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CHINESE  
LITERATURE

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Front Cover: Under the Guidance of Chairman Mao, the Whole Land  
Is Red

## 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.



Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Biao receive Peking worker representatives and PLA men

*P o e m s*

**EDITORS' NOTE:** Guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and after two years and more of storm and stress during the great proletarian cultural revolution, revolutionary committees have now been set up in all the provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions of the country with the exception of Taiwan Province and our whole country is red. We publish below some poems written by the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers to celebrate this important event.

*Yang Chun-ching*

Hail the Land All Red to  
the Very Last Shore

On both sides of the Great Wall, red flags streaming out in the wind,  
To the north of the Yangtse and to the south, songs of victory ring  
    in the air,  
The land becomes red to the very last field,  
Swift, swift the heaven-shaking tidings spread afar.

---

Yang Chun-ching is a member of the Peking Workers' Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team stationed in Peking University.

Millions of loyal hearts throb in ecstasy,  
Millions of smiling faces greet the red sun,  
Chairman Mao! Oh, Chairman Mao,  
To you, to you a long, long life!

The land all red to the very last shore,  
Man's mind is changing, the face of the country is transformed.  
Revolutionary committees are really fine,  
Dictatorship is more firmly in the proletarian hands;  
Out of the tempests of class struggles appear  
Heirs to the proletarian revolutionary cause.  
The red sun shining over mountains and rivers,  
Strong, so strong is our great motherland,  
An iron great wall against imperialism, revisionism,  
Standing high, unshakable in the East of the world.

The land all red to the very last village,  
Mountains salute, rivers do sing,  
Proclaiming the wreckage of the counter-revolutionary scheme  
Of the top capitalist-roader Liu Shao-chi and his gang,  
Smashing wild fancies and wishful thoughts  
Of imperialists, revisionists and all reactionaries  
For China "peacefully" to turn her back on revolution.  
Look today,  
The proletarian dictatorship is made firm,  
And flags make crimson our socialist land!

The land all red to the very last hill-top,  
Four treasured books in bosom, guns firm in hand,  
Chairman Mao! Oh, Chairman Mao!  
We'll closely follow your strategic plan,  
Putting every word of your instructions  
Exactly into action.

The working class must lead in all,  
And shoulder the task to free mankind.  
Armed and armoured by your guiding thought,  
Struggle-repudiation-transformation —  
Here is a battle we will surely win.  
Raising the red banner of your great thought,  
We'll close around the proletarian leadership  
With you our Chairman Mao as head.  
We'll stifle the cry of some for "many centres,"  
We oppose this theory of "no centre,"  
We'll wipe aside pursuit of narrow interests  
And thoughts which say, "That which I have, I hold."  
The army and the people united as one man,  
We'll rise to strike off Taiwan's bitter chains.  
Glistening in gold and reddening heaven and earth,  
Mao Tse-tung's thought will shine for all of time.

*Hung Chin-wen*

## Golden Sunlight Over the Plateaus

Red flags waving on the banks of the Yalutsangpo River,  
Drums beating, cymbals sounding at the Himalayan foot.

The waters of the Ili surging wave after wave,  
New songs echoing in the Turfan Basin.

Golden sunlight beaming over the plateaus,  
In Tibet and Sinkiang is newly born  
The new red political power.

Tibetan pastoral folk blowing the sounding horns,  
Leap with joy and shout and cheer  
Before the portrait of great Chairman Mao.

Sinkiang people of varied races, striking their *tundra*,  
Dedicate a song to the red sun in Peking.



People of all nationalities dance gaily to celebrate,  
Their victory is due to great leader Chairman Mao.

O plateau winds, drift fast towards Tien An Men  
To bring our great benefactor our happy news.

When the flames of cultural revolution  
Kindled by Chairman Mao did spread,  
The snowy plateaus showed a brighter face.

When the PLA sent by Chairman Mao arrived,  
Blossoming in those highest fields there were  
Red flowers of revolutionary three-in-one.\*

Thunder roared and lightning crashed,  
Soldiers and people plunged into the fight —  
Revolutionary mass repudiation.

\* referring to the revolutionary committee which embraces representatives of the revolutionary cadres, representatives of the armed forces and representatives of the revolutionary masses constituting a revolutionary "three-in-one" combination.

Swept over thousands of miles, the East wind  
Wiped clear the miasmal air,  
By blowing away the agents of  
Liu Shao-chi in Tibet and Sinkiang.

All stars encircling the Dipper,  
People of all our nationalities  
Will always trace the steps of Chairman Mao.

Counter-currents and dense mists  
May come again and once again  
But never can they hide the revolutionary road.

Thousands of tassels into hundreds of ropes,  
Soldiers and masses an iron Great Wall do build  
On those western and south-western frontiers.

Always with red books in hand, always with a smile  
They will not rest until the borderlands  
Become a school of the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

*Wu Hsueh-yun*

## Long Live the Victory of Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line!

Mountains dance to fluttering wings,  
Rivers sing in rolling waves,  
From end to end of the country all is red,  
Happy news speed along, riding on electric waves.

Hearts, do not beat away so fast;  
Eyes, shake off warm tears at once.  
Take up our finest fiddles now,  
Make a song in praise of Chairman Mao!

Machines swiftly running, motors merrily chanting,  
Sunflowers turn broad smiles to the red sun.

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Wu Hsueh-yun is a worker in a machinery plant.



The red sun is none other than Chairman Mao,  
Who else could light the whole wide sky?  
Glowing-red all over the fields of our motherland,  
Mountains and rivers shine with a new lustre.

His latest teaching warming every heart,  
The workers' fighting spirit rises high.  
**"The working class is the leading class,"**  
Never will we fail our Chairman Mao,  
Always be worthy of his warmest hopes.  
We'll closely follow our great leader on  
And plunge ahead in any angry storm.  
High mountains cannot now our footsteps tire,  
Nor can wide rivers block our forward way,  
History on us does make the firm demand  
That, in all, our class must take the lead,  
So we swear to wage the staunchest battle  
In struggle-repudiation-transformation!

Our revered Chairman Mao, well we know  
The working class will always turn to you!  
With pines as brush-pens seas as our ink-wells,  
The wide blue sky now as our paper spread,  
We write the greeting of the working class:  
Ten times ten thousand years to Chairman Mao!

*Wang Kuei-yao*

## Revolutionary Fighters Going to Stand Sentry

Gay fanfare of drums and cymbals, bursts of joy,  
Songs of triumph ringing far and near,  
"All red throughout the country's length and breadth!"  
The happy news to the barracks does spread,  
Revolutionary fighters march to stand guard with lifted heart.

In firm gallant strides,  
Rifles across the shoulder,  
Bathing in cool autumn breeze,  
Soldiers set off with revolutionary verve.  
Stepping up the green slopes, they seem to see  
The red flags fluttering over Tien-shan Mountains;  
Striding over the silvery streams,

Soldiers in fancy hear the Yalutsangpo River singing....  
Gazing at the Dipper in the northern sky,  
Could it be the light at Chungnanhai\* burning all night?

“Password!” — “Cultural Revolution!”  
“Counter-sign?” — “Complete Victory!”  
Among themselves high spirits move the comrades,  
“Quick, Little Chang, go to the celebration,  
Make many shouts of ‘Long live Chairman Mao!’ for me.”  
“Little Wang, guard the revolutionary red political power,  
So with keen eye we will our vigil keep!  
Where revolutionary people do find happiness,  
Class foes instead do grind their teeth in hatred.”

“I will heed the comrade, the hopes of the people,  
Though the weight on my shoulders be thousands of *jin*.  
Red book held to my side, gun firm in hand,  
I’ll stand guard here, looking ever forward.”

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\*Where Chairman Mao lives and works.

*Tao Chia-shan*

## To Fly for the Defence of Red Political Power

The light does flood the runway in the night,  
Our eager falcons stand all poised for flight,  
Just as the hands close fondly the red book,  
They hear the welcome news and send up endless cheers.

Clarion resounding over the Tibetan highlands,  
Sunshine spreading on both sides of Tienshan Mountains,  
All red, all red throughout the wide plain,  
The eyes of pilots all are wet with warm proud tears.

Oh, motherland! Motherland adorned with red flags!  
Mao Tse-tung’s thought brightens you to the high sky.  
Millions of workers and peasants become masters of the day,  
Bourgeois headquarters buried by their avalanche.



Oh, motherland, every step you advance,  
Writes a new saga for the whole world.  
Oh, motherland, every song you sing,  
Does ring an echo in each continent.  
Pilots on the airfield are gazing afar,  
All bright Chungnanhai throughout the night;  
Their minds aflame with this news they've heard,  
Thoughts lingering on the red sun in their heart.  
Thousands of loyal hearts turn toward Chungnanhai,  
Thousands of odes are sung to the red sun.

Loyal ever to their commander Chairman Mao,  
Always advancing through current and cloud.

Across the airfield cheers rise in the night,  
Our courageous falcons now airborne,  
For the defence of red power they take wing  
Through the morning clouds, a rampart of bold hearts  
To throw across the wide blue Chinese skies!

*Hsueh Lien*

## Liberated Serfs' Hearts Turn Towards Chairman Mao

The sun reddening the snowy peaks,  
Crimson clouds fleeting across the blue skies,  
The tidings flash from house to house  
Among the *monba* nationality: In Tibet  
Revolutionary committee is born!

The heart of Old Lusang is stirred,  
Happy tears rolling down his cheeks;  
*Chingko* wine in both hands held aloft  
He looks afar towards Peking  
Till strain does blur his eyes.

Of the plateaus' first generation of workers,  
Little Jampa with coloured pictures of Chairman Mao

Is busily setting them up on every tent,  
At the village approaches and by the roadside  
So that the sun gilds every snowy mountain home.

Old Ahma holding a bowl of buttered tea,  
Before Chairman Mao's likeness murmurs:  
Sunshine makes the golden flowers bloom,  
Oh Chairman Mao, it's you and only you  
Who bring to us, the *monba* people, happiness.

Little Tachi embroiders a sun with fingers deft,  
And soon they add the tale of serfs set free:  
Snow-white lilies in full bloom on the highlands,  
All our red hearts are loyal to Chairman Mao.

The *monba* villages are gay with decoration all,  
Each tent within, without, does flash with light,  
To celebrate a land all red throughout,  
The cultural revolution blossoms in triumph.

Emancipated serfs offer no *tsamba*\* nor *bata*\*\*  
Instead, words flow up from the depths of the heart,  
Let them wing over together with the wild geese  
To Peking as a tribute to Chairman Mao.

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\*Food made of *chingko*.

\*\*Silk scarves as a tribute.

**EDITORS' NOTE:** During the autumn of 1921 our great leader Chairman Mao went several times to the Anyuan Coal Mines in Kiangsi Province. There he personally initiated and led the workers' strike, lighting the revolutionary flame which won a great victory and wrote a magnificent, epoch-making chapter in the history of China's working-class movement. In 1968 during the great cultural revolution a Red Guard, Liu Chun-hua, painted a striking revolutionary oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan*, which to a remarkable extent has proved an inspiration to the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers. Full of revolutionary spirit, they composed a lot of poems which give voice to their deep proletarian class feelings, their love, loyalty, veneration and faith in Chairman Mao. Below are five of them.

*Li Ken-pao*

## Ode to Anyuan

On Anyuan mountain stands a giant,  
Wind and thunder roaring, the dawn will break in the east;  
As our Chairman lifts his hand the workers surge forward.  
All over the world the slaves raise up their heads.

To the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries all,  
Iron fists deal ever more crushing blows.  
The Ping River rages down to the Four Seas. . . .  
But which way shall the whirling earth spin?  
That is for us workers and peasants to decide.

## Up from the East the Morning Star

Up from the east the Morning Star,  
Spring breeze spread over the coalfield;  
Mountains dancing, Ping River singing,  
Our liberator Mao Tse-tung has come to Anyuan.

Cloth shoes on feet, umbrella in hand,  
Chairman Mao walked among the miners,  
Concerned about their needs, feeling their hearts.  
The sunlight reaches to the deepest pits.

Under a little oil lamp in the miners' shed,  
Chairman Mao did sow those early sparks;  
Now the truth he found does light the world,  
As the workers and peasants together march on.

Talking till dawn dimmed the lamplight  
Rain and dew moistened our hearts.  
Slaves for long generations fighting with our chains,  
Now rise to follow our Mao Tse-tung.

*Hsu Huai-chin*

## History Turns to a New Page

Chairman Mao comes to Anyuan,  
History turns to a new page.

With us sharing his deepest thoughts  
Chairman Mao reads our deepest hearts.

Down the pit he spreads the truth,  
At the coal face seeks the cause of bitterness.

Every lump of coal an explosive charge,  
Each mine draws lightning and thunder.

The mighty mountains in their ranks do stand  
Waiting for Chairman Mao's fighting call.

The siren blows, echoes shake the hills,  
Anyuan's wrathful flames set the sky ablaze. . . .

Red flag unfurls, lighting the Four Seas,  
Workers' and peasants' power writes on history's new page.

*Kung Yung-yen*

## The Bright Lantern Lights Up Our Hearts For Ever

Chairman Mao came to Anyuan,  
Bringing the miners a lantern.  
Above in the club his lantern hung high,  
Below it the miners spoke all with one voice.

Firmly there on the platform stood the great figure,  
Revolutionary truth spreading near and far,  
Sowing seeds of fire by a kerosene lamp,  
The broad road of Anyuan mirrored with red reflections.  
Hurling sharp rocks like spears,  
The three big mountains\* then were overthrown!

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\*Referring to imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism.

Every seam of coal did sprout with fire,  
Kindling the mine and reddening the sky.

Chairman Mao came to Anyuan,  
Bringing the miners a lantern.  
A beacon for us across storm and wave,  
The bright lantern lights up our hearts for ever.

*Tou Kung-ya and  
Hu San-yuan*

## Red Sun Lit Up an African Port

Sailing around the Gibraltar rock,  
Beating off the Atlantic surge,  
Setting its course by the red sun,  
The vessel heads out for an African port.

Oh, port of Africa, dawn till night  
Looking for rain and dew, longing for sunlight.  
For generations the Black brothers toiled under whips,  
Bending low with the crushing load of the sacks....

The cry of a siren pierced the blue sky,  
A vast tide of joy swept over the wharf.  
Thousands of arms reached for the precious painting,  
“Long live Chairman Mao!” comes, wave after warm wave.

When *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* came to the Black brothers,  
An old docker brushed aside his tears:  
“In this land I’ve laboured fifty years,  
Today, for the first time I see the red sun.”

## A Magnificent Song of Triumph for China's Working Class

By the majestic Tzuchin Mountain, a rainbow of steel arches over the expansive Yangtse River. This is the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge which was formally opened to railway traffic on October 1, 1968.

The Yangtse River, which since ancient times has been regarded as an insurmountable chasm, has been conquered once again by the Chinese working class armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

This is a great victory for Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line!

This is a gigantic achievement of the great proletarian cultural revolution!

### Resolutely Taking the Road of Self-Reliance

Nanking is situated on the lower reaches of the Yangtse River, where the river, flowing wide and deep, raises turbulent waves. Underwater geological conditions are very complex. This part of the river is

also subject to frequent attacks by typhoons from the coast and sea tides. Previously, trains had to be ferried over. The Chinese people had long hoped eagerly for a bridge over the river, but in old China under the rule of imperialism, feudalism and the Kuomintang reactionaries, these hopes of the masses of the people for a Yangtse River bridge at Nanking could never be realized.

**Over Chungshan swept a storm, headlong,  
Our mighty army, a million strong, has crossed the Great River.**

Under the wise leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao, the Chinese people have stood up! Like the joyous waters of the Yangtse River, the high tides of socialist revolution and socialist construction have been surging forward wave on wave, each wave higher than the last. With dauntless revolutionary heroism "**which dares to make sun and moon shine in new skies,**" the working class of our country built two bridges across the Yangtse, first the Wuhan Bridge and then the Paishato Bridge at Chungking, thus turning a deep chasm into a thoroughfare. Answering the demands of the motherland's rapidly developing socialist revolution and socialist construction, China's working class, guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and following his great teaching — "**Be self-reliant,**" took this lofty oath: Without the aid of a single foreigner or the use of a single piece of foreign equipment, undertaking all the work of designing and installations ourselves, we will build the motherland a third and even more magnificent Yangtse River bridge at Nanking!

**"Our goal must be attained." "Our goal can certainly be attained."** With the Party Central Committee headed by the great leader Chairman Mao giving it warm attention, the building of the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge was officially started amid nationwide acclaim.

The bridge builders coming from all parts of the country worked with enthusiasm and militant spirit. Both banks of the Yangtse River at Nanking presented a busy scene. The arm of the crane arched across the blue sky and ships loaded with building material raced along on the river. With manly pride, the workers said: The reactionary rulers of old China and the U.S. and Japanese imperialists



gibbered: "No bridge can be built here at Nanking!" "There is no more difficult task than to build a bridge at Nanking!" But no miracle is beyond us — the working class grasping the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung!

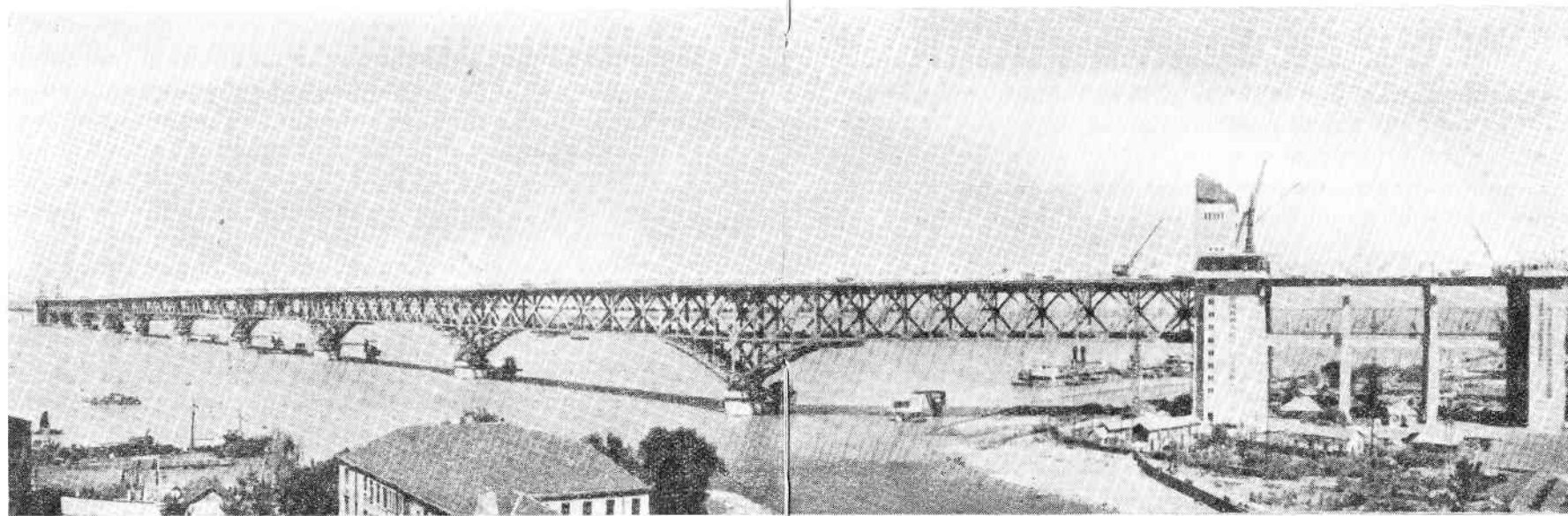
The start of the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge project stirred the world. Faced with the rapid development of our socialist construction, the imperialists and modern revisionists were scared to death; they hated it to the marrow of their bones. In a vain attempt to sabotage the building of the bridge, they did all they could to impose an economic blockade on our country. When construction of the bridge was in full swing, the Soviet modern revisionists maliciously slandered our project for the underwater foundations, a project designed by China independently. They ranted that the massive reinforced concrete caissons, which we were building and which were rarely used elsewhere in the world, would break up when they were sunk into the water and that the project was bound to fail.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"We the Chinese nation have the spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood, the determination to recover our lost territory by our own efforts, and the ability to stand on our own feet in the family of nations."** Having mastered the sharp weapon of Mao Tse-tung's thought, the workers and revolutionary engineering and technical personnel, filled with deep hatred for the provocations of the Soviet revisionists, turned their construction site into a field of battle against imperialism and revisionism. Facing the blue sky and the wide river, they voiced the revolutionary spirit of the proletariat:

"We stand by the Yangtse River, but our heart embraces the whole world."

