



10

CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Marxism can develop only through struggle, and not only is this true of the past and the present, it is necessarily true of the future as well. What is correct invariably develops in the course of struggle with what is wrong. The true, the good and the beautiful always exist by contrast with the false, the evil and the ugly, and grow in struggle with the latter.

— *On the Correct Handling of
Contradictions Among the People*

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Our great leader Chairman Mao Tse-tung

**On “Let a Hundred Flowers
Blossom, Let a Hundred
Schools of Thought Contend”**

(February 27, 1957)

“Let a hundred flowers blossom, let a hundred schools of thought contend” and “long-term co-existence and mutual supervision” — how did these slogans come to be put forward? They were put forward in the light of China’s specific conditions, on the basis of the recognition that various kinds of contradictions still exist in socialist society, and in response to the country’s urgent

This excerpt is taken from Chairman Mao’s *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People*.

need to speed up its economic and cultural development. Letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend is the policy for promoting the progress of the arts and the sciences and a flourishing socialist culture in our land. Different forms and styles in art should develop freely and different schools in science should contend freely. We think that it is harmful to the growth of art and science if administrative measures are used to impose one particular style of art or school of thought and to ban another. Questions of right and wrong in the arts and sciences should be settled through free discussion in artistic and scientific circles and through practical work in these fields. They should not be settled in summary fashion. A period of trial is often needed to determine whether something is right or wrong. Throughout history, new and correct things have often failed at the outset to win recognition from the majority of people and have had to develop by twists and turns in struggle. Often correct and good things have first been regarded not as fragrant flowers but as poisonous weeds. Copernicus' theory of the solar system and Darwin's theory of evolution were once dismissed as erroneous and had to win through over bitter opposition. Chinese history offers many similar examples. In a socialist society, conditions for the growth of the new are radically different from and far superior to those in the old society. Nevertheless, it still often happens that new, rising forces are held back and rational proposals constricted. More-

over, the growth of new things may be hindered in the absence of deliberate suppression simply through lack of discernment. It is therefore necessary to be careful about questions of right and wrong in the arts and sciences, to encourage free discussion and avoid hasty conclusions. We believe that such an attitude can help to ensure a relatively smooth development of the arts and sciences.

Marxism, too, has developed through struggle. At the beginning, Marxism was subjected to all kinds of attack and regarded as a poisonous weed. It is still being attacked and is still regarded as a poisonous weed in many parts of the world. In the socialist countries, it enjoys a different position. But non-Marxist and, moreover, anti-Marxist ideologies exist even in these countries. In China, although in the main socialist transformation has been completed with respect to the system of ownership, and although the large-scale and turbulent class struggles of the masses characteristic of the previous revolutionary periods have in the main come to an end, there are still remnants of the overthrown landlord and comprador classes, there is still a bourgeoisie, and the remoulding of the petty bourgeoisie has only just started. The class struggle is by no means over. The class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, the class struggle between the different political forces, and the class struggle in the ideological field between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie will continue to be long and tortuous and at times will even

become very acute. The proletariat seeks to transform the world according to its own world outlook, and so does the bourgeoisie. In this respect, the question of which will win out, socialism or capitalism, is still not really settled. Marxists are still a minority among the entire population as well as among the intellectuals. Therefore, Marxism must still develop through struggle. Marxism can develop only through struggle, and not only is this true of the past and the present, it is necessarily true of the future as well. What is correct invariably develops in the course of struggle with what is wrong. The true, the good and the beautiful always exist by contrast with the false, the evil and the ugly, and grow in struggle with the latter. As soon as a wrong thing is rejected and a particular truth accepted by mankind, new truths begin their struggle with new errors. Such struggles will never end. This is the law of development of truth and, naturally, of Marxism as well.

It will take a fairly long period of time to decide the issue in the ideological struggle between socialism and capitalism in our country. The reason is that the influence of the bourgeoisie and of the intellectuals who come from the old society will remain in our country for a long time to come, and so will their class ideology. If this is not sufficiently understood, or is not understood at all, the gravest mistakes will be made and the necessity of waging the struggle in the ideological field will be ignored. Ideological struggle is not like other forms of struggle. The only method to be used in this strug-

gle is that of painstaking reasoning and not crude coercion. Today, socialism is in an advantageous position in the ideological struggle. The main power of the state is in the hands of the working people led by the proletariat. The Communist Party is strong and its prestige stands high. Although there are defects and mistakes in our work, every fair-minded person can see that we are loyal to the people, that we are both determined and able to build up our motherland together with them, and that we have already achieved great successes and will achieve still greater ones. The vast majority of the bourgeoisie and intellectuals who come from the old society are patriotic and are willing to serve their flourishing socialist motherland; they know they will be helpless and have no bright future to look forward to if they turn away from the socialist cause and from the working people led by the Communist Party.

People may ask, since Marxism is accepted as the guiding ideology by the majority of the people in our country, can it be criticized? Certainly it can. Marxism is scientific truth and fears no criticism. If it did, and if it could be overthrown by criticism, it would be worthless. In fact, aren't the idealists criticizing Marxism every day and in every way? Aren't those who harbour bourgeois and petty-bourgeois ideas and do not wish to change — aren't they also criticizing Marxism in every way? Marxists should not be afraid of criticism from any quarter. Quite the contrary, they need to temper

and develop themselves and win new positions in the teeth of criticism and in the storm and stress of struggle. Fighting against wrong ideas is like being vaccinated — a man develops greater immunity from disease as a result of vaccination. Plants raised in hot-houses are unlikely to be sturdy. Carrying out the policy of letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend will not weaken but strengthen the leading position of Marxism in the ideological field.

What should our policy be towards non-Marxist ideas? As far as unmistakable counter-revolutionaries and saboteurs of the socialist cause are concerned, the matter is easy: we simply deprive them of their freedom of speech. But incorrect ideas among the people are quite a different matter. Will it do to ban such ideas and deny them any opportunity for expression? Certainly not. It is not only futile but very harmful to use summary methods in dealing with ideological questions among the people, with questions concerned with man's mental world. You may ban the expression of wrong ideas, but the ideas will still be there. On the other hand, if correct ideas are pampered in hot-houses without being exposed to the elements or immunized from disease, they will not win out against erroneous ones. Therefore, it is only by employing the method of discussion, criticism and reasoning that we can really foster correct ideas and overcome wrong ones, and that we can really settle issues.

Inevitably, the bourgeoisie and petty bourgeoisie will give expression to their own ideologies. Inevitably, they will stubbornly express themselves on political and ideological questions by every possible means. You cannot expect them to do otherwise. We should not use the method of suppression and prevent them from expressing themselves, but should allow them to do so and at the same time argue with them and direct appropriate criticism at them. We must undoubtedly criticize wrong ideas of every description. It certainly would not be right to refrain from criticism, look on while wrong ideas spread unchecked and allow them to monopolize the field. Mistakes must be criticized and poisonous weeds fought wherever they crop up. However, such criticism should not be dogmatic, and the metaphysical method should not be used, but efforts should be made to apply the dialectical method. What is needed is scientific analysis and convincing argument. Dogmatic criticism settles nothing. We are against poisonous weeds of any kind, but we must carefully distinguish between what is really a poisonous weed and what is really a fragrant flower. Together with the masses of the people, we must learn to differentiate carefully between the two and to use correct methods to fight the poisonous weeds.

At the same time as we criticize dogmatism, we must direct our attention to criticizing revisionism. Revisionism, or Right opportunism, is a bourgeois trend of thought that is even more dangerous than dogmatism.

The revisionists, the Right opportunists, pay lip-service to Marxism; they too attack "dogmatism." But what they are really attacking is the quintessence of Marxism. They oppose or distort materialism and dialectics, oppose or try to weaken the people's democratic dictatorship and the leading role of the Communist Party, and oppose or try to weaken socialist transformation and socialist construction. After the basic victory of the socialist revolution in our country, there are still a number of people who vainly hope to restore the capitalist system and fight the working class on every front, including the ideological one. And their right-hand men in this struggle are the revisionists.

At first glance, the two slogans — let a hundred flowers blossom and let a hundred schools of thought contend — have no class character; the proletariat can turn them to account, and so can the bourgeoisie or other people. But different classes, strata and social groups each have their own views on what are fragrant flowers and what are poisonous weeds. What then, from the point of view of the broad masses of the people, should be the criteria today for distinguishing fragrant flowers from poisonous weeds? In the political life of our people, how should right be distinguished from wrong in one's words and actions? On the basis of the principles of our Constitution, the will of the overwhelming majority of our people and the common political positions which have been proclaimed on various occasions by our po-

litical parties and groups, we consider that, broadly speaking, the criteria should be as follows:

- (1) Words and actions should help to unite, and not divide, the people of our various nationalities.
- (2) They should be beneficial, and not harmful, to socialist transformation and socialist construction.
- (3) They should help to consolidate, and not undermine or weaken, the people's democratic dictatorship.
- (4) They should help to consolidate, and not undermine or weaken, democratic centralism.
- (5) They should help to strengthen, and not discard or weaken, the leadership of the Communist Party.
- (6) They should be beneficial, and not harmful, to international socialist unity and the unity of the peace-loving people of the world.

Of these six criteria, the most important are the socialist path and the leadership of the Party. These criteria are put forward not to hinder but to foster the free discussion of questions among the people. Those who disapprove of these criteria can still put forward their own views and argue their case. However, since the majority of the people have clearcut criteria to go by, criticism and self-criticism can be conducted along proper lines, and the criteria can be applied to people's words and actions to determine whether they are right or wrong, whether they are fragrant flowers or poisonous weeds. These are political criteria. Naturally, in judging the

validity of scientific theories or assessing the aesthetic value of works of art, additional pertinent criteria are needed. But these six political criteria are applicable to all activities in the arts and the sciences. In a socialist country like ours, can there possibly be any useful scientific or artistic activity which runs counter to these political criteria?

The views set out above are based on China's specific historical conditions. Conditions vary in different socialist countries and with different Communist Parties. Therefore, we do not maintain that other countries and Parties should or must follow the Chinese way.

Chairman Mao Is the Never-setting Sun in Our Hearts
(oil painting) ▶



Raid on the White Tiger Regiment

CAST

Yang Wei-tsai	leader of a scouts platoon of a regiment of the Chinese People's Volunteers (CPV)
Commander Wang	a regimental commander of the CPV
Commissar Kuan	a regimental political commissar of the CPV
Staff Officer Kao	combat staff officer
Section Chief Chang	head of the scouts section
Chang Shun-ho	a squad leader of the scouts platoon
Pao Yu-lu	soldier of the scouts platoon
Lu Pei-lu	soldier of the scouts platoon
Hsu Teh-chun	soldier of the scouts platoon
Kim Tal Yong	soldier of the scouts platoon (member of China's Korean national minority)
Han Tal Neun	intelligence cadre (member of China's Korean national minority)
Commander Chao	battalion commander of the CPV
Other CPV Soldiers	

This opera was composed by the Shantung Provincial Peking Opera Troupe.

Several Soldiers of the Korean People's Army
Aunt Choi Korean villager
Sister Choi her daughter-in-la
Uncle Kim a middle-aged Korean
Sun Hi a young Korean girl
Other Korean villagers

American adviser
American staff officer and men
Colonel of the White Tiger Regiment
Colonel of the Armoured Regiment
Chief of staff of the White Tiger Regiment
Captain of the guards company of the White Tiger Regiment
Lieutenant of the guards platoon
Bak Kum Sun soldier of the White Tiger Regiment
Li I Ho soldier of the White Tiger Regiment
Other puppet soldiers

PROLOGUE

Chairman Mao says: "The people who have triumphed in their own revolution should help those still struggling for liberation. This is our internationalist duty."

The strains of the *Internationale* and the beat of battle drums can be heard. Flames are spreading.

(Chinese and Korean fighters, carrying red flags, enter separately.)
(Yang Wei-tsai and a platoon leader of the Korean People's Army enter following the red flags. They turn and wave their hands, then Chinese and Korean soldiers enter, and break into a dance.)
(The "Internationale" wells up again. With red flags fluttering, the Chinese and Korean soldiers march off together into battle.)
(The lights fade. The curtain falls.)

SCENE ONE

Time: A morning in July 1953.

Place: Near the front in the district of Anpyungli, not far from the city of Kumsung, Korea.

Chairman Mao says: "The army must become one with the people so that they see it as their own army. Such an army will be invincible..."

The outside of a village near the front. Green paddy fields lie in the background. Behind them lofty mountains rise. Ravages of battle are apparent in the nearby shell holes and shattered hulks of trees.

(Aunt Choi and villagers are waving and calling goodbye to departing troops.)

(Sister Choi, offstage, calls: "Mama," then enters with other villagers.)

Sister Choi: Mama.

Villagers: Sister Choi.

Aunt Choi: Have you finished delivering the grain to our soldiers, child?

Sister Choi: Pretty nearly. I'm taking advantage of a break to bring you a message. Guess who I met at the township committee office.

Aunt Choi: Who?

Sister Choi: A CPV platoon leader. He was wounded on Anpyung Mountain, but he went on fighting, and he and his platoon wiped out a whole company of Americans, there.

Villager A: He recuperated in your house.

Aunt Choi: You mean Platoon Leader Yang?

Villagers: Right. The scout hero.

Aunt Choi: Why, that's fine. I haven't seen those boys in over a year. I've really been thinking of them. *(Sings.)*
Sharp and fresh are the mountains after the rain,
Rosy the clouds as we welcome our dear ones.
They've come to fight the U.S. imperialists,
Boldly they battle the Yankee-Rhee forces.

*In Anpyungli they've won three times in a row,
The news of their exploits has spread o'er the land.*

Sister Choi: Comrade Yang is talking with the township committee chief right now. He says he's coming to see you soon.

Aunt Choi: That's wonderful.

Sister Choi: Well, we've got to finish delivering that grain. We'll be back soon, ma. *(She goes off, leading some girls.)*

Uncle Kim (to Aunt Choi): Your son is in the guerrillas, your daughter-in-law is a model in supporting the front. They certainly are a credit to you.

Villager C (enters running): Good news, neighbours. CPV comrades are coming.

Aunt Choi: Let's hurry home and boil some drinking water and prepare to welcome them.

Villagers: Let's go. *(They leave.)*

Sun Hi: I'll wait for them here, Grandma Choi.

Aunt Choi: All right. Let us know as soon as they come. *(Goes out.)*

Sun Hi: Right. *(Climbs a slope and looks.)* They're here. *(Jumps down and runs off. The music rises. Sun Hi returns with Chang Shun-bo and several scouts.)*

Sun Hi: Where's Uncle Yang?

Chang: He'll be here soon.

Sun Hi: I've got to let Grandma Choi know.

Pao Yu-lu: Why don't I go on ahead and take a look around in the village, squad leader?

Chang: Do that.

(Sun Hi and Pao go out.)

A soldier: Here comes our platoon leader.

Chang (calls towards him): This is Anpyungli.

(Yang enters, leading soldiers.)

Yang (gazes towards village, sings): *All night we marched through the rain and wind,
Trailing the White Tiger Regiment.*

*Our men begged for permission to fight,
We know the Yanks are playing the truce false.*

(To one of his scouts)

Dash back to regimental headquarters and report what we've observed.

(The soldier assents and goes out.)

(Lu Pei-lu removes his crown of camouflage branches and throws it irritably to the ground.)

A soldier: What's wrong? Blisters on your feet?

Lu: No.

A soldier: Then they must be on your brain.

(Everyone laughs. Yang signals the men not to tease Lu.)

Lu: There's something I just can't see, platoon leader. *(Sings.)*

The enemy keep pushing in, plainly

Their negotiations are a fraud.

Since we know the Yanks are not sincere,

Why do we waste our time in talk?

Kim: It's not a waste of time. The conference table is also a battlefield.

Chang: We saw it very clearly on our scouting mission today. The enemy is building fortifications as fast as they can, and their White Tiger Regiment — one of Syngman Rhee's so-called crack units — keeps trying to provoke us. In my opinion the enemy is taking advantage of the cease-fire to catch their breaths and get ready to make more trouble.

Yang: You're right. That's an old trick of the American imperialists. They fool the people of the world by talking peace while actually waging war. Here, they're negotiating while moving up troops to attack us. Chairman Mao says we must give the enemy tit for tat and not yield an inch of land. What we've got to do is expose their schemes at the conference table and smash their assaults on the battlefield.

Lu: If they don't behave, we'll slug them.

Yang: Right, if they don't behave, we'll slug them. The enemy won't wipe themselves out, the imperialists will never lay down

their butcher knives and become buddhas. We've got to use revolutionary dual tactics to deal with their two-faced counter-revolutionary game. When they really want to talk, we talk —

Soldiers: And when they fight, we fight.

Yang (*sings*): *Hearts firm, eyes bright,
You've seen through the enemy's schemes.
The American imperialists are mad,
They want to conquer the world.
When they're losing they talk peace,
Smiling, knives behind their backs;
After they've had a breathing spell,
Snarling, they run amok again.
But no matter how they juggle false talks and real war,
Wolves in sheep's clothing are always exposed.
We've no illusions about the enemy,
Vigilant, guns in hand, we'll beat the Yanks.*

Soldiers: Right. (*Sings.*)

*We've no illusions about the enemy,
Vigilant, we'll keep our guns in hand.*

Pao (*enters*): The villagers are coming.

(Korean villagers enter and do a dance. They exchange greetings with Chinese soldiers.)

Soldiers: How are you, neighbours?

Sun Hi: Uncle Yang.

Yang: Sun Hi, how tall you've grown.

Sun Hi: Grandma Choi has come too. You see?

(Aunt Choi enters.)

Yang: Mama Choi.

Aunt Choi (*embraces Yang. Sings*): *Though I haven't seen you for a year,
I remember clearly the days past.
Badly wounded, you lived with us for weeks,
Becoming as dear as our flesh and blood.
But before your wounds were fully healed
You returned to the front, and I worried —*

Yang: Look, mama, I'm completely recovered. (*Sings.*)

*You tended me day and sleepless night,
Fed me carefully, gave me drinks,
Your class devotion,
Weightier than Mount Tai.
We Chinese People's Volunteers are far from home,
You have been like a mother to us.*

Soldiers and Villagers: Mama Choi. (*Sing.*)

*Blood cements the friendship of
The Korean and Chinese people.*

Aunt Choi (*sings*): *On Anpyung Mountain the red flag flies,*

*From home to home spreads the joyous news.
The good soldiers taught by Chairman Mao
March heroically to our village.
Young and old, we're delighted, all.*

Villagers (*sing*): *Young and old, we're delighted, all. (shout.)*

Let's dance.

(They do a gay folk dance. Suddenly, the drone of a plane is heard.)

Lu: An enemy plane.

Yang: Get down, everyone.

*(He protects Aunt Choi with his body. All stare angrily at sky.
Soldiers aim at enemy plane as it sweeps over. Villagers throw themselves flat. Plane drops bombs.)*

Aunt Choi (*sings*): *Once more enemy planes come to ruin and wreck.*

(Offstage a voice calls: "Platoon leader." A soldier enters.)

Soldier: The regimental commander has ordered us to return to regimental headquarters immediately and wait for orders.

Yang: What's up?

Soldier: The American imperialists and the Syngman Rhee gang have broken the truce talks. They're attacking.

All (*angrily*): Oh.

(Offstage a villager cries: "Mama Choi." Enter Villager C.)

Villager C: The township committee chief says there's been a change in the situation. He wants us to destroy the road immediately. He says you should come for a meeting.

Aunt Choi: Very well.

Yang: I've just been telling the committee chief about some new developments. In order to destroy the enemy troops we may have to be moving off. Where can we get in touch with you in an emergency.

Aunt Choi: If you can't find me here, I'll be at the home of my daughter-in-law's parents.

Yang: In Chungbukli?

Aunt Choi: That's right. In Chungbukli.

Yang: Comrades, the American imperialists have broken the cease-fire talks, just as our leaders thought they would. Chairman Mao teaches us: "Make trouble, fail, make trouble again, fail again . . . till their doom; that is the logic of the imperialists and all reactionaries the world over in dealing with the people's cause, and they will never go against this logic."

Lu: "Everything reactionary is the same; if you don't hit it, it won't fall."

Soldiers: We definitely will wipe them out. *(Sing.)*

*Our flames of hatred are hundred thousand feet high,
We won't leave the field till we've finished the enemy.*

Yang: Get ready to set off.

Aunt Choi (sings): *Dear ones, we hate to part with you.*

Yang (sings): *Yalu River, Biakdu Mountains,
Heights and waterways all of a piece.
Two countries drink the water of the same river,
Chinese and Koreans shoulder to shoulder.
This lovely land belongs to the people, we shall not
Permit the U.S. imperialists to destroy it.
Goodbye, neighbours, we're off to the front,*

(The soldiers form ranks.)

When we get our orders we'll crush the enemy.

(Soldiers wave farewell to villagers. Yang mounts a slope, looks back and waves goodbye.)

(Curtain)

SCENE TWO

Time: Dusk, three days later.

Place: Anpyungli.

Chairman Mao says: "All reactionaries are paper tigers. In appearance, the reactionaries are terrifying, but in reality they are not so powerful. From a long-term point of view, it is not the reactionaries but the people who are really powerful."

(Puppet Korean captain and lieutenant enter with soldiers.)

Lieutenant: Attention.

Captain: Brothers, we've occupied Anpyungli for three days already. The American adviser and our colonel have ordered us to conscript civilians to repair the road. Why are you clods so slow?

Lieutenant: These people here are hard to handle.

Captain: What's so hard about it, idiot? This morning we spotted a suspicious-looking old woman on the south mountain, and you fellows let her get away, right from under your nose. The colonel will be coming with the American adviser soon to make a check. Don't you want your heads? What are you standing around for? Post guards along the road, quick.

Soldiers: Yes, sir.

(All exit. Aunt Choi and Sister Choi enter, carrying brushwood on their backs.)

Aunt Choi: The information we've just discovered is very important, child. The Party organization and the township committee want us to continue observing the enemy's movements.

Sister Choi: Right.

Aunt Choi: The enemy is trying to force us to repair the road.
We've got to stall, resist them.

Sister Choi: Right.

(A car is heard approaching. Aunt Choi and Sister Choi separate and go out.)

(Captain and lieutenant enter quickly with soldiers.)

Captain: Hurry, hurry. Guards, take your posts. Attention.

(American adviser and staff officer enter with colonel of the White Tiger Regiment, colonel of Armoured Regiment, and puppet Korean chief of staff.)

Captain: Captain of the guards company of the White Tiger Regiment of the Capital Division reports: "We are rounding up civilians to repair the road as the adviser and colonel have ordered."

Colonel: Please make your inspection, sir.

Adviser: Thank you. We're winning time at the Panmunjom truce talks. The hundred thousand crack troops we're gathering in the Kumsung sector will shortly be able to make a lightning attack. As soon as we receive the order, we shall drive straight for Pyongyang. Your chance to distinguish yourself is at hand, my friend.

Colonel: We shall be pleased to serve the free world.

Adviser: Excellent. *(American staff officer points out terrain to him. Adviser peers through his field-glasses. Suddenly his face darkens.)*

Why are fortifications so weak between Heights 386 and 419?

Colonel: That's your sector, colonel, the Armoured Regiment's.

AR Colonel: It's this way, Mr. Adviser....

Adviser: The Communists' tactics are unpredictable. Haven't you learned that lesson often enough?

AR Colonel: Yes, sir.

