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CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Front Cover: Chairman Mao in Yen-an



Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

It is necessary to master Marxist theory and apply it, master it for the sole purpose of applying it. If you can apply the Marxist-Leninist viewpoint in elucidating one or two practical problems, you should be commended and credited with some achievement. The more problems you elucidate and the more comprehensively and profoundly you do so, the greater will be your achievement.

—*Rectify the Party's Style of Work*



Our great leader Chairman Mao Tse-tung

**Speech at the Chinese Communist
Party's National Conference on
Propaganda Work**

(March 12, 1957)

Comrades! Our conference¹ has gone very well. Many questions have been raised during the conference and we have learned about many things. I shall now make a few remarks on questions the comrades have been discussing.

We are living in a period of great social change. Chinese society has been going through great changes for a long time. The War of Resistance Against Japan was one period of great change and the War of Liberation another. But the present change is much more profound in character

than the earlier ones. We are now building socialism. Hundreds of millions of people are taking part in the movement for socialist transformation. Class relations are changing throughout the country. The petty bourgeoisie in agriculture and handicrafts and the bourgeoisie in industry and commerce have both undergone a change. The social and economic system has been changed; individual economy has been transformed into collective economy, and capitalist private ownership is being transformed into socialist public ownership. Changes of such magnitude are of course reflected in people's minds. Man's social being determines his consciousness. People of different classes, strata and social groups react differently to the great changes in our social system. The masses eagerly support them, for life itself has confirmed that socialism is the only way out for China. Overthrowing the old social system and establishing a new one, the system of socialism, is a great struggle, a great change in the social system and in men's relations with each other. It should be said that the situation is basically sound. But the new social system has only just been established and requires time for its consolidation. It must not be assumed that the new system can be completely consolidated the moment it is established, for that is impossible. It has to be consolidated step by step. To achieve its ultimate consolidation, it is necessary not only to bring about the socialist industrialization of the country and persevere in the socialist revolution on the economic front, but to carry on constant and arduous socialist revolutionary

struggles and socialist education on the political and ideological fronts. Moreover, various contributory international factors are required. In China the struggle to consolidate the socialist system, the struggle to decide whether socialism or capitalism will prevail, will still take a long historical period. But we should all realize that the new system of socialism will unquestionably be consolidated. We can assuredly build a socialist state with modern industry, modern agriculture, and modern science and culture. This is the first point I want to make.

Secondly, let us consider the situation regarding the intellectuals in our country. No accurate statistics are available on the number of intellectuals in China. It is estimated that there are about five million of all kinds, including both higher and ordinary intellectuals. Of these five million the overwhelming majority are patriotic, love our People's Republic, and are willing to serve the people and the socialist state. A small number do not quite like socialism and are not very happy. They are still sceptical about socialism, but they are patriotic when it comes to facing imperialism. The number of intellectuals who are hostile to our state is very small. They do not like our state, *i.e.*, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and yearn for the old society. Whenever there is an opportunity, they will stir up trouble and attempt to overthrow the Communist Party and restore the old China. As between the proletarian and the bourgeois roads, as between the socialist and the capitalist roads, these people stubbornly choose to follow the latter. In fact

this road is impossible, and in fact, therefore, they are ready to capitulate to imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism. Such people are to be found in political circles and in industrial and commercial, cultural and educational, scientific and technological and religious circles, and they are extremely reactionary. They account for only 1 or 2 or 3 per cent of the five million intellectuals. The overwhelming majority, or well over 90 per cent, of the total of five million, support the socialist system in varying degrees. Many of them are not yet quite clear on how to work under socialism and on how to understand, handle and solve many new problems.

As far as the attitude of the five million intellectuals towards Marxism is concerned, one may say that over 10 per cent, comprising the Communists and sympathizers, are relatively familiar with Marxism and take a firm stand — the stand of the proletariat. Among the total of five million, they are a minority, but they are the nucleus and a powerful force. The majority have the desire to study Marxism and have already learned a little, but they are not yet familiar with it. Some of them still have doubts, their stand is not yet firm and they vacillate in moments of stress. This section of intellectuals, constituting the majority of the five million, is still in an intermediate state. The number who strongly oppose Marxism, or are hostile to it, is very small. Some people actually disagree with Marxism, although they do not openly say so. There will be people of this sort for a long time to come, and we should allow them to disagree. Take some of the idealists for

example. They may support the political and economic system of socialism but disagree with the Marxist world outlook. The same holds true for the patriotic people in religious circles. They are theists and we are atheists. We cannot force them to accept the Marxist world outlook. In short, the attitude of the five million intellectuals towards Marxism may be summed up as follows: Those who support Marxism and are relatively familiar with it are a minority, those who oppose it are also a minority, and the majority support Marxism but are not familiar with it, and support it in varying degrees. Here the stands taken are of three different kinds — resolute, wavering and antagonistic. And this situation will admittedly continue for a long time to come. If we fail to recognize this fact, we shall make too great a demand on others and at the same time set ourselves too small a task. Our comrades in propaganda work have the task of disseminating Marxism. This has to be done gradually and done well, so that people willingly accept it. We cannot force people to accept Marxism, we can only persuade them. If over a period of several five-year plans a fairly large number of our intellectuals accept Marxism and acquire a fairly good grasp of it through their actual work and life, through the practice of class struggle, production and scientific activity, that will be fine. And that is what we hope will happen.

Thirdly, there is the question of the remoulding of the intellectuals. Ours is a culturally undeveloped country. For a vast country like ours, five million intellectuals are too few. Without intellectuals our work cannot be done

well, and we should therefore do a good job of uniting with them. Socialist society mainly comprises three sections of people, the workers, the peasants and the intellectuals. Intellectuals are mental workers. Their work is in the service of the people, that is, in the service of the workers and the peasants. As far as the majority of intellectuals are concerned, they can serve the new China as they did the old, and serve the proletariat as they did the bourgeoisie. When the intellectuals served the old China, the left wing resisted, the intermediate section wavered, and only the right wing was resolute. Now, when it comes to serving the new society, the situation is reversed. The left wing is resolute, the intermediate section wavers (this wavering in the new society is different from that in the old society), and the right wing resists. Moreover, intellectuals are educators. Our newspapers are educating the people every day. Our writers and artists, scientists and technicians, professors and teachers are all educating students, educating the people. Being educators and teachers, they themselves must first be educated. And all the more so in the present period of great change in the social system. They have had some Marxist education in the last few years, and some have studied very hard and made great progress. But the majority still have a long way to go before they can completely replace the bourgeois world outlook with the proletarian world outlook. Some people have read a few Marxist books and think themselves quite learned, but what they have read has not penetrated, has not struck

root in their minds, so that they do not know how to use it and their class feelings remain as of old. Others are very conceited and having learned some book-phrases, think themselves terrific and are very cocky; but whenever a storm blows up, they take a stand very different from that of the workers and the majority of the peasants. They waver while the latter stand firm, they equivocate while the latter are forthright. Hence it is wrong to assume that people who educate others no longer need to be educated and no longer need to study, or that socialist remoulding means remoulding others — the landlords, the capitalists and the individual producers — but not the intellectuals. The intellectuals, too, need remoulding, and not only those who have not changed their basic stand; everybody should study and remould himself. I say “everybody,” and this includes us who are present here. Conditions are changing all the time, and to adapt one’s thinking to the new conditions, one must study. Even those who have a better grasp of Marxism and are comparatively firm in their proletarian stand have to go on studying, have to absorb what is new and tackle new problems. Unless they rid their minds of what is unsound, intellectuals cannot undertake the task of educating others. Naturally, we have to learn while teaching and be pupils while serving as teachers. To be a good teacher, one must first be a good pupil. There are many things which cannot be learned from books alone; one must learn from those engaged in production, from the workers, from the poor and lower middle peasants and, in schools,

from the students, from those one teaches. In my opinion, the majority of our intellectuals are willing to learn. It is our task to help them warm-heartedly and in a proper way on the basis of their willingness to study; we must not resort to compulsion and force them to study.

Fourthly, there is the question of the integration of the intellectuals with the masses of workers and peasants. Since their task is to serve the masses of workers and peasants, the intellectuals must, first and foremost, know them and be familiar with their life, work and ideas. We encourage the intellectuals to go among the masses, to go to factories and villages. It is very bad if you never in all your life meet a worker or a peasant. Our government workers, writers, artists, teachers and scientific research workers should seize every opportunity to get close to the workers and peasants. Some can go to factories or villages just to look around; this may be called "looking at the flowers while on horseback" and is better than nothing at all. Others can stay there for a few months, conducting investigations and making friends; this may be called "dismounting to look at the flowers." Still others can stay and live there for a considerable time, say, two or three years or even longer; this may be called "settling down." Some intellectuals do live among the workers and peasants, for instance, the industrial technicians in factories and the agricultural technicians and rural school teachers in the countryside. They should do their work well and integrate themselves with the workers and peasants. We should create an atmosphere in which

"getting close to the workers and peasants" virtually becomes a habit, in other words, we should have large numbers of intellectuals doing so. Not all of them of course; some are unable to go for one reason or another, but we hope that as many as possible will go. They cannot all go at the same time, but they can go in batches at different times. In the old days when we were in Yen-an, the intellectuals were enabled to make direct contact with the workers and peasants. Many of them in Yen-an were very confused in their thinking and came out with all sorts of queer arguments. We held a forum, advising them to go among the masses. Later many went, and the results were very good. Until an intellectual's book knowledge is integrated with practice, it is not complete, and it may be very incomplete indeed. It is chiefly through reading books that intellectuals acquire the experience of our predecessors. Of course, it is necessary to read books, but by itself it does not solve problems. One must study the actual situation, examine practical experience and concrete material, and make friends with the workers and peasants. Making friends with the workers and peasants is no easy job. Even now when people go to factories or villages, the results are good in some cases but not in others. What is involved here is the question of stand or attitude, that is, of one's world outlook. We advocate "letting a hundred schools of thought contend," and in every branch of learning there may be many schools and trends; in the matter of world outlook, however, today there are basically only

two schools, the proletarian and the bourgeois. It is one or the other, either the proletarian or the bourgeois world outlook. The communist world outlook is the world outlook of the proletariat and of no other class. Most of our present intellectuals come from the old society and from families of non-working people. Even those who come from workers' or peasants' families are still bourgeois intellectuals because the education they received before liberation was a bourgeois education and their world outlook was fundamentally bourgeois. If they do not discard the old and replace it by the proletarian world outlook, they will remain different from the workers and peasants in their viewpoint, stand and feelings, and will be like square pegs in round holes, and the workers and peasants will not open their hearts to them. If the intellectuals integrate themselves with the workers and peasants and make friends with them, the Marxism they have learned from books can become truly their own. In order to have a real grasp of Marxism, one must learn it not only from books, but mainly through class struggle, through practical work and close contact with the masses of workers and peasants. When in addition to reading some Marxist books our intellectuals have gained some understanding through close contact with the masses of workers and peasants and through their own practical work, we will all be speaking the same language, not only the common language of patriotism and the common language of the socialist system, but probably even the common language of the communist world outlook.

If that happens, all of us will certainly work much better.

Fifthly, there is rectification. Rectification means correcting one's way of thinking and style of work. Rectification movements were conducted within the Communist Party during the anti-Japanese war, during the War of Liberation, and in the early days after the founding of the People's Republic of China.² Now the Central Committee of the Communist Party has decided on another rectification within the Party to be started this year. Non-Party people may take part in it, or they need not if they do not wish to. The main thing in this rectification movement is to criticize the following three errors in one's way of thinking and style of work — subjectivism, bureaucracy and sectarianism. As in the rectification movement in the anti-Japanese war, the method this time will be first to study a number of documents, and then, on the basis of such study, to examine one's own thinking and work and unfold criticism and self-criticism to expose shortcomings and mistakes and promote what is right and good. On the one hand, we must be strict and conduct criticism and self-criticism of mistakes and shortcomings seriously, and not perfunctorily, and correct them; on the other hand, we must not be rough but must follow the principle of "learning from past mistakes to avoid future ones and curing the sickness to save the patient," and we must oppose the method of "finishing people off with a single blow."

Ours is a great Party, a glorious Party, a correct Party. This must be affirmed as a fact. But we still have shortcom-

ings, and this, too, must be affirmed as a fact. We should not affirm everything, but only what is correct; at the same time, we should not negate everything, but only what is wrong. Our achievements are the main thing in our work, and yet there are not a few shortcomings and mistakes. That is why we need a rectification movement. Will it undermine our Party's prestige if we criticize our own subjectivism, bureaucracy and sectarianism? I think not. On the contrary, it will serve to enhance our Party's prestige. The rectification movement during the anti-Japanese war proved this. It enhanced the prestige of our Party, of our Party comrades and our veteran cadres, and it also enabled the new cadres to make great progress. Which of the two was afraid of criticism, the Communist Party or the Kuomintang? The Kuomintang. It prohibited criticism, but that did not save it from final defeat. The Communist Party does not fear criticism because we are Marxists, the truth is on our side, and the basic masses, the workers and peasants, are on our side. As we used to say, the rectification movement is "a widespread movement of Marxist education."³ Rectification means the whole Party studying Marxism through criticism and self-criticism. We can certainly learn more about Marxism in the course of the rectification movement.

The transformation and construction of China depend on us for leadership. When we have rectified our way of thinking and style of work, we shall enjoy greater initiative in our work, become more capable and work better. Our country has need of many people who whole-heartedly

serve the masses and the cause of socialism and who are determined to bring about changes. We Communists should all be people of this kind. In old China it was a crime to talk about reforms, and offenders would be beheaded or imprisoned. Nevertheless there were determined reformers who, fearing nothing, published books and newspapers, educated and organized the people and waged indomitable struggles under every kind of difficulty. The people's democratic dictatorship has paved the way for the rapid economic and cultural development of our country. It is only a few years since the establishment of our state, and yet people can already see the unprecedented flowering of the economy, culture, education and science. In building up the new China we Communists are not daunted by any difficulties whatsoever. But we cannot accomplish this on our own. We need a good number of non-Party people with great ideals who will fight dauntlessly together with us for the transformation and construction of our society in the direction of socialism and communism. It is an arduous task to ensure a better life for the several hundred million people of China and to build our economically and culturally backward country into a prosperous and powerful one with a high level of culture. Therefore, in order to be able to shoulder this task more competently and work better together with all non-Party people who are actuated by high ideals and determined to institute reforms, we must conduct rectification movements both now and in the future, and constantly rid ourselves of whatever is wrong. Thoroughgoing materialists are fear-

less; we hope that all our fellow fighters will courageously shoulder their responsibilities and overcome all difficulties, fearing no setbacks or gibes, nor hesitating to criticize us Communists and give us their suggestions. "He who is not afraid of death by a thousand cuts dares to unhorse the emperor" — this is the indomitable spirit needed in our struggle to build socialism and communism. On our part, we Communists should create conditions helpful to those who co-operate with us, establish good comradely relations with them in our common work and unite with them in our joint struggle.

Sixthly, there is the question of one-sidedness. One-sidedness means thinking in terms of absolutes, that is, a metaphysical approach to problems. In the appraisal of our work, it is one-sided to regard everything either as all positive or as all negative. There are quite a few people inside the Communist Party and very many outside it who do just that. To regard everything as positive is to see only the good and not the bad, and to tolerate only praise and no criticism. To talk as though our work is good in every respect is at variance with the facts. It is not true that everything is good; there are still shortcomings and mistakes. But neither is it true that everything is bad, and that, too, is at variance with the facts. We must analyse things concretely. To negate everything is to think, without having made any analysis, that nothing has been done well and that the great work of socialist construction, the great struggle in which hundreds of millions of people are participating, is a complete mess

with nothing in it worth commending. Although there is a difference between the many people who hold such views and those who are hostile to the socialist system, these views are very mistaken and harmful and can only dishearten people. It is wrong to appraise our work either from the viewpoint that everything is positive, or from the viewpoint that everything is negative. We should criticize those people who take such a one-sided approach to problems, though of course in criticizing them we should help them, keeping to the principle of "learning from past mistakes to avoid future ones and curing the sickness to save the patient."

Some people say: Since there is to be a rectification movement and since everyone is to be asked to express his opinions, one-sidedness is unavoidable, and therefore in calling for the elimination of one-sidedness, it seems that you really don't want people to speak up. Is this assertion right? It is naturally difficult for everyone to avoid any trace of one-sidedness. People always examine and handle problems and express their views in the light of their own experience, and unavoidably they sometimes show a little one-sidedness. However, should we not ask them gradually to overcome their one-sidedness and to look at problems in a relatively all-sided way? In my opinion, we should. Otherwise, we would be stagnating; we would be approving one-sidedness and contradicting the whole purpose of rectification if we did not make the demand that, from day to day and from year to year, more and more people should view prob-

lems in a relatively all-sided way. One-sidedness is a violation of dialectics. We want gradually to disseminate dialectics, and to ask everyone gradually to learn the use of the scientific dialectical method. Some of the articles now being published are extremely pompous but devoid of any content, any analysis of problems and any reasoned argument, and they carry no conviction. There should be fewer and fewer of such articles. When writing an article, one should not be thinking all the time, "How brilliant I am!" but should regard one's readers as on a completely equal footing with oneself. You may have been in the revolution for a long time, but all the same if you say something wrong, people will refute you. The more airs you put on, the less people will stand for it and the less they will care to read your articles. We should do our work honestly, analyse things concretely, write articles that carry conviction and never overawe people by striking a pose.

Some people say that while one-sidedness can be avoided in a lengthy article, it is unavoidable in a short essay. Must a short essay always be one-sided? As I have just said, it is usually hard to avoid one-sidedness and there is nothing terrible if a certain amount creeps in. Criticism would be hampered if everyone were required to look at problems in an absolutely all-sided way. Nevertheless we do ask everyone to try to approach problems in a relatively all-sided way and try to avoid one-sidedness in both long and short articles, short essays included. Some people argue, how is it possible to undertake analysis

in an essay of a few hundred or one to two thousand words? I say, why not? Didn't Lu Hsun do it? The analytical method is dialectical. By analysis, we mean analysing the contradictions in things. And sound analysis is impossible without intimate knowledge of life and without real understanding of the pertinent contradictions. Lu Hsun's later essays are so penetrating and powerful and yet so free from one-sidedness precisely because he had grasped dialectics by then. Some of Lenin's articles can also be called short essays; they are satirical and pungent, but without one-sidedness. Almost all of Lu Hsun's essays were directed at the enemy; some of Lenin's essays were directed at the enemy and others at comrades. Can the Lu Hsun type of essay be used against mistakes and shortcomings within the ranks of the people? I think it can. Of course, we must make a distinction between the enemy and ourselves, and we must not adopt an antagonistic stand towards comrades and treat them as we would the enemy. In speaking up, one must have an ardent desire to protect the cause of the people and raise their political consciousness, and there must be no ridiculing or attacking in one's approach.

What if one dare not write? Some people say they dare not write even when they have something to say, lest they should offend people and be criticized. I think such worries can be cast aside. Ours is a democratic people's government, and it provides an environment conducive to writing in the service of the people. The policy of "letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred

schools of thought contend” offers additional guarantees for the flowering of science and the arts. If what you say is right, you need fear no criticism, and you can explain your correct views further through debate. If what you say is wrong, then criticism can help you correct your mistakes, and there is nothing bad in that. In our society, militant revolutionary criticism and counter-criticism are the healthy method used to expose and resolve contradictions, develop science and the arts and ensure success in all our work.

Seventhly, to “open wide” or to “restrict”? This is a question of policy. “Let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend” is a long-term as well as a fundamental policy; it is not just a temporary policy. In the discussion, comrades expressed disapproval of “restriction,” and I think this view is the correct one. The Central Committee of the Party is of the opinion that we must “open wide,” not “restrict.”

