



CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests.

— *Serve the People*



Our great leader Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Comments on Tao Chu's Two Books

Like a succession of gales, the great proletarian cultural revolution is shaking the whole of China and indeed the whole world.

The situation is excellent. After a year of stirring battles, the great proletarian cultural revolution which started with mass criticism and repudiation in the field of culture is now triumphantly entering the phase of a mass movement of criticism and repudiation of the handful of top Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road. This campaign of mass criticism is of great political significance. It is a deep-going development of the proletarian revolutionaries' struggle to seize power, an important step in the elimination of revisionist poison, an ideological motive force mobilizing the masses in their tens of millions for active struggle, criticism and transformation, a mammoth mass struggle for the thorough application of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in the fields of politics, economy, culture and military affairs.

The two books before us, *Ideals, Integrity and Spiritual Life* published in 1962 and *Thinking, Feeling and Literary Talent* published in 1964

are both excellent negative study material for the mass criticism campaign. They are sister books of the sinister work "on self-cultivation" and vividly portray the reactionary and ugly soul of Tao Chu the revisionist.

Prior to the Eleventh Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, Tao Chu was a faithful executant of the bourgeois reactionary line represented by China's Khrushchov. After that session, when the reactionary features of the two top persons in authority taking the capitalist road were exposed before the whole Party, he became the chief person representing and continuing to carry out the bourgeois reactionary line. In league with such henchmen as the counter-revolutionary revisionist Wang Jen-chung, he continued to frantically oppose and distort the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao and to oppose and boycott the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, recruited deserters and turncoats, colluded with Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road and everywhere issued instructions to suppress the revolutionary masses and support and shield counter-revolutionary revisionists and monsters, vainly trying by base tricks to blanket or annul the criticism and repudiation of the top capitalist roaders in the Party at the Eleventh Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party.

In the forward march of history, all who overestimate the strength of reaction and underestimate that of the people — adlepaters dressed up as heroes and resisting progress — invariably end up quickly as contemptible clowns. At a 10,000-strong rally on July 30, 1966, this man who styled himself "a proletarian revolutionary in the main" waved his fist and haughtily shouted: "You can have me overthrown, too, if you don't believe me." How arrogant he was then! A virtual man-eater! He was trying to intimidate the masses, implying: Woe to anyone who dares oppose a "veteran revolutionary" like me; I am a hero and will never never fall. But the logic of history is such that anyone who comes out in opposition to Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, the great proletarian cultural revolution and the revolutionary masses inevitably falls. The more rounded out a reactionary's performance, the heavier his fall. In retrospect, it is clear

that the ludicrous performance he put on, glorifying himself and intimidating the people, was just another silly layer of grease paint on this double-dealer's face.

"I have always been a revolutionary," Tao Chu boasted. Well, let's use these two books as our chief material and see whom this eternally revolutionary person "always" followed, what kind of "revolution" he was engaged in, what "ideals" he really cherished, what "integrity" he advocated, the "thinking and feeling" of which class he publicized and what kind of "spiritual life" he led.

Bourgeois Counter-Revolutionary "Ideals"

Which "side" does Tao Chu belong to? The ideals of which side does he advocate in his books? The evidence he himself has provided gives sufficient answer.

In August 1955, when the socialist transformation of agriculture and handicraft industries began surging ahead and the proletariat and the bourgeoisie were locked in a life-and-death struggle, Tao Chu stepped forward histrionically: "All of us belong to the same side, the side of the Chinese people. With the exception of the counter-revolutionaries, all should sincerely unite." This "all of us... with the exception of the counter-revolutionaries" is subject to the rule of one dividing into two — the proletariat on the one side and the bourgeoisie on the other. Tao Chu viciously slandered the ideological remoulding of intellectuals as "an insult to one's personality." He asserted that Hu Shih's reactionary ideas were simply "a question of method of thinking" which "can only be judged clearly... after 30 or 40 years." It is obvious that his "all of us" actually referred to the bourgeoisie and its agents such as Hu Shih. His boastful remark about "the side of the Chinese people" who should "sincerely" embrace each other in reality referred to the bourgeois reactionaries opposed to the people.

Tao Chu also used extremely sympathetic language to describe "the counter-revolutionaries now lying low on the mainland" as being "in a miserable plight and a painful frame of mind." Words

reflect one's thinking. With the words "miserable" and "painful," Tao Chu at one stroke wrote off the hatefulness and brutality of the counter-revolutionaries and in 1965 vividly portrayed a "spiritual life" in which he was in perfect harmony with them.

In May 1957, when the Rightists were launching wild attacks, Tao Chu promptly wrote articles for the press, declaring that "by and large classes have now disappeared," "the contradictions within the country between the enemy and ourselves have been resolved," and "the function of dictatorship should be weakened" in the dictatorship of the proletariat, which should be "geared...to guiding production...and to organizing the people's economic life." The landlords, rich peasants and bourgeoisie all became members of one "big family," the dictatorship of the proletariat could be abolished and "a state of the whole people" with the sole task of "guiding production" could soon come into being. The out-and-out revisionist note he struck, which was directed at overthrowing the dictatorship of the proletariat, conclusively shows him up as a ringleader of the bourgeois Rightists.

In the first half of 1959, when the socialist revolution was developing in greater depth, Tao Chu wrote his article, "The Character of the Pine," in which he advised "never yielding to adverse circumstances," and another article, "Revolutionary Firmness," in which he talked of "facing the raging sea" and the ability to withstand the "onslaughts of storms and hurricanes." Under his pen, the stirring great leap forward, the heroic aspiration of the revolutionary people to transform the world, became "adverse circumstances." As the tempest of socialist revolution struck at the bourgeoisie, landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists, and at their agents the Peng Teh-huai anti-Party clique, Tao Chu hysterically called for the ability "to withstand the onslaughts of storms and hurricanes." There is no need to add a single word; his counter-revolutionary stand is crystal clear.

On many occasions following the glorious Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, Chairman Mao pointed out that the principal contradiction within China was the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie

and between the socialist and the capitalist roads. In the document concerning the socialist education movement, known as "the 23 points," he stated that "**the main target of the present movement is those within the Party who are in authority and are taking the capitalist road.**" These important instructions of Chairman Mao's were fiercely opposed and resisted by China's Khrushchov and by Tao Chu and company. Tao Chu said: "I think that at the present stage the task of reflecting the contradictions among the people should be put in the most important position." To argue that "contradictions among the people" formed the principal contradiction "at the present stage" was a flagrant denial of the fact that the principal contradiction within the country was the struggle between the two classes and between the two roads. It meant that he regarded the questions concerning the handful of counter-revolutionaries, renegades, Rightists and those in authority taking the capitalist road as contradictions "among the people," and thus covered up their crimes in trying to usurp the leadership in the Party, government and army, his purpose being to shield all the fiendish bourgeois counter-revolutionaries who had sneaked into the Party.

Has Tao Chu "always been a revolutionary"? No, he has always been a counter-revolutionary! It can be said that at every turning point in history, he invariably and openly took the bourgeois stand and opposed Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and socialism. His much vaunted "ideals" are bourgeois counter-revolutionary ideals, the reactionary ideals of protecting and developing capitalism, the idle dream of overthrowing the dictatorship of the proletariat and restoring capitalism in China.

For example:

(1) Tao Chu says: "The idea of socialism is to use every means to ensure rapid national industrialization." If this out-and-out reactionary theory of "socialism" were valid, wouldn't it follow that the industrialized United States attained "socialism" long ago? For the achievement of industrialization, there are two roads, two lines and two kinds of means — the socialist and the capitalist. To take the socialist road, it is essential to rely on the working class and the revolutionary masses on the keeping of politics in the fore and on

the revolutionary consciousness and initiative of the hundreds of millions of people awakened by Mao Tse-tung's thought, and to place the leadership of enterprises really in the hands of proletarian revolutionaries. On the other hand, taking the capitalist road means reliance on a few bourgeois "experts," on material incentives and on the conservatives, as is repeatedly advocated in Tao Chu's book, it means the usurpation of the leadership of the enterprises by a privileged stratum representing the interests of the bourgeoisie. What Tao Chu calls "every means" is reliance on the bourgeoisie in order to develop the capitalist system of exploitation and oppose the socialist transformation of capitalist industry and commerce.

"The history of China in the last century or so is a history of receiving blows, and the reason is that it had no industry." Here Tao Chu talks like a bungling teacher of history giving us a lecture on the modern history of China, a lecture which is indeed a reversal of history. The principal explanation of why the Chinese received blows in the 109 years from 1840 to 1949 is not that they had no industry, but that political power was in the hands of the lackeys of imperialism, in the hands of traitors, from the Ching government through the Northern warlords down to Chiang Kai-shek. Ever since the seizure of power throughout China by the proletariat and the working people under the leadership of their great leader Comrade Mao Tse-tung, the imperialists have had to stop and think how strong their snouts are before they try to attack us. The more thoroughgoing the great cultural revolution, the deeper the thought of Mao Tse-tung penetrates the consciousness of the people and the stronger the dictatorship of the proletariat, the more certain it is that no one will be able to match us in a war. This is the proletarian revolutionary ideal. To attribute the receiving of blows in the past entirely to the lack of industry is to cover up all the heinous crimes of the vicious traitors and to prettify the Chinese lackeys of the international bourgeoisie who have tried to restore capitalism in the name of "developing industry." This chimes perfectly with the theory of national betrayal of China's Khrushchov!

(2) Tao Chu says that "the ideal of communism" means "comfortable houses." It is to "provide every room with electricity at

night and enable everybody to dress sprucely and ride in motor-cars..." In short, it means "good food, good clothing and good housing." It means pleasure-seeking. He is ready to sell his very soul, with a cheap "communist" label thrown in, to whoever gives him "good food and good housing." This is indeed the philosophy of the lowest traitors! Communism in appearance but ultra-individualism or capitalism in essence — that is the definition of Tao Chu's "ideal of communism." Wouldn't it follow from this definition that the life of the U.S. bourgeoisie perfectly fits the "ideal of communism?"

(3) Tao Chu says that it is a "lofty ideal" always to keep in mind that "one will become a navigator, aviator, scientist, writer, engineer, teacher..." He lists one expert profession after another, but makes no mention at all of any worker, peasant or soldier. In the eyes of this renegade from the proletariat, the revolutionary workers, peasants and soldiers should rank very low. More than that, they should simply be condemned to eternal and bottomless perdition, without any hope of escape. At the other extreme is a long string of bourgeois "experts," who are assigned a very high, or even the "loftiest" place. "The bourgeoisie took part in the democratic movement. They have industrial know-how and are not as corrupt as the landlords." Yes, here Tao Chu admits that by "experts" he refers not to proletarian specialists but to the bourgeoisie and their representatives in cultural circles. What he calls "know-how" is the capitalists' knowledge of how to exploit the workers craftily and ruthlessly, and other similar knowledge. It is Tao Chu's "lofty ideal" to stage a counter-revolutionary come-back through those representatives of the bourgeoisie who have climbed very high. Today, a number of very high bourgeois "authorities" have been pulled down by young revolutionary fighters.

Another of these great ideals is, in Tao Chu's words, "really enabling everybody to have personal ease of mind." In 1962, just at the time when the bourgeoisie launched frenzied attacks on the proletariat, when evil spirits of all kinds danced in riotous revelry and poisonous weeds abounded, in order to give the bourgeoisie "ease of mind," Tao Chu in his article "Thoughts on How to Make Creative Writing

Flourish" wrote such nonsense about the bourgeois intellectuals as "quite a number have become intellectuals of the working people," and "it is necessary to bring the enthusiasm of labouring intellectuals into play." Fine! The "three family village," such people as Tien Han, Hsia Yen, Wu Han and Chien Po-tsan as well as Hai Jui, Wei Cheng, Li Hui-niang and the like, have all "become intellectuals of the working people." Can't they now prepare public opinion for a capitalist restoration with still greater vigour, for their label is removed and they have been provided with a fresh halo? Can't they now work to restore capitalism in comfort, with everybody happily "in harmony and enjoying ease of mind"?

Either the proletariat or the bourgeoisie is bound to lack "ease of mind"—this is the inevitable consequence of class struggle. When the proletariat has "ease of mind," the bourgeoisie is bound to feel uneasy. When the bourgeoisie has "ease of mind," the proletariat is bound to suffer. Either one or the other. Whoever calls for redressing the bourgeoisie's grievance that it does not have "ease of mind" only proves that he himself shares the very feelings of the bourgeoisie.

Tao Chu says that this "socialist ideal" of his is "beneficial to everybody," including the bourgeoisie. Socialism must eradicate the bourgeoisie through the dictatorship of the proletariat. How can it be beneficial to the bourgeoisie? The "socialism" which is "beneficial to everybody" is phoney socialism, or Khrushchov-type revisionism. It is the counter-revolutionary theory of Bukharin that capitalism can "grow" into socialism. It is the reactionary theory of the "party of the entire people," "the state of the whole people" and the "socialism of the whole people" which abandons class struggle and abolishes the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is the slogan for restoring capitalism in China after the great triumph of socialism.

Enough! The material cited is sufficient to let us see this agent of the bourgeoisie in his true colours. He has obdurately followed a capitalist road which opposes socialism. What he thinks, praises and loves is capitalism; what he fears, curses and hates is socialism.

In a word, the "ideals" in his writings are remoulding the state, society and the Party in the ugly image of the bourgeoisie.

This person has a "famous saying": "To establish socialist ideas or ideals ... it is at least necessary to make socialist ideas cover over fifty per cent of the whole realm of one's ideology." How is it possible to measure man's world outlook in percentages? It is utterly ridiculous. Stripped of its pretences, it is just a clumsy and colossal swindle. Its purpose is to tell the bourgeoisie to appear in disguise, to cloak "fifty per cent" of their language with "socialist ideas" and thus try to cover up their evil capitalist nature. This is the most typical of revisionism. Both books were written in this way. The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road said in heart-to-heart talks with the bourgeoisie: So long as the bourgeoisie master Marxist phrases, they can "grow happily and peacefully into socialism" and gain both fame and wealth. This is the best footnote to "over fifty per cent" of "socialist ideas."

The "Spiritual Life" of a Renegade and Flunkey

Would you like to know what kind of "spiritual life" is extolled in these two books? It is the reactionary Kuomintang philosophy plus the flunkey's mentality.

Tao Chu has engraved on his memory and learnt by rote the reactionary and decadent idealism of the Kuomintang and the gangster talk of hangman Chiang Kai-shek. This counter-revolutionary stuff occupies pride of place in his "spiritual life." Only a renegade can spit out such reactionary rubbish.

The following is to be found among Chiang Kai-shek's counter-revolutionary utterances: "As to the meaning of politics, Dr. Sun Yat-sen has told us clearly: politics is the management of public affairs...therefore the meaning of politics is finding the scientific method for the general mobilization of the whole nation to manage public affairs in order to seek the greatest welfare for the whole nation and people."

Tao Chu rehashes all this with no change. He writes: "First of all, it is necessary to understand what politics is. Probably you all know Dr. Sun Yat-sen. He said: 'Politics is the management of public affairs.' Our 'management of public affairs' has the purpose of making our country prosperous and strong, making the people happy... that is, working for the people's interests, explaining reasons clearly and making people understand these reasons so that they join gladly and willingly in the work of building a socialist society."

Tao Chu shamelessly proclaims that he was a student of Chiang Kai-shek. Or, more accurately, a flunkey—for doesn't he sound like a flunkey?

Calling politics "the management of public affairs" is the reactionary standpoint of the bourgeois exploiters. There is no such thing as "the public" in the abstract. In a class society the public is divided into classes. Nor is there such a thing as "management" in the abstract. In a class society management is invariably the handling of relations between classes, a question of which class controls and exercises political power. **Chairman Mao penetratingly points out in his *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*: "Politics, whether revolutionary or counter-revolutionary, is the struggle of class against class."** Analysed from this standpoint of Chairman Mao's, politics is the struggle to consolidate or overthrow the political power of this or that class, the struggle to safeguard or destroy this or that system of ownership, the struggle to seize or preserve the interests of this or that class (or group). The proletariat can finally emancipate itself only by emancipating all mankind. Therefore, in its political struggle to overthrow oppression by the bourgeoisie and establish and consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat, the proletariat stands not only for its own class interests but also for those of the broad masses of the labouring people. It is in order to cover up the class content of its political activities and its oppression and exploitation of the proletariat and the working people that the bourgeoisie describes its counter-revolutionary politics in such abstract terms as "the management of public affairs." This same old trick has been played throughout, starting with the bourgeoisie in the 18th century and coming right down to

the Soviet modern revisionists with their "state of the whole people." Chiang Kai-shek's "management of the public" consists of the sanguinary suppression and slaughter of the toiling masses by the counter-revolutionary state apparatus, while describing the counter-revolutionary rule of the landlords and the bourgeoisie as "seeking happiness for the whole nation and people" and even deceiving them by "general mobilization." This is the zenith of shamelessness. By rehashing all this, flunkey Tao Chu tries to bring about counter-revolutionary capitalist restoration and abolish the dictatorship of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie, while describing servile acts in the interests of the bourgeoisie and all other reactionaries as "working for the interests of the people"; he also tries to cheat the people by "explaining the reasons clearly." This, too, is the zenith of shamelessness.

In his counter-revolutionary utterances, Chiang Kai-shek was an advocate of the "spirit of sincere devotion" and lauded "the man with a foreknowledge and keen perception of things." Tao Chu dishes all this up unchanged:

"We do not in toto negate Dr. Sun Yat-sen's expressions 'the man with a foreknowledge and keen perception of things' and 'the man with a backward knowledge and blunt perception of things.' These are to be found in society: some people make progress faster and some more slowly. If only a man has the desire to advance, in the end he will make progress..."

"Marxists should be magnanimous to other people and strict with themselves... They should not demand too much of non-Party people, but should seek 'sincere unity' with them as Sun Yat-sen said..."

The phrases "the man with a foreknowledge and keen perception of things" and "the man with a backward knowledge and blunt perception of things" express the reactionary viewpoint of historical idealism which extracts things from their class content and is divorced from social practice. **Chairman Mao points out: "It is man's social being that determines his thinking. Once the correct ideas characteristic of the advanced class are grasped by the masses, these ideas turn into a material force which changes society and changes the world."** Those counter-revolutionary

revisionists who will never repent and those diehard capitalist roaders who refuse to correct their errors after repeated education are that way not because they are "men with a backward knowledge and blunt perception of things," but because of their social being, i.e., their bourgeois class status, which determines their obstinately taking the capitalist road. Similarly, the U.S. imperialist butchers and the renegade clique of the C.P.S.U. are that way not because they lack "the desire to advance," but because they represent the reactionary bourgeoisie, and whatever tricks they play in the line they adopt, it can only be a counter-revolutionary line serving the U.S. monopoly capitalists and the Soviet bourgeois privileged stratum. As for the proletarian revolutionaries, the reason why they can smash all obstacles, break through every kind of onerous and cruel suppression by the handful of top Party capitalist roaders and win victory is not that they are "men with a foreknowledge and keen perception of things," but that they have grasped the thought of Mao Tse-tung, this theoretical weapon which is the quintessence of the highest wisdom of the proletariat of China and the world, and that they represent the interests of the proletariat and the working masses. Therefore, the more they fight, the stronger they become, and they are indomitable in all difficulties and always maintain dynamic revolutionary optimism. Today, in advocating reactionary idealism such as that we have described, Tao Chu tries to make people believe that the bourgeoisie "will make progress in the end," to lull the people's revolutionary vigilance and to help the bourgeoisie sneak into the ranks of the proletariat to carry out sabotage.

The expression "sincere unity" as used by Tao Chu is through and through the language of the Kuomintang reactionaries! Different classes give different interpretations of the identical term. We, too, occasionally use this term. Then it means unity for the definite aim of revolution, for the struggle to carry out the revolutionary tasks of the proletariat. We always say, unity subject to a socialist orientation, and unity on the basis of the principles of Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought. In contrast, Tao Chu's "sincere unity" discards all principle, betrays the socialist orientation and caters to the needs of the bourgeoisie. Unity and struggle are two

contradictory aspects of a single entity. Without struggle, there is no unity. Unity is relative and transitional whereas struggle is absolute. Everything in this world divides into two in the course of its development. Men's knowledge always develops in struggle. As **Chairman Mao points out: "Marxism can develop only through struggle, and not only is this true of the past and the present, it is necessarily true of the future as well."** Where is there such an immutable "sincere unity" as Tao Chu's? Chiang Kai-shek used the term "sincere unity" to cover up internal dog-fights and as a tool for instilling fascist ideas, whereas Tao Chu does something original—he puts up the signboard of Marxism to disintegrate the struggle of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie.

The book also says: "The reason why victory could be won in the earlier period of the great revolution of 1925-27 was that Dr. Sun Yat-sen reorganized the Kuomintang and adopted the three great policies 'in conformity with' the objective law of the revolution at that time." It is a plain distortion of history and a reversal of the truth when Tao Chu attributes victory in the early period of the First Revolutionary Civil War of 1925-27 not to the correct leadership and policies of the Communist Party of China represented by Comrade Mao Tse-tung, not to the struggles of the revolutionary people, but solely to the Kuomintang. He simply speaks from the stand of the Kuomintang reactionaries. Isn't he speaking with a traitor's voice when he gives the fruits of victory won with the blood of countless revolutionary martyrs to the Kuomintang in order to please it?

Enough! Enough! Does not all this vile talk reveal that behind Tao Chu's "spiritual life" lies the realm of reactionary Kuomintang philosophy?

Besides the reactionary Kuomintang philosophy, his ideas are all rubbish from the sinister book on "self-cultivation."

