place to man as between man and weapons, in giving first place to political work as between political and other work, in giving first place to ideological work as between ideological and routine tasks in political work, and, in ideological work, in giving first place to living ideas as between ideas in books and living ideas. And in particular, make the greatest effort to grasp living ideas; 3) leading cadres must go to the basic units and give energetic leadership in the campaign to produce outstanding companies and ensure that the basic units do their work effectively, and, at the same time, that a good style of leadership by the cadres is fostered; 4) boldly promote really good commanders and fighters to key posts of responsibility; 5) train hard and master the finest techniques and close-range and night fighting tactics.

guiding the fighters to speed up the revolutionizing of their thinking. But it is evident from what everybody has said that this fighting front in our company is still not too strong, this position is still not secure enough.

There is a saying: Different birds build different nests, different feelings produce different songs. We shoulder rifles and wear green army uniforms, all our performances are about soldiers — but why don't they resemble soldiers? Because at heart we lack the feelings of soldiers. Just as comrades have pointed out, it's not the *erb-bu's* strings that aren't pitched correctly, but the "strings" of our thought, and so good songs are distorted and spirited tunes become lifeless. This shows that the bourgeois black line in literature and art has made its influence felt not only outside the army but in it too. It is present in our professional companies as well as in our spare-time cultural activities. This means we must persist in the criterion of politics first in literature and art, and first of all hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought in our own thinking, firmly defending the positions of proletarian thought. Only when the thought of our cultural cadres is really revolutionized can we withstand the influence of the bourgeois black line in literature and art; only then can we set the right pitch, keep in tune, and really serve proletarian politics. This means that from now on we must take Chairman Mao's works as our supreme guide and never cease to better our remoulding. Only when our thought is revolutionized can we firmly and unwaveringly carry out Chairman Mao's policy on literature and art, help to eliminate bourgeois ideology and foster proletarian ideology, and consolidate and improve the army's fighting strength.

Li Fan

On Chou Yang's Theory of a "Literature and Art of the Whole People"

Chou Yang, a person in authority who wormed his way into the Party and is taking the capitalist road, for many years usurped a leading position in literary and art circles and adhered to a black line in literature and art opposed to the Party, to socialism and to Mao Tse-tung's thought. This black line ran from the 1930s right down into the sixties. Its first signboard was a "literature of national defence"; its last, a "literature and art of the whole people."

In 1942, Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art* pointed out the direction for proletarian literature and art, and revolutionary literature and art developed vigorously. But in the twenty-four years since then, Chou Yang's clique while paying lip service to Chairman Mao's line on literature and art has secretly opposed it stubbornly, clinging to a bourgeois, revisionist black line in literature and art. This was especially the case in the late fifties and early sixties, when our country suffered for three years in succession from natural calamities and Khrushchov's revisionist clique, taking

advantage of our difficulties, caused us certain setbacks in our socialist economic construction. The bourgeois Rightists and Right opportunists in the Party, as well as the ghosts and monsters in various dark corners, saw our temporary difficulties as a "fine chance" to attack the Party and socialism. Chou Yang, an old anti-Party hand, emerged too at this time to engage frantically in criminal activities opposed to the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought, bringing out his complete programme for a "literature and art of the whole people" to oppose the correct orientation for literature and art — to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. There is no construction without destruction. Only by completely smashing Chou Yang's revisionist orientation for a "literature and art of the whole people" can we firmly establish Chairman Mao's proletarian orientation for literature and art — to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Repudiating the "Out-dated" Theory

Chairman Mao points out in the *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* that in literature and art "the question of 'for whom' is fundamental; it is a question of principle." Literature and art for the landlord class are feudal literature and art; literature and art for the bourgeoisie are bourgeois literature and art. The revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat "are for the workers, peasants and soldiers, they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use."

This orientation for literature and art formulated by Chairman Mao, namely, that they must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, is the most complete, most thoroughgoing, and most revolutionary proletarian line for literature and art.

Chou Yang's slogan, a "literature and art of the whole people," was put forward in 1959. That year at a forum of cadres he said, "What is meant by socialist culture? It is a culture of the whole people." In 1961, at a conference of literary and art workers in Peking, he once again raised this slogan: "The object of service is the people of the whole country," explaining, "in this respect, it is

different from what it was at the time of the Yen-an Forum; it is wider than at that time.”

In 1962, Chou Yang utilized the commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the publication of the *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* in an article sponsored and revised by himself, to clarify what he meant by a “literature and art of the whole people.” It was to serve the broadest masses of the people. The object of service was the people of the whole country. He blustered that in socialist society the whole people — workers, peasants, intellectuals, members of democratic parties and democratic personages as well as the national bourgeoisie — should all be the object of service of our literature and art, the people for whom we work. In July that year, at a conference of literary and art workers in Anshan, he came out blatantly with the proposal: “We must familiarize ourselves with all kinds of people and serve all kinds of people, provided they are not counter-revolutionaries.”