"We will build our Nanking Yangtse River Bridge quickly and show the Soviet revisionists and the Yankees."

"Full speed ahead for the honour of Chairman Mao and the Chinese working class."



Displaying to the full their revolutionary spirit of daring to think, act and break new ground, the bridge-building workers and revolutionary technicians joined efforts to study and analyse the plan for the sinking of the caissons. They quickly summed up and popularized advanced experience, broke through one technical barrier after another and overcame difficulty after difficulty. When they started to fill the caissons with cement, it suddenly began to pour with rain. But strong winds and pelting rain could never deter the fighting determination of the workers. Shouting such militant slogans as "Pour more cement faster to bury U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism!" they fought on and finally succeeded in setting the caissons rock-firm on the river bed. Towering there in the middle of the river, the completed bridge piers proclaimed the total bankruptcy of the slanders of the Soviet revisionists.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The imperialists and domestic reactionaries will certainly not take their defeat lying down and they will struggle to the last ditch."** The Soviet revisionist renegade clique was afraid to think of the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge standing there in the East of the world, so they resorted to their last trick of perfidiously tearing up the contracts for the rolled steel to be used on the project.

Developing the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance and hard work, the Chinese working class armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought resolutely and with dauntless heroism rebuffed sabotage by U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism.

All over the country the working class went into action. The steel workers of the Anshan Iron and Steel Company took up the task of trial producing the steel for the bridge. They looked on the making of the special rolled steel as a struggle against imperialism and revisionism and as a sacred trust to win honour for the motherland and for the whole Chinese working class. Despite the absence of technical data and experience, revolutionary workers wholeheartedly devoted to the great leader Chairman Mao worked beside furnaces with temperatures of over 1,000 degrees Centigrade and threw themselves heart and soul into making the needed steel. After repeated experiments, they surmounted every difficulty, fulfilling their

task and achieving ever faster and better results, thus ensured the supply of steel needed for the construction of the brigade. The workers in chemical plants in Tientsin and Liaoning trial produced for the bridge a new-type paint for the steel girders which once put on can last some twelve years. The working class in Peking, Shanghai, Hopei, Hupeh and Kiangsu also made their contributions.

No anti-China activity of any kind by the imperialists, revisionists or the reactionaries of any country can check the irresistible advance of China's socialist revolution and construction. Grand and magnificent, the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge built self-reliantly by the Chinese working class is a splendid demonstration of the lofty heroism of the Chinese people in their determination to rely on their own efforts.

### **An Intense Struggle Between the Two Lines**

The history of the building of the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge is a chronicle of a soul-stirring life-and-death struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines.

What type of bridge should be built across the Yangtse River at Nanking? What should we rely on in building the biggest bridge in China? There was a sharp struggle over these questions.

The working class was determined to build the bridge in accordance with the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung and transform the world according to the world outlook of the proletariat, while China's Khrushchov Liu Shao-chi and his agents wanted to build the bridge in accordance with the counter-revolutionary revisionist line and transform the world according to the bourgeois world outlook.

As early as the time when preparations for the project were being made, the agents of Liu Shao-chi convened a so-called technical co-operation meeting and invited a large number of "experts" and "professors" to work out designs for the bridge behind closed doors. They festooned the meeting hall with about 100 different designs, all copied from foreign countries. The workers and revolutionary technicians attending the meeting sharply pointed out: These foreign things of yours are divorced from reality. This won't work!

The workers firmly declared: "In building the bridge, we must act solely in accordance with Mao Tse-tung's thought and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. We must proceed from the specific conditions in China and rely on the masses of the people."

Taking Chairman Mao's brilliant work *On Practice* as their beacon light, the bridge builders accumulated experience and mastered the laws for conquering nature through practice.

The first huge tube was driven down into the turbulent river. Work began on an experimental pier in a drive to discover the laws governing the building of the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge. In order to work out correct plans for laying the underwater foundations, the bridge builders made experiments using a variety of methods. Working hard day and night, the workers made careful observations and diligently collected data. The sharp wind of mid-winter cut like a razor. Water promptly froze into ice particles as it dropped down and a worker's glove sometimes stuck to the icy steel. He had to blow on it with his mouth before he could free his hand and go on with his work. With the accumulated data, the dauntless bridge builders unravelled one by one the secrets of hydrological and geological conditions affecting the bridge.

Chairman Mao teaches us: "**Man has constantly to sum up experience and go on discovering, inventing, creating and advancing.**" Following this teaching of Chairman Mao's, the bridge builders constantly acquired knowledge through practice and, in the course of repeated practice, deepened their understanding. In combination with revolutionary engineers and technicians, they summed up experience each time they completed a bridge pier. In the light of the different geological conditions under the river, they put forward different designs for laying the underwater foundations and thus broke new ground in bridge building with greater, better, faster and more economical results.

But the capitalist roaders and bourgeois technical "authorities" who had usurped the leadership of the project were not reconciled to their defeat. They still clung tenaciously to foreign stereotypes in the course of construction. The making of prestressed beams is a vivid illustration of this.

Prestressed beams are reinforced concrete products needed in large quantities to surface the bridge structures. They had been produced in China in the past, but there was lack of experience in producing the huge, high-quality beams needed for the Nanking bridge. Blindly copying foreign data and clinging to foreign dogmas, the bourgeois technical "authorities" set up, at a cost of several hundred thousand yuan, a so-called "streamlined system" for producing the beams. According to this system, each beam would be produced in three parts.

The workers taking part in the trial manufacture of the beams resolutely opposed this foreign method of the technical "authorities." They argued: "Producing the beams by foreign methods will waste the material and money of the state and lead to smaller, slower, poorer and wasteful results, while trial manufacture by indigenous methods is in line with the principle of building the country with industry and thrift and will achieve greater, faster, better and more economical results." Some workers asked the bourgeois technical "authorities": "Why should a beam be produced in three parts?" They replied: "According to foreign data, it is necessary for easy transport." The workers said: "We produce and use the beams on the spot. So why should they be made in parts?" Their question left these "big noises" tongue-tied.

While the bourgeois technical "authorities" were busy building workshops for their "streamlined system," the bridge builders and revolutionary engineers and technicians persisting in building the country with industry and thrift began to trial produce complete prestressed reinforced concrete beams by locally devised methods. On the construction site of the bridge, two different world outlooks and two lines were locked in a tit-for-tat struggle. There were two sharply opposed sides.

With boundless loyalty to our great leader Chairman Mao, the bridge builders worked day and night, ignoring severe winter cold and summer heat. In less than a year, they and the revolutionary engineers and technicians with unbending revolutionary determination carried out thousands of experiments on scores of subjects. Drawing lessons from failures and summing up successful experience,

they finally accumulated the experience needed to make huge, complete prestressed beams and worked out a comprehensive new technology for making them. By mastering the laws governing the making of huge, complete prestressed beams, their production has reached the world's advanced level. While people were cheering the birth of the huge prestressed beams, the so-called "streamlined system" of the bourgeois technical "authorities" met with complete fiasco and only the buildings erected for this system remained to mock the "authorities."

### The Working Class Can Create Everything

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history."** Breaking through one obstacle after another put up by the handful of capitalist roaders in the Party and the bourgeois technical "authorities," the workers, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, in the course of construction, performed wonders beyond the imagination of the bourgeois philistines and Right conservatives.

Diver Hu Pao-ling worked as a farm-hand since childhood before liberation. He has persevered over the years in creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's Three Constantly Read Articles.\* Chairman Mao's brilliant ideas have lighted up the heart of this veteran worker and given him inexhaustible strength. Learning that a diver was needed to dive deep under the water to examine the condition of the bridge pier foundations and clear away pieces of broken rocks, he volunteered to do the job.

According to past domestic and foreign records, 30 to 40 metres is the maximum depth which a diver using ordinary diving apparatus can reach with safety. This is the "danger limit" for a diver. Citing some so-called data, the bourgeois technical "authorities" said: "For every ten metres the diver descends, the pressure on him increases by one atmosphere. When the diver goes down beyond the

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

'danger limit,' the pressure on him will be scores of tons or some 100 tons and it will crush him!"

But this "dead data" could not intimidate such divers as Hu Pao-ling, men with a high level of proletarian consciousness and a rich fund of experience. No matter how deep the underwater foundations were, they were determined to get to the bottom of them for this was vital to the Yangtse River Bridge project. The divers declared determinedly: "Pathways are opened by men. The proletariat is set to break new ground!" Stepping forward, Hu Pao-ling said: "Let me make the experiment! To speed up completion of our own Yangtse River Bridge, I am willing to go down even at the cost of my life!"

Cared for by the Party and helped from all sides, Hu Pao-ling took the lead in diving. Twenty metres, 30 metres, 40 metres... He finally broke through the "danger limit." The deeper he went down and the greater the pressure, the higher his fighting will and confidence. The water of the river in early winter was piercing cold and there was the threat of caisson disease. But no difficulty however great could intimidate a diver armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, like Hu Pao-ling. He thought of Chairman Mao's teaching, **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,"** and kept on working deep under the water without the slightest fear.

After repeated practice, Hu Pao-ling and his comrades-in-arms accumulated rich experience, opened their own path and made outstanding contributions to the motherland in the field of diving.

On the construction site of the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge, proletarian heroes like Hu Pao-ling are too numerous to list!

The construction of the underwater foundations reached a critical stage. A massive steel caisson standing as high as an eight or nine-storied building, to be used in erecting the piers, was anchored in the river. Its floating body was deeply submerged in the water. Suddenly heavy autumn spates swelled the Yangtse River, and simultaneously a gale struck in force.

The wind whipped up powerful waves which pounded at the caisson's anchorage system. This had already been battered by the

summer floods, and now some of its cables broke. The floating caisson, whose top surface was bigger than a basketball court, swung to and fro in the rolling waves in an arc of over 50 metres.

If the caisson capsized and sank, it would become a bigger danger than a hidden reef. The whole bridge project must start all over again. Some bourgeois technical "authorities" were panic-stricken. They were afraid of losing their reputations. Hiding in their rooms, they ignored the interests of the state and proposed to let the torrent sweep the caisson downstream.

To this, the bridge builders replied with great indignation: "To abandon the caisson would be a crime against the people. Such an act would be a stain on the working class." They declared: "We will never allow the torrent to sweep the caisson away!"

All the revolutionary workers, cadres, engineers and technicians and the members of their families on the construction site joined in the fierce battle to save the caisson. "As long as we are here the caisson will be here!" For the working class armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, the seas can be dried, the mountains moved but there is no difficulty that cannot be overcome. Sweeping aside such old taboos as "an anchor can't be fixed when there is a strong wind, in a rainstorm, or at night," workers, toiling through the darkness of the night, braved the wind and the driving rain to fix the anchors of the rocking caisson.

Then a large mass of floating debris carried down by the torrent got entangled in and tugged at the anchorage cables which, tossing with the caisson, were in constant danger of snapping. Risking being carried away by the waters at any moment, workers clambered down the cables to remove the obstruction.

Huge waves raised by the wind bore down on the steel caisson, splashing up great columns of water many metres high. Suddenly, the submarine cable supplying electricity to the caisson broke. All work was brought to a stop. The electricians immediately called for a boat to go to make repairs. Comrade Yang Wei-tung and several seamen, rowing a small boat, battled fiercely against the turbulent waters. As the wind roared and white-crested waves closed in, the workers reciting loudly quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung

charted their boat through the rapids and finally restored the flow of electricity.

This tense battle on the water raged for forty days and nights. In the end, the workers conquered the autumn spate and firmly secured the swinging caisson. With their heroic spirit and great courage the workers have written yet another page to Mao Tse-tung's thought.

## Revolutionary Storm Opens New World

In 1966, the storms of the great proletarian cultural revolution swept the construction site of the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge. Guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, the heroic bridge builders held high the great banner of "**It is right to rebel against reactionaries**" and overthrew one by one the capitalist roaders and bourgeois technical "authorities" who had usurped leading posts in the construction of the bridge. They seized back the leadership in revolution and in production. Then, holding high the great banner of revolutionary mass criticism and repudiation under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, they scathingly repudiated the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi and his agents. The broad masses of workers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought have trampled underfoot the foreign conventions and old dogmas which called for a slave mentality and bowing to foreign "authorities." The workers' enthusiasm for revolution and production, surging like the spring tide, knew no bounds.

However, just as Chairman Mao pointed out, "**The enemy will not perish of himself. Neither the Chinese reactionaries nor the aggressive forces of U.S. imperialism in China will step down from the stage of history of their own accord.**" Unreconciled to defeat, Liu Shao-chi and his agents frantically pushed a bourgeois reactionary line. They incited the masses to fight among themselves and used counter-revolutionary economism and anarchism in a vain attempt to undermine the great proletarian cultural revolution and sabotage the building of the bridge.

The rolling wheels of history cannot be deterred by any force. However, the bridge builders, guided by Chairman Mao's revolution-

ary line and under the direct care of the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao and with Vice-Chairman Lin Piao as its deputy leader, with the help of PLA units, took class struggle as the key and vigorously grasped revolution and promoted production. Smashing the intrigues of Liu Shao-chi and his agents, they victoriously coupled the last girders together.

May 8 this year was a day that the bridge builders would never forget. On that day, Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Piao received the representatives of the workers on the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge project who were attending the national railways and transport conference. What happiness for them to see the supreme commander of the working class, Chairman Mao. When the news reached Nanking, the construction site was a scene of exhilaration and joy. Many workers shed tears of happiness and cheers of "Long live Chairman Mao!" resounded along both banks of the Yangtse. At a meeting where the workers pledged to grasp revolution and promote production, the bridge builders decided to complete the railway bridge three months ahead of schedule so that they could report the great news to Chairman Mao and greet the 19th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China.

Chairman Mao's reception and his latest instruction that **"the working class must exercise leadership in everything"** became for the builders the greatest motive force in ensuring that the bridge would be open to railway traffic on National Day. On the construction site, in an upsurge of grasping revolution and promoting production, work went speedily ahead. The waterpipes were laid three months ahead of schedule; efficiency in laying the bridge floor went up more than fivefold. The output of cement girders went up fourfold. The Kiangsu Province Building Construction Co., outstanding building workers from all parts of Kiangsu and commanders and fighters of the PLA courageously undertook the job of building the bridge-head towers. With concerted efforts and working hard round the clock, they completed in twenty-odd days work scheduled for nine and a half months.

At 3:00 A.M. on October 1st, the first train, Express 46 from Foochow to Peking, roared across the Nanking Yangtse River Bridge.

In the light of numerous coloured lamps, the passengers had a full view of this grand bridge. It is a double-track, double-decker rail and road bridge. Its total length is more than 6,700 metres, four times as long as the Yangtse River Bridge at Wuhan. It takes more than one hour for a walker to cross the bridge starting from the approach span. Giant steel girders span the nine towering piers in the river. Three large glass inlaid red banners on the bridge-head towers add colour and splendour to the magnificent bridge. On both sides of the bridge over the middle of the river are ten big shining Chinese characters: Long Live the Great Leader Chairman Mao. Each character is eight metres square and some five tons in weight. These glowing, red characters embody the most profound proletarian feelings of the Chinese working class for the great leader Chairman Mao.

Jubilation filled the whole train as the passengers enjoyed this magnificent panorama before their eyes. How happy and proud they were to be the first passengers riding across the bridge. Unable to sit still in their jubilation they burst loudly into strains of *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* for this bridge is a great creation of the Chinese working class. Its completion is a great event in the history of bridge building in the world and a magnificent song of triumph for China's working class armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

## A Working-Class Cadre

Comrade Chu Chao-chin, a young worker of the Shanghai Pengpu Machinery Plant, was promoted to the position of technician in 1963. He was one who always put proletarian politics in command, one who did not divorce himself from the masses of workers and from participation in production and who maintained always the revolutionary spirit of the working class. Today he continues to work at the task of revolutionizing his thinking in the way as pointed out by Chairman Mao.

Just turning thirty this year, Chu Chao-chin, a Communist Party member, inspired by the Party's general line for socialist construction, in 1960 began to make innovations in formed cutting tools. He earnestly studied the works of Chairman Mao, modestly sought information from the old workers, and took pains to draw on the rich experience accumulated by the masses. In the past few years, he has made use of more than one hundred new ideas in improving the cutter and the chuck. He also, on the basis of his practice, worked out the theoretical implications and compiled three volumes on

*Formed Cutting Tools* and one volume on *Cutting Tools for Special Use*, making an important contribution to raising the efficiency of machine tool cutting. Early in 1964 the Party sent him to the Shanghai Spare-time Industrial College to study. Instead of beginning to carry on like a "college student" he continued to work in production as he studied and together with the workers further improved formed cutters, producing some two dozen new types as well as carrying out other innovations.

In 1966 a great socialist education movement was launched in the plant. All the workers voted to elect Chu the deputy director of the plant. He proved not only a path-breaker in technical innovation and revolution but a resolute proletarian revolutionary loyal to Chairman Mao. During the great proletarian cultural revolution, he stood firmly on the side of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. As a revolutionary leading cadre, he was asked to join the plant's revolutionary committee.

He enjoys a very high prestige among the masses. Old workers of the plant affectionately call him "Young Chu" while the young workers respectfully call him "Master Chu."\* They say, "We made him a technician and now we have put him into a leading post. But in our hearts we know he'll always remain one of us workers. He is our own working-class technician."

## Withstanding the Corrosion of Decadent Bourgeois Ideas

When Chu Chao-chin's *Formed Cutting Tools* was recommended to other plants, he received batches of letters from all over the country expressing warm congratulations on his achievement and the desire to emulate him. One letter, in particular, imprinted itself in his mind. It was signed: "an ordinary soldier of the People's Liberation Army" and the writer sent with it a set of the treasured *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*. The letter overflowed with deep proletarian feelings and

\*In the sense of "master-tradesman."



urged him to study Chairman Mao's works well, act always according to his instructions and not fall a prey to the bourgeois desire for fame and profit. He must, it said, remain a courageous fighter in breaking with self and in fixing his mind on serving the people and not himself. Chu Chao-chin treasured the letter as a valuable present and continued to devote himself to study and apply in practice Mao Tse-tung's thought so as to be always a revolutionary path-breaker.

Liu Shao-chi pushed a counter-revolutionary revisionist line and established a bonus system built on offering material incentives for technical innovations and technical revolution, using it to corrupt

the working class and beguile them on to the degenerate path of developing bourgeois individualism. As soon as Chu Chao-chin was promoted a worker-technician, he was given stacks of money — bonuses on his innovations, a higher salary and royalties on his publications. Chu Chao-chin, devoted heart and soul to the revolution, firmly refused to accept them. Someone arranged to have the bonuses and royalties deposited in a bank for him, but he refused to draw on the bank account. Later when he found out that it was impossible to return this money, he took it out to buy Chairman Mao's works for comrades in his workshop and to help any comrade who might have financial difficulties. Liu Shao-chi's schemes of using material incentives to corrupt Chu Chao-chin was a complete fiasco.