Doesn't the book *Ideals, Integrity and Spiritual Life* cheat our young people when it prates that "personal and collective interests cannot be separated," that if a person makes a show of "doing a good job," he will be "taken into account," "be appreciated," "be praised" and even "have his name spread to the whole country and

the whole world"? This is a complete reproduction of the philistine speculator's philosophy of the Khrushchov of China, the philosophy of "lose a little to gain much." In February 1960, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road offered the representatives of the bourgeoisie an idea. He said: "Personal benefits will accrue if you serve the people whole-heartedly." These words are an accurate summary of this bourgeois careerist's experience in "getting on in the world" over several decades of his life and generalize the quintessence of the philosophy of life of this traitor to the proletariat. When used by him and the handful of people like him, such terms as "serve the people" and "collective interests" are falsehood and deception, they are employed for show, they are the means, whereas personal interests, personal power and personal enjoyment are real, they are the ends they pursue, representing the essence of their dirty souls. This is the trick used by the bourgeois counter-revolutionary double-dealers to sneak into the ranks of the revolutionaries and to seize power.

Doesn't the book *Ideals, Integrity and Spiritual Life* cheat the young people when it says: "Our common world outlook together with our common method of thinking ... consists in proceeding from objective reality, in admitting that right is right and wrong is wrong"? This, too, is merchandise bought from China's Khrushchov. In class society, there are distinct class criteria for right and wrong. Reality means, first of all, the reality of class struggle: do you stand on the side of the proletariat or on the side of the bourgeoisie? On the side of imperialism or on the side of the revolutionary people? On the side of Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought, or on the side of revisionism? On the side of the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao or on the side of the counter-revolutionary bourgeois headquarters? Using the abstractions of "right and wrong" to cover up their class approach to problems is the common characteristic of opportunists who have sold their souls. In May 1949, China's Khrushchov said shamelessly: "The capitalists said that our newspapers were not well run. I said that indeed they were not altogether well run. I admitted this mistake too.... In the future we should adopt the attitude:

right is right, wrong is wrong, good is good, bad is bad.... If there is anything good about the capitalists, we should say it's good; if there is anything bad about the workers, we should say it's bad." Look how he "proceeded from reality"! "Where there is anything good about the capitalists, we should say it's good; if there is anything bad about the workers, we should say it's bad." What a fair judge he is! What a clear approach to "right and wrong" this scab takes! See how this infamous flunkey of the bourgeoisie never forgets his masters' "goodness"! How obvious is his ferocity when he condemns the workers for being "bad"! And how well Tao Chu has memorized the soul-selling philosophy of China's Khrushchov!

Feelings of Bitter Hatred Towards the Proletariat

In May 1959, just before the revisionist Peng Teh-huai dished up his sinister programme in a desperate effort to restore capitalism, Tao Chu, in his article "The Sun's Radiance," blatantly and viciously abused our great socialist cause, our great Party and our great leader. On the one hand, he said that people used the words "the east is red, the sun rises" to "describe the vigour and vitality of our great cause" and that they "eulogize our Party and leader by likening them to the sun." On the other hand, he attacked the "faults" of the sun openly and railed obliquely: "In the depth of summer when the glaring sun is scorching the earth and making people sweat, they grumble and say that the sun's light and heat are excessive. And as everyone knows, and has pointed out too, the sun itself has black spots on it."

"The sun itself has black spots on it." Is this not downright invective against our Party and great leader? In Tao Chu's eyes not only are there "black spots," but socialism is altogether pitch black. For those who see with bourgeois eyes, brightness and darkness are reversed. They are blinder than the blind. In the view of this revisionist, the radiance of socialism shed by the sun is intolerable to those in authority taking the capitalist road, it re-

veals their true features, makes them “sweat” and is “excessive.” This is where the “faults” of the sun lie. In fact, this is precisely why the sun is great. Monsters and demons, bed bugs and lice, germs and viruses which hide in dark corners can only be killed when they are exposed to the light and heat of the sun. True working people are tempered and get stronger in the sunshine. How can one get strong without sweating in the sun? To condemn the sun for its “light and heat” is in fact to condemn the proletariat for “exceeding the limit,” to condemn socialism and the people’s communes for their “excesses.” This naked bourgeois double-talk only shows him up as a ghost that dares not face the light of the sun.

In “The Character of the Pine,” does not Tao Chu praise the pine for “shutting out the sun’s glare by its foliage in summer”? The brilliance of Mao Tse-tung’s thought cannot be shut out. He who is bent on challenging brightness can only sink from darkness into deeper darkness.

It is noteworthy that the phrase “eulogize our Party and leader by likening them to the sun” was suddenly changed into “eulogize our great, glorious and correct Party by likening it to the sun” in the second edition of *Ideals, Integrity and Spiritual Life* which came out in 1965. This dodge which was meant to cover up his vicious purpose actually helps to expose it more flagrantly and perfectly reveals his guilty conscience. He cut out the word “leader.” Does not this precisely indicate that, between 1959 and 1962, when he wrote this article and published this book, he directed his spearhead at our great leader? Otherwise, why should he hastily cut it out? He added the words “great, glorious and correct” before “Party.” Does not this precisely indicate that he did not consider the Chinese Communist Party great, glorious and correct when he wrote his article and published his book? Otherwise, why should he hastily add them? He had a guilty conscience, and feared his looks would betray him. That is why he was in such a pother. Nevertheless, the rephrasing mentioned above inadvertently revealed his crimes in opposing the Party, socialism and Chairman Mao in co-ordination with Peng Teh-huai and company—an iron-clad fact which he can never succeed in denying.

By late September 1959, the Lushan Meeting of the Party Central Committee had ended, the Peng Teh-huai anti-Party clique had been exposed and the unbridled attack launched by the revisionists had been smashed. Then in his article “A Hard-Won Victory,” this revisionist Tao Chu was compelled to go through the motions of expressing dissatisfaction with “a few persons” who “took a keen interest in the shortcomings in our work.” However, who were the few persons he referred to? Did they not include Tao Chu himself? In one of his articles, did he not order the press to “cover the shortcomings and errors in our work and to do this, notwithstanding the fact that they were but a single finger as compared with nine”? Wasn’t he the person who was keen on exposing what he called the “dark side” and “black spots” of socialism? This cannot be denied. It is precisely because he had a hand in the dirty business that he expressed profound sympathy in this article for those whom he referred to as a few persons. He said that “in mentioning these people we hope that they will change their stand and, first of all, join the ranks of the builders of socialism heart and soul.” This amounted to advising the bankrupt Right opportunists to pretend to “change their stand” so as to sneak their way into the revolutionary ranks and to continue their anti-socialist activities.

Burning hatred for the proletariat, deep affection and solicitude for the bourgeoisie—such are Tao Chu’s feelings. Here this malignant monster stands revealed, now stripped of his mask.

“Literary Talent” Which Is Rotten to the Core

How shameful it is for a man to preen himself on his “literary talent” on the strength of a pretentious literary style and incomprehensible language!

Though displaying no literary talent whatsoever, the book actively propagates the revisionist line in literature and art in its entirety. The author, Tao Chu, has faithfully applied the reactionary programme for literature and art laid down by the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road and is a jackal from the same lair as Lu

Ting-yi and Chou Yang. In the spring of 1960, at the "National Conference of Newsreel and Documentary Scenarists" which was convened by the counter-revolutionary revisionists Hsia Yen and Chen Huang-mei of the old Ministry of Culture, they distributed the big poisonous weed *Thinking, Feeling and Literary Talent* as a conference document for all participants to study. This shows to what extent they worked in collusion. To counter Chairman Mao's line on literature and art, Tao Chu had netted into his black ragbag almost every kind of reactionary idea then prevalent in literary and art circles, i.e., the theory of "human nature," of "truthful writing," of "freedom of creation," of "the middle character," the theory that "there is no harm in ghost plays," etc. Let us give one or two examples and briefly refute them.

"Communist Party members are warm-hearted... they must feel for everybody except counter-revolutionaries." In class society there are only class feelings; there are no feelings above class. "Feelings" here means "love." "To feel for everybody" is identical with the "love for everybody" propagated by modern revisionism. It means to "love" the exploiting classes, "love" renegades, "love" their flunkies and "love" those in authority taking the capitalist road. This is the most shameless genuflection and homage to reactionaries.

"We must fully develop the writers' freedom of creation. The writer's pen is his own and the writer's ideas are his own. We must allow the writers independence of creation." This is a naked counter-revolutionary slogan straight out of the Petofi Club. There is only freedom in the concrete, no freedom in the abstract. In class society there is only class freedom; there is no freedom above class. All works of literature and art serve the politics of definite classes. There is no such thing as "free" literature and art detached from class politics nor can there be any. Whatever their particular form of expression, the ideas of any person, including those of any writer, are not isolated "ideas of his own." They are a manifestation of the ideas, interests and aspirations of definite classes and the reflection of class relations in a given society. Do the 700 million Chinese people have 700 million kinds of "ideas of their own"?

Certainly not. Fundamentally they fall into only two kinds—one is the world outlook of the proletariat, or Mao Tse-tung's thought; the other is the world outlook of the bourgeoisie, or bourgeois individualism of every kind. To advocate "freedom of creation" or "independence of creation" which depart from Mao Tse-tung's thought is to instigate demons and freaks "freely" to attack socialism and propagate capitalism, and to deprive the proletarian revolutionaries of all freedom of counter-attack, thus serving the criminal intrigue of restoring capitalism. The term "freedom of creation" is nothing but a fig-leaf for the diehard servants of the bourgeoisie.

"Life is many-sided. It does not conform to one pattern. So don't confine it within a fixed framework." This is nothing but the "theory of opposition to subject matter as the decisive factor." Using the pretext of opposing "a fixed framework," its purpose is actually to oppose revolutionary writers doing their best to reflect the class struggle in the socialist era, sing the praise of the workers, peasants and soldiers and portray proletarian heroes. "Life is many-sided." Actually, it has two main sides. One is the revolutionary struggle of the proletarian revolutionaries and the broad working masses who, guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, push history forward. The other is the rotten reactionary life of the bourgeois reactionaries, who resist the progress of history. We must take the militant life of the proletarian revolutionaries who are really conscious of their historical task as the principal aspect, as our orientation and as the central theme for praise and portrayal, and through the portrayal of typical heroes, reflect our unprecedentedly heroic age and the tremendous power and triumph of Mao Tse-tung's thought. As for the reactionary rotten life of the bourgeoisie, it can serve only as the target for criticism, assault and exposure and must never serve as the main side of creative works. We should distinguish between the main current and the minor currents of life. We should centre our efforts mainly on writing about the bright, on praising our great victories in socialist revolution and socialist construction, that is, praising the triumph of Mao Tse-tung's thought, on presenting the world-shaking heroism and wisdom of proletarian revolutionary fighters in the struggle, on portraying the heroic

workers, peasants and soldiers of our era. Society advances through class struggle. The revolutionary forces of the proletariat invariably blaze their way forward in fierce struggle with the counter-revolutionary forces of the bourgeoisie. Only by making typical historical generalizations about class contradictions and class struggles can the bright, the victorious and the heroic be portrayed in all their depth and splendour, and not superficially and trivially.

See Through the Khrushchov-Type Careerists

From the several aspects mentioned above, people can easily see that Tao Chu is nothing but a big Rightist who managed to slip out of the net, a revisionist, a loyal executant and propagandist of the reactionary bourgeois line represented by China's Khrushchov, a counter-revolutionary double-dealer who sneaked into the Party.

Tao Chu is a careerist of the Khrushchov type. He sticks stubbornly to the capitalist political orientation. He bitterly hates socialism and hankers after capitalism day and night. His "ideals" in politics, culture and life are nothing but a capitalist restoration in China. His head is stuffed with the reactionary world outlook of the exploiting classes, such as the philosophy of traitors and the idea of "the scholar dies for his bosom friend." However, in his efforts not to be exposed under the dictatorship of the proletariat, he cannot but disguise himself in a revolutionary cloak. This fellow is extremely crooked. He is a double-dealer who talks big, now eloquent and seemingly straightforward and now insinuating; such is his familiar performance. But on the fundamental question of which road to take, the socialist or the capitalist road, he can be promptly stripped of his disguise and his true features can be laid bare when he is brought before the magic mirror of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Aren't these two books iron-clad proof of his taking the capitalist road?

All careerists of the Khrushchov type are conspiratorial usurpers of Party leadership. In order to oppose the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao, oppose Mao Tse-tung's thought and

oppose the proletarian revolutionaries, they resort to all kinds of tricks and intrigues to expand the power held by a handful of revisionists and they shamelessly boost themselves. Tao Chu came out with these two books not only to prepare public opinion for a capitalist restoration, but also as a means of expanding the power held by a handful of revisionists like himself. When Tao Chu came from his regional post to the central organ of leadership, he extended his reach so far and wide and within a few months exposed his maniac desire to seize power from the proletariat so strikingly, stopping at nothing in recruiting deserters and turncoats, buying over bad elements who had already been exposed by the revolutionary people, opposing the Central Committee of the Party headed by Chairman Mao and attacking the revolutionaries, that none of his double-dealing tricks could cover up his counter-revolutionary ambition any longer. Can we not draw an important lesson from this negative example and learn how to see through persons of the Khrushchov type?

Tao Chu is a despicable pragmatist. He has the speculator's glib talk. In order to peddle revisionism and to oppose and attack what he called dogmatism—actually Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought—he appeared as an ultra-Rightist one minute and on the extreme "Left" the next. In this way, he corrupted, confused and hoodwinked those who waver in the middle of the road, so as to protect himself from being exposed. There are now a handful of counter-revolutionaries who are adopting the same method. Using slogans that sound extremely "Left" but in essence are extremely Right, they have stirred up evil gusts of "doubting everyone," while bombarding the proletarian headquarters, creating dissension and exploiting confusion. To achieve their sinister ulterior aim, they have vainly attempted to shake and split the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao. The organizers and manipulators of the so-called "May 16" group are just such a scheming counter-revolutionary gang. It must be thoroughly exposed.

The deepening of the class struggle and the victories of the proletarian revolutionaries compel the enemies constantly to change

their tactics of struggle. When one counter-revolutionary scheme of theirs is seen through, they resort to another and they use these devices alternately. But these degenerates can never escape detection by Mao Tse-tung's thought which discovers the minutest detail in everything. In the present victorious situation, we must give full attention to the general orientation of the struggle, to safeguarding the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao, to carrying through the unified plan for battle decided upon by Chairman Mao and the Central Committee of the Party, to mastering policies and tactics, to uniting the great majority and to preventing such characters as 'Tao Chu from creating confusion in our ranks, from either the Right, or the "Left," or both sides simultaneously. When the forces of the Left make mistakes, the forces of the Right exploit them. This has always been so. In the current movement of mass criticism and repudiation, we should arrive at a still deeper understanding of this fact by summing up the historical experience of class struggle.

The great proletarian cultural revolution is surging forward like a mighty torrent. The brilliant rays of Mao Tse-tung's thought are lighting up all China and the entire world. China's proletarian revolutionaries and revolutionary people are courageous. We are determined to carry this great revolution through to the end. The counter-offensives, attacks, rumours and sowing of discord by the handful of capitalist roaders in authority, and all the different kinds of slander, distortion, vilification and clamour coming from the imperialists, the reactionaries of all countries and the modern revisionists, definitely cannot prevent our advance but will only prove these same persons to be thoroughly stupid and at the end of their tether. Comrades, let us raise our hands and hail this great storm which is cleansing the vast land of China! Mao Tse-tung's thought is invincible. The people's strength is inexhaustible. What is new-born and revolutionary is irresistible. People will see that, after traversing the magnificent and tortuous path of the great cultural revolution, a great socialist China under the dictatorship of the proletariat, unprecedentedly strong, consolidated and unified, will tower in the East like a giant and deal still heavier blows at the cannibals of the 20th century.

(Slightly abridged)

Reportage

A Communist Fighter — Tsai Yung-hsiang

With boundless admiration, Red Guards from all parts of China are going by the thousands these days to the big Chientang River bridge to learn from the heroic deed of Tsai Yung-hsiang, a communist fighter wholly devoted to the public good and loyal defender of the great proletarian cultural revolution, and to pay their respects to his memory.

Tsai was an Ouyang Hai type hero in the great era of Mao Tse-tung. He gave his life to save Red Guards and protect the bridge. He has added an illustrious page to the heroic annals of our country's proletarian revolution.

He was only eighteen, but his short life was a glorious one. Armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, he gave himself heart and soul to the service of the people. His courageous exploit was a fulfilment of the wish he had expressed many times: I want to devote every ounce of energy, my whole life, to communism and the liberation of all mankind.

On February 8, 1966, the soldiers of Third Company, which was guarding the Chientang River bridge, gave a hearty welcome to a new addition to their ranks. A lively young fellow of medium height, he was smiling broadly as he entered the barracks. He seemed in no hurry to lay out his bedding. He didn't even bother to take a drink of water. Instead, he concentrated his attention on the quotations from Chairman Mao pasted on the wall and at the head of his bed. He read them one by one, his face alive with excitement. This was Tsai Yung-hsiang, a boy people noticed.

Tsai joined the People's Liberation Army, that great school of Mao Tse-tung's thought, at a time when the army was warmly responding to Comrade Lin Piao's call to stress and carry out the five-point principle of putting politics in command. Soldiers and cadres kept Chairman Mao's works constantly in hand, his words were constantly on their lips, their actions were constantly in accordance with his teachings. This political atmosphere of studying Chairman Mao's works and applying them in a creative way strongly influenced young Tsai. He determined to emulate the older comrades and study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions, and be a good soldier of Chairman Mao.

Not long afterwards, a socialist education campaign was launched in the company. Tsai related his family history and denounced the evil old society. He was stirred for several days. Before and after meals he examined the exhibition of pictures pinned up in the mess hall.

"Why are you always looking at them?" a comrade asked.

"It's not that I like them," he replied. "They show class bitterness and debts of blood and tears. The more I see of them the more I think, and the more I love Chairman Mao and his writings.... If it weren't for Chairman Mao I wouldn't be alive today. Chairman Mao is the red sun in my heart."

One day came long-awaited good news. The company would be issuing *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung!* Tsai happened to be in bed with a bad cold, but when he heard this he rolled right out. His squad leader said to him:

"You're not feeling well. The other boys will pick up your copy for you."

Tsai had already put his clothes on and was halfway to the door. "This is a big event," he shouted. "I must go myself."

When he returned with his shiny red book of *Quotations*, Tsai was beside himself with joy. It became his treasure. He carried it with him always.

Study was difficult for Tsai. He'd had only two years of schooling. But he said: "I can go all day without food, but I can't miss a single day of study of the works of Chairman Mao."

He studied hard and diligently applied what he learned, displaying an astonishing perseverance. Tsai wrote characters of the same sound or drew signs beside those he couldn't pronounce; he asked his squad mates to explain those he didn't understand. Tsai studied on his rest days and when he came off guard. He often said to his comrades:

"When I hear Chairman Mao's words, my mind is clear. When I read Chairman Mao's works, I'm full of energy. I've made up my mind to study the writings of Chairman Mao and wage revolution under his leadership all my life."

The main reason for Tsai's ardent love for the works of Chairman Mao was his profound class feeling for the great leader. Tsai was born of a poor peasant family in Feitung County, Anhwei Province. His father had herded cattle for a landlord from childhood and had been a hired hand. His mother had begged for a living, worked as a servant in a landlord's house, and put in over ten years working for a capitalist. She had been severely oppressed and exploited.

Then the Communist Party and Chairman Mao rescued them from their misery. Day by day their lot grew better. Tsai's mother often told him of their hardships in the old society.

"Remember the bitterness of the past as well as the sweetness of the present," she said. "Always listen to Chairman Mao. Go with him for ever."

When Tsai was a primary school pupil, he loved reading the lesson entitled *The East Is Red* and loved singing the song of the same name because the words made him think of Chairman Mao. He tried very hard and obtained a Chairman Mao badge to wear on his chest. Tsai

also pasted a picture of Chairman Mao inside his notebook and said happily: "Now I can see Chairman Mao every day."

He often thought of Chairman Mao during the days and nights he was guarding the Chientang River bridge. In the mornings when the red sun, rising in the east, spread its golden rays, Tsai cheerily sang *The East Is Red*. At night, when stars glittered in the sky, he thought of Chairman Mao and composed this song:

Stars in the sky, crystal bright,
All look to the pole-star.
But the pole-star, bright as it is,
Can't compare with Chairman Mao.
In my heart Chairman Mao
Is the only star.

Stars in the sky, crystal bright,
Here at the bridge I think of Peking.
Peking and the Tien An Men Gate,
Chairman Mao is our great saviour.

Nourished by Chairman Mao's thought, Tsai matured quickly.

When he had put on his new uniform with its red-tabbed collar and set the red-starred cap on his head for the first time he'd had many naive ideas: If only he could be assigned as the guard of a veteran leader and learn from him revolutionary traditions, how fine that would be! Or perhaps he could drive a tank, or a truck.

And so, he was not very pleased when he was assigned to guard the bridge. At his first squad meeting, they studied *Serve the People*. The squad leader read aloud Chairman Mao's teachings: **"These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."**

Next, they discussed the heroic exploits of Chang Szu-teh. Tsai listened and thought. Then he made his first speech. "Chang Szu-teh was certainly wonderful," Tsai said excitedly. "I want to serve the people like he did."

He expressed himself this way to his platoon leader afterwards: "A man ought to be like Chang Szu-teh. He wanted nothing more than to do what Chairman Mao teaches us. When they made him a squad leader, he did his best to lead the squad well. When they

told him to burn charcoal, he sweated away at it with all his heart. The leadership wants me to guard the bridge, so I'm going to guard it just the way he would have done."

Whatever job Chang Szu-teh did, he threw himself into it. Tsai took him as his model. He had to guard the bridge, so he cherished the bridge. It belonged to the people. The older men of the company had long guarded it in sunshine and in rain, so that it could serve its function in China's socialist construction. As Tsai was taking over the gun of one of the veteran soldiers to replace him on guard, he said:

"I won't let any rascals throw even so much as a stone on our bridge."