Adviser: Strengthen those fortifications immediately. Add more barbed wire and land mines.

Chief of Staff: Yes, sir. *(Goes out.)*

AR Colonel: The road between Yungjin Bridge and those front positions hasn't been repaired yet. It's holding up the work on our fortifications.

Adviser *(to colonel of White Tiger Regiment):* What about it?

Colonel *(to captain):* Why hasn't that road been repaired?

Captain: The people in this sector refuse to work.

Adviser: I've told you before. These people have been brain-washed by the communist army. Let me remind you: Military men should know how to deal with such people.

Colonel: Dirty Reds. Burn their houses and round them all up. Make them repair that road.

Captain: Right. Burn them out.

Lieutenant: Burn them out. *(Leaves.)*

(Soldiers go off bearing torches. The village is set afire. The soldiers return driving villagers before them.)

Uncle Kim *(sings):* *The American-Rhee bandits set our village on fire, Arson and violence are second nature to them.*

(Lieutenant enters, running.)

Lieutenant: Report. Some of the villagers refuse to go. Among them is an old woman who looks very much like that suspicious-looking person we saw on the mountain.

Colonel: Bring her here.

Captain: Bring her here.

Lieutenant: Bring her here.

(Soldiers enter with Aunt Choi, under guard.)

Villagers: Aunt Choi.

Captain: Aha, so it's you. This is the woman we saw on the south mountain this morning, colonel.

Colonel: Do you want to live, old wretch? What were you doing there?

Aunt Choi: Cutting brushwood for fuel.

Colonel: Why did you have to go to the south mountain to do it?

Aunt Choi: The mountain is ours and so are the trees. Why shouldn't we go there?

Colonel (*explodes*): That's an allied position, it's off limits.

Aunt Choi: We villagers don't know anything about that. All we know is that we have to cut fuel.

Captain: How dare you talk back to the colonel. Lock her up.

(Soldiers rush forward.)

Aunt Choi (*stares at them angrily*): Don't forget you're Koreans.

Colonel: Trying to shake their loyalty, eh? Inciting insurrection.

Aunt Choi: Traitor. You adopt a gangster for a father, lead a wolf into the house. You burn and pillage, stop at nothing. . . .

Colonel: Take her away.

Captain: Yes, sir. (*Goes forward to seize Aunt Choi.*)

Aunt Choi: Bootlicker. (*Slaps his face, sings.*)

Savagery cannot frighten a heroic people.

Colonel: I'll have you shot.

Villagers: Aunt Choi.

Adviser: Wait. Citizens, don't let yourselves be fooled by Red propaganda. We Americans have come to Korea to help you unify your country. We bring you peace, democracy, freedom and happiness.

Aunt Choi: Rot. (*Angrily, to American adviser*) Peace? Happiness? Democracy? Freedom? (*Mounts slope.*) Neighbours, look. (*Points at flaming village.*) There's the peace and happiness they bring us. (*Points at guns in hands of puppet Korean soldiers.*) There's the democracy and freedom they bring us. Robbers. Who believes your lies? We want you to get out of Korea.

Villagers: Get out of Korea.

Adviser: What!

Aunt Choi: Filthy robber. You talk so sweet but you kill without batting an eye. (*Sings.*)

You invade Korea and spread the flames of war,

Camouflaged beneath high-sounding words.

How many Korean people have you killed,

How many Korean homes have you burned?

Our hatred, so intense, so fierce,

Whips the Han River into a raging torrent.

Colonel: I'll have you shot.

Aunt Choi (*sings*): *Terrible crimes you commit without end,*

Cruel, savage, wicked wolves.

When our army liberates us,

We'll see what happens to you butchers.

Gangster dogs, you won't escape

The people's justice.

(At a sign from the American adviser, the colonel shoots her.)

Adviser (*hypocritically*): Citizens, I'm extremely distressed at this.

Aunt Choi: Liar. (*Sings.*)

We shall bury you all

In the sea of people's warfare.

Adviser: This is . . . frightful. (*Shoots Aunt Choi and leaves abjectly with his men.*)

(Villagers run forward and raise Aunt Choi up.)

Villagers: Aunt Choi. (*Sing.*)

Our dear one has been hurt,

Anger flames in our hearts.

Uncle Kim (*calls*): Sister Choi, Sister Choi.

Sister Choi (*enters quickly, carrying brushwood. She rushes forward*):
Mama, mama.

Aunt Choi (*rallying momentarily*): Keep on with the fight, child.

Go to Chung sukli and wait for Platoon Leader Yang. . . .

Sister Choi: Chung sukli?

Villagers: Aunt Choi.

(Aunt Choi dies.)

Sister Choi: Oh. Mama. (*Sings.*)

I'm torn to see you so cruelly murdered,

Courageous, you never gave in to the enemy,

A longing for vengeance seethes in my breast.

Neighbours:

*In this magnificent land of ours,
Our people are brave with unshakable wills.
Why should we let the enemy slaughter us?
Let's grab their weapons and kill the beasts.
These bloody debts we'll never forget,
Drive through the darkness into the light,
Fight unflinching and conquer the storm.*

(Villagers are aroused. Captain returns with soldiers.)

Captain: Why aren't you repairing the road?

(Villagers close in on him angrily.)

Captain: You won't go, eh? *(Points at body of Aunt Choi.)* You'll end up like her if you're not careful.

Uncle Kim: We refuse, don't we, neighbours?

Villagers: We refuse.

Captain: If you don't go I'll shoot.

Uncle Kim: Shoot. Go ahead and shoot.

Captain: This is rebellion.

Villagers: That's what we want — to rebel!

Captain *(retreats in a panic):* Drive these people out and make them repair the road.

(Soldiers close in on villagers. The villagers resist. Bearing the body of Aunt Choi, the villagers and Sister Choi march in a proud procession up the slope, then stand and look defiantly at captain and soldiers.)

(Curtain)

SCENE THREE

Time: Late that night.

Place: On Anpyung Mountain.

Chairman Mao says: "Over a long period we have developed this concept for the struggle against the enemy: strategically we should despise all our enemies, but tactically we should take them all seriously. This also means that we must despise the enemy with respect to the whole, but that we must take him seriously with respect to each and every concrete question."

(An enemy patrol walks across the stage and goes off. Chang Shun-bo and Pao Yu-lu jump out from behind trees and do a scouts' dance. They wave their arms in a signal to Yang. He enters, followed stealthily by Hsu Teh-chun.)

Yang *(sings):* We're scouting the mountain in the middle of the night.

Chang: It's obvious from what we've seen on this mission that the command post of the White Tiger Regiment is in Ichung-dong.

Yang: Yes. It confirms what our regimental commander thought. Now we've got to find out the state of their fortifications between the heights of 386 and 419. Let's move fast.

Soldiers: Right. *(They do a scouts' dance.)*

Chang: Look, platoon leader.

Yang: Barbed wire!

Soldiers: Line after line of it.

Yang: Artillery emplacements.

Soldiers: Hidden in the groves.

Yang: Make a note of it.

(Chang writes the positions down.)

Yang: Look. *(Points to the higher slopes.)* Machine-gun nests that can cover with cross-fire. And there, along the road —

Soldiers: A forest of sentry posts.

Chang: The fortifications in this sector are laid out in a very mixed manner. This must be where the headquarters areas of the White Tiger Regiment and the Armoured Regiment overlap.

Yang: It would be a good place for us to make our break-through.

Soldiers: Right.

Yang (sings): *Dawn's approaching; we must check with Aunt Choi.*

(Chang and Pao go out.)

Hsu: Platoon leader, look.

Yang: What! *(Sings.)*

Anpyungli engulfed in smoke and flames,

It's as if my own home were on fire.

The rage of the world's people against

U.S. imperialism is irresistible.

The longer we fight those demons

The stronger we become.

Hsu: Someone's coming.

(They hide. Pao and Chang return.)

Pao and Chang: Platoon leader.

Yang: What's happening in the village?

Pao (sings): *The enemy have occupied Anpyung Mountain,*

They're burning and killing wantonly.

Valiantly, the people are resisting,

Mama Choi has given her life for her country.

Yang: Mama Choi. *(Sings.)*

"Our heavenly fighters' anger batters the firmament."

Class hatred is brimming in our hearts.

Comrades, turn your sorrow into strength,

Debts of blood must with blood be paid.

Chang: Let's request a battle assignment from our regimental leaders.

Pao: We'll definitely wipe out the White Tiger Regiment.

Yang: Come on.

Hsu: Enemy soldiers, platoon leader.

Yang: Take cover.

(They hide. Enemy patrol passes. Yang and others go out.)

(Lights fade. Curtain)

SCENE FOUR

Time: Afternoon of the following day.

Place: Outside the bunker of a CPV scout platoon.

Chairman Mao says: "We are advocates of the abolition of war, we do not want war; but war can only be abolished through war, and in order to get rid of the gun it is necessary to take up the gun."

(Artillery can be heard in the distance. A soldier carrying a rifle stands guard. Chang Shun-ho enters.)

Chang: Is our platoon leader back from asking for a battle assignment at regimental headquarters yet?

Soldier: Not yet.

(Pao comes rapidly out of bunker.)

Pao: Our comrades have heard how the enemy killed our Korean class brothers and Mama Choi, squad leader. They're ready to burst. They can't hold themselves in any longer.

(Inside the bunker someone shouts: "Lu, Lu," and Lu comes charging out. Chang Shun-ho grabs him, as other soldiers emerge in pursuit.)

Chang: Where are you going, Lu?

Lu: To regimental headquarters to find our platoon leader.

Chang: Control yourself a bit, comrade.

Lu: Squad leader, we must avenge the villagers and Mama Choi.

Pao: We've got to pull out that tough nail—the White Tiger Regiment.

Lu: Tough nail? We'll smash it even if it's a chunk of solid iron.

Soldiers: Right. We've got to destroy it.

(Artillery and small arms fire in the distance.)

Pao: Third Battalion drove back over a dozen assaults in a single day and killed and wounded scores of the enemy. Comrades, we mustn't forget we're the heroic platoon that held Height 587 on Sangkumryung Ridge....

Lu: Enough of this. We must find our platoon leader.

Soldiers: Right. Let's go.

Chang: Cool down, comrades. Our platoon leader is even more anxious to fight than we are. When he came back from the scouting mission today he didn't rest for a minute but rushed directly to regimental headquarters to report and request a battle assignment. The whole army knows about him. He's a scout hero who's been through many battles and who's been decorated many times. He always picks the hardest job for himself. Don't worry. The regimental commander is sure to give us the most difficult mission.

Soldier: Here comes our platoon leader, comrades.

(Soldiers move towards him.)

Soldiers: Platoon leader.

(Yang enters.)

Lu: You're back, at last.

Yang: Yes.

Soldiers: Did you get a mission for us?

Pao: Are we going after the White Tiger Regiment?

Lu: When do we go into action?

Soldiers: When do we start?

Yang: The regimental commander and the commissar were both out, comrades. They've gone up to division for a meeting.

Soldiers: Oh.

Yang: Be patient, comrades, you'll have plenty of fighting. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Fight no battle unprepared, fight no battle you are not sure of winning."** Let's hold a meeting and talk over what we discovered on our scouting mission last

night. We must prepare for battle. When our regimental commanders come back, they're sure to give us an assignment.

Soldiers: Right. The American imperialists owe the people a debt of blood. We'll make them pay.

Chang: Let's start our meeting, comrades.

(Soldiers go out.)

Lu: Everyone was hoping you'd bring back an assignment for us, but the regimental commanders weren't there, and now we've got to stand by and watch while the American imperialists and the Syngman Rhee gangsters slaughter the Korean people. I....

Yang: Hold your meeting first, Comrade Lu.

(Lu goes out. Artillery booms.)

Yang (sings): *My mind is troubled, old and new
Crimes cry out for vengeance.
Dangerous clouds hang over Anpyung Mountain,
I see Mama Choi who heroically gave her life,
And remember my own mother, killed by
The U.S.-Chiang Kai-shek gang on Mount Laoshan.
Although the two mountains are separated by a big sea,
Both homes are linked by cruel oppression.
The Chinese and Korean people have suffered together,
Their class and national hatred for
The U.S. imperialists knows no bounds.
Chairman Mao leads our revolution, we vow
To knock the old world head over heels.
The U.S.-Rhee bandits have launched a desperate provocation,
Can we let them slaughter at will and despoil the land?
Our comrades are eager to get into action,
They're determined to wipe the enemy out.
On behalf of the platoon I'm requesting an assignment,
We'll take on the hardest, most difficult task.*

(Commissar Kuan and Section Chief Chang enter.)

Soldier: Platoon leader, Commissar Kuan is here.

Kuan: I hear you were just at regimental headquarters, Comrade Yang. Looking for a battle assignment?

Yang: Yes, commissar.

Kuan: How do your comrades feel about it?

Yang: They're very anxious to fight.

Kuan: Good.

Hsu (*emerges from bunker*): Commissar. Hey, comrades, the commissar is here.

Soldiers (*crowd out of the bunker*): Commissar.

Lu: You're back at last, commissar.

Kuan: Yes, and I have good news. The information your platoon leader and comrades brought back from their scouting mission last night has been very useful to the leadership in making a plan for battle. The division commanders say you should be commended.

Lu: That's all very well. But there's a battle to be fought and we're still not in it. We're burning for a chance.

Soldiers: That's right, commissar.

Kuan: Hold your horses, young fellows. You'll have your chance to fight, don't worry. Come over here. Sit down, sit down. Chairman Mao says: **"So long as U.S. imperialism refuses to give up its arrogant and unreasonable demands and its scheme to extend aggression, the only course for the Chinese people is to remain determined to go on fighting side by side with the Korean people.... However many years U.S. imperialism wants to fight, we are ready to fight right up to the moment when it is willing to stop, right up to the moment of complete victory for the Chinese and Korean peoples."**

Yang: We definitely will carry out Chairman Mao's instructions....

Soldiers: Fight until final victory.

Kuan: Good. Comrades, a hard job awaits us.

Yang: Beat the White Tiger Regiment?

Kuan: Right, beat the White Tiger Regiment. American imperialism struggles desperately as it nears its end. It's broken the

cease-fire negotiations and moved up Syngman Rhee's ace White Tiger Regiment to hold the narrow pass in the Yungjin Bridge sector, and is protecting the Tiger's flanks with the Armoured Regiment and the 35th American Howitzer Battalion. Their aim is to push north under cover of the terrain. The enemy pretends to talk while in fact waging war. To shatter this scheme, Chairman Mao has ordered us to give them a good drubbing if they don't behave.

Soldiers: We'll definitely wipe out the White Tiger Regiment.

Kuan: Right. We want to prove beyond a doubt to the people of the whole world that what the enemy can't get at the conference table they won't get on the battlefield.

Lu: That's what we want to hear, commissar. Tell us, quick, how are we going to fight them?

Soldiers: Yes. What tactics will we use?

Kuan: Our regiment's task is to make a thrust assault. We're going to organize a deep thrust battalion, with a keen blade squad up front, and this keen blade is going to plunge right into the enemy's heart. (*Sings.*)

To carve into their heart and mess up their entrails,

First we'll smash the command post of the White Tiger Regiment.

Time is short, the task heavy, fighting behind the enemy lines

Needs a keen blade squad that is clever and bold.

Yang: Let us be the keen blade squad, commissar.

Soldiers: Give the job to us.

Yang: Our scout platoon has experience fighting behind the enemy lines. We hit accurately and hard, we can slip into places and get out again. And we're familiar with the enemy set-up in this sector. Even more important, every member of our platoon, educated by our great supreme commander Chairman Mao, is determined to fight to the death to defeat U.S. imperialism. We guarantee to carry out the glorious task the Party has given us.

Soldiers: We guarantee to fulfil our mission.

Kuan: That's fine, comrades. The regimental Party committee has already decided to entrust you with serving as the keen blade squad.

Soldiers (*animated*): Wonderful.

Yang (*sings*): *We're thrilled to have this important task,
The Party's order gives us limitless strength.
Neither mountains of knives nor seas of flames can daunt us,
We serve the people loyally with all our hearts.*

Kuan: Prepare for battle immediately, Comrade Yang. Go up to regiment to receive your assignment.

Yang: Right.

(Kuan and the section chief go out.)

Soldiers (*excitedly*): Platoon leader, we've got it.

(Curtain)

SCENE FIVE

Time: Immediately following the previous scene.

Place: Headquarters of a regiment of the Chinese People's Volunteers.

Chairman Mao says: "All our officers and fighters must always bear in mind that we are the great People's Liberation Army, we are the troops led by the great Communist Party of China. Provided we constantly observe the directives of the Party, we are sure to win."

(Music is interspersed with cannon fire. Staff Officer Kao and Section Chief Chang are telephoning. Regimental Commander Wang and several company and battalion cadres are standing around a terrain model, discussing the battle plan.)

Kao: Hello, Position Five? How are things with you? Right.

We'll send you more ammunition immediately.

Section Chief: What? The enemy are laying down a barrage of smoke shells?

Wang: What position is that?

Section Chief: Number six.

Wang: Keep the observers on the alert.

Section Chief: Right, observers on the alert.

Wang: Get me the artillery command post.

Kao (*cranking the field telephone*): Artillery command post?
The regimental c.o.

Wang (*taking the phone*): Artillery director? Yes. Concentrate your fire on the enemy on both sides of Anpyung Mountain. Put eyes on those shells. Hit them hard.

(Heavy artillery bombardment is heard.)

Wang (*puts down phone*): Comrades, according to the information Comrade Yang collected on his scouting mission, your deep thrust battalion should follow a line from here directly to Ichung-dong, across the Soangsuk Mountain.

Cadres: Right.

Wang: The deep thrust battalion, at the agreed time, must conceal itself near the enemy's forward positions. When the keen blade squad slips in through the rear, you follow and attract the enemy. Engage them in close fighting, make a night assault, upset their deployment. This will create conditions for the squad to raid the enemy's regimental headquarters. We must observe Chairman Mao's military principle of seizing opportunities, concentrating armed strength in superior numbers, and using tactics of encirclement and zigzag attacks, and in this way coordinate with our division's main force in wiping out the enemy's crack White Tiger Regiment.

Cadres: Right.

Wang (*sings*): *Tonight our raiders will pierce their defences, they'll
Slash in, zigzag, divide, surround and annihilate.*

From the rear we'll enter and cut their retreat, no relief

Will be possible from one end or the other.

Tonight is the night for a crushing blow,

Not a man of the U.S.-Rhee gang will get away.

Cadres: We guarantee to complete our mission.

Wang: Good. Do you have any changes or additions to suggest for the battle plan?

Cadres: The key to success is the keen blade squad. It has the hardest job, so it needs a determined leader. Who are you sending, commander?

Wang: The regimental Party committee has decided on Comrade Yang, the scout hero.

Battalion Leader Chao: Excellent.

Cadres A and B: He's sure to be able to do it.

Wang: All right then, comrades. Let's get ready to carry out the decisions of the meeting.

All: Right. *(They exit.)*

(Commissar Kuan and Han Tal Neun enter.)

Kuan: Look who's here, old Wang.

Wang: Ah, Comrade Han.

Han: Commander.

Kuan: Because of the importance of this mission, the leadership has sent Intelligence Cadre Han to work together with us.

Wang: Fine. Section Chief Chang, brief Comrade Han on our operation.

Section Chief: Right. *(Goes out with Han.)*

Wang: How is the keen blade squad shaping up, old Kuan?

Kuan: The young fellows are raring to go. Yang will be here in a moment. Has the deep thrust battalion been organized?

Wang: Yes. Our whole regiment is in high fighting spirits, old Kuan. *(Sings.)*

*From top to bottom our men have been mobilized,
They're waiting eagerly for the order to strike.
Like arrows in bows that are stretched to the full
They'll shoot forth together in o'erwhelming force.*

Yang *(enters, sings):*

*Bullets in the chambers, knives unsheathed,
The whole camp is ready to slay the foe.
As soon as the bugle sounds the charge,*

The keen blade will drive into the enemy's breast.

Report.

Kuan: Come in. *(Gives some instructions to Staff Officer Kao, who goes out.)*

Wang: How are you doing with your preparations, Comrade Yang?

Yang: Everything's ready. We're just waiting for orders.

Wang: Good. Our superiors have decided to launch a general counter-offensive along the entire front tomorrow at dawn and severely punish the enemy. We want to surround all the enemy in the Kumsung sector and....

Yang: Wipe them out, not let a single one escape the net.

Wang: Right. Come over here. *(Points at terrain model.)* Now here is the command post of the White Tiger Regiment. You and your men are to disguise yourselves as puppet soldiers and destroy it.

Yang: Right.

Wang: Where do you think the best place would be for you to slip in?

Yang: We've already scouted the territory and discussed the question among ourselves. We intend to go in where the enemy fortifications are strongest and their guard tightest.

Wang: Oh? *(Exchanges a glance with the commissar.)* Why?

Yang: Because it's where they think they are strongest that we feel they are weakest. They have many kinds of units there, all with different insignia. It's the easiest spot for our disguises to get us by.

Wang: Right. Chairman Mao teaches us that we must be good at finding the enemy's weaknesses in warfare; we should do what they don't expect, hit them when they're unprepared, strike suddenly. That's the way to win victories.

Kuan: Your ideas and those of the regimental Party committee are exactly the same on this, young fellow. It's a very difficult mission. The success of the whole battle depends upon it. Remember what Chairman Mao tells us: **"Strategically we should despise all our enemies, but tactically we should take them all seriously."** We must be fully prepared mentally.

Yang (sings):

*A vital task sends us in among the wolves,
A task of rare glory and difficulty.
Though the U.S.-Rhee gang is a very large force,
They're a paper tiger, hollow inside.
What if their defence lines are many deep?
No hardship can stop a Communist.*

Kuan (sings):

*For their country, the world, revolutionaries should care,
Bearing Chairman Mao's teachings always in mind.
Strike paper tigers as if they were real,
Treat one ton as a load of ten.
On the success of your mission our victory hinges,
Dare to fight, dare to win, break through the barriers.*

Wang: Comrade Yang. (Sings.)

*Be nimble in movement, decisive in lead,
Don't let the enemy tie you down.
You won't be alone in your stab through their rear,
I'll follow closely with the deep thrust battalion.
Keep alert, move swiftly, and destroy
Their command post at the appointed time.*

Yang: Right. (Sings.)

*Our army is spreading a huge net
To catch thousands of troops of the enemy.
Mao Tse-tung's thought illumines my mind,
I'm filled with courage and determination.
We'll surprise the enemy as if we dropped from the sky,
And demolish completely the White Tiger Regiment.*

(Han enters.)

Wang: Know this fellow, Comrade Yang?

Yang: Intelligence Cadre Han.

Han: Platoon Leader Yang.

Yang and Han: We meet again.

Wang: The leadership has sent Comrade Han to help us. You two will work together.

Yang: Right. (Pleased and excited, shakes hands with Han.)

Wang: The enemy has set a tight guard in the Yungjin Bridge sector. They're constantly changing their passwords. This is a problem you'll have to solve yourselves.

Han: Comrade Yang and I have fought in that sector, commander. We're quite familiar with it. We guarantee to complete our mission.

Kuan: If you run into trouble, Comrade Yang, talk it over with your comrades. Bring the brains and energy of every man into play. In union there is strength. Strike the enemy boldly.

Wang: Now go and prepare.

Yang and Han: Right.

(They go out. Staff Officer Kao and Battalion Commander Chao come in.)