In March 1963, after the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party, when the people of the whole country were resolutely responding to Chairman Mao’s great call on no account to forget class struggle, Chou Yang and company were still frantically pushing their reactionary programme of a “literature and art of the whole people,” in an attempt to defend their position for staging a capitalist restoration. Chou Yang went on clamouring brazenly: Since the liberation of the whole country the audience for revolutionary literature and art is much larger; the masses of all strata within the whole people’s democratic united front are the object of service of literature and art, the object of our work.

Chou Yang and company directed the spearhead of their attack against Chairman Mao’s *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, viciously slandering the *Talks* as “out-dated.” They advanced two so-called “reasons” for substituting “literature and art of the whole people” for the correct orientation for literature and art — to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

The first was the allegation that “conditions had changed” since the time of the Yen-an Forum, and that the socialist revolution was “already successfully completed.”

The second was that because "conditions had changed" and the socialist revolution was "already successfully completed," the object of service of literature and art was "broader." All classes had now "formed a people's democratic united front," all were "taking an active part in and supporting the great task of building socialism." According to Chou Yang, class struggle had disappeared and socialist society had become a harmonious whole of the entire people, with no contradictions, no conflicts, only a common aim to struggle for. This meant that the orientation for literature and art to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers was too narrow, and the scope of service must be enlarged to embrace the whole people in the people's democratic united front. He considered that all strata, people of every field, including members of the patriotic national bourgeoisie, should be the object of service of our literature and art, the object of our work.

With these reactionary statements Chou Yang boldly set up a rival stage in opposition to Chairman Mao's *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People*, blatantly opposing Chairman Mao's formulation that classes and class struggle still exist in socialist society, opposing the great resolutions with historical significance of the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party.

Chairman Mao's penetrating exposition of the theory of class struggle in socialist society in *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People* has been completely confirmed by the history of the 16 years since liberation. This was a creative development of genius of Marxist-Leninist teachings about the socialist revolution. The intense class struggles of the last few years make it even clearer that after the exploiting classes are overthrown their members do not give up hope, and that in the ideological sphere particularly they still occupy a position of strength from which to carry on a struggle to the death with the proletariat. Chou Yang and company, completely ignoring the facts, clamoured that class struggle had died out, and spread lies to the effect that the socialist revolution was "already successfully completed," that the bourgeoisie was "taking a keen part in and supporting the great task of socialist construction." Even after the promulgation of the resolutions of the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party, they did all in their power to distort

and change Chairman Mao's teachings on classes and class struggle, attributing the sharp struggle in the villages between capitalist restoration and anti-restoration merely as a struggle between the collective economy and the spontaneous bourgeois tendency on the part of small producers. Their aim was to obliterate class distinctions and nullify the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between socialism and capitalism, to realize their ambition of staging a counter-revolutionary come-back.

To serve the workers, peasants and soldiers is the firm, unalterable orientation for the revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat. After the victory of the new democratic revolution, the revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat must continue to advance in this direction. Otherwise it will cease to be revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat.

Chou Yang's claim that "the object of service is the people of the whole country" is clearly an attempt to change the orientation for literature and art formulated by Chairman Mao — to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. The worker, peasant, soldier labouring masses who form more than ninety per cent of our population are the broadest mass of the people. But Chou Yang did not think this "broad" enough. In what way did he mean to "broaden" the scope? By bringing in the bourgeoisie, the target of the socialist revolution, as "the object of service" of our revolutionary literature and art. This theory of "broadening," reduced to essentials, is an attempt to seize a position in the ranks of the "people" for a handful of the bourgeoisie and for landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries and bad elements. An attempt to make our literature and art serve the reactionary classes.

How can socialist literature and art which serve the workers, peasants and soldiers serve the target of the socialist revolution? Chou Yang's so-called "literature and art of the whole people" means, in fact, serving the reactionary classes. Chou Yang's aim in putting forward this slogan was to substitute it for the most basic principle of socialist literature and art — serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, to change the proletarian class character of socialist literature and art.

One is the proletarian line on literature and art, Chairman Mao's orientation for literature and art — to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

One is the black line, a hotchpotch of bourgeois literature and art, modern revisionist literature and art, and what is called the literature and art of the 1930s. This is Chou Yang's reactionary orientation for literature and art which, under the signboard "of the whole people" serves the restoration of capitalism.

This has been the focus of the fierce struggle between two classes and two lines on the literary and art front in our country since liberation.

