



2

1971

# CHINESE LITERATURE

## Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

Liberate philosophy from the confines of the philosophers' lecture rooms and textbooks, and turn it into a sharp weapon in the hands of the masses.

A copy of this material has been filed with the Foreign Agents Registration Section, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C. where the registration statement of China Books & Periodicals, 2923 - 24th St., San Francisco, Ca. 94116 as an agent of Guozhi Shudian of Peking, China, is available for inspection. The fact of registration does not indicate approval of this material by the Government of the United States.

## CONTENTS

PHILOSOPHY IN THE HANDS OF THE MASSES	
Two Brothers Study Philosophy	3
Plant Peanuts Scientifically — <i>Yao Shib-chang</i>	18
A Story of Duck-Tending — <i>Chen Lai-an</i> and <i>Yen Ming-yu</i>	27
REPORTAGE	
Political Leader of the Team	32
Devoted to the People	45
REVOLUTIONARY STORIES	
Uncle Green Pine — <i>Liang Kuang-chun</i>	57
A Lively Class — <i>Hsu Hung</i>	62
Golden Key — <i>Wang Chia-lin</i>	66
A Philosophy Lesson in the Fields — <i>Hsu Ta-lin</i>	70
POEMS	
The Regimental Commander Comes to the Mine — <i>Chen Yang</i>	74
The Map in Our Shop — <i>Tien Chang-fu</i>	77
A Veteran Worker Sees Me Off to University — <i>Liu Yuan-sheng</i>	79
Delivering Goods to Workers' Homes — <i>Chien Hung-chun</i>	82
A Militia Team — <i>Wu Yen-mei</i>	84
NOTES ON ART	
The Colour Film "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy" — <i>Yu Chou-hung</i>	86
LITERARY CRITICISM AND REPUDIATION	
Expose the Plot of U.S. and Japanese Reactionaries to Resurrect the Dead Past — <i>Tao Ti-wen</i>	95
CHRONICLE	108
PLATES	
Waiting for Chairman Mao's New Directive (New-Year poster)	44-45
Don't Forget Class Oppression! (traditional painting)	94-95
Front Cover: Revolutionary Mass Criticism	

## Two Brothers Study Philosophy

**EDITORS' NOTE:** Li Lu and Li Hai-shui, brothers of poor peasant origin, are both members of the same commune. Armed with Chairman Mao's brilliant philosophic thinking and guided by it, they have achieved big successes in transforming barren mountains. The following are extracts from their talks at a meeting of activists in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought.

**Li Lu:** Hai-shui and I are members of the same team in the same brigade of the same commune in the province of Honan. Our family tilled the land for landlords for generations in the old society. We lived worse than oxen or horses. Then Chairman Mao saved us from the sea of bitterness. We stood up and became the masters of our country. I was educated by the Communist Party and in 1950 had the honour of becoming a member of the Party. With Mao Tsetung Thought as my guide, I gained a clearer understanding of the right direction, my enthusiasm grew. I made up my mind to go with Chairman Mao and wage revolution, to fight for the realization of communism.

Our brigade is in the mountains. It used to be just a barren wilderness. After the agricultural producers' co-operative was set up, we poor and lower-middle peasants were very eager to transform the mountains, and started several times. But the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi, that renegade, traitor and scab, sabotaged our efforts, and we had to drop them.

In the spring of 1961 I attended a conference called by the commune on afforestation, where I studied Chairman Mao's great instruction: **"Cover the country with trees."** I was very happy. I decided to plant trees on our mountains for the building of socialism and communism. I started with Pointy Peak Slope.

As I climbed the trail I saw a young peach tree. It reminded me of the trouble we had in 1933. Our family couldn't make ends meet. My father said to me: "We can't just wait around to starve to death. Let's go up the mountain and cultivate some land."

Day and night we toiled on that mountain in wind and rain for five full years. We opened up five *mu* of land and planted over a hundred peach saplings. Just as they were about to bear fruit, that dog of a ward chief, a rich peasant, said the landlord needed our trees to build a stockade. He and his men cut down every one. Ma and pa were furious, but they couldn't say a word. My ma became very ill, and died of grief.

I thought: "In the old society the landlords occupied all the mountains and land. The poor didn't even have a place to plant a tree. But now, Chairman Mao has liberated us. The mountains and ridges belong to the poor and lower-middle peasants. He calls on us to cover the country with trees. I'll turn this barren hill green if it means my life."

As soon as I got on the mountain many difficulties arose. I thought: "Making brown mountains verdant is a revolution. A revolutionary can't be afraid of difficulties. Chairman Mao teaches us: **'The philosophy of the Communist Party is the philosophy of struggle.'** I'm a Communist. To do this job well I must be militant, and dare to wage revolution, dare to fight and dare to win."

I followed Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"Be self-reliant, work hard."** As there were no tools, I used my own; when there were no

saplings, I raised some myself. We had no tree seeds, so I scoured the mountains for them. There were no houses on the heights, so I lived in a stone cave half-way up the slope.

When people with conservative ideas heard about this, they shook their heads. "Those mountains are nothing but rocks. The trees he's planting will never bear fruit. For a man nearly sixty to turn nearly six hundred *mu* of bare mountain green? It's enough to make a monkey laugh!"

But I continued studying the Three Constantly Read Articles and thought: "The Foolish Old Man kept digging away at the mountains because he figured every spadeful he removed was that much less the mountains. If I keep planting trees every day, each tree I put in will be one tree more. The Foolish Old Man moved his mountains away; surely I can turn this barren one of ours green."

Rising early and retiring late, I dug pits and planted trees every day, rain or shine. In winter, the shock of the mattock blows against the frozen ground split the skin on my hands and made them bleed. I put some resin on the cuts and went on swinging.

I had to battle not only the mountain but wolves as well. One day, five or six of the brutes closed in on me. I remembered what Chairman Mao said: **"We must not show the slightest timidity before a wild beast. We must learn from Wu Sung\* on the Chingyang Ridge."** During Land Reform, bandits pointed their guns straight at my heart and I wasn't afraid. Was I going to be impressed by a few piddling animals? I raised my mattock and charged them with a shout. Wolves are like imperialism and all reaction — paper tigers. If you're scared of them, they eat you. If you fight them, you find there's nothing much to them.

I also had to battle sickness. That cave I lived in was very damp. In 1962 I broke out in boils all over. But I continued in spite of the pain. I climbed trees to get seed, though I often left bloody streaks on the bark. My team members were worried about me.

"You've got those boils bad," they said. "Go down the mountain and get them cured. You can go on after that."

\*A hero in the classical Chinese novel *Shui Hu Chuan* (*Heroes of the Marshes*), who killed a ferocious tiger with his bare hands on the Chingyang Ridge.

I said, "A few little boils don't matter. Turning the brown mountains green for the revolution is what counts. Revolutionaries aren't afraid of losing either blood or flesh." I carried on, as usual.

**Li Hai-shui:**

I was grazing cattle on the slopes at that time, and I saw how pale and thin my brother was. I lifted up his shirt and looked. He was covered with boils. I pleaded with him to go down the mountain and get treated. I said it was dangerous to let them develop too long.

**Li Lu:**

The minute I heard that, I felt there was something wrong with Hai-shui's thinking. I had noticed before that sometimes he was a little selfish, and had been meaning to talk to him about it, but never got the chance. Now, I said, "We mustn't forget our origins. In the evil old society I dug coal for a boss when I was only thirteen. The heavy lumps I carried on my back rubbed it raw. If I slowed down in the least, the boss's bully boys hit me. I wept, but I had to keep carrying that coal. Twice in 1942 our whole family had to go out and beg for food because of famine. Pa, uncle and your three-year-old nephew died of starvation. Our kiddy brother disappeared one day when he was out begging. We still don't know where he is today. Then Chairman Mao rescued us from the sea of bitterness. The happy life we now lead was brought at the cost of the lives and blood of numberless revolutionary martyrs. Can I stop doing revolutionary work on account of a few little boils?"

**Li Hai-shui:**

My brother's words taught me a big lesson. He hadn't forgotten our class suffering. He followed Chairman Mao and waged revolution. He cared only about turning the mountains green, and nothing about himself. Even though he was full of boils, he worked just as hard. And me? I stayed at home and opened a small plot of wasteland for my own private use. Wasn't that forgetting my origins? I made up my mind to learn from my brother and think always of the public good and follow Chairman Mao closely along the socialist road. After that, I went up the mountain and joined the afforesting team.

**Li Lu:**

Hai-shui was quite a help to us. He had had four or five months of schooling and could read a bit, and he helped me study Chairman Mao's works. "Turning the mountains green is a revolution," I told Hai-shui. "We can't do it with just enthusiasm. We've got to read Chairman Mao's writings and use Mao Tsetung Thought to guide our fight." We talked it over and agreed: Wherever we go, we must take Chairman Mao's works with us; whatever we do, we must act according to Mao Tsetung Thought. I studied sentence by sentence as Hai-shui read and explained to me. Everything I learned I applied. Soon, I had memorized nearly a hundred Chairman Mao quotations and the Three Constantly Read Articles.

**Li Hai-shui:**

Once my brother came back from a meeting in the city and said to me: "Hai-shui, I hear that Chairman Mao's philosophy are precious works that teach how to understand and change the world. We'd better study them, if we want to turn these mountains green." After that, besides the Three Constantly Read Articles, I began studying Chairman Mao's brilliant philosophic work *On Contradiction*. There were a lot of terms that were new to me. I put marks beside them and in the evening went down the mountain to get someone to explain their meaning.

Some people saw what a hard time I was having, and they said, "Studying philosophy is for high-ranking cadres. Men who work all day with shovels and mattocks shouldn't break their heads over that."

A few "learned" individuals sneered at me behind my back. "The fellow can barely read, and he wants to study *On Contradiction*. That's like a blind man lighting a lamp — a complete waste of effort," they said.

But I thought: "Chairman Mao's philosophy has a class nature. It's the philosophy of us workers and poor and lower-middle peasants. If we can't learn it, who can? We must learn it, and learn it well, and use it as our guide in revolution." My courage and determination grew. With deep class feelings for Chairman Mao and a strong

desire to learn for the revolution, I studied early and late, even when I was fetching water, or eating, or ploughing the field. I often studied far into the night.

One evening I went to the village for a meeting. On the way I dropped into my house for a change of clothes. When I returned to the mountain I reached into my pocket for my copy of *On Contradiction* and found that I had left it home in my other tunic. I was so restless I couldn't sleep. I felt as if I was lying on a bed of needles. "Chairman Mao's works should be studied every day," I thought. "How could I have left that book at home?" I got up and groped my way down the trail in the cold night wind. Home and back was nearly five *li*, but I got my *On Contradiction* and read it from beginning to end. Then I went to bed and slept fine.

I'm not very literate, and some of the concepts in *On Contradiction* were hard for me to understand. I said to myself, "We poor and lower-middle peasants study philosophy not for the sake of the terms but to grasp the spirit and substance, to learn principles to guide our actions, to solve practical problems in the course of the revolution. I'm not going to memorize terms mechanically. Chairman Mao's philosophy is a summary of revolutionary practice. If I connect it with reality as I study, I will be able to understand it thoroughly and use it well."

Chairman Mao teaches, "**In order to have a real grasp of Marxism, one must learn it not only from books, but mainly through class struggle, through practical work and close contact with the masses of workers and peasants.**" I related philosophic theory to the realities of afforesting the barren mountains. I studied every sentence, I pondered every concept.

*On Contradiction* says: "**It (materialist dialectics) holds that external causes are the condition of change and internal causes are the basis of change, and that external causes become operative through internal causes.**" I thought, "We're grafting sweet date branches on wild date trees up here. Wild date trees have the potential of turning into sweet date trees. That's the internal cause. Grafting is the external cause. It's only through the wild date trees that the grafting can have any effect."

Without grafting, a wild date tree won't turn sweet by itself. That's what's meant by "**external causes are the condition of change.**" On the other hand, you couldn't make a rock bear fruit by grafting sweet date branches on to it. That's what's meant by "**internal causes are the basis of change,**" and "**external causes become operative through internal causes.**"

Once we understood the meaning of internal and external causes and their dialectical relationship, we realized that philosophy isn't really mysterious, something we can't fathom. Liu Shao-chi, that renegade, traitor and scab, and Yang Hsien-chen, his agent in the field of philosophy, opposed the workers and peasants studying philosophy. They were afraid of us grasping Chairman Mao's great philosophic concepts for they knew we would use them to fight their scheme to restore capitalism.

I'm determined to relate my study to the three great revolutionary movements — class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. I will strive to master Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking, reform my world outlook through it, guide my actions by it, and solve practical problems in the revolution with it.

Over these past few years I have studied more than ten of Chairman Mao's brilliant writings, including: *On Practice*, *On Contradiction*, *Where Do Correct Ideas Come from?* and *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People*. *On Contradiction* alone I studied for over seven months, reading it time and again. As soon as I learned something, I applied it. Going back and forth between theory and practice, I also memorized large portions of the work.

#### Li Lu:

Hai-shui read *On Contradiction* many times, and I heard it many times. I also began to understand some philosophic concepts and apply them. Chairman Mao teaches us that in all things "**one divides into two.**" This thesis shows the need for struggle and revolution. I decided to struggle against the bourgeois selfishness in my mind and revolutionize my thinking. With Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking as my weapon, I wrestled with all sorts of difficulties and won victory after victory in turning the mountains green.

Once my third child went with me up the mountain to pick tree seeds. The branch he had climbed out on snapped, and he fell and broke his leg. Some peasants and I hurried him to the county hospital that same night. After I had him treated and settled in, I got ready to leave. One of the doctors said to me, "The boy has had a bad fall. Why don't you stay and look after him for a few days? Won't you worry about him if you go off now?"

I recalled Chairman Mao's teaching, "**At no time and in no circumstances should a Communist place his personal interests first.**" We were very busy, up in the mountains. If I stayed here with the boy, wouldn't I be putting my personal interests first?

I said to the doctor, "I know how to graft trees, not legs. This is a people's hospital. I have nothing to worry about."

I walked sixty *li* and returned to the mountain that same night. The next morning I went on planting trees, without losing a minute from the job. I said to Hai-shui: "Afforesting the mountains is also part of the revolution. We mustn't be afraid of difficulties. If the least little trouble sends us down the mountain away from our work, we'll never be able to carry out Chairman Mao's instruction: '**Cover the country with trees.**' Revolutionaries have to be able to take it. As long as we're not afraid of difficulties, we'll be able to cope, no matter how tough things may get."

#### Li Hai-shui:

Study and practice have taught me that Chairman Mao's philosophy is a philosophy of practice, of struggle and of revolution. His philosophic thinking is a powerful motive force in continuing the revolution, a fundamental guarantee that we will win. Chairman Mao teaches: "**Dialectical world outlook teaches us primarily how to observe and analyse the movement of opposites in different things and, on the basis of such analysis, to indicate the methods for resolving contradictions.**" In afforesting the mountains, because we guided ourselves by Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking, we were able to analyse and solve one contradiction after another.

When I first went up into the mountains I was a little dismayed at the sight of those hundreds of *mu* of barren slopes. "Just walking

over such a big distance won't be easy, to say nothing of turning it green," I thought. "When will we ever get the job done?"

I found this answer in Chairman Mao's writings: "**Weapons are an important factor in war, but not the decisive factor; it is people, not things, that are decisive.**" I came to realize that the relation between man and mountains is one between man and things. But man is alive, he has subjective initiative, while the mountains are inanimate and won't grow any larger. The human element, political concepts, are what count. If we have a good grasp of Mao Tsetung Thought we can conquer any difficulty. We can plant the biggest mountain with trees and turn it green.

As soon as we got clear on the question of relation, the mountains seemed to shrink, and our determination and confidence grew. In the revolutionary spirit of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains we dug pits and planted trees, regardless of the weather. In a year or more we put in over a thousand. We also collected six hundred *jin* of tree seeds and built a forty *mu* sapling nursery. The barren mountains began to bow their heads before us.

There was only a thin layer of soil, about two or three inches deep in most places on the mountains. Further down, the land was full of rocks, and the ground was covered with torn trees and weeds. We could see that afforesting this place was going to be a tough job. What should our approach be to such unfavourable conditions?

Chairman Mao teaches us: "**We must learn to look at problems all-sidedly, seeing the reverse as well as the obverse side of things. In given conditions, a bad thing can lead to good results and a good thing to bad results.**"

This opened my eyes. I thought: "A lot of problems are an unfavourable condition. But they also make us fight harder and strengthen our revolutionary will and forge our loyalty to Chairman Mao. A lot of stones are an unfavourable condition. But if we dig them out we can make terrace walls with them and prevent the soil from washing away. A lot of weeds are an unfavourable condition. But we can pull them out and ferment them into fertilizer and give more nourishment to our trees. Thorn trees are also an unfavourable



condition. But if we prune them a bit, we can graft them with date branches.”

Finding the favourable potential of the unfavourable conditions, I and other peasants set to work with mattocks and crowbars. We built twenty retaining walls, over two thousand feet long, with the stones we dug out of the earth. I didn't know how to graft, but I practised hard till I learned. We've done more than seventeen thousand date grafts in the past few years, and used weeds to fertilize over a hundred and thirty *mu* of land. The harder we had to struggle the stronger grew our loyalty to Chairman Mao.

In afforestation, there is also a contradiction between insect damage and the growth of the trees. How can that be solved? Chairman Mao says: **“Qualitatively different contradictions can only be resolved by qualitatively different methods.”** I thought: “The contradiction between the trees and harmful insects is an antagonistic one. As long as there are insects they will hurt the growth of the trees, so they must be destroyed. It's like the contradiction between the revolutionary people and the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries. Because it is a hostile one they **‘must be smashed — resolutely, thoroughly, wholly and completely.’**”

Once we understood the nature of the contradiction, we attacked the insects in the trees, grabbing them with our hands, spraying them with insecticide, filling the holes with insect powder, doing our utmost to wipe them out. As a result, all our trees flourished.

Though no one had ever raised apples on the mountains, my brother and I decided to try. But the pits we dug were small and shallow, and our first experiment failed. What is the right attitude towards failure? We carefully studied this teaching of Chairman Mao: **“After he fails, he draws his lessons, corrects his ideas to make them correspond to the laws of the external world, and can thus turn failure into success.”**

We then understood the dialectical relationship between failure and success, and we went on experimenting with increased boldness. Drawing a lesson from our previous failure, we dug bigger pits for our apple saplings, covered the roots with lots of soil, gave the trees plenty of water and fertilizer, pruned at the proper times and kept

down the insects. Since our ideas then corresponded to the laws of the external world, the apple trees grew beautifully. Today we have more than a thousand of them on the mountains, and every one of them is starting to bear fruit. The peasants of our team grin from ear to ear at the sight of the big red apples. They all agree that this is a victory for Mao Tsetung Thought, and they cheer: “Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!”

#### Li Lu:

Guided by Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking, we peasants fought a hard battle for over ten years. We planted a total of eighty-nine thousand trees, an average of nine hundred and eighty per person. The mountains, which before were absolutely barren, are now green with date, pear, tung, and apple orchards. It is a rich fruit of Chairman Mao's philosophic concepts!

#### Li Hai-shui:

All during the process of turning the mountains green there was a fierce struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines. We poor and lower-middle peasants always bore in mind Chairman Mao's teachings: **“The philosophy of the Communist Party is the philosophy of struggle”** and **“Never forget class struggle.”** We battled the class enemies bravely, fought bourgeois tendencies, consolidated the socialist position in the countryside, and defended Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line.