Chao: The deep thrust battalion is here as ordered.

Wang: Have the comrades wait in the dugout.

Chao: Right. (Goes out.)

Section Chief (enters): Report. The keen blade squad is ready.

Wang: Ask them in.

Section Chief: Right. Come in, comrades.

(Soldiers disguised as puppet Korean troops enter. They line up, holding their weapons.)

Wang: Are you all ready?

Soldiers: Ready and waiting for orders.

Wang (inspects their disguises): Comrades, you held Height 587 on Sangkumryung Ridge under bombardment of hundreds of enemy artillery pieces. Two enemy battalions took turns attacking you. How were you able to defeat them and not yield an inch of ground? On what did you rely?

Soldiers: On the great, invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Wang: Good. This raid on the White Tiger Regiment is a tough assignment. Do you think you can do it?

Soldiers: We shall "be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."

Wang: Staff Officer Kao, notify the artillery to prepare for battle.

Kao: Right.

Wang: Comrade Yang, Comrade Han. (*The two men enter in puppet Korean disguises.*) You are to set out tonight from Position 7. We will clear the minefield ahead with an artillery barrage first. While the deep thrust battalion is drawing the enemy, you slip in from the rear. Every second counts. Show the competence, speed, tenacity and fearlessness of hardship and death for which our army is famous. Demolish the enemy regimental headquarters before dawn. (*Sings.*)

Chairman Mao's fighters are men of steel,

Soldiers (*sing*): *By seas of flames and mountains of knives undaunted,*

Yang (*sings*): *Courageously we'll fight for our homeland and Korea,*

Kuan (*sings*): *With collective strength wipe out the foe.*

Wang: Comrades, the people at home are concerned about us every minute, the Korean people support us night and day. Chairman Mao, our great supreme commander, is waiting for news of our victory.

(The strains of "The East Is Red" are heard. Soldiers raise clenched right fists.)

Yang: Chairman Mao.

Soldiers: Chairman Mao.

Yang: We pledge ourselves to carry out your instructions and fight to the finish for the victory of the Chinese and Korean people, for the liberation of all mankind.

Soldiers: We'll fight to the finish.

Kao: It's time.

Wang: Artillery, commence fire.

Yang: Let's go, comrades.

(Soldiers salute picture of Chairman Mao and quickly file out. Yang salutes his commanders and shakes hands, then runs out after his men.)

(Curtain)

SCENE SIX

Time: That same night.

Place: In the enemy's rear.

Chairman Mao says: "We decidedly want every Red Army commander to become a hero who is both brave and sagacious, who possesses both all-conquering courage and the ability to remain master of the situation throughout the changes and vicissitudes of the entire war."

Night. Thunder rumbles. Rain and gale.

Yang (*offstage, sings*): *Cleverly disguised, we've slipped in
To smash the gangsters' nest.*

(Three scouts enter, probing the way, followed by Yang, Han and soldiers.)

Yang (*sings*): *Our men are in high spirits, fearless of the storm,
In the dark of night, we hasten through the mud.*

Han (*shouts*): Barbed wire.

(All drop to the ground. From behind the barbed wire barricade, a searchlight beam sweeps. The men quickly press themselves flat.)

Hsu: Shall we clip the wire?

Yang (*peers beyond the barricade*): No. We'll jump it.

(Scouts leap over the barbed wire.)

(Lights fade. Enemy signal flares and searchlight beams rise in the sky.)

(Lights go on again. Squad is on the edge of a bluff. A scout drops a stone to measure height. Then, one by one, all slide down.)

Yang (*sings*): *Crossing man-made and natural barriers,
Our men are coolly determined.*

Han: We're already over Height 386, comrades. The highway lies ahead.

Lu: We still don't know the enemy's password for tonight, platoon leader. How can we travel on the road without it?

Yang (*sings*): *The commander told us before we left that the enemy
Change their password often. We have to capture
An enemy prisoner, and find out the situation. (Suddenly halts.)*
Down.

(The others drop.)

Yang (*gravely*): I'm standing on a landmine, comrades.

Soldiers: Platoon leader....

Yang: Don't move. If it goes off, the enemy will hear, and it
will affect our mission.

Soldiers: Platoon leader. *(They start forward to dig out the mine.)*

Yang: Listen to orders. Get back, quick.

Chang: Platoon leader.

Yang: Back.

Lu: Platoon leader. *(Tries to crawl towards mine, but is stopped by
Chang.)*

Chang: Back.

(All fall back.)

Yang: Chang, I'm going to defuse it. If I'm killed, you take over.
Be sure to consult with the comrades if you run into any problems.

Chang: I will.

Yang: Comrades, remember what Chairman Mao teaches us:
"This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to
vanquish all enemies and never to yield. No matter what
the difficulties and hardships...."

Soldiers: "... So long as a single man remains, he will fight
on."

Yang: Take cover.

(He begins extracting fuse. The others watch intently.)

Yang: Take cover. *(He leaps out of blast area. The soldiers rise.)*

Soldiers: Did you get it?

Yang: Yes. It's an American mine with a delayed action fuse.
As long as I didn't remove the pressure of my foot, it couldn't
go off.

Soldiers: Oh.

Pao: How is it there were no landmines when we scouted through
here the last time?

Yang: It looks as if the enemy have tightened their defences.
There are probably other types of mines around, too.

Lu: But we've got to push on fast. What shall we do?

Yang: We'll have to send two men ahead to locate them, while
the rest of us follow.

Han: Right. I'll go.

Lu: Send me.

Soldiers: Send me.

Pao: Send me. I'm a Communist. Let me go.

Kim: I'm a Youth Leaguer. Send me.

All: I'm a Communist.... I'm a Youth Leaguer....

Lu: Anyone you choose will be all right. But do it quickly.

Yang: Right. Comrade Pao.

Pao: Here.

Yang: Comrade Kim.

Kim: Here.

Yang: I order you two to lead the way. Locate any landmines
and indicate them with markers. But be careful.

(Pao and Kim take out mine detectors.)

Yang (*sings*): *Use care and caution, don't be reckless.*

*(Pao and Kim do mine detectors' dance. They discover a mine and shout:
"Landmine." A scout dashes forward and protects Yang with his body.
Artillery is heard in the distance.)*

Lu: Our big guns are speaking up, platoon leader. The regimental
commander must be leading the deep thrust battalion in a skir-
mish to draw the attention of the enemy. We must hurry
through this minefield.

(Yang thinks. He hears the sound of running water.)

Yang: A stream.... The enemy wouldn't have planted any mines
in the middle of a stream.

Soldiers: That's right.

Yang: We can't delay. We'll wade upstream in the light of our artillery fire. Once on the highway, we'll be able to march quickly. (*Sings.*)

In the light of our artillery fire, wade up the stream,

(The soldiers hold their rifles high, walking against the current. They leave the minefield and reach the highway. A running puppet Korean soldier catches up and trails them in a hangdog manner.)

Yang (sings): *Where did we get this extra man?*

(He whispers to Han. When the puppet Korean soldier draws near, Han grabs his rifle.)

Puppet Soldier: What's the idea?

Kim: Why are you trailing us?

Puppet Soldier: This is a public highway. If you can run back along it, so can I. Give me my gun.

Han: Don't move.

Puppet Soldier: But officer, we're all brothers. Why should you act like this?

Yang: You're no brother of ours. We're the Chinese People's Volunteers.

Puppet Soldier: *Aiya, mother of mine. (Falls down paralysed.)*

Chang: Get up.

Yang: Now listen, we've always been lenient to prisoners. Just answer our questions honestly and we'll guarantee your life.

Puppet Soldier: Yes, sir.

Han: Why were you trailing us?

Puppet Soldier: I was on guard duty, sleeping with my rifle in my arms, when — boom — your artillery woke me up. It broke my squad leader's leg and snapped his assistant's back. I was lucky, I just took off and ran. Then I remembered our three rules of discipline. If I went back to camp I was a dead man. I saw you fellows running too. I thought we were on the same side, so I tagged along. When that officer grabbed

my rifle, he nearly scared me out of my wits. I can speak quite a lot of Chinese. (*Takes out Chinese propaganda leaflets.*) And I know all about your prisoner policy. I only hope you officers will spare my life.

Han: Tell us, what's the password for tonight?

Puppet Soldier: Kulunmuoba.

Lu: Say it clearly.

Puppet Soldier: Ku-lun-mu-o-ba.

Yang: Where is your regimental headquarters?

Puppet Soldier: In a ravine near Ichungdong.

Yang: Any landmark?

Puppet Soldier: After you cross the Yungjin Bridge, you'll see two big pines at the mouth of the ravine.

Lu: You'd better not be lying.

Puppet Soldier: Every word is true, officer.

Yang: Again now — your headquarters?

Puppet Soldier: In a ravine not far from Ichungdong.

Yang: Landmark?

Puppet Soldier: Two big pines at the mouth of the ravine.

Yang: Password?

Puppet Soldier: Kulunmuoba.

Yang: What are those three rules of discipline of yours?

Puppet Soldier: If you advance you're rewarded, if you retreat you're killed, if you're taken prisoner and escape you're also executed. Those are the rules of the White Tiger Regiment.

(Yang says something in Lu's ear. Lu goes off with the prisoner, then he returns, alone.)

Lu: I tied him up and gagged him and put him in a cave. We can free him when the fighting is over.

Yang: Even though we know the password, comrades, we're not sure whether it's the real one. If the enemy questions us, let Comrades Han and Kim do the talking.

Chang: An enemy patrol, platoon leader.

Yang: Go forward and try the password.

Kim: (*shouts*): Password.

(*Voice offstage: "Kulummu..."*)

Kim: — Oba.

(*Puppet Korean soldiers approach.*)

Puppet Soldier: Ah, our own outfit.

Han: Nearly mistook you in the dark.

Puppet Soldier: Well, we've got to be hurrying along.

(*Puppet soldiers depart.*)

Yang: The password is genuine, comrades. The central enemy guard post is right ahead. We'll proceed according to plan. Their security is very tight. We must keep alert and be prepared for any sudden change.

(*All agree.*)

(*Lights out. Curtain*)

SCENE SEVEN

Time: Immediately following the previous scene.

Place: The central guard post of the White Tiger Regiment defence area.

Chairman Mao says: "Swimming in the ocean of war, he (**commander**) not only must not flounder but must make sure of reaching the opposite shore with measured strokes." "What is most important for the person in over-all command is to concentrate on attending to the war situation as a whole."

(*Puppet Korean soldiers stand on sentry duty. A captain and a lieutenant come in with two soldiers, Bak Kum Sun and Li I Ho, to change the guard.*)

Captain: Anything stirring?

Sentry: No, sir.

Captain: Rest. These armbands are the temporary passes for tonight, brothers. Nobody is allowed through without one.
(*Gives armbands to lieutenant.*)

Lieutenant (*gives one each to Bak and Li*): Numbers 123 and 124.

Captain: If anything happens, telephone me.

Lieutenant: Right.

(*Captain goes out with relieved guards.*)

Lieutenant (*to Bak and Li*): Keep awake. Report immediately if anything happens. (*Starts walking away.*) But don't get all stirred up over nothing.

Bak and Li: Yes, sir.

(*Lieutenant goes out.*)

Li: This is something new. The captain himself comes to change the guard and the lieutenant takes personal command of the shift.

Bak: We're going to drive north very soon. This road is vital. It leads directly to regimental headquarters. What's so strange about their checking the guard and commanding the shifts?

Li: Again we're driving north. That means we'll be fighting again soon.

Bak: How can we earn our keep if we don't fight? What's the matter? Scared?

Li: Who, me? There hasn't been a battle against the Reds in which my old Ninth Division hasn't led the way. See this? (*Rolls up his sleeve.*) I got this wound on Sangkumryung Ridge. The moment it was healed, they transferred me here. Let me tell you, brother, those Reds are not to be trifled with.

Bak: That kind of talk may be all right for your Ninth Division, but not for us White Tiger Regiment men.

Li: (*mutters*): Bah. How many battles have you fought?

Bak (*shouts to figure in the distance*): Password?

Puppet Soldier (*offstage*): Kulummu —

Bak: — Oba.

(Puppet Korean soldiers enter.)

Bak: Who are you?

Puppet Soldier: Roving sentries.

(Bak turns his flashlight on their armbands.)

Puppet Soldier: You know us. What are you looking at?

Bak: Sorry. These armbands are the pass for tonight. Our orders are to check everyone. Nobody gets by without one, whether we know him or not.

Puppet Soldier *(impatiently)*: Well, don't be so slow about it.

(Bak checks all the armbands, then signals Li to raise the road barrier pole.)

Puppet Soldier: We're in a hurry.

(Puppet Soldiers depart.)

Bak *(to Li)*: You stay here. Let me know if anything happens.

(Goes off to a side. Strikes a light for a smoke, startling Li.)

Li: Who's there?

(Chang and Kim slip in.)

Bak: What are you yelling about?

Li: Oh, that was you, lighting up. You scared me.

Bak: And you nearly made me jump out of my skin. Get back on guard. *(Suddenly sees Kim.)* Password?

Kim: Kulunmu —

Bak: — Oba. Who are you? What are you up to? Are you deaf? Why don't you speak?

Kim: Are you blind? Can't you see what I'm doing?

Bak: What unit are you?

Kim: Inspection detachment, division headquarters.

Bak *(sneers)*: Inspection detachment — the outfit that always vanishes the moment the fighting starts. What are you doing here?

(Han enters with several scouts.)

Kim: We're escorting the American adviser back to regimental headquarters.

Bak: You are, eh? And where is regimental headquarters?

Kim: Ichungdong.

Bak *(testing him)*: You should have taken the other fork on the road. Why are you travelling this way?

Han *(to Kim)*: Quit gabbing. We're wasting time.

Kim: Yes, detachment leader.

Han *(to Bak)*: You're out of your mind. Everyone knows this road leads to the Yungjin Bridge, and that when you cross the bridge you see the two big pines at the entrance to the ravine outside Ichungdong. Don't you know where your own regimental headquarters is? Sneaky wretch. *(Slaps Bak's face.)* Don't try that stuff with me.

Li: It's not that we don't want to let you through, sir, but you don't have the armbands.

(Yang and the scouts close in.)

Li: *(pointing at his armband)*: Our orders are to stop anyone who doesn't have one of these. They're the pass for tonight.

Han: Nonsense. We set out for the front positions with the American adviser yesterday. How could we have armbands that were issued today?

Bak: The American adviser? *(To Li)* Keep an eye on them. *(To the scouts)* All right. I'll phone regimental headquarters and tell them to send a car down for you.

(At Yang's signal, the scouts kill Bak and Li, take their armbands, and place their guns and caps beside the sentry box. Then they drag the bodies out of sight. Yang obliterates the bloodstains.)

Yang: Comrades, the enemy wouldn't have added this business of the armbands if they weren't hatching something. It looks like we'll have trouble getting across that bridge. We must have an alternative ready. Kim, that's Chungstukli up ahead.

Go there immediately and try to get hold of our underground contact. Pao, you go down to the bridge. Find out how many men are guarding it and measure the speed on the water's flow. Each of you wear an armband. We'll meet . . . (*thinking*) in that small grove of pines on the left side of Height 419.

Kim and Pao: Right. (*They go off.*)

Yang: We mustn't hang around here. Let's go.

Chang: Here comes an enemy officer.

Lu: Knock him off.

Yang: No. We can use him.

(*At his signal, Han and the scouts line up.*)

Han: Greetings.

Lieutenant (*enters*): Halt. What's going on here? Bak, Li — where have those guards gone? What unit are you fellows?

Han: Inspection detachment, division headquarters.

Lieutenant: Where have you been?

Han: Escorting the American adviser on an inspection tour of our fortifications.

Lieutenant: Why haven't you any armbands? (*Starts to pull out his pistol, but is knocked down and disarmed by Chang and Hsu.*)

Lieutenant: What do you think you're doing? I'm warning you — this is the defence sector of the White Tiger Regiment.

Yang: Shut your mouth. We'd turn it upside-down even if it were the headquarters of the U.S. invaders, to say nothing of your little regiment.

Lieutenant: Who are you?

Yang: The Chinese People's Volunteers.

(*Lieutenant is shocked.*)

Yang: Wise up. Surrender and live, or resist and die. Don't forget your regiment's three rules of discipline: if you advance, you're rewarded, if you retreat, you're executed. And if you return after being taken prisoner, like you, you're a dead man anyhow. The choice between life and death is yours.

(*Artillery booms.*)

Yang: You hear that? Our offensive has begun. If you atone for your crimes by a good deed, we'll guarantee your life and safety.

Lieutenant: I'd like to earn clemency, sir.

Yang: Good. Now tell me, how many men have you at headquarters?

Lieutenant: Only one platoon of guards.

Lu: If you're lying. . . .

Lieutenant: It's the truth. Because of your artillery barrage, all troops have been sent to the front.

Yang (*notices something and signals to Han. Then he says to lieutenant*): Telephone the bridge and all the guard posts along the way to let us through.

Lieutenant: Immediately, immediately. . . .

Yang: Hsu, get Pao and Kim back here at once. Be quick.

(*Hsu assents and runs off.*)

Lieutenant: Hello, notify Posts 3, 4 and 5 . . . this is the lieutenant speaking . . . an inspection detachment from division is heading for regimental headquarters. Let them through. Give the same instructions to the guards at the bridge. . . . What? What's that? . . . (*Very flurried.*)

Han: What's the matter?

Lieutenant: They say that the American 35th Howitzer Battalion has taken up positions south of the bridge. The bridge is being guarded by the U.S. Supervisory Group.

Yang: What else do you know about the situation?

Lieutenant: Just before I left Ichungdong, the American military adviser called an emergency conference. They decided to advance the time for the attack.

Yang: When will it be?

Lieutenant: Before dawn.

Yang (*to one of the scouts*): Tie him up and put him in a cave.

Soldier: Right. (*Leads lieutenant off, then returns.*)

Hsu (*enters*): They're coming, platoon leader.

(Pao and Kim enter.)

Yang: What did you discover?

Kim: I couldn't find any of the villagers in Chung sukli.

Pao: There are roving American sentries all over the bridge. Armbands are checked carefully. The water is deep and the current fast. Barbed wire is strung on posts beneath the surface. Getting across won't be easy.

(Yang thinks. A signal flare rises in the sky.)

Han: That's our signal.

Lu: The deep thrust battalion has fought its way in. We've got to take action, fast.

Yang *(thinks)*: We'll swim across lower down, comrades.

Soldiers: Right. That's the answer.

Hsu: A dozen trucks are heading towards us from the mountain, platoon leader.

Lu: Shall we fight?

Yang: No. We don't want to get tied down. Route them over to Road 4 and let our artillery finish them off. You tell them, Kim.

Kim: Right. *(To the truck drivers)* Hey, the bridge ahead has been washed out. Take Road 4.

(The trucks are heard driving away.)

Yang: Time is victory, comrades. We've got to move first and wipe out the enemy's regimental headquarters before they begin their dawn offensive. *(Sings.)*

This change by enemy makes things tight,

Everything hangs on a hair tonight.

We'll swim the river and wipe them out,

"Away with all pests!

Our force is irresistible."

(Lights out, curtain)

SCENE EIGHT

Time: Immediately following the previous scene.

Place: Near a pine grove not far from Yungjin Bridge.

Chairman Mao says: "The revolutionary war is a war of the masses; it can be waged only by mobilizing the masses and relying on them."

Night in the mountains.

Sister Choi *(offstage, sings)*: *Shielded by neighbours, I've escaped the enemy, (Enters.)*

I've skirted the bridge on mountain paths.

They were forcing us to repair the road,

I burned with rage, remembering mama's words.

Chung sukli is our secret contact place, I must reach

Comrade Yang so that we can destroy the enemy.

(Artillery booms.)

Like rolling thunder our big guns rumble,

Our counter-offensive must be starting today.

No matter the dangers, I shall push on

And contact our dear ones, if it means my life.

(The sound of small arms fire draws nearer. Sister Choi is about to leave when Yang and his scouts enter. They screen her behind them.

Puppet Korean soldiers enter. Han points in another direction and the

Puppet soldiers depart. Sister Choi is puzzled. She starts to walk away, then stops.)

Sister Choi: Who are you?

Yang: Aren't you Sister Choi?

Sister Choi: And you?...

Yang: I'm Yang Wei-tsai.

Han: We're all on the same side.

Soldiers: Sister Choi.

Sister Choi (*surprised and delighted, sings*): *Hearing that you're our own people
Is like a clap of thunder.
How wonderful that you've appeared
At this critical moment.*

Soldiers: What are you doing here, Sister Choi?

Sister Choi: The enemy was making us repair the road near the Yungjin Bridge. I ran away, shielded by our neighbours. I was on my way to Chungbuk to wait for you.

Yang: We've got to cross the river immediately to smash the command post of the White Tiger Regiment. Is anything new happening up ahead?

Sister Choi (*sings*): *This side of Ichungdong is heavily guarded
By a forest of American army sentries.
Climb the cliff and cross the plank bridge,
You'll see the enemy camp down below.*

Yang: How do we get there?

Sister Choi: Go east from here till you reach shallows where you can wade the river. Then climb the cliff and cross the top of gorge by the single plank bridge. This will bring you to the rear of the enemy headquarters.

Yang: There's a plank across the top of the gorge?

Sister Choi: Yes. I'll lead you there.

Yang: Comrades, let's go.

(They make a wide swing and come to the river's edge. They do a "crossing the river" dance, get to the bank and climb a cliff.)

Sister Choi (*startled*): The enemy has wrecked the bridge.

Soldiers: Oh.

Yang (*sings*): *A broken bridge and a deep gorge to cross.*

Chang: There are lights at the foot of the mountain.

Sister Choi: That's the enemy's regimental headquarters.

Yang (*sings*): *Seeing the lights of the enemy camp,
So near and yet so far, we burn with fury.
But then we laugh at those stupid fools,
Do they really think by wrecking the bridge —*

Soldiers (*interjecting*): They're out of their minds —

Yang (*sings*): *... That they can stop us?
No danger on earth deters a hero,
Hardship never daunted the CPV.
Decisively we waste not a moment,
But fly across the gorge so deep.*

Soldiers: Over we go.

Yang: Chang, ready with the rope.

Chang: Right. (*Makes the movement of flinging a rope.*)

Yang: Quick, comrades.

(Soldiers dance to show they are climbing over the gorge along the rope.)

Yang: Lu, take the firepower team and blast out the enemy guards platoon. Pao and Kim, cut their communications. Comrades, put on your identification markers. Now, on to the regimental headquarters.

Soldiers: On to the regimental headquarters.

(Lights out. Curtain)

SCENE NINE

Time: Immediately following the previous scene.

Place: Headquarters of the White Tiger Regiment.

Chairman Mao says: "Make trouble, fail, make trouble again, fail again ... till their doom; that is the logic of the imperialists and all reactionaries the world over in dealing with the people's cause, and they will never go against this logic."

(A puppet Korean radio operator is sending and receiving messages. A chief of staff stands beside him. The colonel in command of the White Tiger Regiment is leaning over a map table. The American adviser is uneasily pacing the floor. An American staff officer stands to one side.)

Colonel (*looks at his watch*): Any word from our allies, chief of staff?

Chief of Staff: Not yet.

Colonel (*to American adviser*): Aren't your forces ever going into action?

Adviser (*to American staff officer*): Send a message immediately. I want to know to what hour we've advanced the attack.