Not long ago, the plant was given the task of helping with construction in the interior. He fully realized that taking part in construction work in the inland provinces was helping to carry out Chairman Mao's great strategic plan of **"be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people"** and that it was an important matter to which Chairman Mao gave his constant attention. His loyalty to Chairman Mao made him apply to the leadership to be allowed to join those sent to help construction in the hinterland. His application was granted. He was asked to take a leading part in the work. However, his 67-year-old mother did not want him to leave home and objected to his going. He patiently explained to her the significance of the work until she was persuaded to change her mind. Then hearing that the applications from grinders in their plant were not sufficient to meet the number required, he wrote another application asking to be sent as a grinder. His reason was: Chairman Mao has said that the cadre should remain one of the common people while serving as an official, I must be able to work at both higher and lower levels. As long as the revolution requires it I'll gladly do any work assigned to me.

He is very strict with himself in his daily life and always subordinates his personal interests to the interests of the revolutionary cause. His fiancée works in the countryside of Chekiang as a nurse and her mother wrote to him three times in quick succession proposing that



they fix a day for their wedding. He realized that an early marriage would affect them both in study and in work and persuaded his fiancée to postpone their wedding. "We are young people of the Mao Tse-tung era," he wrote in a letter to her. "Our love should be built on a political foundation. We should follow Chairman Mao's teachings and struggle against the old habit of early marriages. We ought to devote our time and energy to study and work."

When he was sent to study in the Spare-time Industrial College, his fiancée's mother wrote him her fourth letter about their marriage. He wrote back to his fiancée saying: "The task entrusted to me by the Party at present is to study at the industrial college. This is a trust placed in me by the workers and staff of our plant. I must fulfil this task well. Let's consider our wedding date after I've completed my studies." He asked her to make her mother understand.

### Never Be Divorced from the Masses for One Moment

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: "All our cadres, whatever their rank, are servants of the people, and whatever we do is to serve the people." "From now on, cadres should go in turn to the lower levels and see what's happening; they should persist in the mass line, always consult the masses and be their pupils." After Chu was promoted to a leading position he continued to abide by the salient instructions of Chairman Mao's and moved among the masses as an ordinary worker. He wore the same worker's overalls and spent his time in the workshops studying and working with the workers as a member of their section. He also lived in the workers' hostel. When a problem cropped up he always talked it over with them. The new tools he invented and adapted over the years are the fruit of his experiments done together with veteran workers. These innovations solved many difficult problems in production and were warmly welcomed by the veteran workers.

When he was first elected a deputy director of the plant some of the old workers had been a little anxious about him. Would Chao-chin be different now that he was working in an office? Most of the workers vouched for him. They said: Look at his past and his

present, and you can tell his future. Chao-chin heeds Chairman Mao's words and acts according to his instructions. We understand him better than anyone else and trust him more than anyone else.

Later facts prove that Chu Chao-chin did live up to the expectations of his workmates. After he had been made deputy director of the plant and then elected a leading member in the revolutionary committee, he did not remain seated in his office. He was constantly going about the workshops, a satchel slung over his shoulder. When he noticed that a cutter on a lathe was not working accurately, he changed it and stuffed it into his satchel. Back in the office he would study it closely and then go to the tools shop to fix it. Sometimes when he reached a workshop where the task seemed particularly urgent, he rolled up his sleeves and pitched in with the others. Earlier this year, when the repairs shop needed an annealing furnace, he spent part of every day there and together with the veteran workers worked with bricks and mud. He was often all plastered with mud.

"If you want Chao-chin," the old workers often say, "there is no need to go to the office to look for him. He is constantly with us." The workers all take pride in the fact that they have such a good working-class technician and cadre.

### A Path-breaker in the Revolution in Education

When Chao-chin entered the Shanghai Spare-time Industrial College in 1964, he proved a courageous explorer in the proletarian revolution in education.

Under the influence of the revisionist line in education, the spare-time college which was under a half-study, half-work system gradually shifted its orientation and began to imitate full-time universities. It also tried to use a set of teaching materials prepared for full-time universities. Chao-chin felt that in the studies as they were done there too little consideration was given to Mao Tse-tung's thought or to the needs of the workers. He was determined to prepare teaching materials on the use of cutting tools as he carried out work on them. During the proletarian cultural revolution, the call of Chairman Mao

to “**resume classes and carry on the revolution**” gave him tremendous encouragement. He volunteered to co-operate with revolutionary teachers in starting a course on cutting tools. His lectures were warmly welcomed by the workers.

In his lectures he constantly gave prominence to proletarian politics and spread Mao Tse-tung’s thought. In the preamble to his teaching material, he stressed the mass movement in technical innovations and technical revolution guided by Mao Tse-tung’s thought. When he underlined the fact that the workers are the masters of science and technology it made the working class take pride in their accomplishments and deflated the arrogance of the bourgeoisie. In accordance with the teachings of Chairman Mao as expounded in his *On Practice*, he made use of the lesson from his own practice in technical innovations, and vividly lectured on the history of the development of cutting tools which followed the development of production. He pointed out that a cutting tool of advanced design today would be considered obsolete tomorrow and that it was necessary to look upon the course of designing cutting tools, improving them, re-designing them and then improving them still again as a continuous process of “**from the masses and to the masses.**” To be able to do this it was necessary to be humble pupils of the masses and establish the idea of whole-hearted dedication to the people. When he spoke about the advanced cutting tools, he introduced first the advanced thinking of the inventor, putting the creator before the tool and putting the thinking before the material things derived from it. He placed political and ideological education in the first place.

“When Chu Chao-chin lectures,” said one of the worker-students, “he uses the workers’ language, and speaks with the feelings of us workers. What he says is easy on the ear and we understand immediately. It’s just what we workers want.” Li Kao-ching, the teacher who co-operated with Chu Chao-chin in giving the lectures, was particularly impressed. He said: “We all lecture on technology, but Old Chu does it in a fundamentally different way. He always stresses the theme of his lectures which is to serve proletarian politics and that makes every lecture a vivid political lesson. This is a sharp attack on the purely technical approach and method of bourgeois edu-

cation and has blazed a new trail for our revolution in lecture-room education.”

In the past eight years and more, Comrade Chu Chao-chin has insisted on putting proletarian politics in command. Starting as a worker at the bench, he became a technician and then a leading cadre of the plant but always he went on behaving like an ordinary worker. He is really a good cadre of the working class.

## Masters of the Technological Revolution

A new machine stands in the printing shop of the Shanghai Glassware Factory. As its motor spins, four arms press rhythmically against clear translucent glass. In slightly less than once every five seconds a brand-new drinking glass with a fade-proof design in four colours emerges from the machine.

Formerly, this work was done by hand. Each colour had to be baked on separately. The process was slow, quality was poor, quantity was low and spoilage was numerous. It was also expensive, and tiring to the workers. The new machine greatly simplifies the entire operation, increases quantity, improves quality and better working conditions.

China's first "automatic four-colour glass printer" was invented by a worker-technician in the glassware factory, Ti Yung-fang. Its birth was a long and difficult struggle in which the "lowly" defeated the "élite." One of the fruits of the great proletarian cultural revolution, it was a great victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The fight in which the working class took over control of the colour printing on glass began in 1963. Technique was backward then. In order to improve it and meet the needs of the domestic and foreign markets, a conference was called of the units concerned.

"They already have automatic single-colour printers abroad," one man said. "The only way to improve glass printing in Shanghai is to import some."

"I hear a factory in another city bought one from abroad for a hundred and twenty thousand yuan," said a second man. "Why don't we send people to design one from that?"

Still a third person said: "There's a single-colour semi-automatic glass printer here in Shanghai. We could copy it."

Many people contributed to the discussion. But since most of them were so-called engineering "authorities," the consensus was that they couldn't make such a machine themselves. They would either have to import or copy one.

At this point, a young man rose to his feet. He had a contrary proposal. "Why must we trail behind the foreigners?" he demanded. "Their machines can only print single colour. We ought to invent one that prints several colours at the same time, and leave them far behind."

The young fellow who spoke with such proletarian spirit was Ti Yung-fang, a worker-technician in the Shanghai Glassware Factory. Twenty-eight years old, he had only a junior middle school education. He came from a worker's family, and joined the factory as an electrician in 1956. During the Big Leap Forward two years later, Chairman Mao issued his great call to "**do away with superstition, emancipate the mind.**" Ti created a number of improvements to glassware making, for which, in 1958, he was given the title of outstanding young innovator.

In 1959 he was elected an advanced worker of Shanghai and took part, that same year, in a meeting in Peking of heroes selected from all over the country. In 1960 Comrade Ko Ching-shih, first secretary of the Shanghai Communist Party Committee, who actively carried out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, promoted a number of Shanghai workers to the rank of technician, Ti among them.

Even before Ti finished explaining his idea several of the bourgeois "experts" and reactionary engineering "authorities" shook their heads. "Impossible," they said. "Even the foreigners have no such machine."

The handful of capitalist roaders within the Party took up the cry. "It's good to be bold and determined," they said, "but printing several colours at the same time — it's just not practical."

Although Ti argued cogently, his proposal was defeated because the units concerned were following a revisionist line in technical matters. But he was neither crushed by the capitalist roaders nor frightened by the reactionary engineering "authorities." Guided by Mao Tse-tung's thought, he was determined to invent a new machine that would contribute to wiping out China's poverty and backwardness.

At the meeting of heroes in Peking in 1959 Ti was presented with a set of the treasured *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*. He avidly read them from beginning to end. Some of the articles he studied time and again, linking them with the Big Leap Forward, and applied them creatively. Ti fully realized that if a man is armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought and dares to think and act fearlessly, he can perform miracles. Since foreign countries could create automatic machines that print on glass in single colour, why couldn't China create multi-colour printers? China's proletariat could do what the capitalists of the West could not. Ti had no doubt of that.

This worthy son of the working class was no empty talker. On his return to the factory, he set to work. He made up his mind to invent an automatic multi-colour printer on glass, whether related organizations adopted his proposal or not.

After a period of thinking and planning, Ti sent in a number of reports to higher units, requesting funds for trial production. But the handful of capitalist roaders were faithfully implementing the revisionist management line of Liu Shao-chi. They demanded a complete set of blueprints first, insisting that they could not agree to trial production without them. They thought this would stop him.

Ti refused to be stopped. Since the capitalist roaders wouldn't give funds, he decided to use his own and ask to be reimbursed later. Since the little clique of these gentry in the factory wouldn't let him use the machines to work on his invention, he went to other plants for processing.

When Ti presented the bills for the materials, the capitalist roaders in his factory wouldn't accept them, since the method violated the revisionist system of enterprise management. And when the plants where the work was done came to collect, they refused to pay. They made Ti foot the bills.

To these gentlemen money was all-powerful. They were sure that if they refused to give Ti any funds, he'd be forced to abandon his experiments. They didn't know what hard bones the working class has. Ti was determined to win glory for China and seize control of the technical field for his own class. Lack of money couldn't quench his revolutionary spirit.

He would use his own money for the experiments. His pay was ninety yuan a month and he had a wife and four kids to support. Once the experiments started he brought home less and less each month — seventy yuan, sixty, fifty, forty. . . .

In other words, their standard of living was lowered as far as it could go. But Ti didn't halt his experiments a single day. Finally, his take-home pay was even less than forty yuan. He had to borrow from the trade union's mutual-aid fund. Since he couldn't draw this money till later than the regular pay day, his wife found out.

"Why didn't you tell me you were borrowing from the fund?" she asked.

"I was afraid you'd want me to stop the experiments."

"Did I ever try to stop you?"

"Suppose I bring home even less money in the future—then what?"

"Don't worry about that. Just keep going. I can manage."

Was this an ordinary chat about family finances? No. It was a display of the new and noble and revolutionary style of a working-class family educated by the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

The handful of capitalist roaders representing the interests of the bourgeoisie could never understand this type of family relationship.

When things were hardest for Ti, they sent someone to see him and say: "You know the higher-ups don't want you to do it. Why look for trouble? You're having a tough time making ends meet at home. If you keep on this way, you're liable to lose your standing as an advanced worker in the factory as well."

"Our country and the revolution need this machine," Ti retorted. "The workers need it to lighten their job in the glass print shop. If I can make the machine I'll suffer any financial hardships gladly. Even if I lose my advanced worker rating I won't care."

Ti's father heard about his plight and said to him: "You're a real son of the working class. Any time you need money, just let me know. Keep on with your experiments. I'll support you as long as necessary." The old man gave him twenty yuan every month after that from his retirement pay. That winter, he gave him a padded tunic.

Thus encouraged and supported by his wife and father, Ti redoubled his efforts, caring neither for fame nor profit. Another year of difficult struggle, without blueprints, without a working model, without expense money, and Ti's invention began to take shape.

It became necessary to widen the scope of his experiments. Ti sent in another request for funds. Before, the capitalist roaders had tried to stop him by demanding blueprints. Now, he not only had blueprints, he had a working model as well. Before, the engineering "authorities" said a multi-colour glass printer was impossible. Now, such a machine was beginning to appear likely. The capitalist roaders couldn't very well turn Ti down completely. They granted him one eighth of the funds he requested.

But the workers supported him. "What if they're putting stumbling blocks in your path?" they said. "We workers are heroes who can hold up the sky. What we say, we do. We'll back you one hundred per cent."

Then, one trial after another failed. The capitalist roaders and the engineering "authorities" gloated. "I knew this would happen," said one. "If he makes a go of that machine, you can cut off my head and use it for a chamber pot."

The workers continued to encourage Ti. "Failure is the mother of success," they said. "We can learn from our mistakes and correct them. In the end, the working class is sure to win."

Ti was short of funds for his experiments. Many of the electrical workers skimmed on their food and necessities and repeatedly loaned him money.

Once, he needed the help of an experienced glass printer. The capitalist roaders and the reactionary engineering "authorities" refused to allocate anyone, on the pretext that the men were too busy and no one could be spared. The electricians' section arranged with the glass printing comrades, who enthusiastically co-operated, to give Ti the man he needed, on a work-for-work exchange basis.

On another occasion Ti wanted the repair shop to process one of the parts he had made for his machine. Again the capitalist roaders and "authorities" refused. This time the excuse was "the repair shop services only production units." When the men in the repair shop heard about this, they finished the part for Ti in their spare time and by working after hours.

The strong support of the workers guaranteed that Ti's experiments could proceed normally.

It was a fierce class struggle. The working class wanted to dominate the stage of technique, while the bourgeoisie refused to leave the stage of history. The majority of the revolutionary masses encouraged and supported Ti, helping him to succeed as quickly as possible. Fearing this success, a handful of class enemies ridiculed and attacked and did everything to block him. The attitude of the two classes was strikingly clear.

More than a year passed. Helped by his class brothers, Ti made a lot of progress with his invention. Victory was in sight.

The more Ti improved his machine, the more the class enemy hated him. They did all in their power to strangle the invention in its cradle. Shortly before it was completed, the great socialist education movement commenced. A handful of class enemies in the Shanghai Glassware Factory used this opportunity to slander Ti. They said he was swindling money with his experiments.

An investigation proved these charges to be completely false, and Ti was urged to carry on. The scheme of the handful of class enemies to discredit Ti again met with ignominious failure.

Lenin says: "The exploiters have been smashed but not destroyed.... Just because they have been defeated, their energy of resistance has increased a hundred and thousand fold." Not long after the socialist education movement, the great proletarian cultural revolution began, initiated and led by Chairman Mao personally. The handful of class enemies, sensing that their days were numbered, frenziedly pushed their bourgeois reactionary line, turning black into white and distorting facts in an effort to divert the struggle from the correct course. They concentrated their attack on Ti and the electricians' section which supported him. They made the most preposterous charges:

"Ti is a reactionary engineering authority."

"Ti wastes state property, undermines socialism and oppose the leadership of the Party. He's against the Communist Party and against socialism."

Many big character posters, slandering him, were put up.

"Why?" Ti asked himself. "What's wrong with being self-reliant, as Chairman Mao tells us to be? Why are they screaming 'Stop thief' and trying to paint me a counter-revolutionary?"

Ti pondered over these questions. He thought: "I'm a worker's son. I didn't start to live decently till after liberation. I have the strongest class feelings for Chairman Mao and the Party. I'm trying to make a four-colour printer because our great leader has called on us to change our country's poverty and backwardness. They've opposed my experiments right along, and now they're labelling me 'counter-revolutionary.' That's serious political persecution. What's more, it violated Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Anyone who opposes that line, I'll fight to the end."

Ti had always listened to Chairman Mao and acted according to his instructions. Previously, when he made two important technical innovations, the unit in charge of such matters tried to give him monetary awards. Ti flatly refused. "We don't make innovations for money," he said.

In the spring of 1960 when he was appointed worker-technician, one of the factory's capitalist roaders said to him: "To all intents and purposes, today you're a cadre." He wanted Ti to leave the shop and sit at a desk in the office.

Ti wouldn't have it. "What's all this 'cadre' business?" he demanded. "I'm a technician, a worker-technician. I'm going to live and work and study and make innovations with the workers. I'm never going to lose my working-class qualities."

Now he was furious that some people were opposing Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

It was at this time that the Sixteen Points,\* drawn up under the personal supervision of our beloved great leader Chairman Mao, were promulgated. Shortly afterwards, Chairman Mao issued his famous call: "**You should concern yourselves with affairs of state and carry through the great proletarian cultural revolution to the end!**" Ti immediately sprang into action against the handful of capitalist roaders.

**"Make trouble, fail, make trouble again, fail again... till their doom; that is the logic of the imperialists and all reactionaries the world over in dealing with the people's cause, and they will never go against this logic."** The handful of capitalist roaders in the Shanghai Glassware Factory and related units could not escape their doom. In January 1967, the factory's proletarian revolutionaries seized power in the fields of Party, administration, financial and cultural affairs.

The fundamental question in revolution is political power. With political power, you have everything. After the proletarian revolutionaries took over the factory, they enthusiastically supported Ti's experiments. When he needed men, they gave him men. When he needed materials, they went out and bought them. They joined with him in his experiments and helped him solve many practical problems. Determined to be a credit to Chairman Mao, they swore they'd make the new printer a success. The experiments proceeded rapidly. In the early half of 1967, the machine was finally ready.

*\*The Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.*



The masses went wild with joy the first time it printed in colour on a drinking glass: "Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tse-tung's thought." Scalding tears in his eyes, Ti shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao! Long live the victory of the great proletarian cultural revolution! The working class must dominate the stage of technique!"

Over a year has passed since then. The automatic four-colour glass printer has fully demonstrated its superiority. A single-colour foreign glass printer used to cost a hundred and twenty thousand yuan to import. Ti's four-colour machine was built at a cost of less than four thousand. Where twelve men were needed to produce a given quantity of coloured glassware, now only three are used. Work that formerly took a month is now finished in a week. Spoilage has been reduced from five per cent to one. The quality of the colour printing is much improved.

The new machine has aroused great interest in the glassware industry throughout the country. People never stop coming to see it and copy its specifications.

Recently, a glassware expert from a capitalist country heard that Shanghai had an automatic four-colour glass printer. At first, he couldn't believe it. "Impossible," he said. When they took him to see Ti's invention, he was amazed. Holding up an approving thumb, he exclaimed: "China's workers are remarkable, absolutely remarkable!"

China's working class, armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung and led by the Chinese Communist Party, is the master of China's technological revolution. It can conquer any difficulty, it can create human miracles.

**EDITORS' NOTE:** "Barefoot doctors" is the affectionate name Shanghai's suburban poor and lower-middle peasants have given to health workers who divide their time between farming and medical work.

