



CHINESE
LITERATURE

8

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

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.

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

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Front Cover: Heighten Our Vigilance, Defend the Motherland

*In Commemoration of the 28th Anniversary of the Publication
of "Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art"*

Remould World Outlook

Editorial by "Renmin Ribao," "Hongqi" and "Jiefangjun Bao"

In the first red May of the great 70's, the masses of Communist Party members and revolutionary people, tempered in struggle in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, are solemnly commemorating with revolutionary pride the 28th anniversary of the publication of our great leader Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*.

This brilliant work, born in the fierce struggle between the two lines 28 years ago, is an epoch-making Marxist-Leninist document. It is not only the most comprehensive and masterly generalization of the Marxist-Leninist concept of literature and art, a great programme for the proletarian ideological-cultural revolutionary movement, but also a political manifesto for transforming the world in the image of the proletarian vanguard and a beacon guiding all Communists and revolutionaries in achieving their ideological revolutionization.

Today, under the guidance of the brilliant thinking of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, hundreds of millions of workers, peasants and soldiers, as masters of the country, have mounted the political stage of struggle-criticism-transforma-

tion in all spheres of the superstructure. The model revolutionary theatrical works — splendid achievements in implementing Chairman Mao's proletarian line in literature and art — have been constantly consolidated and perfected in struggle and have been warmly received by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers. A proletarian revolutionary movement in literature and art, with the model revolutionary theatrical works as the hallmark, is forging ahead. The exemplary experience of the "six factories and two universities" in carrying out the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation, which is a vivid embodiment of Chairman Mao's various proletarian policies, is blossoming and bearing fruit everywhere in the country. The movement of the revolutionary mass criticism is developing in depth. The masses of Communists and revolutionaries are marching forward in giant strides along the road of ideological revolutionization.

The history of the revolution over the past 28 years proves that this Marxist-Leninist work of genius is a powerful weapon for the revolutionary people to transform both the objective and the subjective world.

Today, as we commemorate the publication of *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, we should study it earnestly and, along the road charted by this brilliant work, strive to remould our own subjective world in the course of carrying out the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation conscientiously, accomplishing all the fighting tasks put forward by the Ninth Party Congress and deepening the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

All Communists and revolutionaries are transformers of the objective world, fighters who unite with the masses of the people and lead them in overthrowing the old world and building the new. We are now engaged in the great cause of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. This is an unprecedentedly extensive and profound struggle for transforming the objective world. In order to wage this struggle successfully and lead it to victory, we must remould our own subjective world. The *Talks* points out penetratingly: **"Without such remoulding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits."**

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"This question of 'for whom?' is fundamental; it is a question of principle."** This question of "for whom" is also the fundamental question of world outlook. For the workers, peasants and soldiers or for the exploiting classes; for the broad masses of the people or for the individual — this is the dividing line distinguishing the proletarian world outlook from the bourgeois world outlook. The questions of class stand, attitude and feelings repeatedly emphasized in *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, are all questions of world outlook.

To remould one's world outlook one must arm oneself with Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, destroy the bourgeois world outlook and foster the proletarian world outlook, and shift one's stand to the side of the proletariat.

To Communist Party members and the revolutionaries who desire to join the Party, the question of remoulding one's world outlook means solving the question of joining the Party ideologically.

In his *Talks* Chairman Mao points out sharply: **"There are many Party members who have joined the Communist Party organizationally but have not yet joined the Party wholly or at all ideologically."**

Those who have not yet joined the Party ideologically still carry a great deal of the muck of the exploiting classes in their heads, such as the "me first" mentality, seeking fame and position, bourgeois factionalism, asserting "independence," self-commendation, mutual laudation, contempt for physical labour and aloofness from the masses. All these are manifestations of the bourgeois world outlook.

Members of the Communist Party are vanguard fighters of the proletariat. They must join the Party not only organizationally but also ideologically. Every Communist must remould his own ideology in the storms of class struggle to firmly establish a proletarian world outlook and thoroughly discard the bourgeois world outlook. Only by so doing can he be a Communist worthy of the name and can he play the role of a vanguard fighter in the cause of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

How should all Communists and revolutionaries remould their world outlook? The *Talks* has pointed out to us the fundamental

way for remoulding our world outlook, that is, to study Marxism and integrate ourselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought is the most powerful weapon for remoulding our world outlook. This weapon is characterized by its class nature and its practicality. Only by studying and applying Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way in the process of going into the midst of the workers, peasants and soldiers and plunging into the practical struggles can we truly grasp the weapon.

“There is no construction without destruction.” In order to foster the proletarian world outlook in our minds, we must, with Chairman Mao’s *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* as a weapon, conduct sustained and deep-going revolutionary mass criticism, fight self, criticize revisionism, criticize the bourgeois world outlook in all its manifestations and thoroughly eliminate the remaining poisonous influence of Liu Shao-chi’s counter-revolutionary revisionist line. Such criticism should be closely linked with the practice of the current revolutionary struggle.

In his *Talks*, Chairman Mao calls on the revolutionary literary and art workers: **“They must for a long period of time unreservedly and whole-heartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers.”** Communists and revolutionaries working on other fronts should also act in accordance with this great call. At present, the masses of revolutionary cadres and revolutionary intellectuals are taking the road of integrating themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers by settling in the countryside as commune members, entering “May 7” cadre schools, going down regularly to factories and villages to take part in physical labour or working in selected basic units to get experience to guide over-all work, and in other ways. Whatever way we take, we must examine ourselves in the light of this call of Chairman Mao’s: Are we prepared to do this for a long period of time or just for a short spell? Are we doing this unreservedly or otherwise? Are we doing this whole-heartedly, half-heartedly or hesitantly? We must be resolute, put down airs, do away with bureaucratic, apathetic, arrogant and finicky airs, go into the midst of the workers, peasants and soldiers, throw ourselves into the

three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, persist in taking part in productive labour, **criticize and repudiate the bourgeoisie** and remould our world outlook. We must be modest pupils and accept re-education by the workers, peasants and soldiers and, through a long and even painful process of tempering, completely shift our stand to the side of the proletariat. Communist Party members among the workers, poor and lower-middle peasants and in the People’s Liberation Army must also maintain close ties with the masses, take an active part in revolutionary struggle and productive labour, study and apply Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way in the course of struggle and constantly remould their world outlook.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“The proletariat seeks to transform the world according to its own world outlook, and so does the bourgeoisie. In this respect, the question of which will win out, socialism or capitalism, is still not really settled.”** In the final analysis, the struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines under the dictatorship of the proletariat is a struggle between transforming the world according to the proletarian world outlook and transforming it according to the bourgeois world outlook. The counter-revolutionary revisionist line pushed by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi represented the attempt to transform our Party and state according to the bourgeois world outlook. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution personally initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao has shattered Liu Shao-chi’s counter-revolutionary revisionist line. However, the struggle between the proletarian and the bourgeois world outlooks will last for a long time. In order to transform the Party and the world in the image of the proletarian vanguard, consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat, prevent the restoration of capitalism, win still greater victory in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and carry this revolution through to the end, all Communists and revolutionaries must enhance their initiative in remoulding their own world outlook, resolutely integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers, **launch a struggle of proletarian ideology against non-proletarian ideology** and remould their world outlook completely.

A QUOTATION FROM CHAIRMAN MAO

Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood!

The Red Lantern

(May 1970 script)

Revised collectively by the China Peking Opera Troupe

Characters

Li Yu-ho	<i>switchman, member of the Communist Party of China</i>
Tieh-mei	<i>Li's daughter</i>
Granny Li	<i>Li's mother</i>
Liaison Man	<i>liaison man from the Pine Peak Base Area of the Eighth Route Army</i>
Knife-Grinder	<i>platoon leader of the guerrillas of the Eighth Route Army in the Cypress Mountains</i>
Hui-lien	<i>Li's neighbour</i>
Aunt Tien	<i>Hui-lien's mother-in-law</i>

Guerrilla leader of the Eighth Route Army in the Cypress Mountains

Several guerrillas

Woman Gruel-Seller

Cigarette Girl

Workmen A, B, C and D *customers at the gruel stall*

Hatoyama *chief of the Japanese gendarmerie*

Wang Lien-chu *puppet police, inspector, an underground Communist who turns traitor*

Auxiliary Hou *Auxiliary gendarme of the Japanese gendarmerie*

Sergeant *sergeant of the Japanese gendarmerie*

Bogus Liaison Man *spy for the Japanese gendarmerie*

Cobbler *spy for the Japanese gendarmerie*

Several Japanese gendarmes and spies

SCENE ONE

CONTACTING THE LIAISON MAN

An early winter night during the War of Resistance Against Japan. North China. Near the Lungtan railway station. The railway embankment is visible. Undulating hills loom in the distance.

(As the curtain rises, the north wind is howling. Four Japanese gendarmes march past on patrol. A signal lantern in his hand, Li Yu-ho, vigorous and calm, enters with firm steps.)

Li (sings "hsi pi san pan"*):

Red lantern in hand, I look round;

The leadership is sending a man here to Lungtan;

The time fixed is half past seven.

The next train should bring him.

*Hsi pi san pan and other similar terms found in the text, such as hsi pi yuan pan, hsi pi liu shui, erb huang kuai san yen, hsi pi yao pan, hsi pi erb liu, erb huang yuan pan, are various styles of singing in Peking opera. Each has its own fixed tune, structure, mode, rhythm and tempo. Modern revolutionary Peking opera has critically assimilated various styles of singing from traditional Peking opera with many creative improvements to suit the portrayal of proletarian heroes.

(The wind whistles. Enter Tieh-mei with a basket, heading into the wind.)

Tieh-mei: Dad!

Li: Well, Tieh-mei! *(Realizing that she must be cold, he takes off his scarf and wraps it round her neck.)* How was business today?

Tieh-mei: Humph! The gendarmes and their thugs kept searching and pestering everybody. People were too jittery to buy anything.

Li: Those bandits!

Tieh-mei: Do be careful, dad.

Li: Right. Go home and tell granny that an uncle is coming.

Tieh-mei: An uncle?

Li: Yes.

Tieh-mei: What does this uncle look like, dad?

Li: Don't ask such questions.

Tieh-mei: I'll ask granny then.

Li: What a girl!

(Exit Tieh-mei.)

Li *(gazing at her retreating figure, very pleased):* She's a good girl!

(Sings "hsi pi yuan pan")

She peddles goods, collects cinders,

Carries water and chops wood.

Competent in all she does, a poor man's child

Soon learns to manage the house.

Different trees bear different fruits,

Different seeds grow different flowers.

(Enter Wang.)

Wang: Old Li, I've been looking for you for quite a while....

(Li alertly signals Wang not to speak, then looks around.)

Wang: The Japanese posted a tighter guard today, Old Li. They must be up to something.

Li: I know. We should meet as seldom as possible in the future. I'll contact you when necessary.

Wang: All right. *(Exit.)*

(A train whistle sounds in the distance. Li goes off. Lights fade.)

(A train roars past. Shots are heard.)

(Lights brighten. Liaison Man "somersaults" down the embankment and passes out.)

(Li rushes in.)

Li *(murmurs on seeing the man):* A glove on the left hand....

(Gunshots. Wang runs back.)

Wang: Who's that?

Li: One of ours. I'll carry him away, you cover us.

Wang: Right.

(Exit Li with Liaison Man on his back.)

(Shouts of the pursuing Japanese gendarmes. Sound of shooting.

Wang fires two shots in the direction opposite to that taken by Li. The

Japanese gendarmes can be heard approaching. In order to save his

own skin, Wang shoots himself in the arm while shivering all over.

He falls.)

(Enter Sergeant with Japanese gendarmes.)

Sergeant *(to Wang):* Did you see the man who jumped off the train?

Wang: Eh?

Sergeant: Where's the man?

Wang: Oh! *(Points towards the opposite direction.)* Over there.

Sergeant *(in alarm):* Hit the ground!

(All the Japanese gendarmes throw themselves down.)

(Lights fade.)

(Curtain)

SCENE TWO

ACCEPTING THE TASK

Immediately after the last scene. Li's house, interior and exterior view. The door opens on to a small lane. A table and several chairs in the middle of the room. A red paper butterfly pasted on the window pane. On the right, towards the rear, an inner room, with a curtain hanging over the doorway.

(As the curtain rises, the north wind is roaring. It's dim in the room. Granny turns up the lamp wick and the room becomes brighter.)

Granny (*sings "hsi pi san pan"*):

*Fishermen brave the wind and waves,
Hunters (switching to "yuan pan") fear neither tigers nor wolves;
The darkest night must end at last
In the bright blaze of revolution.*

(Enter Tieh-mei with a basket.)

Tieh-mei: Granny.

Granny: Tieh-mei.

Tieh-mei: Dad told me an uncle is coming soon. *(Puts down the basket.)*

Granny *(to herself, expectantly)*: Ah, an uncle is coming soon!

Tieh-mei: How is it I have so many uncles, granny?

Granny: Your father has many cousins, so of course you have many uncles. *(Mending clothes.)*

Tieh-mei: Which one is coming today?

Granny: Don't ask. You'll know when he comes.

Tieh-mei: Even if you won't tell me, granny, I know.

Granny: Do you? What do you know?

Tieh-mei: Granny, just listen.

(Sings "hsi pi liu shui")

I've more uncles than I can count;

They only come when there's important business.

Though we call them relatives, we never met before,

Yet they are closer to us than our own relatives.

Both dad and you call them our own folk;

I can guess part of the reason why:

They're all like my dad,

Men with red, loyal hearts.

(Li hurries in, carrying Liaison Man on his back. He pushes the door open and walks in. He signs to Tieh-mei to close the door and keep an eye on the outside, then helps Liaison Man to a chair and gives him a drink of water.)

Liaison Man *(recovering)*: Can you tell me if there's a switchman here named Li?

Li: That's me.

(Li and Liaison Man exchange passwords.)

Liaison Man: I sell wooden combs.

Li: Any made of peach-wood?

Liaison Man: Yes, for cash down.

Li: Fine, wait a minute.

(Li signs to Granny to give the lamp test.)

Granny *(holds up a kerosene lamp and looks at Liaison Man)*: Neighbour....

Liaison Man *(realizing the method of identification is wrong)*:

Thank you for saving my life. I must go.

Li *(holds up the red lantern)*: Comrade!

Liaison Man *(excitedly)*: I've found you at last!

(Tieh-mei takes the red lantern, becomes aware of its significance.)

(Granny signs to Tieh-mei to go out with the basket and keep watch.)

Liaison Man: Old Li, I'm the liaison man from the Pine Peak Base Area. *(Takes a document out of the sole of his shoe.)* This is a secret code.

(Li takes it carefully.)

Liaison Man: Get it to the guerrillas in the Cypress Mountains. Tomorrow afternoon, at the gruel stall in the junk market, a knife-grinder will contact you. Same password as before.

Li: Same password as before.

Liaison Man: Old Li, this is a difficult task!

Li: I guarantee I'll do it without fail.

Liaison Man: Fine. But time is pressing, Old Li, I must go back at once.

Li: Comrade, can you manage?...

Liaison Man: A moment ago I passed out simply from the fall. I'm all right now, I can manage.

Li: Wait a minute, you'd better change your clothes. (*Helps Liaison Man change a jacket.*)

Li (*with great concern*): The enemy is searching everywhere. Things are very tight. Be careful on your way back.

Liaison Man: I will, Old Li.

Li: Comrade....

(*Sings "erb huang kuai san yen"*)

Be on guard as you go —

Mountains are high, torrents swift.

Follow small lanes and short bridges,

The quiet and safe paths.

To the revolution we offer our loyal hearts.

(*Sees Liaison Man off. Tieh-mei enters.*)

(*Continues to sing*)

Shouldering the heavy task I'll stand up to any test in the fire.

Bursting with strength, I'll be worthy of the trust of the Party.

No difficulty in the world can daunt a Communist.

(*The siren of a police car wails. With presence of mind, Li motions to Granny to blow out the lamp. With the secret code in his hand, Li strikes a dramatic pose.*)

(*Lights fade.*)

(*Curtain*)

SCENE THREE

NARROW ESCAPE AT THE GRUEL STALL

The next afternoon. The gruel stall in the junk market.

(*As the curtain rises, Workman C is sitting at the counter eating gruel. Workmen A and B walk in and sit down at the gruel counter. Cigarette Girl sits not far away from the stall. Li enters with his lantern in one hand and lunch box in the other, calm and watchful.*)

Li (*sings "hsi pi yao pan"*):

Seeking my comrade in the junk market,

I have hidden the code in my lunch box.

No obstacles whatever can stop me,

I must get it to the Cypress Mountains.

Workman C (*stands up*): Old Li!

Li (*with concern*): Ah, Old Chang, has your wound healed?

Workman C: It's much better.

Li: Watch out for yourself in the future.

Workman C: Yes. (*To himself.*) What kind of times we live in! The Japanese devil rides in my rickshaw and won't pay, and even beats me up. What a world! (*Exit.*)

(*Li walks to the gruel stall and hangs the red lantern on a post.*)

Workmen A and B: Hello, Old Li, come here and sit with us.

Li (*warmly*): Let's all sit down.

Gruel-Seller: A bowl of gruel, Old Li?

Li: Yes, please. How is business?

Gruel-Seller: So-so. (*She serves him.*)

(*Enter Workman D.*)

Workman D: A bowl of gruel, please. (*Takes the bowl, about to eat.*) What's this? It's mouldy!

Workman A: It's rationed mixed stuff.

Gruel-Seller: We can do nothing about it.

Workman B: Hey! (*Crunches bits of stone, spits them out.*) Nearly broke my teeth!

Workman A: It's full of grit.

Workman B: They just don't treat us like human beings.

Workman A: Hush! Don't ask for trouble.

Workman B: How can we eat such swill? We just can't live!

Li (*sharing their feelings, sings "hsi pi liu shui"*):

*So many compatriots are suffering and fuming with discontent,
Struggling under iron heels they seethe with wrath.
Spring thunder will rumble when the time comes,
The brave Chinese people will never bow before the butcher's knife.
May our comrades come soon from the Cypress Mountains!*

(*Enter Knife-Grinder.*)

Knife-Grinder (*sings "hsi pi yao pan"*):

*Looking around for my comrade,
I see the red lantern hanging high to greet me.
I cry: Any knives or scissors to grind?*

Li (*sings "hsi pi yao pan"*):

*The knife-grinder fixes his eyes on my red lantern
And he raises his left hand to hail me.
Through a chat I'll try the password on him.*

(*Before Li can speak to Knife-Grinder, a siren wails and Japanese gendarmes charge in. Knife-Grinder deliberately overturns his bench to draw the enemy's attention.*)

Li (*continues to sing*): *He draws the wolves to himself in order to cover me.
(As he sings he coolly and resourcefully empties his gruel into the lunch box.)*

Li: Another helping, please.

(*Li lets Gruel-Seller fill his lunch box.*)

(*The gendarmes finish searching Knife-Grinder, angrily wave him away and turn towards Li.*)

(*Li deliberately holds out his lunch box for search. The Japanese push the smelly gruel away. After searching him they gesture for him to go.*)

(*Li picks up his lunch box and lantern, and breaks into a serene smile.*)

*Having fooled the enemy, he walks calmly to the centre of the stage.
Then he turns round and, head high, strides off victoriously.
(Lights fade.)*

(*Curtain*)

SCENE FOUR

WANG TURNS TRAITOR

Afternoon. Hatoyama's office.

