

CHINESE LITERATURE



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CONTENTS

Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art — Mao Tsetung	3
On the Docks	52
STORIES	
Spring Comes to the South — <i>Hung Shan</i>	99
Little Kunlun — <i>Wang Tsung-jen</i>	109
Overnight at Red Flower Village — <i>Fang Shao-chung</i>	115
ARTICLES	
A Great Programme for Socialist Literature and Art — <i>Shih Ta-wen</i>	120
A Cultural Work Team on the Plateau — <i>Ai Hung-liu</i>	129
On a New Front	138
Light Cavalry of Culture — <i>Hsin Hua</i>	143
CHRONICLE	151
PLATES	
Stage Photographs from "On the Docks"	68-69
Cutting an Irrigation Ditch Through the Mountain (oil painting)	98-99
Working on a Live Wire (oil painting) — <i>Yuan Hao</i>	114-115
Studying Chairman Mao's Works (painting in the traditional style) — <i>Yu Chih-hsueh</i>	128-129

Front Cover: Singing the Model Revolutionary Peking Opera

Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art

May 1942

INTRODUCTION

May 2, 1942

Comrades! You have been invited to this forum today to exchange ideas and examine the relationship between work in the literary and artistic fields and revolutionary work in general. Our aim is to ensure that revolutionary literature and art follow the correct path of development and provide better help to other revolutionary work in facilitating the overthrow of our national enemy and the accomplishment of the task of national liberation.

In our struggle for the liberation of the Chinese people there are various fronts, among which there are the fronts of the pen and of the gun, the cultural and the military fronts. To defeat the enemy we must rely primarily on the army with guns. But this army alone is not enough; we must also have a cultural army, which is absolutely indispensable for uniting our own ranks and defeating the enemy. Since the May 4th Movement such a cultural army has taken shape in China, and it has helped the Chinese revolution, gradually reduced the domain of China's feudal culture and of the comprador culture which serves imperialist aggression, and weakened their influence. To oppose the new culture the Chinese reactionaries can now only "pit quantity against quality." In other words, reactionaries have money, and though they can produce nothing good, they can go all out and produce in quantity. Literature and art have been an important and successful part of the cultural front since the May 4th Movement. During the ten years' civil war, the revolutionary literature and art movement grew greatly. That movement and the revolutionary war both headed in the same general direction, but these two fraternal armies were not linked together in their practical work because the reactionaries had cut them off from each other. It is very good that since the outbreak of the War of Resistance Against Japan, more and more revolutionary writers and artists have been coming to Yen-an and our other anti-Japanese base areas. But it does not necessarily follow that, having come to the

base areas, they have already integrated themselves completely with the masses of the people here. The two must be completely integrated if we are to push ahead with our revolutionary work. The purpose of our meeting today is precisely to ensure that literature and art fit well into the whole revolutionary machine as a component part, that they operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy, and that they help the people fight the enemy with one heart and one mind. What are the problems that must be solved to achieve this objective? I think they are the problems of the class stand of the writers and artists, their attitude, their audience, their work and their study.

The problem of class stand. Our stand is that of the proletariat and of the masses. For members of the Communist Party, this means keeping to the stand of the Party, keeping to Party spirit and Party policy. Are there any of our literary and art workers who are still mistaken or not clear in their understanding of this problem? I think there are. Many of our comrades have frequently departed from the correct stand.

The problem of attitude. From one's stand there follow specific attitudes towards specific matters. For instance, is one to extol or to expose? This is a question of attitude. Which attitude is wanted? I would say both. The question is, whom are you dealing with? There are three kinds of persons, the enemy, our allies in the united front and our own people; the last are the

masses and their vanguard. We need to adopt a different attitude towards each of the three. With regard to the enemy, that is, Japanese imperialism and all the other enemies of the people, the task of revolutionary writers and artists is to expose their duplicity and cruelty and at the same time to point out the inevitability of their defeat, so as to encourage the anti-Japanese army and people to fight staunchly with one heart and one mind for their overthrow. With regard to our different allies in the united front, our attitude should be one of both alliance and criticism, and there should be different kinds of alliance and different kinds of criticism. We support them in their resistance to Japan and praise them for any achievement. But if they are not active in the War of Resistance, we should criticize them. If anyone opposes the Communist Party and the people and keeps moving down the path of reaction, we will firmly oppose him. As for the masses of the people, their toil and their struggle, their army and their Party, we should certainly praise them. The people, too, have their shortcomings. Among the proletariat many retain petty-bourgeois ideas, while both the peasants and the urban petty bourgeoisie have backward ideas; these are burdens hampering them in their struggle. We should be patient and spend a long time in educating them and helping them to get these loads off their backs and combat their own shortcomings and errors, so that they can advance with great strides. They have remoulded themselves in struggle or are doing so, and our literature and art should depict this process.

As long as they do not persist in their errors, we should not dwell on their negative side and consequently make the mistake of ridiculing them or, worse still, of being hostile to them. Our writings should help them to unite, to make progress, to press ahead with one heart and one mind, to discard what is backward and develop what is revolutionary, and should certainly not do the opposite.

The problem of audience, *i.e.*, the people for whom our works of literature and art are produced. In the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region and the anti-Japanese base areas of northern and central China, this problem differs from that in the Kuomintang areas, and differs still more from that in Shanghai before the War of Resistance. In the Shanghai period, the audience for works of revolutionary literature and art consisted mainly of a section of the students, office workers and shop assistants. After the outbreak of the War of Resistance the audience in the Kuomintang areas became somewhat wider, but it still consisted mainly of the same kind of people because the government there prevented the workers, peasants and soldiers from having access to revolutionary literature and art. In our base areas the situation is entirely different. Here the audience for works of literature and art consists of workers, peasants, soldiers and revolutionary cadres. There are students in the base areas, too, but they are different from students of the old type; they are either former or future cadres. The cadres of all types, fighters in the army, workers in the factories and peasants in the villages all want to read books and news-

papers once they become literate, and those who are illiterate want to see plays and operas, look at drawings and paintings, sing songs and hear music; they are the audience for our works of literature and art. Take the cadres alone. Do not think they are few; they far outnumber the readers of any book published in the Kuo-mintang areas. There, an edition usually runs to only 2,000 copies, and even three editions add up to only 6,000; but as for the cadres in the base areas, in Yenan alone there are more than 10,000 who read books. Many of them, moreover, are tempered revolutionaries of long standing, who have come from all parts of the country and will go out to work in different places, so it is very important to do educational work among them. Our literary and art workers must do a good job in this respect.

Since the audience for our literature and art consists of workers, peasants and soldiers and of their cadres, the problem arises of understanding them and knowing them well. A great deal of work has to be done in order to understand them and know them well, to understand and know well all the different kinds of people and phenomena in the Party and government organizations, in the villages and factories and in the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies. Our writers and artists have their literary and art work to do, but their primary task is to understand people and know them well. In this regard, how have matters stood with our writers and artists? I would say they have been lacking in knowledge and understanding; they have been like "a hero with no place

to display his prowess." What does lacking in knowledge mean? Not knowing people well. The writers and artists do not have a good knowledge either of those whom they describe or of their audience; indeed they may hardly know them at all. They do not know the workers or peasants or soldiers well, and do not know the cadres well either. What does lacking in understanding mean? Not understanding the language, that is, not being familiar with the rich, lively language of the masses. Since many writers and artists stand aloof from the masses and lead empty lives, naturally they are unfamiliar with the language of the people. Accordingly, their works are not only insipid in language but often contain nondescript expressions of their own coining which run counter to popular usage. Many comrades like to talk about "a mass style." But what does it really mean? It means that the thoughts and feelings of our writers and artists should be fused with those of the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers. To achieve this fusion, they should conscientiously learn the language of the masses. How can you talk of literary and artistic creation if you find the very language of the masses largely incomprehensible? By "a hero with no place to display his prowess," we mean that your collection of great truths is not appreciated by the masses. The more you put on the airs of a veteran before the masses and play the "hero," the more you try to peddle such stuff to the masses, the less likely they are to accept it. If you want the masses to understand you, if you want to be one

with the masses, you must make up your mind to undergo a long and even painful process of tempering. Here I might mention the experience of how my own feelings changed. I began life as a student and at school acquired the ways of a student; I then used to feel it undignified to do even a little manual labour, such as carrying my own luggage in the presence of my fellow students, who were incapable of carrying anything, either on their shoulders or in their hands. At that time I felt that intellectuals were the only clean people in the world, while in comparison workers and peasants were dirty. I did not mind wearing the clothes of other intellectuals, believing them clean, but I would not put on clothes belonging to a worker or peasant, believing them dirty. But after I became a revolutionary and lived with workers and peasants and with soldiers of the revolutionary army, I gradually came to know them well, and they gradually came to know me well too. It was then, and only then, that I fundamentally changed the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois feelings implanted in me in the bourgeois schools. I came to feel that compared with the workers and peasants the unremoulded intellectuals were not clean and that, in the last analysis, the workers and peasants were the cleanest people and, even though their hands were soiled and their feet smeared with cowdung, they were really cleaner than the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals. That is what is meant by a change in feelings, a change from one class to another. If our writers and artists who come from the intelligentsia want their works to be well

received by the masses, they must change and remould their thinking and their feelings. Without such a change, without such remoulding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits.

The last problem is study, by which I mean the study of Marxism-Leninism and of society. Anyone who considers himself a revolutionary Marxist writer, and especially any writer who is a member of the Communist Party, must have a knowledge of Marxism-Leninism. At present, however, some comrades are lacking in the basic concepts of Marxism. For instance, it is a basic Marxist concept that being determines consciousness, that the objective realities of class struggle and national struggle determine our thoughts and feelings. But some of our comrades turn this upside down and maintain that everything ought to start from "love." Now as for love, in a class society there can be only class love; but these comrades are seeking a love transcending classes, love in the abstract and also freedom in the abstract, truth in the abstract, human nature in the abstract, etc. This shows that they have been very deeply influenced by the bourgeoisie. They should thoroughly rid themselves of this influence and modestly study Marxism-Leninism. It is right for writers and artists to study literary and artistic creation, but the science of Marxism-Leninism must be studied by all revolutionaries, writers and artists not excepted. Writers and artists should study society, that is to say, should study the various classes in society, their mutual relations and respective conditions, their physiognomy and their

psychology. Only when we grasp all this clearly can we have a literature and art that is rich in content and correct in orientation.

I am merely raising these problems today by way of introduction; I hope all of you will express your views on these and other relevant problems.

CONCLUSION

May 23, 1942

Comrades! Our forum has had three meetings this month. In the pursuit of truth we have carried on spirited debates in which scores of Party and non-Party comrades have spoken, laying bare the issues and making them more concrete. This, I believe, will very much benefit the whole literary and artistic movement.

In discussing a problem, we should start from reality and not from definitions. We would be following a wrong method if we first looked up definitions of literature and art in textbooks and then used them to determine the guiding principles for the present-day literary and artistic movement and to judge the different opinions and controversies that arise today. We are Marxists, and Marxism teaches that in our approach to a problem we should start from objective facts, not from abstract definitions, and that we should derive our guiding principles, policies and measures from an analysis of these facts. We should

do the same in our present discussion of literary and artistic work.

What are the facts at present? The facts are: the War of Resistance Against Japan which China has been fighting for five years; the world-wide anti-fascist war; the vacillations of China's big landlord class and big bourgeoisie in the War of Resistance and their policy of high-handed oppression of the people; the revolutionary movement in literature and art since the May 4th Movement — its great contributions to the revolution during the last twenty-three years and its many shortcomings; the anti-Japanese democratic base areas of the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies and the integration of large numbers of writers and artists with these armies and with the workers and peasants in these areas; the difference in both environment and tasks between the writers and artists in the base areas and those in the Kuomintang areas; and the controversial issues concerning literature and art which have arisen in Yen-an and the other anti-Japanese base areas. These are the actual, undeniable facts in the light of which we have to consider our problems.

What then is the crux of the matter? In my opinion, it consists fundamentally of the problems of working for the masses and how to work for the masses. Unless these two problems are solved, or solved properly, our writers and artists will be ill-adapted to their environment and their tasks and will come up against a series of difficulties from without and within. My concluding remarks will

centre on these two problems and also touch upon some related ones.

I

The first problem is: literature and art for whom?

This problem was solved long ago by Marxists, especially by Lenin. As far back as 1905 Lenin pointed out emphatically that our literature and art should "serve... the millions and tens of millions of working people."¹ For comrades engaged in literary and artistic work in the anti-Japanese base areas it might seem that this problem is already solved and needs no further discussion. Actually, that is not the case. Many comrades have not found a clear solution. Consequently their sentiments, their works, their actions and their views on the guiding principles for literature and art have inevitably been more or less at variance with the needs of the masses and of the practical struggle. Of course, among the numerous men of culture, writers, artists and other literary and artistic workers engaged in the great struggle for liberation together with the Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies, a few may be careerists who are with us only temporarily, but the overwhelming majority are working energetically for the common cause. By relying on these comrades, we have achieved a great deal in our literature, drama, music and fine arts. Many of these writers and artists have begun their work since the outbreak of the War of Resistance; many others did much revolutionary work before the war, endured many hard-

ships and influenced broad masses of the people by their activities and works. Why do we say, then, that even among these comrades there are some who have not reached a clear solution of the problem of whom literature and art are for? Is it conceivable that there are still some who maintain that revolutionary literature and art are not for the masses of the people but for the exploiters and oppressors?

Indeed literature and art exist which are for the exploiters and oppressors. Literature and art for the landlord class are feudal literature and art. Such were the literature and art of the ruling class in China's feudal era. To this day such literature and art still have considerable influence in China. Literature and art for the bourgeoisie are bourgeois literature and art. People like Liang Shih-chiu,² whom Lu Hsun criticized, talk about literature and art as transcending classes, but in fact they uphold bourgeois literature and art and oppose proletarian literature and art. Then literature and art exist which serve the imperialists — for example, the works of Chou Tso-jen, Chang Tzu-ping³ and their like — which we call traitor literature and art. With us, literature and art are for the people, not for any of the above groups. We have said that China's new culture at the present stage is an anti-imperialist, anti-feudal culture of the masses of the people under the leadership of the proletariat. Today, anything that is truly of the masses must necessarily be led by the proletariat. Whatever is under the leadership of the bourgeoisie cannot possibly be of the masses. Naturally, the

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

Who, then, are the masses of the people? The broadest sections of the people, constituting more than 90 per cent of our total population, are the workers, peasants, soldiers and urban petty bourgeoisie. Therefore, our literature and art are first for the workers, the class that leads the revolution. Secondly, they are for the peasants, the most numerous and most steadfast of our allies in the revolution. Thirdly, they are for the armed workers and peasants, namely, the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies and the other armed units of the people, which are the main forces of the revolutionary war. Fourthly, they are for the labouring masses of the urban petty bourgeoisie and for the petty-bourgeois intellectuals, both of whom are also our allies in the revolution and capable of long-term cooperation with us. These four kinds of people constitute the overwhelming majority of the Chinese nation, the broadest masses of the people.

Our literature and art should be for the four kinds of people we have enumerated. To serve them, we must take the class stand of the proletariat and not that of the

petty bourgeoisie. Today, writers who cling to an individualist, petty-bourgeois stand cannot truly serve the masses of revolutionary workers, peasants and soldiers. Their interest is mainly focused on the small number of petty-bourgeois intellectuals. This is the crucial reason why some of our comrades cannot correctly solve the problem of "for whom?" In saying this I am not referring to theory. In theory, or in words, no one in our ranks regards the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers as less important than the petty-bourgeois intellectuals. I am referring to practice, to action. In practice, in action, do they regard petty-bourgeois intellectuals as more important than workers, peasants and soldiers? I think they do. Many comrades concern themselves with studying the petty-bourgeois intellectuals and analysing their psychology, and they concentrate on portraying these intellectuals and excusing or defending their shortcomings, instead of guiding the intellectuals to join with them in getting closer to the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, taking part in the practical struggles of the masses, portraying and educating the masses. Coming from the petty bourgeoisie and being themselves intellectuals, many comrades seek friends only among intellectuals and concentrate on studying and describing them. Such study and description are proper if done from a proletarian position. But that is not what they do, or not what they do fully. They take the petty-bourgeois stand and produce works that are the self-expression of the petty bourgeoisie, as can be seen in quite a number of literary

and artistic products. Often they show heartfelt sympathy for intellectuals of petty-bourgeois origin, to the extent of sympathizing with or even praising their shortcomings. On the other hand, these comrades seldom come into contact with the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, do not understand or study them, do not have intimate friends among them and are not good at portraying them; when they do depict them, the clothes are the clothes of working people but the faces are those of petty-bourgeois intellectuals. In certain respects they are fond of the workers, peasants and soldiers and the cadres stemming from them; but there are times when they do not like them and there are some respects in which they do not like them: they do not like their feelings or their manner or their nascent literature and art (the wall newspapers, murals, folk songs, folk tales, etc). At times they are fond of these things too, but that is when they are hunting for novelty, for something with which to embellish their own works, or even for certain backward features. At other times they openly despise these things and are partial to what belongs to the petty-bourgeois intellectuals or even to the bourgeoisie. These comrades have their feet planted on the side of the petty-bourgeois intellectuals; or, to put it more elegantly, their innermost soul is still a kingdom of the petty-bourgeois intelligentsia. Thus they have not yet solved, or not yet clearly solved, the problem of "for whom?" This applies not only to newcomers to Yen-an; even among comrades who have been to the front and worked for a number of years in

our base areas and in the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies, many have not completely solved this problem. It requires a long period of time, at least eight or ten years, to solve it thoroughly. But however long it takes, solve it we must and solve it unequivocally and thoroughly. Our literary and art workers must accomplish this task and shift their stand; they must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the process of going into their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society. Only in this way can we have a literature and art that are truly for the workers, peasants and soldiers, a truly proletarian literature and art.

This question of "for whom?" is fundamental; it is a question of principle. The controversies and divergences, the opposition and disunity arising among some comrades in the past were not on this fundamental question of principle but on secondary questions, or even on issues involving no principle. On this question of principle, however, there has been hardly any divergence between the two contending sides and they have shown almost complete agreement; to some extent, both tend to look down upon the workers, peasants and soldiers and divorce themselves from the masses. I say "to some extent" because, generally speaking, these comrades do not look down upon the workers, peasants and soldiers or divorce themselves from the masses in the same way as the Kuomintang docs. Nevertheless, the tendency is there. Unless

this fundamental problem is solved, many other problems will not be easy to solve. Take, for instance, the sectarianism in literary and art circles. This too is a question of principle, but sectarianism can only be eradicated by putting forward and faithfully applying the slogans, "For the workers and peasants!", "For the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies!" and "Go among the masses!" Otherwise the problem of sectarianism can never be solved. Lu Hsun once said:

A common aim is the prerequisite for a united front. . . . The fact that our front is not united shows that we have not been able to unify our aims, and that some people are working only for small groups or indeed only for themselves. If we all aim at serving the masses of workers and peasants, our front will of course be united.⁴

The problem existed then in Shanghai; now it exists in Chungking too. In such places the problem can hardly be solved thoroughly, because the rulers oppress the revolutionary writers and artists and deny them the freedom to go out among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers. Here with us the situation is entirely different. We encourage revolutionary writers and artists to be active in forming intimate contacts with the workers, peasants and soldiers, giving them complete freedom to go among the masses and to create a genuinely revolutionary literature and art. Therefore, here among us the problem is nearing solution. But nearing solution is not the same as a complete and thorough solution. We must study Marxism and study society, as we have been saying, precisely in order to achieve a complete and thorough solu-

tion. By Marxism we mean living Marxism which plays an effective role in the life and struggle of the masses, not Marxism in words. With Marxism in words transformed into Marxism in real life, there will be no more sectarianism. Not only will the problem of sectarianism be solved, but many other problems as well.

II

Having settled the problem of whom to serve, we come to the next problem, how to serve. To put it in the words of some of our comrades: should we devote ourselves to raising standards, or should we devote ourselves to popularization?

In the past, some comrades, to a certain or even a serious extent, belittled and neglected popularization and laid undue stress on raising standards. Stress should be laid on raising standards, but to do so one-sidedly and exclusively, to do so excessively, is a mistake. The lack of a clear solution to the problem of "for whom?", which I referred to earlier, also manifests itself in this connection. As these comrades are not clear on the problem of "for whom?", they have no correct criteria for the "raising of standards" and the "popularization" they speak of, and are naturally still less able to find the correct relationship between the two. Since our literature and art are basically for the workers, peasants and soldiers, "popularization" means to popularize among the workers, peasants and soldiers, and "raising standards" means to advance

from their present level. What should we popularize among them? Popularize what is needed and can be readily accepted by the feudal landlord class? Popularize what is needed and can be readily accepted by the bourgeoisie? Popularize what is needed and can be readily accepted by the petty-bourgeois intellectuals? No, none of these will do. We must popularize only what is needed and can be readily accepted by the workers, peasants and soldiers themselves. Consequently, prior to the task of educating the workers, peasants and soldiers, there is the task of learning from them. This is even more true of raising standards. There must be a basis from which to raise. Take a bucket of water, for instance; where is it to be raised from if not from the ground? From mid-air? From what basis, then, are literature and art to be raised? From the basis of the feudal classes? From the basis of the bourgeoisie? From the basis of the petty-bourgeois intellectuals? No, not from any of these; only from the basis of the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers. Nor does this mean raising the workers, peasants and soldiers to the "heights" of the feudal classes, the bourgeoisie or the petty-bourgeois intellectuals; it means raising the level of literature and art in the direction in which the workers, peasants and soldiers are themselves advancing, in the direction in which the proletariat is advancing. Here again the task of learning from the workers, peasants and soldiers comes in. Only by starting from the workers, peasants and soldiers can we have a correct understanding of popularization and of the

raising of standards and find the proper relationship between the two.

In the last analysis, what is the source of all literature and art? 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. The life of the people is always a mine of the raw materials for literature and art, materials in their natural form, materials that are crude, but most vital, rich and fundamental; they make all literature and art seem pallid by comparison; they provide literature and art with an inexhaustible source, their only source. They are the only source, for there can be no other. Some may ask, is there not another source in books, in the literature and art of ancient times and of foreign countries? In fact, the literary and artistic works of the past are not a source but a stream; they were created by our predecessors and the foreigners out of the literary and artistic raw materials they found in the life of the people of their time and place. We must take over all the fine things in our literary and artistic heritage, critically assimilate whatever is beneficial, and use them as examples when we create works out of the literary and artistic raw materials in the life of the people of our own time and place. It makes a difference whether or not we have such examples, the difference between crudeness and refinement, between roughness and polish, between a low and a high level, and between slower and faster work.

Therefore, we must on no account reject the legacies of the ancients and the foreigners or refuse to learn from them, even though they are the works of the feudal or bourgeois classes. But taking over legacies and using them as examples must never replace our own creative work; nothing can do that. Uncritical transplantation or copying from the ancients and the foreigners is the most sterile and harmful dogmatism in literature and art. China's revolutionary writers and artists, writers and artists of promise, must go among the masses; they must for a long period of time unreservedly and whole-heartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle, go to the only source, the broadest and richest source, in order to observe, experience, study and analyse all the different kinds of people, all the classes, all the masses, all the vivid patterns of life and struggle, all the raw materials of literature and art. Only then can they proceed to creative work. Otherwise, you will have nothing to work with and you will be nothing but a phoney writer or artist, the kind that Lu Hsun in his will so earnestly cautioned his son never to become.⁵

Although man's social life is the only source of literature and art and is incomparably livelier and richer in content, the people are not satisfied with life alone and demand literature and art as well. Why? Because, while both are beautiful, life as reflected in works of literature and art can and ought to be on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life.

Revolutionary literature and art should create a variety of characters out of real life and help the masses to propel history forward. For example, there is suffering from hunger, cold and oppression on the one hand, and exploitation and oppression of man by man on the other. These facts exist everywhere and people look upon them as commonplace. Writers and artists concentrate such everyday phenomena, typify the contradictions and struggles within them and produce works which awaken the masses, fire them with enthusiasm and impel them to unite and struggle to transform their environment. Without such literature and art, this task could not be fulfilled, or at least not so effectively and speedily.

What is meant by popularizing and by raising standards in works of literature and art? What is the relationship between these two tasks? Popular works are simpler and plainer, and therefore more readily accepted by the broad masses of the people today. Works of a higher quality, being more polished, are more difficult to produce and in general do not circulate so easily and quickly among the masses at present. The problem facing the workers, peasants and soldiers is this: they are now engaged in a bitter and bloody struggle with the enemy but are illiterate and uneducated as a result of long years of rule by the feudal and bourgeois classes, and therefore they are eagerly demanding enlightenment, education and works of literature and art which meet their urgent needs and which are easy to absorb, in order to heighten their enthusiasm in struggle and confidence in victory, strength-

en their unity and fight the enemy with one heart and one mind. For them the prime need is not "more flowers on the brocade" but "fuel in snowy weather." In present conditions, therefore, popularization is the more pressing task. It is wrong to belittle or neglect popularization.

Nevertheless, no hard and fast line can be drawn between popularization and the raising of standards. Not only is it possible to popularize some works of higher quality even now, but the cultural level of the broad masses is steadily rising. If popularization remains at the same level for ever, with the same stuff being supplied month after month and year after year, always the same "Little Cowherd"⁶ and the same "man, hand, mouth, knife, cow, goat,"⁷ will not the educators and those being educated be six of one and half a dozen of the other? What would be the sense of such popularization? The people demand popularization and, following that, higher standards; they demand higher standards month by month and year by year. Here popularization means popularizing for the people and raising of standards means raising the level for the people. And such raising is not from mid-air, or behind closed doors, but is actually based on popularization. It is determined by and at the same time guides popularization. In China as a whole the development of the revolution and of revolutionary culture is uneven and their spread is gradual. While in one place there is popularization and then raising of standards on the basis of popularization, in other places popularization has not even begun. Hence good experience in

popularization leading to higher standards in one locality can be applied in other localities and serve to guide popularization and the raising of standards there, saving many twists and turns along the road. Internationally, the good experience of foreign countries, and especially Soviet experience, can also serve to guide us. With us, therefore, the raising of standards is based on popularization, while popularization is guided by the raising of standards. Precisely for this reason, so far from being an obstacle to the raising of standards, the work of popularization we are speaking of supplies the basis for the work of raising standards which we are now doing on a limited scale, and prepares the necessary conditions for us to raise standards in the future on a much broader scale.