Chief of Staff: Report. The enemy is laying down a fierce artillery barrage on our front lines. A communist detachment, about a battalion in strength, has suddenly appeared near Songunryung Ridge. They're pushing straight towards our headquarters.

Adviser (*to chief of staff*): Order the Armoured Regiment to wipe them out at once.

Chief of Staff: Yes, sir.

(An orderly comes in with a tray of drinks.)

Adviser: Friends, a hundred thousand of our troops are pushing north in the Kumsung sector. We are about to create a miracle which will astound the world. Let us drink to our coming victory.

Colonel: To our coming victory. (*Raises his glass. A jeep is heard driving up. Armoured Regiment colonel rushes in.*)

AR Colonel (*to colonel*): If my regiment is pulverized by the Communists, you'll be responsible.

Colonel: Shut up. It wouldn't have come to this if your troops had advanced half an hour earlier.

Chief of Staff: Our telephone lines have been cut. A message from general headquarters says the situation is tight along the entire front. You'd better be prepared, colonel.

Adviser (*whispers to his staff officer*): Tell our Howitzer Battalion to pull out. Have headquarters send a helicopter to pick me up. Quick, quick.

Staff Officer: Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

AR Colonel (*to adviser*): You must send us support right away. Otherwise, we'll retreat.

Adviser: Retreat? (*Sulkily*) Calm yourselves, gentlemen. If you can stand firm against their first assault, the situation will change, rest assured. The terrain is difficult, your fortifications are strong, and the 35th U.S. Howitzer Battalion—which fought in World War II—is covering you at Yungjin Bridge. No communist troops can get through there.

(Yang suddenly leaps in through the window.)

Yang: Don't move.

(They fight. Yang and his men kill or wound the American adviser, the colonel of the Armoured Regiment, the chief of staff and several American soldiers. The colonel of the White Tiger Regiment and the wounded American adviser flee through the window. Yang seizes the regimental banner, then he and his soldiers jump out of the window and chase after the remaining enemy.)

(Black Out)

EPILOGUE

Time: Immediately following the previous scene.

Place: Not far from the headquarters of the White Tiger Regiment.

Chairman Mao says: "All officers and fighters of our army must improve their military art, march forward courageously towards certain victory in the war and resolutely, thoroughly, wholly and completely wipe out all enemies."

(The lights go on again. Soldiers of the keen blade squad are fighting the enemy hand to hand in a clearing. Yang and his soldiers capture the colonel and the adviser.)

(Regimental Commander Wang and Commissar Kuan enter with their men. Yang presents the enemy's regimental banner to Wang, who throws it to the ground.)

Wang: Comrades, you have successfully completed the glorious task of destroying the command post of the White Tiger Regiment. This is a victory for the military thinking of Chairman Mao.

All: Long live Chairman Mao. Long, long life to Chairman Mao!

Kuan: Chairman Mao teaches us: "People of the world, unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs! People of the world, be courageous, dare to fight, defy difficulties and advance wave upon wave. Then the whole world will belong to the people. Monsters of all kinds shall be destroyed."

Wang: The enemy in the Kumsung sector have been encircled and are being annihilated by our army. We must "give full play to our style of fighting — courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting." We mustn't let the enemy rest. After them, to complete our victory!

All: After them to complete our victory!

Yang: Forward, march.

(To the strains of the "Internationale," the men of the CPV and the Korean people push forward triumphantly. Over a loudspeaker, we hear Chairman Mao's supreme instructions.)

Chairman Mao says: "The people of the countries in the socialist camp should unite, the people of the countries in Asia, Africa and Latin America should unite, the people of all the continents should unite, all peace-loving countries should unite, and all countries subjected to U.S. aggression, control, intervention or bullying should unite, and so form the broadest united front to oppose the U.S. imperialist policies of aggression and war and to defend world peace."

(Curtain)



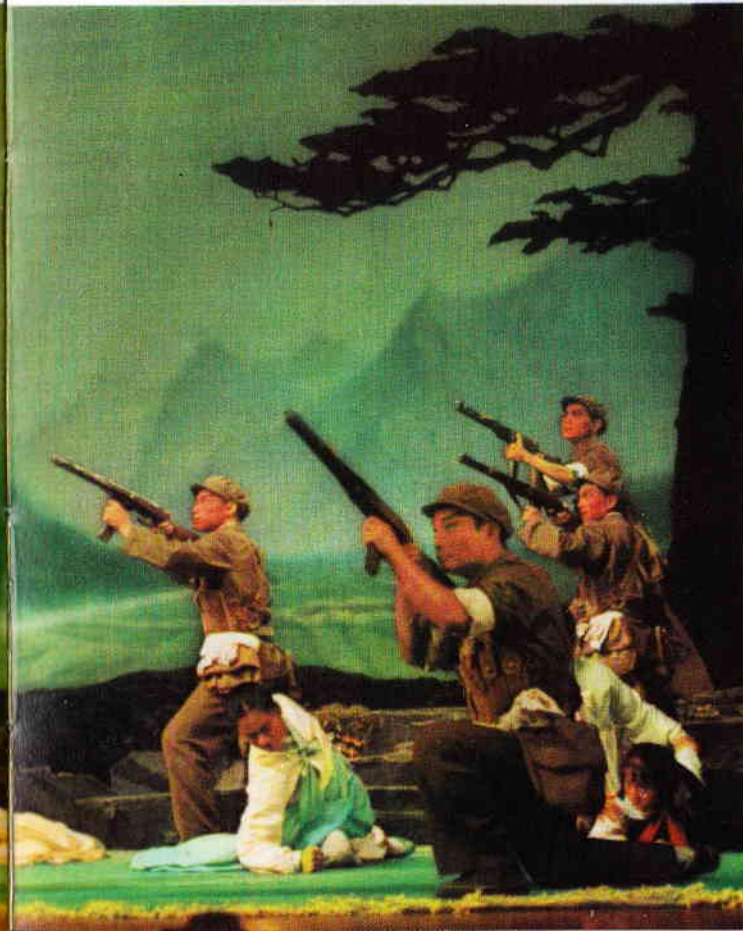
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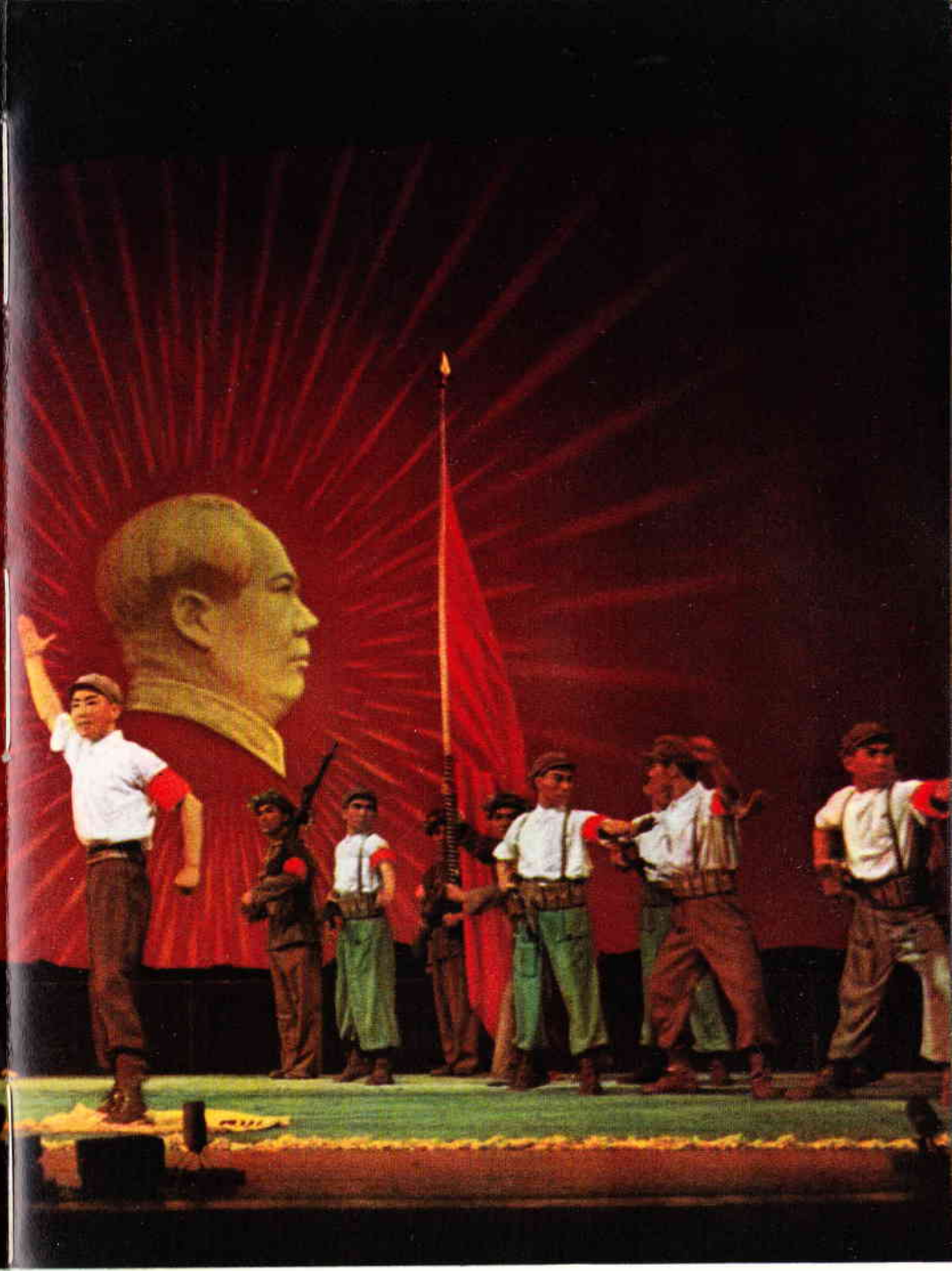
Stage Photographs from "Raid on the White Tiger Regiment"

Yang Wei-tsai protects Aunt Choi



Yang Wei-tsai





Forward in victory



Capturing the enemy



Fighting hand to hand



Raiding the headquarters of the White Tiger Regiment

An Opera Embodying Mao Tse-tung's Thought

During the celebration of the 25th anniversary of Chairman Mao's brilliant *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art*, I once again saw the model revolutionary Peking opera *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*. I was delighted and very deeply stirred by this performance. The Peking opera stage, long dominated by emperors, princes, generals and ministers, talented scholars and beauties, has now been occupied by the splendid images of workers, peasants and soldiers. This makes it abundantly clear that the great thought of Mao Tse-tung is invincible and carries all before it. On the battlefield, the people armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought can thoroughly defeat U.S. imperialism armed to the teeth, the most savage enemy of the people of the world; while on the cultural front they can storm and

Yang Yu-tsai is a combat hero of the Chinese People's Volunteers who fought the U.S. invaders in Korea. The *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment* is based on the exploits of his scouts platoon.

capture Peking opera, the most stubborn stronghold of the old forces and the most strictly controlled by the counter-revolutionary revisionists. This is a great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, a great victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Raid on the White Tiger Regiment correctly embodies Chairman Mao's thought on people's war, and has vividly created heroic images of the revolutionary people armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, presenting on the Peking opera stage a song in praise of the great victory of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao has said: "As far as our army is concerned, what is the best weapon? It is not aircraft, heavy artillery, tanks or the atom bomb. The best weapon is the thought of Mao Tse-tung. What is the greatest fighting power? It is the men who are armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung. It is courage, not to fear to die." This is absolutely true. Today, no matter what art form we use to portray revolutionary heroes, we can only reflect their true features and create genuine, moving heroic images by showing how they are nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought and presenting the great victories of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In 1965, when I was first invited to see this opera, members of the company asked me to describe our raid on the White Tiger Regiment. I told them how we thirteen scouts succeeded in winning a victory in fighting by relying on the might of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The fact is that without Chairman Mao's brilliant leadership, without the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, the great internationalist action of the Volunteers would have been impossible, as would the great victory on the Korean battlefields. As Yang Wei-tsai sings in this opera:

*The Chinese and Korean peoples share the same trials;
The same class hatred, the same national struggle
Against our common deadly enemy, U.S. imperialism.
Chairman Mao leads us on in our revolution,
We have sworn to smash the old world to pieces.*

When the U.S. imperialists plotted to deceive the people by continuing to fight while carrying out bogus peace talks, it was

Chairman Mao's teaching on classes and class struggle which enabled us to recognize the fundamentally aggressive nature of U.S. imperialism and its counter-revolutionary dual tactics of war and "peace." This cleared our minds and strengthened our resolve. Yang Wei-tsai in the opera truthfully expresses the determination of the Volunteers when he sings:

*They may alternate false negotiations with real fights,
But a wolf is a wolf even though it's in sheep's clothing.
We must harbour no illusions about the enemy,
We must heighten our vigilance, tighten our grip on our guns,
And defeat the wild jackal U.S. imperialism.*

When the enemy set fire to Anpyungli and killed our Korean class brothers, and we prepared to attack, it was Chairman Mao's teachings on serving the people of the world whole-heartedly, on daring to struggle and to win, that made the thirteen of us united as one, brimming over with energy, so that we became a sharp dagger to strike at the enemy's heart. When we trod on enemy mines, we were able to look on death as going home and would gladly have given our lives to protect our comrades-in-arms; while in the tiger's lair, although vastly outnumbered we attacked left and right, striking terror into the enemy.

*Our army has cast a huge net,
Thousands of enemy troops will be caught.*

Such miraculous feats could only have been achieved by revolutionary fighters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Chairman Mao's teachings on people's war light up the road to victory in revolutionary war. Chairman Mao has said: "The revolutionary war is a war of the masses; it can be waged only by mobilizing the masses and relying on them." Any portrayal of revolutionary war must correctly embody this great thought of Mao Tse-tung and correctly present the relation of the army to the masses.

We were very pleased to see how well this was handled in *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*, which showed that the army is as close

to the people as fish are to water. Our scouts were able to make a deep thrust behind the enemy lines and move about freely there, not because we had any miraculous skills but because we were so closely linked with the people. The people were our eyes and ears; they gave us cover and help. The masses acted as our guides, brought us food and ammunition and rescued and sheltered our wounded, besides reporting enemy movements to us.

Old Aunt Choi in the opera epitomizes all the revolutionary people of Korea. I once had to go out on a mission in a snowstorm. After trekking all day through snow a yard deep, my clothes soaked with snow and sweat were frozen stiff. When I reached a gully, I suddenly collapsed from cold and hunger, unable to go another step. It was Aunt Choi who found me and took me home. My padded uniform and padded boots were frozen and wouldn't come off. Aunt Choi thawed my bootlaces with her breath and then pulled off my boots. Next, she melted the ice on my buttons with her lips and took off my uniform. She saved my life and helped me rejoin my unit. Aunt Choi's husband, son and daughter-in-law had all been killed by the U.S. invaders, leaving her only a young grand-daughter. She looked on us Volunteers as her own people and sheltered us at the risk of her own life. At the sight of the enemy she burned with hatred. If she had met a U.S. devil in the mountains, she would have killed him ruthlessly with her bare hands. Aunt Choi in the opera represents countless old aunties among the revolutionary Korean people. To win the war, they gave their last ounce of strength.

On the Korean battlefield, it was because Chairman Mao's thought on people's war had taken root in the minds of the officers and men of the Volunteers that they fought with one heart and one mind for the Korean people, had the closest class feeling for them, and were loved and supported by them. Although only thirteen of us scouts took part in the raid on the White Tiger Regiment, countless Korean people were fighting with us. Without mass support, we would have been fish out of water. With it, we became like tigers who had grown wings, able to scale sheer cliffs, fly over chasms and descend on our objective like troops from the sky, so that the enemy started at a shadow. The enemy's case was just the opposite. Al-

though they were armed to the teeth, because they were against the people, each bush, each tree in Korea had turned into a weapon to annihilate them, each plot of Korean soil had turned into a grave in which to bury them. They became deaf, blind, paralytic. Like a mad bull crashing into a ring of flames, they were engulfed in the ocean of people's war.

Chairman Mao has said: **"The stage of action for a military strategist is built upon objective material conditions, but on that stage he can direct the performance of many a drama, full of sound and colour, power and grandeur."**

The greatest commander in the world, the most brilliant military strategist, is Chairman Mao. The defeat of Japanese imperialism and the annihilation of Chiang Kai-shek's eight-million-strong army in China, as well as the defeat in Korea of U.S. imperialism with its vaunted invincibility, were all earth-shaking dramas full of sound and colour, power and grandeur, which were personally directed by Chairman Mao. Each victory of the Volunteers on the battlefields of Korea, each large and small drama full of sound and colour, were won according to Chairman Mao's thought on strategy and tactics.

Raid on the White Tiger Regiment correctly presents the process by which each victory was won by the Volunteers guided by Chairman Mao's thought on strategy and tactics, and praises its incomparable greatness and brilliance. It happened just as shown in the opera. Before the raid on the White Tiger Regiment, we made a careful study of Chairman Mao's teaching that strategically we should despise the enemy, but tactically we should take him seriously; that the only way to win brilliant victories is by finding out the enemy's weak spot, catching him off guard and springing surprise attacks. These were our guiding principles in this operation. As we thrust towards our objective, we had several encounters with the enemy. We followed Chairman Mao's strategy and tactics of initiative and flexibility, **"Fight when you can win, move away when you can't win."** During this operation, that was how we captured a "tongue,"* streaked past the enemy artillery position, tricked the enemy sentry,

*An enemy soldier who can give information.

disrupted the enemy reinforcements and broke through countless obstacles to strike at the enemy's heart — the headquarters of the White Tiger Regiment. The enemy vastly outnumbered us. How should we fight? We acted on Chairman Mao's teaching on a war of annihilation — "Injuring all of a man's ten fingers is not as effective as chopping off one," and "strive to wipe them out thoroughly and do not let any escape from the net." Carrying out the tactical principle of fierce attacks and battles of quick decision, we charged the enemy headquarters with lightning speed, so that after a fierce battle lasting only thirteen minutes we smashed the enemy command system and killed the commander of the White Tiger Regiment, the commander of the Armoured Regiment and the American adviser. By wiping out the enemy completely, we turned the White Tiger Regiment, these self-styled "crack troops," into a Dead Tiger Regiment!

The successful production of *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment* represents on the stage the maturing in battle of the Volunteers nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought, praising their courageous fighting and the splendid feats achieved by them under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought. This is the greatest truth of history and the greatest achievement of this revolutionary Peking opera. The success of the revolution in Peking opera has smashed the pipe dream of a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in literary and art circles and their boss behind the scenes, China's Khrushchov, to use the opera stage for a capitalist restoration. It proclaims the bankruptcy of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art, and has ushered in a new age for the development of a new proletarian literature and art. Let us hail the great victory of the revolution in Peking opera! May worker, peasant and soldier heroes armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought retain their proud position for ever on our opera stage!

Stories

*Chi Tu-ken and
Hu Lin-shen*

Act According to Chairman Mao's Instructions

Mother Hsin is in her fifties this year, a frank, open, warm-hearted woman who speaks her mind. If she sees anything harming the collective interest, she always points it out. Since the start of the great proletarian cultural revolution, she has studied Chairman Mao's works every evening and acted on his teachings. Mother Hsin's daughter Hung-ying, who's twenty-two, has been through junior middle school. Healthy, brimming over with energy and firm in her political stand, she's the team's instructor in the study of Chairman Mao's works and one of the village's Red Guards. There are only the two of them in their family, both activists in the study of Chairman Mao's works.

This morning Hung-ying went to the commune's Red Guards headquarters to discuss how to launch their creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works during the mass movement of criticism and repudiation. She didn't come back until the moon was rising over the tree-tops. As she entered the village she met the team leader, who told her that her mother and Aunt Chang had quarrelled just before they knocked off work. It had started when Mother Hsin had accused Aunt Chang of doing a sloppy job. Hung-ying knew Aunt Chang well, she was about the same age as her own mother, quick-tempered and outspoken, with a sharp tongue. When she fell out with anyone she would talk herself red in the face; but if she discovered that she was in the wrong, she readily corrected her mistake. Recently, since she'd started studying Chairman Mao's works, she'd been taking the lead in everything; but that hot temper of hers wasn't something she could cure overnight. When Hung-ying had found out the reason for Aunt Chang's poor work that day, she made her way home.

The first thing she saw as she opened the door was her mother studying Chairman Mao's works by lamplight.

"Ma!" she cried cheerfully.

Mother Hsin made her sit down beside her. Hung-ying knew what her mother was like. She'd help other people overcome their faults, but she never blew her own trumpet or boasted to her daughter. Still, today she'd been wrong to quarrel with Aunt Chang, and Hung-ying must make her see this. So she said: "Ma, our team's produced quite a few activists in the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works. Tell me your own experience of this, won't you?"

"What, me?" Mother Hsin didn't think she'd really done anything to boast about. "Why, Hung-ying, when you told us the stories of Lei Feng and Wang Chieh, didn't you say they did no end of good deeds but wouldn't even let people know their names? What's there for me to tell?"

"I know without your saying, ma. Never mind the past. Take today. All the commune members say you made the best job of raking the fields. You're going to be commended in the blackboard news tomorrow."

Mother Hsin never liked being praised to her face.

"That's not worth talking about, Hung-ying," she protested. "I was doing no more than my duty. Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people.'** We're farming for the revolution now, and must grow more grain to help the people of the world make revolution. How can we increase our yield if we skimp our work?"

She spoke with such feeling that Hung-ying replied: "Yes, because we're farming for the revolution, we must make a thoroughly good job of it."

Mother Hsin, in full agreement with this, chimed in: "And yet some people..."

Hung-ying nestled closer to her mother and asked: "You mean someone scamped the job? Who?"

"Who? You'll never believe me when I tell you. It was Aunt Chang, who's usually so responsible. I never thought she'd start slacking."

"What did you do, ma?"

"What did I do? Chairman Mao teaches us: **'As for criticism, do it in good time; don't get into the habit of criticizing only after the event.'** Remembering that, I told Aunt Chang off to her face. Far from accepting my criticism, though, she started storming at me. Yes, she rounded on me; it really was a case of the patient having the last word instead of the doctor. She snapped my head off, and refused to accept my criticism."

"So you got worked up?" asked Hung-ying soothingly.

"No, I didn't. I tried hard to keep my temper. Wasn't my criticism today right?"

"What do *you* think?"

"I think it was. We can't go wrong if we do as Chairman Mao says."

"You were only half right today."

Mother Hsin couldn't see how her daughter knew anything about it. She asked rather sulkily: "What do you mean? Only half right?"

"It's good to point out and criticize something that harms the collective interest, ma. But you left something out."

Mother Hsin misunderstood this. "Of course. That's right," she cried. "There's something I forgot to tell you, Hung-ying." She explained that she had gone over the plot Aunt Chang had raked. That was Mother Hsin all over. If she thought someone at fault, she would say so at once, and then take the initiative to set things straight.

"Wasn't I completely right, Hung-ying?" she asked, sure that this time the answer would be affirmative.

"Only half right," repeated her daughter decidedly.

"What! Still only half right?" Mother Hsin was baffled.

"You work for the collective, ma, as all of us should. But there's one word it seems to me you've forgotten."

"One word?" Her mother was more bewildered than ever.

"Investigation!" was the emphatic answer.

"What investigation?" wondered Mother Hsin.

Hung-ying turned to page 230 of the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. "Chairman Mao teaches us: '**No investigation, no right to speak.**' Did you investigate, ma, to see why Aunt Chang botched her work today?"