(*As the curtain rises, Hatoyama is talking on the telephone.*)

Hatoyama: Oh, oh!... What, the trail lost?... Eh, don't worry, I promise to get the code.... The case must be cleared up before the deadline! Yes, yes, sir! (*Puts down the receiver and speaks to himself.*) The Communists are really sharp! Just when the headquarters gets on their trail, they shake us off. They're hard nuts to crack, those Communists!

(*Sergeant and Hou enter.*)

Sergeant: Reporting! We searched everywhere, but found no trace of the man who jumped off the train. We've arrested a few suspects.

Hatoyama: What's the use of suspects? This fellow from the train is a liaison man of the Communists. He has a very important secret code with him. If it reaches the guerrillas in the Cypress Mountains, it will spell big trouble for our empire.

Sergeant: Yes, sir.

Hatoyama: Where is Inspector Wang?

Hou: He's here.

Hatoyama: Bring him in.

Hou: Yes, sir. (*Calling to the inside.*) Inspector Wang.

(*Enter Wang with a wounded arm in a sling.*)

(*Exit Hou.*)

Wang: Captain. (*Salutes.*)

Hatoyama: Ah, brave young fellow, you've been working hard! On behalf of the headquarters, I present you this medal, third class. (*Pins the medal on Wang's chest.*)

Wang: Thank you, captain.

Hatoyama (*sings "hsi pi san pan"*):

If you serve the empire loyally

You have every chance to rise high;

As the saying goes: The bitter sea has no bounds,

Repent and the shore is at hand.

Now everything depends on whether you are sensible (Sneers.) or not.

Wang: I don't follow you, captain.

Hatoyama: You ought to. Tell me, how could it be that the man who jumped off the train fired at you from a distance of only three centimetres?

Wang: Captain...

Hatoyama: Out with it, young fellow. Who was your accomplice?

Wang (*inadvertently*): Accomplice!

Hatoyama: Exactly! Without one accomplice to help him and another to cover his escape, could the man who jumped off the train have grown wings and flown away?

Wang: I was shot and fell to the ground, captain. How do I know how he escaped?

Hatoyama: You know all right. Why else should you shoot yourself?

(Wang is taken aback.)

Hatoyama (*presses harder*): Tell me the truth, quick, young man. Who's in the underground Communist Party? Who was your accomplice? Where's the liaison man hiding? Who's got the secret code now? Better make a clean breast of it. I have plenty of medals and rewards for you.

Wang: Your words make my brain whirl, captain.

Hatoyama: In that case we shall have to sober you up! Sergeant!

Sergeant: Yes, sir.

Hatoyama: Take this man out and sober him up.

Sergeant: Yes, sir. Guards!

(Two gendarmes enter.)

Sergeant: Take him away!

Wang (*begs for mercy*): Captain....

Sergeant (*grimly*): Bah! (*Kicks Wang to the ground.*)

(The gendarmes press Wang down hard.)

Wang: I ... I'm innocent.

Hatoyama: Beat him up!

Sergeant: Take him away! Take him away!

(Crying repeatedly "I'm innocent," Wang is dragged out by the gendarmes. Sergeant follows.)

Hatoyama: Let torture open his mouth and make him tell who his accomplice was.

(Enter Sergeant.)

Sergeant: Reporting, sir, he has confessed.

Hatoyama: Who was his accomplice?

Sergeant: Li Yu-ho, the switchman.

Hatoyama (*reflectively*): Li Yu-ho!?

(Lights fade.)

(Curtain)

SCENE FIVE

RECOUNTING THE FAMILY'S REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY

Dusk. Li's house, interior and exterior view.

(As the curtain rises, Granny is waiting anxiously for Li.)

Granny (*sings "hsi pi yao pan"*):

It's dusk, but my son still hasn't come back.

(Tieh-mei walks out of the inner room. A police siren wails.)

Tieh-mei *(continues the singing)*: There's such commotion in the streets,
I'm worried about dad.

(Lunch box and red lantern in hand, Li enters and knocks at the door.)

Li: Tieh-mei.

Tieh-mei: Dad is back!

Granny: Open the door, quick.

Tieh-mei *(opens the door)*: Dad!

Granny: Yu-ho.

Li: Mother!

Granny: You're back, at last. Have you got in touch with him?

(Takes the red lantern and lunch box from him.)

Li: Not yet. *(Throws off his overcoat.)*

Granny: Anything wrong?

Li: Mother!

(Sings "hsi pi liu shui")

*I was trying to contact the knife-grinder at the gruel stall
When a police car came and the Japanese started a search.
To protect me the knife-grinder drew away the wolves,
Seizing the chance I concealed the code in the lunch box;
They didn't find the code hidden under the gruel.*

Tieh-mei: How good Uncle Knife-Grinder is!

Granny: Where is the code, Yu-ho?

Li: Mother!

(Continues to sing in an affectionate and low voice)

I've put it in a safe place to guard against any accident.

Tieh-mei: You're resourceful, dad.

Li: You know everything now, Tieh-mei. The code is more important than our lives. We must keep it a secret even if it costs us our heads. Understand?

Tieh-mei: Yes.

Li: Hah, so you understand! What a smart daughter I've got!

Tieh-mei: Dad....

Li: Ho!...

(It is getting dark. Granny brings a kerosene lamp.)

Granny: Just look at you father and daughter. . . .

Li: I've got something to do, mother, I must go out again.

Granny: Be careful! And don't be too late.

Li: I won't.

Tieh-mei: Take this, dad. *(She wraps the scarf round his neck.)*

Do come back early.

Li *(affectionately)*: I will. *(Walks out of the door. Exit.)*

(Tieh-mei closes the door.)

(Granny polishes the red lantern with loving care. Tieh-mei watches attentively.)

Granny: Come here, Tieh-mei. I'll tell you the story of the red lantern.

Tieh-mei: Fine. *(Happily walks over to the table and sits down beside it.)*

Granny *(seriously)*: For many years this lantern has lighted the way for us poor people, for us workers. Your grandfather used to carry this lantern, and now your dad carries it. You saw what happened last night, child. We can't do without it at crucial moments. Remember, this red lantern is our family treasure.

Tieh-mei: Our family treasure?

(Looking at Tieh-mei confidently, Granny goes into the inner room.)

(Tieh-mei picks up the lantern, examines it and falls in deep thought.)

Tieh-mei *(sings "hsi pi san pan")*:

Granny has told me the story of the red lantern,

The words are few, but meaning is deep.

Why are my father and uncle (switches to "yuan pan") not afraid of danger?

Because they want to save China,

Save the poor, defeat the Japanese invaders.

I realize I should act as they do,

And be a person like them.

I am seventeen, no longer a child,

*I should share my father's worries.
If he's carrying a thousand-pound load,
I should carry eight hundred.*

(Granny comes out.)

Granny: Tieh-mei, Tieh-mei!

Tieh-mei: Granny!

Granny: What are you thinking about?

Tieh-mei: Nothing.

(A child cries next door.)

Granny: Isn't that Lung-erh crying?

Tieh-mei: Yes.

Granny: Their grain has run out again! We have some corn meal left. Give it to them.

Tieh-mei: All right. *(Gets it.)*

(Hui-lien enters, knocks at the door.)

Hui-lien: Granny Li!

Tieh-mei: It's Sister Hui-lien.

Granny: Open the door. Quick.

Tieh-mei: Eh. *(Opens the door. Hui-lien comes in.)* Sister Hui-lien.

Granny *(with concern)*: Is Lung-erh any better, Hui-lien?

Hui-lien: No. How can we afford to see a doctor? Fewer and fewer people ask me to mend and wash clothes for them these days. We live from hand to mouth, never knowing where our next meal is coming from. Right now, we've nothing in the pot.

Tieh-mei: Take this home, Sister Hui-lien. *(Gives her the corn meal.)*

Hui-lien *(greatly moved)*: . . .

Granny: Take it. Tieh-mei was just going to send it over to you.

Hui-lien *(takes the corn meal)*: You're so kind to us.

Granny: Don't mention it. With the wall between us we're two families. If we pulled it down, we'd be one.

Tieh-mei: We are one family even with the wall.

Granny: That's true.

(The child cries again, louder.)

Aunt Tien *(offstage)*: Hui-lien, Hui-lien!

(Aunt Tien enters.)

Tieh-mei: Aunty!

Granny: Please take a seat.

Aunt Tien: No, thank you. The child is crying, Hui-lien. Go back and look after him. *(Sees the meal in her hand, moved.)* . . .

Granny: Take it home and make some food for the child.

Aunt Tien: But you don't have much yourselves.

Granny *(warmly)*: Don't say yours or ours. We are one family.

Aunt Tien: We must be going now.

Granny: Don't be upset. Watch your step in the dark.

(Aunt Tien and Hui-lien go out.)

Tieh-mei *(closes the door)*: They are having a very hard time, granny.

Granny: Yes. Hui-lien's father-in-law was a railway transport worker and was killed by a train. The Japanese wouldn't pay any compensation. What's more, they seized her husband to work as a coolie. Tieh-mei, we two worker families endure the same suffering and feel the same hatred for the enemy. We must do our best to help them.

(Bogus Liaison Man enters, knocks at the door.)

Tieh-mei: Who's there?

Bogus Liaison Man: Is this Master Li's house?

Tieh-mei: Someone wants dad.

Granny: Open the door.

Tieh-mei: Right. *(Opens the door.)*

(Bogus Liaison Man comes in and shuts the door behind him quickly.)

Granny: You are . . .

Bogus Liaison Man: I sell wooden combs.

Granny: Any made of peach-wood?

Bogus Liaison Man: Yes, for cash down.

Tieh-mei: Good. Just a minute.

(Bogus Liaison Man turns around and puts down his bag.)

(Tieh-mei is going to pick up the red lantern when Granny hurriedly stops her and takes up the kerosene lamp to put him to the test. Tieh-mei gets the hint.)

Bogus Liaison Man *(turning round, sees the lamp)*: Thank goodness, I've found you at last. It's been so difficult to contact you.

(Tieh-mei's amazement turns to anger. She is burning with indignation.)

Granny *(realizing that he is a fraud, calmly)*: Let's see your wooden combs, master, so that we can make a choice.

Bogus Liaison Man: I've come for the code, ma'am.

Granny: What is he saying, Tieh-mei?

Bogus Liaison Man: This is no time for jokes, ma'am. The code is a very important Communist Party document. The revolution depends on it. Give it to me quickly.

Tieh-mei *(angrily)*: None of your nonsense. Get out!

Bogus Liaison Man: Now, now....

Tieh-mei: Get out!

(Tieh-mei pushes him out, tosses his bag after him and bangs the door shut.)

Tieh-mei: Granny!

(Granny quickly stops Tieh-mei from speaking.)

(Bogus Liaison Man signals to two plain-clothes men, indicating that they should watch the house. Then they go off in different directions.)

Tieh-mei: He nearly fooled me, granny.

Granny: Child, someone must have turned traitor and let out the secret.

Tieh-mei: What's to be done, granny?

Granny *(whispers)*: Tear off the sign at once.

Tieh-mei: What sign?

Granny: The red paper butterfly on the window pane.

Tieh-mei *(suddenly understands)*: Ah! *(About to tear it off.)*

Granny: Tieh-mei, open the door to screen the window. You tear off the sign while I sweep the floor to distract attention. Quick.

(Tieh-mei opens the door. Li strides in and closes the door behind him. Tieh-mei is startled. The broom drops from Granny's hand.)

Li *(senses something wrong)*: What's happened, mother?

Granny: There are dogs outside!

(Showing no fear, Li makes a quick appraisal of the situation.)

Granny: Son, son!

Li: Mother, it looks like I'll be arrested. *(Seriously.)* I've put the code under the stone-tablet beside an old locust tree on the west bank of the river. You must do everything to deliver it to the knife-grinder. The password is the same.

Granny: The password's the same!

Li: Yes, but you must be careful.

Granny: I know. Don't worry.

Tieh-mei: Dad....

(Hou enters, knocks at the door.)

Hou: Is Master Li in?

Li: They've come, mother.

Tieh-mei: Dad, you....

Li: Open the door, Tieh-mei.

Tieh-mei: Yes.

Hou: Open the door!

(Tieh-mei tears off the red paper butterfly while she opens the door.)

Hou *(entering the house)*: Are you Master Li?

Li: Yes.

Hou: Captain Hatoyama invites you to have a drink. *(Presents an invitation card.)*

Li: So Captain Hatoyama invites me to a feast?

Hou: Yes.

Li: Ha! What an honour! (*Throws the invitation card on the table scornfully.*)

Hou: He just wants to make friends with you. Come along please, Master Li.

Li: After you. (*To Granny, firmly and gravely.*) Mother, take good care of yourself. I'm going.

Granny: Wait a minute! Tieh-mei, bring some wine.

Tieh-mei: Yes. (*Fetches some wine.*)

Hou: Don't bother, ma'am. There's plenty at the feast for him to drink

Granny: Bah!... The poor prefer their own wine. Each drop of it warms the heart. (*Takes the bowl of wine from Tieh-mei and, gravely and with deep feeling, she bids Li a hero's farewell.*) Son, take this bowl and drink it!

Li (*taking the bowl solemnly*): With this wine to put heart into me, mother, I can cope with whatever wine they give me. (*Drains the bowl at one gulp.*) Thank you, mother.

(*Heroically, sings "hsi pi erh lin"*)

I drink the wine mother gives me at parting,

I'm filled with courage and strength.

Hatoyama is giving a feast to make "friends" with me,

Even a thousand cups I can handle.

The weather is treacherous, with sudden wind and snow,

Be prepared always for unexpected changes.

Tieh-mei: Dad. (*Rushes over to Li, sobbing.*)

Li (*kindly and meaningfully, continues singing*):

Dear Tieh-mei,

When you are out selling wares, keep an eye on the weather

And remember well all the "accounts."

Beware of curs lurking outside

When you feel drowsy;

Listen for the magpie's lucky song

When you feel low.

You must run errands for the family

And share your granny's burdens and cares.

Tieh-mei: Dad! (*Clasps him and sobs.*)

Hou: Let's go, Master Li.

Li: Don't cry, child. Always do as granny says.

Tieh-mei: I will.

Granny: Open the door, Tieh-mei, so your father can go to the "feast."

Li: I'm going now, mother.

(*Li and Granny clasp each other's hands firmly, encouraging each other to be staunch in the fight.*)

(*Tieh-mei opens the door. A gust of wind. Li strides out into the wind, head high. Hou follows.*)

(*Tieh-mei runs after Li with the scarf, crying: "Dad!" Spies A, B and C rush in and bar her way.*)

Spy A: Stop! Go back.

(*He forces Tieh-mei back. The spies come into the room.*)

Tieh-mei: Granny!...

Spy A: Make a search! Stay where you are!

(*They rummage the house. One of them comes out of the inner room with an almanac, leafs through it, then tosses it away.*)

Spy A: Let's go.

(*They go off.*)

Tieh-mei (*closes the door, draws the curtain and looks around the room*):

Granny! (*Falls into Granny's arms and sobs. A pause.*)

Will dad ever come back, granny?

Granny: Your dad...

Tieh-mei: Dad...

Granny: Tieh-mei, tears cannot save your dad. Don't cry now.

It's time to tell you everything about our family.

Tieh-mei: What, granny?

Granny: Sit down. I'll tell you.

(Granny looks at the scarf. Revolutionary memories float before her eyes; hatred, old and new, for the enemy comes to her mind.)
(Tieh-mei gets a stool and sits down beside her.)

Granny: Tell me, child, is your dad a good man?

Tieh-mei: Of course.

Granny: But...he's not your own father.

Tieh-mei (*startled*): Ah! What are you saying, granny?

Granny: Neither am I your granny.

Tieh-mei: Granny, granny! Are you out of your mind?

Granny: No, child. We three generations are not from the same family. (*Stands up.*) Your surname is Chen, mine is Li and your dad's is Chang.

(Sings "erb huang san pan")

*For seventeen storm-tossed years I've kept quiet,
Several times I wanted to speak,*

But I was afraid you were too young for the truth.

Tieh-mei: Tell me, granny. I won't cry.

Granny (*sings "erb huang man san yen"*):

*It's most likely your father will not return,
And granny may be jailed too.*

Then the heavy burden of revolution will fall on you.

When I tell you the truth, Tieh-mei,

Don't cry, don't break down, be brave and staunch,

Learn from your father his loyalty, courage, and iron will.

Tieh-mei: Granny, sit down and tell me everything. (*Helps Granny to a seat.*)

Granny: It's a long story. Your grandfather was a maintenance man in the Kiangnan Locomotive Depot near Hankow. He had two apprentices. One was your own father, Chen Chih-hsing.

Tieh-mei: My father, Chen Chih-hsing?

Granny: The other was your present dad, Chang Yu-ho.

Tieh-mei: Oh, Chang Yu-ho?

Granny: At that time, the country was torn by strife among warlords. Then, Chairman Mao and the Communist Party led the Chinese people in waging revolution. In February 1923, workers

of the Peking-Hankow Railway set up a federation of trade unions in Chengchow. One of the warlords, Wu Pei-fu, a stooge of the foreign invaders, tried to ban it. At the call of the federation, all the workers on the line went on strike. More than ten thousand in Kiangnan took to the street and demonstrated. That was another cold, dark night. I was so worried about your grandfather I couldn't sit still or go to sleep. I was mending clothes by the lamp when I heard someone knocking at the door, calling, "Aunty, aunty, quick, open the door." I did, and in rushed a man.

Tieh-mei: Who was it?

Granny: Your dad.

Tieh-mei: My dad?

Granny: Yes, your present dad. He was covered with wounds, and in his left hand he held this very signal lantern....

Tieh-mei: The signal lantern?

Granny: In his right arm he held a baby.

Tieh-mei: A baby....

Granny: A baby less than one year old.

Tieh-mei: That baby....

Granny: That baby was none other than....

Tieh-mei: Than who?

Granny: Than you.

Tieh-mei: Me?

Granny: Hugging you tightly to his chest, with tears in his eyes your dad stood before me and shouted, "Aunty, aunty...." For several minutes he just stared at me and couldn't go on. Terribly worried, I urged him to speak. He... he said, "My master and Brother Chen... have been murdered. This is Chen's child, a future successor to the revolution. I must bring her up to carry on the revolution." He added, "Aunty, from now on I am your own son and this child is your own grand-daughter." Then I took you and held you tight in my arms.

Tieh-mei: Granny! (*Buries her head in Granny's arms.*)

Granny: Be brave and listen.

