



10

CHINESE
LITERATURE

CONTENTS

NOTES ON ART

- Blaze New Trails, Socialist and Proletarian — Something New and
Something Distinctive — *Jen Wen-hsing* 3

REPORTAGE

- At the Foot of Hawks' Nest Mountain 14
Every Red Heart Turns Towards Peking — *Chi Fu, Li Heng and
Tien Chung* 24
Heroic Mother and Daughter of the Grasslands 33
A Song of Victory on the Sanmen Gorge 41

POEMS

- Eighteen Years on the South Sea Frontiers — *Yao Cheng-yu* 49
The Bugle Call on the Himalayas — *Yang Tse-ming* 51
Stitching the Satchels — *Chung Tse* 53
Song of the Linesmen — *Ku Shun-chang* 55
Our Former Squad Leader — *Hsiang Chi* 58
I Ride My Eagle Ten Thousand Li — *Sun Jui-ching* 60

REVOLUTIONARY STORIES

- Put Doing to the Fore — *Chu Jun-bsiang and Chou Chia-hu* 63
Testing the Weapon — *Chou Chi-hsuan* 66
After the Rice Was Burnt — *Hsun Yung-an* 73
A Particular Feature of His Character — *Chang Kai-teh* 79

FORUM ON LITERATURE AND ART

- Mao Tse-tung's Thought Is a Beacon for Revolutionary Literature and
Art — *Chen Ping and Li Ming-hui* 84
The Fundamental Task of Socialist Literature and Art — *Sun Kang* 87
We Shall Always Sing of the Red Sun in Our Hearts — *Chou Kuo-yu* 90
Literature and Art Must Serve Proletarian Politics — *Hsia Lin-ken* 93

CHRONICLE

96

PLATES

- Chairman Mao with the Red Guards (oil painting) 40-41
Photographs of a Performance of Piano Music "The Red Lantern"
with Peking Opera Singing 62-63
Shock-Brigade (gouache) 72-73

Front Cover: Chairman Mao at the Founding of the People's Republic
of China

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

We should take over the rich legacy and the good traditions in literature and art that have been handed down from past ages in China and foreign countries, but the aim must still be to serve the masses of the people. Nor do we refuse to utilize the literary and artistic forms of the past, but in our hands these old forms, remoulded and infused with new content, also become something revolutionary in the service of the people.

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



Our great teacher Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Jen Wen-hsing

Blaze New Trails, Socialist and Proletarian — Something New and Something Distinctive

The piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, the direct result of the application of Mao Tse-tung's thought, came into being in the socialist new China.

Born under the care and guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching herself, this new expression of proletarian art creates what is new and original, new in the sense that it is socialist and original in the sense that it is proletarian, and blazes a trail for the revolution in Western instrumental music and symphonic music and in the accompaniment to the opera of our great motherland. This marks a significant development in the history of world music and is a new victory for Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art.

Epoch-making Revolution in Piano Music

As early as in 1944, our great leader Chairman Mao pointed out in a letter on the revolution in Peking opera: **“History is made by the people, yet the old opera (and all the old literature and art, which are divorced from the people) presents the people as though they were dirt, and the stage is dominated by lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters.”**

For hundreds of years the piano was also dominated by the exploiting classes. Just running the eye down the dedications and titles of the “heroes” of the bourgeois “masters” of the piano is revealing: devils, nymphs, countesses and emperors... None of them sing of the labouring people. Melodies spun on the piano are too often unhealthy sounds playing up the exploiters and playing down the working people.

As for the so-called immortal themes in piano music the bourgeoisie boasted so much about — life and death, love and hate, gods and the graveyard — none of them were played for the working people. They expressed the decadent, corrupt and mawkish sentiments of the exploiting classes.

Our great leader Chairman Mao pointed out more than twenty years ago that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and that the reversal of history must be reversed and historical truth restored. But China’s Khrushchov and his agents in the literary and art circles, Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Lin Mo-han and company, did all within their power to oppose Chairman Mao’s proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art and stubbornly pushed a sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line. They prostrated themselves under the feet of bourgeois and revisionist art and “by the exertion of every effort to preserve the old from extinction,” enabled feudal, bourgeois and revisionist black wares to continue to dominate our piano.

We are now living in a new era in which imperialism is heading for total collapse and socialism is advancing to world-wide victory. Guided by Mao Tse-tung’s thought, our workers, peasants and soldiers have been writing heroic chapters in history with the astonishing

deeds they perform every day. But the piano continued to play only the hotchpotch of the bourgeoisie. Obviously, the weapon of literature and art was used by China’s Khrushchov and company to paralyse the revolutionary will of the people and serve their scheme of “peacefully evolving” socialist China onto the capitalist road.

In order to smash the vicious intrigues of China’s Khrushchov, Comrade Chiang Ching gave the instruction in 1964 that the piano should be used to accompany modern revolutionary Peking operas. This was in accordance with Chairman Mao’s teachings that literature and art should serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and his concept of **“making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China”** and **“Let a hundred flowers blossom; weed through the old to bring forth the new.”** But Comrade Chiang Ching’s instruction was withheld from the revolutionary artists by the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in the field of culture. The tempestuous proletarian cultural revolution toppled this handful of class enemies and swept them aside. Guided and led personally by our beloved Comrade Chiang Ching, revolutionary cultural fighters, following their conquest of the stubborn stronghold of Peking opera and riding on the victorious East wind of the cultural revolution, went on to storm the stubborn stronghold of the piano. They took revolutionary initiative and dared to blaze new trails. Through repeated experiments, they succeeded in composing brilliant piano music for the arias of the Peking opera *The Red Lantern*.

This is a song of victory for the thought of Mao Tse-tung. The piano which had always been a tool serving the reactionary ruling classes found its way out of feudal courts and palaces and bourgeois mansions and halls and for the first time mounted the theatrical stage of the workers, peasants and soldiers. The success of the piano music *The Red Lantern* gives a new lease on life to this Western instrument which was isolated from the people for so long that it was practically on the brink of extinction, turning it into a weapon for the proletariat.

This is a great pioneering event in the history of world art. In the history of the piano, this is the first time that decadent bourgeois tunes were swept aside and replaced by powerful and militant melodies

which give a penetrating picture of the noble inner world of a proletarian revolutionary hero.

Magnificent Paean to Proletarian Heroes

Our great leader Chairman Mao has instructed us: proletarian revolutionary literature and art must eulogize the proletariat and working people. It was pointed out in the *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Piao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching* which Chairman Mao himself revised three times that "the basic task of socialist literature and art is to work hard and create heroic models of workers, peasants and soldiers." While retaining the basic features of Peking opera, the piano music gives full play to the special features of this instrument to heighten the portrayal of proletarian revolutionary heroes. It underlines the characterization of Li Yu-ho's heroic image. Expressive rhythm and powerful tones provide the basis of the piano music for Li Yu-ho's singing. For instance, the passage, "I'm Filled with Courage and Strength" describes how Li Yu-ho takes the cup of wine presented to him by his mother before he departs with the men come to arrest him. Here, a bold and moving introduction, rolling melodies and chords throughout the singing and the final burst of powerful music all bring out Li Yu-ho's class feelings towards his mother and daughter and his fearless revolutionary heroism.

"My Spirit Storms the Sky" sung by Li Yu-ho when he is walking to the execution ground is a complete set of arias depicting the hero's noble image in a most concentrated form. Before the singing begins, a piano introduction, with sharp, sinister notes, portrays the brutality and inner weakness of Hatoyama, the Japanese police chief, then grave, steady low chords express Li Yu-ho's firm steps as he strides proudly out of the jail. As the music swells, we seem to see the image of Li Yu-ho towering before us even though the singing has not yet really begun. When Li Yu-ho sings "Though heavy chains shackle my hands and feet, they cannot fetter my spirit that storms

the sky," the piano surges from low chords to a swift flight of notes which vividly show Li Yu-ho's indomitable revolutionary spirit and his determination "to vanquish all enemies and never to yield."

After the singing reaches the part when Li sings "Head high, I militantly walk to the execution grounds. Gazing afar, I see . . ." the piano music further develops the original musical interlude in the Peking opera and adds an excellent solo passage here. A clear, ringing melody symbolizing the revolutionary red lantern starts from the treble and quickly spreads down the key board until the wide range, power and rich texture of the piano were all brought into play to express the noble ideal of the hero. In his mind's eye he sees not the atrocities of the enemy but the flames of resistance blazing across the plains, engulfing the arrogant Japanese imperialists in a sea of fire kindled by the people's war. Instead of the heavy chains shackling his limbs, he sees "a new China grow like the rising sun" after the storm. The piano music for the singing that follows becomes more colourful and rich bringing out to the full the splendid prospect of "red flags will flutter over the whole land," and is most evocative. When the singing comes to an end, the piano music winds up with a melody which in the Peking opera preceded the singing, and with majestic chords and lilting melody make us feel that instead of going to the execution ground, the hero, with full confidence in victory, is going out to welcome a militant tomorrow. Thus the piano sings warm praises of the hero's noble qualities and revolutionary spirit, shows his composure and courage in the face of death and his revolutionary optimism and far-sightedness.

The piano music *The Red Lantern* also presents a penetrating portrait of Li Yu-ho's daughter, Tieh-mei, who matured quickly under the education of our great Party and her revolutionary predecessors and in the tempest of class struggle. From the aria "They All Have Fine Loyal Hearts" to "Hatred in My Heart Sprouts a Hundredfold" the music develops and the image of Tieh-mei becomes fuller and loftier.

In the aria "They All Have Fine Loyal Hearts" Tieh-mei sings about her uncles, comrades-in-arms of her father, all of whom have fine loyal hearts like him. Here the piano makes full use of its wide

range, clear notes and versatility and throughout this passage uses lively, rolling chords to give a vivid impression of T'ieh-mei's animation, childlike innocence and cheerful nature.

The passage in which T'ieh-mei listens to granny tell about the revolutionary history of the red lantern is a key point in the whole opera. The piano arrangement here is most outstanding. T'ieh-mei, after listening to the tale about her family's revolutionary heirloom, the red lantern, is deeply moved and sinks into meditation. Imitating the musical effect of the traditional strummed instruments, the piano plays a series of light staccato notes to show T'ieh-mei's contemplative mood. This arrangement is successful in that it conveys to both artists and the audience the feelings of the heroine. Here the piano not only achieves something new in content but uses a new musical technique.

When T'ieh-mei sings "What is the reason?" and is earnestly pondering over the motives of the revolutionaries, the piano provides a simple and light accompaniment, but in the pause that follows, it changes swiftly in tempo showing that T'ieh-mei has found the answer and with rising, rich notes brings out the decisive reply: "To save China, to save the poor and defeat the Japanese invaders."

When T'ieh-mei's thought turns to herself and what she should do, the piano turns into a softer melody which goes on until she sings: "If my father shoulders a heavy responsibility, I too should be able to shoulder a weight not much lighter." Here the piano pounds out powerful notes to show T'ieh-mei's staunch will and determination to be a worthy successor to the revolution.

The aria "Hatred in My Heart Sprouts a Hundredfold" depicts T'ieh-mei's grief at her father and granny's death and her hatred for the enemy, it also shows her determination to carry on the martyrs' cause. The music here is powerful and intense, sharply bringing out T'ieh-mei's strong hatred. At the end T'ieh-mei sings: "Arrest me, release me, I'm well prepared. I fear not whip and lash, I fear not lock and chains, I won't give you the code even if you grind me to powder." This is a revolutionary pledge. T'ieh-mei has gone through the severe trials of class struggle and here the piano expresses

her staunch will so that we see before us, standing firm and erect, a newly matured revolutionary successor holding high the red lantern.

The piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, born in the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, portrays the heroic image of the proletarian hero in a concentrated form and is a combination of revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism with pronounced topical and national features. It is yet another pearl, iridescent with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, which has achieved **"the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form."**

What you praise and what you oppose is a matter that concerns the basic question of our literature and art — "for whom?" The bourgeoisie want to eulogize their own heroic characters, disseminate their own ideals, demands and aspirations and petrify the world in the image of the bourgeoisie; the proletariat too want to create their own heroic characters, propagandize their own ideals, demands and aspirations and transform the world in their own image. This has been a sharp and fierce class struggle. The birth of the piano music *The Red Lantern* has opened a new epoch for the piano which over the centuries had sung odes to the ruling class of the day. Now that it begins to sing praises of the workers, peasants and soldiers, a "new life is opening up" for the piano. This is yet another victory scored by the proletariat against the bourgeoisie in the field of literature and art, yet another great victory of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art over the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of China's Khrushchov.

Make the Foreign Serve China; Weed Through the Old to Bring Forth the New

Following the appearance of the revolutionary symphonic music *Shachiapang*, the revolutionary ballets, the *Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-Haired Girl*, the piano music *The Red Lantern* is yet another brilliant model in **"making foreign things serve China and weed through the old to bring forth the new."**

The success of the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing not only opens a new road for the revolution in Western instrumental music and symphonic music but blazes a new trail for the musical accompaniment for the operas of our great motherland. Its success heralds the approach of a great revolutionary storm in these fields.

Successfully absorbing the best features of this traditional art, the piano music *The Red Lantern* makes critical use of important traditional methods of playing and on the basis of the revolutionary political content of the Peking opera of the same title made important changes in both composition and presentation. These changes enable this ancient Western instrument to play the tunes and melodies of the proletariat and of socialism so that it now serves the workers, peasants and soldiers, serves socialism and proletarian politics.

The piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing integrates Western traditional art with Chinese traditional opera adopting the best features of both. Retaining the basic features of Peking opera melodies and percussion accompaniment, it gives full play to the wide range, power and expressiveness of the piano. This blending makes revolutionary changes in the musical accompaniment of the Peking opera, enriches and develops it and opens up broad prospects for it to better reflect the socialist era and portray worker, peasant and soldier heroes.

The piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, in its blending of foreign and Chinese, weeds through the old to bring forth the new so that it emerges with clear-cut contemporaneous features and Chinese national characteristics and yet is different from either the foreign traditional art form or the Chinese one.

The success of this piano music fully demonstrates the great power of Chairman Mao's great policy: **"Make foreign things serve China,"** and **"weed through the old to bring forth the new."**

"Make foreign things serve China" means to critically assimilate the best in Western art so that it may be used for the benefit of socialist China. **"Weed through the old to bring forth the new"** means weeding through the old of feudalism and capitalism to bring forth

the new of socialism — new socialist content in the national form the common people of China like.

Marx and Engels pointed out in *The Communist Manifesto*: "The Communist revolution is the most radical rupture with traditional property relations; no wonder that its development involves the most radical rupture with traditional ideas." The traditional art of the West was used mostly to disseminate the traditional concepts of feudalism and capitalism and from this content there is no possibility of bringing forth the new by weeding through the old. However, there are many excellent features in the art forms of the West which can be weeded through to bring forth the new for our use today. To develop the new socialist literature and art of our country, we must critically assimilate and carry on the best of the art forms from the West. It is wrong to reject Western art forms indiscriminately. At the same time, it is necessary to transform the old forms of Western art to enable them to express the new and socialist content and be liked by the common people of China. Blind worship of Western art forms, believing that everything Western is good and refusing to carry out reforms or weed through the old to bring forth the new, is also categorically wrong. On the question of accepting Western art forms, we oppose both extremes.

China's Khrushchov and his agents in the field of literature and art, Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Lin Mo-han and their ilk swung from one extreme to another in their effort to find the means to restore capitalism and to oppose the great concepts of **"making foreign things serve China"** and **"weed through the old to bring forth the new."** At one moment they advocated a so-called "complete Westernization," which they interpreted as meaning that Western instruments were only suitable for performing Western classical works, and called on all those learning Western instrumental music to "immerse themselves in what is foreign," to be "thoroughly Western." The next moment they made a hundred and eighty degree turn, and pretended to be anti-foreign, ranting that Western instruments could not possibly "serve the workers, peasants and soldiers," and ordering those studying Western music to change their profession. The birth of the piano music *The Red Lantern* declared the utter bank-

ruptcy of both these fallacies spread by China's Khrushchov and company.