#### Li Lu:

In 1961 the evil wind of Liu Shao-chi's attempt to restore capitalism blew into our brigade. A capitalist roader from the commune office came and pushed measures aimed at destroying collective and reviving private enterprise. We fought him and refused to let the collective property be divided up again. The capitalist roader was very angry. He said I “defied the leadership” and removed me from the brigade Party committee.

I have the deepest proletarian feeling for our great leader Chairman Mao. I studied his teaching: **“In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and**

**must pluck up our courage.**" This gave me strength. I thought: "A revolutionary must be like a tall pine on the mountain, fearless of storm and gale." I stood before a picture of Chairman Mao and vowed, "I'll follow you always and wage revolution. That fellow can remove me from my post, but he can't remove the loyalty to you that's in my heart. I'm going with you on the socialist road, come what may!"

I continued fighting as hard as ever.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution began. Chairman Mao issued the splendid call: **"You should concern yourselves with affairs of state and carry through the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution to the end!"** Hai-shui and I studied the "Sixteen Points," in which it says: The main target of the present movement is those in authority within the Party taking the capitalist road. Together with the other poor and lower-middle peasants we closely followed Chairman Mao's grand strategic plan and rebelled against the handful of capitalist roaders inside the Party.

That fellow in our commune office was scared and furious at the same time. They lied, twisted right and wrong, deceived some of the masses and tried to fire me from my job as team leader. I refused to quit. I said, "I'm sticking with Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and with the poor and lower-middle peasants." I went on fighting the capitalist roaders.

#### **Li Hai-shui:**

I thought my brother did the right thing. Our general direction was correct. The capitalist roaders were trying to set the masses against each other as a diversion. You have to recognize the correct orientation and not be confused by a temporary deviation. It's where the truth lies that counts, not how many people support it.

Chairman Mao says: **"At certain times in the revolutionary struggle, the difficulties outweigh the favourable conditions and so constitute the principal aspect of the contradiction and the favourable conditions constitute the secondary aspect. But through their efforts the revolutionaries can overcome the diffi-**

**culties step by step and open up a favourable new situation; thus a difficult situation yields place to a favourable one."**

This great teaching gave us a clear understanding of the situation and showed us the correct direction. Seeing the brightness of the future, we fought the difficulties with increased courage.

#### **Li Lu:**

Chairman Mao's revolutionary line won a great victory. I was elected vice-chairman of the commune revolutionary committee and chairman of the commune poor and lower-middle peasants congress.

I constantly used the concept **"one divides into two"** towards myself. I dug pits, planted trees, protected the groves, grafted fruit branches, and kept busy all day, just like before. We had a lot of meetings, but I always found time to work. I gathered manure on my way to and from meetings at the commune office. When my basket was full, I dumped it on the collective land wherever I happened to be.

The peasants were concerned about me. Some of them said: "You're so busy now, and you're getting on in years. Don't do so much. If the rest of us each works a little more, we'll get the jobs done."

"This isn't a small thing," I thought. "A sickle gets rusty if it isn't used. A cadre goes revisionist if he doesn't do physical work." I said, "Hands that don't wield the hoe can't hold up the red flag of revolution. Shoulders that don't tote baskets can't support revolution's loads. I want to carry the heaviest of them right up till communism."

To bring irrigation to our mountain region, the other peasants and I laboured all winter and the following spring. We built a reservoir which we faced with stone and dug a canal three *li* long through the hills. I ate and slept at the work site with the others the whole time. We kept going day and night.

After five hard months, the canal was finished. It wound around three mountains and brought us water. When it was time to irrigate the wheat this spring, we opened the sluice gate and thick stream

came gushing out. It pushed halfway up the slope of the western mountain, then flowed down into the fields.

As it seeped in among the wheat, the peasants said delightedly, "By relying on Mao Tsetung Thought, we've made the old 'water dragon' climb the mountain!"

The Ninth National Congress of our Chinese Communist Party was held in 1969. I studied the instructions which Chairman Mao issued during the congress, and Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's report, as well as the new Party Constitution. The more I studied, the further I could see and the more enthusiastic I became about carrying on the revolution. I thought: "To continue the revolution you've got to do what the new Party Constitution says — really fight the bourgeois selfishness in your own mind and thoroughly reform your world outlook."

I realized I had to be concerned about the interests of the vast majority of China's and the world's people. Afforesting the bare mountains was one way of helping world revolution. Every tree was a jab in the eye of the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries. The more we planted, the better I felt.

And so I not only assisted our brother units technically and in their political thinking, over the past few years I also gave them more than fifty thousand saplings and seventy thousand grafts. I carry Chairman Mao's works with me wherever I go, along with my pruning shears and grafting knife. In this way I can spread Mao Tsetung Thought, prune and graft, and teach technique at the same time.

#### **Li Hai-shui:**

Guided by Mao Tsetung Thought, educated by the Party and helped by the peasants, last year I had the honour of joining the great Chinese Communist Party. But although I became a member organizationally, it seemed to me that in my thinking I was a far cry from the needs of the rapidly developing situation and the requirements of the new Party Constitution. I made up my mind to use the concept "**one divides into two**" to appraise myself correctly, and strive harder to study and apply Chairman Mao's great philosophic thinking, change

my world outlook consciously, join the Party ideologically, and become a true advanced proletarian element.

#### **Li Lu:**

Chairman Mao teaches us: "**The philosophy of the Communist Party is the philosophy of struggle.**" We've reached socialism through struggle, and we'll have to struggle to get to communism. Struggle is joy, struggle brings victory. A Communist wages revolution by struggle. Without struggle there isn't any revolution, without struggle there can be no victory. To consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat, to overthrow imperialism, revisionism and reaction, to liberate mankind and make communism a reality, I'm going to struggle all my life.

## Plant Peanuts Scientifically

I am a peasant. I was born in a poor-peasant family and I'm now 47 years old. I had four years of schooling as a child. In addition to studying Chairman Mao's Three Constantly Read Articles, I have also repeatedly studied Chairman Mao's brilliant philosophical works to arm myself with dialectical materialism and I've made scientific experiments to increase peanut production. In the course of doing this I got rid of the metaphysics in my thinking and overcame various kinds of interference and obstacles. As a result, our brigade has gradually raised the average per-*mu* yield of peanuts from some 200 *jin* to 450 *jin*. The highest is more than 800 *jin* per *mu*. Practice has made me understand profoundly that Chairman Mao's brilliant philosophic thinking is a beacon guiding our scientific experiments.

### I

Most of our brigade's fields is in hilly areas and we cultivate more than 4,800 *mu*, of which 2,000 are grown to peanuts. Before we set up the

---

Yao Shih-chang is chairman of the revolutionary committee of the Tuanchieh Production Brigade, Nanwang Commune, Penglai County, Shantung Province.

agricultural producers' co-operative, the average per-*mu* yield of peanuts was only 150 *jin*. Although yield was raised after that, it was still low. I was very worried about this and always considered finding a way to raise output. I had begun tackling this problem in 1953. At that time I didn't put Mao Tsetung Thought in command and my experiments failed because I had no idea of dialectical materialism and didn't have a clear orientation.

When we started sowing one year we were hit by drought. There wasn't enough moisture in the soil, and there was no guarantee all the seeds would sprout into seedlings. I'd heard that the Tsaolintien Production Team used the method of digging deep furrows and covering them with only a thin layer of soil in order to make all the seedlings come up and grow well. I got our brigade to use their method. Though it had been effective in Tsaolintien, it didn't work in our brigade and output dropped that autumn.

This saddened me and a fierce struggle took place in my mind. At the time, the leadership had asked me to sum up our experience and draw lessons from it. With this problem in mind, I conscientiously studied Chairman Mao's brilliant works *On Contradiction* and *On Practice*. Chairman Mao teaches: **"Only those who are subjective, one-sided and superficial in their approach to problems will smugly issue orders or directives the moment they arrive on the scene, without considering the circumstances, without viewing things in their totality (their history and their present state as a whole) and without getting to the essence of things (their nature and the internal relations between one thing and another). Such people are bound to trip and fall."**

Chairman Mao's teaching opened my mind and immediately enlightened me greatly. I found that I had made the metaphysical error of imitating others without considering the concrete circumstances. The Tsaolintien Production Team's land is level and fertile. So the people there plant peanuts in rows widely apart. Their method of lightly-covered deep furrows guarantees all the seedlings coming up and growing well. Our brigade is situated in valleys and the soil cover is thin. So we plant peanuts closely with the distance between rows narrow. When we dug deep furrows the soil fell in and buried

the seeds. In effect, we were digging deep and covering deep. Though we had good intentions, the result was bad and output fell. Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking helped me find the cause of our failure. My subjective concept did not conform to objective reality. Speaking of knowledge of the objective world, I was still in a blind and passive position.

Chairman Mao teaches: **"If a man wants to succeed in his work, that is, to achieve the anticipated results, he must bring his ideas into correspondence with the laws of the objective external world; if they do not correspond, he will fail in his practice. After he fails, he draws his lessons, corrects his ideas to make them correspond to the laws of the external world, and can thus turn failure into success."** In accordance with this teaching of Chairman Mao's, I made up my mind to use Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking in continuing the scientific experiment to increase the peanut yield and to turn failure into success.

## II

I was determined to find the law of the growth of peanuts so as to blaze a new trail in increasing yields. How to do it? I thought about it day in and day out, but for a long time I wasn't able to get at the essence of it. What was I to do? I opened my copy of *On Practice* and studied it word for word and sentence by sentence. Chairman Mao teaches: **"Whoever wants to know a thing has no way of doing so except by coming into contact with it, that is, by living (practising) in its environment. . . . If you want knowledge, you must take part in the practice of changing reality. If you want to know the taste of a pear, you must change the pear by eating it yourself."** From then on, I was determined to find the law of the growth of peanuts through practice.

There is a saying in Chinese: "Peanuts yield pods immediately after the withering of the flower." I started my research by first studying the blossoming stage. I selected two clusters of peanut plants to see what happened in that stage right there in the fields. I knew that peanuts blossom at night, but I didn't know the exact time. I

stayed with them all night, and after three nights in a row I saw the peanuts blossoming at dawn. I then went to watch them every day before dawn. For data purposes, I put a small label on each flower, noting the date it blossomed.

The blossoming period was rather long, for the large peanuts more than 100 days and around 70 for the small ones. After three weeks of observation, it rained one night and I debated with myself: Whether or not to go to the field. I told myself that since it was raining it didn't matter if I skipped a night. It was just then I remembered Chairman Mao's pointing out that the Marxist philosophy of dialectical materialism has two outstanding characteristics. One is its class nature, the other is its practicality. Its class nature means that it is in the service of the proletariat. If I wanted to use Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking to find a way to increase peanut yield, I had to first have a strong desire to serve the proletariat. In transforming the objective world, one must transform the subjective world too.

The more this went over in my mind, the more I felt my idea of not going was wrong. Comrade Norman Bethune thought nothing of travelling thousands of miles to make revolution in China. Yet I had thought of not going to a peanut field only a quarter of a kilometre away just because of rain. The Foolish Old Man overcame every difficulty to remove the two big mountains, yet I had thought of giving up just because I was faced with a little bit of difficulty. What a difference between thousands of miles and one quarter of a kilometre and many difficulties and one difficulty! This was enough to make me get out of bed and hurry to the field. It was only after I had finished my observation that I noticed I was soaking wet and shivering. But when I recalled that I'd gone there because I had listened to Chairman Mao and had conquered difficulty, I felt warm all over. Rain or shine, I've worked this way without interruption since then.

The peanut plant grows low in the field. If I stood up, I couldn't watch the ones under observation very clearly. If I sat in the field, I'd crush the other peanut plants. So I kneeled on one leg. I spent more than 60 nights there, putting more than 170 labels on these two clusters to mark the time of flowering. My legs were swollen and my trousers torn, yet I felt quite pleased with my observation. After

the harvest, I carefully analysed the data I had collected and something that I had never thought of before was discovered: It took at least 65 days for a peanut flower to mature into a ripened nut and most of the ripened pods, which grow beneath the soil, were borne by the first pair of branches.

This made me really happy. But when I calmly considered it in the light of Chairman Mao's teachings, I felt that this was only an initial discovery from the first year's practice. I should test the discovery in practice again to see whether it was correct or not. So I continued my observation and study the second year, and my findings confirmed the law of the growth of peanuts that I had found the year before. In addition, there was a new discovery. I found that 60 to 70 per cent of the pods were borne by the first pair of branches and 20 to 30 per cent by the second. Only a few pods were by the third, and most of them were empty. The main stem of the large peanut had no flower and no pod at all. Two years of practice divulged this secret of the growth of peanuts and helped me understand some of the interrelations involved in their growth.

Having found the laws governing the growth of peanuts, I applied them in carrying out repeated experiments to increase the yield. To do this, it was essential to get the best out of the first pair of branches. Shallow sowing was preferable, because sowing the seeds deep in the soil would affect the bearing of pods by that first pair of branches which grew round the base. But the area of our production brigade was stricken by drought almost every spring, which made the soil dry. Moreover, the large, oil-rich seeds took a long time to sprout. Shallow sowing would cause these seeds to dry up easily, and this meant not all the seedlings would sprout and increasing the yield would be impossible. Not knowing how to solve this problem worried us very much.

With this problem in mind, I studied Chairman Mao's *On Contradiction* and finally got the answer. Chairman Mao teaches: **"In studying any complex process in which there are two or more contradictions, we must devote every effort to finding its principal contradiction. Once this principal contradiction is grasped,**

**all problems can be readily solved."** Chairman Mao's teaching enlightened me. I pondered: If we want to increase the peanut yield, we must first of all ensure the full sprouting of the seedlings, without which a high yield would be out of the question. Therefore, the principal contradiction at the time was to ensure the growth of all the seedlings, and the method of resolving this contradiction was deep sowing. Having solved this question, the problem of the first pair of branches buried deep in the soil, which affected the bearing of the pods, came to the fore. Formerly a secondary contradiction, it now became the principal contradiction.

How to solve this contradiction? Again I turned to Chairman Mao's works for instruction. In *On Contradiction*, Chairman Mao points out: **"It (materialist dialectics) holds that external causes are the condition of change and internal causes are the basis of change, and that external causes become operative through internal causes."** I made an analysis: The first pair of branches blossomed early and luxuriantly, with a big potential for increasing the yield. But deep sowing was unfavourable to the growth of the first pair of branches, which meant that their potential could not be fully used. This, I realized, was because of the restriction by the external causes. Following Chairman Mao's teaching, I tried to find a solution to this problem through practice.

While thinning broomcorn millet (*Panicum miliaceum*) seedlings one day with Wang Tien-yuan, an old poor peasant, I asked him why we didn't add soil around the roots when we thinned the seedlings. His reply was: "We sun the upper part of the roots of broomcorn millet seedlings, but add soil around the base of the fox-tail millet (*Setaria italica*) seedlings. If we don't sun the roots of broomcorn millet, we can't get a high yield."

As I went on with the work, I said to myself: "Broomcorn millet puts forth new shoots from the root. To facilitate the growth, we do not add soil around the bottom of the stalk. Isn't there any similarity between the tillering of broomcorn millet and the branching of peanuts? If we can remove the earth from around the base of the broomcorn millet seedling and expose the part where it tillers to the sun, can't we do the same with peanut seedlings?"

When I thought of this, I went straight to the peanut plots and removed the earth from around the base of one cluster. The main stem thus exposed was so white and tender that water began to ooze out when I pinched it with my fingers. I wondered if such a tender stem could stand exposure to the sun without withering. But then I told myself: "As the saying goes, how can you get the tiger cub without going into the lair?" Plucking up my courage, I removed the earth from around the base of 22 clusters.

Facts later showed that the main stems of these seedlings, instead of withering in the sun, turned purplish as they grew as sturdy as the stems of trees. Thus I found the solution to achieving full sprouting of the seedlings by deep sowing and making full use of the first pair of branches. Removing the earth from around the base of the clusters also helped check the growth of the seedlings, and this was extremely beneficial to the growth of the peanuts and the bearing of the pods. After talking it over with my production team, four small plots were set aside for experimenting with this method. When the autumn harvest was reaped, the yield of these plots was up 25 per cent.

### III

Popularization of this method in our production brigade has, to the joy of everybody, resulted in a big boost in the peanut yield. I deeply realize that it is Chairman Mao's brilliant philosophic thinking that has helped unravel the mystery of raising the yield. Mao Tsetung Thought is the beacon guiding our scientific research; as long as we follow Chairman Mao's teachings and act according to his instructions, we shall always be victorious. In accordance with Chairman Mao's teaching that **"man has constantly to sum up experience and go on discovering, inventing, creating and advancing,"** I carried on with my experiments and succeeded in constantly raising the peanut yield.

Further observation revealed that while each flowering node on the first pair of branches had six or seven flowers, there was only one or two pods. Why so many flowers but so few pods? At first I thought it was because of the lack of fertilizer, so I applied more

fertilizer. But too much top dressing in the early stage led to the overgrowth of the main stems, and this in turn reduced the number of pods borne by the branches.

It was at this point that I found the contradiction between the main stem and the branches which, though not apparent in the early stage of growth, became conspicuous after the first and second pairs of branches formed. In the early stage, the main stem was the leading branch. From its numerous leaves it produced nutrients through photosynthesis and helped the branches grow. But when the first and second pairs of branches had formed and begun flowering and bearing fruit, they needed more nutrient. Hence the contention for nutrient between the branches and the main stem which also needed nutrient for continued growth. This had an adverse effect on the bearing of pods by the branches.

How should we resolve this contradiction? I made a serious analysis in the light of the theory of contradictory things transforming themselves into each other, as expounded in *On Contradiction*, and drawing on the experience in topping cotton and melon plants, I experimented on topping the peanut plant. When the second pair of branches had formed, I topped the main stem. Experiments showed that, compared with an untopped peanut plant, the first pair of branches of the topped plant began to flower seven days earlier and each cluster had seven more pods. The next year, we carried out further experiments in the small plots. Compared to the untopped plants grown under similar conditions as regards water and fertilizer, the yield of topped plants went up about 8 per cent. Thus we found a new method for increasing the peanut yield.

Contradictions are bound to crop up continuously, and we advance continuously in the course of resolving them. In 1967, our area was hit by the worst drought in decades, resulting in a big decrease in output. I felt badly that we couldn't sell large quantities of peanuts to the state. The following year saw another long dry spell. Determined to fight the drought, we worked hard to water the peanut plots. However, most of our peanuts were grown on poor hilly land with only a thin layer of soil. After we watered the plants, the tempera-

ture of the soil rose when the sun shone on it, with the result that many pods of the large peanuts formed in the early stage began to rot.

This was a new contradiction which had to be solved. In the light of the truth that contradictory things transform themselves into each other, I set about creating conditions for resolving it. With the help of our technical team, we built row after row of ridges for growing peanuts, and we watered the furrows between the ridges. This prevented rotting. But by building ridges we had increased the distance between the rows, with a corresponding decrease in the total number of clusters on each *mu* of land. The result was that the yield still could not be raised.

At that point, we interplanted large and small peanuts, growing the small peanuts in the furrows because they were better able to resist water-logging and took less time to grow. So we succeeded in working out a method of preventing the pods of the large peanuts from rotting and at the same time not reducing the total number of clusters grown on each *mu*. After experimenting on the small plots, we gathered from each *mu* more than 400 *jin* of large peanuts and over 200 *jin* of small peanuts. Thus we found a new way to conquer both drought and water-logging and get a high and stable yield of peanuts.

