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CHINESE LITERATURE



12
1974

CELEBRATING NATIONAL DAY

October 1st, 1974 was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China. We publish below six songs written by people of China's various nationalities to celebrate this anniversary.

— The Editors

Our Songs for Chairman Mao and the Party

(Uighur Folk-song)

Thousands of clear mountain springs converge
Then flow in rivers down to the seas;
Thousands of songs full of love we sing
And send to Chairman Mao and the Party.

Why are the Tianshan Mountain pines so green?
They're nourished by fertile soil and rain;
Why do snow-lotus flowers bloom on our icy peaks?
Sunlight shines on them from far-away Peking.

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Azure spring days carpet the fields with green,
Fine young crops grow sturdily;
Since we've had Chairman Mao to lead us,
Our land has become a vast garden.

Wide are our commune highways,
Each goes to the heart of our motherland.
Through to every family in our commune
Seeps the warm sunshine of our Party.

Day and night we strum our *rewaf* guitars,
Our songs reach Tien An Men Square;
With joy, together with all nationalities,
We wish Chairman Mao a long, long life.

Why Are We So Happy?

(Tai Folk-song)

Why do the sweet cassia flowers hang smiling from the boughs?
Why do the succulent pineapples taste so sweet?
Why is the golden paddy harvest gathered year after year?
Why do bright electric light bulbs light our bamboo dwellings?
Why are we light-hearted as though living in perpetual spring?
Why is our happiness as constant as the green mountains?
It's all because we have Chairman Mao
Who leads all our nationalities.

Our Loyalty Will Never Change

(Tibetan Folk-song)

There are man-eating leopards in the highlands,
So all who go there carry bows and arrows.
Savage wolf-packs lurk on the grasslands,
So shepherds carry muskets wherever they go.
Liberated serfs must never forget their class enemies
But always in their hearts carry the Party's basic line.

Towering snow-capped peaks pierce the sky,
Even a thousand thunderbolts cannot crush them;
Our roaring torrents rush on and on,
Even a myriad reefs and rocks cannot stop them;
As we Tibetans throng the socialist road
Our loyalty to Chairman Mao will never change.

We Love Most Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line

(Miao Folk-song)

The cuckoo
Loves most the balmy springtime,
The lark
Loves most the cloud-flecked sky,
The fish
Loves most the mirror-clear lake,
We Miaos
Love most Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Now We Can Find the Way

(Mongolian Folk-song)

Flowers beside the watercourse
Could only bloom in the spring;
We poor herdsmen could only liberate ourselves
When the Communist Party led us.

If there were no watercourses,
For want of a channel water would run wild;
Only after we followed Chairman Mao's revolutionary line
Did we find the way to liberation.

Rivulets Flow from the Towering Peaks

(Yi Folk-song)

Cool, sweet rivulets
Descend from the towering peaks,
The song of the cuckoo is heard in the spring,
Liberated slaves smile
In the Party's warm sunshine,
We Yi people now fly on wings,
Mao Tsetung Thought nourishes us all.

The Dagger

On June 25, 1950, the U.S. imperialists launched their war of aggression in Korea and then forcibly occupied China's sacred territory, our province Taiwan. The Korean people rose to resist aggression, and on October 25 that year the Chinese people sent volunteers to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Korean army and people. After three years of heroic resistance, the Korean people won a great victory in the war to liberate their motherland. This war is the theme of *The Dagger*, which tells how a scouting unit of the Chinese People's Volunteers fights in co-ordination with the Korean guerrillas.

The novel relates how in July 1953 the U.S. and puppet Seoul troops, although suffering heavy reverses at the hands of the Korean and Chinese forces, persist in their aggression. The Americans transfer their "Cobra" artillery unit from Japan and station it on Eagle-Beak Height next to the Seoul "Wolf" unit to challenge the Korean and Chinese forces. In order to reconnoitre the enemy dispositions, a scouting unit of the Chinese People's Volunteers is sent to make contact with the guerrillas in this area and together find out the enemy's plan of action. The scouts infiltrate the region garrisoned by the "Wolf" unit. There they find the Korean girl Kiung Ko who acts as liaison for the guerrillas; but as she is taking them to the guerrilla base in the mountains they run into puppet troops. To enable their unit to reach the mountain base, Squad Leader Chou Liang-tsai and young Wang

Chen-hua engage the enemy. After this action they continue scouting to find the whereabouts of the U.S. "Cobra" unit. Meanwhile the other Chinese scouts and the Korean guerrillas establish contact and decide to send section leader Liang Han-kuang and Korean guerrilla section leader Choi Ryan to enemy headquarters to capture the puppet chief of staff of the "Wolf" unit. With immense courage and resourcefulness the two men accomplish this mission, greatly facilitating the victory of their main forces.

The novel consists of nine chapters divided into thirty-one sections. We are only publishing some extracts here. The author, Yang Pei-chin, took part himself in the Korean war.

— The Editors

Midnight. Suddenly a headlight pierced the darkness on the hilly road northwest of Hwangrimdong. An American army motorcycle roared down the slope, heading swiftly in the direction of Hwangrimdong.