Today we live in an era which has as its great banner the thought of Mao Tse-tung. To create a new socialist literature and art worthy of our great times, we must follow the instructions of our great leader Chairman Mao **"Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China"** and **"Let a hundred flowers blossom; weed through the old to bring forth the new,"** and dare to create the new which is socialist and establish the original which is proletarian and blaze a trail of our own.

"There is no construction without destruction, no flow without damming and no motion without rest." We must thoroughly repudiate the sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art, break away completely from a blind worship of feudal and bourgeois cultural patterns and wage an unprecedentedly penetrating and far-reaching great revolution in the realms of culture and art. Only revolution will enable us to create new proletarian socialist literature and art. Only revolution will allow us to blaze our own trail. Lu Hsun once said: "Without a pathbreaker who will break away from all traditional ideas and measures, China will never have a genuinely new literature and art." Comrade Chiang Ching is an outstanding proletarian revolutionary pathbreaker, who holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought led revolutionary literary and art workers in launching fierce attacks on the stubborn strongholds of art one after the other. Their attacks had the force of a hurricane and the might of a thunderbolt, sweeping away all and everything in its way. The strongholds of Peking opera, the ballet, symphonic music and the piano have been stormed. We must model ourselves on Comrade Chiang Ching, display a fearless spirit of daring to struggle and to win, dare to take the initiative, and create and blaze our own trail. We must strive to create a new socialist literature and art which clearly reflect the issues of our time, which embody national characteristics and which the common people of China will love.

The great forerunner of the cultural revolution, Lu Hsun prophesied thirty-four years ago: "The brilliance of tomorrow will prove

that we are not only the preserver of literary and art heritages but are also their developer and creator." Lu Hsun's prophesy has today been realized. The birth of the piano music *The Red Lantern* shows once again that the Chinese people, armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, are the great developer and creator of literature and art. We are not only capable of reforming all of the superstructure not consistent with the socialist economic base, capable of sweeping out all the garbage of feudalism, capitalism and revisionism which only corrupts the minds of the masses and paralyses their militant will but we are able also to blaze a new road for the new socialist literature and art, write the most beautiful chapter in history and build up a treasury of brilliant new literature and art which inaugurates a new epoch for man.

At the Foot of Hawks' Nest Mountain

We army wives have built a farm at the foot of Hawks' Nest Mountain in Kirin Province, not far from the county town of Chiutai. From the time we started it, in 1958, we've had to battle constantly with the weather, the land, and old-fashioned ideas. Looking back on these past ten years, especially on the tempering and education we have been receiving in the great proletarian cultural revolution, we see them as ten years of struggle, relying on the thought of Mao Tse-tung, against selfishness and for the common good, ten years of shattering change in the depths of our souls.

1958 was the year when the people of China, under the wise leadership of Chairman Mao and enlightened by the Party's general line for socialist construction, brought the big leap forward to its peak. But all we army wives had done was to plant some vegetables near the camp, do a bit of sideline production, help the soldiers with their mending and sewing and wash their clothes. A far cry from the sweep of the times. We were very conscious of this, and we asked

each other: "What are we going to do? The whole country is making a big leap forward."

No matter what, we couldn't behave like old-style officers' wives, who never did a lick of work and lived off their husbands. For we were wives of cadres in a people's army, women in the era of Mao Tse-tung's thought. We would go our own way, the way Chairman Mao pointed out: **"Unite and take part in production and political activity to improve the economic and political status of women."**

In keeping with this instruction of Chairman Mao, we left the town in the winter of 1958, went into the countryside and began our farm.

It took long and repeated struggle for us to get over the old habit of relying on the men and to break away from the old confines of household life. When we were building our new homes, it began to snow before the earthen walls were dry and before we had levelled out the old field mounds in our earthen floors. The rooms were coated with frost, the courtyards were filled with weeds and rubble. The homes weren't like homes, the fields weren't like fields, and as for the food, it was awful.

Some humorist made up a jingle about our situation. It ran like this:

Water fetched in a basin,
Vegetables frozen and sour,
Fuel, go out and pick it yourself,
Eat, if you can, our mouldy flour.
Not for me, this tough farm life,
I'd rather be a city wife.

A few of the women wavered and thought of beating a retreat. One or two actually left. At this critical juncture, the division commander gave us a guidelight. He had us organize a study of *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* and talked to us about the revolutionary tradition of the 25,000 *li* Long March, and about Nanniwan, in northern Shensi, where self-reliant production was developed during the War of Resistance Against Japan. He encouraged us to compare our present lives with our past. Since most of us, in the cannibal old society, had been pushed down to the lowest



depths of the sea of bitterness, we all had miserable family histories to relate.

Yuan Kuei-hsiang, an older woman whom we called Big Sister, spoke first at a mass meeting called by the Party branch for recollections of past wretchedness. Her family had been extremely poor. She told us of how they spent the New Year holiday when she was a child of six. The family of the landlord was setting off firecrackers and eating and guzzling, but Kuei-hsiang's family was still and had nothing in the pot. All six of them, ill and hungry, huddled together on the platform bed. Kuei-hsiang's parents couldn't bear to see the children starving to death before their very eyes. Weeping, they sold her little five-year-old sister to the landlord for fifty catties of mouldy barley. But when the meal was cooked and placed on the table, and all had taken up their chopsticks, they looked at each other, blinded by tears. Nobody could eat a mouthful. It wasn't food before them, it was little sister's flesh and blood.

At this point, we all burst out crying. "We were treated like cattle in the old society," one woman said. "No one listened to our

pleas. We were in an endless briny sea. Wherever we went, we drank bitterness. Today the sword of power is in our hands, but the moment we run into a bit of hardship we want to go back to our little homes, to lean on our husbands again. Isn't that a retreat? Chairman Mao encourages us to take part in the revolution so that we can drive forward. We simply can't go backward."

"The hardships we had in the old days fattened the landlords," said another. "Any hardships we have today are for the revolution."

The more we talked, the more enthusiastic we became. "That's right," Peng Feng-fu, the youngest of us, exclaimed. "If we don't revolt against our old ideas, we can't be masters of this new era. We've got to strike roots here at the foot of Hawks' Nest Mountain and bury our old ways of thinking once and for all."

In front of our farm was a piece of marshy land of about seventy *mu*. The peasants called it Frog Hollow. It was crowded with waist-high reeds. People said nothing would grow there. But we dug into the soil and found it rich and black. We decided to convert it into tillable land. Frog Hollow would be our battlefield for defeating selfishness and fighting for the public good. We would establish Chairman Mao's concept of arduous battle firmly in our minds.

We began by pulling out the reeds. They were thick and deep. It took two of us, shouting a work chant, to drag a single reed out by the roots. Some of the wives wore gloves at first, and short rubber boots, but they soon discarded them and worked bare-handed and barefooted. Scratched and bleeding, we fought on until we had disposed of all the reeds.

Rocks and old stumps we removed with pickaxes. Some of the women broke the bigger rocks with hammers and carried off the pieces. We all raised blisters on our hands, but no one complained.

To prevent water-logging, we built two dykes at the foot of Hawks' Nest Mountain, together over a thousand metres long, and dug thirteen drainage ditches, each three or four feet deep, which came to a total length of four hundred and fifty metres. We did all this during the rain, because on clear days we worked on the land.

Besides, when it rained we could see which way the water flowed, and dug accordingly.

With rain beating down on our heads and mud beneath our feet, we slowly dug our ditches. The mud was soft and sticky. We often sank up to the ankles each time we removed a spadeful of earth, and had to haul our feet out. Even so, as we worked we sang. Everyone was in high spirits. The local people said: "These People's Liberation Army wives are as competent as their husbands. We ought to learn from them."

But one or two individuals scoffed: "They weren't badly off. Why did they come here looking for trouble? Do they think they can raise grain on that land? They're crazy."

A few of us were disturbed at first when we heard this. But then we thought: We're waging revolution; it takes hard struggle to follow the road Chairman Mao has pointed out... We were determined to carry on.

After three years of tough work we cleared sixty-eight *mu* of good land. In the years that followed the plot formerly known contemptuously as Frog Hollow produced hundreds of thousands of catties of grain and vegetables for the state. But the harvest in our thinking was even greater than our material yield. By using the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung we overcame our love of leisure and dislike of work and our despicable emphasis on personal pleasure. The peasants changed their attitude towards us. They said we were "women in the old Eighth Route Army tradition."

Our farm and our thinking improved together. Not only did we temper and remould the older wives, the newcomers also were developed on the farm. Take Liu Chin-hung, who joined us in 1964. She was a city girl, and a real softy when she first arrived. Nothing suited her. Well water made her nauseous. She was afraid of getting dirty in the fields. Farm work she considered demeaning.

All the wives set to helping her. We got her to study Chairman Mao's Report to the Second Plenary Session of the Seventh Central Committee of the Communist Party of China and his article *Serve the People*. We related our unhappy family histories, traced the difficult development of the farm, showed her what used to be Frog

Hollow and generally kindled a revolutionary fire in her to fight old-fashioned ideas. All these measures stirred her to the very soul.

"These big sisters wear homespun cloth and do hard, heavy work. Why?" Chin-hung asked herself. "To build socialism, of course. And me? I just think about eating well and dressing nicely. We wouldn't have any food and clothing if it weren't for the hard work of the labouring people and women like these sisters of mine. If a woman today doesn't work but lives off her husband and concentrates on food and clothing, won't she become just like the officers' wives in the old society? How disgraceful to lead that kind of existence."

Chin-hung studied *Serve the People* some twenty times with this problem in mind and greatly heightened her political awareness. She changed her expensive clothes for homespun, waded into the muddy fields and toiled along with us, not caring how dirty she became. As a result of studying Chairman Mao's works and taking part in physical labour she learned that hardships endured for the sake of the revolution are a pleasure, that the future lies in working for the revolution. A lifetime of serving the people is a happy and honourable life.

One day Chin-hung went into the village with Old Sun, the carter, with a load of rice to be milled. They had set out at four in the morning. She hadn't eaten any breakfast, but took along two wheatcakes. Discovering that Sun had not brought any food, she gave the wheatcakes to him. By dark the milling of the rice still was not finished. Sun urged her to go home and rest, but she told him to take back the portion of the rice that was milled and insisted on waiting for the rest herself. It was rather cold that day, but Chin-hung, recalling stories of the Red Army on the Long March and Chairman Mao's teachings in *Serve the People*, put up with cold and hunger the whole night until the milling was finally completed. By the time Sun brought her some steamed bread the next morning, Chin-hung had gone without food for thirty-one hours.

The only way we women could thoroughly emancipate ourselves politically, economically and ideologically was to rebel against our habit of relying on the men, break out of our small family circle

mentality and revolutionize ourselves as indicated by Chairman Mao. China's Khrushchov hated and feared this prospect like the plague. "Make up your minds to be rearers of children. Forget about the great and distant future," he bleated. "Since you're married, behave like wives, good wives. . . . And when you bear children, behave like good mothers." He was trying to lure us into helping him restore capitalism, to push us back into the abyss of the old society. But we wouldn't have it, never in a thousand years.

"China's women are a vast reserve of labour power. This reserve should be tapped in the struggle to build a great socialist country." We obtained the utmost encouragement, stimulation and strength from this great instruction of Chairman Mao. Since our dear Chairman was supporting us, we had to make a good showing.

Our worst mental block in the past ten years was an inferiority complex. It prevented us from developing a revolutionary spirit of daring to think and act. Especially after we married and had children we felt we were only good for sweating over the kitchen stove, raising kids and running the household. Big things like socialist construction and national and world affairs were not for us. "Mares will never make battle chargers," people used to say.

In order to prove worthy of Chairman Mao's trust we had to break with these concepts. We had to use the thought of Mao Tse-tung on the three big revolutionary fronts of class struggle, the struggle for production, and scientific experiment to sweep away our inferiority complex and build instead a pride in ourselves as rulers of the new era.

Our farm was different from a commune or a state farm in that the only workers were women with children. Some of the women were discouraged at first. "We don't have any men helping," they said. "What can a bunch of mama's like us accomplish?"

The Party branch learned about the confusion in our thinking and organized us, first, to study Chairman Mao's instructions with regard to women, next, to study the deeds of China's first woman locomotive driver, her first woman tractor operator, her first woman

pilot — all women who dared to think and dared to act, then to visit a team of women miners in a nearby coal mine.

"Unless China's women, who comprise half the population, are politically awakened, we shall not be able to win the War of Resistance Against Japan." "When women all over the country rise up, that will be the day of victory for the Chinese revolution." We repeatedly were made conscious of the great significance of these teachings by Chairman Mao in the course of our study. We remembered how, during the democratic revolution, the women sent their husbands and sons to the battlefield, actively supported the front and, full of revolutionary spirit, organized to fight the despots, struggle against the landlords and divide the land. The more we studied the further we saw, the better we understood, the more determined we became.

With this as a foundation, we criticized our inferiority complex and recognized it as a reflection of the old concept of male superiority, a product of an exploitative system of thousands of years standing, a brand stamped in the women's minds. Then having improved our understanding, we had the courage to act. In the course of acting, we saw more clearly the enormous power of Mao Tse-tung's thought and the great strength possessed by women who are armed with it. This further heightened our courage to fight.

A towering skyscraper has to be built from the ground up; in wiping out our inferiority complex we had to start with existing practical problems. The earthen bricks were not thoroughly dry when we constructed our platform beds. Some of them cracked or crumbled after some use, and smoke poured out of the beds when heated from beneath. One of the women suggested that we ask the production brigade mason to come down and repair them. But Big Sister Yuan said: "What do we need him for? Can't we do it ourselves?"

Big Sister was the most daring of us all. Her thinking, action and rebelliousness seemed **"To vie with heaven in their height."** "If we're always asking help from this one and that," she said, "it means we have no self-confidence, that we can't see women's great strength. Unless we clear away this mental block, how can we liberate ourselves? According to Chairman Mao's teaching, we should

'... do and then learn, for doing is itself learning.' We must fight the old contempt for women by our own practical actions."

She said to the wives: "I can repair the platform beds. No need to ask anybody else." As a matter of fact, she didn't know how, and she took her own apart and put it together again seven or eight times in order to learn. Then she went from house to house and made all the repairs. Anyone whose platform bed didn't draw heat properly had only to shout and Big Sister came promptly.

Afterwards she learned how to repair hollow fire walls and stoves as well. She was our homegrown expert.

The problem of slaughtering a pig arose. We all said we ought to get a man to do it. At that time none of us could even bear to watch a chicken being killed. Who dared to tackle a two-hundred-catty porker?

"What's so remarkable about slaughtering a pig?" Big Sister demanded. "If a war starts we're going to kill Yankees, too."

Since she was so determined, we didn't ask for any outside help. A few of the strongest women trussed and tied the pig. Big Sister drummed up her courage and thrust with the long knife. But she failed to reach the heart, and when she pulled the blade out, the pig continued to squeal. Again she stabbed. This time the animal shuddered and lay still.

Big Sister's performance encouraged us all. We realized anyone who had a good grasp of Mao Tse-tung's thought would be completely fearless, whether man or woman, young or old.

From then on we didn't seek help for anything. We did everything ourselves. Take cart driving, for instance. Although many of us had been raised in the countryside, none of us had ever handled a whip. Originally, we had asked a carter to help, but now we decided to do our own driving.

At first we women were scared to even come near our horse. We would stand a good distance off and utter commands that were scarcely stronger than a loud whisper. The animal, of course, paid no attention. Once, right after we had harnessed him to the plough, he bolted and took off. We all ran after him, screaming: "Stop. Stop." It was a long weary chase before we brought him back again.