Besides such raising of standards as meets the needs of the masses directly, there is the kind which meets their needs indirectly, that is, the kind which is needed by the cadres. The cadres are the advanced elements of the masses and generally have received more education; literature and art of a higher level are entirely necessary for them. To ignore this would be a mistake. Whatever is done for the cadres is also entirely for the masses, because it is only through the cadres that we can educate and guide the masses. If we go against this aim, if what we give the cadres cannot help them educate and guide the masses, our work of raising standards will be like shooting at random and will depart from the fundamental principle of serving the masses of the people.

To sum up: through the creative labour of revolutionary writers and artists, the raw materials found in the life of the people are shaped into the ideological form of literature and art serving the masses of the people. Included here are the more advanced literature and art as developed on the basis of elementary literature and art and as required by those sections of the masses whose level has been raised, or, more immediately, by the cadres among the masses. Also included here are elementary literature and art which, conversely, are guided by more advanced literature and art and are needed primarily by the overwhelming majority of the masses at present. Whether more advanced or elementary, all our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use.

Now that we have settled the problem of the relationship between the raising of standards and popularization, that of the relationship between the specialists and the popularizers can also be settled. Our specialists are not only for the cadres, but also, and indeed chiefly, for the masses. Our specialists in literature should pay attention to the wall newspapers of the masses and to the reportage written in the army and the villages. Our specialists in drama should pay attention to the small troupes in the army and the villages. Our specialists in music should pay attention to the songs of the masses. Our specialists in the fine arts should pay attention to the fine arts of the masses. All these comrades should make close contact with com-

rades engaged in the work of popularizing literature and art among the masses. On the one hand, they should help and guide the popularizers, and on the other, they should learn from these comrades and, through them, draw nourishment from the masses to replenish and enrich themselves so that their specialities do not become "ivory towers," detached from the masses and from reality and devoid of content or life. We should esteem the specialists, for they are very valuable to our cause. But we should tell them that no revolutionary writer or artist can do any meaningful work unless he is closely linked with the masses, gives expression to their thoughts and feelings and serves them as a loyal spokesman. Only by speaking for the masses can he educate them and only by being their pupil can he be their teacher. If he regards himself as their master, as an aristocrat who lords it over the "lower orders," then, no matter how talented he may be, he will not be needed by the masses and his work will have no future.

Is this attitude of ours utilitarian? Materialists do not oppose utilitarianism in general but the utilitarianism of the feudal, bourgeois and petty-bourgeois classes; they oppose those hypocrites who attack utilitarianism in words but in deeds embrace the most selfish and short-sighted utilitarianism. There is no "ism" in the world that transcends utilitarian considerations; in class society there can be only the utilitarianism of this or that class. We are proletarian revolutionary utilitarians and take as our point of departure the unity of the present and future interests

of the broadest masses, who constitute over 90 per cent of the population; hence we are revolutionary utilitarians aiming for the broadest and the most long-range objectives, not narrow utilitarians concerned only with the partial and the immediate. If, for instance, you reproach the masses for their utilitarianism and yet for your own utility, or that of a narrow clique, force on the market and propagandize among the masses a work which pleases only the few but is useless or even harmful to the majority, then you are not only insulting the masses but also revealing your own lack of self-knowledge. A thing is good only when it brings real benefit to the masses of the people. Your work may be as good as *The Spring Snow*, but if for the time being it caters only to the few and the masses are still singing the *Song of the Rustic Poor*,⁸ you will get nowhere by simply scolding them instead of trying to raise their level. The question now is to bring about a unity between *The Spring Snow* and the *Song of the Rustic Poor*, between higher standards and popularization. Without such a unity, the highest art of any expert cannot help being utilitarian in the narrowest sense; you may call this art "pure and lofty" but that is merely your own name for it which the masses will not endorse.

Once we have solved the problems of fundamental policy, of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and of how to serve them, such other problems as whether to write about the bright or the dark side of life and the problem of unity will also be solved. If everyone agrees on the fundamental policy, it should be adhered to by all

our workers, all our schools, publications and organizations in the field of literature and art and in all our literary and artistic activities. It is wrong to depart from this policy and anything at variance with it must be duly corrected.

III

Since our literature and art are for the masses of the people, we can proceed to discuss a problem of inner-Party relations, *i.e.*, the relation between the Party's work in literature and art and the Party's work as a whole, and in addition a problem of the Party's external relations, *i.e.*, the relation between the Party's work in literature and art and the work of non-Party people in this field, a problem of the united front in literary and art circles.

Let us consider the first problem. In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines. There is in fact no such thing as art for art's sake, art that stands above classes, art that is detached from or independent of politics. Proletarian literature and art are part of the whole proletarian revolutionary cause; they are, as Lenin said, cogs and wheels⁹ in the whole revolutionary machine. Therefore, Party work in literature and art occupies a definite and assigned position in Party revolutionary work as a whole and is subordinated to the revolutionary tasks set by the Party in a given revolutionary period. Opposition to this arrangement is certain to lead to dualism or pluralism, and in essence amounts to "politics —

Marxist, art — bourgeois,” as with Trotsky. We do not favour overstressing the importance of literature and art, but neither do we favour underestimating their importance. Literature and art are subordinate to politics, but in their turn exert a great influence on politics. Revolutionary literature and art are part of the whole revolutionary cause, they are cogs and wheels in it, and though in comparison with certain other and more important parts they may be less significant and less urgent and may occupy a secondary position, nevertheless, they are indispensable cogs and wheels in the whole machine, an indispensable part of the entire revolutionary cause. If we had no literature and art even in the broadest and most ordinary sense, we could not carry on the revolutionary movement and win victory. Failure to recognize this is wrong. Furthermore, when we say that literature and art are subordinate to politics, we mean class politics, the politics of the masses, not the politics of a few so-called statesmen. Politics, whether revolutionary or counter-revolutionary, is the struggle of class against class, not the activity of a few individuals. The revolutionary struggle on the ideological and artistic fronts must be subordinate to the political struggle because only through politics can the needs of the class and the masses find expression in concentrated form. Revolutionary statesmen, the political specialists who know the science or art of revolutionary politics, are simply the leaders of millions upon millions of statesmen — the masses. Their task is to collect the opinions of these mass statesmen, sift and refine them,

and return them to the masses, who then take them and put them into practice. They are therefore not the kind of aristocratic “statesmen” who work behind closed doors and fancy they have a monopoly of wisdom. Herein lies the difference in principle between proletarian statesmen and decadent bourgeois statesmen. This is precisely why there can be complete unity between the political character of our literary and artistic works and their truthfulness. It would be wrong to fail to realize this and to debase the politics and the statesmen of the proletariat.

Let us consider next the question of the united front in the world of literature and art. Since literature and art are subordinate to politics and since the fundamental problem in China’s politics today is resistance to Japan, our Party writers and artists must in the first place unite on this issue of resistance to Japan with all non-Party writers and artists (ranging from Party sympathizers and petty-bourgeois writers and artists to all those writers and artists of the bourgeois and landlord classes who are in favour of resistance to Japan). Secondly, we should unite with them on the issue of democracy. On this issue there is a section of anti-Japanese writers and artists who do not agree with us, so the range of unity will unavoidably be somewhat more limited. Thirdly, we should unite with them on issues peculiar to the literary and artistic world, questions of method and style in literature and art; here again, as we are for socialist realism and some people do not agree, the range of unity will be narrower still. While on one issue there is unity, on

another there is struggle, there is criticism. The issues are at once separate and interrelated, so that even on the very ones which give rise to unity, such as resistance to Japan, there are at the same time struggle and criticism. In a united front, "all unity and no struggle" and "all struggle and no unity" are both wrong policies — as with the Right capitulationism and tailism, or the "Left" exclusivism and sectarianism, practised by some comrades in the past. This is as true in literature and art as in politics.

The petty-bourgeois writers and artists constitute an important force among the forces of the united front in literary and art circles in China. There are many shortcomings in both their thinking and their works, but, comparatively speaking, they are inclined towards the revolution and are close to the working people. Therefore, it is an especially important task to help them overcome their shortcomings and to win them over to the front which serves the working people.

IV

Literary and art criticism is one of the principal methods of struggle in the world of literature and art. It should be developed and, as comrades have rightly pointed out, our past work in this respect has been quite inadequate. Literary and art criticism is a complex question which requires a great deal of special study. Here I shall concentrate only on the basic problem of criteria in criticism.

I shall also comment briefly on a few specific problems raised by some comrades and on certain incorrect views.

In literary and art criticism there are two criteria, the political and the artistic. According to the political criterion, everything is good that is helpful to unity and resistance to Japan, that encourages the masses to be of one heart and one mind, that opposes retrogression and promotes progress; on the other hand, everything is bad that is detrimental to unity and resistance to Japan, foments dissension and discord among the masses and opposes progress and drags people back. How can we tell the good from the bad — by the motive (the subjective intention) or by the effect (social practice)? Idealists stress motive and ignore effect, while mechanical materialists stress effect and ignore motive. In contradistinction to both, we dialectical materialists insist on the unity of motive and effect. The motive of serving the masses is inseparably linked with the effect of winning their approval; the two must be united. The motive of serving the individual or a small clique is not good, nor is it good to have the motive of serving the masses without the effect of winning their approval and benefiting them. In examining the subjective intention of a writer or artist, that is, whether his motive is correct and good, we do not judge by his declarations but by the effect of his actions (mainly his works) on the masses in society. The criterion for judging subjective intention or motive is social practice and its effect. We want no sectarianism in our literary and art criticism and, subject to the general principle of

unity for resistance to Japan, we should tolerate literary and art works with a variety of political attitudes. But at the same time, in our criticism we must adhere firmly to principle and severely criticize and repudiate all works of literature and art expressing views in opposition to the nation, to science, to the masses and to the Communist Party, because these so-called works of literature and art proceed from the motive and produce the effect of undermining unity for resistance to Japan. According to the artistic criterion, all works of a higher artistic quality are good or comparatively good, while those of a lower artistic quality are bad or comparatively bad. Here, too, of course, social effect must be taken into account. There is hardly a writer or artist who does not consider his own work beautiful, and our criticism ought to permit the free competition of all varieties of works of art; but it is also entirely necessary to subject these works to correct criticism according to the criteria of the science of aesthetics, so that art of a lower level can be gradually raised to a higher and art which does not meet the demands of the struggle of the broad masses can be transformed into art that does.

There is the political criterion and there is the artistic criterion; what is the relationship between the two? Politics cannot be equated with art, nor can a general world outlook be equated with a method of artistic creation and criticism. We deny not only that there is an abstract and absolutely unchangeable political criterion, but also that there is an abstract and absolutely unchangeable ar-

tistic criterion; each class in every class society has its own political and artistic criteria. But all classes in all class societies invariably put the political criterion first and the artistic criterion second. The bourgeoisie always shuts out proletarian literature and art, however great their artistic merit. The proletariat must similarly distinguish among the literary and art works of past ages and determine its attitude towards them only after examining their attitude to the people and whether or not they had any progressive significance historically. Some works which politically are downright reactionary may have a certain artistic quality. The more reactionary their content and the higher their artistic quality, the more poisonous they are to the people, and the more necessary it is to reject them. A common characteristic of the literature and art of all exploiting classes in their period of decline is the contradiction between their reactionary political content and their artistic form. What we demand is the unity of politics and art, the unity of content and form, the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form. Works of art which lack artistic quality have no force, however progressive they are politically. Therefore, we oppose both works of art with a wrong political viewpoint and the tendency towards the "poster and slogan style" which is correct in political viewpoint but lacking in artistic power. On questions of literature and art we must carry on a struggle on two fronts.

Both these tendencies can be found in the thinking of many comrades. A good number of comrades tend to neglect artistic technique; it is therefore necessary to give attention to the raising of artistic standards. But as I see it, the political side is more of a problem at present. Some comrades lack elementary political knowledge and consequently have all sorts of muddled ideas. Let me cite a few examples from Yenan.

“The theory of human nature.” Is there such a thing as human nature? Of course there is. But there is only human nature in the concrete, no human nature in the abstract. In class society there is only human nature of a class character; there is no human nature above classes. We uphold the human nature of the proletariat and of the masses of the people, while the landlord and bourgeois classes uphold the human nature of their own classes, only they do not say so but make it out to be the only human nature in existence. The human nature boosted by certain petty-bourgeois intellectuals is also divorced from or opposed to the masses; what they call human nature is in essence nothing but bourgeois individualism, and so, in their eyes, proletarian human nature is contrary to human nature. “The theory of human nature” which some people in Yenan advocate as the basis of their so-called theory of literature and art puts the matter in just this way and is wholly wrong.

“The fundamental point of departure for literature and art is love, love of humanity.” Now love may serve as a point of departure, but there is a more basic one.

Love as an idea is a product of objective practice. Fundamentally, we do not start from ideas but from objective practice. Our writers and artists who come from the ranks of the intellectuals love the proletariat because society has made them feel that they and the proletariat share a common fate. We hate Japanese imperialism because Japanese imperialism oppresses us. There is absolutely no such thing in the world as love or hatred without reason or cause. As for the so-called love of humanity, there has been no such all-inclusive love since humanity was divided into classes. All the ruling classes of the past were fond of advocating it, and so were many so-called sages and wise men, but nobody has ever really practised it, because it is impossible in class society. There will be genuine love of humanity — after classes are eliminated all over the world. Classes have split society into many antagonistic groupings; there will be love of all humanity when classes are eliminated, but not now. We cannot love enemies, we cannot love social evils, our aim is to destroy them. This is common sense; can it be that some of our writers and artists still do not understand this?

“Literary and artistic works have always laid equal stress on the bright and the dark, half and half.” This statement contains many muddled ideas. It is not true that literature and art have always done this. Many petty-bourgeois writers have never discovered the bright side. Their works only expose the dark and are known as the “literature of exposure.” Some of their works

simply specialize in preaching pessimism and world-weariness. On the other hand, Soviet literature in the period of socialist construction portrays mainly the bright. It, too, describes shortcomings in work and portrays negative characters, but this only serves as a contrast to bring out the brightness of the whole picture and is not on a so-called half-and-half basis. The writers and artists of the bourgeoisie in its period of reaction depict the revolutionary masses as mobs and themselves as saints, thus reversing the bright and the dark. Only truly revolutionary writers and artists can correctly solve the problem of whether to extol or to expose. All the dark forces harming the masses of the people must be exposed and all the revolutionary struggles of the masses of the people must be extolled; this is the fundamental task of revolutionary writers and artists.

“The task of literature and art has always been to expose.” This assertion, like the previous one, arises from ignorance of the science of history. Literature and art, as we have shown, have never been devoted solely to exposure. For revolutionary writers and artists the targets for exposure can never be the masses, but only the aggressors, exploiters and oppressors and the evil influence they have on the people. The masses too have shortcomings, which should be overcome by criticism and self-criticism within the people’s own ranks and such criticism and self-criticism is also one of the most important tasks of literature and art. But this should not be regarded as any sort of “exposure of the people.” As for the people, the question is basically

one of education and of raising their level. Only counter-revolutionary writers and artists describe the people as “born fools” and the revolutionary masses as “tyrannical mobs.”

“This is still the period of the satirical essay, and Lu Hsun’s style of writing is still needed.” Living under the rule of the dark forces and deprived of freedom of speech, Lu Hsun used burning satire and freezing irony, cast in the form of essays, to do battle; and he was entirely right. We, too, must hold up to sharp ridicule the fascists, the Chinese reactionaries and everything that harms the people; but in the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region and the anti-Japanese base areas behind the enemy lines, where democracy and freedom are granted in full to the revolutionary writers and artists and withheld only from the counter-revolutionaries, the style of the essay should not simply be like Lu Hsun’s. Here we can shout at the top of our voices and have no need for veiled and round-about expressions, which are hard for the people to understand. When dealing with the people and not with their enemies, Lu Hsun never ridiculed or attacked the revolutionary people and the revolutionary Party in his “satirical essay period,” and these essays were entirely different in manner from those directed against the enemy. To criticize the people’s shortcomings is necessary, as we have already said, but in doing so we must truly take the stand of the people and speak out of whole-hearted eagerness to protect and educate them. To treat comrades like enemies is to go over to the stand of the enemy.

Are we then to abolish satire? No. Satire is always necessary. But there are several kinds of satire, each with a different attitude, satire to deal with our enemies, satire to deal with our allies and satire to deal with our own ranks. We are not opposed to satire in general; what we must abolish is the abuse of satire.

“I am not given to praise and eulogy. The works of people who eulogize what is bright are not necessarily great and the works of those who depict the dark are not necessarily paltry.” If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people: it must be one or the other. The works of the eulogists of the bourgeoisie are not necessarily great, nor are the works of those who show that the bourgeoisie is dark necessarily paltry; the works of the eulogists of the proletariat are not necessarily not great, but the works of those who depict the so-called “darkness” of the proletariat are bound to be paltry — are these not facts of history as regards literature and art? Why should we not eulogize the people, the creators of the history of mankind? Why should we not eulogize the proletariat, the Communist Party, New Democracy and socialism? There is a type of person who has no enthusiasm for the people’s cause and looks coldly from the side-lines at the struggles and victories of the proletariat and its vanguard; what he is interested in, and will never weary of eulogizing, is himself, plus perhaps

a few figures in his small coterie. Of course, such petty-bourgeois individualists are unwilling to eulogize the deeds and virtues of the revolutionary people or heighten their courage in struggle and their confidence in victory. Persons of this type are merely termites in the revolutionary ranks; of course, the revolutionary people have no need for these “singers.”

“It is not a question of stand; my class stand is correct, my intentions are good and I understand all right, but I am not good at expressing myself and so the effect turns out bad.” I have already spoken about the dialectical materialist view of motive and effect. Now I want to ask, is not the question of effect one of stand? A person who acts solely by motive and does not inquire what effect his action will have is like a doctor who merely writes prescriptions but does not care how many patients die of them. Or take a political party which merely makes declarations but does not care whether they are carried out. It may well be asked, is this a correct stand? And is the intention here good? Of course, mistakes may occur even though the effect has been taken into account beforehand, but is the intention good when one continues in the same old rut after facts have proved that the effect is bad? In judging a party or a doctor, we must look at practice, at the effect. The same applies in judging a writer. A person with truly good intentions must take the effect into account, sum up experience and study the methods or, in creative work, study the technique of expression. A person with truly good intentions

must criticize the shortcomings and mistakes in his own work with the utmost candour and resolve to correct them. This is precisely why Communists employ the method of self-criticism. This alone is the correct stand. Only in this process of serious and responsible practice is it possible gradually to understand what the correct stand is and gradually obtain a good grasp of it. If one does not move in this direction in practice, if there is simply the complacent assertion that one "understands all right," then in fact one has not understood at all.

"To call on us to study Marxism is to repeat the mistake of the dialectical materialist creative method, which will harm the creative mood." To study Marxism means to apply the dialectical materialist and historical materialist viewpoint in our observation of the world, of society and of literature and art; it does not mean writing philosophical lectures into our works of literature and art. Marxism embraces but cannot replace realism in literary and artistic creation, just as it embraces but cannot replace the atomic and electronic theories in physics. Empty, dry dogmatic formulas do indeed destroy the creative mood; not only that, they first destroy Marxism. Dogmatic "Marxism" is not Marxism, it is anti-Marxism. Then does not Marxism destroy the creative mood? Yes, it does. It definitely destroys creative moods that are feudal, bourgeois, petty-bourgeois, liberalistic, individualist, nihilist, art-for-art's sake, aristocratic, decadent or pessimistic, and every other creative mood that is

alien to the masses of the people and to the proletariat. So far as proletarian writers and artists are concerned, should not these kinds of creative moods be destroyed? I think they should; they should be utterly destroyed. And while they are being destroyed, something new can be constructed.

V

The problems discussed here exist in our literary and art circles in Yenan. What does that show? It shows that wrong styles of work still exist to a serious extent in our literary and art circles and that there are still many defects among our comrades, such as idealism, dogmatism, empty illusions, empty talk, contempt for practice and aloofness from the masses, all of which call for an effective and serious campaign of rectification.

We have many comrades who are still not very clear on the difference between the proletariat and the petty bourgeoisie. There are many Party members who have joined the Communist Party organizationally but have not yet joined the Party wholly or at all ideologically. Those who have not joined the Party ideologically still carry a great deal of the muck of the exploiting classes in their heads, and have no idea at all of what proletarian ideology, or communism, or the Party is. "Proletarian ideology?" they think. "The same old stuff!" Little do they know that it is no easy matter to acquire this stuff. Some will never have the slightest communist

flavour about them as long as they live and can only end up by leaving the Party. Therefore, though the majority in our Party and in our ranks are clean and honest, we must in all seriousness put things in order both ideologically and organizationally if we are to develop the revolutionary movement more effectively and bring it to speedier success. To put things in order organizationally requires our first doing so ideologically, our launching a struggle of proletarian ideology against non-proletarian ideology. An ideological struggle is already under way in literary and art circles in Yen-an, and it is most necessary. Intellectuals of petty-bourgeois origin always stubbornly try in all sorts of ways, including literary and artistic ways, to project themselves and spread their views, and they want the Party and the world to be remoulded in their own image. In the circumstances it is our duty to jolt these "comrades" and tell them sharply, "That won't work! The proletariat cannot accommodate itself to you; to yield to you would actually be to yield to the big landlord class and the big bourgeoisie and to run the risk of undermining our Party and our country." Whom then must we yield to? We can mould the Party and the world only in the image of the proletarian vanguard. We hope our comrades in literary and art circles will realize the seriousness of this great debate and join actively in this struggle, so that every comrade may become sound and our entire ranks may become truly united and consolidated ideologically and organizationally.

Because of confusion in their thinking, many of our comrades are not quite able to draw a real distinction between our revolutionary base areas and the Kuomintang areas and they make many mistakes as a consequence. A good number of comrades have come here from the garrets of Shanghai, and in coming from those garrets to the revolutionary base areas, they have passed not only from one kind of place to another but from one historical epoch to another. One society is semi-feudal, semi-colonial, under the rule of the big landlords and big bourgeoisie, the other is a revolutionary new-democratic society under the leadership of the proletariat. To come to the revolutionary bases means to enter an epoch unprecedented in the thousands of years of Chinese history, an epoch in which the masses of the people wield state power. Here the people around us and the audience for our propaganda are totally different. The past epoch is gone, never to return. Therefore, we must integrate ourselves with the new masses without any hesitation. If, living among the new masses, some comrades, as I said before, are still "lacking in knowledge and understanding" and remain "heroes with no place to display their prowess," then difficulties will arise for them, and not only when they go out to the villages; right here in Yen-an difficulties will arise for them. Some comrades may think, "Well, I had better continue writing for the readers in the Great Rear Area;¹⁰ it is a job I know well and has 'national significance.'" This idea is entirely wrong. The Great

Rear Area is also changing. Readers there expect authors in the revolutionary base areas to tell about the new people and the new world and not to bore them with the same old tales. Therefore, the more a work is written for the masses in the revolutionary base areas, the more national significance will it have. Fadeyev in *The Debacle*¹¹ only told the story of a small guerrilla unit and had no intention of pandering to the palate of readers in the old world; yet the book has exerted world-wide influence. At any rate in China its influence is very great, as you know. China is moving forward, not back, and it is the revolutionary base areas, not any of the backward, retrogressive areas, that are leading China forward. This is a fundamental issue that, above all, comrades must come to understand in the rectification movement.

Since integration into the new epoch of the masses is essential, it is necessary thoroughly to solve the problem of the relationship between the individual and the masses. This couplet from a poem by Lu Hsun should be our motto:

Fierce-browed, I coolly defy a thousand pointing fingers,
Head-bowed, like a willing ox I serve the children.¹²

The "thousand pointing fingers" are our enemies, and we will never yield to them, no matter how ferocious. The "children" here symbolize the proletariat and the masses. All Communists, all revolutionaries, all revolutionary literary and art workers should learn from the example of Lu Hsun and be "oxen" for the proletariat

and the masses, bending their backs to the task until their dying day. Intellectuals who want to integrate themselves with the masses, who want to serve the masses, must go through a process in which they and the masses come to know each other well. This process may, and certainly will, involve much pain and friction, but if you have the determination, you will be able to fulfil these requirements.

Today I have discussed only some of the problems of fundamental orientation for our literature and art movement; many specific problems remain which will require further study. I am confident that comrades here are determined to move in the direction indicated. I believe that in the course of the rectification movement and in the long period of study and work to come, you will surely be able to bring about a transformation in yourselves and in your works, to create many fine works which will be warmly welcomed by the masses of the people, and to advance the literature and art movement in the revolutionary base areas and throughout China to a glorious new stage.

NOTES

¹ See V. I. Lenin, "Party Organization and Party Literature", in which he described the characteristics of proletarian literature as follows:

It will be a free literature, because the idea of socialism and sympathy with the working people, and not greed or careerism, will bring ever new forces to its ranks. It will be a free literature, because it will serve, not some satiated

heroine, not the bored "upper ten thousand" suffering from fatty degeneration, but the millions and tens of millions of working people — the flower of the country, its strength and its future. It will be a free literature, enriching the last word in the revolutionary thought of mankind with the experience and living work of the socialist proletariat, bringing about permanent interaction between the experience of the past (scientific socialism, the completion of the development of socialism from its primitive, utopian forms) and the experience of the present (the present struggle of the worker comrades). (*Collected Works*, Eng. ed., FLPH, Moscow, 1962, Vol. X, pp. 48-49.)

² Liang Shih-chiu, a member of the counter-revolutionary National Socialist Party, for a long time propagated reactionary American bourgeois ideas on literature and art. He stubbornly opposed the revolution and reviled revolutionary literature and art.

³ Chou Tso-jen and Chang Tzu-ping capitulated to the Japanese aggressors after the Japanese occupied Peking and Shanghai in 1937.

⁴ Lu Hsun, "My View on the League of Left-Wing Writers" in the collection *Two Hearts*, *Complete Works*, Chin. ed., Vol. IV.

⁵ See Lu Hsun's essay, "Death", in the "Addenda", *The Last Collection of Essays Written in a Garret in the Quasi-Concession*, *Complete Works*, Chin. ed., Vol. VI.

