



11

CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Front Cover: Chairman Mao with the Red Guards

Chairman Mao's Latest Instruction

Our country has 700 million people, and the working class is the leading class. It is essential to bring into full play the leading role of the working class in the great cultural revolution and in all fields of work. On its part, the working class should always raise its political consciousness in the course of struggle.



Our great teacher Chairman Mao Tse-tung

The Working Class Must Exercise Leadership in Everything

A great high tide of struggle-criticism-transformation is coming. The publication of Chairman Mao's latest instructions and the entry of the mighty army of industrial workers, step by step under leadership, into schools and all other units where struggle-criticism-transformation has not been carried out well are signals of this coming high tide. This high tide follows in the wake of the work on a number of tasks, including the establishment of revolutionary committees in provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions, mass criticism and repudiation and the purifying of the class ranks. It will bring about profound changes in all fields, fiercely storm all those parts of the superstructure which do not conform to the socialist economic base, educate the masses, crush the hidden reaction, carry the great proletarian cultural revolution forward to all-round victory and greatly stimulate the development of the social productive forces.

The important task now confronting the revolutionary committees at all levels is to do without delay the work of struggle-criticism-

transformation conscientiously and well. To accomplish this task, it is imperative to persist in leadership by the working class and to **“bring into full play the leading role of the working class in the great cultural revolution and in all fields of work.”**

As early as one hundred and twenty years ago, i.e., during the mid-19th century when Marxism began to come into being, there had been put forth the slogan of replacing the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie by the dictatorship of the proletariat. Only the imperialists, the landlord class, the bourgeoisie and their agents — the revisionists, old and new — are opposed to this thorough-going revolutionary slogan. The Communist Party of China takes this slogan as its basic programme. In order to realize this slogan, it is essential to unite with the broad non-worker masses, mainly the peasant masses, the urban petty bourgeoisie and those intellectuals who can be remoulded, and to lead them forward.

Throughout the entire process, the great proletarian cultural revolution has been under the sole leadership of one and only one, class the working class. Our Party is the vanguard of the proletariat. The proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao and with Vice-Chairman Lin Biao as its deputy leader represents in a concentrated way the interests of the working class, the poor and lower-middle peasants and the masses of working people; it is the only centre of leadership for the whole Party, the whole army, the whole nation and the masses of revolutionary people. Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and all his instructions reflect the pressing demands of the working class and the hundreds of millions of revolutionary people and embody the proletariat's firm and strong leadership of the whole great proletarian cultural revolution. It was the leadership of the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao that made it possible to launch the great proletarian cultural revolution in which hundreds of millions of revolutionary people are taking part. To persist in working-class leadership it is essential, first and foremost, to ensure that every instruction from Chairman Mao, the great leader of the working class, and every order issued by the supreme command of the working class are carried out swiftly and smoothly. The theory of “many centres,” that is, the theory

of “no centre,” mountain-stronghold mentality, sectarianism and other reactionary bourgeois trends undermining working-class leadership must be opposed. The revolutionary committees in all places are organs of power of the dictatorship of the proletariat. All units should accept leadership by the revolutionary committees. No “independent kingdom,” big or small, which is counter-posed to Chairman Mao's proletarian headquarters, should be allowed to exist in our country. The old Peking Municipal Party Committee, this watertight and impenetrable “independent kingdom” which resisted Chairman Mao's instructions, was a means used by the gang of big conspirators, China's Khrushchov and company, to oppose working-class leadership and restore capitalism. This “independent kingdom” has been completely smashed by revolutionary storms. This historical lesson in class struggle should be borne in mind by all revolutionaries. The citizens of “independent kingdoms,” big or small, under the control of bourgeois elements in various parts of the country should also study this lesson.

The workers' propaganda teams are entering the field of education. This is an earth-shaking event. Schools were the monopoly of the exploiting classes and their children from ancient times. Conditions improved somewhat after liberation, but in the main the schools were still monopolized by bourgeois intellectuals. Some students from these schools have been able for various reasons to integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers and serve them (generally speaking, because they themselves or their teachers are comparatively good or because of the influence of their families, relatives or friends, but chiefly of society at large). Some others have not. In a state of the dictatorship of the proletariat, there exists a serious situation — the bourgeoisie contends with the proletariat for leadership. When the young Red Guard fighters rose in rebellion against the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party during the current great proletarian cultural revolution, the reactionary bourgeois forces in the schools for a while got hard blows. But shortly afterwards, certain people were again active in secret. They incited the masses to struggle against each other, and set themselves to sabotage the great cultural revolution, disrupt struggle-criticism-transformation,

undermine the great alliance and the revolutionary "three-in-one" combination and destroy the work of purifying the class ranks and of Party rectification. All this has aroused dissatisfaction among the masses. The facts show us that under such circumstances it is impossible for the students and intellectuals by themselves alone to fulfil the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation and a whole number of other tasks on the educational front; workers and People's Liberation Army fighters must take part, and it is essential to have strong leadership by the working class.

Chairman Mao recently pointed out: **"In carrying out the proletarian revolution in education, it is essential to have working-class leadership; it is essential for the masses of workers to take part and, in co-operation with Liberation Army fighters, bring about a revolutionary "three-in-one" combination, together with the activists among the students, teachers and workers in the schools who are determined to carry the proletarian revolution in education through to the end. The workers' propaganda teams should stay permanently in the schools and take part in fulfilling all the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation in the schools, and they will always lead the schools. In the countryside, the schools should be managed by the poor and lower-middle peasants — the most reliable ally of the working class."**

This instruction of Chairman Mao's indicates the orientation and road for the educational revolution in the schools. It is a sharp weapon for thoroughly destroying the bourgeois educational system. The masses of young students should enthusiastically welcome the working class as it takes over the school position, participates in struggle-criticism-transformation and assumes permanent leadership of the schools.

The working class has rich practical experience in the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. It shows utmost enmity for all counter-revolutionary works and deeds opposed to socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought. It most bitterly hates the old educational system which served the exploiting classes. It most strongly opposes the

"civil war" activities of certain intellectuals in damaging state property and obstructing struggle-criticism-transformation. It thoroughly detests the habit of empty talk and the practice of double-dealing, where words and actions do not match. Therefore, when they combine with fighters of the Chinese People's Liberation Army — the main pillar of the dictatorship of the proletariat — the masses of the working class will be most powerful in stemming all erroneous tendencies contrary to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and most effective in resolving all kinds of problems which have been described as long-standing, big and difficult. Contradictions that the intellectuals have been quarrelling over without end and unable to resolve are quickly settled when the workers arrive. As regards the handful of villains who have been hiding behind the scenes and inciting the masses to struggle against each other, only when the workers and Liberation Army fighters step in is it possible completely to bare their counter-revolutionary features.

"The workers have only to look after their factories, that's enough." This is an anti-Marxist viewpoint. The working class understands that it can achieve its own final emancipation only by emancipating all mankind. Without carrying the proletarian revolution in education in the schools through to the end and without rooting out revisionism, the working class cannot achieve its final emancipation, and the danger still exists of capitalist restoration and of the working class being exploited and oppressed anew. It is the bounden duty of the politically conscious working class to take an active part in the great cultural revolution in all fields and to ensure that Mao Tse-tung's thought occupies every position in culture and education.

"Let us liberate ourselves. There is no need for the workers outside school to join in." What the Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution states is that the method "is for the masses to liberate themselves." Are the workers not included in the "masses"? Is not the working class made of your own people? All genuine proletarian revolutionaries — not those who pay lip-service to deceive people — regard members of the working class as their own people and as the most advanced and the most politically

conscious among the masses. The "three-in-one" combination of workers, soldiers and the revolutionary activists in the schools is the most reliable guarantee for the masses to liberate themselves. Whoever looks on the workers as a force alien to himself is, if not muddle-headed, himself an element alien to the working class, and the working class has every reason to exercise dictatorship over him. Some intellectuals who styled themselves "proletarian revolutionaries" oppose the workers whenever the working class touches on the interests of their tiny "independent kingdoms." There are still quite a few such people in China like Lord Sheh,* people who look down upon the workers and peasants, who are inclined to put on airs and think themselves great. As a matter of fact, they are just modern Lord Shehs. It is essential for the workers and People's Liberation Army fighters to go to those places where intellectuals are concentrated, be they schools or other units, to smash the complete domination by intellectuals, occupy the "independent kingdoms," big or small, and take over those places where the advocates of the theory of "many centres," that is, the theory of "no centre," are entrenched. In this way, the unhealthy atmosphere, style of work and thinking that exist among intellectuals concentrated in groups can be changed and thus there is the possibility for intellectuals to remould themselves and achieve emancipation.

"Workers don't understand education." These are the words of some so-called high-ranking intellectuals. None of your ugly, bourgeois intellectual airs! There are two kinds of education: bourgeois and proletarian. What you "understand" is the pseudo-knowledge of the bourgeoisie. Those who teach science and engineering do not know how to operate or repair machines; those who teach literature do not know how to write essays; those who teach agricultural chemistry do not know how to use fertilizer. Aren't such laughing-stocks to be found everywhere? The proletarian

*As told by Liu Hsiang (77-6 B.C.) of the Han dynasty in his *Hsin Hsu*, Lord Sheh was so fond of dragons that he adorned his whole palace with drawings and carvings of them. But when a real dragon heard of his infatuation and paid him a visit, he was frightened out of his wits. This betrayed Lord Sheh's fondness for dragons as a sham.

educational system characterized by the integration of theory with practice can be gradually brought into being only when the proletariat takes a direct part. This is utterly beyond people like you.

"The workers don't know the situation in the schools and the history of the struggle between the two lines there." Don't worry, comrades. The workers will get to know them. Compared with those short-sighted intellectuals who see only their small mountain-strongholds, the working class stands on a far higher eminence. The workers will not stay in the schools for just a few days; they will keep on working there permanently and always occupy and lead the schools. Everything that exists objectively can be understood. The working class will deepen its recognition of the world through its own revolutionary practice and remake the world in its own image.

Workers' propaganda teams should, step by step and in a planned way, go to universities, colleges, middle schools and primary schools, to all sectors of the superstructure and to all units in which struggle-criticism-transformation has not been carried out well. Taking Mao Tse-tung's thought as the guiding principle, they should unite with and help the activists there who are determined to carry the proletarian revolution in education through to the end, unite with the great majority of the masses including those intellectuals who can be remoulded and, in the proletarian spirit of thorough-going revolution, promote the struggle-criticism-transformation there. This is a great historical mission of the Chinese working class at the present time. In the course of fulfilling this mission, the working class will itself be profoundly steeled in the class struggle and a group of outstanding worker-cadres will emerge, not merely to manage schools but to reinforce every sector of the state organs and the revolutionary committees at all levels.

To fulfil this historical mission, the working class must earnestly and thoroughly study Mao Tse-tung's thought, learn the mass line and the style of investigation and study that Chairman Mao has always taught us, make ceaseless efforts to raise its political consciousness, heighten its revolutionary sense of discipline and constantly criticize and repudiate the corrosion and influence of rotten bourgeois ways within the working class. The bourgeoisie has a traditional influence

in the cultural and educational institutions. When the working class sets about transforming the world according to the proletarian world outlook, that is, Mao Tse-tung's thought, the bourgeoisie invariably makes every effort to use the bourgeois world outlook to corrode the weak sections in the ranks of the workers, including those of their leading cadres. The working class must maintain sharp vigilance against this. It must keep to the firm stand of the proletariat and maintain vigilance against attacks from sugar-coated bullets or by other means against the ranks of the workers. In addition, it must conscientiously do a good job of purifying the class ranks, grasp revolution and promote production, and make a success of struggle-criticism-transformation in factories and other enterprises.

Chairman Mao recently pointed out: **"The struggle-criticism-transformation in a factory, on the whole, goes through the following stages: establishing a revolutionary committee based on the 'three-in-one' combination, mass criticism and repudiation, purifying the class ranks, rectifying the Party organization, simplifying organizational structure, changing irrational rules and regulations and sending people who work in offices to grass-roots levels."**

These words of Chairman Mao's sum up the development of the mass movement during the stage of struggle-criticism-transformation, and clearly point out the road for us to fulfil the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation in factories and other enterprises.

The first task is to establish the "three-in-one" revolutionary committee so that leadership in factories and other enterprises is truly in the hands of the proletariat. This is often carried out in combination with the tasks of mass criticism and repudiation and the purifying, by and large, of the class ranks.

Revolutionary mass criticism and repudiation enables people to wipe out the pernicious influence of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of China's Khrushchov and his agents in various places, enhances their consciousness of the struggle between the two lines, opens the way, both politically and ideologically, for purifying the class ranks, and, in the course of purifying the class ranks, plays a role in mobilizing the masses and consolidating the achievements

in the struggle. To purify the class ranks and deal sure, accurate and relentless blows at the handful of enemy agents, renegades, diehard capitalist roaders and the landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists who have not reformed themselves, is an extremely important task for the working class in exercising the dictatorship of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes, purifying its own ranks and weeding out class enemies who have wormed their way into the working class, and it provides mass criticism and repudiation with vivid living material. Mass criticism and repudiation and the purifying of the class ranks promote and give impetus to each other. They create the best conditions for rectifying the Party organization. After going through strict tests in class struggle politically, ideologically and organizationally, the masses of Party members greatly raise their political consciousness and greatly improve their relations with the masses; the very few bad elements are weeded out of the Party; how things stand with Party members both politically and organizationally is basically made clear; a number of activists emerging in the movement are admitted into the Party, thus infusing it with new blood; and a leading nucleus which resolutely implements Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line is gradually formed. In this way, we can do a good job in rectifying the Party organization and can reach the great goal set by Chairman Mao for Party rectification: **"The Party organization should be composed of the advanced elements of the proletariat; it should be a vigorous vanguard organization capable of leading the proletariat and the revolutionary masses in the fight against the class enemy."**

This applies to the movement in industrial and mining enterprises and, broadly speaking, also to the movement in cultural and educational institutions and in the Party and government organs.

An upsurge in revolution spurs an upsurge in production. Thanks to the efforts of the hundreds of millions of poor and lower-middle peasants, agriculture in our country has produced bumper harvests for a number of years running. Only with a solid socialist position in the countryside has it been possible for the great proletarian cultural revolution to win victory after victory in the cities. We

salute the poor and lower-middle peasants, the firm ally of the working class. With the deep-going development of struggle-criticism-transformation, many new things are coming forth on the industrial front as well. In the course of transformation, a vigorous technical revolution has come into being in many places. The situation is excellent and inspiring. The handful of class enemies who vainly attempted to stage a come-back have come to their end. At present, U.S. imperialism, Soviet revisionism and all reaction throughout the world find the going very hard. They are bruised and battered, disintegrating and in an impasse. Under the leadership of Comrade Mao Tse-tung, our great socialist motherland, steeled in the great proletarian cultural revolution, is resplendent and holds out unlimited prospects. We must strive to keep up with the developing situation, fully mobilize the masses, sum up experience promptly, do a good job of investigation and study, be good at seizing on good examples, work out over-all plans, strengthen the leadership and make earnest efforts to fight a good battle of struggle-criticism-transformation. This is a battle to win all-round victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution. Let us follow Chairman Mao's great strategic plan closely and advance from victory to victory!

Every Mango Shows His Solicitude (gouache) ▶



Prose

EDITORS' NOTE: On July 27 this year, in response to the call of the great leader Chairman Mao, the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team organized by the workers of Peking entered the Tsinghua campus to publicize and put into practice, together with the PLA Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team already there, Chairman Mao's latest directives. They were determined to fight shoulder to shoulder with Tsinghua University's young Red Guards and the revolutionary students, teachers and staff in carrying out the proletarian revolution in education.

On August 5, our most respected and beloved great teacher Chairman Mao sent mangoes, a treasured gift he had received from foreign friends, to the propaganda team. As the happy news spread, the whole capital as well as the entire nation was a scene of jubilation. People cheered and sang, rejoicing over the happy occasion.

The prose printed below and the poems that follow have been written with this event as their theme.

Every Mango Shows His Solicitude

Red banners danced over Tsinghua University. Cheers thundered, triumphant songs rose to the clouds as the glad tidings arrived on the wings of the east wind.

Far and wide spread the news that Chairman Mao, our great leader, had sent mangoes to the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team, composed of Peking workers, now stationed on the campus. Revolutionary masses from all over the capital converged

on Tsinghua to offer their congratulations. Members of the team and young Red Guards welcomed them warmly. All jubilantly rejoiced amid a mutual exchange of congratulations and best wishes.

The fragrant golden mangoes were placed on a red-covered table in the centre of the campus, where they were the cynosure of all eyes. People could hardly tear their gaze from them. The mangoes gripped not only their eyes, but their hearts as well, for the precious gift was a symbol of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung and his concern for the proletariat. Everyone was stimulated to strive for over-all victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution and write a new chapter in the annals of proletarian revolution.

Chairman Mao's Heart and Ours Are Linked

Our hearts and the heart of our great leader, Chairman Mao, are always linked. Chairman Mao and the revolutionary people think of each other constantly. At the very moment Chairman Mao was sending the mangoes to the propaganda team, they were preparing to send him a gift of their own.

What happened was this: Because the team was doing an excellent job of propagating Chairman Mao's latest directive in Tsinghua University, the revolutionary masses in and around Peking were very pleased. The poor and lower-middle peasants of Chushan Farm sent two crates of their best peaches to their workmates who were members of the propaganda team. None of these had the heart to eat the fruit. They turned it over to some comrades in the team who were ill. But these wouldn't eat it either. They said: "We must give the peaches to the comrades who have the hardest part of this propaganda job to encourage them to spread Chairman Mao's latest directive still better." So they sent on the fruit.

The fighters who got them were extremely moved. They said: These are no ordinary peaches. They embody the mutual concern and support in battle, the proletarian devotion of all the members of the team. This fruit stands for our determination to carry out Chairman Mao's latest directive and to propagate the thought of Mao Tse-tung. We must send them to our great leader, Chairman Mao.

They selected eight beautiful peaches, arranged them neatly on a red platter, and wrote in letters of gold: "Long Live Chairman Mao!"

All the comrades in the propaganda team heartily approved. They decided that the fruit should be delivered immediately to Chungnanhai for presentation to our great leader Chairman Mao. It was then the news arrived that Chairman Mao was sending them the mangoes. The Tsinghua campus seethed with excitement.

"Chairman Mao is always thinking of us, just as we think always of him," said the fighters of the propaganda team. They were already lined up in ranks and about to march to Chungnanhai. "Our hearts are linked." With tears of emotion in their eyes, they gazed towards the glowing lights of Chungnanhai and cried as one: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!" their voices reverberating in the capital's night sky.

It was quite late, and it was raining. But the comrades said: "Nothing can stop us from manifesting our loyalty to Chairman Mao." Two hundred and forty representatives set out through the rain for Chungnanhai with the fresh peaches.

At that very moment the news that Chairman Mao was sending the mangoes was speeding over the air waves to the factories, to the schools, to the heart of every proletarian revolutionary in the capital.