Big Sister refused to be discouraged. "We're learning to be farmers," she said. "We're developing revolutionary will."

Following her lead, we made up our minds to "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" Finally, we learned how to drive.

One day Big Sister and some of the others took the cart into town to pick up a load. The sight of a woman driver created quite a stir and drew a large crowd. Big Sister, unruffled, walked alongside the animal, head high, holding her whip.

"Now who ever thought a woman could drive a cart?" hooted one of the spectators.

Big Sister loudly cracked her whip, once, twice. "That's a protest against the old concept of looking down on women," she said. "It's to have you know that we women also control the wheels of our era."

Since we drove into town frequently, people gradually got used to the idea. The moment they saw a cart with a woman driver, they knew it was from the army wives' farm. Once our cart broke down in the street, and the townspeople helped us repair it.

"Chairman Mao's teachings are good," said one old timer. "These PLA wives are just like us ordinary people."

Such compliments warmed our hearts. Not only were they an encouragement from the masses, but they made us fully realize that the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung had given us the courage to break completely with out-moded concepts and smash all spiritual shackles.

The actions we take in accordance with Chairman Mao's instructions are powerful criticisms of old ideas and concepts. They manifest the masterful spirit of the women of new China who are armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

*Chi Fu, Li Heng
and Tien Chung*

Every Red Heart Turns Towards Peking

Our car passed through the deep green of a cocoon grove, entered a primeval forest and started to climb. The mountain road coiled round perilous peaks like the vines embracing the tall ancient trees, twisting and turning past valleys, cliffs and heights, till it disappeared into the white clouds.

As the altitude rose, we began to have difficulty with our breathing, and we couldn't hear clearly because of the pressure on our eardrums. It was like riding in a plane. Our car made one hundred and eighty-three turns through cloud and mist and finally emerged on the summit.

Here, everything was clear. We saw towering old trees, heard birds sing and monkeys chatter. On boards nailed to trees were Chairman Mao quotations in golden letters. The soldiers' simple lean-to's stood beneath the trees in neat lines. Ahead, we could see the heaving sea. Behind us, green mountain peaks reared up precipitously. Hawks soared above in crimson clouds. Deep chasms yawned at our feet. Truly, as Chairman Mao says in his poem *The Fairy Cave*: "On perilous peaks dwells beauty in her infinite variety."

What moved us most, however, was not the beauty of our natural surroundings, but the heights of loyalty to which the soldiers here had risen.

One evening, not long after we arrived, we attended a new type of meeting known as the "Three Loyalties." What the border soldiers had to say was an inspiring political lesson.

The first to speak was Comrade Ko Ching-hsun. He had just returned from Peking where he had attended the second air force conference of activists in the study of Chairman Mao's works. He had extremely good news: On January 26, at five forty-eight in the afternoon, our most beloved and respected great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao had received all the delegates.

"Stationed here on the cliffs by the sea, we think of Chairman Mao day and night," Ko said in a moved voice. "This time I saw him with my own eyes. Our great supreme commander is in splendid health. His spirits are excellent."

Everyone burst into thunderous applause, and the people shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Their cheers shook the mountains and soared into the clouds. Truly, the seas sang, the mountains danced, the soldiers were all smiles. Everyone was beside himself with joy.

Why shouldn't they be stirred? Our great supreme commander Chairman Mao, though tremendously busy, had found time to receive a representative of fighters on an island outpost. It was an unforgettable moment. The soldiers excitedly composed a song on the spot:

Commander Ko saw Chairman Mao,
We border soldiers are overjoyed,
Chairman Mao, dear Chairman Mao,
Day and night we think of you.
Though we're thousands of *li* from Peking
Our hearts are closely linked with yours,
Fighting in the midst of gales,
Patrolling mantled with stars,
We clearly see the red lanterns
Glowing on Tien An Men.

We hear the stream that flows
'Neath the Golden Water Bridge,
Neither mountains nor rivers
Can keep our hearts from the red sun.

Tall, broad-shouldered, Ko had smiling eyes in a square face. Like the other soldiers stationed on the mountainous island he was determined and steady, a typical border fighter. After joining up, Ko had spent most of his time on the island. He and his comrades had been the first to "settle down" here a few years before.

At that time there were incredible difficulties. Densely forested mountains, steep cliffs, a damp climate, hot weather all year round,



skies never clear more than three days in a row. Snakes, centipedes and scorpions everywhere. But worst of all were the leeches. You had only to walk into the woods and your feet and legs were covered with them. Their bites left bleeding wounds that itched and hurt.

In the face of these problems, Ko and his companions thought always of Peking and Chairman Mao. They kept the precious volumes close at hand and studied time and again the Three Constantly Read Articles. They especially bore in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: **"A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater."**

Ko obtained limitless strength from this. He wasn't feeling well one day and fainted on the road. His worried comrades urged him to stay off the steep mountain trails for a while, afraid that he would fall into a ravine. But Ko said the greatest honour for a revolutionary soldier was to give his life defending Chairman Mao.

The more difficult a place was, the more he pushed to the fore. A twelve-degree typhoon that bent lightning rods as thick as thumbs swept away the soldiers' lean-to's and blew down big trees. One man was thrown more than twenty metres. Ko fearlessly rushed to the top of the mountain to rescue their materials.

In the next few months, the wind and rain and sun bleached white the uniforms of Ko and his companions. Although the men grew thin and their shoes wore through, not one of them uttered a word of complaint. They relied neither on heaven nor on earth, but on their loyalty to Chairman Mao. Doggedly, they carved out a position in the virgin forest and built their "home."

Ko became a leader. In everything he taught by example, whether leading his men in the creative study and application of the works of Chairman Mao, developing their deep class love for him, or standing guard for him on the mountainous island. For three years in a row Ko's unit was rated a Four Good Company. All during their months of struggle they thought of Chairman Mao and longed to see him. Now at last their wish had come true. Is it any wonder they were excited and sang for joy?

Every one of the soldiers here had been through the same sort of struggle as Ko, and each harbours the same deep class love for

Chairman Mao. We met a soldier of Chuang nationality who had been on the island for over ten years, Chin Sheng-lan. When we asked him what he thought of the hardships on the mountain island, he only smiled, but didn't answer directly. Instead he talked of the bitterness his family had endured in the old society. With strong emotion, he concluded: "The oppression and exploitation we suffered then — that really was hardship. If we run into difficulties while defending Chairman Mao and fighting for the liberation of mankind, that's not hardship, it's an honour, a pleasure."

Why do these soldiers stick gladly to the mountain, battling tricky gales on the edge of cliffs, though they know full well the hardships? Because they love Chairman Mao, because their loyalty to him is without reserve.

It was a stirring meeting. Soldier Yu Lung-hai came forward and told a tale of how "intense flame refines true gold."

Flames are hottest in revolution's crucible,
The era of Mao Tse-tung produces heroes.

It happened one morning in June, 1967. A workshop caught fire and the blaze, accompanied by dense smoke, licked the ceiling. If it spread any further, there was danger of an explosion. Li Shu-chen, a Communist, at once seemed to see these golden words running before his eyes: "**This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.**" Li grabbed two raincoats that were hanging on the wall, put them on and rushed at the flames. The raincoats caught fire and Li's legs were burnt. Plainly, the blaze was not subsiding. What to do?

Li looked up and saw a picture of our great supreme commander, Chairman Mao. He remembered the words: "**To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai.**" It was as if Chairman Mao was personally directing his battle. Li was suffused with strength. Of poor peasant origin, Li had been an outstanding soldier every one of his seven years in the army. He loved Chairman Mao ardently. At a moment like this he was determined to act according to his teachings.

Gritting his teeth against the pain, Li dashed back to barracks and picked up two quilts with which he draped himself after soaking them in water. Again he plunged into the flames. By then several other soldiers came running up. Together, after a tense battle, they finally extinguished the fire.

Li's legs had been badly scorched. Everyone praised him for his selfless spirit and courageous persistence. "I rely for strength entirely on Chairman Mao," Li replied.

"I rely for strength entirely on Chairman Mao." This is the cry from the hearts of innumerable frontier soldiers.

There are many resolute fighters like Li Shu-chen. At the meeting, the soldiers sang a song about Lin Shen-chang, an iron fighter:

Iron soldier Lin Shen-chang,
A red heart that faces the sun,
Completely loyal to Chairman Mao,
He's unwavering and fearless....

Lin was one of the first soldiers to have "settled down" on the island. Although he had trouble adjusting to the environment and contracted a number of serious ailments, his will was inflexible. At one time he was shouldering the duties of three men. Because the work pressure was too intense, several times he passed out from fatigue. But he refused to rest. He said: "I'll carry on as long as there's a breath left in my body."

In view of his poor health, the leadership more than once offered to transfer him to a post in the city, but Lin wouldn't hear of it. "To defend our great leader Chairman Mao," he said, "I'll die, if need be, on the mountain island, I'll die where the conditions are toughest."

He fought his ailments stubbornly. Sometimes he was so crippled with arthritis that every step he took was agony. He sweated with pain each time he came down to the mess hall from his post on the mountain. When comrades proposed to bring his meals to him, he said relying on help from others would only provide a temporary solution; to thoroughly conquer his ailment he would have to rely on Mao Tse-tung's thought. Every day he recited quotations from

Chairman Mao as he climbed slopes of seventy and eighty degrees, beating back his arthritis by sheer force of will.

Once he fainted and tumbled into a ravine. They carried him back to camp. For three days he couldn't eat a mouthful, and he was unable to stand. But the moment he heard the alert, he rolled out of bed and, with astonishing determination, crawled to his post, where he insisted on taking part in battle. When the all-clear was sounded, he again passed out.

In this manner, Lin finally conquered his sickness, never once leaving his battle station. People called him the iron fighter armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. They elected him their representative to go to Peking, where he had the honour of seeing Chairman Mao.

Because the island posts were manned twenty-four hours a day, some of the soldiers were unable to attend the "Three Loyalties" meeting. But they sent a spokesman to express their complete devotion to Chairman Mao. The love of these fighters for our great leader and their hatred for the enemy reminded us of several things we had heard during the day.

Not long after the commencement of the cultural revolution, soldier Chou Kuei-wei received a letter from his younger brother asking Chou to go with him to Peking. Chairman Mao was then reviewing Red Guards who visited the capital, and they would be able to see him. Chou was so delighted with the idea he even dreamed about Peking. When his commander learned about this, he explained patiently to Chou that the mountain island was also a battlefield of the cultural revolution, that here too they fought in defence of Chairman Mao and the cultural revolution and smashed the attacks of the internal and external class enemies.

Once he understood, Chou, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, took an active part in revolutionary mass criticism. In accordance with Chairman Mao's teaching "**Go all out and be sure to destroy the enemy invaders,**" he stood his post with vigilance increased a hundredfold. He went into battle with complete loyalty to Chairman Mao and hatred for China's Khrushchov. Each day before going on duty he reminded himself that he must work whole-heartedly for

the vast majority of China's seven hundred million and the world's three billion people. While on duty he showed full responsibility to his work and the utmost warmth to his comrades and the people. When he came off duty he examined himself to see whether he had served the people wholly and entirely. Chou was awarded Third Class merits twice last year for outstanding performance in battle.

We heard also of an innovation by veteran fighter Yi Huai-ching. Yi has been a Five Good soldier for six years running. He abhors the class enemy. In order to strike the foe more effectively Yi recommended a change in a certain piece of equipment. But he ran into difficulty. A so-called "expert" in this field said derisively that Yi was trying to become an inventor. "No one in the world has ever proposed such a thing," the man scoffed. "If he succeeds we'll call his gadget the 'Yi Type.'"

Yi said he didn't give a hang about becoming an inventor; his only interest was to defend Chairman Mao and wipe out the enemy, and to achieve that aim he wouldn't be stopped by a mountain of knives. Yi followed Chairman Mao's teaching that man must "... go on ... inventing, creating ... " and made a painstaking study of the problem. Breaking through innumerable barriers, he at last succeeded, vastly increasing operating efficiency and strengthening military preparedness.

Much attention is paid to class education in the island's army unit and to analysing domestic and international affairs. Last year they organized several criticisms of capitalism and revisionism. There were four meetings at which people told of the hardships their families had suffered in the old society, and on four occasions they cooked and ate the bitter herbs that was the fare of many people before liberation. As a result the hatred among the soldiers for the class enemy was deepened, the political atmosphere intensified and the spirit of militancy heightened.

Vigilantly standing their posts, the men say confidently: "Just let the enemy try sticking his dog's head in here. We'll crack his dirty spine."

Item after item at the meeting expressed the intense feeling of the fighters for Chairman Mao. The leading cadres were deeply moved.

They stood up and sang *The Red Sun in Our Hearts*, reflecting their own love for our great leader.

This was no ordinary meeting. It was a demonstration of the solid loyalty of the frontier soldiers to Chairman Mao. New soldier Chang An-hsin leaped to his feet, his face red with emotion, and cried: "Long live Chairman Mao. A long, long life to him." He said: "We new soldiers have only one wish, one ideal — to be, like you veterans, eternally true to our great supreme commander Chairman Mao. We swear we'll be for ever devoted to Mao Tse-tung's thought, for ever faithful to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line."

Chang came from Shanghai. He'd never even seen a mountain before. He certainly hadn't expected to be assigned to this primeval forest where conditions were so hard. But his deep proletarian feeling for Chairman Mao led him to understand this truth: Acting according to Chairman Mao's instructions and being utterly loyal to him meant victory.

Last year Chang and his companions marched for forty-two days, covering more than two thousand *li*, before crossing over to this mountainous isle to join the frontier guards. A year in the revolutionary furnace had tempered them tougher, truer. The vast majority of them were rated Five Good soldiers in the general evaluations in 1967. "We're here to take over as this island's faithful defenders," they said.

To the strains of *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* the meeting ended. But the echoes of the song continued to ring in the heights.

Reluctantly we bid farewell to this staunch battle collective. The soldiers begged us, with tears in their eyes, to be sure and tell our great supreme commander when we got back to Peking that they would remain true to him "even if the heavens fell and the seas ran dry."

Extremely moved, we were fully confident that the deep class emotion of these fighters for our great leader Chairman Mao would enable them to attain new heights of loyalty, and by their faithful deeds sing his praises ever louder and stronger.

Heroic Mother and Daughter of the Grasslands

January 13, 1968. Morning. Rosy sunrise clouds reflected on the deep snow blanketing the Ulantsav grasslands. Erdemchichig's daughter Kuei-ying, a red-covered copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* in her bosom, was driving a flock of two hundred and seventy-six sheep to pasture.

The weather is fickle on the grassy plain. Shortly after two in the afternoon a howling north wind of rare intensity blocked out the sky with whipped up snow. The temperature precipitously dropped. Kuei-ying tried to get the sheep back to their pens, but the frightened animals ran with the wind. The girl followed close behind.

Erdemchichig, a woman in her sixties, was cleaning the pens when the gale broke. She was very worried that the sheep had failed to return. She changed her felt boots for light cloth shoes and ran out to look for the sheep.

The gale grew fiercer, driving stinging particles of snow and sand. Erdemchichig pushed forward in the teeth of the wind until she finally

discovered the flock. She tried to help Kuei-ying round it up, but the sheep kept bolting.

Every step was a tremendous effort, every second brought greater danger. Should they go on with the sheep or seek shelter? It was a trial of determination.

"The sheep belong to the collective. We can't permit collective property to suffer the slightest loss." Thus spoke mother and daughter, utterly loyal to Chairman Mao. Erdemchichig and Kuei-ying unhesitatingly continued to protect the flock. The mother had the girl run with the stronger animals at the head while she looked after the weaker little lambs in the rear. The gale raced and roared across the plain. Not a soul was in sight. But mother and daughter, armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, pressed on together.

"Ma, what does Chairman Mao say we should do in times of difficulty?"

"In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage."