⁶ The "Little Cowherd" is a popular Chinese folk operetta with only two people acting in it, a cowherd and a village girl, who sing a question and answer duet. In the early days of the War of Resistance Against Japan, this form was used, with new words, for anti-Japanese propaganda and for a time found great favour with the public.

⁷ The Chinese characters for these six words are written simply, with only a few strokes, and were usually included in the first lessons in old primers.

⁸ "The Spring Snow" and the "Song of the Rustic Poor" were songs of the Kingdom of Chu in the 3rd century B.C. The music of the first was on a higher level than that of the second. As the story is told in "Sung Yu's Reply to the King of Chu" in Prince Chao Ming's *Antibology of Prose and Poetry*, when someone sang "The Spring Snow" in the Chu capital, only a few dozen people joined in, but when the "Song of the Rustic Poor" was sung, thousands did so.

⁹ See V. I. Lenin, "Party Organization and Party Literature": "Literature must become *part* of the common cause of the proletariat, 'a cog and a screw' of one single great Social-Democratic mechanism set in motion by the entire politically-conscious vanguard of the entire working class." (*Collected Works*, Eng. ed., FLPH, Moscow, 1962, Vol. X, p. 45.)

¹⁰ The Great Rear Area was the name given during the War of Resistance to the vast areas under Kuomintang control in southwestern and northwestern

China which were not occupied by the Japanese invaders, as distinguished from the "small rear area", the anti-Japanese base areas behind the enemy lines under the leadership of the Communist Party.

¹¹ *The Debacle* by the famous Soviet writer Alexander Fadeyev was published in 1927 and translated into Chinese by Lu Hsun. The novel describes the struggle of a partisan detachment of workers, peasants and revolutionary intellectuals in Siberia against the counter-revolutionary brigands during the Soviet civil war.

¹² This couplet is from Lu Hsun's "In Mockery of Myself" in *The Collection Outside the Collection*, *Complete Works*, Chin. ed., Vol. VII.

QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO

The people who have triumphed in their own revolution should help those still struggling for liberation. This is our internationalist duty.

Never forget class struggle.

On the Docks

(January 1972 script)

Revised by the "On the Docks" Group of the Peking Opera Troupe of Shanghai

Characters

Fang Hai-chen	<i>Secretary of the Communist Party branch of the dockers' brigade</i>
Kao Chih-yang	<i>A team leader of the dockers' brigade, member of Party branch committee</i>
Ma Hung-liang	<i>Retired docker</i>
Chao Chen-shan	<i>Chief of the dockers' brigade, member of Party branch committee</i>
Han Hsiao-chiang	<i>Young docker</i>
Ting	<i>Young docker</i>
Tao	<i>Young docker</i>
Hung	<i>Woman traction-engine driver</i>

Docker A and Docker B
Woman Worker A and Woman Worker B
Other men and women dockers

Chien Shou-wei *Dispatcher*

SCENE ONE

A RUSH SHIPMENT

Time: A summer morning, 1963.

Place: A dock on the Huangpu River in Shanghai. Red flags flutter gaily on numerous ships. Sunlight shimmers over the fluctuating current. The slogan "Long Live the General Line for Socialist Construction" hangs from a tall derrick.

(To the sound of steam whistles, the curtain rises. Directed by Kao Chih-yang, dockers are loading a ship. Cranes are in operation, carts shuttle to and fro. A scene of bustling activity. Kao, Ting and Tao unload sacks of rice from a net onto a cart and then hook the crane to another net on the ground.)

(A whistle blows offstage. Ting and Tao run off behind the train of carts.)

(A group of dockers dance across the stage.)

(A worker waves towards an incoming boat. Two workers haul a cable.)

(Han Hsiao-chiang comes on pulling a barrow. Kao stops him, indicating that he must remember safety measures, then hands him a towel to wipe his sweat.)

(Three workers enter, jump over the cable and perform a cable dance with movements of turning round, "chien kung hou chien", "tan hai", "kuei tui", turning around again and "pien tui". Then they strike a pose and loop the cable over a capstan.)

(Han runs off with his barrow. The other workers go off.)

(Men and women workers dash across the stage.)

(A crate with machinery for export swings across the stage in mid-air.)

(Offstage a whistle blows. Someone shouts: "Take a break, comrades.")

(A woman worker wheels a cart of soda water across the stage.)

Kao (*surveys the scene around him proudly*): Shanghai certainly is —
(*Sings.*)

*A port that never sleeps!
Thousands of ships come and go.
Our dockers move grain in
Millions of "jin" with
Their left hand, while their right
Shifts steel by the ton.
Neither mountains nor seas can block
Our revolutionary fervour.
We send our sincere friendship
To all parts of the globe.*

(*Offstage, Ting and Tao shout, "Team leader!" They enter.*)

Ting: Listen, Kao, after Party Secretary Fang spoke to us about the importance of the seed rice for Africa, we all put on speed. There are now —

Tao: Only eight thousand sacks more to be loaded.

Kao: Good for you, Tao. We must finish all the loading today. Let's go, Ting. (*He is about to leave when Chao and Chien enter.*)

Chao: Kao, get your men and machines ready.

Ting (*excitedly*): Have we got a new assignment?

Chao: You tell them, Chien.

Chien: A rush job over there, shipment of fibreglass for the Scandinavian ship.

Kao (*surprised*): Rush the loading of fibreglass now? How can we?

Chao: Why not?

Kao: This batch of seed rice is to help an African people grow their own rice. It must reach them before their Independence Day or it won't be in time for sowing. We can be ahead of schedule but certainly not behind.

Chao: That I know. Isn't your deadline the day after tomorrow?

Chien: Yes. With the tremendous vigour you people are showing, you'll surely finish loading long before your deadline. In this way you'll not only fulfil your plan of loading the rice but also increase the state's income of foreign currency....

Chao: Quite true. We've fulfilled our quota very well, we should see that our profit target is able to match it.

Kao: When our Party branch committee discussed our plan, we agreed that this job is part of our internationalist duty. Since you're changing our plan, did you discuss it with Fang?

Chao: She's at a meeting of the district Party committee.

Chien (*pretending anxiety*): I'm afraid there isn't much time for discussion. I think you two might as well come to a decision now.

Kao: No. That won't do.

Chao (*after a moment's hesitation*): Well, let's ring Fang up.

Chien (*quickly agreeing*): Yes, yes! Quite right.

Chao (*taking Kao by the arm*): Come on, let's go.

(*Kao, still not convinced, follows Chao out. Ting and Tao leave with them.*)

Chien (*maliciously*): Ask Fang Hai-chen? (*The wind howled. Uneasily*) The weather changes so often these days. The political climate hasn't been quite right either. They are probably hatching another political campaign. (*Thunder rumbles. Venomously*) So what? When the typhoon comes, you can't ship your seed rice on schedule. When the storm starts, the two thousand sacks of export wheat I've left out in the open will... (*Hatefully*) Hum... (*Starts to leave, then catches sight of Fang in the distance. Pretends to be calm and leaves in the opposite direction.*)

Fang (*singing offstage*): We've got to rush this loading job,
(*Holding a loading schedule, she enters quickly, removes her safety helmet, turns and faces the audience. Sings.*)

*So I hurry to the waterfront,
Thunderbolts crash across the sky,
(Thunder rumbles.)*

*Of a sudden word comes of the weather's change.
Aid to Africa must leave ahead of time,
The loading of the rice is most important.
Wind and thunder of the Five Continents
Are so closely linked together.
We'll organize well, work with one heart,
Seize the seconds to fight the problem through.*

(*Offstage, Chao and Kao shout, "Fang!" They enter.*)

Kao: Fang, Chao wants us to rush the loading of the Scandinavian ship first in order to fulfil our profit target.

Chao: That'll be killing two birds with one stone.

Fang: You know, Chao, this shipment of seed rice to Africa is an important political task. The district Party committee just called an emergency meeting. They ask us to finish the loading today. (*Hands Chao the plan chart.*)

Chao: Oh? (*Examines chart.*) Isn't the foreign freighter for Africa leaving till the day after tomorrow?

Fang: The district got word from the weather station that a typhoon is forming over the sea. All outgoing ships must haul anchor early tomorrow morning in order to get away before the typhoon comes. One day's delay will mean putting off for a fortnight or so.

Kao: For a fortnight? Then the seed rice'll miss the sowing season.

Fang: If that happens, it'll affect the whole year's harvest.

Chao: A typhoon coming? Chien hasn't heard about it yet.

Fang (*puzzled*): What? He hasn't heard? (*Looks around, dismayed at what she sees.*) A thunderstorm is coming, but why have these two thousand sacks of export wheat been left out in the open?

Chao (*worried*): *Aiya!* How did this happen? We must get some tarpaulins to cover them. (*About to go.*)

Fang (*decidedly*): No. This is foreign-aid material, we can't be careless. We must move them into the warehouse right away!

Kao: Give this task to us.

Chao: What? You've already eight thousand sacks of seed rice to load and you want to move two thousand sacks of wheat on top of that?

Kao: It'll be no problem.

Fang: The leadership has asked the comrades in the office to come and help.

Chao: There won't be enough machinery to go round.

Kao: It's enough to load the rice.

Chao: What about the wheat?

Kao: I'll lead the Youth Squad and tote the wheat on our shoulders.

Chao: Tote them?

Kao: To support the world revolution, our Chinese working class will do our utmost even if it means climbing mountains of knives and going through seas of fire. Carrying a few sacks of grain isn't much.

Chao (*hesitating*): Fang, this...

Fang: This is a special situation, which we don't come across very often. It will help us all to toughen up.

Chao (*reluctantly*): Well, all right. (*Exit.*)

Kao (*shouting*): Members of the Youth Squad, assemble!

(*Offstage, the order is repeated: "Assemble!" Dockers enter and form ranks.*)

Dockers (*together*): We're here, team leader.

Kao: Comrades, a thunderstorm is fast approaching. We have to get the rice loaded and the wheat into the warehouse at the same time. Let's ask the office comrades to use machinery to load the rice. We'll tote these two thousand sacks of wheat on our shoulders.

Dockers: Right. We'll tote them on our shoulders.

Fang (*with pride*): Comrades, the seed rice and the wheat are both for Africa. Every sack will play a part in the African people's struggle against imperialism. Their struggle is also a powerful support for us. The Scandinavian ship is loading fibreglass, a dangerous stuff, so we must be very careful in our rush shipment. Time is short and our task heavy. But we Chinese workers are armed with Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought. Our united will can overcome any difficulties and move mountains.

Kao: We guarantee...

Dockers (*together*): No torn sacks will go into the warehouse or on board ship.

Fang: Good! (*Sings.*)

*The comrades, full of vigour, step forward
To be first to carry heavy loads;
Bold in spirit, strong in will, toting
Thousands of sacks on iron shoulders;
We strive to do a good job,
And finish it ahead of the storm.*

Dockers (chorus): *Finish it ahead of the storm.*

Fang (waves a hand): Let's go.

Dockers (untie their shoulder cloths, shake out the dust, put them on again, turn, form ranks and recite): "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."

(Curtain)

SCENE TWO

A SPILLED SACK IS DISCOVERED

Time: The same afternoon, about 2 P.M.

Place: A corner of the dock. On a pole is a slogan in red: "Workers of All Countries, Unite!" Near the loading zone, there is a booth for the dockers, with a bucket of tea, bottles of soda water and a tool box.

(As the curtain rises, Ma Hung-liang enters, a big straw hat in his hand and a bag on his back. He is beaming happily.)

Ma (sings): *Although I've retired and left Shanghai,
I can't forget the docks.
Six years have passed by in a flash,
Today I've come again to see my dear ones.
(Puts down his straw hat and bag.)
How fine the docks look,
With machinery lining the waterfront;
Those great cranes — really terrific,
Lifting tons of steel, light as a feather. (Laughs.)
The Big Leap Forward has changed the docks,
Tears of joy spring to my eyes. (Wipes his eyes.)*

(Han enters drinking from a bottle of soda water. Notices Ma Hung-liang, puts down his bottle and rushes over.)

Han (in pleased surprise): Why, it's uncle.

Ma (startled at first but soon recognizing Han): Ah, it's Hsiao-chiang.

Han: Uncle!

Ma and Han: Ha... Ha...

Ma (looks at the boy approvingly): Ah, you do look like a docker! When I left here, I remember you were only this high. *(Gestures.)* That night of the National Day celebration, when I brought you to the docks to watch the fireworks, I kept worrying that I'd lose you in the crowd.

Han: Yes! *(Recalls the past, with emotion)* I remember that night people jammed the river bank. The docks were all lit up. Coloured fireworks burst in the sky. Rows of steamers rode on the river.

Ma: I can see you're a senior middle-school graduate. You talk like a cultured man.

Han (dreamily): Later on I made up my mind that I'd become a sailor of New China's merchant marine and steer a made-in-China ocean liner through wind and wave, that I'd ride the bounding main and sail all over the world...

Ma (surprised): What? Sail all over the world?

Han: To win glory for our country! *(Glances at the shoulder cloth in his hand, dejectedly)* I never thought I'd become a docker. *(Grumpily kicks at a stone.)*

Ma: You don't want to be a docker?

Han: All I'm saying is my great ideal hasn't been fulfilled.

Ma (earnestly): Hsiao-chiang, your ideas are different than mine. Look at this port of ours. *(Sings.)*
Broad and bright is the dockers' future.
(His hand on Han's shoulder, they walk towards the waterfront.)

(Fang enters.)

Fang (sings): *Loading and unloading ten thousand ships,
We shoulder heavy tasks.*

(Suddenly discovers Ma, in pleased surprise.) Old Master Ma!
(Goes up to him eagerly.)

Ma *(surprised)*: Hai-chen? Ho . . . ho . . .

Han: Uncle, do you know that Comrade Fang is now the Party branch secretary of our brigade?

Ma: Oh? So you're no longer with Brigade Three? When were you transferred here?

Fang: More than six months ago.

Ma *(excitedly)*: Excellent. For a girl who started work as a coal shoveller, you're shouldering a heavy load.

Fang: If it weren't for the instructions of Chairman Mao and the help of our comrades, these shoulders of mine would have broken down long ago.

Han: Uncle, I must be off to work now. *(Turns to go.)*

Fang *(calls him back)*: Han!

Han: Yes.

Fang *(with concern)*: This is the first time you carry loads. Concentrate on what you're doing.

Han: Right. *(Trots off.)*

Fang: Old Master Ma, how are things in the country?

Ma *(full of gladness)*: Ever since the Party held its Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee last year, things in the countryside have been getting better and better.

(A horn blows. A cart, laden with sacks of seed rice, backs on to the stage. Traction-engine driver Hung hastily enters.)

Fang: I say Hung!

Hung: Yes?

Fang: Why is your train stopping here?

Hung *(worriedly)*: I was just looking for you. Somehow, the dispatcher's office has got the seed rice, the fibreglass and complete sets of equipment for export all on this one transport line. We're simply jammed.

Fang *(decidedly)*: The seed rice must not be held up. Go to the brigade chief at once; see that the other goods make way for the seed rice.

Hung: Right. *(Exit.)*

Ma: Where is the seed rice going, Hai-chen?

Fang: To Africa to aid them.

Ma: Oh.

Fang: The imperialists say it's impossible to grow rice in Africa, that the only way the Africans can solve their food problem is by importing grain. But our comrades went down there two years ago, and together with the local people they succeeded in the experimental cultivation of rice in two years. Now they are going to grow rice over large areas, so they need a big amount of seed.

Ma *(stirred)*: Wonderful! *(Recalling to mind)* Hai-chen, now that you mention aid I remember something. During the war to resist U.S. aggression and aid Korea, someone in the dispatcher's office also jammed the transport line during the typhoon season. Important material for Korea was delayed and drenched in the rain.

Fang: Oh? The dispatcher's office? *(Recalling)* I was in Brigade Three then, but I remember hearing about it. *(To Ma)* Who was at the bottom of it, do you know?

Ma: We never found out.

Fang *(pondering)*: I'll take you to some place for a rest. When the shift is over, we'll have a good chat. *(Picks up Ma's bag.)*

Ma *(pulls the bag out of her hands)*: You've got things to do. Go ahead and do them. I'll chat with old friends and wander around the docks. I'll look you up later on.

Fang: All right. Be careful.

Ma: Don't worry. *(Jokingly)* I'm an old hand on the docks. *(Swings his bag over his shoulder. Fanning himself with his straw hat, he exits, smiling.)*

Fang *(follows Ma with her eyes. Ponders and sings)*:

Aid to Africa must not be held up.

Why then this switch to the Scandinavian shipmen?

We know a thunderstorm is coming,

Why is the wheat left out in the open?

The transport line again is jammed,

*Can this be mere coincidence?
I'll check at the dispatcher's before deciding.
When sailing the seas, one must beware
Of hidden shoals and dangerous reefs.*

(Exit Fang.)

(Chien, carrying dust-pan and broom, enters from behind the train of carts.)

Chien (*eyeing the receding figure of Fang, says with malicious joy*): I've jammed your transport line good and tight. Let's see you get your seed rice loaded on time. (*Gesticulates, spilling the fibreglass in his dust-pan. Quickly sweeps it up. Grumbling*) Bah! Office workers must also take part in labour. A bit of fibreglass spilled and I must sweep it up. (*He walks to the booth.*) Using me like a stinking coolie, that's what! (*Drops dust-pan and broom.*) What kind of a society is this? (*Turns on the tap of the tea bucket and washes his hands.*)

*(From offstage work chants drift over: "Hey — Ho — Hey —"
Tao shouting offstage, "Han, you're dropping behind.")*

Chien (*beckoning*): Han, Han! (*Waves his hand.*) Don't rush. Come over here.

(Han enters, a sack of wheat on his shoulder. He puts his sack down on a cart. Notices that the tap of the tea bucket is open, turns it off.)

Chien (*produces a film ticket from his pocket*): Got the ticket you asked me to buy. Three-fifteen. *Braving the Waves*, a film about seamen.

Han: Wonderful! (*Takes out his identification book. Emotionally*) Oh, identification book, when will you become a seaman's card? (*Puts the ticket in his identification book.*)

Chien (*hypocritically*): Come now, work on the docks isn't so bad.

Han: My dream was to become a seaman, but now... (*Indicates his shoulder cloth, full of vexation.*) I'm only a docker.

Chien (*pretending disapproval*): That's no way to talk.

(Han flings the cloth over his shoulder, walks to the cart to pick up his sack.)

Chien (*pretending regret*): Of course, when you think of it, it's a waste of talent for a senior middle-school graduate to be a mere docker. Before liberation everybody looked down on this sort of work. Dockers were called "stinking coolies".

Han: "Stinking coolies"!

Chien (*instigating*): Very menial workers.

Han: Oh! (*Stabbed by Chien's words, he staggers forward. His sack drops down and the grain spill out.*)

Chien (*glances at his dust-pan and concocts a plan. In a threatening voice*): *Aiya*, why did you spill that wheat? This is terrible!

(Han hurriedly straightens the sack and tries to scoop the wheat back.)

Chien: Go and get the sacking needle, quick.

(Han goes to the tool box, rummages for the needle.)

(Chien peers around, makes sure that Han's not looking, quickly sweeps up the spilled wheat and together with the fibreglass in the dust-pan dumps it into the sack.)

Han (*hands Chien the needle*): Here, Master Chien!

(Chien stitches the sack. Han places the dust-pan and broom further away.)

Han (*to himself*): What rotten luck! With all our machinery, why do we have to carry the sacks ourselves.

Chien (*hypocritically*): Don't say that. Already people are saying...

Han: Saying what?

Chien: "Whether dockers can really run the docks."

Han (*stunned*): ...

Chien (*evasively*): Well, well, hurry along now. You've got a film to see, remember? When your eight hours are up, you're free.

Han: Master Chien, please give me a hand.

Chien (*after a momentary pause, loosens the rope over the rice sacks on the cart. Points to the stitched up wheat sack*): I'll take care of this.

Really it's a small matter to spill a sack. (*Indicates that Han should pick up a sack of seed rice from the cart.*)

Han (*gratefully*): Master Chien, you are good. (*Totes sack and leaves.*)

Chien: Good! (*Looking pleased.*) I'm good at having you confuse the two sacks and lose face both ways. (*Poisonously*) I'll see how you can go on singing of your wonderful internationalism. (*With one foot, he grinds the remaining bits of spilled wheat on the ground. He is about to put the sack of wheat on the cart, when Woman Worker A shouts offstage: "Hey, Hung!" Hung replies offstage, "What is it?" Chien is startled and slips away. He suddenly remembers his dust-pan and broom, returns and takes them, composes himself and goes out.*)

(*Hung enters with Woman Worker A.*)

Woman Worker A: They certainly work with a will. The two thousand sacks of wheat are nearly all moved. (*Picks up a tool from the tool box.*)

Hung (*surprised*): Look, this sack....

Woman Worker A: Hey, how did it tumble off?

Hung: The faster I try to work, the more trouble I get into.

(*With the other woman's help, Hung lifts the sack of wheat and puts it on the cart. She goes out.*)

Woman Worker A (*tightens the rope round the sacks on the cart*): Hung, whether the foreign steamer can leave tomorrow or not depends on you people. (*Raises the tool in her hand.*) Ready!

(*The cart rolls off. Woman Worker A leaves. Kao enters mopping his face.*)

Kao (*sings*): *Our task accomplished, my heart's at ease,
I must check on the work at the waterfront.
(Suddenly sees the spilled wheat on the ground.)*

Kao (*shocked*): Wheat! Someone has spilled his load. This is bad. An accident. (*Sings.*)
I'm angry and worried and ill at ease,

Seeing this wheat upon the ground.

*Our export standards are of the highest,
We can't let spilled sacks pass from our hands.*

(*Calls.*) Hey, Ting! (*Ting answers offstage. Kao removes towel round his neck. Scoops up the spilled wheat and wraps it in the towel. Ting enters.*)

Ting: Yes, Kao.

Kao: Notify the whole team. We're to hold an after-shift meeting immediately.

(*Curtain*)

SCENE THREE

THE INVESTIGATION

Time: Immediately following the previous scene.

Place: A park near the waterfront. Low firs stand in a bed of flowers. Hedged in by evergreens, canna flowers bloom luxuriantly. Dark clouds gather slowly across one side of the blue sky. A red flag flutters from the top mast of a big steamer.

(*As the curtain rises, Han enters buoyantly. He has bathed and changed his clothes.*)

Han (*sings*): *On coming off shift I'm a soaring gull,
A horse that has slipped its tether,
This ticket brings me my dream of sailing the seas,
"Braving the Waves" I ride the bounding main.*

(*Kao enters.*)

Kao: Han!

Han (*pausing*): Yes?

Kao: Why weren't you at the after-shift meeting?

Han: I've asked to be excused.

Kao: As a worker, you have to think about the collective interest, Han.

Han (*grumbling*): Who says I don't?...
Kao: Our team has had an accident.
Han (*startled*): Oh? What happened?
Kao: Someone spilled a sack of grain.
Han (*nonchalantly*): Is that all! That's a small thing....
Kao: Small thing? You've forgotten we guarantee the quality of everything that goes out of here.
Han: I couldn't forget even if I wanted to. It's dinned in our ears all day long: "A torn sack can't go into the warehouse; a spilled sack can't go aboard ship." That's all we do around here — load and unload, shift and move....
Kao (*patiently*): You should remember, Han, that every article exported and imported in our country depends on us dockers for loading, unloading, shifting and moving.
Han (*impatiently*): Enough! Everyone understands those generalities. (*Looks at his film ticket. Hurriedly*) Excuse me. I've got to go.
Kao: How can you do that? We still haven't found the spilled sack.
Han: When my eight hours are up, I'm free.
Kao (*angrily*): Han — (*Controls himself.*) Is this the kind of talk for a member of the working class?
Han: What? Me, the son of a docker, a boy who grew up under the red flag — are you insinuating that I don't talk like a member of the working class? Are you claiming I talk like a capitalist?
Kao: Uh! Han!
Han: What?
Kao: You.... (*Restraining himself.*)
Han: What about me?
Kao: Anyhow you don't behave like a worker.
Han: Worker? What kind of a worker? (*Contemptuously*) One who loads and unloads.
Kao: What's wrong with loading and unloading?
Han: Very menial work.
Kao (*indignantly*): Anyone who thinks like that can never make a good docker.

Han: A good docker? I don't want to be a docker at all.
Kao: What?
Han: A docker works hard from morning till night. On top of that we have to tote.... No wonder people are saying....
Kao: Saying what?
Han: "Can dockers really run the docks?" (*Rushes angrily off.*)
Kao (*furiously, pondering*): Can dockers really run the docks? (*His fury rises.*) So dockers can't run the docks! (*Sings.*)
*A tossed stone raises a thousand ripples,
My heart is turbulent as the Huangpu.
I am reminded of the past. (Faces the river.)
Huangpu,
Oh Huangpu!
Centuries of your flowing waters,
Can't wash the hatred from our hearts.
Before liberation battleships and freighters
Flying the stars and stripes, sailed haughtily,
Bringing weary dock workers only
Tears of blood and aching wounds.
Then the cannon of the PLA
Dispersed the clouds that hid the sun,
And a powerful hand grasped the revolutionary seal,
The Party calling on the dockers to rely on their own efforts,
Show their strength, do a good job,
And win glory for our land.
Yet now someone sneers at our dockers, stirring up trouble.
Flames of wrath leap in my breast,
Our comrades feel badly about the accident.
We'll be letting down our people and our Party
Unless we find that sack.
And find it we will,
Though it be harder than locating
A needle at the bottom of the sea.*

(*Fang enters. Tao and Ting come on with her.*)

Fang: Kao, the situation's very serious. Fibreglass has been found close to the spilled wheat.

Kao (*stunned*): Oh? How did fibreglass get in the area where we were shifting wheat?

Fang: Where's the spilled wheat you swept up?

(Kao hands her the swept up wheat wrapped in a towel.)

Fang (*opens towel*): Bad. There must be fibreglass in the spilled sack as well. *(To Kao)* Look!

(Everyone peers into the towel. The sky darkens.)

Kao: Terrible! If this wheat is exported...

Fang: And if people swallow it, the fibreglass will stick to their intestines. That could be.... *(Sings.)*

Very dangerous.