In leading our country, two alternative methods, or in other words two alternative policies, can be adopted — to “open wide” or to “restrict.” To “open wide” means to let all people express their opinions freely, so that they dare to speak, dare to criticize and dare to debate; it means not being afraid of wrong views and anything poisonous; it means to encourage argument and criticism among people holding different views, allowing freedom both for criticism and for counter-criticism; it means not suppressing wrong views but convincing people by reasoning with them. To “restrict” means to forbid people to air differing

opinions and express wrong ideas, and to “finish them off with a single blow” if they do so. That is the way to aggravate rather than to resolve contradictions. To “open wide,” or to “restrict” — we must choose one or the other of these two policies. We choose the former, because it is the policy which will help to consolidate our country and develop our culture.

We are prepared to use the policy of “opening wide” to unite with the several million intellectuals and change their present outlook. As I have said above, the overwhelming majority of the intellectuals in our country want to make progress and remould themselves, and they are quite capable of remoulding themselves. In this connection, the policy we adopt will play a tremendous role. The question of the intellectuals is above all one of ideology, and it is not helpful but harmful to resort to crude and high-handed measures for solving ideological questions. The remoulding of the intellectuals, and especially the changing of their world outlook, is a process that requires a long period of time. Our comrades must understand that ideological remoulding involves long-term, patient and painstaking work, and they must not attempt to change people’s ideology, which has been shaped over decades of life, by giving a few lectures or by holding a few meetings. Persuasion, not compulsion, is the only way to convince them. Compulsion will never result in convincing them. To try to convince them by force simply won’t work. This kind of method is permissible in dealing with the enemy, but absolutely

impermissible in dealing with comrades or friends. What if we don't know how to convince others? Then we have to learn. We must learn to conquer erroneous ideas through debate and reasoning.

"To let a hundred flowers blossom" is the way to develop the arts, and "to let a hundred schools of thought contend" is the way to develop science. Not only is this policy a good method of developing science and the arts, but, if given extended application, it constitutes a good method of doing all our work. It can help us to make fewer mistakes. There are many things we don't understand and are therefore unable to tackle, but through debate and struggle we shall come to understand them and learn how to tackle them. Truth develops through debate between different views. The same method can be adopted with regard to whatever is poisonous and anti-Marxist, because Marxism will develop in the struggle against it. This is development through the struggle of opposites, development conforming to dialectics.

Haven't people discussed the true, the good and the beautiful all through the ages? Their opposites are the false, the evil and the ugly. The former would not exist without the latter. Truth stands in opposition to falsehood. In society as in nature, every entity invariably breaks up into its different parts, only there are differences in content and form under different concrete conditions. There will always be false and ugly phenomena. There will always be such opposites as the right and the wrong, the good and the evil, the beautiful and the ugly. The same

is true of fragrant flowers and poisonous weeds. The relationship between them is one of the unity and struggle of opposites. There can be no differentiation without contrast. There can be no development without differentiation and struggle. Truth develops through its struggle against falsehood. This is how Marxism develops. Marxism develops in the struggle against bourgeois and petty-bourgeois ideology, and it is only through struggle that it can develop.

We are for the policy of "opening wide"; so far there has been too little of it rather than too much. We must not be afraid of opening wide, nor should we be afraid of criticism and poisonous weeds. Marxism is scientific truth; it fears no criticism and cannot be defeated by criticism. The same holds for the Communist Party and the People's Government; they fear no criticism and cannot be defeated by it. There will always be some things that are wrong, and that is nothing to be afraid of. Recently, a number of ghosts and monsters have been presented on the stage. Seeing this, some comrades have become very worried. In my opinion, a little of this does not matter much; within a few decades such ghosts and monsters will disappear from the stage altogether and you won't be able to see them even if you want to. We must promote what is right and oppose what is wrong, but we must not be frightened if people come in contact with erroneous things. It will solve no problem simply to issue administrative orders forbidding people to have any contact with perverse and evil phenomena and with erroneous

ideas, or forbidding them to see ghosts and monsters on the stage. Of course, I am not advocating the spread of such things, I only say "a few of them do not matter much." It is not at all strange that erroneous things should exist, nor should this give any cause for fear; indeed it will help people learn to struggle against them better. Even great storms are not to be feared. It is amid great storms that human society progresses.

In our country bourgeois and petty-bourgeois ideology, anti-Marxist ideology, will continue to exist for a long time. Basically, the socialist system has been established in our country. We have won the basic victory in transforming the ownership of the means of production, but we have not yet won complete victory on the political and ideological fronts. In the ideological field, the question of who will win in the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie has not been really settled yet. We still have to wage a protracted struggle against bourgeois and petty-bourgeois ideology. It is wrong not to understand this and to give up ideological struggle. All erroneous ideas, all poisonous weeds, all ghosts and monsters, must be subjected to criticism; in no circumstance should they be allowed to spread unchecked. However, the criticism should be fully reasoned, analytical and convincing, and never rough, bureaucratic, metaphysical or dogmatic.

For a long time now people have been levelling a lot of criticism at dogmatism. That is as it should be. But they often neglect to criticize revisionism. Both dogma-

tism and revisionism run counter to Marxism. Marxism must certainly advance; it must develop along with the development of practice and cannot stand still. It would become lifeless if it remained stagnant and stereotyped. However, the basic principles of Marxism must never be violated, or otherwise mistakes will be made. It is dogmatism to approach Marxism from a metaphysical point of view and to regard it as something rigid. It is revisionism to negate the basic principles of Marxism and to negate its universal truth. Revisionism is one form of bourgeois ideology. The revisionists deny the differences between socialism and capitalism, between the dictatorship of the proletariat and the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie. What they advocate is in fact not the socialist line but the capitalist line. In present circumstances, revisionism is more pernicious than dogmatism. One of our current important tasks on the ideological front is to unfold criticism of revisionism.

Eighthly and lastly, the Party committees of the provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions must tackle the question of ideology. This is the point some of the comrades present here wanted me to touch upon. In many places, the Party committees have not yet tackled the question of ideology, or have done very little in this respect. The main reason is that they are busy. But they must tackle it. By "tackling it" I mean that it must be put on the agenda and studied. The large-scale, turbulent class struggles of the masses characteristic of the previous revolutionary periods have in the main come to

an end, but there is still class struggle — mainly on the political and ideological fronts — and it is very acute too. The question of ideology has now become very important. The first secretaries of the Party committees in all localities should personally tackle this question, which can be solved correctly only when they have given it serious attention and gone into it. All localities should call meetings on propaganda work, similar to our present one, to discuss local ideological work and all related problems. Such meetings should be attended not only by Party comrades but also by people outside the Party, and moreover by people with different opinions. This is all to the good and no harm can come of it, as the experience of the present meeting has proved.

NOTES

¹ The Chinese Communist Party's National Conference on Propaganda Work was held by the Central Committee of the Party in Peking from March 6 to 13, 1957. It was attended by more than 380 leading cadres of the Party's propaganda, cultural and educational departments at the central and provincial (or municipal) levels. Also, more than 100 non-Party people were invited from various departments and institutions of science, education, literature and art, and the press.

² The rectification movement during the anti-Japanese war was conducted in 1942 on a large scale in the Party organizations in Yen-an and other anti-Japanese base areas to combat subjectivism, sectarianism and stereotyped writing. The rectification during the War of Liberation was a movement for Party consolidation, which was conducted extensively in the Party organizations in the Liberated Areas in 1948 in co-ordination with the land reform movement. The rectification in the early days after the founding of the People's Republic of China was conducted throughout the Party in 1950 after nation-wide victory, with the aim of intensifying education among the large numbers of new Party members and changing their impure ideology, and of overcoming complacency and a commandist style of work among old Party members which began to grow as a result of victory.

³ See "On Production by the Army for Its Own Support and on the Importance of the Great Movements for Rectification and for Production," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, Eng. ed., Foreign Languages Press, Peking, 1965, Vol. III, pp. 325-29.



Little Soldier Chang Ka

A fishing line is drawn slowly out of the water. A big, sparkling silver carp thrashes wildly about as it is pulled to the surface. The angler is a boy in his early teens with a swarthy face and a look of devilry in his flashing black eyes. His name is Chang Ka.

Grinning cheerfully, Chang Ka nets the carp and lifts it on to his boat. Abruptly, a volley of rifle-fire breaks the stillness. The boy looks up in surprise.

On Thousand *Li* Dike stands a sinister black fortress. From the foot of it fire is flashing. Shots and whistles mingle with the barking of dogs.

Chang Ka watches, startled.

A man running along the dike swings round to throw a hand-grenade. Its explosion sets up a smoke screen, under cover of which he jumps into the creek.

Startled, Chang Ka springs up and jumps into the water. The boat starts rocking.

The water ripples. A hand reaches up to clutch the side of the boat, and a square face appears. A strong middle-aged man looks round alertly, then climbs into the boat.

This man picks up the oars and is rowing away when a shot rings out. Hit in the shoulder, he drops the oars and collapses. The boat turns in a circle, then drifts on. Enemy soldiers mill about outside the fortress, flashing electric torches and firing at random.

Waterfowl cry, as the boat noses into cover in the reeds. Now Chang Ka's head emerges from the water. He looks at the man in the boat, gazes around, then ducks back into the water to go on pushing the boat.

The current raises eddies in the creek.

The morning breeze ruffles the reeds on either bank. A hazy mist floats over Paiyang Lake, serene and quiet in the early morning sunlight.

The clear, placid lake sparkles as the golden sun rises. A small boat glides forward in the morning breeze, rippling the water.

Chang Ka rows the boat swiftly eastwards towards the sun.

By a small oil lamp, a grey-haired old woman heaves a sigh of relief.

A girl with bobbed hair smiles. She is the health officer of the local armed forces. She tells Chung Liang, who is resting on the *kang*: "See, it's nearly healed over. No wonder people say Company Commander Chung is made of iron!"

Chung Liang, the man whom Chang Ka saved, is commander of the local reconnaissance company. He laughs heartily.

"That's thanks to the way Granny and young Ka-tzu have looked after me. Ka-tzu catches fish and shrimps every day, and Granny cooks such delicious food, I just can't thank them enough."

Granny puts on a show of being angry. "Stop treating us like strangers! Aren't we all one family?" She puts the lamp on the table, and the health officer comes over to fetch medicine.

"He's itching to rejoin his unit," Granny tells the health officer. "He simply won't take it easy. You criticize him for me."

The health officer takes the medicine and a bowl of water to Chung. "This has always been the trouble with you, Company Commander Chung."

"You don't understand," he retorts. "We've finished off most of the Japanese forts in this district. If we can pull out this big nail, that'll change the whole situation. But I fell down on the job."

"Wait till you're better. More haste, less speed. Besides, we've still Lo Chin-pao and the rest of them."

Suddenly Chang Ka yells outside: "Gran! Gran!"

They look round. Chang Ka bursts in, covered with mud, holding a large fish. While still in the doorway he cries: "Uncle Chung!"

"Not so much noise!" scolds Granny. "What's kept you out so late?"

Chang Ka holds out the fish. "I was catching this."

"My, just look at you, you monkey, all over mud."

He springs mischievously towards her and makes a face. "Boo!" Then he goes to Chung Liang and tells him earnestly: "This fellow really put up a fight, Uncle Chung. He made off with my prong and tried to hide in the mud. I jumped in to grab him, but it took a long time. And when I got him out of the water, wham! he knocked me over with one flap of his tail."

Chung and the health officer smile.

"All right," says Granny. "Give me the fish."

"Here!"

"I'll cook it for Uncle Chung and Little Li."

After Chang Ka hands over the fish, he perches on the edge of the *kang*.

"Uncle Chung, for that, won't you tell me another story about fighting the Japanese devils?"

"My stories aren't for muddy eels. First clean yourself up."

Chang Ka holds up one foot to examine it, then says sheepishly: "All right, I'll clean up, why not?"

He ladles a gourdful of water into a basin, and plunges in his head.

Chung Liang and the health officer burst out laughing at the comic sight.

"Look at the young rascal!"

Chang Ka raises his dripping head and roguishly miaows like a cat.

On a tumbledown wall on Thousand *Li* Dike is written the name of the village: Kueipuling.

Along comes a middle-aged man, Village Head Chun Kang, a crate for dung slung over his shoulder. As he passes under a tree on the dike, someone suddenly shouts: "Halt!" Looking up, he sees Chang Ka parting the leaves and chuckling.

"Come down, Ka-tzu!"

"All right."

Chang Ka scrambles down and asks: "What's new, Uncle Chun?"

Chun, quietly: "The devils are still holding those porters they nabbed. Tell your Granny and Uncle Chung to be on their guard."

"Right." Chang Ka turns to go. The village head catches hold of him, and produces a small bag of rice from underneath a bundle of leeks in his crate.

"Wait a bit. I've some rice here for your Uncle Chung. Give this to your Granny." He slaps the back of Chang Ka's head playfully. "Young rascal!"

Chang Ka pretends to take this seriously. "A village head shouldn't slap people," he protests.

"Sh — sh!"

Chang Ka knows he has gone too far. Sticking out his tongue, he makes off. Chuckling, Chun Kang watches him go.

Granny, by the stove, is turning over a flapjack in the pan.

As Chang Ka nears home he smells something good cooking. He tiptoes up behind Granny and filches a flapjack. Granny catches hold of his hand.

"What are you up to?"

"Just taking a flapjack."

"They're not for you. Why have you come back, instead of keeping watch properly outside?"

"The village head sent me back. He says the devils are still holding those porters they nabbed. You must be on your guard. Here's some rice he got for Uncle Chung."

Granny puts the rice on the stove. After a moment's thought she picks up the wicker tray. Followed by Chang Ka, she goes to the table. She puts a dish of eggs on the tray and hands it to him.



"Take this to your Uncle Chung, and tell him it's not safe to come out just now."

"Right!" Chang Ka lifts the cloth covering the tray, tempted to eat one of the flapjacks.

"Hey!" cries Granny. "Yours is in the pan. You can have it when you get back."

Holding the tray, Chang Ka climbs on to the *kang*, raises the New-Year picture over a hole in the wall, and climbs out. Granny replaces the picture.

Stooping, Chang Ka carries the tray through some stacks of reeds. He moves aside one stack to get out, and enters the deserted yard of a derelict temple.

Apart from a few rays of sunlight which break through the cracks of the bricked-up windows, the temple is dark. Chung Liang, seated on a stool by the low *kang*, is putting the finishing touches to a wooden pistol he has carved. When Chang Ka miaows outside, Chung Liang puts down his sickle and hides the wooden pistol, then goes to open the door.

Chang Ka, crouching on the temple steps with his tray, miaows like a cat. When Chung Liang peeps out through a gap in the door, the boy miaows mischievously at him and makes a face. Chung Liang looks round alertly. "Come in, quick!" He pulls the boy inside. As Chang Ka takes his tray to the *kang*, Chung Liang bolts the door; then he joins him.

"I've brought your meal, Uncle Chung."

"Flapjacks and scrambled eggs again!"

"Go ahead and eat it. Oh, Uncle Chun Kang told me the devils are still holding those porters they caught. Granny says you'd better not come out yet awhile."

"It's nearing dusk; still, we'd better be on the safe side." Seeing that Chang Ka is using the sickle to whittle a piece of wood, he gets the wooden pistol out from under the *kang* and waves it in front of the boy.

"Look, Ka-tzu."

"A pistol!" Chang Ka grabs it from Chung Liang and gleefully goes through the motions of taking aim and firing. "Bang, bang, bang!"

"Sh! Don't make so much noise."

Chang Ka quiets down, struck by an idea.

Chung Liang is eating a flapjack. Chang Ka darts behind him and jabs the pistol in the small of his back.

"Don't move! Stand up, get going."

"All right, I'll come, I'll come." Chung Liang puts up his hands, pretending to be a Japanese soldier.

"Hands up!"

"Ho, I surrender. . . ."

In delight, Chang Ka hugs Chung Liang, who spanks his bottom.

"You're a smart fellow, Ka-tzu!"

The two of them sit down again. Chang Ka can't keep his eyes off his new gun. He looks up eagerly at Chung Liang.

"Now I've this, Uncle Chung, you can take me along with you to be a scout."

"How can you be a scout with a wooden gun?"

"Didn't you tell me Uncle Lo Chin-pao held up a Japanese devil with the stub of a broom and captured his gun?"

"So he did. Lo Chin-pao is really tough. He'd gone to Paoting to scout round, and on his way back he ran into two traitors as soon as he got on the highway. They levelled two bayonets at his chest. . . ."

Chang Ka starts.

"... Lo Chin-pao didn't turn a hair. Just smiled and asked the traitors, 'What's the big idea?' 'We're going to search you,' they said. 'All right, go ahead.' Slowly, he put up his hands and they stepped closer."

Chang Ka listens on tenterhooks.

"Just as they were going to frisk him, Lo Chin-pao lunged out, shoving their bayonets aside, and pulled out his pistol. Bang, bang! He fired two shots at the swine."

The same instant, two real shots are heard outside. Chung Liang looks up in surprise. Chang Ka jumps up in fright.

A grim unit of Japanese cavalry and some puppet troops are streaming into the village, to conduct a house-to-house search.

In the temple, Chang Ka cowers behind Chung Liang.

"Don't be afraid, Ka-tzu. We must nip out and hide in the reeds."

He takes Chang Ka's hand and is running to the door when they hear puppet soldiers' voices.

"Come on, let's go in and have a look."

Two puppet soldiers with rifles enter the temple yard through a gap in the wall. The first soldier hammers on the temple door with the butt of his gun.

"Hey, there's someone inside! The door's bolted from inside, confound it."

Chang Ka shows alarm. Chung Liang hands him the sickle and picks up a stick.

The puppet soldiers go over to the bricked-up window. "Oh, there's a window over there."

Chung Liang takes Chang Ka to stand out of sight below the window. The soldiers outside are egging each other on.

"You can stand on my shoulders to look in."

"No, I'll give you a boost up."
"I'm stronger than you. Go on."
"You get up."
"No, you!"
"All right, all right. Here goes."
The first puppet soldier climbs on the back of the second.
"Well, what can you see?" asks the man on the ground.
"Hoist me a little higher." The first soldier smashes a brick with the butt of his rifle.

A shower of dirt from the window frightens Chang Ka, who looks round. Some rubble has fallen on Chung Liang's head, but he stands there motionless. Chang Ka bucks up. Shaking the dirt off his head, he tightens his grip on the sickle. The first puppet soldier peers through the gap in the window.

"Damn! It's too dark inside to see a thing!"

Some bricks fall on the second soldier's head. He staggers, making the man on his back flop heavily down on top of him.

"Ouch! My poor head!"

The first soldier angrily kicks the second. "What the hell are you playing at?"

"Say, there may be Eighth Routers inside."

"What? . . . Wait here, then, while I fetch some of the others." He rushes off.

"Hey, wait for me," yells the second soldier. "I'm going with you."

Chung Liang takes Chang Ka's arm. "We must run for it, Ka-tzu."

Chung Liang slips out of the door and looks around, then he and Chang Ka run out of the temple. Chung Liang moves aside the stack of reeds and crawls into the narrow space beside the wall, with Chang Ka close behind. As they reach the hole in Granny's room covered by the New-Year picture, they hear Japanese soldiers swearing at Granny and the sound of pots and furniture being smashed.

"Talkee. Kola!" bellows a Japanese.

At once Chung Liang and Chang Ka run back the way they came, and jump over the broken wall.

"The coast seems clear, Ka-tzu. I'll go and scout round. If nothing happens, you follow."

"Right."

Having reconnoitred, Chung Liang runs out of the gate. As he reaches a lane he hears children crying and puppet soldiers cursing the villagers whom they have rounded up.