From practice I realize that in farming we always have to deal with contradictions, and through scientific experiment we create conditions to make the contradictions transform in the direction beneficial to mankind's cause of revolution and construction. Objective things are always developing; there will always be contradictions and there is no end to scientific experiment.

## A Story of Duck-Tending

The Party branch assigned the two of us to tend ducks last May. We have been studying Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking. Using it in our work, we succeeded in solving all the problems quite easily. Our three hundred ducks were fat and healthy. They gathered in flocks and walked in files when we let them out.

In the beginning we thought duck-tending was simple. All we needed was to work hard, feed them properly at dawn and dusk, drive them out for a walk in the morning and keep them safe from weasels at night. We felt that would take care of everything. To our surprise, problems arose one after another.

Though given the same feed, some of the ducks were sturdy and some thin; some lively and some dull. Why? Chairman Mao says, "Whoever wants to know a thing has no way of doing so except by coming into contact with it, that is, by living (practising) in its environment." Following his teaching we looked into the matter. We found that at night the ducks huddled together. The strong ones slept snugly, pressing the weak underneath.



The next day the cosy-sleepers were energetic while the crushed ones limped about in poor spirits. To tackle this we separated them into several groups. We also learned from the poor and lower-middle peasants that midnight feeding would fatten the ducks. So we fed them at two o'clock every morning and then drove them out for a walk. Before long they grew fatter and chased each other cheerfully.

One day at noon, seeing that the ducks were dispirited we released them. It was dreadfully hot, so we drove them to a pond. And this caused disaster: When we took them back, one-third of them lay down and were unable to move. What was the matter? With this specific problem in mind we opened Chairman Mao's works and studied.

Chairman Mao says, **"If a man wants to succeed in his work, that is, to achieve the anticipated results, he must bring his ideas into correspondence with the laws of the objective external world; if they do not correspond, he will fail in his practice."**

We asked poor and lower-middle peasants and other duck-tenders for help. We learned from them, held "medical conferences" and analysed the "case" with them. We concluded that the scorching earth at noon was too much for the tender webbed feet of the ducks. Sending the ducks into the cold water made the feet even worse. The sudden change from hot to cold caused the blood to congeal in their webs.

Yen Ming-yu suggested that we try blood-letting as his people back home did when they themselves had this affliction. We picked up one of the sick ducks, punctured the swollen web with a needle and pressed out the congealed blood. No sooner had we put it on the ground than it stretched its legs and stood up. In this way we treated the ducks one by one. The next day all the paralyzed ones got to their feet.

Chairman Mao teaches, **"After he fails, he draws his lessons, corrects his ideas to make them correspond to the laws of the external world, and can thus turn failure into success; this is what is meant by 'failure is the mother of success' and**

**'a fall into the pit, a gain in your wit.'**" We drew a lesson from our failure and summed up our experience as follows: Keep the ducks away from dirty water, bath them after each outing; avoid the hot sun at noon and drive them out to enjoy the cool of the evening. This method had successfully prevented illness that they might possibly catch during their growing-up period.

Contradictions appear and develop in various forms. In the struggle to change reality we must not limit our treatment to the outward manifestations of a contradiction. We must **"treat its appearance merely as an usher at the threshold, and once we cross the threshold, we must grasp the essence of the thing."** Only thus can we reveal its nature, gain a deep knowledge of it and solve it correctly.

When the ducks grew to the weight of one *jin*, they began to run a lot. Even before the last of them had left the gate, the ones in front were already one or two *li* ahead, scattering all over the fields. It was difficult to gather them together again in the evenings. We had to ask people to help us catching them.

Was this the appearance or the essence of the matter? We investigated at night with flashlights. We noticed that quite a few ducks kept preening themselves. Wondering if they had lice in their down, we picked up one to examine it. No lice. But why did they itch all over? The next morning we continued our investigation. They came out waddling and started to run as soon as they stepped on to a patch of grass. We caught up with them and grabbed one. It struggled to peck at the new quills growing from its skin. When we put it down, it again sped away.

After careful analysis we found the reason: When ducks shed their down and grow feathers, the sprouting quills itch, and so they run. The scraping of the grass made them itch and run all the more. Running was the appearance, itching the essence. Having discovered this reality, we set to solving the problem. During the feather-changing period we drove the ducks to a ditch and, with one man standing watch at each end, let them eat and peck at will. Since ducks "ignore blows and itches when they feed," we always

kept some minnows on hand. At the first sign that a duck was getting ready to scoot we waved our rods and threw it a minnow. The ducks scuttled no more.

The itching ended after their feather had changed. Sometimes, however, they still ran. Again we went to ask the poor and lower-middle peasants. They told us that ducks had a wild streak. Whenever it broke out, they scampered. What should we do? Confining them in the ditch every day was obviously not a good method.

We studied Chairman Mao's teaching: **"... In studying any complex process in which there are two or more contradictions, we must devote every effort to finding its principal contradiction. Once this principal contradiction is grasped, all problems can be readily solved."**

Then we thought: Every duck is inclined to scamper. But what is the contradictions common to all three hundred? We observed and analysed carefully, and discovered the principal contradiction. It lay in the ducks which took the lead. They were naughty, more impetuous, and wilder than the others, and their moods were contagious. When they squawked, the others stopped eating; when they scuttled, the others followed. We concentrated on this principal contradiction and set our eyes on the leaders, guiding them with our long rods. As a result we kept them under control, and the others remained calm.

Things are not isolated and static but exist in the state of **"One divides into two,"** containing within themselves contradiction and struggle which are also interrelated with and interacts on the things around them.

On the surface it looks as though the ducks can do whatever they like on the impulse of the moment. Actually they are influenced by terrain, crops, animals, sunlight and weather. For instance, they do not respond generally to the cries or movements of oxen, horses, sheep and dogs. But they raise their heads on hearing the croaking of frogs. They stand still when they see eagles flying overhead.

Chairman Mao teaches that **"we must learn to look at problems all-sidedly, seeing the reverse as well as the obverse side of things."** After observation and analysis we saw that the leading ducks had a bold as well as a wild aspect, that the others were tame but timid and sluggish. Having understood these contradictions and their interrelation, we made good use of them. In addition to profiting from the existing positive factors, we also converted negative factors into positive ones wherever possible.

Since the ducks were affected by different conditions, we varied our methods according to whether the ducks were feeding in depressions, rivulets or crop fields. For instance, if we wanted to gather scattered ducks to a certain spot, we imitated the noise made by birds, insects or wild cats that the ducks were afraid of. Taking advantage of the leading ducks' boldness and quick movements, we let them set an example in swimming streams, getting out of pits or jumping over ditches. On the other hand, we put the timid ones in front or on both sides of the flock when we drove them along the road or beside crop fields.

Method and world outlook are inseparable. There are contradictions of this sort or that in duck-tending, but the ideological contradiction between public interest and selfishness is the principal one. To convert contradictions into something beneficial to duck raising, we must study and apply the Three Constantly Read Articles in a living way and remould our world outlook and thus accelerate the transformation of selfishness into devotion to the public interest. Only in this way can we raise ducks well and contribute to the revolution.

## Political Leader of the Team

Big changes have taken place in the Hsiaohsiang Team, which is part of a commune in Yushu County, Kirin Province. The team members garner bumper harvests every year, vying with each other on the socialist road. The spiritual transformation of the people and the physical transformation of the land are due in large part to a fifty-year-old woman Chi Tien-yun, a Communist and the team's political leader.

Hsiaohsiang was originally a poor mountain valley inhabited by only two families. In 1959 the commune set up a stock farm there and moved in a few dozen households. In 1962 Liu Shao-chi, that renegade, traitor and scab, began touting various schemes for the restoration of capitalism in the countryside. The farm, which was having a hard time, was converted into a production team. Its total population, young and old, came to seventy-three. Only nineteen were capable of hard work. The cattle consisted of four old oxen. Two had no teeth, one was blind. There were also two donkeys.

The team had two hundred and eight *mu* of land in fifty-five parcels scattered on the mountain slopes. Their average grain production in 1962 was only a hundred and thirty *jin* per *mu*. Some of the team members wavered and favoured abandoning this place. "Trees die if you move them, but people live," they said. "There's good land about five *li* from here. Why should we wear ourselves out in this wretched valley?" Two middle peasant families moved away.

Others didn't want to leave, but they had no confidence. "The oxen are old, the harness is torn. We're short of grain for ourselves and short of fodder for our animals," they said. "How can we produce anything?"

What was the answer — stay or leave, work or quit? Should they fight to maintain this position or let the land go to waste? Chi saw the agitation in the eyes of the poor and lower-middle peasants, and she felt that her responsibility was indeed a heavy one.

Chairman Mao's teachings and the training the Party had given her infused her with immense strength. She said: "The day I joined the Party I raised my fist and vowed to be fearless in the face of death, to plough ahead through hardships, to wage revolution to the end." Her mind was clear, her eyes were bright. Confronted by this new trial, she determined to plant herself like a spike in Hsiaohsiang and stand firm, come what may, to shoulder the load, though it be a thousand *jin*.

"We must follow the road pointed out by Chairman Mao," she told the others, "be self-reliant, work hard. We'll fight in Hsiaohsiang and make it change."

**"The poor peasants have always been the main force in the bitter fight in the countryside."** That night, in the light of a lamp, Chi and the peasants studied Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"Poverty gives rise to the desire for change, the desire for action and the desire for revolution."**

She reminded them of the example of Wang Kuo-fan and his peasant neighbours who formed an agricultural co-op in Hopei Province with a donkey in which they had a three-fourths share as their sole joint property. "They did it with only three legs of a donkey,"



she said. "We've got sixteen oxen legs and eight donkey legs. We're in a much stronger position. At the time, the rich sneered at Wang's co-op, and called them 'paupers.' If we show as much guts as those 'paupers' did, we'll be able to lick the biggest difficulty and change the poorest valley."

After the meeting Chi went from door to door, encouraging the peasants to fight it out. She didn't get home till quite late at night. The lamp was already burning, as in other peasant houses.

Her husband, Hsu Ching-lin, said: "We built a new three-room house in the village in 1959, but you refused to live in it and insisted

on moving to the stock farm. You said you were a Communist and had to go wherever the Party needed you. I didn't say a word against that. Now there's no more stock farm, so why stay here? Let's go back to our old village."

"I came here to run the stock farm in 1959 because the Party gave me the job," Chi replied. "I've got to stay here to build socialism. That's also a job the Party has given me. A Communist must carry the heaviest burdens and pitch in wherever there are hardships. We must fight to change this place."

Fearlessly she attacked the task. In the wind and snow of winter she led the masses in processing natural fertilizer for next year's grain crop. When spring ploughing commenced, they found they were short of seed, fertilizer and tools. The state wanted to give them an eight hundred yuan loan. Chi discussed the question with the team members and they decided not to take it, they were determined to be self-reliant and carry on the fight.

"We should help the state shoulder its burdens," she said, "not add to its troubles."

They were short of rope halters, so Chi contributed the hemp thread she used for stitching shoe soles. Others, following her example, also gave whatever hemp and cord they had. That solved the rope halter question.

They were also short of fodder. Chi took them out cutting and gathering grass, rising early and returning late. That solved the fodder problem.

Their animals were too few and weak to transport all the manure needed to the fields. Chi was the first to carry some herself in baskets.

Early spring in 1963, the snow and ice were just beginning to melt. Mud and chunks of ice choked Whitehead Gorge. Chi and seven other women rolled up their trouser legs and set to work in the muddy water with picks and shovels. The skin on their hands became chafed and split, blood stained the wooden handles. But the women battled on for forty days. They dug eleven drainage ditches, built forty water-guide furrows, and prevented a later flood.

Under Chi's leadership, in one year's time, the production team increased the average yield per *mu* from 130 *jin* to 421 *jin*. The team members were delighted with the grain production. They said, "We had never such a big harvest before!"

Chi smiled, "That's because we fought hard as Chairman Mao teaches us."

When the spring planting had started, the brigade knew that the team was having a difficult time and set no quota for grain sale to the state. They said it would be enough if the team could feed itself. But now they had gathered a bumper harvest, Chi thought: "The Party gave us the task of battling in this poor valley not simply for self-sufficiency but also for a bigger contribution to the state." She talked it over with the other peasants, and they selected and sold to the state sixteen thousand *jin* of their best grain. It was the first time Hsiaohsiang had ever been able to do this.

The day of the delivery was like a festival. With tears in her eyes, Chi gazed at the happy peasants and said to herself: "Hsiaohsiang is making progress."

With a stiff backbone and a straight stride, Chi the Communist travelled the road pointed out by Chairman Mao.

One spring day in 1964 she returned from a meeting in the county town. Without pausing to rest, she joined the other team members delivering manure to their eastern fields. Before she had walked very far she noticed an ox cart coming slowly around the mountain. She quickened her pace and caught up with it at the crossroad. It was piled high with rafter poles. The driver was dozing on the cart.

Chi was shocked. A few days before, this man had proposed bringing the poles, which belonged to the team, to market, and doing more trade with the proceeds. Chi had said no. But when she went off to the meeting he started anyhow. Angrily, she stopped the cart and shouted:

"Everyone is anxious to get the manure to the fields. Why are you using the cart to carry poles?"

"This is also team business. No matter how much manure we deliver, all we get out of it is one autumn harvest. But poles bring

a profit of a yuan apiece if we haul them a little distance. One day like this is worth more than a whole autumn."

"A fine thing! All you can think of is petty profit. What about the needs of the state? What's more important — personal gain or strengthening the state? This kind of thing is all wrong."

"Our team hasn't much reserves. The team members' families don't have much in reserve either. If we sell a few cartloads of poles, we'll all be better off."

Just then a poor peasant came along. He hotly berated the driver. "Of course our team ought to build up our reserves," he said, "but we can do it only on a socialist foundation. We certainly can't rely on capitalist methods."

By then many team members had gathered round, and they overwhelmed the driver with criticism. Helplessly, he whipped up the ox.

"Stop," Chi shouted. "It's no use just waving your whip with your eyes shut. You've got to lift your head and see if you're on the right road." She turned to the team members. "Grain is the key, not money," she said. She directed them to dump the rafter poles by the side of the trail and put the cart back on the road delivering manure.

"Trees want to be still, but the wind won't allow them," as the saying goes. No sooner had the peasants blocked one capitalist deviation than a new evil gale blew up. Liu Shao-chi, that renegade, traitor and scab, began pushing hard for a restoration of private enterprise.

Some people were confused by this gale and switched over to a contract basis of work, favoured by the capitalist roaders. It put the stress on material incentive for more individual effort, instead of on political consciousness as the inspiration for improved collective labour.

Chi immediately recognized the true nature of the contract system and she flatly opposed it. Once a responsible person from a higher organization made a tour of Hsiaohsiang to promote the contract system. He came on Chi and the team members studying Chairman Mao's works at the edge of a field.

"This place has changed," he said flatteringly. "You've got grain and fish and fruit now. You've done very well." Then he asked Chi: "How is their enthusiasm?"

"We Hsiaohsiang peasants haven't much ability," she replied. "Whatever we've accomplished is due to Chairman Mao's good leadership. We find that when we follow the road Chairman Mao has pointed out we're full of energy."

That wasn't what the fellow was hoping to hear at all. Impatiently, he dropped his façade. "Other places are using the contract system in a big way," he said. "If you did the same, your team members would work even harder. You'd all have more grain to eat and you'd earn more money."

Anger rose in Chi like a wave. "It's not for extra money or grain that we till the land," she retorted, "but because we're eager to build socialism."

The man's face hardened. In his coldest official manner he said: "You're a Communist. If you don't listen to orders from above you'll be committing an error."

Chi was very upset. That night she thought and thought. "A Communist must always bear in mind the main orientation, the main objective," she said to herself. "The main objectives of the contract system and of communism are as different as east and west. They're not the same path. The more people go the contract system way, the farther they get from communism. I'm moving towards communism, not the contract system. That's no error." Having reasoned it out, she felt quite sure of herself.

The next morning she discussed her ideas with the team members, and explained the harm in the contract system. "Anything that conforms with the orientation pointed out by Chairman Mao, we should do," she said. "Anything that doesn't, we should oppose, no matter who recommends it."

The storms of the struggle between the two lines tempered the woman Communist. Many things drew her attention. Why was the evil tendency in Hsiaohsiang connected with certain persons higher up? Why were some individuals impeding the advance towards communism?

**"Never forget class struggle."** She studied Chairman Mao's concepts on this matter and her mind became clear: As the revolution deepens, the class struggle grows more complicated. A Communist must view things and recognize the road in keeping with Chairman Mao's teachings. In the class struggle his backbone must be stiff and his steps straight.

The flames of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution ignited by Chairman Mao encrimsoned the Hsiaohsiang team. Veteran Communist Chi seemed to grow younger. She threw herself into the heat of the battle.

One day in November, 1966, Chi returned home after a day's work. As she entered the door, she heard Chairman Mao's latest directive being broadcast over the loud-speaker: **"You should put politics in command, go among the masses and, together with them, carry on the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution still better."**

She was so excited that she couldn't eat. She rushed happily to the team office, telling everyone she met about the directive.

To implement it, Chi led the masses in exposing the schemes of certain persons within the Party to restore capitalism, and criticized their attempts to wreck the collective economy. She also urged the team members to help the cadres revolutionize themselves. She bought paper and ink, cleared out a room in the team office and stretched strings from wall to wall.

"What are those for?" someone asked her.

"For the team members to hang their big-character posters on, when they write criticizing the cadres."

"Ah, you've led us through storm and strife all these years. Who's going to write posters about you?"

"That's not right. The posters of the masses will help us cadres to correct our shortcomings and mistakes."

Besides encouraging the masses to write posters about the cadres, Chi took the cadres around to the homes of the peasants, where they criticized themselves for selfish actions and ideas, and the peasants helped them to better follow the revolutionary road indicated by Chairman Mao.

Just at that time, a man who had served a prison sentence for a crime tried to stir up the peasants to remove Chi from her post and install himself as team leader. "All she knows is hard work, but she can't plan or calculate," the fellow said. The peasants were not fooled, and refuted him point by point. Chi continued to lead them vigorously in the political struggle and in their farm work.

Every day, she got up earlier than anyone. First she went to the team office, where she looked around and did a little of this and a little of that. If the pig tender asked for a day off, she fed the pigs herself. If a cadre had any ideological problems, she talked to him and straightened out his ideas. In the mornings, she called the team members to work. In the evenings, she studied Mao Tsetung Thought with them and held sessions refuting revisionism.

It was very obvious that she was following Chairman Mao closely and devoting herself whole-heartedly to the revolution. The team members were happy and moved. "With a good cadre like Chi, we've nothing to worry about," they said. They were unanimous in insisting that she continue as the political leader of the team.

Under her leadership, the revolution in Hsiaohsiang was progressing vigorously, and production boomed. In four years of the cultural revolution they gathered four bumper harvests, their grain output rapidly increasing. They defended Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line by their practical deeds.

Chi often said to herself: "One advanced person doesn't make much difference. A single person can't build communism. The more new communist-minded people we have, the quicker we'll get it constructed." Motivated by the highest ideals, she built up the countryside. Aiming for splendid goals, she developed people of a new type.

When she first arrived in Hsiaohsiang, she was the only Communist. In the seven years which followed, she led the masses in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. With her help, seven team members joined the Party. These seven were now the mainstays of the team.