Refuting the Theory of Literature and Art Able to "Evoke an Echo" in All Classes

To peddle the literature and art "of the whole people," Chou Yang spared no pains to obliterate class contradictions and do away with class struggle. He vilified our carrying out of class struggle as "class labellism." He vociferated, "We must oppose our class labellism. . . . Labellism means sticking a class label on everything, saying this is bourgeois, that is proletarian, as if people were the personification of classes, with only class character. . . . Eating is class character too, and so is spitting. How can there be so much class character?" Such was Chou Yang's inveterate hatred for class struggle, his vicious distortion of it! But Chou Yang could not obliterate class struggle, including class struggle in the field of literature and art. Since that road was blocked, he had to resort to another trick and fabricate his tissue of nonsense about "evoking an echo." He said, "Literature and art first combine the thoughts and feelings of their own class, then influence and unite other classes." Again: "We must get rid of what is different, to unite on the basis of common thoughts and feelings." How is this possible? According to Chou Yang, for this we must rely on the "echo" evoked by literature and art which "have not much to do with class character." By this sleight-of-hand, Chou Yang changed class literature and art into literature and art of "common human nature." He openly disseminated similar trash such as,

“Works of art are acceptable to all classes, a work produced by one class is not to be appreciated merely by that class. If it were, it would be a failure.”

When and where in class society has this “echo” which transcends classes ever existed? “Evoking an echo” must be based on common ideas and feelings. Since proletarian ideas and feelings are basically antagonistic to those of the bourgeoisie, proletarian works definitely cannot move the bourgeoisie or evoke an echo in it, any more than bourgeois works can move the proletariat and evoke an echo in it. Just as Chairman Mao has said, **“The bourgeoisie always shuts out proletarian literature and art, however great their artistic merit.”** Just think, how could an opera like *The White-haired Girl* with its powerful indictment of the crimes of the landlord class “evoke an echo in all people” including the landlord class? How could it make the landlord class feel so comfortable that it “unites” with Hsi-erh, Ta-chun and the broad masses of poor peasants and hired-hands? How could Hsi-erh, Ta-chun and the broad masses of poor peasants and hired-hands, who are so savagely ground down by the landlord class, “get rid of differences” in the course of the struggle to clasp hands or laugh and chat with the landlord class and unite with it in a big way? As Lu Hsun so truly said, “The poor certainly lose no sleep over the failure of the stock exchange; an oil magnet knows nothing of the wretchedness of an old woman scrounging cinders in Peking; the victims of a famine never plant orchids like wealthy old gentlemen; and Chiao Ta in the Chia Mansion has no love for Lin Tai-yu.” In fact, Chou Yang’s talk about “evoking an echo” was simply plagiarism. Compare the “famous words” written by the reactionary bourgeois writer Liang Shih-chiu in 1928 in his essay *Literature and Revolution*: “Once works of literature have been produced, they do not belong to any particular class or individual but are treasures belonging to the whole of mankind, to be appreciated, criticized or accepted by all. . . .” Set these two statements side by side, and they seem like vomit spewed out from the same mouth. Thus the theoretical grounds Chou Yang claimed so complacently to have found for a “literature and art of the whole people” were no new creation of his own but simply a repetition of the stale old tripe mouthed for so many

years by the bourgeoisie. The fact that in the age of socialism Chou Yang still peddled this trash exposes his true features as a homeless running dog of the capitalists.

Refuting the Theory of "Harmless and Beneficial" Literature and Art "Without Political Content"

In connection with this talk about "evoking an echo" above classes, in order to clear the way for his "literature and art of the whole people" Chou Yang frantically advocated writing works of literature of "indirect co-ordination," "without political content," "harmless and beneficial," in a desperate effort to oppose Chairman Mao's principle that literature and art must be subordinated to politics. Thus he viciously attacked politics in command.

Chairman Mao has taught us:

... all literature and art ... are geared to definite political lines. There is in fact no such thing as ... art that is detached from or independent of politics. Proletarian literature and art are part of the whole proletarian revolutionary cause. . . . Therefore, Party work in literature and art occupies a definite and assigned position in Party revolutionary work as a whole and is subordinated to the revolutionary tasks set by the Party in a given revolutionary period.

The class struggles on the literary and art front prove that art detached from proletarian politics are definitely not proletarian art; and works which cannot profoundly express proletarian politics cannot be good socialist works either. The song-and-dance epic *The East Is Red* has been warmly acclaimed at home and abroad because it gives a penetrating summary of the glorious history of revolutionary struggle of our people led by Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party, vividly presenting the great victory of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The novel *The Song of Ouyang Hai* has proved popular with millions of revolutionary readers because it successfully portrays a splendid typical character of our time, a man who gave prominence to politics and creatively studied and applied Mao Tse-tung's thought. The key factor in the continual revision, polishing and improvement of the revolutionary modern Peking operas *The Red Lantern* and *Shachiapang*

was the need to give a more profound representation of the revolutionary spirit of the proletariat. The success of these works was the outcome of giving prominence to proletarian politics.

Chou Yang regarded the principle that literature and art must be subordinated to politics as a ravaging beast, and hated it to the marrow of his bones. In a whole series of speeches he viciously attacked proletarian politics. He ranted hysterically: "Politics in command! There mustn't be too much politics. If there is too much it weakens politics, and instead of being in command politics becomes an ordinary soldier. The commander should not do too many things, when necessary he can step forward and speak. Politics is the soul, and the soul needs to be attached to the body. The profession, art, is the body. Without a body, the soul has nothing to adhere to and no one will know where it is."