There were two men on this motorcycle. The driver, a young man in his mid twenties, was wearing the uniform and steel helmet of the south Korean puppet troops. Lips compressed, his expression grave yet confident, he kept his eyes fixed on the road in front. The young man in the sidecar, also in uniform and of about the same age, had a round face, wide mouth and prominent cheekbones. Grasping an American automatic rifle, he was sitting back calmly, his unbuttoned coat flapping in the wind, his eyes also intent on the road.

These two were Liang Han-kuang, leader of a reconnaissance unit of the Chinese People's Volunteers, and Choi Ryan, third squad leader of the Korean guerrilla forces on Eagle-Beak Height. After interrogating the enemy soldiers from whom they had captured this machine and after detailed discussion with Old Kim, head of the guerrilla unit, they had changed into enemy uniforms and driven off on the captured motorcycle.

The road was quiet. The moon emerged from the clouds as if quietly watching these two comrades-in-arms, one Chinese and one Korean, on their dangerous mission into the enemy den. Liang, as a result of hard training, was as good a motorcyclist as the recon-

naissance squad leader Chou Liang-tsai. Even experienced drivers admired his skill. Soon he had driven down to the mouth of the valley.

"Halt! Password!" barked an enemy sentry.

Liang braked. Their headlight showed the barbed-wire by the road. One puppet sentry had reached out from behind a bush to bar their way. Another had trained his rifle on them.

Choi in the sidecar answered at once: "White wolf."

"Black dog," the sentry responded, stepping forward. Shining his electric torch on them, he demanded: "Who are you? Show your identification card."

"We've come on urgent orders to fetch Chief of Staff Han Sung Joo." Again it was the Korean Choi who answered. He took out a card and handed it to the sentry.

The puppet sentry had apparently been notified of their arrival. He shone his torch on the card and on both their faces, then returned the card to Choi.

"Proceed!" He stepped back, jerking his head towards the west. "The chief of staff is in No. 2 tent."

Liang drove slowly towards the woods to the west. His headlight flashing over the trees picked out some faintly illumined green army tents on both sides of the track. Since he could not tell which was No. 2 tent, he deliberately raced his engine to make a racket. A puppet officer ran out from a tent.

"Are you from the messenger unit of division headquarters?" he demanded.

"Yes," Choi answered. He and Liang had agreed that, whenever possible, he should do all the talking.

"Wait here." The officer re-entered the tent. After a short time he came out again. "The chief of staff wants to see you."

Liang and Choi parked the motorcycle and followed the puppet officer into the tent. It was warm and stuffy inside. Under a dim light several puppet officers were jabbering into telephones and busily jotting down notes. By the desk in the middle of the tent stood a man in an open-necked shirt. It was impossible to tell his rank. This man was in his forties, of medium height, his lean wizened face cleanly shaven. His protruding yellow eye-teeth and the malevolent

gleam in his eyes made him look like a hungry wolf. He was scrutinizing them closely as Choi stepped forward.

"Report, chief of staff! We have orders to take you to the meeting."

"Which of you is the driver?" he asked coldly.

"I am," Liang answered, also stepping forward.

"What's your name?" The other man fixed his gaze on him.

"My name is Li Sik Wun, chief of staff," Liang answered calmly.

"You're wrong. That's the chief of staff." The man in shirt sleeves pointed woodenly at a puppet officer with his back to them who was busy telephoning. His eyes had not left Liang's face.

Liang registered a mental jolt. This fellow's features coincided with the captured motorcyclist's description of the chief of staff who was nicknamed the "old wolf". Could there be some mistake? No. The younger voice and flustered tone of the puppet officer speaking into the phone weren't in character with a senior officer described as a crafty old wolf. Liang knew that the enemy was watching him closely. He must react correctly and immediately, otherwise it would arouse suspicion. As a messenger in the motorcycle corps, he ought to be able to recognize the chief of staff.

"You must be joking, sir." Liang smiled politely. "Though I've never met you, our section leader saw you yesterday afternoon and he described you to us clearly."

The man froze for a second. "He did, eh? What's his name?" His hesitation, though brief, was a give-away. Liang knew that this sinister-looking character must be "Old Wolf" Han Sung Joo, the enemy chief of staff.

"His name is Pak Byung Ki," Liang answered calmly.

"How is it I don't remember him?"

"Have you forgotten, sir?" Choi interrupted. "Yesterday afternoon when Pak brought you back to Hwangrimdong, you even complimented him on his driving, saying he was a real 'ace'."

"Hmm. . . . Why didn't he come himself? Why send you instead?" Old Wolf's tone was milder, but his eyes still bored into Liang. He was both crafty and cautious. Though notified by phone

that they were coming, he still felt the need to check up on these two men, especially on the driver.

"The division commander has sent him to Eighth Division," Liang answered now sure of himself. "Because I used to drive for the post-office before and I'm a steady driver, he picked me for this job."

There was a moment's silence. Then, his face grim, Old Wolf stepped towards Liang and barked out:

"Quick. Who sent you here? Out with the truth!"

"Our corps leader." Liang stood his ground.

"What's his name?"

"Lieutenant Kim Bok Sik of the communication corps. Have you forgotten him, sir?"

Another silence. Old Wolf lit a cigarette and puffing out the smoke said coldly:

"When did you set out?"

"Half past ten."

"Why did you arrive so late then?"

"Some sections of the road have been washed out, sir. That slowed us up."

Old Wolf seemed surprised. He asked: "Which sections of the road?"