The political effect would be worst of all,

Worst of all!

(To Kao) Have you checked about the spilled sack?

Kao: At the after-shift meeting, everyone said there was no spilled sack.

Fang (*pensively*): The problem is very complicated. I've inspected the whole area and fibreglass was found only where the wheat was spilled. It doesn't look like an ordinary accident!

(Kao nods. Dark clouds gather overhead. Lightning and thunder.)

Fang (*with determination*): Lock the warehouse, Kao, and keep the place intact. We must investigate further.

Kao: Right.

Fang: We must rouse the masses and get to the bottom of this.

(A thunderbolt crashes, streaks of lightning split the sky followed by torrential rain.)

(Curtain)



Fang Hai-chen, secretary of the Communist Party branch of the dockers' brigade, comes to hasten the loading.

Stage Photographs from "On the Docks"

Dockers at work.



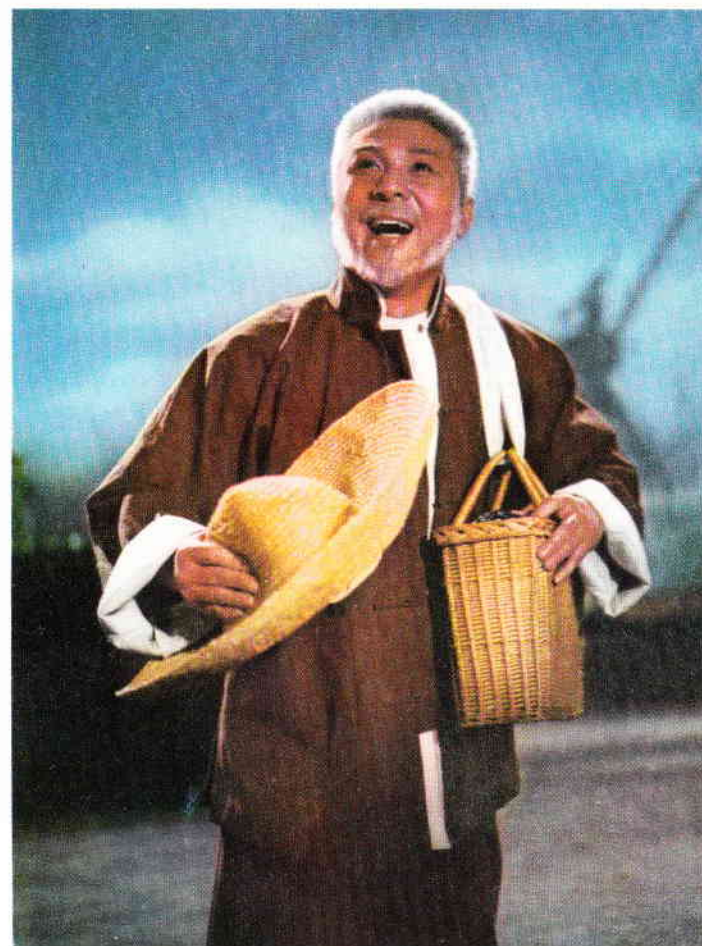
Kao Chih-yang, a team leader of the dockers' brigade, surveys the dock with pride.





Young docker Han Hsiao-chiang says to Ma Hung-liang: "Uncle, do you know that Comrade Fang is now the Party branch secretary of our brigade?"

Retired docker Ma Hung-liang, returning after an absence of six years, is pleased to see how busy the docks are.



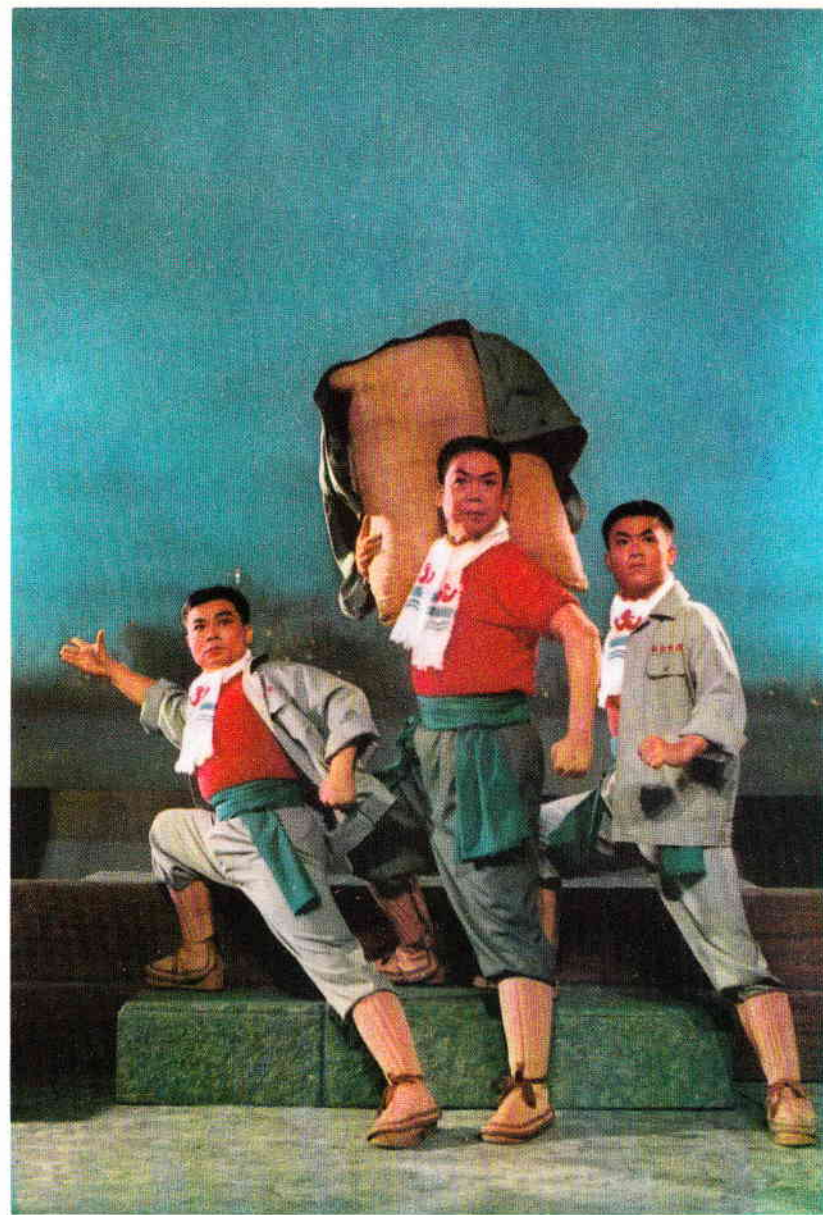


The Communique of the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party encourages Fang to advance in the class struggle.

Fang and Chao Chen-shan, chief of the dockers' brigade, ponder over the spilled sack.



Kao decides to pursue the fighter and bring back the spilled sack.
Fang wages a battle of wits with Chien Shou-wei.

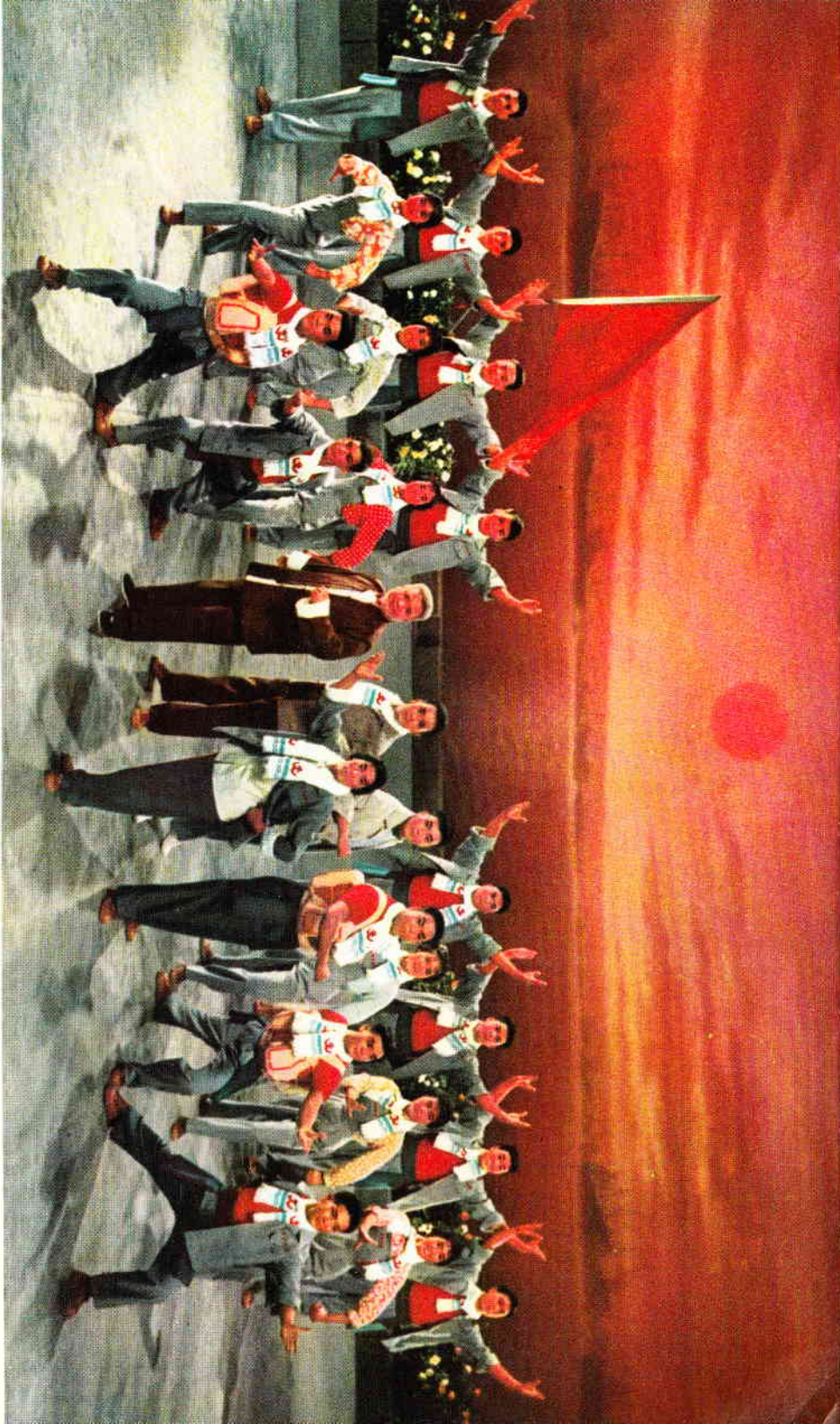




Fang and Ma teach Han to stick to his job and be loyal to the people and the Party.

Fang encourages Han to learn from the heroes, fight to the end for world revolution and be a never-rusting cog in the great revolutionary machine.





SCENE FOUR

MOBILIZED FOR ACTION

Time: Immediately after the previous scene.

Place: Office of the Communist Party branch of the dockers' brigade. A picture of Chairman Mao hangs on the wall in the centre. On another wall is a map of the world. A carrying pole leans upright in a corner.

Outside is a storage area. A wing of a warehouse is visible amidst the thick foliage of trees. In the distance, a big steamer is moored. Flimsy white clouds dot the rain-washed sky, very blue in contrast to a fresh rainbow.

(As the curtain rises, Fang sits at her desk reading the Communiqué of the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. On the desk are "Selected Works of Mao Tsetung", a telephone and a towel containing the spilled wheat.)

Fang (*sings*): *Reading the Communiqué stirs me deeply.*

Outside, a rainbow arches across rain-washed sky.

A great future has our land, pretty as a picture.

How can we allow monsters here to wreak havoc?

No matter how quickly the devil changes his wiles,

We are prepared and well on our guard.

(Chao enters hurriedly.)

Chao: What is the district Party committee's opinion, Fang?

Fang: They're very concerned, and want us to track down the cause. *(Goes to the bucket and fills a cup.)*

Chao (*irritatedly*): What a mess! *(Removes his safety helmet.)* If we hadn't toted the wheat on our shoulders, this accident might have been avoided. *(Sits down.)*

Fang: I don't think that's the reason. *(Hands Chao the cup of water.)* An acute and complex class struggle may lie behind this.

Chao: Class struggle?

Fang: Who proposed that we should suddenly switch to the loading of the Scandinavian ship?

Chao: That's Chien Shou-wei.

Fang: Who left that two thousand sacks of wheat out in the open?

Chao: Who?

Fang (*emphatically*): Chien Shou-wei, too. Then he jammed the transport line, nearly holding up our aid to Africa. Now, this series of incidents. Could all of them be mere chance?

Chao (*getting to his feet, disapprovingly*): I also agreed to load the Scandinavian ship. As for the typhoon, nobody knew about it. (*Walks towards the desk.*)

Fang: You didn't know, but what about Chien?

Chao: We shouldn't look at people with old eyes all the time. The comrades in the dispatcher's office tell me that after the many political movements since liberation Chien knows better how to behave. He knows his job and does it pretty well.

Fang (*looks pensively at Chao, pauses*): We are both Communists, Chao, and old comrades-in-arms. I'm afraid your conception of class struggle is becoming rather hazy.

(*Stunned, Chao sits down.*)

Fang (*significantly*): Do you still remember we were both no higher than a shovel when we first came to this dock to shovel coal? That was before liberation. Think of the sufferings we went through. Think of the millions on this globe who are still leading a life worse than beasts of burden. (*Much stirred.*) Now, they are fighting to smash their fetters and win liberation. They want to take up guns and fight the imperialists. They very much need the support of revolutionary people of the world! Their anti-imperialist struggle is also powerful support for us. Naturally, the enemy will do his utmost to sabotage our mutual support. Chao, we must not forget to be vigilant. We mustn't let the whirl of machinery drown out the sound of the class enemy sharpening his sword.

Chao (*moved, looks pensive*): . . .

Fang: At the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee, Chairman Mao told us that there are still classes and class struggles and that we must remind ourselves of this every year, every month and every day. (*Sincerely*) We must never forget this, comrade.

(*Kao enters hurriedly.*)

Kao: The warehouse is now under lock and key, Fang. We must come to a quick decision.

Fang: Right. Let's discuss it first in our Party branch committee.

Kao: The comrades suggest that we search the warehouse thoroughly.

Fang: What do you think, Chao?

Chao: Only three more days before this export wheat will have to be shipped.

Fang: My proposal is to search the warehouse tomorrow.

Kao: I support your proposal.

Chao: Good.

Kao: I'll go and let them know. (*Goes to the door.*)

Fang: Let me go, Kao. (*Catches up with him outside the door.*) Your wife tells me that your boy is sick in the hospital. You'd better go there now.

Kao: I know already. The doctors are looking after him. They can do much more for him than I can. (*Exit.*)

Fang and Chao: Kao, Kao. . . .

(*The telephone rings. Chao picks up the receiver. Fang comes back into the room.*)

Chao (*into the receiver*): Yes . . . yes . . . what? . . . Emergency task? I'll be there right away. (*Replaces the receiver, picks up his safety helmet.*) The district director wants me. (*Goes to door, suddenly recollecting*) Here Fang. (*Produces a written request for transfer.*) This was sent in by Han. He wants to be transferred from the docks. (*About to go.*)

Fang (*takes the request, reads*): Oh! So he's written a request?

Chao (*remembering, turns around*): Yes. Someone told me that he's been very chummy with Chien Shou-wei lately. Do you think this might have something to do with Chien?

Fang (*pensively nods*): . . .

Chao (*with deepening understanding*): I'm afraid I've not thought enough about class struggle. (*Puts on safety helmet, exit.*)

(Fang follows Chao with her eyes, glances at the request, and then turns to look at the towel with the spilled wheat, lost in deep thought.)

Fang *(sings)*: *Spilled wheat and a transfer request —*

Both thought-provoking.

Thoughts tumble through my mind

Like tides and twisting gales,

They strike a warning bell.

My comrades are discussing this in detail:

The trees must move when the wind continues,

There's something behind this.

Over our course of history,

The red flag has led the way,

Pathbreaker which brought

Bustling prosperity to our port.

We must keep clear heads in victory,

Class struggle exists every step of the way.

Revolutionaries fear not storms and gales —

The red flag flaps stronger in the wind,

The evergreen stands straighter in the rain.

The stormy petrels skim through lowering clouds,

Straight sails pierce the fog and mist,

We fight still more gallantly in the storm.

Over the waves, braving currents,

We press forward, our heads high.

Shanghai port we'll link with every

Corner of our land, and support national

Construction and the people the world over.

(Ma enters.)

Ma *(passing by the window)*: Hai-chen!

Fang: Old Master Ma.

Ma *(enters, showing concern)*: I hear there's been an accident.

Fang: We are investigating. *(Takes Ma's straw hat from him. Recalling)* Old Master Ma, you are just the person I want. The district Party committee has set up an exhibition on class educa-

tion. You're an old docker. Why don't you come and give a lecture?

Ma *(taken by surprise)*: Me? Lecture?

Fang: Talk about the past, compare it with the present.

Ma *(nodding understandingly)*: Right. But where should I start?

Fang *(takes the carrying pole from the corner)*: How about starting with this?

Ma: This pole? *(Takes the pole, strokes it emotionally, overwhelmed by mixed feelings.)* Pole, my old partner, I've a bellyful of stories I can tell about you.

(Fang and Ma both hold the pole, deep in thought.)

(Chao shouting offstage: "Fang!" Enters.)

Chao: The district just got word that because of the typhoon, this batch of export wheat will have to be shipped ahead of schedule.

Fang: When does the boat sail?

Chao: Tomorrow.

Fang: When is the loading to be?

Chao: At daybreak.

Ma *(worried)*: *Aiya!* But the spilled sack hasn't been found yet.

Fang *(thinking)*: . . .

(Ting and Tao rush on.)

Ting and Tao: Fang!

Ting: Chien Shou-wei is quarrelling with us. He insists on going into the warehouse to check the number of wheat sacks. . . .

Tao: He also says that our team should be going off shift and wants us to give him the keys to the warehouse.

Fang: Oh?

(Kao shouts offstage: "Fang!" Enters hurriedly, a large bunch of keys in his hand.)

Kao: These are the keys to the warehouse.

(Chien enters holding a shipment time-table. He is arguing with the dockers.)

Chien: Secretary Fang, these people are making trouble for me. They simply won't let me have the keys. I've also been told by the district that the wheat is to be shipped at daybreak tomorrow. I've got to check them now....

Kao (*stopping him*): Without the Party branch's permission, the warehouse is not to be unlocked. (*Places the bunch of keys on the desk.*)

Dockers: Right. We will not go off shift until the accident clears up.

Kao: We must hold ourselves responsible for the shipment of foreign-aid material.

Ma and Dockers: We must hold ourselves responsible for the shipment of foreign-aid material.

Chien: Comrades, comrades! I am also responsible for the shipment of foreign-aid material. (*He walks towards Chao half threateningly.*) The leadership has decided that the wheat is to be shipped ahead of schedule. If I can't check the figures today, tomorrow the shipment will be held up. (*Turns to the dockers.*) That'll be a big problem! (*To Fang*) Well, Secretary Fang, what do you say?

Fang (*with composure*): Since the leadership has decided to ship the wheat tomorrow at daybreak, we'll of course carry out the decision.

Chien (*complacently snatches up the keys*): Good. I'll go and check the wheat sacks right away.

Fang: Put down those keys!

Chien (*stunned*): Ah!

Fang: We'll let you know the exact number of sacks tomorrow morning.

Chien (*shocked*): You....

Fang (*decisively*): We'll search the warehouse tonight.

(Chien, startled, drops the keys.)

Fang: Before daybreak we'll not only have the number of sacks checked, but find the spilled sack so we can get to the bottom of the accident.

Dockers (*in unison*): Right!

Chien (*defeated*): Good, good, good. (*Goes out of the door, turns back and shoots them a look of hatred. Exit.*)

Chao (*picks up the keys, to others*): Let's go to the warehouse!

Kao: Let's go.

Fang: Comrades! (*Sings.*)
*One spilled sack is extremely serious,
A severe test awaits us ahead.
True gold is to be tempered only in the fierce fire,
True fighters never shirk.
Determined, we'll tackle the task again,
Search the warehouse by night,
And leave no stone unturned.*

Kao (*sings*): *Our arms and shoulders are tempered steel,
They can move mountains and fill seas.*

Chao (*sings*): *Strictly we'll guard the quality of foreign-aid goods,
Find the sack first, then load the ship.*

Ma (*sings*): *Let this old soldier go to the front.*

Dockers (*chorus*): *We young should be in the foremost ranks.*

Women Workers (*chorus*): *Girl workers boldly take up the challenge.*

Dockers (*chorus*): *The spilled sack shall not leave this port.*

Fang (*sings*): *This is a political battle,
United we'll work to untangle the trouble.
Strike hard at imperialism, revisionism and reaction,
Firmly, thoroughly, make our search.*

Dockers (*chorus*): *Strike hard at imperialism, revisionism and reaction,
Firmly, thoroughly, make our search.
Strike hard at imperialism, revisionism and reaction,
Firmly, thoroughly, make our search.*

Fang: Search the warehouse!

Dockers: Search the warehouse!

(All, bold in spirit, strike a pose.)

(Curtain)

SCENE FIVE

SEARCHING THE WAREHOUSE AT NIGHT

Time: Late at night.

Place: Entrance of the warehouse. The slogans: "Strive to Be Strong" and "Regeneration Through Our Own Efforts" flank the door. On the walls are red and green signals highlighting the words: "Safety First" and "No Smoking".

To the left are a table and chairs. A clock stands on the table beside which is a tea bucket. To the right are two crates, one larger than the other. A fire extinguisher stands close to the wall.

(As the curtain rises, the dockers are busily searching. The men tote sacks across, women workers pushing carts stride past. Kao comes on. Woman Worker B enters simultaneously from opposite direction with a stack of charts. Kao greets her. She leaves.)

(A group of dockers stride in, Kao takes a stance with his shoulder cloth. Exit. The dockers perform a shoulder cloth dance, performing the movements of "peng tzu", "yun shou", turns, "throwing the cloth over the shoulder while whirling" and "draping the cloth over the shoulder". Then they strike a pose. Exit.)

(Another group of dockers come on toting sacks. They rock the sacks as they cross the stage.)

(Fang comes on with a shoulder cloth in her hand.)

Fang (notices that Ma is still toting a sack, quickly slings cloth over her shoulder): Here, Old Master Ma, let me tote it.

Ma: I'm all right.

Fang: Let me do it. *(After some persuasion, she takes the sack from him and carries it on her shoulder. Exit.)*

(Ma goes after her, a woman worker comes on and stops him, they go off. Another group of dockers come on, performing a shoulder cloth dance with movements of "waving the shoulder cloth", "tai tui", turns, "shaking the shoulder cloth", "pieh tui", "waving the shoulder cloth" and "eagle turning". Then they strike a pose. Exit. Kao enters with a sack on his shoulder at the head of other dockers toting sacks. They stride across the stage. Fang enters.)

Fang (calling to one of the dockers): Li. *(Examines the sack, discovers nothing, goes on checking. The dockers pass across the stage.)*

(Ting and Tao, Woman Worker B and other dockers and women workers enter.)

Woman Worker B: Fang, we've been through all the sacks in the outer storeroom. None of them has been spilled.

Tao: I've just been to Han's house, Comrade Fang. He says he'll be along right away.

Ting (recalls): Oh, traction-engine driver Hung also took part in that rush moving job today.

Fang: Yes, of course. We ought to see what she knows.

Ting: Right. *(Exit.)*

Fang: Let's go to the inner storeroom, comrades, and check there.

(The dockers leave. Fang and Woman Worker B read the charts together, discussing them as they leave. Kao enters.)

Kao (whispers): Fang! *(Fang stops. Woman Worker B goes off.)* Chien Shou-wei is snooping around in the storeroom, he looks quite unnatural.

(Fang discovers him and gestures to Kao to keep quiet. Kao nods in understanding. They leave. Two women workers push carts across the stage. Chien comes on pushing a cart. He looks around. Discovering that he is alone, he puts down cart with a look of exhaustion.)

Chien (venomously): Fang Hai-chen, the sight of Communists like you makes me see blood. Search the warehouse by night? Of course they can't find that spilled sack, but suppose they find the sack of rice Han toted in? That'll be bad. *(Fiercely)* No, come what may, I must find that sack of rice and take it out of here myself so that they'll never find out. *(Smugly)* So long as Han does not turn up, they'll never get to the bottom of the spilled sack nor the mistaken rice sack. *(Turns to go.)*

(Han enters.)

Chien (taken aback): Han, why are you here? Didn't I tell you just now not to come here? I said, don't come, don't come....

Han: Fang sent for me.
Chien: Oh? (*Hurriedly pulls Han to one side.*)
Han: What's the matter?
Chien: Don't you know? That sack you spilled has brought real calamity.
Han: Why? What happened?
Chien: Fibreglass got into the sack.
Han: Fibreglass?
Chien: They claim it's a serious political incident.
Han: A political incident?
Chien: Listen, Han, you must never own up to the spilled sack, no matter what! (*Provocatively*) They suspect that you're carrying on sabotage.
Han (*frightened*): Oh? (*Sings.*)
This is getting complicated and hard to explain.
Chien (*further menacing him*): Yes! You won't be able to cleanse yourself even if you jump into the Huangpu River.
Han (*decidedly, sings*): *I'd better get away from here as soon as possible.*
Chien: Go away now. As soon as the wheat sacks are loaded at dawn, everything'll be all right. Go, go, go!
(Fang suddenly enters. Chien backs away quickly.)
Fang: You've come, Han. Good.
Chien (*loudly, pretending to be lecturing*): Why don't you hurry and join in the search, Han?
(Fang gives him a sidelong glance. Chien goes off with the cart.)
Han: Have you seen my request for a transfer, Comrade Fang?
Fang: Our docks can berth ten-thousand-ton freighters, Han. Why can't they accommodate your heart? This is revolutionary work we're doing.
Han: Other jobs are also revolutionary, and I can make a bigger contribution. Why must I stay here? To tell the truth I can't see why I have to be a docker after twelve years of school.
Fang: According to your way of thinking a person who's been to school and received an education shouldn't become a docker.