(Sings "erb huang yuan pan")

*In the strike those devils murdered your father and mother,
Li Yu-ho worked untiringly for the revolution;
He swore to follow in the martyrs' steps, to keep the red lantern burning;
He staunched his wounds, buried the dead and went on with the fight.
Now the Japanese brigands are burning, killing and looting,
Before our eyes your dad was taken away to prison;
Remember this debt of blood and tears,
Be brave and determined to settle accounts with the enemy,
A debt of blood must be paid with blood.*

Tieh-mei (sings "erb huang yuan pan"):

*Granny tells a heroic and stirring episode of the revolution,
Now I know I was raised in wind and rain.
Dear granny, for all those seventeen years,
Your kindness to me has been vast as the sea.
Now with high aims I see my way clear.
Blood must pay for our blood,
Successors must carry forward the cause of our martyrs.
Here I raise the red lantern, let its light shine far.
Dad! (Changes to "erb huang kuai pan")
My father is as steadfast as the pine,
A Communist who fears nothing under the sun.
Following in your footsteps I shall never waver.
The red lantern we hold high, and it shines
On my father fighting those wild beasts.
Generation after generation we shall fight on,
Never leaving the field until all the wolves are killed.*

*(Tieh-mei and Granny hold high the red lantern in a dramatic pose.
It casts a radiant red light.)
(Lights fade.)*

(Curtain)



Li Yu-ho, switchman and member of the Communist Party of China

Stage Photographs from "The Red Lantern"



Li Yu-ho to Tieh-mei: "Tell Granny that an uncle is coming." (Scene One) ▲

Concealing the code beneath the gruel (Scene Three) ►



Warm concern for a working man (Scene Three) ▼



A toast at parting (Scene Five) ▲

Recounting the family's revolutionary history (Scene Five) ▶

Li Yu-ho denounces Hatoyama (Scene Six) ▼





"They cannot fetter my spirit that storms the sky." (Scene Eight) ▲

Fearlessly, they walk to the execution ground (Scene Eight) ▼





"Repressing my rage I grind my teeth." (Scene Nine) ▲

Jubilant in victory (Scene Eleven) ►

Knife-Grinder and guerrillas attack the foe (Scene Ten) ▼





SCENE SIX

STRUGGLING AGAINST HATOYAMA AT THE FEAST

Immediately after the previous scene. Hatoyama's reception room. A feast is laid.

(As the curtain rises, Hou enters.)

Hou: Please come in, Master Li.

(Li enters calmly and with firm steps. Exit Hou.)

Li: *(sings "erb huang yuan pan"):*

*A poisoned arrow is hidden in the invitation card,
Sudden burst of a storm means traitors lurking,
I laugh at his feast spread amid swords and axes,
With revolutionary righteousness in my heart,
I will face the enemy with composure, firm as a mountain.*

(Enter Hatoyama.)

Hatoyama: Ah, my old friend. I trust you've been well?

Li: Ah, Mr. Hatoyama. How are you?

(Li ignores Hatoyama's extended hand. Hatoyama withdraws it in embarrassment.)

Hatoyama: So we meet again after all this time, eh? Do you remember I once treated you in the railway hospital?

Li: In those days you were a rich Japanese doctor and I was a poor Chinese worker. We were like two trains running on different tracks, travelling in different directions.

Hatoyama: No matter how you put it, we're not strangers, right?

Li *(pretending a civility):* Then I'll expect you to be "helpful."

Hatoyama: That's why I've invited you for a good chat. Please sit down. This is a private feast, old friend. We'll talk of friendship and nothing else, all right?

Li *(sounding the enemy out coolly):* I am a poor worker and like to be straightforward. Anything you have in mind, just speak out.

Hatoyama: Quite frank! Come on, old friend, drink up.

Li: It's very kind of you, Mr. Hatoyama. Sorry, I don't drink.

(Pushes the cup away, takes out his pipe and lights it.)

Hatoyama: You don't drink? There's an old Chinese saying, "Life is but a dream." It passes in a flash. Therefore, as is well said, "Enjoy wine and song while we can, for tomorrow we die."

Li *(blowing out his match contemptuously)*: Yes, listening to songs and drinking the best wine is the life of an immortal. I hope you always lead such a life and I wish you "long life," Mr. Hatoyama. *(Throws away the match sarcastically.)*

Hatoyama: Hah... *(Forcing a smile.)* Old friend, I am a believer in Buddhism. A Buddhist sutra tells us, "The bitter sea has no bounds, repent and the shore is at hand."

Li *(counter-attacking)*: I don't believe in Buddhism. But I've heard the saying, "The law is strong, but the outlaws are ten times stronger!"*

Hatoyama: Well said, my friend. But this is only one kind of creed. As a matter of fact the highest human creed can be condensed into two words.

Li: Two words?

Hatoyama: Right.

Li: What are they?

Hatoyama: "For myself."

Li: For yourself, eh?

Hatoyama: No, every man for himself.

Li *(pretending not to understand)*: "Every man for himself"?

Hatoyama: Right. Old friend, you know the saying, "Heaven destroys those who don't look out for themselves."

Li: Oh? Heaven destroys those who don't look out for themselves?

*Here "law" means the reactionary ruling class while "outlaws" means the revolutionary spirit of rebellion of the proletariat and revolutionary people in their struggle against the reactionaries. In striking back against Hatoyama, Li Yu-ho uses this saying to imply that the Japanese bandits may ride roughshod for a time, but it is the revolutionary people who are really strong. The Japanese bandits are doomed. The Chinese people are sure to win.

Hatoyama: That's the secret of success in life.

Li: So there's such a thing as a secret of success in life?

Hatoyama: There's a secret for doing everything.

Li: Mr. Hatoyama, for me your secret is like trying to blow up a fire through a rolling-pin. It just doesn't work.

(Hatoyama is taken aback.)

Hatoyama: No more joking, old friend. Now I'd like to have your help.

Li: How can a poor worker help you?

Hatoyama: Let's stop this shadow-boxing now. Hand it over!

Li: What?

Hatoyama: The secret code.

Li: Ha.... A colt? I don't have anything to do with such things. All I know is to work switches.

Hatoyama *(threateningly)*: If you want to do it the hard way, friend, don't blame me if we get rough.

Li *(unruffled)*: As you like.

(At a sign from Hatoyama, Wang Lien-chu enters.)

Hatoyama: Look, my old friend, who is this?

(Wang cringes and trembles beneath Li's piercing gaze.)

(Hatoyama indicates for Wang to persuade Li.)

Wang: Old Li, you mustn't be too....

Li: Shut up!

Wang: Old Li, you mustn't be too pig-headed....

Li *(pounds the table and jumps to his feet. Pointing at Wang, he denounces)*: Shameless traitor!

(Sings "hsi pi kuai pan")

Only a coward would bend his knees,

Afraid of death and clinging to life.

How often did I warn you

Against enemy threats and bribes?

You swore you would gladly die for the revolution;

How could you sell out and be their pawn?

*They are treating you like a cur,
Yet you count disgrace an honour.
The day will come when the people bring you to trial,
Your betrayal is an unpardonable crime.*

(Terrified by Li's revolutionary integrity, the traitor hides behind Hatoyama.)

- Hatoyama** (*quite pleased with himself*): Keep cool, my friend. Ah. . . (*Waves Wang away.*) I didn't want to play my trump card but you forced me to. I had no alternative.
- Li** (*in sharp retort*): I expected as much. Your trump card is nothing but a mangy dog with a broken back. You'll get no satisfaction out of me, Hatoyama.
- Hatoyama** (*frustrated, reveals his true colours*): You know very well what my job is, Li Yu-ho. I'm the one who issues passes to Hell.
- Li** (*giving tit for tat*): And you know very well what my job is. I'm the one who will demolish your Hell.
- Hatoyama**: You ought to know my torture instruments are hungry for human flesh.
- Li** (*contemptuously*): I am no stranger to those gadgets of yours.
- Hatoyama** (*menacing*): Take my advice and recant before your bones are broken.
- Li** (*overwhelming the enemy*): I'd sooner have my bones broken than recant.
- Hatoyama**: Our gendarmes are pitiless. Once in the torture chamber you won't come out alive.
- Li** (*categorically*): We Communists have a will of steel. We look on death as nothing! Hatoyama!
(Denouncing the Japanese bandits, sings "hsi pi yuan pan")
The Japanese militarists are wolves
Hiding their savagery behind a smile.
You kill our people and invade our land
(Switches to "kuai pan")
In the name of "Co-prosperity in East Asia."
The Communist Party and Chairman Mao are leading the people's
revolution;

*We have hundreds of millions of heroes
Fighting against Japan to save our country.
Your reliance on traitors is of no more use
Than fishing for the moon in the lake.*

Hatoyama: Sergeant!

(Sergeant and two gendarmes enter.)

Hatoyama (*sings "hsi pi san pan"*):

I'll let you taste all of my torture instruments.

(Militantly, Li throws open his coat in a dramatic pose.)

Li (*smiles sardonically*): Huh! . . .

Sergeant: Get moving.

Li (*sings "hsi pi san pan"*): *You can only limber up my joints.*

Sergeant: Take him away.

(The gendarmes seize Li.)

Li: I don't need your help.

(Li flings out his arms and they stagger backwards.)

(Calmly, Li buttons his coat, picks up his cap, flicks the dust off it and holds it behind his back. Turning round, he strides off in a manner that overwhelms the enemy.)

(Sergeant and gendarmes follow.)

Hatoyama (*crestfallen and helpless*): He's a hard one!

(Recites "pu teng ngo")*

What makes a Communist tougher than steel?

My persuasion and threats are of no avail,

I hope torture will make him speak.

(Enter Sergeant.)

Sergeant: Reporting! Li Yu-ho would rather die than speak.

Hatoyama: Rather die than speak?

Sergeant: Let me take some men to search his house again, captain.

*A recitative accompanied rhythmically by percussion instruments.

Hatoyama: Forget it. Communists are very vigilant. He must have put the code somewhere else.

Sergeant: Yes, sir.

Hatoyama: Bring him in.

Sergeant: Bring Li Yu-ho here!

(Two Japanese gendarmes drag Li in. Blood-stained and covered with wounds, Li advances militantly on Hatoyama. Then, turning round in a dance movement, he stands erect, supporting himself on a chair.)

Li (*sings "hsi pi tao pan"*): *You beast with the heart of a wolf!*

Hatoyama: The code. Give me the code.

Li: Hatoyama!

(Continues to sing, switching to "hsi pi kuai pan")

No matter how cruel your tortures,

Pure gold fears not tempering in fierce fire.

No matter what, I'll never bow my head!

Ha. . . .

(The enemies are terrified by his heroic spirit.)

(Li strikes a dramatic pose.)

(Lights fade.)

(Curtain)

SCENE SEVEN

HELP FROM THE MASSES

One morning several days later. Li's house, interior and exterior view.

(As the curtain rises, Cobbler, a spy in disguise, is sitting not far from the door watching the house.)

(Knife-Grinder cries offstage: "Any knives or scissors to grind?")

He enters repeating his cry while warily looking around. He sees that the red paper butterfly on the window pane is gone and notices the spy. He decides to make contact some other time.)

(Granny and Tieh-mei come out of the inner room and look out of the window.)

(Knife-Grinder leaves, calmly uttering his cry. The spy looks at him but sees nothing unusual.)

Granny: That knife-grinder probably came to contact us, Tieh-mei.

Tieh-mei: I'll run after him with the lantern and see whether he's our man or not.

Granny: It won't do, child, not with that dog outside. You can't go.

Tieh-mei: Then, what shall we do? *(Meditating.)* Granny, I have an idea. I'll go out through Hui-lien's house!

Granny: How can you do that, my child?

Tieh-mei: The other day, in the inner room where our bed stands the stone at the foot of the wall came loose. When I was helping dad repair the wall I pulled it out and crawled through for a visit.

Granny: What, you crawled through?

Tieh-mei: Yes, Hui-lien's room is right on the other side.

Granny: Let's ask their help, then. You can go out through their house. Do you remember the password your dad told you, Tieh-mei?

Tieh-mei: Yes, I do.

Granny: If you catch up with the knife-grinder, and he gives the right password in reply, go to the west bank of the river and get the code from under the stone-tablet beside an old locust tree.

Tieh-mei: Under the stone-tablet by an old locust tree?

Granny: Didn't you hear your dad mention it? You must be very careful, child.

Tieh-mei: Don't worry, granny.

Granny: Look out!

Tieh-mei: I will.

(Taking the red lantern, Tieh-mei goes into the inner room. Exit.)

(Cobbler throws away an empty match-box, walks over and knocks at the door to ask for a match.)

Cobbler: Open the door.

Granny: Who's there?

Cobbler: Me. The cobbler.

Granny: Wait a moment. (*Opens the door.*)

Cobbler (*enters*): Ma'am.

Granny: What do you want?

Cobbler: I want a match.

Granny: There are some on top of the cupboard.

Cobbler: Thank you. Where's the girl? (*Lights his cigarette.*)

Granny: She's not well.

Cobbler: Not well? Where is she?

Granny: In bed in the inner room.

Cobbler: Oh! Thank you. (*Exit.*)

Granny: Filthy dog.

(Two spies enter at Cobbler's signal. They whisper together. As Granny closes the door they push into the house.)

Granny: Who are you?

Spy B: We are checking up.

Spy A: Where's your grand-daughter?

Granny: She's ill.

Spy B: Ill? Where is she?

Granny: In bed in the other room.

Spy B: Tell her to get up!

Granny: She's ill. Let her rest.

Spy B: Get out of the way! (*Pushes Granny aside and reaches to lift the door curtain.*)

(Voice from behind the curtain: "Granny, who's there?")

Granny: Police checking up.

(Looking at each other helplessly, the spies go out. Granny closes the door behind them. She turns round and stares in surprise.)

(Hui-lien comes out of the inner room.)

Granny: Ah! What brings you here, Hui-lien?

Hui-lien: Granny Li!

(Sings "hsi pi liu sbui")

Tieh-mei has slipped away through our house,

My mother-in-law sent me to let you know.

When I heard those spies questioning you

I pretended to be Tieh-mei lying ill in bed.

When Tieh-mei returns, she can come through our house,

With me helping, you don't have to worry.

Granny (*gratefully*): You've been a tremendous help.

(Tieh-mei comes out of the inner room.)

Tieh-mei: Granny! Sister Hui-lien!

Hui-lien: So you're back, Tieh-mei.

Granny: If it weren't for Hui-lien we'd have been in serious trouble.

Hui-lien: It's good you're back. I must be going now.

Tieh-mei: Thank you.

(Hui-lien enters the inner room. Exit.)

Granny: Go and put the stone in place, Tieh-mei.

(Tieh-mei goes into the inner room. Granny hangs up the lantern.

Tieh-mei enters again.)

Granny: Did you find the knife-grinder?

Tieh-mei: I searched several streets but couldn't find him. I hurried back for fear those spies might discover that I was out.

Granny: You did right!

(Enter Hou. He sends Cobbler away and knocks at the door.)

Tieh-mei: Who's there?

Hou: Captain Hatoyama is coming to pay you a visit.

Tieh-mei: Granny!

Granny: If I am arrested, Tieh-mei, you must try your best to deliver the code to the Cypress Mountains.

Tieh-mei: Don't worry!

Hou: Open the door!

Granny: Go and open the door.

Tieh-mei: Yes. (*Opens the door.*)

(Hatoyama enters and comes into the house. Hou follows and stands by.)

Hatoyama: How are you, madam?

Granny: So you are Mr. Hatoyama?

Hatoyama: Yes, I'm Hatoyama.

Granny: Just a minute, please. I'll tidy up and go with you.

Hatoyama: Oh, that's not what I came for. Li Yu-ho said that he left something with you, madam.

Granny: Left what?

Hatoyama: The code.

Granny: What does he mean, child?

Hatoyama: It's a book.

Granny: A book?

Hatoyama: That's right.

Granny: Mr. Hatoyama.

(Sings "hsi pi yuan pan")

My family has always suffered from hunger and cold,

None of us three knows how to read.

What would we want with a book in our home?

Hatoyama *(continues the singing):*

Since Li Yu-ho has told me about that book,

Why try to hide it and fool me?

Tieh-mei *(continues the singing):* Let my dad come and find it,

Why trouble yourself?

Hatoyama: Now, now. If you give me that book I'll send Li Yu-ho straight home and make him a vice-section chief. I promise all of you wealth and fame.

Granny: Hum!

(Continues to sing)

I look upon wealth and fame as dust,

We poor people find coarse food very tasty.

Since you have taken such trouble to come for it—

(To Tieh-mei.) Go and find it for him.

(Tieh-mei goes into the inner room and brings out the almanac which she hands to Granny.)

Granny *(to Hatoyama, continues to sing):*

So that you will not have come for nothing.

(Hands the "book" to Hatoyama.)

Hatoyama: That's it. That must be it. An almanac? *(Leafing through it.)* I'll take it with me and study it. What about going to see your son, madam?

Granny: Very well! Look after the house, Tieh-mei.

Hatoyama: No! The girl must come too!

Tieh-mei: Let's go, granny!

(Sings "hsi pi san pan")

Filled with courage and strength like dad,

I have nothing to fear —

(Granny and Tieh-mei leave the house.)

(Hatoyama follows. Hou orders the spies to seal the door.)

Granny *(continues the singing):*

Revolutionaries can stand the collapse of heaven and earth!

(Granny and grand-daughter walk straight forward, then strike a dramatic pose.)

(Lights fade.)

(Curtain)

SCENE EIGHT

STRUGGLE ON THE EXECUTION GROUND

Night. A corner of the prison in the headquarters of the Japanese gendarmerie.

(As the curtain rises, Sergeant and Hou stand waiting. Enter Hatoyama.)

Hatoyama: It seems direct questioning won't get us the secret code. The hidden microphone?

Hou: Already installed.

Hatoyama: Good. We'll hear what they say when the old woman

meets her son. Perhaps we'll find out something this way.
Bring the old woman in.

Hou: Yes, sir. *(To offstage.)* Come along!

(Enter Granny.)

Hatoyama: Do you know this place, madam?

Granny: It's the gendarme headquarters.

Hatoyama: This is where your son will ascend to heaven! When a man has committed a crime and his mother refuses to save his life when she has it in her power, don't you think she is cruel?

Granny *(sternly, putting the vile enemy on trial):* What kind of talk is that! You've arrested my son for no reason. Now you want to kill him. You are the criminals, it's you who are cruel. You kill the Chinese, and you want to shift the blame on to the Chinese people, on to me, an old woman?

Hatoyama: All right! Go and see your son!

(Granny walks off resolutely. Hatoyama signs to Hou to follow her.)

Hatoyama: Take Li Yu-ho there.

Sergeant: Bring Li ... Yu-ho!...

(Dark change.)

(A corner of the execution ground: A high wall, a steep slope, a sturdy pine reaching to the sky. In the distance a high mountain pierces into the clouds.)

Li *(offstage, sings "erb huang tao pan"):*

At the gaoler's blood-thirsty cry...

(Enters and strikes a dramatic pose.)

I stride forth from my cell.

(Two Japanese gendarmes push him. With a strong sense of righteousness, Li stands chest out, undaunted. Then he performs a series of characteristic Peking opera dance movements: moving briskly sideways on both legs, backing a few steps on one leg, a pause; turning round on one leg and then swinging the other and striking a dramatic pose. He advances boldly, forcing the two Japanese gendarmes to retreat.)

(Li rubs his wounded chest, then places one foot on a rock and nurses his knee. He casts a contemptuous glance at his chains and fully displays his noble spirit.)