Though this question sounded casual, it was tricky too. Since he had passed that way the previous day, of course he knew the condition of the road.

"The same sections as yesterday, sir," Choi answered. "For three kilometres west of Kiungmorie and one kilometre south of Unjip-dong a width of more than five metres has been washed out. Then there's that place where you and our corps leader Pak found an American jeep bogged down in the mud, and the American officer told Pak to help push it out. . . ."

"Shut up." Old Wolf cut in angrily, annoyed by the unpleasant memory. The Americans were so arrogant, they treated the Koreans like dirt. They had even waved their revolvers at *him* and ordered him to help the driver push their jeep. He had reached furiously for his revolver, but then he had swallowed his wrath for even his superior officers had to obey these Americans. . . .

"All right. Time's short. Let's start." He switched off his scowl and, smiling, patted Liang's shoulder. "I've heard you are a good driver, but you must take extra care on the road, because. . . . Do you know where you're going?"

"The corps leader told us to take you to division headquarters," Liang answered, wondering just what lay behind this question.

"No, not to divisional headquarters. Just now we had a phone call. The place for the meeting is changed."

"Oh? Where to?" asked Liang.

"Never mind. Come on." With this non-committal answer Old Wolf started out.

Liang and Choi exchanged glances as they followed Han out of the tent to the motorcycle. The officer who had first met them also came out and shouted to someone in the woods. Before Liang and Choi realized what was happening, two bright headlights appeared in the bushes and they heard the sound of engines starting up. Out rolled two motorcycles, solo machines. On the pillion of one sat a puppet soldier carrying an automatic rifle. At the order of the officer, these two motorcycles arrayed themselves one in the front and the other in the rear of Liang's machine. Clearly they were Old Wolf's armed escort.

This was a surprise for Liang and Choi. Why should the chief of staff need a military escort just to go to a meeting? Apart from the fact that the enemy must be alarmed by the activities of the guerrillas, Liang and Choi felt there must be another important reason, something connected with this urgent meeting which Han was going to attend.

When Han took his seat in Liang's sidecar, the puppet officer told Choi to ride pillion on the motorcycle in front, while he himself sat behind Liang. He ordered him:

"Get started. Follow the machine in front. Drive carefully."

This arrangement also came as a surprise. Liang and Choi were separated, each under enemy surveillance. Liang thought to himself: Never mind what tricks you play, once we come out of the valley and reach the slope you'll fall into our trap. Then he drove off after the motorcycle in front.

However, after the leading machine had descended the slope, instead of taking the road to the enemy divisional headquarters it swerved round past the east end of the valley to a new and smaller road which appeared hastily constructed. Liang glanced at Old Wolf beside him. The puppet officer behind immediately barked out:

"Ask no questions. Just follow him."

This was a serious new situation. The change of route meant that they would not pass through the section where the guerrillas and their reconnaissance unit lay in ambush. So they would be able neither to catch Old Wolf according to plan near the slope, nor to communicate with their comrades there. This was an unforeseen development. Liang realized that he and Choi were in considerable danger. However, he drove on calmly.

In a place where the road was rough and muddy, Liang's motorcycle drew close to the one in front. His headlight shone on Choi's back. Choi turned and said loudly:

"Hey! We've never been this way before. It's a tricky road. Watch out."

Taking the hint, Liang called back: "Don't worry. We'll take the chief of staff safely to his destination."

After going some way along this new road, they turned on to a highway and headed southwest. With the sharp perception of a reconnaissance man, Liang identified this as the road down which Chou and Wang had led the enemy motorcade to cover their ascent of the mountain to find the guerrillas. However, after a short distance, the motorcycle in front turned again into a small track winding through the mountains. This track was narrow and rough, making driving difficult. Whenever they approached a sharp turning, the puppet officer behind Liang would call out to him to slow down.

Suddenly a precipice bare of trees appeared ahead. The road dipped so sharply here that their motorcycles descended at an almost vertical angle, as if hurtling down into the chasm below. The enemy chief of staff clung desperately to the sidecar, afraid lest he be tipped out, while the puppet officer behind cried out in alarm and ordered Liang to slow down. After this descent came another hairpin bend and the road started climbing again. This section was hazardous in

the extreme: the least negligence could send the machine crashing down into the chasm. Liang's headlight lit up a tree by the sharp turning next to the precipice. On the wooden board nailed to the tree was a warning sign: a skull and two cross-bones. Calmly he swerved past the tree and continued up the slope. The two puppet officers breathed a sigh of relief.

"Blast it! This isn't a road, it's a descent into Hell," swore the puppet officer behind Liang. Though Chief of Staff Han said not a word, he kept mopping his brow which was beaded with cold sweat. His breath came in short gasps.

Half an hour later they finally emerged from the wooded mountain-side into a Korean village on level ground. As soon as they reached the village, they were stopped by an American sentry who said a few words to the puppet officer. Then the latter announced that only Han and himself were allowed to go in. The rest must wait outside.

"Wait here," the puppet officer ordered Liang. Then he followed Han into the village.

The three puppet soldiers left their machines and started chatting together. Liang took a spanner from the sidecar and squatted down to test parts of the motorcycle with the spanner, but his eyes were watching this Korean village which in the pale moonlight seemed shrouded in an atmosphere of mystery. Choi took out a packet of south Korean cigarettes and offered them to the three puppet soldiers. Then approaching Liang to hand him one, he said casually:

"What? This U.S. contraption in trouble again?" He squatted down beside Liang.