"Go on," yells a puppet soldier. "The Imperial Army's going to hold a meeting."

Puppet soldiers are marching some villagers towards Chung Liang. He darts into another lane, only to run full tilt into another group. Before he can retrace his steps, a bayonet bars his way.

"Hey, come back, you!" roars a puppet soldier. "Imperial Army's called a meeting."

"Get a move on."

With a curse the first soldier behind, who has rounded up some villagers, strikes Chung Liang with the butt of his gun.

"Go on, damn you! To the meeting."

Chung Liang is marched off with the villagers.

Chang Ka, waiting anxiously, tries to poke his head out of the window, but the hole is too small. He runs to the gap in the wall. When he sees Chung Liang marched off he gives a cry of dismay.

The second puppet soldier hearing this looks back. "What are you doing?" he shouts. "Get the hell out of there!"

Bang! He fires.

Chang Ka ducks quickly, but presently pops up again for another look. Finally he goes home.

The New-Year picture in Granny's room is pushed back. Chang Ka climbs through the gap, looks round and calls: "Gran!"

There is no one there. The place is a shambles, with furniture lying overturned on the floor. Chang Ka gets down from the *kang* and gazes anxiously round, letting slip the sickle. Tears well up in his eyes and he sobs: "Gran, Gran!"

Granny stands, resolute and steadfast, at the gate of the ancestral temple. The Japanese officer Kameda glowers at her threateningly. Black clouds hang over the dark, gloomy courtyard. The villagers

are filled with a fearful foreboding. Chang Ka pushes his way desperately through the crowd, looking for Granny. When he reaches Chun Kang, the village head catches hold of him.

Kameda walks menacingly up to Granny.

"Old woman, talkee. Eighth Route, where?"

When Granny says nothing, Kameda walks to the other side of her.

"Hey, talkee, you! No talk, killum dead."

Still Granny says nothing. Kameda beckons. A fat interpreter and the puppet commander answer "Hail!" They converge on Granny.

"Old lady," says the interpreter, "tell us whatever you know. Don't be afraid. Go on!"

The puppet commander shoves past him to threaten Granny:

"Quit putting on that act! I know the whole story. A few days ago an Eighth Route Armyman tried to blow up our fortress, but we wounded him. You've been nursing him in your home. If you won't admit it, I'll flay you alive. Come clean, damn you!" He raises his whip to strike her, but Kameda shouts: "Kola!"

Kameda steps up to Granny.

"You hide Eighth Route, yes. Whole thing, Imperial Army savvy. Talkee-talkee!"

Still Granny says nothing. Kameda gesticulates furiously. "Tsuke!"

Two bayonets are thrust at Granny's heart. An angry stir runs through the crowd. Chang Ka wants to rush forward, but Chun Kang holds him back.

Kameda smiles grimly. Granny looks scornfully at the bayonets. "Beat, beat!"

A Japanese soldier clubs Granny with his rifle butt.

A frightened girl hides her face on her grandmother's shoulder. Chang Ka darts forward, but is beaten back by rifles.

Kameda gives an ugly laugh. "So! Talkee chop-chop!"

Granny dauntlessly raises her head and, with clenched teeth, glares at him furiously.

Kameda in a frenzy draws his sword.

"Stop!" comes a ringing voice from the crowd. Kameda's sword stops in mid-air. He looks around. The startled villagers look round too.

Chung Liang strides proudly out from the crowd. The villagers follow him with anxious eyes.

Chung Liang walks up to confront Kameda, holding himself erect. Kameda steps towards him.

"Hey, you, what doing?"

"I am the Eighth Route Armyman you wanted to find. Nothing to do with this old lady."

Granny tries to press forward, but is stopped by the bayonets. The villagers look on in fearful suspense. Kameda sheathes his sword and steps closer to Chung Liang.

"Hey, Eighth Route, you?"

"Yes."

"Ha, velly good. You say, here, Eighth Route no have?" He points to the villagers.

"Yes, I can tell you which they are. Just come over here."

Off his guard, Kameda steps right up to Chung Liang, who punches him in the jaw, knocking him down.

This punch delights Chun Kang, Chang Ka and all the villagers, but horrifies the interpreter and puppet commanders. They hastily bend down to help Kameda up. He shoves them angrily aside, draws his sword and charges. Chung Liang calmly stands his ground. Kameda sheathes his sword and signals: "Take away."

Two Japanese soldiers march Chung Liang off. Granny dashes forward.

"You, you..."

Kameda turns at the sound of her voice and shoots her.

"Gran, Gran!"

The villagers press forward. Chang Ka darts forward sobbing: "Gran, Gran!"

Chun Kang and Chang Ka climb the dike.

"They say our defence corps is in Moyuntu," says Chun Kang. "If you find them, mind you send me word. If you don't, come straight back, or you'll have everybody worrying."

"I shall find them all right, uncle. Don't come any further."

Chun Kang hands him some food. "Take this. And be careful on the way."

Chang Ka assents. It costs him a pang to leave the village head, but he sets off gamely. Chun Kang waves goodbye.

The sky is flecked with white clouds. The tall trees lining 'Thousand Li Dike sway in the wind. Chang Ka sets off along the dike on his long journey, determined to find the defence corps.

Chang Ka goes down to the wide river and strips to swim across the swirling water.

Japanese cavalrymen ride past escorting peasants they have seized.

Chang Ka hears the thud of hoofs as soon as he reaches the dike. After one quick look he ducks behind a hummock planted with young willows to watch. Angrily, he gets out his wooden pistol and stares at it, grinding his teeth in his longing for a real gun. Finally he puts it away again, kicks off his wornout shoes, picks up his bundle and continues on his way.

Chang Ka reaches a well at the entrance to a village. Here he gets himself a dipperful of water and straightens up after gulping it thirstily. He looks utterly dishevelled and fagged out. The ringing of a bell makes him turn round. A Japanese bicycle comes into sight. The rider, in his dark glasses and grey silk clothes, looks like a collaborator. After turning the corner he parks his bicycle and goes into a latrine.

Chang Ka brightens up as an idea comes to him. Creeping behind the screen-wall he picks a thorn from a jujube tree. He goes over to the bicycle, makes sure that no one is about, and punctures the back tyre with the thorn. This done, he scampers back to hide behind the screen-wall. When the collaborator returns and remounts, he discovers that his back tyre is flat. He has to get off and push the bicycle. Chuckling to himself, Chang Ka gleefully follows him.

The collaborator pushes his bicycle under a tree. Chang Ka hides round the corner. His face lights up when the man bends over to pump up the tyre, for in the bulging holster on his hip is a gun.



Chang Ka looks quickly up and down the street, then whips out his wooden pistol and darts forward. The collaborator is still stooping to pump. Chang Ka leaps forward and rams his wooden pistol into the man's back.

"Don't move! Stick up your hands or I'll let you have it, you dog of a traitor!"

The collaborator slowly puts up his hands. Then, wheeling round, he knocks Chang Ka over.

Chang Ka lies flat on his back.

The collaborator has pulled out a gun. Now, seeing that his assailant is only a boy, he takes off his dark glasses to scrutinize

him more closely. Chang Ka sits up, scowling. The man picks up the wooden pistol and glances at it before coming over to Chang Ka.

"Get up, get up!"

Chang Ka stands up and dusts himself off, turning his back on the collaborator.

"What's your game? What d'you think you're up to?"

"I'm a beggar."

"If you're a beggar, why try to take my gun?"

"To sell for food."

"To sell for food — I don't think! Was that 'I'll let you have it, you dog of a traitor' to sell for food too?"

Chang Ka scowls at him, then turns away and ignores him.

"Where are you from? Which village?"

"Kueipuling. So what?"

"Kueipuling. Your name?"

Chang Ka darts a glance at the man and walks away.

"Halt!"

Chang Ka turns round and squats down. The collaborator pushes his bicycle over to the boy.

"Get up and come with me. Come on."

"Don't care if I do." Chang Ka gets up.

The collaborator marches Chang Ka along. They pass through a gate, then go down the street to a quiet teahouse, where a waiter takes over the bicycle.

"Take a seat inside, sir. It's more comfortable."

The collaborator takes Chang Ka into the teahouse. The young waiter turns round and calls: "Brew a pot of tea!"

The collaborator leads Chang Ka into a yard, under a vine trellis, round a corner to a shed. He lifts aside the straw in front of this, and they go in. They get up on to the roof and climb down a ladder into another small courtyard. Yang Hsiao-ken, standing guard in front of the house here, steps forward to call out a greeting.

"So you're back."

"Is the district commander here?"

"Yes."

The collaborator takes Chang Ka inside.

"Wait here a second, lad."

Chang Ka is beginning to be very puzzled. He looks round inquisitively. The room is full of people, shaving, cleaning guns, practising taking aim, humming songs, reciting jingles or reading. He goes up to Big Li who is polishing a machine-gun.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" asks Big Li.

"Just looking. Any objection?"

"Just looking? Your eyes are popping out of your head. How did you get here?"

"How would I know? You asked me here!"

"I declare, you're as prickly as a porcupine."

"Come here, lad!"

Chang Ka raises the curtain and goes into the inner room. He gazes with curious eyes at a middle-aged man who is aiming a machine-gun with the skill born of long practice, while sizing him up. This is the district commander.

"You from Kueipuling?"

"Of course."

The district commander gets up and steps with a meaning smile towards the "collaborator." Then he turns to the mirror and suddenly calls: "Chang Ka!"

Chang Ka answers instinctively, then asks in amazement: "Hey, how do you know my name?"

The district commander smiles and nods. The "collaborator" grins and at last reveals his own identity.

"I've known all along you were Chang Ka."

"Who are you, then?"

"Me? Lo Chin-pao."

Chang Ka demands incredulously: "The Uncle Lo Chin-pao who got a gun from a Japanese devil with a broom?"

"The very same!"

Tears well up in Chang Ka's eyes.

"Uncle Lo! . . ." He flings himself on to Lo Chin-pao, who says soothingly: "Ka-tzu!"

The district commander is very touched.

Chang Ka presses his head against Lo's chest and sobs. The district commander makes him sit down.

"Don't cry, Ka-tzu."

"Ka-tzu, this is the district commander."

Chang Ka springs to his feet. "District commander, Uncle Chung's been captured, and Granny's dead. You must go and rescue Uncle Chung and avenge Granny."

"We know all that, lad. Did you come to bring us word?"

"No, I've come to join up."

The district commander and Lo Chin-pao exchange smiles. Chang Ka pulls himself up to his full height to express his determination.

That night the soldiers sit round an oil lamp in the district commander's room. Chang Ka's story of how he tried to get Lo Chin-pao's gun sets them roaring with laughter.

Chang Ka, wearing the district commander's jacket which is much too big for him, stands in the middle.

"What are you laughing at? Watch out, or your jaws will drop off and fall whack on your feet."

Another burst of laughter. Big Li walks up to Chang Ka.

"Say, a young limb of mischief like you, not the height of a gun, how can you join the Eighth Route and be a scout?"

"A telegraph pole may be high, but it's only a stick of dead wood."

The district commander chuckles. A soldier known as Rhymer Liu starts walking round the room, making up a verse as he goes.

Hey, hey!

Hear what I say:

Winter's hot, summer's cool,

Call an old man aunty, that's a fool;

(He draws level with Big Li.)

And Big Li's stupid as a mule.

(He skirts the soldiers.)

Camels can't climb trees though they're tall,

Cats can jump on to roofs though they're small;

Steelyards' small weights weigh a ton well-nigh,

Small peppercorns can make you cry.

(He draws alongside Chang Ka.)

Chang Ka is small, and yet

On joining the Eighth Route his heart is set,

His heart is set!

The district commander stands up and goes over to Chang Ka.

"It's tough being in the Eighth Route Army, Chang Ka. Charging, fighting and marching are all in the day's work. Could you take it?"

"Why not? Uncle Chung told me, Eighth Route Army men aren't afraid of hardships."

Amid laughter, Rhymer Liu pipes up again:

Hey, hey! No matter how tough things may be,

The people's own army are we;

We men of iron on the central Hopei plain

(He circles round.)

Can't be defeated, don't crack under strain;

We smashed the May First "mopping-up" campaign

And stuck it out on the central Hopei plain.

Hills link with hills, to the sea all rivers run,

The hearts of the people and army are as one;

Army and people united as can be,

Strong as a mountain our solidarity.

The rocks may crumble, dry the seas may drain,

But there'll be no change of power on the central Hopei plain.

A year and more we struggled hard, unshaken,

More than half the enemy fortresses we've taken.

(He reaches Chang Ka.)

We must build up our army to resist,

So learn from Chang Ka, fellows, and enlist.

Strike while the iron's hot, with might and main,

Over the mountains, down into the plain;

Once army and people's efforts have joined forces and increased,

Dawn will break in the east, break in the east!

Everyone laughs. The district commander asks:

"Well, Ka-tzu, it's all very well not being afraid of hardships, but you want to join the Eighth Route and be a scout. Have you what it takes?"

"I can swim!"

"What else?"

"Climb trees."

The soldiers roar with laughter. The health officer gets up, takes off the jacket Chang Ka has been wearing and helps him put on his own jacket which she has mended. The district commander goes over to the boy.

"Just being able to swim and climb trees isn't enough. Scouting isn't that simple."

"What can *you* do, then?"

"You want to know what I can do? All right, I'll show you."

He turns to take a towel from round Big Li's neck, and starts imitating a waiter.

"Hey . . . two ounces of spirits, one portion of pork and egg, one large bowl of capsicum soup. . . ."

Amid laughter, the district commander returns the towel. "What was that?"

"A waiter in a restaurant."

The health officer smiles.

"Well, Ka-tzu, could you do that?"

"I guess I could learn."

More laughter. Liu launches into another rhyme:

Hey! He says he can learn, and he can;

Our Chang Ka's a smart young man;

He takes to the water like a sprat,

He climbs trees better than a cat.

(He goes up to Lo and Chang Ka.)

He punctured a tyre with a jujube thorn, wow!

And very nearly captured Lo Chin-pao.

The fighters burst out laughing. The district commander takes out his watch and tells the messenger beside him:

"Yang Hsiao-ken, go and tell the different companies to get ready to move away."

"Very good."

All the fighters promptly go into action.

The evening sun shines on Thousand Li Dike, on the fighters of the local forces marching proudly past.

In the clear morning air, Paiyang Lake stretching to the horizon is bathed in golden light as the boat of the local forces glide swift as arrows towards the sun.

Late at night when all is still, a cold, lonely light gleams from the gun-towers and forts looming over the central Hopei plain. The local troops move swiftly and silently through the fields.

Lo Chin-pao and Chang Ka, dressed as peasants, are selling water-melons.

A troop of armed Japanese soldiers enters the city gate. The interpreter swaggers up humming a tune.

Lo Chin-pao nudges Chang Ka, who catches on and starts crying his wares.

"Hey! Big, crisp, juicy melons, sweet as honey! Come buy our big water-melons!"

The interpreter approaches the melon stall. Chang Ka bends down to pick up a slice of melon and offers it eagerly.

"Try this."

Ignoring him, the interpreter helps himself. Lo Chin-pao watches with concealed fury, while Chang Ka stares, wide-eyed. The interpreter wolfs the melon.

"How can you help yourself to our melons like that?" demands Lo.

"You're selling them, aren't you?"

"You haven't even asked the price."

"Price! I don't bother about prices for meals in the restaurants in town, much less for a few rotten melons." He throws away a slice from which he has taken only one bite, and picks up a bigger one.

Chang Ka wants to charge at him, but Lo Chin-pao stops him. He says slowly: "In times like these, you should leave yourself a way out."

"What's that?" asks the interpreter in surprise.

"Don't you know the saying: Pride comes before a fall?"

The interpreter straightens up in amazement and points a finger at Lo.

"Who are you?"

Lo stands his ground calmly and retorts:

"Who do you think?"

"One of the Eighth Route Army."

Chang Ka is bewildered. Lo Chin-pao laughs significantly. The interpreter steps back in dismay, dropping his melon.

"So you are an Eighth Router, oh! . . ." He reaches for his gun.

"Right first guess." Lo Chin-pao shoots a glance at Chang Ka, who grabs half a melon and slams it on the interpreter's face, knocking off his glasses. As juice pours down his pudgy face and he staggers, Chang Ka springs behind him and presses his wooden pistol against his back.

"Hands up! Don't move!"

"Don't kill me, Eighth Master, don't kill me!"

"Don't be afraid." Lo Chin-pao lowers his own gun. "Come with us. We won't hold you long."

Chang Ka looks jubilantly at the gun he has captured from the interpreter.

A plump boy, Chubby, is chuckling gleefully.

"That traitor's so fat, the two of us couldn't get our arms around him." Chang Ka, perched on the millstone at one end of the village, elatedly describes the action to a group of children.

"That pot-bellied fellow waddles along puffing and panting, just like your family's sow." He points to a child whose front teeth are missing. "And how he threw his weight about! He said, 'I don't pay for meals in the restaurants in town, much less for your rotten melons.' With that he reached for his gun; but before he could draw it Uncle Lo tipped me a wink and I pounced on him — wham!"

Chang Ka lunges forward, just missing Chubby's face. Chubby, who has been listening raptly, nearly falls over backwards.

"Then I took this and jabbed it in the small of his back. 'Hands up! Don't move!'" Quick as lightning, Chang Ka rams his wooden pistol in Chubby's back, chuckling when he jumps for fright.

A girl with a baby on her back has been listening intently. She crows with laughter.

"The fellow was most obedient. He meekly put up his hands, and I got the real goods from him." He produces the genuine pistol from his belt and shows it to the children.

"Look, everyone. Have a good look. This is called a revolver. It's a real barker this, tiptop, double-barrelled."

The admiring children reach out to finger the revolver. Chubby gets hold of it.

"Don't touch it!" orders Chang Ka. "This is the real thing. If it goes off, a bullet will go through your eye or come out from your backside. . . ." Chang Ka ties a towel round his head and jumps back on to the millstone. Beckoning the children closer, he launches into a speech.

"Comrades, the present situation is excellent. Shitler . . . I mean Hitler, the German fascist chief, will soon be done for. Little Japan is like a grasshopper at the end of autumn. It can't keep going much longer.

"Experience has taught us three things. The first is that the imperialists bully people who cave in but are afraid of those who act tough. If you fight it out with them, you can wipe the floor with them. The second thing, the second, the second thing. . . ." A grown-up laughs at Chang Ka's lapse of memory. Chang Ka looks up to see Rhymer Liu with two empty buckets standing among the children. Grinning all over his face, Liu says:

"Look at this veteran fighter who's just joined the army! After a long march of two and a half *li*, he's giving a concluding report. . . ."

"Get away with you," fumes Chang Ka. "You've forgotten the Three Main Rules of Discipline and the Eight Points for Attention. We ought to do propaganda wherever we go."

Rhymer Liu chants teasingly:

Good for you, I say,

Hey!

This young fighter is okay.

With his clever tongue and all he knows,

He does propaganda wherever he goes,

And keeps us all on our toes!

He goes down the slope with his buckets, followed by some of the children.

"Come back, come back!" shouts Chang Ka, waving desperately. "Never mind him. Come back, quick. I'll tell you the second thing, the second thing. . . ."

Yang Hsiao-ken comes up.

"The district commander wants you, Ka-tzu. Quick!"

Chang Ka assents and waves to the children. "Wait for me, I'll be back in a jiffy to tell you the rest." The children eagerly ask him to come back soon.

The district commander is sitting on the edge of a *kang*, questioning the captured interpreter, who says:

"That Mr. Chung is a remarkable hero. No matter how the Imperial Army . . . I should say the little devils and Old Kameda tortured him, he just smiled scornfully and said not a word. One couldn't but admire him!"

"We're going to give you a chance to do a meritorious deed," says the district commander.