One night after guard duty Tsai took off his clothes and got ready for bed. A noise was heard at the base of one of the bridge pillars and the squad leader took some men to investigate. Tsai jumped up and grabbed his gun. Without even pausing to put on his coat, he dashed after and outstripped his comrades, plunging boldly through the long reeds to the base of the pillar. Tsai valued that bridge more than his life. He wrote in his diary:

"I shall devote my youth to the big bridge, and to the people."

Like his model, Chang Szu-teh, Tsai was whole-heartedly for the common welfare, for the people. His concern for his comrades and the collective exceeded his concern for himself. He often said: "When I can do a bit for the revolution, I feel comfortable. When I can do a bit for the people, I feel happy."

On Sunday or other rest days he swept out the guard shelters and cleaned the toilets. In the heat of summer, when the men of the PLA company helped with the work in the fields, he cheerfully endured thirst and the broiling sun, giving his straw hat, drinking water and fan to his comrades. Although he always walked rather than spend money on bus fares, he gladly used his savings to buy works of Chairman Mao for his comrades. His mates said:

"In Comrade Tsai's mind there is only the revolution and other people. He never thinks of himself."

Tsai served the people with the utmost enthusiasm, doing good deeds wherever he went. On the bridge road when he wasn't helping

someone carrying a load on a shoulder pole, he was helping someone else push a load in a wheelbarrow. Once, he got a nail in his foot and had to go to the hospital. On the way back, while waiting for the bus, he met an old woman who had forgotten her money and couldn't buy a ticket. Tsai bought her one with his last twenty cents and limped home to the company on his injured foot for a distance of over a dozen *li*.

Late one night the squad leader found him reading Chairman Mao's works under a street lamp. Tsai had just come off guard and the squad leader urged him to get some rest. Tsai took him by the hand and pointed to a portion of the text.

"Look at this," he said. "How well Chairman Mao puts it: **'It is not hard for one to do a bit of good. What is hard is to do good all one's life...'**"

"That certainly is true," the squad leader replied. "To do good all your life is really hard."

"It may be hard," said Tsai, "but if you truly follow Chairman Mao's teachings, you can do it."

In revolutionizing his thinking, Tsai made high demands on himself. He wasn't satisfied with doing good deeds; he examined his accomplishments for shortcomings. His touchstone was the "three constantly-read articles."* He went all out to exterminate any selfishness and replace it with public spirit. Tsai wouldn't let the two sit on the same bench. He said:

"Studying Chairman Mao's works must touch your soul. There mustn't be a trace of selfishness in the mind of a revolutionary fighter."

Tsai never forgot Chairman Mao's injunction to thoroughly and completely serve the people. He took as his models Chang Szu-teh, Dr. Norman Bethune and Lei Feng, comparing his every word and deed with theirs. One day at noon he was very tired, having just finished several consecutive sessions of night training, and he lay

*Chairman Mao's three articles: *Serve the People, In Memory of Norman Bethune* and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*.

down for a rest. He heard the two pigs in the pen squealing for their feed. This was someone else's job, so Tsai remained where he was. But the pigs continued their complaints and he could lie still no longer. If something had to be done and you paid no attention, was this the "boundless sense of responsibility" Chairman Mao referred to in his article in praise of Dr. Bethune? Could you say you were thoroughly and completely working in the interests of the people? Tsai got up and went out to feed the pigs.

That was a good deed, but when Tsai spoke to the leader of Squad Six about it, he criticized himself.

"You ought to be commended. Why criticize yourself?"

"Because I should. I have to dig into the roots of my thinking. I was being lazy before I finally got up and fed those pigs. Dr. Bethune was well on in years, but he came thousands of *li* to help us fight the Japanese invaders. A young fellow like me wouldn't even walk a few steps to the pig pen. I'm ashamed to think of it. You're an experienced comrade. I hope you'll help me more."

With the aid of the "three constantly-read articles" Tsai made a conscious effort to change himself. He said: "Chairman Mao tells us it's hard for any person to avoid mistakes. Of course, I have my share of them too." And so he frequently sought the criticisms of his comrades. He felt that every time he discovered and corrected a mistake or shortcoming he was exercising his responsibility to the Party, the people and the revolution. Tsai considered his comrades' criticisms the highest manifestation of their class love for him.

One Sunday Tsai asked leave to go and buy some soap. On his way back he saw some workers moving coal. He rolled up his sleeves and the legs of his trousers, took off his shoes and pitched in. He warmed up as he worked and forgot completely about getting back to the company. When he finally returned, his squad leader criticized him for overstaying his leave. Tsai didn't say anything, but he knew he had done a good thing, and he felt rather upset. During the rest period after lunch he turned to a quotation from "Serve the People" in his *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* which reads:

“If we have shortcomings, we are not afraid to have them pointed out and criticized, because we serve the people.”

The knot in his thinking unravelled, Tsai sincerely accepted the squad leader's criticism. No matter how many good deeds he did, he shouldn't have come back late.

Later, the squad leader found out the reason for Tsai's delay, and he praised him at a squad meeting and criticized himself.

“You didn't criticize me for doing a good deed,” Tsai said. “You criticized me for overstaying my leave. You were right.”

A little thing, only a few words, but they were the glowing sparks of a communist ideology.

That was how Tsai used the “three constantly-read articles” as weapons to defeat the selfishness in his soul and build public spirit.

These “three constantly-read articles” continually broadened the minds of the young fighter.

“Standing here on the bridge, I'm concerned about the whole world.” Thus Tsai wrote in his diary this May after studying about the internationalism of Dr. Bethune. He re-read the article by Chairman Mao *In Memory of Norman Bethune* several times, then added the bold words: “I shall support world revolution and devote to it all my energies and my precious youth.”

At the class education exhibition held in the city of Hangchow, Tsai saw how the imperialists and reactionaries cruelly murdered the people. He said at a subsequent forum: “Most of the people of the world still haven't been liberated. They are suffering much, and are being treated worse than beasts of burden. I'm determined to be a thoroughgoing revolutionary, both in China and internationally.”

Thanks to the “three constantly-read articles” Tsai's community-mindedness became very broad. How broad was that? According to Tsai's comrade Hsia Ying-min: “Broad enough to embrace the world!”

Once when Tsai and Hsia were walking towards the bridge, Tsai said: “This bridge links Peking and Vietnam. Chairman Mao tells us to guard it, because in that way we're defending our country's proletarian regime and supporting world revolution.” He was always

thinking big—in terms of class, Party, the whole country, the whole world.

Each time the U.S. imperialists “escalated” their aggressive war in Vietnam, Tsai readied himself to go at once to the Vietnamese battlefield. He studied Chairman Mao's works with increased diligence, raising his class consciousness. He practised harder, perfecting his bayonet work and skill in annihilating the enemy. Several times he requested leave to volunteer for service against the Yanks in Vietnam. He said: “If I'm allowed to go, I'll hit the enemy hard. If I'm not, I'll guard the bridge a hundred times more carefully than before.”

Tsai matched his words with his deeds. He constantly studied Chairman Mao's writings on class struggle, and was very much aware of the “enemy.” He inspected every railway sleeper on the bridge, every girder, every bolt. When he stood guard at night and couldn't see too well, he squatted in the waist-deep fox-hole, his chin level with the ground, and carefully watched the river.

One night, the wind howled over the river and rain fell in a deluge. Tsai, patrolling the river bank, was soaked to the skin. Not far off was a gun tower, but Tsai stayed out in the open in order to have a better view of the surroundings. A comrade who came around checking the guard, out of concern for a class brother, urged him to take shelter temporarily in the gun tower. Tsai refused.

“What if I get a little wet?” he said. “My clothes will dry out. But if the bridge should be damaged, that would be a tremendous loss to the people.”

Determined to fulfil the glorious task of defending the bridge, whatever the circumstances, and to serve the Chinese people and the people of the world, Tsai made a special point of learning from the revolutionary heroes. He said:

“I want to be as tough as Ouyang Hai, as fearless of death as Wang Chieh, and as self-sacrificing as Liu Ying-chun.”

To the Party and the people, he made this bold vow: “I'll stand firm though the heavens fall. In the critical moment I'll charge forward.”

The entire world was his concern, he was all for the public good. What hardship could this courageous fighter not overcome, what enemy couldn't he conquer?

When the great proletarian cultural revolution began, Tsai, armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, stood in the foremost ranks of the class struggle. He gripped his rifle to protect the cultural revolution, he took up his pen to criticize bourgeois ideology, consciously and boldly defending Mao Tse-tung's thought.

When the newspapers revealed how certain persons, who were against the Party and against socialism, had viciously attacked Mao Tse-tung's thought, Tsai burned with rage. At a mass meeting he presented irrefutable facts to expose these shameless slanders. He said: Lei Feng, though only an ordinary soldier, did the most remarkable things. Why was that? Wang Chieh, in a moment of crisis, gave his life to save some militiamen. Why was that? Ouyang Hai bravely sacrificed himself to protect a train full of people. Why was that? Because each of these heroes was sustained by Mao Tse-tung's thought. I haven't been in the army very long, but by relying on Mao Tse-tung's thought I know why we are soldiers and how to serve the people. Mao Tse-tung's thought is our life-root. Whoever opposes Mao Tse-tung's thought we'll fight him to a finish.

Tsai studied and applied Chairman Mao's works creatively in the course of the class struggle; he used Mao Tse-tung's thought as a magic mirror and microscope for distinguishing the weeds from the flowers, as a means of sweeping away ghosts and monsters.

After seeing a film called *A Thousand Li Against the Wind*, he said to a companion: "A handful of anti-Party elements, although the food they eat and the clothes they wear all come from the people, are conspiring to oppose Mao Tse-tung's thought. We mustn't let them get away with it." He also wrote an article criticizing the film and posted it on the wall newspaper.

Tsai criticized any poisonous weed that violated Mao Tse-tung's thought. He criticized the films *Two Families* and *The Press-gang*,

as well as other bad films and operas. Everyone said Tsai was a fighting critic of the old society.

And while he was criticizing bourgeois ideology, Tsai also vigorously propagated Mao Tse-tung's thought. He frequently composed and performed theatrical shows singing of the great Chinese Communist Party, the great leader Chairman Mao, and the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. When the Communiqué of the Eleventh Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party was published, Tsai wrote a clapper song which ran:

When the clappers sound, with laughter gay
We greet, excited, the communiqué.
Chairman Mao calls us to revolution,
As one are the hearts of seven hundred million.
With Chairman Mao we'll go for ever and a day,
All demons, ghosts and monsters shall be swept away.

Tsai wrote and performed every item with the utmost earnestness. He said: "Each time I spread Chairman Mao's thought, I do it with all my heart."

He fully supported and ardently praised the Red Guards in their drive against the "four olds" and against ghosts and monsters. He wrote the following poem in his diary:

Red Guards in military garb, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought,
Everywhere revolutionary songs, no hiding-place for ghosts and monsters.
Determined Red Guards up proletarianism and down capitalism,
Thoroughly they smash the old world, and let the glory of communism
shine forth.

Every advance Tsai made shone with the glory of Mao Tse-tung's thought. When the people needed this young hero, he dared step forward, "though the skies collapse and the earth splits asunder."

It was 1:40 in the morning of October 10, 1966. A comrade shook the sleeping Tsai and said softly: "Time to go on guard." Tsai got up quickly and dressed. Then he strode out to his post at the southern end of the bridge.

With the advent of the great proletarian cultural revolution, more trains were crossing the bridge. They were filled with Red Guards,

hurrying to the nation's capital, Peking, to be received by Chairman Mao—our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman. There were also many trains returning from the capital, carrying south Red Guards who would transmit Chairman Mao's thought wherever they went. The bridge was an artery in the exchange of experiences in the cultural revolution and, as such, Tsai guarded it vigilantly.

At 2:34 a special train crammed with Red Guards thundered towards the bridge from Nanchang. In the beam of its headlight, Tsai saw a big log lying across the tracks forty metres away. Sabotage by class enemies! If that log wasn't removed instantly, the train would turn over, the bridge would be damaged, and there would be heavy casualties.

This was the critical moment. Tsai unhesitatingly raced towards the log.

His every step manifested the enormous power of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

His every step shimmered with the glory of whole-hearted communist devotion to the public good.

His every step testified to the unflinching courage of a revolutionary fighter.

A worthy soldier of Chairman Mao, Tsai dashed forward and removed the log. The Red Guards were saved. The bridge was preserved. But our dear comrade-in-arms, young Comrade Tsai, nobly gave his life.

As sunrise clouds turned crimson in the east, the lofty image of yet another soldier hero in the great era of Mao Tse-tung stood before China's hundreds of millions. The tumultuous waves of the Chientang River sang his praises, the proud tall pines on the mountains stood in silent veneration. Tsai had died, but millions of Tsais were growing to maturity.

Let us march for ever in the direction Chairman Mao has indicated, following in the footsteps of heroes.



The Source of Strength (coloured woodcut) ▶
by Chekiang Institute of Art

*Li Tien and
Wang Tsung-jen*

The Story of Nien Szu-wang

Our great proletarian cultural revolution — an unprecedented event — has brought forth many new heroes in our People's Liberation Army. They are good soldiers of Chairman Mao, models in studying and applying his thought creatively, vanguard fighters in the socialist revolution. Comrade Nien Szu-wang is one such soldier.

Although only a little more than a year in the army, he has matured rapidly, thanks to the great proletarian cultural revolution and the PLA — that great school of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Nien has limitless love, respect and veneration for Chairman Mao, and his devotion to him is infinite.

Here, now, is this young soldier's story.

A New Soldier

In March 1966, a group of new soldiers arrived at Tenth Company of a certain construction regiment in Shansi Province. Among

them was a chunky, round-faced lad from the province of Anhwei, named Nien Szu-wang. He was assigned to Squad Six.

The new soldiers had already spent two months in a training company. Now, they were taking up regular posts.

After the newcomers had rested for about an hour on reaching the company, Squad Six held a meeting to welcome its new soldier. The squad leader introduced him.

"This is Comrade Nien Szu-wang. His family used to be poor peasants. He's educated — finished the first two years of junior middle school."

Everyone applauded. They called on Nien to say a few words.

The boy blushed, and he said: "Let's read *Serve the People* together, first, shall we?"

They all took out their red-covered copies of *Selected Readings from the Works of Mao Tse-tung*. "Good," they cried. With the new soldier, they read in chorus the famous article.

When they had finished, Nien said: "Chairman Mao teaches us: **'We hail from all corners of the country and have joined together for a common revolutionary objective.'** I'm from Anhwei, some of you are from Honan, some from Shansi. We really are marching together towards a common revolutionary goal. From now on we'll study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions and be his good soldiers, all as one."

These few words went right to the soldiers' hearts. They liked the way this boy stressed politics, they liked his simplicity.

"Comrade Nien has put it well," said the squad leader. "We must do a good job of studying Chairman Mao's works. Since we're all here together, old comrades and new, we ought to elect a leader of our political study group."

"Let him be the leader," the others exclaimed, pointing at Nien.

Some of them didn't even know his name. But because the first thing Nien had done on arriving was to show that he could apply Chairman Mao's works creatively, they all had a very good impression of him. They couldn't go wrong in picking for their study group

leader a boy so enthusiastic about studying the writings of Chairman Mao.

"Good," said the squad leader. "That's how it will be."

And so the matter was decided.

Weren't the men of Squad Six being a bit rash in choosing a person they barely knew to head their study group?

No. They were showing very good foresight, as later events proved.

During his first month in Tenth Company, Nien carried stones. He rolled up his sleeves and grabbed a carrying pole the moment he got to the construction site, then swung into the stream of labouring soldiers with large strides. He walked so fast he seemed to smoke. Nien travelled the quickest and carried the most.

The company's political instructor ran a few steps to catch up with him. "You're all right," he complimented the boy with a smile. "No matter how I work I can't keep up with you. Aren't you tired?"

"Not a bit," Nien replied.

And at that furious pace he carried stones for a whole month.

Next, the men began transporting railway sleepers coated with pitch. Although they took protective measures, the chemicals affected their skin. Nien never frowned. He raced along as usual, toting three sleepers to everyone else's two.

With his heart of fire and shoulders of iron, he kept on in this manner for three days, working hard and swiftly, carrying more than any other man in the company. His face and neck also peeled worst of all. When he reported to the worksite on the fourth day, the skin on his face, neck and shoulders was taut and painful. He seemed drained of energy. Yet the sleepers to be moved were still mountain high.

"Pretty tough," he thought.

This rush job, this hard, heavy work, was indeed a trial to a young soldier only a few months in the army. "Steel yourself gradually. . . . Moving sleepers isn't the same as fighting on the battlefield. It doesn't matter if you slow down a little. . . ." That was the self-interest in his soul speaking. Nien seized these fleeting thoughts im-

mediately and analysed them. What did they reflect? He supplied his own answer:

"A fear of fatigue, of pain, of hardship. When you come right down to it, it's selfishness rearing its ugly head. I must conquer it, using the 'three constantly-read articles' as my weapons."

As Nien looked at the large pile of sleepers, he pictured Chang Szu-teh, deep in the wooded hills, burning charcoal, which the black sleepers closely resembled. He thought of the Foolish Old Man who **"went on digging every day, unshaken in his conviction."** That pile of sleepers was only a mound, compared with the mountains the Foolish Old Man had removed.

He was confronted with a difficulty. Was he going to let it scare him? No. To bow your head in the face of trouble was to submit to self-interest. Chairman Mao says: **"A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater."** A soldier of Chairman Mao should be staunch, courageous, and fearless of hardships.

"Whatever Chairman Mao teaches, that's how I'll behave." Singing a quotation from Chairman Mao, Nien flexed his arms, raised a timber to his shoulder, and set off at flying speed.

The assistant squad leader was concerned about Nien and wanted to switch him to an easier job. Nien said: "Carrying these sleepers is a battle, it's part of the defence of the cultural revolution. We mustn't slacken. I was about to slacken just then. But I thought a bit and decided that it would go against what Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Give full play to our style of fighting — courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting (that is fighting successive battles in a short time without rest).'**" Let me really toughen myself."

In the course of shifting the sleepers, Nien studied and applied the works of Chairman Mao creatively. He steeled himself and raised his political level. Nien wrote in his diary: "I feel I cannot depart from the works of Chairman Mao a single instant in everything I do."

All the comrades of Squad Six were very happy to have such a person as the leader of their study group of Chairman Mao's works.

Following Chairman Mao to Advance Through Wind and Wave

Intensity. Revolutionary fighters love operating in an intense manner. One task after another, one battle after another — that's the way to live. In July, the company sent four soldiers to the city of Taiyuan to learn to swim. Nien was one of them. The political instructor said to him:

"We want to train a few swimming instructors. You've been picked to go."

"Chairman Mao has called on us to take to the rivers, lakes and seas," the boy replied. "Of course, I'll respond."

"Good." The political instructor nodded. "Do you have any problems?"

"No," Nien said firmly. "I'd plunge into a sea of flames, if need be, to say nothing of getting into the water and swimming. I won't sink. I have Chairman Mao's invincible thought."

The political instructor smiled.

Why had he asked whether Nien had any problems? The boy was famous in the company for his solid chunkiness. In the past, whenever he got into the water, he promptly sank. The others laughingly nicknamed him "lead weight." He was being sent for training not because he showed any natural aptitude but because he took his jobs seriously, was patient in helping his mates, and because nothing daunted him.

When they arrived at the training class, the four boys discussed what to say in a letter of determination they were writing to the company Party branch. Nien said: "It should emphasize that we're going to study Chairman Mao's works diligently and be guided by his thought in learning how to swim." And he added emphatically: "It doesn't matter what else we say, but that point must be made."

"Nien's right," said Chou, one of the other boys. "We must stress studying and applying Chairman Mao's works creatively."

They began their lessons, and Nien had trouble right from the start. He really was a "lead weight." He would flounder a few strokes and his solid body would sink beneath the water. By the end of seven days he couldn't even execute the fundamentals. But he studied *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* every day, determined to stick it out and learn.

"Chairman Mao has swum the Yangtse several times. He's opened a course to victory for us through wind and wave," thought Nien. "I shall certainly win if I go on pushing forward with our dear Chairman Mao. Chairman Mao, I'll follow you for ever."

With the bright red sun in his heart, Nien couldn't be stopped by the worst obstacle. Fearless of hardship or fatigue, he threshed on stubbornly, struggling to get the hang of it. He practised till his limbs were weary and his bones and sinews ached. But when he thought of Chairman Mao and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, energy flooded back. He went on practising, his purpose clean.

"Come out and rest," Chou urged him.

"You're going to ruin yourself," other comrades cried.

"Chairman Mao's great call is that we temper ourselves in wind and wave. It isn't a question of whether I want to learn or not. I must learn."

Nien plunged back into the water, shouting: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" His powerful arms churned forward....

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

Chairman Mao guides and encourages his fighters.

In the final test at the end of the month Nien astonished everyone by swimming the farthest—5,200 metres, and remaining in the water six hours. The "lead weight" had become a first-rate swimmer. His mates complimented him:

"You're all right."

"We swim forward to victory along the course set by Chairman Mao," said Nien. "Without his guidance, we all would sink."

Sentinel of the Great Cultural Revolution

Nien had joined the army just when the gales of the great proletarian cultural revolution were beginning to blow.

He was most concerned with national affairs, and he watched the development of the great proletarian cultural revolution intently, his heart rising and falling with the ebb and flow of the class struggle. He wanted to spend every moment, using his every word and deed, to defend the proletarian revolutionary line of Chairman Mao.

"Never forget class bitterness of the past," he reminded himself, "and never forget the sweetness of our liberation today. Always hold the gun in your hands firmly. Follow Chairman Mao and wage revolution for ever."