In 1958 in response to Chairman Mao's great call, medical circles in Shanghai organized a 10,000 strong contingent to go to the rural areas, where they trained, in short-term classes and through practice, large numbers of health workers who did not divorce themselves from production. Giving medical treatment and vigorously carrying out preventive measures and doing propaganda work, they achieved outstanding successes in transforming public health and medical conditions in the rural areas. In 1965, Chairman Mao issued his brilliant instruction: "In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas." The counties on the outskirts of Shanghai carried out a comprehensive job of reorganizing and training "barefoot doctors" who both farm and give medical service to bring the number up to more than 4,500. These "barefoot doctors" in turn trained more than 29,000 health workers for the production teams.

We publish below two reportage in connection with "barefoot doctors." One is about a doctor trained in a medical college and tells how he integrates himself with the workers, peasants and soldiers and changed his old way of thinking. The other deals with the life and work of "barefoot doctors" who come from the poor and lower-middle peasants and their close relations with them. The maturing of "barefoot doctors" shows the orientation of the educational revolution in medical schools and colleges. Indeed the poor and lower-middle peasants need just such a contingent of new-type medical and health workers.

## Good Doctors for the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants

A hot sun beat down in the September sky as the breeze brought moist gusts from the East China Sea. The cotton bolls were bursting, tassels hung from the late rice. A bumper harvest was in prospect for the Chiangchen Commune, which is not far from the sea.

Today, the great proletarian cultural revolution is reaching a new high tide in the struggle-criticism-transformation stage. I thought this would be a good time to chat with the commune's poor and lower-middle peasants about their "barefoot doctors."

"They really are good doctors, they've been trained by Chairman Mao to serve us poor and lower-middle peasants. The 'barefoot doctors' are heart to heart with us poor and lower-middle peasants. They're very dear to us..." Such ardent praise shows how the poor and lower-middle peasants cherish this first new-type medical team of theirs.

For years, they longed for doctors who would be truly devoted to curing their illnesses. Our great leader Chairman Mao better than anyone understood this desire. Time and again he issued instructions that the main focus of medical work should be in the village of our vast countryside. But Liu Shao-chi, using every conceivable means, sabotaged these directives and prevented them from being carried out.

Today, however, over twenty sons and daughters of the Chiangchen Commune's poor and lower-middle peasants, in keeping with our great leader's instructions and displaying the great spirit of Comrade Bethune, his utter devotion to others without thought of self, have courageously taken on the burdens of country doctors.

Led by Comrade Huang Yu-hsiang, a young doctor who came to the commune health department from the city, they organized a *kangta*\* style short term training class. At the same time, they kept improving their medical skill through concrete practice. They now know

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\**Kangta*, short for the Chinese People's Anti-Japanese Military and Political College, was founded in 1936 in Yen-an under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party. It trained anti-Japanese military and political cadres. Its policy of education was defined by our great leader Chairman Mao: "A firm and correct political orientation, an industrious and simple style of work, and flexible strategy and tactics." It had an excellent motto: "Be united, alert, earnest and lively." Particular attention was paid to ideological and political education. Students were required to combine theory with practice, study with work.

During the War of Resistance Against Japan, in eight years it trained more than 200,000 revolutionary cadres.



how to use nearly a hundred different medicines, can treat nearly a hundred different common rural ailments, apply acupuncture needles to more than a hundred key points on the human body. What's more, they cure measles, pneumonia, pleurisy and other serious diseases frequently found in the countryside. This new type of rural medical team is maturing in the fires of the cultural revolution.

Whether in the snowy gale of a winter night, or in the scorching noonday sun of summer, if poor or lower-middle peasants need them, these "barefoot doctors" sling their beloved medical kits across their backs and quickly set out upon the twisting paths between the fields or stride swiftly atop the high dykes stretching along the East China seacoast. Sometimes, after working all day, they sit up all night at the bedside of a sick patient. On more than one occasion they have rushed a seriously ill poor or lower-middle peasant by small boat to the county hospital. . . .

Practically every poor and lower-middle peasant in the commune can tell you moving stories about the "barefoot doctor" in their production brigade.

Let's start with Chang Ta-hsin of the Tungpin Brigade. You can see at a glance that this tall, well-built girl has been working in the countryside for years. She's had only two and half years of formal schooling — less than any other "barefoot doctor" in the commune. But she's done remarkably well in her medical work.

One winter day in 1967, when the snow was falling hard, a poor peasant had to be rushed to the hospital, over a dozen *li* from the brigade, for an emergency operation. The patient was too sick to walk and the only means of transport was a small boat. But the river was frozen. What to do?

"Come on," said Ta-hsin. "We won't let that stop us. We'll break the ice and row at the same time. We'll get him there."

And just as she said, she rowed tirelessly through the gale-driven snow, breaking the ice before the prow, until she delivered the patient to their destination.

Because Ta-hsin loves Chairman Mao and the poor and lower-middle peasants, she loves her job as a "barefoot doctor." "If my

kit is short of medicines," she says, "I'm more worried than if I'm sick myself."

Last summer she was threshing wheat when she was called to deliver a baby in a poor peasant's house. It was a difficult case. The mother was only semi-conscious. Thanks to Ta-hsin's efforts, the infant finally was born, but it was blue and scarcely breathing. Ta-hsin gave it a stimulant injection — no use. She tried acupuncture — no use. She opened the baby's mouth. It was full of blood. She swabbed it out, but still the child couldn't breathe properly.

Ta-hsin put her mouth to the infant's and sucked. A raw smell assailing her nostrils made her innards churn. But she controlled her nausea and continued with the mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration. The child's father saw how Ta-hsin was suffering and thought the infant was beyond help. He said miserably:

"You've saved the mother, but there's no hope for the baby. Nothing you can do will save it."

Ta-hsin was drenched in sweat, and she was ready to drop with exhaustion, but she remembered what the poor and lower-middle peasants of her brigade had said when they sent her off to study: "You've been raised by Chairman Mao, Ta-hsin. When you come back you must serve us poor and lower-middle peasants with all your heart."

This recollection filled the girl with strength. She swore she'd save this poor peasant's baby. She continued forcing the infant to breathe by mouth-to-mouth respiration. Forty-five minutes later, the child began to breathe faintly on its own. As it took in oxygen, its blue colour faded, and it let out its first cry. To the "barefoot doctor" it was a paean of triumph.

The "barefoot doctors" consider the poor and lower-middle peasants as their closest class brothers and sisters, and they perform their duties with the utmost enthusiasm. Sometimes they spend the night in order to observe the patient and the illness more closely.

A child in Hsinhuayi Brigade came down with pneumonia and was running a very high temperature. "Barefoot doctor" Chang Tsai-ken never left the boy's bedside. He gave him medicine, fed him, even attended to his toilet needs. The boy's father, Li Yen-min,

seeing all this, told Chang about the evil old society, where poor and lower-middle peasants knew only hunger and cold and illness, the compulsion of whips and guns to produce a life of luxury for landlords and bandits. Chang's understanding of the class emotions of the poor and lower-middle peasants deepened. He realized better what limitless warmth the rays of Mao Tse-tung's thought bring.

It was the dead of winter, and a biting ocean gale was blowing in through the sides of the windows. Li placed a thickly padded tunic over the shoulders of the "barefoot doctor" and compelled him to sit down and rest. There is deep affection between class brothers.

"Feeding a patient and looking after his toilet needs is not included in the duties of a doctor." Thus spoke a physician transferred from a city hospital. Commune members dubbed him the "leather shoes doctor." Men like him have not changed their world outlook. They do not comprehend the new relationship between a proletarian doctor and his patient. Of course they are not capable of understanding the class warmth and happiness engendered by a thick padded tunic draped over a comrade's shoulders.

Members of the Red Flag Brigade told us no end of moving tales about Yu Lin-ti. Extremely clean herself, the girl is attending an old woman who cannot control her bowels and bladder. Not only does Lin-ti give her medical treatment and wash her clothes, she frequently sleeps with her in the same bed. Some of Lin-ti's sisters and brothers work in factories in nearby Shanghai. They often write her to come to the city for a visit. But the twenty-year-old girl says: "How can I leave here? The poor and lower-middle peasants need me."

She hasn't even visited a sister in a neighbouring brigade. She says: "My brothers and sisters are very dear to me, but the poor and lower-middle peasants are dearer. I can't bear to part from them, even for a minute." These simple words reveal to us her lofty soul.

**"Comrade Bethune was a doctor, the art of healing was his profession and he was constantly perfecting his skill."** Chen Chien-kuo, a "barefoot doctor" in the Kungho Brigade pondered over these words in Chairman Mao's article *In Memory of Norman Bethune*. Commune members sometimes cut their hands or feet

while working, causing pain to themselves and loss of labour power to agricultural production. But Chen didn't know how to suture a wound. He was at a loss until these words of our great leader showed him the way. He had someone buy him a set of simple suturing equipment in Shanghai and made up his mind to learn. The knowledge he had acquired in the one hour lesson they'd had in the training class obviously wasn't enough.

Chen was determined to learn through practical experience. One day his kid sister got an inch long gash, and he performed his first successful suturing. As of now he has similarly treated four members of his brigade. Every stitch he puts into the wound of a poor or lower-middle peasant brings his heart and theirs closer together. And they are pleased and proud of this "barefoot doctor" who is maturing so rapidly.

The poor and lower-middle peasants lavish on the young medical workers the same meticulous care they give their rice sprouts. The "barefoot doctors" can tell many moving stories about the peasants' treatment of them.

When a "barefoot doctor" leaves late at night after visiting a patient, their poor or lower-middle peasant hosts always escort them home. When the "barefoot doctors" are too busy to look after their own house, poor and lower-middle peasants gather fuel for them and deliver it to their door. One stormy night, when a gale broke the window of the clinic, poor and lower-middle peasants carefully covered the medicines with their tunics to prevent the rain from damaging them.

At one time there was a lot of meningitis around, and the "barefoot doctors" had many patients. Yu Lai-ti's father cleared the things out of one of their rooms and said to her: "You can examine your patients here. It will be more convenient."

"Aren't you afraid of being infected, pa?" the girl asked.

"Daughter," he said gravely, "we have to serve the poor and lower-middle peasants with all our hearts. We can't be the least bit selfish."

To teach her to serve better, Lai-ti's family formed their own Mao Tse-tung's thought study class. "I left the countryside when

I was seventeen and became a stevedore," said the girl's father, at one of their sessions. "I worked day and night without a let-up, but the bosses paid only a pittance, and they often beat you up. My pa knew what I was suffering, but he had to make me go on. He was afraid I'd lose the job."

Lai-ti's father continued: "In the old society you had to give an 'invitation' fee to call a doctor, and you had to pay his fare, as well. What poor or lower-middle peasant could afford it? The Party has trained you so that you can serve the poor and lower-middle peasants. You must never forget your origin." He criticized the girl in this manner because he didn't think she was warm enough towards her patients.

The family study class was a good education to Lai-ti. "Although my medical skill isn't very high," she said, "I'll certainly serve the people wholly and entirely, as Chairman Mao teaches."

Her whole family gave her their support. They ground medical powders, adding sugar to make them palatable to children. They reminded her to prepare more whenever she began running low in any particular kind.

One day Shao Wen-fu, a "barefoot doctor" in the Hsinlung Brigade, gave Mama Chen an injection of glucose. He was new at it, and most of the fluid spilled out. Very embarrassed, Wen-fu didn't ask for the modest injection charge.

That night the old lady came up to him and said affectionately: "Don't be discouraged, Wen-fu. Just practise more and you'll get the knack. Glucose costs money. We can't let the state take a loss. Here, you must let me pay." And she added: "Before liberation we poor and lower-middle peasants never could afford medical treatment. You're our own doctor. You must serve us poor and lower-middle peasants well and be a credit to us."

Wen-fu was too moved to reply. From then on, he studied hard with the regular doctor in the commune clinic. He went to the injection room whenever he had a moment and carefully observed the technique. At home, he wrapped a rubber tube in gauze, to simulate an arm, and practised on that. Before long he became quite



Huang Yu-hsiang (left) and Wang Kuei-chen (centre) visit the poor peasants

good at giving injections, but he never forgot the political lesson the poor peasant, old Mama Chen, had given him.

The "barefoot doctors" are becoming very competent. The poor and lower-middle peasants praise them. But the young medics insist that a great deal of credit must go to their teacher, Comrade Huang Yu-hsiang. After graduating from a city medical college, Huang was assigned to work in the country. Only a few months in the village were enough to convince him that the "barefoot doctors" were an excellent new form of rural medical organization.

He learned a lot from them. At the same time, he could see that they needed help in technique. Carrying a medical kit, he frequently went with them on their rounds of the homes of the poor and lower-middle peasants. Huang always encouraged the "barefoot doctor" he was with, saying: "You make the diagnosis. Don't be afraid.

I'm right here with you. We can talk it over together. If you're wrong, I'll correct you. After a few times, you'll learn how."

The "barefoot doctors" courageously began to diagnose their cases, with Comrade Huang carefully observing, or at times putting in a word here and there.

He discovered a case of pleurisy in the Tahung Brigade and summoned the brigade's "barefoot doctor." He let her examine the patient and give her diagnosis. Then he stated his opinion, pointing out the various symptoms. In this way the "barefoot doctor" began to grasp the technique of diagnosing a complicated disease like pleurisy.

Comrade Huang, while integrating himself with the poor and lower-middle peasants and treating their ailments, paid close attention to the development of the "barefoot doctors." He frequently discussed complicated cases with the young medics, and lectured and compiled materials for their reference. Soon not only were the "barefoot doctors" praising Huang, but the poor and lower-middle peasants were doing so as well.

In the Takou Brigade a peasant woman who had been chosen delegate to a Shanghai municipal conference of activists in the creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought, Chen Szu-mei, said of Huang: "The more doctors like him we poor and lower-middle peasants can get, the better."

Refreshed by the east wind, warmed by the sun, the "barefoot doctors" — the poor and lower-middle peasants' own medical team — have come into maturity. But we mustn't forget the fierce struggles they encountered along the way.

Take the experience of Wang Kuei-chen, of the Takou Brigade, for example. She only finished primary school, but the poor and lower-middle peasants consider her their "most reliable doctor." She treats all the ailments, big and small, of the one thousand several hundred people in her brigade, and decides which of them must go to the hospital.

When Kuei-chen finished at the commune's medical training class and returned to her brigade, an evil wind blew up. Certain voices said: "No doctor was ever born in a thatched hut." They called

her "Dr. Greenhorn." In other words, the "barefoot doctors" raised from the ranks of the poor and lower-middle peasants were no good.

Where did this evil wind come from? From a row of tile-roofed houses where several of the brigade's rich peasants lived. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"To be attacked by the enemy is not a bad thing but a good thing."** The poor and lower-middle peasants fought the rich peasants resolutely, and Kuei-chen showed her thanks for their support by her actions.

The girl really behaves splendidly. After working in the fields all day, she often sits up with sick patients all night. The poor and lower-middle peasants rest after their labours, but she goes from door to door, medical kit on her back, giving preventive inoculations. When Tsai Szu-mei, daughter of a poor peasant, fell ill, there was no one at home to take care of her. Kuei-chen, besides treating her medically, organized some of the young people in the village to keep her house clean.

"We and Szu-mei are melons on the same vine. If we don't help her, who will?" said Kuei-chen. She hung up a picture of Chairman Mao, changing the entire atmosphere of Szu-mei's room.

The patient quickly recovered and returned to work. "Kuei-chen cured my illness and warmed my heart," she says to whoever she meets. "Who says a good doctor who serves us poor and lower-middle peasants can't come out of a thatched hut?"

Kuei-chen's treatment of a woman with heart disease is very significant. The woman, Chiang Kuei-lan, had given birth to many children and, in the old society, had been cruelly persecuted by a landlord. As a result, she got heart disease. Whenever she had an attack, she went to Shanghai for treatment. This kept her away from work, and was quite expensive.

One day, she came to Kuei-chen. After the girl examined her, she said cheerfully: "Don't worry, sister. It'll take time, but I'll treat you." She wrote out a prescription and took it to the commune clinic herself. The man in the drug section looked at it, then tossed it back.

"You people aren't qualified to draw this kind of drug," he said coldly.

“Why not?”

“Only doctors who’ve graduated from approved medical schools have that right. You ‘barefoot doctors’ are limited to two dozen drugs. Understand?”

Kuei-chen trembled with rage. “No, I don’t,” she retorted sharply. “I only understand serving the poor and lower-middle peasants, heart and soul. When one of them gets sick, this ‘barefoot doctor’ has the right to prescribe. I’ll be responsible if she dies!”

And she added: “The grain you eat is produced by the poor and lower-middle peasants. Just try and refuse to issue them medicine. They won’t stand for it.”

Strange, isn’t it, that a doctor should have no right to prescribe. Actually, there’s nothing strange about it. This was the work of a little gang of capitalist roaders inside the clinic who were plotting to strangle the “barefoot doctors.” When this plot was unearthed, Kuei-chen and the other “barefoot doctors” launched a determined battle.

The great proletarian cultural revolution smashed the revisionist line in medical work in the countryside. “Barefoot doctors” developed more quickly than ever. They seized the right to prescribe — an important victory.

There is no end to moving stories about them, and new ones are constantly coming into being. The “barefoot doctors,” medical workers of a new type raised on Mao Tse-tung’s thought, will grow with increasing vigour. More and more of them will emerge all over China’s countryside. They have our most enthusiastic welcome.

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*Follow Chairman Mao Always and Advance  
in Storm and Stress (gouache) ▶*



## Such Intellectuals Will Be Welcomed by the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

### **On the Road of Integration with the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants**

“When Doctor Huang Yu-hsiang is with us he never puts on airs. He’s not afraid of hardships nor tedious work. He’s one of us poor and lower-middle peasants and just the kind of intellectual we like. We’d be very happy to see more and more young intellectuals like him come to the countryside.”

These words from the lips of an old poor peasant woman, Chen Szu-mei, speak for the poor and lower-middle peasants of the Chiangchen People’s Commune in Chuansha County on the outskirts of Shanghai.

In 1963 Huang Yu-hsiang, then barely twenty, returned to Chiangchen after completing five years of study in a medical school.

It should have been a source of pride and satisfaction to him to come home after years of absence, to be once more with the poor

and lower-middle peasants who had brought him up, and place himself at their service. But being a victim of the revisionist educational system, for a time he was not able to settle down to medical work in the village. That was when he first came back. Although he stayed in the countryside, he longed to go to the city. His secret intention was, after a few years' work in the rural clinic, to seize the first opportunity to leave for a big city hospital and, in a smart white coat, be a "real physician."

So he often seemed to be absent-minded in his work by the clinic couch. Those poor and lower-middle peasants who came to him for treatment found that he always had a long face and was difficult to get close to. They felt that he was no longer one of them.

Once, when he was asked late at night to attend an emergency case in a poor peasant's family, he complained as he trod the uneven paths between the fields: "Why didn't you call during the day? Why should you purposely put it off till now?" The callers explained, "We did urge the sick man to see you during the day, but he wouldn't. He said that there was too much to do in the fields and as long as he could manage he didn't want to quit his work. Who was to know he'd run such a high temperature at night?"

At that time Huang failed to appreciate such fine qualities of the poor and lower-middle peasants. He did not realize that to be able to treat such patients was an honour.

In 1964 came a high tide in the great mass movement for the creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought throughout the country. The examples he saw of the poor and lower-middle peasants in the Chiangchen People's Commune emerging in this movement were an education to him. He began to study Chairman Mao's well-known articles *Serve the People* and *In Memory of Norman Bethune*.