This gibberish was one of the means Chou Yang used to induce literary and art workers to leave the line of literature and art serving proletarian politics. More than once he lashed out venomously, "Some leaders want only politics, not art; they substitute politics for art, vulgarizing politics." He yelled, "We must smash this business of fitting a political angle to everything."

In Chou Yang's view, "fitting a political angle to everything" had to be "smashed." How to smash it? He brandished three cudgels.

One was the theory of "direct co-ordination and indirect co-ordination." Chou Yang asserted, "We need works which can reflect the present or reflect history; they may co-ordinate with and reflect politics directly, or they may not co-ordinate with and reflect politics directly." "We are opposed to the over-simplification of the co-ordination of literature and art with politics." Now that the times have "changed," it won't do just to rely on "revolutionary feeling." We must correct the "mistake" of turning literature and art into a "propaganda team."

One was the theory that "it does not matter whether works have political content or not." Chou Yang asserted, "Some of our works should reflect present-day reality, others should summarize the age. It does not matter whether they have political content or not."

One was the theory that what is "harmless" is "beneficial." Chou Yang asserted, "By harmless we mean politically harmless and somewhat beneficial to life. For instance, the opera *The Dream in the Garden* or landscape paintings belong to this category."

Shorn of its eclectic phraseology, this boils down to an assertion that literature and art can be divorced from politics, can do without politics, can refuse to serve politics.

But are there really any revolutionary works of literature or art in the world which, devoid of all revolutionary feeling, can indirectly co-ordinate with politics? Is there really a middle-of-the-road literature and art which is harmless yet beneficial to socialism? This is the most blatant lie. Middle-of-the-road literature and art have never existed in the thousands of years of the history of literature. Lu Hsun once divided the old Chinese literature into three categories: works which "helped" the sovereign, works which "amused" him, and "twaddle." Actually, these categories can be reduced to two, the first including works which "helped" or "amused" the emperor. And although the second category failed to do either, if a "recluse high in the woods still dreams of the court" and goes on writing "twaddle," that still serves or is subordinated to reactionary politics.

All literature and art are subordinated to definite class politics. Today if they are not subordinated to proletarian politics, they must be subordinated to bourgeois politics. There can neither be a third kind of literature and art, nor any no-man's land between the two kinds of politics. The fantastic theories fabricated by Chou Yang about "harmless and beneficial" literature and art "without political content" are a "political" fight for power using the reactionary politics of the bourgeoisie, feudal ruling class and revisionists to oust proletarian politics. Proletarian literature and art must serve proletarian politics, and not for a second may they stray from this correct line. Revolutionary literary and art workers must carry out the teachings of Chairman Mao, raise high the great banner of giving prominence to politics, be obedient tools of the Party, serve the revolutionary tasks set by the Party in a given period and serve to accelerate the revolutionizing of men's thoughts, to ensure that literature and art really operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attack-

ing and destroying the enemy, and that they help the people fight the enemy with one heart and one mind.

Refuting the Theory of Literature and Art "Acceptable to All Kinds of People" and Having "Variety"

On the one hand Chou Yang blatantly changed the line that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, obscured the class character of literature and art, and did away with their proletarian political content to clear the way for his "literature and art of the whole people"; on the other hand he distorted the policy of "Let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend" to defend his "literature and art of the whole people." He frantically advocated bourgeois liberalization and the abolition of Party leadership in order to let loose a great horde of ghosts and monsters. They boldly proposed the liberalization of themes or no restriction of themes, arguing that writers should have complete freedom to write about any subject they pleased; that it was wrong to restrict them to writing only about workers, peasants and soldiers, about the new society, about new people and events; rules and restrictions about themes could only stifle literature and art and result in more stereotyped works and vulgar interests. Because of this order of theirs, in 1962 the black gang in literary and art circles in Peking and their followers dared boldly oppose Comrade Ko Ching-shih's appeal to literary and art workers to go all out to create works about the last "thirteen years" (i.e. realist themes about the socialist revolution and socialist construction). See how clearly they sighted the target of their attack! Their advocacy of this theory of unrestricted themes meant opposition to important themes dealing with the revolutionary struggle, opposition to portraying workers, peasants and soldiers, opposition to singing the praises of socialism.

When Chou Yang first advanced his theory of a "literature and art of the whole people" in 1959, he openly denounced "letting one single flower blossom and only one school of thought speak out." He bellowed, "You only let one flower blossom, only allow social-

ism; this is too hide-bound a restriction. If you exclude everything else, this flower of yours will never flourish." "If old things are discarded, their socialist literature will be deprived of nourishment, will have nothing to compete with, will be unable to learn from the old experts or our predecessors, and will shrivel up." This strenuous vilification of "Let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend" opposed the flowers of socialism and the school of the proletariat. In effect, the "hundred flowers" Chou Yang wanted to blossom were not the hundred flowers of socialism but the poisonous weeds of the bourgeoisie, feudal class and revisionists. What he meant by "competition" was allowing poisonous weeds to "spread unchecked," allowing ghosts and monsters to leave their lairs. At the Third Congress of Literary and Art Workers in 1960, Chou Yang produced this theoretical justification for combining his policy of loosing hordes of ghosts and monsters with his line of a "literature and art of the whole people":

... Since people's needs, interests and tastes vary, the more variety we have the better. Only a varied art can satisfy the steadily growing, many-sided spiritual needs of the people and enable each writer and artist to bring his different characteristics and gifts into full play. . . . Each writer and artist can decide according to his sense of political responsibility, his experience of life, his interests and special skills what theme and what form of expression to choose.