"Yes, we have to find some way to cope." Liang answered equally casually, still banging different parts with his spanner. "Where is this place?" he asked in a low voice, under cover of the noise he was making.

"Probably Kiungbongdong. There were no Americans here before," Choi whispered back, his eyes on the dark quiet village.

"We'll find some means on the way back."

"Right. We must first throw off the escort. . . ."

The three puppet soldiers paid no attention to them, just lit their cigarettes and started smoking. But the American sentry ran over,

shouting and cursing, pointing insistently to a small hut. They realized that smoking outside was forbidden, so grumbling below their breath they slouched towards the hut.

"Blast them. All they can do is bawl at us. They're scared stiff just by the sound of the communist planes," grumbled the short puppet soldier whose pillion Choi had ridden. "Come on," he called to Liang and Choi. "It's safer inside."

"Go and keep an eye on them. I'll stay here," Liang told Choi.

"Right. Be careful." Choi stood up and went with the short fellow to the hut. As soon as he crossed the threshold, he complained that it was too stifling inside. He squatted in the doorway, fanning himself with his jacket and barring the exit.

There was nobody left near the motorcycles except the American sentry standing like a block of wood by the road at the entrance to the village. All was so quiet that even the occasional bursts of gunfire from the front could be heard quite clearly. Liang cast a glance at the American sentry who was wearing a cap and an open-collar army jacket with short sleeves. Although he could see no insignia on this sentry, he suspected that this place where they had come so unexpectedly was where the American "Cobra" artillery unit was stationed, since that unit had moved secretly from Hwangrimdong to some undisclosed destination. Most likely Old Wolf had been sent for at night to receive a briefing from the Americans on some task in connection with this "Cobra" unit. This must be some new and important development.

Keyed up by this conviction, Liang realized that the information he had was vital to divisional headquarters. If he could not cope with the complex situation and failed to take back Old Wolf as a captive, he would have fallen down on his job and proved unworthy of the trust imposed upon him by the leadership and the Korean guerrillas. He felt his Korean comrade Choi was watching him from the hut, as if to say: Comrade, I'll protect you here, but you must work out a plan.

Liang's mind was working at feverish speed to find some way of shaking off the armed escort. Several possibilities occurred to him but none that satisfied him. Then his thoughts turned to the escort's

motorcycles. Right! He must sabotage those two machines, but in such a way that the enemy would not detect it immediately. He must also see to it that the damage could not be repaired too easily. Better tamper with the wheels.

Liang glanced again at the American sentry. The man was still standing woodenly staring out across the dark valley. Liang walked quickly over to the two motorbikes, pulled out his dagger and stabbed at one rear wheel. The tyre was so tough that he failed to penetrate it. He was about to strike again, when the American wheeled round and came over. He stood watching the motorbikes for a long time. When finally he went away, the short puppet soldier came out of the hut from another door, grumbling that it was too hot inside. Flapping away the mosquitoes from his face, he settled down in Liang's sidecar and soon was snoring.

Liang kept outwardly calm as he went through the motions of checking his machine. Actually he felt so furious, he would gladly have smashed the fellow's head with his spanner. Choi saved the situation by rousing the short fellow with the news that he had found some wooden planks on which he could lie down and have a good nap. The man looked reluctant to move, but Choi dragged him off.

Liang lost no time in taking out his dagger and stabbing at the wheel. This time the inner tube was pierced and some air escaped with a hiss. Before he could attend to the other machine, the puppet officer who had accompanied Han came out of the village and called loudly to Liang:

"The chief of staff is going straight back to Hwangrimdong. Get ready."

At this, the short fellow lying on the planks outside the hut jumped up to call his mates.

The enemy would be back any moment. There was no time to be lost. As Liang grasped the wheel to puncture it, his hand touched the valve-cap. Immediately he changed his mind and quickly undid the cap. Hissing, a jet of cold air sprayed his palm.

When Choi and the three puppet soldiers came out of the hut, Liang had already started his engine. The old wolf and the puppet officer strode over.

"Straight back!" Han ordered, taking his seat in the sidecar.

Headlights on, the three motorcycles roared off from this mysterious village. After climbing the slope, they sped along the road.

The moon had gone down. The night was pitch-dark. But Liang's bright headlight enabled him to see that the motorbike in front was slowing down. After less than two kilometres it jerked to a stop. The puppet officer told Liang to halt.

"What's happened?" Old Wolf demanded.

A pock-marked puppet soldier left his seat and inspected the rubber tyre. He reported sheepishly: "A puncture, sir."

Crack! The puppet officer slapped him on the cheek.

"Get started," Old Wolf snapped. "Let him catch up, then lock him up."

The puppet officer passed on this order to the pock-marked soldier, then ordered the short fellow driving the rear machine: "Don't get too far behind. Let's go."

The two motorcycles drove on. Soon they came to the dangerous stretch with the sharp turnings. At each bend, the puppet officer looked back at the motorbike behind. Gradually the distance between them was increasing.

"Halt, halt!" he cried. "Where's our escort?"