When he thought about the great spirit of Comrade Chang Szu-teh in serving the people wholly and entirely, and the communist spirit of Dr. Bethune who travelled thousands of miles to come to China to aid the revolution and showed his thorough-going sense of responsibility in his work and concern for all comrades and all the people, he was ashamed of himself for his own self-concern in contrast to the two striking examples set up by Chairman Mao for all the revolution-

aries to follow. He said to himself, "I've grown up under the education of Chairman Mao, and it is the poor and lower-middle peasants who have brought me up, yet I am serving them half-heartedly. What's wrong?"

Then he went on with his study of Chairman Mao's works and came to this teaching of Chairman Mao: "**The intellectuals will accomplish nothing if they fail to integrate themselves with the workers and peasants. 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.**" These words showed the way to solve his problem.

That year a large-scale disease prevention campaign began. Huang went out from his clinic and boldly entered into the campaign as a doctor in charge of a whole production brigade. As he went deep among the poor and lower-middle peasants, he was starting on the intellectuals' broad road of integration with the workers, peasants and soldiers as pointed out by Chairman Mao.

### **A Doctor Welcomed by the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants**

As he moved among the poor and lower-middle peasants, Huang Yu-hsiang was deeply impressed by their clear-cut class stand, profound proletarian feelings and immense revolutionary drive. They loved Chairman Mao and the socialist society with all their hearts. From time to time, by contrasting the bitterness of the past with the good life as they know it today, they could condemn the evil old society by their own personal evidence. This was for him a vivid and impressive lesson in class education.

One day when Huang was attending an old peasant woman, she told him that in the old days if a peasant fell ill he could never afford to go to a doctor. "In times of epidemics," she said, "people died in great numbers and sometimes one family would lose several members one after another." She also told him that before liberation one



of her children got seriously ill and died just because there was no money in the house to see a doctor. "Socialism is really fine, my lad." She continued in tears. "Now you doctors come to the countryside regularly to give medical treatment to us poor and lower-middle peasants. This is all because of Chairman Mao's good leadership. If my child had lived in these times she would not have died of that illness."

These touching and revealing words of a poor peasant were a great spur to Huang Yu-hsiang. He thought: "How true it is! How badly the poor and lower-middle peasants need doctors who can serve them properly!" From then on he could always be seen at their bedsides or in the wide fields instead of sticking to the clean couch in his clinic.

So it was that Mao Tse-tung's thought, like dewdrops and sunshine, nurtured the growth of an intellectual who had left his school under the influence of the revisionist line of education, and started him on the way to serving the poor and lower-middle peasants heart and soul.

One summer evening in 1965, when Huang Yu-hsiang, satchel on shoulder, was making his rounds to a neighbouring production brigade, he was told by the clinic assistant there that the child of a poor peasant was seriously ill. He went to the peasant's home immediately and diagnosed it as an acute case of Japanese B. encephalitis. While giving some necessary emergency treatment, he urged the family to rush the child to hospital. But it was already after seven, and the last bus would shortly leave Chiangchen for Chuansha where the hospital was. It would take over an hour to walk to Chiangchen, which would make them too late for the bus. What should they do? An ambulance, costing about five yuan for the trip, would be too expensive for the family. At that moment there came to Huang's mind the teaching of Chairman Mao: to serve the people wholly and entirely. This at once strengthened his determination. So he decided to give the child and his parent a ride on his bicycle. It was the first time he had tried to carry anyone on his bicycle on such a difficult rough country road, and besides he was not very good at cycling. But when he thought of Chairman Mao's words: "**Be resolute, fear**

**no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" he immediately felt able to cope with any difficulties. So riding over the bumpy road, he was able to arrive at the bus station in time.

Another evening in the early spring of 1966, Huang was on duty at the commune clinic. Suddenly he heard quick footsteps approaching. Brought in was an elderly woman in a coma. A poor peasant over fifty, she had been sent there by the Chenwu Production Brigade, and her condition was very serious. Her family who came along with her gave anxious looks at the clinic people. Huang treated her with various restoratives as an emergency treatment. While doing this his mind was on a problem which he faced. If he continued treating her at the clinic it was likely that something might go wrong because of her advanced age, frail health and the serious state she was in. Rushing her to hospital would mean a still greater risk because of the rough ride over the road. What should he do? Then a voice seemed to say to him: "**Heal the wounded, rescue the dying, practise revolutionary humanitarianism.**" It was clear that rushing the sick woman to the county hospital would, of course, involve lesser responsibility for him, but it would not be at all good for her and would show his lack of sense of duty towards the patient. Hard work, like a load, is now laid before us. See if we dare to take it up! Huang then decided without any further hesitation to treat her at the clinic. Meanwhile the family of the patient standing by also encouraged him, saying, "Doctor Huang, you must, of course, be careful in your work but you should also be bold. You should not be cowed by the illness but apply Mao Tse-tung's invincible thought to bring it under control. As long as you do all you can we won't blame you even if you don't succeed." These words strengthened his belief that he should treat the patient right on the spot.

While trying once more with emergency treatments, he telephoned the county hospital in Chuansha asking them to send a doctor over to help him. The doctor receiving the call replied indifferently, "We are busy. Bring the patient over," — evidently a man whose ideology had not been well remoulded. Huang was indignant but he reminded him of Mao Tse-tung's thought with great patience over the phone, saying, "We are doctors in a socialist society, we must act according

to Chairman Mao's teaching to serve the poor and lower-middle peasants. Think of Dr. Bethune who made light of travelling thousands of miles to come to China — we must learn from him!" In the end the hospital sent a doctor along as requested.

The patient remained in a coma for three days and nights. Huang seldom left her bedside, attending her with great care and neglecting sleep and meals but he saw to it that the patient's family had some rest. A week later she was well enough to leave the clinic. Before going, this old peasant woman who had gone through much misery and persecution in the old society, clasped Huang by the hand and said with feeling through her warm tears, "Comrade, thank you for saving my life."

"It is Chairman Mao who has taught us to do that," Huang replied.

Raising her eyes to a portrait of Chairman Mao on the wall, the old woman, very moved, said, "We poor and lower-middle peasants will do what Chairman Mao says and follow him all our lives. We will follow him all the way through and never turn back." The last words she said to Huang before she left were: "Comrade, you are the kind of 'man of letters' we poor and lower-middle peasants welcome."

Through his contacts with the poor and lower-middle peasants, Huang found he had a lot to learn from them, that they had many qualities that called for his respect and affection. He noticed that they never broke off their daily study and their application of Chairman Mao's works in practice even when the farm work was busiest in the summer and autumn seasons. Deeply impressed, he also began to persevere in his daily study.

Chairman Mao's teachings gave him a strong political inspiration, and the poor and lower-middle peasants' conscientious spirit in showing the greatest sense of responsibility towards both revolution and production induced him to do his medical and health work still better. He found that every treatment he gave on his calls, every round he made and every contact he had with them was a rewarding experience for him, a genuine living lesson in political education. In the past few years he has seldom taken a rest on holidays and Sundays. In summer when the number of patients grew, he often slept in the

commune clinic or the clinics of the production brigades so as to make himself available to patients and outcalls at any time.

### Training "Barefoot Doctors" in the Course of Practice

In 1965 the great leader Chairman Mao issued the significant call, **"In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas."** The Chiangchen People's Commune started a short training course specially for the children of the poor and lower-middle peasants to become "barefoot doctors."

Huang Yu-hsiang was delighted when he heard this good news as he well knew through his contacts with the poor and lower-middle peasants how badly they needed such a new-type medical and health contingent. However, at that time, the power over health work was in the hands of a handful of capitalist roaders in the commune. Instead of carrying out Chairman Mao's directive, they did all they could to push the revisionist line in training medical personnel. Seeing this Huang was greatly worried and full of resentment. How could he bear to see the poor and lower-middle peasants' children led on the road which he himself had walked several years ago? How could he see them victimized by the revisionist line in education without doing anything? The poor and lower-middle peasants themselves also spoke out against it. Huang said with anger, "We should never allow their children to be pushed along the old road," and called for a new training method. But the handful of capitalist roaders, by means of their usurped power, rejected the revolutionary training method put forward by Huang Yu-hsiang so as to hold back the younger generation of the poor and lower-middle peasants.

During the great proletarian cultural revolution the proletarian revolutionaries seized power in the field of rural medical and health work. Huang was overjoyed and full of enthusiasm when he was assigned to take charge of the two successive courses for training "barefoot doctors." In accordance with Chairman Mao's persistent teachings on educational principles, he set up courses after the *kangta* type in two dilapidated huts. From then on the training programme had a new face.

The trainees were no longer seen reciting from memory early in the morning, as they had done under the old system which required them to learn by rote only. Classroom work was not monotonous as it used to be when the teacher lectured throughout and the students merely took notes. In place of this were ringing voices rising up to the sky, singing of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's quotations set to music blended with the marching steps in the morning exercises; in the classroom the trainees often exchanged their experience in the creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's works. For professional training, the method of **"officer teach soldiers, soldiers teach officers and the soldiers teach each other"** was adopted.

Huang Yu-hsiang plunged into the work full of enthusiasm. Although he lived near the training class, he brought his bedding over to the huts and slept on the straw mats there with his students. His experience was that by being with the children of the poor and lower-middle peasants, he could sleep better and have more things in common to talk about. Full of confidence, he saw that this was proving to be the only correct way of training medical workers for the countryside.

After the two training courses, when the trainees returned to their production brigades and worked as "barefoot doctors," Huang continued to help them raise their skills through practice.

Chiang Kuei-lan, a poor-peasant commune member of the Takou Production Brigade, suffered from chronic heart trouble. The commune clinic was often called on to treat her at home, and sometimes she had to go to Shanghai for hospital treatment. Huang decided to take up the case together with Wang Kuei-chen, a "barefoot doctor" of the brigade. His purpose was to give her a chance to master treatment of this complaint in practice. Besides, that would help save the patient needless expense and enable her to be treated at home.

The first teaching in the course of practice began. Taking up her stethoscope, Wang Kuei-chen was a bit tense, her hands trembling a little. Huang encouraged her by saying, "Relax and listen carefully."

The room was very quiet. The girl recorded what she had heard from the stethoscope, made her diagnosis and wrote a prescription,

all with great care. Huang then took over the stethoscope, carefully going through the same procedure, explained to her what she had overlooked in her diagnosis and revised her prescription. By this method Wang Kuei-chen acquired the kind of knowledge that she could not possibly have gained in the classroom. Later, they treated together another case of heart trouble in a poor-peasant commune member of the same brigade. As a result the "barefoot doctor" made still greater progress in her work.

One day a poor-peasant woman came to consult Wang Kuei-chen. She complained of palpitations and difficulty in breathing. Now having had a little more experience as a practitioner, in a composed manner Wang Kuei-chen went through the usual routine and then asked to see the patient's feet. When she found them swollen she, putting this together with other symptoms, said decidedly that it was a case of rheumatic heart disease. The whole process of her examination and diagnosis was checked up by another doctor of the clinic and found correct.

This is a typical example of successfully adopting the method of learning as advised by Chairman Mao: **"To learn warfare through warfare,"** and there are many more similar stories about the new relationship between Huang Yu-hsiang and "barefoot doctors."

When the poor and lower-middle peasants saw that Huang was using this method to help train their "barefoot doctors," they were very happy and said, "This is the right way. It is no good to learn dead knowledge from books."

### **Receiving Re-education by the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants**

In helping the "barefoot doctors" in the new manner, Huang Yu-hsiang saw that in the process he also was learning from the good qualities of the poor and lower-middle peasants, studying and applying creatively Chairman Mao's works and remoulding his own thinking. He was deeply impressed by the immense love of the "barefoot doctors" for Chairman Mao and their profound class feelings for the poor and lower-middle peasants.

One day a "barefoot doctor" came to the clinic with a child, saying it had caught epidemic meningitis. Huang out of habit automatically put on a white coat and a gauze mask before he started examination. But when he noticed that in her concern over the child the "barefoot doctor" was holding the child close without wearing anything of the sort and yet did not think about her own safety, his face reddened. The "barefoot doctor" was just like a mirror in which he saw once more his failings as an intellectual.

On another occasion he and a "barefoot doctor" were to spray mosquito-killing insecticide. When they approached a pigsty, Huang held back because he could not stand the smell while his companion went straight into the sty and started spraying as if he could not smell anything. It came upon Huang that it was the bourgeois thinking in him that made him retreat so he took off his shoes and went right in too. Only when he acted like this did he feel that he was able to get close to the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Recently Huang Yu-hsiang has read over Chairman Mao's latest instruction: **"The majority or the vast majority of the students trained in the old schools and colleges can integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers, and some have made inventions or innovations; they must, however, be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers under the guidance of the correct line and thoroughly change their old ideology. Such intellectuals will be welcomed by the workers, peasants and soldiers."** He is greatly encouraged by it. He says, "Vast may be the heavens and the earth, but not so vast as the kindness of the Party. Dear to us are our parents, but not as dear as Chairman Mao. Looking back over the path of my growth and struggle in the countryside in the past few years, it has been entirely a process of cultivation by the sunshine and dewdrops of Mao T'se-tung's thought. It is also one of re-education given by the poor and lower-middle peasants." In examining himself, he has this to say: "Although there has been some progress in the remoulding of my thinking these last few years, I am still very far from what Chairman Mao expects of us intellectuals. I haven't grasped seriously enough the study and application of Chairman Mao's works in relation to concrete problems; the typical waver-

ings of the intellectual can still be seen in my actions. When facing troublesome and hard work, I often tend to fall back, not daring to go ahead. From now on I must do better in becoming one with the poor and lower-middle peasants and plunge myself into the three great revolutionary struggles\* in the countryside. I must also raise my consciousness of the struggle between the proletarian revolutionary line and the bourgeois reactionary line. And I must serve the poor and lower-middle peasants still better."

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\*Class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment.

*Ting Lin-fa*

## An Unforgettable Voyage

Talien, this northern port of our motherland!

Every time I put on my "On Duty" armband and step on the bridge to blow the siren for passengers to board our steamship, I feel a glow of satisfaction in my heart.

During the great cultural revolution what a number of young Red Guards, revolutionary fighters and travellers of various descriptions we had greeted and carried off! And how many touching episodes had taken place on our voyages!

As I was on the way to meet the onrushing passengers at the jammed gangway my eyes fell upon a husky Black man. A sailor's satchel in his hand, his rugged bearing and springy steps immediately betrayed him, it seemed to me, as one of our calling. And I was right. The interpreter who escorted him to the steamer introduced him as Cambra, an African seaman. Suddenly taken ill, he had to stop in Talien for

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Ting Lin-fa is a seaman on the steamer "Worker-Peasant-Soldier 12" of the Shanghai Sea Navigation Bureau.

treatment. Now that he was well he was going to catch his liner at the port of Shanghai. Before leaving him to us the interpreter asked us again and again to take good care of him.

The arrival of Cambra attracted a big crowd, crew as well as passengers, who greeted their Black fellow traveller with gentle smiles and clapping of hands. In response to the applause, with an earnest expression he dipped his hand into a pocket and brought out the little red book, *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Waving it with obvious feeling, he shouted "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!" with a good Chinese accent. This cry, carrying with it the wishes of the world's revolutionary people, at once formed a bond between us and the Black seaman.

To rousing cheers our vessel weighed anchor.

Before long the signal stations hoisted gale warnings to shipping along the coast. Rollers galloped at the breakwater, surging into columns some ten or a dozen metres high. When the ship left the mountain sheltered Talien Bay, she began rolling. But no matter how rough it was, the Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team formed by the crew had never missed one of the performances we used to give regularly for the passenger-audiences in our spare time. For our stage we always chose the dining salon, the biggest room we could find on the ship for activities of this kind.

As usual the fanfare of drums and cymbals preceding the performances drew in a large number of passengers. Staggering with the motion of the ship, a young mother came in with a boy of about six, seeking support by holding on to the wall. When I, holding aloft a portrait of Chairman Mao as a representative of the propaganda team, took the lead in wishing our great leader a long, long life, a figure suddenly appeared in the doorway. It was Cambra.

As we were ready to begin our performance he darted towards me and took Chairman Mao's picture from my hands before the teammate who was supposed to take it could do so. Supporting the portrait on his lap with both hands, Cambra sat upright in the front row. The expression on his face was so solemn that he looked like an imposing statue. All eyes and ears, he was trying to understand every word

we uttered and every action we made. His attitude attracted the attention of the whole audience. So much so that the little boy who had a pair of bright eyes stared at him unblinkingly in round-eyed wonder. From time to time the boy turned questioningly to his mother. Though nobody could hear everybody could guess that he was asking her who it was.

"He's our Black uncle," I managed to hear the young mother's faint reply.

"Where does he live!"

The eyes of the crowd were now drawn to the mother and child.

"Our Black uncle lives in far, far away Africa," the woman told the lad in an emphatic tone. "The people over there are still being trampled underfoot. Look, how much our Black uncle loves Chairman Mao! They're looking forward day and night to the early liberation of their fatherland."

The child, his dark eyes bright, gazed long at Cambra. In our great land of socialism every young heart has a deep feeling for the oppressed. If they find someone who loves Chairman Mao, wherever he comes from, him will they look upon as their kith and kin. Then the boy quickly unpinned from his chest his treasured badge of Chairman Mao. The mother gave an understanding smile, nodded approval and followed the boy with her eyes as he began to struggle his way along towards Cambra against the rolling of the ship.

Seeing the boy coming over, Cambra at once stooped to pick him up and lifted him on his knee. The whole salon became silent. All the eyes were fixed on the two of them. At the moment when the little fingers pinned the badge on Cambra everybody sprang to their feet. We noticed that the Black seaman's broad chest was heaving up and down. Tears streamed down his cheeks. No longer able to hold himself back, Cambra took a Chinese side-drum from one of the team members, bent over it and pounded it in ecstasy with his palms as if it were an African war drum. To the drumming he cried "Dum, dum!" Every muscle in his body showed the powerful emotions and thinking within. The breath-taking drumming seemed to have carried us away to that Africa where the Black people are struggling. It was a drum call to march forward, to fight for emancipa-

tion — a drum call of revolution. It rolled out of the salon and stayed rumbling over the wide seas of China.

It was some time after the dispersal of the evening gathering, which like the ship had been somewhat tempest-tossed. I started from the dining salon to make my regular rounds of the cabins. For the crew of a passenger boat, what a pleasure and satisfaction to find the passengers settling down to sleep! Meanwhile my thought turned to our Black brother Cambra, wondering whether he had gone to sleep.

After completing the round, to my surprise, I failed to see Cambra in his cabin nor anywhere else. Could there have been an accident to him? No, it was impossible, he a sailor who had been at sea for years in fair weather or foul. Steadying my way along the promenade deck, I continued going the rounds, heading for the bow. Night. It had swallowed the entire sea. The vessel was plunging more violently than it had a minute before. I could feel that she was changing her course, already we had reached the broad Kaochuch offing in Shantung Province. I caught sight of the beacon light on the Chengshan Mountain, which is famous in the Far East. Its dazzling flash slashed across the dark veil of the sky. And it was against the flash of light that I noticed the silhouette of a man standing there right up at the bow. Ah, was it not Cambra who I had been looking everywhere for? What was he doing there? When the beacon on the shore flashed again on his strongly-built figure, I found that he had braced himself firmly on the deck like an iron tower. Spray from the waves splattering all over him, he was running his dark strong hands softly over the white rails. Watching what Cambra was doing set me wondering.

For a long time, staying at a distance, I kept him company in silence. Fixing my eyes on our African brother's sturdy figure, I suddenly said to myself, "Yes, I think I understand."