But today education is universal. Everyone can go to school. Who do you think ought to do this job?
Han (*tongue-tied*): Well....
(Ma enters.)
Ma (*sees Han, irritably*): So you're here at last.
Fang: I've sent for you, Han, to ask you about the incident of the spilled sack....
Han: Spilled sack? (*Defiantly*) I know nothing about it?
Ma: Is this the way to talk?
Han: You don't understand the case, uncle, and have no right to speak.
Ma: I saw through you as soon as I came to the dock, there's something wrong with the way you think....
Fang (*stopping Ma and patiently to Han*): You see, Han, everybody is spending the whole night checking through the warehouse....
Ma: While all you do is sulk.
Han: I've asked for a transfer. That's not illegal. (*Sits down on one of the crates.*)
Fang: Don't lose your head, I tell you.
Han: My head is absolutely clear.
Fang: Don't let others fool you.
Han: My ideas are my own. (*Gets to his feet.*)
Fang: You're not your usual self today, Han.
Han (*goes up to Fang, impatiently but half pleading*): Fang, my whole future is at stake.
Fang (*solemnly*): Dockers have a fine future.
Han (*stubbornly*): I've decided. I insist on being transferred.
Ma (*severely*): You're absolutely lawless.
Han (*retorting*): Don't go pinning labels on people.
Ma (*furiously*): How dare you.... (*Rushes towards Han.*)
Fang (*stops Ma. To Han*): We should do whatever jobs the revolution requires of us.
Ma: That's right.
Han: No matter what you say, my mind's made up.

Fang (*calmly*): But the organization doesn't approve your request.

Ma: Certainly not.

Han: It doesn't?

Ma: Well, what about it?

Han: I... (*Takes out his docker's identification book.*)

Ma: What are you doing?

Han: I quit. (*Tosses his identification book on the crate and turns to go.*)

Ma (*shouting*): Hsiao-chiang?

(*Han runs off wiping his tears.*)

Ma: Horrible! (*Intends to give chase.*)

Fang (*calling him back*): Master Ma.

Ma: I've got to teach him, Hai-chen.

Fang (*doing her utmost to control her own anger, with heartbreak in her voice*):

Yes, we've got to teach him and (*firmly*) see to it that he mends his ways. (*Picks up the book.*) Take Han to the exhibition on class education and have a good talk with him. When I get through here, I'll join you. (*Gives the book to Ma.*)

Ma (*takes the book*): Right. (*Turns to go.*)

Fang: Master Ma... (*Drapes a coat over his shoulders. Gently*) Please remember not to lose your temper.

Ma: I won't lose my temper! I won't! (*Bursting out.*) I'll... (*Controls himself.*) I won't lose my temper. (*Goes out of door. With restraint.*) I won't lose my temper. (*Exit.*)

Fang (*her anger rising but quickly subdued, sings*):

I must suppress my anger and think,

Han's attitude is very strange.

Han —

Perhaps someone has cast you adrift alone in a boat,

You may drown in the murky waters. (Ponders, then resolutely)

An evil wind has whipped up the waves,

I must set out in the storm;

I'll haul your sailless boat back to port,

Setting our course by the revolutionary markers.

(*Chao enters in a hurry.*)

Chao: Fang, the big Chinese freighter *S.S. Changfeng* has already berthed. How is the search for the spilled sack?

Fang: We've finished checking the outer storeroom. It's not there. Now, the comrades are checking the inner.

Chao: District says if we really can't find the spilled sack we must be ready to suffer a big loss financially rather than create the slightest bad political effect.

Fang: We must overcome every difficulty, find the sack and get the wheat loaded on time.

Chao: I agree. I'll go in for a look. (*Goes in.*)

(*Fang intends to leave. The Customs House clock strikes two. She pauses.*)

Fang (*thinking anxiously*): Two o'clock. Only three more hours till daylight. How time flies. (*Thunder rumbles. Fang walks up the steps of the warehouse. She broods, her eyes looking up at the night sky. A gale whips the water, breakers splash against the shore.*)

(*Sings.*) *The clock strikes two,*

The river wind blows fiercer.

(*Strolls down the steps.*)

Our comrades are uneasy, checking the warehouse.

Why is there no sign of the sack that spilled? How will

We load the wheat on the "S.S. Changfeng" at dawn?

A task of honour is our support

For Asia, Africa and Latin America.

Search for the spilled sack is a very sharp struggle.

Track down the cause, think carefully,

That Chien looks strange, queer that he too comes to search.

There must be a reason. Time is short.

Our task urgent. What must we do

To solve the problem? Hard to figure out...

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

Oh, Party!

You're wind in our sails, navigation light...

Wind, speed us through the billowing waves,

Light, illuminate our long voyage course.

*Thinking of the Party gives me vision and courage,
It's the dockers on whom we must rely in our difficulties.
They can blaze a trail in rugged mountains,
They can bring up a needle from the depths of the sea.
Following the Party, we'll drive ahead.*

We'll drive ahead.

We won't leave the field until we've won.

(Wind and rain. Kao enters.)

Kao: Fang, the spilled sack still hasn't been found.

(Chao and dockers come on discussing animatedly. Two women dockers and Chien come on pushing barrows laden with sacks.)

Dockers: It's really getting on our nerves.

Chao: Comrades, how about a rest?

Dockers: How can we rest? The spilled sack's not been found.

Docker A: Let's check it all over again.

Dockers: Right.

(Discussion starts again.)

Fang: Comrades!

(Silence.)

Fang *(with composure)*: Let's analyse the problem coolly. Why can't we find the spilled sack? Can there be some special reason?

Kao: Right. We ought to study the problem.

Dockers: Right. Let's go.

(Dockers exit. Chien pushing the barrow is about to leave.)

Fang: Chien Shou-weil

Chien *(stops, startled)*: Yes, Secretary Fang, is there anything you want?

Fang *(tactfully)*: You've been working on the docks for decades, what do you think is the matter?

Chien *(feigning composure)*: Everybody says it's a political incident.

Fang: Do you think we can track it down?

Chien: With everyone doing his best, I'm sure it's possible. *(Pushes the barrow and tries to go.)*

Fang *(her eyes on the sacks on the barrow)*: In that case you think we'll be able to ship the wheat on time?

Chien: Oh, yes! Just make good use of the time to search. *(As he talks, he hurries along with his barrow.)*

Fang *(imperatively)*: Dispatcher! *(Chien stops.)* This is the first time you've done such heavy labour. You must be very tired. *(Points to the barrow.)* Leave this...

Chien *(turning to answer)*: No, no, I'm not tired. I'll carry on till finish. *(About to go with his barrow.)*

Fang: Wait a minute.

Chien *(puts down the barrow unwillingly)*:

Fang: Have you made all the necessary arrangements for the loading?

Chien: Arrangements are made for both machinery and men.

Fang: What about precautions against rain?

Chien: There is no rain tomorrow. I've already checked with the weather station.

Fang *(walking to his barrow)*: You think of everything, don't you? *(Stretches out a hand to feel the sacks on the barrow.)*

Chien *(in great confusion, tries to cover the sacks with his hands. Realizing that he is exposing himself, quickly pats the sacks as if to flip off dust. Smiles slyly)*: As a dispatcher, I've got to know all about the weather changes.

Fang *(meaningly)*: Yes, of course. I know you pay great attention to changes in weather. You've been doing this for a dozen years, haven't you? Quite a job, eh?

Chien *(noticing the insinuation behind her words, tries to cover up for himself)*: It's all for the good of the work. I contact the weather station every day.

Fang: Oh? *(Walks up the steps.)* Then you knew about the coming of the typhoon?

(A tumultuous peal of thunder.)

Chien *(in confusion)*: Uh... no... no... I slip up sometimes.

For instance, today (*embarrassed*) I forgot to contact the weather station.

Fang (*comes down the steps, pressing on Chien in a severe tone*): So that is why you left two thousand sacks of export wheat out in the open, eh? So that is why you changed the loading plan and wanted us to load the Scandinavian ship and leave the seed rice behind, eh? If we had done as you wished, then once the typhoon started the foreign freighter wouldn't be able to set sail and the seed rice would miss the sowing season. What a serious consequence that would bring.

Chien (*flabbergasted and sweating profusely*): That....

Fang (*smiling*): You've had a busy day. Go home now and rest.

Chien (*unwittingly*): No... no... I must find Han!

Fang: So?

Chien (*frightened by his own slip*): No... no.... I mean I must go back to the dispatcher's office! (*Turns to go, suddenly remembering, goes back to push the barrow.*)

Fang: Chien Shou-wei, the dispatcher's office is over there!

Chien: (*Abandons the barrow and slips out of the warehouse in utter confusion. Suddenly turns and goes in opposite direction.*)

(*Fang beckons and Tao enters.*)

Fang (*whispers*): Keep an eye on him.

(*Tao runs off. Fang goes to the barrow, fingers the sacks and notices a difference in the bottom sack.*)

(*Kao, Chao and other dockers enter.*)

Kao: Fang, the comrades think maybe the spilled sack never went into the warehouse at all.

(*Hung shouting offstage: "Comrade Fang! Comrade Fang!" She dashes in quite wet from the rain. Ting and Woman Worker A follow her. More dockers come in behind them.*)

Hung (*panting*): Comrade Fang, while we were loading rice today, I went to find the brigade chief. When I came back I saw that a sack had fallen off the cart....

Woman Worker A: Yes. And I helped her put it back.

Hung: That sack — could it have something to do with the sack of wheat that was spilled?

Fang (*assuredly*): Bring me the tube.

(*With the help of another docker, Fang removes the sack on top. Chao hands her a tube, Fang pokes it into the lower sack and pulls out a sample which they examine.*)

Kao, Chao, Hung and Ting (*astonished*): Rice?

Dockers: Rice?

Fang: Yes. While we were busy removing the wheat and shipping the rice, someone must have tampered with the sacks on the sly.... (*Crosses one hand over the other, indicating an exchange.*) It looks as if the spilled sack with the fibreglass was mistaken for seed rice and loaded onto the lighter.

Kao: If it's put on board the foreign freighter and shipped to Africa....

Chao: There'll be wrong sacks at both ends. It'll be disastrous.

(*The storm rages.*)

Fang: Notify the lighter to bring back the spilled sack.

Chao: The lighter has already set sail.

Kao: Already? I'll take the steam launch and go after it.

Chao: It's dangerous to go out in this storm!

(*Gale and thunder.*)

Kao: The foreign freighter is sailing at dawn. I must go, no matter how fierce the storm.

Ting and Docker B: I'll go with you.

Dockers (*eagerly*): I'll go, I'll go....

Fang: Comrades! First let Chao contact the signal station at Wusung and ask them to notify the lighter to pull up to shore.

Chao: Right.

(*The storm continues to rage. Chao, Ting and Docker B run off.*)

Dockers (*anxiously*): Fang....

Fang: Comrades, make good use of the time and have some rest.
Wait until Chao comes back.

(The dockers go off.)

Fang: Kao, things are pretty clear now. The class enemy made several attempts at sabotage but did not succeed. Then he tried this exchange of sacks, which is hard to discover, hoping thus to smear our international prestige.

Kao: How very poisonous!

Fang: At a critical moment like this, we should bear firmly in mind the Party's instructions and be strict and conscientious in our work. We must fulfil our internationalist duty thoroughly.

Kao: Right. We must not only bring back the spilled sack, we must get to the bottom of the whole thing.

Fang: It seems to me the key to the problem lies in Han Hsiao-chiang. I'm going to report to the Party committee.

Kao: Leave things here to us then. *(Proudly)* Even if the sky starts falling, we'll prop it up.

Fang *(confidently)*: Good. *(Strides up the steps, turns and with feeling.)*
The working class has entrusted us with this task. We won't let them down. We will not disappoint Chairman Mao!

(They look at each other. Fang turns and exit in haste.)

(The wind howls and rain beats down.)

Kao *(eyes Fang's receding figure. Looks at the sack, then his eyes turn to the clock. He is tormented by anxiety)*: Time is getting short!

(A sudden peal of thunder.)

Kao *(sings)*: *Thunder — a drum call to battle,
Lightning — sears through my heart.*

(The clock strikes three.)

The Customs clock strikes, the river

Roars, every second presses.

Our country's honour is on that lighter,

We can't let the enemy's treachery succeed.

The revolutionary friendship that lighter carries

Must never be besmirched by the spilled sack.

(Thunder claps, lightning flashes as the rain pours heavily and the wind rages.)

Though the thunder crashes in a deluge of rain,

Though the tide rises high in the deep of the night,

Though the waves are wild and the current swift,

I shall brave them all and set out in pursuit.

Neither mountains of knives nor seas of flames

Can stop a Communist from doing his duty.

(Removes his jacket and covers the sack.)

(Ting and Docker B enter.)

Ting and Docker B: It's impossible to contact the lighter, Kao.

Kao *(boldly, in a stentorian voice)*: Get the steam launch ready. We'll go after the lighter and bring back that spilled sack. *(Raises sack to his shoulder.)*

Ting and Docker B: Right.

(The three go up the steps with flying speed, turn and strike a stance.)

(Curtain)

SCENE SIX

GRAND IDEAL

Time: Just before dawn.

Place: The class education exhibition hall which is in the office building of the former American bosses. There are photos of the dockers' struggle in the past and a model of the "high plank" as well as exhibits of tattered clothes, whips and manacles. On a red placard is written "Carry the Revolution Through to the End". A carrying pole festooned with red ribbon stands by the model of the "high plank". Near the entrance along one side of the corridor is a row of evergreens.

On the opposite side of the Huangpu River across a tall factory building, "Long Live Chairman Mao" in red neon lights gleams brilliantly, its reflection flickering upon the water.

(As the curtain rises, Han enters from the side followed by Ma.)

Ma (*with much patience*): I've been talking and talking, Hsiao-chiang, but you don't say a word.

Han: I have been listening.

Ma: Look at these things again, think again. Before liberation. . . .

(*Sings.*)

Who snarled and bared their claws like wolves?

Who worked like horses and toiled like oxen?

Who set up the steep and narrow "high plank"?

Who trudged on endlessly in sheer exhaustion?

Compare before liberation and after,

Look at the carrying pole, "high plank" and tattered clothes,

The foreman's whip and manacles. . . .

Look carefully, at each and every one.

Han: Uncle, I know all that.

Ma: If you really knew. . . . (*Takes out Han's identification book.*)

You wouldn't have thrown this away.

(*Han reaches to take it.*)

Ma: You want it? Not so easy! I ask you — where did this come from?

Han (*without thinking*): It was issued.

Ma (*in a sudden outburst*): What did you say?

Han: It was issued.

Ma (*his anger rising*): Issued? (*Restraining himself*) Hsiao-chiang, you don't know how difficult it was to get it. How did your father die? Have you forgotten? (*Heavy at heart.*) Remember that year — (*Sings.*)

In the depth of winter, in snow and howling wind,

Your father's feet were frost-bitten, his back severely strained.

Though he sweated and slaved, the family went hungry,

He waited all night for a ticket to a job.

Gritting his teeth, in illness he carried the coal.

The dog of a foreman with his whip

Forced him up that "high plank" of no return.

Over-laden and weary, he staggered and swayed,

(*Han, in grief, slumps down on a seat.*)

Plunging to his death by a pile of coal.

*Undying is my hatred and grief. . . . Oh, poor brother! (*Wipes tears.*)*

(*Han can no longer restrain his tears.*)

Such suffering in the old society!

But to whom could we turn?

Our tears and blood flowed

To swell the tide of the Huangpu,

Swell the tide of the Huangpu.

Now in our new society,

Thanks to the Party and Chairman Mao,

We dockers have risen, we are now

Proud masters of our country, cared for

And insured against illness and death.

How can you casually toss away

Your red identification book?

You really break my heart!

Have you forgotten the roots

From which you've sprung?

Han (*sadly sings*): I've not forgotten this history of blood and tears.

Ma: You've not forgotten? Then why. . . .

Han (*explaining*): You see, uncle! (*Sings.*)

It's hard to let twelve years of learning go to naught,

Making a living with a carrying pole is no good, whatever you say.

Ma (*shocked and angry*): Making a living with a carrying pole! (*Seizes*

Han by the arm. Sings.)

*You, you. . . you forget your class origin, (*Walks to the pole.*)*

(*Fang enters.*)

Ma (*takes up the pole and continues to sing*): I shall not easily let you off.

(*He raises the pole to beat Han, Fang stops him.*)

Fang: Old Master Ma, you can't beat bourgeois ideology with a carrying pole, you know. (*Takes the pole from Ma's hand.*)

Ma: Hai-chen! (*Heartbrokenly*) He even wants to give up the carrying pole — our precious heirloom.

Fang (*facing pole, her emotions stirred, sings*):

*This pole was with us in our times of trial, (*Puts pole back.*)*

*Our weapon it was in our hundred years' struggle.
Then the Party awakened the toilers' rage,
United we broke the shackles on our hands and feet.
We overthrew imperialism, compradors,
Feudal foremen and gangster dogs,
Till the red flag flew
Over our ports at last.*

Ma (to Han): Did you hear that?

Han (righteously): If I'd been born twenty years earlier I too would have used that pole on the foremen and the American gangsters. But now we're in the middle of socialist construction. I want to make an even bigger contribution.

Fang: Don't dockers contribute?

Han (with naivety): I want to be a seaman and deliver our goods personally to the people of Asia, Africa and Latin America in support of their struggle. That is really great internationalism.

Fang: If it weren't for us loading those goods on board ship, what would you support Asia, Africa and Latin America with? How could you show your internationalism? (With deep feelings.) Don't look down on the ordinary labour of dockers, Han. Every sack and item we load is closely linked with world revolution.

Ma (tapping the identification book): This behaviour of yours... Even if you were a seaman, you wouldn't be able to stand up in the storm.

Fang: What you've discarded, Han, is not your identification book, but the revolution.

Han: Oh?

Ma: You can't imagine what he said just now, Hai-chen.

Han (tries to stop Ma): I...

Ma: He... he said we were "stinking coolies"!

Han (defending himself): It wasn't me who said it.

Ma: Yes, it was.

Fang: Old Master Ma, only someone like Chien would say a thing like that.

Han: He's the one.

Ma: Chien, eh? Before liberation, he was employed by the Americans, the Japanese aggressors and the Kuomintang reactionaries, each in turn. He was an accountant who helped the enemy to oppress and sweat the workers. We are dockers, we're not the same.

Han: Not the same? That was in the past. Don't we all work together today?

Fang: We consider our work an honour. He calls us "stinking coolies", very menial workers. Is that the same?

Han: He is building socialism with us. That's the same.

Fang: We workers love the Party and Chairman Mao and we are completely dedicated to the cause of socialism. But he is dissatisfied with our social order and hopes to change it. Is that the same?

Han (puzzled): When we were working on the rush shipment today, didn't he take part too?

Fang: We work to support the world revolution and are strict in our demands, vigorous in our work. But he only pretends to work diligently while making trouble behind our backs. Is that the same?

Han (understanding): You mean that Chien Shou-wei is...

Fang: Let me tell you, Han, there are enemies with guns who fight openly, but there are also enemies who are well disguised, mouthing sweet words. Chien pays lip service to socialism but in his heart he does not forget his foreign masters. He slandered us by saying dockers can't run the docks. Is that the same?

Han (confused): This...

Fang (sings): *Don't think all is peaceful on the docks,
This port has always been a battlefield.*

*The Yankee bosses have fled but they're dreaming still
Of returning one day to their old establishments.*

I remember when we took over the port facilities shortly after liberation, and the army representative led us into this building. The American bosses pretended to comply, but behind our backs they cursed us. They said the "stinking coolies" wouldn't be able to manage. They predicted that we "poor coolies" would

slip into corruption. Our enemies will not take their defeat lying down. Never for a day do they forget this paradise now lost to them, nor abandon their dream of staging a comeback. They place their hopes in our next generation. If we are not vigilant, Han, they'll disarm us ideologically.

Han (*shocked*): Disarm us ideologically?

Fang (*pensively*): Yes! (*Sings.*)

*Every time I come in here I remember the years,
When machine-guns were mounted in the corridors,
Strike after strike rose big waves, all
Along the river the dockers fought for freedom.
The words of our forbears are written in blood:
"Avenge us. Seize the ownership of the docks."
When the PLA bugles blared the call to charge,
Our heroes fearlessly drove out the wolves.*

Ma (*sings*): *As the red flag unfolds and warm breeze wafts,
The docks have totally changed.
Our traditions, the price we paid,
How can you forget?*

Fang (*sings*): *Dockers' work has significance,
Why do you say that it's demeaning?
The blood of martyrs dye our docks,
Why — oh, why
Do you seek an excuse to leave?
A docker's son should be worthy of
The Party's care. Han, dear comrade!
Rein your horse at the edge of the cliff,
Don't gallop wildly when you've lost the road.
Think carefully, comrades are extending helping hands.
Their hearts are ardent, full of good wishes for you.
We hope you'll stand firm in this port of ours,
Loyal to the people, true to the Party.*

Han (*with remorse*): I've been a fool.

Ma: At last you've come to your senses, Hsiao-chiang.

Fang (*encourages*): Our comrades understand you, Han; the Party branch trusts you. You're part of our younger generation of dockers.

Han: Comrade Fang! (*Painfully*) I spilled that wheat sack. But I didn't know there was any fibreglass around.

Ma: Why didn't you say so before?

Han: Because of that Chien Shou-wei. Oh, I really hate that man. He told me that this is a political incident and if I owned up I'd never be able to cleanse my name even if I jumped into the Huangpu River.

Ma: Chien's a dirty liar.

Fang: Was Chien there when you spilled the sack?

Han: Yes.

Fang: What did he say?

Han: He ... he told me to go fetch a needle.

Fang: Did you go?

Han: Yes.

Fang: That's when it happened.

(Chao enters with a dust-pan, followed by dockers and Hung.)

Chao: Fang, we found fibreglass in this dust-pan.

Han (*takes the dust-pan and examines it*): Chien used this dust-pan to help me sweep up the spilled wheat.

Fang: Where's that spilled sack?

Han: He told me to take a sack from the cart.

Hung: But the sacks on my cart are seed rice.

Han: Oh!

Ma: Hai-chen, it seems to me that incident during the war to resist U.S. aggression and aid Korea must have been Chien's doing too.

Fang: This man harbours bitter hatred for our new society and tries to stir up trouble at the least opportunity. Today he's been making a series of attempts to sabotage. Chao, we must report this to the Party committee at once and take measures against him.

Chao: Right. (*Exit.*)

Han (*stamping in rage*): Chien... (*Bitterly regretting*) Comrade Fang!

Fang (*earnestly*): Remember this lesson well, Han. Because your thoughts were scattered, your wheat was also scattered. Because your ideas had gone wrong, your sack went wrong too.

Han (*shame and remorse in his heart, sings*):

*I've been infected by bourgeois ideas,
How wrong of me to look down on dockers' work.
I should not have let down my elders' hopes,
Nor lightly believed that black-hearted wolf.
Now I've brought trouble to us all,
I can hardly be forgiven, hardly be forgiven!
Thanks to the help of the Party,
I've come to see light.
Mixed feelings of remorse and shame
Bring tears to my eyes.
From now on I must be firm,
Sharp in vision and really determined.
Head high, I'll brave wind and rain,
Battling on the docks, going through trials
To become tempered steel.
Comrade Fang, give me back my request for transfer. . . .*

(Fang hands it to Han who tears it into shreds and tosses them in the river. Two dockers shake Han's hands.)

Fang (*takes the boy's identification book from Ma and returns it to Han*):

This book is an honour, Comrade Han. It represents our people's trust in you. You should cherish it more than your life.

Han (*takes the book with both hands and holds it to the breast*): *I definitely will listen to the teaching of Chairman Mao, remould my thinking and be a revolutionary all my life.*

(Dawn is breaking in the east, a rosy light glimmers on the horizon.)

Fang (*in a resonant voice*): *Chairman Mao teaches us to serve the people of China and the world whole-heartedly and entirely. That is our highest ideal. (Sings.)*

*A gale of revolution is sweeping the world,
The hearts of awakened people are closely linked.
Mao Tsetung Thought is conveyed
On the wings of east wind.
Throughout the length and breadth of our land,*

*Bugles sound the charge.
Steel-strong heroes appear in a strong blaze,
Huang Chi-kuang, Lo Sheng-chieh,
Yang Ken-szu, Chiu Shao-yun. . . .
Against U.S. imperialism, for the people,
Bravely they advance,
Displaying a militant internationalism.
Heroes by the thousands we have without end;
From them we must learn
To dedicate ourselves to the world revolution,
To be a never-rusting cog
In the great revolutionary machine.
This is the grand ideal, brilliant youth
Of every revolutionary.*

(Curtain falls slowly)

SCENE SEVEN

MORNING ON THE DOCKS

Time: Immediately following the previous scene.

Place: A corner of the park by the waterfront.

(As the curtain rises, brilliant clouds herald the dawn and red flags wave over rippling water.)

Kao (*sings offstage*): *We return (enters, takes a stance) victoriously to our docks,*

*A glorious eastern sky, sunshine on both banks of
The river. Last night we chased the lighter
Urged on by anxious lights along the shore.
Waves broke against our chests, our backs
Were drenched by gale-driven rain.
Firmly we pressed on, eyes bright,
Steering the launch through the waves,
Holding the red navigation lamp,*

*Heads high, standing erect.
Then we caught the lighter, and
Our hearts bloom with joy....*

(Excited voices offstage.)

Dockers (offstage): Kao!

(Fang, Ma and Han enter. Han hugs Kao in great excitement. He goes out.)

Fang (grasping Kao's hand): Kao!

Dockers (offstage): The spilled sack's brought back!

(Dockers surge on stage. General rejoicing. Ting carrying wheat sack enters with Docker B. Han follows them and strokes the sack with a look of remorse.)

Ma (his arm around Ting and Docker B, proudly sings):
Our dockers have a will of steel.

Han (to Kao): Team leader, it was I who spilled the sack of wheat.
I made a mistake. *(Hangs his head.)*

Kao (pats Han on the shoulder, generously): When we workers find
we've made a mistake, we correct it.

(Chao and Tao shouting offstage, "Fang!" They come on. Chao's left arm is bandaged.)

