

SCOTT



CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood!

This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield. No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on.

— *On Coalition Government*

Ugly Performance of Self-Exposure

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique, which is at the end of its tether, staged another ugly performance of self-exposure not long ago. Under the signboard of "unity of action of anti-imperialist forces," it tried hard to deck itself out as an "anti-imperialist hero" at the sinister Moscow meeting last June, but not long afterwards, this "anti-imperialist" fraud was completely exposed by a series of its own words and deeds. The foreign policy report made by Soviet revisionist Foreign Minister A. A. Gromyko to fawn on and curry favour with U.S. imperialism was a striking case in point.

To cover up the counter-revolutionary U.S.-Soviet collusion which is known to all, L. I. Brezhnev, chieftain of the Soviet revisionist renegade clique, made many pretentious remarks at the sinister meeting such as "imperialism has been and remains the chief adversary," U.S. imperialism is "the main force of world reaction," etc., etc. But the report by Gromyko exposed all these remarks as deceitful lies. From beginning to end, this report did not even once name the United States as imperialism and made no mention at all of the

anti-imperialist struggle. On the contrary, it raved vociferously and impatiently for turning the "good relations" between the Soviet Union and the United States initiated in the period of Khrushchov into "friendly relations." It turns out that "the chief adversary" on the lips of the Soviet revisionists is actually their best friend.

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique made a gesture at the sinister meeting by claiming that this is the "time of global confrontation" with imperialism and that one should be "in the van of the fight against imperialism." However, Gromyko's report has given the lie to all these claims. This Soviet revisionist foreign minister took up U.S. imperialist chieftain Nixon's statement "after a period of confrontation we are entering an era of negotiations," revered it as priceless treasure and prostrated himself before it. He declared obsequiously that Soviet revisionism speaks a "common tongue" with U.S. imperialism and wants to "find agreed stands" with the latter on all international questions through "negotiations." So "confrontation" with imperialism on the lips of the Soviet revisionists in fact means wallowing in the mire with U.S. imperialism and serving as its accomplice.

What does the "era of negotiations" mean? According to the package plan dished up in Gromyko's report for the Soviet revisionists' intensified collusion with the U.S. imperialists, it means summit meetings with the U.S. imperialist chieftain for counter-revolutionary global deals and exchange of visits between parliamentary delegations of both countries; talks with U.S. imperialism on strategic weapons to step up nuclear blackmail against the world people; continued effort to find a "political settlement" on the Viet Nam question, which means continued sell-out of the interests of the Vietnamese people in service to the U.S. imperialists' peace-talk swindle; stepped-up endeavours to create a "Middle East Munich" in collusion with U.S. imperialism to stamp out the revolutionary struggle of the Palestinian and other Arab people; negotiations with the United States, Britain and France on the question of West Berlin to sell out the interests of the German people, etc., etc. This series of so-called negotiations are all aimed at sabotaging and suppressing the revolutionary struggles of the oppressed people and nations, at encroach-

ing on the independence and sovereignty of other countries and threatening the security of various nations, and at committing plunder and dividing up the spoils by Soviet revisionism and U.S. imperialism ganging up with each other. In a word, the so-called "era of negotiations" is nothing but another name for the futile attempt to re-divide the world by U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism, the two most ferocious enemies of the world's people.

By making this confession, Gromyko has frankly spoken the mind of the Soviet revisionist chieftains and has given positive response to the fervent hopes of Nixon, chieftain of U.S. imperialism. It is precisely because of this that as soon as Gromyko's report was made public, it won the warm acclamation of U.S. imperialism. Before receiving the full text of the report, U.S. Secretary of State Rogers hurriedly issued a formal statement, saying that he had "read with interest" the press accounts of the Soviet revisionist foreign minister's speech and praising it as being "positive in tone," which would enable U.S.-Soviet relations to make "a significant step forward." The imperialist press also showered praises on the speech, describing it as "a rare step" taken by Soviet revisionism which "called for a new era of friendly relations with the United States."

In fact, counter-revolutionary deals between Soviet revisionism and U.S. imperialism have never been discontinued but have become all the more intense after the sinister Moscow meeting. Here are the facts:

On June 17, the very day of the closing of the sinister Moscow meeting, Soviet revisionism handed over a so-called "package peace plan" to U.S. imperialism on the settlement of the Middle-East issue, a plan which sells out the interests of the Palestinian and other Arab people.

On June 24, the Western press reported that the Soviet revisionists kept the United States informed of the situation on the Sino-Soviet border. It described this as "new style diplomacy."

On June 26, a Soviet freighter shipped titanium ore, an important strategic material, to Seattle, U.S.A. It was described by a U.S. news agency as a "favor" from the Soviet Union.

On July 9, a Soviet revisionist chieftain hospitably received a U.S. astronaut in the Kremlin. He subserviently paid his "respect" to Nixon and trumpeted that the Soviet Union and the United States were friends.

On July 11, as a gesture of friendship for the United States, the Soviet revisionist authorities announced the immediate release of a U.S. air force lieutenant colonel who had intruded into Soviet air space on a plane.

On July 13, Nixon's "special consultant" who arrived in Moscow to take part in a so-called "film festival" received a "warm welcome" from the Soviet revisionist renegades.

On July 14, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Sisco and Gromyko held secret talks in Moscow on the Middle East issue to carry on the plot to strangle the Palestinian and other Arab people's anti-imperialist struggle.

On July 21, a Soviet revisionist chieftain saw former U.S. Vice-president Humphrey by appointment who was visiting the Soviet Union. They held secret talks on Viet Nam, the Middle East and disarmament. After the talks, Humphrey said, "There is a basic Soviet desire to negotiate in good faith on matters of substance."

On July 23, the Soviet Union and the United States reached an agreement on establishing consulates in Leningrad and San Francisco as a new step in their collusion.

All this provides further proof that Soviet revisionism's ranting about "anti-imperialism" is nothing but a deceitful lie.

It is by no means accidental that before the ink on the "anti-imperialist" document adopted at the sinister Moscow meeting was dry, the Soviet revisionist renegade clique hurriedly colluded with U.S. imperialism in a quickened tempo and an unprecedentedly blatant way. Soviet revisionist social-imperialism which is actively pursuing a policy of aggression and expansion is extremely isolated and finds the going tougher and tougher. As usual, it incessantly bluffs and deceives, and then exposes itself again and again. This time, it cast away the "anti-imperialist" tune played up at the sinister meeting, tore off the "anti-imperialist" veil and slapped its own face. This penetratingly reveals that the Soviet revisionist renegade clique has already landed

in an impasse, ridden with crises. It also shows that this clique is desperately struggling to extricate itself from the dilemma by stepping up collusion with U.S. imperialism in opposing China.

At the sinister meeting, the Soviet revisionist renegade clique also pretentiously hurled a few curses at the reactionary forces in West Germany, Japan and other countries, as if it opposed not only U.S. imperialism but also other imperialist countries and all reactionaries. However, Gromyko's report and the deeds of the Soviet revisionists again serve to give the lie to this trick.

In his report, Gromyko racked his brains to eulogize imperialism and all reaction. He shamelessly called the imperialist countries "friends" and the reactionaries "good friends," and he declared that "fruitful" and "wide" "co-operation" would be established with them and that the "relations" would further develop "along diverse lines." In short, everything reactionary is an object of unity for the Soviet revisionist renegade clique. They step up their collusion with West Germany, desperately curry favour with Japan and have even sent an invitation to the Japanese arch war criminal Nobusuke Kishi to visit the Soviet Union. They supply arms and ammunition to the Indonesian fascist regime of Suharto to suppress and put down the revolutionary struggle of the Indonesian people. They give all-round support to the Indian reactionaries, making them anti-China pawns. They invited to Moscow as an honoured guest the "minister of state for foreign affairs" of the Mobutu clique, U.S. imperialist puppet in the Congo (K). They energetically plot the establishment of an "Asian collective security system" which is aimed at putting the Asian countries under their control, and at opposing China and the revolutionary movement of the people in various Asian countries. They have even gone so far as to openly collude with the Chiang Kai-shek bandit clique, so on and so forth.

Lenin pointed out 53 years ago: "**Today, the socialist proletariat . . . is confronted by an alliance of tsarist imperialism and advanced capitalist, European, imperialism, which is based on their common oppression of a number of nations.**" (Lenin, *Collected Works*, Chinese ed. Vol. 22, p. 337.) The new tsars of today, in order to oppose the revolutionary struggles of the people

in various countries and maintain their own toppling social-imperialist rule, are stepping up not only their collusion with U.S. imperialism but also the formation of a counter-revolutionary alliance with all decadent imperialism and reaction. They are really the worthy sons of the old tsars.

Both the report by Gromyko and the speech by the Soviet revisionist chieftain Brezhnev at the sinister meeting openly and rabidly opposed China and regarded socialist China as their chief enemy. This has provided added proof that the opposition of the Soviet revisionist renegade clique to U.S. imperialism is sham, while its opposition to China is real; that its union with all revolutionary forces is sham, while its disruption of the revolutionary movements in various countries is real; and that its "unity of action of anti-imperialist forces" is sham, while its "unity of action" of counter-revolutionary forces is real.

It is by no means surprising that the Soviet revisionist renegade clique is rabidly opposed to China. A powerful socialist China is the greatest obstacle for this clique to collude with U.S. imperialism in a vain attempt to re-divide the world. If it does not oppose China, how will it win the favour of U.S. imperialism and account for its own action before U.S. imperialism? If it does not oppose China, how will it push social-imperialism and social-fascism? Soviet revisionism's opposition to China not only cannot do us the slightest harm, but, on the contrary, it is an honour to us.

In rabidly opposing China, the Soviet revisionist renegade clique has fully exposed its own feeble nature. The spread of Mao Tsetung Thought throughout the world, the impact of China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution on world revolution, the complete exposure of the features of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism by the Chinese Communist Party, the Albanian Party of Labour and other genuine Marxist-Leninist Parties as well as the daily growth of the revolutionary struggles of the people of the Soviet Union and other countries of the world, all this has dealt a fatal blow to this horde of renegades. As a result, they are sitting on a volcano, panic-stricken and not knowing what to do. At the same time they are compelled to reveal their atrocious features fully and put up a last-ditch struggle.

Gromyko's undisguised counter-revolutionary report has stripped the sinister Moscow meeting of its tiny "anti-imperialist" mask. After the meeting, the sinister "documents" it adopted, like a stone sunk into the sea, have produced no reaction, failing entirely to attract any attention. Except for a few feeble cries made by a few stooges or retainers of the Soviet revisionists, nobody pays any heed to the stinking long-winded "documents" which are full of loopholes in spite of repeated patching. We despise this sinister meeting and regard it as a sheer farce. Frankly speaking, it does not in the least deserve our refutation by a serious editorial. However, Gromyko has the cheek to laud such a trivial farce to the skies, praising it as a "bright page" "in the chronicles." This is indeed the height of impudence! Since the Soviet revisionists have completely ripped off their own mask, we avail ourselves of this opportunity to sketch the awkward features of this pack of renegades in slapping their own faces.

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique, under the signboard of "unity of action of anti-imperialist forces," has collaborated with U.S. imperialism and all reactionaries to engage in the criminal undertakings of opposing China, opposing communism, opposing the people and opposing revolution. This can only expose ever more clearly its heinous face of social-imperialism and arouse ever stronger opposition from the revolutionary people throughout the world.

Our great leader Chairman Mao points out: **"Working hand in glove, Soviet revisionism and U.S. imperialism have done so many foul and evil things that the revolutionary people the world over will not let them go unpunished."** The genuine Marxist-Leninist Parties of various countries are growing in strength in the course of integrating Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought with the concrete practice of revolution in their own countries and in the struggle against imperialism, revisionism and the reactionaries of various countries. A broadest possible united front is being formed by all countries and people subjected to aggression, control, intervention or bullying by U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism. A great momentous struggle against U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism is daily mounting on a world-wide scale. The law of

the development of world history is irresistible. No matter how Soviet revisionism steps up its collusion with U.S. imperialism and no matter how frenziedly it struggles, the victory of the world revolution and the doom of Soviet revisionism, U.S. imperialism and their lackeys are inevitable. The great red banner of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought will certainly be planted throughout the world.

Chairman Mao with the People of Various Nationalities (oil painting) ▶



To Live and Die for the Revolution

— *Yang Shui-tsai, a Fearless Communist*

Yang Shui-tsai was a poor child who grew up in a sea of bitterness. Before China was liberated his family of nine owned less than eight *mu* of land. Always half dead with fatigue, they never had a full meal, not even of chaff and wild herbs.

They couldn't hold on to the few *mu* of land they had. Shui-tsai's father, weakened by years of oppression and torment by the landlord, fell ill and took to his bed. They had to sell a *mu* and eight-tenths to raise funds for treatment.

The smell of money brought the landlord's dogs. Before the doctor had time to arrive, the bailiffs were at the door, snarling: "Three hundred yuan for Shui-tsai's draft exemption. Pay, or we'll tie him up and turn him over to the army."

No sooner was the exemption fee paid than harsh taxes fell due. Shui-tsai's father had no money, so the Kuomintang swine arrested his mother and took her off to the town jail. The family had no choice. They gritted their teeth and sold another few *mu*. Only then were they able to bring the mother home.

The moment she stepped in the door, the tears still not dry on her cheeks, she saw Shui-tsai's two-year-old brother lying limply on the bed. He had hungrily stuffed bits of the quilt into his mouth with his little hands. The mother snatched the child to her bosom, but he was already dead of starvation.

In 1942 there was a drought and the land was bare. "You're starving to death," said the ward chief, a puppet of the Japanese invaders. "Why hang on to the house?" Shui-tsai's father had sold all their land. The only thing they had left was the small cottage, but they were forced to practically give it away to the landlord. Now they had not even a home base from which to go begging.

Eating chaff and wild herbs, they still couldn't get by. Shui-tsai's two younger sisters were sold to a trader. The calamitous, ruinous society also took the life of his pitiful old grandmother.

Shui-tsai had been a beggar since childhood. At twelve he went with his father to toil for the landlord like a beast of burden. He got up before it was light and worked till after dark, aching with weariness. The boy had just started to eat two coarse muffins that were his pay when the landlord's wife kicked them out of his hand.

"Starveling," she grated. "You haven't done enough work to earn your keep."

Shui-tsai had to swallow his rage, but it flamed in his chest.

In 1949, he joined the PLA. His days of misery had ended at last.

The heavier the oppression, the deeper the class hatred. At army meetings where the men told of their bitter past, Shui-tsai angrily denounced the evil old society. He vowed to battle for the liberation of the people of the entire country. In the southward drive against the Chiang Kai-shek brigands, Shui-tsai, burning with class hatred, fought courageously. He was decorated for valour several times in little over a year, and was honoured with the title "People's Hero."

At the beginning of 1951, tempered by his army experience, he returned to his village, Shuitaoyang. The Party was calling on discharged veterans to build up their home areas.

"After the enemies with guns have been wiped out, there will still be enemies without guns." "Under no circumstances must we relax our vigilance."

Shui-tsai found that the class enemy in his village were still quite arrogant. Because of this, some of the local people were still worried and hesitant.

The enemy was trying to buy over one or two cadres in the peasants' association. Shui-tsai had had a bellyful of oppression and exploitation by landlord tyrants. He knew the importance of political power. Through a lot of hard work, he created close unity among the masses of poor peasants and hired hands, and launched an attack against the class enemy. Not long after, the masses elected him to the management committee of the peasants' association. He was put in charge of security.

"Ever since Shui-tsai's come home," said one of the old poor peasants, "things have changed for us poor peasants and hired hands."

The crafty class enemy saw that rough tactics wouldn't work. They tried to get at Shui-tsai and other peasants' association cadres with sugar-coated bullets.

One night a landlord tyrant approached Shui-tsai. His lips were smiling but his eyes were cold. "I've arranged a match for you," he said in an oily voice. "The girl's twenty-three, and never been married. You're not getting any younger. I thought I'd help you along."

Shui-tsai saw through this immediately. The class enemy was using the old "beautiful woman" tactics.

"Get away from me," he snapped. "Trying to make me fall for a trick like that. You're out of your mind."

Another night, Shui-tsai had already blown out the lamp and got into bed. A rascal stole up to his window and whispered: "I've brought you a pair of socks. You're a cadre now. Seeing you going around without any socks doesn't seem right."

Shui-tsai was furious. "Who wants presents from you?"

"I'll leave them on the windowsill," the scamp persisted. "If you need anything else in the future, just give me a call."

The next morning, sure enough, Shui-tsai found a pair of new socks on the sill. He checked up and learned that the fellow had also sent gifts to other cadres in the peasants' association.

The association called a mass meeting to hit back at the enemy and educate the people. Shui-tsai spoke, and exposed the various blandishments of the class enemy.

"They even sent me eggs and fruit and said it was to preserve my health. Pure moonshine," he snorted. "In famine years before liberation when we poor had nothing for the pot, their grain was rotting in their storage bins. Many of us poor peasants died or became refugees, but they wouldn't give us so much as half a bowl. Have they suddenly become kind-hearted? Not a bit. When they give you anything it's like the weasel paying his respects to the hen — they're up to no good. It isn't eggs and fruit they're sending, it's pure poison. The only way to treat those savage dogs is beat them down."

Shui-tsai took a firm class stand in the battle against the handful of class enemies. He listened to Chairman Mao and travelled the socialist road, never lagging a step. When the Party called on the people in 1953 to organize mutual-aid teams for farming, Shui-tsai promptly went from door to door explaining the advantages of mutual aid and co-operation.

He organized a mutual-aid team with nine other families. But soon two well-to-do middle peasants and an ordinary middle peasant dropped out. That left seven families, all poor peasants.

Shui-tsai encouraged them. "We'll travel the road pointed out by Chairman Mao, come what may. We'll show the world what poor peasants can do."

He gave his entire demobilization pay to the team so that they could buy feed for the draught animals. The others were embarrassed. "You've got bad t.b. of the lungs," they said. "Spend the money on your illness."

"No," said Shui-tsai. "Steel should go on the blade's cutting edge. Putting my money into our mutual-aid team is the best possible use for it."

The others were very moved. "We know your heart," they said. "We'll definitely travel the bright road Chairman Mao has pointed out. Though the heavens may fall and the earth may split, we're sticking with Chairman Mao all the way."

In 1956 Shui-tsai had the honour of being accepted into the Chinese Communist Party. From then on, he travelled the socialist road more joyously. And he was more determined than ever in the struggle against the forces of capitalism. When agricultural co-ops and later, people's communes were formed, Shui-tsai was in the van.