Liang stopped. The puppet officer leapt down, ran back a few steps and then halted, cursing, waving his pistol at the motorbike behind.

"What, another break-down?" The crafty old wolf's suspicions were aroused. He shouted at Liang: "Drive back, damn you!"

"Right," Liang responded loudly. He started up again but shot straight forward.

"Fool, I told you to go back," Han bellowed.

"I have to find somewhere to turn, sir. Understand?" Liang retorted sarcastically. He put on speed, and in no time had left the puppet officer far behind.

Aware that something was wrong, Old Wolf drew his revolver and waved it at Liang. "Stop, I tell you. . . ."

But Liang was expecting this. While Han was still shouting, he knocked the revolver out of his hand, sending it flying down to the chasm below.

"Keep quiet," Liang warned Old Wolf whom he had disarmed. "You are now the prisoner of the Chinese People's Volunteers and the Korean guerrilla forces."

Han nearly fell out of the sidecar. But pulling himself together he snatched another pistol from his pocket. Training this on Liang he barked: "Stop, or I'll shoot."

Liang turned, his eyes boring into Old Wolf. Very calmly he said:

"Throw away that pistol."

"Ridiculous!" The other laughed. "Your life is in my hands. Stop at once, I tell you."

"And I tell you once more: throw away that pistol. Otherwise I'll drive over the cliff."

Old Wolf flinched, then answered curtly: "You're bluffing. You wouldn't dare. If you drove over the cliff, you'd be done for too."

"Of course I dare. Let me remind you: You're dealing with a Communist, one of the Chinese People's Volunteers!" Liang repeated sternly: "Throw away your pistol."

The motorcycle had already reached the edge of the precipice, which they had described as a descent into Hell. One glance at that dark gaping chasm and Old Wolf went numb with fear.

"Listen, when I say 'three' we'll go." Liang started counting: "One . . . two . . ."

The motorcycle swept down straight towards the tree. Its headlight showed Old Wolf the skull and cross-bones sign swiftly rushing towards him.

"I'm throwing. . . ." Before Liang counted "three", with a shriek of fear Old Wolf hurled away the pistol as if it were burning his hands.

Liang wrenched the motorcycle round so suddenly that the sidecar left the ground. Having made this swift turn, he roared up the slope again.

Still dazed with fright, Old Wolf stared hopelessly at this young Chinese soldier. He realized from Liang's calm, resolute expression that he had not been bluffing.



Climbing steadily, the motorcycle sped forward through the cool night breeze.

"I admire your resolution." Old Wolf changed his tone. "I'll let you go. You can't capture me. This is our territory. My men will soon catch up."

As if to prove his point, three shots sounded in succession from the valley. Old Wolf saw a glimmer of hope and smiled craftily.

"Don't worry, Mr. Chief of Staff. Your men have been wiped out by our Korean comrades," Liang chuckled, for these shots were Choi's signal. "If you don't believe me, we'll go back."

In a clearing Liang turned and started back. After a short time his headlight picked out Choi, a gun in his hand, striding towards him.

When Liang stopped, Choi bound Old Wolf, leaving him in the sidecar.

"What about the rest?" Liang asked.

"There." Choi pointed at the chasm below, then mounted the pillion.

"Sit tight." Liang beamed. "We're going to take Mr. Chief of Staff for a ride now."

"Right, we'll see him safely to his destination." Choi still remembered Liang's words to him earlier on.

Old Wolf, tightly gagged, hung his head dejectedly and stared at his bound ankles. He could not understand how, in spite of all his precautions, he had still been captured within his own territory. He wondered: Where have all these Communists come from?

The motorcycle continued on its way. Headlight shining, it sped towards the road where the guerrillas and Liang's reconnaissance men were waiting. In spite of the delay they knew their comrades would be there.

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When the early morning sun showed its ruddy smiling face from behind the forests and scattered the last wisps of mist from the river, the limpid water glimmered like shining fish-scales as the stream flowed merrily over the shallows.

The sunlight cascaded down like a shower of golden coins through the tall pines, bathing the guerrilla camp beside the pool in the forest in brightness. Birds hopped and chirped lustily in the boughs, making the dew-drops fall like rain from the oaks. They fell on the faces of Korean guerrillas and scouts of the Chinese People's Volunteers, all of them still sound asleep. Young Meng Erh-hu's swarthy face was spattered with dew, but neither the cold dew-drops nor the chorus of birdsong could wake him from his sweet dream.

Last night Young Meng and the other scouts had waited in ambush for hours together with their Korean comrades in the forest near the mouth of Hwangrimdong Valley. Not until nearly daybreak did they see Liang's pre-arranged signal — switching the headlight off and on three times — but his motorcycle had appeared from the opposite direction to that which they had expected. As soon as it stopped at the slope, Old Kim, leader of the Korean guerrilla unit, was the first to run forward and clasp Liang in his arms. Young Meng and Young Hsieh went to welcome Choi while the two girls Kiung Ko and Hong Yok dragged Old Wolf out of the sidecar. The guerrillas and reconnaissance men quickly withdrew then, reaching the pool in the forest as dawn was breaking. Old Kim and Liang told their men to rest, whereupon the fighters lay down on some straw, covered themselves with their overcoats and immediately fell asleep. To them, sleeping was also a task, a way of preparing themselves for the next action.

