



CHINESE
LITERATURE

11-12

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Front Cover: Mao Tsetung Thought Illuminates the Stage

No. 11-12, 1969



Our great teacher Chairman Mao Tsetung



Our great teacher Chairman Mao Tsetung and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

Unite to win still greater victories.

The truth of Marxism-Leninism is on our side. So is the international proletariat. So are the oppressed nations and oppressed peoples. And so are the masses of people who constitute over 90 per cent of the world's population. We have friends all over the world.

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's Speech

*At the Rally Celebrating the 20th Anniversary of the
Founding of the People's Republic of China*

Comrades and Friends,

Today is the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the great People's Republic of China. On this occasion when the people throughout the country are joyously celebrating this glorious festival, on behalf of our great leader Chairman Mao, the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China and the Government of the People's Republic of China, I salute the working class, poor and lower-middle peasants, Red Guards, revolutionary cadres and revolutionary intellectuals of all nationalities of our country! Salute the heroic Chinese People's Liberation Army! Salute all those people and overseas Chinese who love our socialist motherland!



Vice-Chairman Lin Piao speaking at the rally held in celebration of the 20th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China

A warm welcome and greetings to our comrades and friends coming from various countries of the world!

On the eve of the founding of the People's Republic of China, our great leader Chairman Mao solemnly proclaimed to the whole world: **The Chinese people comprising one quarter of humanity have now stood up.** From the very day of its birth, the great socialist New China, **like the sun rising in the east, illuminates every corner of the land with a brilliant flame.** From then on, the history of our country has entered a completely new era!

In the past twenty years, the entire Chinese people, under the brilliant leadership of the great leader Chairman Mao, following Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in their own hands, relying on their own efforts, waging arduous struggles and working hard, have transformed a backward semi-feudal and semi-colonial old China into an advanced socialist New China. Our motherland has undergone earth-shaking changes.

In the course of struggle over the past twenty years, we have consolidated the political power of the proletariat, victoriously smashed the subversive schemes and disruptive activities of the enemies at home and abroad and achieved great successes in socialist revolution and socialist construction. While carrying out socialist revolution on the economic front, we have also carried out socialist revolution on the political, ideological and cultural fronts. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution personally initiated and led by Chairman Mao has completely shattered the bourgeois headquarters headed

by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and smashed their plot to restore capitalism. The unprecedented wide dissemination of great Mao Tsetung Thought and its being grasped by hundreds of millions of people are changing enormously people's mental outlook and promoting the steady development of our cause of socialism. Our socialist motherland is thriving and growing ever more prosperous. The people of all nationalities of our country are more united than ever before. The dictatorship of the proletariat has become even more consolidated. The great socialist China, standing like a giant in the East, has become a powerful political force against imperialism and revisionism.

All our victories are victories of Mao Tsetung Thought and of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. The practice of our socialist revolution proves that the theory, line, principles and policies of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat advanced by our great leader Chairman Mao constitute most important new contributions to the theory and practice of Marxism-Leninism and have opened up a brilliant road for consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat, preventing capitalist restoration and carrying the socialist revolution through to the end after the seizure of political power by the proletariat. From their protracted struggles, the people of the whole country have come to realize the truth: Closely following our great leader Chairman Mao means victory.

At the Party's Ninth National Congress of far-reaching historical significance, Chairman Mao issued the great call "**Unite to win still greater victories,**" which has

greatly inspired the fighting will of the people throughout the country.

Now we must continue to hold aloft the banner of unity and victory of the Party's Ninth Congress, carry out in an all-round way the fighting tasks set forth by the Party's Ninth Congress and implement all Chairman Mao's proletarian policies. We must carry on in a more extensive and deep-going way the mass movement for the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought and do an even better job of ideological revolutionization. We must firmly grasp revolutionary mass criticism, **carry out the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation conscientiously,** carry the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution through to the end and further consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat. We must resolutely carry out Chairman Mao's great strategic policy "**Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people**"; **grasp revolution, promote production and other work and preparedness against war; go all out, aim high and achieve greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism** and start a new upsurge in revolution and production.

Comrades! We must rally even more closely around the Party's Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao and strengthen the Party's centralized and unified leadership. We must follow Chairman Mao's teachings, remain modest and prudent and guard against arrogance and rashness, continue to develop the vigorous proletarian revolutionary spirit, carry on for ever the glorious revolutionary tradition of hard struggle, bring into full

play the initiative and creativeness of the broad masses and build our socialist motherland into a more prosperous and powerful country and build up a more powerful national defence.

In the past twenty years, most profound changes have taken place in the international situation. The revolutionary movement of the people of various countries is surging to unprecedented heights, while U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism are becoming more isolated than ever before. In order to extricate themselves from the predicament of being beset with difficulties both at home and abroad, U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism are colluding and at the same time contending with each other, carrying out arms expansion and war preparations and wildly attempting to engineer a war of aggression against our country and flagrantly resorting to nuclear blackmail against us. In the relations between countries, China has always upheld the Five Principles of Peaceful Coexistence. Our stand is: **We will not attack unless we are attacked; if we are attacked, we will certainly counter-attack.** The people of the whole country must heighten their vigilance, strengthen preparedness against war and be ready at all times to wipe out all enemy intruders who dare to come. We are determined to liberate Taiwan. We warn U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism: The heroic Chinese people and Chinese People's Liberation Army armed with Mao Tsetung Thought are invincible. Should you insist on imposing a war on the Chinese people, we will keep you company and resolutely fight to the

finish! On the vast land of China, wherever you go, there will be your burial ground!

We will always uphold proletarian internationalism and firmly support the heroic Albanian people in their struggle against imperialism and revisionism; firmly support the heroic Vietnamese people in carrying their war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation through to the end; firmly support the Laotian people in their just struggle against the invasion of Laos by U.S. imperialism and the reactionaries of Thailand; firmly support the Palestinian people and the people of all Arab countries in their just struggle against U.S. imperialism and Zionism; and firmly support the revolutionary struggles of all the oppressed nations and people of the five continents!

People of the world, unite and oppose the war of aggression launched by any imperialism or social-imperialism, especially one in which atom bombs are used as weapons! If such a war breaks out, the people of the world should use revolutionary war to eliminate the war of aggression, and preparations should be made right now!

Long live the great People's Republic of China!

Long live the great, glorious and correct Communist Party of China!

Long live the victory of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line!

Long live invincible Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought!

Long live our great leader Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!

Speech by Premier Chou En-lai

— *At the Reception Celebrating the 20th Anniversary
of the Founding of the People's Republic of China*

Comrades and Friends,

Our great socialist motherland — the People's Republic of China — has triumphantly lived through 20 fighting years.

On this glorious festive occasion, on behalf of our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao and on behalf of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China and the Government of the People's Republic of China, I extend the warmest congratulations and give proletarian revolutionary salute to the representatives of the working class, poor and lower-middle peasants, Red Guards, revolutionary cadres and revolutionary intellectuals of all nationalities who have come from all parts of the country and to the representatives of the heroic Chinese People's Liberation Army, and cordial greetings to the broad masses of patriotic overseas Chinese and our patriotic fellow-countrymen in Hongkong and Macao, to our fellow-countrymen in Taiwan who are being oppressed and exploited by the U.S.-Chiang reactionaries and to all those who love our socialist motherland!

Joining us today in joyously celebrating this festive occasion are delegations from friendly countries, comrades from fraternal Marxist-

Leninist Parties, friends from mass organizations of various countries, fighters and heroes from the front of the struggle against U.S. imperialism and also comrades and friends from Asia, Africa, Latin America, Oceania, Europe and North America. We express our warm welcome and sincere thanks to them!

Comrades and Friends,

Twenty years ago, our great leader Chairman Mao solemnly proclaimed to the whole world: **"Our nation will no longer be an insulted nation; we have stood up."**

In the past 20 years, the Chinese people, under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party of China, have smashed the sabotage and disruptive activities of the class enemies at home and abroad and, maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands, relying on our own efforts and working hard and waging arduous struggles to make our country prosperous, have won one victory after another in the socialist revolution and socialist construction. Particularly, as a result of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution personally initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao, a handful of Party persons in power taking the capitalist road have been overthrown, renegades and hidden traitors have been dragged out, the mental outlook of the broad masses of the people has undergone profound changes and the dictatorship of the proletariat has been further consolidated and strengthened. At present, responding to Chairman Mao's call **"Unite to win still greater victories,"** the people of the whole country are carrying out the fighting tasks set forth by the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China. An invigorating and thriving atmosphere prevails throughout the country. A new upsurge is emerging in industrial and agricultural production and in the development of science and technology and culture and art. Our motherland has been transformed from a poor and backward semi-feudal and semi-colonial country bullied by others into a great socialist country which has persisted in the principle of maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in its own hands and has attained initial prosperity.

All our achievements in the past 20 years are great victories for Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and for Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"We are now engaged in a great and most glorious cause never before attempted by our forefathers. Our goal must be attained. Our goal can certainly be attained."** Let us unite still more closely around the Central Committee of the Party with Chairman Mao as its leader and Vice-Chairman Lin Biao as its deputy leader, hold aloft the great red banner of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, carry on in a deep-going way the mass movement for the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, persevere in the struggle between the two classes, the two lines and the two roads, firmly grasp revolutionary mass criticism, **"carry out the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation conscientiously,"** so as to ceaselessly push forward the socialist revolution and socialist construction and win new and still greater victories!

Comrades and Friends,

The present international situation is excellent. The revolutionary struggles of the people of various countries are vigorously developing and forcefully pounding at the reactionary rule of the imperialists and their lackeys. U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism are beset with difficulties both at home and abroad and are finding things tougher and tougher. In order to contend for spheres of influence and suppress the people of various countries, they chant peace while both of them actually engage in frenzied arms expansion and war preparations. They are stepping up their collusion in their attempt to form a ring of encirclement against China and carry out war threats against her. In order to cover up their ulterior motives, they slanderously counter-charge us with having so-called expansionist ambitions and even insinuate that we intend to launch a nuclear war.

From the very first day of the founding of the People's Republic of China, we have declared explicitly that we firmly stand for the safeguarding of world peace and oppose wars of aggression. Ours is a true socialist country and we will never commit aggression against

others. We develop nuclear weapons solely for defence and for breaking the nuclear monopoly, and our ultimate aim is to eliminate nuclear weapons. But the peace we uphold is one based on principles, that is, peace based on the Five Principles of mutual respect for territorial integrity and sovereignty, mutual non-aggression, non-interference in each other's internal affairs, equality and mutual benefit, and peaceful coexistence. We will never barter away principles. Our great leader Chairman Mao said long ago: **"We will not attack unless we are attacked; if we are attacked, we will certainly counter-attack."** We must make full preparations against the war threats of U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism, including their nuclear war threats. If they should insist on imposing a war of aggression on us, we will firmly resist to the end until final victory.

The 700 million Chinese people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought and tempered through the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution are determined to better fulfil their proletarian internationalist duty and, together with the people of the whole world, carry the struggle against imperialism, modern revisionism and all reaction through to the end.

We firmly support the heroic Albanian people in their struggle against imperialism and revisionism!

We firmly support the heroic Vietnamese people in carrying their war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation through to the end!

We firmly support the Laotian people in their just struggle against U.S. imperialism and the reactionaries of Thailand!

We firmly support the Palestinian people and the other Arab people in their just struggle against U.S. imperialism and Zionism!

We firmly support the Asian, African and Latin American peoples in their struggle for liberation!

We firmly support the revolutionary struggles of the peoples of Western Europe, North America, Oceania and other parts of the world!

We are determined to liberate Taiwan!

We will firmly unite, fight and win victory together with the revolu-

tionary people of all countries and with all revolutionary Marxist-Leninist Parties!

Long live the great unity of the people of the world!

Long live the great unity of the people of all nationalities of China!

Long live the great People's Republic of China!

Long live the great, glorious and correct Communist Party of China!

Long live invincible Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought!

Long live our great leader Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!

Fight for the Further Consolidation of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat

— *In Celebration of the 20th Anniversary of the
Founding of the People's Republic of China*

The People's Republic of China personally founded by our great leader Chairman Mao has been marching courageously along the socialist road for 20 years already. Today, in the new upsurge of the socialist revolution and socialist construction which has emerged since the Ninth National Congress of our Party, the people of all nationalities of our country, full of revolutionary pride in victory, warmly celebrate this great and glorious festival and wish our great leader Chairman Mao a long, long life!

On the eve of the birth of the People's Republic of China, Chairman Mao pointed out: **"Once China's destiny is in the hands of the people, China, like the sun rising in the east, will illuminate every corner of the land with a brilliant flame, swiftly clean up the mire left by the reactionary government, heal the wounds of war and build a new, powerful and prosperous people's republic worthy of the name."** The course of history has fully borne

out the correctness of this scientific Marxist-Leninist prediction of Chairman Mao's.

Chairman Mao has emphasized: **"To sum up our experience and concentrate it into one point, it is: the people's democratic dictatorship under the leadership of the working class (through the Communist Party) and based upon the alliance of workers and peasants."** The people's democratic dictatorship of the People's Republic of China is the dictatorship of the proletariat. The 20 years since the founding of the People's Republic of China are 20 years of struggle for the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the building of the socialist New China. In the course of the 20 years' struggle, under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party with Chairman Mao as its leader, we have firmly relied on the working class, the poor and lower-middle peasants and the People's Liberation Army, united all the forces that can be united with, smashed the aggression, subversion and sabotage on the part of imperialism headed by the United States, social-imperialism and reactionaries abroad, smashed the harassing activities of the Chiang Kai-shek bandit gang and scored great victories in the socialist revolution and socialist construction, and thus brought about unprecedented, tremendous changes in the look of our motherland.

Under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought, the proletariat and the broad masses of people who have taken their destiny into their own hands, using the state machine of the dictatorship of the proletariat, have carried forward the socialist revolution step by step, waged struggles against the bourgeoisie economically, politically, ideologically and organizationally, and constantly consolidated and expanded the socialist positions.

Guided by Chairman Mao's teachings, we have carried forward the revolutionary tradition of maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands, relying on our own efforts and working hard and building the country through diligence and frugality, and found the way for developing the socialist industry, agriculture, national defence construction and science and culture with great, faster, better and more economical results. With the rapid development of socialist production, the living standards of the working

people have been raised. Through the concerted efforts of the working people in their hundreds of millions, our motherland has been built into a completely new socialist country with initial prosperity. The dark, poor and backward old China ruled by imperialism and its running dogs is gone for ever.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, personally initiated and led by Chairman Mao and with the participation of hundreds of millions of people, has shattered the bourgeois headquarters headed by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, smashed their plot to restore the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, cleared out the handful of renegades, enemy agents and absolutely unrepentant capitalist roaders who had wormed their way into the Party, and criticized the bourgeoisie and revisionism in a penetrating way. As a result, Chairman Mao's thinking on continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat has found its way deep into the hearts of the people, and the dictatorship of the proletariat has been effectively consolidated.

Today, socialist China has become the reliable friend of the oppressed people and nations all over the world and a powerful political force against imperialism and revisionism in the present era. We feel most proud of our great socialist motherland which is thriving with each passing day! We warmly hail the great victory of Mao Tsetung Thought!

The historical experience in the last 20 years teaches us that the fundamental question of the socialist revolution and socialist construction is the question of consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat, the question of leadership, that is to say, **the question of whether the leadership of the Party and state is to be in the hands of Marxists or of revisionists.** The consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat is the basic guarantee for our country to advance along the socialist road. At the First Plenary Session of the Ninth Central Committee of our Party, Chairman Mao pointed out: **"Unite for one purpose, that is, the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat. This must be fully achieved in every factory, village, office and school."** Chairman Mao issued this great call after profoundly summing up the historical experience over the

last 20 years. Our task is to continue to implement Chairman Mao's call and further consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat politically, ideologically, economically and organizationally.

For the further consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat, serious attention must be paid to further strengthening and perfecting the three-in-one revolutionary committees at all levels. All revolutionary committees and all cadres must maintain close ties with the masses, have confidence in them, rely on them and bring their revolutionary creative spirit into full play. All revolutionary cadres must share weal and woe with the masses of the people and serve them whole-heartedly; they must persist in taking part in collective productive labour, do a good job of grasping typical cases and get rid of bureaucracy and other tendencies of divorcing themselves from the masses. Deep-going and constant ideological and political work should be done among the masses and erroneous tendencies should be rectified through reasoning and appropriate criticism so as to strengthen unity. As for the class enemies at home and abroad and the handful of bad elements hiding among the masses, full vigilance must be maintained against them. So long as we act on Chairman Mao's teachings, carry out the Party's policies in an all-round way and do meticulous work, we certainly can, under the leadership of the Party, bring all positive factors into full play and unite the overwhelming majority of people so as to greatly strengthen the dictatorship of the proletariat and the broad masses of other working people over the handful of class enemies and speed up the socialist construction in our country.

For the further consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat, we must further develop the mass movement for the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought and firmly grasp revolutionary mass criticism in the course of struggle-criticism-transformation and carry the socialist revolution in the sphere of the superstructure through to the end. Leading comrades at all levels must conscientiously study and implement Chairman Mao's teachings on the correct handling of the two types of contradictions different in nature and sum up and firmly bear in mind the rich experience in handling the two types of contradictions during the Great Proletarian

Cultural Revolution. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has dealt a heavy blow at the ideologies of all exploiting classes. However, we must realize that the struggle between the socialist road and the capitalist road runs through the entire historical period of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Utilizing every moment their influence in the ideological sphere and resorting to different tactics, the overthrown exploiting classes continue to spread their poison, try to corrupt our cadres and try to win over the masses in the struggle with the proletariat. Though suffering defeat politically, the handful of class enemies will still try to undermine the socialist foundation economically. This is a protracted struggle. We must arm the broad masses with Mao Tsetung Thought, carry on revolutionary mass criticism in a deep-going and sustained way and conscientiously grasp the class struggle in the political, ideological and cultural spheres as well as in the economic sphere. In this struggle, we must further consolidate the leadership of the proletariat, consolidate and develop the socialist ownership, develop the socialist productive forces, give full play to the creativeness and wisdom of the masses of the people and propel industrial and agricultural production and science and technology to advance still more swiftly.

The dictatorship of the proletariat is effected through the leadership of the Communist Party. The whole Party, the whole army and the people of the whole country should rally closely around the Central Committee of the Party with Chairman Mao as its leader and Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader, and use Mao Tsetung Thought to attain **unity in thinking, policy, plan, command and action**. We must conscientiously carry out the work of consolidating and building the Party. Communist Party members must keep to the Party spirit of the proletariat and to the Party policy, and must completely discard the erroneous ideas and style of work which run counter to the interests of the proletariat and the broad masses of the people; any Party member who does otherwise is not worthy of the honoured title of a Communist. All revolutionary masses should strengthen their consciousness of the Party, accept the leadership of the Party, cherish and support the revolutionary committees, support the People's Liberation Army and make new contributions

to consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat and stepping up the socialist construction.

In dealing with the dictatorship of the proletariat, Chairman Mao pointed out: **“The second function of this dictatorship is to protect our country from subversion and possible aggression by external enemies.”**

U.S. imperialism, social-imperialism and their lackeys have had countless dreams of subverting the dictatorship of the proletariat in our country. Their counter-revolutionary dual tactics of armed aggression and “peaceful evolution” have all been smashed by the iron fist of the great Chinese people and Chinese People’s Liberation Army. In order to extricate themselves from their difficulties both at home and abroad, U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism, which are in an impasse, are now intensifying their collaboration and wildly plotting to launch wars of aggression against China and they have even spread talk for nuclear blackmail against China. We tell you frankly: We have seen through this sort of tricks of yours — it is nothing to us! You vainly attempt to instigate the remnant counter-revolutionary forces to restore capitalism and hope that Liu Shao-chi and his gang of counter-revolutionaries will come to power again; this is simply day-dreaming and madness. Your futile attempts to organize rebellions in our border areas will only enable the revolutionary people of all nationalities in our country to become more clear-sighted, eliminate enemy agents and thoroughly wipe out the rebels. By vainly trying to launch armed aggression, you will only plunge yourselves into the escape-proof net of a great, just people’s war against aggression. Your nuclear blackmail will never intimidate the indomitable Chinese people; it will only shatter your already very shaky nerves and serve to arouse the people in your own countries and in the rest of the world to condemn and oppose you, and reduce you to ashes in the flames of anger of the revolutionary people. Even if you resort to all your perverse actions, you will be lifting a rock only to drop it on your own feet and greatly hastening your own destruction. There is no other way for you.

Armed with Mao Tsetung Thought and tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the Chinese people are invincible.

The Chinese People’s Liberation Army, founded and led personally by Chairman Mao and commanded directly by Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin, is ever victorious. **“We will not attack unless we are attacked; if we are attacked, we will certainly counter-attack.”** As far as our own desire is concerned, we don’t want to fight even for a single day. Our foreign policy is consistent. We have all along held that the internal affairs of each country should be settled by its own people. We stand for the settlement of border conflicts between countries through negotiations. However, if any imperialism or social-imperialism imposes a war on the Chinese people, we will keep them company and fight to the finish, and **resolutely, thoroughly, wholly and completely** wipe out all aggressors who dare to come.

People throughout China, unite and respond to Chairman Mao’s great call, **grasp revolution, promote production and other work and preparedness against war**, maintain high revolutionary vigilance at all times, guard against surprise attacks by the enemy, keep to your work posts, and be well prepared to resolutely defend the sacred frontiers of our great motherland and completely smash the plots of aggression of U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism! We are determined to liberate our motherland’s territory Taiwan!

People of the world, unite and oppose the war of aggression launched by any imperialism or social-imperialism, especially one in which atom bombs are used as weapons! If such a war breaks out, the people of the world should use revolutionary war to eliminate the war of aggression, and preparations should be made right now!

Long live the great unity of the people of the whole country!

Long live the great unity of the people of the world!

Long live the dictatorship of the proletariat!

Long live invincible Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought!

Long live our great leader Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!

— Editorial by “Renmin Ribao,” “Hongqi”
and “Jiefang jun Bao”

Slogans for Celebration of 20th Anniversary of Founding of People's Republic of China

1. Hail the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the great People's Republic of China!
2. Hail the great victories in the socialist revolution and socialist construction over the past twenty years!
3. Hail the great victory of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution!
4. Hail the great victory of the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China!
5. Salute to the working class, poor and lower-middle peasants, Red Guards, revolutionary cadres and revolutionary intellectuals of all nationalities throughout the country! Salute to all those, including overseas Chinese, who love our socialist motherland!
6. Salute to the heroic Chinese People's Liberation Army!
7. Carry out the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation conscientiously! Further consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat!

8. Firmly grasp revolutionary mass criticism! Carry the socialist revolution through to the end!
9. Go all out, aim high and achieve greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism!
10. Grasp revolution, promote production and other work and preparedness against war!
11. Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people!
12. Heighten our vigilance, defend the motherland! Be ready at all times to destroy the enemy intruders!
13. We are determined to liberate Taiwan!
14. Workers of all countries, unite!
15. Proletarians and oppressed people and nations of the world, unite!
16. Down with U.S. imperialism! Down with Soviet revisionist social-imperialism! Down with the reactionaries of all countries!
17. Firmly support the heroic Albanian people in their struggle against imperialism and revisionism!
18. Firmly support the heroic Vietnamese people in carrying their war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation through to the end!
19. Firmly support the Palestinian people and the people of all Arab countries in their just struggle against U.S. imperialism and Zionism!
20. Firmly support the Asian, African and Latin American peoples in their struggle for liberation! Firmly support the revolutionary struggles of the peoples of Western Europe, North America, Oceania and other parts of the world!
21. Salute to the genuine Marxist-Leninist fraternal Parties and organizations of various countries!
22. People of all countries, unite and oppose any war of aggression launched by imperialism or social-imperialism, especially one

in which atom bombs are used as weapons! If such a war breaks out, the people of the world should use revolutionary war to eliminate the war of aggression, and preparations should be made right now!

23. Long live the victory of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line!
24. Long live the great People's Republic of China!
25. Long live the great unity of the people of all nationalities of China!
26. Long live the great unity of the people of the world!
27. Long live the great, glorious and correct Communist Party of China!
28. Long live invincible Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought!
29. Long live our great leader Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!

(Published in "Renmin Ribao," September 17, 1969)

**We Will Not Attack Unless We Are Attacked;
If We Are Attacked, We Will Certainly Counter-Attack.** *(gouache)* ▶



Tan Szu-cheng

Singing a Song to Chairman Mao

Foaming waves of the Yangtse,
waters of the Yellow River,
In all their beauty they
Can't compare with the limpid springs
Meandering amongst Shaoshan dales.
Chairman Mao conducts the limpid springs,
Reddening the whole land in full bloom.

Balmy poplars on the Kunlun Mountains,
Each and every tree so green,
Yet in all their verdure they
Can't compare with the sturdy pines
Towering atop the Chingkang Mountains.
Chairman Mao rears the green pines,
Adorning the motherland in eternal youth.

Tan Szu-cheng is a worker.

Gorgeous rainbow after rain,
Clusters of golden clouds,
Yet in all their resplendence they
Can't compare with the red flags
Rippling on the ramparts of Tien An Men.
Chairman Mao raises the red flag,
Crimsoning the world over.

Red sun in a clear sky,
Myriads of stars at night,
Yet in all their lustre they
Can't compare with the lights
Burning bright in Chungnanhai.
Chairman Mao upholds the radiant lamp,
Enlightening the storm in every land.

On the anniversary of our People's Republic
Rise songs of praise,
With all voices singing *The East Is Red*,
Mountains dancing,
Rivers strumming,
People cheering best wishes:
A long, long life to Chairman Mao!

Leng Ai-feng

A Long, Long Life to Chairman Mao

Where beneath the sky is the greatest beauty?
The mountains and rivers of our motherland;
As the five-star red flag glows in splendour,
Every mountain and river glistens gold.

Our great commander Chairman Mao
On a clean sheet a new picture paints;
His mighty hand turns heaven and earth,
Decking the mountains and rivers in red.

Twenty years of opening the sky and breaking the ground,
The whole land of hibiscus now glows in the morning sun;
New mountains, new rivers, new heaven and earth,
Boundlessly beautiful in their infinite variety.

Leng Ai-feng is a commune member.

Red blossoms in full bloom under rain and dew,
In sunshine shimmer the pines and firs;
The cultural revolution has scored victory,
Our beautiful land is now more grand.

Twenty years of seasons coming and going,
Spring flowers, autumn fruit ripening, face the sun.
Seven hundred million people broadly smile,
Treasured books in their hands,
Beloved leader in their hearts,
How often they joyously awake from dreams!

Mao Tsetung Thought spreads far and wide,
The splendour of Chairman Mao
Crimsons mountain after mountain, river after river;
Rain and dew from Chungnanhai nurturing the entire nation,
The red sun on Tien An Men
Irradiates the whole of mankind.

O red loyal hearts, set to music thousands of songs!
O racing blood, stir millions to warm tears!
Beaming at the red sun, raising arms, they cry:
A long, long life to Chairman Mao!

Lai Chih-kuan

Speed Towards the Red Sun

Red camellias crimson the slopes,
Lovely larks in the blue skim high,
Very excited is young Ah Sang,
For the day after tomorrow he leaves
For Peking to join in the
National Day celebrations.

Like a spring wind the news
sweeps the grassland,
Men and women, young and old,
flock to his tent.
Old Sha, who had been deaf and dumb
for twenty-seven years,
And blind Mama Meidi
both hurry over,

Lai Chih-kuan is a PLA soldier of Tai nationality.