"Right. **'Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.'**"

They recited quotations from Chairman Mao as they fought on. Their ringing tones reverberated across the grasslands, overriding the howling of the wind.

By dusk the gale hadn't abated a whit. Carrying a few little lambs, Erdemchichig, with lagging gait, guarded the weary flock. She fell far behind her daughter. Her legs were like lead, each step sent a pain through her heart. Suddenly the wind shifted. The sheep ran in the changed direction. Erdemchichig hurried after them and fell into a snow-filled pit a metre deep. Floundering, she crawled after the sheep.

Over the rolling mounds she crawled, dragging her numbed legs behind her. She was gasping for breath. Sparks danced before her eyes. But she was absolutely clear in her mind. She seemed to hear Chairman Mao's dear voice, saying: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" Gritting her teeth, she exerted every ounce of effort to crawl on.

After hours of struggle with the blizzard, Kuei-ying brought the sheep to the safety of a ravine. It was past one in the morning. She waited for a long time but her mother didn't appear. Kuei-ying drove the sheep out of the wind and again set forth to search for her mother in the bone-biting cold.

The wind died and the moon came out, casting pale beams on the vast expanse of silvery snow. It was a frigid forty below, centigrade. In the faint moonlight Kuei-ying saw some sheep ahead, winding along. She shouted and ran towards them. She saw Erdemchichig pulling herself forward with her hands across the frozen surface of the snow.

Kuei-ying threw herself on her mother. Erdemchichig's gloves were gone, and one of her shoes. Her ten fingers were frigid. A ball of ice had formed on her exposed right foot. Kuei-ying tried desperately to pull off her boots, to give them to her mother, but it was impossible. The cold had adhered them to her skin.

"Ma, your foot." The girl was nearly weeping with worry.

Erdemchichig stared hazily at her daughter. "I've saved my sheep, child. What about yours?" she asked anxiously.

Kuei-ying nodded.

"Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice.'**" Erdemchichig muttered. "It doesn't matter about my foot. Protect the flock."

Supporting her mother, the girl slowly drove the remainder of the sheep to the ravine. There, Erdemchichig's strength gave out, and she collapsed into the snow. She urged Kuei-ying to go back immediately and get people to help with the sheep. Kuei-ying hesitated. Could her exhausted mother manage alone?

Erdemchichig said firmly: "Chairman Mao teaches us: **'No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on.'** The sheep will be safe with me. Don't worry, just go."

Kuei-ying had been battling the wind all day and all night. She was hungry and tired. Before she had walked very far, she collapsed to the snowy ground. But she thought of Chairman Mao's teachings, of the collective's flock, of her sixty-year-old mother.

Strength immediately filled her body. Gritting her teeth, she climbed to her feet and pushed on.

Two hours later, Kuci-ying returned to the ravine with two commune members and a camel. As they approached, they could see Erdemchichig, seated in the snow, watching the sheep. With a shout, they hurried towards her. She smiled triumphantly and pointed at the flock. By the time they reached her, she had keeled over in a faint.

Erdemchichig didn't revive until noon. When she opened her eyes, the first thing she said was: "Are the sheep safe?" As members of her brigade took her to the local infirmary in a rubber-tired cart she kept protesting: "Never mind about me. Bring fodder to those sheep or they'll starve."

Her condition was serious. She was covered with large blood boils. When a nearby PLA unit heard about this they rushed her across the snowy wastes in a tractor-drawn vehicle to the Inner Mongolian Army General Hospital. Erdemchichig grasped her benefactors' hands. A thousand words welled up in her throat, but what she shouted expressed her greatest joy:

"Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

Erdemchichig came from a poor peasant family in Liaoning Province. Life was bitter. The cruel oppression of the landlords and herd-owners sweated and bled them. The banks of the Liao River were spattered with their tears.

In 1947, the northeast provinces were liberated. Like all the people of the area, Erdemchichig's family basked in the warmth of the red sun.

Erdemchichig was always moved when she looked at the benign countenance of Chairman Mao in his pictures. "If Chairman Mao hadn't rescued us, we poor people would never have been able to stand up," she often told her children. Whenever she compared the present with the past she knew that they should rely on Chairman Mao in everything, be eternally loyal to him and go with him for ever.

In 1955 Chairman Mao issued his great call for co-operation in agriculture. Erdemchichig was the first in her locality to register

to join a co-op. She said: "This is a bright road which Chairman Mao has indicated." According to the rules of the co-op at that time, her family of four should have made an investment of two and a half shares. But Erdemchichig, to increase the collective's funds and strengthen the new agricultural co-op, sold her family's donkey. With the money she received, plus more which she added, she bought a good horse and invested that in the co-operative, although the animal was equivalent in value to five shares.

In 1960 Erdemchichig and her family moved from Liaoning to the United Banner of Daga in Inner Mongolia, where they joined the Prosperity Brigade of the New Palog Commune. That was the year Vice-Chairman Lin Piao issued the great call to raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and truly master it. With boundless class love for and loyalty to Chairman Mao, Erdemchichig enthusiastically responded. "To stand up we relied on Chairman Mao," she said. "To wage revolution we rely on Mao Tse-tung's thought. We all should study his works thoroughly."

She promptly organized a study group within her grazing team. They have persisted in their study ever since, regardless of wind or snow, and no matter how busy they are.

The Three Old Favourites* are all articles by Chairman Mao about serving the public. They are our moral basis. Erdemchichig has read them more often than anyone else in her group, and the more she studies, the better she understands. Comrade Chang Szu-teh was wholly and entirely dedicated to the people's interests. Comrade Bethune had a "**boundless sense of responsibility in his work,**" a "**boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people.**" Erdemchichig was deeply moved and encouraged by their communist spirit. She vowed that, like these two heroes, she also would give her all to the people and to the revolution.

One New Year's Eve when everyone else was celebrating in the warmth of their homes, Erdemchichig was guarding sheep in an icy wind. She remembered what Chairman Mao teaches in his ar-

**Serve the People, In Memory of Norman Bethune and The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains.*

ticle *Serve the People*, and her heart warmed within her. She felt that doing more work for the collective was her greatest happiness.

In 1963 a boy of Han nationality named Liu Lien-wa joined their commune. Since he was new to the grazing lands and couldn't speak Mongolian and was not accustomed to the life, everything was hard for him. Learning that he was a class brother from a poor family, Erdemchichig helped him all she could. Once, a contagious disease began spreading through his flock. It was necessary to go to the veterinary station immediately and get medicine. But it was a bitterly cold day and Liu couldn't leave his flock unattended.

Erdemchichig heard about his dilemma and said: "You go for the medicine. I'll watch the sheep." Liu looked at the wind-driven snow, then at the grey-haired old mother, and tears filled his eyes. Later he offered to make up the work-time she had lost, helping him, but Erdemchichig replied simply: "Mongolian and Han labouring people are melons on the same vine. We all suffered the same class hardships, we all rose to our feet under Chairman Mao's leadership. We're one family."

During the great proletarian cultural revolution, without precedent in history, Erdemchichig enthusiastically responded to Chairman Mao's great call: **"You must concern yourselves with state affairs and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end."** Determined to defend Chairman Mao at all costs, she stood firmly on the side of his revolutionary line in the heated struggle between the two classes — the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, the two roads — the socialist and the capitalist, and the two lines — Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and the bourgeois reactionary line.

When the flames of revolutionary criticism blazed across the grasslands, she used the blood-stained history of her own family to show what sort of life China's Khrushchov and his agents in Inner Mongolia would have brought back if their criminal attempt to restore capitalism had not been thwarted. She and her family fought shoulder to shoulder with the broad masses of proletarian revolutionaries in the fierce class struggle. As a result a great victory was won in the cultural revolution on the grasslands. By her actions Erdemchichig demonstrated her love for our great leader Chairman Mao and her

loyalty to him, as well as her sense of responsibility to and love for the people and her hatred for the class enemy.

Doctors examined Erdemchichig in the Army Hospital. After consultation they decided they would have to amputate both feet and nine of her fingers.

The hearts of the formerly poor herdsmen turn always to Chairman Mao. The night before her operation Erdemchichig learned from fellow patients how to wish Chairman Mao a long life in Han (Chinese). Early the next morning, she was wheeled into the operating room. "Chairman Mao has rescued us poor shepherds," she said in a stirred voice. "Let us shout, and shout again: 'Long live Chairman Mao!'"

The moved doctors injected the anesthetic. Just before Erdemchichig lost consciousness, she murmured repeatedly: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

When she awakened she was in a bed. Many a touched gaze was watching her determined face. Slowly she opened her eyes.

The first thing she saw was a picture of Chairman Mao hanging on the opposite wall. A smile spread across her face. "Long live Chairman Mao!" she cried. "Long live Chairman Mao!"

The great thought of Mao Tse-tung is a spiritual atom bomb. Erdemchichig's wounds were extremely tender after her operation, but whenever the pain became intense she pressed her cheek against her little red book of *Quotations* and looked at the kindly picture of the great leader on the wall, and reminded herself of his famous dictum: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** The remarkable fortitude she thus derived moved and educated the medical workers.

Her condition improved daily, but people noticed that she had stopped smiling, that she looked frequently at her amputations. Everyone avoided talking about them for fear of upsetting her.

Then, one day when the doctor was making his rounds, she blurted: "Chairman Mao has given me a second life. Will I still be able to work for the revolution, doctor? Will I still be able to herd sheep for the collective?"

It was this she had been worrying about, not her own loss. Touched by her revolutionary spirit, the medical workers promised with

tears in their eyes that they would see to it that she should be able to take up the shepherd's whip again.

"Fine," she exclaimed. "That whip is the symbol of power which Chairman Mao has given to us poor and lower-middle herders. I can lose both my hands, but I can't give up that whip." Red hearts turn always to Chairman Mao. Lying in her bed, Erdemchichig gazed at the benign countenance in his picture. How she longed to go to Peking and see him personally. Once she heard that a PLA soldier was about to go to the capital. She begged that he be brought to her, and when he came she said:

"When you get to Peking, son, be sure to shout 'Long live Chairman Mao' a few times for me. Tell our beloved leader that I'll be better soon, that I'm going back to herd sheep."

"I certainly will, old mama," the soldier said, very moved. "And I'll say there are millions of poor and lower-middle herders on the grasslands like you who love and are loyal to him with all their hearts."

Erdemchichig never halted her study of Chairman Mao's works all the time she was in the hospital, and she closely followed the developments of the cultural revolution. "Chairman Mao is dearest of all to us poor and lower-middle herders. We'll fight to the death anyone who dares oppose him," she said. "Some people are trying to restore capitalism. They want to drag us back to the bitter old days. But we'll never permit it. We'll follow Chairman Mao and with him wage revolution all our lives."

This expresses the sentiments of all the millions of poor and lower-middle herders on the broad grasslands of Inner Mongolia.

Chairman Mao with the Red Guards
(oil painting) ►



A Song of Victory on the Sanmen Gorge

On January 22 this year, a strong north wind howled through the Sanmen Gorge valley and drifts of ice-floes streamed down from the upper reaches of the Yellow River. The big Sanmen Gorge Dam linking Honan and Shansi Provinces, in regulating the flow of the water in the upper and lower reaches, had opened all six of its spillways to swallow the swirling ice and waters.

In this rapid torrent a small boat, out of control, was being pushed towards the dam by the ice-floes. It would be smashed to smithereens if it got within five hundred metres of the dam where the water whirled rapidly into the spillways.

Responding to Chairman Mao's call to "**grasp revolution and promote production,**" members of the Sanmen Commune on the northern bank of the gorge were busy preparing for spring farming. Early that morning, twenty-seven commune members had set out to cross the Yellow River in a small boat to transport fodder from the opposite bank. Making its way through the ice-floes, the vessel

had reached the centre of the river when suddenly a huge block of ice descended upon it. Before it had time to swerve, its rudder was damaged. The boat would not steer and the ice began to force it towards the big dam. If it were drawn into the jaws of the dam's spillways nothing could save it.

In spite of the fearful danger the commune members remained cool. Led by the production team leader, they loudly recited this quotation from Chairman Mao: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,"** and battled the ice and the churning waters.

Their brave voices carried far over the noise of the river.

"All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other." The inspiration of these words of Chairman Mao never fails to light a spark in the minds of the people. It was Chi Man-tun, a cadre of the Sanmen Commune of the Pinglu County on the northern bank of the Yellow River who first called his commune and reported the danger of his class brothers. Chin Tai-chung, vice-chairman of the commune's Revolutionary Committee, swiftly organized men to help while at the same time he sent an alarm to the County Revolutionary Committee. Quickly a command post was set up by the County Revolutionary Committee and leading comrades were rushed to organize things on the spot in the spirit of the teaching of Chairman Mao that one should have a **"boundless sense of responsibility in his work and be boundlessly warm-hearted towards all comrades and the people."**

Meanwhile Shih Shan-hsi and Shih Tieh-mao, poor peasants of the Kaomia Commune on the southern bank of the Yellow River also hurried to report to their commune as well as the staff at the dam. The proletarian revolutionaries, the workers and engineers in the dam area rushed to their storehouses to take out poles, planks, ropes and anything which might be useful in the rescue.

Nearby PLA units promptly organized a rescue force of a hundred and thirty armymen which hurried to the dam. They pledged themselves to rescue their class brothers at any cost, bearing in their

minds Chairman Mao's recent instruction **"Support the army and cherish the people."**

During this time the stricken boat was driven closer and closer to the dam. The only emergency measure which offered any hope seemed to be to shut the sluice gates of the dam. But to do this it was necessary at all times to get the consent of the Ministry of Water Conservancy and Electric Power since the dam regulates the water in the upper and lower reaches of the Yellow River. Closing the sluices would set up a chain reaction of effects which would be complex and perhaps unpredictable. What should they do? After consulting the proletarian revolutionaries, Political Instructor Hsu Chiang-cheh of the PLA unit guarding the dam made a quick decision and shut the sluice gates since there had been agreement that some of the gates could be shut temporarily without causing floods. At the same time they telegraphed an urgent report to the Ministry.

The closing of some of the spillways slowed down the flow of the water and the small boat came to a halt about two hundred metres from the dam. However, the ice drifting from up the river had gradually enveloped the boat and threatened to crush it. The lives of the twenty-seven comrades still hung by a thread.

The wind grew fiercer. Dark clouds hung overhead and a heavy snow fell.

The telephone carried news of the danger of the twenty-seven class brothers far and wide. Revolutionary cadres and commune members rushed to the scene. Telegrams and telephone-calls came in from the Revolutionary Committee of Shansi Province on the northern bank of the Yellow River and from what was then the preparatory group of the revolutionary committee of Honan on the southern bank as well as the Party committees of the two provinces' military area commands, all expressing their great concern and the hope that nothing would be spared to rescue the men in danger.

To show concern for the comrades in peril and to urge on the armymen and civilians who had come to the rescue, the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda station at the dam repeatedly broadcast:

“Our class brothers who are in danger! Chairman Mao has taught us: **‘In times of difficulty, we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage. . . .’** With our great leader Chairman Mao, the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, the PLA soldiers who are utterly devoted to Chairman Mao and the broad revolutionary masses armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, you will be rescued without fail. To persevere means victory! . . .”

Showing unshaken courage and their determination to fight against the stormy waters the twenty-seven on the boat kept shouting slogans in a mighty voice. Standing at the prow Chen Man-hsi, fifty-five-year-old poor peasant, stockman of his brigade, shouted to his villagers: “While you are rescuing us, don’t forget to feed the calf.”

Time meant life. Any delay increased the danger for the twenty-seven.

A motor boat tried to reach the stranded boat, but cut off by the huge ice-floes and the thick sheets of ice, it failed.

People tried to stretch a rope from one bank to the other so that the comrades in danger could use it to get ashore. But this, too, failed; the river proved too wide and the rope too heavy.

Night fell and the twenty-seven class brothers were still in peril. What should they do?