In their rocky cave, Old Kim and Liang interrogated Old Wolf. This crafty enemy sat on a rock, his head between his hands, haggard and deflated. He looked dully at the upturned American steel helmet on the ground, into which water from the roof dripped slowly with a tinkling pit-a-pat. The sound got on his nerves and soon gave him a splitting headache. By now Old Wolf had sized up the situation. He knew no tricks could save him. His only chance was to make a thorough confession. The old bearded guerrilla leader in front of him had made this clear from the start.

"We know that you are Han Sung Joo, chief of staff of the 'Wolf' unit," said Kim sternly. "You have committed crimes against the Korean people."

"Yes, sir." Han raised his head and answered hoarsely.

"You must answer our questions honestly to atone for your crimes. Understand?"

"I will, sir."

"Why did you go to Kiungbongdong?"

"The American adviser Colonel Kleiss ordered me to go there at night for a briefing from Commander Roberts of the 'Cobra' unit, and to discuss how to strengthen protective measures for this artillery unit."

"Why were you transferred from the front to Hwangrimdong?"

"I only arrived at Hwangrimdong yesterday afternoon. Divisional Commander Choi Hang Pil had assigned me two tasks: to command the troops round Hwangrimdong to suppress the local guerrillas, and to set up a headquarters for our unit at Hwangrimdong."

"So your 'Wolf' unit is to withdraw from the front?"

"Yes, the American adviser has ordered us to withdraw to the second line of defence. Our former position is to be occupied by the reserve, the Seventh Division."

"When will the transfer take place?"

"It started at six o'clock yesterday evening. The Seventh Division is ordered to be ready for the offensive by seven o'clock this evening and our unit to take up our position along the Kiungbongdong-Hwangrimdong front before six o'clock this morning."

"When will the offensive start?"

"Nine o'clock this evening." Old Wolf spoke huskily, then lowered his head.

Old Kim and Liang exchanged glances. So the enemy offensive was due so soon.

"What's your unit's specific task at Hwangrimdong?"

"To keep the roads safe from guerrilla attacks and, especially, to protect the American 'Cobra' artillery unit."

"When did 'Cobra' come to Kiungbongdong?"

"Night before last."

"Do you know the details of their equipment and task?"

"I heard something from Commander Roberts last night. He told me that the 'Cobra' unit has forty-eight long-range howitzers, nine bazookas, fifty-two tanks, sixty-four trucks and some light arms. Roberts plans, half an hour before the offensive starts, to concentrate his firing power in a sudden bombardment to destroy your defences at Chulyuriung and on the height. Once the offensive starts, he will cut all communications north of Chulyuriung, using long-range fire to ensure the successful advance of our units."

"What about their guns? How are they placed round Kiungbong-dong?"

"This I don't know. Roberts didn't tell me, and the American positions are well camouflaged." He added, "The Yanks are tricky. They have secrets from us too."

"We shall find out all right." Old Kim smiled contemptuously then continued sternly: "We shall also find out whether you are telling the truth or not. How we treat you will depend on your behaviour."

"I know." Old Wolf stood up. "All I've said is the truth."

Liang sat beside Old Kim listening carefully. The two of them had discussed in advance what questions to put during this interrogation. Liang jotted down figures and names of places and army units in his notebook, underlining significant data. Han's answers coincided in the main with the facts that had emerged from their reconnaissance. The enemy's intention was fairly clear. It seemed that the preparations for the coming large-scale offensive were already completed. Yet this surprise attack over which the Yanks were gloating was no surprise now — it was bound to fail.

Old Kim turned to Liang to see if he had any other questions to ask. Liang reflected for a minute then said to Han:

"I hear your 'Wolf' unit and the White Tiger Regiment of the division garrisoning Seoul are considered your trump cards. Right?"

"Yes, sir." Han answered his captor promptly with trepidation. "Our divisional commander often says that the wolf and the tiger are the pride of our nation,"

"Then why withdraw your unit to the second line just before a major offensive?"

"Because during this year and more of positional warfare our unit has suffered heavy casualties. Your sniping has thinned our ranks. The American adviser thinks we have lost the power to launch an offensive; that's why the Seventh Division is taking our place."

Hearing this, Liang thought of the snipers in the Eighth Company, the scores they had marked up at the mouth of the tunnel, and the cheerful face of Young Sun who had complained that occasional sniping wasn't good enough. He smiled. Actually their snipers had dealt such a blow to the enemy that the much vaunted "Wolf" unit had lost its striking power and had to withdraw from the front.

After the prisoner had been taken away, Kim scratched his bearded chin and said: "Apparently this crafty old wolf has told us something highly important. Time is pressing. We must decide at once on our next move."

"Yes, I shall report this immediately to our divisional headquarters," said Liang.

The two of them left the cave and went to the birch tree under which the wireless transmitter was placed. It was now quite bright. The operator Wu Tien-hsin made contact with divisional headquarters.

Swiftly they sent out a detailed coded message. No immediate reply was forthcoming. A familiar voice, that of Young Liu at headquarters, just repeated:

"Dagger! Dagger! Wait for instructions, wait for instructions!"

This meant that great significance must be attached to their report on the enemy's recent movements and plans for the coming offensive. Headquarters must be studying all the implications of this intelligence before issuing fresh instructions.