As well as Gulang, militia captain
from White Horse Mountain.

Old Sha takes Ah Sang's hand,
Tears rolling from his eyes he says:
"I was cured by a good doctor of Chairman Mao.
Ask our dear Chairman Mao to please accept this fiddle.
The flowers of the snowy slopes
Will for ever face the golden sun."
Says Meidi, blinded by the old society:
"The accumulated snow of a thousand years
Was melted by the golden sun. This *bata* scarf
Ask Chairman Mao to please accept.
Liberated slaves will never forget
The PLA soldiers he dispatched."

Gulang, with two hands,
To Ah Sang presents a precious sword.
"Please tell our beloved Chairman Mao,
The southwest border is a wall of bronze.
If the imperialists, revisionists or reactionaries
Make trouble, this place will be their cemetery."

A young girl runs up from afar,
Joining the hubbub at the tent.
She begs Ah Sang to tell Chairman Mao
That the Red Guards will not let him down.
"We'll sink our roots in and mature
On our vast and extensive countryside."

Silver moonlight bathes the grassy plain,
Excited people crowd the tent.

Outside, others sing and dance as
Fiddle and *sona* make merry song.
Wishing our beloved Chairman Mao
A long, long life, a long, long life!

Red camellias crimson the slopes,
Lovely larks in the blue skim high,
Ah Sang mounts a glossy roan and,
Laden with the gifts and good wishes
of the border people,
Speeds towards the place where the sun arises.

Pang Shih-chung

Eagles, Warmed by the Sun

Engines throb in harmony with
Storms over the five continents,
Clarion battle bugles accompany
Angry tides of the four seas.

Twentieth anniversary, happy days,
A spring tumult in pilots' hearts.
Eagles, warmed by the sun,
Patrol ten thousand *li* of sky.

Gaze up into the blue —
Victory reports soar.
Look down at the earth —
How beautiful is our land.

Pang Shih-chung is a fighter in the Air Force of the PLA.

In the vast firmament of our
Motherland the excited beat
Of seven hundred million
Hearts is plainly audible;
We see seven hundred million
People smiling towards Peking.

“Long live Chairman Mao!”
Cheers rock the heavens, our pilots’
Thoughts have long since flown to
Chinshui Bridge before Tien An Men.

Silver eagles in the blue, fighters,
They remember Chairman Mao’s words
And increase vigilance one hundredfold,
As they patrol, the controls in their firm hold.

Beware, imperialist brigands,
If you dare extend invading claws,
Revolutionary fighters will wipe you out,
Thoroughly, wholly, completely!

Li Hui

For Ever Loyal to the Red Commander

Tossing off beads of sweat,
Fragrant with the aroma of rice,
I jump, muddy legs flying,
Up to the ridge of the field.
To my companions I cry,
“It’s National Day, with what
Shall we show loyalty to the Red Commander?”
Little Red raises a sheaf of paddy,
Big Ox removes his red armband.
This bouquet of golden rice
We hold high facing north.
Paddy fragrance wafts across to Peking
Over the red walls:
“Chairman Mao, dear Chairman Mao,

Your Red Guards are growing fast.
Faces tanned ruddy, hearts tempered red,
Soles rubbed hard like solid steel.
We battle in the tempest of class struggle,
Mature under the care of poor and lower-middle peasants.
The vast countryside is our home,
Our youth blossoms in the fields and dales.
Red Guards for ever loyal to the Red Commander,
You point, we follow, our orientation clear.”
As our pledge rings across the horizon,
We roll up our sleeves and pitch in,
All over the fields the sickles fly,
And stacks of paddy grow ever taller.

Li Hui is an educated youth who has gone to the countryside.

Single-minded Devotion for the Revolution and the People

In Lingpao County of the Funiu Mountain region, west Honan, there is a person highly commended by the local people as a model Communist armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

He is Li Teh-yi, chairman of the county's poor and lower-middle peasants' congress and concurrently, Party branch secretary of the Panlung Brigade of the Wumu Commune.

Li Teh-yi started doing revolutionary work two decades ago. Throughout these twenty years, fired by the spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death, he has been consistently leading the local revolutionary people to closely follow our great leader Chairman Mao and wage courageous struggles with class enemies and nature.

I

In 1962 the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi and company unscrupulously pushed the theory of "the dying out of class struggle" and the evil

trend of *santzuqipao*.* When this tendency of capitalist restoration swept along to the Panlung Brigade, a handful of class enemies crawled out. Wang Shih-chen, who had concealed his counter-revolutionary past and become deputy secretary of the brigade's Party branch, openly engaged in activities for the restoration of capitalism. Li Teh-yi, then secretary of the Party branch, rallied Panlung's Party members and poor and lower-middle peasants and fought back hotly.

Wang began pulling a number of people to his side by advocating that the brigade's only stretch of irrigated land, with its rich soil and ample water-supply, be divided up for private use. When Li heard this, he was very angry and sternly pointed out, "You are undermining socialism and taking the capitalist road. We won't let you do this."

The scheme of the handful of class enemies was exposed. They, however, did not give up. While Li was away at a meeting in the county seat, they divided up the plot despite strong opposition from the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Li was furious when he returned to the village. He told the poor and lower-middle peasants firmly: "With Chairman Mao backing us up, they can't succeed. And the stuff they are pushing will never prevail so long as we poor and lower-middle peasants are united as one and keep a firm hold on power."

That evening Li could not fall asleep. He remembered his miserable life in the old society.

Li was born in Kouhsi Village in Lingpao County. In 1928 the crops failed badly because of drought. The landlord seized Li's family's land in payment of rent and murdered Li's father. Li's mother and grandmother fled with the boy, begging their way to Panlung, where they took shelter in a ruined kiln. They begged during the day and worked on odd jobs for others in the evening. Sometimes when they had nothing to eat, they chewed on white clay to appease their hunger. Then Li's grandmother fell ill and his mother

*It means the extension of plots for private use, the extension of free markets, the increase in the number of small enterprises with sole responsibility for their own profits or losses, and the fixing of output quotas on the basis of individual households.

became too weak from hunger to walk. One day his mother said to him, "Child, you are old enough to understand things. You can't stay on and wait for death. Go and find your own way."

Tears in eyes, nine-year-old Li left his mother. He wandered to a village ninety *li* away, where he tended cattle for a landlord. Soon afterwards, both his grandmother and mother died of starvation. Li wrapped them in a straw mat and buried them on a barren hill. The rascally landlord claimed that the hill was his, and compelled Li to work for him for six years to pay for the burial plot. Li's younger sister was sold as a child-bride.

For twenty-one years in the vicious old society Li worked as a hired hand for landlords. His heart was filled with hatred brewed in blood and tears.

Whenever Li thought of the bitterness of the past, it strengthened his determination to take the socialist road. He said to himself: "If Wang and his gang had their way, socialist Panlung would go capitalist. We poor and lower-middle peasants must never return to the old sufferings again. I will fight anyone who tries to undermine socialism, even if it means my life."

Early the next morning Li went to see Wang. "What are you up to?" Li demanded. "Where are you leading the masses?"

Wang pretended not to understand.

"Listen," the now indignant Li said decisively, "you have wrangled to divide up the land. Now you see to it that the land is returned to the collective!"

"But . . . this has been approved by the leadership of the commune," Wang Shih-chen stammered.

"Chairman Mao doesn't approve," said Li sharply. With the red sun in his heart, he spoke righteously. "Panlung's poor and lower-middle peasants don't approve."

"Pooh! Go and report me if you think you can make it stick," Wang gave a wicked smile and took to his heels.

Through that smile Li realized the acuteness and complexity of the struggle.

Our great leader Chairman Mao says: **"The revolutionary war is a war of the masses; it can be waged only by mobilizing the**

masses and relying on them." Li closely relied on the poor and lower-middle peasants. He mobilized the revolutionary ranks for a counter-attack against the class enemies.

This frightened Wang. As vicious people usually do, he struck first, complaining about Li to the leaders of the commune. One of them, without investigating Wang's charges, came rushing angrily down to Panlung. He summoned a Party branch meeting without notifying Li and read out a "decision," saying that after studying the situation, the Party committee of the commune wanted Wang to take over the Party branch of the Panlung Production Brigade.

"What's this all about?" The meeting was in an uproar.

"It's decided by the commune," retorted the leading cadre loftily. "From now on you must listen to Wang Shih-chen."

"Nothing doing. Li is a good leader. We won't allow him to be dismissed."

"Are you going to obey me or not?" The leading cadre flew into a rage.

"We won't obey Wang Shih-chen. We won't obey you. We obey only Chairman Mao," the Party members counterblasted, confident of being in the right.

Completely frustrated, the leading cadre had to sneak away.

That evening Li called a mass meeting to expose Wang's scheme to seize power. He told the Party members and poor and lower-middle peasants, "The power of the brigade has been given to us by Chairman Mao and by you poor and lower-middle peasants. We shall never, never surrender it."

The scheme of the class enemies to seize power failed. The farmland they had divided up was returned to the collective. Wang, however, was not reconciled to his defeat. He manoeuvred to stage a come-back. Using both soft and hard tactics, he persuaded some people to put aside farm work, leave the village and engage in speculation and profiteering. A fierce struggle ensued over which road Panlung would take, the socialist or the capitalist.

In the face of the situation, some of the cadres showed signs of flinching. They complained: "The whole load is ours now. We'll kill ourselves, trying to haul it."

"Better to die like an ox in the traces," said Li, "than to let the cart roll backwards. We're travelling the socialist road. That's settled."

He then led them in studying Chairman Mao's brilliant work *On the Question of Agricultural Co-operation*. By contrasting the suffering of the old days with the present happiness, their consciousness of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines was raised. This strengthened their confidence in the socialist road.

One after another, the class enemies' plots to divide up the land, seize power and undermine the Party branch, failed. The gang then decided to murder Li.

When the poor and lower-middle peasants got wind of this, they became very worried. But Li was no coward. "What is there to be afraid of?" he said. "I have thought about it. We Communists are revolutionaries. We aren't afraid to lose our lives in making revolution."

"It's better to give way a bit, to avoid bloodshed," some muddle-heads urged.

"Give way? Impossible! This is a struggle between the two roads. Every small concession means that much less socialism and that much more capitalism in Panlung. Little by little, Panlung would change its political colour and the poor and lower-middle peasants would finally go under. We'll concede nothing. So long as we have a breath of life, we'll fight the enemy to the end."

Back in 1953 Li Teh-yi had met a covert attack from his class enemies. The Party had just promulgated the policy of unified purchase and sale of grain. Li, then leader of the village's militia, mobilized the people to deliver their best grain to the state and sell their surplus grain. At once the class enemies sought to disrupt the implementation of the policy by whispering that "as long as Li lives, we villagers needn't expect any good days."

One midnight three scoundrels waylaid Li Teh-yi in a quiet spot. They tied his hands behind his back and walked him to a pile of rocks in the rear of the village, ready to stone him to death. Pointing at the rocks, one of them bawled, "There will be your finish, activist!"

To which Li replied, "Revolutionaries are not afraid to die. If they were, they wouldn't be revolutionaries. I'll fight you as long as I live."

The shouting awakened some of the poor and lower-middle peasants. They hurried to the scene and nabbed the three scoundrels.

Li had taken part in many sharp class struggles, during the land reform movement, the campaign against bandits and local despots, the movements for agricultural co-operation, people's communes and rural socialist education. Several times, class enemies planned to kill him. But not once did Li flinch.

Now when he learned that Wang and his gang were plotting against his life, he was again quite undeterred. Bearing in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" Li continued to lead the poor and lower-middle peasants in a heroic and tenacious struggle against the class enemies. Finally they unearthed proof that Wang was a counter-revolutionary whose hands were steeped in blood. They fully exposed his crimes and successfully defended Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

In the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the defeated class enemies again came out to launch vengeful counter-attacks on Li and other poor and lower-middle peasants. Standing firmly on the side of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, Li and the other proletarian revolutionaries, braving the wind and waves, defeated the enemies' counter-attacks and defended the dictatorship of the proletariat.

II

Li has also proved himself a staunch fighter in battling nature, in the struggle for production. Defying hardship and death, he fully demonstrates the role a Communist plays as a model and one of the vanguard.

The Panlung Brigade's farmland, scattered on the steep slopes and shrouded in cloud and mist, was very difficult to till. Wangyikou, the production team to which Li Teh-yi belongs, had the most adverse conditions of all. Its four hundred *mu* of land spread over slopes of



red sandy soil. The gradient was too steep and the soil was too thin to retain water. Sprouts wouldn't grow when the weather was dry, when it rained they were liable to be washed away.

The torrents of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution in 1966 swept the Panlung peasants' struggle with heaven and earth to a new height. At that time Li had just come back from a visit to the nationally known Tachai Brigade in Shansi Province. He said to whomever he met, "Tachai is our best example to emulate. We must go all out to fight nature for ten years if necessary, and we will surely change our poverty-stricken gullies."

Li and the commune members decided to start by repairing and building terraced fields. They began their battle in the icy winter. The ground was frozen hard. A pick could only scratch its surface. It was really a tough task to build terraced plots in such cold!

"Do the job in this weather?" someone grumbled. "People will laugh the teeth right out of their mouths."

Li overheard him. "Let's go," Li shouted. "The ground may be hard but it can't be harder than the bones of us poor and lower-middle peasants. We have the will of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains. We don't care how the 'Wise' ones laugh at us."

Under Li's influence the commune members were in high spirits. Building embankments with rocks and covering the ground with good soil, they worked from early in the morning to late in the evening, even on snowy or windy days, until the next spring. They levelled the hilltops, filled in gullies, joined small plots into big ones and succeeded in terracing more than four hundred *mu* of hilly land.

In this battle, Li became known as "Iron Carrying-Pole" because the one he shouldered was exceptionally thick, and the pair of baskets he used were twice the regular size. He loaded the baskets fuller than other people and worked faster. During that winter and the following spring he broke two poles and wore out several pairs of baskets with his heavy burdens. Asked what made him so strong, he replied: "Every time I study Chairman Mao's article *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, recall the changes in Tachai or contrast the happiness in the new society with the suffering in the old, I become charged with energy. I'd be glad to work until I dropped."

In the autumn of 1968, more than a dozen of the stone embankments protecting the terraced land of the brigade were battered down by incessant torrential rains. Asked by a production team cadre what could be done, Li replied, "Pitch in! That's what to do. Chairman Mao says, **'Will the Chinese cover before difficulties when they are not afraid even of death?'** Mountain torrents may destroy a dozen or so stone embankments, but they can never destroy the determination of us poor and lower-middle peasants to transform nature. We will build new ones to replace the old."

His words stirred the commune members. Thereupon they, headed by Li, worked hard for thirteen days and nights, eating and sleeping at the building site. They constructed new embankments and righted the crop that had been knocked down by the rain-storm. They had a good autumn harvest that year.

Li suggested that a reservoir be built.

On November 30, 1968 work started on the reservoir. A quilt under one arm, a crate of explosive on his shoulder, Li was the first to arrive at the work site. When he had put down his load and was surveying the site, the biting cold wind and drifting snow flakes made him shiver. A sharp pain in his chest made him bend over

double. His T.B. was getting worse and the other commune members urged him to take a rest for a few days.

Li straightened up and waved his hand. With a smile, he said, "One day is like twenty years at a time like this, how can I rest?"

Throughout the construction work of the reservoir, Li always made a beeline for the toughest job, the most hazardous task. In boring holes to place explosive charges, he was always the first on the cliff face, a rope tied around his waist. In moving earth to fill in the gullies, he often worked at the most dangerous spot. When the explosive charges were lit, Li was always the last to leave the danger zone. He used to say: "We Communists should always be at the head of the masses, and not behind them."

III

Li never feels hardship and fatigue when serving the collective or thinking of the people's welfare. He bears constantly in mind Chairman Mao's teaching that Communists must have the thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of the proletariat, seeking neither fame nor fortune and fearing neither hardship nor death but be completely dedicated to the revolution and the people, serving not only their own people but also the people of the world wholly and entirely, and be boundlessly loyal to the revolution and devote their lives to the people.

For many years, whenever it rained continuously or there was a mountain torrent, Li could hardly sleep or eat. He was always thinking: Was the cattle-shed of any of the teams leaking? Were all the peasants' cave houses safe enough? What about the field ridges? Day or night, he and other brigade cadres would brave the rain and wade through water and go from valley to valley, village to village, to look after the poor and lower-middle peasants and collective property.

One summer evening a big storm broke. Li had just returned home from a day-long tour of the production teams to check the water-logging situation. As the wind grew stronger and the rain fell heavier, Li recalled that the cave house of a poor peasant, Kuo

Kao-ming, had cracks in the ceiling. Wouldn't that family be in danger?

Li immediately turned to go out. His wife urged him to rest for a while, but Li answered, "No, when the masses have problems, we must help them promptly." When he reached Kuo's house he was wet through and muddy all over. It was getting dark.

Kuo asked him, "Old Li, it's already so late, what brings you here?" Li said, "Your house is not safe. The poor and lower-middle peasants have sent me to bring you out." Li helped the family of three out of the house. They had not gone more than a few steps away when the house collapsed. Kuo grasped Li's hands and with tears in his eyes said, "Old Li, if it weren't for you, my family would have been buried alive!" Li said, "Don't thank me, thank Chairman Mao. I've only done what he teaches."

That is typical of Li, who always looks after everyone but himself. Li says: "In times of difficulty, a Communist must think of the masses and the revolution."

Kuo Chin-hai, a poor peasant's son, had lost his mother when he was very young. His father died when he was fourteen, leaving only him and his ten-year-old brother. Li went to their home as soon as he heard of the death and helped arrange the funeral. He said to the boys: "Children, don't cry. With the Communist Party and Chairman Mao leading us, you will never go hungry and cold. Come to my house."

He carried the small one on his back, took the big one by the hand, and took them home. Li's family were a bit hard up. With two more children to take care of, it was even more of a strain. But Li never complained. He looked after the two boys like his own children. He was ready to eat less himself than let them go hungry, to wear less himself than let them be cold. Any farm work they did not know how to do, he showed them how personally. He taught them never to forget the misery their class had suffered in the old society and encouraged them to be good successors of the poor and lower-middle peasants and follow Chairman Mao closely in making revolution. The two boys have grown up well, thanks to the care given

by Li and other poor and lower-middle peasants. Both of them are now cadres in a production team.

IV

Li has a large family but little labour power. What is more, he and his wife are sick persons. Panlung's poor and lower-middle peasants have time and again offered them material help, but Li has always refused. On various occasions the state issued relief funds. Eight times the poor and lower-middle peasants recommended Li as a recipient, but he wouldn't accept a cent. One spring he was allotted over two hundred *jin* of grain. Li distributed it among six poor and lower-middle peasant households.

In 1967 because he devoted a great deal of time to public duties, he was not able to do much field work and his earnings were small. The poor and lower-middle peasants wanted to give him a subsidy of eighty yuan. Again Li refused. The money was returned to the collective. Even when his wife was seriously ill, Li never accepted a single cent or a single grain from the state or the collective.

Li constantly makes high political demands on himself but maintains a low standard of living. He bears firmly in mind Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"The comrades must be helped to remain modest, prudent and free from arrogance and rashness in their style of work. The comrades must be helped to preserve the style of plain living and hard struggle."** He takes these two "musts" as a guide to make strict demands on himself and so never loses his quality of being one of the working people. He often says, "Hard struggle is the precious heritage of us poor and lower-middle peasants. We must never lose it. Once it's lost, a man turns revisionist."

Li's clothes have always been of rough homespun, with a towel for a head covering. He never goes out empty-handed. He carries either a hoe or a sickle and a rope so that wherever he goes he can join with commune members at work. When he visits the team

office to discharge his duties, he always carries a dry ration bag. He never let the commune members prepare food for him.

When a cadre goes to attend a meeting away from home, he is entitled to a meal subsidy for the day. But Li never draws a single cent. Sometimes the accountant chases after him and thrusts the money into his pocket. But Li always returns it when he comes back.

"Old Li, you are too thrifty," someone once said. "Our Panlung Brigade is big enough to afford to give you a little money. It won't make the brigade any poorer."

Li answered with a smile, "It is better to be thrifty with the money of the collective. A cent saved for the brigade means a fraction more of resources for building up our hilly region."

Not only does Li make strict demands on himself, he always gives the younger generation lessons of maintaining a style of hard struggle. Once, his thirteen-year-old daughter came back from a fair in town. She took off her coat and cried, "Other girls wear flowery prints while I have only this coarse stuff. How can I show myself?"

This stung Li's heart. He took out a tattered cotton-padded coat and showed it to the girl, saying in a serious vein, "Look, what about this coat? Is it better than yours? Count how many patches has it?"

The girl counted and answered, "Thirty-two."

"This belonged to your aunt. When she was your age she was sold as a child-bride. She turned a millstone in the day and slept under the eaves in the night. Hunger and cold was her lot. She wore the same coat for fifteen years. . . . You eat your fill at every meal but you think the food isn't tasty enough; you have a nice homespun coat but you think it's not good enough for you! You don't know when you're well off. If Chairman Mao hadn't delivered us from the sea of bitterness, could we have such a good life today?"

The father's words moved the girl to tears. She declared that she would never forget their origin and vowed to be a worthy successor of the poor and lower-middle peasants. Li has told this story at many a mass meeting, reminding all cadres and parents to

teach the younger generation to be ideologically prepared for hardships and arduous struggles.

V

Li tirelessly and selflessly led the revolutionary people in their struggles against nature and their class enemies. His T.B. grew worse because of long years of hard work. He coughed a great deal, ran a fever in the afternoon and sweated at night. But he never mentioned his illness to anybody. Only when his chest pains became acute did people find him squatting down, pressing his knees against the chest, obviously under a great strain. He often tied a broad cloth belt around his chest, trying to stop the pain by pressure.

He fought his illness with an iron will. The poor and lower-middle peasants of the Panlung Brigade, much concerned, advised him to rest and often sent the doctor to see him. The leading comrades of the county revolutionary committee time and again wanted to send him to hospital. Yet Li invariably replied, "My illness is nothing. Besides, we're very busy now. How can I leave? Maybe I can find time later."

One winter morning in 1968, Li carried manure to the fields with some commune members. At noon he returned from work. He recalled that the stockman was away and the animals had not been fed that morning. So he gulped down his meal and asked his daughter to go with him to graze the oxen on a slope. After climbing several hills, he suddenly had difficulty in breathing and was dizzy. He began to spit blood. His legs gave way and he fell on the hillside.

Li's daughter cried for help. A commune member gathering firewood nearby rushed over and carried Li home on his back. Other poor and lower-middle peasants, on hearing the news, hurried to Li's house. Many with moistened eyes said, "Old Li always has the interests of us poor and lower-middle peasants at heart. He has been working tirelessly for us. Now he is so sick! If anything should happen to him, it would be an unbearable loss."

They all agreed that Li Teh-yi needed immediate treatment, and reported the matter to the commune.

The revolutionary committee of Lingpao County immediately sent Li to a hospital in Sian. Examination showed that both of his lungs were badly diseased, with lesions in the left and a spreading in the right. He would have to be hospitalized for several months.

Li refused to stay in the hospital. The poor and lower-middle peasants are fighting day and night to tame nature, he thought, how can I lie quietly here? He said to the doctor, "Mine is a chronic case. Supposing you just give me some medicine and let me convalesce at home. I want to do more for the people and the revolution. As long as I'm alive, I'm going to carry on."

Only after repeated persuasion did Li consent to stay in the hospital for about a fortnight. Though far from being cured, he then set out for Panlung.

On the train Li thought of many things — the mountains and rivers in Panlung, every village and every household there; the past suffering of the Panlung people and their happy future....

He got off at the Chingtsun Village station. It was near dusk. Li bought a bundle of apple saplings and started up the mountains to Panlung. He arrived before dawn.

He had left Panlung only a fortnight ago, but it seemed like years. Every blade of grass, every shrub, was especially dear.

Carrying the saplings he groped his way to the cowshed. The stockman was mixing fodder. Li examined the cattle. They looked fatter than two weeks ago. He laid down the saplings and went to the nearby terraced fields. There people were carrying manure to the wheat fields. Li climbed an opposite slope and saw that fruit trees had already been planted. Some early risers were digging circular mounds around the young trees for retaining water....

The day broke. Li again led commune members deep into the mountains to begin a day's work.

A Communist Full of Revolutionary Vigour

On Hainan Island, wherever you are, whether in a village of Li people deep in the cocoon groves or in remote fishing hamlets along the coasts, you have only to mention the Communist Ma Yi and people invariably raise their thumb to say with deep admiration, "Now, that's a real fine Communist."

Ma Yi is an army doctor in a PLA unit stationed on Hainan Island. A victim of cancer which poses a serious threat to her life, she is boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao and devotes herself to the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. She seizes every minute of her time to work for the Party and always stands at the forefront in safeguarding Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in the sharp struggle between the two lines. She is an advanced element of the proletariat nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought, a Communist full of revolutionary vigour.

In the spring of 1967, when the storm of "January Revolution" spread over the country, our great supreme commander Chairman Mao issued the great call: "**The People's Liberation Army should**

help the broad masses of the Left." Comrade Ma Yi immediately left for the frontlines of helping the Left. Soon afterwards, she learned that she had carcinoma of the breast. Faced with this grave threat to her life, she remembered Chairman Mao's mighty words: "**A Communist must be full of vigour, he must have a strong revolutionary will, he must defy all difficulties and strive to overcome them with an unyielding will...**" This teaching filled her with inexhaustible strength. With emotion, she made this solemn vow before a portrait of Chairman Mao: "Chairman Mao! Dear Chairman Mao! A revolutionary fighter's life is limited, but loyalty to your spirit is boundless. Disease may wreck my health, but not my revolutionary will. The less time I have left to work for the revolution, the more I'll seize every minute to fight in defence of your revolutionary line!"

Ma Yi, lying on the operating table, firmly resolved to conquer cancer. An incision over 30 cm. long was made in her chest. Her left breast and left greater pectoral muscle and smaller pectoral muscle were removed, and three of her ribs cut. She had never been very strong and this major operation undermined her health greatly. However, in spite of her conditions, her heart loyal to Chairman Mao became more loyal still. Returning to consciousness after the operation, her first thoughts were of our respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao, and her first words were "Long live Chairman Mao!" While recuperating, since she couldn't go to the forefront of helping the Left at once, she diligently studied Mao Tsetung Thought and disseminated it in the barracks and among the people of the Li nationality. Once, while making a speech propagating Chairman Mao's revolutionary line at a meeting of over 6,000 people, she suddenly felt choked up and dizzy, and could scarcely stand. The comrades helped her sit down and urged her to take a rest. But when she raised her head, she saw the lofty image of Chairman Mao in a portrait over the platform and was immediately filled with warmth. "**Perseverance means victory.**" She thought: at this critical moment of seizing victory in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, time is very precious. If I took a rest of ten minutes, I would be wasting the time of the 6,000 people attending the meeting. At this point

her energy was restored and she walked back to the rostrum to continue her speech. Deeply moved, the audience shouted "Long live Chairman Mao!" again and again.

Once, in Kwangchow she was called on to introduce her experience in studying the works of Chairman Mao to friends from foreign countries. Standing there before these foreign friends many of whom still suffered from class exploitation and national oppression, she remembered her own bitter childhood.