Sun Chung-yu, the present production leader of the team, came to Hsiaohsiang in January 1966. Chi promptly handed him a carrying pole. "The first thing you've got to learn," she said, "is coping with hardships."

It was the coldest time of the year, and they were busy delivering manure to the fields. Chi carried the first load through the wind and snow, followed by Sun and the others. In less than three days the young fellow's shoulders were red and swollen, and he had to grit his teeth each time he lifted the laden pole.

Chi saw, and understood. Worried, loving, concerned, she asked: "Can you manage?"

Sun looked at this Communist who was twice his age and woman besides, carrying on her own shoulder a load as big as his own. "Yes," he said firmly.

"There isn't a peasant in Hsiaohsiang who hasn't callused shoulders," she told him. "They consider them an honour."

The next spring, at sowing time, she gave him a mattock. He had always used a horse-drawn plough, never this kind of implement, for turning the soil. Chi worked beside him to show him how it was done. She told him of Hsiaohsiang's tradition of hard struggle, of its battle between the two roads and two lines. She reminded him: "**Never forget class struggle.**"

After Sun joined the Party, Chi continued to help him. When he made some accomplishments, she urged him to further progress with Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Modesty helps one to go forward, whereas conceit makes one lag behind.**" She strictly pointed out his shortcomings, and patiently helped him correct them.

Once the team was building a storehouse. Without asking for permission from the team committee, Sun contracted the job to some men from another team. Chi came back from a meeting one day and found them building the foundation. She asked Sun what was going on.

"These men aren't from our team," she said.

"We've hired them to do the job."

"How much?"

"Two hundred and fifty yuan. Is that too much?"

"It depends on how you look at it. Compared with our team's reserves today, it isn't much. Compared with what we had to start with, it's quite a lot."

"I was afraid if our own people did it, it would delay our work in the fields."

"With these men here, won't it delay the work for their team? The storehouse is for our team, but the grain is for the state. If they harvest less grain on account of us, it means in effect that our team is causing a cut in the grain delivered to the state."

"Oh. What should we do?"

"We'll call a meeting of the masses tonight and talk it over."

At the meeting all the team members agreed that they should build the storehouse themselves. They said: "We've carried thousands of tons of manure by ourselves, what's so hard about building a storehouse?" The next morning they went to work in the rain. Six days later, the storehouse was finished.

Afterwards, Chi said to Sun: "Whatever we do, we mustn't forget the state. Whatever our work, we must go at it hard. Whenever we run into trouble, we must talk it over with the masses."

With Chi's help, one after another of Hsiao-hsiang's young men and women became advanced proletarian fighters. And, using Mao Tsetung Thought, she made advanced elements out of the backward as well.

Wang Hsien-chung, when they were first building the team, had felt that Hsiao-hsiang was too poor, its earnings too small. He moved away. In the year that followed, the peasants worked hard and gathered a large harvest. Wang was startled. The next year, there was another big harvest. Wang was admiring. The third year, when the same thing happened, he began having regrets. The fourth year he kept coming once a month, pleading that he be allowed to return. After the 1967 harvest distribution, he didn't even wait for the team to send a cart, but hauled his family belongings back himself.

Chi vacated some rooms in her own house for him, and heated them nice and warm. She was even more concerned about his thinking than about his living conditions. That same night, she invited

some people of poor peasant origin over, and they all talked with him.

"It was your selfishness that made you leave Hsiao-hsiang," she said to Wang. "You mustn't bring it back with you. You changed places, but you haven't changed your ideas. We till the land for the revolution, not to live in comfort. A man mustn't think only of his own small family, he must think of the big family of world revolution."

Wang was really stirred. He said: "I'm going to change my outlook completely and put public benefit before my personal gain." With Chi's help, his awareness steadily improved. Soon, he was elected one of the leaders of the team. Wang did the job for a while and felt he was handling it pretty well. He grew complacent. Chi noticed this. One evening she came to his home and taught him this quotation from Chairman Mao:

**"Even if we achieve gigantic successes in our work, there is no reason whatsoever to feel conceited and arrogant. Modesty helps one to go forward, whereas conceit makes one lag behind. This is a truth we must always bear in mind."**

Completely loyal to the revolution, a fearless fighter for the people, Chi observed the team members progressing, saw them one after another join the Party, and she happily exclaimed: "Striving together will bring us to communism."

Chi has never faltered in aiming for splendid revolutionary goals, moving continuously forward in the direction indicated by Chairman Mao. On October 1, 1969, National Day, she attended the celebration in Peking and was among those invited to the rostrum on Tien An Men Gate. There she had the joy of seeing our great leader Chairman Mao, of whom she constantly thought.

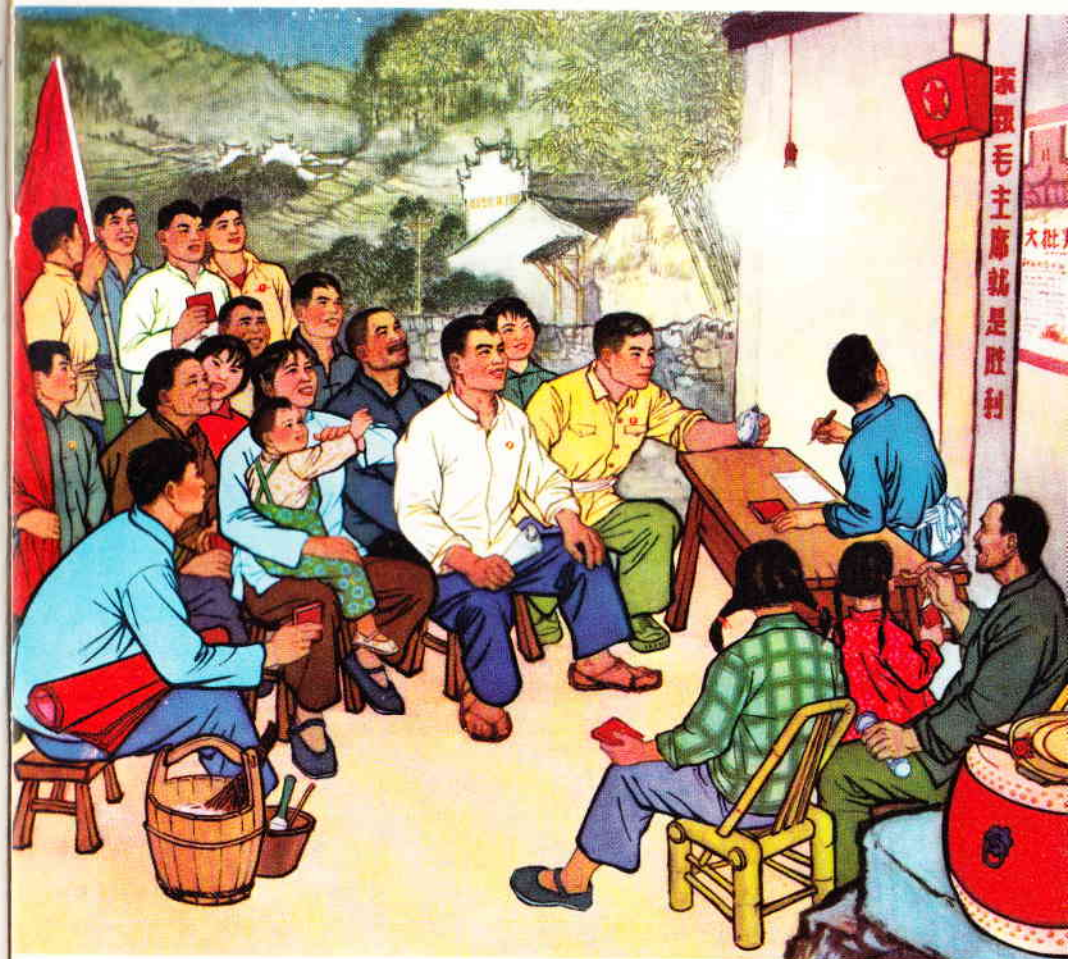
Before, she had stood in Hsiao-hsiang and gazed towards Tien An Men. But now, as she stood on Tien An Men, her eyes embraced on the entire world. Her vision had broadened. She vowed to follow our great leader Chairman Mao to win still more magnificent victories.

"Rain and dew nourish the grain," goes the song. Leaving Peking, Chi carried a bottle which she had filled with water from Chungnan-



hai, the lake on whose shores Chairman Mao works and lives. This water would nourish the soil of Hsiaohsiang and bring joy to the team members' hearts.

Raised on the sunlight and dew of Mao Tsetung Thought, Chi, the Communist, is leading the peasants of Hsiaohsiang rapidly forward to a new stage.



---

*Waiting for Chairman Mao's New Directive* ►  
(New-Year poster)

## Devoted to the People

In 1954 Pi Ying-lan, a girl of seventeen, who had just graduated from primary school, was entrusted by the poor and lower-middle peasants with the task of establishing a credit co-op. This girl, who had grown up in an old revolutionary base area, had made up her mind from childhood to follow Chairman Mao's teachings and be of value to the people. Now she could serve the people as revolutionaries before her had done. How happy she was!

Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tsetung Thought. **“Without the poor peasants there would be no revolution. To deny their role is to deny the revolution. To attack them is to attack the revolution.”** This teaching of Chairman Mao helped Ying-lan to see that serving the people in the rural areas meant chiefly serving the poor and lower-middle peasants. It was them that the credit co-op should serve.

However, the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his agents, the capitalist roaders in Jungcheng County, pushed the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in running credit co-ops, which was “to issue loans only to those who have joined the co-op

and to ignore those who have not." Ying-lan thought to herself: "Those who've no shares in the co-op are mostly poor and lower-middle peasants. If it doesn't help them when they have difficulties, won't it be contrary to Chairman Mao's teachings?"

She decided to pay no attention to what the capitalist roaders peddled, and concentrated entirely on the poor and lower-middle peasants. When poor peasant Wang Shu-hsien who had been compelled to work for the landlords in the old society, was seriously ill, she sent him a loan though he had made no request. Surprised when he received it, he asked: "I have no share in the co-op. How can I borrow money from it?" She answered, "Chairman Mao tells us to run credit co-ops to serve the poor and lower-middle peasants. Though you hold no shares we should still help you."

Once a corner of poor peasant Pi Ko-chiu's house collapsed during a downpour and the roof seemed likely to fall. Ying-lan rushed over in the rain to help the Pi's in saving the house. After they propped up the roof with a pole, she said, "I'll go right away and ask the masons to repair your house as soon as the rain stops." Knowing the man was short of money, she added, "Don't worry. No matter how big the difficulty, our credit co-op set up under Chairman Mao's leadership will stand behind you!" She ran off to the co-op and returned with a loan for him.

Holding the money in his hands, Pi Ko-chiu felt warmth coursing through him. He said with deep feeling, "This isn't just money. It's Chairman Mao's concern for us poor and lower-middle peasants."

Ying-lan loved these peasants deeply and hated the class enemies bitterly. One day during her absence, a rich peasant who hung on to his old ideas, went to the credit co-op and managed to get a loan of five yuan for himself. When Ying-lan found out, she firmly declared, "This should not have been given!" She rushed to the home of the rich peasant and insisted on his returning the loan. A poor peasant commented, "Ying-lan comes to our compound so often that her footprints cover the ground. But she never goes near the door-steps of the landlords and rich peasants."

When the credit co-op was being consolidated and developed in line with Chairman Mao's instructions, those following the capitalist

road in the county spread the slander that "the masses have no confidence in the credit co-ops run by themselves." Ying-lan saw through this scheme of theirs to get rid of the credit co-ops. Indignantly she pointed out, "They are trying to abolish the credit co-ops! This runs counter to Chairman Mao's instructions. We won't let them do it! The poor and lower-middle peasants are quite capable of handling their own affairs. It's their legitimate right to run co-ops."

So this evil wind was stopped.

In keeping with the demand of the poor and lower-middle peasants to firmly grasp power over the commune credit co-op, Ying-lan proposed that each brigade select one or two representatives from the poor and lower-middle peasants to form a committee to run the co-op. Credit stations were set up right in the production teams and run by the poor and lower-middle peasants' representatives who worked for it in their spare time. This meant that commune members could either deposit money or obtain loans right in their own villages. This was warmly applauded and supported by the great majority of peasants. As a result, the total deposits of the co-op have been the highest throughout the county in the last few years, although the economic condition of this commune was no better than that of others. Ying-lan became director of the commune credit co-op in the spring of 1962. It was just at the time when the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi was working hard to restore capitalism. The commune members had a hard time as a result of their collective economy being sabotaged by his revisionist line. Because of this, Ying-lan became the most active of the credit co-op cadres in going among the poor and lower-middle peasants. While working together with them in the fields, the cadres exposed the class enemy's plot to undermine the collective economy. At the same time they explained Chairman Mao's thinking on overcoming difficulties through self-reliance, and pointed out by concrete examples the superiority of the people's communes. They also helped the production teams and the poor and lower-middle peasants arrange their credit co-op funds, solve problems in their everyday life and other difficulties.



With the help of the credit co-op, the poor and lower-middle peasants substantially increased production and improved their living conditions.

The way the credit co-op made loans was the opposite of Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line of "giving loans to the rich, not to the poor." The head of the bank, a follower of the capitalist road, severely criticized Ying-lan for issuing loans to the poor and lower-middle peasants. He slandered the peasants, calling them "pits of poverty that can never be filled up." Ying-lan felt that this capitalist roader was openly switching the directive of Chairman Mao for the running of credit co-ops. She refused to listen. Before the man had finished speaking, she stood up and angrily refuted him: "You want to drag the credit co-ops astray onto the capitalist road!" At

this the capitalist roader flew into a rage and roared: "What's that, Pi Ying-lan! Tell me, when are you ever going to fill up these bottomless pits of poverty?"

"We simply must help the poor and lower-middle peasants to solve their problems and overcome their difficulties," replied Ying-lan. "We rely on these peasants. I make revolution precisely for them. Under the leadership of Chairman Mao these pits of poverty you talk about will be turned into mountains of wealth."

Pointing at this capitalist roader she said emphatically: "Chairman Mao teaches us, **'This question of "for whom?" is fundamental; it is a question of principle.'** Serving the poor and lower-middle peasants is the way pointed out by Chairman Mao to run credit co-ops. No one shall change it!"

Ying-lan's firm declaration dealt a crushing blow to this capitalist roader, and exposed his position.

"Defying rain or snow, our Ying-lan works extremely hard for us poor and lower-middle peasants all the year round, but she never thinks of herself." This was what the poor and lower-middle peasants said about Ying-lan's faithful service to them.

Once, poor peasant Pi Chia-hsi was quite ill. Ying-lan went to various places to buy medicinal herbs for him. She took them to his home, brewed them and saw that he took the medicine before she trudged home through the snow in the dark. Early the next morning and for several days following, she went to see the patient to make sure that he took the medicine on time. With such care his condition steadily improved. One day a strong north wind was blowing and the snow had piled up on the road. In order to complete Chia-hsi's cure, Ying-lan insisted on going to a town thirty-five *li* away to buy some other herbs for him. The old man's wife clasped her hand and said: "Ying-lan, you're so thin! A single gust of wind could carry you away. How can you go in such weather!" Ying-lan replied: "Taking care of comrades means taking care of the revolution. I'll do everything for the revolution and the poor and lower-middle peasants. I don't mind how difficult it is."

So Ying-lan set off. Before long she stumbled and was knocked over by the strong wind. She clambered to her feet again and walked on, chest high, regardless of the snow that covered her. At dusk when she returned her hair and outer clothes were wrapped in a layer of ice. Without changing her clothes as advised by the old woman, Ying-lan immediately began brewing the new herbs for the sick man.

Wherever she went, Ying-lan carried the warmth of the Party to the people.

Noticing that the brigade was slow in raising pigs and had too few sows, she and another comrade rode more than eighty *li* on bicycles to buy some animals of a better breed for the brigade.

To prevent and cure common pig diseases, Ying-lan learned how to give them injections. To save coal for the commune members, she learned how to make a new type of stove. Whenever she was out on her bicycle, she always carried with her hoes, sickles, spades or picks people asked her to buy and letters and parcels they asked her



to post. She helped the poor and lower-middle peasants in a thousand and one different ways.

Wherever she went, Ying-lan propagated Mao Tsetung Thought among the people.

For some time an old animal breeder, disgruntled because he had been slandered behind his back, wanted to change his work. Ying-lan heard about this and went to see him several times. Together they read and discussed the article *Serve the People* and recalled their great sufferings and bitter hatred of the old society. The old man was moved to tears and said, "I was wrong. I haven't followed Chairman Mao's teachings. I forgot the past. But from now on I'll work hard, be a credit to the poor and lower-middle peasants and win honour for Chairman Mao." Even now, nearly sixty, he still remembers the teachings of Chairman Mao which Ying-lan explained as she worked in the barns with him day and night. Ying-lan often helped the commune members run Mao Tsetung Thought study classes and organized the comrades of the credit co-op regularly to go and find how other commune members were studying Chairman Mao's works. She knew everything that happened in her region: Which team leader was in low spirits; which animal breeder had muddled ideas; who was troubled and so on. The commune members all liked to consult her when they had problems, big or small.

"Ying-lan! You should rest a bit." some kind-hearted comrades advised. "Why bother yourself about things that are beyond your job?"

"If I'm working for the people," Ying-lan replied, "nothing is beyond my job! The trouble is that I don't do as much as I should."

One winter morning there was a northwest wind and a heavy snow-storm. When she got up, Ying-lan shivered, it was so cold. She looked at her baby lying on the heated *kang* and thought that she should make a new cotton-padded coat for it. But immediately she asked herself: What about the children of the poor and lower-middle peasants? Are they warm enough? Perhaps some old and childless members of our revolutionary martyrs' families are having difficulties? She went out at once in the blizzard to see if anyone needed help.



Ying-lan always lived simply and worked very hard though her family was quite comfortably off. For more than ten years she continued to wear the padded coat which was made when she was seventeen. She patched and mended her bedding of home-made cloth again and again. She was very economical, saved her wages and never bought even a scarf to wear during the bitterly cold winter. With the money she saved, she bought farm tools for the peasants or medicinal herbs to cure them when ill. The poor and lower-middle peasants were very concerned about her.

"Ying-lan," they said, "you're so thinly dressed! Don't you feel cold?" "But, if I were warmly dressed," she always answered, "I'd forget how cold the poor peasants feel."

In 1963, Ying-lan developed hepatitis. The leading comrades kept urging her to go to the hospital for treatment, but she used to say: "Illness is not something beyond control. One can subdue it with revolutionary spirit. This little illness can't scare me."

At times she suffered from nephritis and acute arthritis. In the coldest winter weather the arthritis often made her legs numb and painful. When the comrades of the credit co-op tried to insist that she take a rest, she replied: "The poor and lower-middle peasants need our help very much. This little illness doesn't matter much!"

March of the same year, a bad boil caused a swelling on her leg. At that time, a comrade in the credit co-op was on maternity leave and there was no one to take over her work. Ying-lan said resolutely: "Let me do it!" Not mentioning the boil, she did the work of two. She kept some analgesic tablets in her pocket in case the pain was acute. When it became so severe that she trembled from head to foot she would silently repeat Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**"

One day she fainted on the road. Seeing her condition, people were very concerned, some even wept. An old peasant woman held her hands and said: "Ying-lan, you put your whole heart into serving us poor and lower-middle peasants, but why don't you take more care of yourself?" She was sent to the hospital immediately. When she regained consciousness, her co-workers complained that she never

thought of herself. "If it is in the interests of the poor and lower-middle peasants," she replied, "it doesn't matter if I suffer even greater pain!"