Li *(sings "hui lung"):*

Though heavy chains shackle me hand and foot,

They cannot fetter my spirit that storms the heavens.

(Feeling a sharp pain in his wounded legs, he backs a few steps on one leg, nurses his knees and finally stands on one leg in a dramatic pose.)

Li *(sings "yuan pan"):*

That villain Hatoyama used every torture to get the code,

My bones are broken, my flesh is torn,

But my will is firmer than ever.

Walking boldly to the execution ground, I look afar:

The red flag of revolution is raised on high,

The flames of resistance spread far and wide.

Japanese bandits, let's see how much longer you can rage!

Once the storm is past (changes to "man san yen") flowers will bloom,

New China will shine like the morning sun,

Red flags will fly all over the country.

This thought heightens my confidence

And my resolve strengthened.

(Changes to "yuan pan")

I have done very little for the Party,

I'm worried that the code hasn't got to the mountains.

Wang's only contact was with me,

The wretch can betray no one else;

My mother and daughter are as firm as steel.

Hatoyama, try and get the secret code!

You may ransack heaven and earth

But you will never find it.

Revolutionaries, fear nothing on earth,

They will for ever march forward.

(Enter Granny.)

Granny: Yu-ho!

Li (*looks back*): Mother!

Granny (*runs over to support Li, sings "erb huang san pan"*):

*Again I live through that day seventeen years ago,
And burn with hate for the foe of my class and country.
These . . . Japanese devils, cruel and treacherous,
Have beaten you black and blue,
My son, my son!*

Li: Don't grieve for me, mother!

Granny (*continues to sing*):

With such a fine son . . . I shouldn't grieve.

Li: My good mother!

(*Sings "erb huang erb liu"*)

Brought up by the Party to be a man of steel,

I fight the foe and never give ground.

I'm not afraid

To have every bone in my body broken,

I'm not afraid

To be locked up until I wear through the floor of my cell.

It makes my heart bleed to see our country ravaged,

I burn with anger for my people's suffering.

However hard the road of revolution,

We must press on in the steps of the glorious dead.

My only regret if I die today

Is the "account" I have not settled.

(*Gestures to indicate the secret code.*)

I long to soar like an eagle to the sky,

Borne on the wind above the mountain passes

To rescue our millions of suffering countrymen —

Then how gladly would I die for the revolution!

(*Enter Hou followed by two Japanese gendarmes.*)

Hou: Old woman, Captain Hatoyama wants to have a talk with you.

Granny (*to Li*): Son, I know what he is going to say.

Hou: Come on.

(*Granny goes out fearlessly, followed by the two Japanese gendarmes.*)

Hou: Bring Li Tieh-mei here!

(*Tieh-mei runs in.*)

Tieh-mei: Dad!

(*Exit Hou.*)

Tieh-mei (*sings "erb huang san pan"*):

Day and night I've been longing to see you again,

And now you . . . so battered and covered with blood . . .

Dear father!

Li: You mustn't cry, child! (*Strokes Tieh-mei's hair lovingly, with determination.*) Be brave, daughter! (*Helps Tieh-mei to her feet, with feeling.*) My child!

(*Continues the singing*)

One thing I have wanted to tell you many times,

It's been hidden in my heart for seventeen years.

I . . .

Tieh-mei (*quickly stopping him*): Don't say it, dad, you are my own father. (*Kneels.*)

(*Sings "erb huang kuai pan"*)

Don't say it, father,

I know the bitter tale of these seventeen years.

(*Li helps Tieh-mei to her feet, his feelings like turbulent waves.*)

Li (*sings "erb huang yuan pan"*):

People say that family love outweighs all else,

But class love is greater yet, I know.

A proletarian fights all his life for the people's liberation.

Making a home wherever I am,

I have lived in poverty all these years.

The red lantern is my only possession,

I entrust it to your safe keeping.

Tieh-mei (*sings "erb huang kuai san yen"*):

Dad has given me a priceless treasure

To light my path forward for ever.

You have given me your integrity

To help me stand firm as a rock;
You have given me your wisdom
To help me see through the enemy's wiles;
You have given me your courage
To help me fight those brutes.
This red lantern is our heirloom.
Oh dad, the treasure you leave me is so vast,
That a thousand carts and ten thousand boats
Cannot hold it all.
I give you my word I will keep the lantern always safe.

Li (sings "erb huang san pan"):
As wave follows wave in the great Yangtse River,
Our red lantern will be passed on from hand to hand.
(To Tieh-mei.)
If some day to home you return,
Find our relatives, make a living, clear that "account,"
(Gestures to indicate the code.)
I'll have no worries.

(Japanese gendarmes enter pushing Granny. Enter Sergeant.)

Sergeant: Captain Hatoyama gives you five more minutes to think it over. If you still refuse to give up the secret code, you will all be shot. (Drags Tieh-mei away.) Only five minutes left, girl. Give up the code and save the whole family. Understand? Speak up!

(Firmly, Tieh-mei walks back to her dear ones.)

Sergeant: Where is the code?

Tieh-mei: I — don't — know!

Sergeant: Shoot them all.

Gendarmes: Yes.

Li: No use baring your fangs! Tieh-mei, let's takeg ranny's arms and go together.

(*"The Internationale"* is played. Bravely and firmly, the three walk arm in arm up a slope with their heads high.)

(Enter Hatoyama.)

Hatoyama: Wait! I give you one more minute to think it over.

Li (with a spirit that shakes the universe): Hatoyama, you can never kill all the Chinese people, all the Chinese Communists. You must think of the end in store for you scoundrels!

Hatoyama: Terrible! (To Sergeant.) Act according to plan! (Exit.)

Sergeant: Shoot them!

(To the militant strains of "The Internationale," the three revolutionaries of three generations, heads high, walk up the slope, defying death. They go out.)

(Japanese gendarmes follow.)

(Silence. Offstage, Li shouts: "Down with Japanese imperialism!" "Long live the Chinese Communist Party!" The three of them shout with their arms raised: "Long live Chairman Mao!")

(A volley of shots. Two Japanese gendarmes drag Tieh-mei in and throw her down.)

Tieh-mei (standing up, turns to call): Dad! Granny!

(Enter Hatoyama with Hou and Sergeant.)

Hatoyama: Give me the code, Li Tieh-mei.

Hou and Sergeant: Speak up!

(Tieh-mei glares at Hatoyama.)

Hatoyama: Let her go!

Sergeant: Yes, sir. Get out!

(Sergeant pushes Tieh-mei away. They go out, followed by the gendarmes.)

Hou: Why did you let her go, sir?

Hatoyama: It's called using a long line to catch a big fish.

Hou: Right!

(Lights fade.)

(Curtain)

SCENE NINE

ADVANCING WAVE UPON WAVE

Immediately after the last scene. Dawn. Li's house, interior and exterior view.

(As the curtain rises, Tieh-mei enters the room, leans back against the door. Looking around, full of sorrow and hatred, she thinks of her martyred father and grandmother.)

Tieh-mei: Dad! Granny! *(Rests her head on the table and sobs. A pause. Slowly rising, she sees the red lantern, hurries over and takes it.)* Granny, dad, I know what you died for. I shall carry on the task you left unfinished and be the successor to the red lantern. I'm determined to deliver the code to the Cypress Mountains and avenge your bloody murder. Hatoyama, you may arrest me or release me at will, but you'll never get the secret code!

(Sings "hsi pi tao pan")

I burst with anger when I think of the foe!

(Changes to "kuai san yen")

Repressing my rage I grind my teeth.

Using every trick to get the code,

Hatoyama has killed my granny and dad!

(Changes to "erb liu")

Biting my hate, chewing my rage,

I force them down my throat,

Let them sprout in my heart.

I'll never yield, I'll never retreat,

(Changes to "kuai pan")

No tears shall wet my cheeks,

Let them flow into my heart

To nourish the bursting seeds of hatred.

Flames of rage, ten leagues high,

Will burn away this reign of the forces of darkness.

I'm prepared: arrest me, release me,

Use your whips and lash, your locks and chains.

Break my bones, you will never get the code.

Just wait, you villain Hatoyama,

This is Tieh-mei's answer!

I'll go now! (Picks up the red lantern, ready to leave.)

(Hui-lien comes out of the inner room.)

Hui-lien: Tieh-mei!

Tieh-mei: Sister Hui-lien! *(Puts down the lantern and bolts the door.)*

Hui-lien: My mother has come to see you.

(Aunt Tien emerges from the inner room.)

Aunt Tien: Tieh-mei!

Tieh-mei: Aunty... *(Runs into her arms.)*

Aunt Tien: Child, we have heard what happened to your dad and grandma. We'll see how much longer those beasts can ravage our land! There are spies outside, Tieh-mei, you mustn't leave by this door. Slip out through our house. Hurry, change jacket with Hui-lien.

Tieh-mei: No, aunty, I mustn't get you into trouble.

Aunt Tien: My child! *(While helping Tieh-mei to change jacket with Hui-lien she sings "hsi pi san pan")*

None but the poor help the poor,

We are two bitter gourds on the same vine;

We must save you from the tiger's jaws,

So that you can go forward on your course.

Tieh-mei: But what if something happens to you?

Aunt Tien: We are both working-class families. We have shared bitterness and hatred for many years. No matter how risky it is, I must see you safely away.

Tieh-mei (with gratitude): Aunty...

Aunt Tien: Hurry up, child!

Hui-lien: Be quick, Tieh-mei!

Tieh-mei: I shall never forget you, sister and aunty.

Aunt Tien: Go quickly.

(Picking up the red lantern, Tieh-mei goes into the inner room. Exit.)

Aunt Tien: Be very careful, Hui-lien.

(Aunt Tien goes into the inner room. Exit.)

(Hui-lien wraps Tieh-mei's scarf round her head, covering the lower part of her face. She steps out of the house with the basket and closes the door behind her. Exit.)

(Spies B and C emerge from behind an electric pole and trail her.)

(Lights fade.)

(Curtain)

SCENE TEN

AMBUSHING AND ANNIHILATING THE ENEMY

Immediately after the last scene. On the road leading to the Cypress Mountains.

(As the curtain rises, enter Knife-Grinder with two guerrillas dressed as peasants. Enter Tieh-mei. They meet.)

Tieh-mei: Uncle Knife-Grinder! *(Takes out the red lantern from the basket and holds it aloft.)*

Knife-Grinder: Tieh-mei! *(Turns to the guerrillas.)* Keep guard!

Tieh-mei: I've found you at last, uncle! My dad and granny. . . .

Knife-Grinder: We know everything. Don't grieve, Tieh-mei. Turn your sorrow into strength. We'll be avenged! Have you got the code with you?

Tieh-mei: Yes.

Knife-Grinder: That's fine.

Tieh-mei: Uncle, my neighbour Hui-lien helped me. She disguised herself as me and led the spies off after her. That's how I was able to get the code and bring it here.

Knife-Grinder: The enemy must be suspecting Hui-lien's family. *(To Guerrilla A.)* Old Feng, help the Tiens move as quickly as possible.

Guerrilla A: Right! *(Exit.)*

(A police car siren is heard.)

Guerrilla B: The enemy's coming, Old Chao.

Knife-Grinder: You take Tieh-mei up the mountain. We'll deal with them.

(Guerrilla B leads Tieh-mei off.)

(Wang shouts offstage: "Halt!" Japanese gendarmes enter, with Hatoyama and Wang in the lead. Knife-Grinder blocks their way. Hatoyama shouts: "Take him!" Knife-Grinder snatches Wang's pistol and kills a Japanese gendarme. Then he strikes Wang with his bench.)

(The guerrillas jump out of a grove. Dramatic pose.)

(On the crag a guerrilla kills a Japanese gendarme.)

(Hatoyama and Wang run off, Knife-Grinder and the guerrillas pursue them.)

(The guerrillas dash down from the crag and chase the enemy.)

(A guerrilla with a red-tasselled spear fights two Japanese gendarmes. They flee, followed by the guerrilla.)

(Knife-Grinder chases Wang. They lock in struggle.)

(Enter Hatoyama with Japanese gendarmes. Fighting at close quarters. The guerrillas wipe out all the enemies, shooting down the traitor Wang, and running Hatoyama through with a sword.)

(The ambush has been a great success. The guerrillas form a tableau of heroes, in a valiant dramatic pose.)

(Lights fade.)

(Curtain)

SCENE ELEVEN

FORWARD IN VICTORY

Immediately after the last scene. The Cypress Mountains.

(As the curtain rises, red flags flutter against a clear blue sky. The guerrilla leader walks down the hill slope. Knife-Grinder enters with

Tieb-mei. All the guerrillas enter. Solemnly, Tieb-mei hands the code to the guerrilla leader. Brandishing their rifles and swords, all rejoice in their victory. Tieb-mei holds aloft the red lantern while crimson light radiates. The curtain slowly falls.)

(The end)

Struggle for the Creation of Typical Examples of Proletarian Heroes

—An Appreciation of the Portrayal of Li Yu-bo's Heroic Image

“The wind will unfurl like a scroll our scarlet banner” in the first red May of the great 1970's. Filled with intense feelings and a spirit of militancy, we warmly celebrate the 28th anniversary of the publication of our great leader Chairman Mao's brilliant document *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art*.

The modern revolutionary Peking opera *The Red Lantern* was produced under the brilliant illumination of Chairman Mao's *Talks*. It is a splendid song in praise of the revolutionary spirit and revolutionary heroism of Chinese Communists.

The Red Lantern is a product of the fierce struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie. In the early 1960's, the bourgeois headquarters headed by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi launched another wild attack on the proletariat. The

This article was written by *The Red Lantern* Group of the China Peking Opera Troupe.

literary and art circles, which had long been dominated by Liu Shao-chi and his gang, were cluttered with poisonous weeds. On the stage monsters of all kinds danced with glee, and the bourgeois were rampantly attempting to stage a come-back.

At the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, our great leader Chairman Mao called on the whole Party never to forget class struggle. At Chairman Mao's call, Comrade Chiang Ching led the revolutionary literary and art workers in initiating a revolution in Peking opera. After repeated investigations and study, and after making a careful choice, Comrade Chiang Ching decided in November 1963 that *The Red Lantern* should be revised and adapted for Peking opera.

In keeping with the characteristics of Peking opera, the plot was transformed and the script rewritten. It was clearly pointed out then: Li Yu-ho is a representative of the working class and of the revolutionary martyrs; at the same time he is a Communist, a great man and a proletarian hero. The emphasis of the entire opera should be on him, with prominence given to his lofty image. The proletarian heroes' mounting the stage and driving away all ghosts and monsters is the general orientation of the revolution in literature and art; it is a strategic offensive on the part of the proletariat in using revolutionary public opinion to shatter counter-revolutionary public opinion and in thoroughly destroying politically Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist clique.

The bourgeois headquarters' chieftains, big and small, including the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his followers Tao Chu, Lu Ting-yi, Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han, Hsu Ping-yu, Chi Yen-ming and Hsia Yen, both hated and feared this revolution in Peking opera. They worked hand in glove and futilely fabricated various "reasons" to suppress it. After their sabotage was frustrated on many occasions, they made use of the counter-revolutionary Ah Chia, who had usurped the leading post of the troupe, in flagrantly thrusting a great deal of feudal, capitalist and revisionist black wares into the opera. They badly distorted the brilliant image of Li Yu-ho in an attempt to turn the opera into an anti-Party and anti-socialist poisonous weed.

Illuminated by the radiance of invincible Mao Tsetung Thought and with the solicitude and support of the proletarian headquarters, we thoroughly criticized both the original script which had been adapted by the counter-revolutionaries and the various fallacies of the counter-revolutionary sinister revisionist line in literature and art pushed by Liu Shao-chi and Chou Yang. We completely transformed the script and finally succeeded in making *The Red Lantern* a model production of proletarian literature and art, and turned Li Yu-ho into a typical example in art of proletarian heroes and a tremendous moral force **"helping the masses to propel history forward."** This is a victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, a victory for the principles **"Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China"** and **"Let a hundred flowers blossom; weed through the old to bring forth the new,"** a victory for the creative method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism.

Using the Creative Method of Combining Revolutionary Realism with Revolutionary Romanticism, Taking Class Struggle as the Key Link, and Proceeding from the Various Aspects of Class Relationships to Depict a Typical Example of Proletarian Heroes; Using Special Scenes in Which the Hero Expresses His Thoughts and Sentiments to Reveal His Communist Ideals in a Concentrated Way

Our great leader Chairman Mao has taught us: **"Life as reflected in works of literature and art 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."** (*Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*)

The proletarian hero Li Yu-ho has become a typical example in an entirely new proletarian art due to the fact that we have followed this teaching of our great leader Chairman Mao. We have used the creative method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. Taking the viewpoint of class struggle as our guide, we put him in the thick of a typical class struggle. We

proceeded from the various aspects of class relationships to depict in a concentrated and generalized way his proletarian qualities, personality and characteristics and held up to view his lofty communist ideals.

Adhering to these principles, we have in *The Red Lantern* firmly grasped the following points in depicting Li Yu-ho: one red thread, which is boundless love for and loyalty to the great leader Chairman Mao and the great Communist Party of China; one main theme, that is, waging a tit-for-tat class struggle against the enemies of the proletariat; one major aspect, namely, setting forth clearly his flesh-and-blood class ties with the masses of the people and depicting his **“boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people.”** (*In Memory of Norman Bethune*)

Li Yu-ho's boundless love for and loyalty to the great leader Chairman Mao and the great Communist Party of China is the source of his strength, wisdom and courage; it is the basic hallmark distinguishing proletarian heroes from the “heroes” of other classes. Only by putting the stress on depicting this lofty ideology of Li Yu-ho's can we reflect the actuality of his struggle, and make all his heroic acts convincing. In this respect, special emphasis is laid on portraying him as a person faithful in carrying out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and unswerving in his belief in communism, the Party's goal. As he is imbued with this most fundamental class consciousness of proletarian heroes, he therefore embodies the inveterate hatred of the whole nation and proletarian class for the Japanese invaders and the renegades. On the other hand, he cherishes deep class love for all comrades and the people, and is willing to dedicate his life to the people's liberation. All this can be manifested only through intense class struggles. As Li Yu-ho's proletarian qualities, personality and characteristics can be shown only in typical circumstances of class struggle, we use class struggle as the key link, therefore, to portray Li Yu-ho's typical personality. We depict his indomitable courage as well as his maturity and composure, his level-headedness and thoughtfulness as well as his great emotion when a host of thoughts pass through his mind, and his unlimited proletarian feelings.

We use positive characters such as Granny Li and Tieh-mei to enhance Li Yu-ho's lofty image. By exposing the false, the evil and the ugly aspects of the negative characters Hatoyama and Wang Lien-chu, we accentuate the true, the good and the beautiful aspects of Li Yu-ho's character. In this way we present a broad view of his communist mentality, provide a full delineation of his personality and characteristics, and reflect in a concentrated and generalized way the aspirations and ideals of the proletariat. We not only show how courageously Li Yu-ho struggles but also show what he fights for, thus creating a down-to-earth and resplendent image that is full of life, and attaining the unity of proletarian Party spirit and his own personality.

The following comparisons reveal how the above-mentioned aspects were unscrupulously distorted in the original script adapted by the counter-revolutionaries, and that fierce struggles preceded every success of *The Red Lantern*.