The guerrilla Kiung Ko came hurrying over. She had changed into the uniform of the Korean People's Armed Forces and looked very smart. She whispered something to Old Kim, who stood up and went away with her.

Liang sat by the transmitter awaiting instructions. He wondered how to find out the positions of "Cobra's" guns. Then the thought of Chou Liang-tsai and Wang Chen-hua disturbed him. His first act after his successful return with Choi had been to inquire whether they were back or not. But there was no news of them. This was the only thing marring his sense of triumph. Where could these two men be? Had they extricated themselves from the enemy? He must try at all costs to find them. . . .

Pondering this problem, he leant against the birch tree and gradually his eyes closed.

When the wireless operator Wu turned to speak to Liang he found him already asleep. Ever since this assignment came up, Liang had hardly had any rest. He kept working, cudgelling his brains, analysing the situation as if his energy was inexhaustible. Now he was tired out, his eyes sunken, his face peaked. The admiration and concern Wu felt made him forget what he had wanted to say. He turned down the volume of the transmitter a little and lowered his own voice as he kept in touch with headquarters. A bee bumbled over to buzz round Liang's head, several times grazing his face. As Wu quietly tried to drive it away, Liang suddenly opened his eyes.

"Did I go to sleep?" Liang straightened up. "Did I sleep long? Has the message come?"

"Not yet. You just closed your eyes less than ten minutes ago." Wu slapped the bee to the ground and said regretfully, "You could have slept a little longer."

But Liang no longer felt sleepy. And just at this moment headquarters got through to them. Wu picked up his pencil to record the message: the reply from the higher command.

It was quite a long message. The divisional command was delighted that the reconnaissance unit had joined forces with the Korean guerrillas to capture the chief of staff of "Wolf" unit and get hold of such important information. They expressed thanks to these heroes on behalf of the divisional Party committee as well as the Korean People's Armed Forces. The Chinese scouts were urged to learn from the fearless and resourceful Korean guerrillas, and with their assistance to find out before sunset the specific emplacements of the

enemy guns so as to enable our guns to silence them. At the same time they should quietly occupy Height 823.5 north of Kiungbong-dong; so that when our counter-offensive started they could cut off the enemy's retreat and help the main force to annihilate the enemy completely.

The leadership's encouragement warmed Liang's heart. He felt a surge of excitement. What thrilled him most was the fact that the long expected big summer counter-offensive which would deal a mortal blow to the enemy's new assault was going to start this very evening. Only a dozen or so hours to go and they would meet again in triumph here, in what was still the enemy's rear, with their own commanders and comrades-in-arms as well as their Korean allies.

Liang told Wu to dismantle the transmitting set and went into the forest to look for Old Kim. He had not gone far when Kim came towards him beaming. Seeing Liang's excitement and the decoded message in his hand, he asked:

"Got instructions from headquarters?"

Liang passed the message over and translated it into Korean. Rubbing his chin with excitement Kim exclaimed: "Wonderful! This is the day we've been waiting for." With hands that trembled he took out his pipe. But instead of filling it with tobacco, he knocked it gently against his palm. "Before sunset? That means setting out in broad daylight. . . ."

Liang found a piece of dry ground and spread out a map. He and Kim squatted down to discuss the situation, often nodding in agreement and laughing together. Kiung Ko ran over, her face lighting up when she saw them looking so happy. But then she pouted and scolded: "Look at you, dad. The food is getting cold."

"Ah!" Old Kim clapped his head. He had clean forgotten his mission — to fetch Liang to their feast. He said ruefully: "In my excitement I forgot my errand. Come on. Though we can't treat our Chinese comrades to anything good, we want at least to show our feeling for you."

In fact, as soon as they had returned to the camp, Old Kim, Kiung Ko and the other Koreans had decided to entertain their comrades-in-arms, the Chinese Volunteers, to a meal of their treasured reserve

of rice. Luckily Nam Jung Chel, who was a skilled trapper, had caught two stags and an antelope in the forest. They could use these to entertain their guests. Kiung Ko volunteered to organize the whole business and she had been busy since dawn. When she dragged Liang, Wu and Old Kim to the heart of the forest, the guerrillas had formed a circle in a clearing. The young scouts Meng, Hsieh and Tien were wakened from sleep and taken to the feast too. Kang Tai Un, a Korean guerrilla who had failed to get hold of a Chinese comrade saw Young Wu and immediately dragged him off to the meal.

The steamed rice smelled appetizing. The well-cooked venison was served in steel helmets along with mutton and tomato soup and pickles prepared by women guerrillas in their spare time, dished up in coarse porcelain bowls. At each "table" too there was an enamel bowl of dried beef, the ration of the Chinese scouts which Young Meng had presented on their behalf. Liang was taken to the first "table" by Old Kim. On it stood two extra gleaming copper bowls filled with cold water. Old Kim offered one of these to Liang, and raised the other himself. Stroking his black beard he spoke:

"Here, dear comrades!" He held high his bowl of water and turned to Liang. "We Koreans like to drink cold water. Since we have no wine here we are offering you a bowl of our spring water according to our custom. The hills of Korea are green, the springs of Korea are sweet. And when with the help of our Chinese comrades we have driven the aggressors from our land, our hills and streams will be even lovelier. Then we shall offer our best wine to our dear Chinese comrades."