He stood as solid as a rock against the attempt of Liu Shao-chi to stir up the sinister trend of *santzuypao*.* In the fierce struggle between the two classes, the two roads, the two lines, Shui-tsai's position was always clear. He wouldn't yield an inch to the forces of capitalism, he was unshaken in his determination to go the socialist road. The poor and lower-middle peasants called him "The Iron Pillar."

II

The village was in a hilly area where there was little water. Before liberation, a wry jingle described the situation thus:

Our village is high in the hills,
The landlords are bandits cruel,
Though we sweat and strain all day,
We eat chaff and wild herb gruel.
Pushing a cart is hard,
Every step is up a slope,
And when the drought sets in,
For a drink there's not a hope.

Shui-tsai was inspired by the socialist tide sweeping China in 1956, the year he joined the Party. He decided to solve the water shortage by working together with the poor and lower-middle peasants in the spirit of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains.

He proposed this resolution at the Party branch: "To pull out the roots of our poverty, we must build irrigation works and plant trees. We must make up our minds to overcome all difficulties and turn the hills into irrigated fields, to cover the bare ridges with flowering

*The extension of plots for private use, the extension of free markets, the increase in the number of small enterprises with sole responsibility for their own profits or losses, and the fixing of output quotas on the basis of individual households.

orchards. Then our village will abound in *wutung*, pepper, persimmon and peach trees.”

How would they conquer the hills? Where would the water come from? Shui-tsai was guided by Chairman Mao's teachings: **“The masses are the real heroes.”** **“No investigation, no right to speak.”** He climbed all the hills, investigated every ridge and ravine. Night after night, he called on old peasants and exchanged ideas. They had years of experience in fighting drought, and from them he learned the characteristics of the region, which he summed up as follows: Topography — a hollow between two hills, full of slopes and rises; weather — no rain usually in June, no frost until after October, fairly good weather in early spring and late autumn; water supply — very little in the hills, most likely spot the mouth of the ravine outside the village.

On the basis of this, Shui-tsai proposed to the brigade in 1963 that they dig a pond five *mu* in area, in the mouth of the ravine, and use electrically driven pumps to push water up the hills, turn their land into irrigated fields and solve the drought question once and for all. He submitted a plan, together with a detailed report of the surveying he had done with home-made instruments, whereby the water would be relayed up over three levels.

The Party branch and the majority of the brigade members supported Shui-tsai. But a few cadres on Team Three were opposed, because the place where the pond was to be dug was part of their best land.

“We'll give you good land in exchange,” said the brigade administration.

“No matter how good it is, it can't produce the kind of grain we're getting now.”

Shui-tsai himself and the Party secretary of the brigade as well as their families were members of Team Three, and they worked hard to persuade the others.

“You're brigade cadres. Of course you're not thinking of it from our angle,” some of their Team Three neighbours reprimanded them.

A couple of conservatives scoffed at the whole idea. “It's ridiculous to expect to irrigate the slopes just by digging a pond,” they declared.

In accordance with Chairman Mao's teaching, **“Political work is the life-blood of all economic work,”** Shui-tsai proposed that the Party branch call meetings of the brigade for the purposes of class education and strengthening the concept of collectivism. At these meetings, he was the first to compare the sweetness of the present with the bitterness of the past, bringing tears to everyone's eyes. He also took the lead in a study of the Three Constantly Read Articles, speaking at length of **“the spirit of absolute selflessness.”** This made everything clear to the members of Team Three.

“We saw only our own few *mu* of land but not the more than two thousand *mu* of the brigade and the seven hundred million people of the entire country,” they said. “Our vision was too narrow. We should learn from the Foolish Old Man, and depend on self-reliance and hard work. Otherwise, we'll never dig out the roots of our poverty.”

“Right.” Shui-tsai slapped his thigh approvingly. “We're peasants of the Mao T'setung era. We're not at the mercy of the weather. If the water dragon doesn't come to us, we'll go and drag it out.”

This cry sent the peasants' enthusiasm soaring. They wouldn't even take time off for the spring festival. Carrying shovels and baskets, they swarmed to the worksite and began digging through the ice and snow.

During one of the breaks, Shui-tsai gave a talk entitled “Learn from the Foolish Old Man, Act Like the Foolish Old Man.” He said: “The Foolish Old Man was faced with two mountains. He set to work with his sons to remove them. We're also faced with two ‘mountains’ — torrents washing away our soil and lack of water for irrigation. We can lick these problems by being as determined as the Foolish Old Man and digging a pond that will water the slopes.”

His lively way of speaking stirred his listeners. They said: “The Foolish Old Man made up his mind to remove two mountains outside his front door. We have Chairman Mao's wise leadership. You mean to say we can't dig a pond that will help build socialism? If we can't finish in one year, we'll take two, or three. We won't quit until we strike water.”

Shui-tsai not only talked about the Foolish Old Man, he behaved like him. Though his t.b. was serious, he worked just as hard as the others. When they urged him to rest he said: "The Foolish Old Man was well on in years, but he never wavered, he hacked away at those mountains every day. I'm much younger than he was."

One day the rain came down in buckets. Shui-tsai was afraid it would wash down the ravine into the pond they were digging and affect the work. With a friend, he waded through the waist-deep water to the pond. Sure enough, water was flowing in. The two of them couldn't stop it, so they ran to the village and got help, finally plugging the breach.

Long immersion and fatigue started Shui-tsai coughing. "I told you not to come," his friend scolded.

Shui-tsai grinned. "We've kept the water out of the diggings. That makes me feel fine."

The digging went on, ten feet, twenty, thirty. . . . Then they struck a layer of rock. Some were discouraged, for they still hadn't found much water, and now they couldn't go any deeper.

"Hit harder, comrades," Shui-tsai urged. "Even if the water dragon is hiding in the juices of the rock, we'll drag him out and make him irrigate our slopes so that we can plant wheat."

Everyone attacked with renewed vigour. Shui-tsai brought in a well borer with an iron bit. It finally carved through the rock, and water came gushing out. The worksite went wild with joy.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" "Long live Mao Tsetung Thought!" Cheers shook the heavens. People hurried to the freshet from all directions, happy tears blurring their eyes.

Never, in all the generations past, had it been possible to irrigate the hills. When the pond project was completed, the village was like one continuous fair. Visitors came from eight and ten *li* away. Even staid matrons who seldom left their homes arrived with their daughters to view this remarkable sight.

An old man who had said: "It's ridiculous to expect to irrigate the slopes just by digging a pond," now squatted beside the pump, smiling so broadly his eyes vanished. He was quite oblivious that his pipe had gone out. "Shui-tsai sure has plenty of determination,"

he said with an admiring sigh. "He insists on following the road pointed out by Chairman Mao. He's absolutely right. We haven't had rain in weeks, but the crops are green and luxuriant. Our ancestors never saw such a thing."

III

They went on improving their irrigation. At the same time Shui-tsai led them in afforesting the hills.

One morning, carrying a few muffins, he set out for a tree nursery in another county to learn fruit tree grafting. He got there, learned how to graft, and prepared to leave in the afternoon. Heavy rain clouds gathered.

"Your health isn't very good and we're going to have a storm," the nursery comrades said to Shui-tsai. "Why not stay over till tomorrow?"

But Shui-tsai thought of the tens of thousands of saplings waiting for him back at the brigade. He insisted on going. Though tired, he started walking in the teeth of the wind.

He'd only gone a few *li* when the rain came down in a deluge. The road turned to mud and water. How could a sick man like Shui-tsai go on? Half-way home he began spitting blood. His head was spinning, sparks danced before his eyes, he couldn't lift his legs.

"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory," he kept muttering. It was after ten at night when he finally dragged himself, splattered with mud from head to toe, back to the village.

The next day he taught the grafting technique he had learned to the comrades of the brigade nursery. He worked from early morning till after dark without a stop.

It was the heat of summer, the best time for grafting. Shui-tsai and the brigade members went at it energetically beneath the blazing sun. Not a breath of air seeped through the densely planted nursery. It was as oppressive as a tobacco drying shed. Even the young fellows found it hard to take. For Shui-tsai it was much worse.

His illness flared up frequently, causing him considerable pain. He used to eat a few segments of garlic to suppress it, and carried on. But soon that didn't help either. The pain got so bad that no amount of garlic could deaden it. Shui-tsai felt himself blacking out, his hands wouldn't respond.

He mopped the sweat from his face and paused a minute to steady himself. How he longed to sit down. But he shoved the idea out of his mind when he saw all the saplings that remained to be doctored. "This is the time for grafting," he thought. "How can I rest? I can't quit. I must keep on." He hauled himself erect and continued with his work.

Several times the scorching heat made him keel over in a faint. People urged him to rest but he only smiled. "Cooking in the sun is good for my ailment." He stubbornly fought his disease, leading the brigade members till they finished grafting tens of thousands of saplings.

In the winter of 1965 they began afforesting in a big way. Shui-tsai went with a basket of lime, marking out on the ground where and how the different types of trees should be planted. Again his t.b. recurred, this time worse than before. His mother was worried. "Just look at you, Shui-tsai," she said.

"All men must die, but death can vary in its significance," he silently recited to himself. "To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai, but to work for the fascists and die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather."

And he thought: "When I was a conscript soldier in the old society, who was I supposed to die for? Wouldn't my death have been lighter than a feather? Today, I'm in the service of the people. If I die, it will be a worthy death."

He comforted his mother, saying: "Don't feel bad, ma. I had t.b. before liberation. I spit blood because the landlords and reactionaries oppressed me. Now I'm working for the Party, I serve the poor and lower-middle peasants. Even if I get a little tired sometimes, my heart's at ease."

Commune cadres called on him frequently when he was ill, and brought a doctor to treat him. Nearly all the poor and lower-middle peasants in the village came and sat at his bedside.

The moment Shui-tsai's fever went down, he insisted on going back to work. "Better not," said the comrades. "You've not yet recovered."

"Illness, difficulties, I'm not afraid of any of them," said Shui-tsai. "I use Mao Tsetung Thought to cure one and to overcome the other. With Mao Tsetung Thought nothing worries me. But until we build up our home area properly I won't be able to die in peace."

He got out of bed and, supporting himself along the wall, slowly left the house to see how the tree planting was coming on. Then he took his basket of lime and marked out, in the icy wind, where more trees should be planted. As he worked, he silently recited Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice, and death is a common occurrence. But we have the interests of the people and the sufferings of the great majority at heart, and when we die for the people it is a worthy death.**"

Shui-tsai worked steadfastly for a dozen and more years as if they were a day to slough off the poverty of Shuitaoyang. He had a will of iron. He fought on stubbornly, enduring the torments of t.b. of the lungs, a gastric ulcer and kidney stones, fearless of hardships, fearless of death.

"As long as the wheelbarrow's still upright, keep pushing," he often said. "I'm going on with the revolution while there's a breath left in my body."

IV

During their struggle to build a new socialist countryside the boldly determined poor and lower-middle peasants of Shuitaoyang discovered how difficult this was without a proper education. The schools in the towns didn't serve the poor and lower-middle peasants.

"We've got to look far ahead, to build communism. That can't be done without education," they said to Shui-tsai. "Why don't you lead us to set up a school here? Train reliable successors for us."

"All right," he replied cheerfully. "With Mao Tsetung Thought as our guide, with the poor and lower-middle peasants giving us support, there's no reason why we can't have a good school."

An agricultural middle school, of the kind indicated by Chairman Mao's proletarian line in education, was founded on September 1, 1963 by the joint efforts of the poor and lower-middle peasants of Shuitaoyang and six other brigades. A management committee of poor and lower-middle peasants ran the school. They appointed Shui-tsai principal.

On the opening day the committee and Shui-tsai welcomed the seventy-eight new students. "Whose children are you?" Shui-tsai asked them.

"The poor and lower-middle peasants," seventy-eight throats replied.

"Why have you come to this school?"

"To study Mao Tsetung Thought, to learn how to build a new socialist countryside."

These words, to Shui-tsai, were as sweet as honey. "You've answered well," he said excitedly. "We poor and lower-middle peasants have set up this agricultural middle school not to become officials and get rich, but to train successors who hold high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, who stick to the socialist road, who love labour, and who serve the poor and lower-middle peasants. You are their children. You mustn't disappoint them."

Shui-tsai ran the school along the lines of *Kangta** — part study, part work, and built by self-reliance. When the question arose as to what type of building to construct, opinion was divided between simple thatched cottages and handsome buildings with tile roofs.

"I'm for thatched cottages," said Shui-tsai. "If poor and lower-middle peasants can live in that type of house, students and teachers can do the same. The caves of *Kangta* turned out revolutionary cadres by the thousands, because there the red lantern of Mao Tsetung

*The Chinese People's Anti-Japanese Military and Political College led by the Chinese Communist Party which trained military and political cadres during the War of Resistance Against Japan.

Thought hung. As long as our thatched cottages are lit by Mao Tsetung Thought we'll be able to train reliable successors for the poor and lower-middle peasants."

With the strong support of the poor and lower-middle peasants, six thatched cottages were quickly built. The students and teachers were very happy. "Food you cook yourself is fragrant, houses you build yourself are bright," they said.

The school kept growing. Two years later, they moved to the site of an old iron mill. Shui-tsai encouraged the teachers and students to show their *Kangta* spirit. In forty days they made fifty thousand mud bricks, erected buildings with a total of twenty-one rooms, and opened to cultivation over twenty *mu* of land. They now not only had ample classrooms, but their own experimental farm and orchard as well.

Chairman Mao says: "**For a military school, the most important question is the selection of a director and instructors and the adoption of an educational policy.**" Most of the teachers in the agricultural middle school had been students themselves not so long ago. A few of them weren't very interested in their jobs, and looked on them only as a stopgap until they had a chance to go on to university.

Shui-tsai said to himself: "To train sprouts you first have to train people, to train people you first have to train their minds. We must pay more attention to the ideological education of those young teachers."

He began frequently studying the Three Constantly Read Articles with them, and took the lead in exposing and criticizing selfishness in himself, as well as in emulating the complete devotion to the interests of the people manifested by well-known heroes. When he had to go away to meetings or conferences, he took only a few dry muffins. With the expense money he saved he bought Chairman Mao's writings and presented them to the teachers.

One young teacher, very moved on the receipt of such a precious gift, exclaimed: "I had forgotten my origins. Never again will I think there is no future in teaching. I guarantee to follow Chairman Mao and wage revolution, to serve the poor and lower-middle peasants, all my life."

Many times Shui-tsai reminded the teachers and students: "Chairman Mao points out that intellectuals must do manual labour. Hard work cures all ailments, especially ailments of the mind. Start carrying manure baskets. We can't plant our experimental farm without fertilizer."

The young teachers felt this a rather embarrassing proposal. There was a saying: "A scholar who pushes a millstone casts shame on the sages." Though they complied with Shui-tsai's suggestion, the teachers were afraid people would see them, and restricted their manure gathering to the ravine.

"You ought to do more work that embarrasses you," Shui-tsai said. "You'll gradually change from having a red face to having a red heart."

Sure enough, the teachers, after a time, came out of the ravine to the small roads, then moved from the small roads to highways. Finally, they toted their manure baskets quite freely wherever they went.

The poor and lower-middle peasants were pleased. Pointing at the baskets they joked: "The school badge in foreign-style schools is worn on the chest. In our agricultural school it's carried on the back."

The school made excellent progress, and everybody praised it. But a handful of class enemies, unreconciled to their defeat, did everything in their power to divert it from the correct path.

One day a representative of the revisionist line arrived in a car from the cultural committee of Honan Province. No sooner had she dismounted from her vehicle than she began talking about "economic values" and the "primary importance of technique." "Agricultural schools must stress agriculture," she said. "You should raise more medicinal herbs and mulberry trees. There's big money in traditional medicines and mulberry pitchforks."

Shui-tsai was not a man to swallow blindly everything that came from higher-ups. He adhered to Chairman Mao's teaching that **"Communists must always go into the whys and wherefores of anything, use their own heads and carefully think over whether or not it corresponds to reality and is really well founded."**

He listened to what corresponded to Mao Tsetung Thought. He rejected what did not.

Through his comprehension of Mao Tsetung Thought and because of his firm proletarian stand, Shui-tsai could see that this "provincial leader" was absolutely wrong.

"If agricultural schools stress agriculture, and industrial schools stress industry, and commercial schools stress commerce, who is going to stress proletarian politics, who is going to stress Mao Tsetung Thought?" he demanded. "She's wrong. What she says runs counter to Mao Tsetung Thought. She may be in the provincial leadership, but anything she says that goes against Mao Tsetung Thought we don't have to listen to. We are sticking to the *Kangta* road."

Through storm and strife, the poor and lower-middle peasants' management committee headed by Yang Shui-tsai held closely to Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in education and pressed on towards victory.

V

Shui-tsai considered being able to read Chairman Mao's works his greatest good fortune and carrying out Chairman Mao's teachings his most vital obligation. Whether in the frigid gales of winter or the sweat-pouring heat of summer, he tirelessly studied Chairman Mao's brilliant volumes every night in the light of a small oil lamp. At that time the big renegade Liu Shao-chi and his gang were opposing Mao Tsetung Thought and making it difficult to buy his works. Shui-tsai used to cut articles by Chairman Mao out of the newspaper or buy them in pamphlet form.

In 1960 he asked someone going to the city to buy him a set of the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*. The man did so, and Shui-tsai was overjoyed. He told everyone he met about his wonderful acquisition. He studied the volumes avidly from beginning to end, memorized the Three Constantly Read Articles, and repeatedly went over twenty particularly important writings.

Not only did he study, he got the masses to study. He became the chief instructor in Chairman Mao's works in the brigade, and was named an activist in the living study and application of Chairman Mao's works for the entire county of Hsuehchang.

He always remembered Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's instruction: "We must study the Three Constantly Read Articles as maxims. These must be studied at all levels. We must apply what we study so as to revolutionize our thinking."

The first thing Shui-tsai did every morning was to study the Three Constantly Read Articles. Then, with Chang Szu-teh, Norman Bethune and the Foolish Old Man as his models, he did his day's work. In the evening, before going to bed, he studied the Three Constantly Read Articles again, and measured all he had said and done that day by the standards set in them of wholly and entirely serving the people in a spirit of **"utter devotion to others without any thought of self."** Shui-tsai absorbed every word, and examined himself accordingly. Every word entered his soul, and he transformed every word into action.

Heroes love Chairman Mao. Mao Tsetung Thought educates heroes. The Three Constantly Read Articles forged in Shui-tsai a boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao, a communist spirit of **"utter devotion to others without any thought of self."**

For over ten years illness tortured him, death menaced him. But he thought always of our great socialist motherland, of our people, never of himself. In 1963 his t.b. and kidney stones took a turn for the worse, and the commune sent him to the hospital. Shui-tsai did all he could to save medical expenses for the state.