(1) A red thread of boundless love for and loyalty to our great leader Chairman Mao and our great Party runs through our opera *The Red Lantern* from the very beginning when Li Yu-ho, a red lantern in hand, first appears on stage with a measured and steady tread to the moment of his death when he raises his arm and shouts “Long live Chairman Mao!” This is manifested not only in such scenes as when he sings “The Communist Party and Chairman Mao are leading the people's revolution,” but also in his strict adherence, in word and deed, to the Party's principles concerning underground work. Only just before his arrest does he confide to his mother and his daughter the fighting task entrusted to him by the Party and the place where he has hidden the secret code, so that they can carry on and fulfil the mission. In order to fully show Li Yu-ho as a representative in implementing Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, we have created the heroic images of Knife-Grinder and other guerrillas in the Cypress Mountains, and arranged the magnificent scene in which the revolutionary army ambushes and annihilates the enemy. Underground work is handled not as something isolated but as a correct embodiment of the great concept that **“political power grows out of the barrel of a gun”** (*Problems of War and Strategy*)

and that underground struggle is a powerful complement to the Party's armed struggle. Without these components which are matters of principle, Li Yu-ho would be a character following an erroneous line.

“Communists should set an example in being practical as well as far-sighted.” (*The Role of the Chinese Communist Party in the National War.*) An extremely important principle of proletarian literature and art is to portray the hero's communist ideals and his firm belief in the Chinese Communist Party with Chairman Mao as its leader. In Scene Eight, we have specially arranged for Li Yu-ho to sing “my spirit that storms the heavens” in a perfect *erh huang* tune, which unfolds gradually till its climax. His song gives expression to his thoughts and sentiments, revealing in a concentrated way the communist radiance within his soul. Without such lyrics as “Red flags will fly all over the country,” “New China will shine like the morning sun” and “my resolve is strengthened” which radiate proletarian ideology, Li Yu-ho's image would be that of a short-sighted man; and without making use of all possible artistic methods to have special scenes in which the hero sings a whole series of tunes to express his thoughts and feelings, but tinkering here and there instead, it would be impossible to depict his lofty ideals in the concentrated, complete, vivid, moving and heart-stirring way they now are presented.

The original script adapted by the counter-revolutionaries made no mention at all of the great leader Chairman Mao. They even refused to include a scene of the guerrillas fighting against the enemy. Underground work was pictured by them as something isolated, and Li Yu-ho was cast time and again in acts contrary to the Party's principles of doing secret work. They obdurately opposed Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions to have Li Yu-ho sing a whole series of tunes giving voice to his communist ideals. Instead, they had him sing the hackneyed and melancholy *hsing shui ling* of the old *kunchu* opera, and put into his mouth such trite words as “hot tears stream down my cheeks” and “how can a filial son turn traitor,” thereby wantonly peddling feudal ethics and morality and the bourgeois “theory of human nature.” They also contrived, through Granny

Li's mouth, to describe Li Yu-ho as a man “who always goes into hiding.” They distorted Li Yu-ho's image, presenting him as a man who went against the Party's principles, with neither loyalty to the Party nor faith in its ideals. In their version, the erroneous line of Liu Shao-chi's opportunism ran through the entire opera. Their scheme, however, was completely shattered.

(2) **“Classes struggle, some classes triumph, others are eliminated. Such is history, such is the history of civilization for thousands of years.”** (*Cast Away Illusions, Prepare for Struggle.*) The opera's main theme is the class struggle waged by Li Yu-ho against Hatoyama. We wrote for Li Yu-ho the special scenes “Narrow Escape at the Gruel Stall,” “Struggling Against Hatoyama at the Feast” and “Struggle on the Execution Ground.” While these scenes unfold how Li Yu-ho takes on his enemy and probes to find out the actual situation, displaying his maturity and level-headedness, his wisdom and resourcefulness, they also depict how he pounds the table, jumps to his feet in great anger, and like an erupting volcano spews his hatred at the enemy. In addition, these scenes show how he defeats the enemy's cajolery and coercion. The description of different scenes and methods of class struggle reveals the breadth of his inner world. In “Struggling Against Hatoyama at the Feast” and other scenes, we have raised Li Yu-ho's fight against the enemy to the high level of a struggle between two world outlooks, using the enemy's egoistic “every man for himself”—the world outlook of the exploiting classes — as a foil to Li Yu-ho's communist world outlook of serving the revolution **“wholly”** and **“entirely”** without any thought of self. Whether confronted by the enemy's armed search or attending the enemy's feast, whether being cruelly tortured or facing execution, we ensure that Li Yu-ho always maintains the initiative in the struggle. Throughout the opera, it is Li Yu-ho who leads Hatoyama by the nose, frustrating all his schemes and making him feel utterly helpless.

The original script adapted by the counter-revolutionaries completely distorted the class struggle waged by the proletariat against the enemy. They portrayed the Japanese invaders as extremely terrifying but gentle and refined, while Li Yu-ho was depicted as a faint-hearted person always in a passive position, not daring to struggle and not good

at struggle. They depicted him either as a poacher reciting *pu teng ngo* or debased him as a man who went home to drink even when the storm of class struggle was raging. In Scene Six of the original script, it was not Li Yu-ho who was waging a struggle against Hatoyama, but vice versa; this disclosed that the bunch of counter-revolutionaries were exercising fascist dictatorship over the proletariat on the stage. But we, in portraying Li Yu-ho in brilliant image, have dealt a devastating blow to their reactionary scheme.

(3) **“Another hallmark distinguishing our Party from all other political parties is that we have very close ties with the broadest masses of the people.”** (*On Coalition Government.*) To demonstrate this in a profound way, we have placed in our script three members of the working class, with different surnames, in one family, and this family is a revolutionary fighting collective of the proletariat which has completely broken away from all outdated conventional ideas. Li Yu-ho shows concern for his mother and educates his daughter all for the sake of the victory of the revolution. When he is arrested, he passes the task entrusted to him by the Party on to Granny Li, and when Granny Li is arrested, she passes it on again to Tieh-mei. The scenes in which Li Yu-ho saves the liaison man and then shows him the way to safety reveal his care and love for his comrades. His concern for the hardships endured by the masses, the mutual support of the Lis and the Tiens, their common hatred for the enemy and their same sufferings — all these help to depict Li Yu-ho as a man who shares weal and woe with the masses, who is imbued with **“boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people,”** and the noble-mindedness expressed in the call **“Workers of all countries, unite!”**

In portraying a typical example of proletarian heroes by proceeding from the various aspects of class relationships, it is necessary to depict additional positive characters as well as the negative characters when required. But it is our abiding principle to give prominence to the typical, main hero; the portrayal of all other characters must be subordinate to this principle, and they must under no circumstances steal the limelight from him. The revolutionary mother Granny Li's long, vivid and stimulating narratives, Tieh-mei's militant and heart-stirring

singing, together with other revelations of their traits — all contribute to shaping them into their own vivid character, and at the same time help to bring into view, from different angles, the heroic image of Li Yu-ho. Granny Li's “Recounting the Family's Revolutionary History” is a recapitulation of Li Yu-ho's heroic struggle during the great “February 7” strike in 1923 and commends his heroic quality of “working untiringly for the revolution.” Every step Tieh-mei takes towards maturity reflects the moral force of Li Yu-ho.

In depicting the class enemies, we have firmly adhered to this principle: We should consider carefully which side we take. Should we be on the side of the positive characters or on the opposite? In writing revolutionary dramas on contemporary themes, our main job is to sing the praises of positive characters. The enemy must give way, so that more space can be given to the portrayal of heroic characters. While describing the enemy, we do not simply make him ugly in appearance, but expose in a penetrating way his reactionary nature — his brutality, treachery and deception as well as his inevitable doom.

Thus we have not only given a many-sided description of Li Yu-ho's fine qualities as a proletarian hero, but have also correctly solved the relationship between typical personalities and typical environments; centring round the main hero Li Yu-ho, we have presented the magnificent history of the anti-Japanese revolutionary war fought under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

With insidious intent, the counter-revolutionaries cut from their script the scene “Narrow Escape at the Gruel Stall.” They not only absolutely refused to depict Li Yu-ho's flesh-and-blood class ties with the masses, but did their utmost to portray the so-called “family atmosphere” and “affections of kinsfolk,” in an effort to peddle the reactionary theory of human nature. They gave the three misrepresented members of the Lis an “equal share” in prominence, stressing the role of Granny Li in the first half of the opera and that of Tieh-mei in the second, thereby distorting *The Red Lantern*. The entire historical background of the anti-Japanese war was also distorted by them. The so-called “theoretical basis” which they concocted for their sabotage activities was the theory of

“truthful writing” which was so wildly advocated by the “four villains” — Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Tien Han, Yang Han-sheng. On the pretext of “not truthful,” they opposed and undermined everything that helped portray proletarian heroes and that dealt a blow to the counter-revolutionary revisionist sinister line in literature and art. Conversely, they strained every muscle to project everything that peddled feudal, capitalist and revisionist rubbish, alleging that these were “truthful,” and they obdurately persisted in such perfidious acts to the end. The above-mentioned examples abundantly prove that what they called “truthful” was incompatible with the proletarian revolutionary truth and was nothing but spiritual opium that poisoned the people, a sword that killed, leaving no traces, and was designed to serve the restoration of capitalism. It is imperative, therefore, that we persist in criticizing all this trash and completely demolish it.

Using the Creative Method of Combining Revolutionary Realism with Revolutionary Romanticism, Correctly Handling the Arduousness of Revolutionary Struggle and the Severity of Revolutionary War in Order to Bring Out the Noble Qualities of Typical Examples of Proletarian Heroes and Give Prominence to the Theme

The struggle Li Yu-ho undergoes — arrest, imprisonment, torture, sacrifice — is extremely arduous and cruel. How this is handled is an important question which determines whether his image as a hero is a success or failure, and it also involves the nature of the theme presented. This is a matter of principle, too, which must be solved in portraying typical examples of proletarian heroes, especially heroic characters in a revolutionary war. As pointed out in the *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Piao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching*, “When we write about revolutionary wars, we must first be clear about their nature — ours is the side of justice and the enemy’s is the side of injustice. Our works must show our arduous struggles and heroic sacrifices, but must also express revolutionary heroism and revolutionary optimism. While depicting the cruelty of war, we must not exaggerate or glorify

its horrors. While depicting the arduousness of the revolutionary struggle, we must not exaggerate or glorify the sufferings involved. The cruelty suffered in a revolutionary war and revolutionary heroism, the arduousness of the revolutionary struggle and revolutionary optimism constitute a unity of opposites.”

The practice of the struggle and the artistic practice in producing *The Red Lantern* have provided us the experience in correctly resolving this important issue.

The opera *The Red Lantern* describes the revolutionary integrity of the proletariat. To do so, it must portray the unshakable faith of communist fighters in the proletarian cause of communism, and their integrity in never yielding to the enemy who oppresses and exploits the people.

The original script adapted by the counter-revolutionaries runs entirely counter to this. It criminally played up the “sufferings” and “horrors.” In Scene Eight, they imposed the singing of *san jen bsing* on Li Yu-ho, his mother and daughter, distorting the struggle of the revolutionary heroes of the proletariat on the execution ground as “going up a hill of swords” and “passing through the gate of Hell.” On the other hand, they glorified the fascist murderer Hatoyama as one who possessed a “human conscience,” who did his best to show his “love for and generosity to” Li Yu-ho. By using this absurd contraposition, the counter-revolutionaries viciously contrived the “theme”: It is not the Japanese aggressors’ crime, but the “cruelty” of the revolution, that has caused the sufferings of the people and the bloodshed of the martyrs.

With a view to smashing the sabotage of the class enemy and cleansing his poisonous influence, we wrote the following speech for Granny Li:

“What kind of talk is that! You’ve arrested my son for no reason. Now you want to kill him. You are the criminals, it’s you who are cruel. You kill the Chinese people, and you want to shift the blame on to the Chinese people, on to me, an old woman?”

The sharp ideological dagger of the proletariat lays bare the true features of all monsters. This is a severe judgement passed on Hatoyama and his ilk as well as on traitors like Wang Lien-chu, a head-

on blow at the handful of class enemies who undermined the revolution in Peking opera. Granny Li's indictment quoted above not only incisively characterizes the brilliant image of a revolutionary mother, but also forcefully enhances Li Yu-ho's noble revolutionary integrity of the proletariat!

"The nature of a thing is determined mainly by the principal aspect of a contradiction, the aspect which has gained the dominant position." (*On Contradiction*.) In the history of the revolutionary struggle of the proletariat, as far as proletarian heroes are concerned, revolutionary heroism and revolutionary optimism have always been the principal aspect of the contradiction. If this were not so, then revolution could not be carried on, could not develop and win victory. This is an infallible truth which has been proved by the history of revolution. Guided by the teachings of our great leader Chairman Mao, we have used the creative method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism to handle the above-mentioned aspects in a way diametrically opposite to that employed by the class enemy. So we have paid full attention to the following two points:

(1) In presenting the arduous struggle and heroic sacrifice of a proletarian hero, we must use every artistic means possible to give prominence to his revolutionary heroism and revolutionary optimism. The description of Li's leaving home when he is arrested is mainly for bringing out his heroic mettle. We wrote an excellent song "I'm filled with courage and strength" for him to sing. In his acting, such as accepting the cup of wine and other details, we have incorporated postural gestures which create for him the effect of a sparkling steel sculpture. The howling wind and the key melody of the *March of the Swords* all enhance his dynamic spirit. The depiction of Li Yu-ho enduring cruel tortures is mainly for the purpose of expressing his unyielding integrity, that "Pure gold fears not tempering in fierce fire." In make-up, he appears in a white shirt stained with drops of blood, and with a lock of black hair hanging over his forehead; in acting, he stands upright, supporting himself on a chair and turning round in a dance movement, sings in denunciation of the enemy and laughs in the ringing voice of a victor — all these are for the purpose of

adding to the magnificence and optimism of Li Yu-ho after being tortured. The description of his sacrifice is mainly designed to express his firm faith in communism and his spirit to "fight the foe and never give ground." After his singing *erb huang tao pan* and striking a dramatic pose when he comes on stage, we purposely have him perform a series of characteristic Peking opera dance movements: moving briskly sideways on both legs, then backing a few steps on one leg; turning round on one leg, and then swinging the other and striking a dramatic pose. All this strikes terror into the hearts of the Japanese aggressors. After he sings "They cannot fetter my spirit that storms the heavens," he again moves in brisk steps to show that he is still as unyielding and indomitable as ever although he has suffered severe tortures and his legs are racked with pain. The *erb huang* tunes and dance movements are colourful and complement each other in motion or at rest, in quick or slow tempo, all serving to prominently display Li Yu-ho's revolutionary integrity.

We also apply the above principle to costuming, stage props and stage art. Take costumes for example: Li Yu-ho's clothing and scarf are all patched. It shows the poor life of the workers in the old society and his dignity as well. As for stage art, when Li Yu-ho dies a martyr's death, we deliberately have him stand on a steep slope on the execution ground above Hatoyama whom he denounces. Both the sturdy evergreen pine in the background and a red spotlight which beams steadily on Li adding lustre to his giant-like stature make his death all the more noble and inspiring.

(2) In describing the hard struggle and noble sacrifice of the proletarian heroes, we must do our best to show that they shed their blood and sweat for the brilliant victory of the revolutionary cause of the people and to warm-heartedly praise the development of the revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

**Bitter sacrifice strengthens bold resolve
Which dares to make sun and moon shine in new skies.**

After Li Yu-ho's heroic death, we purposely added the scene "Advancing Wave upon Wave" and composed for Tieh-mei the excellent song "Biting my hate, chewing my rage ... let them sprout in my heart"

to show in her the incarnation of Li Yu-ho's integrity and ideal. Li Yu-ho's death not only makes Tieh-mei more mature and firmer than before, but also educates their neighbours, the Tien family, to voluntarily help Tieh-mei escape. Li Yu-ho's death also stimulates the revolutionary enthusiasm of the commanders and fighters of the guerrillas of the Eighth Route Army and inspires in them a deep hatred for their enemy. Converting grief into strength they kill Hatoyama with a sword, annihilate the Japanese aggressors, and push forward the triumphant expansion of the revolutionary base area. The opera ends with splendid scene: red flags flying in the base area, the brave guerrillas waving their rifles as they dance, the torrent of revolution rolling on with the force of an avalanche and, like a bugle call, encouraging the people to charge forward triumphantly.

To achieve the above-mentioned two aims, we have to rule out interference from every side and oppose firmly the following three tendencies: the exaggeration and glorification of the "sufferings" and "horrors" of the revolutionary struggle and revolutionary war; "the description of the revolutionary war as something akin to "visiting a park" or "taking a walk along the street" instead of describing the hard struggle and valiant sacrifices of the revolutionary heroes; the bourgeoisie's naturalism and the various reactionary creative methods of the exploiting classes.

The original script adapted by the counter-revolutionaries presented the parting of the proletarian family in Scene Five as a tearful one. And in Scene Six, after the torture, at first they did not allow Li Yu-ho to reappear on stage. Finally, after criticism, they agreed to his reappearance, but in a prone position with his face to the ground, and unable to stand up. In the scene "Struggle on the Execution Ground," they even had Li Yu-ho sobbing convulsively while grasping the cell bars when Granny Li was being beaten. In that scene, they portrayed Tieh-mei in a deranged state. Moreover, they maliciously cut out Scene Nine "Advancing Wave upon Wave." The opera ended on a dismal note: some of the guerrillas looked like bandits while others had an aged appearance devoid of hope for a bright future, thus creating tragic end. All these tricks of the counter-revolutionaries are nothing but old and stale stuff the "four villains" took

from the literature and art of the bourgeoisie and the Soviet revisionist renegades. They exaggerated as they liked the "sufferings" and "horrors" of the revolutionary struggle and revolutionary war in an attempt to intimidate the people into giving up revolution and submitting to aggression and slaughter. On the other hand, the "four villains" raised the absurd cry — opposition to the "smell of gunpowder" — to negate the armed struggle of the proletariat, to avoid portraying the arduous struggle and valiant sacrifice of the proletarian heroes and to distort revolution into something resembling an "ideal rustic paradise," thus prettifying the criminal old society and the class enemy. The former deviation is a reflection of bourgeois pacifism and the revisionist philosophy of survival in literature and art while the latter is a reflection of the bourgeois and revisionist "theory of class reconciliation" in literature and art. Both of them are the reversal of history, an insult to revolutionary heroes and a negation of proletarian revolution. The bourgeoisie's naturalism and other various reactionary creative methods serve its reactionary political purpose. When it describes torture, scars of bleeding wounds and instruments of torture are presented. When it describes death, it stresses the "horror of death." Only by deeply criticizing this reactionary world outlook, these reactionary views on art, the bourgeois and revisionist trash like "modernism" "abstractionism" and "fauvism" and wiping out thoroughly their pernicious influence can the proletarian literature and art for ever advance in a healthy way in the great direction pointed out by Chairman Mao and always be victorious!

Never Forget Class Struggle, Perfect the Creation in Repeated Practice and Carry the Proletarian Revolution in Literature and Art Through to the End

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

Mao, like a shining beacon, always illuminates our triumphant advance in the struggle.