"I saw it with my own eyes. What was there to investigate?"

"I'll tell you, ma. To help another commune member today, Aunt Chang lent her her own rake which she's accustomed to, and used an old one herself. It hadn't been used or repaired for so long that while she was working the handle came off twice. Did you see that?"

"Oh, no..." Mother Hsin began to understand.

"That's how the trouble began, ma. Because the handle came off twice, Aunt Chang couldn't keep up with the rest of you. For fear of holding every one up, she worked against time."

This reasoning convinced Mother Hsin. Aunt Chang was usually most conscientious, yet she'd told her off today without fully under-



standing the situation. That had been wrong. "Hung-ying, I opened fire at random," she told her daughter. "That's a bad habit I must overcome."

Hung-ying was pleased that her mother understood her mistake and wanted to correct it. But still it was right to point out people's faults.

"We must open fire, ma," she said. "But the thing is to aim as accurately as possible. If we have shortcomings, we should act according to Chairman Mao's instructions. No one does that better than you, ma. As soon as you know you're in the wrong, you change. Go and tell her you're sorry — don't leave it till tomorrow."

Mother Hsin was meaning to take this advice when she remembered Aunt Chang's temper. Since the two of them had just had words, calling now might simply result in another outburst. Observing her hesitation, Hung-ying said: "Ma, haven't you always told me to follow Chairman Mao's teachings? Let me test you on a quotation and see if you know it by heart."

"What quotation?"

"What's the eleventh type of liberalism?"

Her mother thought for a second, then recited: **"To be aware of one's own mistakes and yet make no attempt to correct them, taking a liberal attitude towards oneself. This is an eleventh type."**

"That's right, ma. Chairman Mao says if we know our mistakes yet make no attempt to correct them, that's liberalism."

"Well..."

"Ma, we study Chairman Mao's teachings so as to use them. That's what's meant by creative study and application."

Her mother knew she was right. She ought to do as Chairman Mao said, and go.

"But you come with me, child," she begged. "Then you can put in a word for me if Aunt Chang opens fire."

Hung-ying readily agreed to this, as she was due to call on Aunt Chang that evening to help her with her study.

Before setting out, Mother Hsin had an idea. "Aunt Chang's got her hands full at home, Hung-ying," she said. "She won't have time to mend that rake this evening, and that's bound to hold up her work tomorrow again. You've got another meeting tomorrow, and won't be coming to the fields. Let's take your rake along to lend her."

A sensation sweet as honey filled Hung-ying's heart. "This time you're absolutely right, ma," she cried. "You'll be solving Aunt Chang's ideological problem as well as her practical problem at the same time."

Rather than listen to any more of this praise, Mother Hsin sent her daughter off to fetch the rake.

But now let us go back to Aunt Chang. After her quarrel with Mother Hsin, she went home to study the *Quotations* and think whether or not she had measured up to them. Chairman Mao says: **"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."** Applying this to herself, Aunt Chang thought: Mother Hsin's criticism was right. I shouldn't have snapped her head off. Chairman Mao says: **"Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people."** But what about me? I'm irresponsible, I've shortcomings, and I try to save my face.

The more she thought about it, the worse her fault seemed to her. She fetched her hoe from the kitchen and hurried out, to make a better job of the work she had scamped. But when she reached the field, she found that her carelessly raked field had been levelled and straightened. She knew Mother Hsin was the one responsible. "See how well *she* learns from Chairman Mao," thought Aunt Chang. "She's wholly and entirely for the collective. I must learn from Mother Hsin." Having made this resolution, she headed straight for Mother Hsin's house. She stopped at the gate, however, as if her legs refused to take her inside.

"I've never eaten humble-pie before," she thought. "This is really rather awkward..."

This was just at the moment when Mother Hsin and her daughter were preparing to set out with their rake.

"Let's get a move on," came Mother Hsin's voice from the house. "We mustn't keep Aunt Chang up too late."

As soon as Aunt Chang realized that they were going to see her, she stepped forward. "There's no need to go, Hung-ying, Mother Hsin," she cried. "It's my bad temper that's to blame. I do something wrong and won't accept criticism. I've come to own up to my fault."

Touched by this modest attitude, Mother Hsin said: "No, Aunt Chang. I didn't make any investigation, just lashed out at you wildly. That was wrong of me. Chairman Mao says: **'No investigation, no right to speak.'** But I didn't do as Chairman Mao said. I apologize."

This upset Aunt Chang even more. "No, it was all my fault," she insisted. "Chairman Mao says: **'If we have shortcomings, we are not afraid to have them pointed out and criticized, because we serve the people.'** I didn't act as Chairman Mao teaches us, and that makes me doubly wrong."

Hung-ying, standing beside them, was impressed by these two self-criticisms. "Aunt Chang and ma, both of you are right," she said. "The only way for us to serve the people better is by studying Chairman Mao's writings, following his teachings and acting according to his instructions."

"That's it," chimed in Aunt Chang and Mother Hsin. "The only way to serve the people better is by acting on Chairman Mao's instructions!"

Truly:

Chairman Mao's works are like the sun,
Each word, each sentence, sheds a golden light;
The more we study his works, the clearer our minds;
Our thinking changes and the earth grows bright.

Rain and Dew Make Young Shoots Grow Strong

All who know Chang Heng-tsai's family are struck by the way in which he has taken home the revolutionary spirit of creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works and passed it on to his children.

Chang Heng-tsai, while serving with the PLA units in Peking, was an activist in the study of Chairman Mao's works; he is now chief of staff of the PLA in Shansi. He learned from Chairman Mao's teachings that children are the successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat and must be guided, just as soldiers are, to creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's writings. So he is not only a father to his children but their instructor, too, in political study. Now, as a result of several years of hard work, Mao Tse-tung's brilliant thought is beginning to take root in these children's young hearts.

The Main Trend Can Be Seen from Little Things

A few years ago, certain features of their household were as follows: if they had flowered quilts as well as old army quilts, the children all wanted the flowered ones; if there was coarse food as well as fine, they seldom ate the coarse; and after seeing a Soviet film, they asked their mother to take them out to have a "meal in the Soviet style." These may appear little things, but they didn't escape the attention of Chang Heng-tsai, who had herded cattle from the age of nine and whose father and grandad before him had worked for a landlord. Strong class feeling made him recall his own wretched childhood. He had never slept under a quilt until he joined the army, his family having nothing to wear in winter but tattered sheepskins and sacking. Yet now his children turned up their noses at a clean quilt. And they wouldn't even eat as everyday fare things he had had as a treat at New Year in the old days. . . . When he contrasted his past with their present behaviour, he was very deeply disturbed.

He felt that his children were immensely lucky to be growing up in the age of Mao Tse-tung. But now he sensed a danger in their happy life. They were used to eating well and dressing well, but had no understanding of classes or exploitation. Not knowing what suffering there had been in the past, they didn't understand class bitterness and had forgotten the revolutionary martyrs, forgotten the revolution. This made it easy for them to go astray and take the path of modern revisionism. The revolutionary cause of the proletariat might be lost when it passed into their hands.

With these problems in mind, Chang and his wife Sung Hsiu-chin studied Chairman Mao's injunctions about training successors for the revolutionary cause. Chairman Mao says: **"The question of training successors for the revolutionary cause of the proletariat... is an extremely important question, a matter of life and death for our Party and our country."** And again: **"Basing themselves on the changes in the Soviet Union, the imperialist prophets are pinning their hopes of 'peaceful evolution' on the third or fourth generation of the Chinese Party. We must shatter these imperial-**



ist prophecies." These great teachings made it clearer to them that children are not their parents' private property but successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat. If they are allowed to become sprigs of revisionism, no matter how much other work we do we shall not have fulfilled our revolutionary task.

Rain and dew make young shoots grow strong; making revolution depends on Mao Tse-tung's thought. Chang Heng-tsai resolved

to use Mao Tse-tung's thought to occupy the ideological positions in his children's minds, to engrave Chairman Mao's words deeply in their hearts and to establish there from an early age the absolute supremacy of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Accordingly, when the children came home for their summer holiday in 1964, he organized a family group to study Chairman Mao's works. They have kept this up ever since.

Class Education Is the Basic Lesson

Chang Heng-tsai takes the question of educating his children as part of his revolutionary task, paying constant attention to their development. No matter how busy he is with important work, even if he doesn't get home from some mission till midnight, he questions his wife carefully about the children's study of Chairman Mao's works. Once she told him that they were not taking it very seriously, but preferred to read story books.

Chang thought this problem over. He was well aware from the soldiers' study and from his own that the people who read Chairman Mao's works most avidly are those whose hearts overflow with love for him. This must be true of children as well as grown-ups. So he made a point of giving the children more class education to fill their minds, from an early age, with boundless love for Chairman Mao and the socialist system.

The day before the Spring Festival in 1965, he told his wife: "Instead of dumplings let's have maize gruel and bran muffins tomorrow. Let the children have a taste of what it meant to be poor before liberation!" After that meal, with tears in his eyes, he told them something of their family's wretched past.

"Before liberation our family worked as hired hands for the landlord. We lived worse than cattle. In the dead of winter, when snow lay thick on the ground, your grandad used to trudge over a hundred *li* every day through the hills to fetch charcoal for the landlord — just to earn a few bran muffins. He was so weak from hunger once that he blacked out halfway up a hill, and came hurtling down with his load. He was lucky not to have been killed. . . ."

Gazing at the young faces around him, Chang went on earnestly: "If Chairman Mao hadn't led us to make revolution, to stand up, how could we have such a happy life today?"

This was at the time when the people of the whole country were launching a mass criticism of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road. So Chang said: "Chairman Mao represents the proletarian revolutionary line, while the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road represents the reactionary bourgeois line." This deepened the children's love for Chairman Mao and their hatred for the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road.

The children often ask their father to tell them revolutionary stories, and he relates how Chairman Mao led the Chinese people's revolutionary struggle.

Whenever the newspapers report the deep love of the people of the world for Chairman Mao and his writings, Chang always gets his children to study these accounts. He wants them to understand that Chairman Mao's works are precious revolutionary writings, writings helping the working people of the world to win their liberation.

Little by little, as time goes by, deep love for Chairman Mao has taken root in the children's innocent hearts, and they study his works with genuine class feeling. With their clever hands they have made a quotation board to hang on the door of their home, while their dormitory walls are covered with portraits of Chairman Mao and with his sayings. Recently, six-year-old Hsu-sheng picked a vaseful of asters and put it respectfully beside Chairman Mao's portrait. Spontaneous actions like these show that the children's red hearts are drawn constantly towards Chairman Mao.

"You Are Cadres' Children and Poor Peasants' Children, Too"

"The cadres of our Party and state are ordinary workers and not overlords sitting on the backs of the people." Chang keeps these words of Chairman Mao's firmly in mind and lives up to them himself, at the same time insisting that his children must have no special privileges. He often reminds them: "Your father is a cadre and an

ordinary soldier, too. You are the children of cadres and of poor and lower-middle peasants as well. Never forget that your people were once hired hands. You must realize that if we live better than other people, we shall cut ourselves off from the masses and have more bourgeois ideas."

Mao Tse-tung's thought has shown the children their way forward. Although their father's status is constantly changing, this causes no change in the children's thinking and way of life. Because they understand that a privileged life is not something to be proud of but, rather, to be ashamed of, that it is a danger signal.

If Problems Arise, Think What Chairman Mao Would Have Done

We must carry out all Chairman Mao's instructions, those we don't understand as well as those we do. This is Chang Heng-tsai's line, and what he expects of his children.

Their eldest daughter, Hsiao-kuei, is the leader of their family study group, while Chang and his wife are instructors. They read Chairman Mao's works every day, first read, then learn by heart, copy out and use. Since July last year they have also started monthly discussions to exchange their experiences of studying.

Chairman Mao's instructions are the supreme principles guiding the children's thoughts and actions. As soon as they have learned something from his writings they put it into practice, studying and using it time and again. When a problem crops up, they ask themselves how Chairman Mao would have solved it, and when they have thought of the method they use it themselves. They try hard to destroy self interest and foster the public interest, taking as their maxims Chairman Mao's teachings about showing "**utter devotion to others without any thought of self**" and working "**wholly**" and "**entirely**" in the people's interests.

Pao-sheng, who is not yet ten, went to a meeting last year to welcome back some soldiers who had been training Red Guards. When the meeting broke up he noticed the litter in the courtyard. Remembering Chairman Mao's words about "**utter devotion to others**

without any thought of self," he started sweeping the place of his own accord. He had only swept half when he saw some of his friends enjoying a lively game. Much as he wanted to join in, those words "**wholly**" and "**entirely**" encouraged him not to put down his broom but to go on and finish the job.

Once, on her way home, Hsiao-kuei picked up a corn-cob. She was going to take it home when it struck her that unless she gave it to the collective she would not be showing "**utter devotion to others without any thought of self.**" She would not be carrying out Chairman Mao's teachings. At this realization, she hastily took the corn-cob to the team's stack of maize, and then confessed to her mother how wrong she had been.

Twelve-year-old Tung-sheng used to like to work in the public eye. The bigger the crowd, the more cheerfully he worked, in the hope of winning approval. But later on he studied that passage: "**There are not a few people ... when they make some small contribution, they swell with pride and brag about it for fear that others will not know.**" He admitted during the next discussion meeting that he hadn't acted according to Chairman Mao's teachings, and promised to overcome this fault of his.

In these fine children's minds, Mao Tse-tung's thought is the criterion for distinguishing right and wrong. If anyone acts in a way they consider counter to Mao Tse-tung's thought, they dare to refute him, no matter who he is. Once someone borrowed their mother's bicycle, and returned it with mud on it. Sung Hsiu-chin remarked casually: "I won't lend him my bike another time, since he doesn't trouble to clean it!"

At once the children protested: "That's not according to Chairman Mao's teachings, mother. We should do what is difficult ourselves, and leave comfort to others. If uncle didn't clean it, we will. You shouldn't complain." At once their mother admitted that she was wrong.

These seem very ordinary occurrences, yet from these children's genuine thoughts and feelings we can see the splendid radiance of this younger generation, a generation nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought!

A Working Woman's Fury

Yu Lin-ti, who works in our binding shop, was at home on sick leave. When Li Chun told me he was going to see her, I decided to go with him.

Yu Lin-ti is a Party member who has worked for thirty-seven years and is now on the committee of our revolutionary workers' rebel detachment. I hadn't been long in the printing works before I heard from quite a few of my mates about this old worker's fine revolutionary spirit. I had never met her, though. So this chance to see her was something I'd been looking forward to.

Soon we came to the neatly laid out houses of the new workers' residential district. Yu Lin-ti lived in No. 54 of the third block. Going in, we saw sitting round the table a woman in her forties and several children. They were reading the newspaper and looked very worked up.

Li Chun nudged me and said: "That's Comrade Yu Lin-ti."

I was rather taken by surprise, having expected to see a much older woman, grey-haired and on the verge of retirement.



Before we could speak she greeted us cheerfully: "Fine! If you hadn't come, I'd have gone to the works to see if there was a meeting." She pointed to the newspaper on the table, with the article *Patriotism or National Betrayal*? "See what rubbish he talks, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road! Stuff like 'The working people are not against exploitation, but welcome it.' And 'The more you exploit, the greater will be your merit and glory.' I heard crap like that from the bosses before liberation; but who would have thought China's Khrushchov could be so shameless as to sing the same tune as the capitalists! Here, look at the scars on my head. Look at my hands. That'll show you the 'immortal merits' of the capitalists!"

With this, Yu Lin-ti angrily brushed back her hair to reveal the marks left by scalding. Then she held out her calloused hands to show us the scars on her fingers.

Li Chun and I clenched our fists in indignation. She saw this and, too carried away to let us get a word in, at once poured out her story.

"Bitter vines bear bitter gourds, and I was born and brought up in bitterness. My people were poor peasants. Poor peasants lived in hovels pasted with paper, which let in the wind and rain. Poor peasants had leaky pans, and never knew where their next meal would come from. When their children went hungry, the hearts of the parents ached. Dad said: 'Give her away, I say, sooner than sit and watch her starve to death.' Ma's tears fell like the pearls from a broken string; drop by drop they fell on my face. She said: 'Poor mite, she's nothing but skin and bones. It's a bitter thing when you've a child but can't keep her. All right, give her to some other family — that's her only chance of living.' With breaking hearts, they got someone to take me to Shanghai, where a tailor adopted me. I was just four years old.

"Life in the old society was sweet for the rich but bitter for the poor. A tailor worked all day for just one meal; no work meant he had to go hungry. The year that I was six, not as tall as this table, my foster mother took me to work in a shop that made cardboard boxes. The year that I was eight, the family moved to Kaifeng Road and sent me to work in the silk filature next door. I had to stand on a bench, I was so small. I stood there from morning till night, pounding the silk in a vat with a bamboo. Once, less silk came out than usual, and the foreman grabbed me by the hair to press my face down into the boiling water. 'You little devil!' he bellowed. 'You won't work, only eat.' The scalding water raised blisters all over my head, and to make matters worse he beat me with a bamboo. I refused to go back the next day. Ma whipped me, wiping her tears away on the sly, and forced me to go back to the filature.

"To me, the gates of that place were the gates of hell. Who likes being beaten? As soon as I went in that day, I hid in the lavatory and there I stayed. When the foreman called the roll and found me missing, he opened the window and yelled to my ma and dad: 'If that little devil Yu Lin-ti doesn't show up this morning, tomorrow she'll get the sack!' I didn't care. I spent the whole day in the lavatory, with nothing to eat, not going home until the end of the shift.

In those days both my hands were one mass of sores. The poison in the water cocoons are soaked in seeped under my nails and made my fingers fester. In the evenings, ma had to prick them to squeeze out the pus. Her own heart ached to see the pain I was in. In those days we workers had the hell of a life, while the bosses were making money and living like lords.

"The year that I was ten, I went to a binding works to unpick and bind books. I worked at top speed, for long hours, but still didn't make a living wage. Later on I got married and we had a baby. But we were so hard up that just a few days after my baby was born I took it with me to the factory. I laid the baby in a wooden basin, and while my hands were busy unpicking books I kept my feet on the basin to steady it. By the end of the day, the baby was covered all over with scraps of paper. And so, as time went by, it got TB. It wasn't till Shanghai was liberated that our family stood up and won liberation!"

Yu Lin-ti pounded the table with her fist. "The capitalists grew fat on the blood of us workers. Yet China's Khrushchov blethers: 'The working people are not against exploitation, but welcome it.' He's raving! We workers are not born slaves who don't feel happy unless we're being fleeced by bosses. What an insult to the working class! That top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road wants to drag China back to capitalism. He wants us workers to go through that hell again. We're not having it, not on your life! No, we shall always do as Chairman Mao says, and take the socialist road. To hell with capitalism! If that bastard won't give in, we'll smash him! We're going to make revolution to the last day of our lives with Chairman Mao. If anyone's against Chairman Mao, against socialism, we'll finish him for good!"

Because she was still unwell we took our leave then, for fear of tiring her.

"Mind you let me know," she said as we parted, "when the works has a meeting to criticize that swine. I shall go on the rostrum and have a bash at him. I'll show him up! I'm determined to knock down this Khrushchov of China and plant my foot on him, to make quite sure that he never gets up again!"

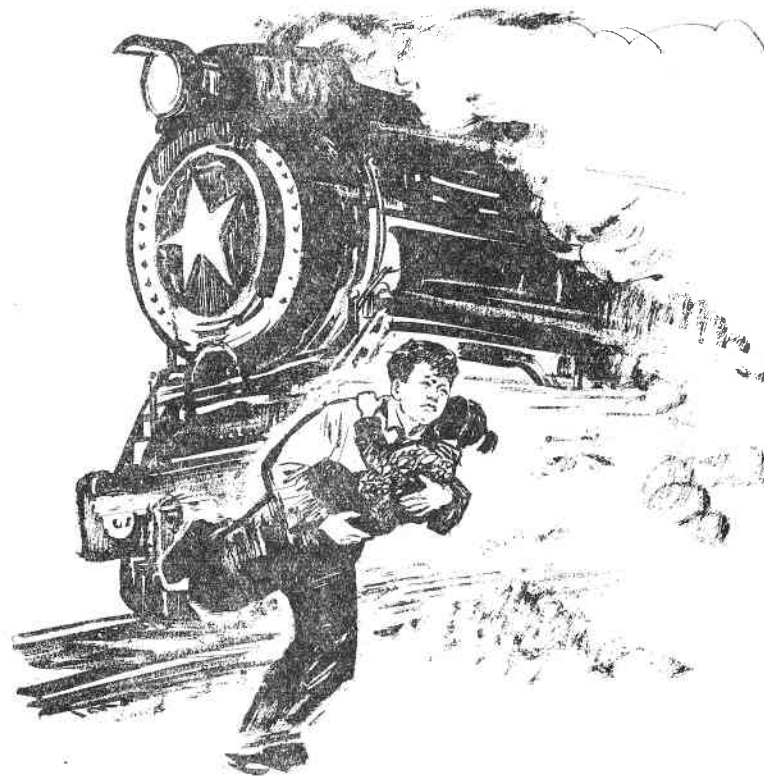
A Generation of New People

Some railway workers were running as fast as they could towards an approaching express. They signalled to it to brake, waving their jackets and yelling loudly: "Stop! Stop!" Still the express came sweeping round the bend with vociferous blasts on its whistle. Granny Shang, an army dependent, was standing by the track. Sensing that something was wrong, she looked quickly round. "Heavens!" she exclaimed. "Whose child is that on the line?" The child had no idea of its danger as the train bore rapidly down on it, to within fifty yards, thirty yards, twenty yards.... Granny Shang hurried to the rescue, but she was too old to run fast; and the railway workers were too far away to race the express to the spot.

It looked as if an accident was inevitable.

Then, just as the child's life hung by a thread, a Little Red Soldier dashed up. He shot like an arrow towards the child and snatched the little fellow up, leaping aside as the train thundered by, grazing both of them as it passed.

So was written a moving communist song of triumph!



All who had witnessed this heart-stirring scene were loud in their admiration.

Granny Shang and some people who lived near by gathered round the three-year-old whose life had been saved, exchanging eager comments....

"That Little Red Soldier is truly Chairman Mao's good child!"

But when they turned to look at this young hero who had risked his life for another, the boy had vanished.

Who was he? Li Shu-ching, a Little Red Soldier in the fifth form of the Yichun Primary School for railway workers' children.

This happened at noon on the twenty-first of April. Li Shu-ching and his friend Yen Ching-li were on their way to school when they

saw the express a few dozen yards from the child. At once Chairman Mao's teachings flashed through Li Shu-ching's mind and, inspired by the brave examples of Liu Ying-chun and Tsai Yung-hsiang,* he knew immediately what he must do. With no thought for his own safety, he rushed to the rescue. But as soon as he saw that the child was safe and sound, he and Yen Ching-li went on to school for their military training.

Yen Ching-li was deeply impressed by his friend's heroism. As they hurried towards school he exclaimed admiringly: "Today you've done something splendid. I must tell the PLA and our teacher about it."

"I only did what was right," replied Li Shu-ching. "I can't compare, by a long way, with Liu Ying-chun and Tsai Yung-hsiang. Don't tell anyone."

But this was too much to ask. Of course Yen Ching-li told what had happened to their PLA instructor and their teacher.

Soon the whole school and the whole neighbourhood knew of Li Shu-ching's act of selfless heroism.