Nien wrote these words in his diary. Many times in these days he recalled his bitter family history: Living by the Huai River they had been poor peasants for generations. His grandfather had died beneath a landlord's whip, his father had been so severely beaten by Kuomintang soldiers that his whole body was covered with scars. When Nien was three, his nine-year-old sister took him begging with her during the day; at night they slept in alleys....

Now, coming off guard one night, he sat at an empty table in the mess hall and wrote angrily of his deep class hatred: "The 'Three Family Village' black gang was plotting to seize our arms and seals of authority, they wanted to drive us back to begging, to make China a hell hole of cannibals and blood-suckers again. We're not going to let them do it. That's out!"

Nien's furious voice was heard at mass meetings denouncing the black gang, his words of rage appeared on the company wall newspaper.

His love for Chairman Mao was limitless, his devotion to Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line was unshakable. Nien was determined to be a sentinel guarding well the great proletarian cultural revolution and Chairman Mao.

Then the Red Guards were born on China's soil, thanks to Chairman Mao's fond concern and support. They love Chairman Mao above all and hate most the handful of capitalist roaders in the Party



and all fiends and monsters. They attack fearlessly, sweeping away the "four olds" and establishing the absolute authority of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Several times Nien said to his comrades:

"We must learn from the Red Guards' revolutionary spirit. They know so clearly what to love and what to hate. We must support all their revolutionary actions."

The cultural revolution entered the stage of a decisive battle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines. Chairman Mao's revolutionary line won an overwhelming victory and the class struggle intensified. Bearing in mind the important task of a revolutionary fighter to defend the cultural revolution, Nien maintained a high revolutionary vigilance, ready at all times to smash any sabotage plots of the class enemy.

Strict on Himself, Enthusiastic in Helping Others

Nien was assigned to Tenth Company in March 1966. In June he was named by his mates as an activist in the study of Chairman Mao's works. He had a deep love for Chairman Mao's writings. He studied them diligently and applied them creatively. He made strict ideological demands on himself, setting high standards for his self-revolutionization.

Nien was very warm-hearted towards his comrades. They admired particularly the way he applied the "three constantly-read articles" to his daily life, and dissected his every "fleeting thought."

The company was finishing a construction job one very cold winter's day. A gale was blowing and Nien, on a high scaffold, was wielding a trowel, laying bricks. His hands and feet were frozen, he was shivering in the icy wind. His foot slipped and he nearly fell. Clutching the scaffold, he steadied himself, then went on swiftly plying his trowel. Although the temperature continued downwards and the gale shook the scaffold, Nien boldly stuck to his risky perch. He recited aloud the quotation from Chairman Mao: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Energy filled his veins. The wind couldn't blow him off, the cold couldn't stop him. His vigour increased as he worked.

That night there was a film showing in the mess hall. In lantern-slides Nien's name and a commendation for his perseverance in the cold wind while working up high were flashed on the screen. The whole company applauded. Later, after everyone had gone to bed, Nien read again, in light coming from the next room, *Serve the People*. Being praised had made him uneasy, for he remembered that for an instant he had worried about falling that afternoon, and that he had steadied down only after reciting a quotation from Chairman Mao.

Now, reading *Serve the People*, he understood. That moment of fear was due to selfishness, the enemy of revolutionizing one's ideology. Of course safety precautions should be taken when a person worked up high. Chairman Mao says: **"We should do our best to avoid unnecessary sacrifices."** But accidents could always happen. Suppose there was an accident? At worst he'd be killed. Hadn't Chang Szu-teh met with an accident? Chairman Mao says: **"When we die for the people it is a worthy death."** If he hadn't had a selfish impulse, he wouldn't have been afraid. Even though it was a fleeting one, Nien felt he shouldn't underestimate it. Such impulses were the root of going against Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line.

The next day at a squad meeting his comrades complimented Nien. They said he not only had stuck to his job in the gale, but that he always took the lead in their work. Nien rose to his feet. He revealed his impulse of fear on the scaffold, and severely, sincerely and trenchantly criticized it. He requested that his leaders and his comrades should not give him any commendation.

This was how Nien used Mao Tse-tung's thought to excoriate his own self-interest, to seize those fleeting impulses and wrestle with them, in hundreds and thousands of battles, until he finally established the absolute supremacy of Mao Tse-tung's thought in his mind.

Nien made equally high demands on his comrades with regard to ideological remoulding and revolutionization. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other."** Nien did not

neglect this simply because he was a new soldier. In keeping with Chairman Mao's instructions he always carefully and patiently cared for, loved and helped his comrades with the utmost warmth, while adhering firmly to principle.

One Sunday afternoon, Sun, the assistant squad leader, returned to the compound where the squad was quartered and found the men of other squads sweeping the yard. But none of his squad was around. What had happened to them, he wondered. Entering the barracks, he saw all of his own squad inside. He immediately criticized them somewhat harshly without asking why they weren't cleaning up outside. They went out to help with the sweeping. Although none of them said anything, they were very irritated.

The reason was they had just come back from cleaning the toilets and were about to straighten up their barracks. But the assistant squad leader had criticized them without bothering to inquire into the facts. Nien felt that this was no small matter, for it was not in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings. In his three months with the squad he had observed that Sun, although a hard worker, was quite subjective. He often failed to investigate before he acted.

That evening, Nien sought him out for a chat. First, Nien read him one of Chairman Mao's quotations: **"To behave like 'a blindfolded man catching sparrows,' or 'a blind man groping for fish,' to be crude and careless, to indulge in verbiage, to rest content with a smattering of knowledge — such is the extremely bad style of work that still exists among many comrades in our Party, a style utterly opposed to the fundamental spirit of Marxism-Leninism."**

Then he told Sun what had happened that day and earnestly and seriously criticized him. "We must remember Chairman Mao's teachings in whatever we do," he said, "and investigate conditions conscientiously. A blind man can catch neither fish nor sparrows."

Sun himself had felt that in criticizing the men his manner had been too harsh, but he hadn't realized that the entire criticism had been unfounded. Now, on hearing Nien analyse his behaviour in the light of the teachings of the great leader Chairman Mao, he

knew he had spoken hastily, and that this was due not merely to a misunderstanding but to an ideological failing.

He gratefully thanked Nien for his help. "I was wrong," he said. "From now on, whatever Chairman Mao tells us to do, that's how I'll behave."

"A good soldier of Chairman Mao must act according to his instructions, with no shilly-shallying about it," Nien replied.

At a meeting of the squad that night, Sun criticized himself. He proposed that they all learn from Nien's example, and that there should be criticism and self-criticism in the squad as a regular thing. To this day, Sun often says: "Nien helped me a lot that time. I'll never forget it."

It's true. Using Mao Tse-tung's thought to help a comrade is the best possible help.

Forward, Defend Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line

1967 was nearly upon them. Nien and five others were temporarily transferred to headquarters to help with writing Chairman Mao quotations on billboards. Nien was delighted. He said to the others: "Spreading Mao Tse-tung's thought is the most honourable of all tasks. We must do it well and quickly."

At headquarters, they talked it over. Everyone agreed they had to finish the job before New Year's Day. Nien recited Chairman Mao's quotation: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" They all were in high spirits, and worked right through the night in the bitter cold, scaling rust from the sheet-iron billboards.

The next day Nien said to his mates: "It will soon be New Year, and spraying the paint is a hard job. We must use Mao Tse-tung's thought to conquer our difficulties."

"You're our study group leader in the squad," said the others. "Why not take charge of our study here?"

So Nien organized the study of *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* to strengthen everyone's resolve to finish the job.

They were working in the bitter cold with no way of warming themselves. The iron sheeting was so icy it practically bit into their hands. The paint and oil mixture in the spray made them choke. But Nien didn't even frown. He worked steadily for several hours, heedless of cold and fatigue. His only thought was to do the quotation billboards especially well and let his comrades see Chairman Mao's instructions as early as possible.

When they were writing on the boards, Nien reminded the others: "These are the words of our great leader Chairman Mao, studied by hundreds of millions of people every day. We mustn't omit a single word, or leave out a single punctuation mark." Then he and his comrades recited together: "**What really counts in the world is conscientiousness, and the Communist Party is most particular about being conscientious.**"

Nien checked several times every phrase he had written. His limitless love for and loyalty to Chairman Mao, his responsible attitude toward his job, stimulated the others greatly. They said: "Nien truly studies and applies Chairman Mao's works creatively. He acts according to Chairman Mao's instructions in every way."

They successfully finished the job before the end of the year. Because they had done so well, headquarters presented each of them with a Chairman Mao badge and a "quotation" badge. Happily, Nien and his mates returned to their company. Touching his Chairman Mao badge joyously, Nien said: "This is my soul."

At dusk on New Year's Eve Nien strode rapidly back from headquarters through the cold winter wind to his company. The streets of the city of Tatung were gay with red flags and lanterns. In 1966 the great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao personally, and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line had won great victories. Now, with militant songs, hundreds of millions of revolutionary people were welcoming the advent of the new year.

Nien was in high spirits; sunlight filled his heart. He had completed his first year in the army. Tomorrow he would be beginning his second. In the new year Mao Tse-tung's thought would shine even more brilliantly. Nurtured by Chairman Mao's thought, Nien

would do still more to serve the people and contribute to the cultural revolution. He could not help glancing, with much emotion, at the Chairman Mao badge pinned on his chest. It seemed to be sending a warm current through him.

He walked quickly, singing a quotation from Chairman Mao set to music. He and Comrade Fan would be taking part in the New Year entertainment at company that night, performing a number called "Memorize *Serve the People*." Nien, following the railway line, hastened his steps.

It was dark now. At a bend in the line, Nien stepped across it and proceeded towards Bridge Nine.

He heard the whistle of an approaching train and the thunder of its wheels. A passenger train, number 434, was heading for Tatung City from the Kouchuan Coal Mines. Filled with miners, Red Guards, revolutionary cadres and peasants, it flew along the rails, in an atmosphere of good news both in the cultural revolution and on the production front.

Nien's sharp eyes peered in the direction of the sound. The glare of the locomotive's headlight outlined a suspicious-looking figure on the track. Nien hurried forward. Even before he got there he saw it — a big rock on one of the rails. The class struggle had been intensifying, and on this New Year's Eve a class enemy was trying to wreck the train. With all his might Nien shouted: "Sabotage," and redoubled his speed.

The man became flurried and turned to flee. . . .

At first, the locomotive driver didn't see the two figures struggling by the tracks, and the train continued hurtling towards the bridge. If it struck the rock at that speed it would be derailed and a terrible accident would occur.

Closer and closer came the train. It was only thirty metres from the rock.

Nien had just one thought: the rock must be removed. A few days before he had written in his diary: "No matter what the difficulties, in the time of greatest danger I shall gladly give my youth to the Party and the people."

The moment had come for converting this vow into reality. **"When we die for the people it is a worthy death."** This great conception gave him enormous energy. He was inspired by the heroic images of Chang Szu-teh, Ouyang Hai and Tsai Yung-hsiang. Hot blood coursed through his veins, he swelled with strength. Forward, though his body be crushed and his bones be powdered. To a soldier of Chairman Mao, the thought of Mao Tse-tung was soul and heart. Through seas of fire, over mountains of knives, Nien dared to charge.

With a shout, he hit the saboteur with all the force of his class hatred, and knocked him sprawling. The smoke, steam and blinding light of the locomotive rushed towards him. Nien coolly seized the heavy rock with both hands. He raised it clear of the tracks.



When the train was about thirty metres away, the locomotive driver saw Nien, and pulled the emergency brake. But the driving force of those tons of iron could not be stopped immediately. Nien was knocked down....

The rock had been removed, the lives of the passengers were saved, the train was intact. But Nien, Chairman Mao's good fighter, lay unconscious beside the rails near the fifth car, the rock still in his left hand, his head bleeding profusely. His eyes were half closed. He looked his old simple self.

Everyone crowded around him anxiously. The greatly moved locomotive driver related what had just happened. A Red Guard shouted:

"Revolutionary comrades, this PLA man saved the train."

A veteran miner, tears in his eyes, said in an excited voice: "Another Tsai Yung-hsiang. A living Tsai Yung-hsiang. A good fighter of Chairman Mao."

"This is a victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought."

The heroic era of Mao Tse-tung had produced another heroic soldier. With incomparable firmness Nien had stood on the side of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, giving his fresh blood to save the people's lives and property and protect the great proletarian cultural revolution. Another paean to the great thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Nien was badly hurt. Of course he couldn't take part in the New Year entertainment and perform his "Memorize *Serve the People*." But his heroic deed sang of *Serve the People* much more stirringly than he could have recited it on any stage.

"Long Live Chairman Mao!"

The fourth day after he was admitted to the hospital Nien finally came to.

He had suffered a fractured skull and a loss of cerebro-spinal fluid. He lay on his bed in a coma. He had a petechial haemorrhage in his head, his heart beat feebly, his life was at danger.

How those four days had dragged. Doctors and nurses tended him day and night, their anxious faces dripping perspiration. Worried miners, Red Guards and revolutionary masses paced the corridors outside his room, their footfalls coming and going, coming and going. A whole series of callers arrived from Nien's company. Many people ate and slept badly. They counted the passing hours on their fingers and said: "Comrade Nien, dear fighter, when will you revive?"

Now at last Nien had regained consciousness.

"He's revived. Comrade Nien has revived."

What everyone had wished had come true. Anxiety turned to joy. A nurse stood close beside him and pointed at the soldiers who had come to see him. "Look who's here." Nien opened his eyes for a moment but did not reply. Again the nurse spoke to him, but he did not answer. His face was expressionless.

The customary quiet returned to the sick-room. Silently the nurse gazed at the others, then her eye fell upon the picture of Chairman Mao hanging on the wall. Ah, dear Chairman Mao was watching Nien. Joyously, the nurse cried:

"Look. Chairman Mao is here."

The tremendous power of these words caused Nien to open his eyes. He looked around. He remembered nothing. But he peered in the direction in which the nurse was pointing. He saw the picture and his eyes went wide. Softly, with laboured breath, but filled with emotion, he exclaimed:

"Chairman Mao!"

Chairman Mao. The first person Nien recognized after four days of unconsciousness was Chairman Mao. This stirring news quickly swept through the hospital, the army camp, the whole city of Tatung. From every direction people flocked to see Nien. The quiet hospital, seethed with noise and excitement.

Visitors filled the room. But Nien fell into a coma again, like someone falling asleep after he has just completed a long march.

During the next few days, he stirred and wakened several times. But he had no sense of hunger or thirst, hot or cold. When the nurse put a piece of tangerine to his lips, he neither chewed nor



swallowed. His cerebro-spinal fluid continued to drain. He was not yet fully conscious and his life was still in danger. From morning till night he remained in a dazed sleep.

Now he again awakened. The nurse was very happy. "Come on," she said, "let's sing a song." And she began the first line of *The East Is Red*.

Nien opened his eyes wide at the sound of this familiar tune. His lips moved, and he sang:

*The east is red, the sun rises,
China has brought forth a Mao Tse-tung...*

He sang haltingly, his voice not very strong, but he sang. And in every note his limitless class love for Chairman Mao was clearly obvious. The singing tired him. Fine perspiration broke out on his nose and he once more fell asleep.

Nien had a number of other lapses into dazed slumber. But soon these entries began to appear on his medical record:

"In good spirits today. He is able to eat."

"Today he sang *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*."

He could speak, he could sing. But could he write?

One morning the doctor brought him a pencil and a sheet of paper and said softly: "Let's see you write. Write your name."

Still not wholly clear in mind, Nien took the pencil and thought. Then, in a shaky hand, he began to write. The pencil moved slowly. All eyes were on the paper as Nien wrote one character, another. . . . Although the sound of the lead point was barely audible, it went straight to everybody's heart.

For, see, from Nien's pencil there spread a rainbow. Shining like gold the following bold characters appeared on the paper:

CHAIRMAN MAO

The golden sun of Peking rose before them. How glorious, how bright. In those powerful characters Nien's visitors seemed to see the young soldier's palpitating red heart, to hear his full-throated voice. What an excellent fighter.

A steady stream of visitors from the company had been calling in recent days. Every improvement in Nien's condition was gladly reported to his comrades. That day the company commander had watched him eat a dumpling and he dashed back to camp and reported the good news. The men seized his hand and insisted on him describing the event again and again.

Although Nien's power of memory was recovering, he was still in a semi-dazed state. He didn't recognize his company commander and political instructor when they came, or his squad leader and platoon leader. When photos of his relatives and comrades were placed before him, he only slowly shook his head. The company commander, leaning towards him, said quietly:

"Try to think, now. Who do you have at home?"

Nien looked at the company commander. He thought a moment, then said clearly:

“Chairman Mao.”

The commander pressed a hand against his agitated heart, and asked:

“Where is your home?”

“Peking.”

How loyal were those short phrases, how weighty was every word. As they listened, the doctors, nurses and army men were deeply stirred. Tears came to their eyes.

Comrade Nien, dear fighter, good soldier of Chairman Mao. His skull was fractured, his memory impaired, he couldn't even recall his own name. But he could never forget the red, red sun in his heart—his respected and beloved leader, Chairman Mao. The glorious image of Chairman Mao was etched deeply in his brain, carved deeply in his heart. No force could erase it. He could never forget. Not even his parents were as dear to him as Chairman Mao. In his heart was a never-setting red sun.

Twelve days later, Nien was about to be sent to Peking for treatment. His comrades came to say goodbye. The political instructor gave him a few parting words of advice.

“When you get to Peking just relax and take the treatments,” he said. “Be resolute — ”

Nien finished the phrase: “— **fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**”

The political instructor had been intending to urge him to be resolute and conquer his ailment. He hadn't expected Nien to recite the whole quotation from memory. He could have the completest confidence in such a good soldier. Nien needed no advice. He certainly wouldn't disappoint them.

A boy from Nien's home town, who had joined the army at the same time as he, stood beside his bed. The boy had come countless times before, but Nien hadn't recognized him. Now, looking at him, Nien called his name.

“He knows me,” the boy shouted. He remembered how often Nien had expressed a longing to see Chairman Mao. Today, he was going to Peking, where Chairman Mao lives. How happy he must be. The boy took Nien's hand and said into his ear:

“When you see Chairman Mao in Peking, what will you say?”

“I'll cry long live Chairman Mao!”

“Long live Chairman Mao!”

“Long live Chairman Mao!”

These, the most powerful notes of ten thousand songs, surged together in a torrent of emotion, a mighty force.

“Long live Chairman Mao!”

“Long live Chairman Mao!”

Lofty crags on Yenshan Mountain threw back the sound, the long winding Kan River sang the song. It was heard outside and inside the Great Wall, it was heard on both sides of the Yangtze, it was heard by revolutionary people all over the world.

“Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long life to him!”

Go On Fighting, For Ever Fighting

Chairman Mao teaches us: “**You should pay attention to state affairs and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end!**”

Spring of 1967 was a fighting spring. All over the land the people raised red flags, beat battle drums and wielded their weightiest weapons to attack the handful of top Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road. The comrades in the hospital, carrying on the cultural revolution and their regular work at the same time, used every possible method to hasten Nien's recovery, with excellent results. Nien pitted his will and determination against the pain of his physical wounds. His mental powers had already been restored.

Along with the other comrades in the hospital, Nien participated in the struggle against the top capitalist roader in the Party, displaying the most ardent militancy. From morning till night he listened to the radio news through a headset. He heard about the storm of the January Revolution in Shanghai, about the new dawn in the northeast, about the spring thunder in the southwest, about the great victory in Shansi Province where the proletarian revolutionaries have achieved a “three-in-one” combination and seized power. How excited Nien was! He eagerly plunged himself into the fray.

Whenever the comrades in the hospital hold a meeting criticizing that book on "self-cultivation," Nien took part. He wrote in his diary: "Even though I am in a hospital, I must pay attention to state affairs, I must fight. I shall battle against the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road until he has been overthrown and smashed, until his name smells to high heaven."

With the utmost love for our great leader Chairman Mao and the most thorough hate for the class enemy, Nien sat in the dining room one night writing a critical article which he called *The Top Party Person in Authority Taking the Capitalist Road Must Be Overthrown*. He finished it in one sitting. At dawn he handed the article to the man in charge of wall newspapers, saying:

"The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road has opposed the reddest sun in our hearts — Chairman Mao. We won't stand for it. Chairman Mao teaches us: **'There are, for example, people of the Khrushchov brand still nestling in our midst. Party committees at all levels must pay full attention to this matter.'** This person is a Khrushchov in our midst. I, and all of us, must pull him down from his horse and make him stand for ever to one side."

Chairman Mao's good soldier Comrade Nien went on with the fight. He was soon restored to health and strode from the hospital to take his battle post.

His Happiest Moment

As the paean of the decisive victory of the great proletarian cultural revolution sounded throughout the land, at the massive holiday celebration of the eighteenth anniversary of the founding of our great People's Republic, Nien finally realized his dream of years. On the first of October he stood, with limitless joy, on the Tien An Men rostrum beside our great leader, Chairman Mao, and basked in the munificent rays of the reddest red sun in the hearts of the people of the world. Nien's happiest moment had come. Chairman Mao fondly shook his hand. A thousand words surged to Nien's lips. Hot tears welled

up from his heart. Tears of joy in his eyes, Nien gazed at Chairman Mao's kindly countenance and cried with infinite emotion: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao! . . ."

**Do not say that the strong pass is guarded with iron,
This very day in one step we shall pass its summit.**

On the rostrum of Tien An Men Gate, Nien heard Vice-Chairman Lin Piao relay the great call of our great leader, Chairman Mao: **It is imperative to combat self-interest and criticize and repudiate revisionism.** Extremely stirred, he determined to respond resolutely and be a vanguard in the new battle. Using the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, he will thoroughly eradicate selfishness and criticize revisionism and establish the absolute authority of Mao Tse-tung's thought in his mind. We are sure Comrade Nien will make still greater contributions in serving the people.