Her father died when she was four. Her mother struggled along with her in a bottomless pit of misery. In winter, clad in tattered, thin clothes, she had nothing but bitter herb soup in her bowl. It was the people's army led by Chairman Mao which liberated her village, rescuing her from deep suffering. She joined the PLA, was admitted into the Communist Party and became an army doctor. The sight of the foreign friends made her think of the many class brothers still suffering a bitter life in other parts of the world. A Communist's noble sense of responsibility to work for the emancipation of all mankind spurred her on to disseminate Mao Tsetung Thought.

She told them her experience in relying on resplendent Mao Tsetung Thought to struggle against the big renegade Liu Shao-chi's "philosophy of survival" and against cancer. Her audience were so stirred that they raised again and again their arms to cheer "Long live Chairman Mao!" "Long live invincible Mao Tsetung Thought!"

"With Mao Tsetung Thought in mind, there is nothing to fear," said one foreign friend deeply moved. "I shall fight bravely onwards, daring to weather the biggest storm and danger. I shall work for the day when our brothers and sisters will be liberated from the sea of bitterness."

Reactions like these always stirred Ma Yi to her very soul. In her mind's eye she saw the flames of revolution enveloping all the five continents and four seas and a tremendous revolutionary torrent raging ever onwards.

Working hard one day, Ma Yi found there were new complications in her disease. That night, her head was in a whirl and the idea

flashed through her mind: Can my health continue to stand the storm and stress of class struggle? She got up from bed and studied word by word Chairman Mao's brilliant Three Constantly Read Articles and one of Chairman Mao's latest instructions: **"The Party organization should be composed of the advanced elements of the proletariat; it should be a vigorous vanguard organization capable of leading the proletariat and the revolutionary masses in the fight against the class enemy."** Chairman Mao's every word flashed golden light and made her see things in the correct light. Revolutionary vigour comes from staunch loyalty to Chairman Mao, from a determination to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and from courage to advance when Chairman Mao waves his hand. She told herself firmly: Ma Yi, being boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao should be your very life. A Communist should always be in the van in defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

The leadership was deeply concerned over Ma Yi and transferred her to a place where conditions were better, but she always said: "A Communist should take up the heavy loads!" Not long afterwards she went to a people's hospital on Hainan Island to help the Left. The class struggle here was fairly complex. Upon her arrival, she immediately led the revolutionary masses in launching fierce attacks on a handful of class enemies. The enemies hated her intensely and tried in every way to force her to leave. Late at night they made a terrible racket outside her quarters, rattling on her windows to frighten her. Ma Yi felt only contempt for such provocation. She thought to herself: My combat post in defence of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line is here. I'm going to stand here as firm as a rock! Without any thought for her personal safety, she persisted in the fight. Ignoring the pain caused by her cancer, she stayed up late many nights to hold heart-to-heart talks with the comrades. Ma Yi studied Chairman Mao's works with a nurse who did not dare to charge forward in the sharp class struggle because she was poisoned by the big renegade Liu Shao-chi's "theory of merging public and private interests." Ma Yi went to her home, studied Chairman Mao's works with her, compared the bitterness of the past with the sweetness of the present, and put her in fighting spirit again. Ma Yi was finally

able to use invincible Mao Tsetung Thought to unite the broad revolutionary masses in smashing the schemes of a handful of class enemies and guaranteeing that the power of leadership in the hospital remained firmly in the hands of the proletarian revolutionaries.

Comrade Ma Yi is firm in her class stand and clear-cut in expressing her opinion. She defended Chairman Mao's proletarian line in medical work with militant spirit and vigour. Once, a commune member, a poor peasant, was hospitalized for stomach trouble. A reactionary bourgeois "authority" who operated on him was careless in his work and peritonitis and pleurisy set in after the operation. The patient's life hung by a thread, yet the reactionary "authority" seemed quite unperturbed. When Ma Yi learned of this, she was bursting with indignation. Getting the hospital staff together, she organized them in emergency measures to save the patient. It was imperative to give injections of a certain medicine which unfortunately was out of stock in the hospital and had to be fetched from several kilometres away. The scoundrel of a bourgeois "authority" glanced at his watch and said, "It's already very late now. Even if we do fetch it, we can only go tomorrow."

"Time means life," said Ma Yi decisively. "We'll go and get the medicine right now."

After emergency measures were taken the patient was saved. Later, Ma Yi and the other revolutionary masses repudiated this reactionary "authority" and severely criticized bourgeois ways of treating patients. It was in this way that Ma Yi fought courageously at the very forefront of the class struggle, pushing the hospital's struggle-criticism-transformation to new heights.

Ma Yi's condition became worse in the autumn of 1968. Her face and limbs became swollen and she had difficulty washing her own clothes. The pain grew more acute.

However, an eagle in the sky will never fold its wings in the storm; a staunch Communist will never halt his marching steps in the revolutionary struggle.

This only made her realize that time was getting more and more precious for her to fight in defence of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. She threw herself into work with redoubled energy. It

was at this time that our great leader Chairman Mao cordially received representatives of the People's Liberation Army. A leading comrade who had just come back after seeing Chairman Mao pinned a shining Chairman Mao badge on her chest and encouraged her to conquer cancer with Mao Tsetung Thought. He also told her of the decision to send her to a hospital for treatment. The overwhelming concern of our great leader Chairman Mao for the PLA and the solicitude and care of the Party organization and the comrades profoundly moved her. She recalled that in the old society her father could not afford treatment for his sickness and the whole family stood by helplessly and watched him die. She contrasted this with the happiness of today. Unable to hold back her tears, she said: "I was a poor and wretched child. Chairman Mao gave me everything. I'll cure my disease with Mao Tsetung Thought, by putting up an active fight. Lying in bed will not cure me." At her repeated requests, the leadership finally agreed to let her work as a political instructor in a medical team touring the countryside.

After Ma Yi came to the medical team, she worked hard to implement Chairman Mao's important instruction: **"In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas."** Together with the comrades of the team she crossed mountains and rivers in the wind and the rain to serve the people of the Li nationality and to train "barefoot doctors"* among them. There was one woman commune member of poor-peasant origin, Wang Yu-chiang, who had been seriously ill three times in the past. Because of the vicious influence of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in medical and health work pushed by the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi, she was turned out by the snobbish

*Young health workers, chosen from among the poor and lower-middle peasants by the people's communes, who were trained in short-term classes and through practice but did not divorce themselves from production. In September 1968, our great leader Chairman Mao personally approved the publication of a report of an investigation from Shanghai, *The Orientation of the Revolution in Medical Education as Seen in the Growth of "Barefoot Doctors."* Since then "barefoot doctors" have appeared in rural areas all over the country. They resolutely implement Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in medical and health work. See *Chinese Literature* No. 12, 1968.

hospitals or given careless treatment each time. As a result, she had become bedridden. With boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao and his revolutionary line, Ma Yi and the other comrades of the team regarded the curing of Wang Yu-chiang's sickness as a powerful criticism and repudiation of the big renegade Liu Shao-chi, as their action to carry out Chairman Mao's instructions concerning medical work. After giving the patient over a month of careful treatment, they finally cured her.

On the Wuchih Mountain, Ma Yi led the team in treating some hundred poor and lower-middle peasants a day. They worked round the clock and were warmly praised by their class brothers of the Li nationality. Yet she was never satisfied. Once at a team meeting, Ma Yi proposed that in order to thoroughly implement Chairman Mao's proletarian line in medical and health work, Chinese medicinal herbs should be widely used to save medical expenses for the poor and lower-middle peasants. With Ma Yi taking the lead, the medical team was determined to explore the treasure-trove of medicinal herbs on the Wuchih Mountain and shoulder both the work of giving treatment and collecting the herbs.

When Ma Yi was leading the barefoot doctors being trained by the team to gather herbs on the mountains one day, the comrades thought it dangerous for her and advised her not to go, but she insisted, and climbed up laboriously grasping a vine. Each exertion brought excruciating pain. But Chairman Mao's great teaching "**This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield**" rang in her ears. Instantly filled with strength, Ma Yi climbed up courageously.

Fervently voicing their respect for her, people say: Ma Yi is a sunflower blooming on the Wuchih Mountain; her loyal heart turns for ever towards the red sun. Ma Yi is like a ship on the South China Sea, for ever sailing onwards along the course charted by Chairman Mao.

Valiant PLA Fighter Ning Hsueh-chin

We must take a correct attitude towards the question of life and death. We must foster a revolutionary outlook on life and fear neither hardship nor death. We live and die for the revolution. When the revolution requires it, we must dare to step forward and show not the slightest fear before danger. To give our lives for the people's liberation cause is 'weightier than Mount Tai' and 'a worthy death' as Chairman Mao teaches.

— Excerpt from Comrade Ning Hsueh-chin's diary

On the evening of November 29, 1968 red flags fluttered over the Sian Railway Station and firecrackers exploded. Chairman Mao's instruction calling on intellectuals to be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers was being broadcast repeatedly over the loud-speaker. Holding aloft portraits of Chairman Mao and carrying knapsacks on their backs, columns of young Red Guards marched with firm strides into the station. They were going to the vast rural areas to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants and to temper themselves into reliable successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

Near the entrance of the station, PLA fighter Ning Hsueh-chin and squad leader Yu Hsiu-teh were having a heart-to-heart chat before going on duty. Pleased to see the educated youths determinedly embarking on the road indicated by Chairman Mao, Ning said to his squad leader, "With these youngsters developing as successors to the revolutionary cause, we can be sure that our Party will never turn revisionist and our state will never change its political colour. We revolutionary fighters should follow Chairman Mao even more closely, fear no hardship or danger, dare to charge forward at any crucial moment, and stand up to all tests. We should stand sentry and fight well in defence of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line."

When train 245 backed out of the shed, ready to pull into the station, Ning Hsueh-chin jumped on board to take over guard duty.

A deafening sound ripped the air. It was the No. 70 express from Urumchi sounding its whistle, announcing its approach, eastward.

A group of Red Guards were walking on the tracks alongside train 245. Upon hearing the roar of the approaching engine and dazzled by its powerful headlight, the young Red Guards, caught in a web of tracks, could not make out on which line the express they were to take was coming in. They scattered in different directions to find out.

Aware of the danger they were in Ning Hsueh-chin cried out: "The train's coming in on Track 6! Keep clear!" As he shouted, he ran towards the Red Guards and directed them out of the danger zone.

The train rolled in, 70 metres, then 60 metres, nearer and nearer to the station.

Red Guard Ning Jung-shan, who had already run to one side of Track 6, spotted her classmate Wang An-hsiang still on the other side. She ran back to pull her over. Now, both were in the line of danger and an accident was imminent.

"Stand where you are" shouted Ning Hsueh-chin. He rushed forward and helped the two Red Guards to safety.

At this moment, Ning turned his head and saw fifteen-year-old Liu Hsueh-tung, still walking in the track. The train, rumbling in, was then only ten metres away. Liu Hsueh-tung's life hung by a thread.

In a flash, Ning recalled Chairman Mao's great teaching "**To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai.**" When Chairman Mao waves his hand, I must advance! Ning dashed towards Liu without a moment's delay.

This was the familiar dash made by countless heroes whose deeds had stirred our very heartstrings. This dash reminds us of Tung Tsun-jui who gave his life to blow up a bridgehead on the battlefield for the liberation of the Chinese people! It reminds us of Wang Chieh who threw himself on an exploding landmine in order to save a squad of militiamen. It also reminds us of Chairman Mao's good cadre, Men Ho, who died heroically to protect the lives of twenty-seven class brothers. In this courageous dash forward we can see the loyal heart of Ning Hsueh-chin, wholly dedicated to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

As Ning ran, the huge engine, heavy smoke, dazzling light and air waves bore down upon him. Ning did not blanch. Summoning all his energy, he caught up with Liu Hsueh-tung and pushed Liu clear of the track with a thrust of his body. The dark train had already loomed quite close to Ning before he was able to jump clear. The engine-driver had put on the emergency brakes but the forward motion of the train was still strong and it hurtled Ning 10 metres away. His head was badly wounded, and he fell into a deep coma. As soon as the news spread, his fellow-fighters in the PLA company, the railway workers, young Red Guards and passengers hurried over and gathered around him. When they called his name anxiously, he gasped in a very faint voice: "How . . . how . . . are the Red Guards?"

An ambulance rushed Ning to a nearby army hospital. A crowd of people followed him there, some on bicycles, some on foot. Rolling up their sleeves, they held out their arms and volunteered to donate their blood. Though comrades at the hospital repeatedly assured

them there was sufficient blood in the blood bank, they lingered on a long time, reluctant to leave.

II

We are revolutionary fighters. We should serve the people wholeheartedly. Serving the people should be unconditional and unreserved, with no thought of reward. Otherwise, it isn't whole-hearted.

—Excerpt from Comrade Ning Hsueh-chin's diary

In the summer of 1968 Ning and his company were assigned to perform duty at the Sian Railway Station. As soon as they arrived, Ning took upon himself the task of disseminating Mao Tsetung Thought, of helping every traveller, of protecting the property of the state and standing sentry duty vigilantly, regarding all this as part of the revolutionary duty of a proletarian fighter. He made strict demands on himself, did his work unconditionally and unreservedly, fearless of difficulties and with no thought of himself.

One day, as Ning was busy maintaining order at the railway platform, he discovered several old women standing in the midst of a pile of bundles. Their train had already pulled in, but the workers at the station were kept so busy they had not yet noticed them. What should Ning do? Chairman Mao has said, **“Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people. Every Communist must learn from him.”** Right! He must learn from Comrade Bethune. Ning immediately went up to the grannies and said gently: “Come, give me your bundles. Lean on me.” He helped them to board the train one by one, inquired after their destinations, and asked the train conductor to take care of them on the way.

Back on the platform, he found another old woman, who had just got off the train, sitting on her bundle and looking helplessly at the overhead bridge leading out of the station. Warm-heartedly, Ning took up the bundle, carried the old woman on his back over

the bridge and all the way to a bus station. The old woman, clasping his hands, said: “Comrade, thank you! My own son couldn't have been kinder!”

“You shouldn't thank me, thank Chairman Mao. It's he who teaches us what to do,” Ning answered.

Late one night, the No. 53 express from Shanghai to Urumchi drew into the Sian Station, and a seriously ill young woman was helped off the train. At sight of her pale face and heavy breathing, Ning Hsueh-chin and his comrade-in-arms Chang Hsueh-liang who were on duty went up, inquired into the situation, and immediately helped the sick woman out of the station. As the last bus had long since passed, they put her on a pedicab, and they themselves ran behind it all the way to the hospital where they arranged for her admission. Before leaving, Ning gave all the money he had with him to pay for the sick woman's fees.

Vice-Chairman Lin says: “We must make the propagation and implementation of Mao Tsetung Thought our lifetime job.” Ning Hsueh-chin realized that to work well for the revolution, the most important thing is to arm oneself with Mao Tsetung Thought. To do this, he must diligently study and propagate Mao Tsetung Thought. This is the fundamental task.

On the night of October 15, 1968 a new instruction of Chairman Mao's was made public: **“A human being has arteries and veins through which the heart makes the blood circulate, and he breathes with his lungs, exhaling carbon dioxide and inhaling fresh oxygen, that is, getting rid of the stale and taking in the fresh. A proletarian party must also get rid of the stale and take in the fresh, for only thus can it be full of vitality. Without eliminating waste matter and absorbing fresh blood the Party has no vigour.”** Filled with excitement, Ning sat beside a radio. Though he had only a primary school education, he listened attentively to the broadcast and took down the instruction word by word. So that people should learn Chairman Mao's latest instruction well, he broadcast it to the incoming and out-going passengers. That night, he cut stencils and mimeographed copies of the instruction

which he distributed to the passengers. Between trains, he organized the waiting passengers to study it. Together, they scathingly criticized the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line on Party building and praised Chairman Mao's proletarian line on Party building. In this way he brought Chairman Mao's new directive straight to the people.

As the struggle-criticism-transformation movement of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution unfolded, Ning felt more deeply that it was necessary to keep close to the great strategic plan of the great leader and do more to further the movement. One day he noticed that a score of young students got off at the station. When he went up to talk to them he learned that they had come for a farewell outing because they were about to separate and settle down in different parts of the countryside.

Ning called them together and studied Chairman Mao's directive, **"It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants"** with them, getting them to discuss what preparations should be made for this purpose. After a discussion, the students decided to cancel their outing.

"Before we leave for the countryside," one of them said, "we should use our time to study Mao Tsetung Thought so as to understand better the significance of Chairman Mao's instructions. We will then be ideologically prepared to sink roots in the countryside for life." Before parting, the students clasped Ning's hand and said with feeling: "Thank you for your sincere help. You and your comrades are indeed good fighters of Chairman Mao! We will take you as our model and resolutely implement Chairman Mao's instructions."

It is impossible to keep count of the deeds Ning Hsueh-chin has performed for the revolution and the masses during his days and nights of standing duty. But his spirit of serving the people wholeheartedly has left a deep impression on people's minds and he has set them a splendid example in serving the people wholly and entirely.

III

A person's initiative is enduring, reliable and resolute only when it is based on serving the people. If it is founded on a desire for personal fame and position and honours, then, like a castle built on sand it will collapse with the first rush of the tide.

—Excerpt from Comrade Ning Hsueh-chin's diary

After Ning Hsueh-chin was injured and hospitalized, the Party and the people showered him with concern and honour. The walls of his ward were covered with big-character posters and pledges expressing determination to learn from him. He was praised as a hero like Wang Chieh, a communist fighter like Tsai Yung-hsiang. The revolutionary masses sent him many letters of solicitude, and the local press, radio and television stations often publicized his exploits. There was an endless stream of visitors who came to see him and give him their regards. All this was a new but severe test of young Ning Hsueh-chin.

In the past, Ning had performed many good deeds without telling people his name. He had been cited many times for his exploits, but he never became conceited. Now, how would he react to all the care and praise showered on him?

One day, a group of young Red Guards came to his ward and asked Ning to relate his heroic feat of saving his class brothers. Ning promptly consented and began to talk with gusto. The more the young students listened, the more excited they became, but they were puzzled too. At the end, they cried out in one voice: "But you've told us the story of the hero Nien Szu-wang!" Ning replied solemnly: "That's right. We should all learn from Chairman Mao's good fighter Comrade Nien Szu-wang. There's nothing much to say about myself."

The honours the Party and the people gave him only made Ning uneasy. He repeatedly studied Chairman Mao's teaching: **"It is not hard for one to do a bit of good. What is hard is to do good all one's life and never do anything bad, to act consistently in the interests of the broad masses, the young people and the revolution and to engage in arduous struggle for decades on end."**

That is the hardest thing of all!" Every time he read it, he was stirred and his blood raced with emotion. "Chairman Mao, dear Chairman Mao! It is you who gave me my all. You liberated me from the whiplash of the landlords, your brilliant thought has educated me into manhood. To have received a few injuries and shed a bit of blood is nothing. Compared to the Party's concern and the education you have given me, compared to the heavy task of the world revolution, I have done far too little. I will never fall short of your teachings. To safeguard you and your revolutionary line and bring about the emancipation of all mankind, I'll fight to my last breath!"

"I'll fight to my last breath!" — this is the new militant oath taken by Ning Hsueh-chin as he closely follows Chairman Mao on the road of continuing the revolution.

Once when news came that the social-imperialists had invaded China's territory, Ning couldn't restrain his wrath. He wrote: "We will never allow the sacred territory of the motherland to be invaded, no matter what the cost may be. Not a tree, not even a blade of grass of our motherland can be taken away from us! We will struggle to the end against modern revisionism. We will never rest until we have defeated imperialism, revisionism and all reaction!"

He immediately sent in a request to leave the hospital and return to his unit. But the doctors firmly refused and the leadership of his unit would not hear of it, for his wounds had not yet healed and his frontal bone was not yet repaired. The slightest knock by accident on his soft spot would cost him his life. It would take another eight months before his frontal bone could be repaired and then he would be allowed to return to his unit.

Compelled to remain, Ning Hsueh-chin, whose determination to safeguard the motherland had been fully roused by the armed provocations of the social-imperialists, decided to do all he could to help his comrades-in-arms regain their health. Although the hospital wanted him to refrain from activities and lie quietly, he did many things: cleaning up the wards, helping the other patients to make up the bed. . . . He took it on himself to do anything and everything beneficial to the people.

When he saw that some of the patients, who had difficulty moving, could not go to the barbershop, he borrowed a barber's kit and cut their hair. Two paralysed patients posed a real problem. But Ning squatted by their bedside, gently held up their heads and carefully clipped their hair. The effort made him feel dizzy but he persisted. "What a fine model you are for all of us, Young Ning," said the patients, moved beyond words.

The spring breeze spread the good tidings throughout our land. Stirred by the news of the grand opening of the Ninth Party Congress, Ning could no longer restrain himself. Every day, he asked the doctors to let him go. "I want to fight," he said, "to do my share in fulfilling the militant tasks put forward by the congress." After repeated requests, the doctors reluctantly agreed. But they advised him again and again not to be active back in the company but to remember he was convalescing.

By this time, Ning's company had been transferred from duty at the railway station to work on a farm. The very next day after his return, he asked to join the company in cutting firewood on the hills. When his comrades would not let him, he found a rope for himself which he stuffed into his pocket and then followed the others at a distance until they reached their destination. The narrow, steep path and sharp cliffs were all dangerous to someone in Ning's condition but he was not bothered by them. He worked with a will though he was so tired that he felt faint and broke into a cold sweat. After the evening meal, he reported for sentry duty at the tool shed of a work-site. The leadership and the comrades pressed him to go back to rest, but Ning said: "U.S. imperialism and social-imperialists are engaging in arms expansion and war preparations. They have extended their claws of aggression into our borders. I must keep in training and get ready for combat!"

One night on manoeuvres, the platoon leader told him to follow behind them in the rear so that he could go slowly. "I cannot stay behind at the crucial moment. I must dash ahead!" He strode alongside the platoon leader throughout the three kilometres' march and never fell back a step. When the leadership of his unit learned

of this, they decided to put him back in the hospital until he was really fit again.

IV

To fear neither hardship nor death and never to change colour, one must always study the Three Constantly Read Articles, fight self and criticize revisionism. One must make revolution consciously and thoroughly.

— *Excerpt from Comrade Ning Hsueh-chin's diary*

Twenty-three years ago, Ning was born in a poor peasant's home in Chienan County, Hopei Province. He cherished a deep love for Chairman Mao in his childhood. Though he could barely read, he studied *Serve the People*, asking for help when he met with words he did not know. Later, the production brigade of his commune organized a night school to learn Chairman Mao's works and he was the first to join. He was also the first to arrive every evening. He would quietly light the lamp, sweep the floor and make the fire so that when others arrived everything was ready.

One winter when the wheat had to be watered, the newly-built ditch was breached. Shouting **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,"** he jumped into the cold water and blocked the breach with his body.

Late one night a fire broke out in the brigade's beancurd mill. He picked up a water bucket and dashed out in his bare feet. He was the first to rush into the rolling flames, getting his clothes burned and his skin scorched. . . . Many times, he was cited as a Five Good Communist Youth Leaguer or Five Good Militiaman. The poor and lower-middle peasants liked to call him our young ox pulling the revolutionary chariot.

In August 1965, imbued with the lofty ideal of safeguarding Chairman Mao and the motherland, he entered that great school of Mao Tsetung Thought — the PLA. Soon, the movement to emulate Chairman Mao's good fighter Wang Chieh swept the army, followed by the drive to learn from the steel-willed fighter Mai Hsien-teh. Ning was deeply moved by these heroes and their exploits.

He asked himself again and again: "How was it possible for them to become heroes fearing neither hardship nor death?" From studying the course taken by Wang Chieh and Mai Hsien-teh, he found his answer. There is this entry in his diary:

They did as Vice-Chairman Lin said, "Study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions and be his good fighters." They succeeded in translating into action Chairman Mao's instruction to serve the people whole-heartedly, do everything in the interest of the people, with utter devotion to others and no thought of self.

They did not forget past bitterness, they dearly loved Chairman Mao, the Party, our people and our comrades. They understood why they were serving in the PLA and for whom they were fighting.

They came to see clearly that the nature of imperialism, revisionism and all reaction will not change. Their vision embraced the whole world. They saw that people were still being oppressed in the world, and so they were fired not only with a strong desire to safeguard the motherland but with the will to emancipate all mankind.

Ning came to understand that only by arming himself with Mao Tsetung Thought and fostering the idea of emancipating all mankind could he become fearless of hardship and death. From then on, he diligently studied Chairman Mao's writings — the Three Constantly Read Articles — severely fought against self and made strict demands on himself. He succeeded in implementing his own pledge to always follow Chairman Mao and working whole-heartedly for the people.

In the revolutionary process to fight self and criticize revisionism Ning Hsueh-chin is a splendid model for us to learn from. He has realized that in fighting self, passive resistance is no good; one must take the initiative and make attacks so that a revolutionary change occurs in the depth of one's soul.

Nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought, Ning Hsueh-chin, the valiant fighter who fears neither hardship nor death, is steadily maturing.

Deaf-Mutes Can Speak Now

It was early summer, 1968. One evening in the hall of the Liaoyuan Mining Administration Bureau a performance was about to begin. The curtains parted, and a lively girl, whose eyes were swimming with tears of happiness, appeared on the stage as master of ceremonies. In a clear voice charged with emotion, she began, "The thousand-year-old iron tree has flowered! The vines, withered for ten thousand years, have again borne fruit! Now, even deaf-mutes can speak, all because of our dear Chairman Mao...."

Wasn't she the miner's seventeen-year-old daughter Wang Ya-chin? Before she could say anything more, the whole hall burst into hearty cheers, and shouts of "Long live Chairman Mao!" rang out for a long time.

Former deaf-mutes sang one song after another, while the audience wiped off their tears again and again. What kind of performance was this? It was simply miraculous!

The performers were all students at the Liaoyuan School for Deaf-Mutes. Some time ago, unbroken silence reigned in this school

from morning till night. Students could only communicate with each other by inadequate sign language.

In early March 1968, the medical section of PLA Unit 3016, implementing Chairman Mao's series of instructions on health work, formed a Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda team of medical workers. This went to the deaf-mute school where it propagated Mao Tsetung Thought and gave acupuncture treatments. The team was made up by three army doctors and five medical orderlies. None of them had ever attended a medical school. Seven had only a primary school education. One had attended junior middle school for a short time.

The students were overjoyed to see them. They took the hands of the PLA men and waved them back and forth before a portrait of Chairman Mao in token of shouting "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!" A little boy showed them his hand. On it was written: "Uncles, I love Chairman Mao. I want to sing *The East Is Red*. I want to shout 'Long live Chairman Mao!'" The propaganda team comrades were deeply moved. They stood before the portrait of Chairman Mao and solemnly vowed: "Oh Chairman Mao, we shall act according to your instructions and show your concern to the deaf-mute students. We shall let them hear your great voice and enable them to say the words that are in their hearts: 'A long, long life to Chairman Mao!'"

News that the propaganda team was treating the students with acupuncture shook the bourgeois medical "authorities," the "noted doctors" and "specialists." "There's nothing in foreign medical books about treating deaf-mutes," they said. "It's preposterous to think you can cure them with a few needles!"

"Raw soldier boys, what do they know? How can they cure deaf-mutes!"

These derisive remarks could not shake the determination of the fighters. They drew strength from Chairman Mao's teaching: "**The Chinese people have high aspirations, they have ability, and they will certainly catch up with and surpass advanced world levels in the not too distant future.**"

The "noted doctors" and "specialists," the fighters said in scorn, eat food grown by the people but do not work for the people; they

put blind faith in foreign books and crawl behind others; they haven't got the spirit of the Chinese people in the least! We shall rely on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, open up the "forbidden zone" and cure deaf-mutes with our shining needles!