Chairman Mao Is Dearer Than Father and Mother

The gift of mangoes by our great leader Chairman Mao to the workers' Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team gave an enormous boost to the capital's working class, and to the worker, peasant and soldier masses. They vowed their eternal loyalty to Chairman Mao and that they would go with him for ever.

Huang Chin-sheng, a member of the propaganda team, was very excited when he heard over a loudspeaker, at nine o'clock that night, the news of Chairman Mao's gift. Later, at the sight of the mangoes, warmth filled his heart, and he wept tears of joy. "Long live Chairman Mao," he shouted, waving both arms.

A welder in the Peking Gear Factory, Huang is thirty-six years old. The first eighteen years of his life were spent in the old society, the

second eighteen in the new. "What a difference between those two periods," he thought.

Thirty-six years ago Huang was born into a living hell. His father, who had curvature of the spine, laboured from dawn till dark as a rickshaw puller, but never could earn more than a few coppers a day. There were six in the family and they had a miserable existence, living on the meagrest fare. At twelve, Huang picked scraps from rubbish heaps. His complexion was yellow. He was just skin and bones. Sometimes, desperate with hunger, he scrounged for bits of rice in rich families' garbage ditches. Eighteen years in the old society left him with unforgettable class hatred.

In 1949, Peking was liberated, and Huang obtained a new lease on life. He became a worker, his life improved yearly. Now there are six in his own family. His wife is a spinner in a factory, his children are all in school. "It's a completely new world," says Huang.

But his present happiness hasn't made him forget the past. Always he bears in mind Chairman Mao's injunction: "**Never forget class struggle.**" He recalls with hatred the bitterness he suffered at the hands of the class enemy.

Now he is propagating Chairman Mao's thought at Tsinghua University in wind and rain, heedless of difficulties and fatigue, loving Chairman Mao all the more ardently when he compares the two eighteen-year periods. "Chairman Mao has rescued us poor people," he thought. "His heart is linked with ours. We'll always be loyal to him. He's the eternal red sun in our hearts."

As he stood before Chairman Mao's picture that day, Huang said to himself: "Under the leadership of the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao, together with the revolutionary Red Guards we will closely follow Chairman Mao's great strategic plan. We'll act with a unified will, co-ordinate our steps, concert our efforts and repudiate the reactionary theory of 'many centres.' We vow to defend Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line with our lives."

"The most stirring song is *The East Is Red*, the greatest leader is Mao Tse-tung. . . ." When Yao Teh-fu, Communist and veteran worker in the Peking No. 2 General Machinery Plant, heard those moving lyrics and saw the precious gift of mangoes, he turned and

gazed at Chairman Mao's picture with deep emotion. "Red sun, red sun," he murmured. "You've brought light into my family's life. You've illuminated the road to revolutionary victory." Happy tears filled his eyes. Memories raced through his mind.

Yao comes from a poor worker's family. His father, from childhood, toiled for the bosses, who finally hounded him to death. Yao's elder sister was sold into servitude, his mother for many years fed children of the rich as a wet-nurse. He himself had to start work under the boss's lash at thirteen.

After liberation, Yao became one of the country's masters. During the cultural revolution, together with other proletarian revolutionaries, he fought strenuously against the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party headed by China's Khrushchov, and defended Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. Today he is a member of the workers' Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team, something he would never have dreamed possible in the past.

Yao could not contain his emotion. He immediately began to write about his deep loyalty to our great leader Chairman Mao. Because he hadn't had much schooling, he couldn't fully express his feelings on paper. Another comrade, seeing his difficulty, offered to help him.

"No," said Yao. "I must write this myself, in my own words to express my undying loyalty to Chairman Mao and my determination to bring his latest directive into reality and to closely follow his grand strategic plan."

Mao Tse-tung's thought gave him limitless strength. He wrote steadily until three o'clock in the morning. At last victoriously finishing his task, Yao sang softly to himself: "Vast is the earth and sky, but not as vast as the kindness of the Party; dear as are father and mother, Chairman Mao is dearer still. . . ."

Closely Follow Chairman Mao to Make Revolution

The working class love Mao Tse-tung's thought and are eager to disseminate it. The mangoes which Chairman Mao sent symbolize to the capital's working class Mao Tse-tung's thought — a spiritual

atom bomb of infinite power. Their love for Mao Tse-tung's thought is enhanced and their enthusiasm in propagating it is heightened.

Members of the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team from the Peking People's Printing House decided to print up propaganda materials as quickly as possible before setting out for Tsinghua. When workers in the matrix section heard about this, they said: "Loyalty is judged by deeds. We're determined to propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought. No matter how tough this rush job may be, we can do it." Men refused to leave when their shift was over; they wouldn't even take time out for a break. They had made up their minds to print the materials in the shortest possible time.

Under ordinary circumstances they would have made the plates from enlarged photos, which would mean twenty-four hours before the finished product could emerge. If the plates were made from sulphate paper it would still take a dozen or more hours. There wasn't enough time. But what was the solution?

Tien Tieh-sheng and two other workers dared to discard old methods and create new ones, because they respected Chairman Mao's dictum that "**Man has constantly to sum up experience and go on discovering, inventing, creating and advancing.**" They wrote with black ink directly on the lead coating of the plate. As a result the whole process from plate making to the final run-off took only a little over three hours.

"It wasn't easy, but we did it," Tien said excitedly. "How? With Mao Tse-tung's thought."

When he saw the gift Chairman Mao had sent, he decided to strive still harder and study Mao Tse-tung's thought together with the revolutionary Red Guards and the revolutionary teachers, students, workers and cadres of Tsinghua University, and to thoroughly carry out the proletarian revolution in education.

Workers from another factory, who were members of the propaganda team in Tsinghua, were so delighted to hear of Chairman Mao's gift of mangoes that they wept and jumped for joy. They stayed up all night to print handbills announcing the happy news. "These are no ordinary mangoes," they said. "They're sunlight and dew. We want as many workers, peasants and soldiers as possible

to know about them." The whole section of ten workers took part in the printing, inspired by their love of Chairman Mao.

They finished over a thousand handbills at one o'clock in the morning. The leader of the section said: "Wherever we spread this news, we'll be spreading Mao Tse-tung's thought." Setting out from Tsinghua in a heavy rain, they distributed the handbills to factories, government offices, schools and hospitals as well as to the street cleaners, milkmen and pedicab drivers they met.

Three hours later, they arrived at their own factory, where they proclaimed the glad tidings. They expressed their feelings in the following verse:

Every mango shows his solicitude,
Chairman Mao's heart and ours are linked.
Spread the good news everywhere,
Follow Chairman Mao to wage revolution.

Be Loyal to Chairman Mao for All Generations

To implant Mao Tse-tung's thought deep in the minds of future generations and to help them remember Chairman Mao's great concern, the revolutionary masses used every means to preserve the precious mangoes. There were many stirring examples.

At eleven o'clock the night of August 5, the Peking People's Printing House had just finished celebrating receiving a share of the mangoes. "We must preserve Chairman Mao's precious gift," everyone said, "to remind our descendants to be for ever loyal to him." All twenty comrades working in the press infirmary got the same idea. They said a chemical preservative was needed. Someone suggested that the Peking Agricultural Exhibition Hall might have some.

On hearing this, Tieh-ping, a girl announcer on the loudspeaker system, dashed over to the drivers' quarters. A driver had just come back and gone to bed. When he heard what was wanted, he got up immediately and drove quickly through the rain with several workers to the Exhibition Hall. They banged on the door till somebody came out, only to learn that there was no such preservative on hand.

By then it was three o'clock in the morning. It was raining hard, and quite chilly. Li Shu-ying, a girl in the drug section of the infirmary, carefully held in her arms the jar containing the mangoes. "Are you cold?" Tieh-ping asked her for she was wearing a short-sleeved blouse. Shu-ying laughed. "How could I be," she retorted, "carrying Chairman Mao's gift?"

They all talked it over and decided to try the Museum of Natural History where plant specimens were often preserved. Dawn was breaking by the time they arrived. The museum had the preservative, they were informed. Everyone jumped for joy.

This question solved, the press carpenters didn't even stop for breakfast. They immediately built a fine glass-panelled case to hold the mangoes. "Preserving the mangoes is a big thing," they said. "We must do a good job of it, and engrave Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line on our hearts for ever."

And what about the former poor and lower-middle peasants on the Chushan Farm? They decided to make tropical mangoes grow in the north!

When the meeting to celebrate receiving a share of the fruit ended at the farm, Comrade Liu Shu-hua, a member of the orchard team, as well as all the former poor and lower-middle peasants, was unwilling to leave. She walked over and sniffed the fragrant fruit, then she looked up at Chairman Mao's picture, her face rosy with happiness. Struck by an idea, she turned and hurried home. She rummaged through drawers and cupboards until she found the book she was seeking — a text on fruit trees. She perused the chapter on mangoes, letting her imagination soar.

She would raise mangoes on the farm. "I tend fruit trees," she said. "Today Chairman Mao has sent us former poor and lower-middle peasants mangoes presented to him by foreign friends. That shows his concern for us. It's a great encouragement and inspiration. If we can raise mangoes here, they will constantly remind us of our beloved Chairman Mao. They will grow for ever in the hearts of our future generations."

Liu's proposal won the complete support of the former poor and lower-middle peasants. She is now confidently proceeding with her experiment.

The revolutionary Red Guards at Tsinghua University, and all the revolutionary teachers, students, cadres and workers, vow that they will learn from the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and, like them, implant the roots of Mao Tse-tung's thought deep in their minds.

Chairman Mao, great leader, red sun in our hearts, whenever we look at the mangoes we think of your advice and hopes for us. We are determined to adhere to your grand strategy, bring your latest instructions into full reality, and wage the great proletarian cultural revolution to victory.

Tao Chia-shan

Loyal Hearts a Great Wall

Tides of people, clouds of flags,
Drum-throbbing villages, song-filled cities;
Chairman Mao's gift of golden mangoes,
Joyously celebrated throughout the land.

Each golden fruit heavily weighted
With so much love, so much emotion;
Hot tears roll slowly down our cheeks,
Chairman Mao's heart is linked with ours.

Symbol of concern, support and trust,
Your gift is a great encouragement;
We touch the mangoes and are filled with strength,
Our vision grows clearer at the sight of them.

Each golden fruit a loyal heart,
Stirred, we gaze towards Chungnanhai;
We're for ever true, dear Chairman Mao,
Worthy of your faith in us.

Hardy workers and peasants were the main force
When evil mists in the past pressed down;
Red flag aloft, following you today,
Once more they pursue the shattered foe.

Learn from the workers and peasants! Everywhere
The cry, soldiers vow it with guns on high;
Proletarian headquarters we'll defend to the death,
Loyal hearts a Great Wall for the revolution.

Delicious Peaches of Loyalty

See,
Gay people, smiling faces,
crystal tears;
Hark,
Chairman Mao's words, spreading everywhere,
one person telling the next.
Comrades joyously pummel each other
As they crowd around the golden mangoes....
These, the most fragrant of fruits,
Glisten with the red sun's radiance.

We breathe their sweet aroma
And warmth bathes our hearts;

This poem was written collectively by workers of the Peking Printing and Dyeing Works who are members of the Workers' Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team of Peking.



We gaze at the golden mangoes
And Chairman Mao seems at our side.
He sends us mangoes as a sign
Of his great affection;
We send him delicious peaches
To express our loyalty.

Peaches fragrant and sweet
Sent us by peasant brothers;
Shoulder to shoulder we fight,
Linked together, heart to heart.
Peaches fragrant and sweet
We present to Chairman Mao,
Symbolizing our deep emotion
And our eternal loyal devotion.

Chairman Mao, dear Chairman Mao,
We shall be worthy of your support.
These peaches embody our boundless love,
Faith, veneration and loyalty;
Please accept the hearts' assurances
Of proletarian revolutionaries.

Your glorious thought we vow
To study and to spread;
Stones may crumble and seas run dry,
Our determination will never flag.

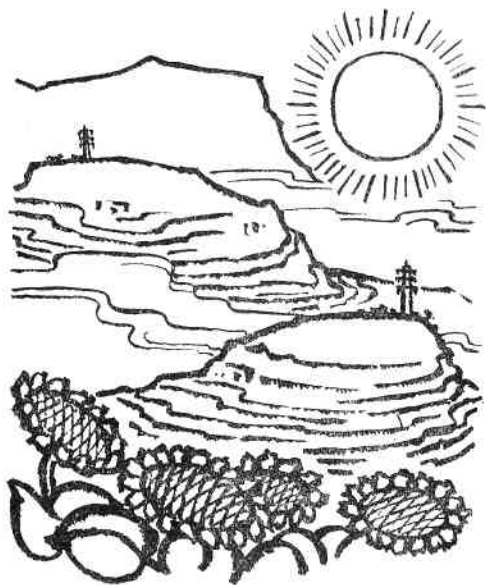
*Kuo Hung-ping and
Chen Chih-kuang*

Silver Hoes Carve Out Tachai Fields

Airwaves soar over hill and stream,
Bringing the good news to our team;
Our great leader has sent a precious gift—
Golden mangoes brightly gleam.

Mango with its branch, tree with its roots,
Chairman Mao's heart with ours are one;
Strong as the love of a ma and pa,
With his there's no comparison.

Every mango shining bright,
Mao Tse-tung's thought our minds alight;
Emotions tumble in our breast,
Revolutionary spirits reach a new height.



Stars face the Dipper in the sky,
Sunflowers face the sun, on earth;
We commune members go with Chairman Mao,
In wind and rain we prove our worth.

Grasp revolution, promote production!
Silver hoes carve out Tachai* fields;
We vow new victories to win,
From heaven and earth wrest greater yields.

*A village of little than three hundred inhabitants in Hsiyang County, Shansi Province which is a splendid example of self-reliance in the field of agriculture.

Vast Areas Forge New Men

In Chiah sien County in the province of Honan there is a people's commune called Vast Areas Develop Talents to the Full. When you come to the village where its headquarters is located, the first thing you see is this quotation from Chairman Mao written in red on a whitewashed wall:

"This is another excellent article. It can serve as a reference everywhere. Especially noteworthy is the part dealing with organizing the higher elementary school and middle school graduates to take part in the work of the co-ops. All such educated people ought to be very happy to work in the countryside if they get the chance. In our vast rural areas there is plenty of room for them to develop their talents to the full."

Chairman Mao wrote this in 1955 as an editorial comment on an article describing the experience of Talichuang Township in organizing agricultural co-operatives. These later combined into the present commune. Chairman Mao's words are imprinted in the hearts of the local people. They are spiritual nourishment,

like sunshine and dew, to the former poor and lower-middle peasants and the young revolutionaries.

Since then, thirteen years have gone by. Young people who left the countryside to go to school in town have returned in large numbers, in response to Chairman Mao's great call. Three hundred and sixty-seven now work in the commune, and many are proving themselves reliable successors to the proletarian revolution. One of the most outstanding of these is Lu Chung-yang.

In 1957 he was a first year student in the senior middle school in the county town of Chiahsien. One autumn day, his mother came to see him. She told him there was trouble between the poor and lower-middle peasants in their village and the co-op accountant. This fellow had been a rich peasant, and was taking advantage of the poor and lower-middle peasants' illiteracy to cheat them. His record of the members' work points was never up to date, and he refused to let them know what they had earned. When they protested, the rascal flung his ledger and abacus at their feet and said viciously: "I quit. If any of you can do the job, you can have it."

The poor and lower-middle peasants who witnessed this scene were very angry. "We can't use that kind of an accountant," they said.

The village Party secretary had sought out Chung-yang's mother. He said they were badly in need of honest people to work for the poor and lower-middle peasants. Chung-yang's mother had become leader of the local women's association after liberation. She was quite enlightened in her thinking. She immediately promised to call Chung-yang back to the village. Early the next morning she set out for town, where she told her son what the Party secretary had said.

Chung-yang, who knew well the bitterness of the pre-liberation days, understood thoroughly the poor and lower-middle peasants' feelings. "Since that's the way things are," he said to his mother with tears in his eyes, "I must listen to Chairman Mao's teachings.

I'll go back at once. Whatever the poor and lower-middle peasants tell me to do, I'll do."

He made his application to return to farm work the same day. The school was then being run according to the counter-revolutionary revisionist educational line of China's Khrushchov. When the handful of capitalist roaders in charge saw the application, they said to Chung-yang: "Foolish boy you've been given a ladder, but you refuse to climb. Don't you care anything about your future? Your class origin is good, and you're getting good marks. When you finish here, you can go on to college and become an expert. If you go back to the village your career is finished."

That night, beside a glowing oil lamp, Chung-yang carefully re-read Chairman Mao's illustrious comment: **"In our vast rural areas there is plenty of room for them to develop their talents to the full."** These brilliant words brought light to Chung-yang's mind. He gazed at Chairman Mao's picture on the wall and renewed his pledge: "I shall follow the road which Chairman Mao points out. I must be weathered in storms and face practical conditions in our vast rural areas. The countryside is my battle station."

He wrote a second, and then a third, application. Finally, he broke down the resistance of the school's handful of capitalist roaders, and was allowed to go home.



Chung-yang lived in the village of Panchang. When he returned, the poor and lower-middle peasants were more affectionate to him than to their own children. One former poor peasant, a man in his fifties, guided Chung-yang's hands with his own and taught him how to plough, harrow, plant and sow. The old man was very enthusiastic. He gave the boy the benefit of all the experience he had accumulated in decades of farm work.

"Not too close, not too scattered," he told Chung-yang when they were sowing wheat seed. "A finger's length apart."

"The right space between sesame seeds is the size of a finger nail."

"Seed beans should flow into the ground like a string of beads."

Planting is an art. The old man patiently demonstrated and Chung-yang diligently copied until he was gradually transformed into a competent farmer.

Chung-yang often heard the older peasants quoting the local saying: "In every three year period, the first and third year dry; once every five years, a deluge from the sky."

Drought and flood had menaced this area from time immemorial. The commune's nearly seven thousand *mu* could be cultivated only with a constant eye on the weather. If they had rain, they planted. If there was no rain, they rested. In the past, the Juho River never brought the poor and lower-middle peasants any benefits. Once it swept away half the village and a big section of the fields. Unable to eke out a living, most of the peasants were forced to migrate. By the time of liberation only thirty some-odd families were left out of what had once been a village of over two hundred households. Afterwards, the land was divided and then co-operative forms of farming were begun, but the threat of drought continued unabated.

Early in 1964 young Chung-yang, in keeping with Chairman Mao's teachings, boldly accepted the heavy burden of serving as secretary of the Communist Party branch of his village. Chung-yang stressed proletarian politics, pushed the study of Chairman Mao's works, and gave leadership to the poor and lower-middle peasants and the educated youth. They all pitched into farming and into every job with blazing enthusiasm,

But, as usual, that spring there was little rain. The soil lacked moisture. It looked like another drought. Should they let the calamity run its course, or should they fight?

