

CHINESE LITERATURE



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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Revolutionary literature and art should create a variety of characters out of real life and help the masses to propel history forward.

— *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art*



Our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Lin Biao

Serve the People

September 8, 1944

Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests. Comrade Chang Szu-teh¹ was in the ranks of these battalions.

All men must die, but death can vary in its significance. The ancient Chinese writer Szuma Chien said, "Though death befalls all men alike, it may be weightier than Mount

¹ This speech was delivered by Comrade Mao Tse-tung at a memorial meeting for Comrade Chang Szu-teh, held by departments directly under the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China.

Tai or lighter than a feather.”² To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai, but to work for the fascists and die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather. Comrade Chang Szu-teh died for the people, and his death is indeed weightier than Mount Tai.

If we have shortcomings, we are not afraid to have them pointed out and criticized, because we serve the people. Anyone, no matter who, may point out our shortcomings. If he is right, we will correct them. If what he proposes will benefit the people, we will act upon it. The idea of “better troops and simpler administration”³ was put forward by Mr. Li Ting-ming,⁴ who is not a Communist. He made a good suggestion which is of benefit to the people, and we have adopted it. If in the interests of the people, we persist in doing what is right and correct what is wrong, our ranks will surely thrive.

We hail from all corners of the country and have joined together for a common revolutionary objective. And we need the vast majority of the people with us on the road to this objective. Today, we already lead base areas with a population of 91 million,⁵ but this is not enough; to liberate the whole nation more are needed. In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage. The Chinese people are suffering; it is our duty to save them and we must exert ourselves in struggle. Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice, and death is a common occurrence. But we have the interests of

the people and the sufferings of the great majority at heart, and when we die for the people it is a worthy death. Nevertheless, we should do our best to avoid unnecessary sacrifices. Our cadres must show concern for every soldier, and all people in revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.

From now on, when anyone in our ranks who has done some useful work dies, be he soldier or cook, we should have a funeral ceremony and a memorial meeting in his honour. This should become the rule. And it should be introduced among the people as well. When someone dies in a village, let a memorial meeting be held. In this way we express our mourning for the dead and unite all the people.

¹Comrade Chang Szu-teh was a soldier in the Guards Regiment of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. A member of the Communist Party who loyally served the interests of the people, he joined the revolution in 1933, took part in the Long March and was wounded in service. On September 5, 1944, when making charcoal in the mountains of Ansai County, northern Shensi, he was killed by the sudden collapse of a kiln.

²Szuma Chien, the famous Chinese man of letters and historian of the 2nd century B.C., was the author of the *Historical Records*, a collection of one hundred and thirty articles. This quotation is from his “Reply to Jen Shao-ching’s Letter.”

³“Better troops and simpler administration” was an important policy the Chinese Communist Party carried out during the War of Resistance Against Japan. It consisted in reducing the size of Party, government and military organizations in the anti-Japanese base areas by cutting the number of the personnel, and especially the administrative and non-combatant personnel to a minimum. This helped to lighten the burden of the people and make the armed forces and Party

and government organizations more flexible, compact and efficient, with the result that they were better able to cope with attacks and blockades by the Japanese aggressors and the Kuomintang reactionaries and achieve final victory.

⁴Li Ting-ming, an enlightened landlord of northern Shensi Province, was at one time elected Vice-Chairman of the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region Government.

⁵This was the total population of the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region and all other Liberated Areas in northern, central and southern China.

Lin Piao

Foreword to Second Edition of “Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung”

(December 16, 1966)

Comrade Mao Tse-tung is the greatest Marxist-Leninist of our era. Comrade Mao Tse-tung has, with genius, creatively and in an all-round way, inherited, defended and developed Marxism-Leninism, advancing it to a completely new stage.

Mao Tse-tung's thought is Marxism-Leninism of the era in which imperialism is heading for total collapse and socialism is advancing towards world-wide victory. It is a powerful ideological weapon for opposing imperi-

alism and a powerful ideological weapon for opposing revisionism and dogmatism. Mao Tse-tung's thought is the guiding principle for all the work of the whole Party, the whole army and the whole country.

Therefore, the most fundamental task in our Party's political and ideological work should be always to hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, to arm the minds of the people throughout the country with it and to persevere in putting it in command of all work. The broad masses of the workers, peasants and soldiers and the broad ranks of the revolutionary cadres and the intellectuals should all really master Mao Tse-tung's thought; they should all study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions and become Chairman Mao's good fighters.

In studying the works of Chairman Mao, one should do so with specific problems in mind, study and apply his works in a creative way, combine study with practice, study first what is urgently needed so as to get quick results, and make great efforts to apply what one studies. In order really to master Mao Tse-tung's thought, it is necessary to study many of Chairman Mao's basic concepts over and over again, and it is best to memorize some of his important passages and study and apply them repeatedly. The newspapers should frequently carry quotations from Chairman Mao in connection with the actual situation for readers to study and apply. The experience of the broad masses in their creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works in the past few years has

proved that to study selected quotations from Chairman Mao with specific problems in mind is a good method for learning Mao Tse-tung's thought, a method conducive to quick results.

We have selected and compiled the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* with the purpose of helping the broad masses learn Mao Tse-tung's thought more effectively. In organizing study, different units should select passages for study that are relevant to the situation, the tasks, the current thinking of the masses and the state of their work.

A new era is emerging in our great motherland in which the workers, peasants and soldiers are mastering Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought. Once Mao Tse-tung's thought is grasped by the broad masses, it will become an inexhaustible source of strength and an infinitely powerful spiritual atom bomb. The mass publication of the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* is an extremely important measure for the broad masses to grasp Mao Tse-tung's thought and for promoting the revolutionization of the thinking of our people. It is our hope that all comrades will study seriously and diligently, and bring about a new high tide in the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works throughout the country and, under the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, strive to build our country into a great socialist country with a modern agriculture, modern industry, modern science and culture and modern national defence!



Chen Yao

Comrade Chang Szu-teh As I Knew Him

For a Common Purpose

Every time I read Chairman Mao's article *Serve the People* I think of my former squad leader Chang Szu-teh.

Twenty-two years have passed since the death of Comrade Chang Szu-teh, but all these years he has been living in my heart. His great communist spirit has been inspiring me to go forward boldly.

For five years I worked side by side with Chang Szu-teh. In the spring of 1940 I was transferred from the Fourth Company of the Guards Battalion of the Central Committee's Military Commission to the battalion headquarters' messenger squad. Chun Chieh, the battalion's political instructor, told me, "Your squad leader Chang Szu-teh took part in the 25,000-li Long March. You should learn conscientiously from him." Then the instructor took me to the squad

and I met Chang Szu-teh for the first time. Of medium height, though he had been wounded in action Chang was healthy and strong, with a dark ruddy face and gleaming eyes. His coarse grey cotton uniform was faded; his straw sandals, though patched and worn, were neat and clean. What struck me at this first meeting was his simplicity and genuineness. He said to me with a smile, "I'm Chang Szu-teh, from Yilung County in Szechuan. The comrades in this squad of ours hail from all parts of the country. We must follow our commanders' instructions to unite well and together take up the glorious task of defending the Central Committee of the Party and Chairman Mao."

Later I learned that Chang was born in a poor peasant family, with not a single room or plot of land of their own. His father and elder brother earned a miserable pittance as hired hands, and at twelve Chang too started to work for a landlord, cutting fodder, herding cattle, fetching water and sweeping the courtyard. He was treated worse than a dog. In 1933, at the age of seventeen, he joined the Red Army. Soon afterwards he became a member of the Communist Youth League and later of the Chinese Communist Party. In fighting he was both brave and resourceful. During one battle he seized two enemy machine-guns single-handed, guaranteeing the victory of the whole action. During the Long March, he crossed the snowy mountains and the marshland, undergoing all kinds of danger and hardship. But however tough the conditions, however cruel the struggle, he was always resolute and optimistic.



I was now appointed Chang's assistant squad leader and was afraid I might fall down on the job. One evening he took me outside our cave, found a place to sit down and gave me a talk. First he put me in the picture regarding the fighters in our squad, the thinking and work of each one. Then he gave me some advice about my job, encouraging me to do my best. "It's our duty to lead the whole squad well," he said. "This is a glorious task entrusted to us by the Party. To carry it out, we must set a good example and ourselves take the lead in everything. We must pick the heaviest, dirtiest work and not be afraid of hardships." He told me his own experience of the need to care for the fighters. "During the Long March whenever we had anything to eat, the commander always offered it to the fighters and the fighters to the commander. Why did we show such care for one another? Because we were the people's army led by the Communist Party, class brothers fighting for a common objective.

Take our case: we were born several thousand *li* apart, I in Szechuan and you in Shansi. If we hadn't joined the army we'd never have met. But now that we're working together for a common objective we are dearer to each other than real brothers. We must take the same care of all our comrades." This talk boosted my morale. With a squad leader like this to encourage and help me, I felt sure I could do the job well.

Firmly Defending the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao

Not long after I joined Chang's squad, the reactionary Kuomintang forces which had surrounded the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region prepared to raid Yen-an. One dark night in the early summer of 1940 an emergency muster was called and our unit set off that same night for the front.

During the forced march Chang showed great concern for each comrade, now carrying one soldier's gun, now slinging another's ration bag over his shoulder. When we came to a river with no bridge, he carried one comrade over on his back because that fighter's feet were blistered.

About noon we arrived at our destination, Yaotientzu, a small town more than fifty *li* from Yen-an and a strategic point northeast of the city. As soon as Chang had put down his gun and pack he grabbed buckets to fetch washing water for the others. Then he found a broom and swept the cave. After he had seen to our squad he went to help the kitchen squad boil water and cook. It had not taken me long with him to discover that he could never rest idle but must be busy working for the collective.

After lunch Chang called a squad meeting and relayed our commander's orders: We must prepare for battle here and wipe out any Kuomintang reactionaries who dared to attack Yen-an. The idea of a KMT attack made our blood boil. We were itching to destroy the enemy. I remember Chang telling us, "The Kuomintang reactionaries want to strike at Yen-an. We shall deal them a fatal blow right here and wipe out as many as they come. We must not let them advance a



single step. Firmly defend the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao!" He added a crack which set everybody laughing: "This time the enemy is delivering weapons to our door. Of course we shall accept them to lay in a good supply."

Yaotientzu lay in a valley flanked by mountains and with the Yenho River running through it. That afternoon we climbed the mountains to build fortifications. Reeds and wild grass covered the slopes. The stony, sticky soil was hard to dig. Each stroke of a pick cut barely a couple of inches. But in our determination to defend our Central Committee and Chairman Mao we made light of these hardships. We went up the mountains every day and dug with all our might, hardly ever stopping to rest. So we made speedy progress. Chang dug faster than any of us. When he finished his own quota he went to help others though his hands were badly blistered. While digging he constantly reminded us not to damage any crops. On our way back

he collected brushwood for the kitchen squad. In a few days we finished building fortifications up in the mountains and along the Yaotientzu highway.

Then, keeping a close watch on the enemy's movements, we started intensive drilling. Each of us had an old-style Japanese or locally made rifle, a sword and three hand-grenades. We had sword drill, bayonet practice, grenade-throwing and target practice every day. The mornings and evenings were cool in northern Shensi in the early summer but once the sun was overhead it became hot. Led by Chang, we disregarded the heat and drilled hard to improve our fighting capacity, keeping it up even when sweat was flowing down our backs. Chang not only set an example himself but also made very strict demands on us. When some comrades did not stand correctly "at ease," Chang pulled them up and patiently demonstrated the right position. When some new recruits could not shut their left eyes to take aim, he told them to stick a leaf over the left eye. "Go on practising," he said. "Before very long you'll get the knack of it." He often took us out on night manoeuvres, constantly prompting us to bear in mind the enemy's movements and our firm resolution to defend the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao. He also taught us from his own experience how to use camouflage and keep under cover.

Chang as a squad leader always took the lead and set up a good example. He took excellent care of his weapons and constantly found time to clean them. Owing to his example the rifles of our whole squad were kept in good condition.

Because we were fully prepared, the Kuomintang reactionaries did not dare to advance upon Yaotientzu but withdrew like a tortoise into its shell. Then we returned triumphantly to Yen-an.

A Political Task

In mid July, 1940, Chang received orders to take a squad into the mountains of Tuhuangkou south of Yen-an to make charcoal. The eleven men assigned to him were transferred from various squads. I was one of them. We were all youngsters of twenty or thereabouts,

and Chang, then twenty-five, was the only one who had ever made charcoal before. So this was a very tough, difficult assignment. Yet when asked if there were any difficulties, Chang replied firmly, "Yes, of course, but we can cope. This is nothing like as difficult as the Long March." Indeed, that was his usual reply when any task, no matter how hard, was entrusted to him by the Party. He would carry it out effectively, in full. "Where there's a will there's a way," he used to tell us.

The day that we received this task, Chang called a meeting of the Party members among us and then a meeting of the entire squad. He impressed on us, "To make charcoal is to guarantee that our comrades keep warm this winter. It is a political task, important revolutionary work." He asked us to be prepared to overcome all sorts of difficulties. "Charcoal-burning is a dirty, tiring job and hard on your clothes," he warned us. "Conditions will be even tougher than in Yen-an. Working up in the forests in the mountains is like active combat. We must all be prepared for the struggle." After the meeting he talked with the comrades individually, to discover what special difficulties they might have. He also found time to make careful preparations. He got a dozen axes and let each of us choose one, taking the last himself.

Early the next morning Chang led us off, shouldering our tools and dry rations. On the way we sang revolutionary songs such as "Forward, forward, forward! Our troops march towards the sun...." We were in high spirits. When the sun was slanting to the west we arrived at Tuhuangkou.

The mountains around Tuhuangkou were very high, covered with dense, virgin forests. The ground was carpeted with fallen leaves, and you could hardly see over the rank undergrowth. Since there were no paths, we followed the tracks of wild beasts. Once in the forest we were seized by a sense of mystery. The overlapping branches and thick layers of foliage shut out the sunshine, letting through only a few scattered rays. It was impossible to see the sky. From the depth of the forest we sometimes heard the roaring of leopards, the bellowing of wild hogs, the cries of wild goats and the singing of birds. We were in no mood, however, to enjoy these. We were

too busy studying the soil and the distribution of *chingkang* oaks, for Chang told us that the latter made the best charcoal.

That evening he mobilized us all to draw up our plan of action. "I've made charcoal before," he said, "but the place and the conditions were different. Before setting up charcoal kilns here, we have to take into consideration the nature of the forests and soil and the question of getting from place to place. Let's put our heads together and think of a way to win the battle." His modest attitude made all the rest of us eager to do our best. So everybody spoke out. Our discussion was very lively. Finally Chang summed up the comrades' opinions and we decided to set up seven kilns, three in the front valley and four in the one behind. The whole squad was to be divided into two groups, one to fell trees and the other to build kilns.

So we really got started. Every day at dawn we went up to fell trees in the mountains or to build kilns. Not until it was dark did we knock off and go back to base. We had our midday meal at the work site, with nothing but salty water to go with our millet. But while we worked there was always someone singing or cracking a joke. The forest kept ringing to our songs and laughter. Chang often told us stories of the Long March. During breaks he would take out the flute he had made and play us a few northern Shensi tunes like *The Brother Who Joined the Red Army Is Back* and *The Little Cowherd*. The roars of wild animals and the chirping of birds were drowned by the cheerful din set up by our revolutionary fighters. The old mountain took on a youthful vitality.

Chang got us to cut slogans on the slopes round the kilns and the trees beside the paths: "Be self-reliant and surmount all difficulties to overfulfil the task given us by the Party!" "Down with Japanese imperialism! Liberate the whole of China!" and "Long live Chairman Mao!" These stirring slogans bucked us up when we were tired.

There are quite a few different stages in making charcoal: felling the trees, making the kilns, firing the kilns, removing the charcoal, tying it in bundles and carrying it away. Chang carried out careful experiments to enable us to streamline these various processes. He also asked each of us to carry a load of charcoal when we went back to base at dusk. He organized our labour power efficiently. While

teaching us all he knew without reserve, he kept on studying problems and humbly learning from the other comrades. For instance, one day we produced a particularly fine batch of charcoal, each piece gleaming and smooth, thoroughly and evenly fired, giving the right sound when tapped, and with very few breakages. Chang told everyone to knock off work and discuss the reasons for this success. Through that discussion we summed up a set of useful tips. Chang was dead against waste. While felling trees he kept reminding us to take good care of the saplings and not to waste timber. He would not let us throw away any charcoal, not even the broken pieces.

During this period of hard work, Chang always took the lead. At that time it was quite something for a man to fell seventeen or eighteen trees a day. But Chang felled more than twenty. And whereas we others carried one bundle of charcoal apiece he always carried two. When the charcoal was ready to be taken out of the kiln, speed was essential and every second counted. For one thing, the temperature inside was so high that, unless we worked double quick, a gust of wind might set the whole kiln ablaze and turn everything into ashes. Chang often said, "Taking the charcoal out is like destroying the enemy — we need blitz tactics!" Each time a batch of charcoal was due to come out, Chang was the first to dart into the kiln and the one to stay there the longest. When he came out his clothes would be black and soaked with sweat. We used to kid him for shivering like a man with malaria.

Bad weather always set Chang worrying. He would be unable to sleep at night for fear that the rain might get in through the flues and damage the kilns. One midnight it started to pour. Chang flung on his clothes, grabbed a shovel and ran without stopping for breath to the back valley to make a careful check of the kilns. By the time Comrade Sheng Cheng-hsing and I joined him there he had already finished checking three kilns. "Why aren't you in bed?" he demanded. "Why should you come here? I can handle this." We did not get back until it was nearing dawn. Entering the dormitory Chang saw that some comrades had kicked off their quilts. He gently covered them before turning in. At daybreak he went off to work as usual.

One day Chang noticed that Chang Min-chuan, formerly a student, was moody. He asked him what was the matter. The young soldier said, "I fell less trees than the others and can't carry the big ones. I always lag behind. So of course I feel bad." "Tomorrow, fell some smaller trees which will be easier to cut up and carry," Chang suggested. "Just do the best you can without straining yourself. And you mustn't feel bad about it. The longer you keep at it the stronger you'll get." After that, Chang saw to it that Chang Min-chuan was not assigned heavy jobs and that he was also given some lighter work in the field of propaganda and education which he was good at, such as writing slogans and teaching other comrades to read. Chang Min-chuan's morale improved and he worked better. He said, "Our squad leader is really considerate!" I learned a lot from this. As a matter of fact, when we first reached Tuhuangkou Chang had repeatedly told us, "Don't overdo it at the start. We must first get into our stride and then increase our output." And he impressed on me, "We must take good care of the men's health."

Once several of us, including Sheng Cheng-hsing and myself, fired a kiln of charcoal together. When we took the charcoal out we found many places which had not been properly carbonized. We felt very bad, and expected to be hauled over the coals. But when Chang saw it he only said with a smile, "In general these are not too bad. With all the charcoal we produce, there's bound to be some below par." Then he helped us to go concretely into the reasons why this batch had not turned out well. He also said quite sincerely, "The fault is chiefly mine. Don't be afraid, just keep at it. Practice makes perfect." In this way he boosted our morale again.

Carrying the charcoal all the way downhill was very tiring. So Chang made some earthen stands beside the path on which we could rest our loads. He also advised us to pad our shoulders with straw when carrying charcoal so as to avoid too much chafing. Chang thought out many ways to let us rest, but he himself seldom rested though he always carried the heaviest load of all.

Chang showed special concern for the comrades' political progress. If they had any shortcomings he sincerely pointed these out and helped them patiently, without posing as someone superior. He respected



others and treated them as equals, always let others speak their minds and earnestly considered their proposals. That made him very pleasant to work with. Chang Tsui-hua was one of the worst charcoal-burners in the squad and some comrades thought him backward. But Chang always befriended and helped him patiently. Chang Tsui-hua changed for the better and said gratefully, "Thanks to Comrade Chang Szu-teh, I have not only learned to make charcoal but have also improved my thinking."

Chang took us twice, later on, to Tuhuangkou to burn charcoal. We went to the mountains in July each time and returned after October. Both times we successfully carried out the glorious task entrusted to us by the Party and were commended by the leadership.

'There Is Revolutionary Work Everywhere

Comrade Chang Szu-teh never paid any attention to his own interests. All the time I was with him I never heard him demand anything for himself, and never saw him worried by personal pre-occupations. He constantly thought of others, of the people, and did all he could to help his comrades make progress. Always considerate, he showed sincere, warm-hearted concern for others.

One summer day in 1941, when the rest of us were taking a nap at noon and Chang was absorbed in a book, the battalion commander came in with an urgent message to be delivered to the Third Company at Yangchialing, about eight *li* away. Instead of waking one of us, Chang quietly took the message and set off. The mid-summer sun was scorching; the dirt roads and paths through the Yen-an hills were baking hot. Disregarding the heat Chang broke into a run. He arrived at Yangchialing wet with sweat and panting. But when he entered the company headquarters, the commanders were also napping. Then, although he had run so far with an urgent message, he decided to let them rest. So he waited outside until the commanders woke up.

That summer, the Yenho River suddenly rose like a stampeding horse. The roaring water, swirling mud and sand, hurtled against the banks. Chang was on his way back from a mission when he spotted two basket-ball frames on the playground by the river, which were in danger of being swept away. He ran back to our squad and called us to help save them. We had just picked up one frame when the playground was flooded. Chang plunged forward, fully clad, to grab the other. The water swept him away, but he did not let go of the frame and finally succeeded in bringing it ashore, while the other comrades, spurred by his example, dragged the first frame to safety. Not

knowing how to swim, I stood on the shore and watched, very stirred by Chang's heroic deed. I recalled what he had said when the bridge at Tuhuangkou was broken, causing great inconvenience to the peasants. He got us to repair the bridge, telling us: "There's revolutionary work everywhere. We must have the initiative to take it up." What a fine revolutionary sense of responsibility these words revealed! Precisely because he was guided by such correct thinking, Chang always took the initiative in doing all sorts of work in his spare time.

He helped the kitchen squad to tend the fire or fetch water. He constantly read the newspaper to the comrades in that squad and taught them new characters. A dumb comrade in the kitchen squad who had been on the Long March used to stick up his thumb in admiration every time he saw him. Chang also helped the stockmen cut fodder, read the newspaper to them and told them stories of the Long March. They used to tell us proudly: "Chang Szu-teh is not only your squad leader but our squad leader too."

On Sundays Chang was busier than ever, mending clothes or making straw sandals for the soldiers or helping the peasants in the fields. In summer we were plagued by mosquitoes, and because we had no mosquito nets they kept us awake at night. Someone complained jokingly that you had only to make a grab at night and you could catch a whole handful of mosquitoes. So Chang went up into the hills one Sunday and gathered artemisia. He plaited this into ropes which he dried in the sun. Then he gave these to us to smoke out the mosquitoes. We felt he worked too hard and often urged him to rest. But he would say, smiling, "I've done very little. Nothing at all really. I'm nowhere near tired."

At that time there were not enough quilts. We shared one between two. Later we had one apiece but no mattresses; so usually two men pooled theirs, using one as a quilt and the other as a mattress. Chang and I shared one quilt. He always let me have most of it and washed it when it got dirty. Chang often made us straw sandals, mended our clothes and knitted socks for us. Sometimes the dirty clothes we had changed out of disappeared, and we found that Chang had washed

them for us. When anyone fell ill Chang nursed him more carefully than his own family could have done. Once a comrade was too ill to get up, and Chang carried him on his back every day to the latrine. When we were out on a mission Chang used potato stencils and birch bark to make a pack of playing cards so that we could have a little recreation.

Liu Ho-chung, a youngster in the orderly squad, was not keen on study and did not work too well, but he never missed a chance to play basket-ball. When Chang urged him to work better and study harder, Liu scowled at him and demanded, "Is it any business of yours? You're not my squad leader." With that he ran off. But Chang did not mind being snubbed. He learned that Liu was the youngest child in his family and rather spoiled. So he began to lend him a hand. In the morning he helped him fetch water and also to collect firewood up in the hills. After he had made friends with him, Chang patiently taught him: "A man should study hard when he is young. We can't serve the people really well now or meet the needs of the revolution later, unless we master some skills." Chang took from his pack a notebook which he had kept carefully for several years and gave it to Liu. Later on, Liu turned out a good comrade and good fighter.