*Shen Chung-liang and
Ku Shih-jung*

Settling Accounts

A broad river divides the two production teams known as East Team and West Team. But although merely separated by a river, and with a constant traffic of boats between, they belong to two different communes and are led by two different county Party committees. Our story today is about these two teams. We may as well start with East Team.

During the cultural revolution, Chairman Mao's great call to "**take firm hold of the revolution and promote production**" met with a keen response from the members of East Team. They worked in the fields by day, held meetings at night, and finished transplanting their two-crop early-ripening paddy ahead of time, in three and a half days only. Then, during a break in the fields, Ken-sheng, the team leader, suggested that they should give the rice seedlings still left over to another production team. All the team members liked the idea, all but Uncle Hsiang-lin.

"I'm not against helping others," he explained. "But in the great proletarian cultural revolution our Red Guards have levelled that

stretch of land by the bank. At our last meeting we decided to grow one-crop paddy in that Revolution Field. Now I propose growing the two-crop strain there too, so as to increase our output. If we do that, we've too few seedlings, not too many."

This made sense to the rest of the team.

"Right," agreed Ken-sheng. "Getting more grain from our Revolution Field will be a practical way of supporting the cultural revolution, speeding up socialist construction, and helping the people of the world in their just struggle against imperialism and revisionism. It'll strike a hard blow, too, at China's Khrushchov! But where are we going to get the extra seedlings?"

"I hear West Team has some to spare," said Uncle Hsiang-lin. "What's the best way to go and tackle them?"

As they started discussing this, Ken-sheng stood up and volunteered: "I'll go. As soon as we knock off work."

"Not you!" Uncle Hsiang-lin shook his head. "You're not the right man for the job."

Why did he think Ken-sheng the wrong person to go? He had his reason, which dated two years back. Just at this season that year, West Team ran out of seedlings and sent to see if East Team could supply some. As it happened, East Team had a number to spare, and the team members were in favour of helping their neighbours. But one of the capitalist roaders from the county Party committee had come to East Team to stay there, at the basic level, for a while. This scoundrel had always opposed Chairman Mao's teachings and was against putting politics in command, against the correct policy of making grain the key factor in agriculture. Instead, he peddled the black revisionist wares of China's Khrushchov, preaching "material incentives" and "freedom of management." As soon as he heard of West Team's request, he started scheming.

Since the two-crop early-ripening rice was more expensive and required more attention than the ordinary variety, he didn't think it would increase East Team's income much. So he made use of West Team's shortage of seedlings to cut down East Team's acreage of two-crop rice, selling not only East Team's surplus seedlings but a whole

twenty dollars' worth — enough for over a *mon*. He decided that one field which should have grown rice should be sown with water-melons, to yield a better return. That West Team had to fork out an extra twenty dollars did not worry him in the least. They belonged to different counties.

Ken-sheng and some poor and lower-middle peasants objected that cutting down on rice and growing more water-melons was against the policy of making grain the key factor, and the plan for a multiplex economy. This was capitalist-style management, they pointed out. However, this Party person in authority taking the capitalist road told them scornfully: "The policy and plan for the whole county have to be okayed by me. Can't I even make a decision for one small team?" He went on to rant quotations from the black book on self-cultivation: "Those below must give unconditional obedience to those above" and "must be docile tools." He wheedled and blustered to hoodwink and silence them. Although Ken-sheng and many others still didn't approve, this fellow was a leading county cadre come down to investigate local conditions, a man in a position of special authority. And since he felt nothing but contempt for village cadres and poor and lower-middle peasants, he naturally had his own way and sold the seedlings to West Team.

You may ask: But why did West Team buy so many? Because the seasons wait for no man. It was worth it, to them, to spend twenty dollars on seedlings for more than one *mon*. Uncle Hsiang-lin and many others in East Team were ashamed to have treated their neighbours so shabbily; and a few members of West Team, who didn't know the whole story, muttered in Uncle Hsiang-lin's hearing that the leader of East Team had bourgeois leanings. He flushed red as a beetroot and couldn't think what to say. That was why, today, Uncle Hsiang-lin felt that it would be awkward to ask West Team for seedlings, and that Ken-sheng wasn't the right person to go.

"Uncle Hsiang-lin," reasoned Ken-sheng, "all production teams are going ahead with revolutionary mass criticism, and the general level of consciousness has been raised. They won't make any difficulties in West Team."

"Uncle Hsiang-lin," said someone else, "we must have faith in ourselves and in other folk too. They won't hold that old business against us."

"I dare say," was his answer. "But I'll go with Ken-sheng all the same. If by any chance there's some misunderstanding, I can smooth matters out." As he was so set on this, the others agreed.

After work, without stopping for supper, Ken-sheng and Uncle Hsiang-lin took a boat and, one punting, the other rowing, set off for West Team. Uncle Hsiang-lin rowed with great sweeping strokes which made foam spring up at their bow as they swished through the water. As he pulled on the oars he thought: It's a bit awkward, this errand. I wonder how Ken-sheng means to broach the subject? With this preying on his mind, he unconsciously slowed down. Ken sheng, quick on the uptake, guessed what he was thinking.

"Don't you worry about me, Uncle Hsiang-lin," he cried. "Chairman Mao says: **'One of our current important tasks on the ideological front is to unfold criticism of revisionism.'** We're going to West Team partly to get seedlings. Partly — and this is what matters more — to clear away the poison spread by China's Khrushchov through the capitalist roaders in the county, and put paid to their crimes. This will be a way of uniting our two teams more closely to attack and defeat the enemy."

This stirring speech bucked Uncle Hsiang-lin up, and he started rowing with might and main again. Their little boat fairly shot forward!

When they reached West Team and stepped ashore, they saw that the threshing-floor was brightly lit. The crowd there, raising their fists, were making the sky ring as they shouted the slogan: "Down with the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road!" Ken-sheng and Uncle Hsiang-lin walked over to this mass criticism meeting, and received a warm welcome from the cadres and members of West Team. Uncle Hsiang-lin, still afraid that Ken-sheng would find it hard to ask West Team for seedlings, began broaching the subject himself.

Ken-sheng, however, cut in: "So you're having a criticism meeting. Fine! I've an accusation I'd like to make, too." With that he strode

up to the platform while the people of West Team clapped. Ken-sheng explained how, two years ago, the capitalist roader from the county had taken advantage of West Team's seedling shortage to rook them of twenty dollars. He went on angrily: "That was just one of the vicious things done by China's Khrushchov and his underlings — the capitalist roaders in the county Party committee. They preached 'freedom of management,' 'material incentives' and all that revisionist rot in an attempt to pull us back to capitalism. They want us to go through that hell again — what a hope! We must raise high the great banner of revolutionary criticism and wield the heavy cudgel of Mao Tse-tung's thought, to thoroughly discredit and repudiate China's Khrushchov. We must overthrow him and plant our feet on him, to make sure that he never rises up again." In conclusion Ken-sheng said: "We're to blame, too. We didn't **'dare to unhorse the emperor.'** We didn't resist wrong leadership hard enough, with the result that you people lost out. We owe you an apology."

The head of West Team said: "No, you're not to blame. You're our class brothers. All this must be chalked up to the account of China's Khrushchov and the capitalist roaders in the county Party committee. We must unite, the people of all China must unite, to settle accounts with China's Khrushchov!" He called to his team members: "Comrades, East Team's Revolution Field is short of seedlings. We have some to spare. How about it?"

"East Team's difficulties are *our* difficulties!" one cried.

"We must give them all the help we can, and deal a smashing blow at the handful of Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road."

Ken-sheng shook hands gratefully with the head of West Team. "Thank you, comrades," he cried. "We promise to learn from you, to take firm hold of the revolution, promote production, and bring our common enemy crashing down!"

"Don't thank us," said the head of West Team. "We owe it all — everything — to our great leader Chairman Mao."

Uncle Hsiang-lin was incapable of sitting still any longer. He hurried up to the platform. But having a hundred and one things to say, he didn't know where to begin. In the end, instead of making

a speech, he just made one request. He called on everyone there to join him in shouting these slogans:

Long live Chairman Mao!

Long live Chairman Mao!

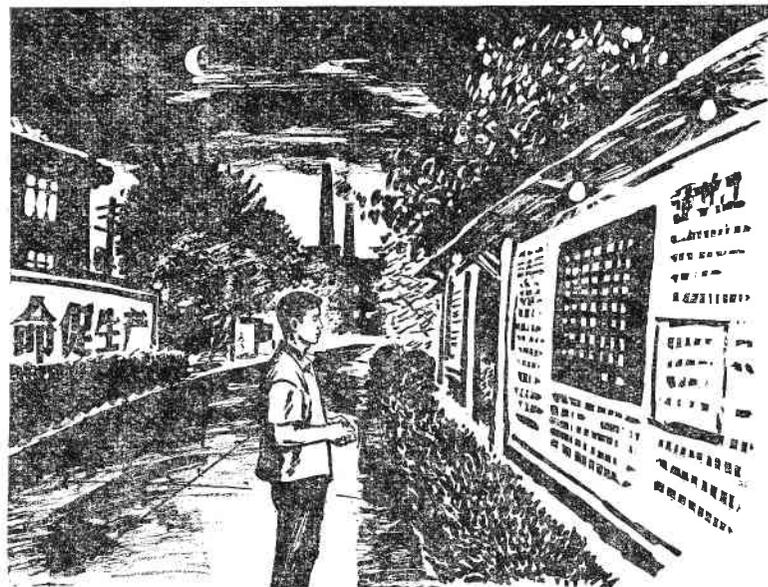
Long, long life to Chairman Mao!

A Consultation at Night

Wang Shih-ta did not get back to his factory until after ten one evening. Unbuttoning his sweat-soaked shirt, he strode towards the hoarding for big-character posters just opposite the main gate. Ever since his election to the factory's revolutionary committee, all sorts of tasks, big and small, had devolved upon this young worker just turned twenty. To carry them out, he had been racing against time and burning the candle at both ends, for Young Wang never scamped a job. Now, having been on the go all day outside, he went straight to look at the big-character posters without stopping to wipe his sweat or have a drink.

At that late hour there was nobody about. One of the big-character posters on red paper stood out, extra vivid, in the electric light. Wang Shih-ta saw on closer inspection that it was a verse about him by his mate Wu Ming.

Tung Hsiao-hsueh is a soldier in the PLA.



Committee-member Wang Shih-ta
Has stopped working his best;
He's given up wearing overalls,
His tool-kit's on a "rest."
What's keeping him so busy now,
Rushing about full-speed?
I hope that he will mend his ways,
To give us a good lead!

Young Wang read this poster through twice, and broke out in a sweat. His shirt, just beginning to dry, stuck to him again. He and Wu Ming had always worked in the same shop, had fought shoulder to shoulder as comrades-in-arms, and here was Wu Ming putting up the first big-character poster to criticize him. He'd have to think it over carefully. Wang Shih-ta hadn't had a single meal in peace, or a single night's good sleep, since the forming of the revolutionary committee. However heavy a load he had to carry, he always braced himself to shoulder it. All his mates agreed that he was a good com-

rade. True, he hadn't done any work for the last few days, but he hadn't been resting either. And now Wu Ming had pulled him up sharply in this poster. Far from holding it against him, Young Wang was deeply stirred. His face lit up. He realized that the problem raised was extremely important, deserving careful attention. He ought to talk it over with Old Ma. Twitching his shirt which was sticking to his back, he switched off the light and hurried away to find him.

Old Ma was the representative sent to their works by the army. Wang Shih-ta was in the habit of seeking him out whenever he came up against any problem or had anything on his mind. Old Ma would study Chairman Mao's works with him; then they'd talk things over together and help each other. But today he happened not to be in his room. The first thing that caught Young Wang's eye as he went in was the tablet at one end of the bed with this neatly written passage from *On Practice*: "**The struggle of the proletariat and the revolutionary people to change the world comprises the fulfilment of the following tasks: to change the objective world and, at the same time, their own subjective world — to change their cognitive ability and change the relations between the subjective and the objective world.**" Wang Shih-ta read this through several times, pondering over the words "**to change ... their own subjective world.**" Then he picked up the overalls and tool-kit left on the bed and hung them on the wall. He was touched by the sight of those oil-stained overalls. Old Ma drove himself very hard, working full shifts on top of his other duties. Young Wang put down the mosquito net for him and, having closed the door, went back to his own hostel.

Quiet as it was that night, Wang Shih-ta's heart was in a turmoil. His room adjoined Wu Ming's, and he noticed that the light there was still on. Young Wang often stopped to pass the time of day with him; sometimes, lying in bed, he would thump on the partition to remind Wu Ming not to stay up too late. Tonight, even stronger class feeling warmed his heart.

Wang Shih-ta tossed and turned in bed, unable to sleep. In the distance, frogs were keeping up a lively chorus of croaking. He was not in the mood to listen. He still had a mental picture of that

scintillating red poster of Wu Ming's. It had posed the problem so sharply, strongly and well! The last few days he'd been too busy attending to other jobs to work in the factory. That certainly was serious! As he was thinking it over, he heard people talking quietly on the other side of the partition. He recognized Wu Ming's voice, saying earnestly:

"See here, Old Ma, our revolutionary committee was elected by us workers ourselves. When they don't come to work or show their faces, that worries me — it's all wrong! In our factory, how did the few capitalist-roaders begin backsliding? Some of them by not doing any work, by cutting themselves off from the masses! Exactly a year ago today — I remember it quite clearly — Wang Shih-ta and I put up the first big-character poster exposing them. Now we proletarian revolutionaries are in power ourselves, and Wang Shih-ta's one of the revolutionary committee; but for several days now he's not touched his overalls and tool-kit. He spends the whole day rushing east and west on different errands. If this goes on, he may end up a high and mighty bureaucrat himself!"

Wang Shih-ta, hearing this, was electrified. The events of just a year ago flashed through his mind. Their first big-character poster enraged the handful of high and mighty bureaucrats. Posters attacking him and Wu Ming had gone up thick and fast to flatten them out. They were labelled "counter-revolutionaries." In those difficult days, the two of them had encouraged each other with quotations from Chairman Mao, determined to rebel to the end. But today Young Wang was up against a new problem.

"We revolutionaries are in power, I'm on the revolutionary committee," he told himself. "Am I going to cut myself off from the masses and stop working, just because I'm busy?" Real proletarian revolutionaries could surely never do that, but instead would change their subjective world in the course of changing the objective world. As he remembered that quotation from Chairman Mao over Old Ma's bed, it struck him that Wu Ming's political level was higher than his and he took a longer view. Just then, he heard Old Ma say approvingly:



“You were quite right to put up that big-character poster! This question of revolutionary committee members joining in the work or not isn’t a small one; it’s a fundamental question of great importance. Proletarian revolutionaries must be good rank-and-filers before they can become good ‘officers.’ They’ll only succeed in changing the objective world if they’ve made a thorough job of changing their own subjective world. We workers ought to show concern for the comrades on the revolutionary committee, and keep a watch on them, so that they never hold aloof from the masses or from work, but always keep their revolutionary drive.”

At this, Wang Shih-ta jumped out of bed and hurried into the next room. He gripped Wu Ming’s hand and cried: “That big-character poster of yours was simply fine!”

Gazing at his friend’s lean face, for a second Wu Ming was too moved to speak. Then, pulling out a new diary from under his pillow, he answered with heartfelt conviction: “I know you’ve been rushed off your feet these days, Young Wang. But no matter how busy you are, you mustn’t cut work. A few days ago I heard that the members of the revolutionary committee in the Metal Works have moved their offices into the workshops, so as to keep on the job with everyone else. They use notebooks instead of desks, jotting down each problem as soon as it crops up, then discussing with everybody how to solve it. I think this is a good method. I bought a notebook too today, to give you for your ‘desk.’”

Wang Shih-ta’s face shone as he took the notebook. Never before had these two comrades-in-arms felt so close to each other. Old Ma, too moved to say a word, gripped their clasped hands tightly in his own warm palm.

The next morning a crowd collected in front of the posters. Next to Wu Ming’s, another bright red one had gone up. Headed *Four Musts*, it started with this quotation from Chairman Mao: “**The struggle of the proletariat and the revolutionary people to change the world comprises the following tasks: to change the objective world and, at the same time, their own subjective world — to change their cognitive ability and change the relations between the subjective and the objective world.**” Then followed: “I promise, from now on, not to be parted from four things: the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, my overalls, my tool-kit, and my ‘desk.’ I mean to make a thorough job of changing my subjective world, and remain a true proletarian to the end.” This was signed “Wang Shih-ta.”

The workers were pleased to see that Wang Shih-ta, who had just put up this poster, was wearing his overalls and had his tool-kit slung over one shoulder. Wu Ming pushed his way up to him and declared with feeling: “Young Wang, you’re a real revolutionary, no doubt about it!”

Sentry Duty

Before lights out Chen Hsin, an old soldier, strode into the barracks grinning all over his face. He had fetched a bucket of water, with which he filled the basins of the whole squad. The men appreciated his thoughtfulness.

"Chen Hsin really shows concern for his comrades!" said one.

"Chen Hsin's only been posted here today from the cooks' squad," another commented. "Yet here he is fetching us water to wash our feet. Always thinking of others, he is, never of himself."

Chen Hsin flushed, at a loss for words. Just then, however, in hurried the third squad leader. With a quick glance round the squad, he boomed: "We're on sentry duty this evening, because second squad is out on a mission. There are some changes in the order of sentries." He held up the list in his hand and read out the times assigned to different men.

When Chen Hsin heard that his was the last spell of duty but one, he hesitated for a second. Then he answered quietly: "Right."

Sensing some constraint in his answer, the squad leader said: "I tell you what, we'll change places. I'll take the last but one..."

Before he could say any more, he was summoned to report to company headquarters.

On the way there, the squad leader chewed over this puzzling business. Why had Chen Hsin seemed unwilling to take the last sentry-go but one? Did he find this squad strange after being with the cooks? Did he resent the last spell of duty but one because it meant breaking up his sleep? But he'd made a fine showing with the cooks, invariably being commended by his squad leader in each report to the company. He insisted on being the one, in wind or rain, to go out and buy supplies; the one to go down to the stream, over ice or snow, to wash vegetables and rice. Rising early and working until after dark, he didn't seem to know the meaning of "tired." Once, at a company meeting to discuss the study of Chairman Mao's works, he had declared earnestly: "I'll gladly be a cook as long as I live, to serve the people wholly and entirely." But hadn't there been some selfish consideration at the back of his mind this evening? The squad leader drew a deep breath, as if weighed down by a burden. He told himself: The great proletarian cultural revolution has imposed higher demands on us as regards revolutionizing our own thinking. We men of the PLA must grasp the revolution and step up our combat readiness — there is no room in our minds for the least scrap of self-interest. Right! He would tell the company commander about this.

At company headquarters, after reporting on their squad meeting to the company commander, he described what had happened that evening, and gave his own analysis and view of the matter. When he said that there was no room in the minds of revolutionary fighters for the least scrap of self-interest, he raised his voice, lingering over the two words "least scrap." The company commander's face creased in a smile, and with one callous hand he patted the squad leader's shoulder.

"Have you any other views on this, third squad leader?" he asked.

"No, that's all," said the squad leader in a lower voice.

The company commander drew him over to his bed and said genially: "Here, third squad leader, sit down and let's have a good talk." He pulled out from under his pillow a shining golden copy of the

Selected Readings from the Works of Mao Tse-tung, and proposed, "Let's study a passage."

Sitting side by side under the lamp, the two of them read out in ringing voices: "In studying a problem, we must shun subjectivity, one-sidedness and superficiality. To be subjective means not to look at problems objectively, that is, not to use the materialist viewpoint in looking at problems."

Having read this, the company commander went on: "Third squad leader, in coping with any problem, we must avoid being subjective and one-sided. We must investigate before we draw conclusions. Take this business of Chen Hsin's sentry duty, I can't tell yet whether



you've reached the right conclusion or not. But first, as regards Chen Hsin, he never spared himself when he served in the cooks' squad. In order to save coal, he and the squad leader worked forty-eight hours at a stretch, without stopping to sleep, to improve the stove. You know all that."

The third squad leader was impressed by this. But he still couldn't figure out that puzzling business of Chen Hsin's sentry duty.

Guessing this, the company commander said briskly: "Let's act according to Chairman Mao's teachings, third squad leader. We must investigate and study the problem."

"Investigate? What?" The squad leader was baffled.

"Yes. No investigation, no right to speak. When you're on sentry-go tonight, keep your eyes skinned to discover the real reason why Chen Hsin didn't want that spell of duty."

At 3 a.m. the third squad leader got up to take his turn as sentry. He was making the rounds of the barracks, when something pulled him up by the east window of the cook-house. Through the glass pane he had a clear view of two men squatting down in front of the

stove. The taller of the two was Chen Hsin! He saw him take the shovel from Young Wang and show him how to stoke. Then, guiding Young Wang's hand, Chen Hsin taught him how to rake the ashes out. The ruddy fire-light shone on his thick arched eyebrows and his brilliant black eyes fixed intently on the stove. Great beads of sweat from his temples rolled down his scarlet cheeks. . . .

The third squad leader, having seen this, could contain himself no longer. He was moving towards the cook-house door when he heard footsteps behind him. At once he whirled round and demanded:

"Who goes there?"

"It's me. Chou Chun."

It was the company commander, in white overalls, carrying a crate of coal.

"Company commander, I. . . ."

Before he could say more, the other cut in: "I saw it all myself."

"Company commander, I admit my mistake. I jumped to the wrong conclusion without any previous investigation or study."

The company commander put down his crate and wiped the coal dust off his hands. "You're absolutely right to make strict demands of your men and not allow the least scrap of self-interest," he answered with a smile. "Where you went wrong was in jumping to conclusions without doing any investigating first. And, of course, I'm the one most to blame. I must make a self-criticism."

"You — to blame?" exclaimed the third squad leader.