The team checked all the case histories. They found that over 97 per cent of the children were from families of workers or poor or lower-middle peasants. In the old society, oppressed and exploited by the landlords and capitalists, the working people went hungry and wore rags. They could not afford to give their children medical treatment. In the new society, Chairman Mao is immensely concerned about the working people. He has issued a series of important instructions on medical and health work. But Liu Shao-chi pushed a counter-revolutionary revisionist line and the hospitals did not serve the working people. Many became disabled because they could not get timely treatment.

The veteran worker Wang Yu-hai of the Liaoyuan Mines, for instance, was badly exploited by the capitalists before liberation. Only after the People's Republic of China was established was he able to marry. By then he was past forty. They had a daughter, whom they named Ya-chin. The infant fell sick, and because treatment was delayed, she became a mute. Wang and his wife were full of hope that well-known doctors in the hospitals could cure their only daughter. But these gentlemen said, "A mute is a mute. Nobody has ever been able to cure one. What can we do?" All the couple could do was go home with tears in their eyes.

Reading over the medical case histories of the children, the comrades of the propaganda team were fired with even stronger proletarian class feelings for the working people and deepened hatred for Liu Shao-chi. The fighters said, "These are not medical records, but indictments written in blood against Liu Shao-chi!" Turning their hate into strength, they were determined to relieve the sufferings of the deaf-mute students. On a wall they wrote up Chairman Mao's teachings: **"Serve the people whole-heartedly"** and **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** They kept these constantly in mind and resolved to use invincible Mao Tsetung Thought to cure the "incurable."

They first of all made repeated experiments with the acupuncture needles on their own bodies with the aid of a mirror. They tried them on each other, as well. Not a few of them developed swollen necks or a ringing in their ears. The mouths of some became so sore that they had difficulty in eating. But all this did not deter them. They vowed that they would not give the children any needle treatment of which they were not absolutely certain.

One day, the orderly Chao Pu-yu tested Wang Ya-chin's hearing after he had given her treatment. He clapped his hands once behind her. Ya-chin immediately turned her head, touched her ear with a smile and held up her thumb, indicating that she had heard. Chao retreated one step and then two steps and tried again. Both times she responded. How happy Chao was! All the teachers and comrades present were stirred. "Long live Chairman Mao!" they shouted.

After a time, most of the students could hear, yet they could not speak. The fighters carefully reviewed the process of the treatment they had given to the students. They noticed that when the needles were inserted rather deeply in the acupuncture points near the ears, they were more effective and the students regained their hearing quickly. Could it be that the needle insertion in the *ya men* point (an important point in the body for the acupuncture treatment of muteness) was not deep enough? Together with his comrades, Chao Pu-yu made a careful study and decided to experiment on himself.

Before doing so, he looked through some books on traditional acupuncture, hoping to find light. But they said the same thing: Deep insertion is forbidden at the *ya men* point; going beyond a depth of one *cun** may make a normal person lose his speech; an insertion of 1.5 *cun* might kill him.

It sounded reasonable to Chao, since it was based on precedent of long standing. But then he recalled Chairman Mao's teaching:

*In acupuncture, the depth to which the needle is inserted varies according to person. *Cun* and *fen* are used to denote it. When the patient forms a ring by joining his middle finger to his thumb, the distance obtained between the ends of the two lines on the lateral side of the second row of the middle finger is one *cun*. One *cun* equals ten *fen*.

"In the fields of the struggle for production and scientific experiment, mankind makes constant progress and nature undergoes constant change; they never remain at the same level. Therefore, man has constantly to sum up experience and go on discovering, inventing, creating and advancing."

"Though book knowledge is the experience of people before us," Chao mused, "mankind makes constant progress and previous experience can be improved upon. We are fighters nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought. As revolutionaries who follow Chairman Mao's teachings, we should dare to think, to act and to break with conventions. We should improve on the experience of our predecessors through practice and sum up something new. The *ya men* point may be the mouth of a tiger, but I'm going to open it and see how many teeth it has."

Determined, he opened a book of anthropometry and studied the position of the point and nerve-centre, then began his experiment.

With infinite loyalty to the great leader Chairman Mao in his heart, he took up a shining acupuncture needle and inserted it into his *ya men* point. At five *fen* he had practically no reaction. At one *sun*, both his arms felt very numb. Chao hesitated. A struggle arose in his mind: "If I go on any further, I might really become dumb or even kill myself." As soon as he caught himself thinking this he recalled Chairman Mao's words: **"Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice, and death is a common occurrence. But we have the interests of the people and the sufferings of the great majority at heart, and when we die for the people it is a worthy death."**

Immediately Chao felt an onrush of fresh strength and courage. In order to open up the "forbidden zone" and enable tens of thousands of deaf-mutes to cry "Long live Chairman Mao!" he was willing to take a thousand risks. Even if he killed himself, it would be "to die for the people" which "is weightier than Mount Tai." So he carried on resolutely.

When he inserted the needle 1.5 *sun* into the *ya men* point, his arms and hands became so painful and numb that he could hardly press the needle in any further. Reciting to himself **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,"** he

continued to insert the needle until it reached a depth over 2 *sun*. His head seemed to swell, his whole body grew numb, his throat burned. Only then did he pull the needle out. Depending on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, he had finally explored the *ya men* point and opened up a "forbidden zone"! Chao was overjoyed.

Through repeated experiments on themselves Chao and his comrades mastered new techniques in acupuncture and acquired first-hand knowledge. They used them widely on the deaf-mute students.

After three days of treatment, Wang Ya-chin was able for the first time in her life to exclaim: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

Thanks to the persistent efforts of the medical team, after a period of treatment by deep insertion at the *ya men* point, 157 of the 168 students in the school were able to hear and 149 to speak. When the local people learned of this, they hurried over to offer congratulations. "These medical fighters armed with Mao Tsetung Thought are really good!" they feelingly exclaimed.

As the news spread that the unit's health section had opened up a "forbidden zone" in curing deaf-mutes, deaf and dumb people poured in from all parts of the country asking for treatment. The unit received them warmly and decided to set up a temporary hospital, with the health section as the core, for treating more class brothers and sisters. In the short space of a few months the hospital has treated several thousand deaf-mutes, and 86 per cent have shown improvement. People who were cured left the hospital singing *The East Is Red*. The "Special Hospital," they called it fondly.

There is no registration office, but a reception centre with a staff of eight who go to the railway station every day to meet new patients whatever the hour or the weather. Often, patients and visitors, seeing that the reception centre was swamped with new arrivals, did not want to disturb the unit and wanted to look for their own accommodations. But the PLA comrades always made them put up at the unit.

Many patients and their relatives grasped the fighters by the hand and said: "Your close concern for us poor and lower-middle peasants shows that you are the people's army educated by Chairman Mao!"

One day, the reception centre received a special registered letter enclosing money from a commune, requiring prompt delivery to Yao Kuei-lan. Li Chun-chi, who was on duty, looked over the name lists of the patients and their relatives but failed to find Yao Kuei-lan or a similar name. He was about to write on the envelop "Return to the sender. Addressee unknown." But then he thought of Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people. Every Communist must learn from him."**

How anxious the addressee would be if she were indeed one of the patients receiving treatment here. A revolutionary fighter should display Comrade Bethune's spirit in his work and never allow any slip-ups. So, he carried the letter to all the wards, which were scattered over an area of several dozen *li*. He inquired in one room after another and eventually found the addressee. Yao Kuei-lan had come a few days before to replace her father in looking after her little brother. That was why Li could not find her name on the list. The letter would have become a dead one were it not for Li Chun-chi being a fighter who served the people whole-heartedly.

A deaf-mute worker from Hangchow had given up hope after failing to respond to three courses of treatment. Without telling anyone, he bought a ticket home. Army doctor Hu Jung-shan felt very bad when he learned of this. He and his medical team studied Chairman Mao's teachings on serving the people "wholly" and "entirely." They pledged to do everything possible for the worker.

Hu Jung-shan said: "Although we cannot guarantee 100 per cent cure for deaf-muteness, we must make sure our sense of responsibility towards the people is 100 per cent." The comrades carried out repeated experiments on themselves and kept improving the treatment. They finally succeeded in restoring the worker's hearing and ability to speak.

"We must make sure our sense of responsibility towards the people is 100 per cent" has since been taken up as a militant slogan by all the medical staff.

Cheng Huan-chang, a fifty-year-old worker, became deaf and dumb after an attack of measles when he was a baby. Treated as a beast of burden for decades in the old days, Cheng had toiled under the whips of the Japanese aggressors and the clubs of the landlords and capitalists. It was only when his area was liberated that he was delivered from darkness and saw the bright daylight. In the autumn of 1957, Chairman Mao inspected the factory where Cheng worked. When he saw our respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao, Cheng was overwhelmed with joy and wanted to shout: "Long live Chairman Mao!" with his comrades. But he could not utter a word. He went to a number of "well-known doctors" in the big cities, but all of them pronounced him "incurable" because his ear drum had sunk inward severely. He had nearly lost hope when he heard of the "Special Hospital" and went there.

A month's treatment produced no result. Li Chih-kuei, the medical worker in charge of Cheng's case, began to doubt that a cure was possible for a patient of this age. The problem kept him awake at night. He reminded himself of their slogan of "100 per cent responsibility towards the people" and Chairman Mao's teachings on serving the people "wholly" and "entirely" and thought of how the old worker had suffered in the old society.

Li resolved to overcome the old worker's "incurable" condition in the spirit of the "Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains" that Chairman Mao described in one of the Three Constantly Read Articles. Wrestling with the problem, he forgot about food and sleep. He experimented on himself, inserting the acupuncture needle deeper and deeper. At last he got results.

He tried his method on Cheng Huan-chang. After only three days' treatment, the old worker, who had been deaf and dumb for half a century, regained his hearing to a large extent. Tears came to the old man's eyes when, for the first time in his life, he joined others in cheering: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

One day, Liu Ting-hao, a lumberjack, brought his child Heng-lan to the hospital for treatment. Because he had to go back to work, he placed the child in the care of medical orderly Lu Chi-chien. The boy had completely lost his hearing and could not speak. He was

irritable and every time he was given acupuncture treatment, he went into a tantrum. But Lu was always patient and took care of the boy as if he were his own little brother.

By means of sign language, Lu patiently taught the boy to follow Chairman Mao's teachings and get cured quickly so as to serve the people. He constantly referred to the little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*. Although he was kept busy all day treating patients, Lu persisted in seeing to the boy's comfort. This touched the boy deeply. He wrote in his diary: "I must follow Chairman Mao's teachings and learn from the PLA uncles." From then on he began to co-operate with Lu Chi-chien and soon he was able to hear and speak again.

There is no end to the moving stories in the "Special Hospital." Here you also hear quite a few stories praising the "volunteer attendants."

Chang Ming-shan, a cook at a coal mining school near the hospital was at home recuperating from a wrist injury when he heard that the PLA comrades were borrowing some empty school rooms to accommodate some of their patients. He immediately went over and offered to work in the kitchen. The PLA comrades advised him to get well first, but he would not listen. His doctors had forbidden him to work so soon, but he insisted. When told his injured hand would suffer, he replied: "You PLA comrades risk your lives trying out the acupuncture needles on yourselves. In comparison, my injury is nothing." Chang cooked for the deaf-mutes every day, getting up early and going to bed late.

An old brickyard worker Li Shou-wu comes over every day after work and on Sundays with his barbering kit to give the patients free haircuts, often staying very late. At first, he thought he would only give a few haircuts. But when he saw the patients recovering their hearing and learning to speak one after the next, he felt that he would not be serving the people "wholly" and "entirely," if he simply gave haircuts and did not disseminate Mao Tsetung Thought. He organized his children and several Little Red Guards in his neighbourhood into a "volunteers group" to serve the deaf-mutes. Now, while Li Shou-wu gives his haircuts, the Little Red Guards put on

song and dance performances propagating the latest instructions of Chairman Mao. They also read the papers to the patients, bringing them Mao Tsetung Thought.

When the patients at the "Special Hospital" recover and it is time for them to leave, they are not just given a discharge paper as in other hospitals. Instead, the hospital issues to their relatives a booklet containing the brilliant directives of Chairman Mao on medical work. Some of the patients' relatives are presented with an acupuncture needle as well.

Why do the hospital give them a needle? There is an interesting story behind this. In November 1968, Chu Ching, a "barefoot doctor" in a production brigade read in the *Renmin Ribao* how the PLA health unit, relying on Mao Tsetung Thought, has opened up the "forbidden zone" in curing deaf-mutes. She immediately went to her brigade revolutionary committee and told them she wanted to try to cure the brigade's four mutes through acupuncture.

"The PLA comrades have opened up the 'forbidden zone' in treating deaf-mutes. It is our duty to spread this method so that more deaf-mute class brothers can be cured," she declared. Her brigade revolutionary committee gave her its firm support.

Working together with an old traditional doctor, Chu Ching made a careful study of the experience of the PLA medical unit and experimented on herself. She then proceeded to treat the patients. After a fortnight of treatment all four deaf-mutes of the brigade were able to speak. To express their gratitude, Chu Ching and her patients called on the PLA medical unit, where the girl reported on her success in curing them.

This incident was a big inspiration to the comrades of the "Special Hospital." There are deaf-mutes all over the country, they thought. It is not possible for all of them to come to the hospital for treatment. But if there are barefoot doctors like Chu Ching in every province, municipality and autonomous region who can learn to treat deaf-mutes, then the patients can all get treatment locally. A wonderful idea.

For several days they got Chu Ching to speak about her experience to the patients and their relatives and visitors. They also set up

"Mao Tsetung Thought acupuncture study classes" for them. First they studied Chairman Mao's directives on medical work and then acupuncture was taught. With much fervour, all the medical personnel pitched in to train them to become volunteer health fighters for the workers and poor and lower-middle peasants. To help them learn acupuncture as quickly as possible, the PLA comrades made the wards their classrooms, tried the needles on their own bodies, and turned the treatments into teaching courses. They enthusiastically taught their students how to treat a number of common ailments, as well.

Patients and relatives and visitors came and went. They spread all over the country the hospital's experience, as well as the spirit of serving the people heart and soul of the medical section of PLA Unit 3016.

Pei Kuo-hung

Ten Sunflowers at the Foot of the Bayin Mountains

Fearless of ice and frost,
Fearless of wind and rain,
We raise army mounts for the revolution
And ride in all seasons across the grassy plain.

On the vast misty grasslands at the foot of the Bayin Mountains in Inner Mongolia, on the banks of rolling Lake Dalainor, you can often hear clear voices singing this song and see a merry bunch of girls herding horses. Day or night, in fair weather and foul, they are out with the other herders, racing along, cracking their whips. They liven things up wherever they go. People sing, the atmosphere quickens. The ten girls are members of a team attached to the local army horse-breeding station.

"It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants," said Chairman Mao in 1968. In response to this great call, the girls came to the grasslands from the cities to raise army mounts for the revolution. For six months they have

faced the sun in the morning and the clouds at night. Their skin has peeled from their faces, calluses have grown on their hands, and they've sloughed the dust from their thinking. City girls have become herders on the plain. Afraid to go near the horses at first, they are now good riders. They have learned to herd not only during the day, but also at night.

"Those girls have really changed," an old herdsman commended. "They're like ten bold hawks, skimming over the range."

In 1968, as the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution won through to victory, the Party committee of the army's horse-breeding station organized the ten girls into a single team of herders, so as to carry out Chairman Mao's directive regarding young people still better. This was something new, and reaction to it reflected the struggle between proletarian and bourgeois thinking, between the proletarian and the bourgeois lines.

Most comrades strongly supported the team, but some just couldn't see it. "No girl has ever cracked a whip on this station in the dozen or more years we've been raising horses," they said. "These girls can hardly reach the stirrups and you want to make them herders!"

"City girls," another snorted. "When a horse whinnies, they cover their ears. The day they can herd horses will be the day pheasants can fly high."

The girls weren't discouraged a bit by these remarks. They said: "Our great leader Chairman Mao supports us. We won't let him down. **'Genuine equality between the sexes can only be realized in the process of the socialist transformation of society as a whole.'** Whatever work the men can do, we can do too."

Li Hsiu-ling, who had written eight times to the farm's Party committee requesting that the girls' team be formed, said: "Women are piloting planes now. Why can't we herd horses? As long as we are guided by Mao Tsetung Thought in everything, and face up to difficulties in a revolutionary spirit of scorning hardships and death, we girls can herd horses and herd them well."

Enlightened by Mao Tsetung Thought and supported by the Party committee, the girls persisted, determined to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.



Before they could herd horses, they had to learn how to ride. This wasn't easy for them. Their ages ranged from sixteen to eighteen. They were graduates of junior middle schools, city girls. Only Niu En-hui, the team leader, was tall enough to get her foot in the stirrup. Some had never seen a saddle before, to say nothing of knowing how to ride. Once they mounted, they couldn't come down. And when they were helped down, they couldn't get up again. But the girls didn't let any of this deter them.

Sixteen-year-old Hsiu-ling and Tsao Hsin were short and not very strong. But they practised riding hard. At first they couldn't mount unless someone gave them a boost. Finally, with a tremendous effort, they managed to clamber into the saddle. But their horses had only to stumble, and they went sailing off.

Once Hsiu-ling went out to practise by herself. No matter how she tried, she couldn't get on. Each time she gathered in the rein, preparing to mount, the animal simply followed her around, either to the left or to the right. After a full hour of this, the girl plumped herself down on the ground and wept with frustration.

Then she remembered the words of our great leader Chairman Mao: **"The establishment of our socialist system has opened the road leading to the ideal society of the future, but to translate**

this ideal into reality needs hard work.” She jumped to her feet, wiped her eyes and drummed up her courage. Reciting **“Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,”** she tried once, twice, until at last she managed to mount, the first step in learning to ride.

Tsao Hsin took many tumbles. In one fall she hurt her shoulder so badly she couldn't straighten up. Though she was urged to rest, she refused. “Why fuss?” she said. “These tumbles knock the selfish concepts out of your mind and toughen your body.” She insisted on getting back into the saddle, though she ached all over, and carrying on.

Boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, the girls stubbornly practised day and night. When they were thrown, they mounted again. They kept summing up their experience and going forward, until they trained themselves into riders who could gallop across the plain.

Part of the herders' art is calling to the animals. Another tough nut for the girls to crack. When the horses spread out too far, or were frightened, the veteran herdsman called to them in a special way. The girls tried to imitate but the sounds they emitted were so peculiar they were ashamed to open their mouths. Since they wouldn't practise, they couldn't learn, and this influenced the work.

The girls took their problem to the Three Constantly Read Articles. They quickly realized that they shouldn't let a fear of sounding silly interfere with serving the people.

But when the herd was alarmed and the girls called in their shrill voices, the animals ran all the faster. What to do? How could they become herders if they couldn't master the calls? They concentrated on imitating the old herders. However the veterans called, the girls boldly did the same. They practised on the grasslands and in their quarters after work. A period of arduous training enabled them to call like the veterans at last. They became adept at soothing startled horses.

Herding at night isn't easy, even for veterans. For these young girls just sitting up all night on the grassy plain was a trial, to say nothing of herding in the dark. They could manage when all was

calm and still, but when the weather suddenly changed, or some emergency arose, they found the going very tough.

One night they prepared to go on duty. The little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* in their hands, they stood before our great leader's picture and declared: “We pledge our loyalty, dear Chairman Mao. We shall be worthy of you, worthy of the women of China. As we herd horses in the misty night, we'll trample hardships underfoot, no matter how big.”

When they took over from the previous shift, the weather changed. A howling gale drove sand and rolling stones. Black clouds massed, thunder boomed, lightning streaked, then rain came deluging down, and the broad grasslands became a world of mist.

The girls could barely open their eyes, they couldn't see the herd. Rain-drenched hair plastered their faces. But they loudly recited Chairman Mao's quotations and shouted to the milling animals. Stubbornly, they gripped their reins and, with only lightning to see by, bravely continued riding herd. There was a tremendous clap of thunder, and all the horses stampeded.

Hundreds of beasts, whinnying in terror, sped northwest like the wind. Calling, the girls rode through the storm in hot pursuit. Thunder rumbled, the rain poured down. In the darkness, the girls could scarcely see two paces ahead.

“This army has an indomitable spirit,” Niu, the team leader, cried. The girls increased their speed. After a chase of more than twenty *li*, they finally rounded up the animals at the foot of Horsehoof Hill, and drove them back through the rain.

Half the night was gone. The storm ended. It became very cold on the open plain. The girls were soaked through. They shivered on their horses, and their chilled legs were like wood. They were tired and sleepy, but they shouted to one another from different parts of the herd: **“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).”**

Glancing often at the Big Dipper overhead, they guarded the herd alertly.

The next morning a count revealed that twenty-six horses were missing. Two of the girls, Chang Hsiao-hui and Chu Chin-yeh, promptly volunteered to search. Although tired from battling the storm all night, they remained in their saddles. They didn't even pause for a bite of food or a drink of water, but set out immediately in the direction in which the frightened horses had run the night before.

They searched all morning and finally discovered the lost animals in the herd of a neighbouring unit. At twelve-thirty, singing *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*, they returned victoriously with the missing horses.

The sun bathed the plain in its golden rays. Enlightened by invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, the city girls learned not only to ride herd in a short time, but also to guard the horses at night and cope with emergencies. The "pheasants" at the foot of the Bayin Mountains were indeed soaring high. Even the conservatives had to admit it. The girls advanced across the grasslands at flying speed.

The ability to ride herd, including at night, is only a start to working on the range. Many things have to be learned. Shattering obstacles with their whips, the ten girls galloped through innumerable difficult passes and plunged bravely into battle on the vast plain.

Riding in all kinds of weather is the hardest part. When the herd stampeded, they had to give chase, even in a snowstorm. It was a real test for the ten city girls. With ardent loyalty in their hearts for our great leader Chairman Mao, they made the plain their classroom for the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. To them, snowstorms were a pleasure, hardships an honour. The thousands of *li* of grasslands steeled their loyalty. They dared to battle with the snow and gales and took the initiative in grappling with their own weaknesses. In the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, they forged themselves, changed themselves.

One night this spring there was a rain and hailstorm. Chin-yeh became separated from her companions. She was wearing heavy

fur-lined clothes and big felt boots. She couldn't haul herself into the saddle and had forgotten to bring a flashlight. Icy hailstones were driving painfully against her face. It was so dark she couldn't see the fingers on her hands.

She trudged along, calling, now in this direction, now in that. But she had lost the herd. Through the hissing of the hail she could hear the howl of wolves in the distance. Chin-yeh thought of the teachings of our great leader Chairman Mao: **"These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."** **"No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on."**

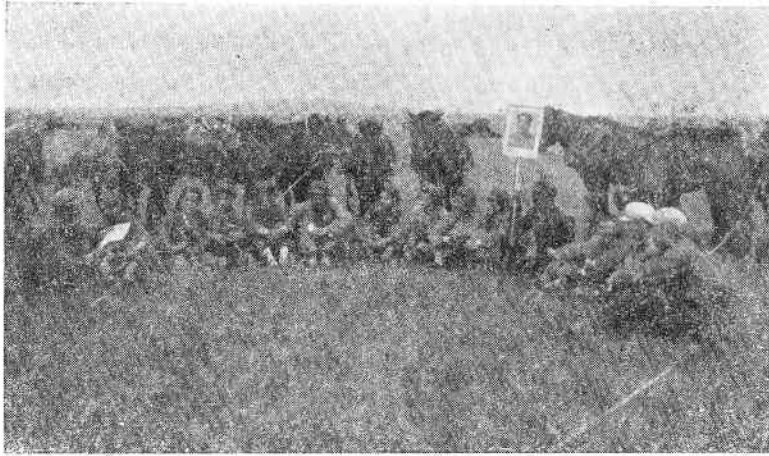
Instantly, she felt filled with strength. "Difficult places and critical times test and forge a person," she thought. "They give the best opportunity for showing loyalty to Chairman Mao."

Calmly, she gathered herself and mounted. After enormous efforts, she found the strayed horses on the shores of Lake Dalainor. At daylight she drove them cheerfully back to the rest of the herd.

The girls also learned another vital thing. They often tumbled while galloping after the running horses. Sometimes they were thrown quite hard. But they were undeterred. **"Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice,"** they said. "You can't ride herd without being hurt in a fall once in a while. The more we fall the tougher we get, and the warmer our loyalty is to Chairman Mao."

They castigated Liu Shao-chi's cowardly "philosophy of survival" and developed a revolutionary spirit of scorning hardships and death. They were bold, yet thorough, in their herding. If they took a bad fall, they had a correct attitude towards it. One night, racing at the head of the girls, Chang Pao-lin tumbled four times in a row in the dark. Though heavily shaken, each time she gritted her teeth, mounted, and went on with the job.

Snowy mountains produce long-lived pines, arduous surroundings steel people best. As a result of the difficulties they have gone through, the ten girls are now as brave and tough and lively as boys. They can ride herd all night and come back laughing and singing in high spirits, showing no signs of fatigue.



Chairman Mao, our great leader, teaches: **“It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants.”** In keeping with this the girls humbly took the veteran herdsman as their teachers, fought selfishness and criticized revisionism. They transformed their petty-bourgeois world outlook and developed a deeper love for the worker comrades. They determined to spend their lives on the plain, wholly and entirely serving the people.

When Chin An-shun first arrived from the city she tended to look down on the veteran herders, with their fleecy hats and tunics, their big felt boots, their dusty faces and rough speech. When she attended meetings in their homes she wouldn't sit down on their platform beds for fear of dirtying her clothes. Whenever they hospitably poured her a drink of boiled water, she would refuse, though her throat was dry, sure that it wasn't sanitary. “You have it. I'm not thirsty,” she would say.

She always bound her sleeve and trouser openings tight, wore a hat with flaps, wrapped a white towel around her neck and covered her mouth with a gauze surgical mask whenever she carried bundles of wheat stalks. This was to keep out all dust and bits of straw.

When the old-timers worked, their faces streamed with sweat, but An-shun felt cold.

The result was that the herders kept their distance. An-shun couldn't seem to get along with them, and it worried her. She took her problem to the works of Chairman Mao and found these teachings: **“Intellectuals will accomplish nothing if they fail to integrate themselves with the workers and peasants.”** **“The workers and peasants are the cleanest people and, even though their hands are soiled and their feet smeared with cow-dung, they are really cleaner than the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals.”**

Chairman Mao's words went right to the girl's heart. She thought of how diligently the old herders raised army horses for the revolution, of their many moving deeds, and tears came to her eyes. She remembered Comrade Wu Li-chi, who rode herd with the girls one night. By morning, the girls had been aching with fatigue. After handing the herd over to the next shift, they went back to their quarters to rest.

But Wu had heard that some horses were missing. Tired as he was, he immediately climbed back into the saddle and set out to search. As he rode past his door, he didn't seem to hear his wife's call to breakfast. Without a bite to eat or a drop to drink, he had continued riding all day in a strong wind until he found the strayed animals and preserved the state's property.

The teachings of Chairman Mao and the herdsman's inspiring deeds brought An-shun's shortcomings home to her and showed her the correct orientation. “The working class is the most loyal to Chairman Mao. They study Mao Tsetung Thought the best and apply it in the most living way,” she thought. “Their clothes may be stained and their faces streaked with dust, but their souls are spotlessly clean.”