One evening, while Chung-yang was studying Chairman Mao's works in the lamplight, he read this inspiring statement: **"Of all things in the world, people are the most precious. Under the leadership of the Communist Party, as long as there are people, every kind of miracle can be performed."**

Chung-yang's mind suddenly cleared. He would rouse the masses to battle nature. They would undertake a big irrigation project and end the drought menace once and for all. The night was very still. His heart was as turbulent as the waves of the Juho. Too excited to sleep, he draped a padded coat around his shoulders and went out. He called on cadres, old poor peasants and educated young people, and discussed with them how to divert the waters of the Juho into irrigation channels.

The majority strongly supported the idea. "You've seen what's in our hearts, Chung-yang," one poor peasant commended. "This land is good. All it needs is water. If we've got water we've got grain. Water is grain."

"With water, we'll be able to harvest more grain," said a young fellow, "and with more grain we'll be able to help our country's socialist construction better. In our vast rural areas, we ought to develop our talents to the full, as Chairman Mao says. Only in that way can we show ourselves worthy of his concern and fulfil the hopes the poor and lower-middle peasants place in us."

The wishes of the poor and lower-middle peasants, the determination of the educated youth, gave Chung-yang the courage to lead them in tackling this difficult task.

When early spring came more than two hundred of them, guided by the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, laboured for seventy-five days with hoes and dug a thirteen-*li* canal in the frozen ground from the Juho River to their fields. This brought irrigation to three thousand *mu* of land, resulting in the biggest summer and autumn harvests the village had ever known.

But the problem was by no means completely solved. In the busy season in the heat of summer, many farms along the upper reaches also tapped the Juho. The water level dropped, and the canal could not supply all of the village's irrigation needs. What to do? Chung-yang again consulted Chairman Mao's works. The shining images of Chang Szu-teh, Dr. Bethune and the Foolish Old Man seemed to live before his eyes. "If the Foolish Old Man was able to remove two big mountains," thought Chung-yang, "why can't we, in the era of Mao Tse-tung, sink a few wells and draw water from beneath the ground?"

When he made the proposal, the local people recalled well-digging in the past. Before liberation it was a costly operation in labour and materials. You had to spend a lot of money, and provide feasts of pork and wine. Only rich landlords could afford it. Once an "expert" was brought in from outside to supervise. Even so, months of effort didn't produce a well.

Since liberation the wells had been sunk, but they were soon choked up with shifting underground sand, which no one seemed able to control. When the fields went dry, so did the wells. When the wells went dry, the fields were even drier.

Chung-yang was determined to find an answer. He called on old poor peasants and sturdy young fellows, carrying his selection of Chairman Mao's works with him, and they talked about digging wells. When they ran into an ideological problem, they turned to Chairman Mao's works and solved it. Chung-yang also summoned meetings of cadres, of poor and lower-middle peasants, and of educated youth. Recollections of past bitterness provided class education, causes for the frequent natural disasters were found, lessons were drawn from the previous failures in well-digging. On this basis, a battle against nature was begun.

Although it was early winter, icy cold gripped both banks of the Juho. The northwest wind howled day and night, the top layer of ground was frozen. With Chung-yang in command, nearly thirty educated youth arrived at the work site, plus several veteran poor peasants to serve as technical advisers. All ate and slept at

the site. Their pump froze, and ice formed on the short trunks they wore as they worked bare-legged in the water.

One difficulty followed another. But the biggest difficulty can't stop men armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Chung-yang often led them in loudly reciting the famous quotation from Chairman Mao: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Sounds of strenuous labour, in the pit and above, rang across the fields.

At a depth of twenty feet they struck a layer of sand. That meant the shaft might collapse at any moment. All work stopped temporarily. But our fighting heroes didn't leave the battlefield. Chung-yang followed Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"There are thousands upon thousands of Chukeh Liangs* among the Chinese people; every village, every town has his own. We should go to the masses and learn from them."** He summoned cadres, old peasants and young stalwarts to a meeting of Chukeh Liangs and urged them to think of a solution.

Opening his copy of Chairman Mao's works, he read them the golden words: **"What is work? Work is struggle. There are difficulties and problems in those places for us to overcome and solve. We go there to work and struggle to overcome these difficulties. A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater."**

Our great leader Chairman Mao's tireless teachings brought enlightenment to the minds of Chung-yang and the well-digging heroes. Everyone enthusiastically contributed to the discussion. Of the ideas advanced, Chung-yang thought two were particularly good. He decided to put down ahead of time the large wooden hoop which would provide the form for the brick wall; outside the wall he proposed placing reed mats to keep out the sand. These measures won everyone's immediate approval. Sliding the flat-bottomed hoop into the shaft wasn't easy. The carpenter Liu Jung-tang, a former

*Chukeh Liang was a statesman and strategist in the period of the Three Kingdoms (221-265), who became a symbol of resourcefulness and wisdom in Chinese folklore.

poor peasant, added uprights of bamboo slabs to the hoop and around these wrapped a circle of reed mats. This did the trick.

The sand checked, they continued to dig. But then they hit a big rock, which they couldn't dislodge, no matter how they tried. It prevented one edge of the hoop from going down any further. That made their digging go off at an angle, and again the work had to stop.

To the poor and lower-middle peasants, armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, this difficulty was only another opportunity to temper themselves. They met in lively sessions at the well mouth and studied Chairman Mao's works, conferring at the same time on various methods for coping with the problem. Chung-yang had a quick mind. He noticed the bowls from which they ate, stacked with the base of the upper bowl fitting in the mouth of the lower, and he thought: Why can't we do that with hoops?

People said his proposal was worth a try. "Very neat," Liu the carpenter commended; another hoop, small enough to avoid the abutting rock, would allow them to go on digging and lay bricks for the retaining wall. Everyone added refinements to the scheme.

In this manner, by placing Mao Tse-tung's thought in command, the well-digging heroes finally completed the first mechanical pump well ever built on the banks of the Juho River. All the poor and lower-middle peasants in the village flocked to see it. They warmly shook hands with the diggers and said: "We're proud to have you as our younger generation."

They also praised Chung-yang for his hard work. He always went at it hammer and tongs. When the pump motor was to be installed, halfway down the well, all the young fellows had clamoured for the job. Chung-yang stopped them. "It's dangerous," he said. "Better let me go."

He was working away, when an earthslide buried him. They quickly hauled him out. After some time, he came to. The first thing he said when he opened his eyes was: "Never mind about me. Check to see whether any of the kids who were watching didn't fall in when that side collapsed."

On hearing of the accident, the poor and lower-middle peasants rushed to Chung-yang's home. One brought medicinal grass; another, herbal wine. Chung-yang's room was jammed to overflowing. He was very moved. "If I can be loyal to Chairman Mao and help change the natural conditions here," he said, "it'll be worth it, even if I die in the process."

Two days later, he insisted on getting out of bed. Though still in pain, he returned to the work site. He simply couldn't rest, no matter how the others urged him. Chung-yang went on like this for over a month. He was in pain all the time, but no one ever heard him whimper.

"Our Chung-yang is a good Party secretary," said the commune members. And the young people said: "Chung-yang is our model."

For two winters and two springs he laboured side by side with the poor and lower-middle peasants and the youth of his team. They dug a total of twenty-five wells and equipped them all with electrical pumps. With the wells and the canal providing irrigation and drainage, the problems of drought and flooding were both fundamentally licked.

In this battle against nature Chung-yang grew as close to the poor and lower-middle peasants as a fish to water, and his will was forged steel-hard. He learned from practice that if you firmly adhere to Mao Tse-tung's thought, you can conquer any difficulty and create human miracles.

Our great leader Chairman Mao says: **"If socialism does not occupy the battlefield of the countryside, capitalism surely will."** China's handful of diehard capitalist roaders and class enemies knew that before they could take the battlefield of our "vast rural areas," they first had to conquer cadres like Chung-yang, who consistently held high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The rascals in Chung-yang's region used every means to win him over.

The great proletarian cultural revolution began in the summer of 1966. It was an unprecedented event. The capitalist roaders on a county level joined forces with the class enemies in the countryside and sowed confusion in a plot to occupy the rural battlefield.

One day a fellow came stealthily from the county seat and said to Chung-yang: "There's nothing for you here. You ought to pull out. A man with your prestige and influence should be operating in town. You'd only have to call, and everyone would follow. You can become a big official, for sure."

Chung-yang was furious. "Chairman Mao says: **'We Communists want revolution, not official posts,'**" he retorted. "I was born in the countryside. I love it, and it's here I'm going to wage revolution."

But the tactless idiot wouldn't take no for an answer. "You ought to go and live in one of those big buildings in town and try sleeping in a spring bed," he persisted. "Why spend your life in this poor village?"

"A local cucumber like me would be out of place on such a high trellis," Chung-yang retorted sarcastically. "I sleep much better in my lowly cottage than I would in one of your tall buildings. This village may be poor, but I never want to leave it."

After wheedling in vain for a long time, the visitor slunk away like a fox with its tail between its legs. A few days later, Chung-yang received a letter plus a telephone call summoning him to the county town.

Warily, he went. Certain people in the county administration gave him an exceptionally warm welcome. They ushered him into a fancy office and announced: "It's already been decided. You're to be in charge of all political study in the entire county."

Chung-yang saw through this as a scheme to cut him off from the poor and lower-middle peasants. His suspicions were confirmed. Decisively as hammering nails he said: "Chairman Mao has told me to battle in our vast rural areas, and that's where I'm going to stay. Neither a gold hook nor a silver hook can pull me away. I'm taking the road of integrating with the workers and peasants, and that's that."

He stalked out and returned to his commune in the wide open spaces.

In this way, with boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, Chung-yang and the educated youth applied Chairman

Mao's shining thought to beat off repeated attacks of the class enemy, standing firm against their sugar-coated bullets.

At the same time when efforts were being made to lure Chung-yang into the town, a small gang of class enemies was stirring up a few confused peasants in his village production team. The aim of this was to put pressure on the young Party branch secretary and undermine the collective socialist economy, so as to bring about a capitalist restoration. When Chung-yang got back, an old poor peasant said to him:

"This thing doesn't smell right. There are bad eggs behind it, sure as you're born. It's a life and death struggle, Chung-yang. You'd better be careful."

To Chung-yang it was perfectly clear: The critical moment in the fight between the two lines had arrived. He would give his life's blood, if need be, to defend Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and China's socialist state.

One night he was visiting poor and lower-middle peasants, propagating Chairman Mao's thought, when he met a rascal, who was also going around, only this fellow was spreading lies and rumours and stirring up trouble. They got into a big argument.

The man shook his finger at Chung-yang. "Your kind are always talking about serving the people," he sneered. "Why are you telling them to give back to the collective the marginal strips and the other land they borrowed?"

"Because the marginal strips are needed to check erosion, and they cut into the collective fields. The so-called 'borrowed' land is only used to enlarge the private plots. That's just what the revisionists are pushing for — more private enterprise. It's right and good to give that land back to the commune."

"Why don't you divide more of the bumper harvests among the members?"

"It's a question of striking an equitable balance between the interests of the state, the collective and the individual. You can't forget the state when you have a bumper harvest. Selling more grain to the state means more support for socialist construction, more help to Vietnam against the U.S. imperialists and more sup-

port for world revolution. What's wrong with that?" Chung-yang's barrage of reasons were unanswerable. The fellow slipped away.

A few minutes later he was back, with a bunch of peasants he had deceived, to resume the debate. "Do you or don't you agree to breaking down the production brigade into smaller units?" he insolently demanded. "We're going to do it whether you agree or not."

"Don't celebrate too soon," Chung-yang advised him mentally. Answering him point by point, he said aloud: "We're definitely sticking to collectivization. I don't agree to splitting up the brigade today, tomorrow, or ever. We're going to defend the communes, and socialism, and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. You can drag me to the banks of Juho and bash my skull in with rocks, but I still won't agree."

Frightened by Chung-yang's vehemence, the rascal found an excuse to end the argument, and left. A short time later he agitated some more people and brought them to Chung-yang's home to kick up a row.

Chung-yang knew that most of them favoured the revolution; they listened to Chairman Mao and wanted socialism. "Since you've come calling on me," he thought, "this is a good chance to propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought." Calmly and easily, he did just that, until the peasants who had been deluded hung their heads and quietly departed. The few who remained, continued to raise a row. But Chung-yang was serenely confident. He coolly locked his door and went off with his family to work in the fields. The little gang of agitators not only failed to provoke the masses to riot, they exposed themselves completely.

One serious class battle followed another. Chung-yang became deeply aware of the verity of Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**Never forget class struggle.**" He organized a strong team for the propagation of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Enthusiastically, they spread the thought of Mao Tse-tung among the members of the village production team and relayed a whole series of Chairman Mao's latest instructions. They organized meetings at which poor and lower-

middle peasants compared the bitterness of the past with the sweetness of the present — graphic lessons in class struggle.

Mao Tse-tung's thought is the golden master key, opening everyone's heart. Peasants who had been fooled turned around and exposed the scoundrel who had been agitating them, and critically excoriated his reactionary words and deeds.

Exposure to the big storm heightened Chung-yang's courage and resolve. His loyalty to Chairman Mao, to the thought of Mao Tse-tung, to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, now knew no bounds. All the poor and lower-middle peasants, all the educated youth, without exception, proposed that he be responsible for the work of the brigade.

For ten years, Chung-yang battled in the storms and practical conditions of our vast rural areas. Gradually he matured into a reliable successor to the cause of the proletarian revolution, a model for revolutionary educated youth.

A New-comer to Tuchiashan Village

One day last winter a new-comer arrived at Tuchiashan Village. The first words she spoke, brisk and clear, to the village people who came out to meet her were: "I've come to settle down here! I've come to learn from the poor and lower-middle peasants!" When they heard this the peasants were delighted. With beaming faces they cried, "Chairman Mao has sent us one of his Red Guards!"

After her brief welcome the girl happily went to live with a poor peasant family. Happily she shared their brick-bed and their meals. And happily she took up a hoe and went to work in the fields with the poor and lower-middle peasants. Before long she became fully identified with them.

This Red Guard, Tsai Li-chien, was a graduate of the middle school for the children of railway workers at Changhsintien, Peking.

The story goes back to the early days of the proletarian cultural revolution. At that time Red Guards set out for all parts of the country to exchange revolutionary experiences and spread the flames of the revolution. On December 1, 1966 Young Tsai and her comrades-

in-arms, started off on their long march to Yen-an, the cradle of the Chinese revolution.

On their way they visited the world-renowned Tachai production brigade. The brave deeds of the Tachai people made a strong impression on her and captured her imagination. If the poor and lower-middle peasants in every hilly region patterned themselves on the heroic Tachai people, what would be the result? She was convinced that, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, they certainly would bring about miracles in socialist agriculture. The ambition to help to build up hilly regions after the Tachai model began to burn within her.

When the long-march team after tramping over many miles of mountain ranges came up to Tuchiashan, the tiny village bubbled with excitement. Turning out to greet them, the villagers seized their baggage rolls and insisted that they should rest. While they began busily boiling water and cooking meals for the travellers, they chatted with the Red Guards.

They told their young guests that Tuchiashan had been a base during the War of Resistance Against Japan. It belonged to Yutze County, Shansi Province. All around were endless chains of high mountains extending for hundreds of *li*. Rather out-of-the-way, something like eighty *li* from the county seat, it had only five households, just sixteen people. But the poor and lower-middle peasants there, keeping up their fine revolutionary traditions, had been working very hard to build up the mountain-sides with their own hands. "There is a lot of land around that could be ploughed," they said. "If we do well, Tuchiashan can be turned into a place of fruit and flowers, a bulging granary!" With these Red Guards, so full of vitality and vigour, before them they could not help revealing when they talked that they wished that some educated youngsters would come and settle down there. "What a nice thing it would be to have them come and help us build socialism here!"

The peasants' words stirred up Young Tsai's heart and set her thinking. They brought to mind what the unscrupulous China's Khrushchov had done to go counter to our great leader Chairman Mao's instructions on developing socialist agriculture. He had tried to frustrate the plan and thwart construction in the mountainous areas, in

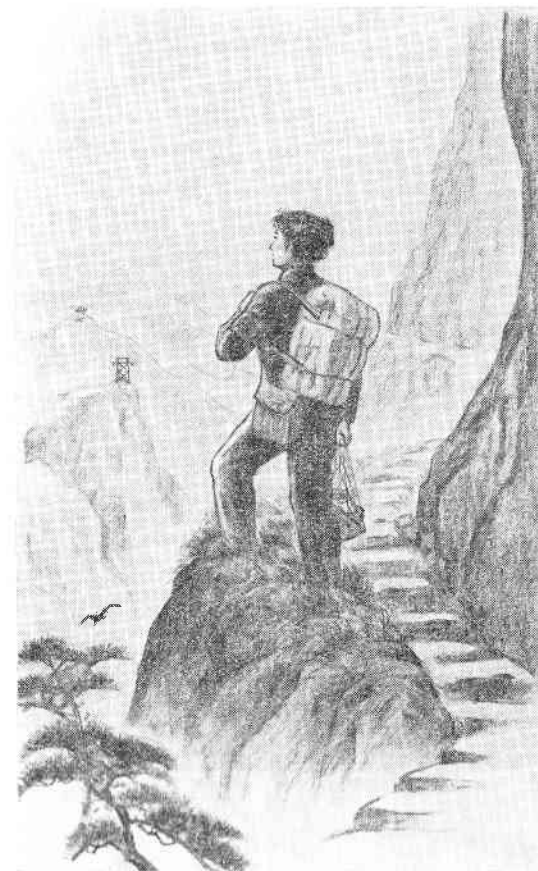
an attempt to widen the gap between workers and peasants, between cities and the countryside. The more she thought of all this, the more she hated China's Khrushchov and the more she knew her duty as one of China's younger generation.

What was particularly revealing for her, however, was Chairman Mao's teaching: **"In the final analysis, the dividing line between revolutionary intellectuals and non-revolutionary or counter-revolutionary intellectuals is whether or not they are willing to integrate themselves with the workers and peasants and actually do so."** Pondering over these words, she came to a conclusion: "Right. I should do what Chairman Mao says, be one with the workers and peasants."

The following day when the team resumed its long march the peasants, hand in hand with the students, went to the end of the village to see them off. Not very keen on parting, one of the youngsters said to an old peasant: "If we come to settle down here after our schooling is over, will you take us in?" The old man at once happily replied, "Why not? Of course we will!"

As the student group pressed on, Young Tsai kept wondering whether she should continue with them or stay on in Tuchiashan Village to fight shoulder to shoulder with the poor and lower-middle peasants as they struggled with such determination against nature. Not quite sure of the answer, she put to her travelling mates the question: "Integration with the workers and peasants — what does that really involve?"

While they were still turning the matter over in their minds, the editorial for New Year's Day 1967 of *Renmin Ribao* and *Hongqi* appeared. It passed on the call of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee to go forward: **"... The idea should be energetically advocated that revolutionary students, teachers and intellectuals should go to the factories and rural areas in a planned and organized way, to integrate themselves with the worker-peasant masses."** What a timely instruction! The youngsters went through the editorial again and again and came to feel that every word of it drove home. More clearly than ever they saw that whether one was willing to integrate with the poor and lower-middle peasants or not



was actually an important question of loyalty to Chairman Mao and to the Party's cause.