The reality of class struggle in the past fully proves that although the sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art pushed by Liu Shao-chi and Chou Yang has been destroyed, they are not reconciled to their defeat. After our model revolutionary theatrical works have already won resounding success, they continue to resort to every vicious trick of sabotage. Some have stretched out their claws in plotting a come-back. Taking advantage of the audience's love for model revolutionary theatrical works and pretending to stage these works, some have done their utmost to smear and distort the heroic images by smuggling in feudal, bourgeois and revisionist wares. Using bourgeois tactics, some have even attempted to corrupt and disarray our revolutionary ranks. **"Grasp class struggle and all problems can be solved."** Discerning in time the enemy's devilish tricks, we have smashed its scheme and sabotage and perfected the opera by introducing another improvement so that this red lantern will shine more radiantly than ever.

In the early days when *The Red Lantern* was created, Comrade Chiang Ching pointed out: There should be constant revision and staging, and there should be repeated practice and improvement. To improve an opera, one should exert oneself like an ox and have confidence in one's efforts. This time, having listened attentively to the opinions of the workers, peasants and soldiers throughout the country, Comrade Chiang Ching again led us in improving and perfecting the opera, enabling it to score new successes in script, music, acting, dance movements and stage art so that the heroic images of Li Yu-ho and others shine still more brightly. For example, in Scene Two and Scene Six, new songs like "No difficulty in the world can daunt a Communist" and "I will face the enemy with composure, firm as a mountain" were added for Li Yu-ho. Instead of bringing the code to his home, Li Yu-ho hides it in a safe place. . . . All these help bring out his communist ideal and the sagacity and bravery of the proletariat. Also, the liaison man's successful return to the base area and the description of the miserable history of Hui-lien's family, all contribute to the prominence of the theme, historical background, and to the lofty image of Li

Yu-ho. The key melody of the *March of the Swords* underscores the impact of the historical background of the revolutionary war in resisting Japan in which **"We the Chinese nation have the spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood."** (*On Tactics Against Japanese Imperialism.*) The performance of the whole opera now takes two hours, with the script and acting more closely-knit and refined. Here we express our heartfelt thanks to the worker, peasant and soldier masses who have given us great support by offering their valuable suggestions.

The *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Piao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching* points out: "After this black line is destroyed, still others will appear. The struggle will have to go on. Therefore, our struggle is an arduous, complex and long-term struggle demanding decades or even centuries of effort." The class enemy is still waging a last-ditch struggle and changes its tactics in carrying out sabotage. Therefore, we should continue our struggle. We must always study and apply Chairman Mao's works in a living way, never forget class struggle and give prominence to proletarian politics in every aspect of our work. We must make further efforts to integrate ourselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers in their struggles, receive re-education from them, and foster the communist world outlook. In creative efforts, we must work hard. **"Work meticulously. Meticulous care is necessary; to be careless will not do for that often leads to errors."**

Let us hold the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought still higher, carry on the revolutionary mass criticism in a deep-going and sustained way, be modest and prudent, guard against arrogance and rashness and carry through to the end the proletarian revolution in literature and art!

Struggle for the creation of typical examples of proletarian heroes!

Magnificent Ode to People's War

— Commentary on "The Yellow River" Piano Concerto

At a time when we are commemorating the 28th anniversary of the publication of *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* and studying anew this brilliant work by Chairman Mao, *The Yellow River* piano concerto, based on the *Yellow River Cantata* by the revolutionary composer Hsien Hsing-hai (1905-1945), has been created as a result of implementing Chairman Mao's proletarian line in literature and art.

The Yellow River piano concerto is a grand instrumental work with people's war as its theme. Using the principle in creation of the combination of revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism, it enthusiastically praises the heroic and lofty aspirations of the Chinese nation and the glorious history of struggle of the Chinese people, the great victory of the War of Resistance Against Japan won under the personal leadership of Chairman Mao and the great victory of Chairman Mao's thinking on people's war.

A powerful entity, the concerto consists of four parts, "Song of the Yellow River Boatmen," "Ode to the Yellow River," "The Indignation of the Yellow River" and "Defend the Yellow River," with the climax and main emphasis on the last. It successfully presents this great theme: "We the Chinese nation have the spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood, the determination to recover our lost territory by our own efforts, and the ability to stand on our own feet in the family of nations." (*On Tactics Against Japanese Imperialism*)

As a prelude the first movement of the concerto, "Song of the Yellow River Boatmen," reveals through vigorous performance, accentuated by thundering drums, a prodigious picture of the Yellow River turbulent with waves and riotous with wind. The quick, steep arpeggios conjure up visions of roaring billows and bring forth virile work chants from the boatmen, who are engaged in an obdurate and unified fight with the gale and breakers. With the intensification of the struggle the music develops by degrees. The pianist, with bursting revolutionary zeal, gives full play to the expressiveness of his instrument, powerfully creating a splendid scene of how the boatmen, braving raging wind and tumultuous torrents, negotiate the rapids.

Is this merely a picture of the duel between the boatmen and the tempest on the Yellow River? No, it symbolizes the unyielding fighting spirit of the Chinese nation, symbolizes the Chinese proletariat and revolutionary people, under the guidance of the great helmsman Chairman Mao, sailing the ship of revolution in the stress and storm of the times, overcoming and evading shallows and hidden rocks to reach victory on the opposite shore with heroic pride. This is followed by a sweeping clear largo, leading the listener to feel that the boat has crossed the rapids. This suggests that the birth of New China is in sight, giving inexhaustible confidence to revolutionaries in their forward march. The movement ends with powerful glissando by the piano, leading the music again into the heat of the boatmen's intense fight. It does not conclude with the boat moving into the distance, but strikes up the boatmen's leitmotiv. This brings to the fore the heroic images of the proletariat and revolutionary

people of China who declare as the worthy victors: We are the masters of the Yellow River! We are the masters of China!

The second movement, "Ode to the Yellow River," with stately melodies in adagio, brings us back to history. The music forcefully conveys Chairman Mao's words: **"The Chinese nation is known throughout the world not only for its industriousness and stamina, but also for its ardent love of freedom and its rich revolutionary traditions."** (*The Chinese Revolution and the Chinese Communist Party*.) It makes us love all the more the socialist motherland and spurs our struggle to defend it.

Pellucid notes of bamboo flute, typical north Shensi folk music, usher in "The Indignation of the Yellow River," clearly indicating that this is the revolutionary base under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party. The broad vista extends to the far distance, presenting the beauty of the northeast plateau under the bright sun. Then the piano imitates traditional instruments and strikes up cheerful and brilliant tunes. The music carries us to the joyous, vigorous and militant life of the people in the north Shensi revolutionary base with Yen-an as its centre. Yen-an, the hope of the Chinese people, is the beacon for the emancipation of the Chinese proletariat and revolutionary people.

A pause. Then the piano breaks into heavy bass chords, and the brass plays sullen muted strains, suggesting the Japanese invaders trampling the motherland underfoot. Now the piano switches to a tremolo, voicing the bitter suffering of the Chinese people. Tears of blood turn into angry waves that converge into the rolling Yellow River. **"The Chinese never submit to tyrannical rule"!** (*The Chinese Revolution and the Chinese Communist Party*.) With the steady intensification of the interludes, the piano solo gives rise to a tremendous outburst which reflects the firm determination of the people to translate sorrow and anger into strength in struggling against the Japanese invaders, thereby creating an atmosphere for approaching the climax in "Defend the Yellow River."

"Defend the Yellow River" opens with a blast of solemn yet sonorous militant clarion calls played by the brass. In the midst of this rise the strains of *The East Is Red* which represents the fighting

call of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party to all the Chinese people to get organized and arm themselves to defeat the Japanese aggressors and win final victory in the national liberation war. A vigorous piano solo presents a graphic picture of the armymen and civilians who, as an emergency measure, immediately mobilize themselves in response to the fighting call of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee.

At this point, the main theme of "Defend the Yellow River" concentrates on mirroring the people's war that breaks out everywhere in the country. It develops in a series of variations in different nuances the various aspects of people's war. From powerful, majestic rendition of the main theme by full orchestra with the piano dominant, the music suddenly softens to convey the idea that the fighting by the anti-Japanese heroes has shifted into the forests and the rolling fields overgrown with thick, tall sorghum plants. Then the music gradually mounts in strength and tempo. The piano and the orchestra now play by turns, rising and falling, complementing one another, suggesting that the revolutionary armed forces are steadily growing stronger in the struggle. The rich and distinct musical imagery provokes in us an association of valiant fighting scenes in which our Eighth Route Army, New Fourth Army, guerrillas and militiamen engage the Japanese aggressors, now advancing under cover, now charging in groups, now attacking on galloping horses. What a magnificent picture of people's war!

When the music reaches the climax, the strains of *The East Is Red* rise above all, thus signifying the most fundamental point about the complete victory of the Chinese people's great war of national liberation against Japanese aggression, that is, the brilliant victory of invincible Mao Tsetung Thought!

The Chinese proletariat and revolutionary people, however, do not stop their march forward with victory. The last movement blends the strains of *The East Is Red* and *The Internationale* to declare solemnly to the world: **"The people who have triumphed in their own revolution should help those still struggling for liberation. This is our internationalist duty."** (*Chairman Mao's Talks with African Friends at the Reception on August 8, 1963*.) This ending

raises the whole musical composition to a new height of communist ideology.

The Yellow River piano concerto is an ode to the heroic image of the proletariat, to the unyielding fighting spirit of the Chinese nation and to Chairman Mao's thinking on people's war.

The Yellow River piano concerto, magnificent ode to people's war, is a great revolution in this form of composition.

The piano concerto is an old form of Western music. The works of those "masters" which Chou Yang and company used to laud as unsurpassable are of no use at all to the proletariat in ideological content. As to their artistic form, though not generally suitable for portraying the revolutionary struggles of the proletariat, they have some scientific and rational elements which can be revised and used. The piano has a wide range. It has power and versatility in both its technique and mode of expression. The symphonic orchestra has many forms of expression including the piano concerto, with its many movements in which the piano is featured, and the orchestra provides accompaniment. This form is capable of expressiveness of considerable depth and breadth. But with the decay of the capitalist world, the old concerto as a whole deteriorated into a rigid shell.

We must follow Chairman Mao's teaching "**There is no construction without destruction. Destruction means criticism and repudiation, it means revolution. It involves reasoning things out, which is construction. Put destruction first, and in the process you have construction.**" We must criticize the form of the old concerto in a thoroughgoing way, for this is the only way that we can rejuvenate it. *The Yellow River* piano concerto sets a brilliant example of carrying out Chairman Mao's great principle "**Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China**" and "**Weed through the old to bring forth the new**" in the field of instrumental music. It gives new life to the piano concerto.

Bourgeois musicians always describe instrumental music as "pure music" which is "elusive," "impossible to reduce to words," "abstract" and "transcending classes." These bourgeois overlords are

out and out subjective idealists. They needed not only to deceive others but also to fool themselves. They could not explain decadent and reactionary musical contents in a clear-cut way, nor did they dare. They prattled about a "god of love and god of death," "human nature and animal nature," claiming these as "eternal themes." The mysticism they spread about music was in fact meant to deceive the working people so that music would remain a bourgeois monopoly.

The Yellow River is the first piano concerto to portray the great theme of people's war. Each movement not only has a title and accompanying words to state its specific revolutionary content in precision, but also creates clear-cut and vivid musical images of proletarian revolutionary heroes that successfully convey this content. This is the hallmark of the distinct class nature, revolutionary spirit and mass character of proletarian literature and art. It is the hallmark distinguishing our literature and art from that of all exploiting classes.

The Yellow River piano concerto breaks with the formalism of bourgeois music. The relation between content and form is that form is subordinate to content but at the same time fully plays an active role. Artistic form serves the needs of the content.

In structure *The Yellow River* piano concerto breaks with the foreign form of three unrelated movements. It has as many parts as the contents require, and links them wherever necessary. The first part is a prelude which epitomizes the spirit of revolutionary struggle of the Chinese nation. The next three parts portray the struggle of the Chinese nation in the past, present and future in a closely related way. But stress is placed on part four "Defend the Yellow River," because it is precisely in this movement that the musical images of our great leader Chairman Mao and hundreds of millions of working people appear. The internal relation among the four parts is carried by the main line of people's war and the image of the Chinese people under the guidance of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. Both run through the whole concerto.

In form *The Yellow River* piano concerto tosses overboard the foreign convention that the first movement of a suite must be in sonata form.

In performance the piano combines clear imagery with simple concise fingering, as opposed to the vulgar bourgeois style of showing off the virtuosity of instrument and performer through a so-called cadenza. At the same time, applying Chairman Mao's principle "Make the past serve the present" and "Weed through the old to bring forth the new," this piano concerto assimilates the special features of the *pipa*, a traditional Chinese plucked instrument, and the *tseng*, a traditional Chinese stringed instrument. It rejects the leisurely, passive style of the feudal ruling class in the playing of these traditional instruments and imbues it with the clear-cut spirit of the proletarian era. The style of playing is completely new, providing valuable experience for the proletarian revolution in the piano.

In the relationship between the principal content and the content in general, the latter is subordinate to the former and at the same time is given full play to its function as a foil. In the entire four parts the artistic method used in the first two are refined and yet terse, with a uniform tonality running throughout. This serves to keep the simplicity and distinctiveness to the full so as to provide an effective ground and foil for the development of the music to its climax. Beginning from the third part, as the struggle intensifies, the content gradually becomes more complicated, and accordingly a more varied and richer artistic method is employed to express it. But the richest and most diversified technique in the composition, performance and style is concentrated in the fourth part, in which the theme of the people's war is brought out in bold relief.

In order to enable form to serve the content, we must have the courage to criticize and revolutionize the old forms. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"In our hands these old forms, remoulded and infused with new content, also become something revolutionary in the service of the people."** (*Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art.*) First, the old forms must be remoulded; second, new content must be infused. Without these two, the old forms cannot serve the people. But, even the most useful of those old forms are far from adequate in describing the current great and deep-going proletarian revolution or in portraying proletarian heroes. **"Taking**

over legacies and using them as examples must never replace our own creative work." (*Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art.*) *The Yellow River* piano concerto is an outstanding creative work in both content and form.

The Yellow River piano concerto is a creation based on Comrade Hsien Hsing-hai's *Yellow River Cantata*. The cantata was written during the War of Resistance Against Japan and has magnificent music and simple, clear and powerful melodies. Some selections from it were very popular among armymen and civilians fighting the Japanese invaders and helped encourage the fighting will of the Chinese people in that war. However, Right opportunist trash of the renegade, traitor and enemy agent Wang Ming had also been inserted into the original cantata's lyrics. *The Yellow River* piano concerto, compared with *Yellow River Cantata*, is a new creation and a leap forward. It describes the history of the War of Resistance Against Japan in its more essential aspects. The theme has been raised from patriotism to the new height of communism and internationalism. Therefore, it has become a proletarian fully-orchestrated work of instrumental music that glows with Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought.

The Yellow River piano concerto brings out the leading role played by Chairman Mao and the Communist Party in the War of Resistance Against Japan, the brilliant thinking of people's war, the heroic images of the armymen and civilians resisting the Japanese invaders and the fighting spirit of the proletariat. The original *Yellow River Cantata* is divided into eight sections, from which the most revolutionary and militant melodies have been selected as material for *The Yellow River* piano concerto. The concerto is in four parts, with the stress on "Defend the Yellow River." This is an important creation achieved with the revolutionary daring of the proletariat.

In the cantata, "Defend the Yellow River," imbued with the most intense fighting spirit, was very popular among the broad masses of anti-Japanese armymen and civilians. But it did not stand out prominently in the cantata. In the piano concerto, however, it dominates the entire composition. All possible artistic methods in the execution

of the instruments are employed to enrich and develop it, to emphasize and strengthen the images of Chairman Mao, the Communist Party and the people's army. "Defend the Yellow River" starts with a great call, using the first musical phrase from the eighth part "Roar, Yellow River!" of *Yellow River Cantata*, with of course fresh creation. The majestic *The East Is Red* becomes the leading tunes, to specify that the great call is issued personally by the great leader Chairman Mao, thereby bringing into prominence the brilliant leadership of the great leader Chairman Mao. When the music reaches the climax near the end, the splendid *The East Is Red* reappears as a summation. And its conclusion, simultaneously with the progress of the march in "Defend the Yellow River," the soaring tones of *The East Is Red* merges with those of *The Internationale* to ring resonantly over the soprano chorus, indicating that the Chinese people, under the leadership of the great commander Chairman Mao, are advancing towards the complete emancipation of mankind.

Another typical example: In the piano concerto "The Indignation of the Yellow River" is composed from the material in "The Folksong About the Yellow River" and "Sorrow of the Yellow River" of the cantata. Unlike "The Folksong About the Yellow River" in which the words prettify the Kuomintang controlled area, "The Indignation of the Yellow River" starts with a performance on the bamboo flute of the melodies of *hsin tien yu*, a typical folk tone of north Shensi, indicating that we are in Yen-an, in the Liberated Area, in the anti-Japanese revolutionary base of north Shensi. History is thus restored to its true appearance.

"Sorrow of the Yellow River" in the cantata features the image of a woman wronged and insulted by the Japanese aggressors, "sorrow" being an embodiment of her despair and homelessness. In contrast with the old treatment, stress is laid on "indignation" in the concerto. When sorrow is transformed into strength, then it expresses itself in the form of indignation, and means resistance and struggle.

The Yellow River piano concerto, seething with proletarian emotion, reflects the indignation of a class, raising the destiny of an individual to the height of a class, a nation, concentrating it to class hatred and

national bitterness which becomes a motive force for class struggle and national struggle. The difference in one word thus brings about a change in the whole situation, giving prominence to the revolutionary spirit that the Chinese people **"is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield"** (*On Coalition Government*) and reflecting the great truth that **"the more the reactionaries resort to massacre, the greater the strength of the revolution and the nearer the reactionaries approach their doom."** (*Comrade Mao Tsetung on "Imperialism and All Reactionaries Are Paper Tigers"*)

Politics is always in command of art. Artistic outlook is a reflection of the world outlook in the realm of art. In the course of composing *The Yellow River* piano concerto, the comrades in the composing group, warmly guided by Comrade Chiang Ching, persevered in putting proletarian politics in command and in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. They went to the old revolutionary base areas along the Yellow River to be re-educated by local poor and lower-middle peasants. They rowed or hauled boats and took part in other manual labour with the boatmen and heard reports made by the veteran soldiers of the Chinese Red Army and guerrilla fighters of that time on how, guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, they had courageously fought the Japanese invaders. This method of work fully testifies that today only revolutionary literary and art workers armed with Mao Tsetung Thought can truly reflect the essence of history and reality and bring out the dazzling brilliance of the images of proletarian revolutionary heroes.