The First to Bear Hardships, the Last to Enjoy Comforts

Chang lived very simply and austere. His padded tunic was almost too ragged to be patched again. Everybody urged him to draw a new one. But he said, "No need. I can patch it and wear it for another two years." And patch it he did, stitch by stitch, making do with it for two more years.

The dirt roads and mountain paths in Yen-an were so stony that, as we often went out on errands or to work in the hills, our shoes wore out very quickly. Yet every time new shoes were issued, Chang refused to take them, saying, "I can make sandals myself. If I take one pair less, that will mean one pair less for the villagers to make." Actually his cloth shoes were a mass of patches, with straw or bark

stuffed in the holes. Even when they became impossible to wear, he unpicked them instead of throwing them away and, having washed the material, found some more scraps of cloth with which to make a new pair. To save shoes he often worked barefoot. Often he unraveled the thread from his own worn out socks and those cast off by others, washed the thread and knitted more socks with it. Sometimes he gave these to other comrades to wear.

Chang had an enamel bowl which he had used during the Long March. Now most of the enamel had been chipped off and the bowl was badly dented, but still he would not throw it away. When new bowls were issued, he gave his to somebody else and stuck to his old one. Chang also had an old fountain-pen, the nib of which was so blunt after much use that the words written with it looked as if written with a brush. But he used it all the same. When the nib became too blunt he sharpened it. He treasured this pen so much that he made a small cloth pouch for it.

The years 1941 and 1942 were the most difficult period for the anti-Japanese bases in the enemy rear. We were short of grain, even of millet, and sometimes reduced to eating sprouting wheat kernels. Since the food we got from the canteen was never enough, Chang would often pick up a bucket to fetch boiled water during a meal so that the other comrades could have his share. Once he said to me, "Our comrades are new to the army. They're young and still growing. Better let them eat a bit more and keep fit for fighting. It makes no difference to me having a little less." We had very few vegetables, sometimes none at all. During the break Chang often dug up wild herbs, picked berries or shot pheasants for our mess. One Sunday he went to a pool scores of *li* away and caught a number of fish. He served these as a "feast" which everybody enjoyed. But Chang as usual went off with the bucket for water.

I was so impressed by Chang's hard work, frugality and consideration for others that I often asked him, "What makes you so thrifty? Why do you wear such patched clothes?" He explained, "My childhood was much harder than our life today. Being a Red Army soldier I feel very happy." Sometimes he answered in this way, "There

are still many people more poorly dressed than we are. There are thousands and tens of thousands of working people in our country who have not been liberated yet. The revolution is still up against many difficulties. If everybody economizes it can be a great help to the revolution. Besides, we are Communists. We should do as Chairman Mao teaches us, that is, we should be the first to put up with hardships and the last to enjoy comforts. We should consider the people more and do more work, but not think of our personal comfort."

When things were most difficult, Chang always put his comrades first. Nothing pleased him more than to sacrifice his personal interests for the sake of the Party, the people and his comrades. We were all inspired by his great communist spirit. Thanks to the teachings of the Party and Chairman Mao and the influence of Chang, our whole squad displayed the highest unity and comradeship when conditions were toughest. At meal-times, each of us tried to force the few steamed rolls available on to others. But no one would take them. Since there was no other way out, Chang cut the rolls into twelve equal pieces. But he never ate his own share. He always gave it to one of the weaker comrades.



Economic Self-reliance

In the late autumn of 1941, our guards battalion arrived at Nanniwan. In response to Chairman Mao's call to provide ourselves with ample food and clothing by our own efforts, we set to work to wrest grain from the barren mountains so as to overcome the serious difficulties caused by the economic blockade of Japanese imperialism and the Kuomintang reactionaries.

Nanniwan, over ninety li from Yen-an, was surrounded by high mountains. Only a few households lived at the foot of the mountains. When we first arrived there we had nowhere to stay. Chang gave the lead in building a conical shed with branches and cut grass to spread on the ground. At night we slept huddled together in this shed. We could see the stars as we lay there. The food situation was even worse. We had no vegetables at all and not enough salt. Chang used to tell us, "We have nowhere to live and very little to eat, but so long as we have the correct leadership of our respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao, we can surmount every difficulty." It was much colder in Nanniwan than in Yen-an. Though it was only late autumn, the nights were piercingly cold. Our commanders instructed every company to move into caves before winter. An expert at digging caves, Chang acted as our technical adviser. After selecting our sites we started to dig. With the exception of the picks which we had brought from Yen-an, we made all our own tools including wheelbarrows and crates. The red clay of the Nanniwan hills was very hard. Our picks clanged as they struck it, jarring and hurting our hands. Chang kept on swinging his pick, even when his hands were covered with blisters. If someone took his pick away, he immediately started to push a wheelbarrow. Some chunks of clay were too big for the barrow, and he would ask us to put them on his back to carry off and throw into the ditch. After the mouth of the cave was made he was the first to go inside to work. It was growing colder every day but Chang, stripped to the waist, kept sweating. The clay mixed with his sweat clung to his body. By the time we knocked off Chang looked like a clay figure.

Apart from virgin forests Nanniwan abounded in large tracts of brambles. We chose these to reclaim, first cutting down the brambles and then setting them on fire. The flames, fanned by the wind, licked over the hills. When the fire subsided, pitch black ground appeared. Then we started to turn up the fertile loess and sow. Our tools were of the crudest. We had no ploughs, only picks to reclaim the barren hills. But Chang would put fresh heart into us by saying, "Opening up wasteland and growing more grain aren't simply to improve our living conditions. The big thing about them is that we are actively responding to Chairman Mao's call to provide ourselves with ample food and clothing through our own efforts and so defeat the enemy's economic blockade." Chang practised what he preached. The pick he used was one passed over by others. But in opening up the wasteland nobody could compete with him. On the very first day he surpassed the target set by the leadership and was commended. I was deeply aware that it was his strong revolutionary will which gave him such outstanding stamina, "steel sinews and iron bones." His splendid leadership brought out the fighting spirit in the rest of us. We went up to the hills at daybreak to reclaim the virgin soil, and the valleys resounded to the sound of our picks. Our hard work was rewarded that year with a bumper harvest.

Later we were ordered to reclaim wasteland at Mengchiachiu, east of Nanniwan, where there were virgin forests and marshes overgrown with reeds. Again we lived in huts made of branches. One night it started to rain heavily. Chang at once spread out his own quilt to shelter his comrades. But the downpour kept on. Soon we were soaked, some of us shivering with cold. It was Chang who thought of a way out. He told us each to take a pick and dig a shelter in the cliff. After that we no longer feared the rain or snow. Besides completing our production task we grew tobacco in our spare time for the smokers among us. Growing tobacco involves quite a lot of work: watering, manuring, pruning and so forth. Chang was not a smoker himself, but he always rolled up his trouser legs and, barefooted, carried manure to the tobacco plot.

Picking the Heavy Loads

Chang and I were then working in the messenger squad. Since we had no modern means of communication, we delivered messages or relayed orders on foot. If the message was urgent we ran.

Chang always picked the heavy loads and accomplished each task in full. It was pouring with rain one night when our commander told us to send an urgent message to Chiaerhkou where the Lu Hsun Art Academy was located. Since Chang was just back from a mission, it was only right that someone else should go. But Chang decided to go himself as speed was essential and the path was muddy and slippery. Taking the letter and his gun he set off at once. It was about sixteen *li* uphill and down. Since the Lu Hsun Art Academy was situated half way up the mountains, when he reached Chiaerhkou he had to climb up a slippery track. He stumbled along as fast as he could in the darkness. By now the rain was fairly pelting down. To prevent the letter from getting wet, Chang put it inside one of the pair of shoes he had been carrying under his armpit and clamped both shoes together to keep it dry. He delivered the letter in good time. We had a hearty laugh later on, when we heard the comrades of Chiaerhkou describe with admiration how Chang had protected the letter.

Another time, just at daybreak, when heavy snow was falling and a cold northwest wind howling, we received an urgent letter to despatch at once to our Fourth Company in Hsiaopienkou. Wearing an old padded tunic, a tattered felt hat and cotton-padded shoes already three years old, Chang set off in the teeth of the storm. The going was very hard. He came back encrusted with a thin layer of ice. There was even ice on his eyebrows, while his felt cap had frozen as hard as a steel helmet and his hands were numb with cold. "Very cold?" the comrades asked him with concern. "What's cold to us revolutionary fighters?" he answered with a smile.

While we were reclaiming wasteland at Nanniwan we still carried out our regular duties. To do this, Chang often went without food and sleep. I remember one night the leadership wanted an urgent

order sent to all companies. As we had been digging caves that day we were tired out and all the other comrades were sound asleep, so Chang took up his gun and made ready to set off. As I shared one quilt with him I was awakened and volunteered to go, but he would not let me.

Once while at Mengchiachiu, we were asked to deliver a letter to Nanniwan late at night. It was twenty *li* by a small path through the forests, where there were known to be leopards. Even in the daylight those forests were dark and gloomy. As an extra precaution I was sent with Chang. As we set off I told him, "I heard the villagers say there are many leopards..." Chang replied coolly, "Don't be afraid. It is nothing compared with crossing the marshland during the Long March, when we were hemmed in by Kuomintang troops and counter-revolutionary bandits fiercer than any leopards." His fearlessness gave me courage. On our way we had to cross more than ten streams. If these were wide Chang would not let me wade across but carried me over on his back. By the time we returned to base it was broad day and the others were all out working in the fields. Chang told me to take a good rest. He waited until I was asleep and then slipped out to work. When I discovered that he had disappeared, I hurried off to join him.

One summer our quartermaster bought five pigs at Lohochuan so that we could have some pork. Chang and I were assigned to drive the pigs home. It was about eighty *li* to Lohochuan from Yenan, and we did not get there till dusk. We could have spent the night there, but Chang said, "The best time to drive pigs is at night. It is cool and that makes the pigs more tractable. Besides, there is a moon tonight." So we started back driving the pigs. At first they were obedient and went straight ahead. But after a score of *li* we came to a stream. The pigs were afraid to go up the bridge and, since the water was not deep, Chang said, "All right, let's take a dip with the pigs." We rolled up our trouser legs. With him leading the way and me bringing up the rear, the pigs trotted cheerfully into the stream. Once there, however, they began to play and swam downstream for several *li*. Hard as we tried, we could not drive them ashore. We

were quite frantic. Then Chang hit on a plan. He whipped off his trousers, tied up the legs and filled them with water to make a water-monster. The pigs panicked and rushed up the bank, while I split my sides laughing. I told him, "You always know how to do the trick." He answered casually, "You need a few tricks up your sleeve to get things done. If we'd let the pigs get washed away we'd have fallen down on a political task." "Is driving pigs a political task?" I asked in astonishment. "All tasks given us by the Party and those higher up, no matter what they are, should be regarded as political tasks," he told me seriously. "For instance, if the pigs ran away we'd be criticized; but the more important thing is that the comrades would have no pork. And if we don't eat properly, how can we do a good job defending the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao?"

Integration with the Masses

Wherever we went Chang integrated himself with the masses, getting very close to them. Once, while burning charcoal, we stayed with a peasant named Ma. Every day Chang would sweep the courtyard, fetch water and feed the ox. Sometimes he also played with the child to free the grown-ups to do more household chores. One day we each had a little pork with our meal. Chang gave half his share to the child. On Sundays he took the lead in working for the peasants in the fields. He hoed quickly and carefully, and while reaping left not a single ear of millet on the ground. "Your squad leader is really fine," Ma used to say. "Charcoal burning fags you out yet he's always lending us a hand. He's really a good fighter taught by Chairman Mao." When we finished our task and were ready to leave for Yen-an, the peasants saw us off. "You must come again, Comrade Chang!" they cried. "Be sure to come back again, comrades!" "When you come to Yen-an, do look us up," Chang urged. Later Ma did come to see us in Yen-an, and Chang gave him a warm welcome. He assured Chang, "The whole village misses you. My boy often says, 'I want to play with Uncle Chang!'"

The fundamental thing about Chang's close links with the masses was that he always put their interests first and paid more attention

to them than to himself. One day in the late autumn of 1940 we were carrying charcoal downhill at Tuhuangkou. The big black bundle on Chang's back startled a heavily-loaded donkey which was coming in the opposite direction. Fearing that the donkey might run away and cause damage, Chang hurriedly retreated and kept out of sight. When the donkey had passed by, the driver came back to thank Chang. "I only did what I should," was Chang's reply. Another time, the rope round someone's load broke and the charcoal fell, crushing some maize. Chang protested at once, "Why can't you be more careful? Think of the hard work that's gone into growing that maize! Hasn't Chairman Mao taught us to take good care of every single blade of grass and tree belonging to the peasants?" Chang went to apologize to the peasants in person. That same evening he called a squad meeting to go into the cause of the accident and let us draw a lesson from it. After that we always checked each other's bundles to make sure they were properly tied before starting downhill.

One day in Nanniwan Chang and I went to borrow a hoe from a villager. We found the old man and his wife chopping up fodder in the courtyard. Chang urged them to rest and took over the chopper while I fetched fodder for him. The old woman beamed at us and asked, "Have you seen Chairman Mao in Yen-an?" "Yes, we have," we replied. "Chairman Mao is our great saviour," she declared. "If the Eighth Route Army led by Chairman Mao weren't in Yen-an, we could never enjoy such peace here. Why, Nanniwan used to be overrun by Kuomintang troops and bandits. But since Chairman Mao came we've had a peaceful life." Chang said at once, "That's true. Now we have come at Chairman Mao's order to reclaim the wasteland. We shall make Nanniwan blossom out like those places south of the Yangtse. We shall thoroughly smash Japanese imperialism and the blockade of the Kuomintang reactionaries. Guided by Chairman Mao, we shall completely liberate the people of our whole country, so that they will be free from exploitation and oppression like our people in the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region." "How good that will be!" cried the old woman happily. In this way Chang always

seized every opportunity to tell the masses about the Party's policy and the victories won at the front. Back in the squad Chang told the comrades what the old woman had said. "We are the people's soldiers," he said. "We must integrate ourselves thoroughly with the people. When we carry guns we are soldiers. When we put down our guns we are peasants. We must bear in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: the people's army is as inseparable from the people as fish from the water."



Studying for the Revolution

Chang often advised us, "Look further, look to the future. Our revolutionary cause is developing every day. Some day we shall achieve communism. In the future we shall have more work to do for the revolution. We must make good use of our time and study hard. Otherwise we shall lag behind."

In keeping with his advice to us, he made the same demands on himself. Whether burning charcoal in the mountains, opening up wasteland, working at some construction site or on regular duty, and no matter how tired he was, he always made time to study. He learned new characters, read newspapers and studied political textbooks. During breaks when we were working in the open, he would practise writing on the ground with a stick. Back in our base after supper, he would write new characters on a sand tray he had made.

Our facilities for study were extremely poor. There was a desperate shortage of paper and pencils, not only during the most difficult period but even after the big production movement had started. People counted themselves very lucky to get old books or newspapers to write on. A notebook or a pencil was a rare treasure. Chang was once awarded several notebooks and pencils, which he kept safely in his pack. Hard as the conditions were, Chang persevered in studying. While we were making charcoal at Tuhuangkou he made notebooks out of birch bark. He cut a nib out of an old tin and tied it to a stick to make a pen. Later on he improvised a fountain-pen out of an old cartridge. Chang always wrote new words and phrases he had learned on the ground before copying them into his bark notebook with a pencil. As we had very little oil for our lamp, it was almost impossible to study at night. Chang cut some cypress branches to serve as torches. After we picked castor-oil seeds, he collected some left on the ground and strung them together to be burned as candles. Sometimes he studied by the light of the moon.

Chang had started to work for a landlord while still a child. The old society had deprived him of the right to schooling. When he joined the army he was illiterate. However, educated by the Party

and through his own efforts, by the time I knew him he was already able to write general reports and letters for other comrades.

At that time most of our squad, including myself, were younger than Chang. We were keener on amusing ourselves than on study. Chang did all he could to persuade us to study harder. Once someone remarked that it was very difficult to study with no desk. Chang retorted, "Don't we each have an automatic desk?" So saying he sat down and started to write on his knees, making us roar with laughter. One May Day, he said to us, "This year we are celebrating May Day in Yen-an. But some day who knows which big cities we will be in to celebrate May Day. As the revolution develops, we shall have more work to do. We must make the best use of our time and study hard." Though his cultural level was not high, he did his best to help others. In the morning and evening he squeezed time to teach other comrades new characters and to read political text-books or the *Jiefang Ribao* (*Liberation Daily*). At first I was slack about learning. He reproached me, "Fancy not even being able to write your own name! You know, you must learn so that you can read the newspaper and understand more about the revolution." He guided my hand to teach me how to write my name. To let me have more time for study he often carried out assignments for me. He also got those squad members with more education to help the rest of us. So eventually we took study more seriously and in twos or threes would read newspapers, write new characters or study our political text-books together. I wiped out my own illiteracy with the bark notebook, half a pencil and a wooden pen presented to me by Chang. Looking back on this today, I only regret that I did not study harder then.

A Good Fighter

In the winter of 1942 we returned to Yen-an from Nanniwan. One day, not long afterwards, the battalion commander sent for Chang and me. Comrade Chun Chieh, the political instructor, said, "You have done a good job in leading this squad. The men have made good headway in political awareness and you've carried out your tasks well.

Now the higher command wants our unit to be reorganized into a Guards Regiment of the Central Committee of the Party. The men in your squad will be assigned to various companies. Any comments?" Chang replied, "We'll do whatever the Party says." The political instructor said, "After reorganization we shall no longer need so many squad leaders and assistant squad leaders. You two will be ordinary fighters. How about it?" At once Chang replied cheerfully, "I obey the Party's orders. Whatever my post, I shall be serving the people. I promise to be a good fighter." I made a similar answer.

The next morning Chang got up early as usual. Having fetched water for the comrades, he started to pack. He put a small, ragged quilt into his bundle, leaving the bigger one which we had shared for three years to me. From Nanniwan we had brought back a straw mat and a wild goat skin. He left the skin for me and took the mat. Knowing that I liked to play basketball but could not make straw sandals, he produced some new sandals, the only pair he had left, to give me. He also took from his pack the notebooks awarded him and presented them to Comrade Sheng Cheng-hsing and others to encourage them to continue studying. After breakfast we set off to report to company headquarters. On the way he said to me, "We have teamed up well for several years. Now the leadership has decided to make both of us ordinary soldiers. Do you have any objection?" "No," I said. "Whatever the leadership gives me to do, I'll do." "That's the spirit," he said, very pleased with my reply. "Whatever we do we are working for the Party, for the interests of the people." He urged me to keep up my study and to overcome my impulsiveness and rashness.

Although we were not together after that, we were still in the same regiment and saw each other quite often. Chang showed the same concern for me as before. In his company, whether doing sentry duty or production work he made a splendid showing, living up to his promise "to be a good fighter."

In 1944 he was again sent to make charcoal in the mountains. Before leaving he sought me out and said with concern, "This time we are not going together. You must work well and study hard here. How are you getting along with your work and study these days?"

Any trouble?" "So-so," I replied. He shook his head and retorted, "That won't do. What way is that to talk?" I hung my head, ashamed of setting myself so low a standard. How could a revolutionary fighter be satisfied with "so-so"? When he asked whether I had overcome my faults I answered, "To some extent." Again he shook his head. Then he said patiently and seriously, "You mustn't take this so lightly. We must be resolute in overcoming our faults. We must carry out Chairman Mao's instructions to wash our faces and sweep the floor every day. Otherwise the dust will accumulate." He also urged me, "You must study hard and learn to write reports and letters. I've brought you a notebook and a pencil. From now on I can't write letters for you. Please write to me when you have any trouble." We had a long talk that day. He encouraged me to work hard and help other comrades. At last he gripped both my hands tightly and said goodbye. I felt deeply grateful for his comradely concern. But I could say nothing. I decided to show my gratitude by reporting my progress to him when we met again. Little did I think that we were talking together for the last time.

Living For Ever in the People's Hearts

On September 5, 1944 Comrade Chang Szu-teh was killed by the sudden collapse of a kiln when making charcoal in the mountains of Ansai County. This sad news cut me to the heart. Chang Szu-teh had been such a fine comrade! Always loyal to the Party and to the people, he invariably worked conscientiously and accomplished whatever tasks the Party gave him. His firm revolutionary resolve and high morale made him staunch and optimistic in the face of all difficulties. He worked entirely in the people's interests, never giving a single thought to his own. He loved and helped his comrades, showing concern for them in every way. He was always the first to bear hardships, the last to enjoy comfort, always worked hard and set an example by his conduct. He lived simply, studied hard, was modest and thoroughly self-disciplined. He had been a model for me in every respect and given me great help. Now this fine comrade-in-arms, who had been so dear

to me, had suddenly left me for ever! I could not help weeping as past events rushed to my mind. For the first few days after I learned of his death I was overwhelmed with sadness. The mere mention of his name brought tears to my eyes.

In the afternoon of September 8, we held a memorial meeting for Comrade Chang Szu-teh in the Date Garden, at the foot of the West Hill in Yen-an. The rostrum was filled with garlands of wild flowers presented by various institutes. And there was an inscription written by our respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao: "**All honour to Comrade Chang Szu-teh who has given his life for the interests of the people.**" That meeting was attended by over a thousand members of departments directly under the Party Central Committee and army units, to whom Chairman Mao delivered his famous speech *Serve the People*. Chairman Mao's words showed me the direction to take. I determined to turn my grief into strength, always to display Chang Szu-teh's revolutionary spirit, and to work entirely in the interests of the Party and the people.

Twenty-two years have passed since Comrade Chang Szu-teh died. All this time, whether during the difficult war years or during the period of peaceful construction, his great communist spirit has inspired me and urged me forward. The thought of Comrade Chang Szu-teh always fills me with strength. Since the liberation of the whole country, I have tried to follow the teachings of the Party and Chairman Mao, tried to measure up to Comrade Chang Szu-teh's example. He lives for ever in my heart and in the hearts of the whole Chinese people.

(II)

In recent years, every time I think of Comrade Chang Szu-teh, I'm overcome by emotion. Tears fill my eyes. His revolutionary spirit of unstintingly serving the people has always been encouraging me. He shall be a model to us for ever. Chang's glorious deeds are many. Here I will tell a few more.

For the Communist Ideal

We used to be in the same army messenger squad. There were twelve of us, most only seventeen or eighteen years old. We came from Hunan, Kiangsi, Kweichow, Szechuan, Kansu, Shansi, Hopei and Shensi; truly, as Chairman Mao says: **“We hail from all corners of the country.”**

Chang, in his twenties, was the oldest. He was a very fine squad leader who always kept our morale high. Though he paid close attention to all our duties, he put special stress on ideological work. He was very good at raising a soldier's class consciousness by going right to the key point. Under his leadership, we all made rapid progress.

We had a new soldier in the squad by the name of Liu. He was only sixteen and quite timid. He was afraid to go out after dark. Even when he went to the toilet, somebody had to go with him. When we asked him why, he said there were ghosts at night. Chang called a meeting of the squad and said:

“I was afraid of ghosts too when I was little. But later, Chairman Mao came with the Red Army to the borders of our county and I was so happy I forgot to be scared. I ran thirty *li* through the night to find them. Then I led them to our village. I asked them whether ghosts really existed, and they said: absolutely not; but there were demons, live ones — landlords and capitalists who exploited us. There were also the Japanese devils; Chairman Mao was leading the Red Army north especially to fight them! Then I understood: The landlords and reactionaries spread stories about ghosts and demons in order to frighten us poor people so that we wouldn't dare to stand up and revolt.”

Comrade Chang's voice grew louder. “We're the army of the people. Nothing scares us. We don't believe in spirits and we're not afraid of ghosts. We believe only in communism.”

Every word went straight to our hearts. Blood coursed hotly through our veins and our bodies filled with strength. We were positive we could smash the old ghost-ridden world, Young Liu jumped to his feet and shouted:

“You're right, squad leader. There's no such thing as ghosts. I see through that ghost trick of the landlords and the rich now. From now on, if there are any messages to be delivered, just send me out, alone. I won't be scared, no matter how dark it is, or how far I have to go.”

After that, Chang thought of all sorts of ways to develop Liu's courage. Once he sent him with a letter on a seven hundred *li* trip through high, sparsely settled mountains over difficult trails. But Chang went with him. Under his guidance, the boy developed into a brave and resourceful messenger.

Chang was very painstaking in his ideological work. He could often tell by quite ordinary happenings that a man was troubled. Chang would use these as a means of educating him and solve his problems without delay.