"I shall settle in Tuchiashan Village to be a peasant all my life," she pledged. Then she turned to her comrades-in-arms and said resolutely, "I am going back to Tuchiashan." As she made her decision it is easy to imagine how her heart was beating, how like iron was her determination. She said goodbye to her travelling mates.

"You go ahead first. We'll also do as Chairman Mao says — take the path of becoming one with the workers and peasants," the others assured her. The team had already travelled some 280 li, but Young

Tsai turned around and headed back for Tuchiashan Village. Look, the girl's steps were so steady, so proud!

Not long afterwards Young Tsai's school wrote her a letter, calling on her to return quickly to take part in the cultural revolution there, so she had to leave her new home at least for the time being. The girl went back readily to Peking. She left behind her bedding and all her other belongings with the peasant family to assure them that she would return since she was already determined to live and work out there all her life.

No sooner had she returned to school than she together with her schoolmates plunged into the mass campaign to repudiate China's Khrushchov and a handful of capitalist roaders in the Party. In this struggle they did not spare themselves in any way and spent many sleepless nights. Through big character posters and repudiation meetings the young Red Guards fiercely criticized and condemned the reactionary fallacies trotted out by China's Khrushchov and his gang, such pronouncements as "study in order to secure an important position," "strive to be an expert and win fame" and "sacrifice a little to gain much." Through her experience in this criticism and repudiation Young Tsai's determination to take the road of integration with the worker-peasant masses was reinforced.

At home she told her mother of her decision to be a commune member at Tuchiashan Village. But her mother found it a bit difficult to reconcile herself to this and was somewhat reluctant to let her go. The Tsai family was a big one. Young Tsai's elder sister was already married and there were five sisters and one brother all younger than Tsai Li-chien. Her mother, her health affected by the strain of a hard life and overwork in the old society, had hoped that the girl would find a job near home so that she could stay with her and help in the house.

Young Tsai's father, Tsai I-hsiang, was a railway worker of the Peking Railway Administration and an activist in the study of Chairman Mao's works. He, on the other hand, without hesitation voiced his full support for his daughter's decision. He encouraged her by



saying, "Child, go ahead. You are doing the right thing. You are doing what Chairman Mao teaches you to do."

In the face of the conflict between the two different ideas, what should she do? She turned again and again to her treasured volumes of Chairman Mao's works. Every word of his teachings went to her heart. The result was that she confirmed her decision: "Whatever happens I'll take the revolutionary road as pointed out by Chairman Mao. I must persuade mama to agree."

To that end she initiated a family study class in Mao Tse-tung's thought. They started with the Three Constantly Read Articles. Then she spoke about the lessons to be learned from the advanced deeds of heroes and model characters. She said, "Comrade Bethune was a foreigner yet he came from far, far away to China to join in our

revolution. 'To build socialism, why should I hesitate to go to places where there are hardships?' Then the father joined in. He began by helping his wife to recall the hard life they had gone through in the old days. As they relived their memories they saw more clearly that only socialism could have saved them from the old darkness and they felt closer to Chairman Mao who had given them the good life. It did not take the mother long to come round, she was a woman who knew so much about their bitter past. In the end she said: "Our family have to thank Chairman Mao and the Party for all our happiness and for the education the children have received. Now that one of my children wants to follow the road that Chairman Mao has pointed out to her, I as a mother should do everything to help her."

In March this year her application to settle down in Tuchiashan was approved by the revolutionary committees of the school and the district. When she ran home to tell the family the news they were very happy. Excitedly they shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

So Young Tsai finally succeeded in getting back to Tuchiashan Village to begin her new militant life. She got up early and went to bed late and worked hard with the poor and lower-middle peasants. Her face got sunburned, her palms callused, but this did not worry her. She threw herself heart and soul into helping build the hilly regions, to change the face of the village. How nice it would be, she thought in a fanciful moment, if she could have another pair of hands and shoulders so that she would be able to do more and carry more. At the same time she was a girl modest in learning from the poor and lower-middle peasants. She didn't miss any opportunity to be their willing pupil. The commune members thought highly of her, calling her affectionately "a fine daughter of the poor and lower-middle peasants." Not long ago she was voted deputy leader of the production team.

Before everything else Young Tsai devoted herself to the study and spreading of Mao Tse-tung's thought. She presented every poor and lower-middle peasant household in the village with a picture of Chairman Mao and a copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-*

tung. She also organized a study class to help the peasants learn the quotations and the Three Constantly Read Articles. Revolutionary songs such as *The East Is Red* and *A Long, Long Life to Chairman Mao!* were soon ringing over the hills of the remote hamlet every day.

In response to Chairman Mao's call: "**In agriculture, learn from Tachai,**" the people of Tuchiashan are trying to follow the example of Tachai in every way. They have firmly set their objective and work hard. Their ambition is to transform Tuchiashan into a prosperous socialist village of the Tachai type. To that end they have drawn up a long-range plan for its development. Eager to put the first step of the plan into effect, Young Tsai has been taking pains to secure some fruit tree saplings, and together with the peasants have already planted the first bundle on the hills around.

It is already several months since Young Tsai came to settle on Tuchiashan. Every time Young Tsai looks back over the road she has walked, she realizes more and more that it is Mao Tse-tung's thought that, like sunshine and dew, has been nourishing her growth all the time.

While she was still in primary school, the girl had already heard from her father about class oppression, class exploitation and class struggle. She understood well that Chairman Mao is the liberator of all working people. Even at that time in her young heart there was a special place reserved for Chairman Mao, complete trust in Mao Tse-tung's thought. In middle school she began more serious studies of Chairman Mao's writings and became an activist in the study of his works.

Whenever the school arranged for the students to do physical labour in the countryside she faithfully followed Chairman Mao's teaching that one should mould oneself to the pattern of the poor and lower-middle peasants, so as to strengthen class feeling and keenness for labour. Wherever she went she propagated Mao Tse-tung's thought, and tried to learn from the peasants their firm class stand, clear-cut proletarian feelings and utter loyalty to Chairman Mao. So her evident leaning towards the countryside and the poor and lower-middle peasants went years back. It is quite a long time since she

first determined to devote herself entirely to this objective. When she finished the junior middle school, she did make an application to go out into the country, but the handful of capitalist roaders in the school rejected her offer.

It is only now in the great cultural revolution which Chairman Mao has personally initiated and is leading that Young Tsai's revolutionary ideal came true. She has learned at Tuchiashan Village these several months to be conscious of the fact that settling down in the countryside is just the first step in the long march of one's revolutionary life. Her new resolve is to do still better in turning her study of Chairman Mao's works into practical revolutionary action and in really becoming one with the poor and lower-middle peasants. She will keep on transforming her thinking and making herself still more worthy to inherit the proletarian revolutionary cause.

The story of Young Tsai's settling down in Tuchiashan Village has spread fast. It becomes a great inspiration to the revolutionary young people in the schools and colleges. Many graduates of Young Tsai's former school have followed her lead, asking to go to the countryside. The applications of four of them to join her at Tuchiashan have been approved. Quite a number of graduates from other middle schools have also arrived there to take part in the grand task of building up a new socialist village.

*Mao Tse-tung's Thought Illumines the
Theatre (gouache)* ▶



Be a Good Daughter of the Poor Herdsmen

I came to the Silingol League in Inner-Mongolia in November, 1967. I had been a junior middle school student in the 'Third Girls' Middle School in Peking. Corrupted by the revisionist educational line that ruled out schools, my mind was filled with selfish considerations and I thought only about the possibility of getting into a top-notch school and about how I would then become an expert in this or that. The more I thought of these things the more it seemed to me that going to the countryside or to mountainous regions was a prospect with "no future" for educated young people. I had no intention of going either. To tell the truth, I was afraid of hardships and in my mind dismissed the countryside as a backward area.

The mass repudiation of the revisionist line in the great cultural revolutionary movement taught me a profound lesson. I realized that I had lived ever since childhood a life divorced from productive labour and it was imperative that I should go amongst the working people to steel and remould myself. Otherwise, how could I be a

worthy successor to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat? Soon after this, the Inner-Mongolian Autonomous Region sent people to Peking to offer a welcome to young students who wished to settle down there. I decided to enlist. But at the same time I heard a good deal of chatter on the subject. They said the people in Inner-Mongolia were of a different race from the Han and their language was different from ours. We would find it hard to accustom ourselves to their ways and habits, and it would be difficult to adjust to the climate. In other words, there was no end of difficulties. How should I deal with these problems? Chairman Mao teaches us: **“We go there to work and struggle to overcome these difficulties. A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater.”** And now with a heavy load facing me, it was a question of whether I dared to shoulder it.

I am Chairman Mao's Red Guard, I thought to myself, how can I possibly be stopped by a little difficulty? Chairman Mao calls on us young students to take the path of integration with the workers and peasants. I must go.

I told my parents about my plan and sat down to study Chairman Mao's works with them. After studying, my parents encouraged me in my intention of going to Inner-Mongolia to become a member of a production brigade there to try to become one with the workers and peasants as called upon by Chairman Mao.

It was winter when we arrived at our new home. The poor herdsmen rode out to welcome us when our car was still a distance from the pasture farm. All of them held high in one hand a bright red copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and as they galloped over shouted, “Long live Chairman Mao!” It was a thrilling moment for us. The first thing they asked on seeing us was whether we had seen Chairman Mao. Some of our schoolmates said they had seen him twice, others three times. With one voice we told the herdsmen that our dear Chairman Mao was in excellent health and this delighted them most of all. “We've been looking forward to your coming,” they assured us. “You are the Red Guards sent by Chairman Mao, you are the new herdsmen of the grasslands. Come with us!” We

were so excited we didn't know what to say but all together shouted at the top of our voice: “Long live Chairman Mao!” “Long, long life to Chairman Mao!”

The grasslands are a wonderful part of the motherland, they are wonderful because the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought illuminates them. The red sun shines into the Mongolian yurts, and into the hearts of the poor herdsmen. The poor herdsmen have the deepest feeling for Chairman Mao and the bitterest hatred for the class enemy. We received an impressive lesson in class struggle as soon as we arrived at the pastures.

I came to know a poor herdsman in his fifties by the name of Sange-wang. He had lost the sight of both eyes and his body was covered with scars which were relics of the old society. Even when he was not well, he insisted on telling people of the bitterness of the old society. “I remind the old people of the past,” he said, “so that they will not forget the old misery and will really treasure the good life today. I speak of it to the youngsters so that they will know about the bitterness of the past and appreciate more today's sweetness. If it weren't for Chairman Mao, I would not be living today. As long as I have one breath left in me I will go on telling the people about this happy life Chairman Mao has given us.” He worked hard to study Chairman Mao's works, got some one to read out an article to him and repeated it sentence by sentence. It took him two months to learn *Serve the People* that way. Now he is able to recite by heart all of the Three Constantly Read Articles* by Chairman Mao as well as a good number of his quotations.

There is another old poor herdsman who had suffered much before liberation. When he was telling us of his family history he became greatly stirred and got up to make a deep bow before a portrait of Chairman Mao, then burst into the strains of *The East Is Red* at the top of his voice. He also removed his shirt to show us the many weals made by whip lashes on his back and arms, these were iron proofs of the vicious exploitation and oppression of poor herdsmen by feudal overlords, the aristocracy and the herdowners.

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



“The feudal overlords, the herdowners persecuted me and exploited me. I lived like a beast of burden. It was Chairman Mao who rescued me and gave me the happiness I know today. I’ll remain loyal to Chairman Mao always and follow Chairman Mao to make revolution all my life. China’s Khrushchov and his agent in Inner-Mongolia were really trying to restore capitalism and make us suffer the old bitterness again. We poor herdsmen will certainly not stand for that! You young ones must remember well Chairman Mao’s call: ‘Never forget class struggle!’”

Such living evidence of class struggle teaches us a lot. The grasslands are full of sharp class struggle. Young students like us must never fail to keep in mind class bitterness and take up our position

firmly with the broad masses of poor herdsmen. We must learn their clear-cut sense of what to love and what to hate, share their proletarian feelings and firm class stand and remake ourselves in the course of the determined class struggles.

Chairman Mao says: **“China’s numerous revolutionary intellectuals must awaken to the necessity of becoming one with the peasants. . . . They should go to the countryside enthusiastically, doff their student garb and put on rough clothing, and willingly start with any work however trivial. . . .”**

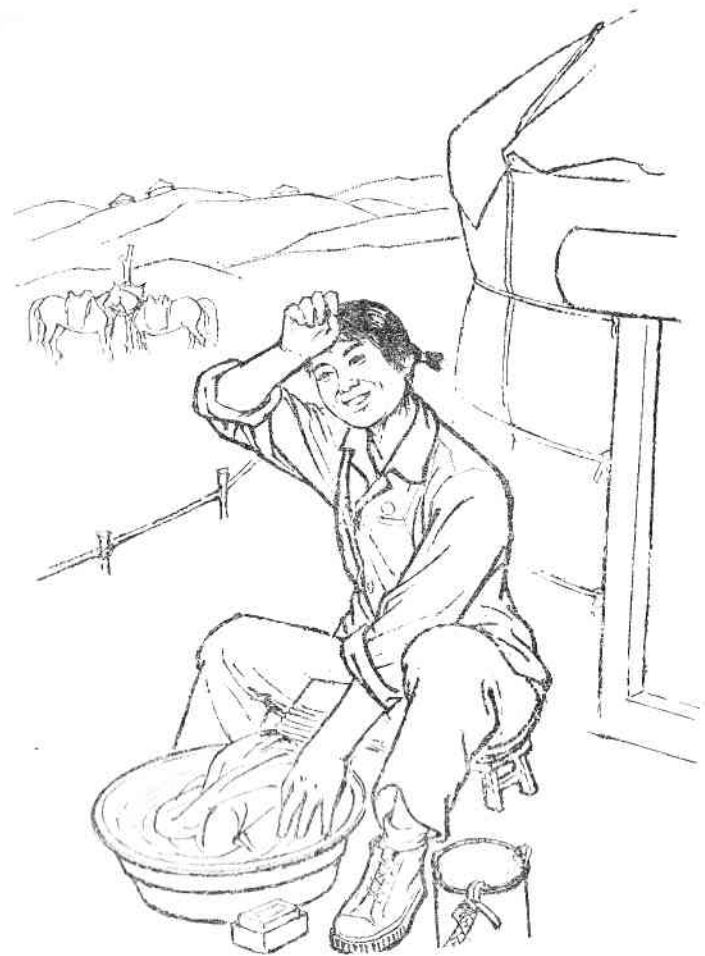
When we first arrived we ten girls lived together and everyday two of us took turns cooking. Then came my turn with another girl. We got up really early as if we had some great task to accomplish that day. Since we didn’t even know how to start a fire, we quickly filled our yurt with vast billows of smoke. Coughing and sputtering, tears streaming down our cheeks, we got the fire going at long last. Then we debated between the two of us what to cook, settling on rice porridge which was the easiest thing. After our morning meal the girls went off to pasture sheep or tend to the horses. Then in the afternoon when it would soon be time for them to return from work we still didn’t know what to cook for dinner. We thought and thought, everything else seemed so difficult to do. We’d learned how to boil porridge that morning, we might as well consolidate our knowledge of this new skill. So we served another meal of porridge. None of the girls said a word, but I felt particularly small. It was bitterly cold and they had been out working all day but what did we give them? Two meals of porridge.

I couldn’t help wondering why I was such an idiot? How I had learned to loathe the schools ruled by a revisionist educational line which reared students like me, isolated from the masses of workers and peasants and divorced from productive work, leading an easy life where we got everything done for us. How grateful I felt towards Chairman Mao for my chance to come to the grasslands and be steel-ed. Since I was going to settle down here, I must throw myself into any work however “trivial” I may once have thought it. Now, after some six months of trial and error I am able to cook any food.

When I first began to work I thought there wasn't anything I couldn't learn — after all, I said to myself, I've had plenty of schooling. And this sort of smugness revealed itself in my work. For instance, when we were putting the lambs to feed I really made a laughing-stock of myself. I noticed that the other herdsmen just pulled over a sheep and casually put a lamb under its belly and the ewe began to nurse it. Very simple, I thought. I followed their example, pulled over a ewe and thrust a lamb under its belly. As soon as I let go, the ewe kicked at the lamb and drove it off. That must be a particularly nasty ewe, I thought, and tried the lamb on another ewe but she too refused to nurse it. I couldn't make out what was wrong and asked the herdsmen to help me. They burst out laughing at my tale of woe. It seemed I had failed to put the lamb to its own mother, naturally the other ewes refused to feed it. Chairman Mao teaches us, **“Many so-called intellectuals are, relatively speaking, most ignorant.”** **“The masses are the real heroes, while we ourselves are often childish and ignorant, and without this understanding it is impossible to acquire even the most rudimentary knowledge.”** And that was a fact. After this episode, I made up my mind to make the poor herdsmen my teachers; I wanted to be their humble pupil all my life.

One day I went out with our flock of sheep. On the way home I found that a newborn lamb was still feeble on its legs. I thought of picking it up and carrying it along in my arms, but it looked so terribly messy I hesitated. I might soil my gown and perhaps the stains wouldn't wash off. I might as well let the lamb wobble home on its own legs. It was getting dark and my herdsman uncle, worried at my not getting home, came out to meet me. As I was still driving the flock along, he stooped to pick up the lamb but said no more than, “This lamb's too young to walk by itself.” He made me so ashamed that I wished the ground would open up and swallow me. It was only a simple act of carrying a little lamb. Why is it the herdsmen can do it while I can't, I asked myself.

Worrying about this, I studied Chairman Mao's writings and came to the conclusion that though I was living in the midst of the poor herdsmen, my attitude was one of feeling slightly “superior” in my



relationship with them. “Superior” in the sense that hard work, messy work and really tiresome work I left to the herdsmen while I took on the comparatively lighter work. If I went on in that way how would I ever get to be really at one with the labouring people in feeling and in thought as Chairman Mao has asked? How would I be able to induce them to look upon me as one of themselves?

Another time I noticed that an old herdsman had left his gown lying around outside. I thought it would be a good idea to wash

it for him. Picking it up for a look, I noticed that it was badly soiled and full of dirt and cow-dung. I began to have second thoughts. Shall I wash it? Chairman Mao's words came to my mind: **"The workers and peasants were the cleanest people and, even though their hands were soiled and their feet smeared with cow-dung, they were really cleaner than the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals."** It was as if dear Chairman Mao were criticizing me personally. Of course I must wash the old uncle's gown. This incident made me realize that it was not simply a question of washing a dirty gown but the more important question of washing the dirt out of my mind. In school I had never realized that I feared dirty and heavy work but once I got among the poor herdsmen many dirty things in my thinking were exposed in the course of only a few short months.

From then on whenever something came up I thought of three things: First, what does Chairman Mao say; secondly, what would the poor herdsmen do and thirdly what I myself should do. In this way I had a guiding principle, an example to follow and knew what to do. In this way I could do my best to make my actions correspond to Mao Tse-tung's thought and fit in with the interests and the feelings of the masses of poor herdsmen.