The mother of the little fellow who had been rescued came to the school to express her gratitude and admiration, bringing some of Chairman Mao's writings, a copy of Liu Ying-chun's diary and a big-character poster. She praised Li Shu-ching's courage and said: "Only the age of Mao Tse-tung could produce such fine red youngsters, and only youngsters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought could do such good deeds. Li Shu-ching really deserves to be called a young hero of the style of Liu Ying-chun."

Water has its source, trees have their roots. The appearance of this young hero of the style of Liu Ying-chun was not a matter of chance. It came about because the forge of the great proletarian cultural revolution, and the tradition and example of the Chinese

*Liu Ying-chun and Tsai Yung-hsiang are two heroes of the PLA. The former gave his life to rescue a group of primary students from the danger of being crushed by a stampeding horse and cart. The latter died heroically to save a special train carrying Red Guards.

People's Liberation Army, have made the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung take root in the minds of our younger generation.

The Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team of the company in which Liu Ying-chun formerly served had come to this school and the first thing they did was to help the teachers carry out class education. They invited old poor peasants and soldiers to tell stories about the past with its blood and tears. One day, Granny Wang wrathfully described her own bitter childhood. When she went to the landlord's house to see her mother doing heavy work there, his fierce dogs savaged her and his brats beat her, until she was streaming with blood. The school children, hearing this, sobbed for rage and shouted:

"Down with the landlords!"

"Down with China's Khrushchov!"

Class bitterness deepened Li Shu-ching's hatred of the enemy. At one meeting to recall the sufferings of the past, he said: "In the old society my father worked like a beast of burden for the landlord; yet he had nothing but husks to eat, nothing but rags to wear. My elder brother didn't have a single day's schooling. But the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road wants a restoration of capitalism. We certainly won't let him!"

One of the girls, Wu Chen-yun, cried indignantly: "That handful of scoundrels — they're landlords! We must drag them out."

So the seeds of class struggle were sown in many young hearts. These school children's fierce hatred for landlords and China's Khrushchov deepened their love for Chairman Mao and Mao Tse-tung's thought, establishing the absolute authority of Chairman Mao's thought.

The whole school eagerly studied the "three constantly-read articles." And before long the soldiers serving as instructors there told the children of some good people and good deeds they had discovered in the school!

One evening, seven girls were spreading Mao Tse-tung's thought in the railway station when they saw some PLA men pushing a handcart. On it were two old women who had just got off the train. The girls rushed over to help push the cart.

"It's late. Time for you to rest," said the PLA men.

"You PLA uncles aren't resting," retorted the girls. "We must learn the PLA spirit of whole-heartedly serving the people." They helped the soldiers to take the old women home.

One of the old women declared: "Only Chairman Mao could train soldiers and good children like you, so set on serving the people." She opened her bundle and offered them some dates and peanuts she had brought back from Shantung.

The soldiers explained: "The people's army loves the people. It was only right for us to bring you home. We don't take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses. That's in the Three Main Rules of Discipline and the Eight Points for Attention drawn up by Chairman Mao himself."

When the old woman pressed the dates on the girls, they said firmly: "Chairman Mao's called on the whole country to learn from the PLA. The PLA carries out the Three Main Rules of Discipline and the Eight Points for Attention, and we must learn from them not to take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses."

"Which school are you from?" asked the old woman, very touched.

"The big school for studying Mao Tse-tung's thought!" they replied.

This story told by the soldiers about the good deeds done by their own schoolmates taught the other children a profound lesson. They agreed that those girls had learned from Chang Sze-teh and acted in his spirit of serving the people.

Wu Chen-yun said: "Chairman Mao wants us to make it our principle to serve the people whole-heartedly and entirely. To do something of benefit to the people means serving the people."

Li Shu-ching added: "If we want to make revolution, we must serve the people. We must keep it up, too, and serve the people every day of our lives."

In the brilliant light of the sun at eight or nine in the morning of April 24, the school children formed orderly ranks in the playground and a PLA man mounted the platform. He announced that, nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought, there had appeared in the primary school

a young hero of the type of Liu Ying-chun. Amid hearty applause, Li Shu-ching was awarded a Chairman Mao badge and some books by the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team. For several minutes the playground was in an uproar, as his schoolmates rushed forward to congratulate him. Many of them took off their own sparkling Chairman Mao badges to pin on his jacket. Then they lifted him up shoulder-high, their excitement at fever pitch.

Li Shu-ching quoted: "**It is not hard for one to do a bit of good. What is hard is to do good all one's life and never do anything bad, to act consistently in the interests of the broad masses.**" I've done far too little. I must learn from Uncle Liu Ying-chun and be Chairman Mao's good young red fighter."

Wu Chen-yun looked at him and thought: We should be proud of our school for producing a young hero like Liu Ying-chun. Thereafter a campaign to learn from Li Shu-ching and try to surpass him, to go all out and creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's works appeared in the school. No end of good people and good deeds emerged.

The whole school was inspired by Li Shu-ching's heroic example. And before very long Wu Chen-yun, too, rescued two children. That was on May the ninth. The bell to end the last afternoon class had rung, and the children streamed out of their classrooms to go home.

Two sixth-form girls walked side by side along the muddy road, chatting as they went. After crossing the railway track they turned into a lane. Suddenly, above the rumble of an approaching engine, a child behind them screamed. Wu Chen-yun spun round. Through the fence she saw a little girl of about six with a baby in her arms, staring in horror at the train bearing down on them and crying for terror. The train hurtled nearer and nearer. It was not much more than a hundred yards away. The children were in fearful danger!

Fourteen-year-old Wu Chen-yun, a path-breaker in the cultural revolution, was transformed in that instant into a little tiger. Dashing past Huang Chin-chung, who had been just behind her, she flew through the spattering mud towards the railway line. There was only one thought in her mind — she must rescue the children!

She had a vision of Liu Ying-chun struggling with the stampeding horses, of Tsai Yung-hsiang tugging a log off the track as a train filled with Red Guards steamed up...

She scrambled up the embankment and dashed towards the children. The train was making a deafening sound very close behind her now.

In her ears rang Chairman Mao's teaching: "To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai..."

She must be resolute and fear no sacrifice, must save the children at all costs!

In this emergency, she sprang forward and caught up both children, amazed herself to find that she had the strength. She leapt off the line and had not yet regained her balance when the train thundered by, missing her by a close shave...

Wu Chen-yun stood there, panting, hugging to her heart the children whom she had saved. With the light of victory in her eyes, she watched the train cross the bridge over the river and plunge into the forest. Huang Chin-chung came up at this point with a Red Guard from a middle school. Both of them were overcome with admiration for this young heroine of the Liu Ying-chun type.

"How splendid of you!" they cried. "We must learn from you."

"We must all learn from Liu Ying-chun!" was the cheerful reply.



Chairman Mao's Works Are the Source of Our Strength
(traditional painting) ▶

The Helmsman

(An Albanian folk song)

More than seventy years ago
In the East was born
A great Marxist-Leninist — Mao Tse-tung.
You have won through every danger;
Songs in praise of you
Fly throughout the world.

You have weathered countless storms,
Have, time and again,
Won brilliant victories.
The imperialists, savage beasts,
Dream of invading China,
But under your leadership
All enemy plots are foiled.

The lordly revisionist bosses
Turn black into white in order to fool the world;
In honeyed language they try to conceal the truth —
Their purpose is to split the socialist camp.
It is you, great Mao Tse-tung,
Who have added fresh lustre to Marxism-Leninism;
The revisionist renegades scatter in dismay!

Great socialist China,
You have shaken the world!
Today, strong beyond compare,
You tower towards the sky!
Leading you forward,
A hero with never a peer,
Mao Tse-tung proclaims to all the world:
The complete victory of Marxism-Leninism is at hand!
With Mao Tse-tung's brilliant leadership
The victory of all mankind will surely be won!
From the distant banks of the Adriatic Sea
We wish you good health for ever;
Long life to Chairman Mao,
Helmsman of the revolution!

Fighting Africa Sings Mao Tse-tung and His Great Cause

(Guinea)

Your work is gigantic,
Your thought immortal;
They are China's sun,
They are the sun of all struggling peoples!
I sing Mao Tse-tung, I sing
Your gigantic work,
Your immortal thought.
When I go to Africa,
I will sing them
To the black masses.

This is a song presented by the Djoliba Dance Troupe during their performance tour in China.

If I go to Europe or America,
I will sing them
To the white masses.
Wherever I go,
I will proclaim
The truth of your thought,
The truth of your fight for liberty.
For it is all that and more,
More than I can say.

Shaoshan, I Sing of You!

(Latin America)

Shaoshan!
Sacred to the revolution.
The history of mankind,
Of the liberation of the oppressed,
Has its beginning here.

Shaoshan!
From the depths of my heart
I sing of you, sacred soil;
I sing of you, the people's hope,

Shaoshan is Chairman Mao Tse-tung's birthplace.

Inspiring the wretched of the earth
To rise up and win liberation!

Shaoshan!
You are a bright beacon light
Lighting the way forward
For the whole world's people.
Happy Shaoshan,
On your soil
Rose the red sun which never sets.

The red sun is Mao Tse-tung,
Mao Tse-tung, ah, Mao Tse-tung!
We hail you a thousand times,
Sing of you a thousand times!
People past numbering
Have come from far away across the seas,
Their hearts afire,
To hasten to your side!

Ah, sacred soil!
Golden sun of Peking!
I will sing of you,
For ever sing of you,
From the depths of my heart!

Guide of the Revolution

(Mali)

Whoever would know truth
Must study Chairman Mao's works.
China's tremendous achievements
Are printed on my mind;
Never can I forget them.
Ah, Chairman Mao, no matter where I go,
I shall proclaim your splendid works
And spread the truth of your thought.

Ah, China's helmsman,
Great teacher,
Guide of the revolutionary people of all lands!
You belong not only to the Chinese people
But to the people of Africa as well.

Today,
A pack of savage dogs still roams the earth —
Colonialism, U.S. imperialism . . .
The people longing for freedom,
Each and all of them, look to you.
What gratitude we owe you,
Teacher of Africa's youth,
Saviour of the people of the world!

Great Chairman Mao — Radiant Sun

(Sudan)

Great Chairman Mao!
Like the radiant sun
You shed a glorious light,
Shining over the lands under colonialism,
Inspiring the world's people to make revolution,
To overcome cruel tyrants.

Great teacher!
Your thought has armed all revolutionary peoples;
Raising high the red flag, we shall follow close behind you
To overthrow savage U.S. imperialism.

We shall take the path
Of encircling the cities from the countryside,
And with knives and spears wipe out our enemy.

Lenin of our times!
You have taught us Marxism
And utterly refuted the modern revisionists;
We must make a clean break with the revisionists,
Draw a clear demarcation line.

Commander of the Long March
And pilot of the great cultural revolution!
You are sweeping away all devils, ghosts and monsters;
You have taught us the truth of revolution,
And the radiance of this truth shines far and wide.

Saviour of mankind!
To see you was my dearest desire.
Now I have come to China —
The bastion of socialism,
And the wish of my heart
Is to read the works of Chairman Mao all my life.

Great helmsman!
The whole world is singing your praises;
My warm, warm love for you
Springs from the depths of my heart.
I am no poet, no writer;
But I say:
Great leader, Chairman Mao,
May you live for ever!

Wen Tse-yu

Long Live Mao Tse-tung's Invincible Thought on Literature and Art!

— The Epoch-making Significance
of Our Revolutionary Model Works on the Stage

THE REVOLUTIONARY MODEL WORKS ARE SPRING
THUNDER IN THE GREAT PROLETARIAN CULTURAL
REVOLUTION

To celebrate the 25th anniversary of our great leader Chairman Mao's brilliant work, *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, performances are being given in the capital of the model revolutionary Peking operas on contemporary themes *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, *On the Docks*, *The Red Lantern*, *Shachiapang* and *Raid on the White-tiger Regiment*, the model revolutionary ballets *Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-haired Girl*, and the model revolutionary symphonic music *Shachiapang*. This is a great review of major historic signifi-

cance. It reveals the richness of our genuinely proletarian stage of literature and art, where fragrant flowers are blooming in profusion. The appearance of these eight revolutionary prototypes marks a great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art.

The appearance of these eight revolutionary models was the first peal of spring thunder in our country's great proletarian cultural revolution. They were produced with the encouragement and personal guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching, by dint of hard struggle waged by revolutionary literary and art workers. They are the first fruits of the victory of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung on literature and art over the counter-revolutionary revisionist black line on literature and art.

For the past seventeen years, with the frenzied support and encouragement of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, under the rule of the black line on literature and art represented by Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Lin Mo-han and Chi Yen-ming, large numbers of "famous," "foreign" and "ancient" works were performed on our stage, so that it was usurped by emperors and princes, generals and ministers, talented scholars and beauties, both Chinese and foreign, as well as by ghosts and monsters. As Comrade Chiang Ching sharply pointed out: "The whole literary and art world 'is pervaded by a noxious atmosphere, emphasis on the ancient and neglect of the modern, worship of what is foreign and contempt for what is Chinese, emphasis on what is dead and neglect of what is living.'" During the three hard years, in particular, there appeared on the Peking opera stage which was slow to reflect reality such big poisonous weeds as *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*, *Li Hui-niang*, *Hsieh Yao-huan* and *Hai Jui Appeals to the Emperor*, which used the ancient to condemn the present day, making a wild attack on the Party and socialism, transforming the socialist stage of literature and art into an outpost for preparing public opinion for the restoration of capitalism.

On the personal instructions of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, the former Peking Municipal Party Committee, the former Propaganda Department of the Central Committee and the former Ministry of Culture, as main positions of the

counter-revolutionary revisionist black line on literature and art, stubbornly refused to carry out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Instead, systematically, they flooded the country with twaddle opposed to Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road played the thoroughly shameless role of the vanguard in this attack.

He it was who had the effrontery to distort Chairman Mao's policy of "letting a hundred flowers blossom and weeding through the old to let the new emerge." He ranted, "The reform of culture requires considerable efforts. We don't want to produce monstrosities. Letting a hundred flowers blossom means co-existence." Again, "Some old operas have much educational value and shouldn't be altered"; "let us not be rash or go too far in making reforms"; "Peking opera has such a high artistic level that we mustn't disparage it or make indiscriminate changes."

He it was who slavishly prostrated himself before bourgeois and feudal art, raving, "Seeing *Swan Lake* is an uplifting experience. *Notre Dame de Paris* has a very high artistic level too, and an educational role." He shamelessly boosted *Yang Yen-hui Visits His Mother*, an opera which disseminated a traitor's philosophy and the philosophy of survival. He went so far as to praise *Fierce Tiger Village*, which whitewashed Huang Tien-pa, a lackey of the feudal ruling class, as "an opera which has been well revised." He also recommended such an obscene opera as *The Emperor Flirts with the Waitress*.

He it was who nursed a consistent, frenzied hatred for revolutionary operas on modern themes. He fulminated, "We mustn't insist too strongly on reflecting modern life. Ballets and operas are not necessarily capable of reflecting it, or only a few of them can." Even after Chairman Mao pointed out incisively in 1963, "**Isn't it absurd that many Communists are enthusiastic about promoting feudal and capitalist art, but not socialist art?**" he still protested, "Some people will be upset if we don't put on any historical operas or foreign plays. A certain number can be performed. We are against dogmatism in art."

The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road was the chief mainstay and backer of the counter-revolutionary revisionist

black line on literature and art. He was the vicious ringleader who gave the green light to emperors and princes, generals and ministers, talented scholars and beauties, ghosts and monsters. He was the chief boss behind those who opposed Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line on literature and art and stubbornly resisted the socialist transformation of literature and art.

The counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang and his gang did all in their power to carry out his black instructions. Chou Yang made the performance of many "famous," "foreign" and "ancient" works an important component part of his free market of "a literature and art of the whole people." He frantically advocated, "We should systematically preserve the ideology of the old times in today's literature and art." He further declared, "Without such a condition, we can have no high tide in culture." He fulminated, "The ancients mustn't be killed with one blow," the feudal dramas "have an eternal beauty, an eternal power to move men." They not only "find acceptance in our specific age," but "will continue to do so under communism, for all time." On these grounds, his gang opposed what they called "a big chopping off and cutting down" of the cultural heritage. They decided to publish more than fifty thousand traditional opera scripts which had been collected. Chou Yang jabbered that even if the masses could not accept foreign bourgeois things, we must "bring in a little today, a little more tomorrow, until gradually the masses can accept them." He wanted to bring *La Traviata* and other similar works to China's stage and "have them quickly popularized in China" to bring about a "merging of Chinese and foreign." He ranted that such a "merging" was a "natural, inevitable trend."

See how shamelessly these lunatics prostrated themselves before bourgeois and feudal corpses! It is abundantly clear whom they wanted the Chinese stage to serve, what aim they wished it to serve. This was not a socialist stage of literature and art, but a counter-revolutionary stronghold for a bourgeois and feudal attack on socialism.

Our great leader Chairman Mao has pointed out clearly in *On New Democracy*: **"Imperialist culture and semi-feudal culture**

are devoted brothers and have formed a reactionary cultural alliance against China's new culture. This kind of reactionary culture serves the imperialists and the feudal class and must be swept away. Unless it is swept away, no new culture of any kind can be built up."

The question of the object of service of the stage of literature and art, the question of who occupies that stage, is the focal point of the struggle for power between two classes and two lines on the drama position. In 1944, Chairman Mao stated this clearly in *A Letter to the Yenan Peking Opera Theatre After Seeing "Driven to Join the Liangshan Mountain Rebels."* He said: **"History is made by the people, yet the old opera (and all the old literature and art, which are divorced from the people) presents the people as though they were dirt, and the stage is dominated by lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters. Now you have reversed this reversal of history and restored historical truth, and thus a new life is opening up for the old opera. That is why this merits congratulations. The initiative you have taken marks an epoch-making beginning in the revolutionization of the old opera. I am very happy at the thought of this. I hope you will write more plays and give more performances, and so help make this practice a common one which will prevail throughout the country."**

This letter is a component part of the splendid whole of Mao Tse-tung's great thought on literature and art, a bright light showing the way for the proletariat to transform the old literature and art. What eager hopes our great leader placed in this "epoch-making beginning"! The counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang and his gang were well aware of the tremendous power of this letter of Chairman Mao's to speed up the revolutionization of Peking opera, well aware that if the workers in Peking opera grasped this sharp, irresistible ideological weapon, they would really **"make this practice a common one which would prevail throughout the country,"** that a tremendous upheaval on the stage of literature and art would destroy their underworld palace and smash their dream of using bourgeois and feudal literature and art to restore capitalism. So

throughout the seventeen years since liberation they kept this brilliant thought of Chairman Mao from the masses.

But no ground mist, however dense, can hide the glorious rays of the red sun; no dust storm, however murky, can muffle the spring thunder reverberating through the sky. What is new in life always overcomes what is moribund. In 1964, a year never to be forgotten, the call to advance was sounded for the great proletarian cultural revolution. The workers in Peking opera were willing and eager to reform the opera. With powerful support and guidance from Comrade Chiang Ching, who held high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, they finally broke through many obstructions and charged into the fray. The reversal of history has now been reversed. The lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters have at last been driven from the Peking opera stage which they had dominated for hundreds of years, and splendid images of workers, peasants and soldiers brimming over with revolutionary heroism have begun to mount that stage.

In *On the Revolution in Peking Opera* a speech made in July 1964 at the Forum of Theatrical Workers Participating in the Festival of Peking Operas on Contemporary Themes, Comrade Chiang Ching in concise, simple language enlarged correctly on the brilliant thought embodied in Chairman Mao's letter to the Yenan Peking Opera Theatre, giving a penetrating explanation of the need for a revolution in Peking opera.

Comrade Chiang Ching solemnly pointed out: "It is inconceivable that, in our socialist country led by the Chinese Communist Party, the dominant position on the stage is not occupied by the workers, peasants and soldiers, who are the real creators of history and the true masters of our country."

Comrade Chiang Ching said trenchantly: "The grain we eat is grown by the peasants, the clothes we wear and the houses we live in are woven and built by the workers, and the People's Liberation Army stands guard at the fronts of national defence for us and yet we do not portray them on the stage. May I ask which class stand you artists take? And where is the artists' 'conscience' you always talk about?"

Revolutionary literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. The stage of our socialist motherland must be occupied by the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers who are the masters of this age.

With the force of a whirlwind and the speed of lightning, the revolution in Peking opera has swept away all rubbish from the socialist stage of literature and art, and brought about a revolution in other art forms as well: in the ballet, symphonic music and sculpture.... Holding high Chairman Mao's precious red book, the proletarian revolutionaries in literary and art circles, by creating these revolutionary model works, launched a fierce attack on the counter-revolutionary revisionist black line on literature and art.

REVOLUTIONARY MODEL WORKS STRIKE A BLOW AT THE HEART OF THE BLACK LINE ON LITERATURE AND ART

Are the revolutions in Peking opera, the ballet and symphonic music simply a question of performing works on modern themes? Simply a question of variety on the stage of literature and art? No, far from it! This is a life-and-death struggle for power in the ideological sphere between two classes and two lines. Comrade Chen Po-ta rightly said: "The history of literature and art is filled with fierce clashes. These clashes between the new and the old, between what is modern and what is ancient, all reflect the class struggle in society." The counter-revolutionary revisionist black line on literature and art used "famous," "foreign" and "ancient" works to retain power over the socialist stage of literature and art as one of their vicious methods to struggle against the proletariat, to sabotage the socialist economic base and prepare public opinion for the restoration of capitalism.

It follows that, to build up a revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat, we must thoroughly destroy bourgeois literature and art. Unless we wage a determined struggle against bourgeois and revisionist literature and art, we cannot produce a proletarian revolutionary literature and art. **"There is no construction without destruction,**

no flowing without damming and no motion without rest.” Mao Tse-tung’s great thought on literature and art has been established and has developed unceasingly in the struggle to destroy bourgeois and revisionist literature and art.

The creation of revolutionary model works and the seizure of power on the stage of literature and art constitute a stern class struggle. The enemy will certainly not take this defeat lying down. In their helpless frenzy they will still act the fool in history again. If we recall the sharp and complex class struggles of 1964, at the time of the Festival of Peking Operas on Contemporary Themes, we can grasp the intensity of the life-and-death struggle between two lines! In this battle to the death, Peng Chen, Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and their gang did all in their power to maintain their tottering rule. In collusion, they resorted to tactics sometimes overt and sometimes covert, sometimes furious and sometimes subdued, in their double-faced attempts to resist Chairman Mao’s instructions and sabotage the revolution in Peking opera.

Here is one example. During the festival, Peng Chen, the counter-revolutionary revisionist head of the former Peking Municipal Party Committee, made reports in the daytime boosting revolutionary operas on modern themes; but as soon as night fell he returned to his “pleasure palace” where he made actors perform old operas about emperors, princes, generals, ministers, talented scholars and beauties in a vain attempt to entice them back to the old path.

Here is another example of a plot engineered by Lin Mo-han, one of the heads of the black line on literature and art. He launched a savage attack in the press on *Taking the Bandits’ Stronghold*, the first successful revolutionary opera on a contemporary theme. He hoped by confusing public opinion and discrediting the opera to weaken the proletarian revolutionaries of Shanghai and achieve his nefarious aim of destroying the revolution in Peking opera.