She made up her mind to be re-educated by the working class and thoroughly change her world outlook. At a meeting in the herdsman's quarters she revealed how she formerly had been afraid of getting dirty. She asked the herdsman to help her criticize her unclean concepts and selfish ideas. Thereafter, when she carried



wheat stalks she removed her outer tunic like the others and no longer worried about getting dust and straw down her neck.

Before long her face was bronzed by the sun and her hands were callused. The herdsmen became quite friendly. "She's just like a working-class girl now," everyone said. "She has the same things at heart as us."

"I've got a long way to go," An-shun countered. "I want to be re-educated by the working class all my life, thoroughly change my world outlook, and for ever integrate myself with the workers, peasants and soldiers."

Niu, the team leader, had been distressed by the "misty grasslands and barren hills" when she first arrived. "How long will I have to remain here?" she wondered. "I'll probably be able to go back after tempering myself a couple of months."

She had shown little enthusiasm for her work. One of the old herdsmen noticed this and called her attention to Chairman Mao's

teachings: "It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants," and "A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater."

He told her of the bitter lives the herders had led before liberation and the cruel oppression they had suffered, helping her to see things in their proper light. Together with her, he criticized repeatedly the concepts Liu Shao-chi had spread — that the purpose of going to school was to become an official, that educated people should go to the countryside only for brief periods and only to acquire a revolutionary veneer. This quickly heightened Niu's class consciousness and her awareness of the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeois lines. She made up her mind to devote herself to the horse-breeding station and spend her life on the range.

From then on she got up every morning at five-thirty, swept the stables and the courtyard and filled the fodder boxes with hay, finishing before the others rose. Whenever the girls' team came off shift, she checked all the saddles and bridles and, while the others went to rest, repaired whatever was broken.

She never missed a single study session or a single shift, and was earnest and steady in everything she did. In January 1969, Niu had her appendix removed. Only a few days after the operation, she returned to the station. The next day, fire broke out on the range at the foot of the Bayin Mountains. As the others were setting out, she demanded to go along. The leaders said she ought to rest.

"You don't leave the firing line for a flesh wound," she retorted. "A little cut like mine doesn't mean anything."

Niu was so insistent, the leaders finally agreed to let her guard the haystacks. She remained at her post till midnight, when she was relieved. The haystacks had suffered no damage whatsoever. When she returned to quarters she got busy looking after the comrades who had been hurt fighting the blaze, feeding them water and medicines all night long. The next day her eyes were red-rimmed with fatigue. Everyone said she was an excellent and devoted team leader.

Illuminated by the red sun, the girls are like ten glowing sunflowers. Because they are enlightened by great Mao Tsetung Thought and

are integrating with the workers, peasants and soldiers, they all are rapidly maturing. As one of the veteran herders put it: "Those ten girls are all revolutionary in their thinking. They're full of energy and progressing fast. They're ten sunflowers at the foot of the Bayin Mountains."

From the grasslands we herders gaze towards Peking,
In our hearts rising a red, red sun,
Though the grasslands and Peking are far apart,
Our hearts and Chairman Mao's beat as one.

Sunrise clouds reflect crimson on the Bayin Mountains. Ringing voices swell over the range. Welcoming the red sun rising in the east, ten gallant girls ride herd, cracking their whips. Army horses race freely beneath the variegated clouds, songs echo back from the Bayin Mountains. Ten girls like bold hawks skim across the rolling plain.

Snowy Mountains Temper Loyal Hearts

On the Tianshan Mountains stands a steep and precipitous peak, the Kunestafan, which towers 4,000 metres above sea level. Telegraph-wires span over it like a long silver ladder, sheering into the sky. The weather here is bad and winter very long, lasting over eight months of the year. Snowstorms constantly strike and the temperature drops to thirty degrees Centigrade below zero.

In these mountains a signal corps maintenance crew of six men, relying on Mao Tsetung Thought, have fought against snowstorms and cold and overcome many difficulties. They are victoriously accomplishing their task, to maintain a national defence telegraph-line running from Peking, the heart of our motherland, to the anti-revisionist borderland, composing many a resounding song for Mao Tsetung Thought.

Once, a big snowstorm, unparalleled in years, came to Kunestafan and there were severe snowslides. Nearly half the telegraph-poles in the ravines were buried in snowdrifts, which in some places were more than thirty metres deep. Some of the telegraph-poles on the slopes were snapped and pushed a kilometre away.

The fighters of the signal corps were alert in the defence of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. With infinite loyalty they vowed before a picture of the great leader, "Chairman Mao, dear Chairman Mao, to defend you and to ensure that the voice of the proletarian headquarters, with you at its head and Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader, continues to get through, we will repair the line even if the heavens fall and the earth splits!"

The four comrades who were assigned the task of repairing each took up their little red book *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* and immediately started off, singing militantly the quotation song: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" They walked bravely through the fierce wind and snow in opposite directions.

Comrades Sun Tung-sheng and Chou Yun-chu who were going to repair the east line climbed the mountains at a temperature of forty degrees below zero. Heavy instruments and packs of food on their backs, they struggled on. The peak was precipitous, covered with deep snow, and the path was extremely slippery. One false step and they would fall together with their tools into the deep snowdrifts which came up to their ears. They ploughed arduously through the snow and could cover only seven or eight kilometres a day.

As they worked high up the telegraph-poles in the blizzard, the icy wires stuck to their hands and peeled off the skin. They had to warm them inside their clothing now and then. But the two fighters kept firmly in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Will the Chinese cower before difficulties when they are not afraid even of death?**" With the indomitable spirit of vanquishing all difficulties and hardships they succeeded in climbing the Kunestafan Peak in the evening of the next day and finished repairing the broken line.

Along the west line Comrade Chang Shih-jung and Mao Chung-yu also fought on, struggling through snow-filled ravines. Each step forward was a battle. At midday snowslides occurred constantly and the men were in danger of being buried at any moment. Comrade Mao Chung-yu remarked with great emotion: "Even if it costs me my life, I'll see to it that the voice of Chairman Mao gets through free from interruption." Ignoring their own safety the two

comrades braved the wind and snow and ploughed forward inch by inch.

The next day, because of fatigue and chill, Mao Chung-yu caught a severe cold. His head felt heavy, his legs weak. He could barely walk. Chang Shih-jung took off his fur coat and put it over Mao. He sat down beside him and together they studied the quotation from Chairman Mao: "**Give full play to our style of fighting — courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting (fighting successive battles in a short time without rest).**"

Every word of this golden teaching carries weight. It gave the two fighters infinite strength. Chang supported Mao and they struggled on.

Many a time the telegraph-wires they had just repaired were cut again by snowslides. They had to go back and re-connect them. When they were hungry they ate a bite of frozen steam-bread, when they were thirsty they put handfuls of snow into their mouths. They struggled for three days and two nights, cured twenty blockages of the line and successfully completed their task.

Excitedly they called the crew in the neighbouring area by telephone, but could not get through. Because they had worked too long in the snow they had sharp pains in their eyes. Hungry and cold, they were thoroughly exhausted. Should they continue or return to their station? They studied Chairman Mao's brilliant article *Serve the People*. "Wholly" and "entirely," two bright words appeared before their eyes.

This greatly encouraged them. They thought: "The entire line has not yet been repaired. How can we quit in the face of difficulties and fatigue?" They gathered their strength and strode on. With another day of hard work they succeeded in helping the neighbouring crew repair the line in the adjacent area. The whole telegraph-line was restored to normal operation.

The men in this maintenance station are not only heroic fighters of the signal corps but also active propagandists of Mao Tsetung Thought. In the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, as soon as they heard Chairman Mao's latest instructions over the radio they spread them among the masses. When Chairman Mao's instruction

“Our country has 700 million people, and the working class is the leading class” was published in August 1968, Sun Tung-sheng and Tsao Chih-yung took some dry rations and went to propagate it among the highway maintenance workers twenty kilometres away. Not long after they started, a hailstorm came. Eager to bring Chairman Mao’s instruction to the workers quickly, they ignored the beating hail and continued on their way. When they arrived, they were wet to the skin. They did not stop for a minute’s rest, but went from household to household, spreading the words of Chairman Mao. By the time they turned to leave for the station, it was already late at night.

“The PLA fighters follow Chairman Mao most closely,” the workers said. “They are most resolute in carrying out Chairman Mao’s instructions. They are indeed best models for us to learn from.”

When the first communique of the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party held under the personal leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao was published, the fighters were greatly encouraged and enlightened. No sooner had they finished listening to the broadcast than they hastened to the pastures to let the poor herdsmen know the good news. Together with the herdsmen they sang the praises of Chairman Mao and denounced the crimes of the big renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. The herdsmen were very moved and said: “The PLA men are most loyal to Chairman Mao and dear to us poor herdsmen. They have the strongest hatred for Liu Shao-chi. They are really good soldiers of Chairman Mao.”

Though the physical environment of the maintenance station is poor, the political atmosphere is lively. When you enter the small wooden house the first thing you see is a picture of Chairman Mao. The soldiers would say with emotion:

We think of Chairman Mao day and night,
The sun in our hearts is red and bright.
Although Peking is far away,
It’s closely linked to the mountains we stay.

Winter is particularly long here. Very often the crew are isolated in the snow-bound mountains and their lamps run out of oil. But

the fighters thirst for Mao Tsetung Thought. With deep proletarian feeling they continue their study of Chairman Mao’s works by the light of the stove. They hold meetings to fight self and repudiate revisionism and carry out revolutionary criticisms. They bear firmly in mind Chairman Mao’s teaching: **“The Chinese Communist Party, its leadership, its cadres and its members fear no difficulties and hardships.”**

“We must always develop the tradition of plain living and hard struggle,” they say proudly. “We will strike roots in these mountains so long as the revolution requires it, and we will stand guard well for Chairman Mao.”

In the past several years the fighters have held high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, closely followed Chairman Mao’s great strategic plan and carried out to the letter a series of Chairman Mao’s latest instructions. They have turned the maintenance station into a place for the propagation of Mao Tsetung Thought and a classroom for its living study and application. With surprising will and determination they have triumphed over wind and snow and fulfilled their tasks excellently.

A New Radar Station

In 1966, our unit was assigned to build a radar station in the high mountains. We came to a dense forest at the foot of the mountains. The tops were shrouded in a sea of white clouds.

“Are there any paths?” someone asked.

“There will be, after we trod them out.”

“Any data on these mountains?”

“We’ll collect that as we work.”

Our comrades knew that we were walking where no one had ever walked before, that we had undertaken a job no one had ever attempted.

That evening the Party branch committee held a meeting to analyse the situation and discuss the task. As the cadres and fighters had only come together recently, they had different opinions. How should we settle this problem? Vice-Chairman Lin Piao had taught us to use Mao Tsetung Thought to unify ideas. We decided to do this, for this was fundamental to our success.

This story was written by the Party branch committee of a unit of the People’s Liberation Army.

Communist Chen Pi-kao, a platoon leader, led a detachment to blaze a trail. The night before they started, the Party branch wrote more than one hundred quotations from Chairman Mao and gave them to Chen, saying, “Arm the fighters with these teachings, and the mountains will have to lower their heads and the forests give way.”

“When Chairman Mao calls on us to climb mountains, we climb to the very top,” Chen said resolutely. “When Chairman Mao asks us to open paths we turn deep chasms into thoroughfares!”

The detachment started out in the light of the morning sun. They waded through waist-high bushes and grass, walking in the tracks of wild oxen, deer and antelope, and climbed one mountain after the other. The mountains grew higher and steeper. The men were gasping for breath and sweating profusely with every step forward. But they studied Chairman Mao’s quotations all along the way, and this seemed to increase their energy. The valleys echoed with the slogans they shouted and the songs they sang.

At noon the detachment mounted into the clouds. Below, the clouds were like the sea, above reared precipitous cliffs. Chen read aloud one of the Chairman Mao quotations the Party branch had written: **“This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.”**

These golden words gave the fighters boundless strength. They said: “No matter how high the mountains are, they cannot stop the fighters of Chairman Mao.”

They dug footholds on the cliff with their shovels and climbed, hole by hole, step by step, making a regular ladder to the sky. We counted the holes later. All together three hundred. So we named the cliff “Three Hundred Stairs.”

At the top of the “Three Hundred Stairs” was a primeval forest. There was no sunlight in it all the year round. Condensed moisture kept dripping down. The ground was thickly covered with rotted grass and leaves, which stank of mildew. As they pushed on they lost their way. The Party members held an emergency meeting and decided that fundamentals should be grasped first. Everyone sat down together and recited Chairman Mao’s poem *The Long March*. They also told stories of how the Red Army had surmounted every difficulty

to climb the snowy mountains and cross the marshes. Chairman Mao's poem and the heroic deeds of our revolutionary forerunners greatly encouraged them. With renewed energy they searched in all directions for a good trail, and soon found it.

With Mao Tsetung Thought unifying their thinking, the detachment climbed one mountain after the other and overcame many difficulties. Finally, as the rosy sunset coated the mountains, they reached the highest peak.

That evening they slept in the tents they pitched and excitedly discussed what they had learned during the day. Everyone felt that they had reached new heights not only physically but ideologically as well.

The class struggle both at home and abroad required us to complete the station at the highest possible speed. Our biggest problem was the transportation of materials and equipment. How could we get them from the foot of the mountains to the top? According to the old rules we would first have to build a road through the mountains for trucks and tractors. But that would take too long and we could not wait. Our superiors asked us to work out a new method in order to save time for the revolution.

How? We discussed it and came to this conclusion: Carry the material and equipment up the mountains on our shoulders! But they lay at the foot of the mountains like hills. Some of them were so heavy that a single piece weighed half a ton. How could we tote them up a steep path with so many twists and turns? And wouldn't it take a long time? Some of the fighters were beset by doubts.

The Party branch committee analysed the problem. With the help of our superiors we realized that the struggle between the two lines also existed in the building of our radar station. Renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and company madly opposed Chairman Mao's great strategic principle: **"Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people."** They denied the great power of invincible Mao Tsetung Thought and the fact that man is the decisive factor. They said the mountains were too high, that neither people nor machines could get up, and that

even if they did they could not stay long. The scoundrels tried by hook or by crook to sabotage our work. Therefore, whether or not we could build the station at high speed was not merely a matter of work method but a big question involving the implementation and defence of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

All the comrades were organized to launch a revolutionary mass criticism in order to heighten their awareness of the struggle between the proletarian and bourgeois lines. The more they criticized Liu Shao-chi, the more firmly they shouldered the material and equipment, the more confident and wiser they got. They found they had infinite power in their shoulders.

Wu Chia-hsin, a Communist and Five Good soldier, was in the detachment of pioneers which were the first to reach the highest peak. From that day on he worked tirelessly. When he was asked why he worked so hard, he replied: "Because we realized that the radar station we're building high in the mountains, with our heads in the sky and our feet above the clouds all year round, is necessary for the revolution. Since it's necessary for the revolution, we must shoulder the burden no matter how heavy it may be."

With seventy *jin* loads of gravel on his shoulder he climbed over mountain after mountain. He thought: "The station cannot be built without gravel. Toting gravel is necessary for the revolution." In virtually one breath he rushed his loads from the foot of the mountain to the top. When they were felling trees, he worked hard. Together with several of the others he shouldered a log so big a man couldn't get his arms around it. His legs trembled with strain but he thought: "The station cannot be built without timber. Carrying logs is necessary for the revolution." Mustering his strength to the full he shouldered one tree after the other.

However, when he heard that they would be carrying complete sets of machinery to the top on their shoulders, he was no longer so confident. At a Party branch meeting Chang Hsueh-kung, deputy Party secretary and leader of the future station, revealed how Liu Shao-chi and his gang had criminally opposed building the station. Wu's mind suddenly became clear. He thought: "In order to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line we must build the station as quickly as we

can. We must endure the greatest hardships and carry the machinery on our shoulders to the top of the mountains. This is necessary for the revolution."

On the day when we began transporting the machines Wu vied with others to be among those carrying the heavy ones. "We would rather sacrifice ourselves than allow the least damage to the machines," the fighters shouted. "We must at the same time guarantee the safety of our comrades." When someone was burdened too heavily others would rush over to replace him. If anyone walked unsteadily and began to wander off the road, his comrades would immediately jump down into the gully alongside and prop his foot on their knees or shoulders.

As the fighters braved many dangers and came to the pass called "Tiger's Mouth," the path got more difficult. It was narrow, steep and muddy, with many sharp turns. Crossing here with a load on your shoulders was called picking teeth from the tiger's mouth. A heavy machine which really needed sixteen people could only be carried by ten fighters to get it through the narrow pass. Moreover, the men had been working since early morning and were quite tired. But as Communists they thought of the quotation from Chairman Mao: **"A Communist must be full of vigour, he must have a strong revolutionary will, he must defy all difficulties and strive to overcome them with an unyielding will."**

They came forward boldly one after another, reciting the great leader's teaching and shouting: "We will fight with our lives to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line!" They vied with each other to assume the heavy load. Wu took the position where the burden was the heaviest and would not let others replace him. This machine is necessary for the revolution, he thought. He plodded, straining, up the path until they reached the top.

By relying on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought our comrades raised their political consciousness and transported all the necessary materials and equipment to the peak. Not a single man was hurt, not a thing was damaged. We saved a great deal of precious time in our preparations against war. Facts prove that as long as we adhere to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line we can work wonders.

Scarcely had the radar station been completed when Communist Yu Huan-chun, a squad leader who had served in the army for seven years, was assigned to lead a squad of thirteen men to build a transmission station halfway up the mountains. Yu accepted the new task without the slightest hesitation. The next morning the squad started off, singing militant songs of Chairman Mao's quotations set to music.

When they had walked halfway, the white clouds turned to rain and it began to pour. Everything was wet through by the time they reached their destination. They had no dry place to set their packs, and no dry wood to cook their meal. Squad Leader Yu got his men together; they recited: **"We go there to work and struggle to overcome these difficulties. A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater."** Then he cried: "We must act according to what Chairman Mao teaches!"

The thirteen soldiers were as lively young tigers. Some of them took up buckets to fetch clear water, some levelled the ground with shovels. Squad Leader Yu picked up a hatchet and led half of the squad into the forest to fell trees.

Night came. The fighters were cold and hungry. They sat close together and encouraged each other. "We may have thousands of difficulties," they said, "but when we grasp Mao Tsetung Thought nothing is too difficult. We may suffer from hardships of this kind or that, but when we think of Chairman Mao we feel the greatest happiness." With boundless proletarian love for our great leader Chairman Mao they struggled for twenty days and set up the foundations for the construction of the transmission station.

When building houses Yu tied every knot several times, for fear it would not be tight. In opening waste land he dug furrow after furrow, but he still felt he had not worked hard enough. During one of the festivals, the station sent several chickens for them, but he kept them to lay eggs to raise more chicks.

"Squad leader," a new soldier asked him, "you have already extended your service in the army for several years and you'll soon be demobbed. Yet you work as hard as if you expected to spend the rest of your life here."

"Our jobs may change any time," Yu told the soldier, "but our determination to make revolution and maintain a style of plain living and hard struggle must never vary."

Later, he had another chat with the soldier and said: "Chairman Mao has taught us, '**To win country-wide victory is only the first step in a long march of ten thousand li.**' If we do not have the concept of continuing the revolution, to make revolution for ever, we will not be able to follow Chairman Mao in the second and the third steps. This is most important and we must bear it firmly in mind, so that we can remain steadfast however the situation, the task and conditions may alter."

Not long ago a strong typhoon came and attacked the newly set-up station. It uprooted trees so big that two men could not enclose them in their arms. But because the comrades at the station were fully on the alert to fight in any circumstances, they had no fear of the typhoon. They dauntlessly defended the station. As a result the machines remained in good working order. This was a deadly blow to the class enemies who had bleated that we could not build a radar station in the high mountains and even if we did we could not stay.

The wind is roaring, clouds are rolling. Proletarian revolutionary fighters who are armed with Mao Tsetung Thought can stand the test of any storms and can vanquish all enemies.

Shen Hung-hsin

Models in Depicting Proletarian Heroes

Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, our beloved Comrade Chiang Ching, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, has led the revolutions in Peking opera, ballet and symphonic music. Under her guidance, the revolutionary literary and art fighters have waged struggles against adverse winds and evil waves, smashed the bourgeois dictatorship of the counter-revolutionary revisionist sinister line in literature and art and created a large number of brilliant proletarian heroes in several revolutionary model theatrical works, resplendent with Mao Tsetung Thought, which put the workers, peasants and soldiers in command of the theatre. This is a rich fruit of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution in the realm of the superstructure, an important manifestation of the great victory won by the proletariat in its struggle for the seizure of power on the literary and art front, and a great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art.

The Creation of Heroic Proletarian Characters Is Necessary to the Consolidation of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat

Our great leader Chairman Mao pointed out in 1944: **“History is made by the people, yet the old opera (and all the old literature and art, which are divorced from the people) presents the people as though they were dirt, and the stage is dominated by lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters.”** This is the most penetrating and comprehensive summation of the history of literature and art of the exploiting classes over thousands of years. The proletarian heroes depicted in the revolutionary model theatrical works have occupied the stage and driven off the emperors and kings, generals and ministers, lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters who used to dominate it. These works have successfully accomplished the great task of reversing the reversal of history and marked the beginning of a new era of revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat.

Literature and art are tools of class struggle and serve the politics of definite classes. One class rules and keeps down another class through the force of the state machine. But it also has to maintain an ideological rule in the various parts of the superstructure, such as the cultural and art fields. In order to establish and maintain this ideological rule it always propagates its ideas through literature and art and creates ideal characters of its own in literary and art works and on the stage. Through these personification of a class, it tries to spread its ideological outlook, social consciousness and moral code, and to transform the world according to its own features so as to exercise its dictatorship over the ideological field. Therefore, the creation of ideal characters of a definite class has always been the central task of literature and art.

In a vicious scheme to restore capitalism and exercise a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi madly pushed a sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art after China was liberated in 1949. He tried to foster his “ideal characters” on the stage. Taking over all the ugly images

of the exploiting classes, he allowed emperors and kings, generals and ministers, scholars and beauties, ghosts and monsters, renegades and enemy agents and other such rubbish to be staged and screened and even prettified them. He asserted repeatedly that the *Inside Story of the Ching Court*, a film of national betrayal, was “patriotic,” ranting: “It’s all right to stage *Yang Yen-hui Visits His Mother*” (a Peking opera which sings praises of a renegade).

It is obvious that the “ideal characters” Liu Shao-chi sought for are none other than the emperor Kuang Hsu who sold out his country, the renegade Yang Yen-hui and the like. These vicious operas which beautify the representatives of the reactionary ruling classes occupied the socialist theatrical stage, played a role of undermining the base of socialist economy and served to create public opinion for the restoration of capitalism.

The proletariat is the greatest class in the history of mankind and charged with the greatest historic mission. It will eliminate from the whole globe all exploiting classes and abolish the system of exploitation of man by man, annihilate all exploiting class ideologies which poison the minds of the people and emancipate all mankind. To accomplish this great historic task, the proletariat must continue the revolution under the conditions of the dictatorship of the proletariat after the seizure of state power. Not only must it carry out socialist transformation of the ownership of the means of production, it must exercise all-round dictatorship over the bourgeoisie in the superstructure, including the various spheres of culture. The proletariat must occupy the position of literature and art, and create in the arts proletarian heroes, who disseminate its world outlook — Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought. It must, from a proletarian world standpoint, thoroughly criticize bourgeois thinking, extinguish the private property concept, which has persisted for thousands of years, and the ideology of all exploiting classes and establish the rule of proletarian thought. Therefore, the creation of heroic proletarian figures meets the needs of consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat.

By raising high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, our beloved Comrade Chiang Ching has successfully sculptured glorious proletarian heroes in these revolutionary model theatrical

works, which shine with the splendour of Mao Tsetung Thought. These lofty heroes, striding onto the stage, totally defeated the emperors and kings, ministers and generals, scholars and beauties who formerly monopolized it. Thus, the dictatorship of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie is being realized in the realm of literature and art. With their proletarian world outlook, these heroes inspire and educate the people to know the world and transform it. They play a role of immeasurable value in consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Heroic Images of the Proletariat Are a Powerful Force in Transforming the World

Chairman Mao has taught us: **“Revolutionary literature and art should create a variety of characters out of real life and help the masses to propel history forward.”** According to this teaching Comrade Chiang Ching put to us a stirring militant call: “We must fight to create modern revolutionary heroes on our stage. This is our foremost task.”

Thanks to her arduous struggle and excellent measures, a number of proletarian heroes imbued with Mao Tsetung Thought have taken their radiant stand on the socialist theatrical stage. They are characters like Li Yu-ho, an underground Communist in *The Red Lantern*, Yang Tzu-jung, a PLA scout in *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, Kuo Chien-kuang, a political instructor of the New Fourth Army in *Shachiapang*, Fang Hai-chen, a Party secretary of dockers in *On the Docks*, Yang Wei-tsai, a hero of the Chinese People's Volunteers in *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*, and Hung Chang-ching, a Party representative in *Red Detachment of Women*. These heroes are armed with Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought — the most revolutionary and scientific world outlook in the history of mankind, and are the newest and most beautiful characters in history.

The proletarian world outlook is new, revolutionary and lofty. From Li Yu-ho, Yang Tzu-jung, Fang Hai-chen and other proletarian heroes, we can see clearly that **“the communist ideological and social system alone is full of youth and vitality, sweeping the**

world with the momentum of an avalanche and the force of a thunderbolt.”

In *The Red Lantern* the hero Li Yu-ho, after his arrest, defies all the threats and cajolery of the Japanese chief of military police Hatoyama. With the proletarian world outlook of “total devotion to the public,” he fully exposes the bourgeois world outlook of Hatoyama’s “money is all-powerful” and “everything is for me.” In the enemy’s gaol, for the sake of revolution he stubbornly maintains that “though my body is mangled I clench my teeth” and “I shall wear through my chains.” On the execution grounds he scorns the desperate enemy, never yielding an inch, and sings: “I’d sooner have my bones broken than recant.” Heroically, he gives his life for the emancipation of all mankind. What strong revolutionary emotion! How lofty and pure his spirit!

“I want only to smash the chains of a thousand years and open a freshet of endless happiness for the people” is the revolutionary will of Yang Tzu-jung in *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*. At the risk of his own life, he goes deep into the bandits’ lair and fights courageously with the enemy, displaying fully a Communist’s noble spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death.

Party secretary Fang Hai-chen in *On the Docks* is an outstanding representative of the working class. Her mind is not limited to the docks where she works; she thinks of the whole country and the entire world. “Shanghai port is linked with every corner of our land, with the whole world,” she sings. She is determined to “fight to the end for world revolution.” She fully demonstrates the great feeling and noble internationalist spirit of the proletariat.

In *Shachiapang* Kuo Chien-kuang and the eighteen sick and wounded men of the New Fourth Army who are concealed in the reeds at Shachiapang persist in their struggle under extremely adverse conditions. They are soaked in water and beaten by waves; they run out of food and medicine, but they remain calm and hold out. “No hurricane can blow them down, no thunderbolt rend them asunder.”

The proletarian heroes mentioned are great communist fighters radiant with the proletarian world outlook, of which “public interest” is the core. It is people like these whom Chairman Mao has described

as noble-minded and pure, persons of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, persons of value to the people.

Compared with these brave heroes of the proletariat, the typical exploiting class characters who once dominated the stage were just filthy rubbish.