"Yes. The cooks' squad leader has had to go home on business, and most of that squad are new hands. Chen Hsin was the only one with a good grasp of the job. Without any investigation or study of the situation, I proposed posting him to your squad, making things difficult for the cooks as a result. Chen Hsin is a good comrade. He didn't forget the cooks' squad once he was transferred. On his own initiative he gave up some sleep to help them light the stove, to train Young Wang. He thought of something I should have remembered, but didn't. We ought both to learn from him."

These words were like a torch filling the squad leader's mind with a blaze of light. His eyes were moist as he gazed at the company commander. With his modesty and prudence, his painstaking investigation and study, he was surely the best example for the squad leader.

Hung Chan-pi

Chairman Mao Is the Red Sun in Our Hearts

High, high in the Miaoling Mountains,
We gaze at the red sun rising in the east;
Respected and beloved leader, Chairman Mao,
The people of Kweichow wish you a long life!
Songs of praise pour from our lips like a rushing stream,
Our blood races like ocean billows;
Loud, loud we sing of Chairman Mao —
Reddest, red sun in our hearts!
Red sun, oh, red sun,
The light of truth shines out on every side;
You are the beacon of world revolution,
Your radiance lights up the hearts
Of the people of all nationalities.

Soldiers patrol in wind and rain,
Workers shovel coal into their furnace,
Commune members sow their fields,
Red Guards make speeches in the streets....
As if Chairman Mao were standing by our side,
Filling us with boundless strength.
How often we gaze towards Tien An Men,
Towards the lights of Chung Nan Hai!
When the struggle was at its fiercest,
How often we opened our brilliant red *Quotations*,
And when the revolution won victory,
How often we fingered our golden Chairman Mao badges!
Reading the precious book, fingering the badges
Gave us fresh, inexhaustible wisdom and strength
To fly through blazing seas of flame,
To charge up mountains of swords!

Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao!
Red sun in our hearts!
You it was who built up our heroic army,
You who led our great Party,
Who guided us over countless rivers and mountains
To ride the wind and cleave the waves of struggle.
In the Chingkang Mountain we followed you,
And the light from a single spark spread far and wide!
With you we fought over the length and breadth of China,
And now the red flag floats over the whole land.
As we follow you, Chairman Mao,
The flames of the great cultural revolution
Burn ever fiercer and brighter!

When the revolution meets setbacks,
You teach us: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice...**"
Confronted by complex class struggles,
You pilot our ship of state,
Chart the right course!
We shall always hold true
To your proletarian revolutionary line;
We shall wipe out our most deadly enemies,
Firmly overthrow China's Khrushchov,
Ever keep the red flag of revolution flying!
Great, great leader, Chairman Mao!
The people of Kweichow have so much to tell you!

In the past, in that wicked old society,
We, the poor, lived worse than cattle,
With no end to our bitter sufferings,
No end to the tears we shed....
Chairman Mao saved us from that sea of fire,
The Communist Party led us to win liberation.
Just as all rivers flow into the sea,
Chairman Mao is our people's father.
A boy who once herded buffaloes joins the army,
A poor orphan, growing up, works in a factory;
A former child-bride becomes a tractor-driver,
A girl who once scrounged coal is now at school.
We have so much, so much to tell the Party,
Hot tears of happiness run down our cheeks;
Ten thousand sunflowers turn to face the sun,
Kweichow's people will follow Chairman Mao through every
storm!

We must never forget proletarian dictatorship
And keep a firm grip on our guns;
We swear to defend Chairman Mao with our lives,
For ever in the forefront of the fight!
**“With power and to spare we must pursue the tottering foe
And not ape Hsiang Yu the conqueror seeking idle fame.”**
True all our lives to Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line,
Never forgetting the great thought of Mao Tse-tung!
A thousand, ten thousand times, we shout for joy,
Sing a thousand, ten thousand, songs!
Long, long live Chairman Mao!
Long live the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung!

Hsiang Yang

Chairman Mao Has Given Me a Gun

Chairman Mao has given me a gun
To guard our red political power;
Clear what I love and hate, firm in my stand,
Holding my course through densest clouds and mist.

Chairman Mao has given me a gun
To guard our red political power;
The skies may fall but I shall never falter,
Determined to consolidate proletarian dictatorship.

Chairman Mao has given me a gun
To guard our red political power;
I shall support the Left, make revolution,
Ready to shed my blood or lose my head!

Chairman Mao has given me a gun
To guard our red political power;
If the enemy dare attack
They will meet their doom!

Chairman Mao has given me a gun
To guard our red political power;
All my life I shall follow Chairman Mao
To make our land impregnable for ever.

*Li Chih-kuo and
Chi Hung-hsien*

Shaoshan's Red Sun

The golden sun is rising from Shaoshan,
Here our great leader was born;
Happy, happy the revolutionary fighters
Who stand guard over Chairman Mao's home.

Shaoshan's countryside
Is the loveliest on earth;
Shaoshan's red sun
Is incomparably bright;
Shaoshan's broad highway
Links us with Peking;
The red hearts of Shaoshan's fighters
Are turned to Chairman Mao!

The golden sun shines over a million *li*,
Friends from every land come
To Shaoshan, sacred to the revolution.
Seeds of revolutionary fire
Are sown throughout the earth;
The red flag of revolution flies
Over the Five Continents and the Four Seas.

Shaoshan's wind and Shaoshan's rivers
Carry the fighters' wishes to Peking;
We are standing guard
At the place where the sun rose.
Shaoshan's fighters are loyal for ever
To Chairman Mao!

Yao Jen-feng

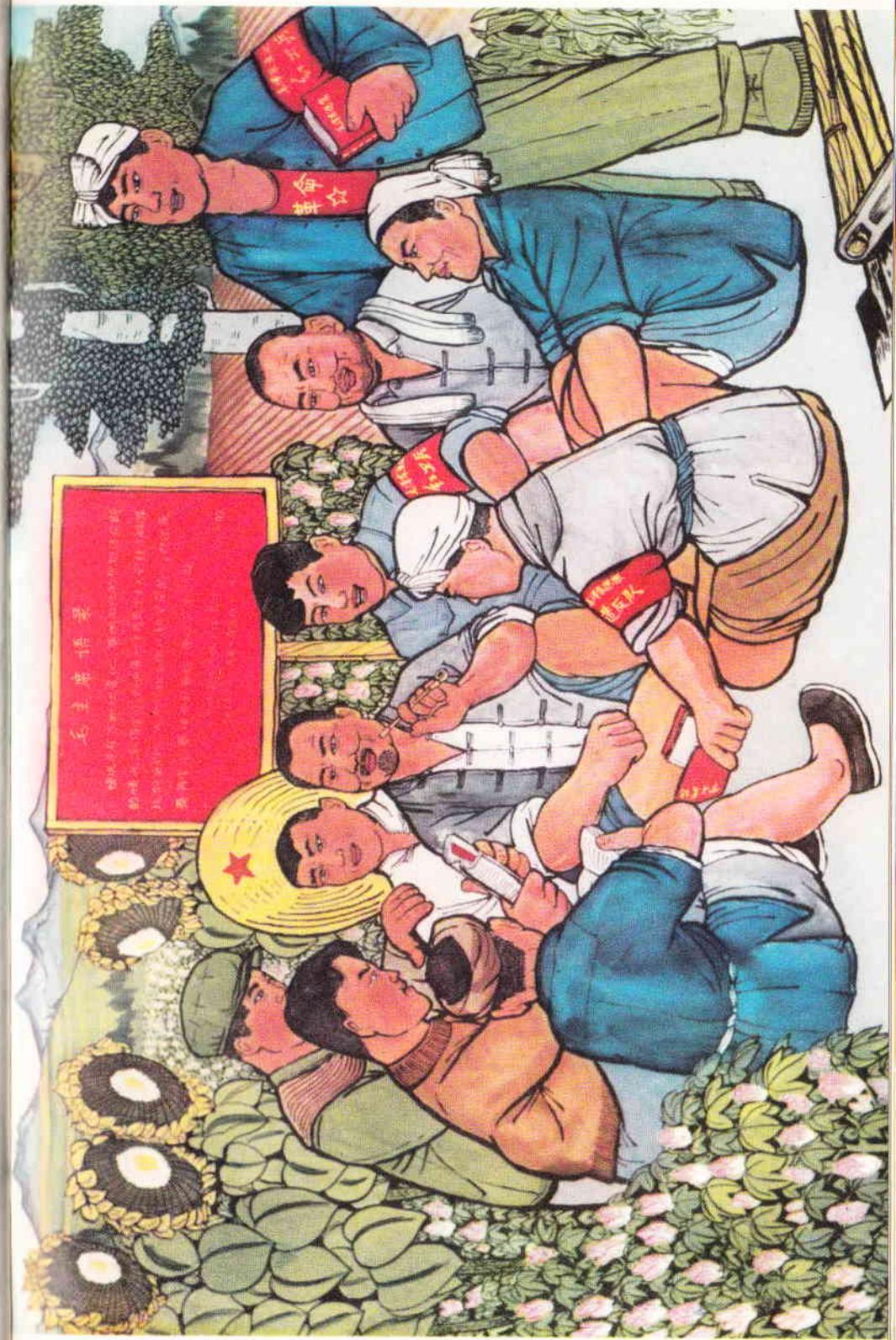
The Red Sun Lights up the Whole Sky

Hills, rivers and red banners
Laugh for joy,
The red sun on Tien An Men
Sheds golden light.
Chairman Mao waves his mighty hand to us,
Ten thousand red flags flutter in the breeze;
Earth and sky are red,
And redder still the people;
Higher and higher surges
The red torrent of revolution.

Hills, rivers and red banners
Laugh for joy,
The red sun shines
In every fighter's heart;
Our hearts linked with Chairman Mao's
We keep a firm grip
On the precious book and our guns;
With you to back us
We have nothing to fear!
Revisionism will be overthrown,
We will raise the red flag
Of revolution for ever,
And march, unfaltering,
Through seas of fire!

Hills, rivers and red banners
Laugh for joy,
The red sun lights up the whole sky,
The red sun — Chairman Mao!
The Five Continents and Four Seas
Sing songs of triumph;
War drums on the equator
Roll high in the sky;
Vietnam's resistance to America
Unleashes raging storms;
The world's revolutionary people
Follow you;
Communism is at hand!

Studying Chairman Mao's Works in the Fields ▶
by Liu Chih-kuei (a production team book-
keeper of a people's commune)



The Ringleader in Peddling a "Literature and Art of the Whole People"

In 1962, during our country's temporary economic difficulties and the intensification of class struggle in China and abroad, on the instructions of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in literary and art circles systematically carried out a plot to "commemorate" Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*. While ostensibly commemorating the *Talks*, they actually distorted and attacked it. They held a whole series of sinister counter-revolutionary meetings, published a whole mass of poisonous weeds, and marshalled all their counter-revolutionary forces to launch a frenzied attack on the dictatorship of the proletariat and on proletarian literature and art.

All debts must be repaid sooner or later. We must thoroughly settle scores with the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in literary and art circles and with the top Party person in authority

taking the capitalist road who backed them behind the scenes, for their criminal attacks on the *Talks* and their distortion of it. We must thoroughly eliminate the poison spread by them.

I

The question of the audience for literature and art is a fundamental question of principle, a question of the general orientation of proletarian literature and art. The *Talks* laid down the orientation that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and established their position as the masters of literature and art, thus setting right the previous reversal of history. This was a big, over-all Marxist-Leninist revolution in the field of literature and art.

Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and company, backed by their boss, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, wildly attacked the orientation that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. In 1962, on the pretext of celebrating the twentieth anniversary of our great leader Chairman Mao's brilliant *Talks*, they published two poisonous editorials in *Renmin Ribao* and *Wenyi Bao*. These editorials, *Serve the Broadest Masses of the People* and *Unite, Temper and Elevate the Literary and Art Contingent*, blatantly put forward the slogan of a "literature and art of the whole people." They said, "The object of service of literature and art is now much wider in scope than ever before. Our literature and art should serve the broadest masses of the people throughout the country." Again, "times have changed," the object of service of literature and art should be the "whole people," including "all democratic parties and democrats, patriotic national capitalists, patriotic overseas Chinese and all other patriots." In private they went even further, brazenly ranting that our literature should be "a literature of the whole people and the whole of mankind." They said that the orientation of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers was "out of date" and that today "literature and art must be acceptable to people of all walks of life," that works of literature and art "reflect the interests of the whole people as well as

those of a class"; "they are for all classes to enjoy, and should awake a response in everyone." This is the most arrant nonsense.

A "literature and art of the whole people" is no new invention but simply a rehash of the "literature and art transcending classes" peddled by Liang Shih-chiu, a scribbler in the pay of Chiang Kai-shek. This out-and-out bourgeois fallacy was severely refuted by Chairman Mao in the *Talks*. Under the dictatorship of the proletariat, the bourgeoisie dare not demand openly that literature and art should serve the interests of the bourgeoisie. Instead, using representatives of the bourgeoisie who have wormed their way into organs of the proletarian dictatorship, they adopt seemingly just but double-faced tactics, hypocritically stating that literature and art must "reflect the interests of the whole people" and be "acceptable to people of all walks of life." These are common bourgeois tricks.

Chairman Mao has said: "**In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines. There is in fact no such thing as art for art's sake, art that stands above classes, art that is detached from or independent of politics.**" Literature and art as expressions of ideology must always serve the politics of a specific class. In class society there has never been and can never be a "literature and art of the whole people" which different classes have in common. Let us ask: can the revolutionary model operas *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, *On the Docks*, *The Red Lantern* and *Shachiapang* reflect the "interests" of landlords and the bourgeoisie? Can they evoke a "response" from them or be "accepted" by them? Conversely, can *Nightless City* and *The Lin Family Shop* reflect the interests of the proletariat? Can they be accepted by the proletariat? Can they evoke a favourable response from the working class? No, certainly not. The so-called "literature and art of the whole people" is a most hypocritical slogan put forward by a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists to serve the needs of the bourgeoisie. Under the signboard of "reflecting the interests of the whole people," they oppose literature and art serving proletarian politics, actually reflecting the interests of the bourgeoisie. On the pretext that literature and art must be "acceptable to people of all walks of life," they actually try to change the revolutionary character

of proletarian literature and art into something "acceptable" to the bourgeoisie.

The soul-shaking class struggle on the literary and art front has completely exposed the falsity of a "literature and art of the whole people." In 1962, when very sharp class struggles were being waged in China and abroad, the chiefs of the black line on literature and art unfurled the banner of a literature and art serving "all the people," and gave the go-ahead signal for monsters to emerge from their lairs in force, so that immediately literary and art circles were choked with weeds, ill winds sprang up on all sides, and the atmosphere was thoroughly noxious. The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road was the commander-in-chief who marshalled the reactionary forces of literary and art circles to launch a frenzied attack on the dictatorship of the proletariat. He it was who proposed importing "harmless" films, opening wide the door to the West and greatly facilitating the invasion of socialist China by bourgeois and revisionist ideas. He it was who advocated the performance of large numbers of "traditional operas" and "opening up the repertory," to enable emperors and princes, generals and ministers, scholars and beauties to monopolize the stage. He it was who unfurled the black banner of a "literature of exposure," calling upon writers to "write about the seamy side," about "calamities" and "shortcomings," inciting them to attack the three red banners of the general line, the big leap forward and the people's communes, to attack Party leadership and oppose the dictatorship of the proletariat. Was this a "literature and art of the whole people"? No! It was counter-revolutionary literature and art entirely in the service of the bourgeoisie and the handful of landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists.

This reactionary slogan of a "literature and art of the whole people" was carefully concocted by the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in literary and art circles on the instructions of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road. The latter used every conceivable means to obscure class demarcations and whitewash the bourgeoisie, alleging that China's capitalists had already become "capitalists of a new type" who were "gradually being transformed into

genuine labouring people" with "no further desire to oppose socialism." He hoped by means of these deceptive phrases to make the proletariat lower its guard against the bourgeoisie. He wildly preached the dying out of class struggle, ranting that "the question of which will triumph in our country, socialism or capitalism, has already been settled," and "class struggles between the main classes in our country have basically come to an end." He drew up a blueprint for a "state of the whole people" in which "the workers, peasants, petty-bourgeoisie and capitalists respect each other, and each is pleased with his own post," all peacefully co-existing without infringing on each other's rights. From start to finish this was a plan for an ideal kingdom of the bourgeoisie. It is quite apparent that the theoretical basis for a "literature and art of the whole people" came from the top Party person taking the capitalist road. Like the Soviet revisionist Khrushchov, he frenziedly advocated the theories of "a state of the whole people" and "the dying out of class struggle." A "literature and art of the whole people" was simply the reflection in a specific form in literature and art of this theory of a "state of the whole people."

The theory of a "literature and art of the whole people" catered exclusively for the bourgeoisie and its attempts at a capitalist restoration. Like the theories of "the dying out of class struggle" and "a state of the whole people" advocated by the top Party person taking the capitalist road, it was used by the bourgeoisie to paralyse the revolutionary resolve of the proletariat. It was a poison to weaken the militancy of the proletariat, a trick on the part of the bourgeoisie to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat and make a counter-revolutionary come-back.

II

Without a revolutionized literary and art contingent, there can be no revolutionary literature and art. Only by building up a thoroughly revolutionized and militant contingent of this sort, can we really

build up a new proletarian literature and art and safeguard its orientation of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Ever since liberation there have been struggles for and against transformation, for and against "peaceful evolution," and struggles between the proletarian revolutionary line and the bourgeois reactionary line over the question of the literary and art contingent.

Chairman Mao said: **"Problems abound in all forms of art such as the drama, ballads, music, the fine arts, the dance, the cinema, poetry and literature and the people involved are numerous; in many departments very little has been achieved so far in socialist transformation. . . ."** Chairman Mao pointed out trenchantly: **"In the last fifteen years these associations, most of their publications (it is said that a few are good) and *by and large* the people in them (that is not everybody) have not carried out the policies of the Party. They have acted as high and mighty bureaucrats, have not gone to the workers, peasants and soldiers and have not reflected the socialist revolution and socialist construction. *In recent years, they have slid right down to the brink of revisionism. Unless they remould themselves in real earnest, at some future date they are bound to become groups like the Hungarian Petofi Club.*"**

But the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in literary and art circles put up a great smoke-screen, deliberately whitewashing their own ranks to conceal the sharp class struggle there, lull the class vigilance of the proletarian revolutionaries, be surety for the monsters in literary and art circles and hold a protective umbrella over them. They asserted, "During the last twenty years a powerful literary and art contingent of the working people has come into being." They claimed that this contingent was "daily becoming more closely linked with the masses," that its members' "thoughts and feelings had undergone a fundamental change." The main source of these viewpoints was the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road. This "important personage" had called the tune as early as 1956 when he said, "The face of the intelligentsia has changed; it has become a force serving socialism." In 1960 he claimed, "It can be said that a working-class literary and art contingent has come into being." The current problem in literary and art circles "is a problem of contradictions

among the ranks of the people, and we must not employ the methods of class struggle." Hence, "instead of adopting the methods used against the Rightists," we should "use conciliatory ones."

The two poisonous editorials "commemorating" the twentieth anniversary of the publication of the *Talks* made no mention of class struggle in the literary and art ranks, merely distinguishing between old and young writers, Party and non-Party writers, but not between proletarian and bourgeois writers. These two articles called vociferously for "long-term co-operation" and "mutual respect, help and emulation" between Party and non-Party, old and young writers. This loud appeal for "unity" and preaching of the "dying out of class struggle" were obviously aimed at covering up their defence and expansion of the literary and art forces of the bourgeoisie and their corruption and sabotage of those of the proletariat, so that under the smoke-screen of "unity" the former could swallow up the latter. They also served to conceal the bourgeois attack on the proletariat, to add fuel to the fire of the bourgeoisie's counter-revolutionary counter-attack, and the monsters' attack on the Party and socialism. This crew of counter-revolutionary revisionists prostrated themselves servilely before the bourgeoisie, but lorded it like the King of Hell over proletarian revolutionaries, fiercely berating them. They yelled, "Some people don't regard artists as working people but as bourgeois, from the old society. . . . Don't set yourselves up as professional reformers whose job it is to reform others, as if this were your division of labour. Can't you sometimes change places? Reform and help each other. First of all we must change the relationship between the rulers and the ruled, the reformers and those being reformed, replacing it with a comradely relationship of equality, mutual respect and mutual emulation." Their counter-revolutionary fury knew no limits. Instead of the proletariat reforming the bourgeoisie, they wanted it to be reformed by the latter. Instead of the proletariat controlling the bourgeoisie, they wanted it to be controlled by the latter.

As regards literary and art workers, we have always been in favour of using the Marxist approach to classes and class struggle, and adopting an analytical attitude. Our firm class policy has always been to

rely on the proletarian revolutionaries in the literary and art contingent, to unite with the middle-of-the-roaders, to attack and as far as possible isolate the Rightists. Because of the capitulationist line so long advocated by Chou Yang and company, a proletarian literary and art contingent consisting mainly of workers, peasants and soldiers was never really formed. Many of the old writers and intellectuals who came from the old society were thoroughly bourgeois. Some of them were reactionary academic "authorities," some had a counter-revolutionary record, or were traitors, renegades or people who should have been classified as Rightists. They prided themselves on being "veterans," "the older generation" or "old experts," but were really time-bombs planted in our revolutionary literary and art ranks. It has been proved through class struggle that these monsters were the main force for a counter-revolutionary come-back. How can we "unite" with such people or "respect" them? That is out of the question. Our struggle with them is one to the death, and there can be no talk of equality. As for the majority of intellectuals who were brought up in the old society, although they support the Party and socialism their bourgeois world outlook has not been thoroughly reformed, and they never cease trying to change literature and art, the Party and the world according to their own world outlook. This being the case, we must resolutely carry out class struggle on the ideological front to eliminate what is bourgeois and foster what is proletarian, to achieve unity through struggle. If we abandon ideological struggle, our ranks may easily be infiltrated and undermined by the bourgeoisie.