Chao: Look, all of you: A letter of recommendation from his
American boss, an offer of contract from his Japanese boss and
an appointment document issued by the Kuomintang. *(Hands
these over to Fang and produces a dagger.)* And here's a lethal weapon!

Dockers (shocked): Oh!

Chao: This is Chien Shou-wei's dagger. With these things, he
tried, through his connections on the docks, to sneak aboard the
foreign freighter and so escape his due punishment.

Tao: But I sprang on him and grabbed him just as he was climbing
up the freighter.

Dockers: Good!

Chao: In a last desperate effort, the scoundrel suddenly leaped into
the river.

Dockers: Oh? He jumped into the river?

Tao: Old Chao promptly jumped after him. They wrestled in the
water. In desperation, Chien produced his dagger and stabbed
Chao. Chao lunged at Chien in spite of his wound and snatched
the dagger away. The rascal was caught.

Dockers (joyfully): Wonderful!

Fang (with concern): Chao, your wound....

Chao: It's nothing really. This wound will remind me always
of this lesson of blood.

Fang: Right. Comrades, although Chien Shou-wei has been
caught, there will be others like him. The Pacific is far from
pacific and Shanghai port is not a harbour of refuge. We
must always remember Chairman Mao's instructions: never
to forget class struggle, every year, every month and every day.

Dockers: Right.

Kao: I suggest that we put this sack of spilled wheat in our class
education exhibition.

Ma: Let it serve as a warning to us all.

Han: Let me carry the sack, team leader.

Kao: Good.

(Kao and Tao help Han raise the sack to his shoulder.)

*(Han goes out with the sack, then returns. Hung calls offstage, "Fang!"
and then enters.)*

Hung: A telegram for you.

Fang (reads the telegram, extremely excited): Comrades, the foreign
freighter going to Africa set sail on schedule, carrying with it
the deep friendship of the Chinese people.

Kao (shouting excitedly): Long live Chairman Mao!

*(The workers shout together: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long,
long life to Chairman Mao!")*

*(The morning sky is suffused with rosy light as the rising sun appears
on the horizon. Steam whistles sound in the distance.)*

Fang (sings): *Thousands of ships sail from our port,
Dockers (chorus):* *Across the seas to every continent.*
Fang (sings): *Standing on the docks we gaze afar,
Dockers (chorus):* *Everywhere rise raging flames against imperialism.*
Fang (sings): *The world people's power is gathering momentum,
Kao, Ma, Chao and Han (sing):* *Helping each other, we're mighty and strong.*

Dockers (chorus): *We dockers follow our Communist Party,
Militantly, we do what we say.
Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought in our minds,
We march on towards communism.*

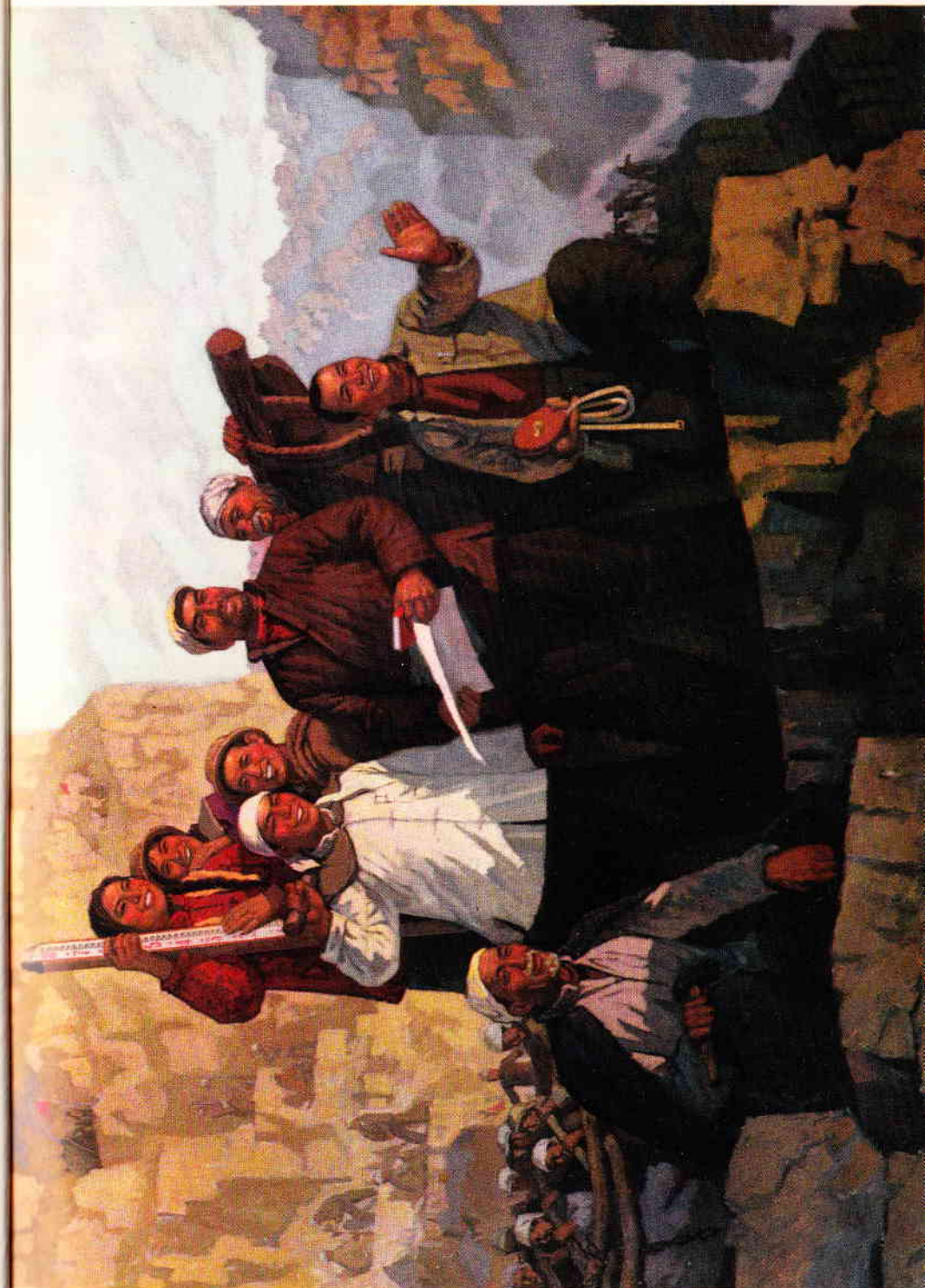
Fang (sings): *We shall change the old world thoroughly.*

Dockers (chorus): *Holding the red flag high, we charge!
Holding the red flag high, we charge! (They take a stance.)*

(A red sun slowly rises. A brilliant morning sun illuminates both banks of the Huangpu River.)

(Final curtain)

Cutting an Irrigation Ditch Through the Mountain
(oil painting) ▶
by the Chaoyang District art group of Peking



Hung Shan

Spring Comes to the South

This spring I was on my way to the Changpai Mountains just when they were turning a fresh pale green. The spring fishing season had just begun. The weather was fine just as it had been when I went there twenty-six years ago.

I was going to the small fishing village of Chiangnantun, on the south side of the Tanchiang River which people referred to as "the hamlet across the river".

The heroic people of Chiangnantun had left an indelible impression on me though I spent no more than a few hours there years before when the flames of the anti-Japanese war raged across the land. I wondered whether the old Party secretary was still alive? And what had happened to the girl who I knew only by her pet name of Erh-wa?

The moon was already sailing over the mountain tops and the fishing boats were safely moored when I arrived at the ferry. Passers-by had told me that I need only shout "Sister-in-law Ma" and she would come to ferry me across.

The moonlight silhouetted the neat village homesteads situated on the southern river bank; their myriad lamps glittering like stars — a really pleasant sight!

Cupping my hands around my mouth I called, “Sister-in-law Ma” and heard my voice echoing through the mountains.

There was no reply. What bad luck! Suppose I couldn’t get across? Where could I pass the night? Again I cupped my hands and yelled, “Sister. . . .” A ripple of clear laughter came from the willows on the opposite bank.

“Don’t panic. I’m coming,” someone answered crisply.

I heard the thud of ropes being thrown into a boat and saw a woman leap nimbly in too. She was obviously an old hand at the job. Look at the way she thrust the bamboo pole into the water, bending low as she strained against the current. The boat flew straight as an arrow towards me. Half way across she began to sing:

Spring has come to the river banks,
The bright sun shines warm in my heart.
Continuing the revolution I drive ahead,
The Tachai spirit prevails generation after generation.

I could feel her enthusiasm and optimism in the way she sang.

As the boat neared the bank, she used the pole skilfully so that the boat swerved to the right. Then with one more thrust of the pole from the prow she steadied it for me by the bank.

“Come along, please!” she said politely as she gave me a quick glance.

Heading towards the opposite bank, the boat skimmed the dark rippling water like a swallow as she poled vigorously, gripping the long pole in her big strong hands.

I sat opposite watching her in the increasing brightness of the moonlight. She was a sturdy, middle-aged woman, her skin dark from exposure to all sorts of weather. She seemed extremely strong. She must have been working in the fields for her clothes and shoes were muddy. Then, I noticed she was eyeing me too.

“Are you here for the first time?” she inquired.

“No, the second.”

“Really? But it’s impossible!” She looked me over again and laughed, shaking her head. “I remember all the people who’ve been here.”

“But it was more than twenty years ago. . . .”

“Ah, that explains it.” She smoothed her wind-ruffled hair. “Are you visiting some relatives, or are you here on business?”

“Neither. I’ve just come to see some old comrades.”

“Who? I know everyone in the village, grown-ups and kids.”



I could not tell her. I had not asked the names of the old secretary and the young girl I'd met in the few hours I was there the last time. "I want to see the old Party secretary and . . .," I faltered.

"The old Party secretary?" She laughed again. "We've had several old secretaries since liberation. What was the name of your old secretary?"

I didn't know. I was trying to explain when suddenly one or two fish leaped out of the water. Quick as lightning she flung down the pole and grabbed a fishing spear, waiting for the next fish to leap. Swish! The spear flew from her hand.

"It's a carp, about four pounds," she said, as she hauled it in. The fish thrashed about, till she threw it with a thud, together with the spear, into the boat. Once more she took up the pole.

I was amazed at her skill. Could she be . . . ?

"Comrade, I'd like to ask you about someone," I began. "One night twenty-six years ago, at this same ferry, a teen-aged girl ferried me across and she sang: More severe than winter is this spring, when will a real spring come to the south?"

I noticed that she looked pensive.

"The girl was called Erh-wa," I continued.

"Ah!" She threw down her pole again, stepped over to me and grasped my hand. "Are you Padlock?"

"Yes, that's right." I was as pleased as she was.

One spring night twenty-six years before, I had to pass through this small fishing hamlet on an important mission. I was told to look out for Erh-wa who would ferry me across the river.

The night was filled with the sound of the shrill wind and the waves crashing wildly against the river bank, as I waited for the girl. Then what I saw horrified me. On the opposite shore fire began to spread in the fishing village lighting up half the sky. There was the rattle of rifle shots. Dogs barked, while Japanese soldiers yelled. The thought of the horrors they had brought to the Chinese countryside filled me with rage as I hid in the grass by the bank. I heard another volley of shots, this time in the far distance and realized that our own guerrillas were coming.

Suddenly, two Japanese soldiers came to the river bank, pushing and gesturing to a girl they brought with them, ordering her to ferry them to this side of the river.

The girl, her head raised in a determined way, jumped into a boat. The waves were high. As the boat reached the middle of the river, the girl poled swiftly to the right while stepping suddenly to the other side of the boat so that it capsized in the fast-flowing water. With a big plop, the two soldiers fell overboard. But the girl, apparently a skilful swimmer, quickly righted the boat and, the next moment, she stood up proudly again.

The two Japanese soldiers swam well too. Soon, a black muzzle emerged to the water surface pointing at her. Quicker than it takes to tell, a glittering fishing spear flew from her hands and landed square in the middle of his forehead. His lifeless body was tossed about by the tumbling waves until it disappeared in the swift current. The other soldier, who had surfaced behind the girl, also took aim. At this critical moment someone else emerged behind him and with a strong big hand forced his head back underneath the water. There was a brief struggle below the surface but only for a moment. Both the enemy soldiers were drowned.

The girl looked around, saw and understood everything; the old secretary had swum after the boat to protect her.

"Old Party secretary," the girl sobbed.

"That was a narrow escape, wasn't it, Erh-wa!" the old secretary admitted as he clambered onto the boat and looked at her lovingly.

The look reminded her of the important mission. She looked around quickly and sang:

More severe than winter is this spring,
When will a real spring come to the south?

This was my signal. That same night the two of them escorted me to my destination.

We chatted quietly on the way. When I looked at Erh-wa I thought her expression far too severe for a girl her age. "How's your mother?" I asked. There was no answer, she bit her lips and stared blindly ahead.

The old secretary sighed and answered for her. "When there was a famine her family left the village to try to make a living in the northeast. But her mother died of hunger on the way."

"What about your father?"

I heard a sob and regretted my thoughtless question.

"He died two years ago," the old secretary spoke indignantly. "Her father worked all his life for the tyrant who ruled our fishing village yet he never had a good feed of fish. When he was dying he craved for some fresh fish. Erh-wa speared one by moonlight and boiled it. But when she took it to her father, she found he was already dead."

My eyes smarted.

"That evil old blood-sucker arrived immediately and claimed that the death of Erh-wa's father was caused by the vengeance of the fish-god because the girl caught a fish without asking the god's permission. Besides, it was against the old despot's regulations too, so he said she must be punished. 'All right, go on and punish me,' Erh-wa retorted, the bowl of steaming fish soup still in her hands. The next moment she threw the whole bowl of it into the face of this old living monster. Fortunately that night our guerrillas killed him and avenged us all."

I finished my errand that same night before dawn. When I was leaving Erh-wa said to me, "Take me to the people's army with you, please."

"But they need reliable people here too, and the old secretary needs a helper. Besides, you are the leader of the children's corps. How can you leave them?"

For a while she played with the end of her plait silently. "When will the Japanese be driven away?" she asked.

"Not long now!" I took out a copy of Chairman Mao's *On Protracted War* and gave it to her. "This was written by Chairman Mao. Read it and you will learn many things."

"Is it written by Chairman Mao?" Tears sparkled in her eyes as she clutched the book tightly to her.



What a coincidence that we should meet again now at the same ferry after so many years. We entered the village chatting gaily.

"The old secretary is still very spry. When his wife died two years ago I invited him to come and stay with us. I've looked after him like a father ever since."

Her face lit up when I asked about her family. "My husband is away at a meeting in the county town. My son is in the People's

Liberation Army and my daughter's in middle school. After liberation I chose a name for myself. Now I'm called Chiang Fan."

"That's a beautiful name."

"Here we are!" She shouted into the house, "Father, who do you think's come to see us?"

The old grey-haired secretary, whose hearing was still good, was delighted to talk. "I never dreamed of seeing you again, Padlock," he cried out, using my childish name, after we refreshed his memory of our first encounter by mentioning the two Japanese soldiers.

"Father! We're all grown-ups now," Chiang Fan reminded him.

"Yes, it must be my age," the old man said apologetically.

"Oh, that's all right. It makes me feel like one of the family," I joked. "But my real name is Liu Li-hsin."

Just then a young girl came in and called, "Secretary Chiang, we're all waiting for you."

"All right. I'll be along right away." Before Chiang Fan left she told her daughter to cook the fish so that the old secretary and I could have a meal together with some wine.

"Don't worry, mother. I've just put it on the stove. It'll be ready quite soon."

"So Chiang Fan is the Party secretary now," I said.

"Ah, yes." The old man was very proud of his adopted daughter. "She is a good leader of the poor and lower-middle peasants, busy from sun up to sun down. Our village has changed a great deal since she was elected Party secretary." He became enthusiastic at the very mention of Chiang Fan's name.

"Grandfather, hasn't mother asked you not to praise her any more?" the girl reminded him.

"But if I don't tell Uncle Liu these things, how will he ever know?" the old man retorted.

"Before liberation, when this fishing village was ruled by an old tyrant, we had nothing to eat but ground acorns and corncobs. At that time people said, 'The fishermen are ground down just like the acorns and corncobs they have to eat.' The life of our fishing village has changed so much since liberation. Our great leader Chairman

Mao has made us masters of our country and now we have enough food and clothing and lead an entirely different life.

"Chiang Fan was elected secretary of the Party branch during the cultural revolution. One day, pointing to the uncultivated land around our village she said to the poor and lower-middle peasants, 'This land, won with the blood of revolutionary martyrs, is now ours. It's been entrusted to us poor and lower-middle peasants by the Party. But it still remains untouched. Is it because we fishermen are too lazy? No. It is because we were prevented from working it by Liu Shao-chi's agent in our district who claimed that we should stick to fishing only and then we'd have everything we needed. This was wicked nonsense. Chairman Mao says: **Take grain as the key link and ensure an all-round development.** We must have a broader perspective.'

"In early spring, Chiang Fan took the lead and, with a pick, began to break up the frozen soil. She never rested a single day though her hands blistered till they bled and her arms were swollen. When the snow melted, standing in the ice-cold water for several hours at a stretch, she led the commune members in the digging of irrigation ditches. She often said: We mustn't take grain from the state any more when we have such a rich granary right here."

Pointing with his chopsticks at the rice in his bowl, the old man went on, "Ours was a fishing village in the past. Now we're farming as well. We grew this rice. Isn't it fine?"

He became more and more enthusiastic as he talked. Waving his hand, he went on, "In the past few years, besides fulfilling our fishing quota and having plenty of grain for ourselves, we've delivered more than 100,000 pounds of grain to the state."

"That's wonderful!"

"Well, no! Chiang Fan says that our contribution to the state is still too little. We must look out for conceit and self-complacency. We can grow even more if we try!"

Overcome by fatigue I fell asleep for a while but woke up again at ten o'clock. Chiang Fan was reading at her desk.

"You're not in bed yet, Comrade Chiang," I said drowsily.

"No, did I disturb you?"

"She always studies before she goes to bed every night," the old man explained.

"Oh, skip it, father," Chiang Fan said.

"But it's the truth." The old man smiled. "Look, she's been working at the dam all day, attended a meeting this evening, and still . . ."

"Sister-in-law Ma." A clear voice rang out from the other bank. Chiang Fan put down her book immediately and went out.

"Is there no ferrymen?" I asked the old man.

"Yes. But he lives farther away while we're so close to the river. Besides, if anyone needs the ferry at night it must be on urgent work. How can a leader stay at home and not go out to take care of such people?" the old man asked.

Now I can see the whole picture. As I watched Chiang Fan hurrying to the ferry in the moonlight, I recalled the song she sang earlier in the evening:

Spring has come to the river banks,
The bright sun shines warm in my heart.
Continuing the revolution I drive ahead,
The Tachai spirit prevails from generation to generation.

Now in this great Mao Tsetung era spring belongs to us. It will always be ours.

Illustrated by Huang Chia-yu

Little Kunlun

The towering Kunlun Mountains were covered in deep snow. Fully loaded trucks scuttled along a highway which, like a grey stripe on a white carpet, circled around some of the mountains and over the lesser peaks.

On a slope a little girl was chasing a lamb which had been scared by the noisy trucks. Her red corduroy padded jacket stood out brightly against the white background, like a moving ball of fire. In these deep mountains the slopes are so steep that people almost skin their noses while climbing up them and bruise their heels while descending. But this child lived there all the year round, helping Uncle Chang to fetch water or feeding the fire for Auntie Li. Her cheeks were rouged by the wind and frost of the Kunlun Range where she lived at a small outpost and was a well-known little busybody. "You're getting more and more like a highlander, Little Kunlun," her PLA uncles often said to her. Cocking her head like a bird, Little Kunlun would smile happily at them.

It was one January night in 1962, when the sound of a new-born baby's cry came from a tent at the eastern end of the outpost. This



was an unprecedented event on the Kunlun Mountains for this baby's cry was the first that had ever been heard there. The plaintive wail flew into the camp of the highland transport fighters and into the hearts of the surveyors. The first birth of a new revolutionary generation to be born on the Kunlun Mountains thrilled them immeasurably and kept them awake. In the tent Liu, the father, who was the leader in charge of the outpost, was trying to think of a name for their baby with his wife.

"We must give her a highlander's name," said the father.

"Let's call her Kunlun so that her nature will be as lofty as the mountains and when she grows up she will build socialism in the Kunlun Ranges," suggested the new mother.

Little Kunlun grew up amid the snow drifts and fury of the mountain gales. Now she was ten years old. A paper flower can weather no storm, but a real snow-lotus will bloom right in the snow. To foster the sturdy character of a highlander in his daughter, the

father encouraged the child to go out and become acclimatized to the weather and the world. This suited the little girl for she liked nothing better than to give a hand to the men who were working on the scaffolding and the passing truck drivers. Although her name was not on the list of the outpost personnel the child often worked among their ranks, boiling water or carrying meals to the men working in the mountains.

One clear morning when the bright blue sky looked as if it had been thoroughly washed, and when a lone eagle soared overhead, Little Kunlun, carrying a bamboo basket, went with her father into a valley to collect ox dung. She pranced like a young deer round her father, sometimes far ahead, sometimes behind. When they entered the gully a strong wind, funnelled through the valley, nearly swept them off their feet. Little Kunlun's pigtails were almost blown off. When she raised her hands to hold them down, her basket was carried away. It sailed up and across a peak far out of reach and, even though she gave chase right away it was lost. Little Kunlun pulled at the hem of her father's jacket, refusing to budge. He tried to comfort her, promising to let her use his basket. Only then would she move on, but she still pouted. This was the same Little Kunlun who, like a sturdy young cedar, was dear to the heart of everyone.

The workers at the outpost whom the girl called her aunties and uncles welcomed her warmly when she returned. "Fancy. The fierce wind in the valley almost swept our Little Kunlun away," they teased. She kept silent, still brooding over the loss of her basket. More than once her mother called her to lunch, but she only mumbled to herself. Knowing how she felt, Kunlun's father took her into their tent and told her some stories. When the workers first came to the Kunlun Mountains, he said, they set up tents in spite of the terrible gales. Later, they built rows of brick houses in place of the tents. Even during storms they reclaimed land in the valleys and planted vegetables, so that some of the thousand-year-old deserts became green again. Now the workers were adding tall buildings to the brick houses.

Little Kunlun, gazing wide-eyed at her father, was completely absorbed in the story. He told her, "The storms they braved were more severe than the one we faced today. But none of them were cowed and none pouted...." Quickly Little Kunlun reached out and put her hand over her father's mouth to stop him. By then her mother had reheated her food and, suddenly feeling hungry, Kunlun was glad to eat after having put off her meal for so long....

One night, when her father was holding a meeting in his office, his young daughter pushed open the door and rushed in. "Father, there are two uncles still out on the mountain...." Everybody looked puzzled as they waited expectantly for her to continue and tell them what had happened. She panted for a moment to catch her breath before she began her story.

That night she was looking around as usual in order to see if any truck-caravans or other highland builders were on their way to put up at the outpost for the night. As it grew dark she spied a bonfire that had been lit on one peak.

"Who's built a fire up there?" she wondered. Her father had mentioned that Uncle Hu and some others in the Fifth Company were on duty at that work site during the day. Had their truck broken down on their way back? It would be terrible up there in the freezing cold. Braving the wind, she clambered up the slope making for the bonfire, calling "Uncle Hu" loudly now and then. But she could not make herself heard. After a stiff climb she reached them and found two men sitting with their backs towards her.

Creeping up on tiptoe, she was planning to cover Uncle Hu's eyes with her hands from behind to give him a fright. But to her surprise she saw that neither of the two men was Uncle Hu! They were both concentrating on a diagram they had drawn on a piece of paper so that they did not even hear her. She peeked over their shoulders at the paper and saw they had drawn a plan of many buildings and a tall chimney. It was the plan of a future work site on the Kunlun Mountains, which they were studying so late at night in order to transform these wild peaks. "You must be very hungry working so late at night, uncles," she blurted out. She startled them and when they turned around they were surprised to see who

it was. But Little Kunlun quickly slipped away to "report" to her father.

When the men in the office heard her report they knew that the building squad's technicians must be working overtime. Immediately a meal was prepared for them. As Little Kunlun and a cook carried the hot food up the mountain, a light snow began to fall. Going gaily up to the men still working beside the bonfire, she shouted, "Stop and have your meal now, uncles."

When severe winter gripped the Kunlun Ranges, a new outpost was set up on the slopes of that peak where the bonfire had glowed. High scaffolding rose behind a sign which read: "4,700 metres above sea-level." The workers were transporting timber and bricks since the temperature was too low for cement to be used. Whenever a truck-caravan pulled up Little Kunlun would race over with a thermos bottle offering a drink of hot water to the surveyors and workers and inviting them to have a rest and a meal at the outpost.

One December morning, while the young girl kept her usual watch on the white snow-mantled Kunlun peaks she saw a truck-caravan pull to a stop on the opposite slope of a gully. She raced down from where she was and up the opposite slope, waving vigorously at the soldiers on the truck.

"Where is Company Commander Li, please?" she asked one of the fighters. "I have something important to tell him." When she was told that his truck had not arrived yet, she gave the men her thermos bottle containing hot pepper soup. Then, from the satchel flung across her shoulder, she produced a packet of medicine. "These are cold-prevention pills. My father told me to tell you that there is some flu spreading around here and he wants all of you to take these pills and some of the hot pepper soup to protect you against it." But none of the fighters, who were staring at her in surprise, accepted the pills.

She became anxious and urged, "Take them, please. My father and the PLA uncles at the outpost have sent them to you." She was so insistent that the fighters praised her, "You are your father's good daughter and a fine Kunlun girl."

So she was. Born in an outpost on these majestic peaks, she grows up serving truck drivers and the highland builders working on these mountains. The footprints she leaves on the snow are notes on the score of an unfinished piece of music, a bold symphony and a victorious song that is being composed by the builders on our borderland.

Illustrated by Chou Chien-fu



Working on a Live Wire (oil painting) by Yuan Hao ▶

Overnight at Red Flower Village

It had been pelting with rain for some time; the road was a small stream. As we splashed along in the muddy water on a military training exercise it took all our energy to keep going. At dusk, we finally reached Red Flower Village in one of the valleys of a lonely mountain area. We were to stay there for the night.