The proletarian heroes in the revolutionary model works have the thoroughgoing world outlook of the proletariat. Every one of them has the red sun in his heart. This red sun is the great leader Chairman Mao and invincible Mao Tsetung Thought.

Mao Tsetung Thought is Marxism-Leninism of the present era. It is the most powerful ideological weapon in the remoulding of people's souls. The characters in the revolutionary model works, because they clearly manifest great Mao Tsetung Thought, are able to thoroughly criticize and repudiate the old world. Are not the heroic deeds of Li Yu-ho who would rather die than surrender a powerful criticism of the "philosophy of survival" and the renegade philosophy of Liu Shao-chi? Does not the behaviour of Fang Hai-chen who bears firmly in mind that "class struggle exists every step of the road" serve as a thorough repudiation of Liu Shao-chi's fallacy of "the dying out of class struggle"? The proletarian world outlook of whole and entire devotion to the public interest demonstrated by the proletarian heroes is a powerful rebuttal of the reactionary bourgeois world outlook of working purely for one's self peddled by Liu Shao-chi, a thorough repudiation of the ideologies of all exploiting classes which take as their core the concept of private property. Mao Tsetung Thought is the soul of the heroic proletarian figures sculptured in the revolutionary model theatrical works. They are a powerful spiritual force in the proletarian transformation of the world.

Today, to continue the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, we must criticize and repudiate revisionism politically, ideologically and theoretically. Proletarian thinking must triumph over the selfishness of the bourgeoisie, over all non-proletarian ideas, and eradicate all ideologies generated from the system of private ownership. These heroes are bright examples for us to learn from. They stir and encourage millions and millions of revolutionary masses to advance. Their strength has been fully demonstrated in the fierce

class struggles during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and will be seen more clearly in the future.

Highlight and Extol Proletarian Heroes

The great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people: it must be one or the other."** To highlight images of the proletarian heroes on the stage is an important question which determines whether you stress proletarian politics. Around this issue a long and severe struggle raged on between the two classes, the two lines and the two roads. Chieftains, big and small, of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art, with Liu Shao-chi as its chief boss, always prevented us by hook or by crook from putting proletarian heroes on the stage.

"Workers on the stage can't sing when they open their mouths, can't dance when they lift their arms," sneered the revisionists. They said our modern revolutionary Peking operas are "dull as dishwater." The stuff they themselves wrote stressed either the negative characters or the "middle" (actually backward) characters, or distorted the images of the heroes. Comrade Chiang Ching saw through these plots of the enemy and fought them blow for blow. Socialist theatre, she said emphatically, must highlight and extol proletarian heroes.

How are proletarian heroes created in the revolutionary model theatrical works? Our experience is this: highlight the positive characters among all the roles, highlight the heroic characters among the positive characters, and highlight the principal hero, that is, the chief character among the heroic characters.

In the model works, the centre of the stage is used for underlining the chief characters. In *The Red Lantern* Li Yu-ho is the principal hero among the three generations — Granny Li, Li Yu-ho and Li Tich-mei. He is the central figure throughout the performance. Comrade Chiang Ching distinctly pointed out that there can be no

successor without a revolutionary party and revolutionary martyrs. As to Hatoyama, the corrupt Japanese military police chief, he exists solely to provide a contrast with Li Yu-ho.

In the course of producing *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, class enemies not only concocted a large batch of blatantly negative characters but used various old artistic conventions to highlight Eagle, the villain. They placed him on a throne dominating the middle of the stage, thus enhancing his reactionary arrogance. The hero Yang Tzu-jung was made to stand to one side like some pitiable minion who fawns on the bandit chief.

Comrade Chiang Ching again saw through the class enemies' scheme in time. She resolutely cut out a big batch of negative characters and pointed out that the Eagle should be placed to one side and Yang Tzu-jung put in the centre. Now Yang dominates the stage, while he talks, sings, dances and leads the Eagle round by the nose. He even stands on Eagle's throne. The overwhelming superiority of the hero Yang Tzu-jung is established as a result.

Between Yang Tzu-jung and Shao Chien-po, both heroes, stress is laid on the former. In the fourth scene an aria praising Yang sung by Shao Chien-po further emphasizes Yang as the principal hero. Therefore, Yang Tzu-jung glows with lustre all over the stage.

The selection of episodes also serves the purpose of highlighting the images of the principal heroes. Those unfavourable to the depiction of the principal heroes should be cut, however attractive or "dramatic" they are. On the other hand, those that build up their role should certainly be kept. In *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* scenes describing the spy activities of Taoist Ting Ho and the murder committed by Tuft Cheek have been cut out, and "Asking About Past Bitterness," a scene expressing Yang Tzu-jung's flesh-and-blood relationship with the masses added.

In *The Red Lantern*, episodes about the renegade have been removed, while the scene "At the Gruel Stall" depicting Li Yu-ho's close ties with the masses is retained. In *Shachiapang*, to give emphasis to Kuo Chien-kuang, the principal hero, a scene featuring T'iao Hsiao-san, a puppet soldier, has been deleted and the role of Sister Ah Ching, underground liaison officer of the Communist Party, has been suitably

compressed. At the end an important scene has been added showing Kuo leading his men in a lightning raid on Shachiapang.

Musical imagery and other artistic means, are also used to portray main heroic characters. In *Shachiapang* Kuo Chien-kuang has been given a whole set of compelling arias. In *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* robust music, now energetic, now slow, accentuate Yang Tzu-jung's bravery and resourcefulness. In the eighth scene red beams irradiate the stage from the top to underline "the sun that is in Yang's heart." As Comrade Chiang Ching instructed, the Yang Tzu-jung on the stage is a hero in his every move.

In a word, revolutionary model theatrical works go all out to give prominence to proletarian heroes such as Li Yu-ho, Yang Tzu-jung, Kuo Chien-kuang, Fang Hai-chen, Yang Wei-tsai and Hung Chang-ching. They are vividly flesh-and-blood characters. In them the class nature of the proletariat is well unified with the individuality of proletarian heroes, ideology is well unified with art.

Brilliant Achievements of the Creative Method of Combining Revolutionary Realism with Revolutionary Romanticism

One of the fundamental reasons why the revolutionary model works can present such lofty and perfect images of the proletarian heroes lies in the living study and application by the revolutionary art workers, under the guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching, of the creative method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, as advocated by Chairman Mao. The revolutionary model works are shining examples of the application of this method.

Chairman Mao points out: "**Works of literature and art, as ideological forms, are products of the reflection in the human brain of the life of a given society.**" Identical events are reflected differently in the minds of people with different world outlooks. Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, the scientific world outlook of the proletariat is the only correct guide for the creation of proletarian literature and art. Without this one cannot obtain in his brain a cor-

rect reflection of the life of society, it is impossible for him to produce revolutionary literature and art.

The creative method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism is the most scientific and most perfect one with dialectical materialism and historical materialism as its guide. It demands of us to create glorious images representing proletarian revolutionary ideals based on actual life. It **“can and ought to be on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life.”** The heroic images in the revolutionary model works are exemplars of this kind.

Heroes like Li Yu-ho, Yang Tzu-jung and Kuo Chien-kuang all mature through arduous struggles. In certain struggles, under given historical conditions, the enemy may be temporarily stronger than we are. But the revolutionary model works apply the above-mentioned method to reveal in essence that the proletariat, representing new forces and a new orientation in social development, can overwhelm and defeat all the enemies, however apparently strong.

For instance, in the northeast during the Japanese occupation, Li Yu-ho was arrested because he was betrayed by a traitor. Outwardly the enemy appeared strong while Li was on “trial.” But in the dramatic arrangement Li dominates the stage from beginning to end. In righteous terms he passes sentence on Hatoyama, an imperialist whose hands are stained with the blood of the Chinese people. Hatoyama says, “I’m the one who issues passes to Hell.” Li Yu-ho retorts sharply, “I’m the one who uses the pass and tears your Hell to pieces.” This leaves Hatoyama speechless. His blood pressure rises, his hands are clammy, revealing his real nature of a paper tiger.

Yang Tzu-jung’s lone venture into the bandits’ lair is another example. Though for the moment Yang is in danger of being exposed as a “fake,” he strides up the mountain, head high, followed by the bandits carrying the dead tiger he has shot and leading his horse. In Tiger Hall when Yang gives the Eagle the Contact Map he stands high above the gang, forcing the Eagle to respectfully receive this “gift.” This vividly shows that actual superiority is on the side of the proletariat which vanquishes all enemies and never yields. It

discloses the essence of life, and distinctively embodies the proletarian spirit of the era.

This method serves in the main to depict the revolutionary heroism and revolutionary optimism of the heroic characters in their arduous revolutionary struggles. In *Shachiapang* Kuo Chien-kuang and the sick and wounded soldiers under his command hide in the reeds. The struggle is severe; while the enemy searches for them they suffer from want of food and medicine. However, the opera does not dwell on the horrors of war and the difficulties of struggle. It treats revolutionary heroism and revolutionary optimism as the main aspect of the contradiction by emphasizing Kuo’s spirit of “being like the pines on the summit of Mount Tai, standing erect and proud against the sky.” In this way, it portrays the proletarian revolutionary fighters’ spirit of scorning hardships and death.

In the creation of proletarian revolutionary heroes by this method we should depict not only their revolutionary practice of overcoming untold difficulties with surpassing bravery, but also give them great revolutionary ideals. Yang Tzu-jung is fearless of struggle and clears away all obstacles in his path, regardless of hardships and dangers. Amid the reactionary flames on Tiger Mountain what he thinks is “The Party has placed limitless hopes in me,” and “we must plant red flags all over the world.”

The spiritual strength that enables him to realize this ideal is none other than Mao Tsetung Thought. The verse “I’ll melt the ice and snow with the sun that is in my heart,” vividly brings out Yang’s mental world.

As Li Yu-ho goes to the execution grounds with shackles on his feet and iron chains on his wrists, in his mind are far-reaching communist ideals. He seems to see “a new China that, like the morning sun, will illuminate the world.”

As Kuo Chien-kuang hides deep in the reeds what he thinks is “Beating drums and unfurling our glorious red banner, at one stroke we’ll recapture the region south of the river.”

Fang Hai-chen, the principal heroine in *On the Docks*, cherishes the ideal of “changing the old world thoroughly.”

All these proletarian heroic characters are concerned about world revolution. Their eyes are on revolutionary struggles in various lands. Thus, every one of them shines with the lustre of communist ideals.

By combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, our revolutionary model works are able to create lifelike and ideal proletarian heroes. They are like our close comrades-in-arms, inspiring our affection and emulation, encouraging us to advance. The emergence of these heroic images is a victory of this creative method. It is a splendid victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art.

Wang Shuang-yin

Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman

*Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman,
All living things depend on the sun for their growth,
Moistened by rain and dew, young crops grow strong,
Making revolution depends on Mao Tsetung Thought.*

*Fish can't live without water,
Melons can't thrive off their vines,
The revolutionary masses cannot do without the Communist Party,
Mao Tsetung Thought is the never-setting sun.*

Under the direction of the great helmsman Chairman Mao, New China's ship has advanced along the course of socialism for twenty glorious years.

Wang Shuang-yin is a vice-chairman of the revolutionary committee of the Harbin Opera Theatre.

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao has said: "Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tsetung Thought." Under the wise leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao, China has won great achievements in her socialist revolution and socialist construction in the past twenty years and, especially through the baptism of fire in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, has become more prosperous and thriving.

During the past twenty years since the founding of the People's Republic of China, I too have grown, nourished by Mao Tsetung Thought.

I was born in a poor peasant's family before liberation. My father, a hired hand for a landlord, died of exhaustion. My mother and I led a bitter life. It was the great leader Chairman Mao who saved us from the sea of bitterness. In 1947, at the age of fifteen, I had the honour of joining the People's Liberation Army and with it fought north and south against the Chiang Kai-shek gang.

When my army commanders noticed I liked to sing folk songs and play instruments they sent me to a theatrical troupe to learn music. The members of the troupe, who had been in Yen-an, sacred citadel of the revolution, helped me study Chairman Mao's brilliant article *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* and taught me that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and proletarian politics. They often took us students to factories, villages and army units to give performances. This period of study tempered me and improved my comprehension of politics and art.

However, I didn't have plain sailing. When we entered the cities, bourgeois reactionary "art authorities" tried hard to sell us western bourgeois classical music. They ranted that it was "the acme of human music," in an attempt to dupe us young musicians into paying homage to it. I was influenced by the sinister bourgeois line in literature and art. I began blindly pursuing western vocal music and technique. For a time, my singing, both in form and content, was divorced from the national style which the masses like. Workers, peasants and soldiers wrote me, saying: "Comrade Shuang-yin, before, when you sang folk songs, we felt you were near to us. Now you sing foreign songs, we feel you are far from us." The Party

also noted my wrong tendency, pointed it out to me and advised me to study Chairman Mao's works.

Chairman Mao has said: "**This question of 'for whom?' is fundamental; it is a question of principle.**" "**All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use.**"

These great teachings, like a beacon, lit up my way forward, enabling me to return to serving the broad masses of the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Full of revolutionary enthusiasm, I shouldered my pack and went to factories, mines and out-of-the-way villages to integrate with the workers and peasants. I lived, ate, studied, worked and struggled by their side. This deepened my class feeling for them. I composed music depicting their life, which won the warm approval of the broad masses. My own experience taught me that a revolutionary musician can educate others with his compositions or his singing and serve the masses well only when he acts according to Chairman Mao's teachings. This means going unconditionally, and for a long period of time, among the workers, peasants and soldiers and learning from them, getting close to them and being moved by them.

Comrade Yu Wen and I composed the song *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* in the spring of 1964. Each time I go on stage to perform it, surging waves rise in my heart and I feel absolutely jubilant. For I am reminded of the many things that inspired me to write the song.

I will never forget the old brigade leader I met when I was working with the poor and lower-middle peasants. A poor peasant, he had boundless love for Chairman Mao. Though old, he was an ardent revolutionary. He loved the collective with all his heart. Every day he got up before dawn and asked me to read him a few passages from Chairman Mao's writings. He armed the commune members with Mao Tsetung Thought and led them in turning wasteland and bald mountains into fine fields. Everyone respected him and called him the "Foolish Old Man."

I will never forget the time I lived with the workers in the Taching Oilfield. They worked out in a roaring north wind ignoring the severe cold. Every morning they stood on the grassland and sang at the top of their voices *The East Is Red* with their faces turning towards Peking and their hearts to Chairman Mao. And in the evenings they sat in their tents and conscientiously studied Chairman Mao's works. The concept of **"maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts"** greatly encouraged them. They built their houses with their own hands and transported machinery and equipment on their shoulders. By relying on the four volumes of Chairman Mao's writings, they succeeded in building up the big oilfield.

This great era, this jubilant life, the deep class love the broad masses of the people show to Chairman Mao have always stirred me. I remember the lines of people at the doors of the Hsinhua Bookstore waiting eagerly to buy the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*. They treasure their purchases with joy and delight. An old worker said with great emotion: "Fish can't leave the water, nor melons leave their vines. The revolutionary masses can't do without Mao Tsetung Thought. We can't make revolution unless we study Chairman Mao's writings."

I thought and thought, and my mind travelled far. On the glorious road of China's revolution every step is illuminated by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. Each page in the history of the revolution shines with the splendour of Mao Tsetung Thought. China's revolution is like a big ship on the sea. Chairman Mao is the great helmsman who has led us in battle against adverse winds and evil waves, in crossing torrents and rapids, in passing shoals and rifts, in advancing from victory to victory. Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tsetung Thought. This is the most potent music of our age, the heart-song of millions of revolutionary people. The river has its source and the tree its root. *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* was based on the boundless love of the broad revolutionary masses for Chairman Mao.

Chairman Mao has taught us: **"Our specialists in music should pay attention to the songs of the masses."** In the process of creating the song, we gave first consideration to making it understandable by and acceptable to the broad masses. It had to be vivid and powerful, warm and easy, simple and fluent, with a clear-cut theme. When I was young I was very fond of folk music. I learned to sing local operas and to play national musical instruments. Abiding by Chairman Mao's great teaching **"Make the past serve the present,"** and on the bases of folk tunes I composed new melodies which express the feelings of the people of the new era.

The people were very interested and helpful when I was composing the song. They made many valuable suggestions regarding both the music and lyrics. I revised them seven or eight times and finally got them right. This song is not only a collective work, it is an expression of the infinite loyalty of the broad masses to Chairman Mao.

Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman has been warmly received by the workers, peasants and soldiers. With deep proletarian class feelings for Chairman Mao, they like to hear it and, even more, to sing it. Many of them have told me in their letters: "I like very much to hear and sing *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. The words are absolutely right. They voice what is in our hearts. Whenever we sing or hear it we think of our beloved Chairman Mao. Our vision broadens, we feel full of strength and fear nothing."

Why do the masses welcome this song? Is it because we composed it well or sing it movingly? No, certainly not. It is because we sing of Chairman Mao, our most beloved great leader and the red sun in our hearts, because it is true that "making revolution depends on Mao Tsetung Thought," because it conveys the people's boundless love, faith, veneration and loyalty for Chairman Mao.

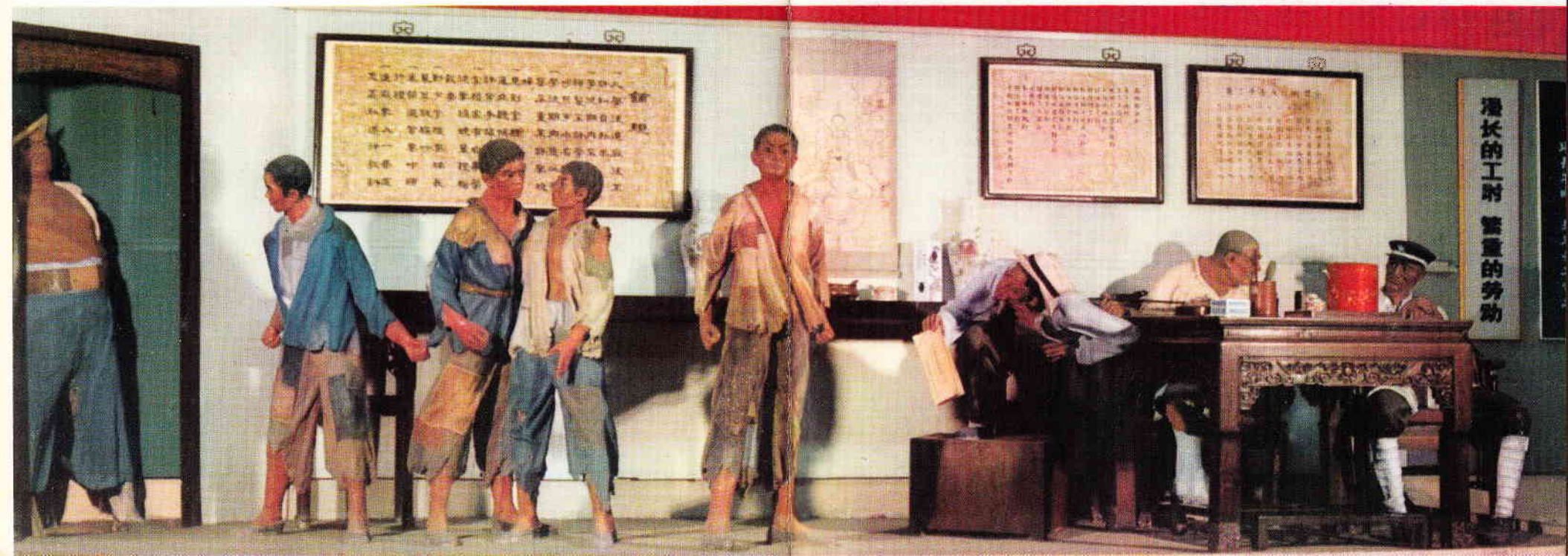
Chairman Mao has said: **"No revolutionary writer or artist can do any meaningful work unless he is closely linked with the masses, gives expression to their thoughts and feelings and serves them as a loyal spokesman."** I feel that as a revolutionary musical worker my greatest honour and happiness is to be able to sing of our great leader Chairman Mao, sing of invincible Mao Tsetung

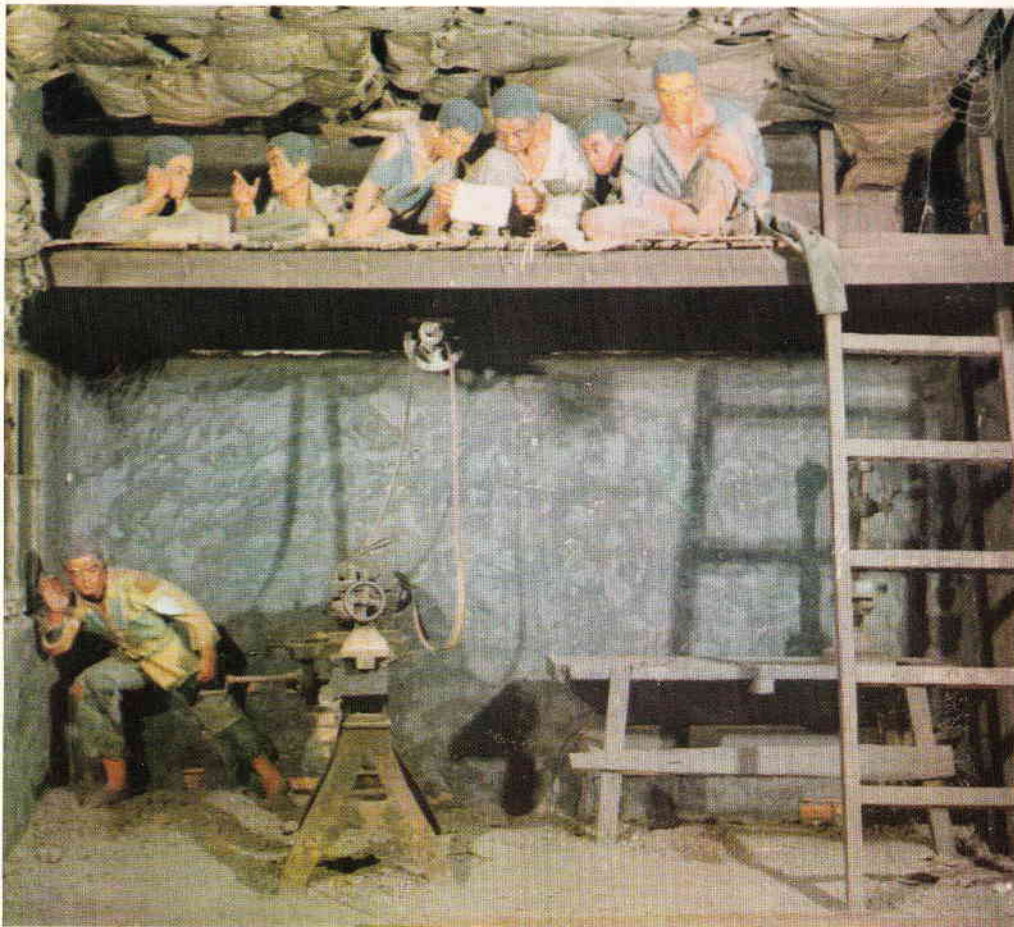
Thought and to serve the people. I will remain for ever loyal to Chairman Mao, fight to create new music of the proletariat and sing paeans to the great new era of Mao Tsetung Thought the world has entered.



Six-year-old Teng Tzu-ping had to work twenty hours a day for the capitalist

Apprentices were forced to sign deeds selling themselves





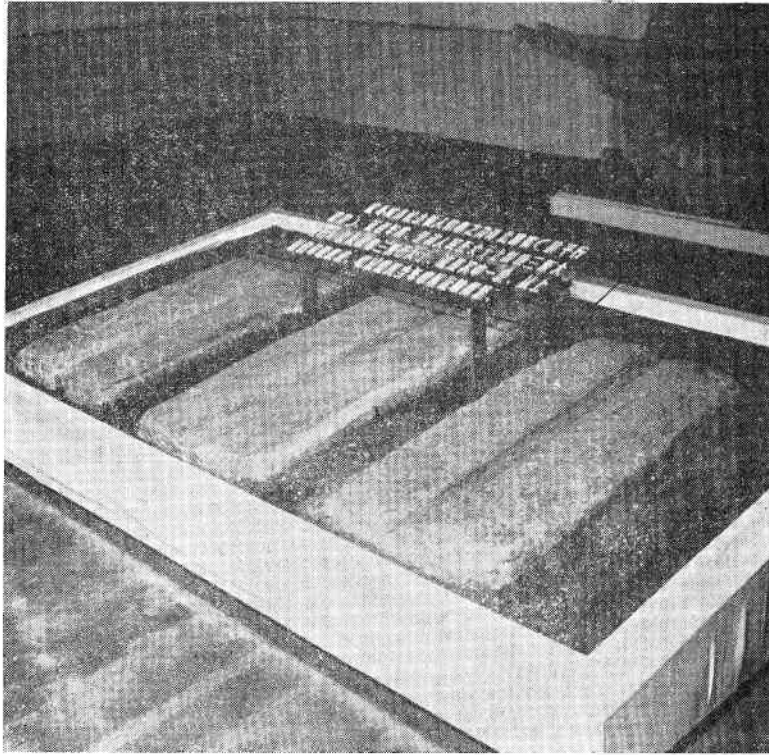
In the dark hovels where they lived, the workers secretly read and passed around revolutionary leaflets

A History of Blood and Tears

— *On the Art Works of the Three Stones Museum in Tientsin*

During the dark rule of old China, in Tientsin's northwest section there ran a narrow filthy street at the meeting point of the Northern and Southern Grand Canals. The workshops along the street were low and in bad disrepair, the walls grimed with blotches of dust and soot. At night the thoroughfare looked ghastly, particularly if veiled by dripping rain or suffocating coal smoke.

All the workshops, without exception, worked very long hours. In some of them scraggy boys could be seen standing in corners pulling and pushing box bellows as long as five to six feet, evidently with great difficulty. Workers and apprentices in tattered clothes were toiling hard — forging, mould-making or casting under the watchful eyes of capitalists or their lackeys, the overseers. But for the leaping flames from these furnaces that lent a bit of light to the street, it would be utterly dark. Out of the dingy shops drifted the sounds of the bellows, so like the agonized gasps of asthma sufferers, the thumping of the forgers' hammers, the beating of the apprentices by the factory owners and the groans of sick workers, victims of long and tedious



work — in fact all the sounds and cries from the torturing of human beings.

A street light at the farther end was so dimly yellow that it only made the street look more gloomy and hideous. A metal-wheeled cart fully loaded with iron goods was being pushed and pulled by two boys, stripped to the waist, who were exerting all their strength. The boy pulling in front was bending so low that his trunk almost touched the ground, his ribs stood out starkly and grimy sweat was streaming down from his dishevelled hair. It was heavy carts like this, running to and fro day in, day out, that had cut deep ruts through the three rows of paving stone-slabs making them a record of the bloody and tearful history of the workers of the Three Stones Street.

The atmosphere of this setting is well captured through plastic art, a group of clay sculptures, now on display at the class education exhibition in the Three Stones Museum in Tientsin. It is a startling scene of a horrible living hell, the actual life of the oppressed and exploited in the old society represented through art.

Long before liberation the street was the birthplace of north China's machinery and foundry industries, as well as the cradle of Tientsin's working class. The rows of factory houses were low and squalid, and though the equipment were poor and crude, this was the place where capitalists exploited the sweated labour of the working people and accumulated their fortunes by extortion. With their wisdom, blood and sweat, the Three Stones workers created enormous wealth, which the shuttling boats on the canals carried to all parts of the country. Yet so many of them, after being drained of their sweat and blood by the capitalists, were buried under the turbid waters of the canals!