"It doesn't matter!" How profoundly these words embodied Pi Ying-lan's communist spirit of "**utter devotion to others without any thought of self**"!

Nurtured by brilliant Mao Tsetung Thought, Ying-lan, an ordinary village girl with a few years of schooling, grew into an outstanding communist fighter. She diligently studied Chairman Mao's works and earnestly remoulded her world outlook with Mao Tsetung Thought.



When *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* was first published, Ying-lan borrowed the book from a demobilized PLA man and copied the quotations down word by word. On sweltering summer evenings she still studied, though soaked with sweat and plagued by mosquitoes. Her mother said to her fondly:

“Ying-lan, it’s late. Go to bed!”

“No, not yet, mother,” she would reply. “It doesn’t matter if I lose some sleep, but without studying Chairman Mao’s works, I can’t serve the people well.”

Ying-lan studied the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* tirelessly. Over the past few years, she wrote in her diary several hundred thousand words shining with Mao Tsetung Thought.

In 1963, she had to have an operation. The first thing she did after she came to was to take Chairman Mao’s article *Serve the People* to re-study and make some notes. She was in so much pain that she was pale and trembling. The nurse tried several times to persuade her to rest. “You’ve just had an operation, and your condition is still serious. You’d better put off studying till you’ve fully recovered,” she advised.

Smiling, Ying-lan answered quite firmly: “I may be physically ill, but I must never let my mind become ill. It must never rest though my body sometimes must.”

That same day, a leading comrade from the bank came to see her. Ying-lan learned from him that all the cadres in the bank and credit co-ops were to attend a meeting the following day when important instructions from Chairman Mao would be relayed to them. Ying-lan insisted on going. “Let me hear Chairman Mao’s words. They’ll inspire me and I’ll recover quicker,” she said excitedly. “If I can’t listen sitting up, I’ll listen lying down.” Touched by her earnestness, the doctor and the leading comrade agreed she could go.

Ying-lan persisted in studying and applying Chairman Mao’s works in a concrete way in the course of mass struggles, kept in mind the problems arising in class struggle and the struggle between the two lines, and remoulded her own world outlook.

At first when they began to gather manure, women in her district were not accustomed to such work. Even Ying-lan herself felt it was

something out of the ordinary for a young woman to go around carrying a manure basket on her back. With this in mind she studied in the evening Chairman Mao’s teaching that **“the workers and peasants were the cleanest people and, even though their hands were soiled and their feet smeared with cow-dung, they were really cleaner than the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals.”** This made her realize that her attitude towards carrying manure was a sign of her petty-bourgeois thinking. From then on, whenever she went out she took a basket on her back and collected manure on her way. Seeing her take the lead, other women in the region also carried manure baskets.

Ying-lan used to say, “Devotion to public interests and selflessness come only through struggle. Only by tempering oneself at the forefront of struggle, can one thoroughly remould one’s world outlook.” In 1968, when her area was hit by a severe drought, Ying-lan was in the van to lead the women to fight it. Although still physically weak, she plodded along with two big buckets of water on a shoulder pole. The commune members told her to rest but she continued carrying water even more energetically. She said, “To change one’s world outlook, one must temper oneself at the forefront of the struggle.”

Mao Tsetung Thought matured Ying-lan politically. Her consciousness was raised to a higher level. She wrote in her diary: “A genuine revolutionary must have high revolutionary aspirations. He must link everything he does with these aspirations. Communist society cannot come about by itself, but must be created through the efforts of innumerable revolutionaries. To build communism, one must be determined to struggle all one’s life for its realization.” She closely linked her thoughts and work with the cause of the Party and the emancipation of mankind.

In the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Ying-lan always stood in the frontline of the class struggle. She led the revolutionary masses in fighting courageously against their class enemies.

On November 19, 1968, late at night, Ying-lan, good daughter of the Party who was boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line, laid down her life heroically in the struggle between the two classes.

Like a flame, the news of her death seared the hearts of the poor and lower-middle peasants in villages far and wide.

The day before her death, people had seen this young woman, full of vitality, pressing her way against the cold wind to production teams to take care of twenty-three deposits or withdrawals for the commune members. Apart from that, she had pasted coloured portraits of Chairman Mao in the homes of many poor and lower-middle peasants.

On the same day, people had seen her helping an elderly animal breeder in the brigade to clean out the barns.

On the same day, Ying-lan had paid a special visit to Aunt Liu, an old sick peasant, to boil water and prepare medicine for her. She fed Aunt Liu's pigs and cleaned the sty. Afterwards, sitting on the *kang* she mended a padded coat, which the old peasant woman had intended to do, while explaining to her Chairman Mao's latest instructions.

Ying-lan's death caused the people indescribable sorrow and aroused their burning hatred for the class enemies. Braving a biting cold wind, tens of thousands of poor and lower-middle peasants flocked to the place where Ying-lan laid down her life.

A few days later, Hsin-liang, a twelve-year-old son of the old peasant Pi Chia-hsi, set out in deep snow for the martyr's grave. The boy had to clamber over ice-covered mountains to reach the place where Ying-lan was buried. His hands and some other parts of his body were frost-bitten. To his mother who had searched with him for the grave, the boy said in tears, "In the past Aunt Ying-lan always came to see us. But now she can't come any more. I miss her so!"

Hsin-liang was not the only one who would think of Ying-lan during gales and blizzards. During the past fourteen years Ying-lan shared life with the poor and lower-middle peasants through thick and thin. Her footprints were on all their door-steps.

Pi Ying-lan lives for ever as a brilliant image in the hearts of the people. "Live for the emancipation of mankind and die for the public interest," she used to say. This communist spirit of hers inspires tens of thousands of people to work harder for the cause of communism.

*Liang Kuang-chun*

## Uncle Green Pine

In his sixties, Shan Ta-chang should have been ranked as one of the older generation, but he always tried to work along with the youngsters. And so all the villagers, young and old, called him Uncle Green Pine instead of Uncle Ta-chang, meaning that he was for ever young.

His production team was situated on the top of the Yenchu Mountain, 1,500 metres above sea level. The team members lived in separate clusters of three to a dozen households. Half way up the mountain was the solitary abode of Uncle Green Pine.

A tiller of the land who had only a very small reading vocabulary, Uncle Green Pine nevertheless knew Chairman Mao's writings very well. He learned and memorized them sentence by sentence, paying special attention to applying them in action. Once, at a meeting of the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought by the poor and lower-middle peasants in the district, he recited *Serve the People* fluently and without mistake and impressed his audience tremendously.

In the early spring of 1970, when one of the cows in his team gave birth to a calf he insisted on looking after it. The team leader had had an eye on him, an old poor peasant who had suffered much in the



old society, who studied and applied Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way, who worked whole-heartedly for the collective and who really knew cattle-breeding. Only Uncle Green Pine's age made him hesitate. Cattle-breeding is no easy task — feeding the animals and keeping them warm in winter, grazing them in summer and adding fodder during the night. Besides, Uncle Green Pine had already three oxen under his care. Since he insisted stubbornly the team leader consented. "It leaves nothing to be desired if you will look after the calf, but you must take care of your own health too," he said with concern.

When Uncle Green Pine was grazing the cattle one day, a man emerged and edged forward to him, saying cryptically: "Uncle Green Pine, we folk here in this devastated mountain are also learning from Tachai, which calculates their work points at the end of every year. Your family lives half way up the mountain all by itself. No one would know it even if you broke your back. Who knows how many work points you will get by the end of the year. . . ."

This fellow was no other than the rich peasant Wang the Evil Dragon. An employer of cowherds and hired hands before liberation, he was called One-eyed Dragon by the villagers because he was blind in one eye. After liberation all his prestige vanished for he was severely criticized and struggled against by the masses for sabotaging the collectivization of agriculture. Ever since, he had been named One-eyed Worm.

Unreconciled to his downfall, he was always on the lookout for revenge. That day, when he saw Uncle Green Pine tending five oxen all by himself, he thought his time had come to have a go at the old man.

Uncle Green Pine retorted right away, "I breed cattle for the revolution, not for work points. You are blind in both eyes if you think you can rope me in your sabotage." One-eyed Worm sneaked away, crestfallen.

Looking around, Uncle Green Pine was delighted to see how the team was prospering after they began to learn from Tachai. Terraced fields climbed the mountain slope; the wheat which was putting out tassels was rippling in the breeze; and the plump little calf was skipping about merrily. Unable to contain his happiness, he burst into a ballad he had coined himself:



Standing on the high mountain top I look towards Peking,  
A whip in hand, my strength overflowing.  
Chairman Mao's teachings I'll remember always,  
Working for the revolution heart and soul.

As the cattle grazed, Uncle Green Pine cut grass. Pile upon pile of it heaped up in his wake. When the sun was setting, he tied them into bundles, lifted them and felt their weight. Why, they must be over two hundred *jin*. He would not be able to carry them back at one go and decided to make two trips. Returning from his first trip, he was shocked to find the calf missing. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed.

The sun sets fast in the mountains. A moment ago, it was a bamboo pole high over the horizon. But soon darkness fell completely. He quickly took the four oxen home, lit a lantern and, without stopping for a drink of water or a rest, hurried up the mountain again to look

for the calf. It was a moonless night and the light from the lantern was dim in the dark mountain. **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Silently reciting Chairman Mao's quotation, Uncle Green Pine searched carefully for the calf in the chilly mountain wind. After a while he saw a flashlight gleaming ahead. It was Old Wang, the team leader. Seeing him so worried, Old Wang tried to comfort him. Then he said, "Well, now. Do you think a calf would leave its mother?"

"Certainly not. Can it be there's some plot behind this, Old Wang?" Already suspicious, Uncle Green Pine, alerted by Old Wang's query, seemed to have smelt the gunpowder of class struggle.

"We'll get to the bottom of this business, anyway," Old Wang said with confidence.

The news spread. Cadres and villagers, with flashlights or lanterns in their hands, flocked out to look for the calf. Calling as they went, Uncle Green Pine and the team leader ran into One-eyed Worm at a fork in the road.

"What are you up to at this time of the night?" the team leader demanded.

"I am looking for the calf, too," One-eyed Worm stammered before the glare of the two men. He quickly vanished into the darkness.

Next they came across the security cadre. The three sat down on a rock. The team leader opened his *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* and read in the glow of his flashlight: **"We should always use our brains and think everything over carefully. A common saying goes, 'Knit your brows and you will hit upon a stratagem.' In other words, much thinking yields wisdom."**

They began to use their brains and pool their wisdom. Suddenly they heard a cow lowing. Slapping his thigh, Uncle Green Pine exclaimed: "I have an idea. Let's take that cow and..."

The team leader knew what he had in mind immediately. "The appearance of One-eyed Worm just now is suspicious," he said to the security cadre. "Take a few militiamen with you and follow him."

They soon got the cow out. She missed her offspring terribly, and lowed without cease in the dark night.

Somewhere the calf mooed hoarsely in response. One-eyed Worm, who was hiding in the darkness, realized that his plot would soon be discovered. The flashlights gleaming around showed that the masses were closing up on him. He was just trying to sneak into a bamboo grove when the security cadre, who had been following him all the time, clutched his collar.

The team leader, Uncle Green Pine and the other villagers searched in the direction where the calf was lowing. Soon they came to a cave seldom visited by the villagers. A rock was blocking the opening of the cave where the calf was hidden. When the rock was removed the calf ran straight to its mother. Tears of happiness filled the eyes of Uncle Green Pine when he saw his dear little calf.

"This is severe class struggle," said the team leader as he stroked the calf. One-eyed Worm was taken to the spot.

"Look, this is poison," said the security cadre. "One-eyed Worm has been carrying it on his body. If we didn't catch him in time he would have killed the calf by now."

Furiously, Uncle Green Pine glared at One-eyed Worm and said, "You came to stir up evil when the calf was put under my care. When that failed you tried to poison the calf. What a heinous crime!"

One-eyed Worm trembled and turned pale before these facts.

"This is a sharp lesson on class struggle," said the team leader. "And he is a negative example. We'll call a struggle meeting tonight so that more people will learn the lesson. Let the masses expose and criticize him."

The next morning as the sun rose in the east, Uncle Green Pine was again grazing his cattle. The sun shone especially bright that day; the bamboo groves were even greener; and the pungent aroma of the wheat and barley tickled the nostril. Nodding in the breeze the grass seemed to be beckoning to Uncle Green Pine. At this happy flourishing sight, he sang the ballad again:

Standing on the high mountain top I look towards Peking,  
A whip in hand, my strength overflowing,  
Chairman Mao's teachings I'll remember always,  
Working for the revolution heart and soul.

## A Lively Class

As Chen Chen-sha, a veteran worker of fifty-one, hastened towards the school where he was going to lecture, his heart was jubilant.

Yesterday evening he worked hard, preparing till twelve. When he went to bed he was unable to fall asleep. He tossed and turned the whole night. A month ago, when he received the invitation from the worker lecturers' team, he was very stirred. If it weren't for the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, who would have thought that an ordinary veteran worker, who had never even seen the inside of a school room in the old society, could lecture in a middle school? It was really something unprecedented.

The grey-haired Chen was dressed in washed-out work clothes with a glittering Chairman Mao badge on his jacket. In high spirits, he approached the school gate. The first thing he saw was a quotation from Chairman Mao written on the wall of the building: **"The working class must exercise leadership in everything."**

Chen entered. A stout middle-aged woman who was waiting for him at the gate came forward to greet him. Chen gazed at her

smilingly. She looked very familiar. Why, it was Teacher Chang who had taught him how to read in a night school in 1958.

"Welcome, Master Chen," she said with a smile.

"I remember. You're Teacher Chang!" Chen grasped her hands tightly. "You taught me."

"Did I?" Chang said, surprised and happy. "Well, today you're going to teach me. I must learn from you."

"Let's learn from each other."

The bell rang. Chen and Chang entered the classroom. The students sat quietly in their seats.

"Comrades," said Teacher Chang, "Master Chen from the worker lecturers' team is going to give us a lesson on basic knowledge in industry."

Applause broke out from the students.

With deep emotion Master Chen ascended the platform. He was so excited that his hands kept strumming the edge of the table as he spoke.

"Comrades, I'm going to talk about lever." He picked up a piece of chalk and wrote the word on the blackboard. Then he put down the piece of chalk, glanced at the blackboard and turned to the students.

"Comrades," he said, "some of you may laugh at my poor handwriting. But you know, if it weren't for Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, I would not be able to write at all."

"In my childhood," Master Chen went on, "when I saw other children going to school with book bags on their shoulders, I envied them. I often pleaded with my father, 'I want to go to school, I want to go to school.'" But each time he simply shook his head and responded with a bitter smile. One day, however, he told me: 'I'm going to repair a smokestack for a mill. The boss says he will pay me three yuan. You can have the money for your tuition.' I got very excited."

The students listened attentively. Smiles appeared on their faces.

"But although the day-shift had ended for quite some time, my father still did not come home," the worker teacher continued sadly. "I waited and waited. Suddenly a stranger rushed in, crying, 'A terrible thing has happened. Your dad fell from the smokestack. He's unconscious.' My mother and I dashed to the mill. We found

my father lying in a pool of blood. . . . So I lost my father. I had to work for a living. There was no more talk of going to school."

Master Chen's face darkened with anger at these bitter memories. After a while, he raised his voice and said agitatedly, "After liberation, under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, we workers won emancipation not only politically but also culturally. I learned to read in 1958. Later, I went to a night school. Your Teacher Chang had taught me."

Very moved, Teacher Chang stood up. "No lesson of mine was ever as impressive as this one you are giving today," she said.

"I owe all I have today to Chairman Mao," Master Chen told the students. "My handwriting is not so good, but it hasn't been easy for me to learn even this much."

A stocky lad sitting in the front jumped to his feet. Waving his arms, he shouted, "Never forget class bitterness! Bear in mind the hatred born of blood and tears!"

"In freedom never forget the Communist Party! In happiness always remember Chairman Mao!" another student rose and responded. "Learn from the workers! Salute the working class!"

"Master Chen, I've something to say."

"I've something to say, too."

The class grew ebullient. At sight of the happy students Chen was delighted. He waved his hand for silence.

"Let's come back to the lever," he said. He took out a steelyard and two weights of different sizes and continued: "Before liberation, the landlords and capitalists used the lever to take in more and give out less. When they bought the tobacco we took pains to grow, they used the bigger weight. A hundred *jin* would be reduced to seventy. But when they sold, they used the smaller weight, and a hundred *jin* became one hundred and thirty. This was how the capitalists used the lever to exploit us labouring people. Different classes have different purposes in learning the lever. Ours is to serve the great construction of our socialist motherland. For instance, we cannot move a machine of several tons with our bare hands. But if we prise it with crowbars, it can be moved easily. This is because the fulcrum and its extensions are employed."

"Comrades," asked the teacher, "did you find the lever applied to the service of our socialist construction in the factory when you worked there?"

The class grew more animated. The teacher and the students quoted examples to show the importance of the lever in technical innovations.

The class ended and Master Chen came down from the platform amid applause. Teacher Chang ran over and gripped his hand.

"Your lecture was marvellous, Master Chen. You've taught the students not only principle of lever but politics as well."

The students flocked round Chen, clapping. Hot tears in his eyes, Chen raised his little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* and shouted:

"Long live the victory of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution!"

"Love live the great leader Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

The voices rang through the corridor, flew out of the school and sailed into the far distance, spreading in the boundless blue sky over our great motherland.

## Golden Key

In the kitchen of the big warship, Meng leaned over the stove and poked at the grate. Several minutes of his ministrations failed to induce the flames to rise. The stove seemed to be deliberately spiting him. He shoved hard with his poker and muttered in vexation: "It's hard enough to get along with a new man. Must an 'old veteran' like you give me trouble too?"

Someone put a hand on his shoulder and he turned around. Ku Ta-chu, leader of the kitchen squad, was standing behind him, chuckling.

"Even when it's an 'old veteran' you're dealing with, you've got to know his quirks." He took the poker from Meng and said with a smile: "Let me try."

Meng stepped aside and watched. Ku deftly stirred the fire a couple of times. Cinders showered down through the grate and the flames immediately began to dance.

"Get the idea?" He put down the poker and turned to Meng. "What about that 'Red Pair' you're about to form with Chang? Will you two really become 'Red'?"

Meng didn't know what to say. He wasn't at all sure. Chang had come on board only three days before. Meng hoped he would

settle down to his job in the kitchen and that they would form a "Red Pair," helping each other and progressing together. But he thought Chang's behaviour left a lot to be desired. The boy seemed so mercurial. Meng couldn't figure him out.

When Chang was assigned to the kitchen, he said, "It's stifling here. There's no room for a man to use his energy." And: "No one ever saw a bayonet on a spatula or a spoon. Now, to be a gunner, that would really be something."

The previous morning, Meng had sent him up on deck to wash more vegetables. He needed them to start cooking. But he waited and waited and Chang didn't return. All the smoke was gone from the oil in the skillet. Meng stamped with impatience and hurried up on deck.

"Hah," he cried. "A fine thing." There was Chang, a basket of vegetables still on his arm, running a hand admiringly over the barrel of one of the big guns.

Angered yet amused, Meng scowled. "Don't you think you ought to do your own job first?" he demanded.