In 1942, we were opening up virgin land in Nanniwan. We had a new soldier by the name of Han who was usually very lively. He played a home-made fiddle in his spare time. But one day we didn't hear the sound of his fiddle all day. Chang asked me:

“What's wrong with him?”

“I don't know,” I said.

Chang had a chat with him. It seemed that Han had received a letter from home the day before. It said that the Japanese had razed his village, and burned down every house. The boy was upset. Chang comforted him and said:

“It's not only in your village that the Japanese have burned and murdered. They've done the same thing in the villages of many comrades in the squad. All over China the Japanese devils are killing ordinary folk and burning and plundering. Only if we fight them and drive them out will our people know peace again. You ought to write home and urge your family to take an active part in the war effort. We here must turn our hatred into strength, do a good job of production and in our military duties, and support our soldiers and people who are fighting the Japanese at the front.”

That night, he had Han read to the whole squad the letter he had received from home. This made us all the more determined to resist the invaders.

"When we go to the hillside tomorrow, I'm going to open up much more land," one of the soldiers vowed.

"Right," said Chang. "To open more land is equivalent to killing more Japanese invaders."

The result was — not only were Han's spirits restored, but the enthusiasm for production of every man in the squad increased.

If a man made a mistake, Chang helped him patiently and carefully. He brought him around by arousing his revolutionary consciousness.

A comrade was transferred to our squad from company headquarters. No sooner did he arrive than he announced: "I've got arthritis of the legs. I can't do any messenger duty."

We all guessed immediately that his ailment was eighty percent in his mind. Several of our comrades became impatient after he played sick for several days. They said to Chang:

"The best doctor in the world can't cure that ailment of his."

But Chang didn't agree with this attitude. He said: "If that's so, then it's up to us to cure him. We're all class brothers. We ought to show our concern and help him. Ideological work isn't easy. You've got to take pains and be patient. When you make cloth shoes, only if your stitches are careful and fine will the soles be strong. That's how ideological work must be done."

Chang was very considerate in his relations with this new comrade, and looked after his daily needs. When he was ill, Chang brought him special meals and got up in the middle of the night to give him drinks of water. In the warmth of Chang's kindness, the comrade gradually changed. Then Chang had a talk with him.

"You shouldn't look down on messenger work," he said. "Messages may be light, but they're of weighty importance. The messages we deliver, orally or in writing, are all the Party's instructions, they represent the wishes of the people. You can see how the Party trusts us to give us such an important job."

The comrade thought this over. "Squad leader," he said frankly, "it seems to me that messenger work isn't as glorious as being a fighting soldier. You have to run around all day. It's even more tiring than my old job in company headquarters. Here one minute and there the next, you don't get a chance to learn anything."

"The more tiring a task, the more glorious it is. The man who takes on hardship before and pleasure after his mates — he's what we call a good comrade. Our duties may seem to be scattered, but as a matter of fact they're not. The point is not to be scattered in our thinking but to stay on the alert. There are plenty of chances to learn while delivering messages. We're always meeting with leaders, with soldiers, with peasants. We can learn a lot from them. We have more teachers than anyone..."

These words unravelled the knot in the new comrade's mind. He guaranteed to correct his mistakes and do a good job. And he really did change. He became a first-rate messenger.

Except when we were working or studying hard, Chang liked to chat and laugh with us. But even then, he paid attention to raising our political awareness. One day the question arose of what we meant by the word "revolution." Every man had his own opinion. We asked Chang what he thought. He said:

"I think it means not to be afraid to die, to dare to give one's life for the people. Actually, from the day we joined the revolution, we dedicated our lives to the Party and the people. We're waging revolution to overthrow the landlords and capitalists, as you've been saying. Now we're fighting to defeat Japanese imperialism. Our ultimate ideal is to build a communist society."

Hearing this, we were all greatly enlightened.

Care for Each Other, Love and Help Each Other

Although Chang was our squad leader and had been on the Long March, he never thought he deserved any better treatment than the rest of us. He was always thinking of others. Chang was much more concerned about his comrades than about himself.

Early in the summer of 1940, the warlord Ma Pu-fang was planning to raid Yen-an. Our messenger squad went with the rest of our army to the front at Yaotientzu, which was fifty *li* to the northeast. One evening the battalion commander told Chang to send a man with an urgent message to the general staff headquarters in Wangchiaping — a suburb of Yen-an, the sooner the better. Chang knew we had prac-

tised manoeuvres all day and were tired, so he decided to take the message himself. When we saw him entering our cave-dwelling billet to get his gun, we asked quickly:

"Where are you going, squad leader?"

"There's an urgent message that must reach Yen-an tonight. I'll be back tomorrow morning."

We crowded round him. "You're too tired," several of us said at the same time. "I'll go."

"You're the ones who are tired," he replied. "Get some rest. I'm all right."

We began to argue. "I order you to rest," he snapped. Then he paused and added: "Squad Leader Chang has ordered me to leave immediately and deliver this message to Yen-an. Any objections?"

We burst out laughing. Before we could catch our breaths, he had streaked out of the cave and was striding down the Yen-an road.

The next day we got up at reveille. The sky was already light. I thought: the squad leader has probably completed his mission. Suddenly, I heard someone outside shout:

"Why are you sweeping the courtyard with a rifle on your back? Are you afraid the broom will try to run away?"

"I've only just come back from Yen-an."

Ah, it was Chang's voice. He had returned. We all were relieved.

The other comrade said: "Well, go in and get some rest. We'll be starting a practice manoeuvre soon."

"I'm ready now. That's why I'm carrying this gun."

By the time we dressed and came out of the cave, Chang had already fetched two buckets of warm water and set them down for us to wash with.

To comrades in other squads he was equally considerate. He paid a lot of attention to unity. Whenever he had time, he fetched water for the kitchen squad and helped tend the fire, cut fodder for the stockman, read the newspaper aloud to them, and told stories of the Long March. Noticing that our barber, an old Red Army man, was very busy, he took a broom and swept out the clipped hair.

In regard to relations between squads, Chang said we must always put the interests of brother squads first. One day another squad

asked to borrow our target. We had been intending to use it ourselves, but Chang gladly loaned it to them. He told us to make some more targets out of old newspaper.

I remember when the Eighth Route Army Hall was completed, the Yen-an Peking Opera Theatre came to give a performance for the benefit of the builders. Our squad had taken part in the construction, and Chang had done outstanding work, for which he had been commended. That day, we trooped into the hall and walked to the front and took our seats. Chang sat down in the very last row. I urged him several times to come up front with us, but he always refused.

"We're Communists, servants of the people," he said to me afterwards. "When there's work to be done, we should step to the front. But when it's time for pleasure and enjoyment, we ought to give way to other comrades."

I was deeply moved by Chang's revolutionary political consciousness, and deeply ashamed that I made such low demands on myself, compared with him.

Always thinking of others — that was one of his noblest qualities.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Our cadres must show concern for every soldier, and all people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other."**

That is precisely what Chang did.

A Faithful Servant of the People

Chang was an extremely loyal comrade, a true servant of the people. In his daily contacts with the masses he was always concerned about their interests, and he served them whole-heartedly.

One day in June, 1940, our squad was returning from weeding fields in a village north of Yen-an. Arriving at the Yenho River bank, we saw a peasant whose ox cart was stuck in the muddy shallows. He shouted and pulled and pushed till he was all in a sweat, but the cart wouldn't budge.

Chang waded into the stream without even pausing to remove his shoes or roll up his trousers, and lifted the sunken wheel out of the mud. The rest of us dashed in and, pushing and pulling, soon got the

cart to the opposite side. The peasant wiped the sweat from his brow.

"Thanks very much," he said to us. "I was nearly frantic. The water is due to rise any time now." He drove off with his cart.

"No matter what kind of troubles the masses have," said Chang, "we should come forward and help them."

He again reverted to his experiences on the Long March. "The Kuomintang reactionary army was hot on our trail then," said Chang. "Some of our comrades had been wounded and couldn't march. The local people volunteered to hide them. As a result, the enemy couldn't find our wounded, no matter how they searched. That proves the truth of a maxim of Chairman Mao: **The army loves the people; the people support the army.**"

By his own conduct, Chang constantly increased the love of the people for their army. In late autumn, 1941, we went to Nanniwan to open up wasteland for cultivation. One day the battalion commander sent for Chang and gave him a message to be delivered to the general political department office in Yen-an.

Chang waded streams and pushed through forests and climbed twenty *li* over the Jentai Mountain Range. As he started down towards the village of Jentai, he saw an old woman carrying a bundle of brushwood she had cut for fuel. She was descending haltingly and with difficulty. Chang hurried over and put the bundle on his own back. He felt it was too light, so he cut some more fuel and added it to the original bundle. Then he escorted the old woman down the slope and saw her home. She pleaded that he stay and have a meal, but Chang refused with thanks.

"You Eighth Route Army boys are too good to us peasants," she said gratefully. "Chairman Mao has really taught you how to be good soldiers."

"We're children of the people, old mother," Chang replied. "We ought to serve you. We don't do nearly enough."

He showed his complete devotion to the people in all his acts, and he developed this noble character by honestly following the teachings of Chairman Mao. The example of our great leader's own behaviour was a constant influence upon him.

I remember one night when Chang returned to Yen-an very late after a long trip. He still hadn't eaten any supper. The squad was all asleep, so he entered our quarters softly. A few of the boys had kicked their quilts off and he quickly covered them again. Only then did he pour himself a bowl of water and sit down.

I had been out on a mission myself and found him sitting there when I returned. Before I could ask him a word about his trip, he stood up, grasped my hand, and said:

"Where have you been? You must be tired. Have you eaten yet?"

"I'm not tired," I replied. "I ate before leaving here. I've only gone a short distance with an urgent message. But you must be very tired, squad leader. Have you had your supper?"

He shook his head and said softly: "What have I got to be tired about? Compared with Chairman Mao, we hardly do anything. I passed his quarters, Date Garden in Yangchialing, on the way back, and the lights there were burning bright. In the middle of the night Chairman Mao is still up, working out the liberation of the Chinese people. I was feeling a bit weary, originally, but when I saw those lights, my heart warmed and I felt fine. I said to myself: Because we have Chairman Mao, the suffering Chinese people are going to win complete liberation. . . . The more I thought, the better I felt. Before I knew it, I was here."

Chang was stirred to the verge of tears. "Whenever I think of the Party and Chairman Mao," he said, "whenever I think that the people of the whole country are going to be completely liberated, tiredness and hunger fly away, hardship and danger vanish."

Hearing him, I had trouble suppressing my own emotions.

All this was over twenty years ago, but it's as if it was only yesterday. Comrade Chang's smiling, kindly face is still before my eyes and his resonant voice, so full of revolutionary spirit, still echoes in my ears.

Follow Close Behind Chang Szu-teh

Reverently I turn to the first page,
Chang Szu-teh's name is written there.

My eyes on the book, I think of this hero,
His thought flooding my mind with warmth.

At the charcoal kiln spring lingers, eternal,
For here stands a heroic red flower; fadeless!

Let us study this magic book; learn from its hero,
That our hearts may become redder as we learn.

My thought flies out over a myriad hills,
The magic book leads me ever onwards — to Yenan!

In Ansai, Yenan is a vast sea of forests,
Saplings, row upon row, like waves.

This poem was written by a worker.

Stroking the boles of the saplings I ask in wonder,
How did this revolutionary hero grow up, mature?

The saplings nod in reply, pointing out to me
The right road — the road of revolution;

They point down the road to the charcoal kiln
As if Chang Szu-teh were still busy at work!

In the kiln the fire still blazes brightly,
The glowing red embers warming my heart.

Rivers and hills dance in the fire-light
Composing a song, a glorious song of praise!

Below me I hear the loud gurgle of the Yenho River
Singing joyfully of Squad Leader Chang:

“By obeying Chairman Mao's instructions he gave of his best
Striding with firm steps along the revolutionary road;

Shouldering heavy loads he worked for the revolution,
From the depths of his soul he served the people!”

Towering before me I see the famed Pagoda Hill
Emblazoning a poem on the azure blue sky;

“As a cog in the revolutionary machine
Shines brightly, so did Chang at his tasks.”

Before me I seem to see the fighters' smiling faces
Listening intently to his tales of revolution:

“In making revolution one should fear no sacrifice;
One must dare to give one’s life for the people!”

Bold and inspiring are the squad leader’s words,
Every character for ever inscribed on my heart.

While reading, hot tears well up in my eyes
And I seem to see Mount Tai looming high in the sky;

Such a man was Chang Szu-teh, standing erect, like a green pine.
How broad and generous is the mind of this man!

While closing the book I ponder as to how
I can learn to become whole-hearted, as this hero.

The answer comes: Learn from the example of Chang Szu-teh!
Selflessly devote one’s heart and mind to the revolutionary cause,

For if devoted “wholly” and “entirely” to the people
Suddenly the word “public” shines with the lustre of gold;

Then, ahead, the road of revolution beckons — dazzling; bright!
Now, I know I’ll read Chairman Mao’s works all my life.

I hold the magic book of revolution close, close to my breast;
I write a pledge, a pledge to our beloved Party:

The charcoal burner, Chang Szu-teh illumines the way forward!
Thousands of such men hold high the torch, follow close behind.

Fang Hsing

Making a Start

Once the importance of studying Chairman Mao’s works was explained to Po Hung-lan by someone in her commune, she got her husband Lu Yuan-hsi to buy her a copy of the *Extracts and Articles from the Works of Mao Tse-tung*.

One of the villagers seeing this demanded, “How on earth are you going to study Chairman Mao’s works, when you can’t read a single character?”

“I can’t read, I know, but I’m going to make a start,” was Hung-lan’s cheerful retort. “I’ve a brain as well as two ears and a mouth, haven’t I? I can listen, I can remember, I can ask questions.”

“But can you understand?” asked another sceptic.

That rather put Hung-lan’s back up. “Chairman Mao writes for us poor and lower-middle peasants. It’s us poor and lower-middle peasants he’s talking to. Why shouldn’t I understand?” she wanted to know.

It was all very well to talk, but Hung-lan was forty-seven, getting on for forty-eight. Apart from the fact that she’d never had any school-

ing, she was the mother of six, snowed under with housework. These were certainly big handicaps. To start with she listened carefully to the teacher in the team's cultural centre — but she could never remember what he said. The other women studying there kept raising questions, they were so keen to learn. Poor Hung-lan was sometimes afraid her brain would burst, when she couldn't make head or tail of the characters in her book. How she longed to be able to read! One day as they were planting trees, some of the commune members started reciting the eleven types of liberalism in *Combat Liberalism*, but Hung-lan couldn't recite a single one. She said to herself, "Hung-lan, Hung-lan, are you serious or not about studying Chairman Mao's works? If you are, you must get over this difficulty."

One night she thought to herself as she lay in bed: "It's our great Party, our great Chairman Mao, who led us poor and lower-middle peasants to stand up and set our feet on this broad, sunlit highway." Her heart was so filled with love for Chairman Mao that she wanted desperately to study his writings, but how could she when she wasn't able to read? Suddenly she had an idea. Her two elder children could read, why not rope them in? This seemed to her a very good way out.

The next morning she told her children, "In the old days poor folk like us couldn't afford a schooling. That's why your ma can't read. Now I want to study Chairman Mao's writings to learn about revolution. I hope you'll help me."

The children, only too pleased by their mother's determination to study Chairman Mao's works, were more than willing to help. They talked it over together and decided to start a family study group. This was the first of its kind in that production brigade; but soon other families followed their example and started study groups too.

Every evening after that, Hung-lan's family sat round the table helping each other to study Chairman Mao's writings. The children would read out a sentence, Hung-lan would repeat it; then she would recite it while they checked with the text. Sometimes they went on reading and reciting like this for several hours at a stretch.

One day the children tried over and over again to teach their mother the characters for "people," but it was no use — she just couldn't

remember them. She was frantic and so were they. In exasperation her husband cried, "How can you be so slow in the uptake?"

"Think how hard it was in the old days for the poor to go to school," protested Hung-lan in a huff. "But instead of blaming the old society, you call me slow in the uptake. You should help me with class feeling." She herself had so much class feeling in her boundless love for Chairman Mao that she went on wrestling with those two characters till at last she mastered them.

Sometimes she told the children their family history, contrasting the bad old days with their present happiness to teach them to love the Party and Chairman Mao, to study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings and act according to his instructions. That made them help her still more conscientiously.

When a difficulty cropped up during study, Hung-lan would look up at Chairman Mao's picture on the wall, and his kindly smile encouraged her to persevere. Even in bed with the light out, she would go on reciting quotations. If she forgot one she would light the lamp and get one of the children to find the passage and read it out to her until she was word perfect. First thing in the morning when she got up, and when she was cooking or eating or out at work in the fields, Hung-lan would recite quotations from Chairman Mao. By keeping hard at it over a period of time she succeeded in memorizing such important articles as *Serve the People* and *In Memory of Norman Bethune*.

Hung-lan not only memorized Chairman Mao's sayings, she tried even harder to put them into practice, always acting faithfully on Chairman Mao's teachings. That winter, for instance, when the brigade started collecting mud from a pond as fertilizer, they found that every night the pond which they had drained the previous day would ooze out some water, which had to be emptied out before they could carry more mud away. It took quite a few people to do this, wasting time. Hung-lan thought, "Chairman Mao speaks of 'utter devotion to others without any thought of self,' and we should practise that in all we do, putting the collective first." She started getting up before it was light and emptying out the water on the quiet, so that when the rest of the team arrived they could set about digging and carrying off

mud without any waste of time. The first couple of days her action passed unnoticed, but then people began to wonder how it was that the water had stopped welling up. When they discovered that this was Hung-lan's doing, they commended her for the whole-hearted way she was putting Chairman Mao's teachings into practice.

"You keep doing good deeds without letting us know," someone teased.

"It's not worth talking about." Hung-lan chuckled. "Compared with Chang Szu-teh and Norman Bethune I've still a long, long way to go. I mean to study Chairman Mao's teachings all my life, and put them into practice all my life."

She used red paint to write "**Serve the people whole-heartedly**" on her courtyard wall, so that all the commune members would check up on her and she could see this maxim first thing each morning and measure her actions against it.

Wall of Bronze

Today, I want to tell you a story about a "wall." It took place in a coastguard defence company stationed along the Yellow Sea coast.

Young Wang, the projectionist, drove out in a horse-drawn cart one day at noon and announced he was going to show a film that night entitled *Long Live the Victory of People's War*. When news of this got around, the men in the company were delighted.

As excited as the others, Comrade Wu, the company commander, shook Young Wang by the hand and said: "That's fine, that's fine." He directed the clerks and messengers: "Put the screen up as soon as you can."

Perhaps you might ask: Why set up a screen in the middle of the day if the film wasn't to be shown until night? The reason was that whenever people in neighbouring hamlets saw it, they knew that after

This story was written collectively by a theatrical group in a PLA engineers' company.

dark a film would be shown on the company grounds. The screen had become a kind of announcement and invitation.

That evening at dusk, when the company had just finished supper, the small generator began its cheerful "putt-putt-putt" and the loudspeaker blared out the song *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. People from four or five *li* around, to the strains of this familiar and stirring tune, came flocking towards the camp.

After supper, Wu was just going out the gate when he ran into Comrade Liu, head of the militia battalion of the Red Guards Production Brigade of the local commune. Liu was forty this year. Though not tall, he's very sturdy. He and Wu are like brothers. They've spent many an hour together, talking or shooting at targets.

In the autumn of 1963 a gang of Kuomintang agents, backed by the US imperialists, landed nearby and hid in a lake of reeds. It's a very large area and the agents were sure the reeds would give them perfect cover. The coastguard soldiers and the militiamen surrounded the area in a tight circle, then Wu and Liu led some of their fighters in together. In a day and a night they nabbed all ten of the enemy agents.

Now, they greeted each other warmly.

"Have you all come to see the film tonight, Old Liu?"

"Every single one of us. We've even carried down our five-guarantee pensioner,* Grandma Sung."

The company commander saw throngs of people, carrying babies and supporting old folk, advancing down the road towards the open field where the film was to be shown. His heart warmed and he said to the militia leader: "Come on. Let's help get them seated."

They walked in the direction of the projector. A wind had risen from the sea, and it was whistling through the telegraph wires. Wu suddenly felt colder. Leaden grey clouds were sweeping in from the northwest like a tide. From his years of experience on the coast, Wu could tell that a gale was coming. People walking past him were bending forward at the waist. Some had shoved their hands into their sleeves.

*In the people's communes, elderly people are guaranteed food, clothing, housing, medical care and burial service.

There was no time to consult the militia chief. Wu bounded over to the projectionist and said: "It's going to blow, Young Wang. Let's move into the courtyard so that these neighbours won't catch cold. What do you say?"

"Of course, commander. You think of everything. All right, then, if we're going to move, let's get cracking."

By then, the coastguards had arrived at the field. Wu gave them "urgent orders": First Platoon shift the projector; Second Platoon haul the generator; Third Platoon dismantle the screen.

All the equipment was transferred into the courtyard in a trice. On the north, east and west sides of the compound were tile roofed houses. Although it wasn't very large, the courtyard could seat two or three hundred people with ease.

After the screen was erected at the southern wall, a few of the guardsmen brought in soft, thick mats which the soldiers had woven out of the tenderest spring reeds. They had made these especially for the commune folk to sit on in winter while watching films, so as to ward off the chill of the cold ground. Wu and Liu helped lay the mats out, then invited the visitors to be seated. The company commander told his men to sit in the rear. In this way they protected the people up front from the north wind.

When everyone had taken his place, the soldiers and the commune folk read aloud from their little red books of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and from the "three constantly read articles," turning the courtyard into a classroom for the study of the works of Chairman Mao.

Then the performance began. A lantern slide series called *The Army and the People Defend the Land Together* was shown first. But at that moment the northwest wind started to blow with a vengeance. Howling, it seemed to buffet the watchers with millions of steel needles, and billowed the screen wildly.

The wind from the sea at night is cold in this region even in summer, and now it was already winter.

The company commander saw the commune folk wrap their clothes around themselves tighter against the icy gale as they attentively watched a lantern slide show called *The Army Loves the People, the*

People Love the Army, the Army and the People Are One Family. He felt very uncomfortable. He got up and walked quietly to the soldiers in the rear and said:

"Let's read a quotation from Chairman Mao together, comrades: page 134, the first paragraph. Our great leader, Chairman Mao, teaches us—" The soldiers recited softly with him in chorus: **"Wherever our comrades go, they must build good relations with the masses, be concerned for them and help them overcome their difficulties. We must unite with the masses; the more of the masses we unite with, the better."**

You might say: Wasn't there a lantern slide show going on? How could they see the quotation from Chairman Mao in the dark? Actually, there's nothing strange about it at all. The PLA fighters knew most of the quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung by heart; it didn't matter which page or paragraph.

"I give you a special task," said Wu, his voice low, "so that these neighbours can watch the show in comfort: Drive back the north-west wind!" He waved his hand.

The guardsmen understood. They jumped to their feet and pressed close together, forming a solid wall as if fearful that a breath of wind would get past them and disturb the masses.

Wu stood in the very rear, next to Young Li of Squad Nine. Short and slim, the boy had joined the PLA only five months before. Though wearing the smallest uniform in stock, he still had to roll up a good length of sleeve and trouser leg to make it fit. He was standing on tiptoe, craning his neck and staring with bright, shining eyes.

"You're too short," Wu said to him. "Move up front where you can see."

"No, I won't."

"Go on, now, do what I say. You can't see from here, and besides it's cold."

"Aren't you always telling us to think of the people at all times, commander? Well, that's just what I'm doing. My body's a bit cold, but my heart's nice and warm. Though I may not be able to see the film tonight, in the future I'll be able to see the unique power of the people's war."

The company commander did not reply, but he and the boy pressed shoulders closer than before.

The lantern slide show ended and the projectionist turned on his work light. Although the gale roared over the roofs louder than ever, the commune members somehow felt warmer. What was it all about? They turned around and looked. Standing behind them was row upon row of coastguards of the People's Liberation Army. The commune folk were so moved they didn't know what to say.

Comrade Liu jumped to his feet. "Commune comrades," he shouted. "Look to the rear. The PLA comrades have formed a wall to screen us from the winter gale. It's not a brick wall, it's a wall of class love. They freeze their bodies to warm our hearts. It's a wall of bronze, here at the front on the Yellow Sea. This wall of bronze not only can stop old Baldy Chiang Kai-shek and his gang. The big-nosed Yankees and their revisionist pals will also get cracked, bloody skulls if they tried to butt their heads against it!"