"I shall certainly do my best to carry out your wishes."

"Good. Now go and have a meal. After that we'll return you your gun and let you go."

The interpreter thanks him and goes out to the courtyard just as Chang Ka and Yang Hsiao-ken come in.

The interpreter says to Chang Ka: "How are you? How are you?"

Chang Ka splutters with laughter.

District commander: "Ka-tzu!"

The commander is standing sidewise under the trellis. Chang Ka goes up to him and salutes.

"Report!"

The commander takes the boy affectionately by the arm and says:

"Ka-tzu, you carried out your task very well on this mission with Old Lo. Come and sit down." He makes Chang Ka sit down. "You were very plucky. Keep it up, and one day you'll certainly make a good scout."

"Report, district commander, I captured a gun too."

"I know. That's what I want to discuss with you. Our work is going very well, Ka-tzu. In many places we've made good our losses during the May First big "mopping-up" campaign. Our job now is both to develop the armed struggle and to win over enemy and puppet troops. So that gun you took from the fat interpreter. . . ."

Chang Ka's hand flashes to the revolver. "Do you want me to hand it in, district commander?"

"You're quick in the uptake, Ka-tzu. Yes, we want to win over this fat interpreter to work for us. So we're going to return him his gun and let him go."

Chang Ka springs angrily to his feet. "I shan't give it up. I need it to avenge Granny and Uncle Chung." He walks to one side of the trellis and takes hold of a post, thoroughly fed up. The commander goes up behind him and says kindly:

"You can never avenge them alone; you must depend on the collective. You'd never be able to do it on your own even if you had a machine-gun."

"What if I refuse?"

"You're not allowed to speak like that, Ka-tzu," replies the commander sternly. "You're a fighter in the Eighth Route Army."

Chang Ka walks back to the small table under the trellis.

"What if I capture another later on?"

"You'll have to obey orders just the same."

With tears running down his cheeks, Chang Ka throws the gun on the table.

"I don't want it!" Sobbing, he runs out of the yard. The commander picks up the gun and watches Chang Ka leave.

"Poor little rascal!"

The sun is blazing in the blue sky.

Thousand *Li* Dike is deserted, except for some ducks searching lazily for food. Chang Ka, in the dumps, slouches up the dike, kicks in a bored way at a pebble, then squats down.

With tears of anger in his eyes, he is tempted to throw his wooden pistol away, but cannot bring himself to part with it. Just then Chubby calls softly:

"Comrade Chang Ka!"

"What d'you want?"

"Now that you've got a real gun, why not give me this wooden one?"

"You've got a nerve, asking other people for things." Chang Ka goes off to squat under a tree.

Chubby stands up sheepishly and scratches his head. His eye falls on the string of fire-crackers tucked in his belt, and brightening up he quietly climbs the tree.

Chubby dangles the fire-crackers over Chang Ka's head to attract his attention. Involuntarily, Chang Ka looks up. At once the fire-crackers are withdrawn by Chubby up the tree.

"Hey, see what I've got! A hundred fire-crackers, real loud bangers. How's that?"

Chang Ka stands up.

"Let's have a look."

"All right." Chubby jumps down from the tree. "Let's swap."

"What? Swap those for my pistol?!"

"I tell you, these are made with mulberry paper. They go off rat-tat-tat-boom! — like beans fried in oil. Want to see them?"

"I'm not swapping. But let's make a bet. If you win, the pistol is yours; if you lose, the fire-crackers are mine."

"All right. What shall we bet?"

"Bet you can't climb up to the crow's nest in that tree over there."

He points to a high tree on a hill. Chubby looks at the tree.

The great tree towers up to the blue sky and white clouds. The crow's nest is on a withered branch at the top of the tree. Chubby sticks out his tongue and shakes his head.

"I'm not betting on that. Let's wrestle instead."

"Wrestle?"

"Yes. I dare you!"

"Very well."

On the millstone lie a string of fire-crackers and a wooden pistol.

Chang Ka and Chubby take off their jackets and go to the middle of the dike, where they take up stances. Along come several children, including the little boy with the gap in his teeth.

"Come quick, and watch Chubby wrestle with the little Eighth Router."

Chubby spits on his hands.

"Which style do you want to use: belt wrestling or free-style wrestling?"

"Free-style."



Chang Ka promptly lunges forward and tries to trip Chubby up. With a grunt, Chubby comes for him. They grab hold of each other. The children cheer them on.

"Throw him, Chubby!"

"Go for him, little Eighth Router — trip him up!"

The children laugh as they egg the wrestlers on. Chang Ka and Chubby are locked in a clinch.

"Give him the works, Chubby!"

"Hook his leg and throw him, little Eighth Router!"

Chang Ka tries to hook Chubby's leg; but Chubby, being the stronger of the two, throws him to the ground.

The children yell:

"Ha! Chubby's won."

Chubby gets up, exclaiming: "Ha-ha! The pistol's mine!" He runs towards the millstone to get it. Chang Ka overtakes him and tugs him by the arm.

"Wait a bit. Two out of three!"

"You didn't say so before."

"You didn't say just one round either."

The children urge them on.

"Two out of three. Have another go."

"Chubby's not afraid to take him on."

"Have another round. Another round."

Looking at them, Chubby pulls off his vest and throws it on the ground.

"Come on, then."

The two boys take up stances again and start wrestling. The children call out excitedly:

"Go for him, Chubby. Heave him over your shoulder."

"Go all out, little Eighth Router, go all out! Grab him round the middle! Get him by the leg."

Chubby's father, Old Man, walks up carrying a hoe. A little boy catches hold of him and points.

"Uncle Man, come and watch Chubby wrestling."

Old Man laughs. The children go on egging the wrestlers on. The two boys clinch. Chubby tugs at Chang Ka for all he is worth; Chang Ka gives him tit for tat. Chubby butts Chang Ka hard in the jaw. The children, gathered around them, whoop with laughter. Chang Ka tries to shake Chubby off, but finds him too strong. Suddenly he feels his feet leave the ground. The children shout gleefully. To show his prowess, Chubby circles round with Chang Ka over his shoulder. At the edge of the dike, however, he slips and the two of them roll down the slope together.

The children swarm after them. While still on the ground, the two boys start butting each other. Then Chubby catches hold of Chang Ka, and when he tries to pull free tugs at his leg. Staggering and desperate, Chang Ka sinks his teeth in his opponent's shoulder, then pins him down. A child with a dung-crate on his back points with his pitchfork:

"He bit him, he bit him!"

Old Man is startled. He sees Chubby getting up with a look of disgust to sit on the ground nursing his injured shoulder.

"Biting's not allowed. Only dogs bite!" complains Chubby.

Chang Ka wants to retort, but the children all start shouting.

"What a dirty trick, biting him!"

Very cut up by this and ashamed of himself, Chang Ka turns away towards a tree. Chubby stands up and protests indignantly:

"What sort of Eighth Router are you, biting people? Aren't you ashamed?"

Chang Ka scowls resentfully. He had hoped to be allowed to "step down," but the children are raising an even bigger commotion. He skulks behind the tree in embarrassment.

"What d'you think you're doing, biting like that? You're a bad loser, you don't play fair."

Old Man steps forward to stop them.

"That's enough of that. Come on home, Chubby."

"He bit me!"

"You're an Eighth Router, how can you bite people! You must do a good self-criticism when you go back." With this, Old Man leads Chubby away. The children scatter. Chang Ka stares sulkily after them.

"Fancy, a little Eighth Router biting like that!"

As Chang Ka climbs the dike, several children jeer at him. He picks up his clothes in a huff. Willow boughs are swaying in the wind. Chang Ka shins up a tree like a monkey. From this tree he jumps on to a roof, and walks along by the trellis-work. He crosses by a ladder to another roof, then crosses another ladder. From here he has a good view of far-stretching Paiyang Lake. Having nothing better to do, he sits down with his back to a chimney. Smoke puffs into his face and sets him coughing. He stands up crossly, walks to the eaves and looks down. Below, Chubby is limping to the woodstack to fetch fuel, while Old Man is carrying home two buckets of water.

"Have you lit the stove, Chubby?"

"Yes, dad."

This gives Chang Ka an idea.

He bundles together some straw and stuffs this in the chimney, then lies down by the eaves to watch developments.

Smoke billows out of Old Man's house. Father and son come running into the yard, coughing and complaining.

"Ai! What on earth! . . . What's happened?"

Chang Ka laughs at the success of his practical joke. Old Man and Chubby, hearing him, look up. Chubby, still coughing, points at him and shouts. Sensing trouble, Chang Ka scrambles up and runs away.

"I'm going to report you! . . . Plugging our chimney, you. . ."

At the table under the trellis in Old Man's courtyard sit the district commander and Chang Ka. The commander pushes a wicker tray towards the boy.

"Go on, eat. You must be hungry. You blocked up their chimney. But surely you know that the people are to the Eighth Route Army what water is to a fish. What sort of fish are you, Ka-tzu? Prickly fish, you're nothing but prickles. You must go and apologize to Uncle Man after you've eaten."

Chang Ka sheepishly puts a corn-meat flapjack back in the tray as Old Man and Chubby appear.

"There's no need to apologize," Old Man tells the commander. "Forget it, he's only a boy. And he only joined up a few days ago. Go on, eat, Ka-tzu."

But as Chang Ka picks up a flapjack, Chubby butts in:

"You haven't given me that pistol yet. You lost. Give me the pistol."

"Who lost? We won one round each."

"And you bit me! That wasn't fair."

"You're the one who's unfair."

"No, you."

"You!"

"You!"

The district commander has to put a stop to this.

"If you lost, Ka-tzu, admit it. This is no way to carry on."

Chang Ka is silenced.

Old Man hastily puts in: "Stop making such a row, Chubby."

"Ka-tzu, go into the inner room and think over what you've done. Don't come out until I tell you to."

Crestfallen, Chang Ka takes his jacket from the table and hurries angrily indoors. He makes a face through the small glass window, and then draws the curtain. Having tiptoed to the door to peep out, he goes up to a spinning-wheel and turns the handle. Next, thoroughly disgruntled, he takes out a notebook and sits down to draw. Suddenly a tray of flapjacks appears before him. He looks up. The commander has come to have a good talk with him.

"Haven't you been told in your political class what sort of army our Eighth Route Army is? Let's hear."

"Our Eighth Route Army is a people's army, led by the Communist Party. It's highly organized and disciplined, an army with high political consciousness."

"Without the people, could we win victories?"

"No."

"If you know all this, why did you infringe mass discipline? Was it right to bite Chubby and block up Old Man's chimney?"

"No, it wasn't."

"If you understand that, mind you mend your ways."

"I will."

"Go on, eat."

Chang Ka has just sat down when Lo Chin-pao's voice is heard outside.

"District commander! District commander!"

"Old Lo's back." The commander goes out to welcome him.

"So you're back."

"Any new developments?"

"I've got a good picture of the situation. Interpreter Wang wasn't lying. It's just as he said."

Chang Ka listens behind the door of the inner room as Lo Chin-pao and the commander talk on the *kang*.

"Last night, fighting in co-ordination with the Kaoyang County brigade, Fourth Company of 24th Regiment destroyed the Small Wang Hamlet fort. The Japanese devils in Big Wang Hamlet can't



hold out any longer. They're going to withdraw to Liulin first thing tomorrow."

"How large a force?"

"One contingent of Japanese devils, one puppet platoon, two machine-guns. How about it?"

"We can't refuse such a juicy morsel when it's offered. That's fine. We'll take them on. Have your meal now while I go to talk this over with the companies."

The commander goes out. Before Lo can get up he hears Chang Ka call:

"Uncle Lol!"

Lo Chin-pao turns round. Chang Ka opens the door and Lo goes in.

"What are you doing here, Ka-tzu?"

"I'm in confinement."

"How come?"

"I did something wrong."

"What was that?"

"I had a row with Chubby and plugged up their chimney."

"What a rascal you are."

Chang Ka begs earnestly: "Uncle Lo, you must take me with you when you fight."

"Can't be done. You're in confinement."

"Tell the district commander I'll make it up when we get back. I don't mind staying in several extra days then."

Laughing in spite of himself, Lo strokes Chang Ka's head. "You little rascal."

Chang Ka, his head camouflaged with a wreath of willow, is lying behind a mound staring in front of him. The health officer is close by him. The honking of horns can be heard some way off on the straight military highway down which two trucks are crawling. The district commander watches them from a trench.

As the two trucks approach, the roar of their engines grows louder. When they reach the area ambushed by the local forces, mines explode and black pillars of smoke shoot up. The commander gives the incisive order:

"Fire!"

Big Li's machine-gun opens deadly fire. The fighters throw hand-grenades or fire rifles. Both trucks are enveloped in dense smoke. The enemy mill about in panic. Some Japanese soldiers fire back.

"Charge!" shouts the district commander. The fighters leap out of their trenches, yelling, "Charge!"

A machine-gun on the bonnet of one of the trucks returns our fire, as our fighters surge forward. The enemy machine-gunner is killed, but another Japanese soldier dashes over to carry the gun towards the river bank, to make a stand there.

A Japanese officer frantically directs operations.

One of our fighters, Young Cheng, is impatient to hurl his hand-grenade. Rhymer Liu stops him.

"Wait!"

The enemy is now under frontal attack from the district commander's fire. He begins to withdraw towards the river. Lo Chin-pao, seizing his chance, pulls the cord of his hand-grenade and orders: "Fire!"

A dozen or more hand-grenades are hurled by Lo's men. Pillars of water spurt up in midstream and bullets rain down on the retreating enemy, who panic on finding themselves surrounded. Lo Chin-pao leaps out of a trench roaring: "Comrades, charge!" His men follow him and jump into the river to charge the enemy from the rear with their bayonets.

The district commander leads another charge into the river to launch a frontal attack.

Chang Ka watching this fierce action cannot stay still. Yelling "Charge!" he jumps out of his trench. The health officer tries in vain to stop him.

In the river, the district commander's men grapple with the Japanese soldiers. Young Cheng seizes a big Japanese by the waist and pushes him under the water. Lo Chin-pao, empty-handed, has taken on the Japanese commander, who is brandishing his sword. The Japanese lunges at him with the sword. Quick as lightning, Lo seizes it and hurls it away, then hoists the man up and flings him into the water. Leaping on him, he belabours him with his fists.



A puppet officer, who sees that the battle is going against them, decides to run for it. Chang Ka jumps down from a mound in hot pursuit, like a hawk swooping on its prey.

"Halt!" he shouts.

The puppet officer looks fearfully over his shoulder, then runs for dear life.

Chang Ka races along the bank yelling: "Hey you! Where are you going?"

The puppet officer turns and fires at him.

Chang Ka ducks, and the bullet misses him. Getting up he continues to give chase, swearing:

"How dare you shoot at me!" In fury, he hurls the corncob in his hand as if it were a hand-grenade. The puppet officer takes fright and plops down in the water, but soon scrambles to his feet again and runs on. He wants to fire again but has no more bullets.

Chang Ka goes on chasing the puppet officer, who loses his cap as he runs for his life, floundering into deeper water. Putting on a spurt, Chang Ka jumps into the river to hurl himself at the enemy. They struggle in the water. Chang Ka is pushed under, but being a good swimmer he splashes his opponent and spurts water into his face. The puppet officer, unable to swim, starts choking and spluttering. In desperation he swings his gun at Chang Ka. The boy bites him, tugs the gun away and rams his wooden gun at him.

"Don't move! Hands up! Come with me."

The puppet officer, trembling, puts up his hands. Chang Ka jubilantly marches off his prisoner.

The battle is over. The stretcher corps cheerfully carry trophies across the river. Chang Ka comes along with the puppet officer. Struck by a sudden idea, he hides the captured gun under his jacket.

The district commander looks round. Lo Chin-pao comes up. "District commander!"

"We must clear the battleground at once, to withdraw in five minutes."

"Very good."

Chang Ka, having tucked away his captured gun, calls happily: "District commander!"

The commander turns and sees Chang Ka nudge his prisoner.
"Go and assemble over there." He turns to the commander.
"I caught one alive, too, district commander!"

"Good for you, lad!" He slaps Chang Ka's behind. The boy utters a cry, and the commander sees there is blood on his hand.

"You've been hit, youngster?"

Chang Ka is whimpering.

"It's only a little nick. Don't be afraid," says the commander reassuringly.

Chang Ka stamps with rage.

"Why did I have to get hit on my backside, dammit! Now I shan't be able to sit down."

"The bones aren't touched, Ka-tzu, so it's not serious. I'll get the health officer to take you to Lotus Lake to recuperate. You'll be all right in a few days." He turns and orders Yang Hsiao-ken. "Yang Hsiao-ken, take Ka-tzu to the health officer."

Yang Hsiao-ken carries Chang Ka off on his back.

Gracefully swaying reeds and fleecy white clouds are reflected in the rippling clear blue water.

A small boat glides forward. Chang Ka, lying beside the health officer, grins cheerfully towards the bow of the boat.

A sweet girl with long plaits smiles back at him, dimpling. Her name is Yang Yu-ying.

Chang Ka pulls a face and leans forward. The next instant he gives a cry and clutches his stomach.

"What's the matter, Ka-tzu?" asks the health officer with concern.
"Got stomach ache? Let me have a look."

Before she can touch him, Chang Ka yells frantically: "Don't move, don't move!" He pulls out a revolver and flourishes it under her nose. Uncle Yang, who is rowing, and his daughter Yu-ying burst out laughing.

"So, Ka-tzu, you got another?" says the health officer approvingly.

"Mum's the word!" cautions Chang Ka.

"All right."







Chang Ka happily raises his gun and takes aim. "Bang, bang!" He sticks out his tongue and pulls a face, making Yu-ying laugh.

The boat noses slowly out of an inlet on to vast Paiyang Lake. Here columns of boats of the wild-geese corps shoot past, loaded with trophies. The small boat glides slowly through a sea of lotus flowers, as lovely as a painting. Bright dew-drops quiver on a lotus leaf floating on the water. Lotus flowers and lotus pods sway gracefully over the surface.

Flowers in full bloom and plump lotus pods. A boat glides past. Yu-ying's small hands pick a pod. "Here, Brother Ka-tzu!" She tosses it to him. Chang Ka splits it open to munch the lotus seeds.

Lotus leaves stir on the clear blue water. In the distance the wild-geese corps conduct manoeuvres. Chang Ka watches with interest and points. "Look, look!"

Yu-ying, sitting by Chang Ka, looks where he is pointing. A fighter from the wild-geese corps appears under a drifting leaf. Chang Ka watches admiringly. Yu-ying points in another direction.

"Look there."

Reeds massed above the water are approaching. Chang Ka kneels in the stern, paddling with his hands. For fun, he reaches for a reed. As he lifts it up, a fighter emerges and spurts a mouthful of water at the boy. Yu-ying sitting beside him crows with laughter.

"What are you trying to do? They're training."

Chang Ka stands up to take off his jacket, meaning to jump into the lake.

"What are you up to?"

"I'm going to train too."

"How can you? You don't belong to the wild-geese corps."

"I'll have a swim, then."

"You mustn't. Your wound hasn't healed."

"It healed days ago."

"No, you mustn't. Mum told me to keep an eye on you."

"All right, then, I'll obey orders."

The cries of a cormorant make Chang Ka look round.

The cormorant is looking for fish, which the boatman has startled from their hiding-places. The cormorant spreads its wings and dives into the water. Chang Ka, longing to go into the water, watches as the bird catches a fish disturbed by the pole. He suddenly has a brain wave and, pointing to the distance, calls frantically: "Look! Over there!"

He rocks the boat hard, catching Yu-ying by surprise, and yells: "Aiya! That's bad!"

In a flash he peels off his jacket and dives into the lake. Yu-ying, taken in by his trick, cries desperately: "Brother Ka-tzu, Brother Ka-tzu!"