Here the theory of unrestricted themes for literature and art has been "crowned" with variety to satisfy "the people's needs, interests and tastes," and the "people" here can be taken to mean "the whole people." And this variety to satisfy the "people's needs, tastes and interests" is based on the theory that the whole people of all classes are the object of service. If works of literature and art are to be acceptable to all kinds of people and to serve all classes, of course they must have "variety." This variety means the more ghosts and monsters the better.

This was Chou Yang's signal for an all-out attack on Mao Tse-tung's line on literature and art. At once a baneful wind sprang up centering round the theory of unrestricted themes. The article *The Question of Themes*, written under Chou Yang's direct supervision and published in *Wen Yi Bao* No. 3, 1961, was a manifesto calling upon ghosts and monsters to launch a wild attack upon the Party and socialism.

As soon as this article sponsored by Chou Yang appeared, his two demon generals of the thirties, Hsia Yen and Tien Han, responded to his call. Both wrote articles in the same vein in *Wen Yi Bao* pressing for the "liberalization" of creative work. On the question of themes Hsia Yen openly proclaimed, "The leadership has the freedom to issue calls, and writers have freedom of choice. Any one-sidedness has shortcomings." Tien Han strongly advocated equal status for historical themes and realist themes. "A review of the past helps us to understand the present," he said. "Without the past there would be no present." Before long he produced his big poisonous weed *Hsieh Yao-huan*, and Meng Chao's *Li Hui-niang* appeared at the same time. With Wu Han's *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* "leading the way," a great alliance of evil spirits and "honest" officials was formed on the Peking stage. It was thanks to this "call" for unrestricted themes that ghosts and monsters of every kind had the chance to do as they pleased. Literature, the theatre and the Chinese screen were deluged with poisonous weeds and pernicious works. And these activities were closely linked with the efforts of landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists to stage a counter-revolutionary come-back, closely co-ordinated with the Rightist opportunists' frenzied attack on the Party and socialism.

In a society where classes and class struggle still exist there has never been an entirely "free" literature, and of course there cannot be any "variety" of needs, interests and tastes devoid of the content of class struggle. In the choice of themes, particularly, strong political trends have always been evident throughout the history of ideological struggle in literature and art. A writer's or artist's choice of theme and the problems which interest him most are definitely not just determined by his personal temperament or the question of style. In the last analysis it is also determined by which classes' interests he represents, which classes' needs he reflects. Chou Yang's "literature and art of the whole people" of unrestricted themes and the bourgeois liberalization he advocated were insidious fallacies and a most dangerous threat to our literary and art circles. We must completely uproot this black flag and see to it that Chairman Mao's proletarian policy of letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought

contend shed its brilliant radiance over the whole garden of our socialist literature and art.

A "Literature and Art of the Whole People" — an Open Market for a Trinity of Bourgeois, Feudal and Revisionist Literature and Art

Excluding proletarian political content, clearing the way for a literature and art "acceptable to all kinds of people," and loosing a horde of ghosts and monsters, Chou Yang was still not reassured but feared that this bourgeois dictatorship was not firm or strong enough and sought help from the dead. He called this "keeping the ideology of the old days as something systematic in our present-day literature and art," and said, "We must enable the Chinese people to appreciate Greece and Rome and two thousand years of Chinese culture." In other words, simply to create a realistic literature and art "of the whole people" was not enough, Chou Yang wanted to include in this the Chinese and foreign cultural heritage and even the most decadent, reactionary *nouvelle vague* (new wave) and "modernist" literature and art of the contemporary bourgeoisie. He considered, "Without this condition there can be no upsurge of culture." More than once Chou Yang bellowed, "We mustn't kill the ancients at one stroke." Feudal operas "have a lasting beauty and a lasting appeal." "They not only suit the specific age we are in, but will live on to communism, to the end of time." Hence he opposed what he called "the massacre" of the cultural heritage, and wanted to have printed more than 50,000 traditional opera scripts which had been collected. At the same time he frenziedly lauded the bourgeois culture of nineteenth-century Europe as "the summit of human culture in the world." He shamelessly declared that Stanislavski was "a very important -ski," who "could not be overthrown." If the masses could not accept foreign bourgeois things, it was necessary to "introduce a little today, a little more tomorrow, so that gradually the masses can accept them." Plays like *La Dame aux camélias* were all to be brought to the Chinese

stage and “popularized in China very quickly,” so that there would be a “confluence of Chinese and Western.” And this “confluence” he termed “a natural trend,” and “inevitable trend.”