All their talk of "unity" and the "dying out of class struggle" is a bourgeois trick aimed at deceiving people. They want the proletariat to "unite" with the bourgeoisie, to end its class struggles against the bourgeoisie; but they have never ended their class struggles against the proletariat, they have never "united" with the proletarian revolutionaries. They used the Kuomintang's method of political tutelage to encircle and suppress the proletarian revolutionaries, carrying out a counter-revolutionary revisionist organizational line in the literary and art contingent. They attacked some people, protected or corrupted others, in an attempt to change the colour of our literary

and art contingent and turn it into groups like the Hungarian Petofi Club to serve their counter-revolutionary come-back.

1. They attacked the proletarian revolutionaries and new forces in literary and art circles. With the backing of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, they used their position to suppress and attack the revolutionary forces in their ranks. They suppressed the criticism of the reactionary film *Inside Story of the Ching Court* and the criticism by two "nobodies" of *Studies of the "Dream of the Red Chamber"*; they obstructed the reform of the opera, attacking the revolutionaries in that field; they discriminated against, attacked and besieged the vanguard fighters of the great proletarian cultural revolution. Their aim was most sinister.

2. They protected the monsters in the literary and art world. With the backing of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, the chiefs of the black line on literature and art for many years ganged up together, recruited deserters and renegades, and mustered counter-revolutionary forces. The top Party person taking the capitalist road even protected the Hu Feng counter-revolutionary clique, urging, "We ought to help them . . . not to overthrow them." The chiefs of the black line on literature and art, modelling themselves on their boss behind the scenes, also shielded all counter-revolutionary forces. They defended renegades, saying: "There may be extenuating circumstances in the case of renegades from the revolutionary ranks." They blethered that some people had become Rightists "because, being muddle-headed, they joined in the trouble-making." They called bourgeois elements who had been "criticized and struggled against" "good comrades." They accused all the movements for political criticism and repudiation of "going too far," and alleged that "some of the criticism was wrong." They viciously attacked the dictatorship of the proletariat for "passing over" talents, and invidiously quoted, "We need not fear a dearth of fine horses, but only that there is no Po Lo to spot them," implying that there was no good leadership under the socialist system, so that countless talents were undiscovered. Regarding themselves as Po Los, they reversed the verdicts on all ghosts and monsters, gathering together the dregs

of society and making full use of them to carry out a counter-revolutionary come-back.

3. They corrupted the revolutionary literary and art contingent, scheming to bring about peaceful evolution among its ranks and make them change colour.

Waving the big stick of "over-simplification" and "vulgarization," they opposed the study of Chairman Mao's writings by literary and art workers, slanderously alleging that the glorious thought of Mao Tse-tung was "abstruse" and that those who took it as their guide to action were "monks and nuns." Fearing the tremendous power of Mao Tse-tung's thought to remould people, they did all they could to prevent its dissemination and to prevent literary and art workers from arming themselves with it.

They used every possible means to prevent literary and art workers from plunging into the heat of the struggle and merging with the workers, peasants and soldiers, blethering that without going among the masses it was "still possible to merge with them." They exaggerated the importance of artistic practice, denying the need to go deep among the workers, peasants and soldiers and maintaining that mere reliance on artistic practice was "just as effective as thought remoulding." They urged literary and art workers to cut themselves off from struggle, to shut themselves up in their studies and carry out "self-cultivation" by learning "algebra, geometry and calculus..." They lauded bourgeois experts to the skies, saying, "The really cultured people are the old bourgeois experts." We were urged to learn from them for "half a century" and "never to falter, regardless of all possible obstacles." They wanted literary and art workers to throw themselves at the feet of bourgeois experts, to become the captives of the bourgeoisie.

They laid great stress, too, on material incentive, and paid high prices to buy people over, using fame and profit to fetter and corrupt our revolutionary literary and art contingent. To facilitate a counter-revolutionary come-back and train successors for the bourgeoisie, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road personally directed that a "special fund" should be allocated "to cover writers' travelling expenses and subsidize their writing." The chiefs of the

black line on literature and art carried out the instructions of their boss behind the scenes, pushing through the revisionist "three-high" policy of high salaries, high fees and high awards, to induce literary and art workers to "exert themselves" to make a name. They hoped by these means to train a batch of Chinese Sholokhovs and Yevtushenkos, a batch of intellectual aristocrats isolated from the masses and the struggle, to serve their counter-revolutionary restoration.

III

Preaching a "literature and art of the whole people," they inevitably preached bourgeois "liberalization." They twisted the Party's policy of "letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend" into a policy of bourgeois "liberalization."

The directive "let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend" was put forward by Chairman Mao in the light of the fact that class struggle still exists in a socialist society. It is our Party's firm class policy. It strengthens and consolidates the leading position of Mao Tse-tung's thought in the ideological sphere, and is an important means of establishing the absolute supremacy of Mao Tse-tung's thought in all fields, as well as for speeding up the prosperous development of our country's socialist culture.

Backed by the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in literary and art circles, taking a bourgeois stand, deliberately obscured the clear class character of this "two-hundred" policy, twisting it into bourgeois "liberalization," in order to achieve their infamous political aim. The proletariat uses this policy to consolidate its dictatorship and to carry forward the struggle to eliminate what is bourgeois and foster what is proletarian in the ideological sphere. The bourgeoisie and its representatives inside the Party did exactly the opposite. On the pretext that "airing views" was "legitimate," they attacked the socialist system and tried to eliminate what was proletarian and foster what was bourgeois in the ideological sphere, to clear the way for a

capitalist restoration. To achieve this aim, they opposed Party leadership, opposed putting Mao Tse-tung's thought in command, and opposed Marxist literary and art criticism.

"The force at the core leading our cause forward is the Chinese Communist Party." Party leadership is the fundamental guarantee for ensuring that literature and art will serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. Without Party leadership, instead of "a hundred schools" contending and "a hundred flowers" blooming, we are bound to have the "single school" and "single flower" of the bourgeoisie, and the free and unchecked spread of bourgeois ideas. The chiefs of the black line on literature and art, backed by the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, viciously attacked the Party's leadership of literary and art work in order to sweep aside all obstacles to bourgeois "liberalization" and open the door for monsters to emerge from their lairs. They alleged that the Party's leadership of literature and art was a "simple administrative measure" and "crude interference" which "hampered the development of literature and art" and "was the chief obstacle to carrying out the policy of letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend." They accused the Party members leading this work of "posing as experts," issuing orders and "binding writers hand and foot," so that their creativity was "hampered" and "suppressed." In a word, Party leadership was "the source of all evils." They rabidly encouraged bourgeois writers to "let off steam" against the Party, and viciously incited bourgeois Rightists to "struggle" against the Party, ranting that "the conditions are excellent now for us to rise up and struggle." They mobilized monsters to rise up and overthrow Party leadership, so that the bourgeoisie could "take power" and exercise dictatorship over the proletariat, making literature and art a position for a counter-revolutionary come-back.

Mao Tse-tung's thought is the compass and soul of all our work. The bourgeoisie inevitably looked on it as the main stumbling-block preventing them from carrying out a policy of "liberalization." Hence their inveterate hatred for and dread of Mao Tse-tung's thought. They did all in their power to belittle and undermine its tremendous role, on the ridiculous grounds that the situation was "different" from

twenty years earlier, and therefore the directives in the *Talks* were "out of date." Hanging up the signboard of "originality," they slandered Mao Tse-tung's thought as " clichés," and claimed that literary and art circles were " cliché-ridden," with "too many rules and regulations," urging us to "get rid of clichés" and "create something new." They slandered Chairman Mao's supreme directives as "sacrosanct," as a "spell" stifling creativity. Their "originality" was simply a pretext for sinister attacks on Mao Tse-tung's thought, insistent expression of their own world outlook and the propagation of bourgeois ideas. Mao Tse-tung's thought is the bright lamp lighting our path. The more the enemy opposes it, the more eagerly we shall propagate it, to establish the absolute supremacy of Mao Tse-tung's thought in every sphere.

In order to achieve bourgeois "liberalization," they inevitably opposed Marxist literary and art criticism. The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road openly bellowed: "There is too much criticism of literature and art nowadays, too much oral criticism and cavilling, especially." He slandered the criticism of *The Life of Wu Hsun* and *Studies of the "Dream of the Red Chamber,"* which were personally led by our great leader Chairman Mao, as "crude" "political interference by the Party and the government," and "mistaken interference." The chiefs of the black line on literature and art loathed Marxist literary and art criticism. They attacked it as "exaggerated," "ultra-Left," as "putting caps on people," "pinning on labels," "over-simplification," and "stereotyped formulations." They fumed, "Ideologically, we must free ourselves from dogmatism; organizationally, from red tape." They attacked the revolutionary soul of Marxism and opposed the militant nature of Marxist literary and art criticism.

They used every means at their command to enable bourgeois ideas to dominate the cultural position and seize power from the proletariat, setting up a whole system of defences and obstacles to prevent the spread of proletarian ideology and resist the proletariat's struggle to seize power from the bourgeoisie. Sometimes they proclaimed that "construction must precede destruction," and forbade the proletariat to make revolution, which meant forbidding the de-

struction of bourgeois ideas. Their ban on proletarian ideology meant that bourgeois ideas were permitted to spread freely. Sometimes they unfurled the black banner of "all men are equal before the truth," and rallied their bourgeois forces to launch a frenzied attack on the proletariat and exercise dictatorship over it. Sometimes they waved the big stick of "combating the style of scholar-tyrants" to make an onslaught on the proletarian revolutionaries in academic circles savagely suppressing them and not allowing them to make revolution. Sometimes they insisted that political questions were academic ones, using an academic cloak to conceal their criminal counter-revolutionary machinations.

Why did they oppose Party leadership, oppose putting Mao Tse-tung's thought in command, and oppose Marxist literary and art criticism? What "views" did they want to "air"? What flowers did they want to bloom? What kind of "freedom" did they want? They wanted bourgeois "flowers," wanted to air the views of the bourgeoisie. The "freedom" they demanded was freedom for bourgeois ideas to spread unchecked, for monsters to emerge from their lairs, for the bourgeois Rightists to attack proletarian revolutionaries. In the final analysis, they wanted freedom for their counter-revolutionary activities. Their "freedom" reeked of blood and filthy lucre. It was something we could not possibly allow. If they had had their way, they would have had no mercy on the people, and our glorious red motherland might have changed colour.

The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road was the chief man behind their vaunted "literature and art of the whole people," the chief backer for "peaceful evolution" among the literary and art contingent, the big boss who preached bourgeois "liberalization" and incited the monsters in literary and art circles to attack the dictatorship of the proletariat. He was the criminal ringleader in advocating a "literature and art of the whole people."

Round about the year 1962, the class struggle at home and abroad was extremely sharp. In this political climate, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road decided that the time had come to fan up ill winds on every side and order his henchmen to launch

a general offensive against the proletarian dictatorship in every field. He stretched his black hands into literary and art circles as well, inciting the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists there to attack the proletarian dictatorship. During the period in which the two pernicious editorials "commemorating" the twentieth anniversary of the publication of the *Talks* were printed, he backed up these counter-revolutionary revisionists and instructed them to undertake a whole series of counter-revolutionary activities. In 1961, before the appearance of these two poisonous weeds, they drew up a counter-revolutionary revisionist policy for literature and art. In 1962, after the appearance of these editorials, they held a black meeting in T'alien, at which they frenziedly attacked the three red banners — the general line, the big leap forward and the people's communes — and the dictatorship of the proletariat. This meeting and others they held were out-and-out counter-revolutionary meetings. We must draw away the black curtain over them, to expose the ugly features of this handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists to the bright light of day.

Literature and art have always been tools of class struggle. The top careerist in the Party seized on them solely to serve his attempt to carry out a counter-revolutionary come-back, to create public opinion for his usurpation of the Party, the army and the government, and his seizure of power from the proletariat. We must overthrow China's Khrushchov, thoroughly uproot this ringleader of an attempted capitalist restoration, seize back all the power usurped by him and his lieutenants in every field, and ensure that our country never changes colour!

Revolutionary Songs and Dances, Militant Friendship

Songs of victory shook the sky over a sea of red flags. China's great proletarian cultural revolution is surging forward with the force of an avalanche. In this unprecedentedly fine situation, during the days of festivity when the 700 million Chinese people were celebrating the 18th anniversary of the founding of our great socialist motherland, we attended the splendid performances of the amateur art troupe from Tirana, Albania, "With Pick in One Hand and Rifle in the Other," representatives of the heroic people by the Adriatic Sea. These were most vivid and taught us a political lesson. The militant, revolutionary friendship between the Chinese and Albanian people and the fearless revolutionary spirit of the Albanian people who are advancing in the teeth of storms stirred us to the depths of our hearts. We warmly congratulate the troupe on their successful performance.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are**

geared to definite political lines." The performance of the Albanian comrades once again proves that true proletarian literature and art serve the politics of the proletariat and are a component part of the entire revolutionary cause.

The birth of "With Pick in One Hand and Rifle in the Other" is the result of the historic decision of the Fifth Congress of the Albanian Party of Labour and the programmatic speech of Comrade Enver Hoxha, the Albanian people's beloved and respected leader, on further revolutionizing the entire life of the state which had a tremendous influence upon Albania's literature and art. Most of the artists of the amateur art troupe are workers, peasants, soldiers, students and teachers from the forefront of productive labour and national defence. They are the main force in building up a new proletarian culture. Their performances were characterized by a rich flavour of life and fiery struggle, being strongly political and militant.

Chairman Mao has said: **"A bosom friend afar brings a distant land near. China and Albania are separated by thousands of mountains and rivers but our hearts are closely linked."** Comrade Enver Hoxha also said: No storm and tempest from whatever quarters could weaken or harm the unshakeable friendship between our two countries and two Parties built on the steel-like foundation of the principles of Marxism-Leninism and proletarian internationalism. We were very glad to see how successfully Tirana's indefatigable amateur art troupe presented the great theme of the fraternal militant friendship between China and Albania. When the giant portraits of the great leaders of the two countries, Chairman Mao and Comrade Enver Hoxha, appeared on stage and the brilliant red flags of our two countries waved side by side, the Chinese audience and the Albanian artists shouted with one accord: "Mao Tse-tung — Enver Hoxha," "Enver Hoxha — Mao Tse-tung." The theatre was immediately transformed into a jubilant sea of friendship. The choral singing of *The East Is Red*, the song-and-dance *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* and the vocal solo *Be Resolute, Fear No Sacrifice and Surmount Every Difficulty to Win Victory*, a quotation from Chairman Mao Tse-tung set to music, expressed the Albanian people's boundless love for our great leader Chairman Mao and his invincible thought.

Composer Avni Mula, voicing the high evaluation of China's great proletarian cultural revolution by the heroic people of the Country of the Mountain Eagle, composed the song *Ode to Chairman Mao's Big-character Poster* on the first anniversary of the publication of "Bombarding the Headquarters." He took the stage and sang with heartfelt emotion, "Ah! Great big-character poster! You are the flame of revolution, setting the great proletarian cultural revolution ablaze; you are the solemnly rising red flag, symbol of the magnitude of Chairman Mao's vision. . . . Bombard the bourgeois headquarters; the end of imperialism and revisionism has approached." This song made us realize that our Albanian brothers, though separated from us by a thousand mountains and rivers, have also launched a general offensive against the bourgeois headquarters headed by China's Khrushchov. When thirteen-year-old L. Kasemi sang the folk song *The Song of Albania-China Friendship*, her pure, strong voice and sincere feelings made the theatre brim over with Sino-Albanian friendship. The scenes from the *Red Detachment of Women*, a Chinese revolutionary ballet, reminded us that our great proletarian cultural revolution has the same orientation as the ideological revolution in Albania. The revolution we are engaged in is one to eliminate for good and all the exploiting classes and the system of exploitation and to root up all the pernicious ideology of the exploiting classes. We dare to make revolution and dare to rebel. We are liquidating the old ideas and culture evolved during thousands of years and are fostering brand-new proletarian ideas and culture. We are comrades-in-arms and brothers taking the same broad highway. Our friendship is a revolutionary militant friendship that has stood the test of violent storms. This greatest and most precious friendship is immortal!

Chairman Mao says: "**Heroic people's Albania has become a great beacon of socialism in Europe.**" Led by the great Albanian Party of Labour, the Albanian people have taken the path of heroic, indomitable armed struggle for the liberation and freedom of their motherland. Now, holding aloft the revolutionary red banner of Marxism-Leninism, they are battling against the sinister current of counter-revolutionary revisionism, persisting in the dictatorship of the proletariat, unfolding the class struggle, giving prominence to

proletarian politics, emphasizing on the mass line and advancing unswervingly along the great socialist road. A pick in one hand and a rifle in the other, they are striving for regeneration through their own efforts — such are the world-shaking Albanian Party of Labour and the great Albanian people.

The chorus *The Party of Labour — a Heroic Party* and *Sing of the Fifth Congress of the Party of Labour* expressed the Albanian people's limitless love for the Albanian Party of Labour headed by Comrade Enver Hoxha. The dance *Revolutionary Path* and the chorus *March of the Second Shock Brigade* were epitomes of the Albanian people's arduous and glorious history of revolutionary struggle. We were particularly drawn to several items displaying the new spirit of the Albanian people today. For instance, scenes from the ballet *Adem Reka*, which depicts a communist fighter sacrificing his life heroically to protect public property, were a splendid model for us to learn from. The chorus *Attack the High Mountains* sang of the magnificent revolutionary spirit of this heroic, self-reliant people in overcoming hardships. The dances *The Army and the People Are One Family* and *Construct and Defend the Motherland* showed that the Albanian army and people are as closely related as fish to water, showed the high revolutionary vigilance of the armed forces against the class enemy as well as the great strength of the heroic people who persist in the policy of holding a pick in one hand and a rifle in the other. The songs *Village Discussion Meetings* and *Liquidate the Old and Set Up the New* expressed the new spirit of the people as a result of proletarian big democracy and the campaign for an ideological revolution among the Albanian people. The song *Sing of Heroic Vietnam* gave a true picture of the great proletarian internationalism of the Albanian people who have their motherland and the whole world in their minds. The entire performance presented a rich and moving pageant of heroes. It enabled us to gain a better understanding of the past and present of the heroic Albanian people led by the glorious Albanian Party of Labour and their lofty aspirations. It provided the Chinese people with a chance to emulate their great revolutionary spirit. As Comrade Enver Hoxha has pointed out, we should "work, study and think like revolutionaries," we must for ever be proletarian revolutionaries.

After seeing the performance of the amateur art troupe from Tirana we are prouder than ever of having such a heroic people as our comrades-in-arms. Therefore, we warmly welcome and sincerely appreciate the great contribution made by all the comrades of the amateur art troupe to developing the militant friendship between the two Parties and two peoples of China and Albania.

**The Four Seas are rising, clouds and waters raging,
The Five Continents are rocking, wind and thunder roaring.**

We are at present in a great new epoch of world revolution. Our great leader Chairman Mao points out in the Message of Greetings to the Fifth Congress of the Albanian Party of Labour: **“Naturally the road of our advance is by no means straight and smooth. Comrades, please rest assured that come what may, our two Parties and our two peoples will always be united, will always fight together and be victorious together.”** We firmly believe that the imperialists, modern revisionists and reactionaries of all countries who oppose China and Albania are bound to dash themselves to smithereens against the unbreakable revolutionary friendship and militant unity between the two Parties and two peoples of China and Albania. Victory surely belongs to us!

A poster based on a quotation from Chairman Mao:
“Without a people’s army the people have nothing.” ▶



没有一个人民的军队,便没有人民的一切。

Let the Flames of Revolution Burn More Fiercely!

In July this year, the Japanese Haguruma Theatre organized by revolutionary literary and art workers, overcoming the many obstacles put in their way by the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries and the revisionist clique of the Japanese Communist Party, finally reached Peking, where Chairman Mao lives and where the world-shaking great proletarian cultural revolution was born. They came with boundless love for our great leader, bringing him the fervid and highest respects of the revolutionary people of Japan. Early in August they began putting on performances of two revolutionary plays, *Prairie Fire* and *Advancing Through the Storm*, which were warmly welcomed by the revolutionary masses.

Prairie Fire, the five-act play staged in Peking by the Japanese Haguruma Theatre, has been warmly praised by our revolutionary masses for its revolutionary political content and vigorous revolutionary rebel spirit.

This play is the fruit of the brave struggle of our comrades-in-arms in the Haguruma Theatre against the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries

and the small revisionist renegade clique in the Japanese Communist Party.

The performance of this play manifested the fine resolution of the revolutionary Japanese people and their infinite loyalty to Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Prairie Fire presents the armed uprising of the Japanese peasants of the Chichibu mountain area in 1884. The comrades of the Haguruma Theatre have analysed and portrayed this uprising in the light of Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought, to serve the current political struggle against imperialism and revisionism of the revolutionary Japanese people.

After the Meiji Restoration of 1867 in Japan, the rising bourgeoisie colluded with the old feudal rulers to establish the autocracy of the Mikado, representing the interests of the landlords and bourgeoisie. Countless poor peasants were ruined and driven to desperation by the savage exploitation of landlords and capitalists, the heavy taxes and levies imposed by the government, and the exorbitant interest exacted by usurers. To resist their economic exploitation and political oppression by the ruling class, the poor peasants took up arms and waged a heroic, resolute struggle against the imperial government. At that time there were scores of large-scale peasant uprisings every year in different parts of Japan, which dealt heavy blows at the autocratic government. The armed uprising in Chichibu in 1884 was the largest of these peasant revolts, and the one to exert the most far-reaching influence.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Revolutions and revolutionary wars are inevitable in class society and without them, it is impossible to accomplish any leap in social development and to overthrow the reactionary ruling classes and therefore impossible for the people to win political power."** This great revolutionary teaching is truthfully expressed in the historical play *Prairie Fire*.