"You are gazing at the beacon with a feeling of deep respect for Chairman Mao's thought, so getting wet hasn't bothered you at all. I think I understand too that as you are sailing on China's ship of socialism, you like to touch the rails of our 'Worker-Peasant-Soldier 12' with exceptionally deep emotion. Go on looking as long as you want to, my good Black brother!" I said to myself. "The brilliance of Marxism-Leninism, of Mao Tse-tung's thought has lit up the course

the world revolution must navigate, and it will surely brighten every corner of the Black people's Africa. Our great leader Chairman Mao long ago pointed out: "The evil system of colonialism and imperialism arose and throve with the enslavement of Negroes and the trade in Negroes, and it will surely come to its end with the complete emancipation of the Black people."

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*Before Starting Out on a Long March*  
(painting in the traditional style) ▶



## Aunt Liang's Dinner Party

Aunt Liang, an old poor peasant, decided to invite some guests to dinner. This news spread all over Hsiaohsin Village like wildfire.

The guests Aunt Liang was going to entertain were the seven students who had come from the 9th middle school in Chengchou Municipality to live and take part in farm work there. Since these students came the little village had been bubbling up like a pot of boiling water. Among the people nobody was more enthusiastic than Aunt Liang and her husband. They went here, there and everywhere, helping these new commune members to settle down.

That day Aunt Liang came back from the field perspiring all over. There was a basket on her arm covered with a towel. But no one could guess what was in it. Anyhow she declared: "I'm going to ask the students to dinner."

People wondered what delicious food Aunt Liang would offer to the new commune members. "She didn't go to the fair to buy any meat," Aunt Wu who lived next door was puzzled, "how can she cope with the dinner?" So she sent some eggs round to her. But Aunt



Liang would not take them, saying: "Everything is ready. Thank you, they are not needed."

On hearing that Aunt Liang had invited them to dinner the students were touched and felt a little bit embarrassed. After their arrival the poor and lower-middle peasants had taken pains to look after them. They cleaned out rooms for them; built a stove for them so that they would be comfortable. Their earnest class feelings impressed the youngsters: "We have come to be commune members, to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants. We are not here as guests, so why..."

At noon while the students were cooking for themselves they began talking about Aunt Liang's invitation. One said: "We have done nothing to deserve this honour, hadn't we better hide ourselves?" "Perhaps Aunt Liang thinks we can't cook for ourselves," another suggested. "We should send a representative to explain to her and to thank her." While they were talking about it, someone cried outside: "Aunt Liang's coming!" These lively youngsters dashed out, clustering about her. One said: "Don't concern yourself, aunty. We'll never go hungry." "Everything is so well arranged by the brigade leadership," another cut in. "Don't you worry about us, aunty." All of them said they would not go. But Aunt Liang declared seriously: "I won't listen to another word. All of you must come. I've something to tell you." Seeing that she was determined they exchanged glances and decided to do as she said.

Why had Aunt Liang insisted on asking the students to dinner? Since the student's arrival, Aunt Liang had begun to cudgel her brains on the question of how she could make a start in teaching these young intellectuals their first lesson. It was our leader Chairman Mao himself who taught us in his latest instruction: **"The majority or the vast majority of the students trained in the old schools and colleges can integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers, and some have made inventions or innovations; they must, however, be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers under the guidance of the correct line, and thoroughly change their old ideology. Such intellectuals will be welcomed by the workers, peasants and soldiers."** Vice-Chair-

man Lin pointed out: "Without understanding what is class and what is exploitation, it is impossible to understand revolution." With these instructions in mind Aunt Liang said to herself that these youngsters have all been brought up in the new society. Though they had had many years of schooling, they haven't ever known the bitter sufferings of the labouring people in the old society. After she had talked over this problem with her husband, the two of them decided that the first lesson had to be given to them by the poor and lower-middle peasants.

All the old people in the village knew the story of Aunt Liang's miserable life of blood and tears in the old society and even the children got to know about it during the meetings for class education.

Before liberation Uncle Liang was a hired hand and Aunt Liang was forced to put aside her little girl who was at the breast to go to feed the brat of a landlord as a wet-nurse. Without milk the baby squealed with hunger and crawled out to look for her mother one day. When the landlord saw her, he caught her up and threw her out. The poor baby died outside the gate of the landlord without seeing her mother. As soon as the landlord's child was weaned, Aunt Liang was driven out of her house by the landlord on New Year's Eve. It was snowing hard, Aunt Liang and all her family had to seek shelter in a tumbledown temple. After that they carried their children about in baskets slung from a pole and led a vagabond life.

The Liang family longed for moon and sun, longed for the day when the poor would be liberated. A clap of spring thunder burst in the sky. Chairman Mao saved the poor from the abyss of suffering.

Vast may be heaven and earth, but not as vast as the kindness of Chairman Mao. Dear to us are our parents, but not as dear as Chairman Mao. After liberation, Aunt Liang and her husband closely followed the liberator Chairman Mao and played the role of revolutionary vanguards in the great struggle for building a socialist new countryside. In the movement of the land reform, Uncle Liang was elected the chairman of the peasants' association and Aunt Liang, the head of the women's association. They led the poor to struggle against the local despots and landlords and shared out their land. In the movement for agricultural co-operation, they also took the lead in

respond to Chairman Mao's call to get organized. They firmly led the poor and lower-middle peasants to take the socialist road pointed out by Chairman Mao. During the three years of natural calamities, together with other poor and lower-middle peasants they defeated China's Khrushchov Liu Shao-chi's vicious attempt to stage a comeback for capitalism. During the great proletarian cultural revolution, they united with other poor and lower-middle peasants and firmly supported Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. All of their family studied Mao Tse-tung's thought and applied it in practice, and the commune members praised them as a "red family."

Aunt Liang ushered her guests into a large courtyard which contained three brand-new rooms. There were many quotations from Chairman Mao on the wall. And on the door was the editorial comment Chairman Mao wrote in 1955 on an article describing their experience in organizing agricultural co-operation: "All intellectuals who can work in the countryside should be happy to go there. Our countryside is vast and has plenty of room for them to develop their talents to the full."

When they entered the main room, the first thing that caught their eyes was the portrait of Chairman Mao in the centre of the wall. On one side were pinned up many notes and appreciations the family had written after studying Chairman Mao's works. On the other side a space was reserved for recalling the bitter past and remembering the sweetness of today. There were some pictures and exhibits which compared their miserable life in the old society with the happy life in the new. Among these exhibits a carrying-pole specially struck the eyes of the guests, a pole which for three long generations had been saturated with sweat and rubbed smooth by many shoulders. All these made an impression on the students.

Then the dinner was served — wild vegetable soup, steamed bran and husks! The students understood what this dinner meant at once. Aunt Liang looked around and said with deep emotion: "Children, take and eat..." No sooner had she spoken than the tears raced into her eyes and streamed down her cheeks. With so many bitter grievances recalled to her mind, she began to tell of her



sufferings in the old society. When she came to the part about her daughter being killed by the landlord, the youngsters' hearts ached. They grew hot and none of them could restrain his anger. They shouted:

"Down with landlords and all such reptiles!"

"Strike down anybody who wants to bring back the vicious old society!"

Aunt Liang continued, every word and every sentence touched with the blood and tears of those days. When she came to the account of a landlords' dog biting the leg of her husband as he went begging, Uncle Liang in a flash showed the leg which was still seamed with the marks. At sight of the scar the new commune members clenched their fists and nearly burst with rage. They shouted wrathfully:

"Bear in mind the sufferings of our class! Remember the days of blood and tears!"

"Never forget class struggle!"

Aunt Liang's sufferings caught the hearts of the new commune members and recalled them to the sorrows of their own families.

"In the old society," one said with emotion, "my father was a hired labourer for a landlord. He was worked nearly to death."

Another said in distress: "My mother told me that two of my elder sisters died of starvation."

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After a while, Aunt Liang wiped away her tears and said: "Every family of us poor and lower-middle peasants suffered alike in the old society and had the same class hatred. But Liu Shao-chi even had the nerve to spread such fallacies as 'Exploitation has its merits' and 'Exploitation saves people.' Bah! Stuff and nonsense! He is cheek by jowl with the landlord and capitalists! This number one bad egg wants to make us go backwards and suffer again. Will we put up with that?"

"No, never!" The new commune members answered. With their fists lifted high, they shouted:

"Exploitation is a crime, a monstrous crime!"

"Down with Liu Shao-chi!"

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

The shouting of slogans seemed to shake the roof.

Uncle Liang took the carrying-pole and showed it to the youngsters: "It's our family treasure which my grandfather handed down to my father and again my father handed down to me. In the old society, with this pole I carried my children when I went begging; during the war of liberation, I went to support the front with it; after liberation, again with it I went to send grain to the state and sell our spare grain in supporting our socialist construction. We poor and lower-middle peasants should never forget our origin. And we must not think only of our own country, we must have the whole world in our mind. The more I use this pole today the more energetic I feel, because what I shoulder today is the cause of socialism."

"Learn from the poor and lower-middle peasants!"

"Salute the poor and lower-middle peasants!"

Again the slogans echoed in the room. Aunt Liang smiled. She opened the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and began to

read word by word: "**The world belongs to you. China's future belongs to you.**" Then she encouraged the youngsters more by saying: "Chairman Mao himself wrote an editorial comment for our township. We poor and lower-middle peasants hope you will follow Chairman Mao's words for ever and put down your roots in this vast countryside."

The new commune members had had a vivid lesson in class education. They were deeply moved as they ate the soup and bran and husks. No, what they ate were not simply a kind of food. It symbolized the blood and tears of the labouring people and their deep hatred for the old society.

The new commune members straightened their shoulders and stood up in front of the portrait of Chairman Mao. They solemnly pledged:

Chairman Mao, we Red Guards will be loyal to you for ever! We'll bear in mind your instructions and strike root in the countryside. We'll earnestly turn to the poor and lower-middle peasants so that they can re-educate us and we will serve as sons and daughters of the labouring people with one heart and one mind. We are determined to face the world and brave the storm in this vast countryside, to temper ourselves into trustworthy successors of the proletarian revolutionary cause in the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. And we are determined too that our proletarian motherland will never change her colour.

*Hsu Hsueh-ho and  
Hou Kuei-sheng*

## A Pair of Hemp-Soled Shoes

Veteran worker Chang, a member of the worker's propaganda team stationed in the Medical College of Inner Mongolia, while helping the students to clean the dormitory, found a board under the bed of student Hu Wen-ming. On it were placed a pair of leather shoes and a pair of new-style cloth shoes. But a pair of cloth shoes with hemp soles, which are generally worn by peasants in the mountains, lay on the floor. Chang put this pair of shoes neatly on the board.

Shortly afterwards, he discovered that they were again on the floor. He was about to pick them up, when Hu Wen-ming came in.

"Don't bother about those shoes," said Hu. "They're of no use."

Chang was puzzled. "A pair of good, solid shoes," he said to himself. "How can he say they're of no use?"

He investigated further and learned that Hu Wen-ming was born in a poor peasant's family. This spring, in response to Chairman Mao's teachings that **"in medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas,"** he joined a medical team which went to work in the countryside for a period of time. Integrating himself with

the poor and lower-middle peasants, he took the peasants and the medical workers in the villages as his teachers and learned from them. He and the rural medical workers eliminated dropsy among the poor and lower-middle peasants, a disease which had been considered incurable for a long time. Before returning to school, Hu was highly praised by the commune members and gained an unforgettable education ideologically.

At this important juncture when the young man was maturing in his thinking the class enemy, who took every opportunity to do harm, began to sabotage. They peddled many evil ideas, saying: "Students who have made achievements in their rural medical work should remain in the city for 'advanced study' and become 'medical experts.'" Poisoned by this revisionist approach to education, Little Hu set his heart on remaining in the city for "advanced study."

In the evening, Chang sat with Little Hu shoulder to shoulder in front of Chairman Mao's portrait. To begin with, they studied Chairman Mao's latest directives. To give Hu a deeper understanding of the significance of the fact that intellectuals should integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers, Chang told a story about something that happened in his factory:

A graduate from Tsinghua University came to his factory as a technician in 1964. Poisoned by the reactionary thought of the capitalist roaders, he thought all the time of "advanced study," and how to become a "research worker." He buried himself in books all day long, and seldom took part in social and political activities. As a result his health and eyesight were damaged. Within three years, he changed his glasses three times. As he had no great political ideals and no thought of serving the people whole-heartedly, of course he achieved little in his work. He shut himself up in a room and drew up more than twenty blueprints, but when he took them to the workshop, none of them could be used.

Taking this matter as an example, Chang severely criticized and repudiated the revisionist line in education carried out by Liu Shao-chi. Little Hu realized that intellectuals must integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers, and accept re-education from them.

Chang said warmly to Little Hu: "Today, Chairman Mao has given to the educated youths the orientation for revolutionizing themselves. To integrate themselves firmly with the workers, peasants and soldiers — this is the only correct road for them."

Chairman Mao's teaching was like a bright lamp that illuminated Little Hu's mind. He realized the absurd idea that students should stay in the city for so-called "advanced study" was in fact aimed at sabotaging the integration of intellectuals with the workers, peasants and soldiers, as well as Chairman Mao's great strategic plan. Hu stood in front of Chairman Mao's portrait and vowed: "I shall follow the bright road pointed out by Chairman Mao. I shall integrate myself with the workers, peasants and soldiers, and constantly remould my world outlook."

Little Hu's political consciousness was raised. The same night he wrote a series of big-character posters exposing the class enemy's schemes.

Then Little Hu picked up the pair of cloth shoes with hemp soles which he had worn in the village, and neatly put them on the board. He was determined to wear them again and go back to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants and to serve the people thoroughly and completely.



毛泽东思想是革命的宝

*Mao Tse-tung's Thought Is the Treasure of the Revolution* (gouache) ▶

## Red Lanterns

It is red lanterns that I cherish. It is red lanterns that I praise.

In this era lit by the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung how many red lanterns we have seen! Over the battlegrounds for revolutionary mass criticism of revisionism or in the classrooms for the study of Mao Tse-tung's thought, bright red lanterns, every one of them, glow with their full light. No gust of wind can blow them out nor can any burst of rain quench them. They are full of vitality.

Red lanterns of this kind can be seen in all places: at the foot of the pine-foliaged Yashan Mountain, on the banks of the ever-flowing blue waters of the Kuho River, or in the mountain villages near the shores of the Yellow Sea. They are lanterns of collective interests, lanterns of loyalty, lanterns of red hearts. Now let me tell the story of one of them.

In June this year I called on a production brigade of the Fengchia People's Commune in Shantung Province. It was known for its members' intensive participation in criticism and repudiation of revisionism, hence people spoke of it as a brigade where all the members



are critics. It happened that on the day of my arrival there was going to be a repudiation meeting directed against Liu Shao-chi. I planned to be there too.

As dusk drew near the weather suddenly changed. Lightning flashed, thunder roared, then rain came down in torrents. It seemed to me that the meeting would have to be called off that night if the rain continued, for I knew that the brigade's thirty-odd households were all scattered over a valley four and a half *li* long, and that the mountain paths were very rough.

I was leaning against the doorpost of the brigade's office waiting to see what would happen, when suddenly a red lantern appeared on the crest of a distant hill. Growing brighter every minute, it came directly towards me in spite of the rain. Old Chao, chairman of the brigade's revolutionary committee standing behind me, said, "It must

be Grandma Chang, a former poor peasant. Rain or shine, she has never stayed away from the repudiation meetings."

Grandma Chang, eighty now, was the oldest person in the brigade. In the old society she had been sold and re-sold as a chattel among four landlords. The marks of the cruelties done her could still be seen here and there on her body. Those days had been days of real bitterness, graphically described by her as "cotton fluffs soaked in gall" — thoroughly bitter. It was Chairman Mao who had delivered her from the sea of misery. Grandma Chang could never forget his benevolence, which was to her higher than the mountains and deeper than the ocean. "Chairman Mao is my great liberator. I'll engrave the word 'loyalty' on my heart and be faithful to him for ever and ever."

One night looking at Chairman Mao's portrait on the wall, she was so restless that she tossed in bed for hours and could not get to sleep. She whispered in the ear of her little granddaughter at her side and woke her from her dreams. She asked the girl to teach her to sing *The East Is Red*. From that day on she was often heard singing "The east is red, the sun rises. China has brought forth a Mao Tse-tung" at home in the evening and on the mountain slopes during the daytime.

When the brigade set up a class for the daily study of Mao Tse-tung's thought she never missed a single session. Every night she had a couple of miles to walk to get there. Because it was dark and the mountain paths slippery, she bought a lantern to light her way. She was greatly interested in the Three Constantly Read Articles of Chairman Mao. The more she thought about them, the better she understood the truth guiding the revolution and the greater her revolutionary enthusiasm. As she was illiterate she asked the young people to help her read the articles word by word and to memorize them sentence by sentence.

"Don't think I'm too old for that. I understand every word Chairman Mao says, and can memorize them," she said. "Some can do much, some only a little; though I'm too old for heavy labour I still can do some light work. I want to make some new contributions to the revolution to show my gratitude to Chairman Mao." During the twelve months of last year Grandma Chang spent over one hundred

days out working in the collective fields which was a great deal for a woman of her age. As to her lantern, it could be seen without fail lighting up the mountain path every night, in fair weather or foul. The commune members thought highly of her, saying, "That red lantern's flame is really the glow of the Three Constantly Read Articles; it springs from the loyal feelings for Chairman Mao in her red heart."

While I was thinking about these things, Grandma Chang's red lantern drew near. Looking up I greeted Grandma Chang warmly. She examined me with her kind eyes, her silvery hair shining under the red light, a tender smile on her face.

"Grandma Chang," said a young man, "it's raining cats and dogs, you didn't have to bother yourself about coming to the meeting. It's dark and the road is slippery; you're likely to slip and fall if you're not careful."

"Didn't have to? Chairman Mao has asked us to concern ourselves with affairs of state. Mass repudiation is a state affair. How could I possibly stay away?" she countered.

Entering the room she set her lantern on the table. While wiping her face dry with the corner of her jacket, she said, "We've a good crop this year; it is due to Chairman Mao's care and concern for us. We should reap a good harvest in our thinking to go with the good grain crop. It's time to get rid of the filthy thinking Liu Shao-chi spread of every man for himself on the matter of distribution."

At that moment the lightning flashed again and there was a long roll of thunder. The rain became more torrential. Old Chao, rising from his seat, swept a glance around the room and found all the members present — no one was missing. He said, "Let's begin." After the song of *The East Is Red* and the reading of Chairman Mao's instruction that the members of the people's communes should also criticize and repudiate the bourgeoisie, Grandma Chang was the first to take the floor. Under the light of the red lantern, she directed a broadside against Liu Shao-chi....

Oh, red lantern! You are the very symbol of Grandma Chang's red heart flooded with love for Chairman Mao, the sparkling light which shines out from the loyal hearts of the poor and lower-middle peasants.

*Wen Wei-ching*

## The Course of a Militant Struggle

Each time we hail the birth of new literary creations, replete with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, we think of Comrade Chiang Ching, a splendid communist fighter who stood in the foremost ranks defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, and led the revolutionary literary and art warriors in an assault against the enemy. Bold standard-bearer of the great proletarian cultural revolution, she firmly carried out that line and, in keeping with Chairman Mao's grand strategy, marked up excellent achievements for the cause of the proletarian revolution. *The Red Lantern*, a revolutionary modern Peking opera, and seven other fine revolutionary theatrical productions, as well as piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, are all militant creations of the proletarian literary fighters she led. They are battle epics of proletarian revolutionary heroes, composed under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, they are paens to the victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

For a long time a counter-revolutionary revisionist line, with Liu Shao-chi as its chief backer, exercised a dictatorship in the thea-



trical field. For that matter, all branches of literature and art were immersed in an evil atmosphere of ancient events, foreign things and death, preferring these to contemporary events, Chinese things and life. But in Peking opera this was particularly so. Most of its librettos sang the praises of the emperors, ministers, scholars and ladies of antiquity.