"It's bad enough my illness prevents me from working for the Party," he said. "Today, the state needs money for construction, and other class brothers need treatment much more than I do. How can I let the state spend a lot of money on me?" He always kept the state and the collective in mind. "We must save every penny for our country," he said.

When they were soaking a special kind of fast-growing walnut seeds to get them ready for planting, one of them fell into a well and

sank. Shui-tsai wanted to fish it out. "It's only one," someone said. "Forget it."

"One walnut means a walnut tree," he replied. "Besides, it's come all the way from Sinkiang. It would be a pity to lose it."

He insisted on going down into the well, where he groped around for a whole hour until he found the walnut.

His manner of living was frugal and simple. He remained always a typical toiler in the fields. His hat was eight or nine years old. When he was elected a delegate to a province-wide conference of activists in the living study and application of Chairman Mao's works, some of his neighbours said: "You're going to a meeting in the provincial capital. Don't you think you ought to get another hat?"

Shui-tsai laughed. "This one is fine. If I mend it a little, I can still use it a few more years. Chiao Yu-lu was secretary of a county Party committee. He was in the Party longer than me, his administrative rank was higher, he worked more competently, and he studied Chairman Mao's works better. But he wore clothes which were full of patches. Why shouldn't I be like that?"

An old poor peasant noticed that Shui-tsai wore the same threadbare padded tunic and trousers all through the cold windy season. "Your health isn't good," the old man said with deep concern. "Get a padded overcoat made."

Shui-tsai smiled and shook his head. "Why should I want an overcoat? What I'm wearing is more suitable for tilling the fields."

But he was greatly concerned about the living conditions of the poor and lower-middle peasants. When he saw the child of a poor peasant with a torn padded tunic, he reproached the father for not taking better care of the boy. But hearing that the man was having financial difficulties, he immediately bought five feet of cloth and presented it to him.

There were about a dozen such poor and lower-middle peasant families in the village, plus a few old folks being supported by the brigade. Shui-tsai constantly called to see how they were getting on. When it snowed, he inspected their houses for leaky roofs, and made sure they were not short of food or clothing.

"Shui-tsai is always worrying about us," the poor and lower-middle peasants of Shuitaoyang said gratefully.

December 4, 1966 is a day they will never forget.

Shui-tsai got up at dawn. He had a lot to do. Recently he had been to Linhsien County and seen the huge water conservancy project the people there had built by their own efforts. He had been very stirred. "There's a lot we can learn from them," he thought. "But the main thing is that they've raised high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought. I must talk about this at the meetings I attend today. We've got to turn our brigade into a red school of Mao Tsetung Thought."

He was already running a fever when he went to Linhsien County. After two weeks of tramping around, looking at their irrigation works, he became worse. But now, thinking of what he had to do that day, he forgot about his illness.

He pulled open the door and strode out into the rosy sunrise to start the day's battles.

First, he spoke to the people who were acting as instructors in the brigade's study of *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, explaining vividly how Linhsien County had applied the spirit of this article in building their irrigation project. The instructors were deeply impressed.

Later in the morning he told the Party branch committee of the heroic exploits of the people of Linhsien County in cutting an irrigation canal through the Taihang Mountains, thanks to the great guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought.

In the afternoon he led the committee in studying the directive from Comrade Lin Piao to impel to a new stage the mass movement of studying and applying the works of Chairman Mao in a living manner. Shui-tsai said in order to turn the Shuitaoyang Brigade into a great school of Mao Tsetung Thought the committee should take the lead in this.

At dusk, he returned home, lit the lamp and walked to his mother's bedside. "You're busy again, Shui-tsai?" she asked.

"I'm spreading Mao Tsetung Thought, ma," he replied. His mother gave him a satisfied smile.

After supper, he went over to the school for a meeting of Party members, Youth Leaguers and cadres. On behalf of the brigade

Party branch he spoke of the new stage in the living study and application of the works of Chairman Mao by the masses, and how this would advance the building of socialism in the village. He called for a thorough discussion.

Later that night, although in severe pain, he chatted with the school teachers about their living study and application of Chairman Mao's works.

"To really grasp Mao Tsetung Thought," he said, "you have to study hard, that is, never let up in your reading, and repeatedly review such major items as the Three Constantly Read Articles. You also have to think hard, that is, think of what Chairman Mao has said and how heroes like Lei Feng and Wang Chieh have acted. You also have to work hard at writing, that is, write down how you are applying Mao Tsetung Thought to your own thinking and behaviour. You also have to work hard at comparing, that is, compare your loyalty to Chairman Mao with our heroes' loyalty to him. And of course you must work hard at applying, that is, carry out in your actions every provision of Chairman Mao's instructions."

It was after midnight by the time Shui-tsai returned to the small room he had left eighteen hours before.

All day he had been busy enthusiastically spreading Mao Tsetung Thought. At every meeting he had spoken tirelessly, spiritedly, in ringing tones. No one knew that he was fighting terrible pain, consuming his last ounce of strength in the struggle.

Night. Everyone else was asleep, but Shui-tsai continued working at his table. An express train thundered towards Peking along the Peking-Kwangchow Railway. The stars studding the sky cast their light in the direction of the Big Dipper. Shui-tsai thought of our great leader Chairman Mao.

His small oil lamp gleamed all night in his little room.

Shui-tsai always got up very early. The next morning, when people didn't see him around, they assumed he was worn out and still asleep. He had been very busy since returning from Linhsien County a few days before, and yesterday he had had one meeting after another, until very late. "Don't disturb him," they thought. "Let him sleep a little longer."

But after breakfast when he still didn't appear, people became a bit anxious. They pushed open his door and went in. What they saw rendered them speechless.

The small oil lamp was still burning. On the table were the Three Constantly Read Articles and *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*. Shui-tsai had been writing a plan for the living study and application of Chairman Mao's works and how to further build up the Shuitaoyang Brigade.

Yang Shui-tsai, good son of the poor and lower-middle peasants, an old padded tunic draped over his shoulders, sat beside the table, dead.

It was plain that in the last moment of his life, he again read the Three Constantly Read Articles, as was his custom before going to bed, and measured his words and actions for the day by the standards expressed in them, namely, to serve the people wholly and entirely in "the spirit of absolute selflessness."

It was plain that in the last moment of his life, he was drafting a new and beautiful plan for transforming nature and building a splendid future for Shuitaoyang.

It was plain that in the last moment of his life he was still battling his illness with stubborn will and determination, up until the final second.

Shui-tsai had fulfilled his vow: "As long as the wheelbarrow's still upright, keep pushing. I'm going on with the revolution while there's a breath left in my body."

Shui-tsai had fulfilled his vow: To live for the revolution, to die for the people, and be loftier than Mount Tai.

When the sad tidings were announced, the poor and lower-middle peasants, the commune cadres, the teachers and students of the agricultural middle school, crowded heavy-hearted into the little room and gathered outside the house.

"Shui-tsai," they said sorrowfully, "you gave your whole heart, your whole strength, to us poor and lower-middle peasants. Even your very last breath was for us."

His passing was a tragic blow to the people of Shuitaoyang. At the same time they felt it a great honour to have produced a com-

munist fighter armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, a servant of the people who bent his back to the task until his dying day.

Yang Shui-tsai has not died. His spirit will live for ever.

Shuitaoyang today is thriving and full of vigour. The white poplars and *wutung* trees Shui-tsai planted are growing well. On the slopes peach trees are already bearing fruit. Clear water from the pond which the people dug, under Shui-tsai's leadership, is irrigating green crops high on the hillsides. The agricultural middle school he was principal of is advancing in the revolution in socialist education. On the wings of the Ninth Party Congress and guided by the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, the people are painting the freshest and most beautiful pictures on earth!

Only Heroes Can Quell Tigers and Leopards, And Wild Bears Never Daunt the Brave

In the vast expanse of the forests in the border area of northeast China, an account of the exemplary deeds performed by a heroic fighter armed with Mao Tsetung Thought is spreading among the people. He was Communist Party member Comrade Hou Ming-fa, an anti-revisionist hero from the Chenpao Island area.

In September 1946 Hou Ming-fa was born in a poor peasant family in Hutou Village on the bank of the Wusuli River. In the old society his father was pressganged by Japanese invaders to do forced labour; his mother was compelled to go begging. Chairman Mao who led the poor in making revolution brought emancipation to his family. Hou cherished limitless love for our great leader Chairman Mao for he never forgot that he owed his emancipation to the Communist Party and his happiness to Chairman Mao. He studied Chairman Mao's works diligently and grew up nurtured by his thought.

This article was written by Shen Pao-hsuan, Shih Shih and Shih Keng-tung.

Brought up on the bank of the Wusuli River, young Hou Ming-fa had seen for himself that the labouring people of both China and the Soviet Union had fished in and drunk from the same river; the profound friendship that had existed between them left an indelible impression on his mind. But after the Soviet revisionist renegade clique came to power, the friendly Soviet fishermen were moved away. The Soviet frontier troops continually put up barbed-wire entanglements and built blockhouses and open and hidden pillboxes on the opposite bank of the Wusuli River. The Soviet revisionist bandits constantly carried out provocations against China.

With these problems in mind, Hou Ming-fa time and again studied Chairman Mao's theses on the nature of modern revisionism. He realized that all this resulted from usurpation by the Soviet revisionist renegade clique of the leadership of the Soviet Party and state founded by Lenin. Not only has this gang restored capitalism in an all-round way at home, cruelly exploiting and oppressing the labouring people of the Soviet Union, but it is also committing aggression against and plundering other countries in order to turn them into its colonies. Like U.S. imperialism, Soviet revisionism is the sworn enemy of the Chinese people and all revolutionary people the world over. Hou Ming-fa expressed his determination to fight to the end against U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism.

In 1966 when Chairman Mao initiated the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution in China, the Soviet revisionist renegade clique, which has always been hostile to the Chinese people, stepped up its anti-China activities. Dark clouds gathered over the Wusuli. In the Chenpao Island area, the anti-revisionist struggle sharpened.

During that time, Hou joined the fishing team of the Hutou Brigade in Hulin County, which fished in the Wusuli River. Upon the orders of the ferocious Soviet revisionist ruling clique, the Soviet frontier troops ran wild on the Wusuli River. They rammed our fishing boats, grabbed our fishing nets, kidnapped and beat our fishermen and frenziedly turned high-pressure hoses on our fishermen and fishing boats. The criminal acts of this gang of bandits made Hou's blood boil.



“Revolutionary fighters armed with Mao Tsetung Thought fear neither heaven nor earth,” he said. “We certainly have no fear of U.S. imperialists and Soviet revisionists colluding to oppose China. If the enemy dare to attack we’ll break their skulls. They may come, but they’ll never leave alive.”

On one occasion, when Hou and other fishermen were rowing in two boats on the Wusuli River and preparing to land with their catches, the Soviet revisionist bandits dispatched several gunboats and motorboats loaded with fully-armed frontier troops across the central line of the main channel. They sped back and forth among the Chinese fishing boats, stirring up big waves in an attempt to overturn them. The scoundrels arrogantly waved guns and shouted threats. Hou coolly and skilfully fought them with his oar. Holding high their red copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, he

and his mates shouted angrily again and again: “Down with Soviet revisionism!” “Down with U.S. imperialism!” and “Go home, you Soviet revisionist bandits!”

Our fishing folk confronted the Soviet revisionist gunboats with courage and determination. The beastly Soviet bandits then thought of a dirty trick. One of the gunboats dashed at full speed towards Hou’s boat, seeking to ram it. But the enemy’s arrogance could not shake in the least the iron will of our heroic anti-imperialist and anti-revisionist fighter, utterly loyal to Chairman Mao. At this perilous moment, Hou, preferring death to surrender, strained at his oars and headed straight for the gunboat, ready to fight to the end. The Soviet revisionist bandits, superficially fierce but in fact faint-hearted, were thrown into a panic by his heroic action and hurriedly veered and scurried off. Hou shook his oar at the fleeing Soviet gunboat and shouted with righteous indignation, “Bandits, if you think you can bully us like the old tsars you are gravely mistaken. The Chinese people, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, are not to be trifled with.”

Bearing in mind Chairman Mao’s great instruction that **“imperialism and all reactionaries are paper tigers, the revisionists are also paper tigers,”** Hou displayed the revolutionary spirit of daring to struggle and daring to triumph in his fight against Soviet revisionist social-imperialism. He dared to pierce the painted skin of this paper tiger, strong in appearance but essentially weak.

One day, as Hou was keeping watch over the net, six Soviet ruffians crawled out of their blockhouse, knives in hand. Boarding three rowboats, they crossed the main channel of the river and came stealthily to cut the net and steal the fish. Boiling with anger, Hou immediately rowed towards them. Taking advantage of the fact that he was young and alone, the scowling Soviet revisionist intruders converged on him. Recalling Chairman Mao’s teaching that **“we will not attack unless we are attacked; if we are attacked, we will certainly counter-attack,”** the heroic fighter Hou Ming-fa stood like a man of steel on the bow of the boat, his head held high. He was determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield. Rais-

ing his oar, he struck out at the aggressors. Having a guilty conscience, the enemies turned tail.

II

In 1967 Chairman Mao issued a great call to the whole country: **“Proletarian revolutionaries, unite and seize power from the handful of Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road!”** The tempest of the January Revolution swept over the whole country and the new dawn of the northeast irradiated the banks of the Wusuli River.

The renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi's agents in Hulin County sensed the approach of their doom. They came out in desperation in an attempt to manipulate the situation. Using some of the deceived masses as a front, they directed a false seizure of power. Then they issued orders and tried to lure the peasants into the city to protect themselves and save them from their doom. When this evil wind reached Hutou, some of the masses were, for the moment, confused.

For several days in succession, Hou avidly studied Chairman Mao's great theory of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, going without sleep at night. Like a beacon, Chairman Mao's teachings went to his heart and brightened his vision. He saw through the dirty plot of the capitalist roaders in the county who wanted the peasants to go to the city in order to sabotage the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

At a mass meeting of the commune members, Hou enthusiastically propagated Chairman Mao's instructions. “Instigating the peasants to go to the city is a plot of the capitalist roaders,” he announced. “We are determined to carry out Chairman Mao's instructions and wage revolution here on the spot.” By applying invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, Hou helped the revolutionary masses to see clearly and smashed the class enemy's plot to sabotage the cultural revolution.

When their first trick failed, the die-hard capitalist roaders of the county changed their tactics. They sent a counter-revolutionary to

Hutou and tried by hook or by crook to turn the spearhead of struggle against the masses of cadres and revolutionary people in a vain attempt to switch the orientation of struggle.

Together with Hutou's poor and lower-middle peasants, Hou Ming-fa, conscientiously applying Chairman Mao's policy on cadres, analysed the cadres' whole history and work. They criticized those who had made mistakes in order to educate them and warmly helped them return to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. At the same time they waged resolute struggles against the handful of class enemies who were frenziedly undermining Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. In the fierce struggle between two lines in Hulin County, Hou stood firmly on the side of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and battled against the class enemies, beating back their counter-attacks heroically. Together with other revolutionary masses, they seized back the portion of power usurped by the class enemies.

Soon revolutionary committees were set up in both Hutou District and Hulin County. Red treasured books in hand, Hou Ming-fa thought about the revolutionary course that lay ahead of them. He came to see that victory in seizing power was but **“the first step in a long march of ten thousand li.”** The great expedition against revisionism and in preventing it was just beginning. Determined to wrest still greater victories and thoroughly bury revisionism, Hou disseminated Mao Tsetung Thought wherever he went.

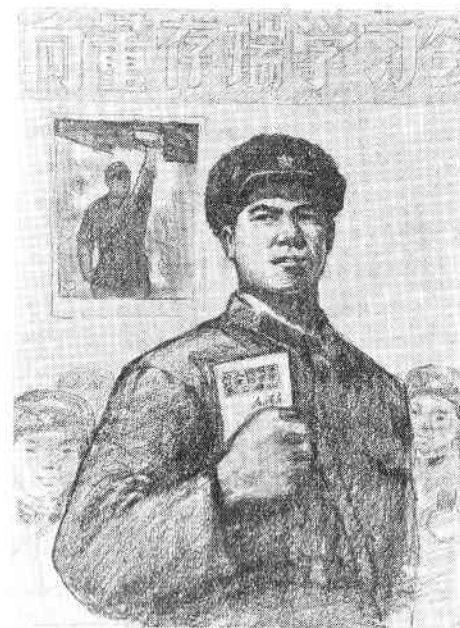
In December 1967 while putting up telephone lines with the militia company of Hutou in a remote mountain village in the border area, Hou discovered that the revolutionary movement there was at a low ebb. The masses had not been fully mobilized because the handful of class enemies were running amuck. He then studied Chairman Mao's instructions repeatedly with the other militia members. They came to see that wherever they were, whatever the situation, they must continue to disseminate Mao Tsetung Thought. Breaking through the obstacles set by the enemies, the militiamen, treasured books in hand, went among the poor and lower-middle peasants and propagated Chairman Mao's latest instructions on the cultural revolution, thus enabling Chairman Mao's voice to reach the revolu-

tionary masses and cadres. Shortly afterwards, the masses were mobilized and the class enemies were exposed to the light of day. A vigorous, revolutionary campaign of mass criticism got under way. The little mountain village bubbled with activity and in one voice the revolutionary masses praised the militia as "good propagandists of Mao Tsetung Thought."

III

In February 1968 Hou Ming-fa with infinite exaltation joined the Chinese People's Liberation Army, a great school of Mao Tsetung Thought. On the eve of his departure from home, he looked long from his window at the threatening blockhouses and pillboxes on the opposite bank of the Wusuli River. The thought of the more and more frequent encroachments on our territory by the Soviet revisionist troops roused great indignation and fury in him. Raising clenched fists, he said: "How dare the Soviet revisionist renegade clique carry out armed provocation against us! They must be blind. I will defend our proletarian state with my life and blood."

In the PLA, Hou was assigned to the unit in which the late combat hero Tung Tsun-jui served. He diligently studied Chairman Mao's Three Constantly Read Articles and learnt from the heroic deeds of Tung Tsun-jui who gave his life while blowing up an enemy pillbox. Chairman Mao's brilliant teachings and the thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of the revolutionary martyrs who gave their lives for the revolution were deeply engraved on his mind. At a meeting to learn from Tung Tsun-jui, he said with great emotion: "It is by relying on people who fear neither hardship nor death that the political power of the proletariat is defended. The burying of imperialism, revisionism and all reaction depends on such people. So does the building of communism. I will truly learn from Tung Tsun-jui's thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death. In the great march to carry on the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, I will always be a combatant and follow Chairman Mao closely in making revolution all my life." He express-



ed his determination to be a fighter like Tung Tsun-jui, to dedicate his loyal heart to the people, and his whole life to glorious communism.