Under these hellish circumstances, the Three Stones workers, however, waged countless indomitable struggles against the blood-suckers and through these became tempered and matured.

When the new China came into being in 1949, the working class became the master of the country. The sufferings of the old days vanished for ever. But, in order to remind the older generation of the class sufferings and hatred for the past oppression, and help the younger generation understand what those miseries and sorrow were so that they could appreciate their happiness today and carry on the revolutionary traditions of their predecessors, the Three Stones workers, as early as 1958, began setting up a museum in the district to house an exhibition on class education. The exhibition will include three sections: the past bitter sufferings, uprising and struggle and socialist education. What is now on display is the first of these.

II

The first section is composed of a large number of objects, charts and photographs and many fine art works including drawings, paintings and clay sculptures. It puts its main emphasis on the exposure



of the various ways and means the capitalists ruthlessly used to exploit the workers and so reveals in a penetrating way the severity and cruelty of the oppression suffered by the workers. As has been pointed out by our great leader Chairman Mao, **“The Chinese proletariat is more resolute and thoroughgoing in revolutionary struggle than any other class because it is subjected to a threefold oppression (imperialist, bourgeois and feudal) which is marked by a severity and cruelty seldom found in other countries.”**

The exhibits make clear to the visitors that the first essential means the factory owners employed to achieve their vicious objectives was political oppression and spiritual enslavement.

The large collection of deeds and bonds by which the peasants mortgaged or sold their houses, land and children dramatically testifies that with the Chinese peasantry subjected to oppression and exploitation by both feudalism and imperialism, the countryside became

increasingly pauperized and headed fast towards bankruptcy. Consequently the peasants came into the cities to become a source of cheap labour for capitalist extortion. But for them to enter the capitalists' factories was like leaving a pit of fire for a tigers' den. The tragic family history of the veteran worker Kao Hung-jen as described in a series of six pictures at the exhibition is only one of such vivid examples.

The drawings portray Kao's miserable childhood and how his whole family, hungry and cold, were at the end of their tether. One day Kao's mother, carrying her week-old baby with her, was out begging. As she had not come back when darkness fell, Kao and his two sisters went out to look for her. They searched across the marshy land and wild fields till finally they found her standing on a railway track intending to commit suicide. Dark clouds had gathered and a biting wind was raging. The whistle of an approaching train and the rumbling of its wheels could be clearly heard. Greatly frightened, the children yelled and made desperate efforts to drag their mother off the track. But this poor peasant woman, driven to extremity by the landlords, stood upright on the track with the infant in her arms. Face emaciated, lips pressed tight, she looked angrily towards the horizon as if she were facing squarely the man-eating old society and challenging the dark reality to its face. The drawing emphasizes fully the strong rebellious spirit of the working people however hard they may be pressed.

The poor mother determined to live on. But within a few days, first Kao's baby brother died of starvation, then his younger sister. Later, his elder sister was sold off. Young as he was, Kao had to leave his home, too. He was brought to the Three Stones — a regular hell on earth.

When he arrived there, the first thing he saw was a boy apprentice of about his age carrying a heavy load of iron slabs on his back. Following the boy was a scoundrel as monstrous as any landlord, beating the lad with a thong. The red flames of the furnace looked as if they were trying to swallow every one of the boys who had come here. This brought fear and disgust to the young heart of Kao the new-comer. The cunning racketeer who had brought him here stood

close behind him, half-smiling and half-jeering. Unable to escape, Kao was thus condemned to a life under constant exploitation.

The fate of Kao Hung-jen's family was typical of the millions of poor peasant households in the cursed old China. This was precisely how most of the apprentices of the Three Stones were recruited.

Chairman Mao says: **"In a society rent by class struggle, if there is freedom for the exploiting classes to exploit the working people, there is no freedom for the working people not to be exploited. . . ."** As soon as the village lads such as Kao Hung-jen came to the Three Stones they were subjected, politically, to servitude and persecutions by the factory owners whose aim was to turn them into dumb instruments not allowed to do anything but work.

There is a group of clay sculptures showing the vultures coercing, duping the new-comers into signing the "slave bonds." Bond in hand, a foreman backed up by the boss behind him was reading the stipulations to the lads in a queer tone: "It is hereby agreed that the apprenticeship shall last a period of four years, that during the said period the undersigned shall under no circumstances be allowed to terminate his apprenticeship no matter what happens to him or to his



family. In the event of violation of this, the undersigned shall undertake to compensate the factory for the meals thitherto provided. That during the apprenticeship, should any catastrophe, natural or otherwise, fall on the undersigned, such as missing, drowning (in a river or a well), kidnapping, pressganging and so on so forth, it shall be no concern of the factory. That in case of electrocution by accident or any other incident involving danger of life, the parents of the apprentice shall assume full responsibility for it. . . ." As soon as these poor helpless youths put their thumb prints on such a paper, they were tightly fettered with unbreakable chains.

After hearing these inhuman stipulations, the boys turned to have a look at the sly, deceitful factory owner who was whispering to the gangster-like police officer conspiratorially. Aware that hardships and miseries were awaiting them, they made up their minds not to finger-print anything. The youngest of them seemed still not very clear about what he should do or what would happen to him. He looked at his bigger class brothers in his doubt and apprehension, hoping to be told what to do. One of them wanted to leave the infernal place at once, but when he turned and looked he saw a strong-arm man standing like a giant in the doorway. How could they manage to escape?

It was in this way that these poor lads were trapped in the tigers' den!

Signing a "slave bond" was only one of the usual means the Three Stones capitalists used to exploit and persecute the workers. With a view to maintain their control and exploit the workers more cruelly, they laid down factory or workshop rules and regulations and various other requirements, such as "to worship the patron saint" of their trade. All these were ropes keeping the workers in bondage; not an iota of freedom was left to them and the blood-suckers were able relentlessly to enslave them. Karl Marx, revolutionary teacher of the proletariat, said: **"Capital comes, dripping from head to foot, from every pore, with blood and dirt."** It was precisely in this manner that the Three Stones factory owners made their fortunes. Every cent of their profit was soaked with the blood and sweat of the working people.



The second means these Three Stones exploiters used to profit from the workers was to prolong working hours. The workers had to toil sixteen to twenty hours a day. Before dawn the bosses sounded their bells to wake up the workers, who then had to work until midnight before they were allowed to go to sleep. Even so these blood-suckers were not satisfied. They often furtively put back the hands of their clocks to extend the working shift. Long hours, heavy toil made drastic toll on the workers. Injuries and deaths came to many of them just because they were overtired and too sleepy at their work.

The factory owners had made a rule that workers were only allowed to take three baths a year. One apprentice fell asleep while taking his bath in a big iron cauldron, which served as his bath-tub. Being too tired, he did not wake up till the next morning. A drawing depicts the boy lying in the water. The expression on his face shows that even in dreams, he was not relieved of his sufferings and over-fatigue. Another picture shows one apprentice so sleepy that he dropped off, curled up in a coal box. Of course, had these incidents been discovered

by the "bloodhounds," the apprentices would have been severely flogged. There was a ditty going round at that time among the Three Stones workers:

Our boss has three "charms,"
Bell, rod, black-hearted clock;
He rings, he brandishes,
Sets his clock as he wishes.

Yet mere prolonging the working hours was far from enough to gratify the greed of the capitalists. To gain ever greater profits they employed large numbers of apprentices and child labourers without compensation. This was another means of theirs to exploit and oppress the working people. The sorrowful life of Teng Tzu-ping as a child labourer depicted in a sequence of ten pictures and a clay figure at the exhibition, is a most forceful exposure and denunciation of their crime.

When Teng was five, his mother died because they had no money to seek medical treatment. His father was killed by Japanese devils and his elder sister seized by a capitalist. What was left of the family was only Teng and his elder brother. With no one to take care of them, the two orphans began their wandering life. Taking advantage of this, the proprietor of the Mingchuan Scales Factory decoyed the two boys to Three Stones to work for him as "contract labourers." They were to work as apprentices without wages for an indefinite period, that is, they would have to be slaves all their lives and not a single cent would be paid them during their whole lifetimes.

Teng Tzu-ping, only five years old, had to wait upon the whole family of his boss. He was given a corner in the hallway to spend his nights, and when winter came he slept with the dog in his arms to get some warmth. What he ate was beancake, beancurd dregs and rejected cabbage leaves. Scolding and flogging were the order of the day.

As to Teng's brother, he was put to work on a machine. Once, because of lack of maintenance, the machine broke down and the feeder — a long iron rod — flew off and hit him in the leg. The factory owner not only refused to give him medical treatment, he forbade Teng to take care of his wounded brother. One night Teng,

sleeping in the hallway, caught sight of the boss with the help of a fierce-looking ruffian moving a straw mat roll down from the loft where his brother passed his nights. Inside the roll someone was struggling in desperation, howling: "I can still live, oh, leave me alone!" Then he heard the hoarse voice crying again, "Tzu-ping, my brother, you must remember who are killing me..." Teng immediately saw what it was all about. They were going to throw his beloved brother into the canal! Furious, he dashed over. The boss gave him a kick. Teng fell on his back. The two brutes on their way out quickly closed the iron gate against the boy. This was how Teng's brother was murdered in cold blood.

The boss, however, did not stop at that. He forced Teng to work on the machine in place of his dead brother. He was then only six.



Seeing Teng was too short to reach the machine, the blood-sucker made him work by standing on two wooden blocks. He also fixed for the boy a quota to fulfil each day. If Teng failed, he would have to be punished — severe birching, kneeling on the floor and no food for the day. Teng worked desperately hard but never could he complete the set amount. His adult brother-workers produced extra pieces and secretly put them under his name. Once a foreman stayed on to watch Teng working. The boy got nervous and by a slip he had one of his fingers cut off by the flying wheel. As he could no longer work at the machine, the capitalist made him work on the bench. One day Teng was told to smooth off the lever rods of the scales with a file. After he finished it, the boss insisted that he had not done the job well. He snatched the lad's hand, pressed it on to a large padlock and raised a hammer ready to strike. The boy's intense class hatred was aroused. He clenched angry fists, struggled and fought the brute. Seeing the capitalist's brutality to Teng, the workers were all indignant and swarmed round the boss to reason with him. The brute was so frightened that he had to let Teng off.

The ten years and more of hard and bitter life, of inhuman treatment had not subjugated Teng. He lived on as a staunch man would, and hoped for better days. Finally came the Chinese Communist Party and Teng was delivered.

But there were numberless other class brothers of his who had died under the wicked persecutions of the Three Stones capitalists. On display at the exhibition is a human skeleton. It was that of the apprentice Meng Ching-yang murdered by his boss. There is a big hole in the skull and two broken ribs. With the skeleton is a group of pictures depicting his tragic fate.

When Meng was sixteen he was duped into serving as an apprentice in Fuhsing Factory at the Three Stones. Winter set in. As his hands were badly frost-bitten, he was unable to work on the machine. Insisting that he was lazy, the proprietor deliberately poured a basin of icy water over him. No longer able to stand such an insult, Meng tried to reason with him. The brute, without word, took up a cudgel and hit him hard. Meng's left arm was broken. Early next morning,

just as Meng was lighting the stove, he was ordered to go to sift sand. He did as he was told but the fire he had been making died out. The boss gave him another blow with the cudgel. Meng argued, "It is you who asked me to light the stove and then made me go to sift sand. I have only one arm now. How can I do so many things at a time?" Tongue-tied, the bloodthirsty boss flew into a rage. He dealt Meng a third blow with the cudgel, this time on the chest. Meng could no longer restrain his anger over the repeated wrongs, he picked up a hatchet and flung it at the capitalist. Several thugs dashed at Meng and felled him. The boss took up the hatchet and ferociously hacked at Meng's head. Meng died in a pool of blood. . . .

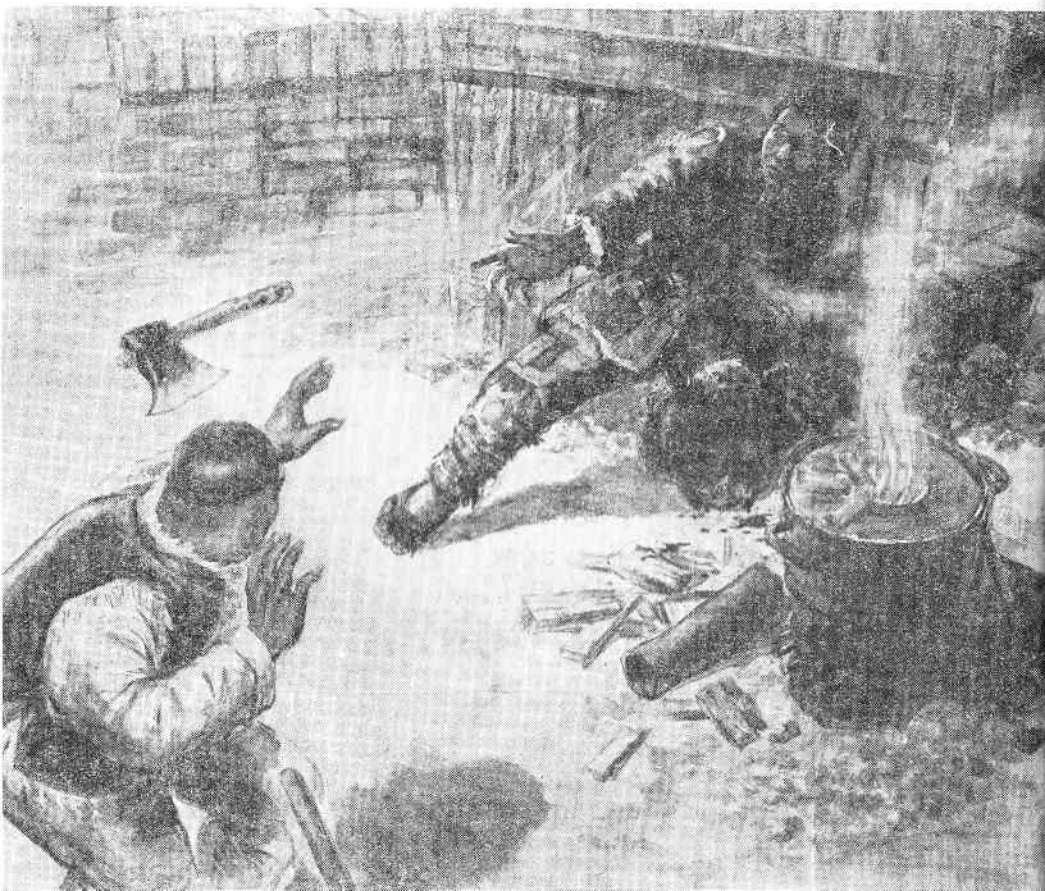
But, what did the heartless capitalist do? He lied to Meng's family in a letter in which he said that "Meng had a sudden attack of disease and though given medical treatments, both Chinese and western, he died that very night. . . ." Suspicious about Meng's death, his elder brother came to Tientsin to investigate. In those days, however, power lay in the hands of the capitalists. There was no place for him to talk reason and right wrongs.

In the old society thousands upon thousands of workers shared the fate of Teng Tzu-ping or Meng Ching-yang. There are several groups of pictures at the exhibition graphically giving examples of these.

But what did Liu Shao-chi, China's Khrushchov, say? He clamoured that "capitalist exploitation has its merits. Workers welcome exploitation." That's sheer boloney! The tragic death of Meng Ching-yang and the miserable childhood of Teng Tzu-ping are the most powerful rebuttal of his counter-revolutionary fallacy.

The wages the Three Stones capitalists paid their workers were already meagre enough. But when it came to pay day, they would play all kinds of dirty tricks to rob the workers. For instance they would deduct enormous "meal charges" and "dormitory fees" from their wages. It was quite often the case that at the end of the month the workers had nothing left from their pay. Some even had to fall into debt to the factory and then the capitalists would charge usurious interest.

When young boys finished their apprenticeship and were ready to draw pay as full-fledged workers, the capitalists would find excuses



to fire them. In this way they drove away large numbers of apprentices who had worked for them for years without receiving any pay. Then they would go again to the villages to induce some more children to work for them as apprentices. This was the fourth vicious means of the Three Stones capitalists to exploit and oppress the hands working for them.

The voracious desires of capitalists can never be satisfied. The Three Stones factory operators also resorted to using outmoded machines, poor equipment and cheap labour to grab still greater wealth. This was their fifth means of exploitation.

At the exhibition people can see a group of clay sculptures and a series of six pictures which depict the bloody and tearful story of Wang Fu-yuan.

Born in a carpenter's family Wang had undergone outrageous persecution in the countryside and had served an apprenticeship in the factory under as much barbarous torture as Teng Tzu-ping had suffered in the hands of the boss and the overseers.

Once the Sanhocheng Lantern Factory bought a punching machine from Japan. Not to let the technical secret leak out, the fox-like owner installed it in a dark room and tried to induce Wang, who had just finished his apprenticeship, into working it. Wang refused. The capitalist raved, "Willing or not, you will have to work on it!" Several overseers swooped on him and threw him into the room. Locked in, Wang had to work sixteen to seventeen hours a day. His meals, which were nothing but stale maize bread and smelly pickles, were passed in to him through the window. He was not even permitted to go out to the latrine. His life was worse than that of a prisoner.

One day Wang felt dizzy because of overwork. By a mishap his right thumb was cut off by the machine. Blood spattered all over the place. It was so painful that beads of sweat continued to drip from his forehead. Wanting to settle his account with the boss, he forced open the door. In the meantime the capitalist had heard the machine stop running. Thinking that something might have gone wrong with it, he quickly ran into the room, walked round the machine and inspected it carefully. Finding it in a good condition, he ranted: "To



have a finger cut is a trifle. If you spoil the machine, I'll settle with you." Saying this, he flung his sleeves and walked off.

Without waiting for Wang's wound to heal, the capitalist compelled him to resume work at the machine. Because of the intense pain, Wang found it impossible to hold the material with his right hand. Nor was he able to run the machine well and do the feeding at the same time. So one after another he lost eight more of his fingers in the punch. Now that Wang had only one finger left, the capitalist knew that nothing very much could be squeezed out of him. He dismissed him without paying him anything.

As Wang had his wife and children to support, his neighbour asked him to share the rickshaw he had rented. They would pull it by turn to make a living. But since his hands were disabled, Wang



had to tie the shafts to his wrists with ropes. It was in this way that he struggled for survival. Not long afterwards, the boss came to ask Wang to go back because the factory had failed to find a man to take his place after he left. They wanted Wang to teach some apprentices to run the machine.

After a period of time when the apprentices had learned the task, the boss wanted to fire him again. It was then that the suppressed anger and hatred of ten years and more burst out and with his disabled yet fully embittered hands Wang took up a flower pot and flung it at the boss's head. Seeing Wang in revolt, a lackey picked up a cudgel to hit him. At that moment Wang's class brothers dashed in. They struck down the lackey and wrecked the boss's room. Frightened to death, the capitalist consented to the workers' demand — to keep Wang. But before too long, in collusion with the puppet police bureau, the capitalist once more kicked him out of the factory.

These sculptures and pictures graphically record the bloody and tearful story of the veteran worker Wang Fu-yuan, as well as his

hatred and bitterness for the old society. They fully expose the bourgeoisie's vile nature which is based on exploitation. Here, art becomes a weapon to educate the people on class and class struggle.

Just as our great leader Chairman Mao has pointed out: **“Where there is oppression there is resistance.”** The greater the oppression, the stronger the resistance. Fully endowed with revolutionary traditions, the Three Stones workers, under the illumination of Mao Tsetung Thought and the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party, came to understand one truth: to turn over, it is essential to smash the man-eating old society; to win emancipation, it is necessary to closely follow Chairman Mao to make revolution. Only by uniting together to fight resolutely against the capitalists can the working class win complete victory.

In a group of pictures entitled *Dawn Came and the Workers Rise in Struggle* we can see the workers raising axes and hammers to break their fetters. They are standing on their feet to fight. They have kindled the revolutionary torch, determined to break through all the bondages imposed on them and speed along the road of emancipation.

Through some other pictures we see the workers on strike, furiously attacking the bloodthirsty overseers. Some oil paintings merit special attention. They depict a large number of the Three Stones workers, inspired by the news of victory in the anti-Japanese base areas, going to the liberated areas led by the Chinese Communist Party to join the Eighth Route Army or take part in other revolutionary work. Some of them later returned to the factories, carrying with them copies of Chairman Mao's works and other revolutionary leaflets, to actively propagate revolutionary thinking among their worker brothers and to lead them to wage heroic struggles against the capitalists. With deep hatred for Japanese imperialism and the capitalists working hand in glove with the Japanese invaders, they often sabotaged the enemy's arms production or destroyed and buried the enemy's guns and essential parts of their weapons.

There is a group of clay sculptures portraying some of the workers crouched in a wretched small loft, attentively listening to their mate reading a revolutionary leaflet under an oil lamp. In the shimmering

light people could see their glowing faces, for they had heard about the liberation of their native villages and learned the orientation of the whole revolutionary struggle. This made them forget all about the day's fatigue.

Also on display is an oil painting describing the big strike waged by the workers of the Tehho Iron Works in the spring of 1947 against the capitalist's order to produce arms for the U.S.-Chiang reactionaries. When the capitalist got the authorities to send soldiers and policemen to use armed force on them, the workers of the whole factory seized sledge-hammers and iron bars to fight heroically against the attacking reactionary forces. The workers of the neighbouring factories, upon hearing the news, rushed over to help. Together they smashed the military vans and drove off the soldiers and policemen.

There are other pictures showing how the Three Stones workers, at the risk of their lives, collected information for the People's Liberation Army. They also transported army provisions for them and actively supported them in the fight to liberate Tientsin. All these paintings and clay figures vividly show the awakening and the strength of the Three Stones workers, how they persisted in the revolutionary struggle and ushered in the victory of the new democratic revolution.

On January 18, 1949 Tientsin was liberated. The Three Stones workers, with their comrades elsewhere became the masters of the country. Those reactionary capitalists whose hands had been steeped in blood and whose crimes had been atrocious were dealt due punishment by the people. The slaves in the old society wielded power in the new society. Veteran worker Wang Fu-yuan, who had lost nine of his fingers, now serves on the Tientsin Municipal Revolutionary Committee. Teng Tzu-ping, the orphan who has fortunately survived, is one of Tientsin's activists in the study of Chairman Mao's works. He has had the joy of seeing our great leader Chairman Mao on six occasions. The workers of Three Stones were also represented at the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party, which they have considered their greatest happiness, greatest honour.

Today the Three Stones Street is entirely changed. It is no longer in a dilapidated state with all those narrow alleys and squalid houses.

Modern factories have come into being. Some of China's first-rate machine-tools are produced here, including chucks which measure up to international standards. There are many new products on their lists and ever new achievements are being made in technological revolution. The Three Stones workers are wielding power under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party, and everything is changed. They will for ever bear in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: **"To have political power is to have all; to lose it is to lose all."**

III

The Three Stones Museum is a testimony of the sufferings of the working class under exploitation and oppression as well as of the capitalists' barbarous robbery in the old society. After its establishment by the Three Stones workers in 1958, it met with the wide approval of the revolutionary masses and won the warm support of the proletarian headquarters. But, on the other hand, it aroused fear and hatred in Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist clique. One of the clique, Chou Yang, chieftain of the former literary and art circles, at the prompting of the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi, paid several visits to the museum to disrupt it by changing its contents in collaboration with the capitalist roaders in Tientsin. They attempted to reverse the history of blood and tears and the history of struggle of the Three Stones workers into a tale of how the bourgeoisie had made their fortunes. They prettified the capitalists' course of accumulating wealth through exploitation as achieving prosperity "through thrift, diligence and labour," energetically trumpeting Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary fallacies of "exploitation has its merits; exploitation is justified" and the like. They went to all lengths to smear and misrepresent the working class, slandering them as riff-raffs, as people who would bear any humiliations in order to survive, who reconciled themselves to any adversities but dared not rise up to resist and fight.

In April 1968 at a time when the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution had won decisive victory, the proletarian headquarters headed

by Chairman Mao and with Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader sent PLA men to the Three Stones Museum to join with its workers in remodelling the museum. They began with a devoted study of Chairman Mao's works, especially those on political power. The museum personnel came to realize that the reason why the Three Stones workers had suffered oppression and enslavement was that they had no guns, no seal of authority, no proletarian political power in their hands. Therefore, under the leadership of the Party, they set about turning the museum into a classroom to give vivid lessons on class education and on the importance of political power and so to rouse the proletarian feelings of the broad masses so that they would closely follow Chairman Mao's great strategic plans, continue the revolution to consolidate proletarian dictatorship, and liberate the exploited and downtrodden people in the whole world.

The museum workers, together with the Three Stones workers, waged scathing revolutionary mass criticism of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi's sinister fallacies such as "exploitation has its merits" and the "dying out of class struggle."

Then they sat down to have a full discussion on how to present the exhibition and who to depend on for the work. Their conclusion was that they must resolutely rely on the Three Stones workers because they are the witness of the history of the Three Stones Street and therefore have the greatest authority to say how it should be done. The museum workers also asked the veteran Three Stones workers to give them lectures, recalling their bitter past in contrast to their present happiness. This greatly strengthened their determination that the exhibition should be a tribute to the working class.

Under the inspiration of Mao Tsetung Thought, the advisory group formed by the Three Stones veteran workers has played a significant role in setting up anew the exhibition hall. Every picture, every clay figure, every object, every caption or explanatory note as well as the whole arrangement of the exhibition, was examined and approved by the veteran workers. The many art works now on display including pictures, drawings and clay sculptures were produced by amateur worker-artists. They combined studies with their creative work. Characteristic of the working class, with a heart loyal to



Chairman Mao, they learned with diligence, did collective studies and finally succeeded in turning out picture after picture permeated with high militancy, figure after figure of living art images.

With the concern of the Party and the support of various revolutionary organizations, the first section of the exhibition was finished in the short period of six months. It was formally opened to the public on October 1, 1968. The second section and the third section are still under active preparation. Since the inauguration of the exhibition it has received over seven thousand revolutionary people a day, including workers, peasants, PLA men, students and cadres from various parts of the country. The visitors all received profound class education and imbued with class feelings left the museum crying: "Remember class bitterness for ever! Never forget the hatred of blood and tears!" "Never forget class struggle!" and "Closely follow Chairman Mao to make revolution!"

Who Are the Makers of History?

— A Criticism of the Reactionary Film "City Besieged"

EDITORS' NOTE: The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has achieved great victory. At present, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers are carrying on revolutionary criticism of revisionism and bourgeois ideology in the entire realm of the superstructure. *City Besieged*, a reactionary poisonous film now being severely repudiated, distorts the fact of how a Kuomintang army in the northeast was forced by the People's Liberation Army to come over to our side in 1948 during the Chinese People's War of Liberation.

According to the film script, the powerful PLA has encircled a city occupied by the Kuomintang. The Enemy Affairs Department chief of the PLA releases a captured Kuomintang colonel, Cheng Han-chen, and locates and sends back his wife and infant son who has been lost in the battle. Cheng is greatly moved. Because he finds himself excluded by commanders more trusted by Chiang Kai-shek and suffers under their suspicion and the surveillance of their special agents, he makes up his mind to rise against the Kuomintang and come over to our side. He also persuades his general Chao Tsung-wu to do the same with his division.