Although Peking opera was insensitive to the contemporary scene, it produced plays like *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*, *Li Hui-niang* and *Hsieh Yao-huan*, poisonous weeds which used historical themes to slander and insinuate against the dictatorship of the proletariat, the Communist Party, socialism, and the thought of Mao Tse-tung. They openly called on all reactionaries and counter-revolutionaries to renounce the verdict which had been passed on them, and vigorously whipped up public opinion for the capitalist restoration planned by Liu Shao-chi. The handful of capitalist roaders within the Party and their bourgeois reactionary cronies, who had usurped the positions of power in Peking opera, packed it with spies and traitors and personal adherents, turning it into a tight feudal and bourgeois kingdom, a stubborn bastion of counter-revolution.

In December, 1963, our great leader Chairman Mao trenchantly pointed out that in the literature and art world **“problems abound . . . and the people involved are numerous; in many departments very little has been achieved so far in socialist transformation. The ‘dead’ still dominate in many departments. . . . As for such departments as the drama, the problems are even more serious.”** This important instruction of Chairman Mao was a fatal blow to the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in literature and art.

At the critical moment when these gentry were performing their devils' dance on the theatrical stage to arouse counter-revolutionary public opinion for a capitalist restoration, our beloved Comrade Chiang Ching followed Chairman Mao's teaching: **“We should proceed with investigation and study and attend to this matter in earnest.”** With revolutionary fearlessness she launched an attack against the toughest stronghold of the counter-revolutionary revisionists in literature and art — their Peking opera bastion.

Comrade Chiang Ching came backstage to talk to us one autumn night in 1963 after attending an opera our company put on about a ghost. Though warm and friendly, she offered some pointed comments: Why are your audiences smaller and smaller? Why is it young people and school children don't come to your performances? Because you're out of touch with the masses, out of touch with the workers, peasants and soldiers. “Just think,” she said, “the peasants produce the grain you eat, the workers weave your clothes and build your homes, the PLA soldiers guard our frontiers. They are the true heroes, they are the ones you ought to be portraying.”

We were very stirred by these remarks. Comrade Chiang Ching had brought us the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, a lighthouse in the fog that showed us the way,

For more than two years that followed she made a meticulous study of the theatre, using Mao Tse-tung's thought to analyse types of drama and scripts and the kinds of people who attended performances. With devastating accuracy she stated that the librettos were in a poor state and many of them were poisonous, that the world of literature and art had been under the dictatorship of a sinister line opposed to the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought, that the reversal of history in the arts must be righted and prominence be given to worker, peasant and soldier heroes. She thereupon led us to declare war on the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art.

From twelve scripts on the same theme, in November, 1963, she chose and gave us a Shanghai opera version of *The Red Lantern*. Her confidence in us was extremely encouraging. This was no ordinary libretto but a weapon guaranteeing the dominance of workers, peasants and soldiers on the stage, a fighting declaration of war against the feudal, bourgeois and modern revisionist forces in literature and art.

The creation of model revolutionary operas and the seizure of power in the theatre was an intense class struggle. The handful of class enemies feared and hated Comrade Chiang Ching for leading the great revolution in Peking opera. Peng Chen, Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han, T'ien Han and their ilk, supported by Liu Shao-chi, indulged

in all sorts of hypocritical manoeuvres, scheming together to oppose Chairman Mao's directives and sabotage the revolution in Peking opera.

They also resorted to many nasty tricks to attack our beloved Comrade Chiang Ching. But she held high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought in that stormy period and bravely led our revolutionary art fighters forward through every obstacle placed by the class enemy. She exposed their plots and returned their fire, beating back the black whirlwind raised by ghouls and demons, battling fearlessly, and setting the revolutionary torch to the most stubborn fortress of the counter-revolutionary revisionists in literature and art. Displaying the newness of socialism and the originality of the proletariat, Comrade Chiang Ching supervised the creation for the proletariat of *The Red Lantern* and seven other brilliant gems of art.

Ever since then, the ladies and gentlemen of the landlord class and the bourgeoisie have been swept from China's theatrical stage into the rubbish heap of history. Historical distortion has been corrected. The heroic figures of revolutionary workers, peasants and soldiers have begun to dominate the stage; their entrance defened Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in the arts, and sounded the call to march for the great proletarian cultural revolution.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people: it must be one or the other."** The demarcation between proletarian and bourgeois art is that one ardently praises the heroes of the workers, peasants and soldiers from a proletarian standpoint, while the other stands in opposition to them and distorts and caricatures the workers, peasants and soldiers. This was the main point of conflict between Comrade Chiang Ching and the counter-revolutionary revisionists during the creation of *The Red Lantern*.

In the *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Piao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching*, revised three times by our great leader Chairman Mao, the

following is pointed out: "We must strive to create worker, peasant and soldier heroes. That is the fundamental task of socialist literature and art. . . . The fine qualities of the worker, peasant and soldier heroes who have emerged under the guidance of the correct line of the Party are the concentrated expression of the class character of the proletariat. We must work with enthusiasm and do everything possible to create heroic models of workers, peasants and soldiers."

In the course of creating *The Red Lantern* with us, Comrade Chiang Ching insisted on depicting a noble and perfect hero of the proletariat, Li Yu-ho, as a monument to revolutionary martyrs, in order to unite and educate the people and to attack the enemy. She said that he is a representative of the working class and of revolutionary martyrs, a Communist, a great proletarian hero; the opera should highlight Li Yu-ho, the central character; his lofty image must stand out.

But the counter-revolutionary revisionists Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and their gang, colluding to sabotage the revolution in Peking opera, did their utmost to keep Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions from reaching us. These double-dealers used every trick in their bag to distort and caricature Li Yu-ho. They had him made up with a stubble-covered face; his costume was a forty-year-old fur tunic, gleaming with large hairless patches. When he appears in the first tense scene, they wanted him to enter furtively, concealing his face with his sleeve. The purpose was to make this people's hero look like a coward.

Comrade Chiang Ching saw through this at the dress rehearsal and promptly smashed their schemes. She insisted that the heroic qualities of Li Yu-ho be properly portrayed, and worked with us on revising the script. Now when Li Yu-ho comes on, the audience is immediately struck by his noble bearing and courage.

The revisionist clique kept trying to play down the importance of Li Yu-ho and harm the portrayal of this hero. For example, they wanted to cut a scene entitled "Gruel Saves a Tense Situation." In it we see Li sharing the hardships of the masses, the affection between him and them, as well as his bravery and alertness during a sudden enemy search. The revisionists' excuse was that the scene wasn't "dramatic."

When Comrade Chiang Ching saw the cut, she was very angry. She said cutting the scene would be harmful to the portrayal of Li Yu-ho, if anything, the scene must be strengthened. The counter-revolutionary revisionists, pretending to agree, did everything to put spokes in the wheels. Finally, those bourgeois reactionaries openly quit, hoping in this way to put pressure on us.

But we wouldn't knuckle under. We went on rehearsing ourselves. Guided by Comrade Chiang Ching, we succeeded in getting this scene into shape. The Li Yu-ho who faced our audiences was a man who meets the enemy with courage, intelligence, steadiness and calm.

Having failed in this attempt, the class enemy tried to insert their bourgeois wares in another part of the opera. The way they staged the "Struggle on the Execution Grounds" showed the enemy beating Li and his old mother with terrifying savagery, and Li's daughter Tieh-mei going out of her senses from horror. They wanted thus to stimulate the audience and spread the bourgeois "theory of human nature" and provide "human interests." Instead of showing Tieh-mei converting sorrow into strength and her determination to go on with the fight, she was instructed to weep and snivel in a welter of self-pity, which of course puffed up the enemy and made our side look flabby.

Comrade Chiang Ching exposed the scheme in a manner that drew blood. Revolutionary heroism and optimism must be portrayed fully, she said; in describing the rigours of revolutionary struggle, do not overly stress or exaggerate the hardships. With uncompromising revolutionary spirit and stubborn determination, Comrade Chiang Ching led us in our fight against the handful of class enemies. After repeated revisions we at last were able to bring out thoroughly in the execution scene the courage and militancy of proletarian heroes.

Time and again Comrade Chiang Ching taught us to have confidence in presenting modern revolutionary operas. We must do the unprecedented, she said, and blaze new trails. She called on us to warmly sing the praises of our workers, peasants and soldiers, to use the most beautiful music, the best singing, the most important placing and the finest gestures to emphasize Li Yu-ho's nobility and beauty of character, to stress his typicalness as a proletarian revolutionary fighter.

Working together with Comrade Chiang Ching, we composed a complete set of arias for Li Yu-ho which brought out his revolutionary militancy. For the scene in which he heroically dies, we used the best music — the stirring *Internationale* — to express his communist spirit of gladly making the supreme sacrifice so that all mankind might be free. Comrade Chiang Ching personally directed Li Yu-ho's entrance in the "Struggle on the Execution Grounds" scene, emphasizing his dauntless revolutionary courage after having been tortured.

Under Comrade Chiang Ching's leadership, we smashed through one obstacle after another and finally created a Li Yu-ho who, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought and embodying all the noble qualities of a Chinese Communist, boldly stands on the proletarian stage of literature and art.

Day and night, Comrade Chiang Ching fought by our side. We shall never forget her selfless labour for the revolution, her serious earnest attitude towards the arts, her meticulous revolutionary spirit. In staging *The Red Lantern* she checked and planned everything carefully — from selecting the script, to every detail of the story, every gesture, every aria, every line sung, as well as lights, scenery and make-up. She even discussed with us where the patches should be placed on the grandmother's clothes and where to buy the brightest shade of red woollen thread binding the girl's braids.

Comrade Chiang Ching frequently came to our rehearsals and gave specific directions. At one dress rehearsal she went backstage and gave several important instructions on the make-up of Li Yu-ho. After the necessary changes were made, just before he went on stage, she checked him again. Only when she was satisfied that his make-up was correct did she let him make his entrance.

In the execution scene, Li defies the Japanese chief of military police with these words: "You can't kill all the Chinese people, all the Chinese Communists. I advise you to think it over." Comrade Chiang Ching wanted Li to concentrate all his furious hatred for imperialism in the second "you." She studied the enunciation carefully herself and read the word for the actor several times to show him how it should be done.

She lavished detailed care on our model revolutionary opera, striving to attain **“unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form.”** More than twenty times she watched our dress rehearsals, and after each performance gave us important instructions. At the opening of *The Red Lantern* on January 31, 1968, she took notes, and gave us many pointers for improvement after the show. At night, when we were all in bed, she stayed up revising the script.

I remember one dress rehearsal in 1964. Comrade Chiang Ching pointed out that in the scene “Bitter History of a Revolutionary Family” a line in an aria sung by the grandmother — “Li Yu-ho dodged and hid with the orphan he saved” — was damaging to the image of a revolutionary hero and must be changed. We never expected that at two in the morning we would receive a telephone call from Comrade Chiang Ching. She had thought of how to change the line. Make it: “Li Yu-ho dashed about for the revolution,” she suggested. What a world of difference in those few words! They raised the entire level of Li Yu-ho’s thoughts and emotions.

There is no end of such examples. How many sleepless nights did Comrade Chiang Ching pass, how much heart’s blood did she expend, in order to carry out Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line in literature and art, in order to ensure the permanent place of worker, peasant and soldier heroes on China’s theatrical stage. Every word in *The Red Lantern* is saturated with her hard and thorough efforts.

Looking back over those militant days and nights of struggle when Comrade Chiang Ching was at our sides we cannot forget her constant instructions and good care of us. She never stopped teaching us, arming us with the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, explaining that to “perform revolutionary dramas you must first become a revolutionary.” She presented us with those precious revolutionary volumes *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*. She taught us to study them, to integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers, to remould our ideology, to revolutionize ourselves.

November 17, 1964 was the happiest and most memorable day of our lives. Our great leader Chairman Mao came to see *The Red*

*Lantern*. After the performance, he received us and took a picture with us. His concern gave us the utmost encouragement and stimulation.

Six days later, Comrade Chiang Ching received a number of our comrades. Warm, sincere, fond, she explained to us many revolutionary principles. The revolution in Peking opera, she said, is not merely for the purpose of saving this theatrical form. More important, the aim is to infuse new life into an old art, give it a transfusion of revolutionary blood, reform it, so that a well-loved popular art form can serve the Chinese people and the revolutionary people of the world. This is the demand of the times.

We must use our art to memorialize the martyrs who gave their lives for the revolution, she went on. The happiness we enjoy under socialism today, the victory of the revolution, did not come easily. We must use our art to let succeeding generations appreciate this. Surely, this is our duty. Each performance we give is part of the revolution, it’s a battle. Don’t play for applause. Be modest, shun pride.

With patience and affection Comrade Chiang Ching told us that we must carefully study Chairman Mao’s *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, and apply it creatively in our thinking and in our profession. As Communists, as revolutionaries, we must maintain a high sense of responsibility to the people, she said. We shouldn’t always be hoping to play leading roles. We should do any job that comes along, as long as it’s revolutionary work. A socialist theatrical company is a proletarian revolutionary art company. The only difference between jobs is one of a division of labour. We must absolutely eradicate the “star system” and the feudal habit of adhering to one or another style of acting. We should modestly learn from the masses. When we run into a problem, we should seek the answer in the works of Chairman Mao.

Comrade Chiang Ching’s instructions set us a standard for building a proletarian revolutionary model company for the performance of new operas, a standard for revolutionary art fighters participating in such a company. Her every word will remain carved in our hearts, serving as a guide to our actions, a goal for which to

strive. When we run into difficulties in our work, we think of Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions and we are filled with strength. When blinded by selfish impulses, we think of Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions and our eyes become clear, our will is firm. When we meet with danger in our struggles, we think of Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions and we grow courageous, daring; we conquer the evil waves and push forward.

Dear Comrade Chiang Ching is truly a good student of Chairman Mao, a bold standard-bearer of the cultural revolution. Respected Comrade Chiang Ching will be a glorious model for us always.

Many comrades say: "When we see *The Red Lantern* we think of Comrade Chiang Ching." These heart-felt words are laden with our love and proletarian respect for her. We are determined, under her leadership, to wage the cultural revolution to the end, to create more revolutionary model operas, and use these powerful atom bombs of the spirit against imperialism, revisionism and the reactionaries of all countries. We shall for ever travel the revolutionary road pointed out by Chairman Mao, and go into the midst of the workers, peasants and soldiers, into the flames of class struggle, where we will constantly remould our thinking. All our lives we shall perform revolutionary dramas and be good soldiers faithful to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art.

## Magnificent Ode to the Worker, Peasant and Soldier Heroes

Under the excellent situation when revolutionary committees have been set up in all parts of China and the whole country is red and in the midst of joyful celebrations of the 19th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China by hundreds of millions of revolutionary people in China, the revolutionary model theatrical works created under the personal care and guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching were once again staged in the capital. Heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers resplendent with the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought stand smartly on the socialist theatrical stage, heroes like Li Yu-ho in *The Red Lantern*, Yang Tzu-yung in *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, Kuo Chien-kuang in *Shachiapang*, Fang Hai-chen

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This article was written collectively by five workers: Ko Chung-po of the Peking Stamps Factory, Yi Cheng-sheng, a railway worker, Cheng Shu-tang, a steel worker, Huang Hsin-chen of a paper mill and Chang Chang-fa, a worker in a Watch and Clock Works.

in *On the Docks* and Yang Wei-tsai in *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*. The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers of Peking are very fond of these revolutionary model works.

Whether the theatrical stage is to be occupied by emperors and ministers, scholar-bureaucrats and beauties, lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters or by the workers, peasants and soldiers, involves the important question of which class is exercising dictatorship in the realm of literature and art. In the old society, the feudal landlord class and the bourgeoisie held power over literature and art. They went all out to eulogize their own class, writing biographical monuments in praise of themselves, while the working people who are the creators of history were either not allowed to mount the stage or were foully caricatured. History was distorted.

The theatre under the control of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi continued to exercise a bourgeois dictatorship. The revisionists continued to stage, in the theatre of socialist new China, plays about emperors and ministers, scholars and beauties, trying to call back the long since departed souls of the moribund feudal class and the overthrown bourgeoisie. In order to prevent the heroic figures of the workers, peasants and soldiers from mounting the theatrical stage, these counter-revolutionary revisionists adopted a dual tactic. On the one hand they clamoured that old plays have a "high level," "should not be revised," and stated their intention to "compile 360 plays starting from the most ancient emperors so that a new play can be staged every day of the year;" on the other hand they spread the theory of "middle characters" and tried to depict the workers, peasants and soldiers as petty philistines "neither very good nor bad," or "both good and bad." For more than a decade the dead and the foreign occupied our theatre and history continued to be distorted.

Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, the revolutionary model theatrical works created under the personal care of Comrade Chiang Ching broke through the opposition and obstacles set by the counter-revolutionary revisionist line and occupied the dominating position in literature and art. A large number of heroic characters of dazzling brilliance marched in triumphantly

to mount the theatrical stage and became masters of the theatre. Distorted history has been righted. This is a great revolution of one class overthrowing another. The bourgeois dictatorship collapsed and our proletarian dictatorship has been established.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The aim of every revolutionary struggle in the world is the seizure and consolidation of political power. Similarly, the sole aim of counter-revolution in desperately struggling against the revolutionary forces is the preservation of its political power."** **"To overthrow a political power, it is always necessary, first of all, to create public opinion, to do work in the ideological sphere. This is true for the revolutionary class as well as for the counter-revolutionary class."** In feudal and capitalist societies, the reactionary ruling classes exercised their dictatorship for the purpose of propagating the ideal, demands and aspirations of their class and to change the world in the image of the feudal or bourgeois class so as to maintain and consolidate their regime.

In their attempt to overthrow the proletarian state power and restore capitalism, a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists, though subject to proletarian dictatorship, nevertheless exercised a bourgeois dictatorship over the theatrical stage for the purpose of creating counter-revolutionary public opinion to poison the people.

The victorious birth of the revolutionary model theatrical works and the dominance of heroic characters of the workers, peasants and soldiers in the theatre mark the exercising of dictatorship by the proletariat over the bourgeoisie on the theatrical stage. This dictatorship declares the complete bankruptcy of the counter-revolutionary revisionists' plot to use literature and art for a comeback of capitalism and will greatly further the consolidation of proletarian state power. This is a great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. This is a great achievement of Comrade Chiang Ching.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: Revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat must **"eulogize the proletariat and working people."** The revolutionary modern Peking operas, *The*

*Red Lantern, Taking the Bandits' Stronghold, Shachiapang, On the Docks, Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*; the revolutionary ballets, *The Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-haired Girl*; the revolutionary symphonic music *Shachiapang* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, all warmly praise the proletariat and the working people. They depict workers, peasants and soldiers, both men and women, old and young, and cover the period of both the democratic revolutionary period and the time of socialist construction. Heroes like Li Yu-ho, Yang Tzu-yung, Kuo Chien-kuang, Fang Hai-chen, Yang Wei-tsai, Hung Chang-ching, Wang Ta-chun, are lovable characters worthy of our deep respect. They are so close to us that they are like comrades-in-arms living in our very midst.

To us workers, the first test of a hero is whether he is loyal to Chairman Mao, to the Party and to the people. This is how we judge whether the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers are well sculptured or not. A common and most outstanding feature of the heroes and heroines of the revolutionary model works is their boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao, to the Party and to the people. Li Yu-ho and the others all have loyal red hearts and serve the people wholly and entirely.