“The masses are the real heroes.” When men are armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung their courage and wisdom are greater. They are able to work miracles and overcome difficulties, however big. The rescuers got their heads together and finally hit on the best way to carry out the task. They would tie oil drums together to make a raft, and break through the ice to get to the imperilled men.

All came to help make the raft. Braving the snowstorm on the mountain paths, the army men and the people brought poles, planks, oil drums and other material while revolutionary workers on the dam hastily put up searchlights to light up the area. Six crane-drivers, just off work, ran to the spot and began tying the drums together.

The raft was being lowered into the water and the bank of the Yellow River was a most moving scene. The shock force organized

by soldiers of the PLA wanted to man the raft. Another unit of soldiers who had just rushed to the scene wanted to go. And the proletarian revolutionaries from the dam also tried to get for themselves this vital task. A common wish linked the thousands of red hearts; they wanted to be like Ouyang Hai, Liu Ying-chun, Li Wen-chung and his heroic Fourth Platoon and were willing to sacrifice their own lives if necessary for their class brothers.

The command post which had been set up by the army and the people organized a shock force to go on the raft. From the many volunteers they chose six PLA soldiers, five proletarian revolutionaries working on the dam and one boatman with Political Instructor Wang Nien-yao as the leader. Before setting out, the twelve, their morale high, lined up on the bank reciting with loyal feelings Chairman Mao’s words: **“If the army and people are united as one, who in the world can match them?”**

The night was dark and the heavy snow continued to fall. With devotion to Chairman Mao and concern for their class brothers in danger, the twelve fighters on the raft struggled through the roaring waters.

But soon the raft was caught in a vortex where it whirled and rocked, threatening with capsizing. But Political Instructor Wang Nien-yao, standing calm and firm on the raft, recited aloud: **“Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.”** This command from Chairman Mao reinforced the strength of the fighters. Labouring as one man, they worked their way out of the vortex. However, the raft was soon blocked by large ice-floes.

“This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.” This is a call to battle from Chairman Mao. The fighters charged at the ice-floes as if they were enemies. Their arms got numbed as they hacked with iron and steel rods the floes which were as hard as stone. Yet the fighters armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung were harder still and their determination to rescue their class brothers was not vanquished. After a fierce battle of two hours many ice-floes surrendered and were broken up by their rods.

While the raft was still a hundred metres from the boat it was again blocked by a jam of ice-floes. Breaking the ice as they had been doing was losing too much time and even if they could open up a new path the floating ice would quickly gather again and surround the raft. What could they do to rescue their class brothers?

Advance or retreat? **"No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on."** The twelve comrades said as one man: "Advance! No retreat for us!" "We'll only return when we have done the job." They decided to send one man with a rope to reach the twenty-seven by crossing over the ice.

To walk on floating ice-floes is constantly to risk falling into the deadly water. But no man armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung cringes before danger. Deputy Squad Leader Hsu Yung-fu, Five Good Soldier Hu Fu-ling, Li Ming-chun, a proletarian revolutionary from the dam and the boatman all volunteered. The glance of the Political Instructor Wang Nien-yao finally fell on Hsu Yung-fu, a Communist and Five Good soldier who had tied the rope around his waist already. He threw the political instructor a steady glance and jumped onto the ice.

A point of light flashed over the dark surface of the river. Flashlight in hand, Hsu moved without pausing over the ice.

As the snow grew heavier it thickly carpeted the floating ice-floes which creaked as he walked. Groping ahead in the dimness of the flashlight Hsu Yung-fu was unable to know whether he was stepping on thin ice or a crack. With any step he might fall through into the water. As he thought of Chairman Mao's well-known words: **"To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai,"** his steps grew more confident. And putting aside all thoughts of himself he concentrated all his will on the rescue of his twenty-seven class brothers on the boat.

The beam of the flashlight suddenly disappeared. Hsu had fallen into the water.

Born of a poor family, Hsu Yung-fu had loved Chairman Mao fervently ever since he was a child. Soon after he joined the army he noticed that his platoon leader read the *Quotations From Chairman*

Mao Tse-tung intently and diligently. He borrowed it from him and copied out the quotations carefully. Studying them assiduously and applying them honestly, whenever difficulties appeared he was always there. Nurtured by the thought of Mao Tse-tung in the army, he joined the Party a year later. He also distinguished himself during the cultural revolution, in the army's work of helping the Left, helping industry and agriculture, exercising military control and giving military and political training. And today he had been the first to volunteer to rescue the twenty-seven comrades, the first to volunteer to go on the raft and he was the one who set out to reach them across the ice.

Struggling in the icy torrent, he felt agonizing pains and numbness shoot through his limbs. The mighty voice of Chairman Mao seemed to sound in his ears: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** The image of Li Wen-chung who had rescued the Red Guards in a torrent also encouraged him and he was instantly filled with great energy and strength. At last he succeeded in getting both hands on the ice, and pressing hard, managed to lift himself out of the water.

His flashlight was once more visible as Hsu Yung-fu moved on again. His soaked cotton-padded jacket and trousers were quickly frozen stiff by the bitter wind. But he paid no attention to the cold which cut through to his bones and went on, now jumping from one block of ice to another, now crawling forward when it became necessary. Before he had covered fifty metres again he fell through the ice. In this desperate moment he seemed to see the image of our great leader Chairman Mao waving him on. Again he mustered every reserve of strength and pulled himself out of the clutching water.

Struggling resolutely on, Hsu finally got on to the boat and the rope was fastened to the mast. The road to safety was open for the twenty-seven class brothers. Every step he had made had been lit by Mao Tse-tung's thought. Grabbing the rope tightly, his twenty-seven comrades shouted with tears of gratitude:

"Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Then, following Chairman Mao's great teaching: "Utter devotion to others without any thought of self" and "... more concerned about others than about himself," Hsu helped the others to escape from the trapped boat. He himself was the last to leave.

The east is red. The sun rises, its golden rays illuminating the banks of the Yellow River. The heroic deeds of the armymen and civilians of the Sanmen Gorge spread, encouraging millions of revolutionaries engaged in socialist production and making revolution. Determined to learn from the heroes, they pledged to study and apply Chairman Mao's works more creatively, and following the great leader Chairman Mao, to make revolution always.

P o e m s

Yao Cheng-yu

Eighteen Years on the South Sea Frontiers

Before the barracks mountain flowers do bloom,
Behind, rising, sweep the friendly pines.
Chairman Mao, these eighteen years on guard
Upon these Southern shores we've thought of you.

Up in the mountains, gun in hand, how oft
In waking dream has Peking spread below,
Or, in fancy, at my window have I seen the sun
Take on in likeness your remembered face.

Eighteen years on the isle! How can I this forget?
Storm crashes down or sometimes fog does blind;
But ever, Chairman Mao, your four entreaured books
Did calm these lonely shores and redden the blackest skies.



Eighteen years! How can I this forget?
 Years of sun breeding sons of the revolution,
 Hammer-forged; the years in which your thinking
 Like guiding lantern, led us ever on.

Eighteen years! Flowers of the island are more sweet,
 Eighteen years! The waters of the sea more blue,
 Eighteen years! Guardsmen's hearts more loyal still,
 Eighteen years! Our flag more scarlet too.

Soldiers of the coastal island, Chairman Mao,
 Night and day carry you in our hearts;
 The more we think of you, more we our duty know.
 Our thoughts become resolve as this our pledge we make:

Chairman Mao!
 We'll guard this frontier island all our lives,
 In the revolution's name, our red hearts an iron wall.
 We swear to sweep the skies clear far and wide
 To make a world just like the one you see.

Yang Tse-ming

The Bugle Call on the Himalayas

These soaring Himalayan peaks
 Lift me to the sky. Almost
 Touching the sun my bugle sounds,
 Each note winging over the valleys
 Towards our Chairman Mao.

The sun-glistening bugle is the voice
 Bearing the soldiers' myriad greetings east,
 And from its sun-lit metal throat
 Ring the commands of our dear leader too.

With *The East Is Red* my bugle brings the dawn.
 Mao Tse-tung! We to his likeness vow,
 Pressing the priceless words held in our hands;
 The bugle blends with voices as we read



Together with one heart the three good olds,*
Then march to serve the people in our tasks.

To Chairman Mao, ten times ten thousand years!
And this we know, however oft we call,
That each salute will find its way to you;
Our thousand songs rise to these mountain tops,
Your soldiers' feelings plumb the deepest vale.

We, your good soldiers, Chairman Mao,
Can hide away the mountains in our love for you.
These farthest of your frontiers for ever are our trust.
See, up in the snow the sun does gild the bugle still!
Listen! The Himalayan bugle — which shall never silent be.

*The Three Constantly Read Articles by Chairman Mao namely, *Serve the People*,
In Memory of Norman Bethune and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*.

Chung Tse

Stitching the Satchels

The fiery sun climbs from the distant east
Clothing the barracks with its warm light.
The squad and its leader among the beds
Busily stitch at their satchels with needle and thread.

“Serve the People” beneath our fingers does appear
As needle and thread do follow our thoughts,
“Serve the People” in characters red
To glow and sparkle wherever we go.

Satchel on shoulder, we march away,
Nothing can stop us in a thousand miles.
While marching on the path of revolution
In our satchel we could bear a thousand *jin*.*

*1 *jin* = 0.5 kg. or 1.1 pounds.

Satchel on shoulder, we go to battle,
We will sweep away all contaminations;
Satchel on shoulder, we tread the broad land,
Red flags will flutter to the ends of the earth.

Sewn on the bags, the words of Chairman Mao,
Within, his books are packed away.
Always the red sun rising in our hearts
Urges us on for ever in the revolution.

Our supreme commander, Chairman Mao,
In loyalty and faith we turn to you;
Let's shoulder the revolutionary satchels,
And march forward in your footsteps all our lives.



Ku Shun-chang

Song of the Linesmen

On the ground
Our poles, we set,
In the clouds
We shake off sweat.

Ride the clouds, plumb the sea,
Down in the country, up in the hills,
Wherever the Party points,
There we show our skills.

Thunder rumbles far,
Lightning slashes wide,
With our heads high in the bright blue sky,
On world changes we keep a weather eye.

The great proletarian cultural revolution
Has every reactionary shivering in his shoes;
The capitalist roaders are head over heels,
We hit 'em so hard they were bound to lose.

Grand alliance reports
Straight to Peking fly;
Chairman Mao's pronouncements
Lift comrades' hearts high.

Poles of happiness
In all directions swarm;
Marvellous golden wires
Link factory, mine and farm.

On the cultural revolution's mission,
With revolutionaries' pride,
From cloud to cloud we soar,
From pole to pole we stride.

Let the thought of Mao Tse-tung
The universe illuminate,
Let revolution's voice
In every land reverberate.

On the ground so solid,
In the clouds so free,
We're determined to surmount
Every difficulty.

Hsiang Chi

Our Former Squad Leader

'Neath flying red banners in the festive city
Our former squad leader I recently met;
Now he's on his factory's revolutionary committee,
His old army style is with him yet.

His little red book in the pocket always
Of a uniform patched and faded by sun,
The workshop today is his battlefield,
For pen and hammer he's exchanged his gun.

The throb of machinery beats in his ears,
Class struggle rages within his chest;
Good at organizing fire against the class foe,
At revolutionary repudiation he's one of the best.

He's true to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line,
Sinking roots mid the masses and among them maturing,
A simple soldier's quality he'll always retain,
Revolutionary traditions for ever promoting.

Mao Tse-tung's thought his sunlight and dew,
By the PLA forged a revolutionary successor,
At Chairman Mao's signal, our squad leader marches
In the revolutionary expedition of our great leader.



Sun Jui-ching

I Ride My Eagle Ten Thousand Li

My red-starred pilot's hat neatly set,
 Clad in a uniform of olive green,
 I'm going on duty for Chairman Mao,
 Singing a battle song, hurrying steps keen.
 I climb into the cockpit
 With a joyous mien.

I ride my eagle into the sky,
 Flying o'er mountains massive and tall.
 What does a fighter love the most?
 The Chingkang Mountains most of all.
 The red flag Chairman Mao raised upon them
 Reflects red on earth and on heaven's wall.

I ride my eagle into the sky,
 Flying o'er many a river and stream.
 What does a fighter love the most?
 The Yen River, of beauty extreme.
 On its banks Chairman Mao moved his pen of genius,
 And revolution's blueprint sprang forth a-gleam.

I ride my eagle into the sky,
 Flying o'er cities dotting the land.
 What does a fighter love the most?
 Peking City, our capital grand.
 Loud and clear sing the masses: *The East is Red*,
 Chairman Mao on Tien An Men takes his stand.

I ride my eagle into the sky,
 Over rivers and lakes I fly.
 What does a fighter love the most?
 The waters green of Chungnanhai.
 There Chairman Mao moves his mighty hand,
 And revolution's thunder rumbles nigh.

I ride my eagle ten thousand *li*
 Thinking always of Chairman Mao.
 Deep are a fighter's emotions,

I love him best, I vow.
The red sun within our hearts
With light the world does endow.

A thousand ditties, ten thousand songs,
Sing of Chairman Mao, so great.
The skies may tumble, the earth may split,
We fighters will never vacillate.
With Chairman Mao we'll go for ever,
Planting red flags o'er the globe in spate.



Li Yu-ho, a switchman and underground Party member, withstands all the enemies' threats, brandishments and tortures, fully displaying the lofty revolutionary virtue of a Communist Party member (Yin Cheng-tsung, pianist; Chien Hao-liang, singer)

**Photographs of a Performance of Piano Music
«The Red Lantern» with Peking Opera Singing**



▲ Yin Cheng-tsung, the pianist

Li Tieh-mei, daughter of Li Yu-ho, under the care of her revolutionary forbears, is tempered amidst stormy revolutionary struggles and becomes a staunch successor to the revolutionary cause (Yin Cheng-tsung, pianist; Liu Chang-yu, singer) ►

*Chu Jun-hsiang and
Chou Chia-hu*

Put Doing to the Fore

Second Company had been bivouacked on the shore of the Yellow Sea for over a month. They returned to regular camp the day before in a big snowstorm. The next morning, after breakfast, they assembled at company headquarters and studied *Serve the People*. When they reached the sentence: "**Our cadres must show concern for every soldier . . .**" the leader of Second Platoon, who was officer of the day, stood up and said: "We cadres must bear our fighters in mind every moment. We must understand them and be concerned about them."

No sooner had his voice died away than Chiang, the company commander, said: "That's right. Our soldiers bear the burden of revolution on their shoulders. To be concerned about them is to be concerned about the revolution."

These words rang in everyone's heart like the blows of a sledge hammer against an iron spike. All eyes were on the company com-

At the first performance



mander and the men were listening avidly. The door banged open and Young Wang, the messenger, burst in, covered with snow and bearing with him a gust of cold air.

"Commander," he panted, "services department wants us to pick up eight hundred *jin* of coal right away."

Chiang glanced outside. Thick downy flakes of snow were falling and blanketing the earth. Beneath the eaves a few soldiers were washing clothes and scrubbing shoes. He recalled how they had all studied and worked together on the bivouac, visiting the poorer peasants, doing propaganda, running and crawling on manoeuvres. They had got dirty and sweaty, but none of them minded. Chiang turned to the supply clerk.

"Has the kitchen heated up any water for our men?"

"It's on the fire."

"What about that coal, commander?" asked the leader of Second Platoon. It was a snowy cold day, and he didn't want him to forget.

The commander didn't reply, but exchanged a glance with the company political instructor, who then got up and left the room with several other cadres.

"Why not have each platoon detail two men?" the leader of Second Platoon asked the commander. "I'll go with them for the coal. There's not much. We can get it here in no time."

"Pick a detail?" retorted the commander.

"Sure. It's Sunday and everyone's resting in camp. We'll just send a few men. There's nothing to it."