Again, just after the close of the festival, they spread word that traditional operas were going to be overhauled and staged once more. They even forbade the students of the drama school to rehearse *The Red Lantern* and *Shachiapang*, in another attempt to sap the fighting spirit of the revolutionaries working in Peking opera.

Even more serious struggles took place while the revolutionary model works were being written and revised.

Peking opera, the ballet and symphonic music were known as “pinnacles of art” in the age of feudalism or capitalism. Each had a history of one or more centuries, and the revisionists who worshipped what was foreign and tried to restore what was ancient had always declared that the heights these art forms had attained could never be surpassed, that many of these works had a history of more than a hundred years. Thus to reform them and to outdo them artistically called for hard, most painstaking work.

In view of the difficulties and complexities involved in storming these strongholds, Comrade Chiang Ching called on the proletarian revolutionaries to despise the enemy strategically and to “have unshakable confidence in the staging of Peking operas on revolutionary contemporary themes.” At the same time she warned the proletarian revolutionaries that, tactically, they must take the enemy seriously, must have the determination and courage to win his positions by repeated practice over a long period.

What form, then, should the storming of these strongholds take? Making creative use of Mao Tse-tung’s great thought on literature and art, Comrade Chiang Ching raised high the banner of revolutionary model operas, using the form of establishing prototypes to firmly occupy the positions of literature and art.

Comrade Chiang Ching was well aware that this would be a difficult, arduous struggle. But the only way to catch tiger cubs is by going into the tiger’s den. **“If you want to know the taste of a pear, you must change the pear by eating it yourself.”** To firmly carry out the revolution to seize power on the stage, to thoroughly uproot the counter-revolutionary revisionist black line on literature and art, a blow must be struck at its heart, at the position most strongly controlled by it. They must kindle a blazing fire there and expose the criminal activities of the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in order to arouse the masses who had been deluded and make them rise up in rebellion.

In their resolute struggle against the heads of the black line on literature and art and their spokesmen, Comrade Chiang Ching and

the proletarian revolutionaries who created these prototypes expended great efforts on each revolutionary model, not only on the main theme and characterization, but also on the artistic form and artistic technique, and even on the costumes, properties and lighting. At every step they had to fight to clear out the contraband goods smuggled in by the revisionists, had to repudiate and eradicate the influence of their reactionary ideas on literature and art.

The process of creating these revolutionary model works was a process of holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought in struggling against the black line on literature and art, criticizing and repudiating all the reactionary rubbish of this line and liquidating its influence. This struggle went on throughout the creation of these revolutionary prototypes.

Whereas the black line on literature and art lauded the reactionary "theory of truthful writing," "theory of the broad path of realism" and "theory of deepening realism" in order to slander and distort socialist society, the revolutionary model operas made great use of the creative method of combining revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism to reflect our glorious reality.

Whereas the black line on literature and art lauded the theory of "the spirit of the age as the merging of various trends," the revolutionary model operas fully embodied the stirring proletarian spirit of our times.

Whereas the black line on literature and art opposed the theory of "subject-matter as the decisive factor," special attention was paid when writing revolutionary model operas to the selection of significant themes. Rejecting household affairs, romantic love and other themes appealing to low bourgeois tastes, they brilliantly reflected the epic mass struggles under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party.

Whereas the black line on literature and art lauded the theory of "middle characters," these revolutionary model works established many images of revolutionary heroes of the proletariat. Examples are Yang Tzu-jung and Shao Chien-po in *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, the three generations of Li Yu-ho's family in *The Red Lantern*, Kuo Chien-kuang and Sister Ah-ching in *Shachiapang*, Wu Ching-hua

and Hung Chang-ching in the *Red Detachment of Women*. These splendidly typical heroes and heroines really serve to educate the masses and inspire them to go forward.

The black line on literature and art preached reactionary opposition to "the smell of gunpowder" and the theory of "discarding the classics and rebelling against orthodoxy," directing its spearhead against Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought. They were against literature and art portraying the revolutionary war of the proletariat or political power growing out of the barrel of a gun. The revolutionary model works gave them tit for tat, dealing these counter-revolutionary theories head-on blows by profoundly expressing Chairman Mao's great strategic thought on people's war. Seven of these eight works praise revolutionary armed struggle. *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, in particular, can be called the most complete, most profound praise of Chairman Mao's thought on people's war.

The appearance of these revolutionary model works carried the struggle between two classes and two lines on the literary and art front to a new stage, a new stage of integrating "struggle-criticism-transformation," of thoroughgoing seizure of power on the stage of literature and art. They carried out struggles and criticism in the course of transformation, and carried out transformation in the course of struggles and criticism, fully embodying the revolutionary dialectics of "**There is no construction without destruction.**" The vanguards who created these revolutionary models have set an outstanding example in the great proletarian cultural revolution of creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works. Their example has general, far-reaching significance.

REVOLUTIONARY MODEL WORKS ARE EXCELLENT EXAMPLES OF THE EMBODIMENT OF CHAIRMAN MAO'S REVOLUTIONARY LINE

The production of these revolutionary model works has taught us a profound lesson regarding two important questions of principle.

First, we must raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and put it in command of everything, to test and transform everything.

Second, we must trust and rely on the masses of the people.

The creation of these revolutionary model works was carried out, from start to finish, under the brilliant light of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Chairman Mao, laying down the line for revolutionary literature and art, pointed out clearly: **"The broadest sections of the people, constituting more than 90 per cent of our total population, are the workers, peasants, soldiers and urban petty bourgeoisie."** **"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."**

Comrade Chiang Ching has always unflinchingly defended Chairman Mao's orientation for literature and art — that of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. In the years when rank weeds sprang up and monsters ran wild, it was she who sounded the warning to revolutionary literary and art workers: "When we are not clear about our orientation, we should try our best to be so." Going straight to the heart of the problem, she pointed out: "There are well over 600 million workers, peasants and soldiers in our country, whereas there is only a handful of landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements, Rightists and bourgeois elements. Shall we serve this handful, or the well over 600 million? This question calls for consideration not only by Communists but also by all those literary and art workers who are patriotic." These revolutionary model operas were produced to provide examples of proletarian revolutionary literature and art truly serving the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Chairman Mao has taught us that the watershed dividing the proletarian from the bourgeois world outlook is whether or not we trust the masses, rely on the masses and dare to mobilize the masses. If we trust and rely on the masses and become one with them, **"we can surmount any difficulty, and no enemy can crush us while we can crush any enemy."**

The success of these revolutionary model works is a splendid victory for Chairman Mao's mass line. It was because of Comrade Chiang Ching's firm conviction that the broad masses sided with

Chairman Mao's revolutionary line that she dared to strike at the heart of the black line on literature and art, to initiate "struggle-criticism-transformation" in the position most strictly controlled by it. She firmly believed that the broad revolutionary masses were eager to storm these strongholds of bourgeois and feudal literature and art, and that this was imperative in order to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The facts have borne this out. As soon as these revolutionary model works appeared, they were approved by the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and given a tremendous welcome. Their success, too, is the result of relying on the masses, of following the line of **"from the masses, to the masses,"** of a long period of repeated practice and striving after perfection.

These revolutionary model works have not only defeated the enemy ideologically, storming the stubborn, firmly entrenched strongholds of Peking opera and the ballet, so long dominated by feudalism and the bourgeoisie; they have also brought about a great revolution in artistic form, giving a new lease of life to these old art forms which had become moribund.

Chairman Mao has pointed out in connection with ancient art forms that we must **"weed through the old to let the new emerge."** He said, **"Nor do we refuse to utilize the literary and artistic forms of the past, but in our hands these old forms, remoulded and infused with new content, also become something revolutionary in the service of the people."**

However, these brilliant teachings were not carried out but consistently opposed by the counter-revolutionary revisionist black line on literature and art, with its worship of what was foreign and restoration of what was ancient. Between September and December 1963, Chairman Mao issued four directives sharply censuring the reactionary rule of the counter-revolutionary revisionist black line in literature and art. Chairman Mao pointed out: **"The social and economic base has changed, but the arts as part of the superstructure, which serve this base, still remain a serious problem. Hence we should proceed with investigation and study and attend to this matter in earnest."**

But with the protection and support of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, the counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang and his gang not only kept Chairman Mao's instructions a secret from the masses, they boldly sang an opposing tune and refused to admit their criminal acts.

At the most crucial moment in the sharp struggle between two lines, Comrade Chiang Ching stepped forward, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Going to the front line, she resolutely carried out Chairman Mao's instructions and undertook detailed and comprehensive investigation and study in the literary and art world. She took firm hold of the revolution in Peking opera, the ballet and symphonic music, sounding the call to battle for the great proletarian cultural revolution.

The vanguard fighters who produced the revolutionary model works dared to despise so-called "pinnacles of art," dared to carry out great destruction and construction on those pinnacles. They struggled resolutely against the servile worship of what is foreign and restoration of what is ancient, dared to establish something new in the sense that it was socialist and something original in the sense that it was proletarian. Acting on Chairman Mao's principle of making ancient things serve the present and making foreign things serve China, they critically took over the best art forms and artistic features of China and other nations of the world.

These revolutionary model works have made the past feudal and bourgeois literature and art of China and the rest of the world seem pallid by comparison; they have made the revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat shine with a new splendour. They are excellent examples of embodiments of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Great Lu Hsun, some decades ago, expressed this earnest wish: "Unless we have path-breakers who will breach and storm all traditional thought and methods, China cannot have a genuine new literature and art." Again, "We should long ago have had a brand-new literary arena, should long ago have had some spirited path-breakers!" It was Lu Hsun who raised high the great banner of opposition to imperialism and feudalism, the great fighting

banner of Left-wing literature. He persisted in thoroughgoing revolution on the cultural front, persisted in Chairman Mao's correct line, becoming the path-breaker who breached and stormed all traditional thought and methods of those times, the greatest and the most courageous standard-bearer of the new cultural force.

Our great leader Chairman Mao laid down a systematic, comprehensive line for the revolutionary culture of the proletariat. But because the heads of the black line on literature and art of the thirties continued to usurp leading positions in our country's propaganda and cultural departments, Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary cultural line was never conscientiously carried out. In fact, the black line on literature and art exercised a dictatorship over us.

In the sixties, the appearance of these revolutionary model works shows that Chairman Mao's revolutionary cultural line is being genuinely carried out. And it is Comrade Chiang Ching who has given specific leadership to this new revolution in literature and art.

Today, Lu Hsun's wish has come true! A brand-new literary arena is beginning to appear in our socialist motherland. Comrade Chiang Ching, who created the revolutionary model works, deserves the title of the "path-breaker who breached and stormed all traditional thought and methods" of the sixties, the firmest, bravest fighter on the cultural front.

The appearance of these revolutionary model works is a great victory for the proletariat over feudalism and capitalism in the ideological sphere.

Chairman Mao has said: "It will take a fairly long period of time to decide the issue in the ideological struggle between socialism and capitalism in our country. The reason is that the influence of the bourgeoisie and of the intellectuals who come from the old society will remain in our country for a long time to come, and so will their class ideology."

In the last seventeen years, our great leader Chairman Mao has personally initiated and led a series of major ideological struggles, from the criticism of *Inside Story of the Ching Court* to the criticism of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*. He has repulsed one attack after another

from the bourgeoisie, won one position after another. The great proletarian cultural revolution, which began with the revolution in Peking opera, is an over-all attack on bourgeois ideas and on the spokesmen of the bourgeoisie. In this great proletarian cultural revolution we have thoroughly smashed the counter-revolutionary revisionist black line on literature and art represented by Chou Yang and uncovered its boss behind the scenes — the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road. This is a great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

We are confident that, under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, after this great revolution, great criticism and repudiation, revolutionary operas on modern themes and other revolutionary works of literature and art will emerge as swiftly as bamboo shoots after spring rain, and that they will flourish. There is undoubtedly going to be a great blossoming of our country's proletarian literature and art, when a hundred flowers vie in beauty.

The great historic merit of these revolutionary model works is immortal!

Long live Mao Tse-tung's invincible thought on literature and art!

Autumn Harvest

by Yen Chien-hsin (a commune member)



For Ever Uphold the Orientation that
Literature and Art Must Serve the
Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

And on a sunny day
You will see a red dress thrown over the white,
Enchantingly lovely!

Chairman Mao's brilliant work *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, published twenty-five years ago, was born amid fierce struggles between two classes and two lines. Today we are commemorating the *Talks* and studying it again amid the songs of triumph of the general offensive of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line against the bourgeois reactionary line, at a time when Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art is victoriously carrying out large-scale encirclements and mopping up of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art. Under these circumstances, we are more conscious than ever of the great, in-

vincible might and eternal truth of this brilliant Marxist-Leninist work.

The *Talks* is the acme of Marxist-Leninist theory on literature and art, the supreme directive for proletarian literature and art. In the history of the proletarian revolution it laid down for the first time the most comprehensive, thoroughgoing and correct Marxist-Leninist line on literature and art. The core of this revolutionary line is that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, that literary and art workers must merge with the workers, peasants and soldiers. Support of or opposition to this fundamental policy constitute the watershed between the Marxist-Leninist line on literature and art and the counter-revolutionary revisionist line, the watershed between revolution and counter-revolution.

The Question of "for Whom" Is a Fundamental One for Literature and Art

The question of "for whom" is a fundamental one for literature and art. The different answers given to this question determine the class character of literature and art and the direction in which it develops; they determine the stand and attitude of literary and art workers and their object of service, in other words, their world outlook; they determine how the superstructure serves the economic base. Regarding this fundamental question, Chairman Mao pointed out clearly in the *Talks*: **"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."** Here the orientation of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers which Chairman Mao put forward for literature and art is the fundamental orientation for the development of proletarian literature and art. We must always abide firmly and unswervingly by it, both now and in time to come, and follow it in our work.

In the history of the proletarian revolution, Marx and Engels published many valuable directives on questions relating to literature and art. Lenin was the first to raise the principle of the class charac-

ter of literature when he pointed out that proletarian literature and art should "serve . . . the millions and tens of millions of working people." But Lenin did not live to make a systematic, profound theoretical exposition of this principle, nor to solve the question of how to serve the millions and tens of millions of working people. Chairman Mao creatively developed this brilliant idea of Lenin's, advancing it to a brand-new stage when he declared that literature and art should serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. Nor was this all. Chairman Mao's genius and great contribution lie in the fact that, for the first time in the history of the proletarian revolution, he pointed out that the question of whom literature and art should serve was, in the final analysis, the question of the superstructure serving the economic base. This firmly established Marxist-Leninist theory on literature and art on the base of the dialectical and historical materialist world outlook. By laying down the most comprehensive, scientific and thoroughgoing rules on the relationship between literature and art, politics and economics, both in theory and in practice he systematically and thoroughly solved the questions of why and how literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Chairman Mao has taught us: **"Any given culture (as an ideological form) is a reflection of the politics and economics of a given society, and the former in turn has a tremendous influence and effect upon the latter; economics is the base and politics the concentrated expression of economics. This is our fundamental view of the relation of culture to politics and economics and of the relation of politics to economics."** This scientific formulation of Chairman Mao's enables us to grasp the following facts:

1. Literature and art, as part of the superstructure, in class society always belong to some definite politics and serve some definite political lines. At the same time, in the last analysis, they must conform to the needs of the economic base, must serve some definite economic base. The fundamental factor determining the class character of literature and art is which class's politics and economics they serve.

2. Literature and art serve the economic base by serving politics. By serving politics, literature and art serve class struggle. Revolution-

ary literature and art serve proletarian politics, and this means serving the revolutionary class which leads the class struggle, as well as the broadest and firmest allied force of the revolution and the main force in revolutionary war — the broad masses of the workers, peasants and soldiers.

3. The literature and art of every class are the ideological reflection of the political and economic strength of that class; and every class, to defend its class rule, is bound to establish a superstructure to serve its economic base. In the ideological field, this includes literature and art.

4. Revolutionary literature and art serve proletarian politics and are **“subordinated to the revolutionary tasks set by the Party in a given revolutionary period.”** In the period of the new democratic revolution, revolutionary literature and art serve the people’s revolutionary struggle against imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat capitalism, serve the politics and economics of New Democracy. Today, we live in a great socialist society. Thus our literature and art must serve the class struggles of the age of socialism, serve the struggle to eradicate what is bourgeois and foster what is proletarian, serve the socialist revolution and the general line for socialist construction. If this revolutionary task is set aside, revolutionary literature and art may deteriorate and change their character, may take the revisionist road to destruction and become a tool for the restoration of capitalism.

In the *Talks*, Chairman Mao defined the fundamental orientation of literature and art as serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, and his brilliant summary of the relationship between literature and art, politics and economics thoroughly exposed the nature of all previous exploiting classes who used literature and art to deceive and corrupt the people, to maintain and consolidate their reactionary rule. It also thoroughly exposed the plot of ghosts and monsters of every description to use the positions of literature and art to bring about a capitalist restoration. This accounts for the terror and inveterate hatred inspired by the *Talks* in the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries abroad, as well as our class enemies in China. This accounts for their incessant, hysterical denunciations of the *Talks*.

“It is good if we are attacked by the enemy, since it proves that we have drawn a clear line of demarcation between the enemy and ourselves.” There has been a clear division of camps over the attitude to take to the *Talks*, and fierce struggles between Marxism-Leninism and revisionism, revolution and counter-revolution have been waged on this question. In these struggles, Mao Tse-tung’s thought on literature and art has time and again shown its invincible might. Time and again various spokesmen of the reactionary ruling classes at home and abroad have been thrown on to the rubbish heap of history.

A “Literature and Art of the Whole People” Is an Out-and-out Revisionist Fallacy

The publication of the *Talks* swept aside the monsters who had usurped positions in the field of literature and art. Thereupon their spokesmen, under the cloak of Marxism, resorted to counter-revolutionary double-faced tactics and waved “red flags” to oppose the red flag. This was the way of Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Lin Mo-han and their gang. With the support of the handful of top persons in authority in the Party taking the capitalist road, they recruited ghosts and monsters and formed a thick, long black line, a counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art which ran all through our cultural circles. They fired a whole series of poisoned darts at the *Talks*. They denied the existence of class struggle and declared, “We mustn’t make political questions out of problems concerning literature and art. There should be less political interference.” They obscured the class nature of literature and art, ranting that we must use “the cultural heritage of feudal and capitalist society in China and abroad” to “build socialism and communism.” They opposed literature and art serving proletarian politics and put forward the reactionary theory of “indirect, long-term co-ordination”; they opposed “performing and writing works about the central tasks.” Worse still, they hoisted the black flag of a “literature and art of the whole people,” openly setting up a rival stage in opposition to Chairman Mao’s supreme directive that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

1962 was a year of the most acute and complex class struggle in China and the rest of the world. Abroad, at the 22nd Congress of the C.P.S.U., Khrushchov's modern revisionist clique openly hung up the black signboards of "a Party of the whole people" and "a state of the whole people." At home, the Chinese Khrushchovs, large and small, headed by the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, in nefarious collusion loudly proclaimed the theory of the disappearance of class struggle and trumpeted the need for "peaceful evolution." It was in such a situation that Lu Ting-yi, Chou Yang and company, on instruction from the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, acted as the vanguard to oppose the Party, oppose socialism and oppose Mao Tse-tung's thought. On the pretext of commemorating the 20th anniversary of the *Talks*, they assembled a crew of reactionary academic "authorities" and openly used the form of editorials in *Renmin Ribao* and *Wenyi Bao* to loose the two big poisonous weeds *Serve the Broadest Masses of the People* and *Unite, Temper and Elevate the Literary and Art Contingent*. Thus they launched a counter-revolutionary current opposed to the *Talks* and to Mao Tse-tung's thought, in an attempt to impose their revisionist programme for literature and art on our Party. In these poisonous editorials they openly used the slogan of a literature and art "serving the whole people" in place of the correct orientation — that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. They proposed "strengthening the links of writers and artists with the people" in place of the policy that literary and art workers **"must for a long period of time unreservedly and whole-heartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers."** They hoped under the smokescreen of their "literature and art of the whole people" to convert proletarian literature and art into bourgeois, revisionist literature and art, to make it a tool for the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road to bring about a capitalist restoration. This was in open opposition to Mao Tse-tung's great thought on literature and art.

A "literature and art of the whole people" was the revisionist theory of literature and art consistently advocated by Chou Yang and com-

pany. During the War of Resistance Against Japan, their earliest banner of "a literature of national defence" was attacked and overthrown by Lu Hsun, great standard-bearer of the cultural revolution. It was even more thoroughly liquidated, ideologically and theoretically, by Chairman Mao in the *Talks*, when he pointed out that this was a reflection in literature and art of the bourgeois views represented by Wang Ming which had wide currency at one time in our Party.

But Chou Yang was too much of a diehard to accept this criticism. After liberation, relying on the support of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, he resorted to new tricks. He proclaimed again and again, "Ours is not a literature for the few but a literature of the whole people," and "Our literature verges on becoming a literature of all mankind." He spared no pains to bring into being a "flourishing literature and art of the whole people."

Why was Chou Yang so eager to advocate a "literature and art of the whole people"? His real intention is revealed in *Serve the Broadest Masses of the People*. This pernicious editorial states: "The situation is no longer what it was twenty years ago. . . . Our country has successfully completed the new-democratic revolution and socialist revolution." Therefore "the whole people should be the object of service of our literature and art." Like the old social democrats described by Lenin, who on the pretext that the times had changed claimed that Marx's teachings were "incomplete and outdated," and must be "revised," Chou Yang declared that the Marxist principles in the *Talks* were "outdated" and that Chairman Mao's fundamental orientation for literature and art — that of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers — must be "revised" by the substitution of "serving the whole people." This theory of a "literature and art of the whole people" was entirely derived from the nonsensical fallacies of a "Party of the whole people" and a "state of the whole people" advocated by Khrushchov's modern revisionist clique, as well as from the theory of the disappearance of class struggle put forward by China's Khrushchov. It conformed to the international revisionist trend and political needs of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, who was plotting to restore capitalism. Chou Yang placed bourgeois elements and the

political party which represented their interests in the "forefront" of the objects of service of literature and art, and by turning the targets of the revolution into subjects for praise he cleared the way for them to make a comeback! Obviously what Chou Yang called a "literature and art of the whole people" was not in fact "of the whole people" but the "people" of the bourgeoisie. This was the embodiment in the field of literature and art of the political line of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, a line aimed at expediting a capitalist restoration.

It should be pointed out that, as regards its world outlook, the philosophical base of a "literature and art of the whole people" was the reactionary decadent slogan "liberty, equality, fraternity" of the bourgeoisie. In this respect, Chou Yang and company were birds of the same feather as the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road. They all wildly boosted the reactionary, decadent bourgeois world outlook. It was this top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who, to serve the political needs of a capitalist restoration, manufactured a whole series of ludicrous theories on class conciliation. He maintained that the reactionary bourgeoisie "could not see the truth because of something veiling their conscience." "Not all the Rightists' criticisms of us are wrong, as, for instance, when they accuse us of 'sectarianism,' of being lacking in friendship and warmth, of being stand-offish." He also said, "If a member of the proletariat is reactionary, he is just 'wrong for the moment' . . . like Yeh Ching."* He tried to transform our Party with reactionary claptrap of this sort, saying that there was a need in the Party too for a "democratic spirit," a "need for education," and that this was "the spirit of complete equality among all mankind." The counter-revolutionary revisionists of the type of Chou Yang, because of their reactionary nature, respected all these nonsensical theories of their master's as "sacred instructions." They used them, moreover, as the theoretical base for a "literature and art of the whole people." They said, "The most fundamental thing

*A renegade Communist who became a hired hack in the Kuomintang secret service.

about our humanism is that it aims to eradicate all the last vestiges of the exploiting classes and the exploiting system." "The new national character is now in process of formation, and our works reflect and expedite its growth." They even openly declared, "Certain works reflect the interests of a class as well as the interests of the whole people." Here, Chou Yang was trying to prove: first, that class antagonisms and class struggle had ceased to exist in China, and that even if they existed, all classes were inter-related and there was a "national character" shared by all classes and "the interests of the whole people"; secondly, that the literature and art reflecting this "national character" and the "interests of the whole people" was a "literature and art of the whole people." This was sheer nonsense!