"If we don't understand the big guns, how are we going to wipe out the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries?" the boy murmured.

Meng didn't argue, but that night in the squad meeting, meaning to be helpful, he told what had happened. To his surprise Chang was irritated and claimed he was always trying to pick holes in people. Meng felt quite aggrieved.

Before he could retort, Squad Leader Ku stood up and said, "Everyone should study Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking and find where the contradiction lies and solve it." The meeting was over. Ku asked Chang to come out for a chat.

Meng had been annoyed and distressed. Now he looked at the squad leader standing beside him, but did not answer his question about the prospects of his "Red Pair" with Chang.

Ku could see that he was troubled. He pulled out a book of Chairman Mao's philosophic essays and said kindly to Meng, "Let's see what Chairman Mao says about this." He pulled Meng to sit down beside him in front of the stove.

Ku pointed to some lines underscored in red in *On Practice*: “If a man wants to succeed in his work, that is, to achieve the anticipated results, he must bring his ideas into correspondence with the laws of the objective external world. . . .”

They studied and discussed this teaching and Ku said, “The main cause of the contradiction between you and Chang is the way you think and work. You haven’t made proper use of Chairman Mao’s brilliant philosophic thinking to analyse and solve your problem. Chang is good iron. He comes from a poor family, and has deep proletarian feeling for Chairman Mao, and he hates imperialism, revisionism and reaction to the marrow of his bones. How do you forge iron into steel? A lot depends on the temperature of the furnace. In cooking rice, you need a hot fire when you first put it on the stove. But when it’s nearly ready you use a smaller flame, otherwise it doesn’t come out well. You have to control the flame not only when you’re cooking rice, but also when you’re doing ideological work.”

It’s true, Meng thought. He had paid a lot of attention to Chang’s shortcomings, but he hadn’t given much recognition to his good points. He had been critical, but not very helpful. That had dampened Chang’s enthusiasm and aroused his resentment.

Suddenly everything was clear and bright to Meng, as if the squad leader had removed the cinders from his mind.

Ku stood up, threw a shovelful of coal into the stove, and sat down again. “Chang isn’t content to work in the kitchen because he doesn’t understand the connection of this work with preparation against war, because he hasn’t got an over-all view of the situation. That’s the main obstacle in his mind today. If we can straighten him out on this, his other problems will be solved very quickly. I hope you and he will really become a ‘Red Pair,’ and go forward together.”

The flames in the stove leaped higher, the water in the pot began to bubble noisily. Meng couldn’t repress his excitement. He stood up abruptly and said to Ku, “I must have a talk with Chang.”

Even before the words were out of his mouth, Chang came bounding in, a sheaf of papers in his hands. “Look, Comrade Meng,” he said earnestly. “Here are some rules I’ve drawn up for our ‘Red Pair’ arrangement. I wish you’d improve them. I need your help to

correct my shortcomings. I’m willing to work in this kitchen for ever, as my part in the battle against imperialism, revisionism and reaction.”

Meng rushed over and excitedly grasped Chang’s hands in his own. “Chang, you really. . . .” He was incoherent with delight.

Chang pointed at the smiling squad leader. “He let the light into my pumpkin head with Chairman Mao’s philosophic thinking.”

The night before, after the squad meeting, Ku had taken the boy into the conference room and studied Chairman Mao’s *On Contradiction* with him. He urged Chang to look at all aspects of a situation, and he told him a story. During an important practice cruise, the kitchen squad, in keeping with Chairman Mao’s great teaching, “**Heighten our vigilance, defend the motherland,**” delivered meals directly to the engine room and gun stations, so that the men didn’t have to leave their posts even for a moment. This contributed to the success of the cruise. The higher leadership complimented the squad and recommended that their method be adopted by other warships.

Chang’s enthusiasm mounted, his understanding grew. How well the squad leader studied and applied Chairman Mao’s philosophic thinking! Everything he said went straight to Chang’s heart. The boy realized that his view had been too narrow. Actually the kitchen was an indispensable part of preparedness against war. It was a battlefield, its spatulas and spoons were weapons.

He had no interest in rest that night. He wrote a statement of determination to the kitchen squad, and drew up a set of rules for himself and Meng as a “Red Pair.” Now he showed these happily to Meng and Ku.

All smiles, the squad leader shook hands with Meng and Chang and said, “Your ‘Pair’ must become ‘Red’ in the light of Chairman Mao’s philosophic thinking.”

“We’re going to study and use Chairman Mao’s philosophic thinking in a big way,” vowed Chang and Meng. “We’ll unite and progress together.”

In the pot the water was seething loudly. And on the faces of Ku and the two boys the flames reflected a bright and glowing red.

## A Philosophy Lesson in the Fields

Early one morning, with a rake on my shoulder, I was irrigating the rice fields.

"Hey, Young Hsu, come over here."

I looked around. Through the milky mist I saw our team leader waving to me from a terraced paddy field. I walked up to him. He had been checking on the irrigation and the legs of his trousers were soaked.

"What do you think of this rice?"

The grain was growing beautifully on the high plot, with tassels like horse tails, its stems thick as reeds, with sturdy leaves.

"We'll get a thousand *jin* per *mu* here, that's for sure," I said happily.

"For sure, eh? This is the last stage of irrigation. You mustn't get careless." He obviously didn't approve of my answer. He pointed at the plot where I had been working. "The ground's cracking, it's so dry. Cutting off the water too early affects the yield."

"Should we give it some more?"

"Yes." He walked rapidly towards the brigade's pumping station.

Regulating the irrigation isn't easy, and I was new at the job. More than once the team leader had told me: "Correct irrigation makes all the difference in the size of the rice crop." As I watched him walking away I remembered the time, two months before, when he had taken me in the rain to look at the rice fields.

Dawn was just breaking. Dark clouds rolled before a fierce northeaster. As I started to leave the house, rain suddenly poured down in a deluge. "The weather is being very co-operative," I said to myself with satisfaction. "No need to irrigate the fields today. This will save our collective a lot of electricity."

It was still raining after noon. I put a raincoat over my shoulders and went out to the fields. When I got to the high plot I was surprised to find the sluice open and the water gushing out. "Who could have opened that sluice?" I wondered.

Behind me I heard a frank laugh. "I did it. Any objections?" I turned. There stood the team leader, raindrops rolling from his stubbly cheeks. He strode up to me.

I didn't understand. "Why are you letting the water out?"

The team leader tugged me by the raincoat. "Come into the low paddy fields and you'll see."

He led me to a low-lying plot where he squatted and pulled up a few stalks of rice. "What colour are these roots?"

"Black."

He walked over to another plot and did the same. "What about these?"

"Brown."

Finally, he led me back to the field on the high terrace and showed me some other roots. They were white as snow.

"Three samples of rice. Which is the best?"

"This here on the high plot, of course."

He laughed. "What's the reason?"

I was stumped. The team leader patted me on the shoulder. "It's the root colour that gives the answer. We have an old saying: 'Black is ailing, brown is existing, white is thriving.' Chairman Mao teaches us: 'We must learn to look at problems all-sidedly, seeing

the reverse as well as the obverse side of things.' He says we should make **'concrete analysis of concrete conditions.'**

"Rice needs water, but not all the time. If you douse it when it doesn't need water, its roots turn black, it becomes diseased, and any wind can knock it down. On the other hand if you don't give any water when it needs it, the ears won't develop properly, it won't put out tassels, the sap won't rise, the grains won't be full."

Suddenly, it all became clear. I thought: "There's really a lot of science to this irrigation business."

"Here comes the water. Let it in." This shout interrupted my musing. The team leader was coming back from the pump house. I wielded my rake and knocked a breach in the channel. The water flowed into the paddy fields.

"Let's go. We'll take another look at the late rice along the channel at the head of the village."

"Good," I said. I had a question to ask him about that rice. I followed behind. It was a special strain I had planted there myself, along with other commune members. The rice on the east bank we had put in a day later, but its ears were much fuller than the west bank rice.

"What's the reason?" I couldn't wait to ask the team leader.

He separated the stalks on the west bank with his fingers. His bright eyes carefully examined the leaves. He thought a moment.

"Did you put fertilizer on this plot?"

"I gave it two floodings of ammonia water as against only one to the east bank rice..."

"Oh. That's it, then. It's a question of fertilizer."

I probably looked a little sceptical. He pulled me to sit down beside him on a ridge on the edge of the field. He opened his little red book and read: **"If a man wants to succeed in his work, that is, to achieve the anticipated results, he must bring his ideas into correspondence with the laws of the objective external world; if they do not correspond, he will fail in his practice."**

Smiling, the team leader said: "Fertilizer certainly is a condition for increasing growth. But if it's not applied properly, if it doesn't correspond with the laws of the growth of rice, it does harm and causes

the yield to drop. The west bank rice is tall but thin because of that extra washing of ammonia you gave."

"What can we do?" I looked worriedly at the rice.

The team leader knit his brows, peered up at the sky, felt the temperature of the water near the roots, then said: "The internal conditions for change in this west bank rice are ripe, but the external conditions aren't altogether suitable. Chairman Mao says: **'In a suitable temperature an egg changes into a chicken.'** When the temperature is right the tassels will flower and pollinate. The weather has been very good lately. Give this rice some water every day at noon to keep the temperature right. I think there's still time to bring it around."

"There's still time!" I was delighted. The team leader had made me understand an important principle. To develop agriculture for revolution, enthusiasm isn't enough. You also need a strict scientific approach, a grasp of materialist dialectics. Only then can you cultivate the land well and make a bigger contribution to world revolution.

"How is it that you always examine a question so thoroughly?" I asked admiringly.

The team leader laughed and held up his red book of *Quotations*. "When a man is red in his thinking, the yield from the land is high. To regulate irrigation well, you first have to regulate your ideas. I don't have any special ability. I just use what I've learned in this book."



*Chen Yang*

## The Regimental Commander Comes to the Mine

In the cool fresh breeze, so full of lofty aspiration,  
Determined to support the Left for the revolution,  
Comes a regimental commander on his way to the mine,  
Striding briskly over the long mountain trail.

The poplars dance, the small streams sing their welcome,  
In the pines the wind roars to the horizon;  
As he follows the pathway across mountain ridges,  
His mind floods with memories in endless tidal waves.

One autumn night nearly thirty years before,  
In drenching rain and chilling wind,  
With guerrillas brave as tigers, he came  
And killed the wolves with home-made guns and swords.

As the smoke of that night's desperate battle cleared,  
The dead enemy lay scattered on the withered grass.  
Then as the new day dawned and the bugles blew,  
In the morning sun the green peaks danced with joy.

He'd never forgotten how on the cliff he'd vowed  
To join the Party and follow the road  
Of revolution for even ten thousand miles.  
Then on he'd pressed with the red flag waving high.

Now the regimental commander is grey at the temples.  
But the echoes of gunfire still roar in his ears;  
As he crosses the old battlefield he raises his head  
To view the spring landscape. What a new sight!

Away on the mountain many mine shafts are standing,  
In the valley red walls out-distance each other;  
Flying lorries are chasing the scurrying clouds,  
Loud-speakers in the clear air are broadcasting good news.

The towering mountains and rivers of our motherland  
Sing together a new battle song.  
Tamed waters flow over the lovely landscape,  
While green peaks a new chapter of our history write.

As he looks at his own dear land, the world he views,  
Within him the storm still ebbs and flows  
With the drums of battle and the bugles call,  
For the radiance of revolution is lighting up the skies.

He feels the thrill of his hot blood surge,  
There's youth in his heart and his purpose is strong;  
For the Party has sent him to give help at the mine,  
And so he vows to shoulder and fulfil this hard task.

The earth and the skies are rocking to the dynamite's charge,  
While loud happy songs rise up from the work site.  
He hurries along towards the mine,  
Where at the shaft red banners beckon to him.

*Tien Chang-fu*

## The Map in Our Shop

On a good clean wall in our shop we've hung  
A coloured map for all to see.  
Around it our workers always gather,  
To talk about our motherland,  
While happiness shines on every face.

Away across our country wide,  
Waves the silver cotton and golden grain;  
Our people's communes advance each day,  
The mountains and valleys a coloured brocade.

This red is the glare of a great steel city,  
Where a new blast furnace the sirens hail;  
While dazzling sparks fly up into the blue  
To gaily decorate our lovely land.

---

Tien Chang-fu is a worker.

And there's Peking where lives Chairman Mao!  
When I look at it my whole heart throbs;  
The torch of revolution you hold on high  
And light the way to communism.

While gazing at the map of our motherland,  
We hear the echo of Asian, African  
And Latin American battle drums.  
The skies are stormy, there's wind and thunder,  
But irresistibly the tide of revolution runs!

As our motherland and the world we view,  
Us workers are fired and full of go;  
We wield our hammer, let storm and stress come  
Beneath flying sparks the road of struggle gleams.

*Liu Yuan-sheng*

## A Veteran Worker Sees Me Off to University

Here and there the sirens sound,  
The swirling river swiftly flows,  
Red flags flutter everywhere  
Along the docks for many miles.

The veteran worker who's been training me,  
Is seeing me off to the university.  
"Now you're going to the university," says he,  
"You must promise me that you'll never forget  
The scores that workers in the past  
Have written up in their blood and tears.

---

Liu Yuan-sheng, formerly a docker of the seventh district in the Shanghai docks,  
is now a student of Kiangsi Branch of Peking University.

"One time when I was only eight,  
My job was to collect the cattle dung;  
So, as out of the village I had to go,  
When I passed the school-house on my way,  
I raised my head and had a look.

"All of a sudden I was caught unaware,  
A cruel knife slashed me as I stood there,  
And the scarlet blood from my shoulder flowed.  
The landlord, a bastard with knife in hand,  
Yelled at me, 'You lousy beggar,  
How dare you dream of going to school!'

"So I raised my shovel, smeared with manure,  
And gave him a wallop that sent him reeling  
While flames of anger scorched my heart.  
Then with scar on shoulder to remind me,  
I buried the seed of hatred in my heart.

"At eighteen I came here as a docker,  
The laden loads near broke my back;  
Along the gang-plank we used to stagger,  
Like dogs we were driven with club and whip,  
The blood and tears of us workers dripped  
Into the Huangpu River's raging tide.

"When Chairman Mao called us to make revolution,  
The turbulent river roared with us in fury,  
With a carrying pole — my only gun,  
In the van I charged, then loudly shouted  
My welcome to the dawn of liberation!

"The great red sun rose over the docks,  
Spring returned and warmed the earth;  
The docks were gay in a new red dress,  
Our happy songs rose everywhere.

"But a thousand cheers, ten thousand songs  
Are not enough, dear youth, to tell  
Our love and loyalty to Chairman Mao.  
To university our Chairman Mao sends you,  
And there you must ever bear in mind,  
The pen that Chairman Mao now gives you,  
Is to hold our proletarian power  
Firmly, over every branch of culture;  
To accept the task of world revolution,  
Firm and steady, you must march forward."

Here and there the sirens sound,  
The swirling river swiftly flows,  
Red flags flutter everywhere  
Along the docks for many miles.  
I tightly grasp my teacher's hand,  
And hold it for a long, long time.  
I feel hot tears brim my eyes,  
As from the depths of my heart I pledge,  
"I'll closely follow Chairman Mao  
And fight till the day when far and wide  
Red flags unfurl over all the world!"

*Chien Hung-chun*

## Delivering Goods to Workers' Homes

With a load upon her three-wheeled cart  
Of oil and salt and good rich sauce,  
With flavouring essences and vinegar too;  
Her heart is full of loving care  
And lively devotion to the people she serves.  
With pearls of sweat upon her cheeks,  
She rides to the streets where the workers live.

She measures the oil and weighs the salt  
With tender loving care for all;  
"Was yesterday's fish all right?" she asks,  
"Does Uncle's illness get better today?"

---

Chien Hung-chun is a worker.

"Why, thanks to your kind solicitude,  
Of course he's feeling better today."  
Old Aunty replies with gratitude  
As she buys her oil with a beaming smile.

"It is my duty to serve the people,  
For Chairman Mao has taught me so.  
I'll always remember when I take my cart  
To deliver goods to the workers' homes."

Her care and devotion to all of us  
Is because of her love for our working class!

*Wu Yen-mei*

## A Militia Team

Two rifles stand behind one door,  
Both belong to a young couple;  
Husband, staunch demobilized armyman,  
Wife, a leader of militia women.

Chairman Mao's teachings in mind,  
Battle songs spread both far and wide;  
Practising with bayonets after work,  
Threshing ground, courtyard, fighting everywhere.

Bayonet to bayonet at very close range,  
Hotly they struggle with one another,  
Battle cries sound like the crash of thunder,  
Steel blades flash in the bright moonlight.

Stars keep blinking their eyes, amazed,  
Behind the clouds the moon has hidden.  
Watching them then, their child cries out.  
Parents stop at once to listen.

"What," they ask, "are you yelling about?"  
Grabbing a gun he runs to them, saying,  
"Please teach me too, dear pa and ma,  
Then I can fight the Yankees too!"

Yu Chou-hung

## The Colour Film "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy"

Illuminated by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, the revolutionary artists of the Peking Film Studio have filmed Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* with the full co-operation of the Peking Opera Troupe of Shanghai which wrote and produced the original stage version. The film was successfully completed as a result of concerted effort and repeated polishing. The model revolutionary Peking opera, radiant with Mao Tsetung Thought, is now being shown on the screen.

The artists fulfilled their task with flying colours by making use of every device of cinematographic art to bring out the sublime inner world of heroes and create brilliant images of them. The film unfolds a broad panorama of people's war. It not only preserves the original operatic stage presentation, but has achieved something far greater. It will help popularize the model revolutionary theatrical works and advance the movement of proletarian literature and art.

Peking opera and motion pictures are two different art forms. Each portrays heroic characters and expresses great revolutionary

themes in different ways. Therefore, when a model revolutionary theatrical work is transposed from stage to screen, the relationship must be handled correctly. First of all, the screen version must reflect the ideological content and artistic achievement of the original opera. But, by means of cinematographic technique, it should raise the theatrical production to a higher plane, presenting it in a more distinctive, picturesque, profound and delicate way than is possible on the stage.

The colour film *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* was made according to the above principles. It integrates revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. By revealing the inner world of the characters it succeeds in creating a series of towering, radiant proletarian heroes like Yang Tzu-jung and others.

In contemporary revolutionary Peking opera, singing is an important means for shaping the images of proletarian heroes. Complete sets of arias were created for the proletarian heroes in the original opera to express in a penetrating way their broad outlook and wide range of view. The artistic impact of these arias is very strong. If they were fragmented in scattered shots as is usual in bourgeois films, the characterization of proletarian heroes would suffer immensely.

The comrades filming *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, spurred by a strong proletarian feeling, took a different course. They integrated each set of arias in a composite shot. Through well-designed close shots and close-ups from appropriate angles, the lofty inner sentiments of the proletarian heroes are well defined and clear. The gallant dance poses of the heroic characters are focussed in medium and distant shots. All this is done to such perfection that the audience is aware of the communion of feeling among the heroic characters themselves, and between them and other positive characters. In this way the heroes stand out in bold relief.

"The morning sun in my heart" is the keynote of the arias and all the passages sung by the principal hero Yang Tzu-jung. It is incorporated in its entirety on a film strip of nearly 250 metres which is quite contrary to conventional practice. Various film techniques are employed very skilfully to reflect the different feelings expressed in the arias and gestures, so that the whole runs smoothly and beautifully, itself an organic work of art.