In May, Hou was transferred to an army farm to work as tractor driver. "To carry out Chairman Mao's May 7 Directive, I'm willing to be a brick in the Great Wall opposing and preventing revisionism," he declared.

Upon arrival at the farm, Hou dropped his knapsack and pitched in at once to build the stove with the cook squad, getting himself all in a sweat and thoroughly dirty. In the evening, he told his squad leader: "Carrying out the May 7 Directive is going on a long march of revolution closely behind Chairman Mao. I shall keep to this road of opposing and preventing revisionism until we reach communism."

In the strenuous work of the farm, Hou, who guided himself with Chairman Mao's three brilliant articles and the example of the hero Tung Tsun-jui, always went to work in places where the conditions were toughest and chose the hardest jobs, thus consciously fostering

the revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death. "If you are willing to sweat in ordinary times," he said, "you'll be ready to shed your blood at the critical moment."

The hottest time of summer approached; the farms' thousands of *mu* of summer crops had to be weeded. Hou was the first to get on his tractor and work tirelessly in the fields in the blazing hot sun. It was at this time that he developed a big abscess on his backside. Riding in the bumpy tractor gave him such pain that beads of perspiration as large as beans rolled down his face. The leadership and his comrades wanted him to take a rest from work but he refused. "You have to sweat and shed blood in making revolution," he said. "To sweat for the people is the greatest happiness and to shed one's blood is even more glorious." He persisted until the whole job was done.

Taking part in class struggle and the struggle for production enabled Hou to see that the thoroughly revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death is a mighty spiritual atom bomb for overcoming difficulties and triumphing over the enemy. From then on Hou tempered himself even more consciously in this revolutionary spirit. During the spring ploughing season, he worked from early morn until late at night in storm and rain; during the summer weeding, he dashed around in the fields under a blazing hot sun and was pestered by mosquitoes and insects in the evenings; during the autumn reaping, he forgot both sleep and rest and stuck to the threshing machine twenty-four hours of the day not leaving it even at meal time. He was resolute in responding to Chairman Mao's great call to **"grasp revolution and promote production and other work and preparedness against war"** and **"be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters and do everything for the people."** Dashing through rain and storm, he battled selflessly on the forefront of production and excelled in accomplishing his task.

When the company assessed the merits of the fighters at the end of the year, his comrades at a squad meeting unanimously proposed that Hou be cited as a Five Good Fighter. The usually reticent Hou flushed red in the face. "All credit should go to the great leader Chairman Mao," he said springing to his feet. "I have only

done what I should for the revolution and do not deserve to be a Five Good Fighter."

The meeting over, Hou wrote his plan for the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought in the year 1969: "I shall more conscientiously study and apply in a living way Chairman Mao's new directives in the new year, follow closely his great strategic plan and strive to be a vanguard fighter of the proletariat."

In the People's Liberation Army, great school of Mao Tsetung Thought, Hou Ming-fa, cherishing the noble ideal of thoroughly emancipating the whole of mankind, took the hero Tung Tsun-jiu as his model and succeeded in being faithful to Chairman Mao both in fact and in spirit; faithful to Mao Tsetung Thought both in studying it and applying it; and faithful to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, both in words and in deeds. Hou Ming-fa was rapidly maturing.

IV

"My red heart is for ever loyal to Chairman Mao. I pledge to fight for communism all my life!"

Nurtured by the sunshine of Mao Tsetung Thought, he constantly repeated this vow to encourage himself forward.

As the glorious 1969 approached, Hou gladly welcomed the coming battles.

In early January, the leadership sent him and his squad to repair tractors in a workshop under the Bureau of Forestry in Tahsingkou of the Yenpien Korean Autonomous *Chou*, Kirin Province.

At 04:00 on the 13th, the Tungfeng Middle School affiliated to the bureau suddenly caught fire. Roused from a sound sleep by the fire alarm, Hou was the first to jump out of bed. Along with his squad leader Cheng En-yuan and fighter Su Wan, they rushed to the spot as if they were responding to a bugle call to attack.

Plunging fearlessly into the flames, Hou, who was boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, first of all rescued the portraits of Chairman Mao and then dashed into the laboratory where inflammable and explosive chemicals were stored. Just then, the ceiling in one corner of the



lab collapsed. The flames, fanned by the wind, spread towards the boxes of chemicals. An explosion was imminent. Bearing in mind Chairman Mao's teaching that **"these battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests"** he removed all the boxes. But he himself caught fire. No sooner had the worker comrades extinguished the flames on his clothing than he rushed into another place where fierce flames were raging.

In forty minutes of fierce battle against the flames, Hou and the revolutionary masses succeeded in rescuing the contents of the nine rooms. They then ran into the last room. As the licking flames rolled with the wind, the roof was about to collapse. But six people were still inside. The revolutionary masses, out of their deep love for the PLA soldier, urged Hou to make his own escape without delay. With high political consciousness, Hou implemented to the letter Chairman Mao's instruction **"be more concerned about the Party and the masses than about any individual"** when he shouted to the masses in the room: "You jump first, don't worry about me."

Finally, only Hou and a worker named Li Wen-hao were left in the room. Though thick smoke and flames had already blocked the window, Hou stood erect by it, blocking the flames with his own body. He waved to Li to jump out quickly. But Li was so exhausted that he couldn't move another step. Just as the flames were about to engulf Li, Hou pushed him out of the window. Immediately afterwards, the roof collapsed with a crash and a column of fire rose to the sky.

"The PLA are most loyal to Chairman Mao and we must save Chairman Mao's loyal fighter!" The revolutionary masses exerted their every effort until they finally found Hou Ming-fa in the sea of flames, but he had died with honour. The revolutionary masses brought a red flag and gently spread it over the hero's body.

**Bitter sacrifice strengthens bold resolve,
Which dares to make sun and moon shine in new skies.**

The people of the various national minorities of the border area gazed with tears in their eyes at the heroic image of fighter Hou Ming-fa standing proudly in the blazing flame, resplendent with the glory of Mao Tsetung Thought. For them, his red heart so loyal to Chairman Mao will never stop beating and his footsteps, following closely Chairman Mao, will never be stilled.

Like a spring breeze, the hero's name spread far and wide in the area of Changpai Mountains and on the bank of the Wusuli River. The poor and lower-middle peasants of the Hutou Brigade, Hulin County in Heilungkiang Province recall with moist eyes how Hou, before he enlisted, had four times rescued people in danger and eight times fought against a fire.

When Hou was only thirteen he braved a blazing fire to dash into the district's supply station to save state property.

When he was fourteen he bravely jumped into the flowing Wusuli River and wrestled with the rapids to rescue a classmate Keh Chung-kuei.

When he was nineteen the storeroom of the Hutou Hospital caught fire. Though ill himself, he dashed into the storeroom and rescued large quantities of medicine when an explosion was imminent.

Mao Tsetung Thought nurtures heroes whose bold spirit illumines the universe. With his heroic life, Hou Ming-fa implemented his glorious pledge made during his lifetime:

Loyalty to Chairman Mao is my whole soul;
To follow closely Chairman Mao is the criterion for my action,
Defending Chairman Mao is my sacred duty.

The Party committee of his PLA unit decided to posthumously admit him into the Party.

The splendid image of Comrade Hou Ming-fa who feared neither hardship nor death will live for ever in the hearts of the revolutionary people.

New “Foolish Old Man” in the Wangwu Foothills

EDITORS' NOTE: On June 11, 1945 at the Seventh National Congress of the Communist Party of China, Chairman Mao made the concluding speech, entitled *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. He called on the delegates to “build up the confidence of the whole Party and the entire people in the certain triumph of the revolution. We must first raise the political consciousness of the vanguard so that, resolute and unafraid of sacrifice, they will surmount every difficulty to win victory. But this is not enough; we must also arouse the political consciousness of the entire people so that they may willingly and gladly fight together with us for victory.”

Chairman Mao then proceeded to tell an ancient Chinese fable. He said: “It tells of an old man who lived in northern China long, long ago and was known as the Foolish Old Man of North Mountain. His house faced south and beyond his doorway stood the two great peaks, Taihang and Wangwu, obstructing the way. With great determination, he led his sons in digging up these mountains hoe in hand. Another greybeard, known as the Wise Old Man, saw them and said derisively, ‘How silly of you to do this! It is quite impossible for you few to dig up these two huge mountains.’ The Foolish Old Man replied, ‘When I die, my sons will carry on; when they die, there will be my grandsons, and then their sons and grandsons, and so on to infinity. High as they are, the mountains cannot grow any higher and

with every bit we dig, they will be that much lower. Why can't we clear them away?' Having refuted the Wise Old Man's wrong view, he went on digging everyday, unshaken in his conviction. God was moved by this, and he sent down two angels, who carried the mountains away on their backs."

Continuing, Chairman Mao stated: "Today, two big mountains lie like a dead weight on the Chinese people. One is imperialism, the other is feudalism. The Chinese Communist Party has long made up its mind to dig them up. We must persevere and work unceasingly, and we, too, will touch God's heart. Our God is none other than the masses of the Chinese people. If they stand up and dig together with us, why can't these two mountains be cleared away?"

In the more than twenty years which have passed since this brilliant speech was delivered, the noble ideas it expresses have educated and inspired the broad masses of the Chinese people to scorn all obstacles, enemies, and dangers, push boldly forward along revolution's road, and carry out the Party's line for the sake of victory of the revolutionary cause.

New "Foolish Old Man" in the Wangwu Foothills shows some examples of this. It tells how the masses of the people and cadres of Chiyuan County in the province of Honan, guided by Mao Tsetung Thought, displayed the stubborn determination of the Foolish Old Man, splitting mountains, spanning valleys, re-routing rivers, until victory was won. Absolutely fearless, they created a miracle of transforming nature.

I

What joy it is to struggle with heaven!

What joy it is to struggle with earth!

What joy it is to struggle with man!

In the winter of 1965, the people of Chiyuan County, Honan Province, were at a high tide of living study and application of the works of Chairman Mao. Imbued with the revolutionary spirit of *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, they made a bold resolution. They would lead the ceaselessly flowing Chinho River into the Mangho River basin and solve once and for all the constant drought from which that area suffered. These new "fools," who lived in the foothills of the Taihang and Wangwu Mountains, raised their precious little red books, clenched their fists and pledged:

"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory. We shall lead the waters of the Chinho into the heights!"

Soon, the whole region was a sea of red flags and songs reverberated. The ground shook to the thud of picks and mattocks wielded by powerful arms. The battle had begun.

At that time the struggle between the proletarian and bourgeois lines was increasing in intensity. Representatives of renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi within the provincial and regional leadership suddenly issued a directive scurrilously attacking the project as a "blind waste of labour and materials." They ordered that the work be immediately stopped.

When word of this reached the worksite, the new "fools" were furious. "They'll have to tie us and drag us down one by one to make us quit," they swore.

Li Shan-yang, a poor peasant in his sixties, member of one of the communes taking part in the project, angrily tore a copy of the stop-work order to shreds. "This shows a lack of faith in the masses," he said. "Clearly, those fellows don't believe we have a tremendous enthusiasm for socialism." He pointed at the swiftly flowing water and, in an emotion-charged voice, told the history of the Chinho and Mangho Rivers.

In the disaster-ridden days of the old society, these rivers were always overflowing or drying up, causing no end of hardship to the people along their banks. More than a hundred years ago, a folk tale was current called "The Chin Dragon Climbs the Mountain," the dragon representing water in Chinese mythology. This tale, like the popular "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains," reflected the ardent wish of the labouring people to irrigate the upper slopes with the waters of the Chinho. But during the rule of the reactionaries it was not possible to bring even a drop of the ample river to the heights. The people could express their hopes only in folk tales.

Then, under the leadership of our great helmsman Chairman Mao, our country was liberated and the poor and lower-middle peasants rose to their feet. Through Chairman Mao's brilliant article, also

entitled *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, the people of Chiyuan came to understand the great truth of Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Our God is none other than the masses of the Chinese people."**

Twice, in 1959 and 1961, the people of Chiyuan had organized to cut a canal through the mountains and bring water to the heights. But both times their plans were obstructed and sabotaged by the local agents of big renegade Liu Shao-chi, and they were forced to abandon them.

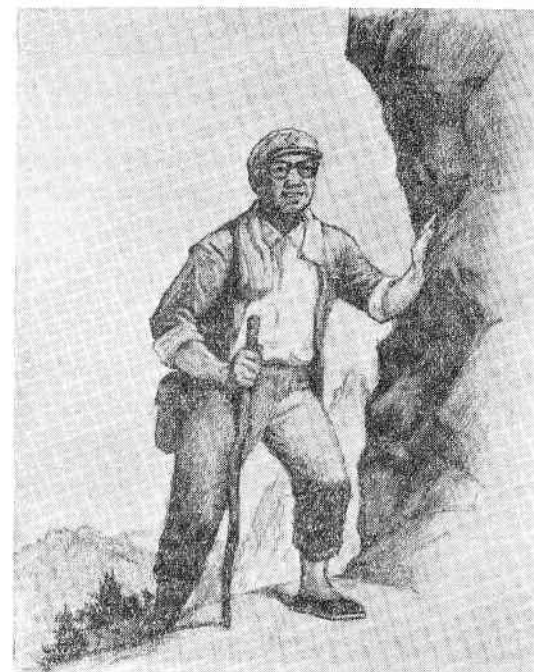
Now they were encouraged by Chairman Mao's great call **"In agriculture learn from Tachai,"** a brigade of a commune in Shansi Province which overcame extremely unfavourable natural conditions and made remarkable progress, relying on its own efforts. Supported by the local revolutionary cadres, the people of Chiyuan resumed their project for the third time. Again the capitalist roaders issued a stop-work order.

At this point in his recital Li said angrily: "It's Chairman Mao who has taught us the advantages of building irrigation works. Why should anyone try to hold us back?"

News of the violent reaction of the masses reached the people's armed forces department of Chiyuan County. A meeting of its Party committee was called. A serious problem confronted them. What should their attitude be in this fierce and acute struggle?

Shang Shu-chun, chief of the armed forces department, read aloud Chairman Mao's teaching: **"The construction of water conservancy projects is an important measure for guaranteeing increased agricultural production. Every county, district, township and agricultural co-operative can undertake small projects."** Shang held up the precious little red book and said: "Chairman Mao's words are our highest orders. Whatever goes against Chairman Mao's teachings we absolutely oppose."

The decision of the Party committee of the armed forces department to support the project greatly heartened all the militiamen and poor and lower-middle peasants in the county. Other revolutionary cadres also took a firm stand on the side of the people and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.



"Irrigation is the life-line of agriculture and is in the long range interests of the peasants," they said. "It's not irrigation projects but the failure to build them with the result that the state has to issue money for disaster relief, that is the 'blind waste of labour and materials.' We're following the road pointed out by Chairman Mao, so we dare to think and dare to act."

As a result of this support, the number of people working on the Chinho River project jumped from one thousand to six thousand. Red banners everywhere reflected crimson on the snowy slopes. Songs rang out in the cold air: "Staunch we'll be as the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains; until the Chinho water comes up we'll not go down."

Then sounded the bugles of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, initiated and led personally by our great teacher Chairman Mao. The heroic men and women in the Wangwu foothills, guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, threw themselves

with increased courage into a direct struggle with the handful of class enemies who were scheming to destroy the project.

Shang, the armed forces department chief, arrived at the worksite when this struggle was at its height. A disabled war veteran who had fought bravely against the armed enemies for many years, he bore the scars of eight wounds and suffered from a bad case of asthma. Now, in the defence of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, he crossed mountains, carrying his little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, and went from one temporary barracks to the next, spreading Mao Tsetung Thought among the peasant builders. Sometimes, his wounded legs could move no farther. Shang would simply sit down on a rock and read aloud from the *Quotations*.

"Our armed forces department chief is disabled," said the project workers, "but there's nothing wrong with his determination. And those patched-up legs of his are stronger than steel."

With the support of the PLA, they convincingly exposed the plot of the capitalist roaders to wreck the irrigation project, and pushed it ahead to a new stage.

II

After the people of Chiyan succeeded in preventing a work stoppage, they were confronted with other trials. To bring the water over the mountains they had to cut through more than eighty danger spots, bearing such names as "A Monkey Couldn't Cross," "Slope to Make a Ghost Frown," "Knife Edge Ridge" and "Soul-Scaring Canyon." Every step they advanced meant difficulty and risk. Sometimes, their lives were endangered.

A handful of class enemies tried to stir up doubts and fears. "Mountains and rivers have guardian spirits," they said. "If we disturb them, misfortune is sure to befall us."

The armed forces department sent Comrade Wang Kuo-ting to the worksite to deal with both the natural dangers and the rumours the class enemies were spreading. He organized study sessions on Chairman Mao's brilliant articles *Serve the People, In Memory of Norman*



Bethune and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, and repudiation meetings of the renegade Liu Shao-chi's cowardly "philosophy of survival." The more the masses criticized, the more energetic and courageous they became. Wang took the lead in practice as well as in study. His actions were a model of serving the people and of Chairman Mao's teaching to "fear no sacrifice."

One day they were cutting through Yingwu Cave. Wang silently counted the explosive blasts. Thirty minutes had expired since they began, but one still hadn't gone off. What was wrong?

"Our cadres must show concern for every soldier. . . ." Wang picked up a lantern and plunged into the smoke-filled cave. Several of the peasant builders, concerned about him, hurriedly followed. Wang urged in vain that they go back, then strode on quickly at their head.

They entered the blast area. Wang suddenly noticed smoke curling from a hole. He realized at once it was the dynamite that had not gone off. Any second it might explode, and behind him several comrades were coming forward.

In that fraction of a second those great words thundered in his ears: **"To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai."** Wang didn't hesitate. He dashed forward like an arrow and snatched out the fuse.

A terrible accident had been averted.

The most powerful possible rebuff had been given to the "philosophy of survival." The strongest possible counter-blow had been struck against the class enemy.

The story of Wang's fearlessness in the interests of the people spread throughout the worksite, deeply moving and educating all those taking part in the project.

They were boundlessly loyal to our great leader Chairman Mao. They considered the struggle to complete the project a part of the battle to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. "We live to fight for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line" they said proudly. "And if we die, we'll die defending it."

Steep pathless slopes couldn't stop these new "fools." They went up by a thick rope suspended from the peak, climbing up and down three times in a day. The rope was their path.

Sheer cliffs with no footholds couldn't scare these new "fools." Dangling at the ends of long ropes, they went on with their jobs.

There were no roads for vehicles to bring in materials. But that didn't disturb the new "fools." Bit by bit, ounce by ounce, drop by drop, they carried in what was needed, on their belts, on their backs. Thousands of trips brought hundreds of thousands of *jin* of materials over mountains difficult to cross even when a man was completely unburdened.

As one hardship after another was conquered, heroes emerged by the score.

One of the most dangerous places they had to work in was the Soul-Scaring Canyon. A stone tablet at the foot of the upper cliff described it in these terms: "Sheer rock above, deep gorge below. A man on the edge is like a bird in the sky." To reach this hazardous spot, it was necessary to cross four peaks, traverse a path with ninety-two turns, climb the Thousand Step Cliff, skirt the Eagle's Perch, rush

across the Burning Slope, and finally descend a wall of straight rock dozens of metres by rope ladder.

Heroes do not fear dangers. Dangers temper heroes. The Soul-Scaring Canyon could frighten only selfish cowards. It meant nothing to heroes armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. Twenty-five poor and lower-middle peasants headed by Wang Cheng-feng, a Communist, worked hundreds of metres above the ground, suspended from ropes tied around their waists. Skimming along the cliff face, they carved out a path in the rock wide enough for one man.

The battle of Soul-Scaring Canyon expanded. They were working against time. Every second counted. Thirty metres above the worksite a huge boulder leaned perilously outwards, shaken loose by the blasting. At any moment it could come hurtling down on the men below. But removing it would be very difficult. The cliff above it was as sheer as if cut by an axe. At the foot of the canyon raced the Chinho rapids.

Sung Yu-wen, a militiaman, assumed the task of disposing of the boulder. Once again he read *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. It filled him with strength. Utilizing every fissure and crevice in the rock-face, he clambered up like a lizard.

This was no ordinary path. Sung's feet were lacerated, his hands were torn. Every step he advanced up the cliff left a stain of fresh blood. By dint of the utmost will power, he crawled to within ten feet of the boulder. Blocking his way was a tall upright stone, smooth as an icicle. He couldn't get round it, and if he tried to crawl over it, nine chances out of ten he would fall. Sung looked up. White clouds raced in the sky. He looked down. Frothy water swiftly flowed.

Then he heard his comrades chanting in thunderous tones: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Courage surged through his veins. Chairman Mao's words showed him the way.

"With the red sun in my heart, I can fly up the cliff though I have no wings." Full of spirit and determination, Sung again looked at the sky, and the sky seemed lower. Once more he looked at the water, and the water seemed shallower. He took a good grip on a clump of grass, dug his toes into a crevice in the rock, and boldly swung past



the smooth stone. He crept to the boulder and buried his dynamite charge.

The blast shattered and removed the menacing rock.

In the battle to move mountains and re-channel rivers, Sung eliminated a total of thirteen dangers, displaying each time the splendour of Mao Tsetung Thought.

Heroes like Sung who emerged during the course of the project were as many as the stars in the heavens. Completely devoted to Chairman Mao, they wrote paean after splendid paean to Mao Tsetung Thought by their deeds.

III

The Chinho-Mangho Project was proceeding well.

When big renegade Liu Shao-chi's agents in the provincial and regional organizations saw that the masses refused to submit to pressure

and were uncowed by dangers, they tried to strangle the project by economic, supply and technical means.

One day a water conservancy "expert" arrived at the worksite from the regional administration. "You have no experts here, you're short of materials and mechanical equipment," he said pompously. "How can you cope with a project of this size? There's no precedent for it in any engineering text I've ever read, ancient or modern, foreign or Chinese."

"We've found a precedent in our treasured books, in *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*," was the builders' resounding reply. "We discovered it long ago."

Crushed, the "expert" scuttled away. The builders looked after him and laughed. "Another 'Wise Old Man,'" they said.

The poor and lower-middle peasants and revolutionary cadres taking part in the project were armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. Bold and determined, they proclaimed: "Ten thousand difficulties can stand in our way, but if we have Mao Tsetung Thought nothing is too difficult. We can be short of this and short of that, but if we have Mao Tsetung Thought we have everything."

In keeping with Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**Rely on our own efforts and work hard to make our country prosperous and powerful**," they built a dynamite plant, a cement factory, a lime crusher, a sawmill, and a factory to repair and make tools. They relied on the wisdom of the people and their home-grown experts for all designing and operations.

One of the most pivotal sections of the entire project was "The East Is Red Aqueduct," which had to cross a river. The arduous task of building it was given to the Chengkuan Commune's construction battalion, acclaimed at the worksite as an outstanding unit. Kuo Tsun, political instructor of the battalion, went to discuss the job with the project's technical team.

They explained that the aqueduct was to be four hundred and eight metres long, forty-four and a half metres high, with a span of sixty-one metres for the arc straddling the river. Seldom had any project in the province required so much concrete.

But the preliminary plan worked out by the technical team was rejected by a water conservancy "expert" in the provincial administration, who raised many objections. According to him, nothing could be done until a geological survey was made, using foreign instruments and blueprints drawn by "experts" trained abroad. This would take at least six months.

Should they wait, or go ahead?

Shang, chief of the county's armed forces department, came to the worksite and said to Kuo Tsun: "When you run into trouble, turn to Chairman Mao. What does Chairman Mao teach us? **'Trust the masses, rely on them and respect their initiative.'**"

Kuo Tsun saw the light. Waiting meant a blind faith in experts. Going ahead meant relying on the masses. This was not only a question of how quickly the project could be completed, it was a major question of which line they would adhere to, which road they would follow.

"As long as we've got the spirit of the Foolish Old Man, we dare to take on anything," Kuo Tsun said decisively.

A lively revolutionary criticism campaign began at the worksite. Kuo Tsun organized everyone to study *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, then they all excoriated the revisionist tripe of big renegade Liu Shao-chi such as the slavish comprador philosophy and the doctrine of trailing behind at a snail's pace. Kuo Tsun encouraged the builders to evolve their own methods, draw their own plans, do their own research and investigation.

The battle to dig the foundations began. It was in the middle of winter, and the builders had to work in frigid wind and snow, but each vied to be the first to break the ice that coated the river. Water kept seeping into the holes they dug, and they had no pumps, so they scooped it out with basins and ladles. Finally, they were loaned pumps by members of a neighbouring commune.

It was ten below zero, Centigrade, when they finished the foundation holes. According to the old rules, it wasn't possible to do the cement pouring at this temperature. But Kuo Tsun had many years of experience digging wells. He knew that the temperature below ground was higher than that above, and decided to break with the old

conventions. When the foundation piers appeared above ground, the weather was even colder than before. Kuo Tsun and his men kept the cement moist with hot water supplied by the kitchens of thirty mess halls, and dried it gradually with the heat of stoves they built beside the piers. Thick reed wrappings gave protection against the winter cold. Section by section the piers rose. The work proceeded rapidly and was of good quality.

Now a new problem confronted them. The reach of the crane was only thirty-eight metres, seven metres short of the aqueduct in construction on top of the piers. This caused a slow-down in supplies which affected the work. Chang Tien-chin, representative of the county armed forces headquarters command at the project, together with Kuo Tsun, called a "Think Session" of all workers, builders and revolutionary cadres.

Immediately, people came forward with good ideas. A crane operator said: "Break away from the old concepts of the reactionary technical authorities. We'll add a length to the arm of the crane." Peasant builders said: "We'll build up the earthen base on which the crane stands."

Workers and peasants co-operating, one lengthening the arm, the other raising the base, the crane was enabled to reach eight metres higher than before and deliver materials to the men building the aqueduct. A mighty cheer went up:

"Long live the victory of Mao Tsetung Thought!"

"Long live the victory of self-reliance!"

The East Is Red Aqueduct, which the water conservancy "experts" said would take two years to construct, was finished in nine months, thanks to the joint efforts of the peasant builders, the revolutionary cadres and the revolutionary technicians, who planned as they worked. It stood tall and majestic in the foothills of the Wangwu Mountains.

The happy day when water would flow through the trunk canal had arrived. Kuo Tsun, Chang Tien-chin and the builders working on the project wrote triumphantly on the aqueduct in bright red paint this quotation from Chairman Mao:

The people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history.

IV

A new generation of "fools," their minds illuminated by the sun, staunchly determined, are opening up a new world.

The four hundred thousand people of Chiyuan County, enlightened by Mao Tsetung Thought, study *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* daily. Their understanding of the struggle between the proletarian and bourgeois lines constantly improves. They are confident in "**the certain triumph of the revolution**" and are imbued with the spirit of continuous revolution. "**Digging every day,**" they are advancing from victory to greater victory.

They completed the first stage of the project, which was to have taken three years according to the original plan, in only seven months. Water from the Chinho River flowed merrily along the winding canal through the mountains and emptied into the Mangho.

This preliminary triumph brought happiness to the people of Chiyuan and increased their confidence. The people in neighbouring Meng County, to the north, now also joined in the project. They led the Chinho waters across the Mangho, into Meng County, all the way to the hilly region north of the Yellow River. This extended the trunk canal from sixty *li* to two hundred and forty and irrigated land several times the area originally planned.

In three winters and three summers, new "fools" armed with Mao Tsetung Thought made their blueprints a reality over a large expanse of land. On December 27, 1968, a trunk canal ten feet deep and twenty feet wide, winding a hundred and forty *li* through the mountains of Chiyuan County, was completed. It cut through the Taihang Mountains, flew across the Wangwu foothills, wound around three hundred peaks, straddled two hundred rivers and streams, traversed thirty-three tunnels totalling fifteen *li* in length, and flowed over two hundred open and closed aerial conduits. Like a red thread through a string of pearls, it linked twenty large and small waterways in the Mangho River basin and sixty-eight reservoirs. When connected with nearly ten thousand ponds, it formed "grape clusters" or a "sky full of stars," as the local people described them, which irrigated three hundred thousand *mu* of land.

The project was victoriously completed. The bright waters of the Chinho River, following channels carved out by the new "fools," dashed frothily and triumphantly onward.

Historical experience merits attention.

Like a song, the flowing water sings the praises of the great victory of Mao Tsetung Thought, of the infinite wisdom of the revolutionary masses.

Like an angry tide, it castigates the crimes of the handful of capitalist roaders, headed by big renegade Liu Shao-chi, and purges the poisons of the revisionist line.

Like a clap of thunder, it shocks into rude awakening the conceited "wise old men" who have no faith in the masses.

When drinking water, don't forget the well-diggers. When happy, don't forget Chairman Mao. A ninety-year-old granny in the Keching Commune, gazing at the clear water in the canal, took the hand of a PLA soldier and said with emotion: "For generations we've been looking forward to water from the Chinho. Even eyes of bronze would have worn out, looking for so long. But not a drop ever came up our mountains. Now, thanks to Chairman Mao, we've Chinho water at last."

She smiled, tears in her eyes. With the edge of her tunic she wiped a bowl, filled it with water and took it home. Holding it respectfully in both hands, she stood before a picture of Chairman Mao and said in a deeply moved voice:

"In my hands I hold Chinho water, my heart turns to the red sun. This water means happiness, and our happiness depends entirely on Chairman Mao. Dear Chairman Mao, we poor and lower-middle peasants will be true to you for ever. We wish you a long, long life!"

The Chinho and the Mangho are a stirring picture, with red banners festooning their banks. A heavenly river has been built on earth between the Taihang and Wangwu Mountains.

Stand on the highest peak of Wangwu and look east. A canal over two hundred *li* in length pierces the heights and lunges across ravines like a giant red-tasselled spear. This is the Chinho-Mangho irrigation project, built by the heroic people of Chiyuan County.

In the glorious rays of the rising sun, the vast water network glows beautiful and magnificent. On the "New 'Foolish Old Man' Aqueduct," one of the aerial conduits, two lines are written in shining red:

Mao Tsetung Thought is educating a new generation of "Foolish Old Man,"

Self-reliance brings the rainbow to man's midst.

Conquering the Tidal Waves

On April 23, a 10-force northeast wind suddenly blew in from the sea north of the Shantung Peninsula. Mountainous waves rose in Laichow Bay and swept over the 70-kilometre coastline of four maritime counties in the northern part of the Changwei Region, travelling 20 kilometres inland within two or three hours. Eleven hundred square kilometres of coastal plain were submerged to a depth of one metre beneath the tidal waves whose highest rise was registered at 6.64 metres. The force of the violent wind and towering waves was so great that houses collapsed, crops were inundated and the lives and property of 100,000 people in dozens of villages and a dozen saltfields and farms of twelve people's communes were threatened.

On receiving an urgent telephone call from the coastal region, the Revolutionary Committee of the Changwei Special Administrative Region immediately called an emergency standing committee meeting. They pledged to live up to the expectation of Chairman Mao and the trust of the masses at this moment when the lives and the property of the people were in danger, lead the people to overcome the effects of the tidal waves and rescue those in danger.

The waves were coming in rapidly and violently. On what should they depend to win victory? The revolutionary committee had to make a prompt reply.

“The unification of our country, the unity of our people and the unity of our various nationalities — these are the basic guarantees of the sure triumph of our cause.”

This great teaching of Chairman Mao lit up every one's heart. They first of all analysed the favourable conditions and unanimously agreed that through the tempering of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution the masses had armed themselves with Mao Tsetung Thought and greatly enhanced their consciousness of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines. The great revolutionary unity between the army and the people and between the cadres and the masses had been unprecedentedly strengthened. By relying on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought and the united strength of the revolutionary people, they could surely conquer the tidal waves.

At this critical moment, the delegates from the Changwei Region attending the Party's Ninth National Congress telephoned from Peking, encouraging them to hold high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, rely on the masses and be united as one.

At this crucial moment, came the good news of the victorious close of the Party's Ninth National Congress at which the Ninth Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party headed by our great leader Chairman Mao with Vice-Chairman Lin Piao second in command was elected. This filled them with greater confidence and strength.

The revolutionary committee was determined to hold aloft the banner of unity of the Party congress and lead the revolutionary masses to victory.

A joint headquarters was soon formed by the revolutionary committee and the PLA units stationed in the region to cope with the emergency. The Shantung Provincial Revolutionary Committee also sent people to help direct the battle. The headquarters gave the PLA units the order: Immediately go to the most dangerous places and rescue the poor and lower-middle peasants! It ordered

the militia: Quickly organize rescue teams and save our class brothers! All government organs, factories and enterprises were instructed to ensure the supply of needed manpower and material.

These orders received prompt response from all quarters. Trucks and people lined up in front of the revolutionary committee offices of Changwei Region and Weifang City, ready to go. Shock brigades of the PLA, the militia and the government, and medical teams of the army and local hospitals were quickly formed. Under the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, a mighty army swiftly went into battle under a unified command.

II

Fifteen thousand peasants working along a 10-kilometre stretch of water conservancy project on the Taho River in the northern part of Shoukuang County were marooned by the waters.

Braving howling wind and torrential rain, PLA shock brigades rushed through the night to their rescue. Ten kilometres away, they were halted by a vast expanse of water. The wind was roaring, waves were surging, a heavy sleet fell. The temperature dropped to zero, Centigrade. To save their class brothers, the PLA had to break through this obstacle before them.

Confronting the tempestuous waves the commanders and fighters recited Chairman Mao's great teaching: **“This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.”** They swore: “No obstacle can stop us revolutionary fighters from saving the poor and lower-middle peasants.”

Using bamboo rafts, a 200-man PLA shock brigade sped to the rescue. When they reached shallow water, they put aside their poles, jumped into the water and pushed the rafts. Every step forward in piercing cold water was an effort, as they bucked the current and the wind.

Platoon Leader Chang Yung-chou shouted to his men: **“Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.”**

This teaching of Chairman Mao's gave the fighters inexhaustible strength. The legs of many became numb with the cold, yet they continued to push forward. Some were too cold to speak, but they kept reciting Chairman Mao's teachings silently.

Fighter Kuan Hsueh-mao cut his foot badly while pushing a raft. The wound bled profusely and penetrating cold salt water caused him great pain. But he continued to plod forward, without uttering a sound.

The commanders and fighters finally crossed the 10-kilometre expanse of water and reached the marooned peasants. Fighting the wind and waves, they moved one group of peasants after another out of danger.

An air force unit dispatched planes to airdrop leaflets announcing the successful conclusion of the Party's Ninth National Congress as well as large quantities of food. Because the small patches of land free of water were densely crowded, there was the danger that the packages might injure people or fall into the water. Pilot Chang Hung-yen flew at 50 metres, then 30 metres, then less than ten metres above the ground, an extremely hazardous operation. Chang had been a cowherd for a landlord in his childhood and a beggar before liberation. In order to bring Chairman Mao's great concern quickly to the people struck by the natural disaster, he completely ignored the danger to himself. Filled with strong proletarian feelings, he kept in mind Chairman Mao's teaching that **"when we die for the people it is a worthy death,"** and accomplished his task.

Transporting launches, pontoons and rubber boats, another army unit marched 350 kilometres and plunged into the rescue work. They acted in the spirit of **"giving full play to our style of fighting — courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting (that is, fighting successive battles in a short time without rest)."** They went in four times in thirty-six hours and hauled the marooned people out.

The first time, Squad Leader Liu Hsien-chen, a Communist, together with other fighters, had to pull their boat for seven consecutive hours. For twenty-four hours they had no food. When they reached their destination, Liu fainted.

But when he came to, he called a Party branch meeting. He said, "We Communists must display the spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death and resolutely overcome every difficulty to fulfil our task."

Chin Yuan-ching, a new soldier, said, "Mao Tsetung Thought has armed my mind, the Communists have set examples for me. I will save the poor and lower-middle peasants even at the cost of my life!"

He was no swimmer and was rather small in build. As he pulled the boat along with his comrades-in-arms, he suddenly stepped into a whirling rapid. "Long live Chairman Mao!" he shouted before he was swallowed by the waves. His comrades hastily pulled him out. Chin was only half conscious but he kept shouting, "Squad leader, let me go... I haven't finished my task!"

The second time they went in was at midnight, in pitch darkness. The storm continued to rage and the way was not clear. Fighters of the second platoon, who had joined the army only recently, were assigned to pole the pontoons carrying food to the peasants. Because they were not skilled, the boats kept going around in circles. One hour elapsed, but they had hardly advanced two hundred metres. At this point, Squad Leader Cheng Yuan-lin, a committee member of the Party branch, jumped into the water and began pushing their boats. His men followed his example.

Before his unit was given the task of going to the rescue, Cheng had received three telegrams telling him that his mother was in a serious condition. He was granted leave to go home. On the day he was to set out, he heard that his unit had been given this urgent assignment, he gave up his leave.

"At home I could only attend to my mother," he said. "But going to the rescue of the poor and lower-middle peasants, I'll be working for tens of thousands of parents and brothers." He insisted on going with his unit.

After a night of struggle against the storm, he and his mates finally got the food-laden pontoons to the marooned poor and lower-middle peasants and then carried them out to safety batch by batch.

The people's army cherishes the people; the people love the soldiers who are the sons of the people. When one of the PLA shock brigades started to swim across a deep, broad river to rescue some marooned peasants, many poor and lower-middle peasants expressed anxiety over the fighters' safety and would not let them take the risk. But every fighter was eager to jump into the water. Moved to tears, the poor and lower-middle peasants clung to them to hold them back. Seeing this, the peasants on the opposite bank managed to send a man over with an urgent note, saying, "We thank Chairman Mao! We thank the Liberation Army! We are quite safe. PLA comrades, please be at ease. As the water is deep and swift now, you must not cross the river!"

A rescue team formed by a PLA transport unit was also blocked by the turbulent torrents. Deputy squad leader, Lin Kuo-ping, a Communist, jumped into the water shouting, "For the sake of the people, I will keep advancing even if one more step means sure death rather than retreat half a step in order to live!" Communists Chou Yu-yuan, Liu Fang-shan and another deputy squad leader Li Hua-yung followed suit. Before they reached the opposite bank, Chou and Li fainted in the icy cold water.

The marooned peasants were very moved at the sight of the four PLA fighters risking their own lives to come to their rescue. They rushed into the water and brought them ashore. Emergency injections of heart stimulant were promptly given. Then they boiled ginger soup with their small supply of precious fresh water and heated some wine which they fed the soldiers. Wrapping their arms around the soldiers, the peasants warmed them with the heat of their own bodies. Slowly the PLA men gained consciousness.

If the army and the people are united as one, who in the world can match them?

For three whole days and nights the PLA men struggled unceasingly all along the 70-kilometre coastline. At last all the marooned peasants were brought out of danger. Stirred, the army men and civilians kept shouting, "Long live the great leader Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

III

Confronted by the sudden attack of the tidal waves the heroic people in the afflicted area gave full play to their revolutionary spirit. They fought the waves militantly and stubbornly, depending on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought and unified strength.

Separated by roaring water, dozens of villages, saltfields and farms became isolated "islands." Communications were disrupted and supplies of food, water and other goods were cut off. But every village, every saltfield and every farm was turned into a fighting collective where red flags flew and Chairman Mao's quotation songs rang out. People battled the tidal waves with confidence and strength.

When water surrounded the Hsiaohanchia Brigade of Puchuang Commune in Changyi County, the commune members led by the brigade revolutionary committee turned out en masse to dam the entrances of the streets and alleys with wooden doors, beds and earth. Commune members Han Kao-chung and Feng Ching-hsiang, both poor peasants, saw a small cart belonging to the collective being swept away by the waves. Disregarding their own safety, they jumped into the water. Several times they got hold of the cart, but big waves toppled them and washed it from their grasp. They tried in vain by every means to pull it back. Exhausted, they held it down with their bodies until a raft from the village came to their aid.

At the Taho River water conservancy construction site more than 170 peasants from Wangkao Commune were marooned on a narrow strip of earthen dyke. With the swift rise of the water the dyke was in imminent danger of being submerged. The peasants, unafraid, raised aloft portraits of Chairman Mao and recited his teachings. Wang Han-min, their political instructor, waved his hand and said, "Our battle against the waves is a fight against the enemy. So long as we are united as one and go all out, no difficulty can intimidate us."

Led by Wang and ignoring their fatigue, they used bedding and mats to stem the water and built an earthen outer wall. As the waves rose higher, they added to the wall seven or eight times. The wind and the rain increased, and the water continued to rise. Waves like small hills crashed over them. Suddenly a huge wave breached

the wall, endangering the dyke. They swiftly formed a strong human wall with their bodies and shovelled earth with their few spades and picks, as well as with their bare hands, to reinforce the wall. After three hours' intense effort, they successfully closed the breach and warded off the water.

IV

In accordance with Chairman Mao's teaching, "**All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other,**" people elsewhere regarded the support to their class brothers in the afflicted area as their revolutionary duty.

In Weifang City, 100 kilometres from the flood, the revolutionary people showed deep concern for their class brothers. Catering workers cooked for the stricken people throughout the night. Motor transport workers rushed rescue contingents and supplies despite fierce wind and torrential rain. Revolutionary medical workers quickly formed emergency teams and hastened to the stricken area the very first night. Postal and telecommunication workers efficiently handled all phone calls, ensuring prompt connections between the front and the rear. The whole city became a big "logistics department." They supplied everything needed. They said, "The difficulties of the stricken people are our difficulties."

Aware that their class brothers battling against the tide in the rain and wind needed clothes, many people gave their spare clothes. To encourage those in the affected area to use Mao Tsetung Thought to conquer the calamity, they presented the stricken people with *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*. Some wrote Chairman Mao's teachings on slips of paper which they put in the pockets of the contributed clothing. Others pinned Chairman Mao badges on the clothes.

Surrounded by sea water the people in the flooded area lacked drinking water. The emergency headquarters asked Weifang City to get 2,000 *jin* of radishes ready by dawn to be airdropped to the marooned peasants. Radishes were a specialty of the place. To supply

several hundred thousand *jin* in season would not be a hard job. But the season was over.

By midnight they had collected only 300 *jin* from all the government, school, factory and mine canteens. The chairman of the city revolutionary committee hurried to the Peikuan Brigade of a commune on the western outskirts of the city. The brigade responded promptly. Within three hours the commune members contributed 3,000 *jin*. Other radish producing brigades were also appealed to. In the end not 2,000 but 8,000 *jin* were sent in.

The poor and lower-middle peasants washed them in clean water and said, "What we're sending is not a few thousand *jin* of radishes; it's the love in our hearts."

In Weihsien County, 1,000 head of cattle of the Yangtzu Commune, menaced by the tidal waves, were transferred to brigades of the Potzu Commune. The members there collected fodder and fed them well. They also mobilized over 4,000 men to carry fresh water and fuel to the stricken area.

Seventeen young men of the Chufan Brigade travelled forty *li* to Yangtzu Brigade, each carrying two buckets of sweet water. When they arrived after wading through a stretch of sea water, the poor and lower-middle peasants there said with deep emotion, "Under the banner of Mao Tsetung Thought the hearts of our poor and lower-middle peasants are always linked together."

Guided by Mao Tsetung Thought, the armymen and civilians in Changwei Region held high the great banner of revolutionary unity. They fought heroically and finally conquered the tidal waves, the largest in 80 years.

The water has now receded. Following Chairman Mao's teaching of "**maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts,**" and inspired by the Party's Ninth National Congress, the people in the affected area launched an energetic campaign to restore production. They lost no time in taking up their hoes and going to the recently flooded land. They began repairing the dykes and washing off the salt from the seedlings. The fishermen went out to sea. Grasping revolution

and promoting production, everyone was determined to change the look of their land by their own efforts.

Already, they have worked out a plan to overcome future tidal waves and transform the saline and alkaline soil. They have decided to build a dyke along the several hundred kilometres of coastline within the next few years, so as to keep out the tidal waves and to convert formerly uncultivated saline and alkaline shores into fertile fields.

*Chairman Mao Visits the Shanghai Machine
Tools Plant* (oil painting) ►



中国共产党万岁!

伟大领袖毛主席万岁!

自力更生 艰苦奋斗

上海机床厂

Raising Seedlings

In April this year people were jubilant over the opening of the Party's Ninth National Congress. On Shanghai's rural outskirts a vigorous movement was launched to **"grasp revolution, promote production"** and **"be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people."** The peasants' enthusiasm swept ever higher like waves in the Huangpu River.

One evening, members of the Chingfeng Production Team were having a meeting. It was decided to plant an extra thirty *mu* of early rice. But there was one problem — all their fields had been planted with summer crops which were growing nicely; there wasn't any place left to raise the seedlings.

A cough was heard in a corner of the room. Everyone looked. It was old Yu Sung, a skilled farmer. Sitting next to him was his spouse "Half the Sky," leader of the women's group. The team members urged the veteran peasant to suggest something. His wife also gave him a nudge.

This story is a joint piece of work by story-tellers on the outskirts of Shanghai with Chiang Kwei-fu doing the writing.

Yu Sung was confident that, technically speaking, he was first-rate in preparing seedling-beds and planting the seeds. It seemed sure that the job would be given to him.

"I have an idea. We can kill two birds with one stone," he said, raising his brows. "Let's uproot a few *mu* of horse beans. The advantages are, first, the bean stalks can be used as fertilizer and second, we won't miss the transplanting season. If we're sure of our seedling plots, we can certainly raise more rice in celebration of the Party's congress."

"I object," someone piped up.

Who was that? The members looked around. It was Yu Sung's wife. Tall and slender, she is a woman in her forties. During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution she emerged as an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. Whenever she speaks at a meeting she seldom fails to mention that "the strength of us women can prop up half the sky." So gradually she became known as "Half the Sky."

"That's how a landlord's pampered son would do it — pulling down the west wall to mend the east," Half the Sky continued. "We want horse beans as well as rice."

Yu Sung was surprised. "She's raised seedlings with me many a time," he thought. "How can she talk so silly?"

"That's easy enough to say," he retorted aloud. "Let's see you do it."

"Some advanced teams have raised seedlings on their threshing grounds. If they can do it, why can't we?" Half the Sky countered unreconciled.

"All right, go ahead and try," shouted Yu Sung furiously.

"That's settled. I'll do it," she rattled, still faster this time. "The strength of women can prop up half the sky. There's nothing so hard about it."

There was a burst of applause. Hardly had it died away when a girl rose to her feet and said, "I fully agree that aunty should take up the task. I'm willing to be her assistance." This girl was called Hsiang Hung. Formerly a student in the city, she had recently joined the production team and was now living with Yu Sung and his wife.

The matter was thus quickly decided.

As the meeting dispersed, Half the Sky went home with Hsiang Hung. She had meant to have a talk with her husband to bring him round, but when she entered the house she found him already in bed, pretending to have fallen asleep. Half the Sky retired too, but she tossed and turned and couldn't fall asleep. At last she got up and began to read her copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*. When she came to the passage about man having constantly to "**sum up experience and go on discovering, inventing, creating and advancing,**" she felt a renewal of strength and vigour. She kept on reading and did not go to bed again till the cock crowed for the first time.

It was hardly break of day when Half the Sky rose. She pushed the door open and looked outside. There in the bean fields her husband was waving his hands and talking with the team leader. She wasn't sure what he was up to. One thing she feared was that he might be stubborn and pull up the bean plants. Quickly she ran over, only to find them still arguing over the problem of growing the extra thirty *mu* of rice.

"For the revolution I agree to plant more rice, but raising seedlings on threshing grounds is a new technique in farming," said Yu Sung, waving his hands. "I'm not very sure of it. It's better to clear the bean fields and put the seedling-beds there. That'll keep the loss to the minimum and ensure a big rice harvest."

"We farm for the revolution. That's why we can't allow any loss at all to any crop," said the team leader.

"Pulling up the beans to make room for seedlings is the kind of revisionist line that Liu Shao-chi would go in for," cut in Half the Sky, unable to restrain herself. "Chairman Mao has taught us to look at both sides of a problem. Whatever we do we are bound to meet with difficulties. But where there are difficulties there is also a solution. A difficulty overcome spells advance."

"What I'm afraid of is that we don't have enough time," replied Yu Sung. "Suppose we fail. We'll lose our bait and the fish together."

"Old man," his wife persisted, "in considering a problem we must have the interests of our 700 million Chinese and the people of the world at heart. We mustn't look at it from the angle of only one production team."

"Yu Sung," said the team leader who, seeing that he said nothing, guessed he must have been moved, "raising the seedling in a new way is your duty too. Your wife is shouldering a heavy burden. You ought to lend a hand."

Yu Sung voiced no disagreement.

Meanwhile Half the Sky thought: "I took on the job because there seemed no other way. My old man has always had a high sense of responsibility. It's just that for the moment he hadn't thought the matter through. We still should stir up his enthusiasm." She therefore said: "Better let him take the main responsibility. I can be his assistant."

"You're Half the Sky, you have tremendous strength," said Yu Sung sarcastically, not quite reconciled.

"Well, you two share the burden equally, how about that?" the team leader said with a smile.

Yu Sung walked away, without replying.

Thus, the division of responsibility was finally settled.

After breakfast Half the Sky and Hsiang Hung began levelling the ground in front of their house. When this was finished, the woman asked her husband, "Which is better to cover the ground with, the mud from the river or the earth from the fields?"

Yu Sung pretended to have heard nothing and went on fixing his hoe. She repeated her question in a louder voice.

"Crops grow on any soil," he responded roughly. "What difference does it make?" Half the Sky was ready to burst.

Then Yu Sung added in a murmur, his chin lowered, "Of course, the earth in the fields is more loose. Everyone knows that."

Obviously, he was giving her a hint. With this clear, she and the girl fetched earth from the fields and covered the ground with a thin layer of it. Then they made furrows and neatly planted the seeds, which were already sprouting. Over each furrow they fixed a frame

for nylon sheets to maintain the temperature. Half the Sky was very happy with what they had done.

That afternoon Hsiang Hung left for town to buy the required nylon sheets while Half the Sky went to the production team to plait straw mats. When she came back from work, she saw that something terrible had happened to the nursing beds. Two of the furrows were in a mess, the seeds and earth mixed together. A careful look found many claw prints, clear as if they had been raked.

What a blow! Each rake mark was a lash on her heart. Soon her husband returned after a day's work. Half the Sky grasped him by the arm and said, "Come and look. See what a mess! Did you forget to shut up the chicken pens before you went off?"

Yu Sung was also distressed by what had happened. But he was absolutely sure that he had closed the pens after cleaning them. He couldn't figure out how it had come about. Gazing at the spoiled furrows, Half the Sky was in a quandary.

As it was getting late, she went to prepare the evening meal. In rinsing the rice grains in the brook with a bamboo sieve, she saw bran and chaff floating off with the water. She hit upon an idea and cried, "Right. That's the way to do it."

She got a large sieve and cupped up the seeds and earth mixture into it bit by bit, as gently as if she were handling chicks. Then she carefully washed the earth away, leaving the sprouting seeds intact and whole. While all this was going on Yu Sung stood by and watched. He wanted to give a helping hand but he was held back by his pride.

His wife shouted to him, "Don't just stand there. Go and cook." He took up the washed rice and went in. Half the Sky continued intensely with her work. In an hour the rice seeds were all neatly re-seated.

After supper, Half the Sky went to inspect the seedling-beds. Here and there she stooped and made improvements. She was still mystified by the chicken-claw marks. They had been breeding chicks since spring, but not once had the pens been left open. How had it been possible for the birds to slip out?

Then she remembered the great leader Chairman Mao's teaching: "Never forget class struggle," and went back to ask her husband,

"Did you see anybody near our chicken pens?" Yu Sung shook his head. She went into Hsiang Hung's room and asked her the same question.

The girl thought a moment. "The rich peasant Teh-tsai went by stealthily with a sheep. He looked kind of sneaky. After a while, he came and said our chickens were loose, that I should shut them up."

The girl's account set Half the Sky to thinking. She muttered to herself, "So Teh-tsai walked by our pens. After the chickens had scratched up the furrows, it was he who asked the girl to close the pens. There's something fishy in this."

Yu Sung, who was smoking a cigarette, asked what she was murmuring about. "Raising these seedlings involves not only a fight between different ways of thinking but also class struggle," she said.

Yu Sung agreed. "Better report this incident to our team leader," he suggested.

Spring weather, like an infant's face, changes often within a day, and in this changeable weather seedlings were being nurtured. Half the Sky was quite worried that she might not be able to complete this important task and would affect the team's plan to grow more rice. She couldn't sleep well, her appetite was poor. But she was determined to raise the seedlings well, even if she had to lose weight in the process. She would answer Chairman Mao's great call, "**Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people,**" with actual deeds and do her share for the world revolution.

Half the Sky never failed to water the seedlings when the weather was dry, and shelter them with nylon sheets on rainy days. Through her meticulous care, the young sprouts grew increasingly well. They were a picture of verdancy. The more she looked at them, the happier she became.

One day after lunch, cadres of the team came to ask about the recent activities of the rich peasant Teh-tsai. Half the Sky told them in detail about the chicken-pen incident.

After they left, she went to have a look at the seedlings. As she examined them, her face gradually changed. A portion showed signs

of withering. This upset her tremendously. What could be the cause, she wondered. She went round the seedling-beds once, twice, and pulled up several of the plants for further examination. She discovered some white fluff at their roots. But when she touched the plants with a wet hand she did not find any insect or worm.

Like a physician with a difficult case, she couldn't decide what to do. She went back to the house to consult her husband, but he wasn't there. Then she remembered that he had gone to the teahouse in the morning and had not returned.

"The young shoots are withering," she said to Hsiang Hung. "I must solve this problem. Keep an eye on these seedlings. I'm off to my mother's."

Why was she going to her mother's at a time like this? To see her elder brother Sung Ching, who was an expert on seedlings. He could help her.

Carrying a basket covered with a white towel, Half the Sky hurried off. Her mother's place was in the Red Star People's Commune, over a dozen *li* away. It usually took her more than an hour to go there on foot, but today she covered the distance in half the time. When she entered the house she was amazed to find her husband there, too.

Yu Sung was also surprised. "We're all so busy," he said, "but you've got time to pay visits to mama."

Half the Sky silently uncovered the basket. Her brother and husband bent forward and looked. A bundle of withered seedlings!

"I've come for help," she snapped at Yu Sung. "You went floating off to the teahouse early this morning, and now you are here paying a social call. While you take things nice and easy, I'm up to my ears in trouble. We'll have a good talk about this in our political study session when we get home."

Her brother burst out laughing, which threw Half the Sky into still greater confusion. "You shouldn't blame him, sis," he said. "Yu Sung hasn't been to the teahouse at all. He came here early this morning, insisting that I show him our seedling plots. He has already learnt how to solve your problem." Half the Sky smiled broadly. She grabbed her husband by the arm and rushed him off.

"We'll drop in again when the seedlings are raised," she yelled over her shoulder.

"Help each other, and you're sure to succeed," her brother advised.

On the way home, the couple talked and talked. Yu Sung said, "The key word to successful nursing is **conscientiousness**. On sunny days leave the nylon covers open at both ends so as to have more air and prevent condensed moisture from dripping. When it's a cold day, be sure to close the covers against cold air. They have had a lot of successful experience. I'll tell you all that I've learnt when we get home." Both were in a buoyant mood, particularly the wife.

Hsiang Hung had not seen such happy expressions on their faces for days. It was like the gloomy weather suddenly turning fine. Before the puzzled girl was able to ask what had happened, Half the Sky said, "Hsiang Hung, we've solved the problem. Things will be better in a few days."

The girl was delighted to hear this and helped them as they got to work.

From that day on Half the Sky became more conscientious than ever in taking care of the seedlings. She set up a reed shelter over the seedling-beds to shield them from the hot sun, and watered them four or five times a day. At night, when the temperature dropped, she never forgot to cover them with the nylon sheets and straw mats.

Days went by. The yellow specks on the seedlings disappeared bit by bit. Half the Sky felt much better.

One day the temperature dropped and a cold wind began to blow. Awakened in the middle of the night by the whistling north wind Yu Sung was worried that the cold would affect the young plants. Knowing that his wife had been working hard and was very tired, he decided to go and have a look himself.

But when he turned on the light, to his great surprise, his wife's bed was empty. He immediately opened the door and ran straight to the threshing ground. There he saw Half the Sky crouching beside the seedlings and inspecting them with a flashlight. He was greatly



moved by her devotion to the collective good. At the same time he felt very bad because at first he had tried to obstruct her.

Seeing her husband, Half the Sky came over and said, "Look at that white patch just below the black clouds in the north. Most likely it's going to pour. Let's get ready."

They immediately started taking precautions. Before long the wind became fiercer and almost carried the nylon sheets away. Half the Sky, followed by her husband, ran to hold them down. In spite of their efforts, the sheets fluttered like kites ready to take wing. They kept a firm hold on them and recited silently: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice, and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

It looked as if the force of the wind would uproot the young greens. How pained they were to see that! They used all their strength to pin down the covers, running here and there. Hsiang Hung also pitched in. She looked for cords and stones to help fasten the nylon sheets. The team leader and other commune members also came to help. But the wind and rain were too strong. They had great difficulty in holding the nylon sheets down. Hitting upon an idea, Half

the Sky rushed home and got her quilt. She threw it over one of the nylon covers and then weighed it down with stones. This did the trick. Yu Sung and Hsiang Hung were very moved. They also ran home for their quilts and did the same.

At that moment the rich peasant Teh-tsai arrived. He spoke to Hsiang Hung furtively, "The thatch over your pigsty has been blown away. The piglets will catch cold. Go quick and repair it."

The girl was about to go, but then she thought: "No, how can he, a class enemy, be so concerned about us poor and lower-middle peasants? There's something fishy here! At this moment, when the seedlings are in danger, every person counts. He is only trying to fool me into leaving, so that the seedlings will be damaged."

"Don't you come around, making trouble," the girl shouted. "Get out of here!"

The scoundrel scampered off with his tail between his legs.

Hsiang Hung later told Half the Sky about this. The older woman said, "You have done the right thing. It was this same rich peasant who let our chickens out to scratch up the seedlings the other day. The team is going to call a struggle meeting against him in a couple of days. Hsiang Hung, you should never forget class struggle."

The girl nodded resolutely.

The east began to brighten. After a fight in the open for a good part of the night, all were tired but happy. The young plants had been saved.

Two days later, under the painstaking care of Yu Sung and his wife the seedlings were growing strong and sturdy. The poor and lower-middle peasants in the team held a struggle meeting against the rich peasant Teh-tsai. Yu Sung, Half the Sky and Hsiang Hung were the main speakers.

It was the day for transplanting the young shoots. The whole team joined in, some digging up the seedlings with mud attached, others carrying them off in baskets with shoulder poles, and still others planting them in the fields. In two days the extra thirty *mu* of land were all planted with the early rice.

Bathed in sunshine and waving in the breeze, the young plants presented a scene of verdant green. Yu Sung said to his wife as they

and the girl walked along a ridge between the plots, "I've lagged far behind you in raising these seedlings. From now on I'll really keep up."

Gazing at the green plants, the girl said cheerfully, "Through this battle I have learnt many things from the poor and lower-middle peasants. Not only have I learnt how to nurse seedlings, I have begun to understand the complicated class struggle in the countryside, which is more important. I am determined to do well in the rural areas and be a new-type peasant all my life."

Half the Sky said, "We three should join our hands together, help each other and advance shoulder to shoulder."

This ends the revolutionary story of raising seedlings.

Comments on Stanislavsky's "System"

Stanislavsky was a reactionary bourgeois art "authority" of tsarist times, but for a long period of time the Soviet revisionists laud him as a "Marxist." Stanislavsky's "system" became one of the theoretical foundations of modern revisionist literature and art. A fighting task for the proletariat relative to the theatre is to thoroughly expose and criticize Stanislavsky's reactionary theory.

Stanislavsky was reactionary throughout his life. The Russian revolution of 1905 threw him into a panic. He fled to Germany with his repertory of plays which sang the praises of the tsar and the aristocracy. He was applauded and given an audience by the German emperor Wilhelm the Second. When the great October Revolution took place, Stanislavsky admitted that he had again found himself "in an impasse" and that "it was necessary to take a look . . . from a distance." He took his theatrical company to the United States where he was on terms of intimacy with the imperialists. He grieved over the lost "peaceful" days of tsarist times and cursed the revolution for

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having caused "war, hunger, world catastrophe, mutual misunderstanding and hate."

The period from the failure of the 1905 revolution to the upsurge of the October Revolution was a period of reaction in Russian politics. To put out the flames of the proletarian revolution, the tsarist government mobilized all the forces of reaction and resorted to the counter-revolutionary dual tactics of using political and cultural repression and deception alternately against the revolutionary people. The "system" which Stanislavsky painstakingly worked out took shape during precisely this reactionary period. This clearly proves that this theory of the theatre was a product of the tsarist government's reactionary policy of using culture to benumb the people.

The core of the "system," in Stanislavsky's own words, is "self." All the obscurantism which he advocated, such as the "ruling idea" of a play, "through-action," "the germs of all the human vices and virtues" and "living human elements" repose, according to him, in the "innermost I."

For a long time, this bourgeois theatrical "system," disguised as socialist theatrical theory, was used by Khrushchov, Liu Shao-chi and company as a tool to counter Marxism-Leninism and restore capitalism. This system swept from the Soviet Union to China, dominating theatrical and cinema circles. Directors and actors reverently read Stanislavsky like a bible. The slightest criticism of him outraged those lords as if their ancestral graves had been desecrated. Chou Yang, Liu Shao-chi's agent in art and literary circles, clamoured: Stanislavsky's "system" is the only system in the world history of the theatre. On no account should it be discredited, nor can it.

Is this so? Seen in its true light, the "system" proves to be a paper tiger.

I

The fundamental difference between the proletarian and the bourgeois concept of literature and art turns on whether to extol the workers, peasants and soldiers or the bourgeoisie.

Stanislavsky said: "No matter what role an actor plays, he should always act out of himself," "You must get it firmly into your head: the way to art is in yourself and only in yourself," "Play yourself all your life." Be it "himself" or "yourself" the inner being of the exploiting classes is represented by Stanislavsky. His is an anti-Marxist concept which praises the bourgeoisie to the skies.

In class society, there is no individual in the abstract or above classes. Nor is there literature and art in the abstract or above classes. Let us trace the history of his "performances" and we will see what "self" Stanislavsky proceeded from and played "all his life." From his performances we can see what sort of stuff he was.

During the 51 years between 1877 and 1928, he played 106 roles, all of them tsarist generals, aristocrats, bourgeois elements or certain strata of townspeople. During the 57 years between 1881 and 1938 he directed 85 plays, the overwhelming majority of which were bourgeois "classics." Stanislavsky's so-called proceeding from "self" means proceeding from the political interests and the artistic requirements of the bourgeoisie. His so-called playing "self" meant playing and extolling the bourgeois "self." The stage theory based on this stage practice was bound to be replete with the characteristics of the life, personality and world outlook of the bourgeoisie, which are alien to the revolutionary theatre of the proletariat.

Can we proceed from the "self" of bourgeois intellectuals to portray workers, peasants and soldiers? No. All the images of the workers, peasants and soldiers in proletarian art, such as Li Yu-ho in the model revolutionary Peking opera *The Red Lantern*, Yang Tzu-jung in *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* and Kuo Chien-kuang in *Shachiapang* are heroes and outstanding representatives of the proletariat. The excellent qualities they display are **"on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life."** The process by which the actors attempt to convey these art images is one by which the actors understand, study and extol these heroic images and remould their own world outlook. Even actors of worker, peasant or soldier origin, without exception, must be re-educated. If we proceed from "self" to portray the workers, peasants and soldiers, we are distort-

ing the revolutionary struggles of the workers, peasants and soldiers and their heroic mental outlook with the unbridled "self expression" of the bourgeoisie and petty-bourgeoisie. This is precisely the vicious method used by the capitalist roaders and reactionary art "authorities" who deliberately tried to undermine the model revolutionary theatrical works by distorting and smearing the heroic images of the workers, peasants and soldiers. This method has already failed. Are there works of literature and art which proceed from the "self" of the bourgeoisie to portray the workers, peasants and soldiers? Yes. Who has not seen the plays and films produced under the rule of the Soviet revisionist renegade clique? There the workers, peasants and soldiers are debased to an unbearable extent: some are no more than cowards, some think only of raising a family, some are mixed up with white bandit officers, and some have still more ugly stories... they have none of the qualities of the workers, peasants and soldiers. They are obviously a shameless exposure by the Soviet revisionist renegades of their own "selves"!

Can this theory of going from "self" be used in acting bourgeois parts or other negative roles? It won't do for these either. From the proletarian point of view, villains like the bandit ringleader, Eagle in the Peking opera *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, or Hatoyama, chief of the Japanese military police, in *The Red Lantern* whose hands were stained with the blood of the Chinese people can only be acted from the standpoint of the workers, peasants and soldiers, i.e., portrayed from the stand of their class hatred so as to expose and criticize mercilessly the ugly, cruel, insidious and reactionary class nature of these reactionaries, in order to make the brilliant images of the proletarian heroes stand out in high relief. If one acts from Stanislavsky's bourgeois "self" then monsters of all kinds, which are to be overthrown and cast away in real life, will be made into major artistic parts, and they will be allowed to exercise arrogant dictatorship over the workers, peasants and soldiers on the stage. Is there any such kind of drama? Yes, there is. The schools of the "art of experience" and "art of representation" of the 19th century and the "avant-garde," "modernism," etc., in the imperialist and modern revisionist countries today are such rubbish. In plain language, it means letting monsters and freaks of all

descriptions, bandits and rascals play themselves. Many poisonous films appeared in China around 1962 under the domination of Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line and with the support and trickery of Peng Chen, Lu Ting-yi, Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Tien Han and other counter-revolutionaries, including a number of films depicting so-called "middle characters," who in fact were reactionaries. In some, counter-revolutionaries, landlords and bourgeois elements were played by real counter-revolutionaries, landlords and bourgeois elements. These bad elements were given many close-ups of an extremely reactionary, ugly and obscene nature. They were given a free rein to dominate the screen with their reactionary and corrupt "self."

In brief, no matter what part revolutionary art workers play, positive roles of workers, peasants and soldiers, or villains, they must proceed from the revolutionary interests of the workers, peasants and soldiers and revolutionary practice. In the course of integrating themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers and of being re-educated by them, the revolutionary art workers must distinguish what in their own minds belongs to bourgeois thinking and feelings from that which reflects the life, thinking and feelings of the workers, peasants and soldiers. They must constantly overcome bourgeois "self" and foster proletarian devotion to public interest. Only in this way can they really portray and create revolutionary images in art which can **"help the masses to propel history forward."**

Stanislavsky's theory of acting out of "self" takes "I" as all embracing and the centre of all and does whatever "I" like — this is the utterly egoistical purpose of life of all exploiting classes. Imagination that proceeds from "self" means indulging in dreams of personal gain and of advancing at the expense of others; advocacy of "human love" out of "self" means subjecting the working people in their hundreds of millions to the misery of starvation and poverty; to "embrace the world" from "self" is a synonym for imperialist fascist acts of aggression. The reactionary literary and art slogan of proceeding from "self" put forward by Stanislavsky epitomized the decadent bourgeois individualism that the landlord class and the bourgeoisie used to corrupt the masses in literature and art so as to try to pump some life into

the dying capitalist society. He fanatically tried to change the world by proceeding from "self" in the theatre. Was it not the dark kingdom full of exploitation, plunder and aggression that he pursued and defended?

Chairman Mao pointed out: **"The bourgeois die-hards are as hopelessly wrong on the question of culture as on that of political power," "their starting point is bourgeois despotism, which in culture becomes the cultural despotism of the bourgeoisie"** and **"they do not want the workers and the peasants to hold up their heads politically or culturally."** After the victory of the October Revolution, Stanislavsky went all out to oppose presentation on the stage of the struggle and life of the workers, peasants and soldiers. He slanderously said that the workers, peasants and soldiers were more interested "in seeing how other people live, in seeing a more beautiful life," that is, the rotten life of ladies and gentlemen and their pampered sons and daughters which he presented on stage. The starting-point for obstinately persisting in his theory of proceeding from "self" is precisely the reactionary cultural despotism of the bourgeoisie which is intended to make legitimate and eternal the "beautiful life" of the overthrown bourgeoisie, to prevent the workers, peasants and soldiers from holding up their heads politically and culturally and to use the stage for a counter-revolutionary political comeback.

Chairman Mao has pointed out: **"All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use."** The literary and art workers must completely reject the reactionary literary and artistic viewpoint of proceeding from "self." Only by starting from the needs of the workers, peasants and soldiers and integrating with them, can literary and art workers create works for them that they find useful. The model revolutionary theatrical works created under the guidance of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line forcefully present, depict, and praise lofty heroes of the workers, peasants and soldiers. They are a penetrating criticism of the reactionary theory of proceeding from "self." The model revolutionary theatrical works are sung

everywhere in China which has a quarter of the world population. Like evergreen pines, the images of the revolutionary heroes have taken deep root among the revolutionary masses in their hundreds of millions and are inspiring their revolutionary fighting will.

II

Nothing is more hypocritical than the efforts of the bourgeoisie to attribute their ugly world outlook to "mankind." Stanislavsky's theory of proceeding from "self" is built on this kind of a hypocritical theoretical foundation.

Why should he proceed from "self"? He said: Everybody's "soul" originally has "the germs of all the human vices and virtues." Therefore the actor's "ruling idea" is to find "the germs" in the character he plays which are kindred to his own soul and "to cultivate and develop these germs."

The "theory of germs" is the bourgeois theory of human nature. It puts up a rival show against the Marxist-Leninist theory on classes.

Marxism-Leninism holds that class existence and class struggle are the source for everything in class society. The interests of the proletariat conform to the trend of history, to the fundamental interests of the labouring masses. Therefore, the proletariat is fearless and openly announces that its ideology is a class ideology and has Party spirit. On the other hand, the interests of the bourgeoisie run counter to the trend of history, and are diametrically opposed to the interests of the revolutionary people. Hence they always try to cover up the class essence of their own ideology which they disguise as something transcending classes, something that belongs to "mankind," to the "entire people." They try to deceive the masses so as to hang on to their ideological and cultural positions for ever.

Seen in its true light, "the germs of all the human vices and virtues" means that all exploiting classes have both the "germs" of a benevolent, righteous and moral facade on the one hand, and the inherent "germs" of chasing profits and behaving like thieves and prostitutes on the other hand. They keep both kinds of goods in stock and find a use for each. Aren't actors turned into hypocrites and double-dealers

whose words and deeds differ if they "cultivate and develop" the two kinds of "germs" which are to be used alternately and in "organic co-ordination"? A well-known saying of Stanislavsky's that spread its poison widely goes: "Love art in yourself, and not yourself in art." This is the best characterization of the philosophy of life of such hypocrites. "Love art in yourself" means to love the art that one uses as capital to get fame and to become an expert. In essence, it means to "love oneself." "Love not yourself in art" is no more than using "art for art's sake" as a fig leaf to gain more capital to become famous and an expert. This is a subtle application to real life of his double-dealing "theory of germs." The bourgeois advocates of the theory of human nature, represented by Stanislavsky, hold that everybody is born with a dual nature of "human vices and virtues"; to say otherwise, they assert, runs counter to "human nature."

The model revolutionary theatrical works which Comrade Chiang Ching led the revolutionary literary and art workers in creating are the most effective criticism, through vivid imagery, of "the theory of human nature" which pretends to transcend classes.

The scene "Hatoyama Is Defied" in *The Red Lantern*, a model revolutionary Peking opera, successfully reflects the struggle between the two world outlooks of the two classes through artistic imagery. Hatoyama, chief of the Japanese military police, sings that "all human beliefs" are "for me," "each for himself." He tries to tempt Li Yu-ho with the bourgeois "secret of life." But, to the Communist Li Yu-ho, who works heart and soul for the revolution all his life, that is "too difficult for a person like me to grasp."

Confronted by the proletarian hero Li Yu-ho, "all human beliefs" that Hatoyama trots out fail utterly. This also announces the dismal failure of "the ruling idea" on the stage boosted by Stanislavsky.

The reason for this is very simple: bourgeois "nature" and "germs" are not to be found in the proletariat, and the fine qualities of the proletariat are not to be found in the bourgeoisie.

But Stanislavsky did not stop here. On the basis of "the theory of germs" he made further efforts: "Never forget that when acting the villain you must look for those moments of his life when he was good, when his love was unselfish, when a spark of innocence still

glimmered in his heart." "When you act a good man, look to see where he is evil, and in an evil man, look to see where he is good," etc.

Stanislavsky wanted to use "the theory of germs" to obliterate the differentiation between classes and the class struggle in real life. But it is precisely his applying it to the portrayal of all characters which exposes the reactionary nature of his "system."

According to this theory, in playing negative characters such as Hatoyama and the bandit ringleader Eagle, the actor should "look to see" where they are "good," "unselfish" and "innocent." The "system" insists on prettifying devils. Isn't this a "system" which speaks on behalf of imperialism and all reactionaries?

According to this theory, in playing proletarian heroes such as Li Yu-ho, Yang Tzu-jung and Kuo Chien-kuang, the actor must "look to see where he is evil" so as to vilify our revolutionary heroes. Isn't this a "system" which gives free vent to deep-seated hatred for the proletariat?

According to this theory, all exploiting classes in life become "kind-hearted" "good people" on the stage and all working people become "hateful" "evil people" on the stage. Isn't this a "system" which sings a hymn to the vicious system of exploitation?

According to this theory, there is no need for literary and art workers to be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers. Do they have to remould themselves? It is not necessary, because there are already the "germs" of the workers, peasants and soldiers in their hearts. Furthermore, if the bourgeois "germs" are lost in remoulding, then it is impossible to see "where he is evil" in the proletariat, or, "where he is good" in the bourgeoisie. Well, now! Is this not a "system" which corrupts the intellectuals politically?

The counter-revolutionary advocacy of applying this theory to the portrayal of all characters has been used over and over again by the literary and art henchmen of modern revisionism. This happened in the Soviet Union as well as in China. The renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi was posited as a "saviour" with a "halo" around his head. The vanquished generals of the Kuomintang, who were at the end of their rope, were prettified as "heroes" with the manners of "cultured generals." Are not such things a big exposure of the coun-

ter-revolutionary nature of the literary and art henchmen of modern revisionism in China?

The thunder-clap of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution completely smashed Chou Yang's sinister line on literature and art as well as the counter-revolutionary "theory of germs" of Stanislavsky's "system." The noble and brilliant images of proletarian heroes and the ugly and worthless images of counter-revolutionaries in the model revolutionary theatrical works constitute a penetrating criticism of the "theory of germs."

III

The decadence of bourgeois thinking and culture of the twentieth century is expressed not only in the touting of the "theory of human nature," but particularly in the naked publicity given to the irrational "subconscious."

According to Stanislavsky, "natural stimulation of creation of an organic nature and its subconsciousness" is "the essence of the whole system."

What is the "subconscious"? It means that human activities are an expression of animal instincts. Did Stanislavsky invent this absurd theory? No, it was copied from the utterly debased and reactionary psycho-analytical school of Freud, and it shows that bourgeois theatrical art has reached the end of the line. The thinking of the bourgeoisie in this era is empty indeed. They cannot come up with anything new theoretically, but can only present themselves as wild beasts and allege that this utterly egoistical "self" of theirs is an animal "urge" that "everybody expresses." This is aimed at justifying their reactionary exploitative, plundering and aggressive class nature.

Here are examples of Stanislavsky's fantastic method at work:

"Look, your head is whirling. That's good." "Your head is whirling at some unexpected moments, there is a full merging of the life of the character you are depicting with your own life on the stage." This serves to deceive both the actor and the audience. While acting on the stage, if "your head is whirling," won't the dialogue and "the given circumstances" be forgotten?

In fact, the heart of such remarks was to get actors, under the pretext of laying stress on feelings and instincts and under the cover of the mask, to indulge in displaying the decadent thinking in their inner hearts and unscrupulously show the rotten bourgeois way of life, and the more boldly and shamelessly the better. As Stanislavsky put it: "Under cover of the mask, he reveals intimate and secret instincts and aspects of his character that he dares not even speak of in real life." How much shameless and degenerate behaviour has there been under this theory on stage and behind the scenes! This seriously debased the spirit of both the actors and the audience.

"Reason is dry," "In our theatrical art to understand means to feel." He was advocating complete subjective idealism and anti-rationalism, that is, replacing the analysis of objective things with one's subjective imaginary bourgeois feelings, with the aim of distorting objective reality. His spearhead was directed against the method of class analysis. At the same time, this theory of acting, which denied scientific rationalism and stressed the hysterical subconscious, satisfied the needs of the bourgeoisie who led a parasitic life, well-fed and loafing around all day long, tried to titillate the senses, used every means to deny and cover up the realities of society and class struggle. Look at Stanislavsky's description of the rehearsal of a scene in the play *The Drama of Life* which he directed: "The actor tore passion to tatters, chewed the floor with emotion, and the stage director sat on him and beat him to encourage him." Was it still a play? It was simply a herd of beasts that went mad on the stage.

With the spread of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought throughout the world, with the continued victories won by the proletariat and the people in their revolutionary struggles, the bourgeoisie has long lost the courage to face reality. Instead of standing for the "rationalism" advocated in the early days of the bourgeois revolution, it has come round to opposing and hating it. Accordingly, bourgeois culture and arts have moved from so-called realism into the blind alleys of mysticism, impressionism and the modernist school of various descriptions. This is equally true for painting, music, the dance, drama and the cinema. Since Stanislavsky was a representative figure of the bourgeoisie in the dramatic arts, he naturally stubbornly tried

to give expression to this feature of the bourgeoisie of this period. In fact, the "system" he worked out according to the formula of proceeding from "self" — "cultivating and developing" the "germs" of double-dealers — and "subconscious creative work" is also a sort of "rationalism." He never said that his stuff was "dry," but blew his own trumpet: "My system is for all nations." Nevertheless, the "system" adored by the "ruined generation" is, in the eyes of the proletariat and revolutionary people, not only "dry" but utterly "exhausted," and an indication that bourgeois literature and art have become completely exhausted spiritually, ideologically and artistically.

"Human nature cannot be changed" and "don't constrain nature." This reactionary viewpoint categorically denies that the world outlook of actors can be remoulded. It is, furthermore, a flagrant assertion that it is completely unnecessary for actors to remould their world outlook. In the eyes of Stanislavsky and company, it is "everybody for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," and egoism is "human nature," is "subconscious" nature, something every person is born with. Therefore it cannot be remoulded, but should be left to develop uninhibited. This is open opposition to remoulding the world in the image of the proletariat.

However, the whole world will be changed in accordance with the laws of struggle for transforming the world, laws pointed out by Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought. In the case of the intellectuals in general, who are divorced from the labouring people, we should guide them to integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers, and ensure that the latter re-educate them so that they change their old ideology completely and that the great majority gradually rid themselves of bourgeois personality and foster more proletarian thinking and feelings. There are indeed a very few die-hards who "cannot be remoulded" or refuse to be remoulded. But that does not matter. They also are bound to change, that is, to become funerary objects for a dead bourgeois system.

Facts prove that the so-called "subconscious creative work" peddled by Stanislavsky is just trumpery. Different classes express clear-cut political aims in the spheres of literature and art and always make conscious political propaganda. There has never been what is called

“subconscious creative work.” There is either revolutionary literature and art or counter-revolutionary literature and art — each embodies the world outlook of a particular class and serves its politics. In propagating “subconscious creative work,” Stanislavsky was consciously aiming at turning creative work completely into a manifestation of “self” for the class instincts of the bourgeoisie, lulling the revolutionary fighting will of the masses of the people, sabotaging the revolutionary movement of the proletariat, and serving as a huckster for capitalism.

IV

What theory of literature and art is propagated and which line in literature and art is carried out are essentially the question of who will exercise dictatorship, the proletariat or the bourgeoisie and which will transform the other. If the proletariat does not turn the theatre into a red revolutionary crucible, then the bourgeoisie will change it into a black and stinking dyeing vat, disseminating the ideological poison of the bourgeoisie and contaminating the minds of the masses. The theatre would thus be turned into an effective weapon for restoring capitalism. The historical process of the dictatorship of the proletariat peacefully degenerating into the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie in the Soviet Union teaches us that a bourgeois dictatorship in culture will inevitably lead to an all-round restoration of capitalism, politically and economically. After its seizure of political power and even after the completion of the socialist transformation of the ownership of the means of production, if the proletariat does not launch a great cultural revolution, then what will ultimately be lost is not just leadership over culture, but also the right of the entire proletariat and the labouring people to live!

After the timely and profound summing up of the historical experience of the dictatorship of the proletariat in our country and the lessons of “peaceful evolution” in the Soviet Union, our great leader Chairman Mao clearly points out: **“The proletariat must exercise all-round dictatorship over the bourgeoisie in the realm of the superstructure, including the various spheres of culture.”** This

great revolutionary programme is an important and great development of Marxist-Leninist theory on the dictatorship of the proletariat, pointing out the orientation for continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Exercising the dictatorship of the proletariat in the sphere of culture ultimately means using Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought thoroughly to repudiate the ideology of all exploiting classes and smash the literary and art theory of the bourgeoisie. It also means transforming the world outlook of the bourgeois intellectuals. We must resolutely adhere to the orientation of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, correctly evaluate the cultural legacy and create a new culture of the proletariat in line with Chairman Mao’s principles **“make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China”** and **“weed through the old to bring forth the new.”** Let us always hold high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought and carry through to the end the revolution in all the spheres of culture! Ensure that Chairman Mao’s proletarian line in literature and art and the proletarian new revolutionary literature and art with the model revolutionary theatrical works as their representatives always occupy the arena of culture!

China Opera and Dance-Drama Theatre Undergoes a Change

The China Opera and Dance-Drama Theatre was one of the theatrical troupes under the direct control of the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi and the counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang and their gang. In the decade and more before the cultural revolution, the handful of capitalist roaders there, in compliance with the wishes of their bosses, while frantically opposing Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, actively pushed the sinister counter-revolutionary and revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi. They peddled feudal, bourgeois and revisionist trash, peopling the stage with emperors, kings, generals and ministers, scholars and beauties and foreign mummies. The theatre thus became one of the positions for restoring capitalism and creating counter-revolutionary public opinion.

A year ago the workers-PLA Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda team came to the theatre. They began to re-educate its members, helped them to remould their outmoded thinking and firmly established Mao Tsetung Thought over this literary and art position.

The propaganda team ran several Mao Tsetung Thought study classes and carried out careful ideological work among the members of the theatre. They led them to study repeatedly Chairman Mao's great theory of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, and to carry out a thoroughgoing revolutionary mass

criticism of revisionism. The mental outlook of the revolutionary masses underwent a profound change and their thinking became further revolutionized.

The propaganda team also led them to study Chairman Mao's great teaching: "This question of 'for whom' is fundamental; it is a question of principle," as well as his classic treatise *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*. Through this series of studies the literary and art workers came to realize that they must go to factories and the countryside to participate in manual labour and, in the course of being re-educated by the working class and poor and lower-middle peasants, to gradually shift their stand over to the side of workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat. Only thus would they be able to produce revolutionary literary and art works and serve the workers, peasants and soldiers well.

One opera singer had worked as a cowherd for a landlord in the old society when he was only thirteen. In 1946 he joined the revolution. Working in an army cultural troupe, he was wholly devoted to the revolution; he thought only of saving China, and played only the worker, peasant and soldier roles. After the liberation of the whole country, he came to the cities. In the seventeen years that followed, he was poisoned by the revisionist line in literature and art. His thinking and feelings changed. He thought of how to make a name for himself, acted the role of scholars who flirted with beauties and took the road of remaining aloof from politics. Once, the theatre put on a foreign opera *The Pedlar and the Lady*. He played the title role and was acclaimed by the capitalist roaders.

The revolutionary mass criticism of the revisionist line in literature and art made him more aware of the struggle between the two lines. Recalling how his thoughts and feelings had changed from the time he was a poor cowherd to his rise as the actor in the role of the "pedlar" in the play, he said indignantly, "That scoundrel Liu Shao-chi is more poisonous than a scorpion. It was he who made me take the path of divorcing myself from the workers, peasants and soldiers."

One young dance-drama actress had been acclaimed by Liu Shao-chi for her performances in *The Sea Maid*, which depicts monsters and demons. He had lavished praises on her and personally instructed the

theatre's capitalist roaders to increase her salary by three grades. Now she said significantly, "If the fundamental question of whom to serve is not solved, we will lose our bearings and go astray."

After three years of the great cultural revolution and especially since the coming of the workers-PLA Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda team, the theatre's literary and art workers went to work in factories and rural people's communes. They learn humbly from the workers and poor and lower-middle peasants and earnestly accept re-education by the proletariat. They also give performances for them, which are well received. They are determined to thoroughly remould their bourgeois world outlook which led them to concentrate on seeking fame and fortune, and pledge to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers faithfully all their lives.

Stanislavsky Flayed

The publication of the article *Comments on Stanislavsky's "System"* in the magazine *Hongqi*, met with a warm response from the workers, PLA men and revolutionary literary and art workers in Shanghai. They unfolded a revolutionary mass criticism of Stanislavsky by holding meetings and sending articles to the papers for publication.

The revolutionary workers of the Shanghai Match Factory, Shanghai Bicycle Manufactory and Shanghai No. 6 Enamelware Factory felt that to criticize Stanislavsky is not only the affairs of the literary and art workers, but that all revolutionary workers should concern themselves about it and join in the battle.

A veteran worker in the East Shanghai Shipyards pointed out that Stanislavsky's "No matter what role an actor plays, he should always act out of himself" was pure bourgeois gibberish. Another worker, in the Shanghai Heavy Machine Tools Plant, declared that Stanislavsky's foul ideas must not be allowed to get a place on our stage again, that it is essential to strip them of every disguise and repudiate them thoroughly.

The revolutionary masses in Shanghai's various literary and art units such as modern drama, the cinema, the opera and the dance-drama, under the leadership of the workers-PLA Mao Tsetung

Thought propaganda teams, launched a movement of refuting Stanislavsky's "system." They first studied Chairman Mao's splendid article *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* and the *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Biao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching*, and then drew lessons from the history of the seventeen years before the cultural revolution by recalling how their own units were subjected to the dictatorship of the revisionist line on literature and art. All the propaganda team members, the actors and actresses and administrative staff members went into action. They repudiated Stanislavsky at rallies and smaller meetings, in radio programmes, through cartoons and articles.

The Shanghai headquarters of the workers propaganda teams sent to the cultural units called a mass rally. Representatives of the Shanghai People's Art Theatre indignantly repudiated Stanislavsky's reactionary theories, such as "proceeding from self," "germs" and "organic nature." They also enumerated many startling examples of the class struggle, and exposed Liu Shao-chi's energetic touting of Stanislavsky's "system" under his sinister line on literature and art, which was one of the means he used in his criminal attempt to restore capitalism.

Through this revolutionary mass criticism, Shanghai's literary and art workers received a profound lesson in class education.

The Internationale

Words by E. Pottier
Music by P. Degeyter

Maestoso Largo

1. A - rise ye pris'ners of star - va - tion, A - rise ye wret - ched of the
2. We want no con - des - cend - ing sa - viours to rule us from their judge - ment
3. Toil - ers from shops and fields u - ni - ted, The u - nion we of all who

earth. For jus - tice thun - ders con - dem - na - tion, A bet - ter world's in
hall. We work - ers ask not for their fa - vours, let us con - sult for
work. The earth be - longs to us the work - ers, No room here for those who

birth. No more tra - di - tion's chains shall bind us A - rise ye
all. To make the thief dis - gorge his boot - y to free the
shirk. How ma - ny on our flesh have fat - tened but if the

slaves no more in thrall. The earth shall rise on new found -
spir - it from its cell. We must our - selves de - cide our
blood - y birds of prey shall van - ish from the sky some

na - tions, We have been nought we shall be all. 'tis the
du - ty, We must de - cide and do it well.
morn - ing, The gold - en sun - light still will stay.

fi - nal con - flict. Let each stand in his place. The In - ter - na - tion -
ale shall be the hu - man race. 'tis the fi - nal con - flict. Let each
stand in his place! The In - ter - na - tion - ale shall be the hu - man race.

The East Is Red

Music adapted from a north Shensi folk song
Words by Li Yu-yuan

Moderato Maestoso

1. Red is the east, ri - ses the sun.
2. Chair - man Mao loves the peo - ple.
3. Com - mu - nist Par - ty is like the sun,

Chi - na has brought forth a Mao Tse - tung.
Chair - man Mao, he is our guide.
Bring - ing light wher - ev - er it shines.

For the peo - ple's hap - pi - ness he works, *hu erb*
To build a new Chi - na, *hu erb*
Where there's the Com - mu - nist Par - ty, *hu erb*

hai yo, He's the peo - ple's lib - er - a - tor.
hai yo, He leads us, leads us for - ward.
hai yo, There the peo - ple win lib - er - a - tion.

Where there's the Com - mu - nist Par - ty, *hu erb*

hai yo, There the peo - ple win lib - er - a - tion.

Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman

Moderato Allegretto

Words by Yu Wen
Music by Wang Shuang-yin

f
Sail - ing the seas de - pends on the helms - man, Life and growth de -
pend on the sun, Rain and dew - drops
cresc.
nou - rish the crops, Mak - ing re - vo - lu - tion
de - pends on Mao Tse-tung Thought.
mp
Fish can't leave the wa - ter, nor me - lons leave the vine.
cresc.
The re - vo - lu - tion-ary mass - es can't do with - out the Com-mu-nist Par - ty.
f
Mao Tse-tung Thought is the sun that for - ev - er shines.

We Are Marching on a Broad Highway

Tempo di Marcia

Words and music by Chieh Fu

1. We are
2. Streams and
3. We have
4. Chair - man
march - ing on a broad high - way, Red ban - ners raised to the
moun - tains brave and red, Cul-tu'al rev - o - lu - tion tri - um - phant and
friends — all o'er the world, Far and wide — spreads our
Mao is the great helms - man, Our guide is Mao Tse-tung
sun, Chair - man Mao leads the rev - o - lu - tion'ry
grand, Work - ing class takes the lead in
songs. Rev - o - lu - tion - ary storm sweeps the
Thought, Al - ways loy - al to Chair - man
ar - my, Blaz - ing the trail we press on - ward.
all fields, Sev - en hun - dred mil - lion fight - ing will strong.
whole world, *mai - ti su - tsu** both are bound to doom.
Mao, — Our hearts red, will firm as steel.

*The transliteration of the Chinese words meaning "U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism."

Ritornello



For - ward march! On - ward march! Sur - ging



tor - rent ev - er rages on. On - ward march! For - ward



march! Press - ing to - wards vic - to - ry.



march! Press - ing to - wards vic - to - ry.

Singing of the Socialist Motherland

Words and music
by Wang Hsin

Grandioso Marciale



See the five - star red flag wav - ing



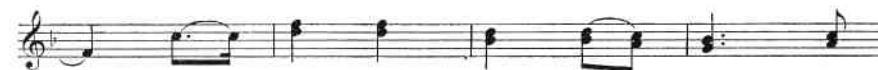
high, Loud and clar - ion rings our march - ing songs,



Sing - ing of our so - cial - ist moth - er -



land, Where sun - light bright - ens eve - ry place.



Our great - est lead - er Mao Tse -



tung Leads our peo - ple to march for - ward.



march for - ward.



Up the moun - tains, on the vast plain,
Pro - le - ta - rian Cul - tural Rev - o - lu - tion
With the whole world right in our mind,



Cross - ing the Yel - low and Yang - tse Riv - ers,
O - pens Marx - ism - Len - in - ism's new page,
Com - mu - nism is our no - ble fi - nal goal,



Sev - en hun - dred mil - lion with spir - its soar - ing,
Rev - o - lu - tion'ry peo - ple full of vig - our,
Glo - rious and great is our Par - ty,



Our great moth - er - land thrives day by day, U -
A new gen - er - a - tion grows up stout and strong, Fol -
Force at the core lead - ing our cause.



ni - ted as one ar - my and peo - ple,
low - ing Chair - man Mao path - break - ers all,
Mao Tse - tung Thought with its ra - dianc bright,



Who dares in - vade us is look - ing for his death. See the
Red and bright, the new world we will build. See the
Lights up the road to - wards vic - to - ry. See the

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