All this was the open market of the “literature and art of the whole people” planned by Chou Yang.

In the last sixteen years, owing to Chou Yang’s worship of what is foreign and fanatical advocacy of the restoration of what is ancient, literary and art circles allowed all manner of bourgeois and feudal literature and art to establish a dictatorship over proletarian literature and art. In this open market for a “literature and art of the whole people” he frantically peddled and spread vast quantities of poison to corrupt the worker, peasant, soldier masses, the younger generation, and the ranks of literary and art workers. Chou Yang, this executioner who murdered men without a knife, faithfully served as a counter-revolutionary guard for landlord and bourgeois culture. This theory of his for taking over all ancient and modern culture, both Chinese and foreign, is a hundred per cent revisionist.

Chairman Mao has pointed out, **“A given culture is the ideological reflection of the politics and economics of a given society.”** There is no such thing in the world as a superstructure or culture which is above classes and can serve different politics and economics. Marxism-Leninism has never refused to take over the best of ancient and foreign culture critically and use them as examples; but taking over legacies and using them as example must be based on the proletariat’s needs and cannot take the place of creating a new culture. We must not blindly copy, much less “keep the ideology of the old days as a systematic theory in our present-day literature and art.” We should follow the instructions of Chairman Mao and **“treat it as we do our food — first chewing it, then submitting it to the working of the stomach and intestines with their juices and secretions, and separating it into nutriment to be absorbed and waste matter to be discarded — before it can nourish us.”** Chou Yang’s theories that the cultural heritage is “the base” and should be “kept in entirety” were clearly aimed at substituting the old culture of the bourgeoisie and feudal class for the new proletarian culture, and in the struggle in the

ideological sphere winning permanent places for the bourgeoisie and feudal class so that all the culture of the exploiting classes might continue to poison and corrupt the revolutionary masses. We must certainly obey Chairman Mao's teachings and thoroughly destroy this open market for a trinity of bourgeois, feudal and revisionist literature and art, thoroughly clear away its pernicious influence, criticize all the old culture of the exploiting classes, and create a new socialist culture.

The aim of Chou Yang's "literature and art of the whole people" was to combine the reactionary literature and art of capitalism, feudalism and revisionism to occupy the cultural position of socialism, squeeze out proletarian literature and art, make literature and art serve the bourgeoisie and a handful of landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries and bad elements and help them to stage a counter-revolutionary come-back.

Chou Yang's theory of a "literature and art of the whole people" was aimed at the restoration of the literature and art of the exploiting classes and was a revisionist programme for literature and art opposed to Mao Tse-tung's thought. A "literature and art of the whole people" epitomizes the counter-revolutionary nature of the black line in literature and art in the late fifties and early sixties represented by Chou Yang.

Under the banner of a "literature and art of the whole people," Chou Yang let loose a flood of poisonous anti-Party, anti-socialist works. This constituted one wing of the campaign of the overthrown exploiting classes in our country to make a counter-revolutionary come-back. It was closely linked with the frenzied attacks by landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries and bad elements, with Chiang Kai-shek's threats to fight his way back to the mainland, and with the attempts of Rightist opportunists to have the judgements on them reversed. It was also one tributary of the counter-revolutionary political torrent of Khrushchov revisionism. The out-and-out revisionist programme of the Twenty-second Congress of the C.P.S.U. with its "Party of the whole people" and "state of the whole people" was put forward in 1961. The Khrushchov clique unfurled

these two banners in order to change the proletarian class character of the Soviet Party and Soviet state, to restore capitalism, and to impose a revisionist fascist dictatorship in the Soviet Union. Chou Yang simply echoed Khrushchov revisionism. A "literature and art of the whole people" is another version of a "Party of the whole people" and a "state of the whole people." The time when the Khrushchov clique was ceaselessly boosting a "Party of the whole people" and a "state of the whole people" was just the time when Chou Yang was most frenziedly peddling his "literature and art of the whole people." Just as Khrushchov used the slogans of a "Party of the whole people" and a "state of the whole people" to eliminate the most fundamental things in the proletarian revolution — the dictatorship of the proletariat and the vanguard of the proletariat, Chou Yang used the slogan of a "literature and art of the whole people" to eliminate the most fundamental thing in proletarian literature and art — the orientation for literature and art to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. Chou Yang, this old bourgeois Rightist, obviously dreaming of following the Khrushchov clique, openly unfurled this big black flag to restore capitalism first in literature and art and so prepare public opinion for a full-scale counter-revolutionary come-back.

In the thirties, Chou Yang was the inventor of a "literature of national defence" of the Chiang Kai-shek brand; in the forties and fifties he was a sham Leftist, actually a Rightist; in the sixties he was the champion of a "literature and art of the whole people" of the Khrushchov brand. This is Chou Yang's unbroken counter-revolutionary record in more than thirty years of class struggle.