Chairman Mao has taught us: **"There is only human nature in the concrete, no human nature in the abstract. In class society there is only human nature of a class character; there is no human nature above classes."** The humanism based on the theory of human nature is a product of the capitalist system. Yet Chou Yang insisted on peddling this decadent world outlook by disguising it as "proletarian." He even viciously changed great communism into humanism. This was truly reactionary twaddle! But this clearly exposes the reactionary nature of Chou Yang's "literature and art of the whole people," which opposes the theory of classes with the theory of human nature, opposes the proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat with the theory of the disappearance of class struggle. This is obviously the reflection in the field of literature and art of the reactionary, decadent world outlook of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road.

In conformity with a "literature and art of the whole people," in this poisonous weed Chou Yang and company also raised the slogan of "variety." They blethered, "Before the people seize political power, literature and art serve mainly to encourage them in their struggle to overthrow the reactionary rule"; now that the people have become the masters of the country, "they need a variety of literary and art works and of cultural activities to enrich their mental life and meet their needs in the way of aesthetic enjoyment." On

these grounds, Chou Yang opposed literature and art serving proletarian politics or the socialist economic base. He said, "Too much politics is a negation of politics," "Literature and art serve politics, but this must not be interpreted too narrowly." He never tired of proclaiming, "Certain works which do not express class struggle" are "politically harmless and beneficial to life." This was the most brazen deception!

"A given culture is the ideological reflection of the politics and economics of a given society." Works of literature and art produced in a society where classes and class struggle still exist must reflect either the life and struggles of the reactionary classes or those of the revolutionary classes. Today, they either express the class struggle waged by the proletariat against the bourgeoisie or the class struggle waged by the bourgeoisie against the proletariat. They are bound to do one or the other. In fact, writers and artists who are the eyes, ears and mouthpieces of their class, its organs of sense and feeling, invariably work according to the stand, viewpoint and feelings of their class, singing of it and struggling for it. Hence, there is no such thing in the world as a work of literature or art which does not express class struggle. The contention of Chou Yang and company that literature which "did not express class struggle" was "harmless" was nothing but a fraud.

In addition to "the variety required by the masses," there was apparently "the variety of life itself." What did Chou Yang and company mean by this? In July 1962, to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the *Talks, Jiefang Ribao* published an article entitled *Broad Subject-matter and Variety of Types* which disclosed the three distinctive features of this gang's "variety." This article repeatedly advocated "broad subject-matter" but made no mention of classes, class struggle or the tremendous feats achieved by the workers, peasants and soldiers in the socialist revolution and socialist construction. In discussing the variety of types, the article merely gave a long list of professions, stating, "For instance, a worker, as regards his social status, is not simply a worker. He may be the son of a peasant, the father of a student, the brother of a soldier, the husband of a shop assistant. . . . He may also have relatives and

friends in all sorts of jobs: sailors, engineers, painters, actors, surveyors, buyers and so forth." The one thing not mentioned was people's class character. Lenin rightly pointed out that if we confuse professional differences with class differences, confuse different ways of life with different positions in the whole social system of production, this in fact verges on obscuring classes and class struggle. This was precisely what Chou Yang and company did. In conclusion, this article actually said: "Since in real life there are backward people and negative characters, why shouldn't they hold the centre of the stage in special situations?" So, under the bogus banner of "variety," they actually proposed letting backward, negative characters occupy the centre of the stage "in special situations." What was this if not an attempt to drive worker, peasant and soldier heroes off the historical stage of literature and art? What was it if not making our literature and art serve the cause of a capitalist restoration?

In short, Chou Yang's "literature and art of the whole people" politically carried out the reactionary bourgeois line of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road; theoretically, it was the reactionary decadent world outlook of bourgeois "liberty, equality and fraternity," and in literature and art it advocated a big black market for capitalism, feudalism and modern revisionism. It was a tool to create public opinion for the plot of China's Khrushchov to seize power in the Party, the government and the army by a counter-revolutionary restoration. It was an out-and-out black programme on literature and art opposed to the Party, to socialism and to Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Literary and Art Workers Must Merge with the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers and Serve Them

Literary and art workers must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. This is a question of the fundamental orientation for our literature and art and also of the stand, attitude and audience of our literary and art workers. In a word, it is a question both of the world outlook

of literary and art workers and of the ideological remoulding of our literary and art contingents.

Chairman Mao has impressed upon us: **“Our literary and art workers must accomplish this task and shift their stand; they must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the process of going into their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society. Only in this way can we have a literature and art that are truly for the workers, peasants and soldiers, a truly proletarian literature and art.”** He has also cautioned us on many occasions: **“Unless this fundamental problem is solved, many other problems will not be easy to solve.”** It is evident that these two requirements—literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, and literary and art workers must merge with the workers, peasants and soldiers—are the firm and integrated worker-peasant-soldier orientation for literature and art.

In order to distort this orientation, Chou Yang and company not only preached a “literature and art of the whole people,” but in their “commemorative” articles raised the slogan “Strengthen writers’ and artists’ links with the masses.” This was another modern revisionist slogan taken over from Khrushchov. In a black report entitled *Literature and Art Must Maintain Close Links with the Life of the People*, Khrushchov declared that if writers and artists come into “contact” with the people that will help them to “change their old view of the people of our country,” and to “disclose” “the new people produced and educated by the socialist age.” He called this the “main line of development” for literature. The “old view” which Khrushchov wanted to “change” was the proletarian revolutionary spirit of Stalin’s time, the “new people” whom he wanted them to “disclose” were in fact the new bourgeois elements and the high-income group. It is clear that Khrushchov’s contention that “literature and art must maintain close links with the life of the people” was the “main line of development” actually constituted a line for burying the proletarian revolutionary spirit, buying over an intellectual

aristocracy and calling for eulogizing bourgeois elements. It was a line for “peaceful evolution.” The fact that Chou Yang took over these modern revisionist slogans lock, stock and barrel is ample evidence that he was the echo of Khrushchov’s modern revisionist clique in literary and art circles in our country. As Khrushchov’s faithful echo, he kept ranting: “It is possible for writers and artists of talent, who are true to reality, to advance towards the communist world outlook through their creative path and practice in life. . . . The work of taking over and overhauling our heritage of literature and art helps the growth and development of revolutionary literature and art.” He tried in every way to cut our literary and art workers off from the workers, peasants and soldiers, from the heat of the struggle, using feudal, bourgeois and revisionist literature and art to corrupt their minds and lead them down the blind alley of revisionism. What a vicious plot!

Now, thanks to the unprecedented great proletarian cultural revolution personally initiated and led by Chairman Mao, Chou Yang and his gang of counter-revolutionary revisionists have been dragged out with their boss behind the scenes. Their counter-revolutionary slogan “Strengthen writers’ and artists’ links with the masses” and their black banner of a “literature and art of the whole people” have also been thoroughly debunked. This is a great victory for Mao Tse-tung’s thought. But we must not ignore the corrupting influence exerted for so long by this black line on our literary and art workers. To thoroughly smash this black line and liquidate its pernicious influence, all our revolutionary literary and art workers must resolutely take the *Talks* as our guide for ever and **“for a long period of time unreservedly and whole-heartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle,”** must merge with the workers, peasants and soldiers and serve them. Our first task now is to make a thorough job of mass criticism and repudiation, of criticism-struggle-transformation, and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end. This is the best way for us to commemorate the *Talks*.

**When the Mountain Flowers Are in Full Bloom
She Will Smile Mingling in Their Midst**

The great, invincible and boundlessly brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung will always be the compass guiding our advance, the clarion encouraging us to do battle. Literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers; literary and art workers must merge with the workers, peasants and soldiers — this is the road of historical necessity. It will always be the only correct revolutionary road of development for socialist literature and art. Let proletarian literature and art take root, flower, bear fruit and retain its glorious springtime for ever by following the broad highway of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art!

**“Quotations From Chairman Mao
Tse-tung” Circulates Throughout
the World**

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

As the revolutionary people of the world proudly enter upon a brand-new historic age in which Mao Tse-tung's thought is the great banner, as China's earth-shaking great proletarian cultural revolution wins resounding victories, and as the great tide of the national liberation movement sweeps irresistibly forward in Asia, Africa and Latin America, foreign language editions of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* published in China are circulating throughout the world. Millions of revolutionary people of the world most fervently welcome and praise this precious red book. This is a major event in the history of the international communist movement, another splendid victory for China's great proletarian cultural revolution unparalleled in history.

According to incomplete statistics, in eight months, from October 1966 to May 1967, the Guozi Shudian in China distributed to 117 countries and regions over 800,000 copies of the *Quotations* in 14 languages: English, French, Spanish, Japanese, Russian, German, Italian, Nepalese, Vietnamese, Indonesian, Arabic, Burmese, Swahili and Persian.

In addition, revolutionaries and progressive organizations in various countries have translated and published the *Quotations* themselves to satisfy the eager demand for it. According to recent information, 24 editions of the *Quotations* have been published in 16 different languages including English, French, Sinhalese, Tamil, Malayalam, Urdu and Laotian in 16 countries—Britain, France, Italy, Japan, West Germany, Greece, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Ceylon, India, Pakistan, Syria and Laos.

In Japan, for instance, between last November and March this year, nearly 300,000 copies of the *Quotations* were published in four different Japanese translations. Recently, in view of the requirements of the masses' study, work and struggle, the East Bookshop in Japan co-operated with other progressive bookshops and organizations to select and publish relevant passages from the *Quotations* under the title of *Selected Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. They have also printed more than 30 slogans chosen from the *Quotations* for large-scale distribution.

Hundreds of millions of revolutionary people throughout the world have joyfully acclaimed the publication and dissemination of these foreign language editions of the *Quotations* which "bring Marxism-Leninism to tens of millions" and "bring light to the whole of mankind." The *Quotations* inspire and strengthen the revolutionary people's confidence and their "determination to master Mao Tse-tung's thought as quickly as possible." They declare: "We shall study the *Quotations* every day of our lives" and "always follow Chairman Mao to make revolution."

The eagerness of the world's revolutionary people to get copies of the *Quotations* is like the longing of parched shoots for rain or the longing of a pilot in dense fog to sight a lighthouse. In south Vietnam, where fierce battles are being fought, the patriotic soldiers

and civilians regard the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* as a powerful weapon for defeating the enemy. In the Soviet Union, where the revisionist ruling clique has imposed a reign of white terror, a young man pointed to the *Quotations* and said with emotion: "The Soviet people need this book desperately." Another said: "The Soviet people are determined to study Mao Tse-tung's writings well." In India, where a keen struggle is being waged for existence against the despotic government, the revolutionary masses are deeply conscious that only Mao Tse-tung's thought can save them from their fearful sufferings. An Indian trade unionist said: "Chairman Mao's *Quotations* is the greatest encouragement to our people in our misery, the best guarantee of victory in our struggle."

The revolutionaries of many lands spare no pains to get copies of this precious red book. They search for it far and wide. Some beg or borrow copies from friends or relatives; some make a round of all the bookshops and are willing to go abroad to buy the *Quotations*; some overcome difficulties of every kind and even risk their lives to procure a copy. Revolutionaries who fail to buy one but are desperately eager to master the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung will go to endless pains, sitting up night after night to copy out the *Quotations* word by word. Some carefully cut out the quotations in each copy of the Hsinhua News sent abroad, and paste these into an album to be studied avidly.

The *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* is very dear to revolutionaries the whole world over. Bookshops in many countries have discovered that their stock of the *Quotations* sells out within a few days, or even a few hours, of its arrival. The publishers there have never known anything like it. They say: "No other book has ever made such a great appeal to readers as the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*." "This is quite phenomenal." The Guozi Shudian in China has been snowed under with orders from all parts of the world. The common theme of these tens of thousands of letters is the urgent need for the *Quotations*. One foreign friend wrote eagerly: "If you can send me the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, I shall be the happiest man in the world." Cabled

orders often stress: "Kindly dispatch as many as possible!" "I need this book urgently!" "Please send by the quickest route."

When they receive a copy of the *Quotations*, revolutionaries are as jubilant as if they had received the greatest treasure. In their eyes, this glorious little red book is "immensely rich in content, immensely profound in its analysis, and written in simple language which is easy for the masses to understand." It is a "treasury of truth," "the compass for struggle," "the symbol of victory." As soon as they obtain a copy, they read it with rapt attention wherever they are, in trams or under street lights. An agronomist in Guinea, thrilled to get a French edition of the *Quotations*, said: "Splendid! This is the happiest moment of my life!" He carried it with him afterwards to and from work, and spent all his spare time studying it and writing notes. He has read every single quotation anything from six to over a dozen times, and can recite many of the more important ones.

An old Cuban peasant living in the mountains beamed when a Chinese gave him a Spanish edition of the *Quotations*. "Don't you worry, comrade," he declared. "I promise to study this book well."

A Cuban office worker who received a copy said: "I shall not only read and study this precious book; I shall apply its teachings creatively, as you Chinese comrades do, in my life and work."

A young Japanese woman worker named Uemura after studying the *Quotations* said with conviction: "Every word in Chairman Mao's writings is the truth. Every sentence goes straight home to the hearts of us workers." She studies the *Quotations* every morning in the bus on her way to work. The invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung has helped her to see more clearly, to distinguish between friend and foe, to tell which friends are false and which are true, and to struggle boldly against the enemies who are trying to undermine the friendship between the people of Japan and China.

A Vietnamese comrade in the forefront of the fight against U.S. imperialism said: "Armed with Chairman Mao's thought on people's war, we are convinced that U.S. imperialism will be defeated and the people of Vietnam will win."

After studying the *Quotations*, many foreigners write to assure their Chinese friends that they mean to follow Chairman Mao for ever

to make revolution, that they will plant the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought all over the world, and will wipe out imperialism, modern revisionism and all reactionaries. Today, revolutionaries in many lands take the *Quotations* with them wherever they go, to study and put into practice. They are resolved to be guided in all their actions by the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung. Mao Tse-tung's thought — Marxism-Leninism of the era in which imperialism is heading towards complete collapse and socialism advancing towards worldwide victory — is penetrating more deeply every day into the hearts of the world's people. With ever mounting enthusiasm, revolutionaries everywhere are creatively studying and using Chairman Mao's works, including the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*.

“Chairman Mao Is the Red Sun in Our Hearts” Photographic Exhibition and Albums

Early in May this year, the National Art Gallery in Peking held an exhibition entitled “Chairman Mao Is the Red Sun in Our Hearts.” The sixty huge photographs on display, like a red sun shedding light far and wide, made the exhibition hall take on a new radiance. They presented Chairman Mao’s significant activities during the great proletarian cultural revolution, truthfully showing how Chairman Mao, the greatest Marxist-Leninist of our time and the red, red sun in the hearts of the revolutionary people of China and the whole world, kindled the blazing fire of the cultural revolution. They showed how he received and reviewed over eleven million of its forces on eight separate occasions, sharing the masses’ hopes and destiny and supporting their revolutionary movement. This exhibition is an epic recording the milestones in the development of our country’s great proletarian cultural revolution, a rousing song in praise of the victories of Chairman Mao’s proletarian revolutionary line.

From the first, this exhibition evoked a tremendous response throughout the country. The revolutionary masses urged that these photographs should be printed as an album. The China Revolutionary Photographers’ Association, the People’s Art Publishing

House and the revolutionaries in printing circles, who are infinitely loyal to Chairman Mao, decided to comply with this request of the revolutionary masses. In less than fifty days they published such an album.

This is the first album of photographs of our great leader Chairman Mao ever published in China. *Chairman Mao Is the Red Sun in Our Hearts*, printed in both standard and de-luxe editions, has fifty black and white photographs and ten in colour. The cover shows our great leader reviewing a mighty contingent of the cultural revolution and smiling as he waves to the revolutionary masses. Below is the title in gold: Chairman Mao Is the Red Sun in Our Hearts. The frontispiece carries the inscription in Comrade Lin Piao’s calligraphy: Long live the great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman Chairman Mao! Long, long life to him!

Exhibition of Illustrated Quotations from Chairman Mao

The Exhibition of Illustrated Quotations from Chairman Mao which opened recently in the Workers’ Cultural Palace in Shanghai has as its central theme praise of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. This is another splendid fruit of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

The exhibition comprises eight sections: In Praise of Our Great Leader Chairman Mao; In Praise of the Great Communist Party of China; In Praise of the January Revolution; In Praise of the Chinese People’s Liberation Army; Literature and Art Serve the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers; Take Firm Hold of the Revolution and Promote Production; Train Successors for the Revolution; Down with the Top Party Person in Authority Taking the Capitalist Road; and Carry the World Revolution Through to the End. Of the more than four hundred exhibits displayed, over seventy per cent were the work of workers, peasants and soldiers.

The Red Guards and revolutionary artists who contributed works to the exhibition went to different factories, communes and army units. There they studied the works of Chairman Mao with the workers, peasants and soldiers, working and fighting together, and

creating and revising these works collectively. Some are the joint work of professional artists and the spare-time artists in the Shanghai Shipbuilding Works and the No. 17 State Cotton Mill. One of these, a poster entitled *Long Live the Invincible Thought of Mao Tse-tung!*, was revised six times on the basis of suggestions from the shipbuilding workers.

This original exhibition has received a most enthusiastic welcome from the broad masses of workers, peasants, soldiers and Red Guards.

“The January Revolution” — an Exhibition of Paintings by Workers, Peasants and Soldiers of Shanghai

In June, raising high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, the Worker-Peasant-Soldier Art Exhibition Hall in Shanghai put on its first exhibition of art by workers, peasants and soldiers, “The January Revolution.”

The exhibition reflects the distinctive features of this new age in which Mao Tse-tung's thought is the great banner. Filled with revolutionary militancy, its true masters are the workers, peasants and soldiers. It was organized and put on by workers, peasants, soldiers and Red Guards from different revolutionary mass organizations of different fighting fronts. Acting on our great leader Chairman Mao's instructions, they carried out the mass line during the whole process of collecting and selecting exhibits. As a result, in the brief space of six weeks, they collected the record number of over 1,600 works. These revolutionary works of art bear powerful witness to the immense artistic creativity of the workers, peasants and soldiers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The exhibition consists of the following five sections: Long Live Chairman Mao! Long Live the Victory of the January Revolution! Combat Imperialism and Revisionism; Down with the Top Party Person in Authority Taking the Capitalist Road! and Launch a New High Tide in the Creative Study and Application of Chairman Mao's Works.

In the first hall, stupendous paintings in brilliant colours extol Chairman Mao, the red, red sun in our hearts, and the glorious,

invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. One of these works in praise of Chairman Mao is entitled *To Find Men Truly Great and Noble-hearted We Must Look Here in the Present*. This huge oil painting, 3.5 by 7.6 metres, executed with great verve and in striking colours, is the collective work of fifteen workers, peasants, revolutionary cadres and Red Guards, who completed it in little more than a week.

The workers, peasants and soldiers who were invited to a preview made a number of valuable suggestions and expressed unstinted praise for many of the exhibits.

Two New Full-length Song and Dance Dramas

Two full-length song and dance dramas, *The January Tempest* and *Spring Thunder in the Southwest*, reflecting the great victories won by the proletarian revolutionaries of Shanghai and Kweichow under the brilliant light of Mao Tse-tung's thought, have now had their premieres in Shanghai and Kweiyang.

Most of the proletarian revolutionaries who wrote and are performing in these dramas were victimized by and struggled against the bourgeois reactionary line earlier on in the cultural revolution. Among them are workers, Red Guards and professional literary and art workers. Both dramas owe their success to the fact that during writing and rehearsals full use was made of the wisdom of the masses, and the mass line was consistently carried out. The revolutionary people of the country have shown high appreciation of them both.

Kuo Mo-jo Withdraws from the Committee to Award the International Lenin Prize for the Promotion of Peace Among Nations

A meeting of the Committee to Award the International Lenin Prize for the Promotion of Peace Among Nations was scheduled to be held on April 20 in Moscow to examine the list of prize winners for 1966. The Soviet side notified Kuo Mo-jo, vice-president of this organization and chairman of the China Peace Committee, that he was to take part in this meeting. Comrade Kuo Mo-jo authorized

a spokesman of the China Peace Committee to issue a statement. In his statement the spokesman pointed out that the Soviet revisionist leading clique has turned this organization into a tool for pushing forward the revisionist line. The renegade Soviet revisionist clique, usurping the name of Lenin and under the signboard of "Peace," is continuing its bluff and deception; it must be resolutely opposed and thoroughly exposed. Kuo Mo-jo sternly refuses to attend the Moscow meeting. He also solemnly announces his withdrawal from this organization and declares that he will never have any relations with it.

團結人民、教育人民、打击敌人、消灭敌人

Uniting and Educating the People, Attacking and Destroying the Enemy

要 使 文 乙 很 好 地
 yao shih wen yi hen hao ti

成 为 整 个 革 命 机 器 的 一 个 组 成 部
 cheng wei cheng ko ko ming chi chi ti yi ko chu cheng pu

令, 作 为 团 结 人 民, 教 育
 jen, tso wei tuan chieh jen min, chiao yu

人 民, 打 击 敌 人, 消 灭 敌 人 的 有 力 的 武
 jen min, ta chi ti jen, hsiao mieh ti jen ti yu li ti wu

器, 帮 助 人 民 同 心 同 德 地
 chi, pang chu jen min tung hsin tung teh ti

和 敌 人 作 斗 争, 帮 助 人 民
 ho ti jen tso tou cheng, pang chu jen min

同 心 同 德 地 和 敌 人 作 斗 争。
 tung hsin tung teh ti ho ti jen tso tou cheng.

(Our purpose is) to ensure that literature and art 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, and that they help the people fight the enemy with one heart and one mind.

到工农兵群众中去
Go Among the Masses of Workers,
Peasants and Soldiers



中 国 的
chung kuo ti



革 命 的 文 学 家 艺 术 家, 有 出 息 的
ko ming ti wen hsueh chia yi shu chia, yu chu hsi ti



文 学 家 艺 术 家, 必 须 到
wen hsueh chia yi shu chia, pi hsu tao



群 众 中 去, 必 须 到 群 众 中 去,
chun tsung chung chu, pi hsu tao chun tsung chung chu,



必 须 长 期 地 无 条 件 地 全 心
pi shu chang chi ti wu tiao chien ti chuan hsin



全 心 地 到 工 农 兵 群 众 中 去, 到
chuan yi ti tao kung nung ping chun tsung chung chu, tao



大 热 的 斗 争 中 去, 到 唯 一 的 最 广 大
huo jo ti tou cheng chung chu, tao wei yi ti tsui kuang ta



最 丰 富 的 源 泉 中 去, ...
tsui feng fu ti yuan chuan chung chu...

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....

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