She leans over the side of the boat calling his name, until the truth dawns on her. Then she sits down crossly.

Chang Ka surfaces to have a look and laughs triumphantly. He swims underwater to the boat, catches hold of the side and launches himself backwards.

The boat rocks, Yu-ying staggers. She is sulking over Chang Ka's naughtiness when a big carp falls plop on her lap. With a start she grabs the fish and looks around. Chang Ka grins at her over the side of the boat.

"You must be a real cormorant. The fish jump into your beak."

"Hurry up and get back in," she says with mock sternness. "If you don't, I shall report you."

"All right, orders are orders!" he quips.

Yu-ying smiles and moves back to the bow. Chang Ka, still larking about, picks up a bamboo pole for bayonet practice.

The boat's reflection drifts slowly through the clear water. While Yu-ying punts, Chang Ka stands in the stern practising lunging and thrusting. The little boat glides forward.

"What makes you so happy, Ka-tzu? If you're not singing or laughing, you're larking about, up to mischief, the whole day long."

"Call this happy? You should see how happy we are in the army. I'm dying of boredom here!"

Chang Ka's bayonet practice is reflected in the water. He starts singing:

*Fellow countrymen, fellow countrymen,
The people's army fights best,*

*Relying on our own folk to kill the foe,
Relying on our own folk to kill the foe.*

*Fellow countrymen, fellow countrymen,
All who want to win liberation,
Up and join the Eighth Route Army,
Up and join the Eighth Route Army!*

The small boat comes alongside the bank. The two youngsters jump out and run gaily to the Yangs' home, where Yu-ying's mother is weaving a mat in the yard. Yu-ying runs in calling:

"Look at the fish we've caught, mum."

Chang Ka greets Aunt Yang and hurries to the vat to get a drink of water.

Yu-ying's mother puts down her work and goes up to him.

"Who do you think is here, Ka-tzu?"

As Chang Ka turns towards the house, Lo Chin-pao and Uncle Yang come out.

"Well, Ka-tzu!"

"Uncle Lo!" exclaims Chang Ka eagerly, rushing towards him. "Have you come to take me back, Uncle Lo?"

"No, I just happened to be passing this way. Here's your money for food and grain coupons. Well, Ka-tzu, we've knocked out the fort in Chao Hamlet."

"Honestly!"

"Here are trophies the district commander told me to bring you."

He hands Chang Ka a parcel, to the boy's delight.

"Take this, Yu-ying, it's a present from the Japanese devils."

He throws her a sackful of things. The girl takes it, beaming. Chang Ka asks:

"Say, is there any news of Uncle Chung?"

"He's still imprisoned in Liulin. The commander's working out a plan to rescue him."

"Let me go with you, then. Just see how fit I am!"

"Nothing doing. I'm on a mission. Wait till I get back and I'll ask the commander to send someone for you."

Uncle Yang: "The lad's so restless, he started talking of leaving while he was still limping."

Lo Chin-pao: "Mind you do what Uncle and Aunt Yang say, Ka-tzu. Well, folk, I must be going."

Aunt Yang: "Not until you've had a meal."

Yu-ying catches hold of Lo Chin-pao and says: "You must taste the fish we caught."

Lo Chin-pao smiles. "I can't. I'm on a mission."

Chang Ka walks Lo Chin-pao to the lake.

"Where is our unit operating now, Uncle Lo?"

"Back in the district where Old Man lives. Mind you do what the Yangs tell you, Ka-tzu."

"Yes."

Lo Chin-pao boards a boat. Yu-ying standing by Chang Ka waves.

Lo turns and waves back. "So long, everyone."

They wave goodbye and presently turn and go home. As Chang Ka watches Lo, his eyes light up. Going back to the house, he fills a plate with Japanese biscuits.

"These are not bad presents the Japanese devils have sent us. Have some, everyone."

The Yang family sit round the table on the *kang*, where an oil lamp is burning.

Uncle Yang says: "Our defence corps has been winning victories on every side these last few days. The year 1943. . . ." He starts singing a folk song popular along Paiyang Lake. The others join in.

. . . Has seen a big change by our lake;

Soon all the forts we'll take. . .

The room is gay with singing and laughter. Uncle Yang says: "Little Japan can't last long — not longer than a rabbit's tail!"

Chang Ka: "With our Communist Party and Eighth Route Army, the Japanese are done for."

Yu-ying: "What will you do, Brother Ka-tzu, when the Japanese devils have been driven out?"

Aunt Yang: "Yes, you'll be a man by then. What will you do?"

Chang Ka, thoughtfully: "Me? First I'll have a ride on a train. Uncle Chung says a train goes chuff, chuff, tetum, tetum, tetum . . . wooh! It fairly races along."

"What else?"

"And then I shall learn to sail a motorboat."

Yu-ying chuckles.

"I'll take you folk to Tientsin then, if you like. A motorboat's safe, quick and comfortable."

"That's the spirit, lad, a train or a steamboat."

"Isn't there anything else you want to do, Ka-tzu?"

"Of course there is. Most important of all, our district commander says, we must carry the revolution through to the end and build communism."

Yu-ying: "You must come and live with us then!"

Aunt Yang: "Yes, this is your home."

Chang Ka, earnestly: "I've a home of my own."

"A home of your own? Where?"

"In the army. The army is my home! We're one big family, with the district commander, Uncle Lo, Big Li, Rhymer Liu, Yang Hsiao-ken — he's the messenger — and Uncle Chung whom we're going to rescue."

Yu-ying and her parents approve.

While Chang Ka is expressing his determination to the Yangs, he is secretly making a plan. . . .

At dawn, a gauzy mist hangs over the lake as Uncle Yang punts a little boat.

The boat reaches the bank. The Yang family carry their fishing-tackle ashore.

Yu-ying calls: "Brother Ka-tzu!"

Her mother stops her: "Don't call him, Yu-ying. Let the boy sleep." She turns to her husband. "Fetch some water, and I'll get breakfast."

The water vat under the awning is filled to the brim. As her parents walk towards it, Yu-ying runs into the house.

"Why, it's full. Ka-tzu must have filled it."

"What a good lad he is."

"Dad, mum! Come quick!"

Yu-ying's parents go inside.

"Look, dad!" Yu-ying passes her father a picture. She has notes and coupons in her other hand. "The money and grain coupons."

Aunt Yang exclaims in surprise: "What's the meaning of this?"

"The young rascal, he's gone!" Yang indicates the drawing.

The drawing left by Chang Ka shows a young Eighth Router running after his unit, and turning round to wave goodbye to the Yang family.

"See, he's off to find the defence corps."

At the entrance to Old Man's village, where Chang Ka once made a speech, a girl and boy are turning the mill. Chang Ka trudges along the river bank. He has just reached a derelict boat moored by the dike when he hears puppet soldiers seizing hens and ducks some way off.

After a second's hesitation, he hurries on. He takes out his revolver and looks up at the crow's nest high in a tree. He shins up the trunk like a wild cat to hide his gun in the nest.

Two puppet soldiers come out of a lane carrying a duck and a bottle of liquor. As ill luck will have it, they see Chang Ka, who promptly takes to his heels. The first soldier wheels round.

"Halt!"

The soldiers give chase. Chang Ka dashes down another lane. The soldiers follow.

"Hey you! Halt! If you don't stop, I'll fire."

A shot is fired into the air. Old Man, repairing tools in front of his house, looks up attentively. Chang Ka scrambles over the broken wall and runs into the yard. Old Man puts his arms round the boy.

"What's up, Ka-tzu?"

Chang Ka pants: "Uncle Man, they're after me."

"Come inside."

He hurries Chang Ka into the house. The puppet soldiers arrive, look through the gap in the wall, and climb into the yard.

"He must be here."

They hammer on Old Man's door with their rifles.

"Come on out! Come on!... If you don't, we'll fire."

The door opens and Old Man saunters out. One of the soldiers jabs him in the stomach with the butt of his rifle.

Old Man: "What's the matter, officer?"

The first soldier bellows: "Where's the kid?"

Old Man: "Inside."

"Call him."

"All right, all right."

The soldiers exchange satisfied glances. Old Man goes to the door.

"Hey, come out here."

The door opens and Chubby emerges, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

"What d'you want?"

He stretches, giving an enormous yawn, looking thoroughly disgruntled. The soldiers realize that this is not the same boy.

"That's not the one, dammit!"

"He's the only one I have."

"You swine, I saw a little Eighth Router run in here."

"If you don't believe me, officer, go in and see for yourself."

"Hey, you go in and fetch him out," says the first soldier to the second.

"Go and get him," the second soldier orders Old Man.

"How can I?" asks Old Man. "There's no one there."

The second soldier clubs him with the butt of his rifle. "Are you going or not, damn you?"

"It's not right to hit people, officer."

The first soldier takes off his cap to menace Old Man.

"Hit people! We are hitting you, you dog!"

Old Man shrinks back. Chang Ka lifts the window curtain and peeps out. Blows and curses sound from the yard.

"If you don't go and get him, you swine..."

"But there's no one there, I tell you..."

Chang Ka furiously lets down the curtain. The soldiers go on beating Old Man and Chubby.

"Little bastard!"

"Hand him over, or I'll shoot."

.....

Chang Ka gets off the *kang* in the inner room and straightens the towel round his head.

The soldiers are still beating Old Man and his son. Chubby is kicked to the ground. One soldier bellows:

"Nab him!"

"Stop!"

The soldiers look round in surprise. Chubby rushes to his father. The door swings open and Chang Ka appears. He strides boldly into the yard.

Chang Ka slaps his chest. "I'm the Eighth Route Armyman you're looking for. Nothing to do with them."

Old Man looks on anxiously. Chubby clings fearfully to his father.

"I could see by the look of you, dammit, that you were an Eighth Router," swears the second soldier, seizing hold of Chang Ka. "Come on, damn you!"

Chang Ka fearlessly throws off the soldier's hand. The man angrily grabs his jacket. Chang Ka bites him.

"He bit me, curse him!" The soldier shoves him away. "I'll shoot you for that!"

As he raises his rifle the other soldier stops him, making a circle with his thumb and first finger — the sign for silver dollars.

"See? Take him off."

The second soldier catches on and bellows at Chang Ka: "Get going!"

With a last parting glance at Old Man and Chubby, Chang Ka walks bravely off with the puppet soldiers.

Old Man catches Chubby by the arm. "Listen, Chubby. You mind the house while I go and find the district commander." Chubby nods. His father hurries away.

A small house in the enemy base. Chang Ka, surrounded by a dozen puppet soldiers, is being cursed and grilled by the puppet commander seated on a stool.

"... You're as bad as a stone in a cesspool — hard and stinking! Hurry up and talk." He stands up and points his cane at Chang Ka. "Do you want a taste of this, you little bastard?"

As he steps forward, the second soldier puts in:

"Don't get too close to him, sir. This boy bites. Look what he did to me!"

"So you bite, do you, you dog!"

"Shit! Dog yourself! Running dog of the Japanese devils!" retorts Chang Ka stoutly.

"Don't you dare talk to me like that, you young bastard."

He is stepping forward to tweak Chang Ka's ear when the boy charges him and sends him sprawling. The flustered soldiers spring forward to help their officer up. Just at this point Kameda comes down the stairs with the interpreter.

"Hey, what do?"

The puppet officer scrambles to his feet.

"Your Excellency, we have captured a young Eighth Router."

"Ha, young Eighth Route, you."

Chang Ka finds the Japanese's face familiar. When the interpreter hovering behind Kameda sees Chang Ka, he slips away. Kameda leans forward to ask:

"Well, no matter Eighth Route. You work for Imperial Army. Can do?"

Chang Ka has recognized the enemy who killed Granny. In fury he tries to spring at him, but two puppet soldiers restrain him.

Kameda gives an ugly laugh.

"Ha, vellee good, you!"

The puppet officer says: "Your Excellency, this young bastard is hard as nails. In my opinion..." He draws his pistol and cocks it. Kameda brushes him aside and says:

"Kola! You no savvy, dead no can use. Work for Imperial Army, Imperial Army plenty kind, plenty kind. Yoshi!"

Kameda looks at his watch and strides away.

On the table in the interpreter's room a glass of beer froths over. The interpreter is desperately distracted. He goes on pouring beer into his overflowing glass.

An orderly comes in. "A friend to see you, sir. From Chai's Headquarters."

Coming to himself with a start, the interpreter looks up. The orderly raises the curtain over the door and in comes Lo Chin-pao, dressed like a collaborator and carrying gifts. He hands these to the

orderly and takes off his dark glasses. The interpreter springs to his feet in surprise and walks nervously up to Lo.

"Oh, Mr. Lo! Do take a seat! Please take a seat." Turning to the orderly he says: "Make some tea."

As soon as the orderly has gone, the interpreter closes the door.

Lo Chin-pao, as his custom is, sizes up the room. The interpreter comes over.

"Do sit down, sit down. Have a cigarette."

"The district commander sent me to see you, Mr. Wang, and bring you this small sign of our appreciation for the help you gave us that day."

"You are far too good. I've only done what I should. . . . Although you released me the day that you captured me, Old Kameda has questioned me several times about my absence." The interpreter comes closer. "They've caught that little comrade of yours, did you know?"

"Yes."

"Is that why you've come?"

"Partly." Lo stands up, looks around and goes back to the table. "There's another matter, too, in which we want your help. This is your chance to do a meritorious deed."

"Yes, yes."

"Hasn't Kameda ordered all the villages to deliver grain to this base?"

"That's right."

"In that case. . . ."

"Suppose we talk in the inner room?"

He takes Lo into his bedroom and closes the door.

Sunset over Thousand *Li* Dike. Carts loaded with grain drive past. The crack of whips and carters' shouts break the silence of the evening.

In the lock-up, Chang Ka is drawing on the wall. When the chain outside the door rattles, he hurriedly perches himself on the low *keang*. The door opens to admit the first puppet soldier bringing steamed dough-balls and dishes.

"I'm blown if they're not rewarding you for being in the Eighth Route Army! Look who's come to wait on you."

"Don't talk so big. I can tell you, your lot are like grasshoppers at the end of autumn — you haven't much longer to hop." Chang Ka picks up a dough-ball and starts munching it.

"Well, you've certainly eaten the Communist Party's red stuff!" The soldier helps himself to a dough-ball and squats on a bench to eat.

"Better watch your step. Haven't you heard: Pride comes before a fall?" Between mouthfuls, Chang Ka makes fun of the man.

The soldier springs angrily to his feet. "Stop eating!" He reaches over to grab Chang Ka's dough-ball. Chang Ka dodges and stuffs a big piece of dough-ball and pork in his mouth.

"I've waited on you, you little squirt. Now it's your turn to wait on me."

He takes a box of matches from his pocket and tosses it on the table. Chang Ka picks it up.

"All right, I'll light your fag for you." He strikes a match and burns the soldier's nose. "How's that for service?"

The soldier yelps with pain and grabs up the bench. Chang Ka flings the matches on the floor and defiantly goes on eating.

The shades of night cover Paiyang Lake. Above the dike looms the fortress near which Chang Ka saved Chung Liang. The boats of the local defence corps led by Lo Chin-pao are waiting quietly, hidden in the reeds, until the time comes to attack.

The grain carts have reached the city gate. The puppet sentry on the city gate flashes a torch at them and calls:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The district commander jumps down from his cart and walks forward, shouting: "We've brought grain!"

The interpreter, going up the city wall, hears the sentry say:

"Too late. The city gate's closed."

"Do us a favour, officer. We've had a hard journey," says the district commander.

The interpreter throws away his cigarette and hurries over. The sentry is complaining:

"You should have come earlier. It's too late now. Come back tomorrow."

"We've come a long way, officer, and some of our carts broke down. I've a 'note' here." He throws up a paper package.

The sentry opens the package and finds a sheaf of bank-notes. He counts them greedily.

"What's up?" asks the interpreter, approaching him. The sentry hastily tucks the notes away before turning to face him.

"They've come to deliver grain, sir. Some of their carts broke down on the road. They've brought a note."

"These country folk have a hard time of it."

"Shall I let them in, then?"

"Find out first which village they're from."

The sentry turns to shout down: "Which village are you from?"

"Thirty-*Li* Mount," answers the district commander.

"Wait a second, and I'll open up for you." The sentry goes down, while the interpreter makes off in another direction. At the foot of the wall the district commander whispers to Yang Hsiao-ken:

"Get ready, quick!"

The carts move on, one after the other, the carters shouting "Gid-dup!" The city gate opens, and the carts rumble through behind the sentry who is carrying a lantern. The district commander walks up to chat with him until they reach the foot of the wall.

"We've put you to a lot of trouble, officer. Have a smoke."

While offering the sentry a cigarette, the commander gets him by the throat. The man drops his lantern and rifle. The lantern goes out.

The district commander beckons: "Quick, now! Quick!"

The crates on the carts are opened, and fighters jump out.

More fighters emerge from the sacks on the carts.

An overturned trough is righted, and the fighters quickly take the rifles hidden there. Then they jump to the ground.

A patrol of three Japanese soldiers with torches appear just as the fighters behind the carts are moving into action.

"Get ready to fire the signal," orders the district commander.

At sight of the enemy's torches, these veteran fighters take cover behind the carts. The Japanese advance flashing torches and shouting:

"What you do?"

The commander raises his pistol and answers mockingly:

"Good medicine for you, we do."

He promptly fires. The enemy patrol drop dead. As signal flares go up from the city gate, our fighters charge.

Sparks from the signal flares fall in the lake. The boats concealed in the reeds shoot swift as arrows towards the fort on the bank.

At the foot of the city wall, the district commander leads a charge against the enemy base.

By the lake, Lo Chin-pao's defence corps launches a fierce attack on the fort.

Company Commander Chung, a captive now for some months, is haggard and dishevelled, his jaw covered with stubble. He clutches the bars of his cell with his manacled hands and gazes tensely out.

The defence corps carrying fuel and straw charge through the city gate. The Japanese soldiers stationed in the base stampede towards the fort, with Kameda, brandishing his sword, directing operations. In a panic the puppet commander comes dashing up.

"Your Excellency, the Eighth Route Army has taken the outer defences and are fighting their way in!"

Kameda, waving his sword, bellows: "Atsmare!"

The puppet officer relays his order: "Fall in! Fall in!"

The first puppet soldier guarding Chang Ka yells:

"Get moving, damn you! D'you want a bullet through you?"

Dragging Chang Ka along, he rushes towards the fort with the other puppet troops.

Japanese soldiers are racing up the stairs to the second floor of the fort. Kameda dashes out to the landing. The first puppet soldier charges up and appeals to Kameda: "Oh, Your Excellency!"

Kameda kicks him away. The puppet soldier rolls heavily downstairs. With a woebegone look on his face he rubs his aching backside.

Chang Ka laughs heartily at the sight.

A burst of machine-gun fire penetrates the fort. The puppet soldier hastily puts out the light and cowers in a corner. Chang Ka sits on the staircase, chuckling.

Lo Chin-pao leads his men up an alleyway. The interpreter, acting as their guide, tells Lo:

"Here."

Lo Chin-pao jumps over a tumbledown wall and runs to the small prison window. Chung Liang is clutching its bars.

"Old Lo!"

"Company Commander Chung!"

As Lo Chin-pao turns to open the door, a puppet soldier fires at him. Lo dodges and with two shots kills the enemy. He then runs to the door and kicks it open. Chung Liang bursts out and throws his arms around Lo.

"Come on, Company Commander Chung! Our defence corps has broken in." He lifts Chung Liang on to his back and carries him off.

A huge explosion breaches the high wall of the base. The district commander leads a charge through the gap. His fighters climb on to the roof to occupy the highest positions, racing swiftly along beside the trellis-work. More fighters pour through the gaps in the wall into the big courtyard, one mass of black smoke and flames, with bullets raining down. Two soldiers dash up to the district commander.