The commander looked at him. "I don't see it that way. These men have been roughing it in all sorts of weather for more than a month. They've got clothes to wash and many other things to do. We ought to look at it from their angle. Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Our cadres must show concern for every soldier.'** Isn't that what we were just discussing? I'm against sending a detail."

The platoon leader flushed. He didn't know what to do. "But the coal . . ." he said.

"It seems to me instead of talking about 'sending a detail,' we ought to be talking about 'going on detail.'"

Suddenly the platoon leader understood. His face lit up with a smile. "We cadres will go and get the coal," he shouted.

"Right. Revolutionary cadres put 'doing' to the fore, not 'sending' others."

The platoon leader eagerly rose to inform the political instructor and the rest of the cadres. At that moment the door swung open and they all came in with carrying poles. The political instructor laughed.

"You don't have to notify us. We're ready."

Excited and moved, the platoon leader looked at him, then looked at the commander and grinned.

The company commander waved his little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. "It's only eight hundred *jin* of coal," he said in a ringing voice. "That's less than a hundred *jin* per cadre. The supply clerk can stay here and take over as officer of the day for the leader of Second Platoon. The rest of us . . ."

". . . Will go out on detail," chorused the cadres.

The company cadres set forth in the heavy snowfall. The whistling gale drove the icy white particles against their faces like knives. Commander Chiang strode on ahead, the others closely following his deep footsteps in the snow.

Testing the Weapon

You've all been insisting that I tell a story. All right. I'll build one out of local material. Here's a tale about testing a gun.

It began one day after breakfast. The bell signalling the start of the shift had barely sounded when Chang Tung-hsin, a soldier in an ordnance section which repaired tank machine-guns, walked over with one of the weapons on his shoulder to where his squad leader was working.

"Li finished repairing this yesterday, but he had to go out on a job and didn't have time to test it," Chang said. "He's asked me to do it for him. You take a look at it first, squad leader, then tell me when we can hold the test."

The squad leader put down his file, took the machine-gun, worked the ejector experimentally and pulled the trigger a few times. Holding up the weapon with both hands, he squinted through the barrel into the chamber.

"Nothing wrong with this gun," he said. "It'll perform fine. We're very short-handed at the moment. No need to pull men off the job to test it. Just take it over to the arsenal storeroom."

Chang went off with the weapon. Halfway to the arsenal, he hesitated. "We always tested the machine-guns after we repaired them, before," he thought. "We never passed them until we fired a few rounds. Why should today be any different?"

He went back to the machine shop. The moment he set foot inside, the squad leader asked him: "What's wrong? Isn't there anyone in the storeroom?"

Chang laughed awkwardly. "Squad leader," he said, "I don't feel right about us not testing this gun. . . ."

"I've told you it's all right, little brother," the squad leader retorted. "Don't you believe your own comrade?"

Chang had no choice. Sulkily, he set out again.

Perhaps the weapon was heavy, or maybe Chang felt the weight of responsibility on his shoulders was too much — anyhow, he walked slower and slower until he seemed scarcely able to lift his feet. The machine-gun pressed down on him like a mountain. At the door of the arsenal he abruptly halted. He thought deeply for a moment, then hurriedly returned to the shop.

This time, as he entered the door, there was a look of rare solemnity on his face. "Squad leader," he said, "this is no ordinary machine-gun. It belongs to one of our border companies."

"I know that. I've inspected it several times and I guarantee it's in good working condition. All you have to do is take it to the arsenal. If anything goes wrong with it, I'll be responsible."

Chang forced himself to carry the gun to the storeroom, where he gently set it in the rack. But as he placed his left leg over the threshold he suddenly remembered: "The platoon leader is coming today. Why don't I speak to him about it?"

He ran back to his barracks, sat down at his table and searched avidly through his *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* until he found these words: "**The commanders and fighters of the entire Chinese People's Liberation Army absolutely must not relax in the least their will to fight.**" "**Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people.**"

The two quotations went to his heart like an electric current. His feet hit the floor with a thump, as he quickly rose. Chang decided to seek out the platoon leader immediately.

But before he had taken his first step, another thought occurred to him. "I've asked the squad leader about this several times," Chang mused. "Won't he say I don't listen to orders if I go to the platoon leader now? And even if the platoon leader agrees to the test, suppose we fire a few rounds and it turns out there's nothing wrong with the gun?..."

He sat down in confusion on a bench. Again he opened the little red book. Every word, every line he read, seemed to flash before his eyes like lightning. Chang frowned. "I'm a revolutionary soldier," he thought. "I mustn't consider the effect on me personally. Of course I should listen to my squad leader, but the most important thing is to listen to our beloved Chairman Mao. Wholly and thoroughly, too..."

At this critical juncture, other questions leaped into his mind: Why didn't the squad leader want to test the machine-gun? Could he have forgotten Chairman Mao's teachings?... The more Chang thought about it the more he was convinced that it was not simply a question of testing the machine-gun. It involves the more important issue of carrying out Chairman Mao's instructions. That gun simply had to be tested!

Chang got the weapon from the storeroom and went looking for the platoon leader. He found him in the artillery repair shop, dismantling a breechblock. The platoon leader's hands were covered with the sealing lubricant; the tip of his nose and his cheeks were smudged with grease.

"Do you think we ought to test this machine-gun, platoon leader?" Chang asked, coming up to him.

Because his hands were dirty, the platoon leader didn't take over the weapon. Instead he queried: "Has your squad leader inspected it?"

"Yes," said Chang.

"What's his idea?"

"Not to test it."

"Why not?"

"He said he inspected it several times. He guarantees it's all right."

"Well, then..."

"Platoon leader," Chang broke in, earnest and excited, "I feel we must test this gun. Chairman Mao teaches us that PLA men '**... absolutely must not relax in the least their will to fight,**' that we must '**... hold ourselves responsible to the people.**' Suppose the gun is used in battle as soon as it's mounted and it doesn't work just when it's needed, and the enemy gets away? How can we say we've been responsible to the people? We should act according to Chairman Mao's teachings. That's the right thing to do."

Chang's voice trembled, but there was force in his every word. The platoon leader was moved. He gripped the boy's hand and, looking into his eyes, said: "Right, right. We should resolutely carry out Chairman Mao's instructions." He wiped the oil from his hands and said in a stimulated tone: "You're right. The gun must be tested. We'll go up to the hills right now. Mount the weapon on a tank. I'll get your squad leader to drive. We'll have him make the thorough test."

Happily, Chang turned and ran out.

A moment later, the squad leader came dashing up to the platoon leader. "About the work this afternoon..." he began urgently.

The platoon leader cut him short: "Oh, here you are. I was just going to look for you. This afternoon we're riding up to the target range behind the hill to test a machine-gun."

"What? You mean that gun..."

"That machine-gun has to be checked."

The squad leader stared at him in bewilderment.

When they arrived at the target range that afternoon, all the preparations had been made. The platoon leader gave the order to commence firing, and the test began.

Chang was the gunner. He fired three rounds of live ammunition. The marker waved a red flag three times. "Three bull's-eyes!" The squad leader let out a sigh of relief. A weight seemed

to drop from his chest. From his driver's seat, he tapped three times on the side of the machine-gun turret.

"Fire three more," ordered the platoon leader. Chang squeezed off another three shots.

But this time, as the squad leader watched through his periscope, the red flag waved only twice. He couldn't believe his eyes. He popped up through the command turret and yelled to the marker: "Report again." The marker stepped up on a high mound and again waved his flag twice.

One shot had obviously gone wide. But was it the fault of the gun or of Chang's shooting? About to question Chang, the squad leader looked down, and what he saw froze him into immobility.

But before I can explain that, I have to go back to Chang. He knew something was wrong the moment he fired that third shot. Through his sights he clearly saw the bullet go off at an angle. Since he was sure his aim had been accurate, he guessed that the screw holding the barrel in place must have worked loose.

Chang did not immediately eliminate the trouble, for he thought: "If the platoon leader sees what's wrong and bawls out the squad leader hot and heavy, it may be too sudden. It won't help him to correct his mistake. The best thing would be to wait till after we go back and he and I study Chairman Mao's works together. Then I can bring it up."

But when Chang saw that the platoon leader and the squad leader both were occupied, he quickly felt for the screw with his hand. Sure enough, it was loose. He grabbed a wrench and tightened it. That was the moment when the squad leader looked down.

"Shall I fire a few bursts?" Chang called casually to the platoon leader.

The platoon leader rubbed the back of his head. In a stern but affectionate voice, he said: "Every time we repair a machine-gun in the shop, we should be thinking of the enemy. We must remember that **'our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people.'** Every time we fire a bullet on the target range, we must imagine that it is against the enemy. We mustn't forget our responsibility. Today, a bullet missed the target. That was more than a wasted bullet,

it was an enemy getting away. We must always remember this lesson."

Here you might say: The platoon leader didn't know what was wrong; how could he criticize?

As a matter of fact, he understood the situation fully. He also had seen Chang tightening the screw. From this action and the boy's expression, he knew exactly what Chang was thinking, but he gave no sign. He was trying only to alert the squad leader to the incorrectness of his attitude.

And indeed his words rang in the squad leader's mind like the blows of a hammer.

The platoon leader gave the order to fire in bursts. Thirty rounds in nine bursts flew towards the bull's-eye. The marker brought them the target, and the platoon leader inspected it carefully. Except for the earlier miss, all of the bullets had hit the centre within a radius the size of a bowl. Wiping his forehead, the platoon leader said significantly:

"It was a good thing that Chang insisted on this test."

The squad leader was deeply moved. He fervently agreed: "Right, right. A very good thing. Comrade Chang in this test corrected my error."

He hurried over to the boy and grasped his hand. There were many things he wanted to say, but all he could manage was: "I was wrong . . . and you . . . were right."

Chang blushed. "Squad leader," he said, embarrassed, "it's only what you and the other comrades have taught me."

"Me?" The squad leader was surprised.

"That's right. You. The day I first reported to the squad, you took my hand and said: 'To be a real revolutionary fighter, you must all your life be true to Chairman Mao and to Mao Tse-tung's thought, and firmly carry out all of Chairman Mao's directives.'"

"Right," the platoon leader interjected, in ringing tones. "That's the way we revolutionary fighters must behave." He waved the little red book. "Let's study these two quotations. Our great helmsman Chairman Mao teaches us . . ." In chorus, they recited: "**The commanders and fighters of the entire Chinese People's Libera-**

tion Army absolutely must not relax in the least their will to fight.” “Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people.”

“Fine, fine,” said the squad leader in a moved voice. “That’s really fine.” He jumped up on the tank and drew out an iron plate a foot square. On it he happily wrote in red paint the quotations they had just recited. Greatly stirred, he said: “I’m going to inscribe these words of Chairman Mao in my heart, absorb them in my blood, and make them a reality in my actions.”

Chang scrambled up on the tank with the plate and placed it high against the command hatch. The squad leader slipped quickly into the driver’s seat. In an instant, the platoon leader, Chang and the marker were also seated securely. With a roar of its engine, the tank rumbled forward. Making a turn, it climbed onto a long straight road. The driver opened up, and they flew ahead at full speed.

Shock-Brigade (gouache) ▶



After the Rice Was Burnt

Scarcely had our company deputy instructor set foot in his room after returning from a meeting at battalion headquarters when he heard a voice behind him:

“Report!”

In came the kitchen squad leader, Chiang Hao. “I have something to report, deputy instructor,” he said. “The whole company had a burnt meal today.”

“A burnt meal?” the deputy instructor smiled. “Oh, how did it happen?”

“This afternoon when I came back I went to the kitchen and saw Hsu Hsueh-chin was preparing supper there. I noticed a strong scorching smell and criticized him: ‘Once before you didn’t cook the rice properly. You should have learned from that. But you didn’t. Now, not a month later, you have burnt the rice. You really must examine your method of work!’”

Chiang was a bit irritated but the deputy instructor was as calm as usual and did not reply immediately, for his eyes were drawn by

a quotation from Chairman Mao written on the wall: **“You can’t solve a problem? Well, get down and investigate the present facts and its past history! When you have investigated the problem thoroughly, you will know how to solve it.”** This cleared his mind and he knew how to answer the kitchen squad leader.

“Comrade Chiang Hao,” he said, “Chairman Mao has said, **‘Taught by mistakes and setbacks, we have become wiser and handle our affairs better.’** Don’t fear the problems which pop up. So long as we are aware of them they are not serious. With Chairman Mao’s teachings in mind we make investigations, find out the causes, and then come to the essence of problems and overcome the difficulties. What do you think?”

However, these words didn’t sway the efficient squad leader. He thought, when I came to the kitchen I saw with my own eyes that Hsu Hsueh-chin was trying to damp down the fire. Was there any excuse for him burning the rice today?

A straightforward boy, Chiang has to say what he thinks. He countered: “Is there any need in this case to make investigations?”

“No investigation, no right to speak, as Chairman Mao has said,” the deputy instructor replied. “How can you solve problems if you don’t know their causes?”

Just as the deputy instructor finished his last sentence the bugle for “lights out” sounded. He walked up to Chiang and said cordially:

“It’s late. You go back to rest. But remember, Chiang Hao, ideological work needs meticulous effort!”

After seeing Chiang off the deputy instructor picked up his flashlight and hurried off too. He was going to inspect the barracks and the guards and on the way he would also look in to see how Hsu Hsueh-chin was getting along.

A new soldier who joined the army last year, Hsu Hsueh-chin is an honest, quiet and straightforward boy, very active in studying the works of Chairman Mao and particularly good at studying and applying the Three Constantly Read Articles. When he was assigned to the kitchen squad not long ago he failed once to cook the rice thoroughly. He was furious with himself for not serving the people



“wholly” and “entirely.” He became even more upset when he burnt the rice this afternoon. The bugle for “lights out” sounded, but he could not sleep and tossed on his bed. He got up, took his copy of the Three Constantly Read Articles from under his pillow and tiptoed out. He went to the company’s reading room, switched on the light and began to study.

Not long afterwards the door opened with a squeak and in came the deputy instructor.

“It’s you, Hsu Hsueh-chin! Why didn’t you go to bed?” he asked. Walking up to Hsu, he saw the boy had made many red marks in his book under these lines: **“If we have shortcomings, we are not afraid to have them pointed out and criticized, because we serve the people.”**

“Hsu Hsueh-chin studies Chairman Mao’s works so diligently,” the deputy instructor thought admiringly. “Late at night he still . . .”

"I burnt the rice this afternoon, deputy instructor," Hsu said. "I should be criticized."

The boy has realized his error, the deputy instructor thought, but it was necessary to find out the reason. There must be something behind it. After a careful investigation he discovered the truth.

This afternoon while Hsu was boiling the rice in the kitchen suddenly noises came from the pigsty nearby. He thought, since the swine-herd has gone out to collect weeds, nobody is there. Are the pigs getting out? Around here are the vegetable plots of the production team. It would be bad if the pigs destroyed the vegetables. I must go and have a look.

For fear of his rice being burnt he hastily damped down the fire a little before he left. When he came to the door, sure enough, he saw the large pig was dashing for the plots. He chased it and after much effort succeeded in turning it back. But he was in trouble. His rice was burnt. He tried to damp the fire still more but it was too late, and the squad leader criticized him.

"Why didn't you tell your squad leader about it?" the deputy instructor asked after hearing the story.

"Deputy instructor," the boy said with emotion, "the squad leader is right to criticize me for burning the meal. I didn't serve the comrades thoroughly and entirely. If I tell all that happened I'd be giving a reason. But the meal has still been ruined after all. . . ."

"It's very good to keep in mind the interests of the people and show concern for the collective," the deputy instructor patted the boy's shoulder. "You should carry on in this spirit. When you have shortcomings you can impose strict demands on yourself and make self-criticism. This is also very good. But when the squad leader criticized you without clearing up the matter you should have explained your motives to him."

"Hsu Hsueh-chin takes the attitude of serving the people toward his squad leader's incorrect criticism and places the strictest demands on himself. What a good comrade!" the deputy instructor thought to himself. Then he studied together with the boy the article *Serve the People*.