Just listen to Yang Wei-tsai, leader of a CPV scouts platoon when he asks for an assignment: "Educated by our great supreme commander Chairman Mao, we are determined to fight to the death to defeat U.S. imperialism. We guarantee to carry out the glorious task the Party has given us." Before going into battle to fulfil his mission, Yang Wei-tsai once again pledges to the Party that "For the revolution and the people my heart is loyal. For their sake, I'm willing to be ground into powder."

Take also Yang Tzu-yung in *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*. He was born in a poor family and has immense love for our great leader Chairman Mao and is completely loyal to him. Applying the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, he organizes the masses, carries out propaganda among them and arms them. Remembering Chairman Mao's instructions, he courageously fights the enemy and, narrowly escaping death, performs highly meritorious deeds. In the battle to wipe out the Eagle he goes with wit and courage deep into the

bandits' lair to let, as he says, "the flames that blaze in my heart forge a sharp irresistible blade." Why are Yang Wei-tsai and Yang Tzu-yung willing to "be ground into powder" for the revolution and "by seas of flames and mountains of knives undaunted"? The reason is that their loyal red hearts are limitlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, to the Party and to the people.

Every performance of the revolutionary model works is a vivid political lesson. The heroes in the plays educate and inspire us to advance. Why do they have this effect on us? Because these heroes have another feature in common: they all have a noble revolutionary ideal, "We vow to topple the old world," "May the red flag flutter over all five continents," "Raising high the red flag, go bravely forward straight to communism so that the world will completely change its look." Liberate all of mankind and realize communism throughout the world — this is their lofty revolutionary ideal.

These heroes whose revolutionary spirit storms the sky fought in the snowy forests and charged across battlefields north and south of the Yangtse during the war years, while in the time of socialist construction they worked tirelessly day and night on the docks. . . . Fang Hai-chen and Kao Chih-yang tower mightily on the stage in *On the Docks* as soon as they appear. What spirit they show when they sing lustily, "Our dockers move grain in millions of *jin* with their left hand, while their right shifts steel by the ton. Neither mountains nor seas can block our revolutionary fervour, we'll send our sincere friendship to all parts of the globe." When they discover that there has been an accident and that by mistake a sack of spilled wheat has been loaded as rice to be sent abroad, they understand fully that every single sack and item we load is closely linked with world developments.

The foremost thought in their minds is the honour of their country and their responsibility towards world revolution. In spite of the rain and storm they go without hesitation in a steamboat to overtake the cargo ship and bring back the wheat sack. All this stresses the proletarian internationalism of our heroes who work on the docks but have the whole country and the whole world in their hearts. They fully express the revolutionary spirit of our working class.

The third feature these heroes have in common is that all are men of steel imbued with the heroic spirit of daring to struggle and to win. They fear neither raging storms and pouring rain nor a thousand troubles and difficulties; they march forward knowing full well that the road is dangerous but press on regardless. They are like the green pines on Mount Tai "unbending in gale and hurricane and unscathed by thunder and lightning."

Be it Yang Tzu-yung, Kuo Chien-kuang, Yang Wei-tsai or Li Yu-ho, Wu Ching-hua or Hsi-erh, they all show, in the face of an enemy armed to the teeth, the heroic spirit of despising the enemy and triumphing over it. Before our heroes, the Japanese military police chief Hatoyama, the bandit chief Eagle, the brigand and traitor Commander Hu, the crack troops of the U.S.-Rhee Army, the White Tiger Regiment, the wicked despot and landlords, Nan Pa Tien and Huang Shih-jen, are all paper tigers.

Hsi-erh, daughter of an ordinary poor peasant in *The White-haired Girl* with the true spirit of the poor and lower-middle peasants sings her defiance against the oppression of the traitor and despot Huang Shih-jen, "You want to force me to death; you are really blind. Like the undying flame, the everlasting fountain, I will not die but will live. I want revenge, I want to live." This fully shows the revolutionary spirit of revolt in the poor and lower-middle peasants and the lofty qualities of the most reliable ally of the working class.

Li Yu-ho, typical of the railway workers who have an honourable tradition of struggle, is fettered hand and foot in an enemy jail. But what does he say? "Though heavy chains shackle my hands and feet, they cannot fetter my spirit that storms the sky. Hatoyama, to get the code, has tried every brutal torture. My bones are broken, my flesh torn, but my will is firmer still." Before Li Yu-ho goes calmly to his death, he tells his mother, "I have always been a man of steel, fighting staunchly against the dic-hards. I fear not that the tortures break all my bones, I'm ready to sit in jail until I wear out my chains." These courageous words of Li Yu-ho sharply bring out the heroic qualities of the working class.

The heroes in the revolutionary model theatrical works are representative of the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers. They share

the life and destiny of the masses. They originate from and are closely integrated with them. This is the fourth feature they have in common. The fish and water relationship between the army and people in "Asking over Past Bitterness" and "Mobilizing the Masses" in *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* and in *Shachiapang* clearly displays the flesh and blood relationship between the heroes, Yang Tzu-yung, Kuo Chien-kuang and the masses.

The heart-stirring struggles of these heroes represent the interests of the people and have won the support of the people. In the scene "Leaving the Village" in *Shachiapang*, a duet between Kuo Chien-kuang and Aunty Sha expresses vividly the relationship between the people and their own army: "The comrades are wounded in battle against the enemy, Shachiapang is your home," "You treat the comrades like one family, attending to their wounds with care. . . ." The army cherishes the people, the people support the army, the fish and water relationship between the army and the people is vividly expressed.

All these heroes in the revolutionary model works are revolutionary fighters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. They have matured under the care of Mao Tse-tung's thought and have advanced along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line; they act according to Chairman Mao's instructions. These heroic figures are good examples for us to emulate. We should forge ahead in their footsteps.

Chairman Mao teaches us: "**Life as reflected in works of literature and art can and ought to be on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life.**" The golden revolutionary model works are such gems of art.

In its class struggle against the bourgeoisie and all exploiting classes, the proletariat has given birth to many revolutionary heroes with remarkable deeds worthy of song. The hero stands out in battle. The model works depict magnificent tableaux of class struggles with vivid features of the time and present a number of heroic images in the midst of struggle against the enemy.

The opera *On the Docks* places its main characters in the midst of sharp struggles between the two classes and the two roads and por-



trays the hero and heroine's character, their loyalty to the people and to the Party in the brightest colours and with the most militant tone.

*Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* presents on another plane the scene of hand to hand combat between the Communists and the Kuomintang bandits. This opera highlights the composure, wit and revolutionary courage of Yang Tzu-yung when, in disguise, he penetrates into the heart of the enemy.

These radiant model works applying the creative method of combining revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism portray from various angles the class struggle at different historical periods and present a number of lofty heroic images of the workers, peasants and soldiers who have attained a high degree of unity between individual character and class character and between ideological content and art.

The heroic images depicted in the model works are extremely like the revolutionary heroes in real life. Heroes like Yang Tzu-yung, Yang Wei-tsai, Fang Hai-chen and Kao Chih-yang, who nurse bitter hatred against the old society and have a loyal heart for the Party and the people and cherish a grand spirit of emancipating the whole of mankind, are truthful reflections of countless revolutionary heroes and their moral qualities in real life.

The heroic images in model works are on a higher plane than in real life. While *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment* took its theme from real life, in platoon leader Yang Wei-tsai we see the excellent moral qualities of heroic fighters of the Chinese People's Volunteers like Chiu Shao-yun and Lo Sheng-chiao. Through artistic generalization Yang Wei-tsai appears on a higher plane and is more typical.

In its sculpturing of heroic images of the workers, peasants and soldiers the model works are also prototypes in implementing Chairman Mao's great policy of "Making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China." This policy should serve the sculpturing of workers, peasants and soldiers. The ancient art of Chinese Peking opera and of the Western ballet, symphony and piano were monopolized by the reactionary ruling class for hundreds of years and were used especially to present emperors, princes, ministers and generals, scholar-bureaucrats and beauties. Today we want them to serve proletarian politics, to praise the heroic workers, peasants and

soldiers. A qualitative change has occurred in content; form must also be transformed, weeding through the old to bring forth the new.

The five revolutionary modern Peking operas not only retain certain features of Peking opera but to a large extent break through the old forms with new creations. The scene "Struggle on the Execution Grounds" in *The Red Lantern* uses the artistic exaggeration of Peking opera and presents the positive and negative characters in contrast in its stage arrangement thus bringing out the resolution and lofty spirit of the proletarian man of steel. Li Yu-ho's iron will and resolve to triumph over all decadent reactionary forces are vividly brought out.

To fully display Li Yu-ho's revolutionary spirit, *The Red Lantern* broke through the old conventions and singing style of the Peking opera to create *My Revolutionary Spirit Storms the Sky*, a splendid militant aria expressing his great ideal for the revolutionary cause, his confidence in the victory of the revolution and vividly portraying his lofty spiritual world, his concern for the motherland and the whole world.

The revolutionary symphonic music *Shachiapang* and revolutionary ballets *The Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-haired Girl* broke through the old conventions of foreign symphonic and ballet art. They make good use of the features of symphony and ballet by adding national instrumental music and folk dances which our workers, peasants and soldiers are familiar with and like.

Our beloved Comrade Chiang Ching is a vanguard fighter of the great proletarian revolution in literature and art. It was she who, raising high the valiant banner of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, stood heroically in the forefront of class struggle and, leading the revolutionary literary and art fighters, launched fierce attacks against the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art, storming one stubborn stronghold after another. It was she who, with the vision and spirit of the proletarian revolutionary, meticulously guided and personally cared for the creation of resplendent revolutionary model works one after another, enabling a whole group of heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers to tower magnificently on the theatrical stage. It was she who, with a

high degree of revolutionary responsibility and constantly seeking perfection, carefully studied every detail about the main heroic characters in the model works down to every gesture and every word uttered; even the emblem on a cap, the tab of a collar and how a light should fall, came under her consideration. On the basis of much thought, she gave us very valuable directives, pointing out the way for the creation of the revolutionary model works.

Heroic images of the workers, peasants and soldiers, illumined by the sunlight of the great Mao Tse-tung's thought, roar into the socialist garden of literature and art on the train of the times. It is not a question of the entrance of a few characters, but the entrance of big batches. They are not on the stage for a short time but will be there to stay always.

## Chronicle

### Pocket-size "Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung" Published

On the eve of the 19th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China came exhilarating news from the country's publishing and printing front: a single-volume de luxe pocket-size edition of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* had come off the press.

The pocket-size edition is printed in small clear characters on high-quality light-weight letter press paper. These, plus an advanced book-binding technique, make the new edition about half the size of the one-volume *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* and one third that of the four-volume set. Made of plastic grained leather, the covers are durable, moisture and curl proof. Like *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, the volume is easy to carry about. It is especially for the convenience of those revolutionary workers and cadres who work outdoors and whose jobs keep them on the move most of the time in forests, on highlands, frontiers and seas, such as meteorological workers, seamen, timber-workers, oilmen, geological prospectors and the PLA commanders and soldiers at outposts, so that they can study it any time and anywhere they wish to.

During the proletarian cultural revolution the revolutionary publishing and printing workers and administrative staff, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, have remarkable achievements to their credit in printing huge quantities of Chairman Mao's

works for the revolutionary people in China and abroad who are bent on studying Mao Tse-tung's thought. In the past two years or so, as the great proletarian cultural revolution advanced from victory to victory and the mass movement for the creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought has become broader and deeper, there has been a mounting demand from those who live as outdoor workers and the PLA men at outposts for a pocket-size edition of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* — the precious books for the revolution — which could be easily carried about and convenient for use.

In order to meet this urgent demand of the masses, the revolutionary workers engaged in type-setting, block-making, printing and book-binding overcame many difficulties in their working processes, as well as in testing paper and ink, before they finally produced the pocket-size edition. They worked continuously with the concerted efforts of all concerned, strove for perfection in their work and with great enthusiasm carried out the job as quickly as possible, thereby making a new contribution to the spreading of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung.

The first batches of the newly published edition are now available in Peking, Shanghai, Tientsin and those cities of all the provinces and autonomous regions where the revolutionary committees are seated. Priority in distribution is being given to those revolutionary workers and the PLA men who work outdoors or at outposts.

#### **“Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung” Published in Four More Foreign Languages**

Mid September saw the Foreign Languages Press publishing the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* Volumes I-IV in the Thai, Vietnamese, Japanese and Indonesian languages. Up to the present, there are altogether eight foreign-language editions, including the four new ones, that have presented the whole set of *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*. The other four are in the Burmese, English, French and Russian languages.

Also recently off the press are the Korean edition of Volume I and the Spanish, German and Korean editions of Volume II of *Selected*

*Works of Mao Tse-tung*, the Persian edition of the *Selected Military Writings of Mao Tse-tung* and the Arabic edition of the *Six Military Essays of Chairman Mao*.

#### **Gramophone Records of Piano Music “The Red Lantern” with Peking Opera Singing**

Thin plastic micro-groove gramophone records of piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, a new-type proletarian art form, have recently been manufactured by the Peking Gramophone Records Plant.

The Peking Gramophone Records Plant was transformed from the former Peking Playing-cards Factory and came into being during the proletarian cultural revolution. The revolutionary workers of the plant, with their political consciousness raised through the revolutionary mass repudiation of revisionism, resolved to change the nature of their production. Investigations by the workers showed that since the cultural revolution the demands of the workers, peasants and soldiers for gramophone records with revolutionary content had grown tremendously and that the existing gramophone-record makers were unable to keep up with the demand. So they made up their mind to remodel their factory into one that would produce gramophone records which would play their part in circulating Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Two thirds of the plant's workers being formerly housewives, they were not without problems. But after they studied our great leader Chairman Mao's words: **“The wealth of society is created by the workers, peasants and working intellectuals,”** they acted according to his teaching and finally succeeded in overcoming the technical difficulties.

During the remodelling and trial-manufacture, they also got warm support from the revolutionary workers of other gramophone-record factories. When the first gramophone record came out it was a success.

The new gramophone records of piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing are well received by the public and the workers are now devoting their efforts to making more gramophone records with revolutionary content.

### New Films Welcomed by the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

On the eve of this year's National Day, the revolutionary workers of the Peking Film Distributing Co., following Chairman Mao's teaching that literature and art should serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, delivered for preview the three latest revolutionary documentary films in colour to factories, the countryside and places where PLA units were stationed in advance of their scheduled screening in Peking during the holidays. Warmly welcomed by the worker, peasant and soldier spectators, they were *Newsreel, Sailing the Sea Depends on the Helmsman* and piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing.

The first of the three records impressive scenes of the receptions our most beloved Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao accorded to PLA soldiers, workers' representatives and friends from various countries of the world. The second one is a documentary of the First Representative Conference of Activists in Studying Chairman Mao's Works in the PLA Naval Force. And the third one films for the screen audience the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, a new-type proletarian art form. It records eight of the principal arias with Yin Cheng-tsung at the piano and Peking opera actor Chien Hao-liang and actress Liu Chang-yu singing.

When the new films were shown in the Peking General Knitwear Mills, at the Tungluchueh Production Brigade of the Wanghsing-chuang People's Commune, Pingku County on the outskirts of Peking, and to a unit of the naval force, the workers, peasants and soldiers were so enthusiastic that they went from door to door talking about them.

Each time the image of Chairman Mao himself appeared on the screen, thunderous applause rang out, and shouts of "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!" echoed and re-echoed.

After the show the audiences, happy and elated, held impromptu discussions at which they talked about their impressions of the films.

An old worker of the knitwear mills said excitedly: "It is good that the film-makers have preserved the scenes of our great leader Chairman

Mao's many receptions for the revolutionary fighters. We workers like to see such films very much and always look forward to seeing more. They remind me of August 15, the most unforgettable day when I had the great honour to see Chairman Mao with my own eyes. It was the happiest day of my life."

Many of the navy men who had attended the First Representative Conference of Activists in Studying Chairman Mao's Works were highly stirred when they came to the highlights, Chairman Mao's appearance during the conference. They said, "When we saw the scenes, we felt that we had gone back to last year's conference, and we were happily dipping once more into the sea of our memory."

A poor peasant woman of the Tungluchueh Production Brigade said with emotion after the show, "When I see on the screen Chairman Mao's receptions of the revolutionary fighters one after another, and that Chairman Mao is fit and well, I feel a glow in my heart. I can't help calling out 'Long live Chairman Mao!' I've never been to the city of Peking but seeing these films makes me feel that I am really there seeing Chairman Mao and that he is right at my side."

About the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, they all said that the lofty qualities of the working class found in the hero Li Yu-ho were well captured in the film. It heightens the spirit of the working class and puts a damper on the arrogance of the class enemy.

When these new films were shown in the cinemas of the capital during the National Day holidays they won equally warm praise from the revolutionary masses.

### New Musical and Stage Shows in Shanghai

During the holidays celebrating National Day the revolutionary literary and art workers of Shanghai put on a number of new musical and stage shows. They include *An Ode to the Red Sun* in the form of revolutionary symphonic music and chorus singing dedicated to our great leader Chairman Mao, and revolutionary songs and dances.

Among them were also a revolutionary modern Peking opera *An Ode to the Lungchiang River*, an opera reflecting the fine communist

style of the poor and lower-middle peasants; a string quintette for passages of the Peking opera *On the Docks*; *Little Palu*,\* a puppet show describing the children's brave struggles against the enemy during the War of Resistance Against Japan.

In addition there were a revolutionary symphonic music version of *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, a modern drama *The Serfs' Halberd*, and revolutionary modern acrobatics. The model Peking operas *The Red Lantern* and *Shachiapang* have also appeared in forms adapted for the stage of two regional types of opera, the *buaichu* and *yangchu*.

Following the pattern of the revolutionary literary and art workers of Peking, the Shanghai theatrical and musical workers also gave performances of the revolutionary model works: the Peking opera *Shachiapang* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, a new revolutionary art form.

Not long ago the Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Teams of the workers entered Shanghai's literary and art circles, giving a great inspiration to the revolutionary literary and art workers there. The shows they staged during the holidays were produced or adapted under the leadership of the working class, who not only participated in the creation of these new works but also guided the rehearsals. For instance, *An Ode to the Red Sun*, *An Ode to the Lungchiang River* and *Little Palu* were jointly written by the worker-writers, the PLA soldiers and the revolutionary literary and art workers. This changed completely the past situation where the intellectuals had monopolized the so-called "profession of creative writing."

Under the leadership of the working class the revolutionary literary and art workers of Shanghai gave prominence to proletarian politics in the course of their creation and rehearsals. They persisted in the study of Chairman Mao's works and, unafraid of hardships and tedious work, went all out with the heavy schedule of rehearsals in a militant spirit. The spirit of co-operation was a feature of the work of all the units concerned.

The new performances won warm praise from the broad masses of the workers, peasants and soldiers.

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\*Short for the Eighth Route Army.

### Oil Painting by China's Fine Arts Workers Exhibited in Pakistan

Early in September ten oil paintings by Chinese artists were on display at the Army Museum of Pakistan. Chinese fine arts workers painted them while they were on a visit to that country.

The main themes of these paintings are: scenes of the brave Pakistan soldiers defending the heroic city of Lahore; their repulsing an Indian tank attack in Chiwinda near Sialkot; their crossing the Tawi River in Kashmir; and the panicky flight of the Indian aggressors. They fully capture the spirit of the heroic battles the people and soldiers of Pakistan waged against the Indian armed aggression in September 1965.

On September 6 Ayub Khan, President of Pakistan, accompanied by General Yahya Khan, Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army, saw the paintings at a preview of the exhibition. Major General Shahabzada Yaqub Khan, Chief of the General Staff of the Pakistan Army, cut the ribbon for the show at the opening ceremony.

This exhibition is another manifestation of the growing friendship between China and Pakistan.

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