We have been with the poor herdsmen only a little over eight months but already many warm bonds tie us to them. This spring when the lambing season began we ten girls split up to go to the homes of ten poor herdsmen. We were not very keen about parting. However, two months or so of living in the homes of the herdsmen and we no longer wanted to go back to our own yurt. The poor herdsmen felt more warmly towards us too. When we first arrived, they called us, "the young students from Peking." Now that we are all living with a family, they say to other people, "That's my child," or "that's my lass" and look upon us as their own kith and kin.

Once I went out with the flock in the face of a strong gale and got my five hundred head of sheep to the pasture about three *li* out. When noon came it was still blowing hard. I decided to go without lunch rather than take the flock back and then have to come out

again with them in the teeth of the wind. My failure to return caused my old aunty a lot of worry. She went out the yurt for a look every few minutes to see if I were coming back. At last, convinced that I wasn't going to come home for lunch, she wrapped the pancakes she had just cooked in layers of paper and napkins, tucked them under her big gown and brought them to me. When she put the steaming hot pancakes in my hands, I really didn't know what to say. Back in school, we used to talk about "a profound class feeling as deep as the sea," but it was only now I understood that in the great epoch of Mao Tse-tung's thought we young people could find a home and kinsmen anywhere in our great motherland. The poor herdsmen armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought are our kith and kin.

Now I've come to understand much better what Chairman Mao meant when he said: **"Our countryside is vast and has plenty of room for young people to develop their talents to the full."** We, the revolutionary youth, are required to do much more both in class struggle and the struggle for production. In the past eight months I have gone from the city to our border areas, I have doffed my student garb and put on Mongolian gown, taking my first step in integration with the workers and peasants. But this is only a first step in a long march of 10,000 *li*. To really sink deep roots here, it is necessary to be tempered still more thoroughly. I must do better in studying Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings and act according to his instructions and all my life take the path of integration with the workers and peasants as he has pointed out. I shall continuously remould my ideology and be loyal always to Chairman Mao like the poor herdsmen, be a good daughter of the poor herdsmen all my life and to steel myself into a worthy successor to the proletarian revolutionary cause.

To Become One with the Workers and Peasants

In 1964 before I graduated from middle school a classmate said to me: "Let's sit for the college exams together, Hui-chuan. The thing to do is to get a good education, then we can't go wrong." Another said, "You are good in your studies, and come of good family origin. You'll be a sure bet in the college entrance." When they talked like that I had my own thoughts too. I was indeed born in a poor peasant family and all six adult members of my family are Communists. My father Keng Chang-so is a well-known model worker in agricultural production. I was the first of my family to graduate from senior middle school. Should I go on to college or return to the village to take part in the work on the land? I couldn't make up my mind and thought I'd talk it over with my father and hear his opinion.

One Sunday I took up the matter with my father. "I'm the first one in our family to finish middle school and am now on the eve of graduation. . . ." I began. Before I could finish my father said seriously, "It's good that you are graduating. But I don't consider you a

graduate, my daughter, even if you show me your diploma, you haven't graduated in your ideology." Father's criticism surprised me for I was a good student who never made any trouble at school and had been elected an activist in studying Chairman Mao's works. Instead of advising me on what to do, why was father criticizing me? I couldn't quite make it out.

The time of graduation drew nearer, and the battle of conflicting ideas became more acute in my head. Then I thought about a passage in Chairman Mao's brilliant writing *Orientation of Youth Movement*, in which he tells us: **"In the final analysis, the dividing line between revolutionary intellectuals and non-revolutionary or counter-revolutionary intellectuals is whether or not they are willing to integrate themselves with the workers and peasants and actually do so."** Contrasting the things I had been thinking with what Chairman Mao had said, the answer to my problem became clear. I made up my mind to take up the path of integration with the workers and peasants and go home to do farm work. When I talked to my father about it again he seemed very pleased. "I'm relieved to hear that," he said. "As long as you are doing what Chairman Mao says, I'm all for it. In the old society generation after generation of our family was poor. I remember that terrible year of drought in 1943 when the fields didn't yield at all. I was so starved I had to spend all my time lying on the *kang*. Your mother had to take the whole family out to beg for food. She had to sell your eldest sister for only two measures of sorghum. If it weren't for Chairman Mao who led the poor in making revolution, would we have our happy life today? You would certainly not be in middle school, in fact I don't know whether you'd be alive today. If you don't follow his teachings, we'd be forgetting our past."

What my father said roused my hatred for the old society and enhanced my deep feeling for Chairman Mao. It made me the more determined to integrate myself with the workers and peasants. Back in school I was the first to write an application asking to go back to the village for farm work after graduation. However, those in our school who upheld the old educational system and sabotaged Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in education tried by various

means to convince me that my decision to go back to the countryside was not "what the Party advocates" and repeatedly asked me to "consider carefully your own future." I wouldn't listen to them and firmly asserted, "Chairman Mao's instructions show what the Party needs and they are what the Party advocates. My future must be wherever the Party needs me." Thus, after a struggle, I eventually won out. After taking my finals, I went happily back to our village and became an ordinary peasant.

Now, could I say that just going back to the countryside and participating in farm work meant that I'd integrated with the poor and lower-middle peasants? No! To completely merge with the broad masses in thought and feeling, it was necessary to be steeled and tempered in the class struggle and the struggle for production over a long period of time.



My enthusiasm was high when I first stepped out of school. I determined to do well in my new work. The day after I got home I went to harvest wheat among the rest of the commune members. Of course I'd worked in the fields before but compared with the work of the commune members what I could do made a very poor showing. We started reaping at the same point in different rows but when the others had already reached the end, I wasn't even halfway there and yet blisters had come up on both my hands. During the break, the others laughed and joked and were full of pep but I was too done in to say a word. In the evening my legs were sore and my back ached; I stretched out on the *kang* and didn't want to budge an inch. It was then that sarcastic remarks came to my ears. "Well, it's your own fault that you are suffering. You could have gone on to college," said one. "Your dad's a labour model. All he has to do is say the word and those upstairs will find you a job in the city," said another.

I was a bit upset. My father noticed my mood and said, "Never mind the hardships of labour. It is these aches and these stiff limbs that help to remould your ideology and temper your will-power. Any thought of dodging physical work would be going against Chairman Mao's advice. It would mean that you had stopped waging revolution." Then I remembered Chairman Mao's wise words: "**In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage.**" I felt that this had been written specially for me. My resolve and courage rose. I would overcome difficulties and stick it out with the others until all the wheat was harvested.

Chairman Mao says: "**This change in world outlook is something fundamental.**" After my return to the village and through being toughened up by physical labour, the gap between my thoughts and class feelings and those of the masses had narrowed but I was still a petty-bourgeois intellectual to a certain degree. I had to remould myself with the thought of Mao Tse-tung all the time so that my world outlook would be thoroughly changed. One day on my way back from the fields I met two young women pushing a cart of manure they had collected from the latrines of different households to empty into the cesspool at the end of the village. I put down my shovel

to give them a hand. But no sooner had I approached the cesspool than I backed away again. The pails on the cart were not only filled to the brim but all spattered around the edges. I wanted to help but didn't know where to lay my hands. As if they had noticed my hesitation, the two girls quickly emptied the pails, putting one hand on the handle and the other on the bottom. Some of the liquid spattered them in the face as they poured but they didn't seem to mind. Wiping it off with the back of one hand, they went on chattering and laughing and soon pushed off again with the cart. I was greatly stirred. I began to ponder: Why is it that they could do it and I couldn't? Aren't we all girls? I went home and opened Chairman Mao's works. He tells us: **"The workers and peasants were the cleanest people and, even though their hands were soiled and their feet smeared with cow-dung, they were really cleaner than the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals."** My cheeks flushed when I came across these words and realized that my stand point was still that of the petty-bourgeoisie. I had felt that the pails were dirty but actually it was my thinking that was dirty. If I were going to be thorough in changing my world outlook I had to make up my mind to get sweaty and mud-stained in physical labour at the side of the masses. After that I tried harder to remould my thinking.

In the course of integrating with the workers and peasants we must be prepared to stand the test and trials of the class struggle. My awareness of the class struggle was very feeble when I was in school. I thought it was not possible for a few enemies to stir up much trouble in our country of 700 million people. Why, our militia alone would be able to take care of them. During the great proletarian cultural revolution, when we launched face to face struggle against the class enemy, I came to see that **"The enemy will not perish of himself,"** and **"Everything reactionary is the same; if you don't hit it, it won't fall."** With the development of the movement, the struggle between the two classes and the two ideas became more and more acute. Some class enemies came out into the open to sabotage the study of Chairman Mao's works by the militia. As I was the deputy commander of our militia battalion, I studied Chairman Mao's teach-

ings on classes and class struggle with the militia and led them in an unrelenting struggle against the enemy, repulsing their attacks. They tried new schemes and proposed to "kick down the militia battalion and seize their guns." They clamoured that the "militia battalion is trying to maintain the old lot in control. Unless the battalion is demolished we won't be able to seize power from the Party branch." The spearhead of their attack was aimed at me, abusing me as a student who had come home to grab an official post and money. They said I was there to look after the interests of the Keng family in our brigade and swore that they would get rid of me or know the reason why.

To flinch when the enemy attacked, or to display a fearless revolutionary spirit and give them as good as they gave. That was the choice I faced. At first it was personal considerations that came up on top. My reasoning was that I had come back after graduation to work for the collective and had been up in front all the time doing everything for the collective good without thinking of winning personal kudos or position. But the enemy had organized a group of people to struggle against me. It was really unfair to me. Perhaps I had better stay at home and keep out of sight. Maybe their attack would die away. Then I remembered Chairman Mao's words, **"Never forget class struggle,"** and knew that my first thoughts were wrong. I joined the poor and lower-middle peasants and struggled against the class enemies. We wrote big character posters to expose their reactionary deeds and in this way punctured their arrogance. This struggle taught me once again that class struggle is protracted, acute and complex; I must hold tight the gun in my hand to attack the enemy, safeguard the great cultural revolution and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

To develop my understanding of the struggle against the class enemy and between the two lines, I took an active part in the revolutionary mass criticism and repudiation of the enemies of socialism. I wrote scores of articles attacking the handful of top capitalist roaders and together with the others in our militia unit ran six wall newspapers making our charges against them. We repudiated the

san tzu yi pao,* the “four freedoms”** “exploitation has its merits,” “material incentive” “the dying out of class struggle,” and other counter-revolutionary fallacies spread by China’s Khrushchov. We also launched mass exposure, accusation, criticism and repudiation of the crimes of the counter-revolutionary revisionist Lo Jui-ching in opposing the study of Chairman Mao’s works and in focussing the main attention in the army on big contests of military skill.

On November 13, 1967 while I was attending a meeting of representatives of the activists in the study of Chairman Mao’s works in the Peking Military Area Command, we were received by our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao. This was the most unforgettable day of my life, and also the happiest. What wonderful experience for a girl from a poor peasant family like me to see Chairman Mao, who is the great teacher of the revolutionary people of the world. I made up my mind to do better in studying his works, in applying what I learned and passing it on so that our whole village and whole county will become a brand-new world red with the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

I lost no chance in spreading Mao Tse-tung’s thought. Once, returning from the fields, we noticed some scattered manure on the road. I picked some up and threw it into the fields of the third team, but one girl took pains to throw the manure she picked into the fields of the first team to which she belonged. I asked her why she did that. “When the third team harvest a good crop,” she answered, “none of it will come to us in the first team. Why should I put the manure in their field?” It seemed a small thing but involved a big question: we are farming for what? For public welfare, or private interests? At our study class out in the fields I asked them to study together Chairman Mao’s two famous articles, *Serve the People* and *In Memory of Norman Bethune* and we began a lively discussion in connection with what had happened. The study was a good lesson to us all. “Chairman Mao

**San tzu yi pao* means the extension of plots for private use and of free markets, the increase of small enterprises with sole responsibility for their own profits or losses, and the fixing of output quotas based on the household.

**Freedom of usury, hiring labour, land sales and private enterprise.

teaches us to serve the people whole-heartedly,” said the girl. “But I had only the small world of a single team in my mind. I wasn’t thinking of the whole collective and the whole revolutionary cause. I have gone against Chairman Mao’s instructions.” Since then, our young people have devoted themselves heart and soul to the collective and in many ways have shown a fine spirit in their farming for the revolution.

During the past four years, because I followed Chairman Mao’s teachings and took the path of integration with the workers and peasants, I won the trust of the masses. Not long after my return home I was elected an activist in creatively studying and applying Mao Tse-tung’s thought and was recently elected a member of the County Revolutionary Committee. But I can’t help feeling that I am still a long way from what Chairman Mao wants me to be. I am determined to raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought, do better in creatively studying and applying Mao Tse-tung’s works and temper and remould myself more conscientiously in the practical struggles in which I am engaged. I am determined to remould myself into an educated labourer with proletarian class consciousness.

Wu Yung-ping

The Lamp

Near dusk, the weather suddenly changed. A storm was brewing. Grandpa Wang hurriedly collected the clothes the PLA boys had been drying in the yard and folded them, then went inside to fill the lamp. He found it knocked down by an unhooked window, its glass chimney broken.

"How will the boys study Chairman Mao's works tonight without a lamp?" the old man thought. "This is serious." He put away the lamp base, took his umbrella, and set out for town.

Four PLA soldiers were living in Grandpa Wang's house. They had come in response to Chairman Mao's great call to support agriculture, and were busy at the moment helping old and feeble commune members fetch water and gather fuel.

Huang Han-ping, a squad leader, looked up at the sky. He remembered that he had forgotten to hook the window in Grandpa's house when they went out to work that afternoon. It was sure to bang itself to pieces in this wind. He told young Liu to go back, close

the window and take Grandpa's clothes, which were sunning in the yard, into the house.

The boy ran home. He discovered that the clothes had already been taken in and the window was securely shut, but the lamp was gone. Only a few pieces of the broken glass chimney remained on the floor.

Who had collected the clothes and closed the window? Grandpa Wang, without any doubt. The four soldiers had been living with him for something over two months, and they were very much aware that he was more considerate of them than of his own children. The people's consideration for the soldiers was all the more reason why the soldiers should be considerate of the people.

"We must replace the broken lamp chimney," Liu thought. "It's not merely a question of discipline. We revolutionary soldiers must love what the people love. The revolutionary masses love our great leader and his invincible thought best of all. We mustn't permit anything to interfere with Grandpa Wang's study of the works of Chairman Mao tonight." Liu took his raincoat and hurried towards the town.

By then the old man had already bought a new chimney and was heading home. Besides wanting to get back early and heat some water so that the soldiers could wash their feet, he was most anxious to get the lamp to them in time for their usual evening study of the works of Chairman Mao. The rain began falling in buckets. Grandpa hastened his steps. To see him striding vigorously through the storm, no one would have believed that he was over sixty.

The rain turned the newly laid road into slippery yellow mud. Halfway to town, Liu met Grandpa Wang. The boy saw that his legs were soaked. "Where has he been?" Liu wondered. Then he noticed the new glass chimney in the old man's hand and everything became clear. Warmth flowed through his body. He removed his raincoat and draped it over Grandpa's shoulders. Holding the umbrella, he supported the old man back to the house.

They lit the lamp. This reminded the squad leader of something. He grabbed his raincoat and plunged into the rainy pitch-black night. "Where are you going?" the others shouted after him.



"I've got to do something," he replied.

"In this weather?..." They wanted to tell him to wait till the storm let up, but through the rain they heard his ringing voice: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

The squad leader knew that in bad weather Grandpa Wang always slept in the shed which had been built, in response to Chairman Mao's call **"Grasp revolution, promote production,"** to shelter the cows recently bought by the production team. An ordinary lamp in the shed would surely be blown out by the wind, and the old man would be unable to study the works of Chairman Mao that night. But the wind could not blow out a lantern.

After supper the four soldiers took their quilts and both the lamp and the new lantern into the cowshed. Before they began their

study session with Grandpa Wang, he told them the story of the lamp. At the end of 1948 his wife and son were beaten to death by the Kuomintang brigands of Chiang Kai-shek because they refused to reveal the movements of our armed forces. As a result of their keeping the secret, one regiment of our brave PLA destroyed three enemy regiments in a smashing victory. Shortly before the regiment left the village, the commander gave the lamp which had helped him much in many battles to Grandpa Wang to remember them by. In the light of that lamp, together with all the village's poor and lower-middle peasants, the old man had fought many a battle — to support the war of liberation, for land reform, for agricultural co-operation, for the people's communes, to overthrow China's Khrushchov and his local representatives. . . .

Grandpa Wang's reminiscences stirred the soldiers deeply. The squad leader suggested they study the 'Three Constantly Read Articles plus Chairman Mao's latest directives regarding the revolution in education. All five of them thought as they read, discussed as they thought. The teachings of our great leader Chairman Mao, like the brightest of lamps, illuminated their hearts.

For the Same Revolutionary Goal

It was just daylight. Liu Ho-ming, squad leader in a PLA detachment helping the brigade of a commune in Hopei Province with its spring ploughing, was on his way to town. He had orders to buy two drive belts, urgently needed by the brigade for their pumping equipment. The political instructor of Liu's unit had told him to be sure and return by bus before eleven p.m. so that they could install the generators during the night and have the irrigation pumps operating by the following morning. They would then be able to water the wheat fields.

Liu finished his errands in the county town and rushed to the bus station. His bus had left five minutes before. It was fifty-five *li* from the town to the brigade, and the sun was already setting. Even if he ran all the way, he couldn't get back before eleven, to say nothing of the fact that the two drive belts weighed over sixty *jin*.

What should he do? Liu was a big husky fellow, but he knew strength alone was no solution. He sweated with perplexity. Then he remembered a quotation from Chairman Mao: "**Now is the season for spring ploughing, and it is hoped that the leading comrades,**



all the working personnel and the masses of the people in every Liberated Area will grasp the link of production in good time and strive for even greater achievements than those of last year."

Liu silently repeated the quotation to himself. He made up his mind. "Darkness and distance and a heavy load can't shake a revolutionary fighter's boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao and to the people. I'll carry these belts back."

He set out with the belt rolls on his shoulder. After he had gone a little distance a truck, coming from behind, blew its horn and halted beside him. The driver stuck his head out.

"Where you going, comrade?"

"Hungtai Production Brigade."

"Hop in. I can take you as far as Mengshieh. That'll save you twenty *li* of walking." The driver got out of the cab and helped Liu put his belts in the van. He was from the repair works in town and was making the rounds of the various brigades, picking up farm implements that needed repair.

At Mengshieh he looked at Liu and thought: "Any difficulties PLA comrades have, we workers consider as our own." He pondered a moment, then asked: "Can you handle a wheelbarrow?"

"Sure."