Our squad went to Comrade Tao's home. Tao was the leader of the production brigade, and was still away helping to drain the water-logged terraced fields. His wife, Sister Tao, began collecting our soaked and muddy canvas shoes and legging cloths in a bamboo basket. Putting on her cone-shaped hat she made for the door. I tried to stop her, saying, "Sister Tao, don't bother to wash them."

"That's all right, squad leader," she answered, keeping the basket out of my reach. "But, my husband and I, no, all of us, are resentful that you haven't come back for such a long time." She evaded me and headed for the river bank, leaving me at the doorway, feeling at fault.

While I washed my feet I looked around. It was the usual peasant's two-storey house with plank walls and fine bamboo ceiling the same as the houses other poor or lower-middle peasants lived in. A coloured picture of Chairman Mao was pasted on the wall of the hall facing the door. Several posters of Tachai, the self-reliant village in Shansi, flanked it on either side. Near the stairs there was a single bed. There were an oil lamp, a set of *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*, some newspapers and some material for political study nearby.

After we had washed our feet, carried our bedding upstairs and spread it out, we helped with the household chores. Some carried water, some swept the floor while I helped Little Ox, Tao's son, who was hulling rice under the eaves. By then the rain had ceased. The green mountains beyond were blurred in the evening mist. As I worked I decided to ask the brigade leader to tell us about class struggle in this village when he returned.

"Hello PLA comrades," shouted a middle-aged man as he came in the yard with a hoe on his shoulder. "We've been expecting you for some time and here you are at last!" He was soaking wet, the water dripping from his clothes. I went over quickly to shake hands.

"Brigade Leader Tao, we've come to learn from you poor and lower-middle peasants."

"You haven't been back here once since you defeated the remnants of those Kuomintang bandits," said Tao. "That's not right."

His remarks made me think. How sound his criticism was. All those years we had spent too little time with the people. Now we were on a military exercise, living among the masses and learning from them, according to Chairman Mao's teachings. This was absolutely necessary.

When I explained this to the brigade leader he slapped his thigh, jerked up his thumb and exclaimed, "Marvellous! Chairman Mao's instructions are always correct."

After supper, Tao threw some more firewood in the stove, till the fire was burning briskly. Sister Tao came back from the river with the things she had washed for us. We sat around the stove to dry off some of our clothing. Tao told us in great detail how the People's

Liberation Army had first been stationed in that border area and had wiped out the remnants of the Kuomintang bandit troops. He went on to their democratic reforms, the first agricultural co-ops, the forming of the people's communes right up to the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Last of all he spoke about the present excellent revolutionary situation and production and how the poor and lower-middle peasants were all studying Chairman Mao's works. He talked very simply and frankly. His story was a good lesson for us on class struggle and that between the bourgeois and proletarian lines.

We were so interested we forgot the time. Not wanting to keep the family up too late we suggested they turn in. But when Tao learned that we were going to follow the trail across Mount Yao the next day, he refused.

"That old trail leads through a forest," he said. "In this rainy season there're mountain leeches everywhere. It's hard going."

"We choose this way on purpose to toughen ourselves and raise our combat ability," I explained.

"I support your idea a hundred per cent," Sister Tao, who had been drying our legging cloths and shoes by the stove, spoke for the first time. "But those leeches are filthy things. They'll suck your blood and, what's worse, your legs'll swell and fester if you don't watch out. Your health'll suffer and slow up your training."

"Don't worry," her husband said, cutting her short. "Our men aren't like those bedraggled soldiers of the landlord and bourgeois classes. They'll pass any test."

"You're right," I agreed. "With training like this we'll never become tenderfoot soldiers."

All the same we were grateful for Tao's concern. But how should we tackle this problem of leeches? We were all thinking about this. While he was puffing at his pipe, I noticed Tao was staring at the legging cloths I was folding up. After a while, seeming to have recalled something, he said suddenly, "Give me all your leggings. I'll boil them in tobacco water. Leeches won't touch you then if they smell them."

Sister Tao went straight into the kitchen to light the other stove. But her husband called her aside and whispered, "Go and tell all the others to boil the leggings for their men. We must support our army in a practical way." Sister Tao nodded and went out taking Little Ox by the hand.

Hoping to learn some ways of preventing disease in this mountain region I volunteered to help Tao.

The water was boiling in the big cauldron. Tao took a big handful of first-rate tobacco leaves and threw them into it.

"The stalks will do, Brigade Leader Tao," I said, trying to stop him. "Keep the leaves for your pipe."

"No, no, the leaves are stronger. If only they're some help to you I'll willingly smoke less."

We talked as we worked. Tao told me that he guided our troops in 1950 when they chased the last of the Kuomintang bandits. He'd tried this tobacco on our soldiers then and it worked. They were able to make forced marches in the mountains without being bothered by leeches and their combat efficiency was excellent.

The flames danced in the stove. A strong scent of tobacco filled the house. Tao dropped the leggings into the boiling tobacco water one by one and stirred them continually with a stick. The pungent fumes pricked my nostrils and affected my throat so much that soon I felt sick. But I stuck it out. Through the clouds of steam I could see that Tao's eyes were watering too. I could find no word to express our gratitude. To myself I thought that when the people took such care of us, we should certainly conscientiously carry on and defend Chairman Mao's proletarian line in army building, safeguard our motherland with gun in hand and serve the people wholeheartedly. . . .

We were up early next morning and, trying not to disturb Tao and his family, packed our bedding without lighting a lamp though it was still dark. We were surprised to find on coming downstairs that the couple had gone out even earlier. As my comrades tidied up the kitchen I quickly wrote a brief letter of thanks, enclosed the price of the firewood and tobacco and tucked it under Tao's pillow.

The sky, lit by the stars, was clear now. We left the village before dawn. The trail, we noticed as we went along, was in good shape. The worst ruts had been filled in with freshly-dug earth and some rugged sections levelled. On the steepest slope, new steps had been dug out. When our contingent was about half way up the mountain, we spotted a dozen commune members, men and women, wielding their hoes higher up. Brigade Leader Tao and his wife were among them. Our company commander and the political instructor hurriedly ran up to them, gripped Tao's hand and kept saying, "Thank you, Brigade Leader Tao! Thanks to everyone!" Tao was moved, he replied, "Without a people's army the people have nothing. We must unite to obtain still greater victories. Come along, I'll be your guide." He insisted on escorting us up and over Mount Yao, in spite of our leaders' repeated remonstrations.

On we climbed behind the brigade leader. I looked back over my shoulder: Red Flower Village was aflame in the morning sun. In high spirits and with soaring morale, we marched on steadily.

Shih Ta-wen

A Great Programme for Socialist Literature and Art

— In commemoration of the 30th anniversary of the publication of “Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art”

The *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* delivered by our great leader Chairman Mao thirty years ago is a great Marxist-Leninist document. It sums up scientifically the development of revolutionary literature and art since the launching of the May 4th Movement* in 1919 and has exercised an epoch-making influence on our new creative works. Today, these brilliant talks are playing a still greater role not only in guiding our socialist literature and art but also in transforming our world outlook.

The *Talks* were published at a time when the people's anti-fascist war all over the world was in full swing and as China's War of Resistance Against Japan entered its fifth year. Many progressive and

*An anti-feudal and anti-imperialist revolutionary political movement which later developed into a revolutionary cultural movement with the spreading of Marxism-Leninism as its main objective.

revolutionary Chinese writers and artists went to the liberated areas under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party to take part in the war against the Japanese invaders. As they came from various social classes they differed in world outlook as well as in methods of writing. This gave rise to a series of controversies among them. Some even failed to understand the fundamental difference between the reality of literary and art work in the liberated areas and that in the Kuomintang-controlled regions. The new situation and tasks demanded that they make a thorough change both in their way of living and their world outlook.

But not all of these writers and artists realized the problems that faced them. In order “to ensure that revolutionary literature and art follow the correct path of development and provide better help to other revolutionary work in facilitating the overthrow of our national enemy and the accomplishment of the task of national liberation”, the Communist Party convened a forum on literature and art at the revolutionary base Yen-an in May, 1942. It was at this forum that Chairman Mao gave the *Talks*.

The *Talks* form an all-round, systematic and programmatic document for the transformation of the world and the development of literature and art in accordance with the proletarian world outlook. It deals with principles of primary importance, and with political lines and policies as well as ways of carrying on the struggle in literature and art and the methods to be used in creative work.

The basic question for writers and artists is “For whom” shall they produce, and “How to serve?”

In the “Conclusion” of the *Talks* the first problem raised is “Literature and art for whom?” Chairman Mao stated manifestly that this problem had already been dealt with long ago by Marxists, by Lenin in particular. As far back as in 1905 Lenin said that literature and art should “serve . . . the millions and tens of millions of working people”. But, in the anti-Japanese base areas, Chairman Mao stressed, our literary and art workers had not found a clear solution to this problem. Yet this problem faced them not only theoretically but in practice.

Based on the actual practice of the Chinese revolution, Chairman Mao concretely analysed the problem of how writers and artists could best serve the people. He pointed out that the bulk of the population in our country consists of workers, peasants, soldiers, who were usually also workers and peasants in uniform, and lastly the urban petty bourgeoisie. **“These four kinds of people constitute the overwhelming majority of the Chinese nation, the broadest masses of the people.”** Our literature and art, therefore, must serve them. This is the conclusion Chairman Mao drew from his analysis of classes and the historical particularities of the Chinese revolution. It is an important conclusion that continues and further develops the Marxist-Leninist theory on literature and art.

To serve the above-mentioned four kinds of people, Chairman Mao stressed, **“We must take the class stand of the proletariat and not that of the petty bourgeoisie.”** This is a very important statement for, if a writer or an artist works not from the viewpoint of the proletariat but clings to a petty-bourgeois stand he naturally focuses his interest mainly in the petty-bourgeois intellectuals. It follows then that he cannot genuinely serve the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers.

In the “Introduction” to the *Talks* Chairman Mao placed first and foremost the problem of class stand. Based on the actual conditions prevailing in literary and art circles at that time, he then called upon writers and artists to pay attention to the solution of this question.

What were the actual conditions at that time? They were expressed in the fact that many writers and artists were only interested in studying and portraying intellectuals. To them a literary or art work was essentially a form of self-expression. Sometimes they did write about workers and peasants, but these were labouring people in outward appearance only and petty-bourgeois intellectuals in all else. Because their class stand and world outlook had not changed, they simply could not solve the question of whom to serve.

How then could it be solved? Chairman Mao pointed out that the key to change was that writers and artists **“must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the process of going into**

their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society”. **“Only in this way,”** he emphasized, **“can we have a literature and art that are truly for the workers, peasants and soldiers, a truly proletarian literature and art.”**

By integrating theory with practice Chairman Mao raised another very important question — that of how to transform a writer’s stand and his world outlook. Once it is solved the way is then open for the writer to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

“Having settled the problem of whom to serve, we come to the next problem, how to serve.” At that time writers and artists in general were apt to overlook the importance of popularizing work among the masses. With a view to remedying this situation Chairman Mao elucidated with emphasis the dialectical relationship between popularization and elevation, thereby giving a full, all-round explanation of the fundamental principle of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and how to serve them.

“Since our literature and art are basically for the workers, peasants and soldiers, ‘popularization’ means to popularize among the workers, peasants and soldiers, and ‘raising standards’ means to advance from their present level.” This is a pre-condition laid down by Chairman Mao for the work of popularizing and raising the standards of literature and art. Before starting to work, therefore, writers and artists must know what the proletarian masses need; in other words, they must go and live with workers, peasants and soldiers. **“Prior to the task of educating the workers, peasants and soldiers, there is the task of learning from them.”**

To learn from the masses is of paramount importance to writers and artists. It is not only necessary for their understanding of what the masses want, but is also the only way they can obtain the material needed for their creative work. For literature and art are products of the reflection in the human brain of the life of a given society, and the life of the people is an inexhaustible source, the only source, of literature and art. True, we should also take over and assimilate critically the literary and artistic legacies of our own ancient culture and

that of foreign lands. But taking over legacies and using them as examples must never replace our own creative work. To be truly creative we must delve into the actual source of all art.

That is why Chairman Mao called on China's revolutionary writers and artists, writers and artists of promise, to go among the masses. **"They must for a long period of time unreservedly and wholeheartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle, go to the only source, the broadest and richest source, in order to observe, experience, study and analyse all the different kinds of people, all the classes, all the masses, all the vivid patterns of life and struggle, all the raw materials of literature and art. Only then can they proceed to creative work."**

Only when writers and artists carry on their creative activities in such a way can they produce revolutionary works that are **"on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life"** and can **"awaken the masses, fire them with enthusiasm and impel them to unite and struggle to transform their environment"**.

Having settled the problem of how to serve the broad masses, the *Talks* proceeds to tackle the problem of how to achieve a united front among literary and art circles, pointing out that writers and artists must unite under the leadership of the proletariat in the fight against the Japanese invaders and work together within the framework of the anti-Japanese national united front. In the process, however, the basic Marxist-Leninist principle that while striving to achieve unity in the united front, struggle must continue within it, should not be overlooked. In the world of literature and art **"literary and art criticism is one of the principal methods of struggle"**. Here Chairman Mao raised problems relating to the criteria of criticism which again are of paramount importance.

"In literary and art criticism there are two criteria, the political and the artistic." **"Each class in every class society has its own political and artistic criteria,"** Chairman Mao pointed out. **"But all classes in all class societies invariably put the political**

criteria first and the artistic second." **"What we demand is the unity of politics and art, the unity of content and form, the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form."** With this Chairman Mao clarifies the relationship between the two criteria and defines the fundamental principle in proletarian literary and art criticism.

Literature and art are subordinate to politics; yet art does not equal politics. We must observe the political as well as the artistic criterion, and politics must come first. But this does not mean that political criterion can replace the artistic. This is a principle from which no Marxist literary and art criticism must deviate. But deviations did exist in literary and art circles at that time. With this situation in mind, Chairman Mao said, **"We oppose both works of art with a wrong political viewpoint and the tendency towards the 'poster and slogan style' which is correct in political viewpoint but lacking in artistic power. On questions of literature and art we must carry on a struggle on two fronts."**

II

The publication of the *Talks* opened up a new era for China's literature and art, which has undergone tremendous changes ever since.

Inspired by the *Talks*, large number of writers and artists went to live among the masses in the countryside and at the frontline during the anti-Japanese war. For the first time they began to change the deplorable situation in which they had been detached from the labouring people and reality. They gained first-hand knowledge of the working people's lives, learned their language and at the same time remoulded their own ideology. And in the process they produced a number of works that the people loved and which encouraged them to carry on the War of Resistance Against Japan and fulfil other revolutionary tasks. Such workers in the cultural field also helped to popularize literature and art among the masses and cultivated amateur writers, artists and news reporters from among them. As a result a mass movement sprang up, in which many new writers and writing came to the fore.

The most distinctive characteristics of these new works are that the labouring people stand out boldly as heroes and heroines. This resulted in a fundamental change in the appearance of literature and art. The Peking opera *Driven to Join the Liangshan Mountain Rebels** written after the publication of the *Talks* is a case in point. In a letter addressed to the Yenan Peking Opera Theatre which produced it, Chairman Mao said:

History is made by the people, yet the old opera (and all the old literature and art, which are divorced from the people) presents the people as though they were dirt, and the stage is dominated by lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters. Now you have reversed this reversal of history and restored historical truth, and thus a new life is opening up for the old opera.

Thus Chairman Mao looked upon this as “an epoch-making beginning in the revolutionization of the old opera”. While attaching great importance to such a beginning, he was very happy and hoped that the artists “will write more plays and give more performances, and so help make this practice a common one which will prevail throughout the country”.

After the establishment of New China the revolutionary line in literature and art as defined by Chairman Mao in his *Talks* has struck deeper and deeper roots in the minds of the people. Such being the case, in their attempt to obstruct the implementation of Chairman Mao's line on literature and art, pseudo-Marxists like Liu Shao-chi

*Written in 1943. Lin Chung, the hero who lived at the end of the Northern Sung Dynasty (12th century), was an arms instructor. He wanted to train an army which could resist the foreign invaders ravaging the frontier. But Kao Chiu, the military commander, preferred a policy of compromise and capitulation. Hating Lin intensely, he tricked him into entering his inner sanctum, then had him arrested on a charge of attempted murder. Lin was convicted and banished to a far-off region. On his way to exile he discovered that attempts were being made on his life by Kao's agents. Seeing through the true nature of the rulers, he killed the agents and went to join the Liangshan Mountain rebels, peasants who took to arms against their corrupt and tyrannical oppressors.

Based on an episode from the well-known 14th century novel *Water Margin* which depicts the peasant uprising of the Sung Dynasty, the opera developed the theme with additional material from history.

and Chou Yang, who had managed to usurp a leading position in literary and art circles, were forced to resort to craftier tactics by putting up a false red banner in order to oppose the real red banner when they peddled their counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art.

In 1963, in an important directive in this field Chairman Mao pointed out that “many Communists are enthusiastic about promoting feudal and capitalist art, but not socialist art”. Again in 1964, in another important directive apropos of the personnel in most of the cultural organizations and literary and art publications, he sharply pointed out that “in the last 15 years . . . by and large the people in them (that is not everybody) have not carried out the policies of the Party”. By criticizing the revisionist line in literature and art, Chairman Mao revealed the struggle between two lines that existed in the literary and art circles.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has dealt a smashing blow to the counter-revolutionary revisionist line and is clearing the way for the implementation of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

The sharp struggle between the two lines in the immediate past also centred on the problem of “whom to serve?” In the realm of theatrical art the problem was concerned with who were to dominate the stage. Workers, peasants and soldiers, or kings, generals and ministers, scholars and beauties? Even before the cultural revolution was launched a furious debate had been going on between staging model revolutionary operas or those about kings, generals and ministers, scholars and beauties. With the success of a series of new model revolutionary operas the counter-revolutionary revisionist line finally went bankrupt. This marked a new victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art.

These brand-new model revolutionary theatrical works successfully created a galaxy of worker, peasant and soldier heroes, warmly praised the historical achievements of the Chinese people's revolution and realistically reflected the great victories of our socialist revolution and construction. The Peking opera *The Red Lantern* is a magnificent example. The proletarian hero Li Yu-ho is a prototype of the Chinese labouring people during the period of China's revolutionary wars.

In the same way another Peking opera, *On the Docks*, features the heroine Fang Hai-chen, a brilliant character, product of the period of socialist revolution and construction. Such heroes and heroines exemplify the fine moral quality and heroism of the proletariat, from which our people derive inspiration for their life and work.

During the past two years, under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, model revolutionary theatrical works have been widely popularized. Based on this popularization a mass movement for new creative literary works has sprung up. It is characterized by close collaboration between professional and amateur writers and artists, who, taking the model revolutionary theatrical works as examples, firmly adhere to the principle of serving workers, peasants and soldiers and create heroic characters from among them. This new movement is a continuation of the one started in the liberated areas after the publication of the *Talks* in 1942, a further step forward in the implementation of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art.

The importance of the *Talks* is not limited to literature and art alone. They are also a powerful weapon for the remoulding of our world outlook and the reality of the objective world. Today, when we read them, we realized all the more acutely that to develop our new socialist literature and art and consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat we must firmly keep to the directives pointed out in this brilliant writing.

Studying Chairman Mao's Works (painting in the traditional style) by Yu Chih-hsueh ►



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A Cultural Work Team on the Plateau

The vast Gobi desert was bathed in early morning sunshine, even the sentry post was aglow. A group of alert frontier guards, patrolling the borderland, were singing:

On camel-back I start the day's patrol
And greet the morning sun with battle songs;
To defend the borderland for the people,
I tour mountains and rivers.
Coated with dust and tanned by the wind...

The song always reminded them of their comrades in the cultural work team who had composed it and who defied fatigue and hardship serving them. This team belonged to the Lanchow People's Liberation Army Units. It grows up under the guidance of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art* and during the period of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. For some years, the team members, always adhering to the correct orientation of art for workers, peasants and soldiers, had stayed with various companies of the Lanchow units and toured the border areas and sentry posts, giving performances in remote parts of the plateau.



Studying Chairman Mao's works on literature and art

One winter day, a howling sand-laden gale swept over the Gobi. The sky was grey and the earth frost-bound. A PLA transport unit was gathered in a train which was soon leaving.

"I hear that our cultural work team is nearby," said one of the soldiers regretfully. "Pity we're leaving without seeing them."

"They won't come here," another chimed in. "Not in this weather."

Both were disappointed. Yet suddenly, they heard the sound of drums and gongs in the wind. It was the cultural work team coming. Elated, commanders and soldiers jumped down to welcome them.

The cultural work team on the plateau never let a chance to perform for the armymen slip by. They knew the PLA transport drivers, who travelled all the year round in bitter cold or torrid heat on the plateau, must crave for some cultural entertainment. That morning, the team had given a performance to a company several miles away, but when they learned that a transport unit was moving to a new district, they went immediately, without even stopping to remove their make up or have a meal. They showed their concern for the soldiers on transport duty even though they could sing only a few songs for them with the little time at their disposal. And they never made a perfunctory job of their performance although their faces were pinched and blue with cold and their limbs were numb in the freezing weather.

"We didn't expect you would come," they said. "You've certainly served us well." The soldiers were deeply touched.

Once when they, after performing for a frontier unit, were helping the soldiers to cook a meal and feed their horses the members of the team learned that eight soldiers stationed in an outpost still farther away had no chance to enjoy a show. The team decided to go there so that they could perform for them. Covered with dust, they finally arrived at the place. Happy and thrilled to see them, the eight soldiers said, "Thank you so much, comrades. You're providing us with fuel in snowy weather, as the saying goes." They received the strolling players warmly and invited them into their dugout. It was very tidy and neat inside, everything in its right place. A portrait of our great leader Chairman Mao hung on the wall. This testifies to the fact that our PLA men are proud to work under difficult conditions and look upon such a place as their home.

The *kang* bed alone took up half the space of the dugout. But it was impossible to perform out of doors in the howling gale. As



Performing for the frontier guards

these comrades live and work here year in and year out, the team members said to each other, we must think of a way to perform for them. They asked the fighters to sit on the *kang* to make a little room for them, where they performed and sang songs of high aspirations and militancy for these men. At the end of the concert, the fighters all shouted together, "Long live Chairman Mao!" "Long live the victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art!" The artists themselves were impressed by the impact of art that served the workers, peasants and soldiers.

The team members also help the soldiers in other ways. They take photos, repair radio-sets, put up small picture exhibitions and coach amateurs in cultural activities. On top of this they often purchase stationery or other small articles in town for them, looking upon such services as their responsibility.

The guards on sentry duty stationed dozens of miles from town naturally like to send some good pictures to their families. To save

them the long journey to town the members of the team take snapshots of them, and if this is done outside the tents they often shield them from sand and wind with their own fur coats. The camera is often as cold to handle as a lump of ice. But our photographers, who serve the soldiers whole-heartedly, defy frost-bite or any hardship that is common in the Gobi desert. With improvised equipment they develop and print the photographs the same night so that the soldiers can have them the following morning.

In one place the soldiers were very upset when something went wrong with their radio because it was an invisible tie that linked them with Peking. The team members skipped meals and sleep to repair the set as quickly as they could so that the instructions of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee and other important information could reach the soldiers in time. Once, after a day's hard work fixing a machine, they received a soldier with a radio-set. They examined it and found the damage rather serious. Realizing that their duty was to disseminate Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, they spent the whole night repairing it. All their fatigue vanished when at dawn they heard the strains of *The East Is Red* on the radio. "There's nothing we won't do to make sure our soldiers hear the voice of Peking, the capital of our great socialist motherland," they said.

When the inside space is not enough the cultural work team sometimes puts up photo exhibitions in the open, pinning up pictures, drawings and photographs on the outside of tents, dugouts and herdsmen's yurts, in such a way that those who come to look can stand with their backs to the wind. To do this they themselves have to face the wind, their voice becoming hoarse, their lips chapped while speaking in the flying sand. Yet their enthusiasm never abates. One evening they were about to knock off after a busy day when several soldiers and militiamen arrived from far away. The team once more put up the pictures and explained them all over again in the light of a hurricane-lamp.

In July the Gobi desert is terribly hot. Ten of the cultural team members joined a PLA unit on a military training exercise. Clappers

in hand, they sang songs all the way, now at the head of the marchers, now on a steep slope, lifting up the morale of all with their songs. They kept up with the march though their feet were blistered. When the soldiers made camp they helped to put up tents. Time and again, they were urged to ride but they persisted in marching on foot, bearing in mind Chairman Mao's words, **"If you want the masses to understand you, if you want to be one with the masses, you must make up your mind to undergo a long and even painful process of tempering."**

On the Gobi desert where water is very precious the team members learned from the good example of a soldier who refused to take a sip from the bucket of water he carried for his company. The soldier was sent to look for water. He had to walk a long distance. He staggered back with the bucketful. As soon as he put it down, he collapsed from thirst. When he came to, his comrades, who were sorry for him, asked, "Why didn't you drink some water from the bucket?" He replied, "When I'm sent to fetch water for our company, I shouldn't drink it myself." The team members followed

Carrying water for the Tibetan people



his example. They seldom drank from their flasks although skin peeled from their parched lips and their throats burned. They wanted to leave more water for their comrades.

After touring the Gobi desert, the cultural work team was on its way to a horse ranch on the grasslands in a high mountainous area. Though they had been urged not to go because of the harsh climate, they were determined to defy all difficulties in order to perform for those who had worked there for many years. They chatted and laughed as their truck rumbled on over rugged roads. Their spirits were high even when some of them became dizzy from the rarified air.

"The Tibetan herdsmen are industrious and brave. We must learn from those who suffered most in the past and who have the deepest love for the Communist Party and Chairman Mao," they said to each other.

En route to the ranch black clouds gathered overhead. Soon heavy rain beat down on the canvas top and found its way into the truck. To protect their stage properties and musical instruments the team members took off their fur coats to cover them.

The rain continued. As bad luck would have it, one of the wheels of the truck got stuck in the mud. When the driver stepped on the gas, the wheel spun but the truck did not move. "Out everybody. Let's push the truck," shouted the team leader. One by one they jumped down and began to sing a work chant through the storm, "Unite comrades, *haiyo*. Push with all our might, *haiyo*. We've come to the stockmen, *haiyo*. No difficulty can daunt us, *haiyo*." They stood in knee-deep muddy water and were all drenched to the skin.