In the play, Shokichi, a big land-owner, big capitalist and member of the prefectural assembly, protected by the tyrannical state organs of the monarchy, robs and grinds down the silkworm tenders in the most barbarous fashion. When they start to resist, he summons guards to suppress them savagely. Wherever there is oppression, resistance

will flare up; the worse the oppression, the fiercer the resistance. The peasants of Chichibu learn from bitter experience that the Meiji Restoration is a fraud, and that to change the irrational social system they must band together and fight. Thereupon, headed by Mosuke, leader of the Party of the Poor, they rise in revolt. Their struggle to overthrow usury develops into an armed uprising against the imperial government, a struggle to win power from the rulers.

In the fierce flames of this armed struggle, *Prairie Fire* projects the image of a revolutionary hero who is a poor peasant — Mosuke, the leader of the revolt. This revolutionary burns with hatred for the landlords, capitalists and autocratic government. He brims over with revolutionary daring, daring to rebel, to struggle and to triumph. When armed forces hem him in, he faces danger without flinching and puts up a stubborn resistance, cowing the capitalist's thugs and the armed guards. When captured, he laughs heartily and defies the reactionary government, declaring: "The Party of the Poor is afraid of no one, neither the prefect nor the Mikado himself!" These bold words vividly expresses the revolutionary spirit and tradition of Japan's revolutionary peasants. As the struggle unfolds, Mosuke comes to see more clearly the necessity of organizing the people to take up arms and fight for political power. Then he raises the banner of revolt, and organizes tens of thousands of poor peasants to take up fowling-pieces and bamboo spears to overthrow the imperial government and set up a people's government. They are determined to "topple down" the autocratic government which represents the interests of the exploiting classes.

The main theme of *Prairie Fire* and the revolutionary images of Mosuke and others are an inspiration to the revolutionary people, a heavy blow to the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries and the revisionists.

Through the fight put up by Mosuke and other members of the Party of the Poor, *Prairie Fire* expresses the great concept of the seizure of political power by force. At the same time, by exposing the renegade actions of Seiji, a "liberal," it directs the spear-head of its criticism against the Kenji Miyamoto renegade clique.

This liberal holds forth loudly about "freedom" and "the people's rights"; but when the Party of the Poor launches an armed uprising he sabotages it by fanning evil rumours, speciously upholding the "assembly" and "negotiations" to trick the revolutionary masses into laying down their arms and ending the revolution. Not long after, when the imperial guards savagely suppress the peasant uprising, he secretly sells out to the enemy, becoming an accomplice of the autocratic government. There is a parallel here with the present day, for Seiji and the Kenji Miyamoto renegade clique which talks so loudly of inheriting and developing the "revolutionary tradition of the Japanese Communist Party" are birds of the same feather.

Whoever opposes violent revolution and the seizure of power by force, whoever tricks the revolutionary people into laying down their arms and taking the path of "parliamentary struggle" or "peaceful transition," is betraying the revolution, is the most sinister enemy of the proletarian revolutionary cause. Such traitors are bound to meet the same end as Seiji in the play, to be rejected by the revolutionary people.

The revolutionary spirit of the Chichibu Peasant Uprising, and the revolutionary tradition handed down by the Party of the Poor of rising in arms to seize political power, will for ever strengthen the resolve of the revolutionary people of Japan, encouraging them to struggle against imperialism and revisionism.

Today the Japanese people, with their rich tradition of revolutionary struggle, are putting up an uncompromising fight against the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries; the revolutionary strength of those members of the Japanese Communist Party who are true to Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought is developing and growing in power, and they have risen in a big rebellion against the Kenji Miyamoto renegade clique. The revolutionary people of Japan, as described in the epilogue of *Prairie Fire*, are advancing victoriously guided by the great thought of Mao Tse-tung. The Four Seas are rising, wind and thunder are roaring; the great tide of revolution will inevitably sweep away the stubborn strongholds of the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries.

Advancing Through the Storm, the second play which the Theatre performed in China, has as its theme the struggle against imperialism and revisionism launched by the Japanese people, guided by the great thought of Mao Tse-tung. It describes how the workers in Iwaguni Bus Company, rallying around the Left wing of the Japanese Communist Party, are waging a determined battle against American imperialism, Japanese monopoly capital and the Miyamoto revisionist clique. It depicts from various angles the moving scene of how the revolutionary masses of Japan creatively study and apply the works of Chairman Mao and gives many concrete examples of how the young workers who persist in the struggle remould themselves.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Proletarian literature and art are part of the whole proletarian revolutionary cause; they are, as Lenin said, cogs and wheels in the whole revolutionary machine."**

The literary and art fighters of the Haguruma Theatre, raising high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, have persisted in serving the Japanese people's anti-imperialist, anti-revisionist revolutionary cause, have persisted in merging with the workers, peasants and soldiers, and made the drama a "wheel" in the revolutionary machine. The whole process of performing and revising *Prairie Fire* was, for them, a process of unceasingly studying Mao Tse-tung's thought, of putting Mao Tse-tung's thought in command of their creative work.

The successful performances of the Haguruma Theatre have shown us that the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought is flying high in the hearts of the revolutionary people of Japan!

Wherever this great red flag flies, the revolutionary struggle will be victorious there.

We are confident that our comrades-in-arms in the Haguruma Theatre will raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and carry the revolution through to the end. We are confident that, impelled forward by Mao Tse-tung's thought, this "wheel" in the anti-imperialist, anti-revisionist revolutionary cause of the Japanese people will continue revolving for ever and grind to atoms the dihard forces of the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries now entrenched on Japanese soil!

Performance in China of the Vietnamese Acrobatic Troupe

At a time when we were heartily celebrating the 18th anniversary of the founding of our great motherland, the arrival in Peking of the acrobatic troupe of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam brought us the fraternal militant friendship of the Vietnamese people, adding colour and joy to our National Day holidays.

The show began with the artists holding high the national flags of China and Vietnam, paying warm tribute to the deep friendship between our two countries. Again, at the end of the performance, the whole troupe came on stage holding aloft a brilliant red bunting with the large characters, "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live President Ho!" They clapped vigorously along with the audience to show their respect. After singing the national anthem of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, the artists loudly sang *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* while the audience joined in, the voices

of the Chinese and Vietnamese people merging together, their hearts beating as one in close unity.

Since its founding in 1956, the Vietnamese Acrobatic Troupe has consistently carried out the line and policy on literature and art of the Vietnam Workers' Party, abiding by the correct orientation of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and proletarian revolution. In addition to performing in theatres, the members go to various parts of the country in the north and to the frontlines of battle. On stage, they are propagandists opposing imperialist aggression and safeguarding the motherland; in battle, they are heroic fighters dealing blows at the American invaders.

The many items they brought to Peking were strongly political and militant in content, as in the case of *Lighthearted Work and Combat Readiness* and *Mobile Store* as well as *Yankees, Scram!*, *Pumping in U.S. Dollars* and *Shoe Shine*, the satirical skits put on between longer items. *Lighthearted Work and Combat Readiness*, on the strategic theme of the people's war in Vietnam, where the whole people are fighting, presented realistic everyday scenes showing how the people combine productive labour with fighting, expressing the conviction that the Vietnamese people will win and the U.S. imperialists will be defeated. *Mobile Store*, a turn employing conjuring tricks, presented the mobile stalls organized by trade departments in Vietnam which give quick convenient service to customers who are whole-heartedly served by the attendants. The latter are also heroic fighters who take up guns to shoot down U.S. air pirates. These satirical skits, using a variety of stage techniques, gave penetrating portrayals of the aggressive nature of the U.S. imperialists and their lackeys, the puppet regime of south Vietnam, as well as of their low morale and utter defeat at the hands of the heroic Vietnamese people. Such items arouse the hatred and indignation of the audience against the common enemy and strengthen their confidence that U.S. imperialism will be driven out of Vietnam.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"What is a true bastion of iron? It is the masses, the millions upon millions of people who genuinely and sincerely support the revolution."** The performance of the acrobatic troupe of the Democratic Republic

of Vietnam shows us the powerful strength of the fully mobilized militant Vietnamese people in resisting U.S. imperialism and safe-guarding their motherland. It shows us the certain doom of U.S. imperialism, which will be buried in this revolutionary people's war.

We are confident that the visit of the Vietnamese acrobatic troupe to China will further enhance the fraternal militant friendship between the Chinese and Vietnamese people.

Heroic Envoys

We were deeply stirred in July by the fine performances of the South Vietnam Liberation Army Song and Dance Ensemble, envoys of the heroic people in the forefront of the resistance against U.S. aggression. They are close comrades-in-arms of our PLA literary and art fighters. As our great teacher Chairman Mao has pointed out: **“Revolutionary culture is a powerful revolutionary weapon for the broad masses of the people.”** The items presented by our comrades-in-arms from south Vietnam, like a sharp two-edged sword, heavily attacked the criminal U.S. imperialist aggressors on the one hand and on the other thoroughly unmasked the renegade features of the Soviet modern revisionists who have teamed up with U.S. imperialism and betrayed the Vietnamese people. Like bugles on the battlefield, these items call the revolutionary people to take up arms to thoroughly wipe out the No. 1 enemy of the world's people — U.S. imperialism. We warmly congratulate our comrades-in-arms on their successful performances.

Each performance began with the magnificent militant songs *Liberate the South* and *The East Is Red*, which linked our hearts closely

with those of our south Vietnamese brothers. Their items carried us to the south of Vietnam where fierce fighting is raging, to its embattled mountain villages and swamps, to the great world of the people's war which has placed more than one million U.S. invaders and puppet troops in desperate straits. Here we hear the battle songs of the people and army of south Vietnam as they heroically charge the U.S. gangsters and their rousing songs of triumph after annihilating the invaders. We see the great images of the heroic people and army of south Vietnam who fear neither force nor hardship, but advance wave upon wave fighting bravely. We also see their extreme contempt for U.S. imperialism, that paper tiger, their abounding revolutionary heroism and revolutionary optimism in their fight, as well as their proletarian tenacity, their daring to struggle and to win.

Running through the items is a powerful red line; the firm determination of the people and army of south Vietnam to thoroughly wipe out the U.S. aggressors and their lackeys, to give them tit for tat and to fight for every inch of land. Here is the vivid reality of the struggle in south Vietnam. It is this struggle that has time and again brought to bankruptcy the counter-revolutionary dual tactics of war "escalation" and "peace talks" of seemingly powerful U.S. imperialism and its accomplice—the Soviet revisionist leading clique. This vivid reality which inspires the people of the whole world is graphically presented by the items of this ensemble. The chorus *Liberate the South* and *The Song of the Liberation Army*, the men's chorus *Going to the Front*, the male solos *Marching Towards Saigon* and *Building Fortifications* and other songs manifest the great spirit of the people and army of south Vietnam. Mettlesome dances such as *Defending Our Homes* and *The Banner of Victory Flies High* show their heroism in killing the enemy. The armed forces and people of south Vietnam are presented as magnificent heroes while the U.S. gangsters and puppet troops appear as paper tigers, outwardly strong but essentially very feeble. This is the most outstanding feature of the whole performance.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"With regard to the enemy, that is, Japanese imperialism and all the other enemies of the people,**

the task of revolutionary writers and artists is to expose their duplicity and cruelty and at the same time to point out the inevitability of their defeat, so as to encourage the anti-Japanese army and people to fight staunchly with one heart and one mind for their overthrow." "As for the masses of the people, their toil and their struggle, their army and their Party, we should certainly praise them." It was a great inspiration to us to see that our comrades-in-arms of the South Vietnam Liberation Army Song and Dance Ensemble are advancing along this bright highway. We sincerely wish to learn from them.

Another outstanding feature of the items is the warm praise for the working women of south Vietnam who have made great contributions to the struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. The south Vietnamese women portrayed are all common working women, but they are all heroines, too. They shoulder both the important tasks of production and of fighting the enemy. They sharpen bamboo stakes and dig pits, preparing graves for countless U.S. aggressors. Resourceful and brave, they make a feint to the east but attack to the west, protecting the Liberation Armymen.

In China the heroic deeds of the Vietnamese women described in *Letters from the South* have long been widely admired. And now, the dances *Don't Retreat One Step, Don't Yield an Inch, Dong Thap Muoi Guerrilla Women* and *Mother from the South* vividly and movingly present to us these heroic women who are such fine examples for the Chinese people. We feel extraordinarily close to them and familiar with them. Is this merely because the Chinese people have sung their praise? No, it is because our two peoples, and the working women of our two countries, have in common the glorious tradition of fighting against imperialism. And so, when the women fighters of the ensemble sang Chairman Mao's poem *Militia Women* we felt that this poem also truly depicts the working women of south Vietnam.

We were most deeply moved when the ensemble sang Chinese songs praising the red, red sun in the hearts of the world's people, Chairman Mao: *Long Life to Chairman Mao, On the Golden Hill in Peking* and *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. Their impassioned

singing conveyed the boundless love and boundless veneration of the 14 million south Vietnamese people for Chairman Mao, the great helmsman of the world's people. Particularly unforgettable was Comrade Tran Dung's rendering of *Long Life to Chairman Mao* and *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. His singing mingled with the cry from the hearts of the south Vietnamese people, the hearts of the Chinese people and the hearts of the world's people, to form a mighty cry rejoicing the world: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long life to him!"

Our great proletarian cultural revolution has now entered the critical period of a large-scale decisive battle between two classes, two lines and two roads. We have learned a great deal from the inspiring and brilliant performances of the South Vietnam Liberation Army Song and Dance Ensemble. Like the heroic people of south Vietnam, we are resolved to dare to struggle and dare to win. We shall hold still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, thoroughly repudiate and overthrow the handful of top Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road, and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end. We are determined to learn the firm revolutionary resolve and plain, diligent working style of our comrades-in-arms in this ensemble. We shall firmly remember Chairman Mao's teachings, go among the workers, peasants and soldiers unreservedly and for a long period of time, go into the heat of the struggle, to remould our ideology and be revolutionary art fighters worthy of the great era of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Heroic comrades-in-arms of the South Vietnam Liberation Army Song and Dance Ensemble, we 700 million Chinese people will always observe Chairman Mao's instructions; we give you our word to back up the Vietnamese people, to support the Vietnamese people's just struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. Let us all bear in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: **"People of the world, unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs! People of the world, be courageous, dare to fight, defy difficulties and advance wave upon wave. Then the whole world will belong to the people. Monsters of all kinds shall be destroyed."**

Chronicle

Distribution of Chairman Mao's Writings and Photographs Marks Anniversary of Ching kang Mountains Revolutionary Base

Since the middle of September, a collection of Chairman Mao's writings on the revolutionary struggle in the Ching kang Mountains, copies of one of his poems in his own calligraphy, as well as valuable photographs and pictures of the historic Ching kang struggle have been on sale throughout the country. This is to mark the 40th anniversary of Chairman Mao's establishment of the Ching kang Mountains revolutionary base, in accordance with the demands of people throughout our country, who have boundless love for our great leader, and in order to carry on and develop the Ching kang revolutionary spirit, and to usher in still more glorious victories in the great proletarian cultural revolution.

On sale are a one-volume edition of Chairman Mao's four brilliant works: *Why Is It That Red Political Power Can Exist in China?*, *The Struggle in the Ching kang Mountains*, *On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party* and *A Single Spark Can Start a Prairie Fire*; copies in Chairman Mao's own calligraphy of his poem *Ching kang Mountain*, pictures of the Ching kang Mountains, and coloured and black and white photographs of Chairman Mao's return there in 1965.

“Long Live Mao Tse-tung’s Thought!” Pictorial Exhibition

The “Long Live Mao Tse-tung’s Thought!” Pictorial Exhibition opened in Shanghai in September. Organized by a big alliance of the Red Guards of nearly thirty units in Shanghai, it was entirely the work of Red Guards. Holding firmly in mind our supreme commander’s teaching, **“Revolutionary culture is a powerful revolutionary weapon for the broad masses of the people,”** they smashed the shibboleths of the reactionary bourgeois “authorities” in art circles and, with infinite love in their hearts for Chairman Mao and bitter hatred for China’s Khrushchov, produced a whole series of pictures reflecting the militant life in the great cultural revolution. These 300-odd pictures displayed in the exhibition, constituting one part only of those painted by the Red Guards, are imbued with strong fighting spirit and fiery proletarian class feeling. They are grouped in three sections. The first, “Chairman Mao Is with the Red Guards,” expresses the boundless love of the Red Guards for their great supreme commander Chairman Mao, their determination to follow him forward for ever through wind and waves. The second, “Long Live the Heroic Red Guards!” sings the immortal feats of the Red Guards in the great proletarian cultural revolution. The third, “The New Achievements of the Red Guards,” shows how closely the revolutionary Red Guards follow the great strategic plan of the red commander-in-chief, Chairman Mao. They are hotly pursuing China’s Khrushchov, soundly attacking this dog who has fallen into the water, and ardently raising a new high tide of revolutionary mass criticism and repudiation.

Publication of “Quotations from Chairman Mao Set to Music”

Quotations from Chairman Mao which have been set to music are widely sung by the revolutionary people of all China and the world. A selection of these was published on the eve of National Day by the Shanghai Cultural Publishing Press.

This volume comprises over 160 songs, grouped according to the different sections in *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. The publication of these songs meets the needs of the workers, peasants,

soldiers and revolutionary masses, who love to sing quotations from Chairman Mao.

Four New Revolutionary Films

During the jubilant mass celebration of the historic 18th anniversary of the founding of the People’s Republic of China, four new revolutionary films were released in Peking, Shanghai and other parts of China. These were: *Chairman Mao’s Heart Is For Ever Linked With Ours* and *Brilliant Example, Great Pioneering Act*, two coloured documentaries of the seventh and eighth occasions on which Chairman Mao reviewed the great army of the cultural revolution; *Long Live the Great Friendship Between China and Albania!* and *The People of the World Love Chairman Mao (Part Two)*.

The People’s Square Becomes a Battlefield For Mass Criticism

Night after night, in September, the People’s Square in Shanghai was brilliantly lit, and huge crowds gathered there amid a forest of red flags. These were rallies of the proletarian revolutionaries and revolutionary masses from factories, schools, government organizations and literary and art units, who with blazing hatred of the enemy denounced the heinous crimes of China’s Khrushchov in the field of literature and art, turning the People’s Square into a battlefield for revolutionary mass criticism and repudiation. Already more than 200,000 people have taken part in such rallies here.

At the four rallies held, a thoroughgoing criticism was made of the reactionary films *Nightless City*, *Red Sun* and *Prairie Fire*. And the workers, peasants and soldiers took the main role in this. At the meeting to criticize *Nightless City*, an old shop assistant in the East Is Red Department Store, a woman worker in the No. 9 State Textile Mill and a worker in the Shanghai No. 3 Steel Plant drew on their own personal experience to wrathfully denounce the cruel exploitation of the workers and other crimes committed by the bourgeoisie, as well as to debunk the class conciliation preached by China’s Khrushchov and his reactionary ravings, such as “exploitation is

meritorious.” Revolutionary literary and art workers and Red Guards exposed the sinister scheme of the handful of top Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road who used the reactionary film which presented capitalists as heroes to pave the way for a counter-revolutionary restoration. At the meeting to criticize *Red Sun*, representatives of the Shanghai garrison troops made strongly proletarian and militant speeches. They disclosed the criminal way in which the capitalist roaders had distorted history, vilified our great Chinese People’s Liberation Army and slandered and misrepresented political work in the army, in their frenzied attack on Chairman Mao’s military line.

These poisonous films were also discredited at these rallies through the medium of literature, art and other films, which received a warm welcome from the revolutionary masses.

Gramophone Records of the Eight Revolutionary Model Works

Gramophone records of China’s celebrated eight revolutionary model works—the Peking operas *The Red Lantern*, *Taking the Bandits’ Stronghold*, *Shachiapang*, *On the Docks* and *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*; the ballets *Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-haired Girl*; and the symphonic work *Shachiapang*—were produced just before National Day.

These records were produced with the strong support of the Cultural Revolution Group Under the Party’s Central Committee and full co-operation from the companies which performed the model works. They were also the result of the enthusiasm with which the proletarian revolutionaries of the China Record Company carried out Chairman Mao’s great directive to **“take firm hold of the revolution and promote production.”**

The artists of each company and the revolutionary fighters of the China Record Company raised high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought, gave prominence to politics, and did the recording most conscientiously. The actors strove for perfection in each sentence and word of their singing, to bring out the main theme of each work in the most effective way.

Performance of the Play “Locust Village”

The five-act play *Locust Village*, revised by cultural workers in the three services of the PLA stationed in Peking and the proletarian revolutionaries of the Peking garrison, had its première in Peking on the eve of National Day.

Against a broad historical canvas, this play dramatizes the protracted, tortuous, complex and sharp struggle in the Chinese countryside between two classes, two roads and two lines. It gives impassioned praise to our great leader Chairman Mao, the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, the great victories of the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao, and the heroic workers, peasants and soldiers armed with Mao Tse-tung’s thought. It is a powerful shell aimed at the handful of top capitalist roaders in the Party headed by China’s Khrushchov. It is yet another fruit of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

Locust Village also portrays heroic images of the revolutionary poor and lower-middle peasants with their infinite loyalty to and trust in Chairman Mao, whom they love and venerate with all their hearts. They study Chairman Mao’s writings, follow his teachings and act according to his instructions. Under the brilliant guidance of Mao Tse-tung’s thought, they dare to think, speak out, act and make revolution, firmly taking the broad socialist highway. The play shows how, in each historical period, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, guided by our great helmsman Chairman Mao, smash the plots of the class enemy headed by China’s Khrushchov and follow Chairman Mao’s proletarian revolutionary line, advancing from victory to victory and creating our glorious socialist history.

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(in English)

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