On his way back to company headquarters he glanced at his watch which read eleven. Hurrying to his room, he found a small hammer, a few nails and two pieces of wood, and taking them to the pigsty he began repairing it. Within twenty minutes he had fixed it up.

The next morning the whole company gathered at the door of the dining room before breakfast. The kitchen squad leader was among them. After the platoon leader on duty had led the reading of a few quotations from Chairman Mao, the deputy instructor stepped forward and said in a serious tone:

"Comrades, I want to criticize myself!"

"Why?" all were surprised. The squad leader, too, was puzzled.

"Yesterday afternoon you all ate a scorched meal," the deputy instructor went on. "You can't blame the kitchen squad or Comrade Hsu Hsueh-chin. I'm the one you must blame. Do you know why the rice was burnt? Yesterday afternoon when the swine-herd was out collecting weeds, one of the pigs seized the opportunity and ran out to the vegetable plot of the production team. Comrade Hsu Hsueh-chin noticed that and ran out to drive it back. This is not a small thing. It involves the discipline of safeguarding the interests of the people. Comrade Hsu's behaviour is good and he must be praised. Of course it's not good that the rice was burnt. But he is not responsible. It's my fault. I must criticize myself."

"Criticize yourself?"

"Yes," the deputy instructor continued. "I saw the loosened board round the pigsty yesterday morning and wanted to repair it in the afternoon. But in the afternoon I went to battalion headquarters for a meeting and forgot to ask other comrades to do it. My carelessness caused the trouble."

These words, like bullets striking steel plates, made a strong impression on kitchen squad leader Chiang Hao. Looking at the deputy instructor, he did not know what to say. The deputy instructor's working style and spirit seemed to be telling him that if he wanted to have the right to speak, he must be a willing pupil in studying earnestly the essence of problems, correctly solving them and making strict demands on himself, and that criticism alone won't solve any problems.

Then the deputy instructor called on the soldiers to sing the quotation from Chairman Mao: **“Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people. . . .”** All sang vigorously and Chiang Hao’s voice rang out above the rest. He seemed to be answering the deputy instructor:

I know now how to work better. . . .

A Particular Feature of His Character

Liu Tung-hsiao, a new recruit of the kitchen squad, liked to use his brains to analyse things and draw his own conclusions.

Recently he had noticed a particular facet in the character of the veteran cook Tai Hung: that is, to worry unnecessarily over trifles. For instance, the quantity of the rice left uneaten, a meaningless matter to Liu Tung-hsiao, usually called for Tai’s attention. Liu couldn’t understand. But anyhow he thought it worthwhile to boast of his new discovery to the squad leader. “I have arrived at this conclusion only after careful observation,” he emphasized as he ended his account.

“No, this has absolutely nothing to do with his character.” To his surprise the squad leader, shaking his head, disagreed with him. Yet Liu stuck to his own conclusions. What could it be if it were not a question of a particular aspect of his personality?

“All right, I’ll consider the matter again,” Liu Tung-hsiao conceded nevertheless.

After serving a meal that day, when Tung-hsiao and Tai Hung collected the rice tub there were only a few bowls of rice left. Old

Tai's spirits rose to such a height that he almost sang out the words, "Ha, how nice! The tub is almost empty!"

He juggled the scoops and took the empty container to the kitchen while Tung-hsiao followed behind.

"Did you cook the rice today, 'Tung-hsiao?" Old Tai turned to ask him. "Quite a success. The rice was neither too hard, nor too soft. Just right. But we must not forget what Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Modesty helps one to go forward, whereas conceit makes one lag behind.'** And we must sum up the experience."

This earnest encouragement touched Tung-hsiao's heart.

"Huang Ta-chung, the patient in the Third Machine-gun Squad, said we needn't cook specially for him. He can do with the rice we cooked today." Old Tai continued with a laugh. "Ha, ha. But we mustn't be taken in by him. I've found out from his squad leader that Huang is far from recovered. He said that only because he wanted to save us some trouble."

Listening to Old Tai, Tung-hsiao's mind started analysing the situation. First, Old Tai was happy because the men enjoyed the meal. Next, how could he be so thoughtful as to find out what was in Huang Ta-chung's mind from his squad leader? As he was washing the cauldron at the moment he made a big question mark on the stove with his brush. But it had to be spotted by none other than Old Tai who asked immediately:

"What's troubling you, little soldier? What's that question mark for?"

Tung-hsiao was embarrassed. "Oh, nothing. I was drawing for fun," he mumbled and washed it away.

When he turned around Old Tai was through with his work and was copying very painstakingly on the quotation board from the bright red-covered *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*: **"Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people. Every Communist must learn from him."**

Either Old Tai had written it more heavily or Tung-hsiao had given it more attention, the word "utter" appeared especially firm and robust to him, like a red heart throbbing strongly.

Not long afterwards another incident occurred, also after a meal. It was Old Tai's day off but he had come to help with clearing away the things from the canteen. When as usual he took up the rice container he found that half a tub of rice was left unconsumed. Instantly his spirits dropped as he stood there meditating and stirring the left over rice absent-mindedly with a scoop. After a long time he muttered to himself, "Dear me, so much rice left!"

Slowly he carried the tub to the kitchen. When the work there was finished he said to Tung-hsiao, "Let's go to the squads and do some investigation. Chairman Mao has instructed us that: **'Everyone engaged in practical work must investigate conditions at the lower levels.'** **'No investigation, no right to speak.'** Let's go to the squads and find out why the men had no appetite today."

Tung-hsiao was very much impressed by his conscientious attitude in following Chairman Mao's instructions and decided to learn more from him.

They first visited the Third Machine-gun Squad whose leader joined the army the same year as Old Tai.

"Tell me frankly, Third Squad Leader," Tai asked point-blank as soon as he saw him. "Can two bowls of rice fill up a man like you who can climb three mountains carrying three machine-guns without stopping for breath?"

"Certainly! I'll swear to it!" laughed the Third Squad Leader.

"Nonsense. I don't believe it." Old Tai shook his head.

"Don't believe it? You had made up your mind that we had not had enough when we told you we had. I say, Old Tai, you are not having faith in the masses, are you?"

"I accept your criticism. But you have to tell me the truth. You mustn't look upon this as just your own concern. If your health should suffer what would happen when an emergency arises? This leader of a machine-gun squad will lag behind and be a leader in collecting the odds and ends other soldiers drop. Then it will not

be your own concern any more, my dear comrade." This ended the argument with the Third Squad Leader who could only laugh.

Huang Ta-chung who was laid up in bed with stomach trouble had been listening to their conversation with interest. He recalled that a few days ago his squad leader had "told" on him to the kitchen squad. Instead of saving the kitchen squad the trouble of cooking special meals for him, it had made Old Tai deliver his meals in person to his bedside and persuade him to eat more so that he'll recover quickly and be able to take part in the training and making revolution. Ha, he would disclose the squad leader's secret too! So he sat up abruptly and announced:

"Since our squad leader is too shy, I'll tell you on his behalf. They had been climbing mountains on a hot day and were feeling very thirsty and had no appetite. Our squad leader said that some pickles might help. That's all."

Huang Ta-chung lay back on the bed again with such satisfaction that his squad leader's reproachful glances escaped him.

Old Tai and Tung-hsiao returned to their squad with the results of their investigation. Old Tai, in extremely high spirits, reported to his squad leader and went immediately to buy pickles in the rest hour.

Was the veteran cook Old Tai merely worrying over unnecessary trifles, Young Liu Tung-hsiao? And was it only a particular facet of his character? It was wrong to look at it that way. But Tung-hsiao had doubts about his own judgement already. In a recent meeting to pool their experiences in creatively studying and applying the Three Constantly Read Articles, he realized that his former analysis had been not just a little wrong, but very wrong. For Old Tai had confided to him once: "To tell the truth I always feel unhappy when much rice is left after a meal. The less left over the happier I am. When there are different amounts left over from the same amount of rice cooked, then there's something we need to find out.

"Besides cooking three meals a day, the duty of a cook is to find out how the men like the food. This is not a small or unnecessary matter. The men have to cross mountains and forests in their train-

ing, to be prepared for war and make revolution under the leadership of Chairman Mao. They must have strong bodies."

Tung-hsiao's puzzlement, his questionings and the query which he had drawn on the stove, were solved in an instant. That night he lay awake while Old Tai's image kept coming back to him. Now he was able to see the heart and soul of a veteran soldier who served the people whole-heartedly, the revolutionary fervour of the Five Good Soldier Tai Hung who looked upon the Three Constantly Read Articles as his motto, his boundless responsibility in his work and his unending warm-heartedness towards his comrades. These were the qualities he should be learning from. He had formerly looked upon the work of a cook as simply playing around with pots and serving at meal times. But now he realized there was a lot more to it than that...

One day, while chatting, the squad leader asked him: "Do you still look upon it as a 'particular facet of his personality'?"

"Of course! What else?" The clever Tung-hsiao didn't want to be cornered. "To study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings and act according to his instructions conscientiously, to be like Norman Bethune and have a boundless sense of responsibility in work, be boundlessly warm-hearted towards all comrades and people and have a keen hatred for the class enemy is the particular feature of us revolutionary fighters."

"Right. Very well said, indeed!" The squad leader enthusiastically agreed, slapping Tung-hsiao's shoulder hard.

*Chen Ping and
Li Ming-hui*

Mao Tse-tung's Thought Is a Beacon for Revolutionary Literature and Art

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"All culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines."** Feudal literature and art serve the landlord class; bourgeois literature and art serve the bourgeoisie; socialist literature and art must serve to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat, must serve the proletarian political line. Revolutionary literary and art workers must have a proletarian world outlook to be able to create revolutionary literature and art and correctly depict workers, peasants and soldiers, so that literature and art serve as weapons for **"uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy."**

But the counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang, hoisting the black bourgeois banner of "truthful writing," was dead against literary and art workers transforming their world outlook with Mao Tse-tung's thought. He ranted that "writers without a Marxist world

Chen Ping is a Five Good soldier and Li Ming-hui, a squad leader, in the PLA.

outlook" "can also reflect life truthfully." In other words, the world outlook has no effect on writing. Hence writers need not trouble to transform their outlook or to arm themselves with Mao Tse-tung's thought. How utterly reactionary!

What, in fact, is the truth? In this great age in which imperialism is heading for total collapse and socialism is advancing to worldwide victory, and Mao Tse-tung's thought is the great banner, all that conforms to Mao Tse-tung's thought is most truthful. All that runs counter to it is most untruthful, most counter-revolutionary.

What is the right way to recognize and reflect the truth of life? The absolutely basic thing is creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Mao Tse-tung's thought is Marxism-Leninism of the present time. It reflects the objective laws of the class struggle in China and in the world, reflects the fundamental interests of the proletariat, the working people, and is the most powerful ideological weapon of the proletariat. Mao Tse-tung's thought is universal truth and our guide to action. By grasping it we grasp the greatest truth and have the most correct criteria for judging what is true. Because truth has its class nature. Just as the bourgeoisie is bound to oppose what the proletariat holds to be true, the proletariat must firmly oppose what the bourgeoisie holds to be "true." Without a Marxist-Leninist world outlook we cannot possibly reflect the truth correctly. We must do our best to study and apply Mao Tse-tung's thought creatively and use it to judge what is true, in order to reflect the truth of life correctly in literature and art. Chou Yang and company were dead against our using the sharp weapon of Mao Tse-tung's thought to guide our creative work. They were mortally afraid that by using the magic mirror of Mao Tse-tung's thought we would see their despicable nature in peddling black bourgeois wares under the signboard of "truth."

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Our literary and art workers must accomplish this task and shift their stand; they must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the process of going into their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society."**

Shifting our stand means changing our world outlook. This is the correct way to solve the fundamental question of whom literature and art should serve. Revolutionary literary and art workers must creatively study and apply Mao Tse-tung's thought and thoroughly transform their world outlook through a long process of unconditional whole-hearted integration with the workers, peasants and soldiers in the three great revolutionary movements of fiery class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. But Chou Yang, chief of the counter-revolutionary revisionist black line on literature and art, consistently opposed our doing this. He raved that by simply "taking his own path in writing" "a writer could progress towards an advanced world outlook." This is out and out counter-revolutionary nonsense! Chou Yang's sinister scheme was to turn literature and art into a tool to create public opinion for the overthrow of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the restoration of capitalism by China's Khrushchov.

Whether or not to use Mao Tse-tung's thought to guide literature and art, whether or not works of literature and art should propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought — these are focal points of the struggle between the proletarian revolutionary line on literature and art and the counter-revolutionary revisionist line. Chou Yang tried to use the bourgeoisie's hackneyed "truthful writing" to oppose propagating the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, to prevent literary and art workers from transforming their world outlook by creatively studying and applying Mao Tse-tung's thought, and to oppose Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art. It only ended in thoroughly exposing his counter-revolutionary features and hastening his ruin.

We must raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and thoroughly criticize, repudiate and discredit the counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang and the theory of "truthful writing" which he peddled.

The Fundamental Task of Socialist Literature and Art

The counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang bellowed that literature and art must "truthfully" depict the "wretchedness" and "inner contradictions" of the workers, peasants and soldiers. In a vicious, slanderous statement he declared that it would be "untruthful" to do otherwise, for then the workers, peasants and soldiers would become "lifeless men of straw." Bah! Chou Yang peddled the same black wares as China's Khrushchov, who maligned the workers, peasants and soldiers as "selfish" and "backward." His counter-revolutionary aim was to oppose the creation of heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers in an attempt to make literature and art a tool for their restoration of capitalism.

The creation of heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers is the fundamental task of socialist literature and art. Under the brilliant light of Mao Tse-tung's thought, the class nature of the

Sun Kang is a squad leader in the PLA.

proletariat finds concentrated expression in the splendid qualities of countless heroes among the workers, peasants and soldiers. Chairman Mao teaches us: **“Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people’s interests.”** Lei Feng, Wang Chieh, Li Wen-chung and other heroes like them are the most outstanding representatives of our battalions of the revolution. Nurtured by the radiant thought of Mao Tse-tung, they fought on fearlessly, wave upon wave, for the cause of proletarian revolution, becoming true examples of **“utter devotion to others without any thought of self.”** Each was a man of the kind Chairman Mao teaches us to be, **“noble-minded and pure, a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, a man who is of value to the people.”** Chou Yang, head of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art, hoisting the tattered banner of “truthful writing,” racked his brains to discover some “wretchedness” and “inner contradictions” in these fearless and selfless proletarian heroes and the broad masses of the workers, peasants and soldiers, so grimly determined was he to vilify them.

The workers, peasants and soldiers armed with Mao Tse-tung’s thought are most selfless and fearless. They have no “wretchedness” in their hearts but a loyalty which makes them dedicate their lives to defending Chairman Mao and they are ready to give their lives to defend him. There are no “inner contradictions” in their hearts, which are filled “wholly” and “entirely” with communist devotion to the people and they have no thought whatsoever of self. They love the people with all their hearts and utterly hate the imperialists, revisionists, reactionaries, China’s Khrushchov and the scoundrel Chou Yang. Those thousands upon thousands of heroes and the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers have the finest, purest and loftiest spiritual world.

**To find men truly great and noble-hearted
We must look here in the present.**

Today the world has entered upon a new age which has the thought of Mao Tse-tung as its great banner. In the tempest of the great proletarian cultural revolution, countless workers, peasants and soldiers, nurtured by the glorious thought of Mao Tse-tung, are swiftly maturing. Countless heroic collectives and heroes have emerged and their great deeds are resounding paeans to Mao Tse-tung’s thought. No power on earth can stem this revolutionary tide, which will sweep away all the filth and scum of the old world and surge ahead to glorious communism. We must throw ourselves heart and soul into creating heroic images of workers, peasant and soldiers, for this is the fundamental task of socialist literature and art. To the death we shall defend Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line on literature and art. The bourgeois spectres of Chou Yang and company with thier theory of “truthful writing” can all go to the devil!