Grandma Sung, who had been sitting beside Liu, rose agitatedly. "Comrades," she called to the PLA guardsmen, "yours is an important task. You mustn't get sick on our account."

On hearing Liu and Grandma Sung, everyone in the audience was stirred. Wu didn't want feelings to run so high as to stop the showing of the film. He ran over to the projector and picked up a megaphone.

"Quiet down, commune comrades," he shouted. "The film will start in a few minutes. Let's sing a Chairman Mao's quotation song. What do you say?" Without waiting for a response, he began the first line of a quotation from Chairman Mao Tse-tung which had been set to music: **"We hail from all corners of the country. . . ."** All together now — sing!"

Everyone at once understood why Wu wanted them to sing. They all joined in the song — soldiers, militiamen, commune members. . . . **"All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other. . . ."**

They had all sung this song many times before and had always liked it. But tonight the meaning was especially clear, and they sang it fondly and with gusto.

Young Li became conscious of a warmth behind him. He turned his head and what he saw made him gape. He called hurriedly: "Look, comrades, look!"

Everyone turned around, and what do you think they saw? They saw a row of bold, stalwart militiamen, shoulder to shoulder in a tight line, looking at them and smiling!

Truly, we can say:

On the Yellow Sea front, where
The people and the army
Are as close as fish and water,
A wall of bronze blocks the winter gale;
Long live, long live people's war,
Our land shall be Red for ever more.

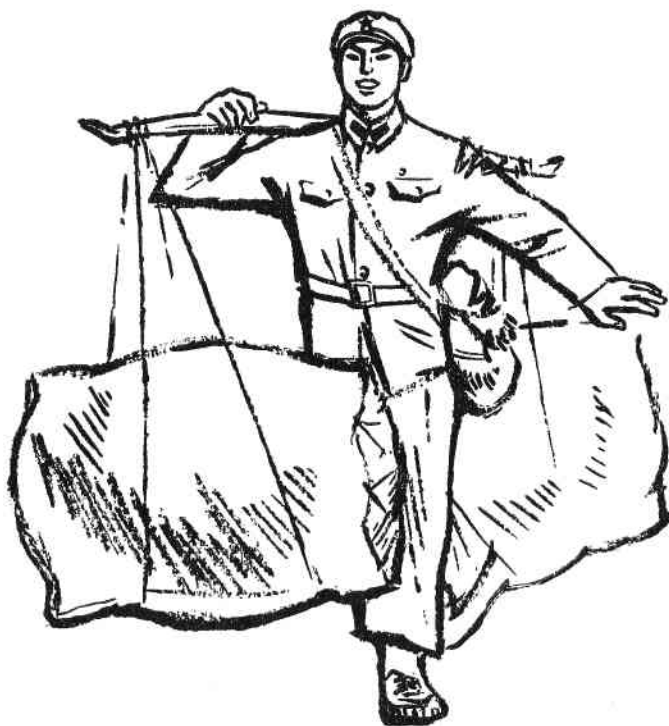
Weeds from the South Grow Green in the North

When cold winter arrives all green things turn yellow, and wither. However, in the ponds at Waving Pool Farm, where the first company of the artillery were stationed, a mass of water-weed remained fresh and green. In the past there was no such kind of weed there. Where did it come from?

In March of this year five-good soldier Wang Chin-yuan paid a visit to his home town Chingpu in the suburbs of Shanghai. Towards the end of his holiday he said to his father, "Dad, I want to take some young seedlings of the hardy water-weed back to the army."

Such hardy water-weed can withstand the cold of winter and the heat of summer, thriving in both and growing very fast. This weed is good fodder for both animals and poultry, such as pigs and geese, who find it very palatable.

On hearing Wang Chin-yuan's remark his father burst out laughing, and asked, "For how many days can you feed your pigs on a load of this water-weed?"



“Don’t laugh, dad. We’ve several ponds on our farm and there’s no such water-weed growing in them. I’ll take some back and plant it there. It’ll be a great benefit to the commune members as well as to our farm, and a help in developing sidelines.”

Wang’s mother was listening to this conversation. After her son had finished speaking she said, “I think it’s a great idea! However, it’s a long way back to your army base, nearly eight hundred *li*. You’ll have to return by train and boat. It’ll be very troublesome for you carrying such a heavy load.”

“I’ve thought about this, mother. As long as it’s a good thing for the people and the revolution I’ll do it, no matter how long it takes, or how difficult the road may be.”

“Good, child. That’s the right attitude towards the revolution!” Wang’s father was very much pleased. “Come along with me and I’ll help you to fish up some weed.”

Father and son went off to the pond and dug up enough of the hardy weed to fill two big sacks; more than a hundred and twenty catties.

Because of this, Wang Chin-yuan left home a day earlier than he had planned. He carried the two sacks to the bus depot, but the conductor there told him, “You’ll have to pay excess fare, comrade, as you’re carrying such a big load.”

“Well,” Wang Chin-yuan thought to himself, “we’re spending state money, so we must save as much as we can.”

Towelling away the sweat on his face he again shouldered his load and went on his way. Finally he strode into Chingpu County and boarded a motorboat. He then changed to a train at Kunshan Railway Station. After a day and two nights on the boat and train he reached Tungko Station near Waving Pool Farm.

He had still some little distance to travel between the station and his quarters, about thirteen or fourteen *li*. But Wang Chin-yuan hurried back immediately after getting off the train, carrying the two big sacks on his shoulder pole. Though he had not had enough rest during the journey, whenever he thought of the interests of the army and the commune members, he felt that he had boundless strength. He rushed back to his company without even pausing for breath.

Soon, the young seedlings of the hardy water-weed were established in the ponds at Waving Pool Farm — successfully transplanted from the far south of the Yangtse to the north! With careful cultivation by Wang Chin-yuan they sprouted vigorously and grew up day by day, looking fresh and green under the smiling rays of the sun. Whenever people saw them they praised the young soldier. Everyone said that they should learn from Wang Chin-yuan’s spirit: that of whole-hearted devotion to the people.

*Chiang Ping-shen and
Wang Tsung-jen*

Hot Spring

At the foot of the 3,400 metres high Sparrow Mountain is a hot spring. People on the way to or returning from the Szechuan-Tibetan Plateau often stop here to wash away the dust and fatigue of their journey and enjoy the warm comfort of the water. But even warmer than the spring is the comradeship of the soldiers stationed in Kantse, near the Yalung River. High on the snowy plateau, the camp is famed for its hearty spirit of serving the people.

When Camp Kantse was first set up, water was a problem. The men had to go down a forty degree slope and walk 200 metres to the Yalung River to get it. None of them minded the extra effort. But it hurt them to watch the army drivers. Every time one of these comrades stopped at the camp, he had to fetch water to put in the radiator and wash his vehicle. In the snowy wind and frigid cold, the bucket

quickly grew heavy with ice, and there was little water in it by the time he returned from the river.

Some of the drivers went to the river to wash their faces, to save the trouble for the soldiers of fetching water for them. "We read Chairman Mao's article *Serve the People* every day," the soldiers thought, "and talk a lot about serving the people thoroughly and completely. How can we let a comrade who's been driving all day wear himself out when he comes to our camp? Is that any way to serve the people? This can't go on."

The detachment's Communist Party secretary decided to lead water into the camp. So a battle for water began. With the cadres at their head, the men went out into the cold with picks and shovels and, in a few days, dug a two kilometre canal to a mountain stream. When the gurgling water entered the camp, the men were delighted. The drivers were pleased for they would not have to make any more trips to the river. But the soldiers felt they wouldn't be satisfied until they could supply all passing travellers with water for drinking and washing purposes.

Then the assistant head of the kitchen squad got a bright idea. He would lead the water into the kitchen, the boiler room and the bath house. But the water had to be raised first before it would flow to where he wanted it. By dint of much thought, he was able to design a water wheel. But before he could build it, he was transferred to another unit.

The squad leader felt he had to carry on where his assistant had left off. His superiors encouraged him and his comrades offered suggestions. It seemed to him that whether he succeeded or not would be a test of his determination "to serve the people wholeheartedly."

He turned to Chairman Mao's article *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* and read and re-read the lines: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**"

Once he was armed with Chairman Mao's teachings, he seemed possessed of limitless strength. He worked tirelessly, in the spirit

of the Foolish Old Man,* to draw a design. Rising early and retiring late, often forgetting his meals, he persisted in trying to build a wheel that would lift the water.

The leader of the kitchen squad grew thinner as a result of his hard work out in the cold. But when he thought of Chairman Mao's teachings, when he thought that his own wearying efforts would bring convenience to many, he put all considerations of self aside.

Finally the wheel was built. It raised the water into a big trough, which divided into smaller troughs, which culminated in pipes, through which the water flowed into the kitchen, into the boiler room, then into the sink and the bath house.

"Now we've got running water," the soldiers quipped.

When winter came to the high plateau, the water in the canal froze into a solid strip of silvery white. The "running water" had stopped running. But although winter could freeze the stream, it couldn't freeze the hearts of soldiers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Cold or no cold, they were determined to continue supplying water. They went out with picks and broke the ice obstructing the canal. Again the water flowed.

But it wasn't enough of a flow to turn the water wheel. So the men turned the wheel by hand, pumping water into the troughs and pipes. They also added a heater to ensure an uninterrupted flow.

Some people said that the "running water" at Camp Kantse was a warm flow, a hot spring, formed by the ardent desire of every soldier there to serve the people.

Yes, it was a hot spring that washed the ice and snow from the travellers' clothes, the dirt from their faces, the fatigue from their bodies. It gave them the strength to scale snowy mountains and cross icy rivers.

*The Foolish Old Man is a legendary character. It was said that there were two big mountains standing beyond his doorway barring the way and he led his sons and grandsons to move them. In 1945, Chairman Mao referred to this story in *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, calling on the revolutionary people to "be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."

A comrade from the Szechuan basin, on arriving at the plateau for the first time and seeing the "running water," was very impressed. He said: "I never thought I'd find such a fine camp on this snow-swept plateau. It's so warm and friendly here — just like your own home."

This hot spring not only warmed those staying at the camp, it flowed out and warmed other soldiers on the plateau as well.

Late one night the soldiers in the camp heard that a lone army truck had fallen into a snow-filled gully twenty kilometres away and couldn't get out. They agreed that they couldn't let a comrade-in-arms suffer hunger and cold. With the commandant personally at their head, they went out with picks and shovels, food, a cooking cauldron and crockery, and marched in the teeth of the biting wind to the scene of the accident.

At once, they set to work, some cooking, some digging around the truck. After the driver had eaten a hot meal, his energy revived and, with the aid of the others, he got the truck out of the gully. By the time they all returned to camp it was one o'clock in the morning.

Nights on the high plateau are very still. In the Camp Kantse barracks at the end of each busy day the comrades have lively discussions on what they are learning from their studies of Chairman Mao's writings. Their animated voices and laughter are as cheerful as the gurgling stream outside.

The lads are making rapid progress, studying and applying the works of Mao Tse-tung in a creative way. And what is the source of the camp's new atmosphere, described by some as a hot spring? Why, the little red books of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* which the soldiers hold in their hands.

Keep Chairman Mao's Words in Mind, Always!

Keep Chairman Mao's words in mind, always!
Climb up the derricks as if grappling with the foe,
Drill through ten thousand metres of hard packed earth
And a sea of oil will flow out to us.

Keep Chairman Mao's words in mind, always!
We oil workers have stiff back-bones
Cleave the ten thousand folds of the field,
That the oil may flow at our will!

Keep Chairman Mao's words in mind, always!
We workers have a strong fighting spirit,
So strong that our derricks pierce the sky itself!
The pungent smell of oil is wafted far and wide.

Keep Chairman Mao's words in mind, always!
This former wasteland, Taching, is greatly changed
In appearance; a thousand lines run underground;
New wells and derricks dot the oilfield!

Keep Chairman Mao's words in mind, always!
We the women of Taching look to the Party,
We farm, work at many tasks, train with the militia;
Well we know the right road forward: the road of revolution!

The Amateur Troupe of Workers and Their
Families of the Taching Oilfield

A Red Red Sun Pierces the Earth

The words of our helmsman hang bright in the mine shaft,
Deep down in the earth shines a red, red sun;
A portrait of Chairman Mao on the coal face
Means the instant rising of a red, red sun!

At the earth's surface, at noon, the sun may be bright,
Not even for an inch can it pierce the earth;
Incomparable are the rays of Mao Tse-tung's thought;
Strong; so strong they illumine the whole world!

Chairman Mao! You are the red sun in our hearts!
We revolutionary miners make a pledge:
Your words give us illimitable strength;
This we shall prove in our battle with the coal face!

With the reading of "The Three Olds"* we begin each new day;
Through these your voice pierces to the centre of the earth!

"More eager to go where the difficulties are greater."

We listen, eager to shoulder responsibility; meet difficulties.

Raising my head I read your words **"No fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting."**

I shall go forward; forward, heeding not my sweat-soaked clothes.
Chairman Mao! I no longer fear flooding —
The fall of a roof is as nothing to the hardships of the Long March!

"Take firm hold of the revolution and promote production."

The sea of underground coal is for us a battlefield;

In the heat of battle we work to unleash

A great leap forward — inspired by the cultural revolution!

We have already drilled into nineteen sixty-seven!

Chao Hung, a miner in the Chengtze
Mine, west of Peking

*Referring to the three constantly read articles of Chairman Mao, *Serve the People*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune* and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*.

Mao Tse-tung's Thought Shines on Our Village

Mao Tse-tung's thought sheds a golden light,
Shines brightly on our village!
Eyes opened and hearts red,
Revolutionary wills strengthened, we commune members
Are ever keener to learn from Chang Szu-teh!
We shoulder our hoes for the revolution;
Heart and soul we serve the people,
Turning ever towards the Party.

Mao Tse-tung's thought sheds a golden light,
Shines brightly on our village!
Over mountain and desert roll the golden waves,
In flood or in drought a bumper harvest!
We try to emulate the Foolish Old Man;
To pit ourselves against heaven and earth!
Slighting every difficulty we march forward,
Neither wind nor wave can daunt us!

Mao Tse-tung's thought sheds a golden light,
Shines brightly on our village!
It revolutionizes our work; our ideas;
It heightens our communist consciousness.
All the commune members emulate Norman Bethune,
"Utterly devoted to others, without any thought of self."
Busy in the fields, we keep the whole world in mind;
We contribute our efforts to the revolution.

Mao Tse-tung's thought sheds a golden light,
Shines brightly on our village!
We shall follow this red sun for ever,
Willingly shoulder the load of revolution!
Fathers and sons will study his works,
Will follow the Party down the generations;
For Chairman Mao's thought is the red, red sun
Shining on our village, for ever and ever!

Peasants' Amateur Troupe, Hopei Province

Long Life to You, Chairman Mao

Over the surging waters
Of the great Yangtse,
Ten thousand *li*, and more,
Rises a bright red sun,
Riding over the waves;
Shaking the earth!
The bold and stately mountains
Straighten out;
The rippling waters
Sing a joyful song:
Chairman Mao!

Our most respected and beloved leader
Chairman Mao
Enjoys good health;
Enjoys good health!

Chairman Mao
You give us
Faith and strength illimitable;
With your encouragement
Comes the realization of our great ideals;
We give of our best,
Aim high;
We will follow you for ever!
We will advance
Through storm and hurricane!
We bless you, Chairman Mao;
Long, long life to you!

Through a vast sea
Of clouds
Breaks a red sun;
Through the misty clouds
It shines
In every village;
All over the earth;
Red flags are unfurled
By militant people;
They take up arms!
Chairman Mao!
Our great teacher
Chairman Mao
Enjoys good health;
Enjoys good health!

Chairman Mao
You have opened up
A revolutionary route for us;
You have led us towards
The liberation of mankind!
With hearts now red
And with discerning eyes
Our spirit has become militant!
We will follow you for ever;
We will advance through storm and hurricane!
We bless you, Chairman Mao;
Long, long life to you!

The Seaborne Cultural Work Team
of the PLA Garrison in Kwangchow

Imprinting Truth in Our Hearts

On the mountains, in the forests and the deep valleys
We read beside our campfires.
Though the wind is piercing, the earth frosted,
Our hearts are warm and seething: the hearts of fighters!

The gurgling stream calls to mind
The bubbling Yenho River in the spring;
The bright light from the campfire calls to mind
The little lamps in the caves of Yen-an.

Then, when our great Chairman wrote his golden works*
His lamp was burning through the night!
Now the radiation from these great truths
Illumines our path: the path of revolution!

Tonight I read beside a campfire;
A fighter's will should range like a rainbow!
Crossing rivers and mountains he raises the red flag;
In struggle applies the golden words.

Hsing Shu-ti

A Ballad for Chairman Mao

Songs flow to the sound of the clappers
A Chuang soldier is singing ballads!
As I sing a ballad to our great Chairman Mao
Ten thousand people, all the people chime in!

Tea-oil grows on the southern slopes of the hills;
Big and juicy the splendid fruit!
Happy, happy are the lives of the Chuang people
Following the path of Chairman Mao!

*This line and the previous one refer to the period of the War of Resistance Against Japan (1937-1945) and the early stages of the Liberation War (1945-1949), when in order to lead the Chinese people in their struggle, Chairman Mao wrote his great revolutionary works in Yen-an, in ordinary cave dwellings of the peasants of northern Shensi.

As the sunflower each day turns, smiling to the sun,
Its blossom growing bigger than a sieve
The soldiers will follow Chairman Mao for ever,
And the saplings grow to useful trees!

On high mountain peaks stand the pines;
Ever green and youthful, like spring!
Every sturdy pine to us embodies Chairman Mao;
Chairman Mao; who is ever in our hearts!

I sing, sing to the sound of the clappers,
And my song wings its way across nine rivers!
Countless songs we sing about our great Chairman —
The never setting sun in our hearts!

Huang Chao-kuang, a PLA
fighter of the Chuang nationality

The Reed-pipe Plays “The East Is Red”

A bright red sun shines above the Miao people!
Red, red are their revolutionary hearts;
As the reed-pipe plays *The East Is Red*
The melody floats over ten thousand hills!

White clouds drift above the mountain peaks,
Green vine tendrils climb the tall banyan trees.
The Miao people's longings for Chairman Mao
Ten thousand reed-pipes cannot express!

Nung Hsing-chieh, a PLA
fighter of the Miao nationality

The Tahur People Heed Chairman Mao's Words

Gazing at the embroidered portrait of Chairman Mao
My heart takes wings,
Flies straight
To the capital — Peking,
To the Great Hall of the People!
Chairman Mao, smiling
Holds my hand;
He speaks to me, kindly.
O Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao!
Your words are like dew,
Every drop
Nourishing my heart.
O Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao!
Saviour of all nationalities;

The red sun
Of all the world's revolutionary people!
We T'ahur people heed your words,
Advance along the revolutionary path!

With Chairman Mao's golden words in my hands
A red sun rises in my heart,
My whole body seethes —
A new vista opens up
Before me; I want to live
These golden words;
Gain more strength
That heaven and earth
May change their form!
Through them
I'll chart my course
In storm or gale;
Fear neither hills of knives
Nor seas of fire!
Chairman Mao! O Chairman Mao!
We'll remember the class struggle
We'll never forget
The proletarian dictatorship.
O Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao!
We T'ahur people heed your words;
We learn from them,
Move forward rapidly towards our goal —
The Heaven of Communism!

The Harbin Summer Festival Amateur
Troupe of Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

Red Guards

Chiang Hung-hsing

Precious Water

When our company was billeted in a small village in the Yimeng Mountain Region we had to walk a mile downhill to fetch water.

Early in the winter of 1966 it was especially cold in the mountains. Every morning when my mate and I went out to fetch water, we found ourselves in the teeth of a biting northwest wind, and we felt chilled to the bone. However, each time we returned with the water we warmed up again. After we had finished delivering water from house to house, to the families whose sons had joined the army and to the five-guarantee pensioners we were all of a sweat.

One afternoon our company messenger and I returned from the drill ground to have a wash. When I took the cover off the water-jar I found it was full to the brim. I pondered over this for a while and then asked, "D'you remember? We left only half a jar of water."

"Yes," he answered, trying to puzzle the thing out. "Who has done this 'mass work' for us?"

We thought it must be some comrade in the kitchen squad who had done this good deed.

Chiang Hung-hsing is a member of the PLA.

The next morning, after the men had got out of bed I was just about to leave on my usual errand, but as I stooped to take up the carrying-pole I discovered that the water-jar was wet on the outside. I looked into it and found that it was full up. I could make neither head nor tail of it! Who had done this for us? As I hurried off to the courtyard I saw a girl with a Red Guard arm band walking out of the house of the pensioner, Uncle Chang. Across her shoulders she carried two water-buckets and her rosy cheeks were wet with sweat. As she trotted along she sang: **"... These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."**

I rushed up to her and asked, "Did you carry the water for us, little girl?" The girl ran away, giggling, without answering me. Now it was all as clear as day!

Uncle Chang told us that this Red Guard was the daughter of a poor peasant, Aunt Sun. The young girl was studying at the Agricultural Middle School in Yishui County and intended leaving on a "long march" a few days later. She was looked on as a good pupil of Chairman Mao, and as soon as she had arrived back from school the previous day she had set to work in the fields. She had written up some of Chairman Mao's quotations on the blackboard in the village centre and in her spare time had helped Uncle Chang to study the works of Chairman Mao....

"We shouldn't let that girl carry water for us," I said to the messenger, so after talking together for some little time we came to a decision. The following morning we would get up half an hour earlier than usual.

The next day we filled the water-jar ourselves.

On the morning of the third day we got up at the same time as on the previous day, but when we had put on our clothes we heard a noise outside. I opened the door and craned my neck to see what was going on. What do you think had happened? That girl, the Red Guard, was struggling to pour water into the water-jar! I hurried over and tried a little persuasion, "Comrade Red Guard, you must be very tired, for yesterday you worked a whole day in the fields, and in the evening you acted as a teacher and took Chairman Mao's thought to the poor

and lower-middle peasants. Yet you find time to help us carry water! How can we let you do all this extra work?" I reached out to grab her carrying-pole, but she grasped it tightly and would not let go.

She blushed and said, "Comrade PLA, don't put it that way! Doesn't Chairman Mao teach us to serve the people? It's my duty to do these little jobs. If we're going to talk about who's tired I'd say it's you, because you're busy with your training every day. You do 'mass work' in your spare time, too. We Red Guards should learn from you!"

The girl's apt reply made me loosen my grip on her carrying-pole.

On the fourth day we changed our time-table once again. After supper we filled the water-jar and thought to ourselves that this time we had won the day.

At the shrilling of a long whistle we began our fifth day. The messenger went out to clean the courtyard. Just as he had stepped out of the door I heard him cry out, "What on earth!"

I thought something serious must have happened and dashed out immediately. I found nothing wrong, but in the courtyard I found many basins of hot steaming water. No need to ask any questions. It must have been done by that Red Guard!

At the sight of all this I could no longer suppress my emotion and I thought: "Comrade, you're faithfully carrying out Chairman Mao's instructions — **Serve the People**. Your thought is as pure as that clear water."

The golden rays of the sun shone into the courtyard and were reflected in the water, while in its turn the water refracted thousands upon thousands of rays of sunshine, refreshing people's minds and spirits and enabling them to march forwards.

An Earthenware Pot

— *From the Diary of a Red Guard on a Long March*

On the morning of November 9, we left Yiyuan County and continued marching on to the Yimeng Mountain Region — the old revolutionary base in Shantung Province.

By lunch time we had climbed over a mountain and had seen, in front of us, an old woman and two little girls walking along with some difficulty. Carrying heavy packs on their backs they pressed forward. Ignoring our sore feet we ran up to them and asked them where they were going. The old granny told us that they were going home and that they had a distance of twelve *li* to walk. When we heard this we offered to help them, but they refused. However, after a long argument they passed over their packs.

As we walked along we chatted with the old woman. When she learned that we were marching to Peking she was very pleased and kept saying, "You're going to Peking to see Chairman Mao! Wonderful, wonderful! You must shout 'Long live Chairman Mao!' a few more times, for me."

When we accompanied them to their door we put down their packs and turned to go, but the old granny and the two little girls barred our way and tried to persuade us to go in and have a rest. We could not get out of it, so we went in.

As soon as the old granny saw that we were all seated she joyfully opened a red lacquered chest and took out an earthenware pot. She poured the tea from a thermos flask into it and served each of us a big bowlful.