Their singing soon reached the ears of some Tibetan herdsmen. Men and women came along running with rods, spades and ropes of yak hair. One old man tied ropes to the truck and they pulled hard together. It was a scene of unity and comradeship between army men and civilians, between herdsmen and army men.

When the team finally arrived at the ranch headquarters late that night all were bespattered with mud. The stockmen took them into



A dance

their tents immediately, treated them to hot milk tea and built ox-dung fires to dry their clothes.

Morning dawned splendidly over the grasslands and the sun broke through brightly after the rain. The cattle roamed and the horses galloped over the hills.

That morning the cultural team sang for the stockmen who, at the end of the performance, grasped their hands tightly. The older ones were most appreciative. Holding up both thumbs they said, "You are following the good teachings of Chairman Mao very well."

The members of the team always carry their own luggage and put up their stage by themselves. Every time they return to the city where living conditions are better, they persist in doing physical

labour. They look upon this as a must for their ideological remoulding.

The team went to Yen-an to learn about the revolutionary traditions there. At the place where Chairman Mao gave the *Talks* on literature and art they studied his brilliant thesis again and reviewed the struggle between the two lines on the literary and art front during the past thirty years. They said that under the revisionist line put forward by Liu Shao-chi and other political swindlers, cultural workers were treated like hothouse flowers. They did not participate in physical labour with the workers, peasants and soldiers but only craved for fame and strove to become celebrities. Now, under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, they have embarked on the broad road of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. Advancing steadfastly along it, they will promote Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought while serving them all their lives.

On a New Front

When snowflakes still danced impishly in the north wind, although it was already spring, no one felt the cold at the work site of Project 9424, for exertion and enthusiasm kept us warm. On one side, a blast furnace, of more than 270 tons was being assembled. It rose steadily, till it was as high as a building of thirteen storeys, in spite of many difficulties which our workers had overcome one by one in the course of construction. On the other side, the builders of a gigantic coke oven were busy transporting and laying refractory bricks. Work continued day and night.

Hundreds of workers, inspired by Chairman Mao's teaching on self-reliance and hard struggle, took part in the project with unprecedented zeal. From among them a number of heroes emerged. We felt it was our duty to record some of their inspiring deeds so that our people could read about them. But "rough hands" as we are who had never worked with pens before we wondered if we could produce something like reportage that would faithfully reflect their militancy and the determination that dominated their every hour

This article was written by the workers' writing group of Project 9424. See the review *New Writings by Workers in Chinese Literature* No. 1, 1972.

on the project. We turned to *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art* for guidance.

Chairman Mao points out, "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." From this we came to understand that life is the source of literary creation and there is nothing mysterious about writing. We had been working at the foremost front of the construction and knew every detail of their lives for we rubbed shoulders with heroes practically every day. We realized that, providing we kept on practising, eventually we would be able to handle the pen as well as the hammer.

That is why we comrades from blast furnaces, coke ovens, soldering shops and pits came together to form a writing group. Inspired by the encouragement and trust of our comrades-in-arms, we broke new ground previously so unfamiliar to us.

Each of us had our own specific experience and knowledge about the people with whom we worked and of incidents that had occurred. But this was not enough for our purpose. We needed to understand more, particularly about the thinking and lofty moral qualities of our heroic workers. We therefore interviewed some in the advanced ranks and organized meetings with them to learn more about them and their accomplishments. We also made arrangements to work side by side with them.

Every advanced worker matured in his own way, through various activities in which he played a positive role. Once we saw a mason scrambling through thick wire netting to clear rubbish from the base of a hot blast stove. When he found his clothing hindered him he simply removed it and, although caught in a network of steel rods, he managed to do the job satisfactorily. From further investigation we discovered that he was a man of indomitable courage. Once he fought bare-handed with an armed class enemy who attempted to sabotage production. Another time he jumped into a swift flowing river to retrieve some state property.

Our knowledge about advanced workers and their deeds was

gradually enriched. Continuous examination and study enabled us to realize what a sharp struggle had been going on during construction—the struggle between Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line, and that between proletarian and bourgeois ideologies. The deeper we delved into the matter, the more complicated we found it. We knew there was so much we should write about and praise that, as the saying goes, we were "undecided which blossom to pick among the many". We decided that each of us would write about one incident that had affected us deeply. That is how we began.

At first we were not technically equipped for the job; we did not even have a desk. The stifling heat made things worse. Facing such a situation we put out a slogan: Learn from heroes while writing about them. It is a privilege to write for the proletariat, so we took up the challenge. During the day we wrote under shady trees on a piece of board which we used as a desk; in the evenings we worked by the light of street lamps where it was cool. Under such circumstances our first batch of manuscripts appeared. We described construction in progress, each concentrating on a particular aspect of the project. But upon careful examination we found that our delineation of character was superficial, lacked a penetrating analysis of the worker's mentality and therefore was inadequate.

So our first attempt was a flop. What was to be done? Again we turned to *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*. In order to be able to write properly, Chairman Mao teaches us writers must **"observe, experience, study and analyse all the different kinds of people, all the classes, all the masses, all the vivid patterns of life and struggle, all the raw materials of literature and art. Only then can they proceed to creative work"**. And again: though man's social life is lively, rich and beautiful, **"life as reflected in works of literature and art can and ought to be on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life"**. These passages taught us much.

Looking over our writing, we found that our failure stemmed from the fact that we simply assembled an agglomeration of facts

from life without analysing and synthesizing them. With the help of our leaders and professional writers we made a careful study of the raw material we had gathered. Then, by learning from the model revolutionary Peking operas we came to realize that the task of socialist literature is to recreate from life the heroic characters of workers, peasants and soldiers. Only through presenting the sublime ideological qualities of these characters could we achieve the basic aim of creating socialist literature and art that served workers, peasants and soldiers.

Reportage must be based on real people and actual events. But this does not mean that we should write about everything indiscriminately, naturalistically and without selection. We must choose and extract from a medley of facts those most typical and concentrate on depicting typical characters and their mental outlook. We must not produce a photostatic copy of life. Only in this way can our writing bring out the intrinsic quality of our heroes' lives.

But our ability to do this did not match our comprehension. We could not express in words what we understood. This problem blunted the enthusiasm of some in our writing group. They said that creating literature was much more difficult than wielding a hammer and that, without proper training, we were not qualified for the job. Others maintained that we needed to have the "special gift" of being able to think "in terms of imagery" before we could write.

In order to have faith in our ultimate success we first had to correct our thinking. Our leaders then advised us to suspend our writing for a time and make an intensive study of Chairman Mao's article *On Practice*. After that we should proceed to criticize the various fallacies preached by Liu Shao-chi and his gang of political swindlers such as "special talent as a prerequisite for writing", "shaping our thought in terms of imagery" and so on. Gradually we came to realize that talent comes from practice and practice gives rise to ability. With our faith restored, after refuting all the metaphysical sophistry, we kept on practising our writing, determined to contribute our efforts to revolutionary proletarian literature. We believed that, by defying our fear of failure and insisting on the possibility of victory, we would eventually achieve our goal.

To pool our knowledge we decided that every one should contribute ideas and plots so that a detailed outline could be worked out collectively. The actual writing of various episodes, however, was assigned to different individuals. When this was completed, each was submitted to the group for joint discussion and revision.

So a new battle began. There were quite a few moving incidents that came up in the course of writing. One of our group was a crane operator. He could manipulate a gigantic crane so skilfully that it heaved a load of many tons as though it were a feather, but he was quite unable to write a piece of reportage in six or seven thousand words. He would rewrite it time and again, the aggregate number of words running into 200,000. But he persevered and learned by practice till finally he produced a fairly good piece of writing. When we congratulated him on his success he broke into tears, vowing that he would work still harder for the cause of revolutionary literature.

Another comrade, a bench worker, who had only a few years of schooling, was confronted with similar difficulties. His manuscripts were turned down several times, but he was not in the least dismayed. He went on writing every day till late at night. His wife suspected that painstaking as he was he might not be equal to the task. But he assured her, saying, "Writing is a privilege that Chairman Mao has given our working class. We must learn to write and write well!" This moved her to encourage him so that he persisted in his efforts. Finally he offered us a piece, with which everybody was satisfied.

We each read our finished manuscript to our fellow workers, soliciting the widest range of comment. Then based on their suggestions we improved our writing still more.

In this way the collection of reportage, *The Iron Flows*, was produced in one year. The experience we have acquired in writing this book brings home to us the fact that workers, peasants and soldiers can take up the pen to create literature and art but only under the superior system of socialism and particularly at this time when we are achieving victory in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. The book also provides eloquent proof that the working class can create both material and intellectual wealth.

Light Cavalry of Culture

Over the vast steppe of the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region travelling troupes, known as Ulan Muchirs, perform for herdsmen. They are called "the light cavalry of culture". Having gone through a process of tempering in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, they are now marching ahead more vigorously along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line for literature and art.

Chairman Mao pointed out in *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, "**This question of 'for whom?' is fundamental; it is a question of principle.**" During the cultural revolution members of the Ulan Muchirs studied this important work with fresh intensity. Abiding by its principles they lived deep among the masses, striking roots in various places on the grasslands and visiting the people's yurts. In this way they spread Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and new socialist culture. Neither the blazing sun in summer nor the icy cold in winter could deter them from their work which they kept up very diligently. In the evenings under a lamp



Performing for the herdsmen

hanging outside a yurt they performed for the herdsmen. During the day when they were travelling to new pastures their red flags fluttered along the horizon.

The Ulan Muchirs have carried their songs and left their footprints everywhere across the vast steppe. No storm can frighten them, nor mountain bar their way. The Ulan Muchir of Chenglan Banner, for instance, travelled over 23,000 miles during the past ten years, over an area of more than 3,400 square miles, in fact, over the entire banner. They performed on the grasslands, the sky their only back-

drop. More than 100,000 herdsmen saw them perform — 630 productions in all. There were not many from the communes, pastures and production brigades in the banner who failed to attend their performances.

Once in summer time the Ulan Muchir of the United Banner of Middle and Rear Ulat, having performed in a border commune, was about to set off for another district when its members heard that twenty members of a brigade had missed their show. They immediately altered their plan. This brigade, about 52 miles away, was separated from them by a large stretch of desert over which horses and carts could not travel. They had to ride camel-back. It was blazing hot. The camels which had just shed their heavy winter fur could not stand the heat, so it was decided to go by night.

Since there was no track across the desert, the Ulan Muchir used the stars to guide them. The weather was tricky. At the start it was hot, but after a few hours' journey they shivered with cold. At dawn they were greeted by a thunderstorm. But used to the whims of the weather on the steppe they were not in the least perturbed. When they finally reached the brigade the poor and lower-middle herdsmen received them with warm, grateful tears in their eyes. They grasped hands, affirming their welcome to the strolling artists who served them so whole-heartedly.

The Ulan Muchir artists live a militant life among the masses, writing and performing for them. All the items they produce supply the cultural needs of workers, peasants and soldiers. Besides entertaining they carry on mass criticism against the renegade Liu Shao-chi and his gang who imposed their criminal revisionist ideas on the Ulan Muchirs in the past. They also refute these in their performances that reflect socialist revolution and construction.

When the model revolutionary Peking operas first appeared, the Ulan Muchir artists began to practice them at once. Then they performed them for the people on the steppe. It was through their efforts that these operas were popularized on the grasslands. Using the operas as models these artists also produced some items of their

own in which they enthusiastically portrayed herdsman, peasant and soldier heroes.

In May 1971, the herdsmen on the Ordos highlands embarked on a great scheme to remake the grasslands, dig canals and plant trees. The Ulan Muchir artists trekked to the Suchi Production Brigade, which became an advanced unit by following in the footsteps of Tachai.* While performing for the brigade members, they also worked with them. The experience the artists gained enabled them to write such good songs as *The Tachai Spirit Blooms on the Grasslands*, which stirred the hearts of the former poor and lower-middle herdsmen there. They admitted, "Your songs express the deepest feelings in our hearts. They give us strength."

The Ulan Muchir of Hsianghuang Banner planned to write a dance drama entitled *Little Heroes of the Grasslands*. For this purpose they made an extensive tour of the steppe, visiting young people who had distinguished themselves in some way or other. When they were told about a young hero named Chaolusuho who had saved a flock of sheep belonging to the collective during a heavy snowstorm, they went to his brigade to see him. The way in which this young boy had persevered to protect the collective property made a most profound impression on the artists. By weaving this moving story into dances and songs they succeeded in creating an opera about a young hero who loves Chairman Mao and is devoted to the cause of socialism and revolution. It is loved by all herdsmen, both young and old.

Over eighty per cent of the Ulan Muchirs' repertoire is written by the artists themselves. They have become popular and are enjoyed by the masses on the grasslands.

The Ulan Muchir groups have developed a style of their own while serving the workers, peasants and soldiers for a long time. The members train themselves as people's artists. The Ulan Muchir belonging to the United Banner of Middle and Rear Ulat once en-

*A village in Shansi Province. Self-Reliant and hard-working, the former poor and lower-middle peasants turned rocky hills into fertile land and have ensured bumper harvests every year. The "spirit of Tachai" now flowers everywhere in China.

rolled Badama, originally a shepherdess, as a new member. When she was assigned the title role in a selection from the revolutionary ballet *The White-Haired Girl* she found it very difficult. But she did not give in. By persistent exercise and through strenuous practice she finally mastered the basic movements of the ballet. When she performed, her audiences praised her for superbly expressing the labouring people's feelings embodied in the original.

In the course of one year, when she was barely seventeen years old, Badama learned not only to play the Mongolian four-stringed fiddle, but also to read musical scores and speak the Han language fluently. She spoke and sang in both the Mongolian and Han languages when she acted for mixed audiences of both nationalities in places where they lived together.

Another novice, Chimuteh, from the Ulan Muchir of Chenglan Banner, learned to play well twelve different musical instruments

Rehearsing



in a few years. Now he is not only a good singer and dancer but also an able composer and script writer.

While specializing in one particular art, each Ulan Muchir member is proficient in practically all branches. That is why they can always provide a colourful programme at any time. She (or he) may play a shepherdess in one item and a hunter's daughter in another, or sing solo on one occasion and strum on a horse-head fiddle another time. Small though the troupe may be, its activities cover a wide field and its limited number of artists are able to present a large variety of items. Keeping to a simple staff and economizing in properties also enable it to move about easily. It can set off at a moment's notice, unhampered by topographical or climatic conditions, still less by the necessity of a stage.

In January last year severe cold reigned supreme over all the areas beyond the Great Wall and the Chienli Mountains along the ice-sealed Yellow River wore a mantle of snow. The temperature fell 18° C. below zero. But the workers at a steel mill in the mountains kept on working at the construction site at the same speed as usual. The Ulan Muchir of Otok Banner decided to take their programme there. Welcoming the troupe, the workers terraced a piece of mountain slope for a stage and improvised a "dressing room" of tree branches. This is how a series of performances were given.

The workers were thrilled by the entertainment, but they were moved even more by the fine spirit displayed by the artists, so that they composed a poem on the spot in praise of these strolling players:

The Ulan Muchir comes to our mountains.
A small but choice group
With their properties and instruments,
They can produce a programme at any time and place.
They present heroes from workers, peasants and soldiers
That sparkle with the light of Mao Tsetung Thought,
And encourage us to win a victory over the elements
In the construction of the steel mill —
A Taching* flower in the Chienli Mountains.

*An oilfield which was built from scratch in the spirit of self-reliance and arduous struggle.



Listening to comments from the audience

The Ulan Muchir artists also occupied themselves with many other duties. They helped artists from among the masses to raise their amateur level, brought herdsmen their needed utensils and implements, gave them haircuts and treated their small ailments. They served the people in more than twenty different ways. In the busy haymaking season, for instance, they went to the market to buy sickles and spades for them. "They are the best children of our former poor and lower-middle herdsmen," so commented the people of the grasslands.

The Party organizations at various levels in the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region lay great emphasis to the education of the Ulan Muchirs with a view to raising their class consciousness and awareness of the struggle between the two lines. This enables the members to better implement Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. Once the Ulan Muchir of the East Uchumuhsin Banner rehearsed a new play called *The Hatred of Three Generations*. As the artists were all young people who had no personal experience of oppression and exploitation in the old society, they were unable

to portray fully the emotions of the former poor and lower-middle herdsmen in the play. As soon as the Banner's Party committee members realized this they invited former poor and lower-middle herdsmen to tell the artists about their sufferings in the old society and their present good life. They also accompanied these young actors to investigate social conditions by visiting and talking with the former poor and downtrodden, so as to enhance their understanding of class struggle.

Party committee members of the Chenghsiang White Banner even made it their duty to reminisce together with the families of these young artists about their past and the miserable life their forefathers had lived before the liberation. These activities proved very effective in deepening the class education of the young artists.

At one time some members of the Ulan Muchir groups showed signs of wavering in their stand, and tried to convert their troupes into something like bourgeois theatrical companies. The Party organization immediately discovered this unhealthy leaning. It therefore led them in a study of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art* and a review of the struggle between proletarian and bourgeois lines that had been carried on in the troupes ever since their foundation. In this way the Ulan Muchir artists became all the more conscious of the struggle between the two lines.

Today every banner or county in the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region has an Ulan Muchir of its own. In order to ensure that it marches forward along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and serves proletarian politics well, the Party organizations at various levels keep on strengthening their leadership in the creative activities of the troupes. Party committee members often study together Chairman Mao's works on literature and art and live together with them among the masses, encouraging them to write and helping them to summarize their experience in writing. In some banners "three-in-one" writing groups consisting of leading cadres, professional writers and amateur writers have been organized to promote literary creation. Many fine scripts have been produced in this way that continually enrich the programmes of the Ulan Muchirs.

President and Mrs. Nixon See Modern Ballet "Red Detachment of Women"

During their visit to China, on February 22, upon invitation, President and Mrs. Nixon attended a performance of the modern ballet *Red Detachment of Women*.

Attending the performance also were Secretary of State William P. Rogers, Dr. Henry A. Kissinger, H. R. Haldeman, Ronald L. Ziegler and the other members of the official party, the members of the unofficial party, the technical personnel, the press corps and the aircraft crew, who were with President Nixon on his visit.

Accompanying President and Mrs. Nixon at the performance were Premier Chou En-lai, Comrade Chiang Ching, Vice-Premier Li Hsien-nien, Vice-Chairman of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress Kuo Mo-jo, Comrade Teng Ying-chao, Foreign Minister Chi Peng-fei, Vice-Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua and Wu Teh, Leader of the Cultural Group Under the State Council and Vice-Chairman of the Peking Municipal Revolutionary Committee.

Mass Cultural Activities Flourishing

On the eve of the 30th anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's article *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art*, theatrical performances have increased greatly in various parts of China. In Hopei Province alone, more than one thousand amateur performers recently took part in a festival and presented over 130 items. During

the festival they also exchanged their experiences in producing revolutionary theatrical creations.

The Peking Units of the People's Liberation Army also sponsored an art and photo exhibition and a festival in which a large number of artists from amateur art troupes took part. More than 190 items, varied both in content and style, were staged at the festival. They are an indication of what achievements the amateur artists have made in the creation of heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers by learning from the model revolutionary theatrical works. At the art and photo exhibition, the exhibits reflected fresh vitality in the units' building up and revolutionization.

In Miyun, a Peking suburban county, 230 amateur cultural propaganda teams have been very active in presenting their new works and a grand county-wide festival was held to greet the 30th anniversary of the publication of the *Talks*.

Provincial capitals such as Wuhan, Kwangchow, Chengtu and Hofei also held theatrical festivals in which performances with distinctive local colour were staged.

New Books and Paintings Published

Publishing houses in Peking have recently published a series of new books, albums and paintings and reprinted selections from old ones. Among them People's Publishing House has published *Charging Forward*, a new collection of stories by PLA amateur writers, *Militia Women on an Island*, *Seething Mountains* and *My Childhood*, three novels newly revised by the authors.

The People's Fine Arts Publishing House has issued a number of picture-story books and New-Year pictures. *A Silver Dollar* is a story of the bitter life of the labouring people in the old society; *Li Wei-chao* and *Model Stockman Yeh Hung-hai* describe the heroic deeds of model characters in the PLA; *Little Anti-Japanese Hero* and *The Secret of the Melon Vines* tell about the lives of Chinese youngsters; *Yulung Dam* and *Shen Hsiu-chin — Model Successor to the Cause of Proletarian Revolution* depict the excellent deeds of those educated youth who have settled down in the countryside and mountain areas.

In accordance with Chairman Mao's teaching "make the past serve the present", this publishing house has also printed albums of information and pictures of cultural relics such as the first volume of *Historical Relics Unearthed During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution* and *The Silk Road* — a route by which ancient China conveyed her silk from China's Kansu and Sinkiang to Iran, countries around the Mediterranean and other European countries.

Five Colour Films

Five new colour films and documentaries were shown in Peking and other parts of China during China's traditional Spring Festival which began on February 15 this year.

The modern revolutionary ballet *The White-Hair Girl* in technicolour was jointly produced by the Shanghai Film Studio and the Shanghai School of Dancing. Another colour film composed of selections from the Peking opera *The Red Lantern* with piano accompaniment, the piano concerto *The Yellow River* and the symphonic music *Shachiapang* is a joint product of the Central Newsreels and Documentary Film Studio, the Central Philharmonic Society and The China Peking Opera Troupe.

The Afro-Asian Table Tennis Friendship Invitational Tournament filmed by the Central Newsreels and Documentary Film Studio vividly highlights the spectacular tournament held in Peking last November. *Welcome to Distinguished Ethiopian Guests* is another colour documentary recording scenes of the rousing welcome given to His Imperial Majesty Haile Sellassie I and his entourage of distinguished Ethiopian guests from the coast of the Red Sea, during his state visit to China. The colour documentary *Historical Relics Unearthed During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution* shows a collection of the relics excavated during the cultural revolution.

New Carvings

The Foochow Carving Workshop is one of China's important producers of artistic carvings. It makes carvings in stone, wood and ivory. The shop has a history of three hundred years, specializing

in carving the stone of rich natural colour found locally on Shoushan Mountain. It has also made carvings in lungan wood, another special local material, for nearly two hundred years. The famous Chinese ivory carving is actually based on and has developed from the skill of wood carving.

In recent years the shop has created a series of new designs. Some are improvements on old carvings. They include galloping horses, lifelike bears and elephants, crates of chrysanthemums, baskets and other receptacles filled with flowers and fruit. Many new creations are rich in revolutionary content. *A Joyous Celebration* shows how the people of China's national minorities, who are united closely around the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao, are striving for still greater victories. *Ducks over the Lake* and *Pleasant Bumper Harvest* are scenes of rich harvests in the people's communes. *Hurricane over Asia, Africa and Latin America* depict the militant struggle of the people there. These works of art not only preserve the Chinese traditional style of carving but also exhibit the revolutionary trend of our times.

"Archaeology" Revived

Archaeology, a monthly that had been suspended for some time, was recently republished by the Science Publishing House. The first issue came out a few weeks ago.

It concentrates on the new achievements in Chinese archaeological excavations during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Comrade Kuo Mo-jo wrote for this issue an article on Pu Tien-shou's copy of the *Analects* of Confucius with annotations. The *Analects* is a book recording the words and deeds of Confucius (551-479 B.C.), a feudal philosopher. Pu Tien-shou's copy, excavated in Turfan, Sinkiang Uighur Autonomous Region, was made in the 4th year of Ching Lung (A.D. 710) during the Tang Dynasty. It is one of the precious historical relics unearthed during the cultural revolution. Kuo Mo-jo's article comments on the copy, especially on the annotations and points out that, in the Tang Dynasty period, culture in the western region was similar to that in other parts of

the country. It refutes the fallacy that the Great Wall was China's northern border and her western boundary never went beyond Kansu and Szechuan as is shamelessly peddled by the Soviet social imperialists.

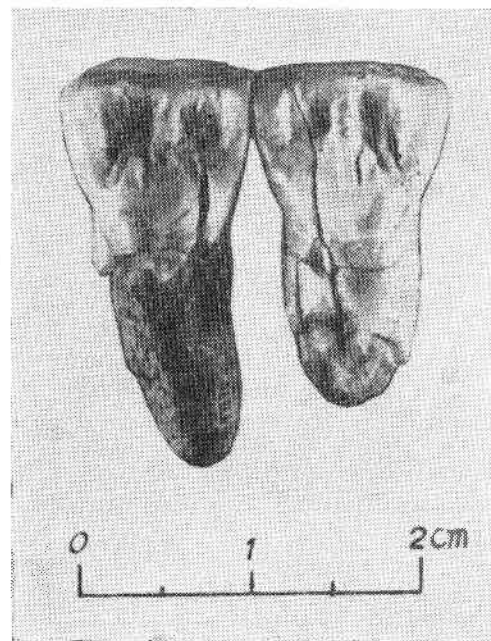
There are also articles reporting in great detail on the excavation of two Western Han Dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 24) tombs in Mancheng County, Hopei Province, occupied by Liu Sheng, Prince of Chungshan and his wife, the investigation and excavation of Tatu, the Yuan capital (A.D. 1271-1368) and the gateway to the barbican of the Ho Yi Men Gate of Tatu in Peking, and on the discovery of stone objects from Nyalam, Tibet Autonomous Region.

Apeman Fossils Discovered

Chinese geologists have discovered, for the first time in southwest China, two fossil teeth of an apeman.

They were found in a stratum of red loam in the Shangnapang area of Yuanmou County in Yunnan Province on May 1, 1965. These two upper medial incisors of an apeman are greyish white in colour and deeply fossilized.

This is another important discovery following that of fossils of Peking Man and of Lantien Man, still earlier, in northern China. It is of great scientific value for the further study of ancient mankind and the geological conditions of the quarternary age in that area and provides an important clue to the search for more apeman fossils in south China.



THE SEEDS

AND OTHER STORIES

(In English)

The fourteen stories included in this book were all written during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. They reflect in different ways the changes the Chinese people have undergone in their mental world and the achievements they have made in the socialist revolution and construction. Most of the authors are young people who took part in the incidents they describe. Although they write only in their spare time, they form nevertheless an impressive force in contemporary Chinese literature.

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