We Shall Always Sing of the Red Sun in Our Hearts

Chou Yang, head of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art, acting on instructions from his sinister boss, China's Khrushchov, advocated "exposing the seamy side" of socialism and opposed our great leader Chairman Mao, the socialist system and the dictatorship of the proletariat. To achieve his nefarious end, he maligned our literature and art as having "too many slogans like 'thanks to the Party, thanks to Chairman Mao.'" He alleged that this "tendency to prettify life" was "untruthful." This was the height of viciousness, absolutely reactionary! We must thoroughly expose his wild ambitions.

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao says: "All our achievements, all our victories, have been won under Chairman Mao's brilliant leadership and they are victories for the thought of Mao Tse-tung." "In world history it takes hundreds of years and in Chinese history thousands of years to produce a genius such as Chairman Mao."

Chou Kuo-yu is a Five Good soldier in the PLA.

Chairman Mao is the most outstanding leader of the proletariat and greatest genius of modern times, the saviour of the Chinese people and the people of the whole world. Without Chairman Mao the working people would have nothing. Each time my parents tell me our family history, each time I think back to the glorious course of the great proletarian cultural revolution initiated and led personally by Chairman Mao, the blood races through my veins and tears spring to my eyes. I cannot help cheering again and again: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

In the iniquitous old days my father and mother slaved the whole year round for the landlord, yet our family went hungry. Two of my brothers had to beg in the snow, and fell ill of cold and hunger. Being too poor to buy medicine, we could only watch them both die. Our family were struggling on the brink of starvation when spring thunder scattered the black clouds and the red sun appeared. Chairman Mao saved my family from our sea of suffering. For generations none of us had learned to read, but once we had socialism, had people's communes, I was able to go to school. My family would not be alive today if not for Chairman Mao. The working people owe everything to him.

But China's Khrushchov, our mortal enemy, did not want us to take the broad road of socialism. He plotted to restore capitalism, to drag us back to the old society to suffer all over again. Once more, in the nick of time, it was Chairman Mao who launched and led the great proletarian cultural revolution unparalleled in history, smashing the wild dreams of a capitalist restoration of the handful of capitalist roaders in the Party headed by China's Khrushchov.

Our revolutionary people know beyond any doubt that we stood up in the old days to win liberation relying on Chairman Mao's brilliant leadership; and we rely on it again today to avoid regressing and undergoing misery again. To sweep away all pests and build a communist society, the people of the whole world will also have to rely on Chairman Mao, on Chairman Mao's brilliant thought. History proves beyond gainsaying that when the revolution strays from Chairman Mao's line it is defeated, whereas when it follows Chairman Mao's line it triumphs. We revolutionary fighters put

no trust in heaven or earth, but we have whole-hearted trust in Chairman Mao. We remain always loyal to him and will always follow him to make revolution. We will carry the revolution through to the end.

The counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang yelled hysterically: "There are too many thanks to Chairman Mao." What rubbish! To us revolutionary people, there are not too many but too few. Too few! We shall always thank Chairman Mao, for generation after generation! Chou Yang slandered our gratitude to Chairman Mao as "untruthful." Harping on exactly the same tune as the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries, he blatantly revealed himself as their loyal flunkey, the spokesman of all exploiting classes and the mortal enemy of the Chinese people and the world's revolutionary people.

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao has said: "Chairman Mao is the supreme leader of our Party, Mao Tse-tung's thought is eternal, universal truth. Whoever opposes Chairman Mao or Mao Tse-tung's thought will be brought to book by the whole Party and punished by the whole nation." Chou Yang tried to stop us from singing of our great leader Chairman Mao by hanging up the signboard of "truthful writing." But he was dreaming. Revolutionary fighters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought will never for one moment agree to this.

Just as sunflowers face the sun, the red hearts of revolutionary fighters are always turned towards Chairman Mao. We shall thank Chairman Mao as long as we live, for all generations to come. As long as we live and for all generations to come we shall shout: Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him! Let the counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang and his boss behind the scenes, China's Khrushchov, perish amid the thunder of our cheers!

Literature and Art Must Serve Proletarian Politics

Chou Yang, who sounded the drums for the restoration of capitalism for China's Khrushchov, picked up from the rubbish heaps of capitalist and revisionist literature and art the thoroughly reactionary theory of "truthful writing," and wildly clamoured that "truth is the highest principle of art," the "criterion" for judging the value of works of art. Thus he completely swept away the principle of partisanship in proletarian literature and art and peddled the black wares of the bourgeoisie.

Our great leader Chairman Mao has pointed out: **"In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines."** In class society what writers and artists love or hate always depends upon their specific class, and they serve the interests of that class. There is only class truth, and can never be any abstract truth transcending classes. Revolutionary literary and art workers must hold to the partisan principle of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and proletarian politics.

Revolutionary works of literature and art must have a clear class character, and the political criterion must be put first in judging truthfulness.

The "truth" cried up by the counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang turned real life upside down and distorted it. For instance, *Red Sun*, a poisonous film concocted under the direct supervision of Chou Yang and company and boosted by them, makes as clear as daylight the nature of their vaunted "truth." In real life Chang Ling-fu, commander of Chiang Kai-shek's 74th Division, was a helpless, panicky coward who was killed by our fearless fighters in the Battle of Mengliangku and thrown on to the rubbish heap of history. But in the film this sneaking cur is presented as a "resolute, unyielding hero." When nearly overpowered by our main force he remains "firm and daring" and continues "coolly directing operations." Only at the very last, when defeat is certain, does he commit suicide rather than be captured. This "truth" is a sheer fabrication to boost up Chiang Kai-shek bandits.

In real life our army commanders are Chairman Mao's good fighters with high political consciousness, firm fighting resolve and conscious discipline. Take our company commander, for example. With all his heart he loves Chairman Mao and our army and nurses a fierce hatred against the Kuomintang reactionaries. He often tells us: "The least bit of mercy to the enemy is a fearful crime against the people." But in this pernicious film *Red Sun*, the company commander who represents our officers at the grass roots is depicted as a man with no political ideas. After winning a battle he actually dresses up in Kuomintang uniform, puts on a cap with the Kuomintang insignia, and gallops wildly across the field in a drunken stupor, making an exhibition of himself. This is how the counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang, taking the reactionary bourgeois stand, vilifies our People's Liberation Army.

What Chou Yang and company call "truth" is exposure and more exposure of the real life of glorious socialism, vilification and more vilification of the workers, peasants and soldiers, glamorization and more glamorization of the sinister class enemy. It serves counter-revolutionary politics and runs diametrically counter to the principle

of partisanship in proletarian literature and art. Their criminal aim was to attack the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung and give the green light to all poisonous works opposed to the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought, in order to prepare public opinion for the restoration of capitalism by China's Khrushchov.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"We should support whatever the enemy opposes and oppose whatever the enemy supports."** The more Chou Yang opposes the principle of partisanship in literature and art which requires that literature and art serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and proletarian politics, the more firmly we must uphold that principle. Let the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung occupy all positions in literature and art to shed a brilliant lustre for all time to come!

Birth of Two Gems of Art

The birth of the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing and the large oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* — new examples of proletarian revolutionary art — has brought the greatest satisfaction to the whole nation. For days the revolutionary masses in urban and rural areas, offices and schools, shops and PLA barracks have gathered round their radios or television sets to listen to the recordings or see transmissions of the performance of the piano music *The Red Lantern*. Every day groups of people contended to be the first to welcome the decorated cars sending reproductions of the revolutionary oil painting to the various distribution points.

The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and revolutionary literary and art workers also held meetings and forums or wrote articles to celebrate the successful creation of the two proletarian gems of art. They warmly acclaimed the great victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art and paid tribute to the great achievement of Comrade Chiang Ching, courageous standard-bearer of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

They pointed out with feeling that the piano music *The Red Lantern* like those other pearls of art, the eight model revolutionary theatrical

works* was a splendid revolutionary work of art of a kind never known before. This successful creation had given the piano, a Western musical instrument, a new life in serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and proletarian politics. This not only opened a new road for Western musical instruments and symphonic music, but also for the musical accompaniment to Chinese opera.

While listening to this new form of art, the workers and staff of the Tsinan First Machine Tools Plant said excitedly, "It is fine! The piano now begins to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and proletarian politics. This kind of revolutionary art is easy to understand and we like it very much. It shows vividly the glorious image of the working class and boldly expresses their high revolutionary resolution. It seems to us that Li Yu-ho and Li Tich-mei are fighting manfully at our sides against the class enemy." Jao Hsing-li, national model peasant and Vice-Chairman of the Hupeh Provincial Revolutionary Committee said that in the past the piano mostly served the bourgeoisie. "What it performed was stuff which made us feel sick when we heard it. Now we are taking a new liking to piano music as we listen to *The Red Lantern*. Our revolutionary determination keeps soaring and our enthusiasm for our work mounting as we go on listening to it." Pang Chao-sheng, comrade-in-arms of the late Li Wen-chung** gave his impression that the successful creation of the piano music *The Red Lantern* has revealed the following facts: some ancient or foreign forms of art could be given a new life if we reform them with Mao Tse-tung's thought, weeding through the old to bring forth the new and making them serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. This is true of the ballet, traditional Peking opera and the use of the Western musical instrument, the piano.

*Referring to the Peking operas on contemporary revolutionary themes, *Shachiapang*, *The Red Lantern*, *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*, *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* and *On the Docks*; the revolutionary ballets, *The White-Haired Girl* and *The Red Detachment of Women* and the revolutionary symphonic music *Shachiapang*.

**A PLA hero who gave his life to save Red Guards whose boat sank in mid-stream. Our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao awarded him posthumously the title of "Model in Helping the Left and Cherishing the People." See *Chinese Literature* No. 4, 1968.

To meet the earnest wishes of the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, some of the Shanghai revolutionary musical workers organized Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams and arranged to give special performances of this new creation for the workers on the docks and in plants.

The revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* was also extremely well received by millions of revolutionary masses. When the decorated cars carrying reproductions of the oil painting reached the distribution points, people greeted them by setting off fire-crackers and beating drums and gongs. Holding Chairman Mao's portrait with both hands, many of them were stirred to tears and kept shouting: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!" Some of them immediately set them in fine frames and hung them in workshops or brought them along down to the pits and work sites. Others pasted them in the most prominent places in the carriages of the trains or on the counters of the shops.

Gazing at the painting in high spirits, people said, "It's a very striking painting which successfully captures the impression of our great leader Chairman Mao in his youth. Like the piano music *The Red Lantern*, the birth of this revolutionary work is a rich fruit of the efforts of revolutionary art workers in implementing Chairman Mao's policy of **"making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China"** and **"letting a hundred flowers blossom and weeding through the old to bring forth the new."** It is a glowing flower blossoming in the garden of art during the proletarian cultural revolution.

When reproductions of the revolutionary oil painting arrived at the Anyuan Coal Mine, workers there went wild with delight. Many old miners were too moved to be able to sleep. In recalling the days when Chairman Mao personally led them to make revolution, their happiness and excitement knew no limits. They stressed that the true history of the Chinese workers' movement which had been stood on its head by the arch-renegade and big scab China's Khrushchov had now been restored. This painting is true to history.

The broad revolutionary masses in Shanghai raced to view this new portrait of our great leader. Happily gathering together, the

workers, poor and lower-middle peasants and revolutionary literary and art workers held meetings in which they used poems or songs to extol the red sun illuminating the Anyuan mountains.

In Shenyang commanders and men of the Red Ninth Company of the PLA, a model unit in the study of Chairman Mao's works also held a meeting in celebration of this event. Fixing their eyes on the portrait of Chairman Mao, they recollected the militant history of their company in following the great leader Chairman Mao to make revolution from the days when he personally created the revolutionary base in the Ching Kang Mountains. Inspired by this, a number of them wrote verses right on the spot in praise of our great leader.

Japan's Haguruma Theatre Sets Chairman Mao's Quotation to Music

With unmeasured love for the great leader Chairman Mao the revolutionary artists of Japan's Haguruma Theatre recently set to music a quotation from Chairman Mao's statement in support of the Afro-American struggle against violent repression. It was warmly received by the Japanese revolutionary people.

On June 23, the revolutionary masses of Yamaguchi prefecture held a rally in the city of Iwakuni demanding the dismantling of the U.S. naval base at that place and the abolition of the Japan-U.S. "Security Treaty."

At the rally the artists of the Haguruma Theatre gave the first performance of a quotation from Chairman Mao set to music. They sang: **"People of the whole world, unite still more closely and launch a sustained and vigorous offensive against our common enemy, U.S. imperialism, and against its accomplices!"** The vigorous singing greatly encouraged the fighting spirit of the Japanese revolutionary masses against U.S. imperialism and its accomplices. This showed that Chairman Mao's important statement is becoming a powerful ideological weapon of the Japanese revolutionary people in their struggle against U.S. imperialism.

This song is now being widely sung by the people in Yamaguchi and other parts of Japan.

Reactionary Novel "Thunder and Wind" Sternly Repudiated

Recently articles and minutes of forums sternly repudiating the reactionary novel *Thunder and Wind* have been published in national and local newspapers and magazines.

This reactionary novel was published in 1964. Instigated by China's Khrushchov himself, it was written by Chen Teng-ko, a counter-revolutionary element who disguised himself under the cloak of a "worker-peasant writer," on the direct instruction of Li Pao-hua, a counter-revolutionary revisionist and the former first secretary of the Anhwei Provincial Party Committee.

By means of contrived situations and insinuations, the novel slandered the new socialist rural areas which had set up people's communes as being in a hopeless mess. It wantonly smeared the proletarian dictatorship, viciously attacked the leadership of the Party and its principles and policies, openly blew the trumpet for China's Khrushchov in an attempt to create public opinion which would support his scheme for usurping Party leadership and restoring capitalism.

With immense love for Chairman Mao and the proletarian headquarters led by Chairman Mao with Vice-Chairman Lin Piao as the deputy commander, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, young Red Guards and revolutionary literary and art workers have produced a great number of irrefutable facts in their articles or speeches at the forums clearly exposing the pernicious anti-Party activities carried on by China's Khrushchov and his gang through the medium of stories of novels. A number of articles also thoroughly exposed the reactionary nature of this novel and repudiated it by going into the background which led to its writing and publication and analysing the situation of the class struggle going on then both at home and abroad.

More Fossil Teeth of Giant Ape Found in China

Young Chinese revolutionary scientific workers recently unearthed over 200 fossil teeth of the giant ape (*Gigantopithecus*) in Hupeh Province, central China.

Gigantopithecus was a huge ape which lived during the early Pleistocene Period, some one million years ago. Giant ape fossils are of great significance in the studies of the evolution of primates, including man, and for a correct understanding of the theory that labour created man advanced by Engels, one of the great teachers of the proletariat.

Since the founding of the People's Republic of China, three fairly well-preserved lower jaws and more than 1,000 fossil teeth of the giant ape and other related material have been found in Kwangsi, south China. Now, this year, young Chinese revolutionary scientific workers discovered over 200 fossil teeth of the giant ape for the first time in western Hupeh. This shows that during the early Pleistocene Period, the giant ape, huge among primates, not only lived in south China but also in central China. This new discovery enlarges knowledge of the extent of distribution of giant apes in China and demolishes the theory of Chinese and foreign bourgeois "authorities" that the giant ape lived only in south China.

In addition to fossil teeth of the giant ape, a large number of fossil remains of the *Stegodon-Ailuropoda* (giant panda) fauna were discovered in western Hupeh. The young revolutionary scientific workers achieved this important result by holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and studying and applying creatively Chairman Mao's works. They were given considerable support and help from the Hupeh Provincial Revolutionary Committee and the revolutionary masses and revolutionary cadres in the area.

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