This is a vicious distortion of history. It ascribes the liberation of the city to the efforts of these two counter-revolutionaries and conceals the true cause — the revolutionary strength of the PLA and the people.

The following is a detailed criticism of this film.

The revolutionary people are the makers of history. But the enemies of the people try in every way to distort history so as to sustain or restore their counter-revolutionary rule.

The Chinese People's Liberation Army, created and led by our great leader Chairman Mao, is supported by the masses. With revolutionary armed force it pulverized Chiang Kai-shek's gangster army of eight million men, armed to the teeth by U.S. imperialism, demolished Chiang's regime, drove out the Yankees and established a new China. These heroic deeds will be praised by the people for ever. It is beyond doubt that the only true makers of history during the great people's War of Liberation were our revolutionary forces and revolutionary people, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

However, the concepts peddled by the reactionary film *City Besieged* are exactly the opposite. The title alone shows that the writers take the stand of the Kuomintang reactionaries. (In Chinese the title gives the sense of "the besiegers come to our city.")

The film itself is equally bad. Produced from the standpoint of the Kuomintang reactionaries, it twists and distorts what actually happened during the revolutionary war, denies revolutionary armed struggle, obliterates our country's main internal contradictions, and blurs the dividing line between revolution and counter-revolution. It has the temerity to paint Kuomintang reactionary army representatives who have been swept away by the iron broom of people's war as victors on the battlefields in northeast China, as heroes who determine history.

That is taking a counter-revolutionary stand and turning revolutionary history upside-down.

For this purpose, the writers start the film with a special scene. Chiang, chief of a PLA Enemy Affairs Department, has this absurd conversation with Cheng Han-chen, a captured colonel of the Kuomintang's 369th Division:

Cheng: I'm a military man. I have no interest in politics.

Chiang: Ah, but politics is interested in you. Chiang Kai-shek transferred your unit from the southwest to the northeast. He placed three divisions in three different positions. Was this a military or a political move? The 203rd Division, part of his personal faction, is completely equipped with

American arms, is stationed inside the city, is well-clothed and well-fed. Your 369th Division gets quite different treatment. Why is that? Take today's battle for example. The 203rd made a show of coming out to reinforce you. Actually, all they did was to fire a few shots in the air and then pull back into the city, leaving your division here to be beaten. If that isn't using the civil war as a means of wiping out dissidents, what is it?

You say the Kuomintang launched the civil war to wipe out the Communist Party? Not at all, say the writers. The purpose, according to them, was "to use the civil war as a means of wiping out dissidents." You say we had to destroy all the counter-revolutionary militarists in the Kuomintang reactionary clique before the people could attain liberation? Absolutely unnecessary, say the writers. There were "dissidents" among the reactionaries. Not only was it impermissible to destroy them. They were to be recognized as entirely admirable and dependable personages.

This, then, was the "purpose" of the Kuomintang reactionary clique in launching the civil war, the writers tell us through their film. This is the film's "politics." According to this logic, there was no struggle to the death between revolution and counter-revolution, between the Communist Party and the Kuomintang, between the revolutionary masses and U.S.-Chiang Kai-shek clique. The Kuomintang reactionaries fought the Communists only as a "means of wiping out dissidents." What counted was the struggle between the benevolent heroic "dissidents" and Chiang's personal faction within the Kuomintang army.

During the War of Liberation what was the principal internal contradiction? The contradiction between the masses and the three mountains of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism which were crushing them, the contradiction between the revolutionary people led by the Communist Party, and the Kuomintang reactionary rule. Were there any contradictions within the Kuomintang reactionary clique? There were. As Chairman Mao pointed out: The enemy **"are incapable of uniting solidly and will indulge in endless squabbles, mutual abuse, recrimination and betrayal. On one point, however, they will co-operate — in striving by every means to undermine the revolutionary forces and preserve the reactionary forces."**

The counter-revolutionary army of the Kuomintang was the main pillar of its reactionary rule. Every division, whether part of Chiang Kai-shek's personal faction or a so-called "miscellaneous" unit, was reactionary, cruel and corrupt. In opposing the Communist Party and the people, the "miscellaneous" divisions were no less diligent than Chiang's personal cohorts.

All secondary contradictions are influenced and dominated by the principal contradiction. This is true both with regard to the enemy and to ourselves. **"We must turn to good account all such fights, rifts and contradictions in the enemy camp and turn them against our present main enemy."**

But it is of primary importance to build our bases on the foundation of our own strength, and not to have any illusions about contradictions among the enemy. Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches: **"What is a true bastion of iron? It is the masses, the millions upon millions of people who genuinely and sincerely support the revolution . . . Rallying millions upon millions of people round the revolutionary government and expanding our revolutionary war, we shall wipe out all counter-revolution and take over the whole of China."**

This is the road pointed out by Mao Tsetung Thought, this is the great history of the victory of people's war.

The reactionary film *City Besieged*, however, completely obliterates the function of a revolutionary army and revolutionary masses. It plays up to the utmost the contradiction between Chiang's personal cohorts and the "miscellaneous" divisions, and relegates to a secondary position the contradiction between the people and their three big enemies. It creates the impression that the contradiction among the enemy was the most outstanding, the most decisive, the principal contradiction.

Not only that, but by subtle "artistic inventiveness" it conjures the dog fight within the enemy ranks into a contradiction between justice and injustice, between revolution and counter-revolution. Thus, the "step-child" 369th miscellaneous division, elbowed aside and held down, becomes just and revolutionary. It swaggers about

deciding historical destiny. Its cannibalistic nature changes. It is metamorphosed into a respected and beloved saviour.

Chairman Mao's method of class analysis tells us that not all those elbowed aside and held down are necessarily deserving of sympathy, even less can we say they are all just and revolutionary. There are all sorts of persons in such situations. For example, when revolutionary forces suppress counter-revolutionary forces, it unquestionably is a fine thing. On the other hand, when counter-revolutionary forces suppress revolutionary forces, we must oppose the former and support the latter.

Regarding exclusion and suppression within the ranks of the counter-revolutionaries, Chairman Mao defines this as **"a particularly interesting example of a fight between large and small dogs, between well-fed and ill-fed dogs. It is not a big rift, but neither is it small; it is at once an irritating and painful contradiction."**

We can and should make use of this type of contradiction, but we certainly mustn't blur class distinctions and treat rifts within the counter-revolutionary camp as contradictions between justice and injustice, revolution and counter-revolution.

Are the film writers really so lacking in common sense that they do not understand this most fundamental revolutionary truth? Of course not. They have deliberately used every trick at their command to deny scientific truth and historical fact. They have racked their brains to invent a unique logic by which they could call back the spirits of the Kuomintang reactionaries from the dead, glorify the Chiang Kai-shek gangsters and the reactionary rule smashed by people's war, and erect memorials to them. Their counter-revolutionary aim was to negate people's revolution and revolutionary war.

In keeping with their reactionary logic, the writers smear the revolutionary army and people with all manner of slanders. We see nothing in the film of the PLA advances which scattered the enemy like chaff, or of our powerful political offences, or of the iron-strong organizations which the revolutionary masses created in support of the revolutionary war.

The PLA appears briefly on the screen and quickly vanishes. It plays a purely supernumerary role. As to the revolutionary masses,

they are robbed even more completely of their part in people's war. The only one of the people we see is an "old man," and his sole function is to glorify the Kuomintang reactionaries. Kuomintang soldiers are pillaging grain. He begs and pleads that his be returned. When the Kuomintang colonel, witnessing this, says: "Give him back his grain," the old man fawningly assures his "excellency" that he has "performed a noble deed." What a dirty calumny on the people of the northeast who have their glorious revolutionary traditions.

Again in keeping with their reactionary logic, the writers prettify in every way the counter-revolutionary chieftains and army. The 369th Kuomintang Division, cold-shouldered, bullied and insulted by the military forces loyal to Chiang Kai-shek personally, is depicted as a "benevolent" army. Its commanders are all passionately dedicated "patriots." And among these "lovable" personages there is one on whom all hopes are pinned. The writers lavish on him all their sympathy, admiration and aspirations. In fact when the film opens, his name appears first in the cast of characters.

Who is this paragon? The commanding general of the 369th Division of the Kuomintang reactionary army, Chao Tsung-wu.

What sort of person is he? Chao is a man who has always followed Chiang Kai-shek in opposing the Communist Party and the people, a butcher whom Chiang Kai-shek has personally ordered transferred from the southwest to the northeast to slaughter the revolutionary people just as the great War of Liberation is reaching a crucial stage. Even when the PLA has tightly encircled the city in which Chao has been besieged for some time, this die-hard counter-revolutionary insists: "It's hard to say which side will win."

When all the area north of the Yangtse River is liberated, he dreams that the south will remain under the rule of the reactionaries, and continues to fight desperately. He tries to capitalize on being an "old friend" of one of the commanders of the democratic united army so as to "keep a way out" and leave room to manoeuvre. He wants to prepare for every contingency and resist to the end. What a savage, crafty counter-revolutionary.

In *City Besieged*, not a word of censure is permitted against this butcher, whose hands are dripping with the blood of the people. He is presented as the most ideal of positive characters. Everything is done to prettify him. A contemptible Kuomintang reactionary chief-tain becomes a deciding personality in history.

To wheedle sympathy from the audience, the film devotes considerable footage to Chao's "distress" and the "unfair" manner in which he is treated. First, another Kuomintang division refuses to help him when his division is being beaten by the PLA, then some of his subordinates are suspected by the Chiang Kai-shek clique, and finally he himself is put under surveillance. The writers use allegory, fancy lighting effects and soggy, tear-jerking music, and exercise their full art to graphically depict Chao's distress and resentment.

A Kuomintang general who cruelly slaughters the Chinese people one day and shamelessly celebrates his fiftieth birthday with wine, women and song the next — what is really making him resentful and distressed? His close and diligent lieutenant Cheng Han-chen sums it up in a few words: "The Communist army use all their stratagems on the battlefield, so they always win. We use all ours jockeying for power among ourselves, so we always lose."

Plainly what is troubling Chao is that a lack of unity within the ranks of the counter-revolutionaries is preventing them from killing still more Chinese people and preserving permanently their counter-revolutionary rule. Is such distress and resentment worthy of our sympathy? What, after all, is the motive of writers who play up and prettify them?

The film also trumpets Chao's "patriotism" and "revolutionary spirit" in an effort to win the audience's respect. Constant praise of his counter-revolutionary past seeks to create the impression that before us is not a criminal who owes many a debt of blood to the people, but "an old revolutionary leader." Removing the class content from Chao's "concern about the country and the people," the writers give Chao these lines, which the scenario says he speaks "with infinite feeling": "If the fighting continues, our national vitality will be exhausted, our country's future will be too terrible to contemplate."

Does this mean Chao opposes the civil war? Of course not. What he opposes, and flagrantly, is the Communist Party and the people. The anti-people civil war was instigated entirely by the Kuomintang reactionaries. What right have these dregs of the nation, these termites of the state, to talk of "national vitality," of "our country's future"? Under the wise command of our great leader Chairman Mao, the Chinese people took up arms and opposed counter-revolutionary war with revolutionary war. Only after this just and revolutionary war smashed the counter-revolutionary and unjust war of the U.S.-Chiang bandit gang were we able to bring new life to "our national vitality" and "our country's future."

City Besieged, through the medium of the character Chao Tsung-wu, preaches an exceedingly reactionary theory, namely, the existence of virtues which are abstract and supra-class — "integrity" and "justice," for example. These so-called virtues are supposed to be above the life and death struggle between the two classes. Counter-revolutionary revisionists both in China and abroad have long claimed that in the ruling clique of feudal exploiters it is possible to have "honest" officials, that there are "enlightened" members in the imperialist camp, that both these types are possessed of remarkable virtues.

The film has made a wonderful discovery. A miscellaneous division; allegedly oppressed by forces loyal to Chiang Kai-shek, was a "benevolent" army in no way dominated by the laws of class struggle. Moreover, it was commanded by a "benevolent" general. Men like him were the "enlightened" members, the "honest" officials, of the Chiang Kai-shek camp.

We cannot appreciate this fairy tale, however. What is more, we must expose it as vicious political fraud.

In class society there have never been "virtues," like "integrity" and "justice," which were above class. This is a fabrication the exploiting classes have invented to create illusions among the people about the reactionaries. Actually, the differences of the "honest" officials, the "enlightened" personages, the "benevolent" armies, with other factions within the ruling clique of the exploiting class are not matters of essence but only questions of method. It is simply that these gentlemen have a bit more experience in counter-revolutionary

rule, their counter-revolutionary political perceptiveness a bit more acute.

Such persons are always the first to sense the imminence of the doom of their class. They advocate a subtler and craftier means of exploiting, oppressing and murdering the people in order to extend their reactionary rule.

Take Chao Tsung-wu, whom the writers tout in so many ways. Where exploiting, oppressing and murdering the people is concerned, in these most fundamental of all affairs, what difference is there between him and any of the militarists in the Chiang Kai-shek faction? The "nation" and "country" he is for ever invoking are merely other terms for the rule of the Chiang reactionaries. In fact we can say, of all the counter-revolutionary chieftains the film portrays, Chao is more loyal to Chiang Kai-shek than any of them, since he has the interests of the counter-revolution most at heart.

Chao's only worry is that Chiang Kai-shek may not understand his "efforts." When he learns that he has been promoted, the lackey's gratitude to his master knows no bounds. "The generalissimo hasn't forgotten me after all," he exults. This cry from the heart rips off the "just" and "revolutionary" disguise with which the writers have cloaked Chao, and reveals him in all his ugliness as a die-hard counter-revolutionary.

The concepts "honest" official, "enlightened" reactionary and "benevolent" army were invented by the counter-revolutionary ruling clique. But renegades, traitors and opportunists who sneaked into the revolutionary camp also peddled them vigorously. Chiang, head of a PLA Enemy Affairs Department, whom the writers go to considerable lengths to gild and glorify, is one such huckster.

Chiang is the personification of Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary capitulationist line. He talks loftily to the enemy of "politics," but the politics he himself practises is to cringe before the foe and fawn upon them, to place all his hopes in murderers who kill the people without batting an eye. Weak-kneed and grovelling, he imagines he can soften these butchers through their "love for their children and wives," that "brotherly chats" and "poetry and reminiscences" can induce a war criminal to "lay down his knife and become a saint."

Are such things really possible? Absurd. Let us examine the historical facts that form the background of this film. How was the city of Changchun liberated? Under the direct command of Comrade Lin Piao, the PLA forces in the northeast firmly and thoroughly carried out the order of our great leader Chairman Mao to "**Build stable base areas in the northeast,**" and other important directives. They gave measure for measure against Liu Shao-chi's Right capitulationist line, which was stubbornly implemented by Peng Chen and Kao Kang, penetrated into the enemy's rear, and aroused the masses. After two years of courageous, bitter fighting, they were able to switch from strategic defensive to strategic offensive on the entire northeast battlefield.

The Kuomintang reactionary army, frightened by our forces' powerful assaults, withdrew into three base areas — Shenyang, Chinchou and Changchun. These, our army encircled in depth. Shortly before liberating Changchun, we first took Chinchou, with the massive support of the revolutionary people of the northeast, and cut all enemy lines to the region south of the Great Wall, bottling up the foe like turtles in a jar. Chiang Kai-shek flew to Shenyang to command the fighting, but he had no way to stave off their doom.

Changchun the people called "The Paper City." Under heavy pressure from our army, and battered by one people's uprising after another within the gates, the enemy had no choice but to lay down their arms. This was the result of armed struggle. Here too the decisive factors were guns, people's war.

Chairman Mao tells us: "**It must never be assumed that, once they yield to us, the counter-revolutionaries turn into revolutionaries, that their counter-revolutionary ideas and designs cease to exist. Definitely not. Many of the counter-revolutionaries will be remoulded, some will be sifted out, and certain die-hard counter-revolutionaries will be suppressed.**" *City Besieged* preaches that a counter-revolutionary can "lay down his knife and become a saint," a concept entirely hostile to Chairman Mao's teaching. Can the monsters lay down their knives and become saints? Preposterous.

The appearance of this film was not an isolated phenomenon. The period from 1959, when *City Besieged* was written as a play, to 1964 when the film version was shown on the screen, was one of intense international and domestic class struggle. At the same time the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries were clamouring against China, Liu Shao-chi and his gang were madly trying to restore capitalism. From their positions in literature and art, in which they were entrenched, they launched attacks on Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and on Mao Tsetung Thought.

In the motion picture field, they advocated "straying from the path," which actually meant leaving the path of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and people's revolutionary war. They opposed with all their might "the smell of gunpowder." Trumpeting loudly for the bourgeois "theory of human nature" and "human interest," they turned out a whole batch of reactionary films. They opposed Chairman Mao's military line and his concept of people's war. They vilified our revolutionary army and people, and prettified Kuomintang counter-revolutionary chieftains and military forces. While beating the drum for winning victory at the conference table, they credited our victories to the "just" and "enlightened" attitude of the enemy.

City Besieged is a compendium of all these poisonous ideas, an incomparably evil lesson by negative example. No wonder Chou Yang, chief perpetrator of the revisionist line in literature and art, after seeing a stage production of *City Besieged*, said: "The plot and ideas in this play are very reasonable, and so is every story in it. Many plays were unreasonable in the past."

Yes, reasonable indeed — if you are scheming for a bourgeois overthrow of the dictatorship of the proletariat and a restoration of capitalism. What a serious class struggle we have here.

But the makers of history, after all, are not the reactionaries but the people. Distortions of history must be corrected. At the crucial stage in the struggle between the proletarian and bourgeois classes and lines, Comrade Chiang Ching, firmly upholding Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, led the revolutionary fighters in literature and art in the revolution of Peking opera. The great armed forces of the people, people's war, became Peking opera themes, an

event without precedence. On the Peking opera stage, the towering figures of revolutionary worker, peasant and soldier heroes appeared in the Chinese theatre for the first time.

Taking the Bandits' Stronghold, Shachiapang, Red Detachment of Women, and other revolutionary model theatrical works which sing the praises of the people's army and people's war, are a powerful refutation of reactionary productions like *City Besieged*, which distorts the people's army and people's war, and offer a marked contrast. Chairman Mao's glorious concepts of people's war, as embodied in these new works, shall always encourage and educate the people. They shall always help them to fight the enemy with one heart and one mind, to destroy all reactionaries, to wipe from the earth the systems of exploitation of man by man, and build a new, communist world.

World's Revolutionary People Enthusiastically Translate and Publish Chairman Mao's Works

With the vigorous development of the revolutionary movement of the world proletariat and the people of various countries, more and more revolutionary people around the world have enthusiastically translated and published Chairman Mao's works to disseminate Mao Tsetung Thought.

According to preliminary statistics, up to June this year, there were more than 1,100 editions of Chairman Mao's works published in 70 different languages in 60 countries and regions.

To date, there are 52 editions of *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* translated and published in 32 languages in 35 countries. *Selected Military Writings of Mao Tsetung* have been translated and published in four language editions abroad. *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, *Selected Readings From the Works of Mao Tsetung* and pamphlets of Chairman Mao's works including *Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society*, *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, *On Practice*, *On Contradiction* and *On Protracted War* have been translated and published abroad in 1,046 editions in different languages.

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung, which the revolutionary people of the world acclaim as the "treasured red book," has been widely circulated all over the world. During the three years from

June 1966 to June 1969, it was translated into 25 different languages including English, French, Spanish, German, Italian, Greek, Danish, Dutch, Norwegian, Icelandic, Finnish, Arabic, Lao and Hebrew, and published in 51 editions in 25 countries and regions. Quotations from Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and Mao Tsetung have been published in Albania under more than ten titles such as *On the Dictatorship of the Proletariat*, *On Putting Politics to the Fore* and *On Class Struggle*. The Indian revolutionaries have published nine editions of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* in seven languages. There are eight Japanese editions of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* published by Japanese friends such as the small pocket-size edition, the textbook edition, and the supplemented edition. Chairman Mao's important inscription written for Japanese worker friends and Chairman Mao's important talks to Japanese people since 1960 have been printed as appendices in the supplemented edition of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* published by Japanese revolutionaries in the first half of this year. To meet the needs of the revolutionary Japanese people, the Toho Bookstore in Japan has elaborately designed and published a kind of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* which can be hung on the wall and turned over for reading every day. A progressive bookstore in Sweden has translated and published a Swedish edition of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* and it is warmly welcomed by the revolutionary readers. In less than one year, it has been reprinted four times.

In addition, the revolutionary people of eight countries have published 11 editions of *Chairman Mao Tsetung on People's War* in English, Nepalese, Malayalam, Telugu and five other languages; the revolutionary people of three countries have published three editions of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung on the Youth Movement* in Spanish and Italian. The revolutionaries in some countries have also published quotations from Chairman Mao on Party building and other questions.

The Three Constantly Read Articles which shine with the brilliance of communist ideology have been printed in full in the progressive papers and periodicals in a number of countries in Asia, Latin America, Oceania and Europe. In addition, they have been translated and

published in 14 languages in 23 editions by the revolutionary people of India, Ceylon, Burma, Italy, Chile, Ecuador and eight other countries. In Albania, a collection of seven of Chairman Mao's brilliant works including the Three Constantly Read Articles was published under the title of *Serve the People*.

The revolutionaries in some countries have also translated Chairman Mao's works and published them in pamphlet form or as selected readings in the light of their revolutionary tasks. The Indian revolutionaries, defying the frantic suppression and persecution by the reactionary Indian Government, have translated and published Chairman Mao's works in 76 editions in Hindi, Bengali, Punjabi, Tamil and four other languages over the past two years and more. In Ceylon, Chairman Mao's works have been translated and published under 59 titles since 1967. In France, popular among the reading public is the pocket-size edition of *Selected Writings of Mao Tsetung* which includes 18 of Chairman Mao's poems. The revolutionary people of Ecuador have published No. 1 and No. 2 of the *Mao Tsetung Thought* series. The Peruvian revolutionaries have in difficult circumstances mimeographed Chairman Mao's works under 25 titles. The publication of *Selected Readings From the Works of Mao Tsetung* by the Eastern Publishing House of Italy coincided with the publication of the Communiqué of the Enlarged 12th Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. Infinitely elated and inspired, the publishing house immediately extended its warm congratulations on the great victory of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line.

Model Revolutionary Theatrical Works Restaged

Amidst the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the great People's Republic of China, a number of model revolutionary theatrical works, resplendent with Mao Tsetung Thought, were again staged in Peking and Shanghai.

On show in Peking were *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, *The Red Lantern*, *Shachiapang* and *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*, revolutionary modern Peking operas; *Red Detachment of Women*, a revolutionary

modern ballet, *Shachiapang*, revolutionary symphonic music, and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing. In Shanghai were performed: *On the Docks*, a revolutionary modern Peking opera and *The White-Haired Girl*, a revolutionary modern ballet. Under the care and guidance of the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao and with Vice-Chairman Lin Piao as its deputy leader and through the meticulous work of the masses of proletarian revolutionary literary and art fighters, these revolutionary works, models in depicting the worker, peasant and soldier heroes, have been further polished to a new brilliance.

Taking the Bandits' Stronghold, for instance, has been recently revised to bring out more sharply the character of the proletarian hero, Yang Tzu-jung.

By way of preparation, revolutionary literary and art fighters, armed with the powerful ideological weapon of Chairman Mao's brilliant writing *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* and other works, conducted mass revolutionary criticism against the revisionist line in literature and art. For the revolution, they trained hard and conscientiously rehearsed. They celebrated the twentieth anniversary with outstanding performances, and demonstrated the brilliance and victory of proletarian literature and art.

Revolutionary Mass Criticism Continues

Since the publication of *Firmly Grasp Revolutionary Mass Criticism*, an editorial by *Renmin Ribao*, *Hongqi* and *Jiefangjun Bao*, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and revolutionary literary and art workers have risen in prompt response to this militant call issued by Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee. Fiery attacks on the sinister revisionist line in literature and art were launched and a high tide of revolutionary mass criticism against reactionary novels, dramas, films, music and art spread throughout the country.

The capital's press recently published many articles by workers, peasants and soldiers of Peking as well as revolutionary literary and art workers, which trenchantly and comprehensively criticized the reactionary "system" of the bourgeois reactionary dramatist Stanis-

lavsky as well as a number of reactionary films such as *City Besieged*, *The Battle of Heishan Mountain* and *Bitter Cold Dawn*. All these are poisonous weeds which distort revolutionary history, vilify the Chinese People's Liberation Army, and prettify the class enemies.

The workers, peasants and soldiers and cultural workers in Shanghai after repudiating Stanislavsky opened fire on the reactionary film *Red Sun* which glorifies class enemies, *Valley in the North* which trumpets class conciliation, and the reactionary novel *Morning in Shanghai* which lauds the bourgeoisie. They also castigated reactionary bourgeois "authorities" in the musical and drama circles. A vigorous and militant upsurge of mass criticism swept through the city in a variety of forms. Repudiation meetings, articles in the press, and special bulletins erected at street corners criticized revisionism and its poisons.

Spreading throughout the country, the flames of revolutionary mass criticism are blazing ever higher. By taking part in the campaign, the broad masses heighten their consciousness of the struggle between the bourgeois and proletarian lines and gain a deeper comprehension of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. They all express the determination to make greater efforts in studying and applying Mao Tsetung Thought in literature and art in a living way. Holding high the great banner of revolutionary criticism, they will further eradicate the poison of the sinister, revisionist line in literature and art and carry through to the end the proletarian cultural revolution in the realm of the superstructure.

Workers, Peasants and Soldiers Contribute Poems and Paintings

On the eve of National Day, 1969, the workers, peasants and soldiers who are contributors of the Shanghai newspaper the *Wenhui Bao* met to recite their poetry and show some of their art works.

The participants were imbued with feelings of infinite love and loyalty for Chairman Mao. They contributed over five hundred poems and many revolutionary paintings. Each and every verse was replete with the militant spirit of the proletariat, each and every painting captured well the heroic qualities of the workers, peasants

and soldiers. The two hundred or so amateur writers and painters are all active participants in the three big revolutionary movements of class struggle, struggle for production and scientific experiment. Among them were members of a heroic collective — Engineering Project 125, revolutionary story-tellers operating in Shanghai's rural areas, and seamen from the battleship *Changkiang* which Chairman Mao once visited and inspected.

The worker, peasant and soldier writers eagerly mounted the platform and read their verses, which were brimming over with high enthusiasm and praise for our great leader Chairman Mao and the splendid achievements of our great socialist motherland over the past twenty years. They also fully displayed the firm determination of the worker, peasant and soldier masses to closely follow Chairman Mao and go courageously forward. This was well represented in one of their verses, which runs:

Shining under the morning clouds,
Paddy flowers and molten steel,
Seven hundred million people
Across the length and breadth of the land,
A picture that does really appeal!
Flourishing his giant brush,
In the past two decades
Chairman Mao set to paint
All red the land pervades.

Their poems and paintings were like the thumpings of a revolutionary battle drum and bugle calls for an onward march.

At the gathering the worker, peasant and soldier writers and artists also proclaimed their determination to be revolutionaries who produce revolutionary works and retain always a revolutionary spirit. Their works will help to create public opinion for continuing the revolution under proletarian dictatorship. They will be worthy red vanguards on the cultural front.

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(In English)

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Published by Foreign Languages Press
Pai Wan Chuang, Peking (37), China
Printed in the People's Republic of China

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中 国 文 学

英文月刊 1969年 第11-12期

本刊代号 2-916