Now the clarion call of the great proletarian cultural revolution is ringing out louder and louder. Under the personal leadership of Chairman Mao and the Central Committee of the Party, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and young pathbreakers have risen up to join in the struggle, to sweep away all ghosts and monsters. In this great revolutionary movement, unprecedented in history, Mao Tse-tung's invincible thought is shedding its radiance far and wide. This black line in literature and art represented by Chou Yang and his counter-revolutionary black gang in literary and art circles have

been completely exposed in the bright light of day, and they can no longer pose as Leftists to muddle through. We shall certainly thoroughly condemn the anti-Party, anti-socialist crimes of Chou Yang and company, thoroughly clear away the pernicious influence of Chou Yang's reactionary views on literature and art, tear to shreds his ragged flag of a "literature and art of the whole people" and see to it that the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought flies for ever above all the positions of our revolutionary literature and art.

Full-length Documentary in Colour "Chairman Mao with A Million Members of the Cultural Revolutionary Army"

Recently a full-length documentary in colour, recording how on August 18 the Chinese people's great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman Chairman Mao celebrated the great proletarian cultural revolution in majestic Tien An Men Square together with a million members of the cultural army from Peking and other parts of the country, has been shown in Peking and other cities.

Opening to the strains of *The East Is Red*, the film unfolds one stirring scene after another.

A red sun rises from the eastern horizon. The Chinese people's most respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao walks across Chinshui Bridge in front of Tien An Men to mingle with the broad masses who think of him day and night. Clad in an olive-green army uniform, his face radiant and in high spirits, Chairman Mao shakes hands with many around him, waving his greetings to all the revolutionary masses. The seething square is a sea of red flags, the masses leap for joy, time and again holding high their glittering *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Cheers of "Long, long live Chairman Mao!" rise to the skies.

Chairman Mao, Vice-chairman Lin Piao and Premier Chou En-lai receive the representatives of Red Guards and students from Peking and other parts of the country on the Tien An Men rostrum. They review the mighty cultural army. All these stirring scenes fully manifest the Red Guards' and revolutionary masses' boundless love for Chairman Mao, boundless faith in and boundless worship for Mao Tse-tung's great thought, and strong determination to carry through to the end the great proletarian cultural revolution.

Shortly after this documentary was released, two more colour films showing Chairman Mao receiving Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students for the second and third times were also released through out the country. They are: *Chairman Mao Receives Red Guards and Revolutionary Teachers and Students* and *Chairman Mao Receives a Million Young Revolutionary Fighters for the Third Time*.

Spare-time Cultural Activities of the Armed Forces

The great proletarian cultural revolution has resulted in an unprecedented upsurge of spare-time cultural activities in the armed forces. The broad masses of cadres and fighters filled with revolutionary fervour have launched a series of spare-time cultural activities, enthusiastically singing the praise of the Chinese people's great leader Chairman Mao, the great invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, and the current great proletarian cultural revolution which has no parallel in history and is steadily gaining in depth and enlarging its scope.

During the great proletarian cultural revolution, there has been a striking development in the spare-time cultural activities of the air force units on the Fukien front. In the last few months commanders and fighters alike, fired by revolutionary passion, have written many articles criticizing bad films, bad novels and other pernicious works as well as the representative figures of the bourgeoisie. They have also written and performed many cultural items. One company has composed and staged more than 100 cultural items with a strongly militant ideological content since the great cultural revolution. Many fighters without much education have taken up the pen to do creative writing, many cadres who never before appeared on the stage

have participated in the performances. Hsiao Yun-hui of a certain company, for instance, wrote six items in a short period, each expressing revolutionary fighters' boundless love for Chairman Mao and for Mao Tse-tung's thought. Another fighter in an artillery regiment sang with deep emotion: "When I think of Chairman Mao, tens of thousands of poems surge from my heart and tens of thousands of songs spring to my lips. Three days and three nights are not enough to sing all my love for Chairman Mao." During recent months the air force units on the Fukien front have also launched a campaign to spread the revolutionary story of *The Song of Ouyang Hai*. Hundreds of amateur story-tellers on the coastal front have enabled the brilliant deeds of the revolutionary hero Ouyang Hai to make a deeper impression on people's heart.

Chairman Mao's great directive that **"the People's Liberation Army should be a great school"** greatly inspired all the cadres and fighters of our armed forces. Recently 2,700 army commanders and fighters in Chengtu held a festival of revolutionary songs paying tribute to this great call of Chairman Mao. Many items, such as *Soldiers Should Be Peasants Too*, a song accompanied by acting, *Hold High the Great Red Banner of Mao Tse-tung's Thought and Advance Boldly*, a dance accompanied by singing, and the song *The PLA Is a Great School*, vividly show that the cadres and soldiers of our armed forces are resolutely responding to Chairman Mao's great call, determined to make the PLA a great school of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

During the great proletarian cultural revolution, the young Red Guard fighters have bravely attacked the old ideas, old culture, old customs and old habits of the bourgeoisie and vigorously established the new ideas, new culture, new customs and new habits of the proletariat. The broad masses of cadres and fighters of the PLA strongly support their revolutionary actions. The 5th company of a unit in the air force held a poetry recital one evening recently at which they praised the heroic Red Guards armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Many companies in various localities in their blackboard bulletins and wall-newspapers have published countless poems by cadres and fighters singing the praise of Chairman Mao. Many companies have organized mass poetry competitions and recitals.