"That's fine. I'm on a tight schedule. I'd take you to your destination, but I've a whole load of equipment that has to be repaired for the spring ploughing. Chairman Mao calls on us to '**Grasp revolution, promote production.**' Everybody in my factory is working all night tonight to repair these implements and get them back to the brigades tomorrow. I've a wheelbarrow here that needs repair, but it's still usable. Put your belts in it. It'll be easier than carrying them."

Liu's heart warmed within him. The driver insisted that he take the barrow, and unloaded it from the van. Liu put the belt rolls in the barrow and set off.

By then it was dark.

February nights are quite chilly, but Liu was sweating as he hurried the barrow along with all the speed he could muster. Going down an incline, he went too fast and nearly ran into another barrow coming towards him. Swerving sharply to the right to avoid a collision, he landed in a ditch. The other man hurried over to pull him up, then helped him get the barrow out. Liu found that he'd broken the barrow wheel.

"Hai!" he sighed, in spite of himself.

The other man asked what the trouble was. When Liu told him, he became as upset as the soldier. Wiping the sweat from his face, he thought: "I'm a commune member and used to be a poor peasant. The PLA comrades are helping us with our spring ploughing. If they hit a snag, can we stand idly by?" He pushed his wheelbarrow forward and said: "Use this one, comrade. It has a rubber tire."

"But what about you?"

"I've only another four or five *li* to home. I'll take back the broken barrow and deliver it to the repair works tonight. I'll pick up mine at your place some other time."

Liu was so grateful he didn't know what to say.

"Get going, comrade," the peasant urged. "I have a boy your age in the PLA. Joined up in 1963."

"What brigade are you in, uncle?" Liu asked, very moved. "What's your name?"

The old man didn't want to delay him. "Our brigade's name is on the barrow," he said. He put the broken barrow on his shoulder and disappeared into the darkness. His voice called back: "Watch your step, PLA comrade. There are stones on the hill paths."

At ten minutes to eleven, Liu arrived at the brigade office.

The next morning, to cries of "Long live Chairman Mao!" from the soldiers and the people, the first and second pumping stations of the brigade roared into action. Clear frothy water gushed into the irrigation channel of the topmost terraced field.

That same morning representatives of the PLA company and the production brigade called on the worker at the repair works who had driven the truck, and on the former poor peasant who had loaned Liu his barrow, to express their thanks.

The First Item on the Programme

The wind is still cold in early spring on the north Shansi plateau.

One afternoon a red flag embroidered with the words Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team fluttered in a square at one end of the village of North Hsiao. A large crowd had gathered. Several PLA soldiers read in unison with them quotations from Chairman Mao, then sang quotations set to music. The team, which belonged to a mechanized company of the PLA, was about to begin its performance.

When the letter which Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee had addressed to the poor and lower-middle peasants and all rural cadres was read to the company, the fighters had been delighted. They had rushed about, informing one another, enthusiastically hailing it.

The members of the propaganda team had been exceptionally stirred. That same night they had composed a dialogue *Fire Spring Planting's Opening Volley*, a clapper rhyme *Grasp Revolution, Promote Production*, and a song *Poor and Lower-middle Peasants Love Chairman*



Mao. They also printed the letter in leaflets for distribution. In the last two days they had visited all the surrounding villages, transmitting Chairman Mao's words to every peasant's heart.

Today, before coming to North Hsiao, they had already given seven performances in five different villages.

As soon as the drums and cymbals stopped, the announcer stepped forward and said in a ringing voice: "Revolutionary comrades of the commune, our performance is about to start. The first item..."

An urgent cry from the fields interrupted him. "There's a breach in the west irrigation channel!"

Pandemonium broke out in the audience.

The team leader waved his hands at his men for silence. "Comrades," he said, "this is the time when water is needed most. We can't stand by and let it flow away. Chairman Mao teaches us to serve the people wholly and entirely. We must actively support the revolutionary masses with their spring ploughing. The moment to prove ourselves has come. Forward, into battle."

No sooner had the words left his lips than the PLA fighters dashed out the village like young tigers, rolling up their trouser legs and removing their tunics at the same time. A few moments later, they were running ahead of the peasants.

Several hundred *mu* of young wheat sprouts on both sides of the west channel were avidly awaiting the spring irrigation. But large chunks of ice had blocked it, causing the water to top the sides of the channel and run to low-lying land.

The team leader's heart burned like fire. It seemed to him what was flowing away was not water but golden wheat, yellow corn, shiny black beans. . . . He increased his speed.

At the channel, he held a hasty conference with the peasant cadres, and they decided on emergency measures. One after another the PLA men jumped into the bone-chilling water, followed by the commune members, and set to work.

It was a tense battle. Some of the soldiers and peasants attacked the ice jam with sledge hammers. Some piled cakes of ice to raise the sides of the channel. Others crammed the breach with straw and frozen mud. Everyone moved at flying speed, the crunch of ice and the sound of shouted slogans blending in the cold air.

The team leader, who was filling the breach, suddenly noticed Hsiao, a new soldier, working beside him.

"Who told you to come?" the squad leader demanded.

"I . . . I . . ." the boy stammered.

"Go back, right now."

"Chairman Mao says we should help agriculture in a big way," the boy countered in an agitated manner. "I can't see the masses' interests being damaged without doing anything simply because of a little illness."

Hsiao had just got out of a sick bed, and the doctor had told him to rest another two days before going on any more propaganda tours, but he wouldn't listen. He had risen early that morning and gone to several villages with the team, insisting on taking part in the performances. By the time they came to this village, he was already staggering and his forehead was damp with sweat. But the moment he heard about the breach in the channel, that the people's interests

were endangered, he had bounded into battle like a young tiger. The team leader had told him to stay behind and put away their musical instruments, but Hsiao had stealthily followed.

The team leader was unable to resist his beseeching gaze and stubborn determination. He reluctantly consented to Hsiao joining the work.

The boy pitched in with increased vigour. He carried one large cake of ice after another to the sides of the channel until his padded tunic was soaked through and his bare feet were lacerated. He shivered continually in the north wind.

"How can you bear it, young comrade?" an old peasant said, very moved. "Come out of the water and warm up."

Hsiao inflated his chest and replied with a laugh: "It's nothing, uncle. When the Red Army climbed the Snowy Mountains and crossed the marshlands on the Long March they had real hardships. What does being a little cold matter?" He turned and energetically went back to work, shouting this quotation to his comrades: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" Chairman Mao's teaching stimulated them all.

An hour later the ice jam was broken and the channel sides raised. Water again ran freely. The frothy wavelets, bearing everyone's happiness, flowed to the early spring fields.

As the soldiers were climbing out of the channel to high ground, old men and women, and children with armbands reading "Little Red Soldier," crowded round them and tried to pull them to their homes.

One former poor peasant raised an approving thumb as he shook hands with Hsiao. "You boys are truly good soldiers of Chairman Mao," he exclaimed.

"We're grateful to our army men, educated by Chairman Mao," many of the commune members said. "You helped us at a critical moment. Who knows how much water we would have wasted if it hadn't been for you."

The soldiers were deeply moved by the boundless love of the poor and lower-middle peasants for Chairman Mao and the People's Liberation Army. They washed their feet in one of the ditches and put on their shoes. Then they returned with the peasants to the square

at the head of the village. Again the drums beat and cymbals clashed amid talk and laughter. Once more a cheerful crowd gathered.

A smiling announcer stepped briskly forward and said: "Revolutionary comrades of the commune, our performance is about to start. The first item. . ."

"Neighbours," an old peasant stood up and laughingly interrupted. "The first item was the practical action which these PLA comrades took for us, just now. That was the best possible performance they could have given!"

Army and People Are One Family
(wood carving) ▶



Of One Mind

Having received a new assignment, our company came to Red Guard Village in Panshih County. Our third squad lived in the house of a poor peasant whom we called Aunty Li.

There were only three people in her family. Aunty Li shared the *kang* on the north side with her two sons, aged fifteen and ten, giving us the *kang* on the south, which she had tidied up.

The most conspicuous object on the north wall was a board with a quotation from Chairman Mao written in neat characters in a golden frame, which said: **“These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people’s interests.”** Two days before, when Aunty Li heard that we were coming, she studied this quotation from Chairman Mao with her two sons. Afraid that she hadn’t thoroughly grasped the spirit of it, she asked her son to write it out on the board so that she could study it every day.

On the first day we put up there, the squad leader carefully hung a board with a quotation from Chairman Mao in the centre of the

south wall. It was sheer coincidence that the quotations on the two boards were the same.

The snow that had accumulated everywhere on the great earth was starting to thaw. The work to collect fertilizer for spring sowing had begun. Although Aunt Li was over fifty, she searched for fertilizer all over the hills and fields as enthusiastically as the young people. She also wondered whether she shouldn't dismantle the *kang* on the north side, which she had not done for several years. The earth in the flues of a used *kang* makes good fertilizer. Since PLA fighters were living in the house, she hesitated. But a few days later, when she saw that many people in the village had dismantled their *kang* she decided to do the same to her north *kang*.

She said to her children: "The PLA fighters crawl on the ice and sleep in the snow for our sake. We ought to give them a warm *kang* to sleep on. We can move into the shed till we build the new *kang*."

The children were of the same mind as their mother. "That is what the quotation of Chairman Mao on our wall teaches us to do," they said.

After Aunt Li and her children had talked it over, they decided to dismantle the *kang* the next day.

No wall is wind-proof. Aunt Li's plan became known to us. While she and her sons were working in the fields we dismantled the north *kang* under the direction of our squad leader. All of us said: "Aunt Li and her children are out working all day long. They must be very tired. We shall sleep outside and they can rest on the warm *kang*."

Having agreed on this, we moved Aunt Li and her children's bedding on to the south *kang* together with a note saying: "Aunt Li, we are having exercises tonight. We are not coming back to sleep."

The strenuous night exercises lasted several hours. Day was about to break as we came back to the village. No sooner had we come to the door of the house than our squad leader stopped and said: "Be very quiet. Rest under the eaves."

We sat down. Although we were cold and hungry and tired, we felt content. Everybody had only one thought: We must let

Aunt Li and her children have a good sleep. It doesn't matter if we suffer a little discomfort.

The moment we sat down, the door of the shed opened. Aunt Li came up to us with her two children and said: "We have been waiting for you all night." Brushing aside our protests, she pushed us into the house one by one, saying: "You boys! You are always thinking of us, but never let us do anything for you. If you don't rest on the *kang*, that means you look down upon us poor and lower-middle peasants." Shooting a glance at the south *kang*, I discovered that our bedding had already been arranged on it.

The cock announced the break of day. Lying on the warm *kang*, I simply couldn't fall asleep. Raising my head, I saw Aunt Li's quotation board. Then I turned to look at our quotation board. My heart surged with emotion, and I said to myself: "It is Mao Tse-tung's thought that makes our fighters and people of one mind. And only Mao Tse-tung's thought can make us of one mind."

Ting Hsueh-lei

Greet the New Era of Proletarian Revolutionary Literature and Art

The great changes brought about by the great proletarian cultural revolution are now becoming evident in various spheres. At the crucial moment when we are seizing all-round victory in the cultural revolution, two particularly significant blooms of art, the revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing have blossomed.

This is a great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art for these works represent some of the fruits of the great proletarian cultural revolution. This too is another outstanding contribution by Comrade Chiang Ching.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"It (revolutionary culture) prepares the ground ideologically before the revolution comes and is an important, indeed essential, fighting front in the general revolutionary front during the revolution."** The revolution in literature and art has always been an important component of political

revolution, especially so in the course of the great proletarian cultural revolution, which is itself an unprecedentedly great and deep-going political revolution. Therefore the creation of the revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing is a great event not only in the field of literature and art but is also a step forward in the proletariat's revolutionary cause of socialism.

A GREAT ERA, A GREAT ART

Art is conditioned by and serves politics. A great era brings forth great art. As the proletarian cultural revolution is a movement which knows no precedent it will certainly bring forth a revolutionary art without parallel.

Good works of art are bound to reflect the most important themes and subject-matter of the time. Theme and subject-matter have always been an important political question, a question, that is, of one class exercising dictatorship over another in the sphere of ideology. The art of any class, be it music or graphic arts, always chooses the themes of greatest significance to its own class and creates works which can best serve that class.

The bourgeois art following the so-called Renaissance drew its subjects from religion, mythology, or the lords and ladies of the aristocracy. In short it built up only rulers whether they be "heavenly" or of the world and never did it pay tribute to the working people. The subjects of modern bourgeois paintings are still more decadent, portraying nudes, bathing women or a jumble of things with no meaning for the spectator, so as to meet the needs of fat bourgeois tycoons for sensual stimulus.

If we say that in the period of the rise of the bourgeoisie there were some paintings which drew their themes from heroic deeds and self-sacrifice in Greek and Roman mythology and legends to cover up its despicable motive of doing everything for profit-grabbing, it should be realized that this class is now completely moribund; it no longer needs any hypocritical mask but nakedly exposes its greed, shamelessness, licentiousness and brutality. After the bourgeoisie became

the ruling class the paint brushes and piano keyboards in their hands, like the courts and prisons under their control, became the tools for exercising dictatorship over the proletariat in various fields.

“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.” The history of the literature and art of the exploiting classes for hundreds of years is a criminally upside-down history of this type.

When it moves on to the political stage the proletariat sets its mind to reversing this upside-down history.

From the time of the Paris Commune to the October Revolution and to the victory of the Chinese revolution in 1949, the proletariat in the course of its various revolutionary struggles has produced a number of works of art reflecting its own struggles. Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, the revolution in the Chinese opera has raised the proletarian revolution in literature and art to an unprecedented height.

In this great revolution, the staunch proletarian revolutionary, our beloved Comrade Chiang Ching, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, has led the revolutionary writers and artists in blazing the trail, breaking through obstacles and storming the stubborn strongholds of Peking opera, the ballet, symphonic music, the piano and oil painting. Thus the workers, peasants and soldiers have fought their way into the arena of literature and art and thrown onto the dust heap of history the dead and alien ideas that they found entrenched there. They have reversed the exploiting classes' reversal of history.

The revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing represent a break-through in presenting the essential themes related to the future of China and to the future of mankind and express in a convincing way the revolutionary ideals and political aspirations of hundreds of millions of revolutionary people. For this reason these works of art have been warmly acclaimed.

Chairman Mao is the greatest Marxist-Leninist of our era and the most distinguished representative of the proletariat and the revolutionary people. The revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* shows that soon after the founding of the Chinese Communist Party, Chairman Mao, taking with him the hopes of the Chinese people and already aiming at transforming the world, travelled great distances to Anyuan, an important Chinese industrial and mining area. He sowed the sparks of revolution there, blazed the path which ultimately would lead to victory and solved the problem of the Chinese people's seizure of political power by armed force, the most important and most complicated question of our era.

The representation of Li Yu-ho's family in the piano music *The Red Lantern* personifies thousands of heroes who, under Chairman Mao's leadership, have been tested in the most protracted, sharp, arduous and complicated revolutionary struggle in the history of proletarian revolutions. Its characters symbolize the lofty spirit which motivates outstanding figures of the Chinese proletariat who have been nurtured by the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

These two valuable works of proletarian art, reflecting as they do themes which are the most important in our era, pay warm tribute to our great leader Chairman Mao and his proletarian revolutionary line and effectively repudiate China's Khrushchov and his counter-revolutionary revisionist line.

How can we help but feel stimulated when we look up at the lofty image of Chairman Mao in the oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan*, look back over the triumphant course of the struggles of our great motherland illuminated by the red sun in the past fifty years and when we think of our bright prospects? How can we help but be highly indignant and hate that opportunist China's Khrushchov who shamelessly tampered with the history of the revolutionary struggles at Anyuan and attempted to drag China back into darkness.

Listening to the powerful piano music, we think of the proletarian spirit of thorough-going revolution of the three generations of Li Yu-ho's family who, nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought, waged a heroic struggle, with the girl carrying on the work for the revolutionary cause after the death of her father and grandmother. How can we keep

from condemning the renegade philosophy of China's Khrushchov? The proletarian art works have produced such a powerful combat force because every note and every shade of colour crystallizes the demands, will and aspirations of the revolutionary people of our era.

Great revolutionary struggles produce great themes. And only great themes can reflect the outlook of a great era. The revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, coming out in the great proletarian cultural revolution and reflecting the revolutionary demands of a great era, were created under the direct stimulus of this great revolution. Their emergence will bring about a chain reaction in the superstructure of our society and help consolidate and strengthen the dictatorship of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie in the field of ideology and have an extremely important part to play in promoting all-round victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution.

MAKE THE PAST SERVE THE PRESENT AND FOREIGN THINGS SERVE CHINA

Like the eight model revolutionary theatrical creations, the creation of the revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing are great victories for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art and great victories for his policy for literature and art, **"Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China."**

The art of a given period is a product of the social life of that period reflected through the consciousness of writers and artists. It serves the politics of a given class of a given period. The content of foreign art reflects for the most part the political aspirations, ideas and feelings of the exploiting classes in ancient times and in foreign countries and serves ancient and foreign exploiting classes. Such content can only undermine proletarian politics in socialist China and we cannot use material of this sort. It must be cleared away through revolutionary mass repudiation.

But in a given period, a nation has its distinct art forms and artistic characteristics. It would be wrong either to absorb them wholesale

and uncritically or to negate them in a nihilistic way. Using Mao Tse-tung's thought as the touchstone we should critically take up the inheritance of the fine art forms and artistic characteristics of China and other lands, remould their useful elements, weed through the old to bring forth the new so as to serve proletarian politics and the workers, peasants and soldiers.

The revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing have established models for us in **"making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China."** The painting retains the special features of Western oil painting in its richness of colour, in being true to life and skilful in characterization. It also assimilates the explicitness, the emphasis in the placing of the figure and the elaborate detailed touches of traditional Chinese paintings. Thus it successfully portrays Chairman Mao, the world's proletarian teacher and leader, the greatest genius of our era, in his youth.

The piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing incorporates the basic features of the ringing, powerful melodies of the Peking opera with its clear-cut rhythm. It brings into full play the peculiar qualities of the piano — its wide range, power, clarity and expressiveness. This opens a new road not only for Western musical instruments and symphonic music but also for Chinese theatrical accompaniment.

The success of the revolutionary oil painting and the piano music *The Red Lantern* opens a new road for us to further enrich and develop socialist art with the clear-cut features of our era and a distinct national style.

In assimilating art forms and artistic characteristics, what to use and what to discard must be determined by the requirements of the proletarian political content and the portrayal of the heroism of workers, peasants and soldiers. Things must not be copied uncritically. The success of the oil painting and the piano music does not rest on their effective use of foreign art forms; more important is that under our beloved Comrade Chiang Ching's guidance the painter and the pianist made new creations on the basis of the requirements of proletarian politics and through revolutionary repudiation.