We were amazed at her action. Why did she pour tea for us out of that particular old pot? The granny seemed to be able to read on our faces just what was in our minds. She held up the pot and with a smile told us its story.

"Twenty years ago, during the War of Resistance Against Japan I delivered tea and soup to the Eighth Route Army in this pot! It doesn't look very colourful but it's done its bit towards defeating the Japanese. The sight of you all reminds me of the little Eighth Routers in the past. Now, you're going to Peking to see our Chairman Mao. You're my honourable guests. So I picked out this pot especially."

Suddenly, the significance of her story dawned on us. We felt a surge of warmth flowing through our bodies. The tea from that pot seemed to sweeten our hearts. We seemed never to have drunk such nice tea before.

When the time came for us to continue our journey the old woman saw us on our way for quite some distance. When bidding us goodbye she said, "You're Chairman Mao's Red Guards, the younger generation of us poor and lower-middle peasants. You're good brothers and sisters of Lei Feng and Wang Chieh. When you reach Peking, don't forget to pass on my greetings to Chairman Mao, will you? I wish him a long, long life!"

Boundless strength coursed through us as we marched along the road. Though the winding road proved difficult we felt not the least sign of tiredness. Everyone was deep in thought.

"The road we're travelling, the massive mountains enfolding us, indeed, the whole Yimeng Mountain Region, are all stained with the blood of our revolutionary forbears; countless martyrs laid down their

precious lives in order to overthrow the old world and to build the new. Every plot in the mountains, every drop of water in the dams, we owe to these glorious martyrs.”

As these thoughts of the past flooded our minds we began reciting, all together, a quotation from Chairman Mao:

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

The Clarion Call of the “January Revolution”

— *An Account of the First Month Following the Appearance of the New “Wenhui Bao” and “Jiefang Ribao”*

With the growth of the revolutionary forces in Shanghai during China’s great proletarian cultural revolution, the *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* appeared as two completely new and revolutionary newspapers. Our most respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao gave a high estimate of this when he said: **“This is a great revolution.”** Since then a month has gone by. During this month of the most intense class struggle the new *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao*, raising high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought and the flag of proletarian revolutionary rebellion, have taken their stand in the forefront of the struggle. Together with the revolutionary rebels of the whole city they have charged through the enemy’s lines, making these newspapers really powerful weapons of the great proletarian cultural revolu-

tion, and accomplishing splendid feats for the "January Revolution" in Shanghai.

During this month of class struggle, the new *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* have accumulated useful experience on the right way to run a revolutionary rebel newspaper. The crux of this is: Mao Tse-tung's thought must genuinely occupy the leading position in the paper, which must be run in the revolutionary rebel spirit, in the spirit of continuous and thoroughgoing revolution, of constant revolutionary rebellion.

The Rebellion in *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao*

Wenhui Bao rebelled on January 4, *Jiefang Ribao* on January 6. After throwing off the criminal control of the bourgeois reactionary line, these two newspapers have dispersed the gloom in which "ten thousand horses stood mute," raised high the great red banner of the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao and launched a fierce counter-attack against the bourgeois reactionary line. On January 5, another Marxist-Leninist big-character poster of nation-wide significance was published — the *Message to All Shanghai People* featured in *Wenhui Bao*.

The appearance of the new *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* marks a great revolution, the overthrow of one class by another. This is a product of the great alliance between Shanghai's proletarian revolutionary groups.

It is certainly no accident that the revolutionary rebel forces of *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* rose in rebellion together with the revolutionary masses. This was the inevitable outcome of a mortal struggle between the proletarian revolutionary line and the bourgeois reactionary line and the product of the victory of the proletarian revolutionary line over the bourgeois reactionary line in the Shanghai district.

These two newspapers should all along have raised high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and served as an instrument of the dictatorship of the proletariat. But because they were con-

trolled by a handful of authorities taking the capitalist road in the Shanghai Municipal Party Committee, they several times took the counter-revolutionary revisionist road and committed heinous crimes against the Party and the people. In 1957, *Wenhui Bao* degenerated into a tool of the bourgeois Rightists' frantic attacks on the Party. Between 1961 and 1962 it again became a tool for the restoration of capitalism. *Jiefang Ribao*, ostensibly the organ of the Shanghai Municipal Party Committee, was controlled during the last few years by a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in the Municipal Committee and the editorial office, who suppressed the propagation of Mao Tse-tung's thought, attacked the general line, the big leap forward and the people's communes and preached revisionism. Thus it became a chorus of ghosts and monsters inside and outside the Party.

Wherever there is oppression, there will be rebellion. The revolutionary Leftists of *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* allied with revolutionary forces outside to launch a fierce onslaught against the reactionary line in both these newspapers. Our great leader Chairman Mao showed the keenest concern for their struggle. From first to last Chairman Mao supported the revolutionary Left and several times he steered *Wenhui Bao* back on to the right course. Under Chairman Mao's personal leadership, between November 1965 and May 1966, *Wenhui Bao* published criticisms of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office** and the "Three-Family Village,"** thus ringing up the curtain for the great proletarian cultural revolution and raising high the flag of revolutionary criticism. But after the first Marxist-Leninist big-character poster written by Nieh Yuan-tzu and others on June 1, 1966 was broadcast, *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* not only refrained from playing an active part in this great, unprecedented cultural revolution but stubbornly carried out a bourgeois reactionary line, reversed right and wrong,

*A reactionary opera by the anti-Party element Wu Han. He used the story of Hai Jui, a feudal official, to make a veiled attack on the socialist revolution.

**Teng To, Wu Han and Liao Mo-sha, three anti-Party elements in the former Peking Municipal Party Committee, used its journal *Qianxian* to publish a column entitled *Notes from Three-Family Village*. This carried many reactionary articles attacking the Party and socialism.

turned black into white, attacked revolutionaries and clamped down on different views, to boost the prestige of the bourgeoisie and demoralize the proletariat. They did all in their power to quash the stupendous mass movement. They degenerated completely into tools for bourgeois dictatorship over the proletariat, becoming reactionary papers implementing the bourgeois reactionary line.

The fundamental question of revolution is the question of political power. Events taught the revolutionary Leftists that they must seize the leadership of newspapers if these were to serve the dictatorship of the proletariat. They must run these papers themselves. At the start of the great proletarian cultural revolution the revolutionary masses of *Wenhui Bao* overthrew the editorial committee which for many years had carried out a counter-revolutionary revisionist line. They were too inexperienced, however, to seize the leadership of the paper outright and allowed it to go to some diehards sent by the Shanghai Municipal Party Committee who persisted in the bourgeois reactionary line. These scoundrels kept changing *Wenhui Bao's* direction, pulling it over to the bourgeois side. Resorting to many plots and new subterfuges, they staged a fresh counter-attack and frenziedly suppressed the revolutionary rebels in their office and outside it. They branded the revolutionary Leftists in their office as "dangerous" and "double-faced" characters. They deliberately published articles by the conservative forces. As for the stubborn supporters of the bourgeois reactionary line in *Jiefang Ribao*, they looked on the Red Guards as ravening beasts. When the Red Guards' Revolutionary Committee of the Colleges and Universities of Shanghai rose to criticize this paper, at the instigation of the Shanghai Municipal Party Committee the "gentlemen" of *Jiefang Ribao* and *Wenhui Bao* made a vicious counter-attack, inciting the masses to struggle against each other and bringing about the notorious *Jiefang Ribao* Incident. At the same time they savagely suppressed the revolutionary rebels on their own staff.

This was absolutely insufferable. The fiercer the oppression, the stronger the resistance. The rebels of *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* did not submit. With the support of the Third Headquarters of the Red Guards of the Capital and the Red Guards' Revolutionary Committee of the Colleges and Universities of Shanghai, they kept

up the fight. And when the struggle was fiercest, eight comrades of the Single Spark Revolutionary Rebel Headquarters of *Wenhui Bao* solemnly pledged before a portrait of Chairman Mao to **"be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** They said: We are in the minority now, but the truth is on our side, Chairman Mao supports us. Drawing boundless strength from our most respected and beloved great leader and with full confidence in their ultimate victory, they threw themselves into an even keener struggle. The revolutionary rebel workers of both newspapers also proved completely staunch during this struggle. Undismayed by attacks and isolation, they fought on heroically determined to rebel until victory. The revolutionary Leftists of the editorial offices learned much from them and were inspired by their example.

Our great leader Chairman Mao tells us: **"Everything reactionary is the same; if you don't hit it, it won't fall. This is also like sweeping the floor; as a rule, where the broom does not reach, the dust will not vanish of itself."** Acting on Chairman Mao's teachings and inspired by the editorial *Seize New Victories in Hongqi* No. 15, 1966, the revolutionary rebels of *Wenhui Bao* utilized the excellent revolutionary situation in Shanghai to ally closely with the paper's revolutionary workers and to launch a general offensive against the stronghold of the bourgeois reactionary line in their office. They brought many facts to light, mobilized the masses and won over the majority, completely isolating the small number of diehards who were stubbornly clinging to the bourgeois reactionary line. Finally, in the evening of January 3, they seized overall power in this newspaper. The great majority of the rank-and-file workers there fully supported this splendid action by the Single Spark Revolutionary Rebel Headquarters. The next day, January 4, the new-born *Wenhui Bao* made its appearance.

The birth of the new *Wenhui Bao* greatly heartened the revolutionary rebels of *Jiefang Ribao* who demanded eagerly, "If we don't make a revolution in *Jiefang Ribao*, who will? If we don't seize power now, how long must we wait?" The appearance of the new *Wenhui Bao* dealt a fatal blow to the handful of diehards in *Jiefang Ribao*. And the comrades of its Revolutionary Rebel Allied Headquarters struck while

the iron was hot. At a big meeting in the evening of January 5, they announced their decision to take over *Jiefang Ribao*.

The appearance of the new *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* sounded the knell for the bourgeois reactionary line implemented by the Shanghai Municipal Party Committee.

Wenhui Bao and *Jiefang Ribao*, new-born in the mighty fire of the great proletarian cultural revolution, have acted on Chairman Mao's instruction: **"We must firmly uphold the truth, and truth requires a clear-cut stand."** They have raised high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, firmly taken the side of the revolutionary rebels, opened heavy fire on the bourgeois reactionary line of the Shanghai Municipal Party Committee and used the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung to guide their propaganda and reporting.

On January 9, *Renmin Ribao* on instructions from Chairman Mao published a most important editorial note. This gave a high estimate of the rebellion in *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao*, pointing out: "With the growth of the revolutionary forces in Shanghai, the *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* have appeared as two completely new and revolutionary newspapers. They are products of the victory of the proletarian revolutionary line over the bourgeois reactionary line. This is a great event in the history of the development of the great proletarian cultural revolution in China. This is a great revolution. This great event will certainly play a tremendous role in pushing ahead the development of the movement of the great proletarian cultural revolution throughout east China and in all the cities and provinces in other parts of the country."

Firmly Take Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line and Make Newspapers Speak for the Revolutionary Rebels

Chairman Mao has pointed out that **the overthrow of political power is necessarily preceded by efforts to seize hold of the superstructure and ideology in order to prepare public opinion.** Newspapers are a powerful propaganda weapon. The revolutionary rebel groups

seized power in these papers in order to control this weapon and prepare public opinion for revolution. This seizure of leadership was a great revolution, but if the matter had rested there and the papers had continued to peddle the same old revisionist and bourgeois reactionary lines, the seizure of power would have lost its significance. So the contents had to be revolutionized too. The fundamental requirement here was really to put Mao Tse-tung's thought in command, so that the broad revolutionary masses might hear Chairman Mao speak through these papers. The day that the new *Wenhui Bao* appeared, it printed the brilliant editorial written for *Renmin Ribao* by Chairman Mao in 1957 — "*Wenhui Bao's*" *Bourgeois Orientation Should Be Criticized*. Later, to meet the needs of the struggle, the papers gave fresh, timely publicity to *On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party* and published quotations from Chairman Mao dealing with "take firm hold of the revolution and promote production," "the peasant movement" and "the struggle for political power." All these gave effective guidance to the movement. The revolutionary comrades of *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* resolutely took Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and sided with the revolutionary rebels. The day after its appearance the new *Wenhui Bao* displayed the fearless spirit of revolutionary rebellion by publishing the *Message to All Shanghai People* written by eleven revolutionary organizations in Shanghai. Then, together with the new *Jiefang Ribao*, it published an important series of "Urgent Notices" from different revolutionary bodies, as well as other proclamations, editorials and dispatches. These fanned the flames of revolution, kindled the fires of rebellion, heavily bombarded the reactionary bourgeois line and dealt crushing blows at those in authority taking the capitalist road by exposing their crimes to the light of day. This greatly strengthened the determination of the revolutionary rebels and wiped out the prestige of those persons in authority in the Party taking the capitalist road.

It was with the support of the revolutionary rebels of all Shanghai that those in the *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* charged through the enemy lines. After taking over these papers they continued to stand in the front line of the struggle and fought shoulder to shoulder with the broad masses of revolutionary rebels, keeping in close contact with them. Actuated by the same ideas, same passionate indignation

and same concerns as the revolutionary rebels, with a high degree of working-class acumen they saw through and smashed the enemy plot to stir up the ill wind of economism. They published eleven editorials as well as many important reports and articles dealing with economism, which were effective in putting a stop to this trend and setting the struggle on the right course again. This helped the people of Shanghai to take a firmer hold of the revolution and further stimulated production.

Both papers gave full coverage and guidance to the struggles to seize power in Shanghai and to the peasants' movement in the surrounding countryside. They did their utmost to discover what was new in the cultural revolution, to acclaim what was new and to clear the way for it. When a reactionary counter-current appeared and attacks were made in Shanghai on the Cultural Revolution Group under the Party Central Committee, the headquarters of the proletariat, *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* stepped out boldly again to deal the enemy a head-on blow, defending the proletarian revolutionary line and the great alliance of the proletarian revolutionary Left.

Chairman Mao says: "We must firmly uphold the truth, and truth requires a clear-cut stand. We Communists have always disdained to conceal our views. Newspapers run by our Party and all the propaganda work of our Party should be vivid, clear-cut and sharp and should never mutter and mumble. That is the militant style proper to us, the revolutionary proletariat." The revolutionary rebels of *Wenhui Bao* said: "Revolution cannot be temperate and kind. Revolutionary rebels must be all fire and fight. A sharp, incisive militant style comes from the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, from the revolutionary rebel spirit of the proletariat." The revolutionary comrades of both papers developed the rebel spirit of daring to think, to speak out, to act and to make revolution. Provided the orientation is correct, they have the courage to uphold the truth even if they come under fire. Confronted with the actuality of class struggle, they have the courage to tackle the most crucial questions and boldly step forward to speak out. They make clear what they support and what they oppose in a completely frank and unequivocal way, with no trace of eclecticism. They have made a clean sweep

of the shilly-shallying and mealy-mouthed mumbling which prevailed under the reactionary bourgeois line.

The adverse current of economism deluded some young people and workers who had gone to help build up the countryside and mountainous regions, and they returned to Shanghai asking to be transferred to their old jobs. *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* published editorials urging them to hold to the right course and continue working in the countryside. As a result, many who had been deceived saw their mistake and went back to the villages to make revolution there. The forceful, pungent and strongly militant articles published at this time made the enemy shake with fear. The broad revolutionary masses declared: "This is fine. This is the voice of revolutionary rebels, which it gladdens our hearts to hear!"

As the storm of revolution sweeps Shanghai, dramatic changes take place in the class struggle. Each new enemy counter-attack must be beaten back in good time. Each new acute problem must be settled speedily, without any hesitation or delay.

**The world rolls on,
Time presses,
Ten thousand years are too long,
Seize the day, seize the hour!**

In this revolutionary spirit, the comrades working on both newspapers plunged whole-heartedly into the fray. Some important leading articles were written in only one or two days. A start was not made until late at night on many editorials, but it was decided to publish them because of the need to speak out and join in the struggle. In the short space of a month, *Wenhui Bao* published 22 editorials and six comments; *Jiefang Ribao*, 15 editorials and six comments. In this way both papers succeeded in keeping abreast of events, in acting in concert with and guiding the movement. Their highly responsible attitude to the great proletarian cultural revolution and their overwhelming revolutionary drive are highly commendable and should be developed.

Rebel Against the Bourgeois Line and Firmly Implement Chairman Mao's Mass Line in Running Newspapers

Chairman Mao says: **“With our newspapers, too, we must rely on everybody, on the masses of the people, on the whole Party to run them, not merely on a few persons working behind closed doors.”** The revolutionary comrades of *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* believed that having seized power and revolutionized the content of their propaganda they had solved the question of political orientation. But if their method of running the papers remained unchanged, if this was still done from behind closed doors by “experts” holding themselves aloof from the struggle and behaving in a lordly way towards the masses, they would cut themselves off from the masses and the struggle and before long would lose their bearings and return to the old bourgeois political orientation. In 1957, when Chairman Mao criticized *Wenhui Bao's* bourgeois orientation, he said: **“Many of the editors and reporters are so used to living in the old rut that it is very hard for them to effect a quick change.”** For ten years after that *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao*, controlled by a handful of persons taking the capitalist road, refused to carry out Chairman Mao's instructions and went on running the paper in the bourgeois way, so that the editors and reporters remained in the same old rut and cut themselves off to a serious extent from the masses, producing thoroughly rotten newspapers. After making a revolution, a fresh start, should the papers remain in the same old rut? No! They must rebel against this, stage an all-out, thoroughgoing rebellion. The day after the take-over of *Jiefang Ribao*, the revolutionary rebels on the staff held a meeting with representatives of revolutionary rebel groups throughout the city to ask for their support and supervision. *Wenhui Bao* also invited representatives of all the revolutionary rebel groups in Shanghai to enlist their help in running the paper well. They boldly declared: “We hope you revolutionary rebels will give us ideas for editorials and articles. Please give us pointers as to the new things we should acclaim. Please advise us on what to print, what not to print, and on the problems which deserve attention. If

we make mistakes we shall warmly welcome sharp criticism from you, and hope you will ‘rebel’ against us.” This declaration marking a complete break with the bourgeois way of running newspapers was warmly acclaimed by the revolutionary rebels.

The revolutionary rebels give strong backing to revolutionary rebel papers. Without their help the papers could not have been reborn; without their support they cannot be well run. The revolutionary comrades of *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* have staged a big rebellion against the bourgeois way of running newspapers, and are determined to rely on revolutionary rebels. They now have correspondents in the different revolutionary rebel groups, they modestly accept the suggestions of these groups and regularly consult them. Thus they have really taken the papers to the masses to run. The revolutionary rebels of Shanghai also look on it as their responsibility to see that these two newspapers are well run. They keep them informed of new developments, make suggestions and write articles for them. It was on their proposal that the papers reprinted Chairman Mao's *On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party*. Some editorials were written after studying problems with them, while others were written by them. The two papers have also started the special columns “Revolutionary Rebels' Forum” and “Selected Revolutionary Leaflets,” which publish many statements by revolutionary rebels. These writings come from the front line of the struggle, the problems raised are those of the firing line, the language used is that of the firing line — incisive, pungent and to the point. And all this is warmly appreciated by the revolutionary masses.

Three poor and lower-middle peasants of Wuchiaochang Commune in Paoshan County wrote a letter to *Wenhui Bao* saying: “The old *Wenhui Bao* never followed Chairman Mao's teachings or acted according to his instructions, but was run by a few persons behind closed doors. It printed mostly rubbish by bourgeois academic ‘authorities’, which we poor and lower-middle peasants neither liked nor understood. In this new *Wenhui Bao* you are resolutely acting on Chairman Mao's instructions, integrating yourselves closely with the worker and peasant masses, and the articles you print say what is in the hearts of

us poor and lower-middle peasants. The poor and lower-middle peasants here also like to read the new *Wenhui Bao*.”

Running a paper by relying on the masses means accepting their supervision. The comrades of *Jiefang Ribao* say that this depends on having the mass viewpoint and the revolutionary rebel spirit. It is hard to avoid shortcomings and mistakes in newspaper propaganda, and the masses should criticize and rebel against these. The editors and reporters should make strict demands on themselves and modestly accept their criticism. They should also rise in rebellion themselves against their mistakes and shortcomings. The comrades of both newspapers have taken the initiative in accepting mass supervision. By asking revolutionary rebels to criticize and correct important articles, they have avoided many mistakes.

To Run Revolutionary Rebel Papers Well We Must Be True Revolutionary Rebels

Chairman Mao says: **“Our newspapers are educating the people every day. Our writers and artists, scientists and technicians, professors and teachers are all educating students, educating the people. Being educators and teachers, they themselves must first be educated. And all the more so in the present period of great change in the social system.”** The revolutionary comrades of *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* believe that to run revolutionary rebel papers well they must be true revolutionary rebels. Now that revolutionary rebels have taken over the papers, their brains must be taken over too by revolutionary rebel ideology. After the seizure of power the status of the revolutionary rebels changes, but there must be no change in their ideology. To ensure that the papers always remain mouthpieces for revolutionary rebellion, those running them must always retain the revolutionary rebel spirit.

After seizing power, the revolutionary rebels of *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* went on serving as ordinary fighters, went to the front line of class struggle, went to the firing line to remould their ideology and to be tested in struggle. The editors and reporters, instead of holding

aloof from the struggle and confining themselves to reporting and editing, have gone to where the struggle is sharpest to learn from the revolutionary rebels and take part in debates with them. The revolutionary rebel spirit of the workers and peasants during the struggle has taught a profound lesson to the comrades working on both newspapers, particularly those editors and reporters who were taken in by the bourgeois reactionary line. Not a few of them now have seen the light and come over to the side of the revolutionary rebels.

Since their seizure of power, the revolutionary rebels of both papers have not slackened in the struggle inside their own offices, but have set aside enough time to struggle against those in authority taking the capitalist road and against the bourgeois reactionary line. They have waged a struggle to repulse economism and fought to overthrow self and establish the concept of public interest. Their policy towards those comrades who were hoodwinked for a time has been to treat each case on its own merits, and help them to free themselves from the influence of the bourgeois reactionary line. Thus the great majority of their staff members are now united round the revolutionary rebel groups, working together in the spirit of revolutionary rebellion to make a success of the paper. They have integrated the revolution in their offices with that in society, and seen from their own struggles the problems of the struggles in society. As regards the seizure of power, the revolutionary rebels of *Wenhui Bao* came to realize that at the present stage — the period during which the Left seizes power — it is impossible to hold “general elections.” So they asked for a report on the seizure of power in the Glass Machine Works, and wrote an editorial clearly stating. **“‘General elections’ are a fraud. At the most crucial time in the struggle to seize power, there must on no account be any ‘united action’ with the Rightists. The seizure of power must be carried through completely, and once power is in the right hands it must not be relinquished. Proletarian revolutionaries must have the courage to hold power for the proletariat.”**

The revolutionary rebels of *Wenhui Bao* and *Jiefang Ribao* have kept in mind Chairman Mao’s instructions: **“To win country-wide victory is only the first step in a long march of ten thousand li. . . . The comrades must be helped to remain modest, prudent and free**

from arrogance and rashness in their style of work. The comrades must be helped to preserve the style of plain living and hard struggle." They say: "We have only just started to rebel, and a long, long struggle lies ahead of us. We must obey Chairman Mao's instructions and always remain modest, prudent and free from arrogance and rashness. We must serve the people whole-heartedly." The comrades of the Single Spark Revolutionary Rebel Headquarters of *Wenhui Bao* and of the Revolutionary Rebel Allied Headquarters of *Jiefang Ribao* have recently held rectification meetings to examine the past month's work. They are determined, together with all their revolutionary comrades, to raise high for ever the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, to retain for ever the revolutionary rebel spirit, to follow the path pointed out by Chairman Mao, and to make revolution and rebel to the end.

We Must Revolutionize Our Thinking and Then Revolutionize Sculpture

EDITORS' NOTE

The clay sculptures *Compound Where Rent Was Collected*, produced during our great proletarian cultural revolution, are a splendid and completely new departure in the history of Chinese sculpture. They have won the approval of our broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, and have received a great welcome from viewers at home and overseas visitors. The success of this work marks yet another brilliant victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought as regards literature and art.