Chairman Mao teaches: **"China's revolutionary writers and artists, writers and artists of promise, must go among the masses; they must for a long period of time unreservedly and wholeheartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle, go to the only source, the broadest and richest source, in order to observe, experience, study and analyse all the different kinds of people, all the classes, all the masses, all the vivid patterns of life and struggle, all the raw materials of literature and art. Only then can they proceed to creative work."** (*Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*)

In order to serve as loyal spokesmen for workers, peasants and soldiers, writers and artists must first of all be their pupils. Revolution in literature and art cannot be carried out unless ideological revolution is done well. The remoulding of world outlook is something fundamental for writers and artists, a question of which road they are taking. As we commemorate the 28th anniversary of the publication of *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, we review the fighting path traversed by Comrade Chiang Ching and the revolutionary writers and artists guided by her. This helps us understand more clearly that our contingent will be invincible so long as we adhere to Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art, take the course of integrating ourselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers, launch fierce and unremitting attacks on the ideology of the exploiting classes, learn from the workers, peasants and soldiers in the course of struggle and accelerate the revolutionization of our ideology.

We are living in a new historical period in which the people of the world are rising up against U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism, in a new revolutionary period in which Mao Tsetung Thought stands out as its great banner. Our proletarian revolution in literature and art has for its goal the annihilation of all the systems of exploitation, all the exploiting classes and their ideology. It is a great revolution carried out under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought and the leadership of the vanguard of the proletariat — the Communist Party of China. The birth of *The Yellow River* piano concerto infuses us with still greater revolutionary heroism to plunge into fresh battles. Let us follow the course of proletarian revolution in literature and art charted by Chairman Mao and, braving gale and billows, win new victories!

Charge to the Last Breath (gouache) ▶



Heroic Images of a Great Era

Under the guidance of the great leader Chairman Mao's brilliant *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, a proletarian revolutionary movement in literature and art which is marked by model revolutionary theatrical works is now surging ahead vigorously in China. In the art field two fine works have emerged recently that depict the heroic images of the workers, peasants and soldiers. They are the oil painting *Heighten Our Vigilance, Defend the Motherland*, and the gouache *Charge to the Last Breath*, both of which are presented in this issue. The former was published in *Chinese Literature* No. 2 this year under the title *Always Prepared to Annihilate the Intruders* and is now republished here on the front cover after being improved by the painter.

There are three brave figures in *Heighten Our Vigilance, Defend the Motherland*, a PLA soldier, a militiaman and a militia woman. Brimming over with boundless love for Chairman Mao and the socialist motherland and infinite hatred for imperialism, revisionism and reaction, they grip their guns tightly and stand firm and steadfast in battle array. From the powerful arm of the PLA soldier pointing afar, from the sharp and alert eyes of the three, we can see that they

are keeping a close watch over the foe. United solidly they stand high, gaze far, and show fully their determination to vanquish all enemies. They vividly convey Chairman Mao's glorious concept that **"If the army and the people are united as one, who in the world can match them?"** and demonstrate the unconquerable power of the 700 million Chinese people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

The painting is simple in composition and the figures are set off to the full, their heroic images towering to the sky, brave and steady. The background is a boundless clear blue dotted by a few light floating clouds, with dazzling sunshine over the great socialist motherland. The brightness of our socialist motherland is in striking contrast to the dimness of imperialism, revisionism and reaction, which are going to their doom. All of the artistry, centring round the creation of the heroic images, enables the painting to bring out completely its high ideological theme and stirring artistic impact.

Charge to the Last Breath plunges the viewer into the thick of a fierce battle against aggression. The hero in the painting has received a severe head wound in the fight to defend Chairman Mao and our motherland. But he pulls away from the medical orderly who is treating him, takes up his sub-machine gun and charges the enemy. His fiery eyes, his angry brows, his valiant stance, all reflect our revolutionary fighters' intense hatred for the enemy and their heroic spirit, **"determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield."** In the background we see a pall of smoke pierced by gunfire, clouds of snow stirred up by the swift feet and footprints left by the hero. These graphically express the sublime revolutionary quality of the hero who "charges to the last breath." They help create a glorious image of the worker-peasant soldier of the Chinese people, who is loyal to our great leader Chairman Mao.

The painting *Heighten Our Vigilance, Defend the Motherland* and the gouache *Charge to the Last Breath* delineate heroic images of a great era. They are realizations of the orientation that literature and art must serve workers, peasants and soldiers and serve proletarian politics. They are new victorious achievements of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution on the literary and art fronts.

Reportage

Hsu Tu-lo — an Ardent Revolutionary

Hsu Tu-lo, at the time of his death, was a member of the Party committee of the Green Poplar Brigade of the Bell Tower Commune, Anhwei Province, and leader of a production team in that brigade.

He was born in 1920, the son of a poor peasant. When he was four his mother died. For the next twelve years he wandered about, begging for a living, a stick for beating off dogs never leaving his side. At the age of sixteen he had to work as a hired hand for a landlord, who treated Hsu worse than he did his draught animals. Hsu had a real bellyful of the torments of the old society.

The salvos of the Huai-Hai campaign sounded at the end of 1948 and sunlight bathed Green Poplar Village. Chairman Mao rescued Hsu from his sea of bitterness and led him on to revolution's path. "If it weren't for Chairman Mao, the poor would never have been liberated and I wouldn't be alive today," Hsu often said. "I'll never be able to repay Chairman Mao. I'll go with him and wage revolution as long as I live."

From then on, Hsu was possessed of deep proletarian feeling. He thirsted to learn Mao Tsetung Thought, and whatever he learned

he applied, following Chairman Mao every step of the way. In the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between the socialist road and the capitalist road, Hsu battled in the front lines, courageously defending Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line.

During the tumultuous land reform movement, he was elected a group leader in the local peasant association. Hsu had suffered much in the old society and hated the class enemies intensely, and now he took the lead in the struggles against the landlords and in distributing the land.

One night during a snowstorm several landlords, not reconciled to their defeat, held a secret meeting and plotted to counter-attack and settle their accounts. On learning of this, Hsu immediately sprang to the fore. He called the poor and lower-middle peasants together that same night, and they seized the class enemies and shattered their scheme.

At a mass struggle meeting exposing the plot, Hsu furiously accused the landlords of their criminal oppression and exploitation of the poor and lower-middle peasants before liberation. Shaking his finger at the landlords, he cried: "You rode on the back of the poor and were swaggering bullies. Today, thanks to Chairman Mao's leadership, we're standing up and freeing ourselves. You have no more chance of turning back the clock than you have of leaping into heaven."

Solid in the struggle against the landlords in the land reform, Hsu was a pillar of strength during the entire advance to collectivization in agriculture. He was the first to respond to Chairman Mao's great call: "Get organized!" He got together eighteen poor peasant families and established the first mutual-aid team in Green Poplar Township. Later, at his initiative, poor and lower-middle peasants set up the township's first elementary co-op. Hsu led them in resisting the efforts of renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi to cut the co-ops down, and they went on to form the first advanced co-op in the township. And of course when drums were sounding and cymbals clashing and red flags waving all over the coun-

try in the surge of establishing people's communes, Hsu again was one of the most enthusiastic participants.

In 1961, Liu Shao-chi and his representatives in Anhwei Province several times extended their claws into the northern area of the Huai-ho River basin. They pushed hard for a system of *san tzu yi bao** and set up model "family responsibility plots," scheming a return to private farming and a restoration of capitalism.

Hsu was completely loyal to our great leader Chairman Mao. He saw through the class enemy's tricks at a glance. Late one night Hsu tossed on his bed, unable to sleep. He got up, stood before a picture of Chairman Mao, and said with emotion: "You are leading us to collective prosperity, dear Chairman Mao. But there are some who would like to stop our advance and drag us back to the suffering of the old days. We're not going to let this happen. I'll stake my life on it."

His mind made up, Hsu sought out the brigade's Party secretary and said: "We poor and lower-middle peasants are fed up with the hardships of going it alone. We'll fight anyone who opposes Chairman Mao."

The Party secretary gave Hsu his full support. Hsu called on the eighteen poor and lower-middle peasant families who had formed the first elementary co-op and discussed the situation with them. They were absolutely determined to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

The local capitalist roaders sent a man around to explain the "advantages" of the "family responsibility plots." Hsu refuted him, point by point, and explained to the masses the superiority of collectivization. The capitalist roaders sent men to force the peasants to take back the livestock and land they had originally invested in the co-ops. Hsu and the poor and lower-middle peasants retorted: "The fields of Green Poplar and the sky above it are socialist. We refuse to work the land on a family basis."

*The extension of plots for private use, the extension of free markets, the increase of small enterprises with sole responsibility for their own profits or losses, and the fixing of output quotas on the basis of the household.

When all their other tricks failed, the capitalist roaders tried to suppress Hsu in the name of "discipline." The fellow they dispatched confronted Hsu and blustered: "Don't you know that the Party's discipline requires the lower level to subordinate to the higher?"

"That's right," said Hsu. "The lower level should be subordinate to the higher level, the entire membership should be subordinate to the Central Committee, and the whole country should listen to Chairman Mao. Chairman Mao says people's communes are fine, but you fellows are trying to dismantle them. What road are you taking, anyhow?"

"Any Communist who's against the 'family responsibility plots' had better consider whether he wants to remain in Party. Any cadre who's against them had better look to his job," the man said menacingly, covering his embarrassment with a show of anger.

Hsu wouldn't give an inch. He stood up and proclaimed loud and clear: "I am a Communist. No one can make me support going it alone. A cadre must follow Chairman Mao and wage revolution. What else is a cadre for? You can pull me out of my job as team leader, but you can't pull my determination to wage revolution with Chairman Mao out of my heart."

Hsu's forceful counter-attack strengthened the poor and lower-middle peasants' determination. They all rallied round him and exclaimed: "Our old team leader is travelling the road pointed out to us by Chairman Mao. Whoever dares to touch a hair on his head will have us to reckon with." To Hsu they said: "You keep right on leading us. We won't turn back, though the heavens may fall!"

At the height of the battle between the socialist and capitalist roads, a landlord thought his chance had come to throw a sneak punch. He hauled home from the team a large cart which originally had been part of the property confiscated from him and distributed to the poor and lower-middle peasants during the land reform. Hsu promptly seized on the incident and called a mass struggle meeting, where he was the first to speak. He angrily exposed the wild schemes of the class enemies to make a come-back.

This obvious manifestation of class struggle enabled the poor and lower-middle peasants to see more clearly what the capitalist roaders were up to with their system of "family responsibility plots," and heightened the peasants' determination to travel the socialist road with Chairman Mao. The plots of the capitalist roaders were foiled. Under Hsu's leadership, the poor and lower-middle peasants continued straight forward in the direction indicated by Chairman Mao.

In the soul-stirring Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution Hsu was again put to the test. Because of his boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao, he stood well in the forefront of this mass movement from beginning to end. He adhered closely to Chairman Mao's grand strategy and kept a firm grasp on the main orientation of the struggle. In accordance with Chairman Mao's great call, Hsu acted boldly. He encouraged the masses to exercise their initiative to the full, and expunged all stuffiness from his own mind.

"We Communists ought to face the world and brave the storm."

Hsu went to the masses, criticized and analysed his own mistakes and shortcomings, and sought their criticism. "Every point you make about me," he said, "helps me advance another step along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line."

Several times at big meetings he thanked the people for their comments. After the meetings he went personally from door to door, seeking further criticisms of himself. He noticed that some cadres were quite unhappy when the masses criticized them, and he warmly helped them study Chairman Mao's teachings on the subject.

"The people criticize us so as to cleanse us of our faults," he said. "We must listen to Chairman Mao and plunge into the storm and strife of the struggles of the masses, there to be tested and steeled." Due to Hsu's enthusiastic assistance, the cadres of the brigade and the production teams were soon all in high spirits.

Every time the poor and lower-middle peasants of Green Poplar observed their lush growing crops, the verdant saplings they had

planted, the clear flowing water in the irrigation ditches, they said commendably: "We've wrested all this because our old team leader relied on Mao Tsetung Thought."

Before liberation, the village of Green Poplar presented quite a different picture. In spring the land was rimed by white alkali, in autumn it was flooded. Though the peasants worked to the point of exhaustion all summer, by winter they had to leave the village to seek a living. Of the five hundred and thirty *mu* of what later became the land of Hsu's team, over three hundred were low-lying and alkaline ground. As the peasants used to say, "You could put seeds in, but they rarely sprouted."

Although this land was improved after liberation, its productivity still remained low. The peasants were worried and anxious. "If only we could get rid of the alkali and stop the drought and flooding," they said.

Hsu was very disturbed by their plight and the sight of several hundred *mu* of alkaline land. He was a Communist, he had to stand with the masses in their moment of need. Hsu went around asking the poor and lower-middle peasants for their advice on how to eliminate the alkali. He also examined the fields carefully.

In 1964, Chairman Mao's great call "**In agriculture, learn from Tachai**" strengthened Hsu's conviction that they could defeat the alkali. He encouraged the poor and lower-middle peasants, saying: "Chairman Mao has shown us the road to prosperity. We must learn from Tachai's poor and lower-middle peasants and, in the spirit of the Foolish Old Man, convert our alkaline land into high-yield fields."

The battle commenced. Under Hsu's leadership, the poor and lower-middle peasants fought day and night. Short of tools, they made their own. Short of instruments, they improvised local methods. That winter and the following spring, they converted sixty *mu* into raised, drained plots. For the first time green and glistening sprouts rose in the new fields. But before long, alkali in the soil turned some of them yellow. In autumn, when the heavy rains came, many of the plots were levelled.



A handful of class enemies ran around saying maliciously: "There's no cure for alkaline land. You're up in a plane, blowing your own horn, trying to strike a high note."

"Maybe alkaline land really is impossible to cure." Some people began to waver. Hsu walked along the washed-out plots, thinking. A great voice seemed to resound in his ears: "**Will the Chinese cower before difficulties when they are not afraid even of death?**"

"Right," Hsu said to himself. "With Chairman Mao's wise leadership, with the poor and lower-middle peasants working together, we can conquer any difficulty."

The Party fully supported Hsu in his determination to beat the alkali. At a Party committee meeting, Chang Hsien-feng, the secre-

tary of the brigade Party branch announced: "Our branch is going to lead the masses in a battle against the heavens, the earth, and the class enemies. We're going to fight this alkali problem to a finish."

The next day, Hsu took the brigade members to the monument to the heroes who fell in the Huai-Hai campaign during the War of Liberation. There he gave a lesson in class struggle and revolutionary traditions. He said: "These heroes laid down their lives so that all the suffering poor might be free. The land of Green Poplar was won at the expense of their blood. We must preserve and improve it well. The more the class enemies oppose our flood control and alkali elimination, the harder we must work to create a new Green Poplar."

Hsu spoke with rising excitement. He waved his arm. "I won't be able to die in peace if the alkali is not defeated."

Hsu's words made everything clear. "If the Foolish Old Man could remove mountains, and the poor and lower-middle peasants of Tachai could make mountains flourish," cried the brigade members, "the poor and lower-middle peasants of Green Poplar, by relying on Mao Tsetung Thought, can certainly change alkaline land into rich fields."

Under Hsu's leadership, they punctured the schemes of the class enemies, summed up their experience in improving alkaline soil, and plunged into battle to solve the problem thoroughly. In winter, though the weather was cold and the ground frozen, Hsu camped out with the whole brigade upon the saline fields. Each of them carried their little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*. The icy wind ate into their bones, but the poor and lower-middle peasants had the warmth of spring in their hearts. The ground was hard, but the will of people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought was more unyielding still.

Wherever there were difficulties, Hsu was sure to appear. He was always with the masses. Wherever the job was arduous, there Hsu spread Mao Tsetung Thought. He got so warm swinging a mattock that he removed his padded tunic and caught cold. Although he ran a fever, he wouldn't quit. Everyone urged him to rest a day or two.

"How can I rest on a job for the revolution?" he demanded. "A cold and headache don't matter. Work will sweat them out."

A shock team of young fellows snapped the handles of thirty-seven rakes, but merely dented the frozen ground. Hsu arrived with his mattock and said: "You can't be soft with it. If you're soft, the ground stays hard. Hit it hard and it'll soon soften up."

He raised his mattock and tore into the icy layer, breaking it up in large clumps. The force of his blows split the skin between his thumb and forefinger, the icy weather chapped and cracked the backs of his hands. Hsu's blood dripped on the alkaline soil. When people urged him to go home and rest, he replied: "Fighting the alkali is a veritable battle. We can't be afraid of bleeding and sweating a bit."

Late at night, carrying a lantern, his mattock on his shoulder, Hsu made the rounds of the work site, pitching in wherever needed. Finally, the alkaline soil bowed before the onslaught of the courageous poor and lower-middle peasants. Many new terraced fields appeared in Green Poplar.

For three successive winters and springs, the poor and lower-middle peasants of Team Two, under Hsu's leadership, moved more than fifty thousand cubic metres of earth, sank three wells, planted more than six thousand saplings, got rid of the alkali in the main, and brought flooding and drought under control. Over three hundred *mu* of formerly alkaline land became fertile fields. Grain production was increased from less than a hundred *jin* per *mu* to over five hundred; cotton jumped from twenty-odd to in excess of three hundred *jin* per *mu*.

The poor and lower-middle peasants of Green Poplar, enlightened by brilliant Mao Tsetung Thought, wrested large harvests year after year by their labour. But after you've gained big yields, then what? Hsu thought first of the state and of other brigades and communes.

One day in 1968 when he was ill and hobbling around on a cane, he checked all the wheat fields in the brigade and said to the Party secretary: "Looks like another bumper harvest this year. We ought to sell more grain to the state." And he added: "Of course it isn't enough for just our brigade to do well. A lot of brigades

ought to do well, then we'd have a real bumper harvest and make a much bigger contribution to the state."

It was very dry when they were planting wheat one autumn, and he heard that Hsuchi and Chengyanglou Brigades, both more than ten *li* away, were getting on rather slowly. He immediately organized a number of commune members with two treadle pumps, and sent them to help out.

Choukou Brigade in Hsiao Cheng Commune had been stricken by drought and consequently gathered a very poor harvest. Hsu said: "Under Chairman Mao's leadership the whole country is a single entity. A brother brigade's trouble is our trouble." He had the poor and lower-middle peasants send them more than six thousand *jin* of grain and vegetables.

Hsu was never concerned about his own interests. In spite of repeated good harvests, he continued wearing the old padded tunic he had worn for the past dozen years. His cap was seven or eight years old. "The harvests are good. Get yourself some new clothes," people urged him.

Hsu laughed. "A man isn't well off just because he eats well and dresses well," he said. "When we've helped all the poor under the sky to stand up, then we'll really be well off. We've got to push forward with all our might and make a still bigger contribution to the people of China and the world."

"Chairman Mao's works are the revolutionaries' treasure. We poor and lower-middle peasants can't do without them," Hsu often said. "A cadre must take the lead in many things but, most important of all, he must take the lead in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought." With each step he progressed, Hsu applied what he had learned. He acted according to Chairman Mao's teachings.

One spring Hsu's team bought a horse that was sick. In order to better look after the animal, Hsu moved into the stable. He bought medicines with his own money, and made broth for it with flour from his home. Hsu stayed constantly by the horse's side, listening to its breathing at night to make sure that nothing went

wrong. He rose at dawn everyday so as to graze the beast on dew-soaked grass. His eyes became red with fatigue, but watching the horse grow fatter and sleeker by the day, Hsu was happy beyond words.