"Report, district commander! Platoon Leader Lo sent me to report, we've taken the fort by the lake and rescued Company Commander Chung."

"Splendid! The defence corps must carry on according to plan and surround this fort from the east."

"Very good."

"District commander! District commander!" Rhymer Liu has come to report. The commander runs to the window, which is in flames, and Liu calls through the window:

"District commander, the fuel and paraffin to burn the fort are ready."

"Good. We'll give you covering fire. Carry on."

"Very good."

From the courtyard gate the commander watches two fighters with bundles of firewood charge towards the fort. Before they have gone far, however, they are hit. Their death distresses and angers Rhymer Liu. The commander, watching from a distance, sees a third fighter spring forward to charge. But a shot rings out and he, too, falls. Rhymer Liu tears off the towel on his head and flings it down in a rage. He turns and orders the fighters:

"Bring a quilt!"

The fighters pour water on one of the quilts they have brought and drape this over him.

"Up you go!"

As Liu is leaping over the ruined wall, a bullet pierces the quilt. Disregarding the rain of fire, he rushes towards the fort. He has covered half the distance when a hand-grenade explodes in front of him.

The district commander gives a start. But Liu struggles to his feet and carries his fuel to the foot of the fort. Having set the straw alight, he dashes back.

Dense smoke pours out of the gun slots. Inside the fort all is swirling smoke. Choking and spluttering, the first puppet soldier staggers down the stairs. Chang Ka sits on a stool coughing. His eyes light up as an idea occurs to him.

The puppet officer upstairs yells: "Throw hand-grenades to put that fire out!"

The district commander is watching.

"District commander! District commander!" Rhymer Liu runs up to him. "I've set fire to the fort, district commander."

That instant they hear an explosion, which extinguishes the fire lit by Liu. He grinds his teeth for fury, and orders the fighters:

"Bring me another quilt."

In the fort Kameda stands by a heavy machine-gun, brandishing his sword. The gunner is keeping up a heavy fire. Wrapped in a quilt, Rhymer Liu prepares to charge, but the commander stops him.

"Wait a bit. That fire's too intense."

In the fort the first puppet soldier cowers under the stairs. Chang Ka crawls downstairs and quietly picks up the stool. He smashes

it down on the soldier, knocks him out and takes the matches from his pocket. Then he quickly unhooks the paraffin lamp, takes off his jacket and smashes the lamp over it. Striking a match he sets fire to his jacket and throws it on the wooden stairs.

"Hullo, what's up? A fire's broken out in the fort!" exclaims the district commander. Rhymer Liu sticks his head out of the quilt to look.

Chang Ka lugs fuel towards the fort.

In the fort Chang Ka regardless of his own safety adds fuel to the fire.

The puppet officer on the second floor yells:

"Put it out! Throw hand-grenades..."

Chang Ka looks gleefully at the raging fire. The flames spread to the second floor where the puppet soldiers mill about in confusion.

"Fire! Fire!" barks their officer. "Throw hand-grenades! Hand-grenades! Stronger fire!"

The puppet officer runs up to the third floor.

"Report, Your Excellency! The Eighth Route Army has set fire to the fort. We can't hold out much longer."

Kameda bellows: "Fight back, you swine! Fight!"

He kicks the puppet officer downstairs. The puppet soldiers run out from the door on the second floor. Two machine-guns which our local forces have set up on the roof tops spit fire at them. Most of the puppet soldiers are mown down. The few survivors race back into the fort.

The second floor of the fort is a mass of flames. The puppet officer screams hysterically:

"Fight, fight!"

Down below Chang Ka adds more fuel to the blazing fire.

The puppet officer staggers and grabs at the banisters. The banisters are burnt away — he topples over backward. A flaming brand falls on him. "Ouch!" he yells.

Chang Ka darts out from the flaming gate of the fort.

The commander exclaims in amazement to Rhymer Liu: "Look there!"

Chang Ka staggers towards them, then falls down in a faint.

"I'll go and have a look," volunteers Liu. Wrapping a quilt around him he dashes off, mindless of his own safety. He picks up Chang Ka and starts running back.

The district commander orders: "Give fire cover."

Big Li, on a roof top, covers them with his machine-gun. He scores a hit through a gun slot on the fort.

By now Rhymer Liu has carried Chang Ka back to the commander.

"Look, district commander! Look!"

He lays Chang Ka down in front of the commander.

"Ka-tzul" exclaims the commander in amazement.

Chang Ka comes to and opens his eyes wide.

"I set fire to the fort, district commander!"

Rhymer Liu and Yang Hsiao-ken are overjoyed. Chang Ka smiles mischievously.

Deeply moved, the commander throws his arms round Chang Ka. "My young rascal!" He hugs Chang Ka to him, his eyes filled with tears. Another big explosion makes them look up. The whole fort has gone up in flames, reddening half the sky.

The sky stretches blue over vast Paiyang Lake. Scores of boats sail towards a creek.

The district commander, Chung Liang and the fighters of the defence corps wave eagerly to the villagers on the banks, as their boats filled with soldiers glide past.

The dike in front of the village is thronged. The whole village, old and young, has turned out to welcome them. Chun Kang emerges from the crowd and waves. The boats of the defence corps come alongside, and out step the district commander, Chung Liang, Lo Chin-pao and all the other fighters. Chang Ka, bringing up the rear, looks round as soon as he has climbed the bank and hands his sword and helmet to the health officer, saying, "Hold these for me, will you?" He streaks off like the wind.

The villagers on the dike give the soldiers a rousing welcome.

Chun Kang steps out from the cheering crowd. The commander and the others walk towards him.

"District commander!"

"Old village head!"

Chun Kang grips Chung Liang's hand with feeling. "So you're back, Comrade Chung." There is stormy applause. "You're real heroes, district commander. You've won another splendid victory."

"Why, this is nothing. The big ones are yet to come."

"Where's our Ka-tzu?"

"That young rascal? Ha, he's hot stuff. He distinguished himself in this action!" He turns round and shouts: "Ka-tzu! Ka-tzu!"

A crow's nest high up a tree. Chang Ka is recovering his pistol from the nest. After looking at it exultantly, he shins down the tree.

A table is spread with good food and wine to celebrate the victory. Chun Kang raises his cup to propose a toast.

"You've done some tough fighting, and done a big thing for us by knocking out this last fort by Paiyang Lake. On behalf of all the villagers of all our villages, I drink to your victory!"

"Thank you, folk, if not for you, we couldn't have won. Come on, let's celebrate together. Drink up, everyone!"

"District commander! District commander!"

Chang Ka pops out from the crowd.

"Report, district commander, I've done something wrong. That time we ambushed the enemy, I captured a gun. But I hid it in a crow's nest outside the village. Now I'm handing it in."

The commander bursts out laughing.

"You young rascal, Ka-tzu! I've known all along. But what about the holster, eh?"

"Holster? There wasn't one."

"You didn't make a thorough job of clearing the battlefield." The district commander turns to Yang Hsiao-ken. "Let's have it."

Yang Hsiao-ken produces a holster from his dispatch case and hands it to the commander.

"You were so brave in this action, Ka-tzu, that our district defence corps has decided to issue this pistol to you. We are going to put you down for a meritorious deed, too."

Chang Ka takes the pistol and holster and puts them on, then stands jubilantly to attention.

"Salute!"



Chung Liang smiles.

"Can I be a scout, Uncle Chung, now that I've captured this real gun with this wooden one?"

"Why, lad, you're a scout already."

He takes some bullets from his pocket and puts them in Chang Ka's hand. Chang Ka cries excitedly:

"Bullets!"

Chun Kang comes forward with hot tears of emotion in his eyes and exclaims: "Ka-tzu!"

Chang Ka runs into his arms.

"Uncle Chun Kang!"

"Good lad, you're truly your Granny's good grandson."

"Ka-tzu!" Old Man hurries out from the crowd. Chang Ka calls his name and rushes to hug him. Then he looks up to ask: "Where's Chubby?"

"Chubby!"

As he looks round, Yu-ying runs over and catches hold of Chang Ka.

"Brother Ka-tzu, my mum's here." She pulls him over to her parents.

"You gave us the slip, you young rascal!" Aunt Yang produces a pair of shoes and some duck eggs from her basket. "Try on the shoes I made you, Ka-tzu."

"No need."

He hangs the shoes over his shoulder, and runs up to some old villagers.

"Uncle! Grandad!"

Before he can go any further, the health officer grabs him and tells a girl standing by her:

"This is Ka-tzu."

He dashes over to give Lo Chin-pao a duck egg.

"I don't want it," says Lo. "You keep it."

The girls beside Lo Chin-pao start saying such flattering things that the boy bolts in embarrassment. He runs back to the district commander and Chung Liang.

Fire-crackers are let off, and the crowd parts to make way for Chubby at the head of a group of children.

Chang Ka takes one look and yells excitedly:

"Chubby! Chubby!"

"Comrade Ka-tzu!"

As Chang Ka races towards him, Chubby holds up the fire-crackers. . . .

"Real whoppers, aren't they, Comrade Ka-tzu?"

He gives him the fire-crackers. The district commander, Chung Liang and Lo Chin-pao beam.

Chang Ka gets out his gun.

"Look, Chubby, I've got hold of another real one. So I'll give you this wooden one. Mind you use it to capture a real pistol too!"

Chubby snaps to attention. "Salute!"

The two boys jab each other playfully in the stomach with their guns. Both shout "Bang!" and start laughing.

Chang Ka and Chubby gloat over the guns in their hands. Chubby lifts Chang Ka up, then puts him down again. In fun they raise their guns and take aim, shouting, "Bang, bang, bang!" Both of them are rocking with laughter.

*Chang Mu-chen and
Wang Ko-sheng*

Most Potent Voice of Our Age

Chairman Mao's teachings,
Most potent voice of our age
And beacon of the revolution's course;
Chairman Mao's teachings,
Banner of our age —
On them all victories depend.

Chairman Mao's teachings
Carved on Mount Chingkang's green pines
Make the flowers of revolutionary struggle
Bloom in the red revolutionary base.

Chairman Mao's teachings
Written on the Long March

Spread the flames of revolutionary struggle
From Juichin to the foot of Pagoda Hill.

Chairman Mao's teachings
Heard from Date Garden's cave windows
Make the clarion call to resist Japan
Reverberate over the world.

Chairman Mao's teachings
Re-echoed from Pinghsingkuan's city gate
Make the Japanese invaders
Throw down their helmets and arms.

Chairman Mao's teachings
Borne on the mighty waves of the Yangtse
Make revolution's surging tide
Sweep away the whole old world.

On October 1, 1949
Chairman Mao's teachings ring out over Tien An Men;
Thunderous salvos sound the knell
Of Chiang Kai-shek's regime;
The hundreds of millions of people
Are their own masters now.

Everywhere on the soil of New China
Chairman Mao's teachings spread;
Earth-shaking changes
Transform our whole fair land.

Chairman Mao's teachings,
Valid throughout the Four Seas,
Reach the highest level,

Have the greatest power.
Wherever these teachings go,
Flowers bloom fresh for ever,
Like scrolls the scarlet banners unfurl.

In the "land of mountain eagles"
Where Chairman Mao's teachings have spread,
Firm, unshakable as steel is their resolve
To resist imperialism and revisionism.

In the forests of south Vietnam
Where Chairman Mao's teachings have spread,
Infuriated iron fists
Give the American gangsters a fierce drubbing!

Our suffering brothers in Africa
Are spreading Chairman Mao's teachings;
War drums on the equator
Rouse Asia, Africa, Latin America.

Chairman Mao's teachings,
Spiritual atom bombs to defeat imperialism,
"Iron broom" to sweep away revisionism;
Chairman Mao's teachings,
"Massive cudgel" to clear away monsters
And glorious sunrise to redden the new world,
What the revolutionary people love most,
Love best,
Love with all their hearts,
Is to follow Chairman Mao's teachings!

Feng Yung-chieh

Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman

The proud ship of revolution
Sweeps on at lightning speed;
The locomotive of our age
Races forward like a whirlwind;
The army bugle, loud and clear,
Voices our fighters' pride;
Gongs and drums announcing fresh victories
Set our fighters' hot blood racing.
See!
The landscape is like a painting,
With a forest of red flags,
Cloudbanks of flowers!

Feng Yung-chieh is a fighter in an air-force unit in Shenyang.

Listen!

Rolling war drums, thunderous cheers,
Song after song of triumph!

**"The situation of the great proletarian cultural revolution
Throughout the country is not just good, it is excellent."**

News of victory greet the surging east wind
And are borne aloft to Peking.

"Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman,
Making revolution depends on the thought of Mao Tse-tung."

Songs of triumph from all parts of the land
Carry to Tien An Men.

Ah, great leader Chairman Mao!

Nearest and dearest to us,

You are our guide

To cleave through the high seas,

Setting our far-flung course.

Each and every victory

Is a victory of your great radiant thought;

Each and every song of triumph

Is written under your personal direction.

The proletarian revolutionaries

Hold firmly to your great strategic plan;

The mighty army of the proletarian revolution

Marches forward, fearless, bearing red flags.

Listen!

War drums sound the advance of revolutionary mass criticism,

A crescendo of drumming shakes the earth and sky.

Look!

The billows of the great historic tide
Of revolutionary great alliance
Roll irresistibly on.
Fiercer and fiercer each assault
On the wicked old world;
The handful of capitalist roaders in the Party,
Thoroughly trounced, are frightened out of their wits;
Seven hundred million in this sacred land
Have raised a red storm engulfing earth and heaven;
New revolutionary committees
Are springing up like bamboo shoots after rain.
Ah!
The situation of the great proletarian cultural revolution
Is excellent!
The great thought of Mao Tse-tung
Has opened up unlimited prospects for us.
Look!
While monsters at home and abroad
Raise their voices in an anti-China chorus,
News of success come thick and fast
From our industrial front.
Look!
While class enemies at home and abroad
Slander and curse us,
News of a record harvest
Pour in from all our jubilant countryside.
No difficulties or dangers
Can halt the advance of our heroic people;
Whirlwinds and hurricanes
Can only strengthen the determination
Of our seven hundred million revolutionary people!

One by one, mushroom-shaped clouds
Irradiate the sky;
One by one, we scale new heights
In technology and science.
Classes to study Mao Tse-tung's thought
Have sprung up all over the country;
Nourished by sunshine and rain
Millions of people of the new communist type
Brim over with high resolve.

.

The proletarian revolutionaries have grasped
The sharpest ideological weapon,
They vow to root out revisionism.
Listen!

The battle-cry "Revolutionary rebellion!"
Re-echoes through the Five Continents and Four Seas;
The world has entered the new age
Of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung;
The rising sun of communism
Is soaring above the horizon. . . .

"Only by emancipating all mankind

Can the proletariat achieve its own final emancipation."

Countless arduous tasks still await us,
In whose chests surge the winds and clouds of the whole world,
In whose hearts is boundless loyalty to our great leader.

"You should pay attention to state affairs and carry

The great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end."

Ah, Chairman Mao!

Your heart-warming instructions

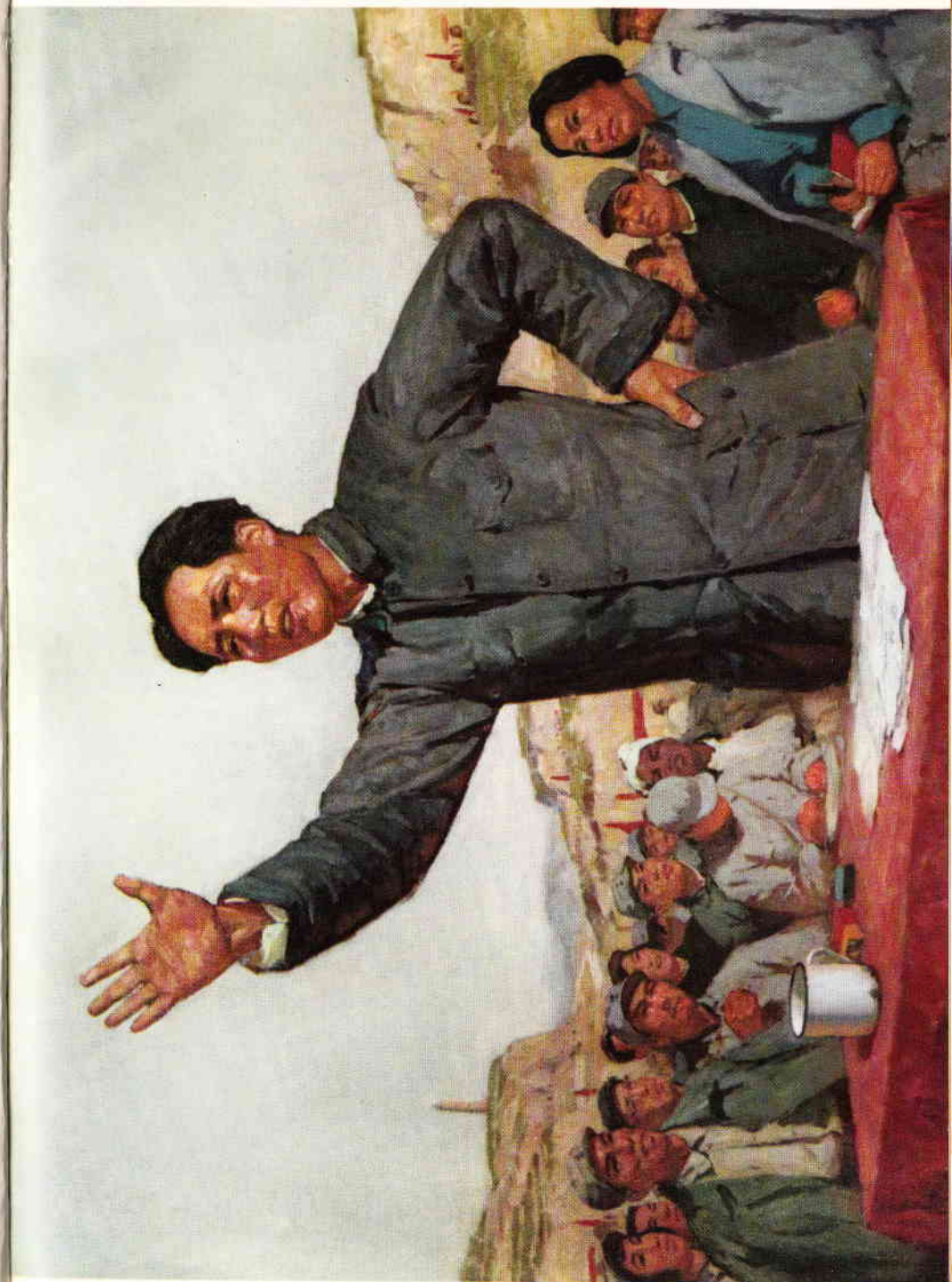
Spur us on to wage new struggles;

We shall follow you for ever against wind and waves,

Advancing courageously,
We shall make revolution with you for ever!
To greet the all-round victory
Of the great proletarian cultural revolution,
With full and firm resolve
We march off to new battles.

The proud ship of revolution
Advances at lightning speed;
The locomotive of our age
Races forward like a whirlwind.
Celebrating victory,
We cannot but sing for joy;
Greeting the new spring
Our hearts surge with boundless pride.
From the bottom of our hearts let us acclaim
The cultural revolution's songs of triumph;
With all our hearts let us sing
Of the great, invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung!

*Chairman Mao at the Yanan Forum on Literature
and Art* (oil painting) ▶



Szuma Li-hsuan

Faithful Always to Chairman Mao, Serve the People Whole-heartedly

On graduating from medical school in 1964 I joined the Air Force of the People's Liberation Army and was assigned to a unit as medical attendant.