The scene starts with the typical setting of Tiger Mountain, where Yang Yzu-jung is to carry out his mission and where "craggs and forts are visible against undulating hills covered with snow in the distance." The scene is rounded off by a complete take of a sky tinted with the first light of dawn. Yang Tzu-jung emerges, fearless and defiant, singing "I battle in the heart of the enemy" to the melody of *erb huang tao pan*. Then a close-up brings him into focus, to reveal his red-hearted loyalty to the Party and Chairman Mao. He sings, "I look into the distance and think of my comrades-in-arms," "the Party places great hopes in me," "the Party's every word is victory's guarantee, Mao Tsetung Thought is eternally glorious."

A full shot follows. Yang Tzu-jung appears calm, shrewd and alert, singing, "Pretending to take a stroll, I'll send the message out . . ." Next, a close shot highlights Yang Tzu-jung's keen political consciousness when he discovers "something's up" and sings "This message — if I don't get this message out, I'll miss the opportunity, ruin our attack plan, and let the people and Party down." In a transport of exalted passion, Yang Tzu-jung goes on singing, "Standing in the cold and melting the ice and snow, I've the morning sun in my heart." The close shot gradually changes to show a morning sky glowing with myriad gold rays against which Yang Tzu-jung towers on a lofty mountain top.

All these shots effectively disclose the elevated spiritual realm of the hero Yang Tzu-jung, who is boundlessly loyal to the people, to the Party and to Mao Tsetung Thought. The scene terminates with Yang Tzu-jung assuming a dramatic pose, followed by a blank shot of just the morning sun. As its countless shafts of light are shed over the green pines that touch the sky, it suggests that they absorb sunlight and rain just as heroes are nourished by Mao Tsetung Thought. The audience realizes ever more clearly from where Yang Tzu-jung derives his wisdom and courage.

In the scene "Asking About Bitterness" a whole set of expressive shots were designed for Chang Pao's aria, beginning with the line "We . . . longed for the time when the sun would shine over these mountains." Starting with a close shot showing Chang Pao's strong class hatred for Vulture, the whole gamut of emotions felt by Hunter

Chang and his daughter and Yang Tzu-jung's deep proletarian feeling are revealed. After Chang Pao has sung "My dad escaped and came back, but my mum threw herself off a cliff and died," a close-up brings into focus Yang Tzu-jung's indignant expression during a passionate but brief interlude. When Chang Pao sings "If I only had wings I'd take my gun and fly to the summit and kill all those wolves," Yang Tzu-jung steps forward with clenched fist in a close shot. He is intent upon avenging all the labouring people in the world for the injuries they have suffered.

Nowhere in the whole episode is the impression left that it is split or disjointed by the interposition of close shots and close-ups of the principal character. On the contrary there is a concentrated delineation of Yang Tzu-jung being closely linked with the labouring people — a trait that is inborn in every proletarian hero.

To reveal the inner emotional life of proletarian heroes wherever possible is one of the points the film stresses in whatever type of shots is used. In the scene "Drawing up a Plan," for instance, when the Regimental Chief of Staff Shao says "We must remember what Chairman Mao tells us — strategically we should despise our enemy, but tactically we should take him seriously," Yang Tzu-jung's eyes brighten, suggesting that Chairman Mao's teaching always inspires him. His plan, which is to take the enemy's lair "by strategy," comes from his living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. This effect is achieved by a close shot.

The relationship between Yang Tzu-jung and other positive characters and between him and the negative ones is correctly treated by shooting at various angles. The principal hero is always placed in a central position. By indicating time and space in various expressive ways through artistic and skilful shots, he is made to appear more outstanding and magnificent as a proletarian hero.

In treating the relationship between the principal hero and other positive characters, while both are represented as comrades-in-arms fighting side by side in a bond of flesh and blood, the latter are projected to set off the former. At the end of the film when a full shot discloses the sweeping victory at the "hundred chicken feast," for



instance, the four heroic characters Yang Tzu-jung, the Regimental Chief of Staff, Li Yung-chi and Chang Pao are presented in a medium shot. But the scene ends in a close-up that brings Yang Tzu-jung into bold relief. The principle that heroic characters should stand out boldly among the positive ones and the leading hero among others, is fully carried out by the adequate handling of these shots.

In treating the relationship between heroic and negative characters, this teaching of Chairman Mao is observed: **“All the dark forces harming the masses of the people must be exposed and all the revolutionary struggles of the masses of the people must be extolled.”** Thus heroic characters are always placed in a dominant position. It is beneath the towering image of these heroes that the negative characters appear, and they are not given a single close shot or close-up throughout the film. When they are shown in the same scene with heroes, they are always relegated to the background, huddled in a murky corner, pallid and lifeless. While their corrupt and cruel nature is clearly depicted, their inevitable doom is foreshadowed. By comparison Yang Tzu-jung is always featured in the spotlight or in the forefront of the scene, full of energy and exuberance. This sharp contrast brings out boldly the moral courage of the hero that can vanquish all enemies.

In the scene “Into the Bandits’ Lair,” more close shots present the audience with a graphic picture of Yang Tzu-jung in the duel with the enemy, highlighting his heroism accentuated with shrewdness and his fearlessness blended with contempt and scorn for the foe. In contrast, the enemy is presented in full shot at a low angle. This discloses Vulture as a foul and vulgar fool when he respectfully flicks the dust from his sleeves and moves forward to receive the contacts map.

When Yang Tzu-jung runs short of bullets in his encounter with Vulture, the camera is tilted down to focus the gangster in a medium shot. With a beastly grin the bandit chief raises his sword intending to charge Yang. A close-up at a high angle reveals Yang disdainfully returning Vulture with a cold smile. Yang dashes aside the revolver, waiting calmly for the moment when he can capture the bandit chief alive. A hand to hand fight ensues. Yang is shown in a medium

shot grasping Vulture’s wrist firmly and seizing the enemy’s sword.

The all-conquering revolutionary moral strength of the proletarian hero is projected most effectively in this series of shots. The close-up of Yang Tzu-jung at a high angle contrasts vividly with the medium shot of Vulture at a low angle, the one being elevated while the other lowered, one bright while the other dim, one in action while the other crouching in fear, one on the offensive while the other helpless. These antitheses highlight Yang Tzu-jung who stands high, overawing the enemy with his heroism, and simultaneously expose the reactionary nature of the enemy who is brandishing his arms and desperately struggling to save himself from destruction.

There is no attempt at naturalism or formalism. But, in order to preserve the essential features of the original stage version, the film makes use of interludes and silent scenes to create an atmosphere in which the brilliant image and broad vision of the proletarian hero is silhouetted in a highly illustrative setting.

In the scene “Up the Mountain,” nine silent shots reveal the passing of night from moonlight to dawn, during which Yang Tzu-jung, with the chilly stars overhead, makes the trip to accomplish his mission. Several of these shots move in one direction and are accompanied by a march and Yang’s resonant singing off scene, to convey the impression that the hero in person is waving his whips as he rides through the snow-covered forest.

When Yang Tzu-jung finally emerges the scene unfolds with all its majesty and splendour. Lofty pines surmounted by morning clouds slowly fade in a sea of rising mist. Soon the rays of the red sun light up the ancient mountain and pierce the forest. All shade and shadow are dispersed. This scene, of glowing grandeur and beauty, is full of profound significance. The tall pines represent the towering, heroic image of the fearless Yang Tzu-jung and his indomitable will, while the bright rays of the sun that dispels the darkness and lights up the primeval sleeping forest symbolize Mao Tsetung Thought.

This film representing people’s war, unfolds a stream of larger, more magnificent and colourful scenes one after the other.

**“Without a people’s army the people have nothing.”** The film depicts the People’s Liberation Army as an invincible combat collective. First, a fully armed detachment on a quick march under a fluttering red banner pursues the enemy through wind and snow. The fighters file swiftly past the camera, which focusses nearly a full shot on each. They advance triumphantly under the great banner of Mao Tsetung Thought.

In the scene “Off to the Attack” various photographic ways of presenting time and space are used to show the soldiers and militiamen heading for battle across snow-covered cliffs and gullies, a grandiose tableau of people’s war, in which both armymen and civilians take part in beating the ferocious, wolfish enemy. Two soldiers climbing a precipice are spotlighted in an oblique shot from one side, which enhances the sense of height in a powerful way. Then the camera follows them to the top of the precipice where they throw down a rope to their comrades-in-arms below in a true-to-life scene.

By adroitly handling these shots the symbolic precipice, on the stage some hundred of feet high, now towers before the audience far more realistically, a vivid testimony of the heroism of our commanders and fighters and militiamen who dare to scale mountains of knives or plunge into a sea of fire for the emancipation of mankind.

**“The richest source of power to wage war lies in the masses of the people,”** so Chairman Mao teaches us. The film paints in bright colours the portraits of Li Yung-chi and Chang Pao, two heroic representatives of the people. They exemplify the militancy and enthusiasm of the broad masses who take up arms to support and fight the revolutionary war under the leadership of the Communist Party as well as the flesh and blood relationship between the masses and the people’s army.

In the scene “Arousing the Masses,” Li Yung-chi emerges after supporting his mother into the inner room. A full shot shows in detail how he lifts the lid of the pot and finds that the Regimental Chief of Staff has already cooked the rice for him. The discovery touches his heart and stimulates his thinking.

“Can the saviours we’ve longed for have really arrived?” he asks himself, as the shot becomes a close-up focussing on his expression

of both astonishment and great joy. This is followed by a duet: The Regimental Chief of Staff sings, “. . . We’re worker and peasant soldiers . . .” And Li Yung-chi responds, “. . . Here before us our own army! . . .” Their similar emotions are shown mostly in medium shots.

When the Regimental Chief of Staff sings “With the Party and Chairman Mao leading the way,” Li Yung-chi turns from profile to full face, showing his tremendous happiness and zest after having recognized his liberators, the Communist Party and Chairman Mao. A high oblique shot completes the scene. With his dagger raised, Li Yung-chi leads a chorus of villagers and fighters in thunderous unison: “Then Vulture, your days are numbered.” The impact on the audience is tremendous for it seems that thousands of brave fighters are marching at a furious pace on Tiger Mountain to annihilate the enemy.

The ensuing scene “Sending Out Information” starts with a full shot at a low angle. Vulture and the bandit chief of staff are hunched backward, their heads sunk into their shoulders, revealing at once their attempt to wage a desperate struggle before their doom is pronounced by the all-powerful people’s forces and their paper tiger nature.

When Chang Pao sings “My resolve is to fight on the battlefield,” a splendid panorama is disclosed by a distant shot: a wide virgin landscape mantled in snow beneath a brilliant sun. This is just how Chiapi Valley looked after Liberation. Chang Pao, in a red jacket, with a rifle across her shoulder, dashes out from the drill grounds like a bullet amid battle cries, to strike a pose against the snowy backdrop which emphasizes her bravery in bold relief. **“And on a sunny day you will see a red dress thrown over the white, enchantingly lovely!”** It is Mao Tsetung Thought that shines brightly over Chiapi Valley. The people there have now taken up arms and succeeded in building up revolutionary political power. This makes the landscape of the motherland all the more glorious.

In this northern land Chang Pao dances and sings, her deep desire to join in the battle soaring, “I’ve pledged to kill all the foe.” Thus the natural scenery, infused with human emotions, comes to life and offers

vital proof of the justice of revolutionary war which has its basis in the broad masses.

Encouraged by Chairman Mao's solemn statement "**People of the world, unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs!**", the storm of the people's struggle against U.S. imperialism is now sweeping the entire globe. Proletarian heroes and the glorious concept of people's war, presented and eulogized by the colour film *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, will certainly inspire the Chinese people and revolutionaries everywhere to win still greater victories.

---

*Don't Forget Class Oppression!* ►  
(traditional painting)





不忘阶级苦

念念不忘无产阶级专政

战斗进行曲  
1-2 4  
2 3 4 3 2 1 2 3 4 3 2 1

*Tao Ti-wen*

Expose the Plot of U.S. and  
Japanese Reactionaries to  
Resurrect the Dead Past

• — *On the reactionary Japanese film "Admiral Yamamoto"*

In April 1943, when the Japanese aggressor troops were heading for collapse in the Pacific War, a fascist war criminal — Isoroku Yamamoto, commander of the Japanese combined naval fleet — was killed at the Solomon Islands' front and thus his crime-filled life was ended. To raise "fighting morale" for a last-ditch struggle, Japanese militarism at that time specially "cited" Isoroku Yamamoto's "meritorious service" to the "Great Japanese Empire," conferred on him the title of "Admiral of the Fleet" and honoured him with a "state funeral" and "nationwide mourning."

Yamamoto's life covers an entire historical period of Japanese militarism, from its morbid growth and frenzied launching of wars of aggression to the eve of its collapse. It can be said that he was brought up in the poisonous fascist "bushido spirit." From his earliest days he set his heart on becoming "an imperial admiral" who would "show the imperial power in other lands." At the age of 20 he took



part in the scramble for colonies in the Russo-Japanese War where he performed his first "meritorious service" for the "empire." Yamamoto took a direct part in both world wars, was commander of the Japanese expeditionary forces invading Indo-China and planned the surprise attack on Pearl Harbour in an undeclared war. In the war of aggression against China following the "July 7" incident in 1937, he used carrier-based planes to inhumanly attack Nanking and rained wanton death on the peaceful inhabitants in co-ordination with the army attacking Shanghai. This brought him the "Tribute to the Rising Sun" medal. Thus this villain climbed from a cadet ensign to the high post of commander of the combined naval fleet. "He devoted himself to the navy for 40 years and displayed the consistently fierce Japanese spirit" — these words of praise from the eulogy delivered by arch war criminal Hideki Tojo are clear proof of Yamamoto's completely reactionary life.

More than 20 years have elapsed and the reactionary Sato government, responding to the baton of U.S. imperialism, has set in motion an evil trend of "re-evaluating Isoroku Yamamoto," raked up this devil from the garbage heap of history and cooked up the reactionary film *Admiral Yamamoto* as a "monument" to him. The film openly takes this arch war criminal whose hands dripped with the blood of the Japanese and Asian people and turns him into a Japanese national "hero." In addition, it lauds U.S. imperialism to the skies and bellows that it wants to express Japan's "spirit for survival today" through Yamamoto's image so as to prepare public opinion for rebuilding the "Great Japanese Empire" under the aegis of U.S. imperialism. *Admiral Yamamoto* is iron-clad evidence of the revival of Japanese militarism. We must expose the crimes of the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries in tampering with history and completely smash their plot of aggression.

## I

A recent cartoon in the Japanese press shows Eisaku Sato in the guise of the goddess of peace, holding out an olive branch in his right

hand while clutching a nuclear warhead behind him with his left hand. This cartoon is a penetrating exposure of the peace tricks used by the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries in reviving Japanese militarism and going full steam ahead with arms expansion and war preparations. However, in its sabre-rattling "national defence white paper," the Sato government clamours that Japan "will not become a military power," "will not dispatch troops abroad," will "maintain peace in the Far East" and so on and so forth. All this is just so much humbug! It is precisely behind this peace smokescreen that the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries are committing new crimes.

The reactionary film *Admiral Yamamoto* presents Yamamoto in a way that fully meets the needs of this counter-revolutionary dual policy of the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries. See how painstakingly the entry of Yamamoto is arranged at the beginning of the film: A river flows tranquilly, cherry blossoms are in full bloom along the banks and a melody sounds from afar. In a twinkling, against the background of the beautiful landscape, the Japanese reactionaries loose Yamamoto, a war criminal disguised as a "goddess of peace," on to this "earthly world." This is followed by a conversation between Yamamoto and a boatman on the question of "peace or war." When the boatman says that war may prevent him from working on the river, Yamamoto promises him: "Don't worry about the war! You can go on working just as long as you want!" Then, through direct portrayal or contrast, the film begins to concentrate with great relish on a grossly distorted version of the "conflict" between the Japanese army and navy on the question of "peace or war." It extols Yamamoto as the representative in the navy of the "supporters of peace," loudly chanting the "peace sutra": "We shouldn't even be thinking about war!" Moreover, the film pretends angry condemnation of the "spreading" of the "fires" of war and wants "Admiral Yamamoto to find out how to stop this war before it gets started."

Isoroku Yamamoto had a motto: "Always on the battlefield!" He often said: "Look! I'm going into action!" Even "seeing a blade of grass by the roadside or a bird in the sky" aroused his desire to kill and plunder the land of other nations. He prepared the operational plan for the surprise attack on Pearl Harbour 11 months before it took

place. To carry out this long-premeditated project, Yamamoto and the emperor and ministers of the "empire" engaged in large-scale arms expansion and war preparations and sent a swarm of spies to infiltrate the Pearl Harbour area to collect information on the U.S. armed forces. On the other hand, they deliberately put up a smoke-screen by entering into "peace talks" with the United States so frequently that dozens of "talks" took place within half a year or so. The film itself shows that while Yamamoto and other naval brasshats, big and small, were shouting "peace," aircraft of the combined naval fleet were engaged in round-the-clock training in low-altitude bombing with Pearl Harbour as the assumed target, and they launched the surprise attack at what they considered to be the opportune moment. This was what these "supporters of peace" did!

The Pacific War which the film deals with was the inevitable result of imperialist policy; it did not hinge on the subjective will of any group or person. As far back as 1936, the militarist Japanese Government drew up its "programme of national policy" to "ensure the position of the empire on the East Asian continent and at the same time its advance towards the southern seas (i.e., the South Pacific)." This determined that the contradiction between Japan and the United States in contending for China and Southeast Asia could not be abated. No matter which was later in power, the "pro-British and pro-U.S. group" or the "pro-German and pro-Italian group," the Japan-U.S. contradiction grew sharper and sharper and finally and inevitably led to the Pacific War show-down. However, the makers of the film *Admiral Yamamoto* arbitrarily portray him as having busied himself with "peace" — risking his life to oppose the military alliance with Germany and Italy and issuing an endless stream of "anti-war declarations." In the final analysis, all Yamamoto's "peace proposals" and "anti-war efforts" boil down to one thing: It is inadvisable to fight U.S. imperialism. By the tortured logic of the Japanese reactionaries, love of U.S. imperialism is "love of peace" and refusal to fight U.S. imperialism is "rejection of war." This is gangster logic, pure and simple; it is the philosophy of running dogs 100 per cent.

This absurd logic did not come into being fortuitously. As a matter of fact, throughout the history of Japanese imperialist aggression there

is the characteristic of "aggression and at the same time subordination" (i.e., while committing aggression abroad, Japan must rely on the support and protection of certain imperialist powers). The post-war Japanese cabinets, from Shigeru Yoshida to Eisaku Sato, all have been running dogs of U.S. imperialism and all are descended from the pre-war "pro-British and pro-U.S. group." While "recalling past vicissitudes," Shigeru Yoshida clamoured that "Japan secured its prosperity by taking concerted action with Britain and the United States; it met destruction by turning its back on them." Yasuhiro Nakasone, chieftain of the Sato government's "Defence Agency," has done his utmost to preach that by the surprise attack on Pearl Harbour and starting the Japan-U.S. conflict, Japan did "things beyond its national strength" and undertook "adventures in foreign affairs," and he has said this was a "lesson still valid today" which Japan had drawn from the "Great East Asia War." The Japanese reactionaries have distorted and tampered with history in a pragmatic way for the sole purpose of meeting their political need to sell themselves to their U.S. master. The Isoroku Yamamoto presented by the film as a pro-U.S. advocate of peace with the United States is precisely a self-portrait of the revived Japanese militarism which is playing the role of police dog for U.S. imperialism in the East today.