Everyone was sound asleep one summer night when a violent storm broke. Awakened by the noise, Hsu thought: "Have the oxen been put in the shed? What if water flows into the storehouse? The fertilizer is still piled up on the threshing ground..." He never forgot Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."**

He grabbed some tools and rushed out. Quickly, he put the fertilizer under cover. He ran through the pouring rain to the barn to see whether the oxen were all right, then hurried to the storehouse. He helped the old storekeeper, a poor peasant, sweep out the water that had seeped in, and turned to set forth again. The storekeeper grasped his arm.

"You're absolutely soaked. Where are you going now, in this big rain?"

"I've got to see how people's homes are standing up." Again Hsu plunged into the storm. It rained all night, and all night Hsu was dripping wet.

Another night, in winter this time, it snowed heavily. Two younger brothers of a commune member suddenly became seriously ill and lapsed into unconsciousness. The whole family were beside themselves with anxiety. At this critical moment, Hsu entered, covered with snow. He felt the children's foreheads, and went right out again. He struggled through the snow to the commune hospital, slipping, falling, but always driving ahead. By the time he brought the doctor, he looked as if he had rolled his way in the snow. Soon, the crisis was past and the kids were out of danger.

"You've done so much for us," the mother said to Hsu. "How can we ever thank you?"

"I've only done what Chairman Mao teaches," said Hsu. "It's Chairman Mao you ought to thank."

Hsu studied and applied Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way. Chairman Mao's teaching that we should serve the people wholly and thoroughly became Hsu's soul. "Our old team leader, in all these years, never ate a completely relaxed meal or slept calmly through the night," the poor and lower-middle peasants said. "His every thought was for the revolution and the people."

Hsu always kept the nation, the collective and the people in mind. He cared nothing about himself. In summer he slept on the threshing ground or in the fields. In winter, he slept in the barn or in the sweet potato storage pit. Years of running around and exhausting labour intensified the gravity of his illness. In April, 1968, the poor and lower-middle peasants sent him to the hospital. Examination revealed that he was suffering from cancer of the alimentary tract. It was already in the terminal stage.

His son, who was with him, burst into tears on hearing this news.

Hsu took it lightly. "What are you crying about?" he asked the boy with a smile. "No illness is incurable. Why, I'll be going on with Chairman Mao to build communism."

The boy begged him to spend a few days in the hospital, but Hsu said: "Can't you hear those drums and cymbals? All over the place people are celebrating the formation of revolutionary committees. The situation is developing fast. There's an enormous amount of revolution and production to be done in our team. Every minute counts. How can I hang around here?"

He pointed at his little red book and said: "Chairman Mao teaches: **'Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice... When we die for the people it is a worthy death.'** I'm alive today because Chairman Mao saved me. As long as there's a breath left in my body I'm going to follow Chairman Mao's teachings. I'm going to be the people's patient old ox and pull the revolution's cart well." He told his son to say nothing about the seriousness of his ailment to the cadres and the poor and lower-middle peasants of the team.

Hsu insisted on leaving the hospital and returning to Green Poplar. As he entered the village, poor and lower-middle peasants crowded



around in concern and asked: "How are you? Why didn't you stay in the hospital?"

"Nothing much wrong with me. A few days' rest and I'll be fine," Hsu replied cheerfully. He didn't even go home until he had asked the political instructor Hsu Kuei-ying how the team's study class in Chairman Mao's works was progressing. From the assistant team leader Hsu Cheng-chin he wanted to know what the situation was in revolution and production.

But his illness was very far advanced. In a whole day he could eat only a single wheat cake. Even this he had to divide into more than twenty portions. He chewed slowly and swallowed with the greatest effort. Often weakness and pain made him dizzy. Beads of sweat rolled from his forehead. Everyone urged him to rest.

"Revolutionaries don't rest," he said. "When Comrade Chiao Yu-lu was so terribly ill, he waded through floods in the rain to sketch a plan for a new Lankao. I'm a far cry from a man like him."

The arduousness of the battle made Hsu's ailment worse. The poor and lower-middle peasants wanted to send him to the hospital again, but Hsu refused, saying: "We're too busy now. Wait another few days." Learning that one of the mares was having difficulty in dropping her foal, he moved into the barn, carrying the old padded tunic he had worn for thirteen years. In severe pain, he stayed up all night tending the mare until the little foal was born.

His condition steadily deteriorated. Again the poor and lower-middle peasants tried to send him to the hospital. Again he refused. Late in the afternoon, he inspected the fields as usual. Walking in the shade of a shelter belt of trees, he gazed at the verdant crops and the nursery of saplings, and felt suffused with happiness. He ran his hand over the little trees and thought: "These need pruning. I'd better trim them a bit."

"Help! Our old team leader has fainted!" someone shouted. Immediately everyone rushed to the nursery. A peasant gathered Hsu in his arms and called to him in a low voice.

Slowly, Hsu revived. He looked at the people gathered around him and smiled. "These saplings don't grow well if you don't trim them. I must finish the job. Then, in a few years, our village will be green all around."

The villagers had tears in their eyes. "You've given us poor and lower-middle peasants every ounce of your energy," they said. "But you really mustn't do any more. The hospital said your illness..."

"I know," Hsu calmly interrupted. "A Communist is not afraid of hardship and death. Every minute I remain alive I'll continue the revolution with Chairman Mao."

Nothing anyone said could dissuade him. In spite of the intense pain, he rose early and worked late for many days until he finished pruning more than six thousand saplings.

In the afternoon of July 27, 1968, Hsu's life hung by a thread. The poor and lower-middle peasants carried him home. As they passed the places he had battled he made a sign for them to stop.

"Take me to the raised fields," he said in a weak voice. "I want to see our team's cotton and saplings again." They did what he

wished. As he gazed at the fields, he said: "Green Poplar will have a good harvest this year. We should sell more of our best grain and cotton to the state..."

None of the poor and lower-middle peasants of Green Poplar slept that night. Old men leaning on their canes, women carrying their infants, all came to see him. When the end drew near, Hsu looked at the class brothers and sisters gathered around him. A last spark of spirit flared. He asked them to help him sit up, and he gazed at the picture of Chairman Mao hanging on the wall. To the dear ones by his side he said: "I've done too little for the people. You must always listen to Chairman Mao, go with him to wage revolution, and spread Mao Tsetung Thought everywhere."

These few words expressed the boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao of an advanced proletarian fighter, they expressed his great communist spirit.

Hsu passed away, and the masses and cadres bade him sorrowful farewell. "He was very close to our hearts," said the poor and lower-middle peasants. "He was a shining example to everyone of us," said the cadres.

Hua Shan

Shaoshan Water

Our old squad leader returns from home with
A bottle of water from the Shaoshan hills,
Water from the birthplace of Chairman Mao
Shimmers with the rays of the glowing sun.

Shaoshan water, revolution's water,
Flows in our country north and south,
Revolutionaries, closely following Chairman Mao,
Shatter the evil of the old society.

Though in this world there are many springs,
Shaoshan water is the sweetest and best,

Hua Shan is a member of the PLA.

Take one drink and you can go anywhere,
Brimming with courage and energy.

He raises his glass, then hesitates:
This water is much too precious to drink;
Striding down to his sentry post,
He pours it into the East China Sea.

Then to all the oceans Shaoshan water flows,
Stirring revolutionary storms in every land,
Fighters, aroused, with one voice cry:
"A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

"A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"
Mao Tsetung Thought we'll for ever defend,
We'll be a drop of Shaoshan water
And wage revolution to the very end.

Wan Lin-hsing

The Mendors

Training over for the day, a soldier returns
To camp in a rosy-clouded sunset.
A lamp is burning in the barracks;
Hey, who's that, sitting there?

Aunt Chang and Mama Li,
Needles flying, mend army tunics.
They talk in low voices as they sew,
Never missing a stitch.

"We carried stretchers through a barrage
During that big battle. United, the people
And their army fought, till smashed Japanese
Invaders crawled like turtles.

"Now we're old but our eyes are clear,
Seeds of hatred grow deep in our hearts;
We mend the tunics of our soldier boys to make
Them proof against gales and storms."

Golden needles and silver thread
Weave heart-flowers on the tunics of green;
The soldier at the window, deeply stirred,
Dashes in the door and to the women declares:

"I swear to follow Chairman Mao,
Trampling hardships and dangers underfoot;
Till imperialism, revisionism and reaction are
destroyed, I'll remain a soldier;
Till Asia, Africa and Latin America are
red, I won't go home."

Peng Yu-teh

I Gaze Towards Peking from the Shop

Textiles billow in the machines,
Clacking shuttles never stop,
Moved, with silver strands in hand,
I gaze towards Peking from the shop.

The silver strands form a silken cord
Linking the love of our sisters here,
One end tied around their hearts,
One end joining Chungnanhai* dear.

Sisters in the old society
On the silver strands shed bloody tears,

Peng Yu-teh is a worker.

*In Peking where Chairman Mao lives and works.

With breaking hearts they heard the shuttles
And wove a hatred of ten thousand years.

To sisters in the new society
A stirring song the shuttles sing,
Interwoven with happiness
Our cloth cascades in hues of spring.

Honey replaces bitter gall,
Earth and sky change at Chairman Mao's command,
Mind clear, eyes bright, hands deft,
I gaze towards Peking, silver strands in hand.

Mind clear, eyes bright, hands deft,
We speak our love with each silken strand,
For world revolution we weave red flags
To proudly wave in every land.

Liu Chien-kuo

Always Follow the Party and Make Revolution

In this heroic era, there's more good news
Than the flowers of spring.
Beneath the red flag, more new Communists
Join the ranks.

They make their pledge, hearts
Seething like waves.
A veteran worker presents the precious books,
Bound in red ribbons,
Takes his apprentice's hand and speaks
From the heart:

Liu Chien-kuo is a worker.

“Sunlight and rain have matured
A new generation of workers.
Beneath the red flag, follow the Party
And make revolution all your life.
Beneath the red flag, remember always
The words of Chairman Mao—
‘Fresh blood’ must be tempered
In storm and gale...”

The young man accepts
Revolution's precious books,
Tears of emotion
Blurring his eyes.
Each word of his pledge rings like steel:
“I'll go for ever
With Chairman Mao.
All my life I'll battle
Beneath the red flag.”

Beneath the red flag
Veterans and apprentices
Stride shoulder to shoulder
Down revolution's road,
Beneath the red flag,
A cluster of golden sunflowers.

Liu Hsin-hua

To West Hunan We Roll

To west Hunan we roll,
Red banners streaming,
Voices singing,
Sun shining bright.

All with little red books and badges,
Thinking of Chairman Mao's call
As the wheels roll, the motors hum
And revolution seethes in our chests.
Across the Hsiang River we fly
To welcome danger,
Withstand hardships;
West Hunan shall be our battlefield.

Liu Hsin-hua, formerly a student, is now a commune member.

Goodbye
Old type school,
Our generation needs the sunshine
Of our vast countryside.
Goodbye
Selfish dreams,
Our generation bears the red banner
Of continuous revolution.
Only by weathering class struggle's storms
Can we conquer the wind and waves,
Only by seeing class struggle first hand
Can we distinguish flowers from weeds.

The hum of the motors
Drums our advance,
The rolling wheels
Leap like our hearts,
Nine hundred *li* rush past,
Billowing land—a stirring sight.
Closer, ever closer
to the battlefield that will test and forge us,
Closer, ever closer
to the ideal of communism.

Who says the countryside is backward?
We love its vast expanse.
Who says life is hard there?
We relish its rain and gales.
Broad sky, wide land—an ideal place to
spread your wings and soar.
Howling wind, driving rain—a perfect setting
for remoulding your ideas.

Grasp the four precious red volumes,*
Learn from the poor and lower-middle peasants.
We're settling down
 to be always by their side,
We're joining the communes
 to stand with them for ever.

Let revolution's red blossoms
Flower profusely in west Hunan,
Devote there all the fervour
Of our revolutionary youth.
 Loyalty to the proletariat and to our
 Great leader Chairman Mao —
 These, for ever,
 Our inner strength.
 Muddy clothes,
 Callused hands —
 These, from now on,
 Our external form.
We shall change the earth and sky
And, all the more, ourselves,
Maturing into a
New type of people.

Roll on, red buses,
Roll on, revolution's mighty waves.
To west Hunan we roll,
Red banners streaming,
 Voices singing,
 Sun shining bright.

*Selected Works of Mao Tsetung, in four volumes.

Chronicle

Solemnly Commemorating the 28th Anniversary of the Publication of "Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art" in China

May 23, this year, marked the 28th anniversary of the publication of our great leader Chairman Mao's brilliant work *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*. *Renmin Ribao*, *Hongqi* and *Jiefangjun Bao* simultaneously issued an important editorial entitled "Remould World Outlook" to commemorate this great occasion. Revolutionary masses throughout the country including those in Peking, Shanghai, Tientsin and 26 other big cities held forums, study classes and meetings during these festive days to study the *Talks* conscientiously and grasp its spirit deeply. Combining the study with their discussion of the editorial, they sang warm praises for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art and spoke heartily of the great historic significance of the brilliant *Talks*.

The workers and revolutionary intellectuals of the Peking Hsinhua Printing House and Tsinghua University, two of the exemplary units in carrying out the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation, said profoundly as they recalled their fighting course during the four years of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution: Of many important things, the most important of all is to use Mao Tsetung Thought to remould world outlook. While engaged in the great

cause of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, we must thoroughly remould our old ideology and firmly establish the proletarian world outlook. Only in this way can we do a better job of implementing all of Chairman Mao's proletarian policies and transforming the objective world.

Revolutionary art workers in Peking and Shanghai, who performed model revolutionary theatrical works, recognize more deeply that Chairman Mao's teaching "**without such remoulding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits**" is a great truth. Only when they have solved the question of world outlook and the question of "for whom?" can the intellectuals make some contributions and be welcomed by workers, peasants and soldiers.

The students of the Liuho "May 7" Cadre School in Heilungkiang Province used their experience to illustrate the great significance of studying Chairman Mao's brilliant *Talks*. They said: The living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought is the basis for remoulding world outlook. Class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment provide the best classrooms for remoulding world outlook. And integration with workers, peasants and soldiers is the inevitable course for remoulding world outlook.

Party members, the worker, peasant and soldier masses, revolutionary cadres and revolutionary intellectuals throughout the country pledged themselves to use the *Talks* as their weapon for speeding up their ideological revolutionization, to grasp revolution and promote production and other work and preparedness against war, to respond to the great leader Chairman Mao's fighting call with concrete actions, to support the people of the world in their struggle against U.S. imperialism and all its running dogs and to give still greater support to the people of the three Indo-Chinese countries and of the world in their revolutionary struggle.

Worker-Peasant-Soldier Revolutionary Song Concerts

To commemorate the 28th anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's brilliant work *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art*, the revolutionary committees of Kansu Province and Lanchow

Municipality organized worker-peasant-soldier revolutionary song concerts in the province. More than 1,000 amateur art fighters from factories, mines, people's communes, army units, government organizations and schools took part in the performances and over 70,000 workers, peasants and soldiers attended the concerts and enjoyed the inspiring revolutionary songs.

Among the amateur artists were old workers, old poor peasants, revolutionary cadres and lively Little Red Soldiers about ten years old, many of whom were mounting stage for the first time.

Before the performances started the amateur art fighters studied the *Talks* repeatedly. They considered their singing and dancing a glorious political task. With infinite love for Chairman Mao and bitter hatred for imperialism, revisionism and all reaction, they brought out to the full the fighting style of every line in every revolutionary song.

Deeply impressed and greatly encouraged, the audiences said: The amateur art fighters of us workers, peasants and soldiers are fine. They sing what is in our hearts. We like best to hear them sing. The more we hear, the more we are filled with strength and the firmer is our revolutionary determination. They said: The performances are a vivid lesson on class struggle and revolutionary tradition.

Matsuyama Ballet Troupe of Japan Restages Modern Ballet "The White-Haired Girl"

In commemoration of the 28th anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's brilliant work *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art*, the Matsuyama Ballet Troupe of Japan presented once again in Tokyo on May 23 the modern ballet *The White-Haired Girl*. It was warmly received by the audience.

During China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, some members of the Matsuyama Ballet Troupe visited China and attended the performance of the revolutionary dance drama on contemporary theme *The White-Haired Girl* staged under the personal guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching.

The Matsuyama Ballet Troupe this year made many important alterations in its original composition and presentation of the ballet by absorbing the merits of China's revolutionary dance drama *The White-Haired Girl*. The alterations centred on scenes of armed struggle to bring out the brilliant idea that "**political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.**" Stress was also laid on the spirit of stout revolutionary resistance by the main characters, demonstrating the revolutionary spirit of the masses of Chinese peasants who, defying violence, dare to struggle and dare to win. The ballet also portrayed the close and harmonious relationship between the Chinese People's Liberation Army and the broad masses. Its level of artistic technique was also raised.

Masao Shimizu, head of the troupe, said: We feel greatly honoured in presenting once again the modern ballet *The White-Haired Girl* in commemoration of the 28th anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art*.

Shimizu said that Chairman Mao raises, in his *Talks*, the question of whom literature and art should serve. This enables us to grasp how we should make use of the artistic form of ballet in the service of the Japanese people's revolutionary struggle.

Mikiko Matsuyama, deputy-head of the troupe and one of the ballerinas in the role of White-Haired Girl, said that the more they study Chairman Mao's *Talks* the more education they receive. She said when she was in Peking in 1964 she saw the great leader Chairman Mao and Comrade Chiang Ching. She was very excited and greatly inspired by Chairman Mao's kind reception. With boundless emotion, she wished a long, long life to Chairman Mao.

"In the Vast Area" and Other Documentary Films Released

In the Vast Area, a colour documentary, and newsreels *Building New Mines by Self-Reliance* and *The Kirin Municipal Oil and Grease Plant* were recently released in the country.

In the Vast Area is a record of the Shanghai educated youth who resolutely responded to the call of the great leader Chairman Mao, went with revolutionary enthusiasm to the countryside and border-

land to make revolution there. It also chronicles the stirring scenes of poor and lower-middle peasants all over the country warmly welcoming educated young people as they arrived in the countryside to become peasants and wage revolution. The first gift the poor and lower-middle peasants gave to the young people was the red precious books of Chairman Mao; the first lesson they taught them was education in class struggle; the first meal was one of recalling past bitterness. The poor and lower-middle peasants gave the young people an enthusiastic, patient and careful education both in class struggle and the struggle for production. They showed them warm concern politically, helped them do farm work and made good arrangements for their daily life.

The glorious life of Comrade Chin Hsun-hua — an example to all revolutionary young people, is also included. It is plain from these films that China's educated youth, guided by Mao Tsetung Thought and re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants, are studying and applying Chairman Mao's works in a living way, consciously transforming their world outlook and growing up healthily in the vast countryside.

Building New Mines by Self-Reliance and *The Kirin Municipal Oil and Grease Plant* vividly show the heroic deeds of the revolutionary workers who accomplished their tasks by holding high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, maintaining independence, keeping the initiative in their own hands and relying on their own efforts.

CHAIRMAN MAO TSETUNG ON PEOPLE'S WAR

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