The policy to **“make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China”** has a strong class character and was put forward with the prerequisite that literature and art must serve proletarian politics and serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. Today’s China is a socialist new China in which the proletariat holds political power. To “serve” means to serve the proletariat — the workers, peasants and soldiers. If we depart from this class content and talk abstractly about making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China then this concept can be accepted by the exploiting classes too. A few years back wasn’t there a so-called artist who used Western technique to paint the Chinese donkey and women and was boosted by the counter-revolutionary revisionists in the field of literature and art as a “model” in making foreign things serve China? There was also the use of the Western instrument, the violin, to depict the ancient Chinese theme of scholar-bureaucrat and luscious lady which was also much trumpeted by the revisionists as an example of national art form. Very obviously such so-called reforms which had nothing to do with the real needs of the workers, peasants and soldiers are sham reforms and false revolution. We must beware of the class enemy peddling bourgeois and revisionist wares under the cloak of reform.

The success of this revolutionary oil painting and of the new piano music shows us that to **“make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China”** is a revolutionary process and a process of **“weeding through the old to bring forth the new,”** a process of criticizing and repudiating the old world and opening up a new one.

Some people take the works of the so-called great masters which they idolize as the supreme criterion. In the eyes of these people, the works of art created by us are good only when they seem just like those of their idols and if these differ somewhat they are denigrated as a “reindeer which looks neither like a donkey nor a horse.” These people do not have the least bit of the revolutionary heroism which the proletariat should have in creating new things nor do they understand the universal laws of the development of art.

We critically absorb useful things from ancient and foreign art only to create our own proletarian revolutionary art. We do this not

to transplant ancient and foreign art which serves the feudal class and the bourgeoisie into socialist new China. Can our proletarian art be “like” decadent bourgeois art? Can our workers, peasants and soldiers be “like” gods, emperors, scholars, beauties, cavaliers and aristocratic ladies? No, it’s impossible. If our proletarian art is “like” that of the bourgeoisie it shows that our art has become decadent and changed its nature.

Look at the Soviet Union today, chockablock with the filth of the so-called “Western civilization”; it is not only “like” it but has “become” it. But is that not precisely the place where capitalism has been restored in the sphere of ideology as well as in political and economic life?

As a matter of fact, distinguished art of any period in China or other lands has been created only by assimilating the outstanding results of previous generations and conforming to the needs of the society of the day. Is oil painting “like” the various forms of painting that preceded it? Is the piano “like” the musical instruments that preceded it? Is Peking opera “like” the local operas from whence it has developed? The art which aspired to be “like” that which it is imitating and takes this as the supreme criterion is decadent art; what will result from this is not art. In order to create new proletarian revolutionary art, we must, using Mao Tse-tung’s thought as the weapon, critically absorb useful things from the art of previous periods and, proceeding from the actual requirements of the struggles of the Chinese workers, peasants and soldiers, boldly create something new — socialist, and establish something distinctive — proletarian.

On this question, we must break down any blind faith in ancient and foreign artists and eliminate the poisonous influence of the reactionary fallacies of China’s Khrushchov, Chou Yang and company of worshipping foreign things and restoring ancient things. The rising revolutionary force always defeats the old corrupt reactionary influence. We should have the pride of proletarian revolutionaries and be fully confident that we can achieve what our predecessors did not and, under the guidance of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, create a great new proletarian revolutionary literature and art

which lives up to the expectations of our great leader, great Party, great country, great people and great army.

WORLD OUTLOOK, OUTLOOK OF ART

Two new blooms in the garden of proletarian literature and art, the revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing have greatly inspired revolutionary writers and artists and have had a strong impact on them. They have grasped still better the penetrating significance of Chairman Mao's teaching: **"This change in world outlook is something fundamental,"** and **"they (the intellectuals) must continue to remould themselves, gradually shed their bourgeois world outlook and acquire the proletarian, communist world outlook."**

Politics has always been in command of art. The outlook of art is a reflection in the field of literature and art of the artist's world outlook. Politics is not equivalent to art; a world outlook is not equivalent to the method of artistic creation and art criticism. But the creation of any work of art reflects a certain world outlook; and appreciation of works of art is bound to be dominated too by a particular world outlook. The revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing are strongly political works and have a clear-cut class character. They are adapted to the political requirements of the proletariat and reflect its will and aspirations. The reason for this is that they were produced under the guidance of the proletarian world outlook, namely, Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The analysis of the class struggle in our country in the 1920's, the understanding of the struggle between the two lines in the Party and the artistic generalization of Chairman Mao's great revolutionary spirit in his youth in the revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan*, all these, first of all, are political questions, a question of world outlook, not a question of technical skill. How could the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing portray Li Yu-ho walking toward the execution ground with such force if there were not intense hatred for the renegade philosophy of China's Khru-

shchov or no full understanding of the lofty spirit of proletarian revolutionary heroes?

Thousands of ancient and contemporary artists of the exploiting classes have created countless tragic works on the theme of sorrow at being separated in life and parted at death. All of them were sappy and pathetic. At most, some are tinged with the gallantry of individual heroism. They saw no bright future and it was impossible for them in fact to have any bright future.

Only the proletariat which has a thorough-going revolutionary spirit, proletarian literature and art which reflect the proletarian world outlook and revolutionary writers and artists armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought can imbue their proletarian heroes with pervasive radiance on their own stage of literature and art.

As with one's world outlook, there are only proletarian and bourgeois outlooks on art, and they are completely opposite. The creation of art or appreciation of art appears to be personal activities, but are actually determined by the class status of the artists or spectators. Bourgeois reactionary "authorities" and some bourgeois intellectuals boast that their works have "their own personality" and are "their own shadow." Chairman Mao points out: **"In class society everyone lives as a member of a particular class, and every kind of thinking, without exception, is stamped with the brand of a class."** Their "individual personality" and "shadow" are the stubborn manifestation of their bourgeois world outlook. Revolutionary writers and artists deem it a great honour to be ordinary people, they consider themselves part of the worker and peasant masses. They consider that the reflection of the will and aspirations of millions of revolutionary people is their supreme task.

The painter of *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* and the pianist who composed the piano music *The Red Lantern* have taken part with their paint brushes and piano keyboards in mass study and the repudiation of revisionism along with millions of revolutionary people, instead of shutting themselves up in a studio. The revolutionary mass movement has opened up broad prospects and provided abundant food for their artistic creation. The intense love of millions of revolu-

tionary people for our great leader Chairman Mao has urged them to set their minds to the themes for these great works of art.

If they do not go into the heat of great revolutionary struggle and do not want to share the ideas and feelings of millions of revolutionary people but shut themselves up to practise day and night in narrow individual confines, they can only portray insignificant individuals. It would be absolutely impossible for them to reflect our great era and depict the workers, peasants and soldiers in their true perspective. Today when the socialist revolution has further developed, if anyone insists on taking this road of decline, he will undoubtedly end up in an anti-Party and anti-socialist blind alley and will be for ever discarded by the people.

Our great leader Chairman Mao has recently stated: **“Our country has seven hundred million people, and the working class is the leading class. It is essential to bring into full play the leading role of the working class in the great cultural revolution and in all fields of work.”**

A contingent of revolutionary writers and artists armed with the proletarian world outlook, that is to say, with Mao Tse-tung's thought, is needed to develop proletarian revolutionary literature and art. It is impossible to build up this contingent without leadership by the working class. Revolutionary writers and artists should conscientiously learn from the working class and on the basis of purifying the class ranks go among the workers, peasants and soldiers, integrate with them and remould their own world outlook. The working class should enter the field of literature and art, give full play to its leading role, use the proletarian world outlook, Mao Tse-tung's thought, to remould the writers and artists and promote the revolution in literature and art.

The revolution is “the locomotive of history.” The great proletarian cultural revolution, unprecedented in history, will greatly liberate the forces of production so that our socialist production in both agriculture and industry will develop by unparalleled leaps and bounds. It will certainly usher in a flowering of literature and art on a scale not known before. The bourgeoisie has its Renaissance but, compared

with the new era of revolutionary literature and art, that was only a molehill beside the mountain.

The birth and maturing of new proletarian revolutionary literature and art will always be the occasion for very sharp struggle. But the triumph achieved with the revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing and the eight model revolutionary theatrical creations, shows us that such stubborn strongholds as the Peking opera, oil painting, the piano, symphonic music and the ballet can all be stormed. What difficulties are there that cannot be overcome in our advance? Like the yellow jasmine which heralds the spring, these works predict the coming of an unprecedented flowering of proletarian revolutionary literature and art. Let us take Comrade Chiang Ching who has done as much to pioneer this work as our example, let us hold still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and with bold resolve always be thorough-going revolutionaries and stride firmly forward for the creation of the new revolutionary literature and art of the proletarian revolutionary cause.

A Brilliant Example of Making Foreign Things Serve China

— *On the Revolutionary Symphonic Music "Shachiapang"*

The revolutionary symphonic music *Shachiapang* is an ode to revolutionary war. It is a brilliant example the revolutionary art workers have set, with the personal help and encouragement of Comrade Chiang Ching, in carrying out the revolution in the literary and artistic world in accordance with our great leader Chairman Mao's directive: "Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China." It adds a polished gem to the treasure-house of the literature and art of the proletariat.

This model work is a new development and creation on the basis of the revolutionary modern Peking opera *Shachiapang*. The story is set in the days of the War of Resistance Against Japan. It tells of the struggle the New Fourth Army, a revolutionary army led by the Chinese Communist Party, is carrying on in the areas on both

sides of the Yangtse River. Together with the local revolutionary masses they are in action against the Japanese and their puppet troops.

During a strategic movement the army leaves behind eighteen wounded soldiers to recover in a village called Shachiapang by the Yangcheng Lake. The wounded, under the command of Political Instructor Kuo Chien-kuang, are cared for in the homes of the local inhabitants. The Party underground worker Sister Ah-ching is responsible for their safety. Soon a gang of armed bandits, with the two traitors Hu Chuan-kuei and Tiao Teh-yi as their ringleaders, arrive there to search for them. Kuo Chien-kuang takes his men to hide among the thick reeds of the lake and persist in the struggle. Meanwhile Sister Ah-ching under instructions from the Party and relying on the broad masses who are genuinely for the revolution keeps them safe from the enemy. The wounded soldiers and the masses, in co-ordination with a unit of the main force, launch a surprise attack and wipe out the bandits.

The symphonic composition, giving full play to its particular power of expression, succeeds in highlighting the qualities of heroism which lie in the proletariat and pays warm tribute to Chairman Mao's great thought on people's war. It is a grand salute to Chairman Mao's teaching that "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."

The symphonic music while keeping the fine singing tunes of the Peking opera in portraying the revolutionary heroes, also breaks through out-moded conventions of Western symphonic music. It makes full use of the powerful rhythm typical of revolutionary songs, which are familiar to the workers, peasants and soldiers, and successfully unites revolutionary political content with the highest possible degree of artistic form into an organic whole.

Above the swelling music in the overture and the finale rise the voices of the chorus sung by the soldiers and the civilians together:

Brandishing the swords, raising the spears,

The whole people are armed.

Our rifles steady in our hands,

We dare to fight and we dare to win.

It impresses on the audience the theme melody of the whole composition.

The use of marching songs of the New Fourth Army in the theme melody, the full orchestration, plus the interweaving of choral singing in two of the movements, *Eighteen Unbending Pines* and *Preparing for the Attack* and the musical description of a battle scene, have effectively produced the collective heroic image of the loyal, brave and skilful fighters of the New Fourth Army.

The singing of the several arias by the political instructor of the New Fourth Army, which emphasizes the calibre of his noble spirit, stands out clearly against the background provided by the symphonic music, the accompaniment of the chorus and especially the recurring theme melody of the marching songs. With all these together, this musical design blends the characterization of Kuo Chien-kuang with the collective image of the soldiers and shows the representative nature of his nobility and heroism. The moulding of these heroic patterns, whether individual or collective, sets off the theme of the composition and in a concrete way carries out the important instruction of Chairman Mao to keep to the fore the idea of armed struggle.

In the symphonic music *Shachiapang* the memorable words of Chairman Mao on people's war: **"The revolutionary war is a war of the masses; it can be waged only by mobilizing the masses and relying on them,"** obtain full expression.

One of the movements called *The Relations Between Fish and Water* describes the close ties between the Party-led New Fourth Army and the broad masses. The duet sung by Aunt Sha and Kuo Chien-kuang in all its warmth and sincerity, and the brisk enthusiastic chorus of the soldiers thoroughly capture the spirit of **"the army cherishes the people"** and **"people support the army"** — the revolutionary relations between the soldiers and the people being those of one large family.

When the Japanese soldiers and the traitorous bandits come to occupy Shachiapang what is on the mind of the political instructor and his men deep in the marshes is revealed by a passage:

*Sorrow and death lie in store for the villagers,
My men long to go out to kill the enemy,
One by one they've expressed their eagerness to fight.*

Their state of mind is easy to understand —

They're burning with class hatred and national feeling.

At the same time in the village, what is in the hearts of Sister Ah-ching and the local people is vividly shown in a passage:

Our men have no food or medicine, and we've lost touch;

They'll be flooded out in the marshes.

The revolution needs these precious lives,

These eighteen men are our own flesh and blood.

These lyrics in the Peking opera are executed as solos, but in the symphonic music a chorus is added. Its artistic impact on the audience is stronger. The deep-felt class feelings of the people for their own armymen which are like family ties, are more fully captured.

In order to shield and help the people's own soldiers, the underground liaison worker Sister Ah-ching courageously and calmly stands up to the two traitors Hu Chuan-kuei and Tiao Teh-yi in a battle of wits. And for the same purpose Aunt Sha, defying violence and the threat of death, denounces the traitors with burning indignation. These two women as portrayed by the music well represent the image of **"the millions upon millions of people who genuinely and sincerely support the revolution."** The symphonic music with the force of its artistic expression underlines the truth: **"If the army and people are united as one, who in the world can match them?"**

In his magnificent work *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* Chairman Mao has clearly pointed out: **"We deny not only that there is an abstract and absolutely unchangeable political criterion, but also that there is an abstract and absolutely unchangeable artistic criterion."** The thorough-going revolution in the political content of symphonic music will inevitably lead to a revolution of the same magnitude in its artistic form. An important problem facing the revolutionary artists in the course of creating the symphonic music *Shachiapang* was: Dare they shatter the bourgeois trammels hitherto imposed on Western symphonic music and if so, is it possible for them to boldly create a new artistic form to express the revolutionary political content in the most perfect way possible?

Under the direction of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art and the repeated instruction and encouragement

given by Comrade Chiang Ching, the revolutionary art fighters of the Central Philharmonic Society determined to blaze a new trail, a trail of their own. Breaking with bourgeois formalism, they gave themselves free rein in their advance into the field of symphonic music and have finally produced a new form that is of the proletariat.

The symphonic music *Shachiapang* successfully brings into full play the distinctive characteristics of the symphony orchestra. The orchestra itself forms a good weapon in the sphere of art, and its complete set of brass instruments particularly gives its performances grandeur and power.

The range of expression of the symphonic orchestra has also many advantages and comparatively speaking, is good at portraying such things as the atmosphere of combat scenes, the beauty of natural surroundings and bringing out in bold relief noble feelings and high aspirations.

The composers of the symphonic music *Shachiapang* make a creative use of the strains of the marching songs of the New Fourth Army. They not only incorporate them as a major component of the overture and the finale but also let them thread through all the movements of the symphonic music as the theme. In this way they progressively build up the portrayal of the hero soldiers.

When the New Fourth Army, in co-operation with the masses, puts to rout the bandit force in a single stroke, the village is liberated. There is a movement devoted to the description of this battle entitled *Surprise Attack on Shachiapang*. In this movement the melodies of the marching songs, by means of exposition characteristic of the symphony orchestra and with an *obbligato* by a lilting trumpet, continuously develop and vary in the course of the fierce tussle. The soul-stirring battle scene for the liberation of Shachiapang finds its way into the hearts of the audience with its full impact.

The movement *Holding Out* is orchestrated to describe how the eighteen wounded soldiers persist in the struggle after being shifted into the marshes where, cut off from outside for the time being, then conditions are very difficult. In this movement the symphonic music while picturing a storm descending on them, captures the impression of the heroic struggle of the wounded against the stormy wind

and rain in a way which reveals in depth the rich resources of their revolutionary heroism. Here the composers employ brass instruments to let the melody of *Eighteen Unbending Pines* thread through the movement, and produce a strong effect.

In handling the auxiliary instruments of the orchestra, the symphonic music has also its novel arrangements. For instance, in the movement *A Battle of Wits*, the trio in the person of the underground worker Sister Ah-ching and the two traitors Hu Chuan-kuei and Tiao Teh-yi, sung in soliloquy, artistically presents to the listeners three different roles in three different positions with three different ways of expression. The orchestra uses low-toned wind instruments to express Hu Chuan-kuei's cruelty and idiocy and the trumpet with a mute to produce a queer-toned accompaniment to express Tiao Teh-yi's cunning and viciousness. For the positive role of Sister Ah-ching, the composers make the brisk tone of the high-pitch wood-winds stand out above all other instruments to show her in sharp contrast to the two negative characters. The arrangement of auxiliary instruments for this movement clearly separates who to love and who to hate, making the different faces of both the positive and negative roles stand out in strong relief, yet to the just proper degree.

In experimenting with the integration of the Chinese and Western musical instruments, the composers of the symphonic music *Shachiapang* have also scored quite a few achievements. The instruments for the symphony orchestra and those of the national music orchestra all have their individual merits. As long as they are well handled, they can all be used to serve the revolution. To cite an example again from the scene *Holding Out* , the composers use *sona* (a Chinese brass horn) to accompany the passage, "We must be like pines on the summit of Mount Tai!" sung by Kuo Chien-kuang in *hsipi taopan* (a Peking opera tune). The effect of *sona* accompaniment increases the ringing quality of the vocal solo and makes it brisk and uplifting, adding an unusual flavour to the singing.

In the scene *The Relations Between Fish and Water*, when the political instructor sings the praises of the beauty of our motherland against the musical background set by high-toned strummed instruments,

the harp and the flute in full co-ordination, the music vividly paints a scene of prosperity which in words is described as:

*The reeds are in full bloom,
The fragrance of the paddy fills the air,
On the banks of the lake are rows and rows of willows,
A beautiful picture of this southern region
Teeming with fish and rice.*

By breaking the bourgeois shackles on symphonic music regarding chorus singing, the symphonic music *Shachiapang* integrates it with the Peking opera singing and the symphony orchestra. The *Eighteen Unbending Pines* chorus in the movement *Holding Out* makes use of the powers of a mixed chorus and arranges it with polyphonic refrains so that the various parts rise and fall like undulating waves, yet in perfect harmony. Such repetitions reinforce the grand spirit and vigorous air of that scene. This gives full expression to the spirit of the eighteen wounded as a collective group.

In the movement *A Rescue Plan*, the aria in the Peking opera sung by Sister Ah-ching while she is thinking of the wounded is changed in the symphonic music into a chorus of four parts and a female chorus singing in accompaniment. This change brings out with greater feeling how much the masses around the Yangcheng Lake are concerned with the safety of the wounded hiding among the reeds. The warm ties between the soldiers and the civilians like that between fish and water are well expressed, sincere and moving.