## II

This reactionary film also uses all kinds of artistic devices to depict Yamamoto's "heroic integrity and acts" of "grieving over the sorrows of his country and people." It puts him in a white uniform to show his determination to "sacrifice his life to preserve his integrity" and makes him sound "patriotic" by having him sing such "patriotic songs" as "I love my country, and I don't want to see it fall or be destroyed." The film even shamelessly alleges: "Admiral Yamamoto has the weight of all Japan on his shoulders."

During World War II, our great leader Chairman Mao pointed out: **"The specific content of patriotism is determined by historical conditions. There is the 'patriotism' of the Japanese aggressors and of Hitler, and there is our patriotism."**<sup>1</sup> Proceeding from the

patriotic stand of the Japanese people at that time, one should have resolutely opposed the aggressive war of the Tenno empire and tried in every way to bring about its defeat. However, Yamamoto's "patriotic" actions which the film highlights are just the opposite. First, he toils day and night for the "Great Japanese Empire" even at the risk of his life; secondly, he "denies self," "performs his duties" and "fights courageously to the end" in carrying out aggression abroad; thirdly, he stresses the "needs of the whole empire" and, in order to retrieve Japan's defeat at the Solomon Islands' front, works hard to co-operate with the army which had tried to assassinate him, etc. Aren't all these actions by Yamamoto **"the 'patriotism' of the Japanese aggressors and of Hitler"** that runs counter to the interests of the Japanese people? Isn't such nonsense as "exhausting oneself working for the country" and "remaining loyal to the country till death" the fine cloak of "patriotism" that Japanese prime ministers Hirota, Hiranuma, Konoe, Tojo, Koiso and company, and the Japanese generals and admirals Itagaki, Yamamoto, Yamashita and others used to start one criminal war of aggression after another? These wars reduced Japan to a gruesome situation in which countless families were bereft of their members. One out of every two families had someone in the army and one in four families lost someone on the battlefield. Aren't these warlords and war criminals who bartered away Japan's national independence traitors to the Japanese nation, who made it a vassal of U.S. imperialism and caused the Japanese people to live in humiliation?

Yamamoto is by no means a "hero saving the country," but an out-and-out traitor to the nation. The evidence is ample and nobody can reverse this verdict! By distorting history and calling black white, the Japanese reactionaries can only prove that they and their aggressive predecessors are jackals from the same lair. The Sato government is now waving the signboard "for country and people," shouting about "having been overly self-critical about nationalism in the past" and saying that "the anti-war sentiments of the people" have impeded Japan's "national defence." It calls on the people to be "patriotic" and "defend one's own country at the cost of his life." In the final analysis, in playing up "patriotism," a word that has class con-

tent, the Sato government is trying to label as "patriotism" the poison of the extremely reactionary "bushido spirit" in order to peddle it, to attach the tattered flag of "good luck in war" once again on the bayonet and to trick Japanese soldiers again into fighting under that flag for the "prosperity" of the "empire" at the cost of their lives.

The Japanese reactionaries present Isoroku Yamamoto in the guise of a gentleman, elegant, courteous and kind, and they portray the Japanese aggressor troops, known throughout the world for their savagery, cruelty and strict caste system, as a "peaceful and harmonious big family." Yamamoto is presented throughout as a "benevolent" man showing "consideration for his people." With his help, a poor student is able to enter the naval academy; he shows "concern" for his subordinates, playing chess with them, and seaman Omi says he is like his own "kind father."

But no amount of glamourizing on the screen can hide the iron-clad facts. In life, the fascist war criminal Isoroku Yamamoto was an extreme militarist, an arsonist, a mass murderer, a plunderer, a gambler and a debauchee, who resorted to every dirty and bloody trick. Who sends the son of the boatman in the film to die on the South Pacific front? Yamamoto! Who makes many young airmen serve as cannon-fodder for Japanese militarism? Yamamoto! And the same Yamamoto ships 36,000 Japanese soldiers to Guadalcanal where they drink sea water, eat lizards and struggle against heat, hunger and disease. Yamamoto was a hypocrite mouthing humanity, justice and virtue while behaving like a robber and prostitute. He is a wolf in sheep's clothing, outwardly kind but inwardly vicious!

The fire-breathing evil god of militarism today can no longer easily command the hearts of the Japanese soldiers. The Japanese reactionaries want the chieftains of the "Self-Defence Forces" to copy the art of Yamamoto in playing a "smiling tiger" so that the duped Japanese soldiers will accept the deceivers as their guides and true criminals as their benefactors. In so doing, the Japanese reactionaries hope to get more cannon-fodder without opposition and to dull the vigilance of the Japanese people against militarism, bringing more calamities to Japan and its people.



### III

The reactionary film *Admiral Yamamoto* heaps admiration on Yamamoto by pretending that he is a "far-sighted," "resourceful and skilful" strategist "of great courage." To prettify him as "being brave and resolute," it goes to the extraordinary length of piling it on with the tall tale that at a critical moment Yamamoto saved a plane by catching hold of its wing as it was about to run off the carrier flight deck and crash into the sea on landing. The film tries to make people believe that Yamamoto is dictating the entire course and outcome of the war, as if he is a "god of the army" who commands the war situation.

Our great leader Chairman Mao points out: **"Our enemies are the backward and decadent reactionaries who are doomed. Ignorant of the laws of the objective world and metaphysical and subjective in their thinking, they are invariably wrong in their judgments."** Hitler, Tojo and Mussolini were such backward and decadent reactionaries, as are Nixon and Sato and company today. Their reactionary class nature determines that fascist warlords like Yamamoto can never see the laws of historical development. Is this not true? When the Japanese invaders launched an all-out war of aggression against China in 1937, the emperor and ministers of the "Great Japanese Empire" were drunk with the dream of a "quick victory." They boasted that they would swallow up all China in about one month. Yamamoto did his utmost to realize this mad plan. Four years later, on the eve of the outbreak of the Pacific War, they again gathered together and bragged that the Pacific War could be brought to an end in around three months. Before long, however, the "expectations" of these adventurists fizzled out one after another. Led by Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party, the Chinese people won great victory in their war against Japanese aggression and for national liberation.

From Isoroku Yamamoto's viewpoint and arguments concerning war as revealed in the film, it does not need great insight to find that far from being a great strategist, he is but a selfish and short-sighted

pragmatist and a typical believer in the fetish that weapons are decisive. Yamamoto makes various estimates of the Pacific War. At one time he says that Japan will "lose against America" because seemingly powerful U.S. imperialism "has abundant materials." At another, he asserts that Japan must "hit early by surprise" "for a profitable victory." In the film when others are celebrating the "successful attack," Yamamoto refuses to attend the "victory party" because he sees that "their (U.S.) carriers still live." Such is Yamamoto's "strategic insight." This description is intended to create public opinion favourable to the Japanese reactionaries' expanding armaments today and supply a counter-revolutionary "reason" for Japan's aggression and plunder of the countries of Southeast Asia and the rest of Asia. But, history has inexorably proved the complete bankruptcy of the theory held by Yamamoto and company that "weapons are decisive." Nor was it only Japanese imperialism that collapsed; German fascism which had a much more "abundant" supply of "materials" and "weapons" also collapsed. Not only was the war of aggression launched by German, Italian and Japanese imperialism smashed by the people of the world, but the 8 million-strong troops of the Chiang Kai-shek bandit gang, equipped with "modern weapons" by U.S. imperialism, were wiped out after World War II by the Chinese People's Liberation Army armed with "millet plus rifles." Likewise, wars of aggression against Korea, against Viet Nam and against the three countries of Indo-China, all launched by U.S. imperialism which Yamamoto admired as "having abundant materials," have been defeated one after another by the heroic people of Korea and China and the heroic people of Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos. The myth of "naval and air superiority" has also been exploded. U.S. imperialism and all the reactionaries of the world are paper tigers. Chairman Mao points out: **"I have said that all the reputedly powerful reactionaries are merely paper tigers. The reason is that they are divorced from the people."**<sup>3</sup> The war of aggression started by the Japanese warlords was against the people and unjust. This sealed their inevitable downfall. Through the medium of the cinema, the Japanese reactionaries are "summing up" the "lesson" of their

defeat in World War II by distorting it in order to incite new militarist fanaticism. We deem it necessary to reason this out here and now.

U.S. imperialism and Japanese militarism both advocate that "weapons are decisive." The Sato government openly clamours for nuclear weapons, attempting to subjugate the people of Asia at bayonet point. This is sheer day-dreaming! **"Those who refuse to be enslaved will never be cowed by the atom bombs and hydrogen bombs in the hands of the U.S. imperialists."**<sup>4</sup> **"The outcome of a war is decided by the people, not by one or two new types of weapon."**<sup>5</sup> The revolutionary truth pointed out by Chairman Mao will continue to inspire the people of the world to **"unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs."**<sup>6</sup>

Not only does the film give a false picture by alleging that the entire course of the Pacific War was "foreseen" by Isoroku Yamamoto, but it tries its utmost to show that if Yamamoto's strategy had been adopted the "Great Japanese Empire" would not have been defeated. This is absolutely preposterous nonsense! History belongs to the people, and the people alone are the motive force in the making of history. Fools like Yamamoto who set themselves against the people can in no way alter history. Their only place in history is a corner by the wailing wall. From the film we see how Yamamoto agonizes, sighs and is completely at a loss, firm in countenance but weak within, when his military adventures were foiled one after another and his "hope for . . . victory was lost" again and again. He is compelled to say to himself: "I could blame it on fate or some other foolish thing" and "who can tell after that?" Such is the predicament in which a war gambler finds himself when he is no longer in control of his destiny. The laws of history are irresistible, and the wheel of advancing history will continue to crush the "will" of the chieftains of imperialist aggression like Yamamoto. However hard the reactionary Sato government tries to summon the spirit of Isoroku Yamamoto, the dream of a "Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere" will never come true.

## IV

Towards its end, this reactionary film shows Yamamoto swaggering to a hospital at the front to visit his wounded soldiers and trying to cheer them up: "You'll get better" soon. This occurs at a time when Japanese imperialism is being repeatedly defeated and its total collapse is a foregone conclusion. Isn't this a brazen-faced declaration that the "Great Japanese Empire" is not reconciled to its failure, retains "vitality" and will surely stand up to venture forth again? When the Japanese aggressor troops are being badly beaten and many of them die or are disabled, Yamamoto sends a number of airmen who make up the core of his air force home and tells them to "get ready to advance to a bigger and more important job." Does this not clearly show that Japanese militarism at that time was husbanding its backbone force for today's revival and sowing the evil seeds of aggression? Even at the last moment before Yamamoto's death in a plane, the film tries to show that his determination to fight does not waver at the moment of death by making up the story of him sitting still with sabre in hand when he is hit by a bullet. In a nutshell, through these scenes which have a malicious purpose the film tries in every way to imply that Japanese militarism's spirit of revanchism in carrying out aggression and expansion in Asia is eternal, even though it failed disastrously in World War II.

Concerted efforts today to glorify Isoroku Yamamoto by the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries have the criminal aim of conjuring up the spirit of Yamamoto to help revive militarism. So madly does Eisaku Sato, the U.S. imperialists' favourite, advocate revanchism that he openly held a "memorial service" for the war criminals killed in World War II and hysterically howled that their "noble dedication to the nation will go down in the annals and command the admiration and gratitude of our people." The Japanese reactionaries noisily declare that "the charge that Tojo was responsible for the war is unacceptable" and that they will "bring to book the trial" which passed the death sentence on Tojo. What should arouse our vigilance in particular is that the Sato government, in disregard of condemnation by public

opinion at home and abroad, has published a "national defence white paper" which is iron-clad evidence of the revival of Japanese militarism. It rants that Japan "will not give up the use of force" and "should secure air and sea supremacy in Japan and the air space and water area of its environs." This means opening the way for launching a new war of aggression. Meanwhile, the "Defence Agency" of the Sato government churned out the "draft outline of Japan's fourth defence build-up programme" which has the Japan-U.S. "security treaty" as its backbone and centres on "the modernization of the ground Self Defence Forces and the building up of the navy and air force." The aim is to strengthen the militarist war machine and acquire a military force corresponding to Japan's status as an "economic power." Numerous facts prove that Japanese militarism is more and more frenziedly playing the part of U.S. imperialism's accomplice in Asia and has become a dangerous force of aggression and war in Asia.

"The flowing stream carries away the fallen blossoms, and gone is spring." Gone for ever are the days when the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries could ride roughshod over other nations and do as they pleased. Today in the 70's of the 20th century the people of China, Korea, Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia and other countries have an iron-firm will in struggling against U.S. imperialism and Japanese militarism. The great Japanese nation is more awakened than ever before and the people of the Asian countries will never tolerate Japanese militarism again taking the road of aggression against Asia and starting an adventurist war! Major and minor war criminals, including Hideki Tojo and Yamamoto, did not and could not save the "Great Japanese Empire" from its inevitable destruction. Under the aegis of U.S. imperialism, the reactionary Sato government is today blinded by its inordinate ambitions and is embarking on an adventurist course; but it cannot evade the severe judgment of history. The blazing flames of the revolutionary anti-imperialist struggles of the people of the world will certainly reduce to ashes U.S. imperialism and Japanese militarism and Yamamoto and company which they glorify. **"For all these reasons we hope that those who are playing with fire will**

**not get too dizzy. We now serve them with this formal warning: Better be careful. This fire is not a plaything. Look out for your own skins!"<sup>7</sup>**

#### NOTES:

<sup>1</sup> Mao Tsetung: "The Role of the Chinese Communist Party in the National War," *Selected Works* Vol. II.

<sup>2</sup> Introductory Note to "Materials Concerning the Hu Feng Counter-Revolutionary Clique," 1955.

<sup>3</sup> Mao Tsetung: "Speech at the Meeting of Representatives of Communist and Workers' Parties in Moscow."

<sup>4</sup> Mao Tsetung: "Statement Supporting the Panamanian People's Just Patriotic Struggle Against U.S. Imperialism."

<sup>5</sup> Mao Tsetung: "Talk with the American Correspondent Anna Louise Strong," *Selected Works*, Vol. IV.

<sup>6</sup> Mao Tsetung: "People of the World, Unite and Defeat the U.S. Aggressors and All Their Running Dogs!"

<sup>7</sup> Mao Tsetung: "Order and Statement on the Southern Anhwei Incident," *Selected Works*, Vol. II.

### **President Yahya Khan Attends Peking Concert**

The Peking Municipal Revolutionary Committee held a concert on November 12, last year, to warmly welcome General Agha Muhammad Yahya Khan, President of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan, and his party. President Yahya Khan and the other distinguished Pakistan guests were accompanied by Premier Chou En-lai.

At the concert, the Central Philharmonic Society performed the piano concerto *The Yellow River* and the symphony *Shachiapang*. Both pieces sing of the great leader Chairman Mao's thinking on people's war.

### **Full-length Colour Documentary on Show**

The full-length colour documentary *Hail the Twenty-first Anniversary of the Great People's Republic of China*, which shows our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao joining 400,000 army men and civilians in the capital in celebrating China's first National Day of the 1970's, was released nation-wide at the end of last November.

The film records the heart-stirring scenes in which Chairman Mao, the great leader of the people of all nationalities of China, and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin join the army men and civilians

in the capital in joyously celebrating the National Day in the new upsurge in the socialist revolution and socialist construction, and in the new upsurge in the struggle of the people of the world against U.S. imperialism. We see Vice-Chairman Lin speak on the Tien An Men rostrum, giving fighting calls to the whole Party, the whole army and the people of the whole country on behalf of the great leader Chairman Mao. The documentary is permeated with an enthusiastic atmosphere of unity and militancy and full of strong proletarian internationalism. We also see our great leader Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin cordially shake hands and converse with Samdech Norodom Sihanouk, Cambodian Head of State and Chairman of the National United Front of Cambodia, and Madame Sihanouk and the distinguished guests, comrades and friends from the five continents, and celebrate the National Day together with them.

The film also records scenes of the jubilant army men and civilians in the capital, singing and dancing and happily joining Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin in seeing the festival fireworks display on the night of the National Day.

### **The Executive Secretariat of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau Issues Statement Sternly Condemning Armed Invasion of Guinea by Portuguese Colonialists**

The Executive Secretariat of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau issued a statement on November 26, last year, expressing its unreserved support for the Guinean Government and people in their just resistance against aggression. The Executive Secretariat of AAWB reiterates that it firmly stands on the side of the Guinean people, warmly congratulates them on their new victories in the struggle against aggression and heartily praises their dauntless fighting spirit.

The statement pointed out: The fact that the U.S. and Portuguese reactionaries, working hand in glove, set themselves against the African people to make their last-ditch struggle, instead of showing their strength, can only expose their weakness, and can only serve as an eye-opener to the people and give rise to stronger anti-imperialist storms.

The statement said: The Executive Secretariat of AAWB calls on the progressive and revolutionary writers in Asia and Africa to keep a close watch on the development of the Guinean people's struggle against aggression, give powerful support to their just struggle, warmly sing the praise of their struggle and victories and relentlessly expose the aggression committed by the colonialist pirates. In so doing, we shall boost the morale of the people, strengthen their confidence in their fight against imperialism and contribute to the advent of a new upsurge of the anti-U.S. imperialist struggle of the world's people.

---

---

## Take the Road of Integrating with the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

This is a collection of seven articles on the outstanding deeds of Chinese revolutionary educated youth in integrating themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers in accordance with the teachings of the great leader Chairman Mao.

Among them are: a technician who has done well in integrating himself with workers and made contributions in production; college graduates who returned to their villages to build a new socialist countryside as new-type peasants; the art college graduate who went to temper herself in manual labour at a People's Liberation Army farm and there has gained a new life in her thinking and art; and young Red Guards who went to the grasslands of Inner Mongolia firmly resolved to become the good sons and daughters of the poor herdsmen. All of them took an honest attitude in accepting re-education by the workers, peasants and soldiers and have tempered themselves into staunch successors to the proletarian revolutionary cause in the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. What they have done vividly reflects the rapid growth of China's young generation nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought.

100 pages

18.5 × 13 cm.

Paper cover

*Available in English, French, German, Japanese, Russian, Spanish and Vietnamese*

Published by: **FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS**, Peking, China

Distributed by: **GUOZI SHUDIAN** (China Publications Centre), Peking, China

Send your order to your local dealer or write direct to the **Mail Order Dept.**,  
**GUOZI SHUDIAN**, P.O. Box 399, Peking, China

---

---

---

Published by Foreign Languages Press  
Yu Chou Hung, Peking (37), China  
*Printed in the People's Republic of China*

# MAO TSETUNG

## FOUR ESSAYS ON PHILOSOPHY

*(English Edition in One Volume)*

**On Practice**

**On Contradiction**

**On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People  
Where Do Correct Ideas Come from?**

144 pages

18.5 × 13 cm.

Also available in Arabic, Burmese, French, German, Indonesian  
Japanese, Korean, Mongolian, Persian, Russian, Spanish, Thai,  
and Vietnamese

Published by: **FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS**, Peking, China

Distributed by: **GUOZI SHUDIAN** (China Publications Centre), Peking

Order from your local dealer or write direct to the **Mail Order Dept.,  
GUOZI SHUDIAN**, P.O. Box 399, Peking, China

中国文学

英文月刊1971年第2期

本刊代号2—916