Japanese Zenshinza Kabuki Company Overcomes Obstacles to Revisit China

Recently the Japanese Zenshinza Kabuki Company gave its premiere in *Shoutu* (Capital) Theatre, Peking. Chu Tu-nan, president of the Chinese People's Association for Cultural Relations and Friendship with Foreign Countries, and Chojuro Kawarazaki, head of the Kabuki Company, spoke at the opening ceremony. In his speech Chu Tu-nan pointed out that the Japanese Zenshinza Kabuki Company had disregarded and overcome the obstruction and sabotage of various forces hostile to China and to the friendship between the peoples of China and Japan to visit China once again. This resolute stand it had taken in treasuring the friendship between the peoples of the two countries was a demonstration of the friendship and successful cultural exchange between the Chinese and Japanese people. This would further strengthen the solidarity and friendship between the two peoples in the fight against their common enemy U.S. imperialism.

Chojuro Kawarazaki in his speech extended warm greetings of solidarity to the heroic Chinese people who, under the leadership of Chairman Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communist Party, were persisting in the dictatorship of the proletariat and were engaged in the building of socialism. He said that he and his colleagues had been greatly inspired by the rapid development of the socialist construction on all fronts and by the success of the people's communes, all achieved by the Chinese people under the guidance of the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance, which they had witnessed and heard so much about in China. "Above all," he said, "we have had the invaluable opportunity of witnessing for ourselves the high tide of the great proletarian cultural revolution in Peking, and the revolutionary enthusiasm of the heroic Chinese people with the Red Guards as their shock force."

He said that all members of the Kabuki Company visiting China would contribute to further enhancing the friendship and unity of the two peoples and promoting the cultural exchange and the resumption of diplomatic relations between the two countries.

He ended his speech by shouting: "Long live the great Chairman Mao Tse-tung, the Chinese Communist Party and the heroic people of China!"

After the opening ceremony the Japanese artists presented a one-act comedy *Hige Yagura* about peasant life in ancient times and a modern drama *Hon Moku Tei*, portraying the miserable life of Japanese folk artists and their efforts to resist U.S. imperialist cultural aggression. In the last scene of this drama some Japanese folk artists returning from a visit to China tell those who have come to receive them of their socialist aspirations to the strains of *The East Is Red*. The entire audience responded with thunderous applause.

The Kabuki Company had visited China in 1960. This time their performance was once again warmly received by the Chinese audience.

Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau Issued a Statement Condemning Baku Splittist Meeting

The Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau in a statement issued recently condemned the Soviet revisionists for splitting the Afro-Asian writers' movement to serve the U.S. imperialists. The statement solemnly points out that the Baku splittist meeting, knocked together by the Soviet revisionists, was a miserable failure and that the Soviet splittists have sunk into a position of isolation and despair.

The statement was read out by R.D. Senanayake, Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, on behalf of the Bureau at an enlarged meeting of the Executive Secretariat of the Bureau held in Peking on September 9. Attending the enlarged meeting were representatives of the member nations to the bureau and representatives of some of the countries and regions taking part in the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting.

The statement once again exposes the Soviet splittists' fake unity. It says: "They preach unity and practise splittism. They preach opposition to U.S. imperialism and practise capitulationism. They are in fact serving the U.S. imperialists by their criminal activities of splitting the Afro-Asian writers' movement." The statement solemnly condemns the sham support and genuine betrayal the Soviet revi-

sionists are extending to the heroic people of Vietnam. It says: "This becomes more and more evident by the fact that quite apart from supporting it, the Soviet revisionists have not even mentioned a word about the 'Appeal to the Nation' made by President Ho Chi Minh on 17th July, 1966."

The statement points out that 53 countries including 20 of the 23 executive committee countries and five Afro-Asian international organizations have, at the Emergency Meeting held in Peking, already decided that the Third Conference of Afro-Asian Writers be held in China. This decision has received the warm welcome of the writers and peoples of Asia and Africa. But the Soviet splittists disregard and ignore these solemn decisions and speak of convening another executive committee meeting to decide about the third conference. This is, therefore, not only illegal, high-handed and outrageous, but also a deliberate and intentional attempt of the Soviet splittists to further extend their splittist activities.

The statement in conclusion appeals to all writers of Asia and Africa to heighten their vigilance, strengthen their unity and carefully watch the manoeuvres and activities of sabotage by these Soviet splittists and deal yet heavier blows to them, so that their schemes will be thoroughly and completely destroyed.

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