The minds of the sculptors who created *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* were armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. This had enabled them to remould their thinking and so had lighted the way for the bringing into being of these new revolutionary works. They followed Chairman Mao's instructions: "If our writers and artists ... want their works to be well received by the masses, they must change and remould their thinking and their feelings." First of all they grappled seriously with the fundamental problem of remoulding their world outlook. They conscientiously and creatively studied and applied Chairman Mao's works, learned humbly from the workers, peasants and soldiers, and fused their thoughts and feelings with those of the masses of workers, peasants and

soldiers. Therefore they were able to create art works warmly welcomed by the workers, peasants and soldiers. Because they were armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, they dared to think, to act, to break through, to make revolution and had the courage to smash the old conventions held sacred by bourgeois "authorities" and to produce new socialist, proletarian works ushering in a new age in China's sculpture. If all revolutionary literary and art workers will follow the example of these sculptors and advance steadfastly in the direction shown by Chairman Mao, they will certainly be able to create more brilliant works worthy of our great age.

Sculpture and Revolution

Chairman Mao in his *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art* instructed revolutionary literary and art workers, "All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use." For years, however, under the predominant influence of the black bourgeois line in literature and art represented by Chou Yang, a line opposed to the Party, to socialism and to the thought of Mao Tse-tung, Chairman Mao's line on literature and art was not carried out but resisted and attacked. In the field of sculpture, for instance, a handful of bourgeois "specialists" and "authorities" clung stubbornly to their old way of doing things, alleging that "the revolution has deprived sculpture of its vitality," "politics cannot create art," and "politics has turned art into something lifeless." So they did all in their power to resist the revolutionizing of sculpture. However, by far the greater majority of revolutionary comrades believed, "Politics must lead art. If sculpture is to keep up with the great forward advance of the socialist revolution, it must itself undergo a big revolution."

The problem is, essentially, not whether to mould large memorials or small figurines, not whether to use stone, wood or clay as a medium, but something a great deal more important, which path sculpture

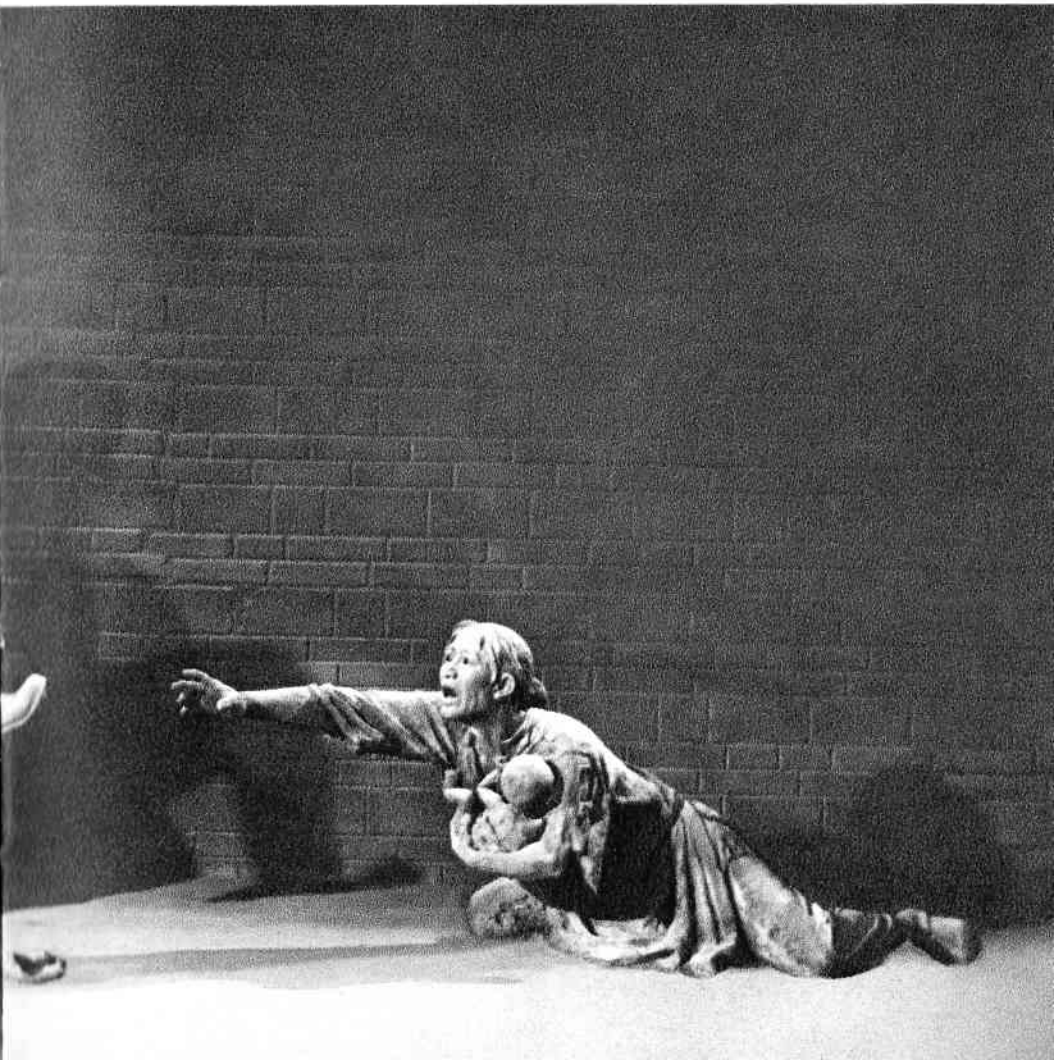
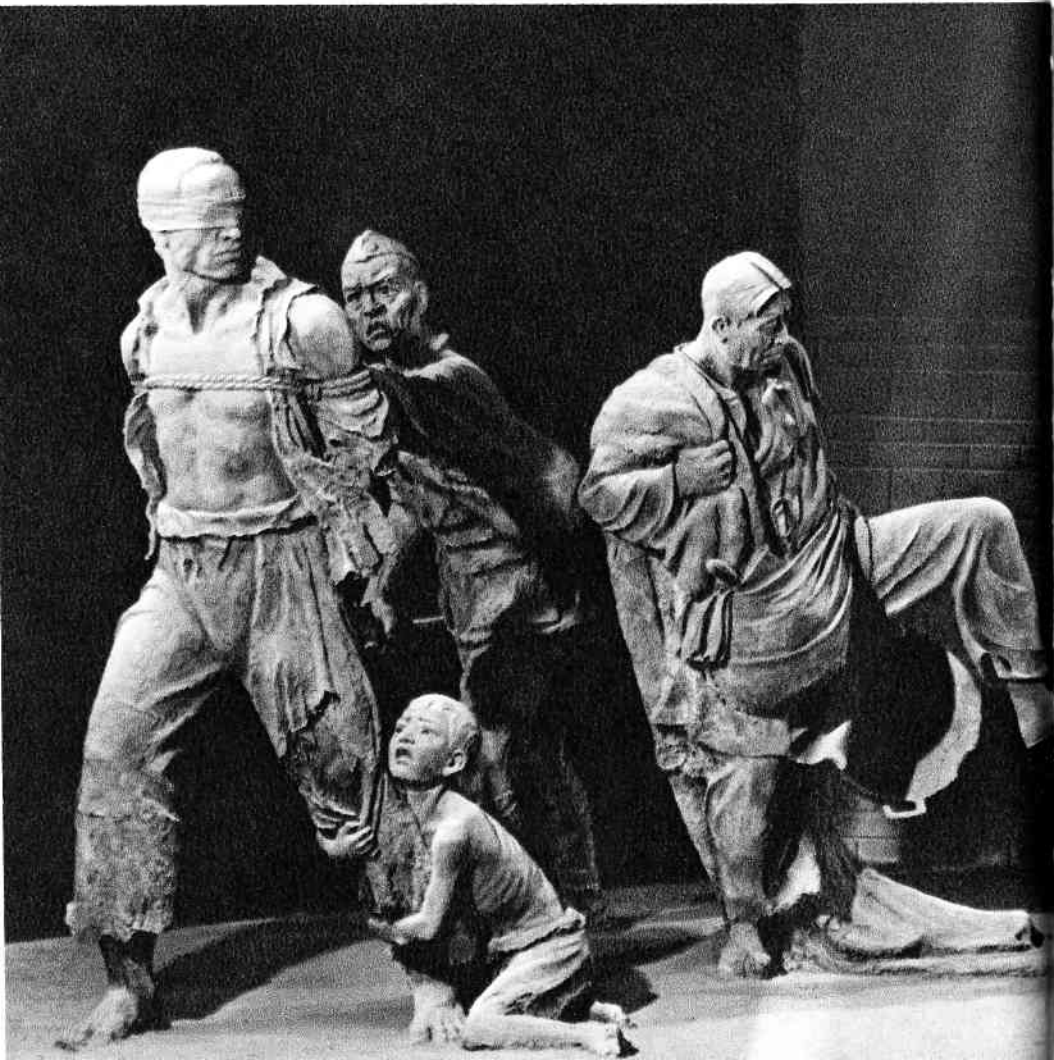


Follow the Communist Party, raise high the red banner and make revolution!

**NEW IMPROVED CLAY SCULPTURES IN
"COMPOUND WHERE RENT WAS COLLECTED"**

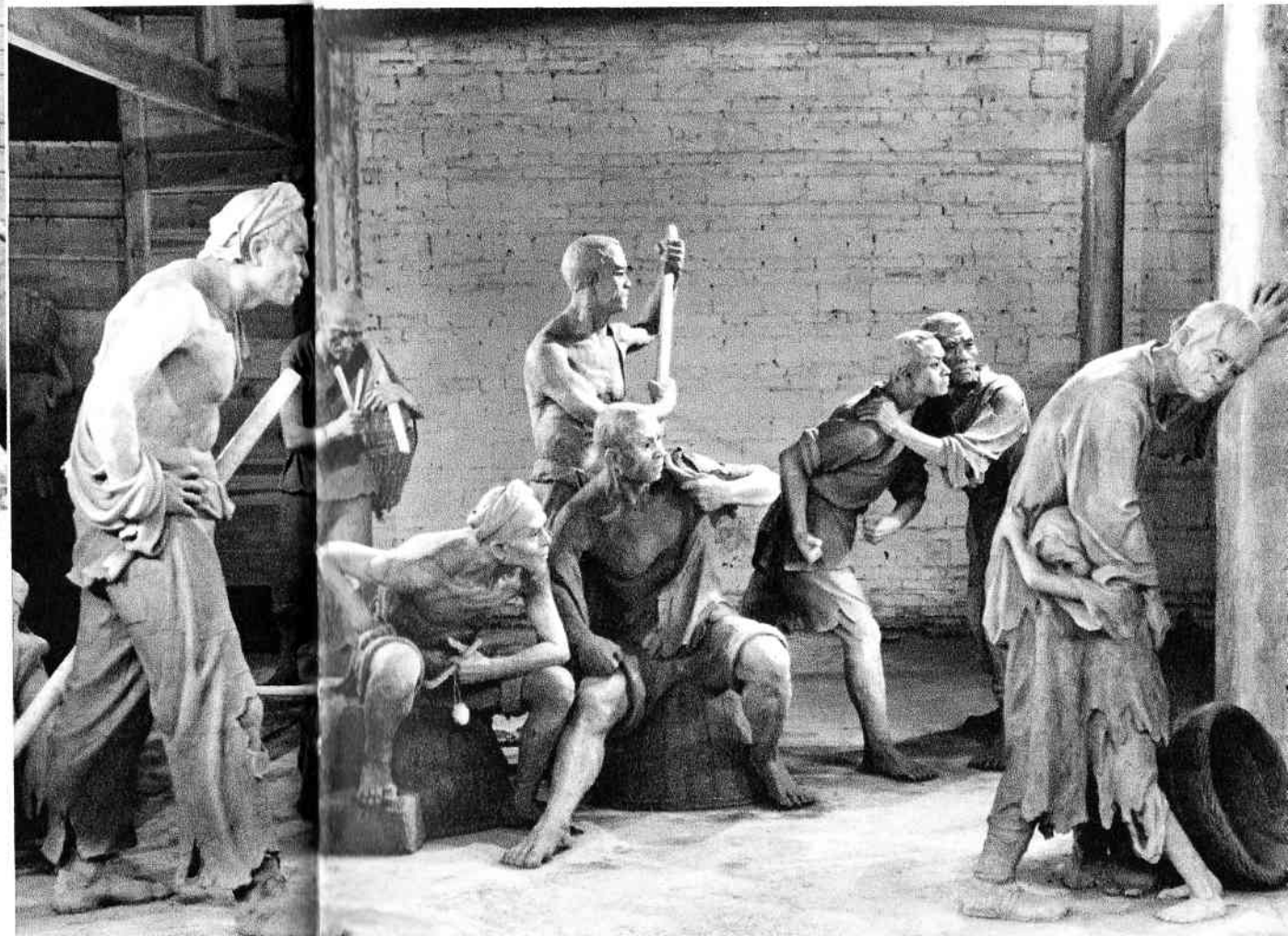
**Wherever there is exploitation and oppression
there is resistance and struggle**

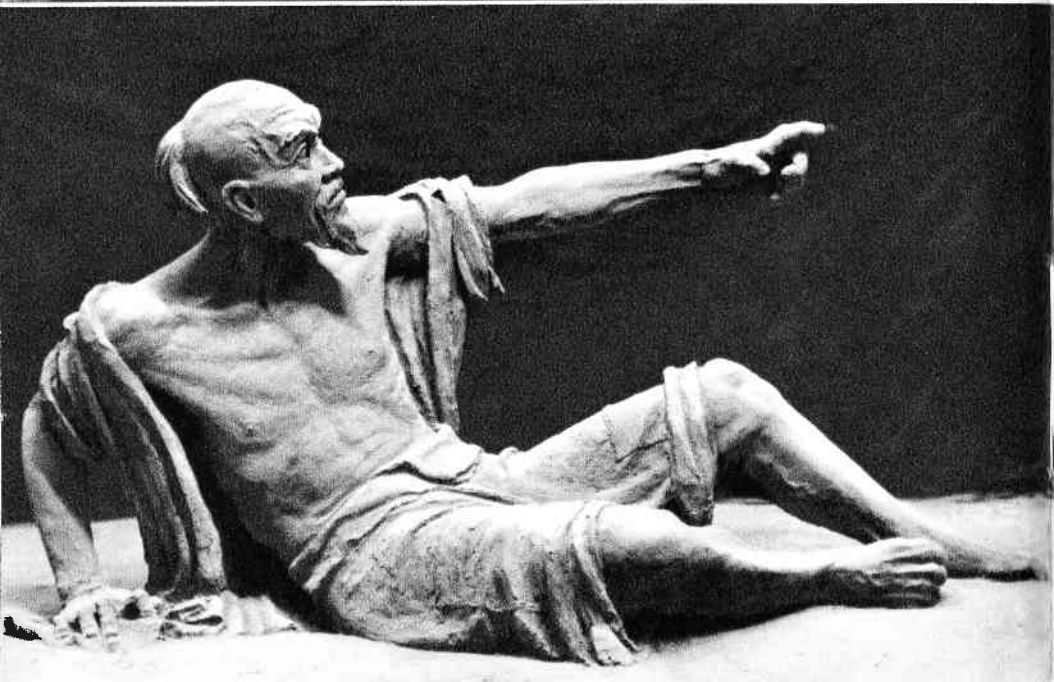
A poor peasant in debt to the landlord is press-ganged and forced to leave his wife and children





◀ Their whole year's harvest is to be seized. They can hardly contain their fury
For whom have they sweated all the year round? They have nothing left after a year's hard work ▼





▲ The old man's son is press-ganged on the false charge that they have not paid their rent in full

Facing the hellish compound they burn with rage (left, above)

◀ The old man, beaten and pushed to the ground, angrily denounces the landlord



Where there is oppression, there is struggle. Goaded beyond endurance, the poor peasants rise to fight back

The enemy's gun is seized and aimed at the landlord



Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun

They take up arms to smash the old world





Never forget the class struggle, charge forward boldly!

should take, whether it should serve proletarian politics or bourgeois politics.

When we were first assigned the task of sculpting *Compound Where Rent Was Collected*, some of us thought: "It will give us no scope," "It's just like working out a graph... making moulds... nothing to do with art," "and even if we do this job well, no one will appreciate it here in the countryside." What problem did this reveal? The problem of whether art should serve proletarian politics, serve socialism, serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, or whether it should serve the bourgeois ideals of individual fame and profit. In view of this problem, the leadership told us to make a careful study of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*. We had read the *Talks* countless times, but each time we studied it we learned something new. This time by studying it with specific problems in mind, in the actual compound where rent had been collected we gained an even deeper understanding of its meaning. We realized that in the past our sculpture had not been created for the workers, peasants and soldiers, much less had it been used by them. Here was a good opportunity to serve them. We should rid ourselves of all selfish ideas and mixed motives, single-mindedly follow Chairman Mao's instructions and produce something of use to the workers, peasants and soldiers, something that the peasants could see, understand and appreciate. After this study of the *Talks* we all felt this task offered us plenty of scope.

This was the first time we had ever attempted a work on this scale; had consciously taken Chairman Mao's thought on literature and art as our guide; had tried to give direct expression to such an important theme of class struggle; had sculptured a group of figures so large in scope about one central theme; had combined "local" and "foreign" techniques; and had worked as such a large, heterogeneous team...

Since this was the first time and we lacked experience we came up against very great difficulties. What was to be done? Should we abandon the project? Call it off? No. Chairman Mao has taught us that we are now engaged in a cause never undertaken by our forefathers. We should steadfastly follow Chairman Mao's

instructions, dare to think, to break through, to act, to open up our own road, to achieve new victory for the proletariat. Revolutionaries always forge ahead regardless of difficulties; those who halt in dismay are contemptible cowards.

Revolution is never easy. If it were easy, it would not be revolution. Our leadership gave us this good advice: "We mustn't be afraid of failure in revolutionizing sculpture. At the worst, failure will leave us with a heap of clay, and after summing up our experience we can start all over again." At the same time the leadership urged us to hold fast to three precious things: Chairman Mao's works, Party leadership and the help of the peasant masses. With these to guide us, all difficulties could be overcome.

If you turn the pages of histories of Chinese sculpture, you find nothing but old bodhisattvas; if you turn the pages of histories of Western sculpture, you find nothing but Western "bodhisattvas." Some people are completely obsessed by Greece, Rome, Northern Wei and the Tang dynasty, by Jesus, the Madonna, David, Venus, Buddha and Kuanyin. They fall prostrate in admiration before these representatives of deities, potentates and beauties of ancient times or foreign lands, regarding them as the pinnacle of world art and investing them with divine qualities. In the seventeen years since liberation, although some sculptures have been made of workers, peasants and soldiers, most of them are still Davids and Venuses dressed up as workers, peasants and soldiers. Apparently foreign dogmas were sacred maxims, and to tamper with them would have been lese-majesty.

Chairman Mao says, "**Uncritical transplantation or copying from the ancients and the foreigners is the most sterile and harmful dogmatism in literature and art.**" "Foreign bodhisattvas" and "ancient bodhisattvas" are not easily overthrown; but it is quite impossible to merely carry out reforms on the basis of "foreign" and "ancient" conventions. Therefore we made up our minds to stage a full-scale rebellion, to completely revolutionize sculpture inside and out, both as regards its content and its form.

Mao Tse-tung's thought is the acme of modern Marxism-Leninism. By arming ourselves with Mao Tse-tung's thought, we dared to des-

pire what had been called the pinnacle of world art. The Western Renaissance and the "golden age" of the Tang dynasty in China may be praised to the skies, but one is bourgeois and the other feudal — neither is proletarian. There is nothing so very wonderful about them, nothing we cannot surpass. We became firmly convinced that if we advanced in the direction pointed out by Chairman Mao in the *Talks*, we could scale new heights in world art.

We Change Our Feelings

Chairman Mao has said, "**If our writers and artists who come from the intelligentsia want their works to be well received by the masses, they must change and remould their thinking and their feelings. Without such a change, without such remoulding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits.**" The whole process of moulding the figures of *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* brought home to us the facts that the only way to produce sculpture with strong proletarian feeling was by going among the masses determined to remould our thinking, by learning from them so as to change our own thinking and feelings until we came to love and hate the same things; that only sculptures steeped in proletarian feeling can give those who see them a class education.

We started work on *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* in June 1965, and finished in October, covering the time from when the paddy was planted out to the harvest and delivery of grain to the state. From the courtyard in front of the compound we heard the whirr of the commune's winnowing-machines and saw peasants filing past the gate to deliver their grain. Smiling all over their faces, commune members trooped into the compound to look at our sculptures, and left with tears in their eyes. This tremendous contrast between the hell before liberation and the heaven after it was something very hard for our team to grasp or imagine, for our average age was less than thirty.

One peasant told us, "It bucks us up nowadays to hear the whirr of the winnowing-machine. But in the old days, whenever it whirred, the landlord made a pile of gold, while we peasants had nothing but tears."

"Now with our sickles we reap a bumper harvest," another said. "But in the old days we put them down to go begging."

"Now, we rush to deliver grain to the state as if the soles of our feet were greased," said another peasant. "But in the old days, delivering grain to the landlord was like lugging a hill — we could hardly drag ourselves along."

Leng Yueh-ying told us between sobs how she had been thrown into the water-prison for failing to pay her rent in full. Lo Erh-niang showed us the scars on her breasts made by the landlord Liu Wen-tsai, who forced her to act as his wet-nurse and bit her nipples until they streamed with blood. Mother Kan broke down completely while telling us how she had taken her children begging after her husband was press-ganged. Some old peasants described the struggles they had waged, thousands of them parading with a peasant's dead body to denounce the landlord's crimes, many taking to the mountains to fight as guerrillas.... The contrast between the past and the present and the peasants' burning class hatred not only provided us with a wealth of material from real life but taught us many profound truths about class struggle and influenced our way of thinking and our feelings. In our work from start to finish the peasants taught us ideologically, helped us materially, gave us endless advice and encouragement, and also served as our models. This made some of us feel very much ashamed that in the past we had gone down to the country ostensibly to "experience life" but in actuality to collect material in order to make a name or to earn money for ourselves. It also enabled us to understand why our previous sculptures had no feeling, or if they had, it was not the feeling of the working people.

In the past we had often given ourselves airs as "artists" and had behaved as "observers" of life, as the "teachers" of the masses, when actually it should have been the other way round. Summarizing the lessons we had learned in the light of Chairman Mao's teachings and the leadership's instructions, we determined to orientate ourselves

correctly, to adopt the right attitude. That meant giving first place to studying the works of Chairman Mao, and making the study of sculpture take second place. It meant revolutionizing our own thought before revolutionizing sculpture. It meant learning from others before teaching others, remoulding our thinking before experiencing life. In short, we determined to put Mao Tse-tung's thought in command of our work and everything we did. So when we reached the exhibition hall of the former landlord's manor-house in Taiy, Szechuan, we studied Chairman Mao's writings before starting work. We went round the exhibits as visitors anxious to learn, not as a "work team" sizing up the situation. Our aim in calling on the peasants was to receive a class education from them and learn from their class feelings, not to collect material. While planning our work and actually moulding the figures we tried to see everything from the standpoint of viewers rather than from that of sculptors.

Precisely because a change took place in our thinking and feelings and we began to take the stand of the workers, peasants and soldiers, our planning of the whole work and our handling of specific parts had the workers, peasants and soldiers in command and were considered from their point of view, in an endeavour to ensure that the peasants could see, understand and appreciate our work. Let us take the treatment of the eyes of the figures as one example. There have long been two foreign ways of sculpting eyes. One is to sculpt the eyeball without any pupil; but the peasants said this made figures look like blind men with open eyes. The other is to hollow out the eye-socket and let the shade represent the pupil; but the peasants complained that figures with this type of eye looked stupid. So we adopted the local folk method of using glass eyes. At first some of us, being unused to this, objected that it "destroyed the overall effect," and was "incongruous." Having put in glass eyes, we wanted to remove them. But the peasants' comment was, "Fine! Those eyes have fire and spirit." So we abided by the peasants' judgement. Soon we became used to the method and began to think highly of it.

The whole process of working on *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* was a process of thought remoulding, a training class for the study of Chairman Mao's works as well as a training class in sculpture.

Through it we gained a better understanding of the great significance of studying Chairman Mao's works and of learning from the workers, peasants and soldiers, as well as of the fact that all problems can be solved if politics is put first.

Class Struggle, the Class Viewpoint and Class Feeling

OUR GUIDING PRINCIPLE Chairman Mao has said, "When we look at a thing, we must examine its essence and treat its appearance merely as an usher at the threshold, and once we cross the threshold, we must grasp the essence of the thing; this is the only reliable and scientific method of analysis." When we first arrived at the compound where rent had been collected, even though living there we failed to "cross the threshold" because we had not grasped the essence of the place. To us it was simply a place where the peasants had paid their rent to the landlord, and we viewed it much as we would an exchange or a market.