Three diesel generator operators in our company always had headaches. They went to the hospital twice, remaining for periods of over ten days each time until they were cured. But a few days after returning to the company, they again suffered from headaches.

At first I thought: "If the hospital can't cure them, what chance have I, an ordinary medical attendant, got?" But when I studied the

Szuma Li-hsuan, a medical attendant in the Air Force of the Chinese People's Liberation Army, was one of the representatives at the second congress of activists in the study of Chairman Mao's works held by the Air Force. This is an account of how he has studied and applied Chairman Mao's writings in a creative way.

"Three Constantly Read Articles" I realized I wasn't showing the **"boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people,"** which Chairman Mao teaches us to have. "Why do the three of them have headaches?" I wondered. "Why are they all able to get rid of them and then get them again?"

I took the question to *On Practice*, and there found the answer. Chairman Mao says: **"The solving of both these problems is not separable in the slightest degree from practice. Whoever wants to know a thing has no way of doing so except by coming into contact with it, that is, by living (practising) in its environment."**

Chairman Mao's words, like a master key, immediately unlocked my mind. I had to find the cause of the ailment before I could cure it. I moved my bedding over to the diesel generator squad and ate and slept with the patients, observing them at their work and in their daily life.

Strangely enough, after a few days I started to get headaches, too. I thought I was catching cold, and took some pills, but they didn't do any good. I still hadn't found the reason for the men's headaches, and I was beginning to lose heart. But then, recalling the boundless sense of responsibility Comrade Bethune had displayed in his work, I vowed to carry on till I got to the bottom of things.

For over a month I watched from morning till night. Finally I discovered what was wrong: carbon monoxide from the exhaust of the diesel engines. Although the doors and the windows were open, enough of it remained in the shop to cause headaches when inhaled in small doses over a period of days.

I reported my findings to the leadership and helped the men rig up long exhaust pipes which carried the fumes outside. The headaches of the three operators ceased.

Comrade Yang Yung-chang, one of our telephone operators, was suffering from a neurosis of the stomach. For a long time he couldn't eat without vomiting. The active co-operation of the patient is needed to treat this ailment. He mustn't think of nausea when he eats, but he mustn't be afraid of it either. Yang didn't realize this, and when I tried to explain he thought I was accusing him of shamming. One

day, he came to pick up some medicine, and I again urged him to co-operate. He misunderstood and said angrily:

"Forget it. I'm not a doctor. How can I cure my own illness?"

I got mad too, and I said to myself: "I've suggested several different treatments, trying to help you. I've been absolutely honest and still you blame me."

Irritated, I snapped: "It's up to you." In this mood we parted.

When our company's political instructor heard about this, he criticized me for being too crude in my methods. That was the last straw. I felt very aggrieved.

But, thinking it over that night, I sense there *was* something wrong with me. So I again read *In Memory of Norman Bethune*. Again Dr. Bethune's spirit of **"utter devotion to others without any thought of self"** educated me. For the sake of world revolution, he came thousands of miles to China, where he constantly perfected his skill while doing excellent, meticulous work, and in the cause of world revolution, he died.

What about me? A comrade was ill. Though I hadn't cured him, I was beating a retreat. The patient wasn't co-operating, but that was because I wasn't doing my part of the job well. When I realized this, a lamp seemed to glow in my brain. Everything became clear. I made up my mind to cure him.

The next morning I went to Yang and apologized. Then we studied Chairman Mao's works together and frankly exchanged views on our understanding of what we read. Yang liked to play ping-pong, so I had a few games with him. Afterwards, he told me the history of his ailment. I reminded him that Chairman Mao teaches us to dare to fight and dare to win, and explained the importance of the patient taking the initiative mentally.

From that day on, he pitched into his illness in the spirit of the "Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains." He ate, vomited, and ate again, thinking all the while: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

One meal he had to eat more than ten times before he could keep it down, but still he wasn't discouraged. Because we both followed



Chairman Mao's teachings and co-operated, in less than half a month Yang was completely cured.

Although this wasn't a big thing, it gave me a new approach. It made me understand that while technique is of course important in treating an illness, even more important is Mao Tse-tung's thought. A man may be more skilful, or less skilful, but as long as he is faithful to Chairman Mao and acts always in keeping with Chairman Mao's teachings, he will be able to do things well.

As I was eating lunch one day, a young man from the nearby commune came running in, panting, and said: "Comrade Szuma, my grandpa's stopped breathing. Come quick, I beg you, and save him!"

I hesitated. If he was already finished, what could I do? Should I go, or not? If I went, I'd surely fail and look bad. If I didn't go, what excuse could I give for not even trying?

At that moment I happened to raise my head and see a quotation from Chairman Mao written brightly on the wall: **"Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people. Every word, every act and every policy must conform to the people's interests. . . ."**

That started an ideological struggle in my mind. Chairman Mao teaches us to be responsible to the people in every word and deed.

Now, when one of the people was in trouble, if I thought only of myself, wouldn't I be behaving too selfishly?

I put down my bowl and chopsticks, shouldered my medical pack, and hurried with the young man to his home. I examined the patient. His forehead and limbs were icy cold. I couldn't feel any pulse, his heartbeat was very faint.

There was a sudden roaring in my ears. This was the first time I had ever had such a patient. A regular doctor hadn't been able to cure him. What use would a young medical attendant like me be? My first impulse was to give him up as hopeless, as the regular doctor had.

But then a commune member said: "Comrade, he is a poor peasant. You've got to save him." I was struck by this remark. Something Chairman Mao had said in his *Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan* flashed into my mind: **"The poor peasants have always been the main force in the bitter fight in the countryside . . . Without the poor peasants there would be no revolution."**

In the countryside, the poor peasants have always been the main pillar, staunchly carrying out and defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Your attitude to the poor peasants proves what your attitude to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line really is. Fighting to save a poor or lower middle peasant is one way of defending it. Fighting to save a poor or lower middle peasant is a concrete demonstration of loyalty to Chairman Mao, his thought and revolutionary line.

With Chairman Mao's teachings enlightening and encouraging me, I lost all fear. There was only one thought in my mind — I've got to save this old man! I immediately gave him an injection to stimulate his heart, and followed this by acupuncture treatment and artificial respiration. His family had no hot water bottle, so I used a kettle instead to apply warmth to his head and limbs.

After two hours of emergency measures, the patient started breathing again. With a few more days of careful treatment, he was completely restored to health.

Another time, I met an old man with a big sore on his chest. The sore was festering, and so deep you could see his rib. It hurt me just to look at it.

"That sore is bad," I said. "Why don't you go to the hospital?"

The old man sighed. "I was treated for two years in a big hospital in Tientsin, but it didn't do any good. The doctor said I've got t.b. of the bone with sinus; it's very hard to cure. He said the only way is to cut out two of my ribs. But if I lose those ribs, I won't be able to work."

"In the old society," his wife added, "who could afford medical treatment? We were lucky if we didn't starve to death. Today, we have so much, thanks to Chairman Mao, we feel it's not right to become a burden to our production brigade."

The words of these two old people were an education to me. Some doctors had been influenced by the revisionist line of China's Khrushchov. Instead of doing their best to treat the labouring people, they cared only for money and nothing for the masses. I was very angry.

"If the big hospital won't cure you, I will," I said.

The old couple were so moved they couldn't speak. When I got back to my company I thought it over. Could I succeed where the hospital failed? Maybe I was being too rash. I took my problem to the works of Chairman Mao.

Chairman Mao says: **"Our point of departure is to serve the people whole-heartedly and never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses, to proceed in all cases from the interests of the people and not from one's self-interest or from the interests of a small group. . . ."**

Whether I could cure the old man depended not on how skilled I was or how good the conditions for treatment were, but on whether I was determined to wholly and entirely serve the people. It was not simply a question of medical treatment, particularly with this kind of ailment, it was a struggle between two kinds of thinking, two political lines. Curing the old man's illness would be a heavy blow against the revisionist line of China's Khrushchov and a firm defence of the proletarian revolutionary line of Chairman Mao.

Once I got my thinking straight, I felt confident. I made up my mind to hit hard, by my practical conduct, at the superstitious awe in which the smelly old bourgeois experts had been held. In keeping with Chairman Mao's teachings, and with Comrade Bethune as my

model, I made a careful examination of the sore and read a lot of related material. My conclusion was that the old man didn't have "t.b. of the bone with sinus" at all, but an osteomyelitis. The hospital had been careless and made the wrong diagnosis. Since the treatment was unsuitable, the sore only became more stubborn.

Having found the root of the case, I followed Chairman Mao's instruction to **"concentrate a superior force to destroy the enemy forces one by one."** I gave the patient both Western and traditional Chinese medicines plus acupuncture treatment. In a few days the sore had stopped running, but it continued to spread. The rotted flesh had to be cut away to check the sore's growth. But our company infirmary had no scalpel. Even worse, I had never performed an operation before. What should I do?

Again I turned to Chairman Mao's teachings. Chairman Mao says: **"Learn warfare through warfare. . . . Doing is itself learning."** I thought to myself: Roads are created by the steps of man, accomplishments are made by man's efforts. With Chairman Mao's teachings to guide me, I could solve any problem, however difficult. If I had no scalpel, I could use a sterilized razor blade. I hadn't performed any operations, but I could learn while doing.

After rigorously sterilizing a blade, I cut away the gangrenous flesh. Then I gave the patient Chinese medicine internally, applied Western medicine externally, and used injections and acupuncture treatment simultaneously. No matter how busy I was, in keeping with Chairman Mao's teaching that we should show a "boundless sense of responsibility" to our work, I went to the old man every day to give him an injection and change his dressing.

A little over a month later, after careful treatment and at a cost of only ten or fifteen yuan, he was cured. For two years he had been unable to work, but now he was returning to the "grasp revolution, promote production" front.

The old man was extremely grateful to Chairman Mao and to our PLA unit, which Chairman Mao had sent. His production brigade, on behalf of all the poor and lower middle peasants, presented our company with a plaque, reading: "The thought of Mao Tse-tung is a never-setting red sun."

“Without Mao Tse-tung’s thought, the biggest hospital isn’t of much use,” said one of the commune members. “But if you’ve grasped Mao Tse-tung’s thought, you can cure illness even under unfavourable conditions.”

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“A man’s ability may be great or small, but if he has this spirit, he is already noble-minded and pure, a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, a man who is of value to the people.”**

Practical experience has made me deeply aware of the absolute truth of this. What counts most is not your skill or ability or technical knowledge, but whether you’ve grasped Mao Tse-tung’s thought, whether you act according to Chairman Mao’s instructions. Mao Tse-tung’s thought is the soul of a revolutionary fighter, his invincible weapon against difficulties. With it, the hardest problems become easy. Before, when I hit a snag in my work, I went first to my medical books. Today, I go first to the works of Chairman Mao.

I now thoroughly realize that the worst person is the one who opposes Mao Tse-tung’s thought, the stupidest is the one who can’t use it, the cleverest is the one who’s grasped it, and the most able is the one who follows Chairman Mao’s teachings.

As the old saying goes: mountains make obvious the flatness of the plains, grass proves its strength in a gale. In ordinary times it’s easy to act according to Chairman Mao’s instructions. Can you do it wholly and entirely in a crisis? That’s the real test of a revolutionary fighter’s loyalty to Chairman Mao.

We were holding a meeting one day, when the leader of a nearby production brigade came running in, all out of breath, and asked me to see a commune member who was ill. I hurried over with him and discovered that the patient was a middle-aged woman. She was lying in bed, very pale, surrounded by a room full of people. Four kids were crying by her side. The atmosphere was tense. A dozen pair of eyes fastened upon me the moment I entered the door.

I examined the patient. Her jaws were tightly clenched, her limbs were cold, her heartbeat weak. A neighbour explained: “She’s just had a baby. She’s been unconscious for half an hour.”

“The conditions for treatment are poor here,” I said to myself, “I’m just a medical attendant. I have no skill or experience in this kind of ailment, and our company infirmary has no medicine for it. The woman’s life is in danger. If I try to save her and fail, won’t people say I delayed her from getting proper treatment?”

Then, Chairman Mao’s injunction to serve the people wholeheartedly seemed to ring in my ears. With Mao Tse-tung’s thought in my mind, my hands grew steady and my breathing calmed. I came to a decision.

First I had to unlock her jaws so that she could take medicine and breathe more easily. I remembered an acupuncture method I had heard about for doing this. I tried it. Six minutes later, the woman slowly opened her mouth. The neighbours all smiled. My confidence increased. I gave her a heart stimulant injection and put some steaming dark vinegar under her nose. She soon regained consciousness. I wrote out a prescription of Chinese medicine.

The woman quickly recovered her health. Her family and other members of the commune in her village thanked me so profusely I was embarrassed. I thought: “Without Chairman Mao’s guidance I wouldn’t have dared to treat her.”

“Don’t thank me,” I said. “Thank Chairman Mao.”

From this experience I learned that the best time to creatively study and apply Chairman Mao’s works is in times of crisis. That is when we test whether the selfishness or the public spirit predominates in our minds, whether we’ve really grasped Mao Tse-tung’s thought.

One afternoon, as I was weeding in a rice field with members of a brigade, my company’s political instructor came rushing up, shouting: “Quick, quick! They’ve just fished a kid out of a pond. He needs emergency treatment.”

I threw away the weeds I was holding and ran into the village. A three-year-old child was lying on the ground, his belly distended with water. He hadn’t been breathing for more than ten minutes. I immediately pumped the water out of his stomach and gave him artificial respiration. Because the villagers washed their chamber pots in the pond he had fallen into, the water I squeezed out of the kid stank to high heaven. The smell of it made me sick.



I had to save him, so I went on. But all my artificial respiration didn't work, though blood and dirty water kept pouring out of the child's mouth. It was a race against time. I knew I'd have to use mouth-to-mouth respiration. The little boy spewed out another mouthful of bloody water just as I was bending down. When its stench reached my nose, I hesitated.

"That filthy pond water is full of germs," I thought. "I probably can't save the kid and will only end up poisoned, myself."

But then I remembered the glorious example of Dr. Norman Bethune. I realized that my fear of filth and stink was sign of the selfishness in the depths of my mind. At once, I cast it aside. Disregarding the nauseating odour, I applied my mouth to the child's and gave him artificial resuscitation for over an hour. Mouthful by mouthful, I sucked out the dirty, bloody water. Slowly the little boy resumed breathing. Finally he let out a loud bawl and burst into tears.

Everyone smiled with relief and crowded round to thank me. "You PLA men really serve the people heart and soul," a cadre commended. The child's parents said: "How lucky that Chairman Mao has stationed our good soldiers here. Now they've saved our child."

But that night the little boy developed an infection from the dirty water he had swallowed. It flared up in his lungs as an acute pneumonia. His temperature soared and he went into a coma.

I remembered what our great leader Chairman Mao teaches: "**Serve the people whole-heartedly.**" It's all the more important to do so in a crisis. I couldn't neglect people who were in trouble. I decided to take the kid to the hospital myself. As a precaution I gave him an anti-biotic injection first. Bringing my emergency medicines, I rode several dozen *li* on a horse-drawn cart with the child in my arms. I watched him every moment till we got him safely to the hospital.

It was after three in the morning when I returned to camp. I was very tired, but I felt happy beyond words, for I had acted according to Chairman Mao's instructions. After ten days of treatment in the hospital, the little boy came skipping out.

In the past few years, I have tried to study and apply Chairman Mao's works creatively. The most fundamental thing I have learned is this: Loyalty to Chairman Mao means following his teachings absolutely, firmly acting according to his instructions, and serving the people heart and soul. The aim of the unprecedented great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao personally, is to develop new men who are dedicated to communism and the public welfare. You show your dedication to the public welfare by following Chairman Mao's teachings and serving the people whole-heartedly. In the course of serving the people, you must continually overcome difficulties, fight your own selfishness, and revolutionize yourself.

Since 1965, acting in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings, I have saved six class brothers from death and cured over a hundred and fifty people with long term chronic ailments. Each time I finished a task, conquered a difficulty, or won a battle against selfishness, I grew stronger in my determination to serve the people. Mao Tse-tung's thought struck deeper roots in my mind. My heart moved an inch nearer to limitless loyalty to Chairman Mao.

Fan Hsiu-wen

Expose the Nature of the Soviet Revisionists' Vaunted "Humanism"

Ever since the infamous 20th Congress of the CPSU, the Khrushchov revisionist clique have made "humanism" one of their main slogans for carrying out a counter-revolutionary revisionist line in the cultural field. Not long ago their mouthpiece *Pravda* published another article harping on the old tune that "communism" is the "embodiment of humanism" and that the Soviet culture, by holding high "the banner of humanism," has become an "important factor" in "building communism."

This is sheer counter-revolutionary nonsense.

As everyone knows, humanism is a trend of thought which appeared during the Renaissance in Europe and played a certain role in the bourgeois enlightenment movement of that time. However, human-

ism has always been the world outlook of the bourgeoisie and has nothing in common with that of the proletariat, which is scientific communism. In the name of "making man the centre of everything," bourgeois humanism uses such abstract fallacies as "love of mankind" and "universal, common human nature" to negate the class contradictions in bourgeois society and cover up the reactionary character of the bourgeoisie's cruel exploitation and oppression of the working people. It is a spiritual opiate used by the bourgeoisie to enslave and rule over the working people by lulling and undermining their fighting spirit. By claiming that this out and out bourgeois slogan is a "communist slogan," and by insisting time and again that Soviet culture, literature and art must have humanism as their "basic theme," the Soviet revisionist clique once again prove that they are despicable renegades to scientific communism and to the proletariat.

The "humanism" preached by the Soviet revisionist clique is nothing but a counter-revolutionary ideological weapon. They have made their hirelings, bourgeois reactionary writers of every kind, produce a spate of poisonous films, novels, plays and poems, hysterically clamouring "Long live the love of all mankind!" "Humanism is immortal!" They rant: "We are all human," "men and men are friends, comrades and brothers." Their aim, it is easy to see, is to oppose proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat, to bring about all-round restoration of capitalism and consolidate their reactionary revisionist rule.

Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought, teaches us that after the proletariat has seized political power, the overthrown landlord class and the bourgeoisie will not take their own destruction lying down; they will carry out counter-revolutionary activities in every conceivable way in the hope of recovering their lost paradise. To safeguard the fruits of the revolution, the proletariat must exercise dictatorship over the overthrown class enemy and firmly smash all their plots to make a comeback. On no account must it talk of equality with them or grant them freedom, much less regard them as brothers.

Yet in literature and art the Soviet revisionist clique blatantly proclaim: "We are all human" and "Long live the love of all mankind!"

They use counter-revolutionary twaddle of this type to attack and vilify the dictatorship of the proletariat. They distort history, falsify the facts and openly describe the Soviet people's fight against the class enemy to defend the dictatorship of the proletariat as the "inhumane" outcome of the "cult of the individual."

Novels such as Sholokhov's *Virgin Soil Uplturned* and Stadnyuk's *People Are Not Angels*, dealing with the movement for collectivizing agriculture in the Soviet Union during the late twenties and early thirties, insinuate that the Bolshevik Party's struggle against the counter-revolutionary clique of Trotsky and Bukharin "dishonoured and injured good men." They openly and scurrilously claim that the liquidation of the kulaks as a class had "tragic results." G.Nikolaeva's *Battle on the Road*, Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and a whole series of reactionary works of this sort completely negate the struggle in 1937 to wipe out counter-revolutionaries, babbling that it was "cruel and inhumane."

Ehrenburg's counter-revolutionary memoirs resort to even more vicious language to abuse the whole of Soviet society from the time of the October Revolution until Khrushchov's revisionist clique seized power. Its "cruelty" and "injustice," according to him, were "unparalleled in history." The socialist system under the dictatorship of the proletariat lacked "humanity."