The revolutionary symphonic music not only retains the characteristics of the Peking opera's singing styles together with its original interpolation and percussion instruments, but also integrates it harmoniously with the various capabilities of the symphony orchestra and chorus singing, thus shaping a style which it can claim as its own. It opens a new road for symphonic music as well as providing a successful example of the accompaniment of the Peking opera with the symphony orchestra.

Revolutionary changes are made also in the art of vocal music. The Western way of singing puts stress on voice quality while with our national way, relatively speaking, it is more on the presentation of the words. Both ways have their respective strong and weak fea-

tures. A good singer should take in all the good points of both the Chinese and Western ways of singing, add to them his or her own creation so as to achieve richness in both sound and emotion, and at the same time keep the national characteristics.

In the past all the singers taking part in the revolutionary symphonic music *Shachiapang* were trained in Western music, hence their singing was far away from our national style. However, they have now overcome all kinds of difficulties and obstructions in the course of changing this. With the Peking opera singers as the teacher, they have assimilated the good points of opera singing. On top of that they have made their own creation, breaking away from a commitment to either the Chinese or Western traditional way of singing and fully integrating the falsetto and the natural voice in one. In so doing they have taken a pioneering step along the road of revolutionizing vocal execution as suggested by Comrade Chiang Ching and their accomplishments are great.

The symphonic music *Shachiapang* is a sparkling gem of art in the treasure-house of proletarian literature and art. It is a splendid prototype of the embodiment of Chairman Mao's principle of "**making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China**" in the realm of art. With its achievement in "**the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form,**" it displays the immeasurable power of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art.

Salesmen of Reactionary Western Culture

The so-called "Western culture" is nothing but imperialist culture, which is most reactionary, decadent and vicious. With the imperialist system heading for total collapse, its culture, like the sun setting beyond the Western hills resembles a dying person who is sinking fast. Since Khrushchov and his successors came to power they have gone all out to carry out "cultural co-operation" with U.S. imperialism and thrown the door wide open to "Western culture," which has thus found a new market in the Soviet Union. Amid the fanfare of their all-round reactionary collaboration, a new sinister deal was made between the Soviet Union and the United States not long ago — the Soviet-U.S. cultural exchange agreement for 1968-1969 signed in Moscow.

This agreement covers many fields, ranging from science, technology, literature, art, education, medicine and physical culture to the exchange of "artists," "experts," periodicals, exhibitions and

films, and so on. More than twenty departments are involved in the exchange of visits by "experts" alone.

If the United States only "made a breach" in 1958 when the arch-renegade Khrushchov signed the first "cultural agreement" with it, then today, ten years later, when the sixth "cultural agreement" has been signed, the world's most reactionary, decadent and vicious "Western culture" has flooded Soviet Union like the muddy water rushing through a breached dyke. The Soviet revisionist renegade clique's efforts to go in for wholesale "Westernization" have earned it the plaudits of its master. In a recent speech, U.S. imperialist chief Johnson gleefully said that no other period in history has been more productive in promoting co-operation between the two countries.

Let us see how "productive" Soviet-U.S. "cultural co-operation" is at present.

Not only has Soviet revisionist literature become increasingly decadent under the impact of Soviet-U.S. "cultural co-operation," but the most reactionary and rotten American literature has been translated and published in large quantities in the Soviet Union. The chief editor of the Soviet revisionist *Literaturnaya Gazeta* confessed in a statement that American novels were the best sellers in the foreign book market in the Soviet Union.

Disguised as "cultural co-operation," degenerate Western music, commercialized jazz, has become the rage in the Soviet revisionist musical, dancing and theatrical world. The rock-'n'-roll, the twist and other similar vulgar dances are executed more madly than before. The Soviet revisionist renegade clique has not only spent big sums of money to invite large numbers of night club jazz bands from the West to perform in different parts of the Soviet Union, it has also sent its own musicians to take part in "international contests" so as to learn from Western jazz bands. As a result, various weird-named American and British jazz bands have performed in the Soviet Union. Last December 12, the Soviet revisionist Central Television Station started a monthly series of lectures on "Jazz Music, Yesterday and Today" in its fourth programme. In these lectures, American commercialized jazz was unctuously described as the "real music" and the "sacred music" and was lauded as helping to "understand

the world." Seven disgusting "jazz music festivals" have been held in Moscow and six other Soviet cities this year to give such vulgar music a big boost. And as before, the Soviet revisionist clique has given the green light to performances of many vulgar American plays on the Soviet stage.

As a result of Soviet-U.S. "cultural co-operation," Soviet revisionist screens have been turned into an instrument for publicizing "Western culture." As it did previously, the Soviet revisionist clique has spared no efforts to lavish praise on American films through its newspapers and magazines, and it has printed many books to publicize these reactionary American films. Moreover, in January this year, the Soviet revisionist Central Television Station began obsequiously introducing American film stars to its viewers. The Soviet revisionists in effect, have handed over a large part of the Soviet screen to Hollywood. S.K. Romanovsky, Chairman of the Soviet Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, admitted that often "there are several hundred copies of American films being shown in our country." Even this cannot satisfy the Soviet revisionist clique. The new "cultural agreement" explicitly provides for "the widest possible distribution" of American films.

Under the signboard of "cultural co-operation," the Soviet revisionist clique has thrown the door wide open to Voice of America, an instrument of U.S. imperialism for opposing communism, China, the people and revolution. The notorious V.O.A., as former U.S. President Kennedy said, is an "arm" of the U.S. Government. But the Soviet revisionist clique loves it as dearly as flies love muck. As far back as soon after the 20th Congress of the C.P.S.U., the revisionist clique intermittently stopped jamming V.O.A. broadcasts to the Soviet Union. Later, an agreement was reached between the Soviet Union and the United States under which the former formally and completely stopped jamming and provided facilities for V.O.A. transcription programmes to be broadcast in the Soviet Union. After Brezhnev and Kosygin came to power, they gave V.O.A. the go-ahead signal, allowing it to be heard all over the country. With great exultation, the U.S. press said that in content, form and

technique, the Soviet revisionist radio and television programmes had been "radically reformed" after the fashion of the West.

Soviet revisionism's television is the same as the radio. Last year the Soviet revisionist clique racked its brains making a television newsreel called "Chronicle of Half Century" in the name of "celebrating" the 50th anniversary of the October Revolution and "re-viewing" the history of the Soviet Union over the past half century. On the one hand, the newsreel frantically attacks China; on the other hand, it nauseatingly advocates "Soviet-U.S. friendship" to curry favour with its master. A good number of shots of Soviet revisionists embracing and kissing Americans were produced to show Soviet-U.S. "friendship" and "co-operation." Even the coming to power and the death of the U.S. imperialist chief Kennedy was shamelessly brought into the "chronicle" as a "big event" in the Soviet Union. The commentary flatters Kennedy as a "clear-headed" and "practical" man and sadly "mourns" his death.

It is also under the camouflage of Soviet-U.S. "cultural co-operation" that the decadent way of life of the Western bourgeoisie penetrates the Soviet Union everywhere. Not long ago, a so-called "Soviet fashion design show" was held in Washington. On display were "outstanding fashions" by Soviet revisionism's "top contemporary designers," including so-called "space age" fashions and "revolutionized" clothing designed by "the Soviet Union's best-known avant-garde designer" who copied the cowboy pants and mini-skirts of the West. The marked trends of "Westernization" in the fashion show won praise and applause from their U.S. master who cheered it as "inspiring." The Soviet revisionists also put on dog shows in Moscow similar to those in New York and London and went so far as to make this thing fashionable. All this is absolutely the height of rotteness.

To speed up the "Westernization" of the Soviet Union, the Soviet revisionist clique is becoming more and more open in utilizing "international tourism" to attract by all possible means "tourists" of all descriptions from the Western capitalist countries, allowing them to spread the dissipated Western way of life in the Soviet Union. The Soviet revisionists recently announced that more than one hundred cities in all fifteen union republics will be opened to large num-

bers of pleasure-seeking foreign bourgeois gentlemen and ladies coming to the Soviet Union. In addition, the Soviet revisionists are developing "cultural co-operation" with U.S. imperialism in a big way so as to surrender completely to the latter and bring on a wholesale "Westernization" of the Soviet Union through such channels as setting up "night clubs," free "distribution" of the U.S. magazine *America*, holding rotating U.S. exhibitions, introduction of American experience, exchanging students, commendation of scholars, sponsoring pen clubs and reprinting articles of the reactionary U.S. press, etc.

The above mentioned facts are but a few examples of this "co-operation." All these "fruits" fully show that since the confidential Glassboro talks by the chieftains of Soviet revisionism and U.S. imperialism in June, 1967, U.S.-Soviet counter-revolutionary collaboration has shown a new striking development. It has developed in many fields — on earth, and under the sea and in the sky, by the "hot line" contact between the White House and Kremlin and through the opening of the New York-Moscow direct airline, and in political, economic and military fields as well as in the cultural realm. Soviet revisionism and U.S. imperialism have entered into an out-and-out counter-revolutionary holy alliance.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines."** The large-scale importation of "Western culture" by the Soviet revisionist clique today wholly aimed at serving the all-round restoration of capitalism in the Soviet Union and the comprehensive Soviet-U.S. counter-revolutionary collaboration. In other words, to serve its counter-revolutionary revisionist political line. The so-called Soviet-U.S. "cultural co-operation," like their collaboration in the political, economic and military fields, is the product of the capitulationist line of "peaceful co-existence" carried out by the Soviet revisionist clique of renegades, and it is a big betrayal of the people of the Soviet Union and of the world.

Why is Soviet-U.S. "cultural co-operation" carried out so unscrupulously and so feverishly in this period? The U.S. magazine

Newsweek in its July 15, 1968, issue admits outright that Soviet revisionism and U.S. imperialism "have often found themselves undergoing many of the same internal and external stresses and strains in the rapidly changing world of the 1960s." What are these "internal and external stresses and strains"? First of all, in this period, under the leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao himself, China has victoriously unfolded the great proletarian cultural revolution which has tremendous influence on the whole world and deals a heavy blow to imperialism, revisionism and reaction. The radiance of Mao Tse-tung's thought lights up the road for liberation of the world's revolutionary people. The news of victories from the hills of the Truong Son Range, the war drums on the equator, the red flags fluttering in the Pu Pan Mountains, the roar of the raging tide along the Mississippi River, and the revolutionary storm in West Europe and North America . . . all these converged into an irresistible revolutionary torrent which is rapidly breaching the dam of global Soviet-U.S. counter-revolutionary collaboration. The drastically deepening political and economic crises in imperialist countries headed by the United States have become an incurable disease. Modern revisionism with the Soviet revisionist clique as its centre, which is daily disintegrating, is in a shaky state. Such an excellent revolutionary situation naturally means "stresses and strains" for U.S. imperialism and the Soviet revisionist clique. It is in these days that they have to depend on each other to bolster up their tottering bourgeois dictatorships and use decadent "Western culture" as a talisman in a vain effort to prevent the surging tide of the world revolution and save themselves from being drowned in it.

Our great leader Chairman Mao wisely points out: **"The Soviet Union was the first socialist state and the Communist Party of the Soviet Union was created by Lenin. Although the leadership of the Soviet Party and state has now been usurped by revisionists, I would advise comrades to remain firm in the conviction that the masses of the Soviet people and of Party members and cadres are good, that they desire revolution and that revisionist rule will not last long."** It can be asserted that the Soviet people who have a glorious revolutionary tradition will by no means

let their country be ruined by these renegades of the Soviet Union in such a way. No matter how reckless and unbridled their outrageous acts, the U.S. imperialists and Soviet revisionists can never change the law of historical development, nor can they hold back the victory of socialism in the Soviet Union and the world over. U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism together with the decadent "Western culture" they treasure will eventually be buried by the people of the Soviet Union, the United States and the whole world.

Chronicle

Inspiring Newsreels Shown

Recently five new films in technicolour (Newsreels Nos. 1 to 5 for 1968) have been put on the capital's screens. They feature the great leader Chairman Mao receiving revolutionary fighters from all over China and friends from various parts of the world.

Chairman Mao is the greatest Marxist-Leninist of our times and Mao Tse-tung's thought, always invincible, is steering the course of revolution. The hearts of millions of revolutionary people in China and throughout the world turn towards Peking across mountains and rivers. It is their fondest wish to see Chairman Mao, knowing that the great leader's heart is for ever linked with the hearts of the Chinese people and the revolutionary peoples of all the five continents.

From September 30, 1967 to March 7, 1968, Chairman Mao held fourteen receptions. Those he met included PLA representatives of the activists in creatively studying and applying Mao Tse-tung's thought, revolutionary comrades from various provinces and municipalities then attending Mao Tse-tung's thought study classes in Peking, and also comrades from Albania and Vietnam and friends from all over the world. The films of these occasions capture the heart-stirring quality of the scenes witnessed during Chairman Mao's receptions.

Exhibition on the Heroic Deeds of Comrade Men Ho Opens

An exhibition on the heroic deeds of Comrade Men Ho, entitled "Good Cadre Boundlessly Loyal to Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line," was recently opened in Lanchow, northwest China.

Comrade Men Ho was deputy political instructor of a battalion of a People's Liberation Army unit under the Chinghai Provincial Military Area Command. The weather on the Chinghai plateau was capricious and there was a constant threat of hail. On the morning of September 5 last year, to protect the crops Comrade Men Ho together with Bacang Farm comrades was setting up homemade rockets to disperse the clouds and prevent a threatened hailstorm. When accidentally one of the charges ignited he dived forward and threw himself on it before it exploded. With his own life Comrade Men Ho had protected the twenty-seven class brothers who were there. In commendation of his high qualities, the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, the Military Commission of the Party Central Committee and the Cultural Revolution Group under the Party Central Committee posthumously conferred on Comrade Men Ho the title of honour "Good Cadre Boundlessly Loyal to Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line."

The exhibition is in four separate sections. According to their different aspects they are captioned: (1) Always Bear in Mind Class Bitterness, Be For Ever Loyal to Chairman Mao; (2) With Mao Tse-tung's Thought as the Guiding Spirit, Serve the People Wholly and Entirely; (3) Fight for Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line and Defend It to the Death and (4) Earnestly Learn from Comrade Men Ho, Closely Follow Chairman Mao.

On display at the exhibition are many pictures and photographs as well as various articles and mementoes of Comrade Men Ho. The latter comprise his much treasured volumes of Chairman Mao's works and the kerosene lamp and flashlight he used when reading these works by night. Also on show are his notebooks and diaries, placards of his own make for Chairman Mao's quotations, and many other things. All these reflect how, throughout the twenty years since he began working for the revolutionary cause and under the

radiance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, he had been persistently loyal to the people, to the Party and to the proletarian revolutionary line of Chairman Mao. From them people also can see his noble spirit as a Communist, a spirit which made him constantly keep close ties with the people, cherishing a boundless love for the people, and on many occasions risking his own life without fear or hesitation to save others at moments of danger. The last section displays many pictures showing how the broad masses of armymen and people of the whole country have in practice set about learning from Comrade Men Ho and publicizing his heroic deeds.

Since its opening, the exhibition has been attracting endless crowds. Before leaving the exhibition hall many visitors pause before a portrait of our great leader Chairman Mao. Standing there they express their firm determination to take Comrade Men Ho as their example, and so to study well and apply creatively Mao Tse-tung's thought, to follow closely Chairman Mao and make revolution for ever.

"Photo Exhibition on the People's Republic of China" Held in Japan

The "Photo Exhibition on the People's Republic of China," held in Fukuoka, Japan was sponsored by the Fukuoka Prefectural Headquarters of the Japan-China Friendship Association (Orthodox) and the West Japan International Trade Promotion Association. Starting on August 17 it came to a close on September 1.

On display at the exhibition were more than 400 photos, which vividly and faithfully reflected the great victories won in China's proletarian cultural revolution personally initiated and led by Chairman Mao, and the vigorous development of the just struggles against U.S. imperialism waged by the revolutionary peoples in Japan and in other parts of the world. Chinese clay sculptures, *Rent Collection Courtyard*, and clay models of the modern revolutionary ballet *The White-haired Girl* were also among the exhibits. During the exhibition visitors were invited to see Chinese films which were warmly appreciated.

The exhibition received altogether more than 300,000 visitors. The broad masses of the revolutionary people of Japan highly praised the great teacher Chairman Mao and his great thought, and loudly cheered the brilliant victories of China's proletarian cultural revolution. Many of them who were there expressed their deep love and respect for Chairman Mao and said that they wanted to study Mao Tse-tung's thought well and take the road of revolution pointed out by him.

A young activist Kage said after his visit to the exhibition that the proletarian cultural revolution going on in China was of great international significance. It pointed out to the revolutionary peoples of the world the broad road that the proletariat should take in successfully leading socialism to communism after its seizure of political power. Kage also strongly condemned the heinous crimes of the traitorous cliques headed by Soviet revisionism in restoring capitalism. At the same time he denounced the crime committed by the Miyamoto revisionist clique of the Japanese Communist Party in betraying the revolution and spreading the illusion of "parliamentarianism." In order to complete the revolutionary tasks in Japan, he emphasized, the Japanese people must take the Marxism-Leninism of our times — Mao Tse-tung's thought — as their guide and take the road of revolution as pointed out by Chairman Mao.

Minami Ichiro, a trade union worker in the city of Kita Kyushu, who visited the exhibition said: "Chairman Mao is very great. What he has pointed out — **'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun'** — carries a profound meaning. I believe that only with a people's army will the people have everything and that without a people's army the Japanese people cannot win liberation."

Kiromitsu, Chairman of the Fukuoka Prefectural Headquarters of the Japan-China Friendship Association (Orthodox), had this to say: China's proletarian cultural revolution has reinforced my courage and provided great inspiration and it has strengthened my belief that China is the strong bastion for world revolution. "This photo exhibition is a school of Mao Tse-tung's thought," he stressed.

A Japanese worker after seeing the exhibition said: To carry out revolution one must rely on Mao Tse-tung's thought and on the masses of the people.

Kazuo Fuzisawa, Vice-director General of the West Japan International Trade Promotion Association, said: "So long as the Japanese people strengthen their militant solidarity with the Chinese people and persevere in the anti-U.S. struggle, the victory over U.S. imperialism and its accomplices is not far off."

Large-format Album Recently Published

RENT COLLECTION
COURTYARD

Sculptures of Oppression and Revolt

A large-format album of photographs of the more than one hundred life-size clay figures comprising the *Rent Collection Courtyard*. This is a work produced collectively by a group of revolutionary Chinese art workers who, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, studied and applied Chairman Mao's works in a creative way, and went deep into life and integrated with the workers, peasants and soldiers. Their sculptures depict how, in the dark, pre-liberation days of reactionary Kuomintang rule, Liu Wen-tsai, a tyrannical landlord of Taiyi County, in Szechuan Province, southwestern China, mercilessly exploited and oppressed his peasant tenants and how they rose in revolt. The work is in six sections: Delivering the Rent; Checking the Grain; Weighing the Grain; Reckoning up the Accounts; Enforcing Payment and Seizing Power. The album pictures these in a number of striking groups and close-ups of individual figures.

86 pages

25.6 × 22.8 cm.

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