After raising the level of our understanding by studying the works of Chairman Mao and coming into contact with more than a thousand peasants, we gradually became aware that this compound was stained with the blood of countless peasants. The landlord's carved and painted mansion was built of white bones, the delicacies on his table were steeped in blood and tears, and this compound where rent was collected was the focal point of his exploitation of the peasants. As the peasants said, "The compound where the landlord collects rent is the peasants' execution-ground." At opposite poles were the shameless licence and extravagance of the landlord and misery and death of the peasants. Inimical as fire and water during this collecting of rents were the savage, gloating landlord and his thugs and the wretched peasants burning with hatred. This compound was no exchange; nor did the peasants come here as if to a market. It was the arena of a bitter class struggle, the focus of a struggle to the death between the oppressed and oppressors. The collection of rent in this compound was not a simple business transaction, but the economic exploitation and political oppression of the peasants by the

landlord class. The delivery and collection of rent were appearances; class struggle was the essence. Only when we understand this thoroughly will we grasp the essence of the thing and be on the right track.

THE CONNECTING THREAD Once we had taken class struggle as our guiding principle, we needed some thread as a link in this chain of 114 figures spread out over a distance of 96 metres. The most obvious thread was: the rent delivery, inspection of the grain, the winnowing, the weighing, and the accounting. But this was only a series of business transactions. It was more difficult to find a connecting thread with more ideological significance which would show what these transactions really meant. We learned to use the viewpoint of *On Contradiction* and the dialectical method to understand and organize our material. The whole process of rent collecting was one of class struggle, of developing contradictions.

At the start the wretched, famished peasants are forced to make over the fruit of their whole year's toil to the landlord under the watchful eyes of his thugs. Confronted by these enemies, their hearts burn inwardly with rage, but the contradiction between them is kept hidden. The landlord's underhand dealings during the inspection, winnowing and weighing of the grain make the anger the peasants have been suppressing flare up, and the contradiction between them gradually develops. By the time the accounts are reckoned up, it is white hot. The peasants are quite clearly ranged against the big landlord and local despot Liu Wen-tsai and his thugs. However, because the reactionaries have guns and power, the peasants are savagely treated and compelled to hand over their grain. The contradiction has not been solved, and a new contradiction is taking shape — the peasants are turning towards struggle and revolution. In the succession of sculptured figures this progression, like the gradual upsurge of a tide, is not just aimed at artistic effect but is the inevitable rule of the development of things. From the first old widow bowed down with grief to the final peasant in his prime who sees that his only hope lies in revolution, the contradictions and struggle develop from spontaneous to conscious, from a desperate struggle for existence to revolution and from a quantitative to a qualitative change. Thus, cause

and effect, the whole course of development, have their logical, dialectical connection. Not only are the different incidents clear, but so is the red thread connecting them. Experience has taught us the necessity for expressing through the medium of art the unity of variety and progression in the form of mounting waves. Still more important is the ideology guiding this progression. Without Mao Tse-tung's thought to guide us, the hundred-odd characters in *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* could not have formed an integral whole but would have been chaotic and disconnected. With Chairman Mao's works to guide us, we had a key to all our problems.

THE COMPOUND WHERE RENT WAS COLLECTED AND THE WHOLE OLD SOCIETY At first we took a mechanical view of Liu Wen-tsai and the compound where rent was collected, considering them in isolation. We corrected this after studying *On Contradiction* and *Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society*. Liu Wen-tsai did not exist in isolation but had complex class connections and social contacts. He was a big local despot, warlord, official, landlord, gangster and capitalist all in one, who also had contacts with imperialism. In one hand he held a gun, in the other a seal of office. He was a typical product of the old, semi-feudal, semi-colonial China, and it was extremely important to convey this. For his compound where rent was collected actually epitomized the whole of the old society. In the scene of press-ganging and the ransacking of a house in the section *Forcing the Peasants to Pay Rent*, we used at first only two of the landlord's thugs as negative characters. But once we had a better understanding of the classes and social relations in the old society, we brought in a greater variety of these characters — eleven in all, to back up the landlord. These included a Kuomintang army officer, a bandit chief, a gangster, a "high-class" henchman like the chief accountant, and a "low-class" thug. This mixed crew of reactionaries gave a true picture of the nature of the classes in the old society and added variety to our portrait gallery. Collecting rent was a typical event, the compound where rent was collected was a typical environment of such a scene and Liu Wen-tsai was a typical landlord and despot. By using such things typical of the old society to reveal the essence, by expressing the

general through the particular, we presented a microcosm of all pre-liberation China and made this single compound reflect the whole of the old society.

FROM THE STAND OF THE PRESENT RECALL THE PAST AND LOOK AHEAD TO THE FUTURE To start with, the effect we aimed at in this work was to move those who saw it to tears. We thought that would be fine. For very few sculptures can move people to tears. But was that a correct aim? No. Some pernicious works use bourgeois humanism to reduce people to tears. We have observed a trend towards exaggerating grief and terror to arouse men's sympathy and make them weep. This trend appeared in our own work. Thus our first draft had peasants begging the landlord for mercy, showing none of the grit, fortitude or spirit of revolt of the poor, and our aim here was to make the audience weep. Some comrades also proposed depicting all Liu Wen-tsai's cruel tortures, gouging out eyes, cutting off ears, and disembowelling, to arouse pity and horror. But such onesided, superficial treatment, aimed at sensational effects without making a thorough exposure of the old system from the point of view of class struggle, economic exploitation and political persecution, is bound to fall into the pits of naturalism, the old style of realism, or the bourgeois theory of "human nature." Chairman Mao has said, "**In class society there is only human nature of a class character.**" Today's audiences belong to the socialist age. They go to see *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* not just to shed tears but to receive a class education. They are the revolutionary masses living in a socialist society, who recall the bitterness of the old society for the sake of the socialist revolution, socialist construction, and the struggle for the complete liberation of all mankind. In other words, from the standpoint of the present they recall the past for the sake of the future. Unless we make a clear connection between present, past and future, we shall be unable to combine revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism in our creative method, and will make dangerous mistakes. Study and discussion helped us to reach a better understanding, to progress from "tears" to "tears, hate and action." That is to say, recalling past bitterness was to arouse hatred for the

reactionaries and deep love for the Party and Chairman Mao, to encourage people to strive hard and to struggle for the Chinese revolution and the world revolution.

In brief, we had to express the savagery of the landlord class as well as its weakness and cowardice; we had to express the misery of the peasants as well as their hatred and revolt; we had to express the cruel reality of that time and foreshadow the bright future. The representation of one compound where rent was collected had to make people think of the whole of the old society and then to link this with the revolutionary struggle throughout the world today.

THE INNER DETERMINES THE OUTER; THE OUTER EXPRESSES THE INNER Chairman Mao has said, **"In class society everyone lives as a member of a particular class, and every kind of thinking, without exception, is stamped with the brand of a class."** This was our guiding principle in analysing, understanding and moulding the figures in *Compound Where Rent Was Collected*. This class brand is stamped on men's inner thoughts and feelings as well as on their outer form and actions. The relation here is: the inner determines the outer, the outer expresses the inner. Take the blind old peasant, for instance. He is blind, a poor peasant, and must have the distinctive features of a peasant. Because he cannot pay his rent in full, he is forced to sell his little granddaughter. His heart is overflowing with grief, bitterness and hatred. His whole demeanour must show grief, bitterness and hatred. Or take the apathetic guard at the gate, who keeps his eyes on the ground as if utterly indifferent to the live man being dragged in and the corpse being carried out. He looks thoroughly contemptible, and his callous indifference to the sufferings of others expresses his distinctively ugly soul. Or there is the sturdy peasant in the last section, who is brimming over with class hatred and understands that the only way out is revolution; his right fist is tightly clenched and he is holding the carrying-pole in his left hand as if it were a gun. He glares wrathfully towards the accountant, as if to say: "Just you wait! One of these days we'll settle accounts with you."

The Approval of the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers Is Our Highest Reward

The news that we were sculpting *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* spread far and wide, and peasants flocked in from near and far to look at our work. They came with strong class feeling, and left with strong class feeling. They said, "There's no need for any explanation, we can see at a glance just what you mean." "These sculptures are done for us." "They denounce our enemies and speak for us."

Workers who saw the sculptures said, "Workers and peasants are one family. The peasants' sufferings are our sufferings. We must never forget our class bitterness, but always remember the blood, tears and hatred of the old society and carry the revolution through to the end."

Soldiers of the People's Liberation Army said, "The landlord class and the reactionaries could oppress and exploit the peasants because they had political power and guns. Today, the political power and the guns are in our hands; we must keep a firm grip on our weapons so as to defend our country."

Some people wrote in big characters in the visitors' book, "Long live the Communist Party!" "Long live Chairman Mao!"

These comments are couched in different language from that used by art critics. They contain fewer adjectives but are full of proletarian feeling. They are correct and to the point. To our minds, these are the most splendid tributes to our work; we could ask for no better reward.

Facts from life have taught us how much the revolution needs revolutionary sculpture, how much the workers, peasants and soldiers need such sculpture to serve them. But while sculpture was controlled by bourgeois "authorities" and "experts," it did not serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. Therefore we must make a revolution in sculpture before we can produce revolutionary sculptures, and make certain that our sculptures **"fit well into the whole revolutionary machine as a component part, that they operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy."**

The success of *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* is a victory for the thought of Mao Tse-tung, a fruit of the great proletarian cultural revolution, a product of the cooperation between the leadership, the masses and the artists; an outcome of the collective work of both professional and spare-time artists. After completing our work we understand that only art produced in accordance with Chairman Mao's instructions is proletarian revolutionary art. Only works approved of by the workers, peasants and soldiers are good revolutionary works. The life of the workers, peasants and soldiers is the source from which our inspiration springs; they are the people we must serve and our most discriminating critics.

The age of Mao Tse-tung is an age of heroes. We must fervently praise the glorious deeds of the men of Taching and Tachai, and heroes like Lei Feng, Wang Chieh and Chiao Yu-lu. We must forcefully portray events from our revolutionary history; the Long March, the heroes of the War of Resistance Against Japan, our revolutionary martyrs, the struggle against US imperialism, the struggle against capitalist exploitation and oppression. Let us raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, firmly carry out Chairman Mao's line on literature and art, and boldly press forward.

Appraisals of "Compound Where Rent Was Collected"

EDITORS' NOTE

Guided by Mao Tse-tung's thought, some revolutionary artists have recently made in Peking a new set of clay sculptures in the series *Compound Where Rent Was Collected*. Actuated by the spirit of continuous revolution and continuous advance, they made certain important changes to the old figures besides sculpting some new ones, thus improving the ideological significance as well as the artistic form of the whole work.

"Revolt," expressing the peasants' revolutionary struggle, is the most important section in this new work and a key factor in raising the ideological level of the whole. In accordance with Chairman Mao's great teaching "**Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun,**" the revolutionary artists have presented the peasants' struggle in *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* as developing from spontaneous to conscious revolt, from a general revolt to armed struggle led by the Communist Party. This clearly reveals the gradual awakening of the Chinese peasants and the development of their revolutionary rebel spirit under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, forcefully propagating Chairman Mao's brilliant teachings on armed struggle and the agrarian movement.

The success of this improved and enlarged *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* is yet another convincing demonstration of the fact that Mao Tse-tung's thought is the soul of all revolutionary works of art. All revolutionary writers and artists must abide by Chairman Mao's orientation for literature and art, use the method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, and integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers; for only so can they create a new proletarian literature and art worthy of the great age we live in.

The clay sculptures in *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* are a product of the great proletarian cultural revolution, and a splendid prototype for the revolution in sculpture. They have an epoch-making significance, just as has the highly successful reform of Peking opera, the ballet and symphonic music. These are all part of the successful outcome of the great proletarian cultural revolution and a brilliant victory for Mao Tse-tung's teachings on literature and art.

Below we print some appraisals of *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* by workers, peasants, soldiers and Red Guards.

Fiery Hatred Makes My Blood Boil

As I stand in front of these figures
My heart seethes like the raging sea;
This is not the long distant past
But our wretched yesterday,
When three big mountains* were crushing the Chinese people
And all China was a "compound where rent was collected."

As I stand in front of these figures
Hate floods my heart;
I gaze at them with anguished eyes
And seem to hear my dear ones cry for help;
Then, instinctively, my hands
Take a tighter grip on my gun.

*Imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism.

As I stand in front of these figures
Tears stream from my eyes;
Dropping into my heart they turn into seeds of fire,
And falling on to my gun are changed into bullets;
To forget the past is a betrayal,
A soldier's responsibility is as heavy as a mountain.

As I stand in front of these figures
Fiery hatred makes my blood boil;
There are still countless landlords in the five continents,
Still countless compounds on earth where rent is collected.
To arms, slaves!
Unite and battle until the dawn.

A soldier

My Thoughts on Seeing "Compound Where Rent Was Collected"

A thousand thunder-claps
Burst from my heart,
Ten thousand torches
Cast a blazing light.
Rent collection! — this tableau of blood and tears
Fills me with undying hatred
And imprints class love on my heart.

Each clay figure mirrors
Those grim, dark days of old;
Each gesture has the power
To open the flood-gates of memory.
What is meant by oppression?
What is meant by classes?
Here in this compound where rent was collected
They are pictured to the life.

My heart is a raging fire,
My blood boils at sight of these figures.
See that old peasant!
His arms are like two sticks, his back bent from toil,
His eyes are fixed on his grain — his blood and sweat —
To be made over now to the landlord.
The old man is worn to a shadow;
The wheels of his barrow creak and groan —
He can barely push it along.
Look again —
A whip cracks by the winnowing machine,
Raising welts on a small lad's back
While in vain his grandfather cries, "This is good grain!"
There is no justice in the old society,
For "might is right" — the money-bag's word is law.

See that old woman!
I long to step forward and take her arm,
For in her I see my own poor grandmother.
I long to tell her:
Stop fretting about the debt you can never repay,
The peasants now have kindled the fire of revenge.

I am moved to cry to my peasant brothers: Arise!
Look round at the whole wide world.
Liu Wen-tsai is not the only landlord on earth,
Countless fetters are being forged in the White House,
Countless whips are falling on the backs of the poor.

Hate high as a mountain —
Higher than a mountain;
Rage deep as the ocean —
Deeper than the ocean!
Boundless class hatred,
Burning national fury
Pent up for countless centuries,
For countless generations.
As I leave *Compound Where Rent Was Collected*
The spring wind brings good news of a fresh leap forward;
Those bad old days are gone, never to return,
We are living in the new age of socialism;
But not for a moment must we relax our guard,
Class struggle still exists;
We must follow closely behind Chairman Mao
And always be thoroughgoing revolutionaries!

A visitor to the exhibition

We Must Always Remember Chairman Mao's Great Teachings

We were stirred to the very bottom of our hearts as we entered the exhibition *Compound Where Rent Was Collected*, for the first thing we saw there was a statue of our most beloved and respected leader Chairman Mao. Chairman Mao, ah, Chairman Mao! It is you who have led millions of our heroic people to make revolution and overthrow imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism which were battenning on their blood; it is you who have brought us our present happiness. Growing up under your care, we have never known hardships. But you have taught us not to forget the past, not to forget class struggle. Today, acting on your instructions, we have seen *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* and received an object lesson in class education.

In the old society where man preyed upon man, there were many vicious scoundrels like Liu Wen-tsai. Tigers, wherever they may be, are man-eating beasts. As we thought of our own families' wretched history, the tears started to our eyes. Today we young people are following the Party and Chairman Mao to make revolution, and coming to Peking we have known the greatest happiness in our lives — we have seen the red sun in our hearts, Chairman Mao. He has told us: **"The world is yours, as well as ours, but in the last analysis, it is yours. You young people, full of vigour and vitality, are in the bloom of life, like the sun at eight or nine in the morning. Our hope is placed on you. . . . The world belongs to you. China's future belongs to you."** Chairman Mao places such high hopes on us!

Today the class enemies who have been overthrown want to stage a come-back, want to drag our younger generation on to the bourgeois road, drag the Chinese people back to that old man-eating society, so that they can lord it over us again and do whatever they please. These are simply pipe-dreams. We must keep Chairman Mao's teachings firmly in mind, and in this great proletarian cultural revolu-

tion smash all the class enemy's devilish plots, to defend the dictatorship of the proletariat. We must safeguard our socialist motherland and make her impregnable!

**Three Red Guards of a long march
contingent from Shantung**

Never Forget Class Suffering, Remain Revolutionaries to the End

As we left the exhibition *Compound Where Rent Was Collected*, a cold wind blew in our faces but I could not help being stirred by the thought of the sculptures. I kept seeing a harrowing scene: Through the blustering autumn wind a fearfully skinny little girl was leading her blind, white-haired grandfather, who held in his trembling hand a deed selling her. . . .

Ah, we must never forget class suffering, we must never forget class struggle! Our great leader Chairman Mao has taught us: **"The imperialists and domestic reactionaries will certainly not take their defeat lying down and they will struggle to the last ditch. After there is peace and order throughout the country, they will still engage in sabotage and create disturbances in various ways and will try every day and every minute to stage a come-back."** Countless staggering facts which have come to light during the great proletarian cultural revolution testify to the complete correctness of this brilliant statement of Chairman Mao's. Just look at the records kept by the overthrown landlords and rich peasants in order to settle scores if the power changed hands. Look at the weapons hidden in the homes of counter-revolutionaries. Agents of the bourgeoisie have wormed their way into our organizations. So long as they live they keep hoping to stage a come-back. If we forget the class struggle,

the enemy will seize power and the mass of labouring people will be plunged again into a living hell, while countless revolutionaries will lose their heads.

We must keep class hatred firmly in mind and always be revolutionaries, resolutely following Chairman Mao to carry the revolution through to the end.

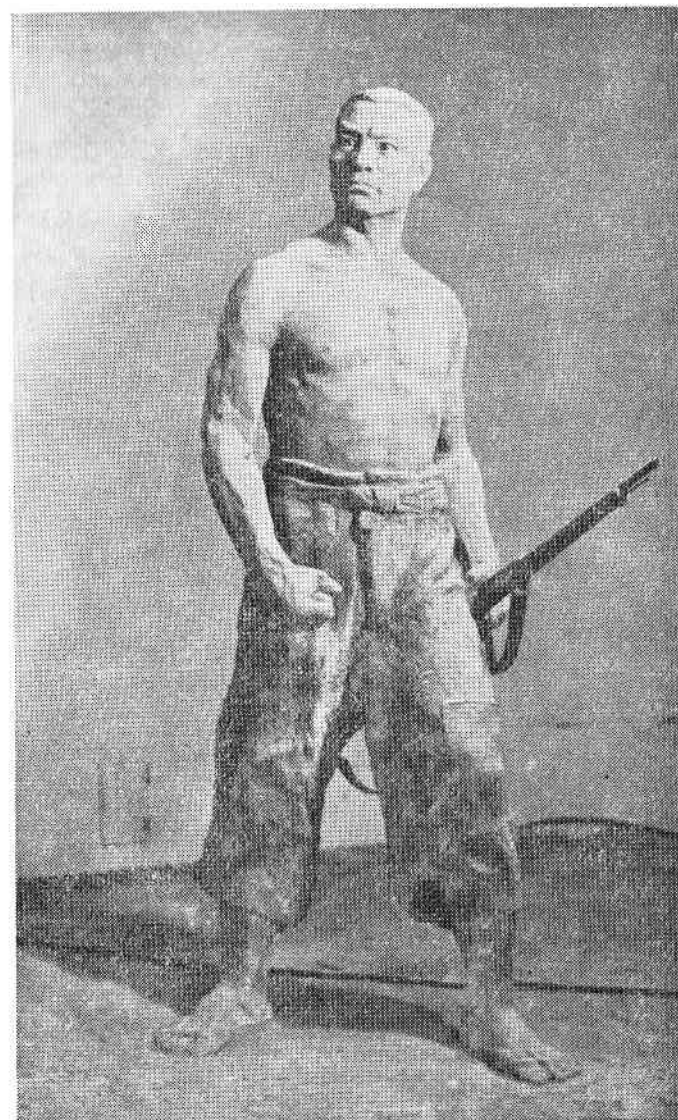
A Red Guard of a long march contingent from Shansi

Our Mighty Country Must Remain Red For Ever

The grim clay figures in *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* brought tears to my eyes and threw my heart into an anguished tumult. I am a youngster from Yen-an, sacred to the revolution, and today in the capital of our great motherland I have received another profound lesson in class education. The dark old society was a hell on earth; it hounded countless numbers of our class brothers to death, broke up countless families and reduced them to ruin.

Today, under the leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao, our motherland is stronger and fairer than ever before. This has been won at the cost of the blood and lives of tens of thousands of revolutionaries before us. We must see to it that our mighty country remains red for ever!

A student of Yen-an University



Take up guns to overthrow the man-eating old society and fight to build a new world for the exploited and oppressed (from *Compound Where Rent Was Collected*)

We Must Keep a Firm Grip on Our Guns

When I saw *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* it reminded me of the wretched life my family led when I was a child and we were oppressed and exploited by the landlords. We were poor peasants and never had enough to eat, though my father and elder brother both worked for a landlord. My mother died of semi-starvation and illness, and my father hung himself. The old society broke up my family and killed my parents. At fifteen I left home to join the revolution.

Now we have a happy life, but we must on no account forget the past nor the fact that in the world today there are still many "Compounds Where Rent Is Collected." We must not forget that Taiwan and two-thirds of mankind have not yet been liberated. The reactionaries will not take their defeat lying down, nor can they put down their butchers' knives and suddenly turn into Buddhas. We must never forget class hatred, must constantly keep a firm grip on our guns.

A demobilized soldier, now a militiaman

The Improved "Compound Where Rent Was Collected" Is Excellent!

The addition of the section "Revolt" to *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* is excellent.

Wherever there is oppression there will be revolt. Millions of peasants, awakening to the truth because of their own fearful sufferings, united to launch a heroic struggle against the criminal system of exploitation. The only way to overthrow man-eating monsters is by taking up arms. Only so can the labouring people win liberation.

Chairman Mao has taught us: "The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is the central task and the highest form of revolution." And "Every Communist must grasp the truth, 'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.'" The sculptors of *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* made changes and additions to it in line with the suggestions of workers, peasants, soldiers and Red Guards. This new, improved set of sculptures gives clearer prominence to the great thought of Mao Tse-tung and is a fresh triumph for the great proletarian cultural revolution.

**Members of a long march
contingent from Shanghai**

EDITORS' NOTE

Tsai Jo-hung and Hua Chun-wu, two counter-revolutionary revisionists long ambushed in our art circles, have been hauled out by the revolutionary masses. This is fine!

Tsai Jo-hung and Hua Chun-wu were two time-bombs planted in the field of art by Chou Yang. They went all out to exercise a bourgeois dictatorship over art circles, marshalled forces, ganged up together and used every means to oppose Chairman Mao's line on literature and art and to carry out Chou Yang's counter-revolutionary revisionist black line, inciting the freaks and monsters in the art world to stir up trouble and make a frenzied attack on the Party and socialism. The All-China Artists' Union under their control actually degenerated into a counter-revolutionary body like the Petofi Club in Hungary.

For ten years and more Tsai Jo-hung, Hua Chun-wu and company stubbornly took the bourgeois reactionary stand and used the tool of art, the art publications under their control and the exhibitions which they organized to wildly slander, ridicule and attack the dictatorship of the proletariat and to flood the country with feudal, capitalist and revisionist poison, causing incalculable damage.

After 1963, Tsai Jo-hung, Hua Chun-wu and company, under the aegis of the former Department of Propaganda of the Party Central Committee and the former Ministry of Culture, resisted Chairman Mao's highly important instructions to literary and art circles and continued by means of counter-revolutionary double-faced tactics to suppress the revolutionary masses' exposure of the anti-Party crimes of the Artists' Union and criticism of their counter-revolutionary black writings and black works of art. But this was a forlorn hope — a fox cannot hide its tail. Now their true colours have finally been exposed, their opposition to the Party, to socialism and to Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The smashing of this "Petofi Club" of the Artists' Union and the unmasking of Tsai Jo-hung and Hua Chun-wu, the two anti-Party ring-leaders in art circles, are a victory for the great proletarian cultural revolution in the field of art.