Old Kim's face was flushed with emotion as if with wine. At one draught he drained the water.

Liang, deeply moved, lifted his bowl and answered:

"As Comrade Kim has said: the hills of Korea are green and the springs of Korea are sweet. To that we can add: The hearts of our Korean comrades are very warm. The heroic Korean people are fighting in their own land and shedding their blood to defeat our common enemy — U.S. imperialism. Besides defending Korea, they are defending our revolution and socialist construction. When

we have won this war, we shall certainly invite our heroic Korean comrades to our country; then we shall drink again to our everlasting friendship sealed with blood."

Liang also drained his bowl.

"Right," said Old Kim. "For the victory, for the new battle about to begin, let's start our feast, comrades! Mind you eat your fill."

They were enjoying this fine meal when Kiung Ko and Hong Yok helped Old Kim's wife to the clearing. The Chinese leapt up and rushed over to welcome her, calling her "mother".

Aunt Kim greeted each in turn. First she grasped Liang's hand and looked him over fondly, then she patted the arms of the others. "So you are all here. I'm so glad," she said. But her eyes were searching round. "Where is Old Chou? And that plump-faced boy?"

"They are still out there." Liang pointed beyond the forest.

"You mean they haven't turned up?" The old woman was worried. The smile disappeared from her face.

"They'll come back. We've sent men to find them," Old Kim answered reassuringly. "They've got our son's dagger with them. And they know our sign — the cuckoo call. We'll certainly find them."

26

A cool breeze gently stroking his head gradually restored Wang Chen-hua to consciousness.

With an effort the young scout opened his eyes. Above, in the dark blue sky, were sparkling stars. A curved moon quietly sailed between the clouds.

He could hear nothing except the sighing of pines.

"Where am I?" he wondered. He tried to get up but at once became dizzy again and fell down.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked himself.

Slowly, recollection came. His hard kick at the puppet Korean soldier had snapped the pine above the precipice; and together with it he had plummeted down, down to the bottom of the lake below.

But something hard and sharp had borne him up to the surface. Although half choking he realized that it must be the pine which had dropped in just before him. As he surfaced, his head knocked against a jutting rock and he lost consciousness. But how had he come to be lying on the shore? Where was Squad Leader Chou? Was he all right?

He tried again to prop himself up but his arms were too weak to support him. The shadowy peaks and woods were whirling in front of him. He shut his eyes for a while, then re-opened them. "I can't lie here. I must look for the squad leader. Then we'll find our comrades and the Korean guerrillas."

Wang managed to sit up. Then, catching hold of a small tree, he staggered to his feet.

Only now did he see the lake at the foot of the cliff, its inky water ruffled by the wind. At the water's edge, something was floating. It was the pine tree. His sub-machine-gun had probably sunk to the bottom. He looked in vain for the puppet soldier's corpse. Most probably it had been trapped by weeds.

The precipice rose sheer above the lake. Wang looked up for some sign of Squad Leader Chou. However, it was too dark to see a thing.

His belly was rumbling with hunger. Too bad that his haversack had been torn and all his dried beef and biscuits lost on the way. He searched his pockets. Nothing there but a bag. Wang vividly remembered how the Young Pioneers of his native village had given him this bag as a parting gift. It had on it the red characters "To our best beloved Uncle Volunteer" under which was embroidered a sunflower. The bag was soaking wet. He had left his father's letters in the unit; the bag contained nothing now except twelve pebbles. These pebbles showed how many of the enemy he had shot within one week. Two of them had been put in on the night when he was assigned to the reconnaissance unit. Wang was just nineteen with a boyish face. He was bright. After less than three years in Korea, he not only spoke very good Korean but had made a name for himself as a sharp-shooter in the Eighth Company. He had just been meaning to write to his father and the Young Pioneers when

he was sent to the enemy rear. Never mind! Once this mission was fulfilled he would write them a good letter.

Wang smiled at this thought and put away the bag. Then, hearing soft footsteps near by, he stepped behind a tree.

"Who's there?" he challenged.

"Come to, Young Wang?" Squad Leader Chou asked cheerfully from only a few steps away. Sub-machine-gun at the ready, he strode forward.

"Squad leader!" Wang grasped Chou's arm. "Are you all right?"

"Me? I'm fine. How do you feel now?" Chou gently touched Young Wang's head.

"I feel a bit dizzy, that's all."

"Fine!" The wrinkles around Chou's eyes smoothed out. "I thought you were dead when I pulled you out of the lake."

"Didn't you say our job isn't over? That's why I didn't die." Wang winked.

"Right! We can't die till we've wiped out imperialism and built socialism and communism." Chou grinned.

Chou told Wang that when the enemy saw the puppet soldier hurtling over the cliff they were afraid to go down. After firing a few shots at random they went off to search elsewhere. Then Chou climbed up and managed to find a detour down to the lake. First he discovered the puppet soldier's sub-machine-gun hanging over a branch of the pine. Then he found Wang lying at the edge of the water, his head and shoulders on dry land, the rest of him submerged. Chou thought he must be dead. But when he carried Young Wang ashore he found that his heart was still beating. Tears of joy welled up in his eyes. Having laid the young scout down under a tree, he went to fetch the sub-machine-gun from the pine. . . .

"Let me have that, squad leader. Mine must be at the bottom of the lake." