



3

1971

CHINESE
LITERATURE

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

Communists must have the proletarian thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit; they neither seek fame or gain nor fear hardship or death; they are completely dedicated to the revolution and the people, serving the people of China and the world whole-heartedly; they are boundlessly loyal to the revolution and toil body and soul for the people.

CONTENTS

REPORTAGE

- Good Daughter of the Party — *Wen Tzu-pien* 3
Leader of the Hsiatingchia Production Brigade 31
The Flame of Youth 42

POEMS

- Discussion Meeting — *Kung Pin* 48
Two of Us — *Chen Chien-yun* 51
A Girl Mail Carrier — *Sun Lai-chin* 53
The Driver's Whip — *Sun Lai-chin* and *Chen Hung-shan* 55

REVOLUTIONARY STORIES

- Red Hearts and Green Sprouts 58
My First Lesson — *Chang Tao-yu* 66
Making the Grade — *Hung Tieh* and *Chi Ke-wen* 72
A Philosopher in the Fields — *Hung Lei* 77

NEWS FROM VIET NAM FRONT

- Sing Battle Songs 82
Aggressors Are Under Fire Everywhere — *Hsin Wen* 87

LITERARY CRITICISM AND REPUDIATION

- A Refutation of the Theory of "Literature and Art for the Whole People" — *Hung Chen* 95

CHRONICLE

105

PLATES

- Chairman Mao on a Warship (oil painting) 76-77
The Spring Wind Blows Amid Ten Thousand Willow Branches
(traditional painting) 86-87

Front Cover: Everyone on the Alert

Wen Tzu-pien

Good Daughter of the Party

Noon.

It was scorchingly hot and sultry. People felt uneasy, breathless.

In a cornfield west of a village in Shantung Province a girl of eighteen or nineteen was plying a hoe. Sweat soaked through her pretty tunic of yellow flowers on a white background, but she worked persistently, her face red and flushed. It was obvious from the patch she had already hoed and the effort with which she laboured that she was new at this kind of work. But from her firmly clamped lips and her energetic manner, it was also obvious that she was a very tenacious girl.

A summer's day, like a child's face, has frequent changes of expression. The wind suddenly rose, dark clouds appeared in the southeast, and lightning flashed, thunder rumbled. Racing black clouds spread across the sky like wild mares which had slipped their halters.

A big storm was brewing.

Frightened birds flew to their nests.

On the branch of an old locust tree a hawk perched. From time to time he turned his head and listened to the thunder in the east.



Abruptly, he spread his powerful wings and hurtled like an arrow from a bow into the approaching storm.

"Sister Hsiu-chin," called Kuo Hsueh-ying, a chubby girl from the edge of the field, "come home."

"All right, I'm coming," replied the other. But she continued hoeing.

"They're going to start the meeting."

"Oh." Shen Hsiu-chin finally looked up. She shouldered her hoe and walked back to the village with Hsueh-ying.

Hsiu-chin had graduated from a middle school in the county town of Jungcheng, Shantung Province. Daughter of a poor peasant,

she was a member of the Communist Youth League. Chairman Mao had urged educated young people to go to the countryside, saying: **"Our countryside is vast and has plenty of room for them to develop their talents to the full."** In May 1961, Hsiu-chin returned to her home in the village of Kuochia, which is part of the Matao Commune, determined to strike roots in her native soil.

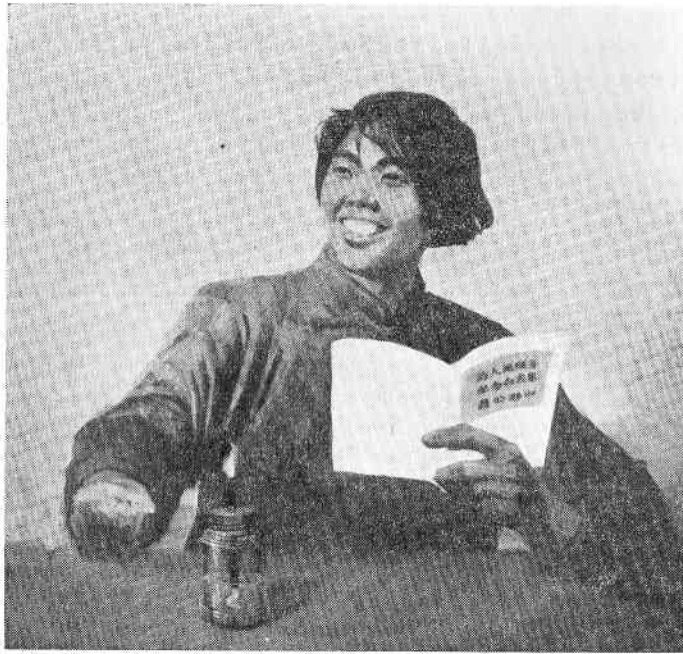
Kuochia is a fertile and beautiful village in a hilly region near the sea. In 1958, the same year Hsiu-chin started middle school, the Matao Commune was formed, and the agricultural producers' co-operative which originally existed in the village became a brigade of the commune. Hsiu-chin was away at school for three full years, but she never forgot the poor and lower-middle peasants of Kuochia, and she was keenly interested in the commune's development.

The very first year of the establishment of the commune, the Kuochia Brigade gathered the best harvest in its history. The peasants formed ranks and marched to the fields every morning at dawn and reaped the heavy-eared grain, which they piled in carts and delivered to the wide threshing ground. They sold their surplus to the state, contributing to China's socialist construction. The peasants could see the superiority of people's communes, and they were glad.

But now, in 1961, an evil wind had blown up. Arch renegade Liu Shao-chi was advocating a restoration of private enterprise. Commune leaders who favoured capitalism made individual families assume responsibility for farming parcels of the collective land and for tending the brigade's draught animals. When certain persons felled trees in the commune's groves, they did not interfere.

Families of poor and lower-middle peasants rarely had the tools and equipment possessed by families of landlord and rich peasant origin. Those who were short of manpower as well had a hard time making ends meet.

But a clique of former landlords and rich peasants were all for the idea. "Every family will eat its fill and have plenty to wear this year," said landlord Chiang Ho-ling. "Family responsibility for the land is good." And rich peasant Huang Hung-lien urged the well-to-do middle peasants: "Let's go out and do a little trading. Life will be free and easy if we can pick up some extra money."



Hsiu-chin, just home from school, couldn't see the intense and complicated class struggle in the countryside very clearly. She didn't understand it. Many a night, unable to sleep, she wondered about it.

One evening, after returning from the fields, she lit her small oil lamp and studied the works of Chairman Mao as usual. She read the passage: **"You can't solve a problem? Well, get down and investigate the present facts and its past history! When you have investigated the problem thoroughly, you will know how to solve it."** Light dawned upon her. She determined to follow Chairman Mao's teachings and go among the poor and lower-middle peasants, take them as her teachers and learn from them.

Although she hadn't been home long, the peasants already recognized her as a promising girl. They enjoyed talking with her and were willing to discuss things with her.

One poor peasant said to her angrily: "Dividing management of the land among the families is putting back the clock, it's returning

us to the old society to suffer again. It certainly isn't Chairman Mao's way. You're a cadre in the Communist Youth League, Hsiu-chin, you ought to arouse the masses to fight those birds. We poor and lower-middle peasants will give you our full support."

The assistant secretary of the brigade's Party branch Shih Yu-min also encouraged her. "Don't forget the meaning of the word 'class,' whatever you do," he said. "Some people are going off at a tangent. We can't allow that."

In the evenings, after working all day, Hsiu-chin went around calling on the poor and lower-middle peasants and familiarizing herself with their situation. She did this for three full months. Late at night she would sit by her small lamp and seek in Chairman Mao's works solutions to problems she had found, analysing from a class standpoint and the attitude of the various classes in the village towards socialism.

She realized that making individual families responsible for plots of land was actually a scheme of the class enemies to return to private enterprise. It would lead to each family seeking only its own prosperity. This was bound to break society down into rich and poor again, with the poor and lower-middle peasants being exploited by the landlords and rich peasants. Capitalism would be restored.

At the same time Hsiu-chin was very much aware of the love the poor and lower-middle peasants bore for socialism, and of their determination to fight the class enemies in order to keep it. "Don't forget the meaning of the word 'class,' whatever you do." Comrade Shih had told her. She recalled, too, the encouragement the poor and lower-middle peasants had given her, and the wishes they had expressed. Hsiu-chin vowed she would stand by their side and overthrow the class enemies. The allocated land must be worked collectively again, so that the brigade could sail forward on the course charted by Chairman Mao!

One evening she went to see Comrade Shih at his home. "We ought to take action," she said in agitation.

The Party secretary smiled. "What, specifically?"

She told him of the plan she had been mulling over for some time.

"First, we ought to call a meeting of the entire brigade and show how dividing the management of the land is really a restoration of capitalism. We should rouse the masses to squelch the cockiness of the class enemies. Second:..."

Shih heard her out. As he looked at this determined, competent girl, his heart warmed within him, and he thought: "How well the younger generation is developing in our brigade." He nodded.

"I feel exactly the same. We'll do it that way, then. Let's start making preparations."

Hsiu-chin hurried into the meeting room. The brigade office was packed. The Communists and the poor and lower-middle peasants had come the earliest and turned out in the greatest numbers. Chiang Ho-ling, the landlord, was also there, squeezed in among a group of other former landlords and rich peasants. He sensed that this meeting was going to be out of the ordinary, but he assumed an appearance of calm. Holding his head high, his teeth clamped on the stem of his pipe, he seemed to be pondering.

Hsiu-chin volunteered to speak first. She stood up and said: "Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Only socialism can save China.'** Why is our brigade again dividing into rich and poor? Because we're leaving socialist collectivization. Class enemies are up to their dirty tricks again. Now that the land is being farmed according to family, landlords and rich peasants are taking advantage of the situation to feather their nests and go in for private trade. But we poor and lower-middle peasants, because we're short of draught animals and farm tools, can't meet the output quotas. Some of us aren't even earning enough to eat."

She turned to Chiang the landlord. "You've been going around telling everybody farming the land by families is good. Good for who? Good for a little gang of landlords and rich peasants, but bad for us poor and lower-middle peasants. It's dragging us back to the old society to suffer again. We're not going to put up with it!"

"That's what I say!" cried a poor peasant.

"She's right. We refuse to go backwards!" echoed another.

Hsiu-chin's words set off a torrent of comments from the poor and lower-middle peasants. How much better they felt, now that they could get it off their chests. Chiang simply sat and glared.

"Quiet down, everyone, quiet, I've something to say." Hsueh-ying rose and demanded the floor. "A year ago, poor peasant Wang Chiang was doing quite well. Food and clothing were no problem. Then we began farming on a family basis. This spring he and his family had not enough food. Without telling his wife, he borrowed a measure of sorghum from Chiang the landlord, for which he had to repay two measures of wheat after the summer harvest. Pure usury, that's what it was. We can't permit this sort of thing!"

Before Hsueh-ying's voice had died away, another poor peasant walked over to Chiang and shook his finger under his nose.

"You're as dirty a villain as ever. Still exploiting poor and lower-middle peasants. I was your hired hand for twenty years before Liberation, but you never paid me a penny. The year we beat the Japanese I went and asked you for my wages. Not only didn't you pay me, but you claimed I had stolen one of your sheep. You hit me with a thick stick and broke my skull. I collapsed, unconscious, and you dragged me out and left me on the mound where the penniless dead used to be thrown. An icy blizzard was blowing. Luckily, Hsiu-chin's father happened to come by. He carried me home on his back. We didn't even have enough to eat or wear, and we certainly couldn't afford medical treatment. I lay ill for half a year. I nearly died."

The man yanked his hat from his head, exposing a huge scar. Class hatred flamed in every peasant's breast.

"Down with Chiang, the reactionary landlord," roared the masses.

"Never forget class bitterness. Remember always the blood and tears!"

Hsiu-chin cried in an agitated voice: "The old society hurt us poor and lower-middle peasants cruelly. To make sure that never happens again, we must bring all the land back into the collective. Does everyone agree?"

Her words were greeted with enthusiastic applause and cheers of "Long live the people's communes!" Outside, thunder and light-

ning brought a deluge of rain, like some heroic overture bolstering the peasants' will.

Scared by the burning gaze of the masses, Chiang lowered his head. He had never expected that the "good old days," after less than a year, would so soon come to an end. He ground his teeth and swore under his breath. His eyes gleaming venomously, he stole glances at the poor and lower-middle peasants. The landlords and rich peasants who had been sitting beside him trembled like defeated game cocks and stealthily left the meeting. Only the brigade's capitalist roader remained. He squatted, head down, his face black with anger, not uttering a sound.

This victorious confrontation greatly strengthened the poor and lower-middle peasants' determination and took the wind out of the sails of the class enemies. It marked the beginning of a tumultuous mass movement to bring the land back under collective management.

But, as Chairman Mao points out, **"Make trouble, fail, make trouble again, fail again . . . till their doom; that is the logic of the imperialists and all reactionaries the world over in dealing with the people's cause, and they will never go against this logic."** As Hsiu-chin, relying on the poor and lower-middle peasants, drove against the capitalist forces, the class enemies tried desperately to whip up opposition to a return of the land.

"Putting it under family control was an order from above. It can't be disobeyed."

"It would be against the interests of the 'masses' to give back the land."

Hsiu-chin could see that the class struggle in the brigade was complicated, that class enemies were sabotaging the removal of land from individual management.

"Chiang the landlord must be behind this," she said to one of the poor peasants. "We must be vigilant."

One evening Hsiu-chin went to deliver fuel to old Li Fu-shan, a disabled man. On the way, she passed Chiang's house and observed dark figures slipping in through his gate.

"Why should anybody be calling on a landlord at this hour?" she wondered. The gate was closed but not locked. Hsiu-chin put

down her bundle of faggots and cautiously entered the yard. She heard voices in the west wing.

"These past few days our talking around has begun to get results. Several well-to-do middle peasants have said they're against giving back the land." The speaker chuckled. Hsiu-chin recognized Chiang's dirty laugh.

Rich peasant Huang Hung-lien coughed.

"But that nasty young filly Hsiu-chin has been trying to change the world since she came back to the village," Chiang continued. "So she works in fields. So what? She's just trying to impress people. You'll see, in a couple of months from now, she'll be a big shot in the village, right up in the lead, taking back the land. All the young paupers are breathing through the same nostrils with her. I tell you it's either her or us. We've got to deal with her. . . ."

Listening in the dark, Hsiu-chin was furious. "Just wait, you dog," she said under her breath, and hurried from the courtyard. After delivering the fuel to old Li, she ran to the commune office.

A mass meeting of the brigade was called. Chiang and Huang were brought in under guard.

"Neighbours, do you know what sort of person Chiang really is?"

There wasn't a sound in the room. Everyone was listening intently to Hsiu-chin.

"Investigation by a higher organization has shown that he is a Kuomintang agent whose hands are dripping with the people's blood. Fourteen years ago an Eighth Route Army soldier from our village was murdered. The killer was Chiang. He concealed the crime and after Liberation, while pretending to have become honest, plotted in secret to wreck our collective economy. He is also the one responsible for all the evil talk against taking the land back from family control."

Hsiu-chin told what she overheard in the landlord's compound that night. The brigade members seethed with rage. "Down with Chiang, Kuomintang agent and reactionary landlord!" they yelled. "Huang must confess their schemes!"

"Neighbours," Hsiu-chin waved her hands for quiet. "The craftiest fox can't escape the hunter's eye. No matter what they do,

Chiang and Huang can't evade the iron grasp of the proletarian dictatorship. We've caught these two old foxes, but we mustn't think that's the end of class struggle."

To the angry shouts of the masses, the two were led out. Chiang was turned over to a security organization. Huang was given into the charge of the brigade masses, to be reformed through labour.

October First that year was a day of double happiness for the members of the brigade. Not only were they celebrating National Day, but all the land and draught animals originally put under the control of individual families were returned to socialist ownership. The sky was exceptionally clear and a fresh autumn breeze blew in from the sea.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" the poor and lower-middle peasants cheered. Many had tears in their eyes. From that day forward, the brigade advanced victoriously in keeping with Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

II

With the return of the land to the collective, the poor and lower-middle peasants vowed they would increase production and strive for bigger harvests. But the newly re-formed teams had many difficulties. Especially troublesome was their lack of fertilizer. What should they do about it? Wait for help from another brigade? No. Ask the state for a handout? Of course not.

"Rely on our own efforts, make our own fertilizer." That became the brigade's slogan. Hsiu-chin, who had just been elected brigade leader, agreed with it absolutely.

"We're not going to be crushed by problems," she said. "We're going to solve them."

A strong gale blew in from the sea and scudding black clouds cast a pall on the land one October midnight. Hsiu-chin sat up in bed and said to Hsueh-ying, who lived with their family:

"The tide's coming in, Hsueh-ying. Let's go and gather seaweed." She shook the sweetly sleeping girl.

"Oh." Eyes only half-open, Hsueh-ying got up and walked to the window. "It's really blowing," she said. "Don't call your younger brother."

"Fu-sheng is already out there waiting for us." Hsiu-chin pointed to the dark figure walking outside.

The howling gale pushed large waves high upon the long shore. The three young people trudged through the wind.

"It's so dark. How are we going to see the seaweed?" worried Hsueh-ying.

"You two wait here. I'm going down to take a look," Hsiu-chin directed. She went off to the shore, alone.

A quarter of an hour passed, and still she hadn't returned. Could she have been swept into the sea by a big wave?

"Sister Chin, where are you?" called Hsueh-ying.

"Right beside you." Hsiu-chin appeared out of the darkness, carrying an armful of dripping seaweed. "There's loads of it down by the shore line," she said happily. "Come on, but be careful."

Hsueh-ying and Fu-sheng went rushing towards the water's edge.

Waves crashed against the shore, the wind moaned, but the three bounded along like young tigers.

An urgent cry came from Hsueh-ying: "Sister Chin, I've landed in the quicksand!"

When the tide rises, big waves soak the sand along the shore and turn it into a spongy mass. Once you step into it, you can't escape. The more you struggle the deeper you sink.

Hsiu-chin raced towards Hsueh-ying. "Don't move," she yelled. "I'll pull you out." With a splash she fell in beside her. "I'll help you out first," she said.

"No. That will only push you down further."

"If we keep arguing, neither of us will get out."

Hsiu-chin's class love brought tears to Hsueh-ying's eyes. By then Fu-sheng caught up, and he managed to drag the girls out.

The wind blew harder, the waves loomed higher. Both girls were wet to the skin. They had already collected a huge pile of seaweed.

"It's quite a lot, Chin," said Hsueh-ying. "Let's go home."

Her voice was trembling with cold. Hsiu-chin wrapped her arms around the younger girl. "It's not yet daylight," she said gently. "Let's stick it out a little longer. The more seaweed fertilizer we collect, the more grain we'll harvest, and the stronger we'll be in our fight against imperialism, revisionism and reaction. Let's rest a while, and I'll tell you a story."

The girls and Fu-sheng found a sheltered spot out of the wind and sat down.

"During the Japanese invasion, Comrade Huang Chin-piao, an underground Communist, was delivering grain to one of our guerrilla units in the mountains. It was a dark night in early winter, and the wind was blowing. Huang's youngest son, a sturdy boy nicknamed Iron Egg, was with him. Each of them carried grain suspended in baskets from shoulder poles.

"Suddenly, on the path ahead, they saw the gleam of flashlights. A Japanese patrol!

"'Halt! Stand where you are!' barked the interpreter, a traitor with a voice like a wolf.

"They were in a tight spot. 'It's impossible to shake off the enemy now,' Iron Egg thought, as he and his father ran.

"'Our guerrillas need this grain badly, pa,' the boy panted. 'You keep going. I'll deal with these devils.' He deliberately exposed himself and dashed off in another direction, leading the patrol after him.

"Comrade Huang knew what this would mean. But our guerrillas needed the grain. It had to be delivered, no matter what the cost. He continued racing up the mountain trail.

"Crack! Crack-crack! Ten minutes later, shots rang out from the direction in which the boy had run. Their sound cut into the father's heart. His son had given his life. . . ."

Hsiu-chin's voice was husky. Tears glistened on Hsueh-ying's cheeks. Fu-sheng sat with head down.

The boy looked up abruptly. "Did Comrade Huang deliver the grain to the mountains?"

"He did," was Hsiu-chin's moved reply.

Hsueh-ying sat speechless, with her hands propping her chin, staring at the dark surface of the sea. The father and son seemed to be standing before her, calling her, urging her to go forward boldly.

"Hsueh-ying," said Hsiu-chin, breaking into her reverie, "a price has to be paid for a revolution. Thousands of martyrs gave their blood for the victory we enjoy today. We must carry on for them, develop a fearless revolutionary spirit, follow Chairman Mao and wage revolution to the end."

"I understand, sister. We've got to fight hard for socialism." Hsueh-ying felt filled with energy. The wind seemed to dwindle, the weather to turn warm. "Let's have a race to see who can collect the most seaweed before daybreak," she spiritedly proposed.

"Right," cried Hsiu-chin, "we'll have a seaweed collecting meet. Just make sure it doesn't become a sinking in the quicksand competition."

The gay laughter of the three young people rang across the beach. A fierce battle commenced.

Soon it was dawn. The eastern horizon turned a fish-belly grey. Then crimson tinged the clouds and a large red sun rose out of the sea, burnishing the youngsters and the small hill of seaweed they had gathered. The wind dropped, and the sea grew calm. Happily, the three clambered to the top of a shore boulder and stood facing the sea and the rising sun, and burst into song.

There is no more powerful appeal than a good example. Before long, the whole brigade was turning out every morning and collecting seaweed along the shore, as well as mud from the streams and manure from the road, in an enthusiastic drive to accumulate fertilizer. That winter they gathered two million *jin*, which assured them of a bumper harvest the following summer.

And indeed, the fields were covered with waves of golden wheat in the summer of 1962. One day at noon, as the brigade members rested their sickles, Hsueh-ying couldn't sit still. She walked deep into the field, gazing, touching, breaking off an ear of wheat, munching the fragrant kernels. How white and full the kernels were, like glistening pearls. The girl skipped joyously with childish abandon.

The brigade members were pleased beyond words. This is what comes of travelling the socialist road! They reaped their biggest harvest ever.

The sky was azure clear, without even a wisp of cloud, the day they delivered grain to the state. A sea breeze soothed their smiling faces. Dozens of carts, with red flags flying and laden with bulging sacks of wheat, were lined up in a row. The fruits of their labour were going to make a direct contribution to the motherland's socialist construction. Every brigade member swelled with excited pride.

Golden rays bathed the land, the fiery red flags rippled in the breeze, as the cavalcade of carts rolled towards the commune's grain station. Hsiu-chin sat on the foremost vehicle beside old Yu-ching, a poor peasant. He looked at her face, glowing in sunlight.

"A good girl," he said to himself. "We poor and lower-middle peasants can really believe in her."

III

In the light of Mao Tsetung Thought, Hsiu-chin flourished like a pine on a hilltop. She had the honour of joining the Chinese Communist Party in 1965. Early the following year she was appointed assistant director of a lumber mill in the city of Jungcheng.

Shortly after she took office, workers told her that someone was stealing lumber. She advised them to be on their guard and to increase the patrols.

One night, a sickle moon was sinking in the western sky and a dense fog from the sea covered the earth like a huge black mantle. Hsiu-chin, on patrol, came to the generator house of the mill. Holding her breath, she listened. Except for the muffled boom of the distant sea, all was still.

Nights in early spring are often bitterly cold. Hsiu-chin pulled the edges of her tunic together and huddled against the chill. She started to leave when she heard a shout:

"Grab him! Grab him!"

A man suddenly appeared out of the darkness. Hsiu-chin darted forward and seized him by the coat. He struggled to free himself. Wen-yu, a veteran worker, came dashing up.

"What are you doing here in the middle of the night, Yen Chao?" he demanded.

"I . . . I . . ." Yen stammered.

"Why were you hanging around the lumber yard? Why did you run when you saw me? What are you up to, anyway?"

In a hangdog manner, Yen hurriedly departed.

"What sort of person is Yen?" Hsiu-chin asked. "He must have something to do with the stolen lumber."

"Politically, he's a reactionary," Wen-yu told her. "Once he said he wouldn't drink water from the same well as us Communists. But Chang Ping, our mill director, thinks highly of him and has given him the important job of storehouse keeper. For the past year or more Yen has had control over all materials. We suspect that he's been stealing the lumber and we've raised this with the director several times. But Chang seems to be deaf and dumb. He hasn't done a thing about it."

Hsiu-chin could see that the class struggle in the mill was complicated. "What makes him treat Yen so well?" she asked.

"They're birds of a feather," the old worker retorted angrily. "Yen hates socialism and does everything he can to undermine it. Chang loves capitalism and has dreams of restoring it. He's always pushing raises and bonuses as the main incentives, the usual revisionist bait for corrupting the workers."

"How can we make sure that our mill follows Chairman Mao's revolutionary road?"

"Solidly unite all the workers and fight Chang and Yen."

The wind rose. Hsiu-chin's heart seemed to beat in cadence with the roaring waves pounding against the shore. A fierce class struggle had commenced. As a vanguard proletarian fighter she must plunge like a petrel into the storm.

Hsiu-chin clasped Wen-yu's callused hands in her own and said with emotion: "Right. We must unite as one and fight the class enemies to the finish."

One night in late autumn, Hsiu-chin and several workers were on patrol. As they passed Yen's window, they saw him eating and guzzling.

"Yen, come outside." The unexpected command startled the solitary drunken reveller. The workers barged in and glared at him in the dim lamplight.

"We've come to square accounts with you," said Wen-yu, who stood in the fore. "Tell us how much state property you've stolen."

"Square accounts, eh?" Yen chuckled, sure of his backing. "Does the mill director agree to this?"

"The revolutionary masses agree," the men exploded. "Don't think because the director's behind you, you can do anything you like. We're going to get to the bottom of your tricks."

Yen noticed Hsiu-chin standing in the group, and he trembled. "Rotten luck," he thought. "That night I had to run into her, and here she is again. How coldly she looks at me, and all these workers are supporting her. It's bad. I must be careful."

With a fawning smile, he approached her and said: "Why it's you, assistant director. Have a chair, please, have a chair."

Hsiu-chin waved him back sternly, disgusted by his manner.

"Yen must confess," the workers shouted.

The fellow was now very frightened. His knees turned to water and he sank in a heap to the floor. But scared as he was, he stubbornly refused to say a word. The patrol angrily stamped out.

Later that night, after Hsiu-chin had blown out her lamp and got into bed, Yen came tiptoeing to her window. In a whisper he beseeched her: "Speak to the workers for me, assistant director. Tell them not to be so hard on me."

Hsiu-chin recognized his voice. "It's not the workers who are making things hard for you," she said stiffly. "You're doing that yourself by refusing to confess and reform. You're causing your own destruction."

Since soft words obviously were of no avail, Yen decided to try something else. The next day, when Hsiu-chin returned from work she found a note on her windowsill.

"Beware that your head doesn't leave your shoulders," it warned. "I've been threatened before," Hsiu-chin said to herself scornfully.

A struggle meeting against Yen was held that night in the big yard of the lumber mill. At the request of the workers he was removed from his job of storehouse keeper and was put on simple manual labour until he reformed himself under the supervision of the masses.

In June, 1966, the ferment of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution engulfed the entire country. The mill, too, was caught up in the movement. Hsiu-chin loved Chairman Mao and hated the capitalist roaders. **"The main target of the present movement is those Party persons in power taking the capitalist road."** In keeping with this directive, she led the workers in a fierce struggle against Chang Ping, the mill's director. They wrote posters exposing him and held meetings refuting his bourgeois concepts and methods, often far into the night. The flames of revolutionary mass criticism excoriated Chang's revisionist line.

Chairman Mao teaches: **"The enemy will not perish of himself. Neither the Chinese reactionaries nor the aggressive forces of U.S. imperialism in China will step down from the stage of history of their own accord."**

As a means of protecting himself, Chang slandered Hsiu-chin, alleging that she upheld Party policy because she wanted "to become a big official." He called the struggle against Yen "an attack on one of the revolutionary masses." Chang fooled some people into turning the spearhead against Hsiu-chin and tried to drive her out of the movement.

None of this shook Hsiu-chin's resolve in the slightest. She stood before a picture of Chairman Mao and said with deep feeling: "I shall follow your teachings and temper myself in the storms of mass struggle, Chairman Mao. The capitalist roader is dreaming if he thinks he can stop me from taking part."

She went to the workers and asked for their criticisms of her. She copied and carefully studied any poster that pointed out her shortcomings, underlining with a red pencil the more important remarks. "I know you raise these points out of love for me," she said to the

workers. "Even a hundred comments from you I won't consider too many. But if the capitalist roader makes so much as a single attack, I'm going to hit back."

Wen-yu took her by the hand. "We workers have every confidence in you, Comrade Hsiu-chin," he said.

One day at noon she was eating lunch in the community dining room. She discovered on every table dishes of peanuts which had been fried in deep fat. "Strange," she thought. "The kitchen has never bought peanuts. Could these be the seed peanuts for our experimental plot?"

A young worker told her that the peanuts were being fried and distributed on the orders of Chang. Hsiu-chin promptly sought him out.

"What's the idea?" she demanded tartly. "You're using collective property to inveigle the masses over to your side so that you can wreck the movement. Well, get this straight — it can't be done. They're not going to fall for it."

"People asked me to fry up a few peanuts. I'm under fire. How could I refuse?" Chang spread his hands helplessly.

"Don't lie," the young worker cut in hotly. "You told one of the cooks this morning that our experimental planting of peanuts had been called off for the year. You said we could eat all seven hundred *jin* of peanuts in the storehouse. I've already started to write a poster about this."

Shaken by the unexpected exposure, for several moments Chang could not speak. Finally, he said lamely: "When we start the experiment we can always buy more."

"Not like these. This is a top quality variety that was specially raised." Hsiu-chin would not give an inch.

Distraught, Chang pleaded: "If we can't eat seven hundred *jin*, what about three hundred? A hundred and fifty? One hundred?"

"Not an ounce. Not a kernel." Hsiu-chin was adamant.

Chang's trick had failed, his embarrassment turned to anger. "You ought to relax that grip on the red flag once in a while," he snarled.

"I'm going to hold the great red flag of Mao Tsetung Thought high all the way to communism." Hsiu-chin turned on her heel and left.

The capitalist roader was completely deflated. He sat limply in his chair, speechless, staring after her.

The wheels of revolution rolled on. In November, 1967, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution won a decisive victory in the lumber mill. Chang was removed from his post by the revolutionary masses. Twenty-five-year-old Communist Hsiu-chin was elected to the newly formed revolutionary committee. A socialist line for developing the mill was established, and Mao Tsetung Thought illuminated the minds of the workers.

IV

The lumber mill and lumber forest were on the eastern end of the Shantung Peninsula near the Yellow Sea, and had an area of 32,000 *mu*. Besides rows of well-tended trees, the mill cultivated its own crops, raised sheep and cattle, and caught fish. It was a flourishing place, very different from what it had been before Liberation.

The beach ran for twenty *li*. In the old days when the wind blew, the sand blotted out the sun and swallowed up the neat fields and buildings of the several villages in the vicinity. The reactionary politicians were interested only in their own pleasure and didn't care whether the people lived or died. They did nothing to control the sand. In one gale the sand enveloped three households. Over a dozen people were buried alive in the dunes. One after another, the villages disappeared.

After Liberation, under the leadership of the Party, the people planted the dunes with grasses and bushes which nailed them in place. They also planted experimentally trees called Horse Tail Pine. By 1966, after years of painstaking cultivation, they had 30,000 *mu* of it. But the workers were by no means satisfied. Eager to turn out more lumber for the state, they decided to plant several other varieties of leafy trees of commercial value. After being tempered in the cultural revolution, the mill workers, led by Hsiu-chin, were all the more determined.



But some conservative people were sceptical. "Getting pine to live in this sea gale area is quite a feat," they said. "But to try mulberry and locust as well — that's aiming too high."

"You've got enough to do with the trees we have already, Hsiu-chin," they urged. "Don't look for trouble."

"We must aim high, if we're to build socialism," Hsiu-chin replied. "We have to think not only of ourselves but of world revolution. We must do more than just tend what we already have. As for trouble, a revolutionary isn't afraid of trouble. Revolution means travelling untrodden paths, creating the brand-new."

One day at the end of 1967 she called on Hu Yu-chuang, the man who had started the lumber mill, to seek his guidance. "Grandpa Hu," she said, "we want to plant mulberry trees on the dunes. Do you think it's possible?"

"Of course. Why not?" The old man, born a poor peasant, excitedly clapped his big hands together. "I tried it in 1957. But a county cadre wouldn't let me go on. He said it was a crazy idea. I've been angry about that for ten years."

"Well, here's a chance to get it off your chest," Hsiu-chin said feelingly. "We're all going to put your idea into practice together."

And in a frigid December wind, everyone began planting groves of mulberry. It was necessary to scrape a metre of sand off the dunes to get to the soil beneath. Hsiu-chin chose for herself the heaviest jobs. She pushed wheelbarrows, piled high with sand, at a run. It was tough going, for the wheels often sank half a foot into the sand.

Next, they had to turn the soil, so that the good loam would be near the top. The subsurface water came seeping up, and in one night formed a layer of ice. Hsiu-chin, who worked barefoot, unhesitatingly jumped in to break it. Her hands were so frozen she could barely grip the handle of the shovel. She just blew on them and carried on.

The hard work and freezing weather made her lose a couple of finger nails. Her feet and legs, swollen from the cold were cracked and bleeding. She sweated with pain. She tied the ends of her trouser legs to hide the injuries from sight, but one day, during a break, Wen-yu noticed them.

"You'd better go to the clinic and get those legs bandaged. Rest a few days," the old worker urged. "We'll finish planting the mulberry trees without you."

"I'm all right," she replied cheerfully. "The army hero Huang Chi-kuang was severely wounded when he threw himself on the enemy machine-gun nest during the war in Korea. How can I leave the firing line with these few scratches?"

The Spring Festival was fast approaching. "Let's finish the job ahead of time," the workers proposed, "and we can celebrate all the merrier."

But then a heavy snowstorm struck. Gales whipped up huge clouds of sand. Wheelbarrows were constantly being blown over. Downy snowflakes fell without cease, blanketing the ground with a foot of snow in a single night. It was very hard to carry on. But if they stopped now, the snow and the seeping water would coat the land in a thick armour of ice, making the next stage all the more difficult.

Hsiu-chin gazed at the white-mantled scene and demanded: "Are we workers going to be scared by a snowstorm?"

"Certainly not. Workers aren't afraid to die, if need be. What's a mere snowstorm?"

“Even if the ground was covered with steel plate, we’d bore our way through.”

Snowflakes danced, the sea gale howled, the temperature dropped to twenty below centigrade. Frigid winter gripped the land. But the workers’ enthusiasm was fire-hot. It melted the ice and snow and drove off the cold. Since they couldn’t push wheelbarrows in the fierce wind, they carried sand in baskets. Deep snow covered the work site — they shovelled it away. Their pickaxes couldn’t dent the ice — they drove holes through it with spikes and pried it loose. With loyalty to the great leader Chairman Mao, they fought day and night. The work proceeded at twice the originally planned speed.

Pale wintry sunlight gleamed on the misty mountain forests. Shortly before the 1968 Spring Festival, the snow stopped falling and the sky cleared. The last mulberry tree was triumphantly planted. Gazing at the neat lines of the new groves, the workers cheered and cavorted, ecstatically happy. Wen-yu’s eyes were blurred with tears of joy.

“Before, the capitalist roaders suppressed the workers’ enthusiasm,” he said. “Today, with Hsiu-chin leading us, we’ve accomplished something we’ve wanted to do for many years. We owe it all to Chairman Mao’s good teachings.”

V

The lumber mill was not far from the coast, and the workers often patrolled the shore to guard against enemy attack.

One night in February, 1968, when they were all asleep, they were awakened by the blowing of a whistle. The local militia company had been notified to send out emergency patrols immediately.

Hsiu-chin was the first to report to company headquarters. The other workers were opposed to her going out, since her legs had not entirely healed. They were afraid she wouldn’t be able to last, patrolling in the bitter cold.

“Don’t go,” they urged. “You’d better rest.”

“During the Red Army’s Long March, how many comrades, tired and ill and weak, climbed the Snowy Mountains and crossed the



Marshlands? Am I going to be scared of a little cold? I must go on this patrol,” Hsiu-chin pleaded.

The workers gave each other the wink. “Would you mind notifying the night duty room, Comrade Hsiu-chin?” they asked. “Say that those remaining in the mill must be especially alert.”

She nodded and left. By the time she returned, the workers were gone. She knew they had tricked her. “So you’ve quietly slipped away, eh?” she thought. “Well, there’s no reason why I can’t quietly catch up.”

From past experience she knew they would first go to the west shore. There were no sentry posts on the east shore, so she headed east.

It was seventeen or eighteen below zero, and the frigid wind bit through Hsiu-chin's thin padded tunic. The moaning of the pines seemed to make it colder. As she was crossing a stream, she fell through the ice, and the chill water seemed to seep into the bones of her injured legs. Shivering violently, she was unable to stand.

Ahead, it was pitch dark. "What if the enemy come this way?" she thought. "For the safety of the motherland, I must persist. I'll get to the lookout point, even if I have to crawl."

At last she reached her destination, dragging her frozen legs. Gun in hand, she crept to the top of the highest dune and watched vigilantly in the face of the icy wind.

A small patrol approached from the west. As the men neared the dune, they heard a rifle click.

"Who's there? Give the password," a stern voice shouted.

They recognized her voice and climbed the dune. They saw that, in spite of the fact that her trouser legs were tubes of ice, she was sticking to her post.

"Comrade Hsiu-chin, you're absolutely frozen," they said in moved tones, taking her hand.

"Today, for the first time I've known the joy our soldiers on the border feel when they lie in snow and ice guarding our motherland," she replied cheerfully.

It was still dark when Hsiu-chin and the workers returned to the mill, but she wasn't a bit sleepy. Her mind was filled with heroes — fighters on the snow-swept plateaus, workers in the Taching oilfields, and peasants of the Tachai Brigade who turned rocky mountain slopes into cultivated fields. These brave workers, peasants and soldiers were guarding and building up our motherland. Their deeds thrilled and inspired her. She took up her pen and wrote this poem:

Hair combed by the wind, face washed by the rain,
The sea my mirror, my companions the stars.
I wage revolution, in my heart the sun's glow,
Gladly I bed in the ice and snow.

VI

As China's soldiers and civilians, in their hundreds of millions, strode revolutionary and militant into the seventies, Hsiu-chin recalled with deep emotion the important statement Chairman Mao had made a few years before: **"The next 50 to 100 years or so, beginning from now, will be a great era of radical change in the social system throughout the world, an earth-shaking era without equal in any previous historical period."**

Hsiu-chin was aroused by Chairman Mao's teaching, stirred by the greatness of the era. "There are many things I must do in the seventies," she thought.

She was studying the important statement with members of a commune team near the mill on the afternoon of January First. Suddenly they heard shouts:

"The supply and marketing co-op storehouse is on fire!"

Hsiu-chin was the first out of the door. She flew towards the blaze.

Thick smoke rolled from the storehouse, tongues of flame licked through the doors and windows. Several hundred *jin* of sulphur for making dynamite were burning, emitting noxious fumes. The flames were spreading towards another storehouse which contained dozens of barrels of diesel oil and a large quantity of lumber. State property and people's lives were in serious danger. The situation was very tense.

Hsiu-chin's own heart seemed to be on fire. Well aware of the risks, she rushed into the blaze with an eighty *jin* bucket of sand. She cast the sand on the flames, ran out again, and snatched a second bucket from another person.

"Give it to me," she cried. "It's dangerous in there." Again she dashed into the flames.

Smoke and fire, spewing poisonous fumes, mercilessly enveloped them all. It was hard to breathe, hard even to stand. A man was felled by the fumes. Hsiu-chin ran to him. She was nearly suffocating. Gritting her teeth, she hauled him on to her back and staggered out.

Five times she entered the burning building. Her head seemed to be bursting, her eyes were going dim. Plainly, she was ready to



collapse. A PLA comrade hurried over and supported her. She looked up and saw that the flames were still raging. She pushed his hand away.

"Never mind about me," she exclaimed. "Save the state's property."

She snatched another bucket of sand and charged in. With her remaining strength, she threw the sand and herself on the last swath of fire. The flames were extinguished, the state's property was saved, but Hsiu-chin was unable to rise.

The commune and county revolutionary committees immediately had her sent to the hospital. The Yentai regional revolutionary committee and the local PLA garrison dispatched doctors and special medicines. Every effort was made to save her. Workers, poor and

lower-middle peasants, commanders and men of the PLA, came through snowstorms to see her.

"Doctors, Comrade Hsiu-chin is a fine leader. We can't do without her. You must save her," the mill workers begged.

"She's our fine representative, she mustn't leave us," the poor and lower-middle peasants said to the doctors, with tears in their eyes. "If she needs blood or skin, take ours. She must be saved, no matter what."

Hsiu-chin recovered consciousness. "Where am I?" she asked. "In a hospital. Just relax and concentrate on getting well," said Hsueh-ying, who was sitting by her bedside.

Hsiu-chin shook her head. "I'll be all right if I rest at home a couple of days. It costs the state a lot if I stay here."

A responsible comrade of the county revolutionary committee came to call. "You've made a big contribution to the people, Comrade Hsiu-chin," he said. "I want to thank you on behalf of the entire county."

"I only did what I should. Please tell me — how bad was the damage to the co-op? Have the buildings been repaired yet?"

The answer she received was satisfactory. A contented smile appeared on her burnt face. For a moment or two she fought for breath. Then she said: "Please go, comrade. Leaders are busy men. I mustn't hold up the Party's work."

Others present were moved by her lofty spirit.

Though her life was in the balance, she thought only of the work of the Party, and nothing of herself.

She grew steadily worse. Death crowded closer. The doctors wanted to give her oxygen, but she refused.

"Why waste it? I'm finished anyhow. Keep it for class brothers who need it."

Hsueh-ying was overcome with grief. She threw herself on Hsiu-chin and sobbed. Hsiu-chin stroked her hand and said slowly: "Be strong, Hsueh-ying. Don't shed tears so easily. You must study Chairman Mao's works, follow his teachings, go with him to wage revolution all your life."

The girl bit her lips and nodded.

Hsiu-chin was fast approaching the end. She opened her eyes. Her lips moved. The director of the lumber mill leaned close to listen.

“Think more . . . about the mill’s plan. . . . Continue planting . . . leafy trees”

She wanted to say more. She clamped her mouth shut and closed her eyes. Then she opened them again, gazed at the comrades around her, and looked around the room, as if searching for something. Suddenly her eyes lit up. She had found the picture of Chairman Mao hanging on the wall.

With deep emotions she said: “Hsueh-ying . . . light my lamp . . . I want to study . . . the Three . . . Constantly . . . Read . . . Articles”

Slowly, she closed her eyes and, with a smile, stopped breathing.

An excellent Communist, a tireless fighter, twenty-seven-year-old Hsiu-chin, had given her life for the proletarian revolution.

The news of her death spread rapidly along the Yellow Sea coast. From farm to factory to office to school, from railway stations to docks, thousands sorrowed, thousands wept.

But the heroic people of Jungcheng County were not crushed by their grief. They lit Hsiu-chin’s little lamp, studied the Three Constantly Read Articles, and used Mao Tsetung Thought to forge their spirit.

The workers at the lumber mill determined to carry out her bequest and plant more mulberry groves and other leafy trees.

Before her tomb in the foothills, revolutionary youngsters vowed to take her as their model, sink deep roots in the countryside, mature in the struggles of the masses, and become worthy successors to the revolution’s cause.

Hsiu-chin is gone, but millions of revolutionaries, holding high the red flag of battle and welcoming the fiery rising sun, are marching victoriously forward on the road pointed out by Chairman Mao.

Leader of the Hsiatingchia Production Brigade

The Hsiatingchia Production Brigade of the Taluchia People’s Commune in Huanghsien County, Shantung Province, has earned a high reputation in modelling itself after the famous Tachai Brigade in the province of Shansi.

Before Liberation, the mountains of Hsiatingchia were bald and barren. Its fields had only a thin layer of earth over stones and rocks. Nine years out of ten, drought hit the place and the villagers reaped nothing from what they sowed. The poor and lower-middle peasants led a life of wretchedness, surviving on pig’s food while doing donkey’s work. In the twenty years after Liberation, enlightened by Mao Tsetung Thought, Hsiatingchia has been transformed into a socialist new village whose mountains are green, fields level, ditches filled with water and reservoirs many. The villagers, who are in high spirits, work with all their might.

Invariably, the poor and lower-middle peasants of Hsiatingchia warmly attribute this tremendous change to our great leader Chairman Mao. They also praise Wang Yung-hsing, secretary of the brigade Party branch who has resolutely implemented, carried out and defended

Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. "Wang Yung-hsing is a firm leader in following the socialist road," said the poor and lower-middle peasants.

In 1950 Wang Yung-hsing was demobilized and returned to his home town with a fervent determination to build it up as a socialist new village.

A Communist who had won three merits in the army and had been seriously wounded, Wang mobilized the masses to take the road of mutual-aid and co-operation in accordance with Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**Get organized!**" He explained that private farming would again divide society into rich and poor, and praised co-operation.

"Small peasant economy is like a dew-drop on a dog's tail. One wag and down it falls. An organized group is like a big tree. It can weather any storm."

This was exactly what the poor and lower-middle peasants had in mind. "Yung-hsing is a good seedling," they acclaimed.

Soon after, he was appointed secretary of the township Party branch.

He invested most of his army discharge bonus in the agricultural producers' co-operative they began setting up. He sold his donkey and bought a horse which he also put into the collective. But when he got married, he borrowed all his furniture.

"Why don't you buy something for your bride, Yung-hsing?" asked the poor and lower-middle peasants.

"When the water in the river rises, its tributaries will be filled," he answered with a smile. "We'll live in plenty when the state prospers."

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches: "**The agricultural co-operative movement, from the very beginning, has been a severe ideological and political struggle. No co-op can be established without going through such a struggle.**" Just as agricultural co-operation in Hsiatingchia township was developing vigorously, an official came from the county administration and peddled the line of renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, urging everyone to seek "family prosperity," and pointing out a well-to-do middle

peasant as an example of the advantages of developing a "rich peasant economy."

A handful of class enemies crept out from their dens and ranted: "The paupers are setting up co-ops? They are day-dreaming." Some peasants who were seriously influenced by capitalist ideas wanted to draw out from the co-op.

Late at night, Wang studied Chairman Mao's writings beside a kerosene lamp. He was very excited when he came to the paragraph: "**The co-operatives are now the most important form of mass organization in the economic field.**"

"All will come right if we do what Chairman Mao teaches," he said to himself.

The following day, he called a township mass meeting. "Our forefathers always farmed alone and could barely keep themselves alive. Rescuing us from the abyss and calling on us to get organized, Chairman Mao has enabled us to lead a better life. Now, class enemies are trying to block our way to collectivization, saying that we are day-dreaming. We'll let them know that we've set our hearts on the socialist road. Even eight oxen cannot pull us back!"

"You are right, Yung-hsing. We'll never turn back from the road pointed out by Chairman Mao," said the poor and lower-middle peasants.

With Wang's help, the poor and lower-middle peasants of Hsiatingchia township organized themselves and worked hard and resourcefully. They reaped a bumper harvest, manifesting the superiority of collectivization. Thus, they fought back the attacks of the handful of class enemies and outshone the "rich peasant economy" model the county authorities had put up.

In autumn 1955 Wang heard in the county city a reading of Chairman Mao's report, *On the Question of Agricultural Co-operation*. He was deeply impressed by Chairman Mao's criticisms of the Right opportunists. He related what Chairman Mao had said when he returned to Hsiatingchia and suggested the amalgamation of their seven elementary co-ops into an advanced co-op. The poor and lower-middle peasants supported him enthusiastically. Beating gongs and drums they cele-

brated the setting up of the Sunlight Agricultural Producers' Co-operative.

But they could not get the approval for the co-op from the county Party committee. Three times they sent in their application, but it was rejected because the county Party committee was influenced by Liu Shao-chi's sinister instruction to cut down co-operatives.

"The committee may not approve it, but we have the approval of the poor and lower-middle peasants," said the indignant Wang. "We are advancing on the course charted by Chairman Mao. We are doing the right thing."

Thus, Sunlight Co-op, a young shoot, withstood evil winds and mists and grew healthily in the radiance of Mao Tsetung Thought.

In 1957, Sunlight Co-op was hit by an unusually severe drought. Water vanished from the Yungwen River and from dozens of wells.

The corn leaves were tinder dry. At this crucial juncture, bourgeois Rightists launched a ferocious attack on socialism. Together with landlords, rich peasants, reactionaries, bad elements and Rightists, Party leaders in the co-op who favoured capitalist methods began to curse the co-operative approach. Some well-to-do middle peasants wanted to withdraw from the Sunlight Co-op.

In this stormy class struggle, Wang organized the co-op members to tell of their sufferings in the old society and when they worked on their own. He also led discussions of "**Only socialism can save China.**" He denounced the evil old society through the wretched past of the poor peasant Wang Chung-chan who, cruelly oppressed by the landlord, had to sell his son and daughter. He also expounded fervently the superiority of collectivization through the good harvests they had reaped since the setting up of the co-op.

"**Grasp class struggle and all problems can be solved.**" As a result, the "prestige" of the class enemy was mowed down and the consciousness of the co-op members raised. Those who had wanted to withdraw stayed. And the eight households who had remained working on their own joined the co-op too.

Though the attacks of the class enemy were defeated, severe drought still faced the co-op members. What was to be done?

"With Mao Tsetung Thought to guide us we are able to scale fiery mountains," said Wang. Ignoring sleep and meals, Wang led the cadres in surveying the land and finding water sources. They decided to dig in more than thirty places in the dry Yungwen river-bed to get to the sub-surface water. Day in and day out, they fought arduously against the natural disaster and reaped a good harvest.

When Chairman Mao waves the people onward, Wang always walks in the van. That autumn Wang, after hearing Chairman Mao's directive on Lichia Village, Chunan County, Shantung Province, "**Transform China in the spirit of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains,**" visited the village himself. The revolutionary spirit of the Lichia villagers, who dared to conquer high mountains and rivers, and their thorough and arduous working style impressed him tremendously.

From then on, the persistence urged by Chairman Mao was imprinted deeply on Wang's mind.

He hurried home and said: "If only we listen to Chairman Mao and work in the spirit of the Foolish Old Man, we'll be able to do what the Lichia people have done."

"You just go ahead, Yung-hsing, and we'll be following behind," said the co-op members valiantly. "We'll pick the stars with you if you scale the heavens; and if you search the sea we'll help you catch the Dragon King."

The following day, Wang and the other members of the Party branch made a round of the entire co-op, which had a circumference of several dozen *li* and contained thirty or more ravines. After careful discussion they decided to start twelve projects all at once. Wang sweated along with 500 co-op members, always doing the most trying work. The freezing of the Yungwen River made damming it difficult. Wang was the first to break the ice and jump into the water to clear the river-bed. Blood flew from his old wound, yet he persisted although the co-op members concernedly urged him to rest.

"What's a little blood? Nothing at all, compared with those who gave their lives for revolution."

The co-op was still poor, and had few tools. Keeping in mind Chairman Mao's teaching "**Be self-reliant, work hard,**" Wang

never asked any assistance from the state. "With Chairman Mao in our hearts," he told the members, "we'll make everything ourselves." Short of equipment, they used indigenous methods; short of rubber-tyres for their carts they made wooden wheels. They also made ropes, carrying-poles and weaved baskets....

Led by Wang, the collective "Foolish Old Man" succeeded in giving Hsiatingchia a new appearance.

When Hsiatingchia Production Brigade was advancing bravely under the three red banners of the general line, the Great Leap Forward and the people's communes, renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi tried to restore capitalism in the villages. It was a time when China was hit by natural disasters for three successive years and when imperialism, revisionism and reaction were frantically opposing China.

In collaboration with landlords, rich peasants, reactionaries, bad elements and Rightists, the capitalist roaders in the brigade cursed the people's communes, in the way a dog barks at the sun, on the pretext that they were set up too "early." They also ranted that the three red banners should be pulled down. At the same time, they incited the well-to-do middle peasants to make complaints. "The paupers have been feeding on us all these years! Why not distribute the land so that every one can live on his own!"

In order to repel the vicious attacks of the class enemy Wang investigated the various households.

Then he called a mass meeting. He reported the grain and cash incomes of a well-to-do middle peasant, a middle peasant and a poor peasant before Liberation, during the private farming period immediately after Liberation and since the people's communes were set up. All showed an increase in each new stage.

"The livelihood of all the three families improved after Liberation, and even more so since the establishment of the people's communes. And this is true to the dozens of families I have investigated." Then Wang said to the well-to-do middle peasant who complained, "How can you say that the poor peasants have been feeding on you?"

This greatly educated the commune members and dealt a heavy blow to the class enemies. "The people's communes are fine!" cried the poor and lower-middle peasants. "Every step forward is an improvement, we'll not allow anyone to spread lies against it."

Not long afterwards, the county Party committee again sent an official to the commune. He summoned Wang.

"The leadership is of the opinion that farming on a family quota basis will increase enthusiasm," he said. Actually, this was part of Liu Shao-chi's fallacy for the restoration of capitalism.

"You want the poor and lower-middle peasants to go back to the old days and suffer again? That's impossible," Wang shouted angrily. He turned and walked out.

The capitalist roaders in the county Party committee were very upset. Again they sent another man, this time to urge that the brigade's donkeys be put under the care of individual households. At the same time the district Party committee also tried to force them to divide up the collective hilly land.

Evil winds blew incessantly. Was Wang the secretary of the brigade to submit or fight steadfastly on? "We won't let you restore capitalism unless you make the globe revolve backwards," said Wang with determination.

In those difficult times, Wang often turned to Chairman Mao's works in the evenings beside an oil lamp. Chairman Mao's teaching "Never forget class struggle" shone like a beacon in a misty sea, lighting up the path ahead. Relying closely on the Party members, revolutionary cadres and poor and lower-middle peasants, he won the upper hand of the evil winds.

For three years, Wang Yung-hsing, determined to be a credit to our motherland and Chairman Mao, worked at the various sites all over Hsiatingchia. He had been wounded and shed blood for the revolution. Now, weakened by overwork for the collective, he fell ill with hepatitis. Worried over his health, the commune members urged him to rest.

"Illness is nothing to be afraid of. Don't worry," he replied with a smile.

Wang was boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao. The poor and lower-middle peasants of Hsiatingchia, under his leadership as Party secretary, constantly fought the evil designs of Liu Shao-chi and his agents. Increasingly high yields for three years in a row were a powerful refutation of those who cursed the three red banners. In these three years, the commune members wrested large plots of land from the mountains and river banks, which resulted in a big boost in their grain output. Formerly deficient, Hsiatingchia Brigade was now able to sell its surplus to the state.

Our great leader issued a call in 1964. **"In agriculture, learn from Tachai."** Wang led the brigade members in making continuous and thoroughgoing revolution in the Tachai spirit. They started a bigger battle against the mountains and rivers. Hsiatingchia was now a red banner of learning from Tachai.

The flames of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution enkindled by our great leader Chairman Mao spread rapidly in Hsiatingchia Brigade.

Very stirred, Wang decided to plunge whole-heartedly into this mighty movement, to **"face the world and brave the storm,"** and to follow our great leader Chairman Mao closely to continue the revolution. But just at that time he had to be sent to the hospital.

Chang Shu-chin, deputy secretary of the Party branch and Wang's comrade-in-arms, came to visit him in the hospital one evening in winter on behalf of the poor and lower-middle peasants.

"How is the movement going?" Wang opened his eyes and asked, taking Chang's hand in his.

"Quite well." Chang told him about the movement in their brigade and what the cadres and commune members were thinking.

"Fine!" A smile flickered in the corners of Wang's mouth. With some effort, he picked up the *Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution*, known as "the Sixteen Points," and said: "This is drawn up by Chairman Mao personally, Old Chang. We must study it carefully."

Outside, the cold wind blew. Inside, it was extremely warm. Their minds were illuminated by the Sixteen Points.

Indicating at the third point, Wang said, "How true this is. Chairman Mao teaches us to put daring above everything else and boldly arouse the masses and to encourage the masses to criticize the short-comings and errors in the work of the persons in charge. Once the masses are roused, they will be able to give us many valuable suggestions to help us do our work better."

Though sick in bed, Wang was always concerned about the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. He returned immediately to the brigade when he was slightly better, although the doctors urged him to stay.

He was delighted to see the poor and lower-middle peasants roused and converging into a powerful revolutionary torrent, to attack the muck and filth left over by the old society. With profound proletarian feelings boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, he studied conscientiously Chairman Mao's new directives, followed closely Chairman Mao's great strategic plan and looked upon himself as an object of revolution as well as a motive force of revolution. He kept firmly in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: **"You should concern yourselves with affairs of state and carry through the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution to the end!"** and **"Don't rest on your laurels, make new contributions."**

Wang invited criticism and made examinations of his short-comings in villages and homes of those who had opinions against him. With one hand pressing down the acute pain in his liver he visited many villages and households. The poor and lower-middle peasants were very much concerned about him.

"You have been following Chairman Mao and making revolution for the past decade and more, Yung-hsing. We all know you very well."

Very sincerely, Wang replied, "I have made many mistakes in my work, though. I feel better when I examine myself. The criticisms of the masses will broaden my view. We need to listen to the valuable criticisms of the masses in order to follow Chairman Mao more closely in continuing the revolution."

The capitalist roaders in the Huanghsien county Party committee tried to stir up trouble through a renegade they had implanted in

the brigade Party branch. This dog and several other bad characters came to threaten Wang one night. Seeing through their tricks, Wang boldly berated them.

"I'm a Communist. I defy death in defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. You may frighten cowards, but not a Communist armed with Mao Tsetung Thought."

Not reconciled to their defeat, the class enemies tried everything in their power to divert the movement. But they were no match for a revolutionary fighter armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, however cunning they were. Wang was fully aware of the great truth: **"The aim of every revolutionary struggle in the world is the seizure and consolidation of political power. Similarly, the sole aim of counter-revolution in desperately struggling against the revolutionary forces is the preservation of its political power."**

He led the poor and lower-middle peasants in a tit-for-tat struggle against the bourgeois reactionary line pushed by the renegade Liu Shao-chi and a handful of class enemies. He exposed their rumour-mongering attempts to sow dissension among the revolutionary cadres. This taught the cadres to unite and fight the enemy shoulder to shoulder.

When the revisionists stirred up the evil winds of economism Wang, together with the revolutionary cadres and poor and lower-middle peasants, made it a rule that no one was to use a single penny of the collective money. When the enemy tried to sabotage the relations among the mass organizations, Wang ran Mao Tsetung Thought study classes with them to fight self and repudiate revisionism and to form revolutionary alliance. When the class enemy sought to stir up anarchism in the evil attempt to sabotage revolution and production, Wang, the revolutionary cadres and poor and lower-middle peasants took on the task of promoting both.

In this fierce struggle between the two classes and the two lines, Wang held high the banner of Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Proletarian revolutionaries, unite and seize power from the handful of Party persons in power taking the capitalist road!"** He and the poor and lower-middle peasants of Huanghsien County snatched back the power usurped by the county and commune capi-

talist roaders, and set up revolutionary committees. Wang was elected vice-chairman of the county revolutionary committee and chairman of the brigade revolutionary committee. Like a frontline commander he raised even higher the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, relied on the broad masses of Communists, poor and lower-middle peasants and revolutionary cadres to bring revolution and production to a high tide.

They carried out a profound and sustained mass criticism on the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of the renegade Liu Shao-chi. In the movement to purify the class ranks they exposed the renegade who had hidden in the Hsiatingchia Party branch for over thirty years as well as a handful of class enemies. The proletarian dictatorship in Hsiatingchia was even more consolidated and a mass movement of the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought is now underway.

The rapid transformation of the mental outlook of the people has been a great spur to production. An irrigation network of reservoirs, dams, ditches and wells cover the mountains and river banks. With terraced fields climbing half way up the mountains, grain output has been raised to more than a thousand *jin* per *mu*. Green pine groves crown the mountain tops while fruit trees belt their middle.

These are the results of Chairman Mao's great thinking **"Transform China in the spirit of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains,"** and of the hard work of Wang and the poor and lower-middle peasants of Hsiatingchia in their fight against heaven and earth and the class enemy. They guarantee a splendid future for the socialist countryside of China . . .

The Flame of Youth

Liu Kuo-shuan is a prominent Youth Leaguer in the navy. He enlisted in 1968, full of vitality and determination like other young men beginning their revolutionary careers. But he did not know much about revolution.

One day he went to the army farm to work for a short period. Seeing a horse and cart standing by the stable, he picked up the whip and began to drive it.

Suddenly a voice said, "You look like an old hand at that, young man. I'll keep you here as a cart driver."

Turning, the boy saw the farm director wreathed in a pleased smile. "Oh, no," Liu answered without thinking. "I want to drive trucks."

"Why?" the director asked.

"Because the army hero Lei Feng drove trucks."

"Well, Liu Ying-chun was an army hero too, but he drove carts," the director challenged. "He plunged his limited life into the unlimited cause of serving the people. You want to drive trucks, not carts. There's probably something wrong with your motive. Better

read Chairman Mao's Three Constantly Read Articles again and check up on it."

All that day Liu pondered this problem of motive. "There's a motive for cart-driving," he thought, "but I never think there's also a motive for making revolution!" He took the problem to the Three Constantly Read Articles. He meditated this teaching of Chairman Mao in the article *In Memory of Norman Bethune*: "**We must all learn the spirit of absolute selflessness from him. With this spirit everyone can be very useful to the people.**" This made him think of the day he left home for the army.

His father had told him before a portrait of Chairman Mao, "In the old society I drove carts for landlords. But the harder I drove, the richer the landlords became and the poorer we became. It wasn't grain those carts carried, it was the blood and hatred of our poor and lower-middle peasants. After Liberation I drive for the revolution. The harder I work the more energetic I feel. And thanks to Chairman Mao's teachings, I had the honour of attending the provincial conference of activists in the living study and application of Chairman Mao's works. Son, you must follow Chairman Mao's teachings in the army and serve the people with all your heart."

Liu thought of Lei Feng, Ouyang Hai, Liu Ying-chun and other army heroes raised on the teachings in the Three Constantly Read Articles. Their posts had been different, but their motive was the same—not to pursue personal gains but to devote their entire lives to the people and the revolution. Liu realized that his motive was not correct. What was it but selfishness if one did not consider the revolution above his own will? As he thought it over, his mind became clear. "Public" and "self" were small words, but they reflected the irreconcilable difference between the bourgeois class and the working class. Liu made up his mind to fight self and accept anything the Party assigned him to do. He resolved to readjust his motive to meet the needs of the revolution.

The following day he went back to the farm director. "If the revolution needs me to drive carts," he said, "I will drive them—along the road pointed out by Chairman Mao. And if I am needed to do it all my life, I will drive my cart right on to communism."

He persisted in studying the Three Constantly Read Articles to make sure his motive was right before he drove off on a trip and to check up on it after he returned. Each time the thinking in the articles sank deeper in him. He was maturing sturdily under Mao Tsetung Thought.

When he was out driving one day, he came across a production team cart overturned in the ditch. He jumped down and helped the young cart driver haul it out. The carter was discouraged. "It's unlucky to be a carter," he said. "I'm going to quit when I get back."

"Quit?" thought Liu. "When a cart goes off the road we can set it right again. But when a man's thinking goes off the road, that's serious."

"Come on," Liu told the carter, "let's study the Three Constantly Read Articles together."

They sat down side by side and started to read. Then Liu began to tell his companion his own understanding of the motive one must have on the path of revolution. Encouraged, the young man said, "You've really helped me. I haven't had my motive straight."

Liu tried hard to apply the principles taught in the Three Constantly Read Articles. Chairman Mao says, "**You young people, full of vigour and vitality, are in the bloom of life.**"

"Yes," Liu thought, "but our young lives can bloom only if we use Mao Tsetung Thought to make our thinking become proletarian, only if we earnestly serve the people and make revolution resolutely."

When he was given the task of delivering two cartloads a day, he would do three or four, saving time by eating steamed bread on the way instead of stopping for meals. People said Liu was a man deeply concerned for the public interest, who never seemed to tire, whose cart never stood idle. They began to call him "Tiger Liu." But Liu would only say, "We should never stop waging revolution. I have to make every minute count."

One of the horses on the farm was so wild that no one dared to go near it. Liu asked for the job of breaking it in. Several days later the horse kicked him in the leg and his foot was so swollen that he

could not put his shoe on. But he would not quit and kept on until he finally tamed the animal.

One autumn, Liu got boils over most of his body. The leaders urged him to go to the hospital. "No," he said, "the farm is busy building houses right now. The boils don't give me much trouble. Let's wait until we finish the house-building." After the houses were up, the leaders spoke to him again. But Liu told them, "No hurry, it can wait until we get the autumn harvest in." When the crops had been collected in the barns, Liu's condition became worse. This time the leaders insisted and sent him to the hospital.

After some of the boils were lanced, the doctor told him to rest for at least a week. But Liu knew the farm needed timbers badly, so he drove his cart out the next day to get them. The earth was ice-bound and it was bitterly cold. When he reached a frozen river, the horses refused to pull the heavy load across. Disregarding the doctor's warning not to do heavy work, Liu carried the heavy logs across the ice one by one. An incision on his shoulder began to bleed. His sweat stung.

"**This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield,**" he recited silently, enduring the pain in his shoulder. When he had finished the job, he led the horses over, reloaded the timber and actually delivered it to the work site ahead of schedule.

Liu treats his work enthusiastically and is very warm with his comrades. He helps them apply the teachings in the Three Constantly Read Articles, and fix and check up their motives every day. This helps them advance in the direction laid out by Chairman Mao.

Some of the men in the unit work in distant places for long periods of time and do not get much chance to look after their families. Liu visits these families often, helping them with house jobs, buying food and so on. "Liu Kuo-shuan's heart is always linked with the revolution and his comrades," people said. "He's always like a ball of fire, full of vigour and inspiring."

Liu loves the army horses. He grooms and feeds them carefully. When it rains or snows, he covers them with his own raincoat if he does not have a cover with him. On trips when he cannot reach an

inn or village where he expects to feed his horses, he gives his own food to the horses and goes hungry.

One snowy night he lay in bed with a fever. Suddenly someone shouted, "The mule has run away!" Liu promptly got up and rushed out. In the 30-degree cold, he tramped 35 kilometres through the snow after the animal and brought it back. Once when a horse was sick, Liu went out, pushing aside thorns and turning over clumps of earth to look for medical herbs to treat the horse. He returned with torn clothes and cut knees.

Educated by the principles in the Three Constantly Read Articles, Liu has grown into a proletarian fighter who fears neither hardship nor death.

More than once he has risked his life to protect people from runaway horses. He often said, "Just one or two tests in life don't give you a diploma as a revolutionary. Only by studying Chairman Mao's works every day and remoulding your thinking earnestly can you willingly shed your blood and do whatever the revolution calls on you to do."

One morning Liu was driving a cartload of heavy iron pipes back to his unit. At a double railway crossing something unexpected happened. As the horse in the shafts stepped on the second track, the cart jolted and the pipes suddenly slipped backward. The shift of weight jerked the shafts up sharply. The horse could not pull ahead and the pipes stuck in the ground prevented going backward. To unload the pipes was out of the question because each one weighed half a ton. Liu quickly unharnessed the two side horses and drove them off the track.

But as he turned back to the cart he heard a locomotive whistle and saw a train thundering toward the crossing at 80 kilometres per hour. The engineer spotted Liu's cart and slammed on his brakes, but it was still rolling at 50 kilometres per hour as it bore down on Liu and the cart. A vital railway line, state property and people's lives were in danger.

Facing the huge, hurtling locomotive, Liu clutched the reins tight in one hand and gave the horse a hard blow of the whip with the other.

As the animal plunged, Liu pushed it with all his might. With a creak, the cart turned sideways and stood parallel with the track. The locomotive roared past.

Liu was now between the cart and the flying train. If the horse moved, the pipes would swing onto the track. "Stick it out," Liu thought, "even if I get ground to mincemeat!" He put one foot firmly on a tie, his shoulder against the shafts, hauled tight on the reins with one hand and pushed the shaft collar with the other. Clenching his teeth, he shouted, "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" mustering all his strength to hold out motionless while the passing cars almost scraped his skin.

At last, the end car flashed past safely. People who had been breathlessly watching Liu's heroic struggle, now rushed up to praise him. Someone called him "a new Ouyang Hai."

Embarrassed, Liu Kuo-shuan did not know what to say, shifting from one foot to the other. It all comes from studying and applying Chairman Mao's works, he thought. Suddenly he raised his red book and shouted, "Long live the Three Constantly Read Articles! Long live Chairman Mao!"

Kung Pin

Discussion Meeting

Twinkling stars adorned the sky,
Slanting moonlight steeped the cottage.
Studying Chairman Mao's philosophic works,
Commune members held a hot discussion.

"Here are no gullies and ridges,
We are much better off than Tachai,
Yet the work-chants on Hutou Mountain*
Are louder than ours and shake the land."

"Our views in the past were confined,
Now the golden key unlocks our minds;
Poor mountains and rivers can yield treasures,
People, really the decisive factor!"

Kung Pin is a commune member.

*A hill near Tachai Village.

"Right, do what's basic first of all,
To transform nature we must educate man;
With Mao Tsetung Thought engraved on our minds,
Right here, Tachai spirit will certainly shine."

"Scrape down the slopes, in three years,
Level up those pits and plant grain!
With ardent loyalty and powerful hands,
We'll rearrange the landscape into a picture grand."



Treasured books in the lamplight gleamed red,
Flames were kindled in everyone's chest;
Exciting words resounded and filled the room,
Then ran out and mingled with the roar of the river.

All smiles, the secretary nodded his head,
Each and every word sharp as a drum tap:
"Let's act according to what we've learned,
And level the gullies this moonlit night!"

"Learn from Tachai, catch up with Tachai!"
Revolutionary zest dispersed the night mist.
The stars and the moon were startled to see
A splendid scene of bustling figures!

Chen Chien-yun

Two of Us

My dad, thirty-eight years old,
Always follows the Party heart and soul.
When I refuted the fallacy
"Book learning is no use,"
He fervently agreed:
"In the evil past," he said,
"The poor, like beasts of burden,
Had been for generations deprived
Of their right to study....
Then the red sun arose in the east,
Shedding its lustre gay and bright,
We poor people found our feet
And became masters of the fair land.
Holding the power in the cultural field

Chen Chien-yun is a Little Red Soldier.

For the revolution's sake,
The whole world we will emancipate!"

This night, back home after work,
Dad announced with a happy smile:
"The Party is sending me to a university,
Workers, peasants and soldiers
Will grasp pens and wield them;
Our class will gladly perform the task
Of revolutionizing education!"
This splendid news made me jump for joy;
Dad and I, hand in hand,
Refuted "Book learning is no use."
Closely following Chairman Mao,
Forward ever we boldly stride.

Sun Lai-chin

A Girl Mail Carrier

"Born and raised in the south
By loving parents,
Last year I graduated
From a middle school
And settled here
In this northern land. . . .

"At first I was not used
To the forest noises,
To the fleecy snow,
The bone-chilling wind!
But I conquered all difficulties
With the Three Constantly Read Articles."

She gave a slight smile,
And, after pausing, said:

“Today I laugh at the icy gale,
Freely I tramp in the fields of snow.

“I was, as I said,
Very tenderly raised,
Now work and struggle
Have made me robust and strong.
Whenever Chairman Mao’s new instructions are issued,
I deliver the papers promptly,
Even in the dark of night,
To little villages high in the hills.

“Whenever I hear ‘Thank you,’
I feel warm and excited,
Happy tears well up in my eyes.
Time and again I shout:
‘A long, long life to Chairman Mao!’
It’s the best answer from my heart.”

At the wall I threw a glance,
And discovered by chance
Her name enrolled on an honour roll,
She was a “Five Good” girl mail carrier.

*Sun Lai-chin and
Chen Hung-shan*

The Driver’s Whip

You, red tasselled whip raised high,
A new cart driver educated
By the poor and lower-middle peasants;
You, going south and north,
Stick to Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line!
You’ve really lived up to the name —
Fine son of the Shanghai working class,
Good youth nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought!

Loaded with rich grain for the state,
You drive the horses at full gallop.
Cracking your whip in the air,
Not willing to land a single blow on the animal;
Unforgettable for ever and a day
The commune history you’ve told,



And how to make a good use of the whip.
Well you know whom to love, whom to hate,
The word "class" kept deep in your mind.

Once an old poor peasant was badly ill,
Hastily you drove him to a hospital,
Late at night, a long journey,
Risking all to save him.
In heavy snow and raging blizzard,
You took off your overcoat and covered him,
Warming his heart with your class love.

The whip swishes, red clouds fly,
Revolutionary songs spread along the road,
Crossing a mountain after a ridge,
Firmly you say,
"There is no end to the revolution."

The road winds zigzag through
A pass precipitous,
Yet you bravely declare,
"I'm all the more set on driving forward."

Running alongside downhill,
Pulling to help it up,
At all times you are in a sweat.
When the cart is rumbling on a smooth highway,
You sit reciting the Three Constantly Read Articles,
Mao Tsetung Thought illumining your heart.

Strenuous in your study,
Strict in self-demands,
Noble-minded and far-seeing,
You march forward valiantly.
"While driving a cart," you used to say,
"One must follow a right course,
The only guide is Mao Tsetung Thought."

Red Hearts and Green Sprouts

May is a busy and invigorating month when everyone is out working in the fields. The countryside is dotted with fluttering red flags and bugle calls resound in the bracing air. The spring wheat is dancing and swaying in the wind and the threshing floors are heaped with the newly harvested winter wheat. North and south of the Yangtse River, rice transplanting is in full swing.

This story takes place one bright May morning.

Before dawn that day, an elderly man came striding along the main irrigation canal. He was Uncle Kao, the poor peasant representative of Chienchin Commune, nicknamed "Iron Shoulders." Twenty years of suffering as a hired hand in the evil old society had implanted deep in his heart a fierce national feeling and class hatred. His proletarian love for Chairman Mao was boundless and he was an activist in the creative study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. He bore his sixty-odd years without stooping. His back was straight and his eyesight and hearing were both excellent. The commune members said he was like an old evergreen, for he seemed to get younger

as the years rolled by, his steps as firm as ever and his voice as clear as a bell.

How did he come by his name of "Iron Shoulders"? During the War of Liberation, he had served in a team of stretcher-bearers with the People's Liberation Army which he had followed down south, and had been a well-known model front-line supporter. After Liberation, he always took the lead, busy shouldering the most difficult and strenuous tasks. Wang Hung-mei, a member of his production brigade's art and propaganda troupe had composed a ditty about him to be chanted with the accompaniment of a bamboo clapper:

Iron shouldered Uncle Kao,
The heaviest loads he always takes.
Closely following Chairman Mao,
His will as strong as steel.

Indeed a good description of Uncle Kao! Look at him now, his face ruddy with health, his bare feet shod in straw sandals, and his unflagging stride!

He was continuing on his way when suddenly a sound of quarrelling reached his ears. But there was a hint of laughter in the voices too. The man spoke with a deep and resonant voice while the girl's tones rose shrill and clear. Uncle Kao stopped and listened carefully. The man was Chao Ta-kang of East Village and the girl Wang Hung-mei of West Village. As Uncle Kao began to walk towards them they both caught sight of him and rushed up shouting, "Uncle Kao! You've come just at the right moment!" Each grabbed him by an arm so that the old man protested laughingly, "Why, you two will tear me to pieces! What are you quarrelling about?"

Indeed, what were they quarrelling about? To answer the question, we have to start at the beginning, from the time when Chairman Mao issued his solemn statement **"People of the World, Unite and Defeat the U.S. Aggressors and All Their Running Dogs!"** This was a mighty encouragement to the poor and lower-middle peasants who resolved to go all out, take a firm hold of revolution, grasp production and make efforts to reap even better harvests to support world revolution. Just take the neighbouring Chiang-

fang Brigade of Weitung Commune for instance. Spurred on by Chairman Mao's statement, the brigade members, half a year earlier than planned, completed the clearing of 50 acres of paddy-fields which they then urgently needed to plant with rice seedlings. As soon as the poor and lower-middle peasants of the surrounding communes heard about this they were all enthusiastic and rushed to provide the required plants. Thanks to the careful and meticulous planning of the Weitung Commune and the timely aid received from all the others, up until the previous night, only half an acre was still in short of seedlings.

Old Chen, Party secretary of the Hungkuang Brigade, Chienchin Commune, rushed to the Chiangfang Brigade and claimed the privilege of supplying the required seedlings. The news spread like wildfire and reached Chao Ta-kang, team leader of East Village. He thought that when fellow teams were in difficulties they must be helped in every way. He decided to take care of these last rice sprouts and save worry for the other teams. He called a meeting that evening and it was decided that his team would provide the required plants.

The next morning, this eager young man was up at cockcrow and off to find Party Secretary Chen. Old Chen was not at home. After making enquiries Chao learned that when Chen returned the night before from a commune meeting, Uncle Kao, "Iron Shoulders" of South Village, had been seeing him. Then they had left together. Chao Ta-kang started off in haste towards South Village. He had just arrived at the east side of it when he heard himself hailed, "Team Leader Chao!" He turned around and saw that it was 21-year-old Wang Hung-mei, her face glistening with perspiration.

Dressed in a yellow jacket, her black eyes sparkling in her saucy round face, she appeared a very intelligent and capable person. Although at times she looked mischievous, she had firm proletarian feelings. A hard worker, platoon leader in the militia and head of the art and propaganda troupe, she was an all-round person indeed. As their eyes met, both young people spoke simultaneously asking:

"Have you seen Secretary Chen?"

"What? Are you looking for him too?"

As they walked towards each other, they repeated the same question again. But as neither got an answer, they lapsed into silence.

Glancing at Chao Ta-kang, Wang Hung-mei smoothed her short hair, engrossed in thought. The fact was that the poor and lower-middle peasants of her West Village had also heard about the need for a few more plants and before the sun had risen, had asked her to go in search of Secretary Chen for permission to supply them. She had not been able to locate him and instead had run into Chao. Each of these two guessed what the other was up to. They knew that the level of Mao Tsetung Thought was high in both teams and each disliked the idea of giving up this task to the other.

The silence between them lasted for a while until impetuous Chao Ta-kang could no longer endure it. This young man had never been able to keep his thought to himself, and when he did speak it was in a loud and assertive tone. He was one of the vanguard in the movement to take a hold of revolution and grasp production, straightforward and impulsive, in all ways a forceful character. Cleverly and carefully questioned by the shrewd girl, Chao Ta-kang could not withhold his story which came tumbling out lock, stock, and barrel.

It was then that the argument began. One said, "This is a job for our team!" The other replied, "Nothing doing. We're going to take it on!" Both stated their reasons and neither would give way. Chairman Mao teaches us, "**All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.**" No poor and lower-middle peasants would stand by and watch a fraternal team in difficulties. They were all eager to shoulder strenuous tasks for the revolution.

Finally it occurred to both of them that helping another team obtain high yields was directly linked with the application of the strategic directive "**Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people,**" and with aiding the world's revolutionaries in their fight against U.S. imperialism. The best sprouts must be used for planting, so they decided to compare their seedlings: Whoever had the best would do the job.

Together they went to the place where the paddy-fields of East, West and South Villages met. The rice seedlings of all three teams

were growing green and sturdy and both Chao Ta-kang and Wang Hung-mei were fairly certain that unless those belonging to South Village were exceptionally good, theirs would not be surpassed. So, arguing with each other they began to compare. Actually, they were not only comparing but competing. And it was precisely at this moment that Uncle Kao ran into them.

Wang Hung-mei immediately launched into an account of the whole business. After listening, Uncle Kao exclaimed, "Ah!" and burst out laughing. He said, "It looks as if you two want me to be the judge, eh?"

"That's right!"

Uncle Kao looked knowingly at these two high-spirited youngsters, happy to see their enthusiasm. With a smile he declared, "I warn you, you mustn't blame me if I seem unfair!"

"If we weren't sure you'd be fair we wouldn't ask you to be the judge."

Uncle Kao rolled up his trouser legs and stepped down into the paddy-field. "All right," he said, "let's compare." Although he watched the rice growing every day, he never tired of looking at it for it meant so much to him. The two young people stood by, watching him impatiently. "Uncle Kao, please hurry up!" they urged. Uncle Kao opened his mouth. "All your rice sprouts. . .," he began, and seeing the anxious look on their faces, he laughed again before continuing slowly, "are . . . all . . . very . . . good!"

"Uncle Kao!" exclaimed Wang Hung-mei, "you can't take a neutral stand like that. People say good seed produce good seedlings and good seedlings grow into sturdy plants. Don't forget that this is vital to the harvesting of better crops and for support to the world's people in their struggle to smash the imperialists, revisionists and all reactionaries. You must say whose seedlings are the better, even if they are only so by a shade."

That was the way Wang Hung-mei's words streamed from her lips. And Chao Ta-kang was no less firm, adding, "That's right. Only the best will do. We guarantee to accept your decision."

"All right. Let me have another good look." East Village's plants were a tender emerald green and Uncle Kao could not help but praise them. "Ta-kang," he said, "you poor and lower-middle peasants

of East Village have high political level. Your rice sprouts are really very good. Just look at this one, already you can squeeze the sap from it."

At these words, Chao Ta-kang's face was wreathed in smiles. "Uncle Kao, you're really a good judge," said he, and strode off. When asked where he was going, he replied that he was off to find Secretary Chen and to accept the job.

"No, wait a minute!"

"What's the matter?" Chao Ta-kang stopped.

"You can't send these seedlings," said Uncle Kao.

Chao Ta-kang looked blank. Wang Hung-mei hurriedly pulled Uncle Kao over to the fields belonging to her team. "Uncle, please examine ours and give us your opinion."

Uncle Kao looked carefully at the plants of West Village which were just the correct height and planted in straight, neat rows. "Very good," said he. "You West Village poor and lower-middle peasants study and apply Chairman Mao's works well. Your rice sprouts are really beautiful. Just look at this one, you've only to transplant it and it'll grow like mad."

These words made Wang Hung-mei grin from ear to ear. She exclaimed, "Uncle Kao really does see things objectively." Tossing her head, she began to make off at full speed. Where was she going? Why, to find Secretary Chen, of course! Uncle Kao shouted hurriedly:

"Hey, stop!"

"What's the matter?" Wang Hung-mei was puzzled.

"You can't send these seedlings," said Uncle Kao.

Both youngsters were bewildered. "But if neither East nor West Village sends them, who will?" they demanded.

Uncle Kao stepped out of the field and said slowly and with emphasis "South Village, we're . . . going . . . to."

"What! You? Here we've been arguing till we're red in the face and now you butt in?"

Uncle Kao pretended to be offended. "Look here, are you two trying to bully an old man like me? Why shouldn't our South Village send them? Do you mean to say that our seedlings. . .?"

Before he could finish, Wang Hung-mei hurriedly interrupted with a laugh, "No, no, of course not; your young rice plants are really beautiful. Their resistance to disease and insects is good, they're deep-rooted with several leaves and strong stalks. They can withstand rain-storms and violent wind, and not only do they yield plentifully but the quality is high. When one family cooks this kind of rice, the fragrance will pervade the whole village..." Before she could say any more, impetuous Chao Ta-kang broke in loudly, "We won't compare rice sprouts then!"

"Well, what shall we compare?" asked Uncle Kao.

"We'll compare circumstances."

Wang Hung-mei and Chao Ta-kang immediately joined forces and exclaimed simultaneously:

"South Village has some difficulties."

"What difficulties?" demanded Uncle Kao.

"Yesterday when the whole brigade sent seedlings you gave quite a lot. It's very likely you won't have enough left for yourselves," suggested Chao Ta-kang.

"We have enough," Uncle Kao assured him hastily. "We grew a surplus and we can not only supply sufficient for this half an acre but even more. Just for your information, we took over this job from Secretary Chen last night and our poor and lower-middle peasants have been working all night lifting the seedlings. Right now, I'm going to find Secretary Chen so we can send the plants together."

Both youngsters were filled with admiration. The poor and lower-middle peasants of Uncle Kao's South Village really carried out Chairman Mao's instructions well, and their communist spirit was certainly good. However, both still felt that they should shoulder the job, for they remembered that South Village had extensive fields and only a relatively small labour force. In the present rice transplanting season, South Village would surely have some trouble coping with everything. However, no matter what they said they could not persuade Uncle Kao to relinquish the job, and he was just patting them consolingly on the back when suddenly the crashing of gongs and drums from South Village broke the early morning silence. The group taking the rice plants had started off headed by Secretary Chen.

Uncle Kao called out a brief "Good-bye," turned on his heel and ran off towards his village.

Chao Ta-kang and Wang Hung-mei were greatly inspired by his spirit. Always taking the lead in shouldering the heaviest loads Uncle Kao was indeed worthy of the name "Iron Shoulders"! But at the thought of the heavy job confronting him and the other members of his team, they felt a bit worried. All of a sudden, Chao Ta-kang gave a shout, "Hung-mei, we ought to help them! Let's organize a team to help pull and bundle their seedlings."

"Right, I'll go and tell our team leader and collect a few able-bodied militia members to help South Village finish transplanting their rice."

At that moment, the sun in all its golden splendour appeared beyond the paddy-fields. From the loud-speaker, the fine, majestic strains of *The East Is Red* echoed far and wide over the land. With firm steps, Chao Ta-kang and Wang Hung-mei returned to their respective production teams to organize help for South Village.



My First Lesson

Early August is a busy time in the south. Early rice must be harvested, and late rice seedlings need transplanting. Every minute counts. The members and cadres of the Great Leap Forward Brigade of the Sunflower People's Commune were busy, but busier than all was Iron Ox Li, head of the mechanized ploughing group.

About thirty and of medium height, Iron Ox was a ruddy complexioned man, stalwart, with expressive eyes and heavy brows. A well-known tractor driver in the brigade, he ploughed the land in straight furrows, quickly and economically, fully aware that he was working for the revolution.

One day, as Iron Ox was checking over the tractor after a day's work in the fields, Uncle Green Pine, the brigade leader, came in shouting: "Iron Ox, the leadership says our mechanized ploughing group is short-handed. They're sending some people to help us."

On hearing the old uncle's voice, Iron Ox raised his head. Behind the brigade leader stood a tall thin young man with a smooth white face. Wearing a white shirt and a pair of new sneakers, he carried

a lecture portfolio with "Agricultural Machinery" stamped on its cover. He looked like a student, and stood rather awkwardly as Iron Ox looked him over.

"My name is Kao Chen," the young man said, introducing himself. "I'm twenty, a graduate from agricultural technical school. I've come to the countryside to learn from the poor and lower-middle peasants."

"Comrade Kao," Iron Ox said warmly, "we are badly in need of people. You've come just at the right time." He grasped Kao's hands tightly and shook them, transferring to them some of the grease from his own hands. While wiping his hands Kao got some of the grease on to his white shirt. Iron Ox was apologetic, but Uncle Green Pine only laughed.

"That oil stain is the starting point for you in your work," he said. "The more stains on your clothes, the more progress you'll make in your ideological remoulding."

He led the newcomer to the dormitory and helped him to get settled. Then he put on the wall beside the bed a board on which he wrote a quotation from Chairman Mao concerning the training of revolutionary successors.

That evening Kao wanted to visit an exhibition of village history. Iron Ox took him. There they saw a sharp contrast: On one side there was the prosperity of the new socialist countryside since the establishment of the people's communes, and on the other the cruel oppression and exploitation of the poor and lower-middle peasants by imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat capitalism before Liberation. There was a picture of an old poor peasant, just a bag of bones, holding a plough, while a barefoot boy of about seven or eight was pulling it like an animal. A whip in hand, a landlord's bully stood by, watching.

"Is this boy from the village?" Kao asked with emotion as he stopped before the picture. "Is he still alive?"

"Yes," replied Iron Ox. "Chairman Mao has saved him, and he is living very well."

"Would you please take me to see him?"

"He will drive the tractor with you." Iron Ox smiled.

"Ah! It's you!" Kao gripped Iron Ox's hands tightly. "I must learn from you."

Early the next morning, Iron Ox and Kao drove their tractor to the land of the brigade's Team Three to plough. On the way, Kao asked Iron Ox which agricultural school he had graduated from.

"I had only three years of schooling," Iron Ox told his companion. "But I graduated from the university of practice in the countryside."

Greatly surprised, Kao said, "To drive a tractor, you should have some knowledge of geometry and physics. You are really remarkable...."

"Driving a tractor depends on Mao Tsetung Thought," Iron Ox said in a serious tone. Then he added smiling: "I follow Chairman Mao and the tractor follows me."

When they arrived Kao said, "Let me drive this morning. I had some practice at school. But this is my first real job. You walk beside me and be my teacher."

"You're too modest," Iron Ox patted his shoulder. "We'll learn from each other."

Kao turned on the ignition. He was very excited. The boundless paddy-fields stretched beneath the blue sky, and the east wind caressed his face. As he thought of Chairman Mao's great teaching, "**Our countryside is vast and has plenty of room for them to develop their talents to the full,**" he was very happy indeed. He drove toward the fields, hands firmly on the steering wheel. The tractor moved forward smoothly. "Today is my first real job," he said to himself. "I must work hard and well."

Suddenly the voice of Iron Ox awakened him: "Lower the plough shares!"

Kao realized that he had somehow forgotten to do this, which was the main job. He tried to do what Iron Ox told him. But, in his haste, instead of moving the ploughshare lever, he shifted gears and increased the speed of the tractor. Like a wild ox, it ran furiously forward. Kao could no longer control it. The tractor dashed straight towards a small river at the edge of the fields. Fortunately, Iron Ox came running up. He jumped on the tractor, turned off the

throttle and pulled the emergency brake. The tractor stopped only one metre from the river.

Kao blushed, all of a sweat. "In school," he explained, "I could recite from beginning to end all the key points about operating a tractor. But the minute I get on one, I'm nervous and don't know how to use my hands and feet. The tractor doesn't obey me. I don't know why."

"Making revolution depends on the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought," Iron Ox said. "Just remember, we're driving for the revolution. The revisionist education line followed in the schools kept you students indoors and gave you only book knowledge. You divorced theory from practice. Now you'll have to make up for that."

Kao resolved to learn from Iron Ox and work hard. As time was short, Iron Ox drove the tractor for several days on end, almost without sleep. Even so, he would take over the shift from Kao whenever the youngster looked tired. Meanwhile he always tried to overfulfil his target whenever he himself was on shift.

A week elapsed. Kao was stiff and sore all over. One evening when he went to take over his shift he said to Iron Ox: "I think I've a touch of rheumatism. I must ask for sick leave."

"When did it start?" asked Iron Ox with concern. "Is it very painful?"

Kao knit his brows. "It started recently. I ache not only in my joints but also at my waist and back."

Iron Ox recognized the symptoms of driving fatigue. He grasped Kao's hands and pulled the boy to sit down beside him. "You're just tired from so much driving. It's not rheumatism. Don't worry. It's nothing serious. You'll be all right soon."

"That's good," said Kao. "But I want to go to town tomorrow. I need to get my white shirt washed."

Iron Ox was astonished. He realized he had not given the young man enough help in his thinking. After supper that evening he first reported to the Party secretary what was on Kao's mind, then he called on the boy and had a talk with him.

"Let's study Chairman Mao's works," he said. "A knife rusts if it is not used. People will lose their bearings if they don't study Chairman Mao's works." They discussed Chairman Mao's teaching: **"I am for the slogan: 'Fear neither hardship nor death.'"**

"Manual labour is much harder than reading in school, Kao," Iron Ox said seriously. "We should learn from the People's Liberation Army men. To defend the motherland well, they eat and sleep in the open. They have a much harder life than we do. We should set high standards for our work but low standards for our living conditions."

At this moment Uncle Green Pine appeared. With a kindly smile, he said: "I hear you've some rheumatism, Kao. I've come to see how you are."

"Comrade Iron Ox has cured my rheumatism." The boy answered, his face turning a bit red.

"To cure an illness," Uncle Green Pine said as he sat down beside the boy, "you have to cure wrong ideas first. If a person studies Chairman Mao's works and always remembers that we're in a revolution, he can stand any aches and pains. Young people like you, growing up under the red flag, live a happy life. We owe it all to Chairman Mao. But the revolution is continuing. We still have a long way to go. You are a successor to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat. You must be tempered in storms and endure hardships. Of course, if you really are sick, you must see a doctor."

"No, no." Kao stood up. "Uncle Green Pine, I'm all right now. I don't want to go to town any more. I understand that fearing hardship is due to bourgeois thinking."

Strangely enough, once Kao's ideas were straightened out, the pain in his back and the ache at his waist disappeared. He put on the white shirt he had intended to take to town to be washed, jumped on the tractor cheerfully and began ploughing. That day he overfulfilled his norm.

As he started on a new plot, the engine didn't sound just right. Iron Ox was coming to take over the shift. He could hear at once that the accelerator was jammed. If the engine went on racing like that for a few more minutes, it would be ruined.

"Cut the accelerator," shouted Iron Ox as he came running up. Kao tried, but it didn't respond. The only way was to block the exhaust pipe and stall the engine. Iron Ox jumped on the tractor to block the verticle exhaust pipe himself.

Afraid that Iron Ox would get burned, Kao pushed him aside, tore off his white shirt and blocked the exhaust pipe with it. The engine quickly stalled.

Uncle Green Pine hurried over. The white shirt Iron Ox pulled out of the exhaust pipe was now pitch-black. He gripped Kao's hands for a long time, too moved to utter a word.

With tears in his eyes, Kao pointed to the burns on Iron Ox's chest and said, "I'm far behind you in my thinking. Our great leader Chairman Mao has pointed out: **'It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants.'** I understand this much better now that I have come to the countryside. I have learned a great deal that I can't get from books. You have taught me a good lesson indeed."

Making the Grade

Thunder rolled across the morning sky, and wind-driven clouds swept like a rising tide. A storm was about to break.

Locomotive 180 was pulling a string of cars whose weight was in excess of its usual limit that day as the train sped across the countryside. Liu Sheng-hua, the fireman, was stoking the furnace with a long iron rod. He wiped the sweat from his face, then poked his head out of the window and peered apprehensively at the tumbling dark clouds. He pulled his head back and looked at the driver.

Wang Cheng-yin sat calmly, hand on the throttle, entirely unconcerned about the impending storm. The impetuous Liu could never keep his feelings clamped down for long.

"What a bind," he rasped hoarsely, "running into such rotten weather."

Wang was rather startled by this outburst. He thought a moment, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "The young fellow lacks confidence," he said to himself. He remembered what happened when they were starting out.

Wang had been arranging by phone with the dispatch office to pull a load over the locomotive's usual limit, and Liu had come in.

He heard what Wang was saying and said irritably: "The weather forecast is rain. We shouldn't be hauling so much."

Wang turned to him with a smile, and went on speaking into the phone.

"Thirty-five hundred tons. Urgent materials. Sure, we can do it. Whatever industry and agriculture need we'll deliver."

Thirty-five hundred tons! Liu didn't say anything, but he thought: "Five hundred tons over, on a day like this. What would you want us to pull if the weather was good? At that meeting of the whole section the other day, our crew was the first to vow to grasp revolution and promote production, work and preparedness against war. But everyone also guaranteed to drive safely and on schedule. If the load is too heavy, we'll get stuck on the grades. That certainly will make us look silly. We're supposed to be a first-rate crew."

Wang hung up the receiver. It was nearly time to start. "If we think of Chairman Mao and the revolution, neither storms nor difficulties can stop us," he said to Liu. "We have to fight for victories. They don't come by themselves."

He took Liu by the arm and they hurried to the locomotive....

Now, as the wheels pounded along the rails, Wang from his driver's seat cast an eye at the black sky. His face was determined.

A veteran of more than twenty years' experience, Wang constantly applied Chairman Mao's philosophy to his locomotive driving. He had a record of over ninety-nine per cent safe punctuality. His crew used coal more economically than any other crew in the section, and had been commended as an advanced collective in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought by the Shenyang Railway Division.

The new leap forward in industry and agriculture was placing higher demands on rail transport. Delighted with this excellent situation, Wang made correspondingly higher demands upon himself. He was surprised by Liu's worries about the excess load. The boy, a middle school graduate, had been working for only three or four months on the train. He was energetic and hard-working, and wanted to be a credit to Chairman Mao and the socialist motherland. But he wasn't too clear on whether he was striving for the revolution or

for personal glory. Still, it was only natural that he should be uneasy, riding for the first time on an overloaded train in bad weather.

Wang peered at the signals on the tracks ahead and said cheerfully: "Every ton we carry, every cartload we haul, is important to the Chinese and world revolution. Only red-hearted men can make the furnace fires blaze, only a blazing fire can temper pure steel. We crew members must have the driving courage of our locomotives, and hurtle through, come wind or rain. We must forge this hard-bone spirit in ourselves in the realities of revolution."

Hung Yung-kai, the assistant driver, seated to the right, entirely agreed. He himself had learned that way under Wang's tutelage.

"The sudden change in the weather will make things much harder," he put in. "But if we're not cowed by our difficulties mentally, and deal carefully with them technically, and are prepared for any emergency, and co-operate well with each other, we can turn difficulties into victory."

Liu was heartened a bit by the determination of the two men, but he wasn't at all confident.

The train stopped at a small station. Thunder rumbled, and lightning cut jagged flashes through the dark clouds. Heavy rain began pelting down. Wang quickly wiped the glass of his observation window.

"Hey, Wang!" the station master had come running through the rain and was looking up at the cab, panting. "Sub-division dispatch office just called. Said it's raining hard and you've got to climb a steep grade to get to the next station. They said you can drop off a couple of cars if you don't think you can make it."

Wang shook his head. "Tell the dispatch office we're all prepared," he said with confidence. "As long as the signals are green, we'll get this urgent freight to its destination."

"Fine. Hope you can do it."

"Green light!" assistant driver Hung sang out happily.

"Whoo!" A long blast on the whistle and a gay burst of released steam, and the train thrust forward into the storm. Liu was filled with admiration for Wang's revolutionary militancy.

Amid thunder and lightning, rain swirled down in a deluge. His hand on the throttle, Wang riveted his gaze on the signals ahead. He leaned halfway out of the window, drenched by the rain. The weary Liu never paused to wipe the sweat beading his forehead, but steadily fed coal into the furnace. He had to get the pressure up if they were to mount that grade. But all his efforts were in vain. It was still too low.

His heart beat fast. He didn't seem to be able to control the movement of his arms and legs. Hung noticed his panic. He came over and said: "Rest a while. Let me have a go at it."

Wang, who had been observing all this, said to himself: "We must let the young fellows learn to cope with emergencies. They've got to mount the grade—the grade of ideological revolutionization." The light of battle in his eyes, he gazed calmly at the approaching slope.

"There it is," he called to Liu. "We're going to charge!"

The boy rose to his feet abruptly and took back his shovel from Hung. Rapidly, evenly, he spread the coal. The flames in the furnace were soon a glaring white. The needle in the steam pressure gauge swung nearly to the maximum.

They had a full head of steam. "Here we go," said Wang. He opened the steam injection valve wide and advanced the throttle. The locomotive roared and pressed forward through the storm.

At seventy kilometres an hour the train raced up the grade like an arrow, wheels thundering. But gradually it lost speed. The blinding misty rain and gale seemed intent on pushing it back. The wheels began slipping on the wet rails. It was a ticklish situation. They might stop at any moment and hold up other trains that followed behind.

Veteran driver Wang didn't turn a hair.

He moved a lever, and sand hissed out upon the rails. Liu stared at him admiringly. "I must learn from this veteran driver," he said to himself. "He has a true revolutionary spirit. We mustn't let the train stop."

Liu took his big heavy shovel and sent coal sailing into the maw of the furnace with lightning-like strokes. Sweat poured down from his brick-red cheeks.

They were only two hundred metres from the crest of the grade. The real test was here. Wang wiped the rain from his face and glanced at Liu. The brusque young fellow was going at it hammer and tongs, very tense and a trifle wild. Wang raised his voice:

“What we need is an enthusiastic but calm state of mind and intense but orderly work.”

Steadied by this quotation from Chairman Mao’s teachings, Liu plied his shovel like a flashing sword. Glistening coal seemed to leap onto every part of the grate. The glow of the roaring flames reflected red on the boy’s face.

Wind kept howling, rain was pelting down. Rhythmically, the train climbed the grade and smoothly passed the top. Liu, his hand on a support rail, gazed back at the rise they were rapidly leaving behind and heaved a sigh of relief. He saw the veteran driver was looking at him fondly. Suddenly the boy understood. This trip, their conquest of the slippery grade in an overladen train, proved this principle: “Trains need men to drive them, men need Mao Tsetung Thought for their mental weapon, advanced men are tempered by wind and wave, revolutionary courage and wisdom are forged in storms.”

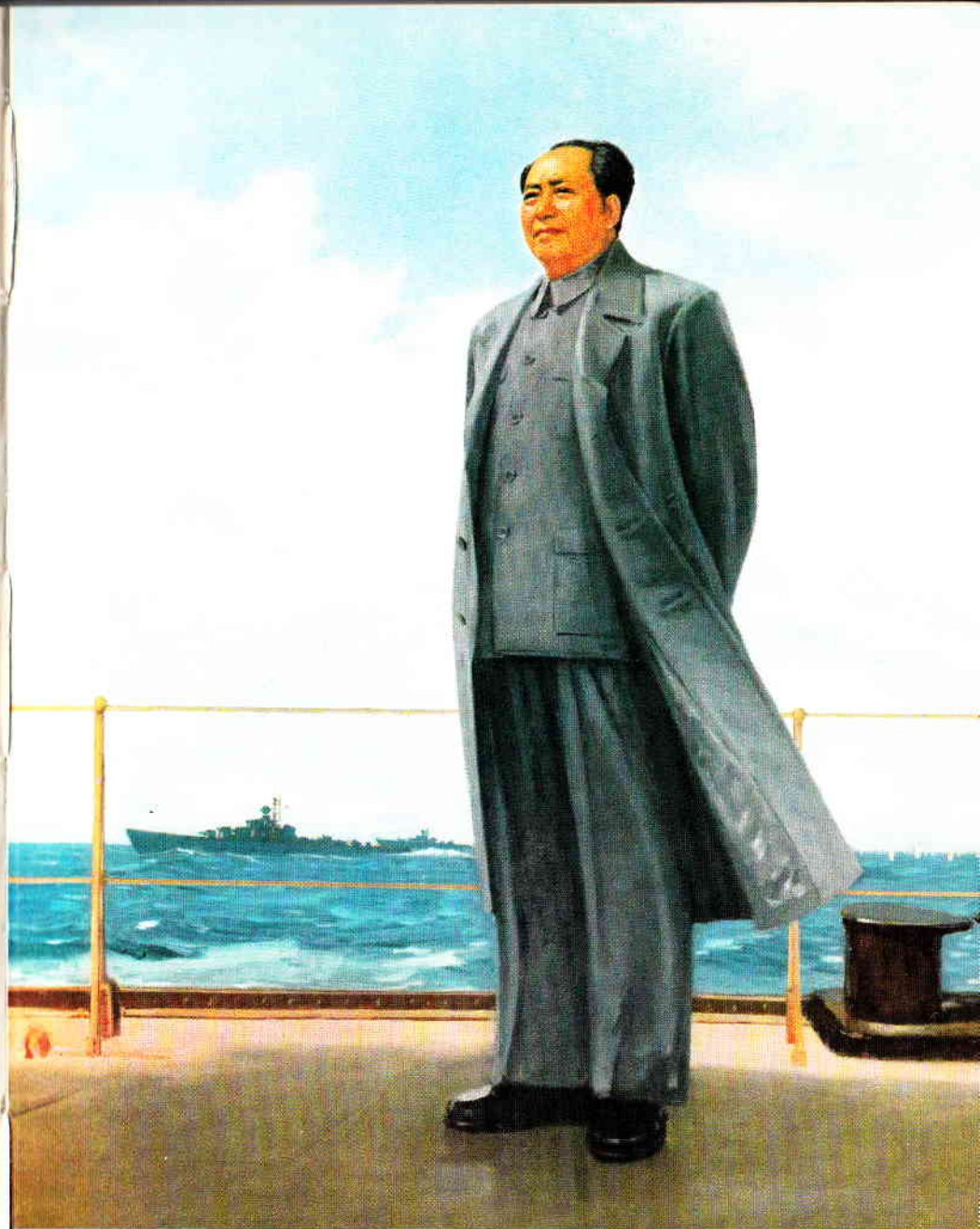
Liu realized that Wang had not only guided him in bringing the train up the grade, but had also helped him make the grade ideologically by revolutionizing his thinking. With revolutionary fervour, Liu had developed an iron determination to be a credit to our great leader Chairman Mao and to our great socialist motherland.

All Liu’s tension was gone. He was conscious only of the train racing ever faster through the storm.

Finally, the rain stopped, and a glorious sun dispelled the dark clouds. Heroic train 180 flew along the rails. Bathed in the sunshine of Mao Tsetung Thought, the crew smiled triumphantly.

Chairman Mao on a Warship (oil painting) ▶

by the art workers of the Navy of the
Chinese People’s Liberation Army



A Philosopher in the Fields

At the age of fifty-eight Uncle Cheng Chih-chung, leader of the Advance Production Brigade, is a well-known activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought in the county.

In July this year, when he returned home from the county town after a three-day meeting where delegates exchanged their experiences in studying Chairman Mao's philosophic works, the members of his brigade hurried in and said: "Ah, you're back at last. We need your help badly. Insects are damaging our cotton. We've sprayed insecticide, but it doesn't work. We don't know what to do."

Uncle Cheng went straight to the cotton field to see which insects were causing the trouble. "What kind of insecticide did you use?" he asked.

They told him.

"It's the right kind," Uncle Cheng said. "But why isn't it effective?"

Opinions varied. Some held that it was too late; some said it was because the weather had turned cold and damp; others insisted it was because the spraying wasn't well done.



Uncle Cheng squatted down, puffed at his pipe and listened to the commune members' discussion. After a while he fished out a copy of *On Contradiction* from his pocket, saying: "Let's study Chairman Mao's philosophic works. Chairman Mao has pointed out: **'In studying any complex process in which there are two or more contradictions, we must devote every effort to finding its principal contradiction. Once this principal contradiction is grasped, all problems can be readily solved.'** It is like leading an ox. If you haul it by its horns, the animal will butt you; if you pull it by its legs, it will kick you; if you draw it by its tail, it won't budge an inch."

"To lead an ox, you have to pull it by the nose," put in the commune members.

"That's it," said Uncle Cheng as he stood up. "To eliminate the insects, we must first deal with the class struggle. I just heard Landlord Skinner Chien telling his second daughter at the end of the village: 'Don't go to the fields this afternoon. It's dangerous to spray that insecticide. It's poisonous.' Comrades, you see, class struggle is involved in everything, even in killing insects."

On hearing this, the poor and lower-middle peasants were very annoyed. "Skinner Chien must be criticized publicly," they shouted.

"Yes, we must do that," Uncle Cheng gazed at the angry people around him and said. "The philosophy of the Communist Party is a philosophy of struggle. We'll hold a mass meeting in the fields to criticize the landlord and Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line before we start to work."

"Fine," all agreed with one voice.

The mass criticism meeting began. Uncle Cheng strode forward to the landlord and, pointing at him, said to the masses: "Liu Shao-chi's claim that class struggle is over is sheer nonsense. The reactionary nature of the class enemy will never change. He will keep on trying to sabotage. When we sprayed insecticide, Skinner Chien spread rumours and preached Liu Shao-chi's fallacy that survival is a very important thing to a person. If that isn't sabotage, what else is it?"

"I've something to say," called out Uncle Chang, representative of the poor and lower-middle peasants. "Skinner Chien ranted yesterday behind our backs that it is a pest-infested year predestined by fate, a calamity that we can't overcome."

"Predestined by fate?" Uncle Cheng was very angry. "The landlord wants to sabotage our agricultural production. We don't believe in fate. We believe in Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking. People armed with Mao Tsetung Thought can conquer any obstacles and wipe out any enemies." The old brigade leader was burning with anger. "Comrades, not only will we eliminate the insects, but also the imperialists, revisionists and all reactionaries all over the globe. **'Away with all pests! Our force is irresistible.'**"

The mass criticism meeting ended and the commune members' morale was greatly raised. "Let's get to work," shouted Uncle Cheng as he took up a sprayer and hurried to the fields. The commune members followed.

Old Han, book-keeper of the southern brigade, came up. "Hey, Old Han," Uncle Cheng called to him, "what are you doing here?"

Old Han halted, saying, "The cotton and rice in our brigade are infested with insects, but we're short of sprayers. I went to a farm

tool co-op to buy some. But they're busy experimenting on some new farm tools, they can't supply us for a couple of days yet. By that time the insects will have done a lot more damage and lessen our contribution to the revolution."

Their difficulties are much bigger than ours, Uncle Cheng thought. So he consulted other brigade cadres. They decided to lend their two best sprayers to the neighbouring brigade. Old Han was greatly moved.

After Old Han left with the sprayers, a brigade member complained, "Now we don't have enough sprayers."

"Our labour force is stronger than theirs," Uncle Cheng explained. "We have plenty of manpower, so we can make use of it. Chairman Mao has said: **'Under the leadership of the Communist Party, as long as there are people, every kind of miracle can be performed.'** If we study Chairman Mao's philosophic works in a living way and use our brains, we can overcome all difficulties."

"That's right." The brigade members all nodded.

At this moment Uncle Chang, who had been spraying in the fields, hastened back to Uncle Cheng and reported. "Those bugs are small but very crafty. The moment we spray the plants, they disappear."

The brigade leader went to look. "This is the crux of the problem," he said, laughing. "When we understand their movements, we'll know how to treat them."

The commune members gazed at the old man's smiling face and asked, "What's your idea, brigade leader?"

Uncle Cheng waved his clenched fist. "It's like this. If you clench your fingers into a fist, you can hit harder. Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Concentrate a superior force to destroy the enemy forces one by one.'** We must suit our method to the insects' movements. We'd better spray from the edge of the fields and force the insects towards the centre and then kill them there. We'll do it plot by plot and wipe them out wholesale."

"That's a good idea!" the commune members clapped their hands. The old brigade leader continued, "It's true we're short of sprayers, and our difficulties are many. But if we concentrate on one plot at a time, we can turn inferiority to superiority and win."

A battle, guided by Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking, began. At sunset when Uncle Cheng and the commune members checked the fields, they were delighted to find that all the insects were dead.

Gazing into the distance, the old brigade leader said with great emotion: "Once armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, people become brave and creative. They can overcome any difficulty. We fear neither pests nor the class enemy. The imperialists, revisionists and all reactionaries are just like insects in the fields. They cannot escape their doom."



Sing Battle Songs

The homeland is seething, the motherland calling,
Our fellow comrades in Vinh Quang Village, full of go,
Are fighting for revenge day and night.
To defeat the U.S. invaders,
Gun in one hand, plough in the other,
They vow to win final victory.

This was the song which greeted us as we entered an underground shelter on the north bank of the Ben Hai River, in the forefront of the battleline in north Viet Nam. We were visitors from China, Viet Nam's great rear area, and the singer was Le Hong Thi, a militia woman of Vinh Quang Village. Not far from the shelter, the U.S. pirate planes were wantonly bombing the southern bank. Earth kept falling down from the roof. But the militia woman calmly continued to sing. In her, we saw again the firm determination of the Vietnamese people to fight to the finish against U.S. aggression and for national salvation.

During our visit to north Viet Nam, from the capital Hanoi to the forefront Quang Binh and Vinh Linh, from the mountain areas where

the minority peoples live to the fishermen's hamlets beside the sea, we witnessed various theatrical performances which impressed us immensely. But most impressive were the artists themselves.

They take it as their sacred duty to sing of the great war of resistance against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. With literature and art they expose and attack the enemy, and encourage and educate the broad masses of the people by portraying the glorious exploits and courage of their heroes.

A Letter to Gia Dinh produced by the art troupe of Hoa Binh Province is a stimulating dance. It not only praises the heroic tenacious fighting spirit of the Gia Dinh people in the south, but also represents a splendid scene in which the Hoa Binh people in the north beat the savage U.S. air marauders. It reflects the flesh-and-blood relations between the people in the north and south in their fight against the common enemy. The victorious battle reminded us of lines in one of President Ho Chi Minh's poems:

**Happy news of victory comes from all over the country.
Let South and North vie with each other in fighting the U.S. aggressors!**

Many people in north Viet Nam dismantle their own houses and use the wood to repair roads or build bridges. One old grandfather did this eight times. Inspired by the lofty spirit of the masses, the artists enact these stirring deeds to encourage others. *Tear Our Homes Apart That the Trucks May Pass* is a vivid play by the army art troupe of Quang Binh Province. It shows the noble quality of the Vietnamese people who do their utmost to support the front. After seeing it, we felt more deeply the might of people's war.

We also enjoyed *Rock Crab* which shows the life of the fighters who held out on Con Co Island. Near the 17th parallel, Con Co Island is at the forefront of north Viet Nam, a small island of only several square miles. But the U.S. imperialists, regarding it as a thorn in their flesh, assaulted it with planes and warships time and again. The heroic Vietnamese fighters defeated more than 500 enemy attacks in a period of 1,500 days and nights. This is indeed a heroic island on the anti-U.S. front line.

Rock Crab tells how the fighters on this small island caught crabs in rock crevices between battles and praises their revolutionary optimism.

To liberate the south and defend the north,
We fighters battle day and night.
Catch crabs and make soup of them,
Our strength grows double as we drink.
The U.S. invaders, torn to pieces,
Tremble at the name of Con Co Island....

This is what the artists told us: We will create more new songs, plays and dances to reflect the war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation, each a dagger pointing at the heart of the enemy but an encouragement to the masses in their advance to victory.

Revolutionary Vietnamese theatrical artists hate the U.S. aggressors and are resolved to contribute their share in the struggle against U.S. imperialism and for national salvation. They go directly to the smoke-screened battlefields to perform. Artillery emplacements, ferry boats, craters and tunnels are their stages; flares, fire and flashlights their lights; smoke and flame their backdrops.

A Vietnamese comrade in Quang Binh Province told us an interesting story: One pitch-dark night teams of soldiers, who were going to the front, waited for a ferry on the bank of a river. Suddenly several enemy planes came roaring overhead and dropped flares. The ferry crossing was lit up as bright as day. Then the planes began bombing and strafing, and soon the ferry crossing was all smoke and fire. While the battle was raging, the Quang Binh Province theatrical troupe arrived with their musical instruments. In the light of the flares, they stood knee-deep in water and sang to the soldiers. Enemy bombs exploding in the river sprayed them with water. But nothing could stop them from singing or drown out their militant voices. They sang song after song until all the soldiers safely reached the other side of the river.

Though it is difficult and dangerous to perform at the front, the artists vie with each other to go. Singers Bich Thuy and Mai Lan walked all the way from Hanoi to the Ham Rong Bridge district.

When the enemy planes came they fought shoulder to shoulder with the army men, delivering shells to the gunners. As soon as the battle ended they performed. Their dauntlessness was highly praised by the commanders and fighters at the front.

Once artist Phiong Thao was wounded in the head on her way to the front, and one eye had to be bandaged. But she persisted in walking on with her comrades until they reached their destination. Imbued with a deep class feeling, they not only performed, but also washed and mended clothes for the soldiers, and tended the wounded.

The revolutionary theatrical artists of north Viet Nam have been tempered in the war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. They serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and strive to make greater contributions to the complete defeat of the U.S. invaders.

Mass cultural activities have been organized everywhere in north Viet Nam. A Vietnamese comrade told us: The masses need militant songs, which in turn inspire them to fight. Many poets and singers have emerged from among the masses. They write poems, compose theatrical items and read and perform them themselves in praise of the great struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. They said proudly: We will drown out the enemy bombing with our revolutionary songs.

During our visit we heard many militant poems and local folk songs. Most of the composers and performers were factory workers, co-op members, people's army fighters, cadres, militiamen, hotel attendants and Young Pioneers.

Quang Binh is the province well-known for its achievements in production and in battle and was highly commended by President Ho Chi Minh for that. It is also famous for its poems and folk songs. People, from school children to grey-beards, all write poems or folk songs expressing their feelings and singing of their militant life.

In the beautiful An Thuy Village on the bank of the Kien Giang River, we met a group of girls who were rowing a boat. They sang this song they had composed themselves:

When the U.S. wolves bomb our village
All our people rise in resistance.
We think of President Ho's teachings when in difficulty,
And resolve to fight for the unity of our motherland.
Oh, An Thuy, my home, is growing in battle,
Songs of victory ring out everywhere....

The girl gunners of a company of women militia in N Village, Quang Binh Province, read us in chorus a poem they wrote, describing how they damaged an enemy warship and defended the coast in their first battle. *Victorious Bao Ninh Village*, a folk song by the militiamen of that village, praises the heroic mother Ma Chuoc who gave her life for her country. These poems and songs, while reflecting the life of the people, encourage them to fight more vigorously. Imbued with hatred for the U.S. invaders and by deep patriotism, they convey the iron will and determination of the Vietnamese people, and converge into a mighty hymn against U.S. aggression and for national salvation.

Although we have left heroic Viet Nam, our Vietnamese brothers' heroism and spirit of revolutionary optimism still stir our hearts and their battle songs still echo in our ears. The heroic Vietnamese people are acting according to President Ho Chi Minh's testament: **"In any case we must be resolved to fight against the U.S. aggressors till total victory."** We still hear their revolutionary battle songs as they advance from victory to victory.

The Spring Wind Blows Amid Ten Thousand Willow Branches (traditional painting) ▶



Aggressors Are Under Fire Everywhere

A Glimpse of Fighting South Viet Nam

During our visit to Viet Nam, we had a chance to go to the northern end of Hien Luong Bridge. There we could get a glimpse of the fighting in south Viet Nam and the might of people's war. There the golden starred red flag rippled majestically. The three-striped flag of the puppet regime had disappeared from the southern end of the bridge where once it had waved.

U.S. imperialism and its flunkys had boasted that they would "obliterate" the Ben Hai River. They wanted not only to turn south Viet Nam into a hell under their rule but also to occupy north Viet Nam. They frenziedly suppressed the people in the "demilitarized zone" south of the river, and constantly bombed and shelled the northern side.

But the armed forces and people of the south valiantly struck back. Now the U.S.-puppet troops on the southern bank hide inside a number of big strongholds and do not dare to venture out. At night, with the aid of strong searchlights, they fire aimlessly in all

directions from their emplacements. Completely cut off, they have to get their supplies by helicopter.

On the day we visited Hien Luong Bridge, we saw a U.S. helicopter flying towards a stronghold on the other side of the bridge. As it was about to land, the helicopter, afraid of being hit by the Liberation Army, climbed again and headed for another stronghold to the west. Two U.S. reconnaissance planes were flying low. The Liberation forces immediately opened fire. The planes hurriedly climbed and flew away.

A seasoned fighter standing by our side pointed at the opposite bank and said, "The U.S. gangsters are afraid. They and their puppets are suffering more and more defeats. Except for their few strongholds, the entire area is under the control of the Liberation armed forces. The enemy is encircled by the people."

This we could see clearly from our end of the bridge. A Vietnamese comrade told us that some of the strongholds had recently been attacked by the Liberation armed forces and people of Quang Tri Province, and that many U.S. and puppet troops had been annihilated. Off the coast of Cua Viet not far from the Ben Hai Estuary, a 15,000-ton U.S. oil tanker was blasted and destroyed by the Liberation armed forces. We, too, were elated, as the people on both banks of the river hailed these victories. It recalled to our mind the many heroic figures from south Viet Nam we had met, and their stirring deeds.

The Vietnamese people in the south as well as in the north have proved that U.S. imperialism can be defeated. They have set an illustrious example for the people of the whole world in struggling against imperialism. The victories we witnessed near us were actually a picture of the south Viet Nam people's war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation in miniature. On the battlefields throughout south Viet Nam, the people who have armed themselves are advancing victoriously!

The People Will Bury the Aggressors in a Sea of Flames

A Vietnamese comrade told us, "We people in the south did not expect at the beginning that we could set an example by defeating the United

States. U.S. imperialism compelled us to take up arms and fight. Our resolute battles have proved that we can defeat the powerful U.S. pirates." Yes, that was how the south Vietnamese people rose in battle.

Nearly every hero we met from the south in the war against U.S. aggression has a bitter score to settle with the enemy. Their relatives were killed or persecuted by the U.S. pirates and their running dogs. What can prevent flames from raging in the south, so soaked with the oil of hatred? The south Vietnamese had no choice but to fight. The people have hit the enemy with all kinds of weapons, from rifles, guns, and explosives to bamboo spikes, launching attacks and laying traps. The U.S. aggressors, for all their vaunted power, are dashing frantically about like a bull in a field of flames.

The armed struggle did not start in the Quang Nam-Da Nang area, but once the people took up arms, the sparks quickly created a prairie fire. From the mountains to the plains, as well as around Da Nang, Hoi An and other cities where the enemy are entrenched, the people's armed forces are annihilating the foe. And one group after another of warriors, men and women, old and young who are known for bravery in wiping out U.S.-puppet troops, have emerged from the masses of people.

One of them is old Uncle Hai. He is 65 and his hair is grey. He was full of wrath when he showed us the scars on his body inflicted by U.S.-puppet troops and spoke of his hatred for U.S. imperialism which had divided his motherland.

He organized the people of his native village to fight the enemy, and made mines by putting high explosives in sections of bamboo and burying them near enemy fortifications. Four trucks carrying troops and ammunition for a "mopping-up" operation were blown up, killing or wounding over 90 U.S.-puppet troops. This same old man cut through five barbed wire entanglements and hid for two hours in the home of a local tyrant who had committed heinous crimes. He waited until this mortal enemy of the people came back, then punished him with his bullets of hatred and safely retreated under the cover provided by guerrilla comrades.

A 13-year-old boy named Hien has taken part in many battles and wiped out 14 enemies. His parents were killed by the U.S.-puppet troops. Cherishing deep hatred, he joined in the fight against the enemy. Once, he and another boy eliminated a ruffian on the highway with their gun and stick. On another occasion, Hien laid mines on a village path leading to a well. Then he hid nearby with a long firing device in his hand and waited. Ten "pacification team" members and a chieftain of a "strategic hamlet" came to wash themselves. Hien ignited the charge. The explosion killed or wounded all eleven of the enemy.

Experience has proved that war educates the people and that they can win the war. Attacks on Da Nang and its airport by the Liberation armed forces have destroyed dozens of U.S. planes, millions of gallons of gasoline and a great number of enemy troops. From Quang Tri to Ca Mau, on the Truong Son Range and along the banks of the Mekong River, the U.S. aggressors are besieged everywhere by the flames of people's war and cannot find a single safe corner. People's war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation is winning magnificently throughout south Viet Nam.

The More the People's Army Fights, the Stronger It Grows

The south Vietnamese people ardently love their Liberation Army. They understand from their personal experiences that without a people's army the people have nothing. With the support of the people, the people's army has been rapidly developing and growing stronger in combat against U.S. imperialist aggression. It has become the mainstay of the south Vietnamese people in conducting a people's war.

U.S. imperialism has been using everything except atomic weapons in south Viet Nam, but is being repeatedly beaten by a people's army and people armed with revolutionary spirit.

"Our men are very efficient at killing the U.S. devils," a Vietnamese comrade told us. "The GI's rely on their modern weapons, but we rely on the valiant combat spirit of the people. Without the support of aircraft and artillery, the Yankees can do little." The heroes of

the Liberation Army are exposing U.S. imperialism as a paper tiger.

Instructor Chuyen of the Liberation Army told us stories about fighting the Yanks. He and his men were ordered to annihilate U.S. armoured troops on a certain height. At a pre-battle rally the fighters shouted: "We are willing to die for the survival of the motherland," and "let us celebrate the 80th anniversary of the birth of President Ho with splendid achievements."

The local people told them how the enemy was deployed and explained the terrain. The enemy had destroyed houses and trees around the height with incendiary shells and bombs, removed heaps of earth around it with bulldozers and set up barbed wire entanglements around fortifications, hoping in this way to escape punishment by the Liberation Army. But that very evening, the Liberation Army advanced quietly and swiftly from three directions. At 3 a. m., two detachments led by Comrade An and Comrade Chuyen respectively approached to within 15 metres of the enemy installation. The U.S. troops were still sound asleep in their tents. Fifteen minutes later, the enemy command post was blasted by a thunderous explosion.

Hearing this signal for a general offensive, the three units of the Liberation Army launched a fierce attack with rockets, submachine-guns and hand grenades. Comrade Cuong destroyed three tanks with three rockets, while Comrade Chun wrecked two enemy tanks, then destroyed with one rocket a U.S. machine-gun fire point and three GI's. After destroying an enemy tank, Comrade Nam discovered four enemy soldiers hiding under it. He killed them with a burst from his submachine-gun. In 20 minutes of fighting, the Liberation Army fighters annihilated 80 U.S. troops and destroyed 15 enemy tanks. On another height, they wiped out 60 Americans of a U.S. mechanized infantry brigade and destroyed eight enemy tanks.

Talking about these operations, this skilful and valiant Comrade Chuyen smiled. "Fighters of our army say: 'U.S. armour isn't very solid. It can be pierced.' The U.S. aggressors try to frighten people with their modern weapons, but they are helpless in the face of brave men skilled in strategy and tactics." This is the response to the U.S. aggressors of commanders and fighters of an army matured in people's war.

No Let-Up till U.S. Imperialism Is Defeated

What impressed us most is the determination of the Vietnamese people to defeat imperialism completely.

An old man who sent his young son to the front after his elder son was killed in battle said, "One should not feel sorrow for the loss of a dear one. We will fight U.S. aggression for generations, if need be, until victory is won."

The U.S. imperialists resort to all sorts of coercion and deception, but the people refuse to give in. A small mountain village was short of salt and the enemy imposed a blockade. They said no salt would be allowed in unless a representative of the puppet regime was allowed to stay in the village. The villagers flatly refused.

They persisted though they had to slip through the enemy lines at night at the risk of their lives to get salt water from the sea for cooking. They held out till their village was liberated and salt was brought in freely from outside. A woman comrade from the south said, "The revolutionary concept of resolutely fighting U.S. imperialism has taken root in our people's hearts. They can never be suppressed or deceived by U.S. imperialism and its flunkies."

In our talks with Vietnamese comrades both from the south and in the north, we felt deeply that their common will to resist U.S. aggression is linked with a common determination to realize President Ho's testament: **To win complete victory in the struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation, liberate the south, defend the north and reunify the motherland.**

An old man of a village in Long An Province who cherished the memory of President Ho Chi Minh was killed by the enemy in cold blood. The people there rose in struggle and named their village after President Ho, resolving to carry out President Ho's testament and fight bravely. Men and women, young and old, stepped up their preparedness against enemy "mopping-up" operations. Uncle Tham, member of the armed forces of the village was born in President Ho's home town in Nghe An Province. In the war against French colonialism, he went down to the south with his unit. He was seriously wounded, and demobilized in this village of Long An Province. He

often encouraged the villagers with anecdotes of how President Ho made revolution and suggested that the village militia unit be named "Sen Village Guerrilla Unit," in honour of the place where President Ho was born.

Soon, the people were eager to fight the enemy. When U.S. and puppet troops came for a "mopping-up" operation, the people attacked them fiercely in the village and in the coconut groves. The place rang with gun fire, exploding of mines and the beating of gongs and drums. The foe fled in disorder. Many enemy soldiers fell into traps. That day, the people of "Ho Village" wiped out 130 U.S. and puppet troops. After the battle with Uncle Tham at their head, they announced the details of their victory before a portrait of President Ho. They pledged "to unite as one, and wipe out more enemy troops so that the south will be liberated and the country be reunited sooner, and Uncle Ho's wish come true sooner."

This is not only the voice of the people of "Ho Village" but of all the people of Viet Nam, north and south. They are determined to carry the anti-U.S. struggle through to the end. Victory certainly belongs to them, to the south Vietnamese people as well as the people of the whole of Viet Nam.

Fight Shoulder to Shoulder on the Anti-U.S. Front

While visiting, together with the Vietnamese comrades, the exhibition on the Vietnamese people's achievements in war and production in the past 25 years we were impressed by a huge sculpture depicting four heroic images with rifles in hand, symbols of the people of north Viet Nam, south Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia, who are fighting courageously against the U.S. aggressors. Vietnamese comrades from the south and north stood together and gazed at the sculpture for a long time. We found that whenever Vietnamese comrades spoke about the new situation in the war against U.S. imperialism and for national salvation waged by the three peoples in Indo-China, they said happily that the U.S. imperialists' rabid aggression has strengthened the unity of the three Indo-Chinese peoples.

U.S. imperialism is doomed to complete defeat. Our great leader Chairman Mao, in his solemn statement issued on May 20, 1970, pointed out clearly "U.S. imperialism, which looks like a huge monster, is in essence a paper tiger, now in the throes of its death-bed struggle." "Strengthening their unity, supporting each other and persevering in a protracted people's war, the three Indo-Chinese peoples will certainly overcome all difficulties and win complete victory." This statement was enthusiastically acclaimed by the Vietnamese people.

President Ho said, "No matter what difficulties and hardships lie ahead, our people are sure of total victory. The U.S. imperialists will certainly have to quit. Our motherland will certainly be reunified. Our fellow-countrymen in the south and in the north will certainly be reunited under the same roof." The day that President Ho had longed for will certainly come.



Hung Chen

A Refutation of the Theory of "Literature and Art for the Whole People"

During the historical period in which the proletariat exercises dictatorship, class struggle is chiefly manifested by the bourgeoisie attempting to restore capitalism and the proletariat launching counter-attacks. To regain its lost political power, the bourgeoisie always starts with work in the ideological field, first of all with the creation of public opinion.

Chou Yang and his like, agents of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi in literary and art circles, are a gang of counter-revolutionaries who manufactured public opinion against the revolution. In 1962, on the pretext of celebrating the 20th anniversary of the publication of *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art*, they tossed to the public a poisonous article entitled *In the Service of the Broadest Masses of People* in which they systematically outlined their general programme for a "literature and art for the whole people." They tried to use this to promote counter-revolutionary public opinion for the restoration of capitalism by means of literature and art.

Which Class Must Literature and Art Serve?

As Chairman Mao teaches us, **“This question of ‘for whom?’ is fundamental; it is a question of principle.”** Whom literature and art must serve is a question of which class dictatorship literature and art must serve. In our country today they must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, so as to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat. Serving the “whole people” means in essence serving the bourgeoisie, so as to restore the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie.

Serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, then, is the basic orientation Chairman Mao pointed out for proletarian revolutionary literature and art.

Chou Yang and his gang openly distorted and opposed this orientation, coming out with the fallacious theory of “broadening the scope of service” in their poisonous article. “Our literature and art today cater to broader masses than ever before,” they shouted. “They ought to serve all the people within the ranks of the united front, in which workers, peasants and soldiers form the main part.” And so on.

Workers, peasants and soldiers constitute the absolute majority of the population, so that serving them means serving the broadest possible masses. Can there be anything broader? But Chou Yang and his kind noisily declared that the scope must be further “broadened,” by which they meant literature and art must serve the bourgeoisie. It is quite obvious they intended to transform literature and art of the proletariat into those of the bourgeoisie. This is the true nature of what they called “literature and art for the whole people,” and out and out reactionary swindle.

But this swindle was hawked about under the label of “united front.” Behind such a façade this band of reactionaries thought they had found a “legitimate” base for their fallacy. But it was all in vain.

Chairman Mao teaches us, **“United front policy is class policy.”** Inside the united front, there are always different classes, contradictions between them and class struggle. When the proletariat includes the bourgeoisie in the united front, it means that while uniting with them, the proletariat must simultaneously struggle with them. One must not confuse the object of work for the united front with the public

served by literature and art. Proletarian literature and art is always a powerful ideological weapon with which the proletariat continuously struggle against the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes. Serving workers, peasants and soldiers exclusively, they must never serve the bourgeoisie, no matter what the pretext.

“Our literature and art should serve and work for the whole people,” Chou Yang and his gang claimed in an effort to blur the class distinctions and negate the class struggle. Lumping the bourgeoisie and workers, peasants and soldiers together as the public which the proletarian literature and art should serve is like saying that the bourgeoisie makes up the main part of the readership which our literary and art work should be directed to. Under such circumstances the so-called “workers, peasants and soldiers as the main part” is just an attempt to deceive the people. This is class defeatism through and through, a new edition of the Right opportunism of their bosses Wang Ming and Liu Shao-chi.

In his great thesis on continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, Chairman Mao teaches us that the principal contradiction in our society during the entire historic period of socialism is between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie and that the latter is the target of socialist revolution. Based on the specific conditions in our country, our Party has treated the contradiction between the proletariat and the national bourgeoisie as being within the ranks of the people, with the proviso that the latter must undergo socialist remoulding under the powerful dictatorship of the former.

The class relationship between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie under the people’s democratic dictatorship can only be that of the former remoulding the latter, and not the other way round. Chou Yang and his crew first ran up the “united front” flag, then bleated that this relationship must be altered, and finally suggested, “Couldn’t this relationship be changed into that of mutual remoulding?” Here lay their real intent. Using the pretext of “united front,” they demanded that our literature and art serve the bourgeoisie and that the proletariat be remoulded by the bourgeoisie. The fervent desire behind their raving to overthrow the proletarian dictatorship and restore capitalism was thus exposed.

To serve the "broadest" public, i.e. the bourgeoisie, they worked out another fallacy, the so-called "broadest demand." "The variety demanded by the masses and the variety demanded by life itself," they declaimed, "determine variety in literature and art." Only "variety in literature and art" can satisfy the "broadest demand" of the "whole people."

Proletarian literature and art, as Chairman Mao teaches us, should produce only **"what is needed and can be readily accepted by the workers, peasants and soldiers themselves."** Is the "broadest demand" vouched for by Chou Yang and his tribe identical with that of the workers, peasants and soldiers? Definitely not. What the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers urgently need is the portrayal of their own militant life and of proletarian heroes, and through them the spreading of Mao Tsetung Thought, so that the dictatorship of the proletariat can be consolidated. This collection of counter-revolutionaries of course never gave a thought to serving such needs.

For quite a long period in the past, however, they did try their best to "satisfy the broadest demand" by saturating the socialist market with feudal, bourgeois and revisionist literary and art works in the name of serving socialism, and by spreading "harmless" sugar-coated poison, all labelled "literature and art for the whole people," throughout the country to contaminate the socialist atmosphere. In a word, what they termed the "broadest demand" is the counter-revolutionary demand for the restoration of capitalism and the overthrow of the proletarian dictatorship!

In so many words, the big fanfare Chou Yang and his crowd made about "broadening the scope of service" and the "broadest demand" was nothing but a flat rejection of literature and art which serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, an effort to make the bourgeoisie the sole object of their service and the bourgeoisie's "demands" the sole task of literature and art. The so-called "united front," "broadening" and so on all add up to a hoax. The only aim of "literature and art for the whole people" is to restore the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie and revive capitalism.

Which Class World Outlook Should Guide Literary and Art Creation?

Which class world outlook should guide literary and art creation? This key question has bearing on which class literature and art should serve and which class should occupy the leading position in literature and art.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The science of Marxism-Leninism must be studied by all revolutionaries, writers and artists not excepted."** Revolutionary literary and art workers must acquire the world outlook of the proletariat and apply it in their observation and understanding of life. Only thus can they select the right material for their work and, with the political interests of the proletariat in mind, become faithful spokesmen for workers, peasants and soldiers, and realize what Chairman Mao emphatically told us in his *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*: Make literature and art **"operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy"** and serve as a mighty ideological instrument for consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Chou Yang and the rest pontificated that the bourgeois world outlook must be used to guide the creation of literature and art. They openly instigated writers to write from "their own thinking" instead of "Party ideology." Isn't this formulation of putting one's "own thinking" in opposition to "Party ideology" an outright manifestation of bourgeois world outlook?

The struggle between the two ideologies to guide literary and art creation is chiefly expressed in the question of "what to write" and "how to write."

On the question of "what to write" embodied in the sinister programme of "literature and art for the whole people," Chou Yang and company aired their views mainly in such counter-revolutionary theories as those of opposition to "subject matter as the decisive factor," "discarding the classics and rebelling against orthodoxy," opposition to "the smell of gunpowder" and "harmless but beneficial." In opposition to Chairman Mao's directives and the principle of partisanship in literature and art, they clamoured that writers and

artists must have "full," "complete" and "absolute" liberty to select material for their creative work. Influenced by this fallacy, the followers of the theory of opposition to "subject matter as the decisive factor" blustered that "writers can choose whatever material they like for their writing in accordance with their own political experience and practice in life and their personal inclination and ability."

Writers of different classes always choose and handle their material from the standpoint of their classes. Whatever subject matter they write about or refuse to write about is determined by the interests of their specific classes and guided by definite ideology. There is absolutely no such thing as "full," "complete" and "absolute" liberty.

If we examine what Chou Yang and his cronies actually did during the past years when they pushed the counter-revolutionary line in literature and art, we can readily see the true nature of their various deceptive arguments on "the freedom of choosing subject matter." They proposed writing about the so-called incorruptible officials and avenging ghosts instead of workers, peasants and soldiers; family trivialities and sentimental relationship instead of the fiery life of revolutionary struggle; "close collaboration" and "mutual aid in unity" between workers and capitalists instead of the sharp class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie. While refusing to reflect the great victories of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, they dolled up for all they were worth the "Left" or the Right opportunist line. Instead of eulogizing our great leader Chairman Mao and our great Party, they tried, either by distorting history or by satirizing the present through personages of yore, to defend anti-Party elements, praise the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and viciously slander the dictatorship of the proletariat.

What they called writing "in accordance with their own political experience and practice in life" and their "personal inclination and ability" was nothing but an effort to revive, with the help of their counter-revolutionary "political experience" and decadent "practice in life," the bourgeois "inclination" and "ability" to poison the people and lay a theoretical basis for turning out corrupting works. The

kind of "freedom" this gang insisted upon was one by which they could freely create public opinion for the restoration of capitalism.

On the question of "how to write," Chou Yang and the others were also dead set against the guiding role of the proletarian world outlook. While stubbornly embracing bourgeois critical realism, they dumped on the market such goods as the theories of "truthful writing," "the broad path of realism," "the deepening of realism" and "middle characters."

There never has been such a thing as abstract, super-class "truthful writing" in class society. Revolutionary writers and artists can reflect the reality of our social life correctly and truthfully only by maintaining a firm proletarian stand, taking the proletarian world outlook as their guide, integrating revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, and then, through typification and generalization, achieving in their writing a quality **"on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life."** The brilliant model revolutionary theatrical works created under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought are clear evidence of this great truth.

The so-called "truthful writing" advocated by Chou Yang and his crowd is actually the kind of stuff the bourgeoisie and all counter-revolutionaries demand. Under their pens, the bourgeoisie becomes the "exploited," massacring hangmen "heroes," feudal rulers "enlightened kings" and despicable renegades "revolutionary fighters." They racked their brains to paint a picture of our immeasurably superior socialist system as a dark void, to distort our worker, peasant and soldier heroes as "middle characters," and to vilify the people's liberation war as a "great disaster" which brought suffering and misfortune. And so on. Is there a grain of "truth" in this type of writing? By the "deepening of realism" they meant the "deepening" of opposition to realism and by the "broad path of realism" the counter-revolutionary path of restoring capitalism.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Works of literature and art, as ideological forms, are products of the reflection in the human brain of the life of a given society. Revolutionary literature and art are the products of the reflection of the life of the people in the brains**

of revolutionary writers and artists.” All the fallacies pushed by Chou Yang and his gang were to persuade people to write only about social life as reflected in the brains of super-class “men,” and not about the militant life of workers, peasants and soldiers as reflected in “the brains of revolutionary writers and artists.” Here their plot to uphold the bourgeois world outlook against that of the proletariat comes into the open without the slightest reservation. The theory of “literature and art for the whole people,” then, is simply an instrument for the bourgeoisie to exercise counter-revolutionary dictatorship with its world outlook over the proletariat in the field of literary and art creation.

Which Class’s Literary and Art Contingent Should Be Built Up?

The struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie for position in the literary and art arena is also evident on the question of what contingent of writers and artists we should build up.

“We must also have a cultural army, which is absolutely indispensable for uniting our own ranks and defeating the enemy,” so Chairman Mao teaches us. In his brilliant, epoch-making document *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, Chairman Mao outlined a programme for the formation of a proletarian literary and art contingent.

As early as the thirties the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi had come forth with an organizational line for literature and art: “No matter what party, what group and what individual, you have to get them in.” Having usurped the leadership in literary and art circles after the establishment of New China, Chou Yang and company tried their best to implement this counter-revolutionary organizational line under the cover of “unity.” “Literature and art have become the concern of the whole people,” they cried out, and therefore it is necessary to have “unity” “on a broad basis.” And this, too, was the counter-revolutionary organizational programme for their “literature and art for the whole people.”

Do we need unity in literary and art circles? Of course we do. But this unity must have a revolutionary purpose. Chairman Mao

teaches us: “Unite for one purpose, that is, the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat.” This is also the very purpose of the unity in the ranks of writers and artists. What Chou Yang and his like hankered after, however, was something totally different. They “united” writers and artists in order to push “literature and art for the whole people” and create counter-revolutionary public opinion for the restoration of capitalism — the purpose being to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat.

With whom should we unite? To build up socialist literature and art and consolidate its own dictatorship, the proletariat must unite with all writers and artists who support socialist revolution and construction and who are willing to join the revolution. But what type of people did Chou Yang and company want to include in their “broad unity”? In it they gathered together all the shady characters, “getting in” renegades, agents, counter-revolutionaries and Rightists, and placing them at important posts. Petofi Club type groups were organized and controlled all the positions in the literary and art fields in order to institute a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie in literary and art circles.

How to achieve unity? To strengthen the unity among writers and artists, we must actively engage in ideological struggle. “We stand for active ideological struggle because it is the weapon for ensuring unity within the Party and the revolutionary organizations in the interest of our fight.” We must fight, using Mao Tsetung Thought as the weapon, against all types of bourgeois thinking that crop up in the ranks of writers and artists, against all the poisonous works that appear in the fields of literature and art, criticize and repudiate them, and never live in peace with them.

Chou Yang and his gang superseded struggle by “unity,” advocating “mutual respect” and “learning from each other.” What this collection of counter-revolutionaries wanted us to “respect” actually were the bourgeois reactionary authorities and what they wanted us to “learn from” were those sinister products produced by feudal, bourgeois and revisionist hacks. This kind of “unity” only induces revolutionary writers and artists to become worshippers of the bourgeoisie.

Chairman Mao teaches us that revolutionary writers and artists must pay attention to study, "the study of Marxism-Leninism," and "must for a long period of time unreservedly and whole-heartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers." This is the fundamental orientation for the building up of a contingent of proletarian writers and artists.

Chou Yang and his kind had in mind a different role for writers and artists to play — heralds of the restoration of capitalism. That is why they tried their best to prevent literary and art workers from studying Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and from integrating with workers, peasants and soldiers.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, however, has smashed all the fantasies of these counter-revolutionaries. In the movement of revolutionary mass criticism, which is in full swing, and in the movement of purifying the class ranks, the broad masses of writers and artists have begun to integrate with workers, peasants and soldiers. They are now marching along the highway of revolutionization pointed out by Chairman Mao. Guided by the great leader's revolutionary line in literature and art, an army of proletarian writers and artists is growing up in the revolutionary movement of proletarian literature and art.

Chronicle

Documentaries Shown Throughout China

Four documentaries have been released and screened throughout China since the middle of last December. They are: a television documentary *Shachiapang, Warmly Celebrate the Seventeenth Anniversary of the National Day of the Kingdom of Cambodia* and *Samdech Norodom Sihanouk Visits Northwest China* in colour and a full-length documentary *Red Banner Canal*.

Shachiapang is the fourth television documentary of the model revolutionary theatrical works, the first three being *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, *The Red Lantern* and *The White-Haired Girl*. It was produced from a live performance of the modern revolutionary Peking opera of the same title. The film is printed with captions to help the workers, peasants and soldiers understand the lyrics.

Warmly Celebrate the Seventeenth Anniversary of the National Day of the Kingdom of Cambodia records scenes of the grand rally held by the revolutionary masses of Peking, the capital of China, with their Cambodian comrades-in-arms, to celebrate Cambodia's 17th anniversary in the upsurge of the struggle of the world's people against U.S. imperialism and all its running dogs and in the excellent situation of the Cambodian people's victorious war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation.

Samdech Norodom Sihanouk Visits Northwest China records the recent visit of Samdech Norodom Sihanouk, Head of State of Cambodia and Chairman of the National United Front of Cambodia, and Madame Sihanouk, to Sian, Yen-an, Urumchi, and other places in China. The film shows the warm welcome accorded to them by the people of China's various nationalities, and is permeated by the revolutionary friendship and militant unity between the people of China and Cambodia.

Red Banner Canal chronicles the heroic exploits in the past ten years of the people of Linhsien County, Honan Province, who, by hard struggle and self-reliance, have built a 1,500 kilometre long canal by hewing cliffs in the rocky Taihang Mountains under the leadership of the Party.

Linhsien County, a sweep of high mountains and deep gullies, used to be hit by severe drought nine years out of ten. Now it has become a thriving socialist area. Irrigation ditches wind on the mountain sides and ensure good harvests every year, eliminating both drought and water-logging.

The film vividly mirrors the heroism of the people of Linhsien County who, taking class struggle as the key link, fought the elements and re-made nature. It is a song of victory in praise of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line.

Photo Exhibitions on South Viet Nam Displayed in Peking and Other Cities in China

A photo exhibition celebrating the tenth anniversary of the founding of the South Viet Nam National Front for Liberation opened in Peking on December 19 last year. It was sponsored by the China-Viet Nam Friendship Association and the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries. Other photo exhibitions of the same content were held in six other cities including Shanghai and Kwangchow.

The close to 100 photos on exhibit depict the brilliant victories of the armymen and people of south Viet Nam who have fought courageously in the war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation

under the leadership of the South Viet Nam National Front for Liberation and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of the Republic of South Viet Nam.

The exhibition shows the close unity of the 34 million Vietnamese people, their strong determination to realize President Ho's sacred will, and their confidence in victory over U.S. aggression. It reflects how the people of Indo-China are united as one in struggle, support one another, and are determined to resist the U.S. imperialist aggressors.

The photos also reflect the great revolutionary friendship and militant unity between the people of China and Viet Nam.

The exhibition has been warmly welcomed and praised by the Chinese visitors.

A Reactionary Japanese Film Criticized

After the reactionary Japanese film *Admiral Yamamoto* was criticized in the Chinese press (see *Chinese Literature* No. 2, 1971), the *People's Daily* and many local newspapers in China published in middle December last year an article by Tao Ti-wen under the title *Barefaced Revelation of Japanese Militarism's Ambition for Aggression* on another reactionary Japanese film *Battle of the Japan Sea*, which deals with the 1904-1905 predatory war between the Japanese and Russian imperialist gangsters.

At the beginning of this century, relying on U.S. imperialism and others, the Japanese militarists waged the Russo-Japanese War to seize northeast China and Korea. Having defeated Russia, the Japanese gangsters seized from it the rights to the lease of China's South Manchuria Railway, the coastal cities Lushun and Talien and the right to rule directly over Korea. From then on, Japanese militarism rapidly became an upstart capitalist power and a big pirate in the orient. These are historical facts.

The article pointed out: The film is a distortion of history, calling black white. The fact is that Japanese militarists invaded and occupied the territory of China and Korea. But the film distorts this to say that

this was a "sacred" act to safeguard Japan's "independence" and "sovereignty."

It lauds the predatory war as "a sacred war" which marked "an era of prosperity" created by Emperor (Tenno) Meiji and which had "nation-wide support," while in actuality it was opposed by the broad masses of the Japanese people. The film also beautifies the Japanese militarist aggression and expansion as "pioneering." This is indeed naked gangster logic.

The article pointed out: *Battle of the Japan Sea* frenziedly glorifies the criminal history of Japanese militarist aggression in Asia. The Japanese reactionaries let loose on the screen a horde of butchers whose hands are dripping with the blood of hundreds of millions of the people of China and Korea and who once again are brandishing their sanguinary knives in another "show of force" against the people of China and the rest of Asia.

The eight years of war waged by Japanese militarists against China ended in their total defeat. Today, fostered by U.S. imperialism, Japanese militarism thinks that it has gathered enough strength, and is attempting to stage a come-back and embark on the old road of aggression opened up at the time of Emperor Meiji. *Battle of the Japan Sea* is a further iron-clad evidence of this wild dream.

The article concluded: History never repeats itself. The roaring and surging stream of history has been washing away the dregs of humanity, one after another. In the War of Resistance Against Japan 25 years ago, the great Chinese people under the leadership of their great leader Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party sent all those "crack" Japanese aggressor divisions, which were good at killing, burning and looting, to their graves, and the "flower of their famed army generals" faded in the vast land of China. U.S. imperialism, the master of Japanese militarism, also suffered heavy defeat on this same road of aggression 17 years ago under the blows of the heroic Korean and Chinese people. The overbearing McArthur, then a champion of U.S. imperialism in "developing Asia," who threatened to "water his horse on the banks of the Yalu River," failed to fulfil his "high aspiration," and had to leave his post with "regret." The east wind is now prevailing over the vast continent of Asia today.

There is a clap of spring thunder and a revolutionary scene of militant unity to "defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs." Our great leader Chairman Mao pointed out long ago: "In the struggle against the (Japan-U.S. military alliance) treaty, the Japanese people are daily becoming more awakened; more and more of them have become awakened."

We rejoice to see the growing awakening of the great Japanese people in stormy struggle and the unprecedentedly big revolutionary mass movement that is growing vigorously in Japan. Along with the struggles of other revolutionary peoples in Asia, the movement is dealing heavy blows to the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries. History shows that the road of aggression and expansion on which Japanese militarism has embarked is the road of "Make trouble, fail, make trouble again, fail again . . . till their doom." If Japanese militarism dares to play with the fire of war and take its old road, it will fail once again!

Shen Hsiu-chin's Heroic Deeds Displayed in Tsinan

An exhibition of the advanced deeds of Shen Hsiu-chin, a good daughter of the Party, opened last autumn in Paotuchuan Park in Tsinan, Shantung Province. On display were: copies of Chairman Mao's works she had studied, the oil lamp she used and an oil painting showing her diligently studying Chairman Mao's works; diaries and articles she had written.

The exhibits also include photos, paintings and a large number of relics reflecting her brave struggle against class enemies, her eagerness to remould her world outlook by humbly receiving the re-education from the poor and lower-middle peasants and her readiness to serve the people whole-heartedly. Some oil paintings and sculptures represent a scene in which Shen Hsiu-chin bravely threw herself on the fire in order to save state property and to protect people's lives.

The exhibition, which is particularly instructive to young people, had many visitors each day.

Works of Karl Marx, Frederick Engels, V.I. Lenin and J.V. Stalin

(In English)

Manifesto of the Communist Party — Marx and Engels
Wages, Price and Profit — Marx
The Civil War in France — Marx
Two Tactics of Social-Democracy in the Democratic Revolution
— Lenin
Karl Marx — Lenin
Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism — Lenin
The State and Revolution — Lenin
The Proletarian Revolution and the Renegade Kautsky — Lenin
The State — Lenin
“Left-Wing” Communism, an Infantile Disorder — Lenin
Lenin’s Prediction on the Revolutionary Storms in the East
Lenin on War and Peace (Three Articles)
Lenin on the National and Colonial Questions (Three Articles)
The Foundations of Leninism — J. V. Stalin

18.5 × 13 cm.

paper cover

Published by: **FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS**, Peking, China

Distributed by: **GUOZI SHUDIAN** (China Publications Centre), Peking, China

Send your order to your local dealer or write direct to the **Mail Order Dept.**,
GUOZI SHUDIAN, P.O. Box 399, Peking, China

Published by Foreign Languages Press
Yu Chou Hung, Peking (37), China
Printed in the People's Republic of China

MAO TSETUNG

People of the World, Unite and Defeat the U.S. Aggressors and All Their Running Dogs!

(Statement of May 20, 1970)

Available in Arabic, Bengali, Burmese, Czech, English, French, German, Housa, Hindi, Indonesian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Lao, Mongolian, Persian, Polish, Portuguese, Rumanian, Russian, Spanish, Swahili, Tamil, Thai, Turkish, Urdu, Vietnamese and Esperanto

12 pages

12.8 × 9 cm.

Paper cover

Published by: **FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS**, Peking, China

Distributed by: **GUOZI SHUDIAN** (China Publications Centre), Peking

Order from your local dealer or write direct to the **Mail Order Dept.**,
GUOZI SHUDIAN, P.O. Box 399, Peking, China

中国文学

英文月刊 1971 年第 3 期

本刊代号 2—916