As for Sholokhov's *A Man's Lot*, Tvardovsky's *The House by the Road*, Aitmatov's *Mother's Field* and other poisonous weeds which claimed to deal with the subject of war from a "new humanist standpoint," they actually presented the great anti-fascist war as a "tragedy for mankind," a "calamity," and "fratricidal slaughter."

In a word, according to these Soviet revisionist writers, the whole proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat were an "inhumane" "tragedy." The only way to conform to the principle of "humanism" was to let the overthrown landlords and bourgeoisie trample at will over the working people again, and willingly submit to invasion and slaughter by the imperialists. The counter-revolutionary essence of this "humanism" of the Soviet revisionist clique is surely as clear as daylight.

This vaunted "humanism" is not only thoroughly reactionary but thoroughly spurious too. All that talk about "everything for man" and "men and men are friends, comrades and brothers" is nothing but deceit. Countless facts show that "everything for man" means everything for the handful of representatives of the reactionary classes. If we go to the heart of the matter, by "friends, comrades and brothers" they mean U.S. imperialism and all its accomplices and lackeys.

It is common knowledge that Yesenin, Tsvetayeva, Bunin, Zoschenko, Akhmatova, Pasternak and company were counter-revolutionary writers long ago rejected by the Soviet people for their inveterate hostility to the dictatorship of the proletariat and their frenzied counter-revolutionary activities after the October Revolution. Yet after the 20th Congress, the Soviet revisionist clique lost no time in "rehabilitating" them, one and all, lauding this scum, filthy and contemptible as dog's dung, as "outstanding representatives" of Soviet culture. And, dead to all sense of shame, they bragged of this "victory" for "humanism" and "humanity."

Worse still, some of the literary hirelings of the Soviet revisionist clique have gone all out in recent years to proclaim that Hitler's fascists were also "men," that the heads of the U.S. ruling clique are "peace-loving" and "concerned over the fate of mankind." The hero of Simonov's *Soldiers Are Not Born* presents German fascist officers in a most flattering light as "first-rate, brilliant" commanders "sharing the fate of their soldiers." He says it is "cruel" to shoot them, and this "goes most painfully against" his "conscience."

In *The Third Rocket*, *The Trap* and other poisonous works Bykov shamelessly preaches the "kindness" and "humanity" of the fascist invaders, lamenting over their death. Ehrenburg's *Men, Years, Life* brashly praises the "humanity," "reasonableness" and "progressiveness" of the American ruling class, clamouring for "peace" talks with Truman, Acheson and other criminal warmongers. The contemptible clown Yevtushenko has written numerous reactionary political poems, in which he never tires of voicing his wish to "share the same lot" with U.S. imperialism. As for acclaiming as "humanist" trumpeters of imperialist aggression such as Kipling, and humbly taking them as teachers, this type of degeneracy has become a habit

in Soviet revisionist cultural circles. Quite obviously, the so-called "humanism" of the Soviet revisionists is nothing but openly and shamelessly taking as friends, comrades and brothers the most reactionary fascists in the world and imperialism headed by the U.S.

More than fifty years ago, Engels wrote trenchantly: "And today, the very people who, from the 'impartiality' of their superior standpoint, preach to the workers a socialism soaring high above their class interests and class struggles, and tending to reconcile in a higher humanity the interests of both the contending classes — these people are either neophytes, who have still to learn a great deal, or they are the worst enemies of the workers — wolves in sheep's clothing."

Of course, the Soviet revisionist clique are not "neophytes." They long ago betrayed the cause of scientific communism. They have always wildly opposed Marxism-Leninism, the proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. They are thoroughgoing "worst enemies of the workers," honest-to-goodness "wolves in sheep's clothing."

Kuo Hung

Autumn Insects ShriII

Not long ago Ernst Henry, a Soviet revisionist hack, published in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* a series of anti-China articles entitled *From the Pamirs*. This anti-China buffoon was suddenly inspired to climb a peak of the Pamirs "only a few kilometres" from our border to have a stealthy "look" at our country. He hoped to see something he could turn to good account. However, confronted by a sea of red flags, by spring thunder reverberating throughout our vast land, by the hurricane of the great proletarian cultural revolution, he could only utter a few plaintive cries like an insect in the autumn.

This clown has a deadly hatred for China, because our country has become the centre of the world revolution and supports the revolutionary struggle of the people of Asia, Africa and Latin America. He is appalled by the brilliant victories of our great proletarian cultural revolution and the wide dissemination of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Gnashing his teeth with rage he vilifies China as an "empire" flying "the red flag of socialism," a "socialist Genghis Khan" fanning the flames in every part of the world.

Actually these slanders are nothing new, nothing but trash picked up from Khrushchov and his like. Didn't Khrushchov and company clamour about the "yellow peril" and the "menace of a new Genghis Khan"? And Khrushchov and company, for their part, simply dug this mouldy rubbish up from the grave of the German Kaiser William II.

At the time of the Russian Revolution of 1905, when democratic revolution was sweeping China and many other Asian countries, William II shamelessly warned against the "yellow peril" in an attempt to carve up China still further, invade Asia, suppress the revolution in Asia, divert the attention of the people of Europe from revolution, and put up a smoke-screen in preparation for starting the imperialist world war. This reactionary theory could not save him, however. It was not long before this arch reactionary perished together with his reactionary theory of the "yellow peril." And the revolution in China and Asia has advanced victoriously.

William II was finished long ago, and Khrushchov has been toppled. The mighty storm of revolution is sweeping not only Asia but Africa and Latin America as well. The fact that, at such a time, Khrushchov's successors and their hired hacks are harping again on the "yellow peril" theory, vilifying China as an "empire" and "Genghis Khan," shows that they are doubly reactionary and stupid.

Here let us make our position quite clear to the handful of Soviet revisionist renegades. We do mean to fan the flames of revolution in every part of the world. We do mean to support the revolutionary struggles of the peoples of all countries and all revolutionary armed struggles and wars. We do mean to stoke up a blazing fire, so that the sparks of revolutionary rebellion turn into fierce prairie fires, so that the revolutionary flames of the peoples of every land opposing imperialism, modern revisionism and all reaction blaze throughout the world, burning to death all man-eating monsters!

At all times we resolutely carry out our great leader Chairman Mao's directive: **"The people who have triumphed in their own revolution should help those still struggling for liberation. This is our internationalist duty."**

The handful of Soviet revisionist renegades have already degenerated into the No. 1 accomplice of U.S. imperialism. You have taken the shameful counter-revolutionary role of a "fire-brigade" criminally stamping out the revolutionary flames of the oppressed peoples and nations of the world. The Chinese people and the revolutionary people of the whole world are determined to put a stop to your sinister activities. We shall resolutely frustrate your plot to stamp out the flames of revolution.

Just as bats dread the splendour of the sun, reactionaries dread the voice of truth. It is not strange that the Soviet revisionist renegades slander and vilify the great People's Republic of China. William II in the past and the U.S. imperialist chieftain Johnson today, the old revisionists Bernstein and Kautsky and the modern revisionists Khrushchov and his successors Brezhnev and Kosygin — all are alike in dreading the revolution of the peoples of all countries and the spread of revolutionary truth throughout the world. In the past the reactionaries of various countries reviled the Soviet state power created by Lenin as "red imperialism" precisely because the great October Socialist Revolution which broke out in Russia brought Marxism-Leninism to the people of the world. Today the Soviet revisionist renegades frenziedly revile China as an "empire" flying "the red flag of socialism" precisely because the world-shaking great proletarian cultural revolution in China is spreading Mao Tse-tung's thought, Marxism-Leninism at its highest level in the present era, more widely and thoroughly throughout the world. This is what the imperialists and all reactionaries fear most.

Under the brilliant guidance of Chairman Mao, the greatest Marxist-Leninist of the present era, the red sun that shines most brightly in the hearts of the revolutionary people of the world, China's great proletarian cultural revolution has already won decisive victories. The revolutionary people of the world see from this revolution the future and hope of mankind. They have boundless love for, faith in and veneration for Mao Tse-tung's thought. They realize that the path of the Chinese revolution is the path of thorough revolution, that only Mao Tse-tung's thought can lead the revolutionary struggles of the op-

pressed peoples and nations to final victory. They warmly acclaim the fact that the world today has entered the new era in which Mao Tse-tung's thought is the great banner.

Just as Chairman Mao has said: **"The day of rejoicing for the masses of the people is a day of woe for the counter-revolutionaries."** The imperialists headed by the U.S. and their lackeys the modern revisionists and all reactionaries are trembling, appalled by the mighty victories of China's great proletarian cultural revolution. They are aware that their end is fast approaching. That is why they set their propaganda machines going full blast and give vent to such mad yelling, such desperate moaning. As Vice-Chairman Lin Piao has said: "(They) have taken great pains to curse and vilify our great proletarian cultural revolution. This proves by negative example that our victory has dealt the enemy a very heavy blow and that they are nothing but a bunch of vampires that are bound to be destroyed."

Let a few flies drone! Let the autumn insects shrill! Great socialist China stands erect like a giant in the world. The mighty tide of China's great proletarian cultural revolution is surging forward. The invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung is sweeping the whole world with the force of an avalanche. The days of all pests are numbered.

Chronicle

New Commemorative Stamps

Illuminated by the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, the eight models of revolutionary art — the Peking operas *The Red Lantern*, *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, *Shachiapang*, *On the Docks* and *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*, the ballets *Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-Haired Girl*, and the symphonic music *Shachiapang* — pay resounding tribute to the workers, peasants and soldiers who are the masters of history, righting the previous reversal of history by the exploiting classes. The performances of these works have been warmly acclaimed by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and the revolutionary people of China and other lands. They are hailed as splendid examples for the development of proletarian revolutionary literature and art, brilliant achievements of the great proletarian cultural revolution, and great victories of Mao Tse-tung's thought. New stamps have now been issued to commemorate these great victories.

This set of nine 8-cent stamps is printed in colour. The first bears the inscription *Long Live the Victory of Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line on Literature and Art!* The remaining eight show scenes from the eight models of revolutionary art.

New Documentary Films Released

New documentaries recently filmed in Shanghai depicting the brilliant victories of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line have been shown in Shanghai and its vicinity.

These films include: *I Advance When Chairman Mao Gives the Signal*, *Wang Shih-tung, a Communist Fighter Boundlessly Loyal to Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line*, *Mass Study and Mass Criticism in Shanghai Villages*, *A Detachment Active in the Countryside*, *The Best Present*, *Coal-Miners Faithfully Follow Chairman Mao's Teachings* and *Sunshine Irradiates Hengsha Island*.

I Advance When Chairman Mao Gives the Signal records how members of the "Help the Left and Cherish the People Model Platoon" of the PLA and the "Help the Left and Cherish the People Model" Comrade Li Wen-chung, utterly loyal to Chairman Mao, gave their lives to help the Left and cherish the people during the great proletarian cultural revolution. *Wang Shih-tung, a Communist Fighter Boundlessly Loyal to Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line* presents the glorious deeds of this young hero who, nurtured by the sunshine of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, laid down his life to safeguard state property and the people. *Mass Study and Mass Criticism in Shanghai Villages* introduces the classes to study Mao Tse-tung's thought set up throughout ten counties on the outskirts of Shanghai. It shows the poor and lower-middle peasants going all out to study and apply Chairman Mao's works, and their far-reaching movement of revolutionary mass criticism. *Sunshine Irradiates Hengsha Island* depicts a PLA unit on Hengsha Island, Paoshan County, which has consistently put politics in command, made an intensive study of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and helped the islanders to advance staunchly along the revolutionary and militant road in accordance with Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. *The Best Present* records a major victory of our heroic air force which, going all out to destroy enemy intruders, on September 8, 1967 shot down over east China a Chiang Kai-shek U-2 plane made in America.

Workers' Revolutionary Cultural Performances

Since the Spring Festival, workers in Huhehot in the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region and Kueiyang in Kueichow Province have put on large-scale revolutionary cultural performances wholeheartedly praising our great leader Chairman Mao and the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, manifesting the boundless love of the working class for our great leader.

The fortnight of performances by Huhehot workers took place in excellent circumstances, as the literary and art revolution in Inner Mongolia developed in depth. Twenty Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams from various factories, mines and enterprises enthusiastically publicized Chairman Mao's latest directives and eulogized our great leader Chairman Mao, the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, and the great victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art. In a variety of items they also denounced the sinister crimes of China's Khrushchov and his agents in Inner Mongolia who opposed the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought.

More than 500 Mongolian, Han, Hui and Manchu workers and staff members took part in these performances, most of them mounting the stage for the first time in their lives. About half of their 146 items had been written by the workers in their spare time. Short, concise and militant, full of proletarian feeling, they expressed working-class confidence and determination to win complete victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution under the brilliant leadership of Chairman Mao. They also voiced the boundless loyalty of these revolutionary workers to Chairman Mao.

These 15 performances, attended by more than 17,000 people, were warmly welcomed by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers.

In Kueiyang the workers performed two full-length dance dramas: *Kueiyang Workers Are Advancing Boldly* and *The Song of Wang Ting-ju*. The first is a stirring paean to Mao Tse-tung's thought. In eight scenes, with powerful revolutionary passion it expresses the common feelings of the working class of Kueichow, their boundless love, faith

in and veneration for Chairman Mao and their boundless loyalty to the great leader and presents a magnificent picture of the province's revolutionary working-class movement which is advancing boldly under the illumination of Mao Tse-tung's thought in the great proletarian cultural revolution. The second gives a successful portrayal of Wang Ting-jui, a fine representative of the Kueichow working class, and vividly depicts the sharp struggles between two classes, two roads and two lines in the area of Tsunyi after the proletarian revolutionaries seized power. Both dramas were compiled by the workers themselves.

Centennial of Birth of Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois Commemorated

In his cable of condolence on the death of Dr. Du Bois in August 1963, the great leader Chairman Mao said: **"Dr. Du Bois was a great man of our time. His deeds of heroic struggle for the liberation of the Negroes and the whole of mankind, his outstanding achievements in academic fields and his sincere friendship towards the Chinese people will for ever remain in the memory of the Chinese people."** Reviewing Chairman Mao's appraisal of Dr. Du Bois, foreign friends in Peking commemorated the centennial of his birth at a meeting sponsored by the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau on February 23.

Dr. Du Bois was a noted Afro-American leader, anti-imperialist fighter, writer and scholar. His was a militant life. All his life he sought for truth and took the road of thorough revolution. He fought heroically and staunchly for the freedom, equality and liberation of the Afro-Americans. In 1951, at the age of 91, Dr. Du Bois visited China and had the joy of being received by the great leader Chairman Mao. Like a bud nurtured by rain and dew, Dr. Du Bois' life shone with new splendour. In his old age he was determined to devote his life to the complete liberation of all mankind and to strive for communism. He made a careful study of Chairman Mao's writings. In a speech he called to the African people: "Africa, arise, face the rising sun!" "China is flesh of your flesh and blood of your blood."

On page 112, the sentence beginning on the 9th line from the bottom should read: In 1961, at the age of 91, Dr. Du Bois visited China and had the joy of being received by the great leader Chairman Mao.

Present at the meeting were Vice-Premier Chen Yi; Kuo Mo-jo, Vice-Chairman of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress; Mrs. Shirley Graham Du Bois; R.D. Senanayake, Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau; representatives of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau — Ahmed Mohammed Kheir from the Sudan, Kinkazu Saionji from Japan and Afif from Indonesia — Djawoto, Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Journalists' Association, Afro-American leader Robert Williams and representatives of international organizations and organizations for national liberation of a number of countries in Peking.

Kuo Mo-jo, Mrs. Shirley Graham Du Bois and Senanayake spoke at the meeting. Kuo Mo-jo pointed out that today the struggle of the oppressed Afro-Americans in the United States is advancing triumphantly under the light of Mao Tse-tung's thought. We must continue to develop the indomitable spirit of Dr. Du Bois in the revolutionary struggle against imperialism and unite with Afro-Americans and all oppressed nations and peoples to eliminate U.S.-led imperialism and new and old colonialism. He said that on August 8, 1963 our great leader Chairman Mao issued the "Statement Supporting the Afro-Americans in Their Just Struggle Against Racial Discrimination by U.S. Imperialism." Like a radiant lamp, Chairman Mao's statement pointed out the road of liberation for the Afro-Americans and all oppressed peoples, and provided the most powerful theoretical weapon for the revolutionary struggle of the Afro-Americans. After this great document was published, in the United States the Black people became more awakened. They had broken the fetters of "non-violence" and were waging vigorous armed struggle against violence.

In her speech Mrs. Du Bois gave an account of the life of Dr. Du Bois and recalled how the great leader Chairman Mao had received them when Dr. Du Bois and she visited China. She said: Dr. Du Bois saw the red sun rising in the east in China. In China he found truth and he was reborn in spirit, in mind and in body, so that he continued his tireless struggle for revolution. Mrs. Du Bois pointed out that today the great proletarian cultural revolution, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, is lifting revolution to heights never before

envisaged by man. She said she rejoiced very much that the celebration of Dr. Du Bois' birth was taking place during China's great proletarian cultural revolution. In closing, she recited one of Du Bois' favourite poems by Chairman Mao:

Soon the dawn will break in the east,
But do not say we are marching early;
Though we've travelled all over these green hills we are not old yet,
And the landscape here is beyond compare.

.....

In his speech Senanayake condemned the Soviet revisionist leading clique and its hangers-on who had distorted the militant political stand of Dr. Du Bois against imperialism and colonialism headed by the United States and all reaction. They were trying to paint Dr. Du Bois as a passive peace worker, in order to sabotage the revolutionary struggles against imperialism that are being waged by the oppressed people in America and elsewhere. Senanayake said that the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau called upon all revolutionary and progressive Afro-Americans and other peoples to resolutely carry forward the struggle against imperialism headed by the United States, modern revisionism with the Soviet revisionist leading clique at its centre and all reaction.

"Rent Collection Compound" in Hanoi

The Vietnamese people paid glowing tribute to the Chinese *Rent Collection Compound* exhibition which recently closed in Hanoi.

The exhibition, which featured ten reproductions of the original clay sculptures and pictures of all the rest, lasted 26 days — from January 20 to February 16. In spite of repeated air raids by the enemy, more than 90,000 people visited the exhibition. Among them were fighters from the Vinh Linh area who had fought heroically day and night against intruding U.S. planes, workers from Lao Cai Province on the Sino-Vietnamese border, national minority people from the northern mountains and cadres from the coastal areas.

In the centre of the main exhibition hall was featured a huge photograph showing Chairman Mao Tse-tung and President Ho Chi Minh warmly shaking hands with each other. The visitors crowded up to this picture and lingered there with deep emotion. They fervently expressed their boundless faith in the great leader Chairman Mao and the fraternal Chinese people and their full confidence in winning final victory in the struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. With profound feeling, many visitors asked a Chinese correspondent to convey their best regards to Chairman Mao.

The visitors highly praised the ideological and artistic value of the clay figures, saying that the achievement was a great victory of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Comrade Hong, one of the visitors, said: "Chairman Mao has pointed out, '**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.**' Chinese sculptors have achieved such brilliant results by bearing in mind these teachings of Chairman Mao." A worker of a motorcar repair workshop said: "China's great proletarian cultural revolution is very good." Many spectators regarded this exhibition as a profound education in class struggle, showing that the struggle between the oppressed and ruling classes is a life-and-death struggle and no compromise is possible.

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

Published by: FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS, Peking, China
Distributed by: GUOZI SHUDIAN (China Publications Centre), Peking, China
Order from your local dealer or write direct to the Mail Order Dept., GUOZI
SHUDIAN, P.O. Box 399, Peking, China

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

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

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

中国文学

英文月刊 1968 年第 5 期

本刊代号 2—916