We must follow up this victory by completely smashing the bourgeois dictatorship over art exercised by Tsai Jo-hung, Hua Chun-wu and their like and by eliminating their pernicious influence. Guided by the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, we can certainly set up and consolidate the leadership of the proletariat in the field of art and create splendid new proletarian works of art.

Chao Hui

An Art Programme Serving the Restoration of Capitalism

The counter-revolutionary revisionists Tsai Jo-hung and Hua Chun-wu consistently opposed Chairman Mao's orientation for literature and art — that of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. They deliberately distorted the directive "Let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend" in an attempt to make a fundamental perversion of the Party's policy for literature and art and to bring about bourgeois liberalization.

Instead of Serving the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers They Worked for the Restoration of Capitalism

Tsai Jo-hung and Hua Chun-wu always opposed the theory of "the decisive role of subject matter." Hua Chun-wu clamoured far and wide, "Let's not divide subjects into major and minor. There's nothing wrong with painting people or flowers." He claimed that otherwise "Art could easily become insipid." Under the pretext of advocating "individual style," they arranged numerous one-man exhibitions, considering that any artist who had made a name, regardless

of who he was, should be free to exhibit and that no examination of his works was needed. In this way not only theoretically but organizationally too they opened wide the gate for bourgeois "authorities" and ghosts and monsters.

The twentieth anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* came round in 1962. In step with the class enemy's attacks at home and abroad, Chou Yang's counter-revolutionary clique raised the banner of commemorating the *Talks* to strongly oppose Mao Tse-tung's thought in literary and art circles. The Artists' Union held an All-China Art Exhibition by way of commemoration. Tsai Jo-hung and Hua Chun-wu had carefully seen to it that the exhibits chosen were old feudal dregs or bourgeois junk which should have been consigned to the rubbish heap of history and which in no sense supported the *Talks*. They included paintings of lemons, cherries, dead fish, girls with flowers, lohans conquering tigers and similar trash. At a "commemorative" meeting held at this time, Tsai Jo-hung and Hua Chun-wu called for "a free and informal exchange of views" to incite reactionary bourgeois "authorities" and monsters to let loose a flood of poison. Some wildly advocated "transposition of form," others clamoured that before creating anything new it was necessary to "master the old." Others ranted, "The problem today is still that not enough flowers are 'blossoming.' We should encourage bold experiments." Some even declared, "Paintings of steel smelting or harvesting are too much like daily life to make any appeal. Paintings of lotus, beautiful women or scenes from operas — that's real art."

They Encouraged Pleasure Trips but Opposed Merging with the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"China's revolutionary writers and artists, writers and artists of promise, must go among the masses; they must for a long period of time unreservedly and wholeheartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle, go to the only source, the broadest**

and richest source..." But Hua Chun-wu and company used every means to oppose this directive. They stressed the unique nature of artistic creation and babbled, "There is life everywhere." On the pretext of "looking at the flowers while on horseback" they squandered the people's hard-won wealth to satisfy the luxurious tastes of bourgeois "authorities." When two "famous" bourgeois painters went to the northeast to make sketches, Hua Chun-wu himself asked the local authorities to take special care of them, going so far as to specify the kind of wine they preferred. While these two characters rambled over the Changpai Mountains, a truck loaded with supplies accompanied them and people waited on them hand and foot. In addition, Hua Chun-wu set up numerous rest homes for members of the Artists' Union, organized *salons*, outings to parks, trips to the suburbs and meetings for art appreciation or literary appreciation to further widen the gap between artists and the workers, peasants and soldiers.

They Used Fame and Profit to Undermine the Ranks of Proletarian Art

The training of a red contingent of proletarian artists is a matter of the first importance, affecting the success or failure of our country's revolutionary art. Tsai Jo-hung, Hua Chun-wu and their gang of counter-revolutionary revisionists did exactly the reverse. They applied the tactics of high salaries, fat fees and "liberalization" to corrupt young artists and undermine the ranks of revolutionary art. As far back as 1956, Hua Chun-wu energetically promoted the anti-Party "professionalism" and "journals of kindred souls" advocated by Chou Yang. Later, Hua Chun-wu and Tsai Jo-hung also drew up a specific programme for the Artists' Union so that within three years "all art workers in different organization throughout the country should gradually dispense with salaries and become professional artists paid on the principle of 'to each according to his work.'" This was a scheme to get artists away from Party leadership, divorce them from the masses and turn them into a privileged *élite*. The struggle against the Rightists upset this plot for liberalization. But Tsai Jo-hung and

Hua Chun-wu did not give up. With the protection and support of Chou Yang, they went on using new tricks to push art on to the capitalist road. They put on many one-man exhibitions, put some exhibits up for sale, and boosted these shows by getting celebrities to bespeak certain paintings. All these were bourgeois wares they were peddling.

Tsai Jo-hung and Hua Chun-wu also spared no pains to help that notorious black artist, the counter-revolutionary Huang Chou. When the Party criticized Huang Chou for speculating in old paintings and calligraphy, Hua Chun-wu still wanted to send his work to be exhibited abroad, and he called on Huang to needle him by saying, "It's no good for a man to be famous or for a pig to be fat. You're both famous and fat, so look out!" When Huang Chou rented a sumptuous studio and complained of the high price he had to pay, Hua Chun-wu told him, "Never mind. I'll help you sell more of your paintings of donkeys."

They Tried to Stop Workers, Peasants and Soldiers from Mastering the Weapon of Art

Tsai Jo-hung and Hua Chun-wu neither organized full-time artists to serve the masses nor allowed workers, peasants and soldiers to master the propaganda weapon of art themselves. They invariably treated works of art by workers, peasants and soldiers with great contempt. Thus Tsai Jo-hung branded the art produced by the masses after the big leap forward as "over-simple," "crude stuff." And Hua Chun-wu scoffed at the art produced since the big leap forward, maintaining, "It only caters for the masses, not for experts.... If the experts stop painting, we shall have no good works." He declared that Party leaders at different levels "did not understand art. They make us paint to order." He attacked the mass line in art as getting "greater, faster and more economical but not better" results. They used their official positions as well to discriminate against workers, peasants and soldiers, at the same time enrolling as members of the union large numbers of bourgeois "experts" and "authorities" and

other monsters. Only 46 of the 1,100-odd members of all the art associations in China and only five of the 112 council members were workers, peasants and soldiers. In socialist China, the power in the world of art was actually in the hands of the bourgeoisie.

During the great proletarian cultural revolution we must seize this power and completely overthrow the counter-revolutionary revisionists in the field of art.

Tsai Jo-hung Is the Ring-leader of the Anti-Party Gang in the Field of Art

Tsai Jo-hung, the chief anti-Party element in the art world, was groomed by Chou Yang's counter-revolutionary revisionist clique. The All-China Artists' Union, which he dominated for over a dozen years, spared no effort to bring about a capitalist restoration and was guilty of many plots against the Party.

He Viciously Attacked the Three Red Banners and Painted Modern Revisionism in Glowing Colours

Tsai Jo-hung had an inveterate hatred for the Party's general line of socialist construction, the big leap forward and the people's communes. He swore, "This is greater, faster, better and more economical; that is greater, faster, better and more economical -- the result is a complete mess." He maintained that the people's communes had been botched and sneered, "The people's communes are small independent kingdoms. The better their harvests, the less supplies

we have." He presented modern revisionism in the most glowing colours, blethering that Khrushchov since his accession to power was "rectifying Stalin's mistakes and doing many excellent things." He even had the nerve to claim that Tito, that revisionist from way back, was "a hero of the guerrilla warfare against the fascists." He urged Chinese artists to learn from the revisionists' reactionary methods of artistic creation.

He Altered the Orientation of Literature and Art of Serving the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers and Opposed Artists Integrating Themselves with the Masses

Tsai Jo-hung from start to finish opposed Chairman Mao's line on literature and art and altered the orientation of literature and art, not letting them serve the workers, peasants and soldiers or proletarian politics. He loudly preached Chou Yang's concept of a "literature and art of the whole people." He kept harping on "the laws and special features of plastic art" in order to deny the need for art to be co-ordinated with the Party's central tasks and to reflect class struggle. He declared, "The laws of plastic art make it unsuited to express the modern class struggle." And again, "It is hard to believe that seeing a picture of revolutionary struggle will induce someone to join the revolution." He opposed depicting heroes and argued, "It is not absolutely necessary to portray heroes." According to him any subject could be chosen provided it "aroused aesthetic pleasure," and he was a great champion of works which were "not harmful." In fact, he used theories of this kind to oppose art serving the revolution.

In the Artists' Union Tsai Jo-hung kept spreading the fallacy about "the difficulty of going into life. If you go to a factory, the workers are busy working. If you go to the countryside, the peasants are all collectivized and are less approachable than before." At the same time he found all conceivable pretexts for organizing artists to "tour the countryside and look at the flowers while on horseback." He proclaimed repeatedly, "There is a good deal to be said for painters making friends with painters and poets." With such bunkum as this

he resisted Chairman Mao's instructions that literary and art workers must go deep into life, into the heat of the struggle, to merge with the workers, peasants and soldiers and thoroughly remould their thinking.

He Peddled Chou Yang's Black Ware of Revisionist Literature and Art and Boosted Bourgeois Liberalization

Tsai Jo-hung helped to draft the "Ten Points for Literature and Art" put forward by Chou Yang's counter-revolutionary revisionist clique and actively implemented them in art circles.

In 1957 in Kwangchow he openly announced, "What's called socialism must include all sorts of 'isms.'" In 1959 he also said, "In the ideological sphere, the outcome of the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie has already been settled." In 1962, in his poisonous article *The Direction Is Fixed and Now the Road Has Been Broadened*, he took the preposterous line that since the orientation of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers had been settled, the chief current problem was that of enlarging the range of subject matter. He proposed, "We must learn more from the experience of the ancients. There is no harm in our trying out all the themes and forms used by the ancients." This was aimed at preparing public opinion for the restoration of capitalism. In 1964 he gave orders for the despatch of a circular regarding the holding of an exhibition embracing all groups and professions. He was blatantly changing the line of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers into one of serving all social groups regardless of their class, to promote Chou Yang's "literature and art of the whole people."

He Venerated What Was Foreign, Revived What Was Ancient and Championed Feudal, Bourgeois and Revisionist Literature and Art

Tsai Jo-hung worshipped the Impressionist and Fauvist painters of the European bourgeoisie and held a number of forums to study their work, ostensibly to "broaden the knowledge" of our artists

but actually to poison their minds. He had unbounded admiration for such feudal Chinese artists as Chih Tao, Pa-ta-shan-jen and the Eight Eccentrics of Yangchow. *Immortals Offer Birthday Greetings* is a stale and futile old work, yet he said it had "incomparable power to move him." He never wearied of boosting the works executed by remnants of the feudal class who were loyal to the previous dynasty or reactionary bourgeois "authorities," lauding to the skies their landscapes and paintings of withered lotus leaves and willows. He instructed the magazine *Art* to make a special appraisal of such work.

He called on artists to portray irascible Chung Kuei,* Yu Tang-chun kneeling before a seated Wang Chin-lung,** Concubine Chao talking to Chia Cheng*** in the *Dream of the Red Chamber*, and Wang Hsi-feng**** who was outwardly so charming but inwardly ruthless and sinister. In 1959 he proposed the following sculpture for the Museum of the Chinese Revolution to embody the spirit of the Chinese revolution: "An emaciated woman lies stretched out on the ground at her last gasp. . . . The child beside her is greedily sucking at her breast." He openly preached "the horror of war" and opposed works "reeking of gunpowder."

Tsai Jo-hung looked back nostalgically to the literature and art of the thirties and proposed publishing the album *Early Woodcuts* to help Chou Yang and company reverse the judgement on the literature and art of that period. He himself, of course, was a product of the thirties and his *Where Does Suffering Come From?* is typical of his work: painted from a reactionary bourgeois stand, it ridicules and

*A sinister demon king of folk legend.

**This refers to the traditional story of Yu Tang-chun, a prostitute who became the plaything of rich young Wang Chin-lung. Later she was thrown into prison and Wang, then a magistrate, had to try her case. This was typical of the low, sexy scenes Tsai Jo-hung urged artists to paint.

***Chia Cheng, a feudal official, was a hypocrite who upheld the traditional morality although his own soul was unspeakably base. Concubine Chao was his favourite secondary wife.

****Another character in the classical novel *Dream of the Red Chamber*.

vilifies the labouring people. Such were the "variety" and "the many different 'isms'" demanded by Tsai Jo-hung. If we go to the crux of the matter, he wanted feudal, revisionist and capital weeds to occupy the position of socialist art.

For many years Tsai Jo-hung usurped the leadership of the Artists' Union and was the ring-leader of the revisionist clique in the field of art. In this great proletarian cultural revolution he must be hit hard, knocked down and completely discredited.

Hung Yu

Hua Chun-wu Is an Old Hand at Drawing Black Anti-Party Cartoons

Hua Chun-wu is an old hand at producing black, anti-Party cartoons. A long, thick, malodorous black line runs through all his so-called cartoons on affairs among the people from the thirties to the sixties. Whenever there was a sharpening of the class struggle and he judged that circumstances were in his favour, he seized the chance to shoot a volley of poisoned darts. Sometimes, baring his fangs and shaking his fist he plunged openly into the fray; at other times he adopted more devious methods and made indirect attacks. But whether he took the field openly or shot arrows in the dark, his target was always the Party. The years following 1935 were a time of fierce class struggle both at home and abroad; but instead of keenly reflecting the struggle against imperialism and feudalism, Hua Chun-wu served the bureaucrat-compradors and bourgeoisie. He drew a series of pictures entitled *The Ups and Downs of Miss Lucy* for the Shanghai magazine *Modern Cartoons*, as well as other works preaching the decadent bourgeois way of life. And he supplied the column *Sidelights on the Student Movement*

with reactionary cartoons slandering the students' patriotic movement. In 1938, for opportunistic motives, Hua Chun-wu went to Yen-an the sacred centre of the revolution. In 1942, when the Japanese invaders and the Kuomintang had made conditions there extremely hard, Hua Chun-wu tried to stir up discontent and dissatisfaction with the Party. Because he saw everything through tinted bourgeois glasses, he searched everywhere for what he called "the seamy side" and presented Yen-an as "a mess," with "nothing to recommend it." That year he helped Tsai Jo-hung and others to put on an Exhibition of Satirical Art to which he contributed such anti-Party black cartoons as *The Relation Between the Army and the People*, *Modern Dress*, *A Question of Line* and *I Attended the Rally*. In this way he was a party to the counter-revolutionary activities of Ting Ling and Wang Shih-wei and viciously launched a volley of poisoned darts against the leadership of the Party.

After the liberation he never changed his reactionary bourgeois stand. By 1956 and 1957 when the class struggle in China and abroad had sharpened, he became very active again, stirring up discontent, encouraging Rightists to "petition" to have their cases reopened, and going all out in his opposition to the Party. He also used cartoons as a weapon against the Party, producing such vicious works as *Meteorology*, *The Weathercock* and *The Eagle Catches a Chick*. In 1961, while our country was undergoing temporary difficulties, when class enemies at home and abroad stirred up a tempest and the anti-China, anti-Communist chorus was at its height, Hua Chun-wu worked hand-in-glove with Chou Yang, Teng To and other counter-revolutionary revisionists and produced a flood of "cartoons satirizing affairs among the people."

Hua Chun-wu's *Too Busy Steering to Watch the Wind*, produced in 1961, abetted the anti-China, anti-Party onslaught launched by the imperialists and modern revisionists abroad and the ill wind fanned by ghosts and monsters at home. His choice of imagery was a vicious veiled attack on our great helmsman Chairman Mao, a wild demand that our Party should chart its course according to the black wind of revisionism and alter its orientation. Another big poisonous weed of his, *Something Wrong*, showed a dragon dance with the group leader leading

the dragon by the tail instead of by the head. This vilified our Party leadership as "giving orders at random" and losing sight of the general direction. In *Spring Silkworms* he used all his ingenuity to slander our Party leadership by comparing it to silkworms enmeshing themselves in cocoons. For fear people might miss the point he added a scurrilous verse deriding our Party leadership as a "regal isolationist" who denied all other people the right to speak. *The Cracked Flute*, *The Kite with a Broken String*, *Labour in Vain* and other poisonous weeds attacked the general line, the big leap forward and the people's communes. In addition, Hua Chun-wu launched many savage attacks on Mao Tse-tung's thought under cover of satirizing conservatism and lack of originality among writers and artists.

Hua Chun-wu with his anti-Party cartoons was a component part of the counter-revolutionary revisionist clique headed by Chou Yang and Teng To. Who were the targets of these black cartoons? What was their main reactionary theme? We can find the answer in Chou Yang's articles and speeches as well as in Teng To's *Evening Chats at Yenshan* and *Notes from the Three-Family Village*. Hua Chun-wu's cartoons illustrate these scurrilous articles and speeches, while they in turn serve as comments and explanations for his cartoons.

Chou Yang libelled the Party's leadership of literature and art as "crude and rough" "administrative interference" and a "monopoly"; while in Hua Chun-wu's *Scientific Division of Labour* the flute-player with a man to stop the finger-holes for him implies that the Party's leadership of literature and art was "crude interference," and "a complete take-over and substitution." Chou Yang complained that our anti-revisionist struggle had been carried too far, and in *Tu Fu's Self Criticism* Hua Chun-wu made Tu Fu say, "My *Ballad of the War Chariots* is guilty of pacifism." This was a venomous gibe at the anti-revisionist struggle.

Teng To vilified Chairman Mao's scientific statement "The east wind prevails over the west wind" as "empty talk" and "a stale platitude," fuming that the Party leadership should "step down and rest." Hua Chun-wu promptly produced *It is Time to Rest*, presenting the Party leadership as an invalid in bed suffering from "stale platitudes" and "hackneyed talk." The theme of the article was identical

with that of the cartoon. After Wu Han produced his big poisonous weed *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*, Liao Mo-sha, one of the lieutenants of the "Three-Family Village," congratulated him on "breaking over the threshold of 'history' and the 'opera'" and urged him to "write another opera about Hai Jui." At once Hua Chun-wu produced the pernicious cartoon *Why Not Come Downstairs and Co-operate?* inciting "historians" and "script-writers" to "co-operate" to write more poisonous works attacking the Party. Hua Chun-wu's *Contradiction* complemented Liao Mo-sha's *Refined Gibe About Not Being Afraid of Ghosts*, slandering the heroic Chinese people who stand in the forefront of the anti-imperialist, anti-revisionist struggle as "those who claim not to be afraid of ghosts when actually they are scared out of their wits."

Enough! The examples cited above are quite sufficient to show that when the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries of every country set up an anti-China chorus and the ghosts and monsters at home emerged from their dens, Hua Chun-wu colluded with Chou Yang, Teng To and company and served as a vanguard to attack the Party. We have his black cartoons and plenty of black evidence to prove this. It is no use his trying to deny his guilt.

Chronicle

New Gramophone Records Propagating Mao Tse-tung's Thought

The Chinese Records Plant in Shanghai has recently made gramophone records of *Serve the People*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune* and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, three brilliant works of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, the great leader of the Chinese people. These are new achievements of the revolutionary workers and staff of the plant won through struggles during this great proletarian cultural revolution.

In the past over a fairly long period of time, the production of gramophone records, like many other departments of literature and art in China was controlled by a small handful of people in the Party who were in authority and taking the capitalist road. They produced a large number of bad records spreading decadent bourgeois and feudal ideology. During this unprecedented great proletarian cultural revolution, the revolutionaries of the Chinese Records Plant have creatively studied and applied Chairman Mao's works, and so heightened their class consciousness and sharpened their wits. They struggled against and overthrew a small handful of people in the Party who were in authority and taking the capitalist road, thus sweeping away various obstacles preventing the thoroughgoing propagation of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Starting from last October, they have made and circulated a large number of new records spreading Mao Tse-tung's thought. Among these are records of quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung set to music, "on-the-spot" recordings of the first three rallies at which Chairman Mao received revolutionary students and teachers and the speeches of Vice-Chairman Lin Piao and Premier Chou En-lai at these rallies.

Exhibition of the Newly Reproduced Clay Sculptures "Compound Where Rent Was Collected"

At the request and suggestion of the revolutionary people of China, the newly reproduced large-scale sculptures *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* were formally exhibited in Peking recently. Some important revision of the thought behind the works, and sometimes even, a re-creation was done before these sculptures were reproduced. Now, they manifest in a more vivid and outstanding manner the great invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. They have reached a new and higher level both ideologically and artistically.

The Szechuan sculptures *Compound Where Rent Was Collected*, born in the early days of the great proletarian cultural revolution, are a glorious victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought in literature and art and a great event in the revolution of sculptural art. Depicting the happenings in the manor house of the despotic landlord Liu Wen-tsai in Tayi County, Szechuan Province before the liberation, more than a hundred life-size sculptures present truthfully and with great penetration the sharp class struggle in the countryside in old China. These sculptures are an angry accusation against the heinous crimes of the landlord class in brutally exploiting and oppressing the peasants, and they eulogize the peasants' spirit of revolt. At the end of 1965, artists in Szechuan and Peking reproduced some of the sculptures of *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* showing them together with photographs of all the figures. This exhibition was warmly acclaimed and praised by the workers, peasants and soldiers as well as by international friends. More than two million people have visited the exhibition during the past eleven months. Now, at the request of the broad

revolutionary masses, all the sculptured figures in *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* have been reproduced and shown in Peking. They will remain there permanently, so as to educate posterity and enable our proletarian state never to change colour.

The clay sculptures are divided into six groups: The Tenants Come to Pay Rent; The Grain Is Examined; The Grain Is Weighed; Accounts Are Reckoned Up; Forcing The Peasants to Pay Rent and Revolt, in the order in which the events took place. There were originally 114 figures. There is now, after revision, a total of 119 all of which have been reproduced. Sixteen of them are newly sculptured figures. The last group, Revolt, revised more than any other one now brings out more sharply the revolutionary rebel spirit of the peasants, thus raising the ideological content of the whole work to a new height.

In addition to the three artists from Szechuan who moulded the original clay sculptures, among those taking part in this work were art workers, Red Guards, revolutionary students and teachers of art schools and institutes in Peking, Tientsin, Kwangchow and Chekiang.

Albanian National Song and Dance Troupe Performs in China

The Albanian National Song and Dance Troupe whose performances the Chinese people have been looking forward to arrived in China recently full of militant and fraternal friendship. Its première was given in the Shoutu (Capital) Theatre, Peking. Full of revolutionary fervour and showing a militant spirit, the remarkable performance of these literary and art fighters from the anti-imperialist and anti-revisionist front received a warm ovation from the Peking audience.

A warm spirit of fighting unity between the people of China and Albania pervaded the whole performance. It began with a song eulogizing the Albanian Party of Labour and Comrade Enver Hoxha which was followed by the famous Chinese revolutionary song *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. This song, praising the great thought of Mao Tse-tung was sung in the Chinese language. The

Albanian artists' stirring renderings of these songs won prolonged and thunderous applause and an encore was given.

The Albanian literary and art fighters performed altogether more than thirty song and dance items for the Chinese audience among which were the choruses, *Sing of the Fifth Congress of the Party of Labour* and *A Pick in One Hand and a Gun in the Other*; the woman's solos *The Revisionists' Plot Has Gone Bankrupt* and *Today Is the Festival of the Co-op*; the dances, *Dance of the Mountain Eagle*, *The Army and the Civilians Are One Family* and *Dance of the Guerrillas*; a violin solo, *Singing of the Happy Future* and a solo on the two-string lute, *The Strongest Voice of the Revolutionary People*. These revolutionary songs and dances truthfully reflect the great achievements of the Albanian people, under the correct leadership of the Albanian Party of Labour headed by Enver Hoxha, in their struggle against imperialism and modern revisionism and in building socialism. They are a manifestation of the heroism and fighting spirit of the Albanian people. After a warm ovation from the audience an encore was given after practically every item. Sometimes a second encore was necessary before the audience was satisfied.

The Albanian singers also sang in Chinese *We Must Have Faith in the Masses* and *We Must Have Faith in the Party* and other songs of Chairman Mao's quotations. When the audience joined in the singing, a mighty stream of music reverberated throughout the whole hall.

The last item *Dance of Friendship* featured workers, peasants, soldiers and students in both Albanian and Chinese costume dancing jubilantly together. This vigorous and stirring dance expressed the everlasting revolutionary friendship of the Chinese and Albanian Parties and people.

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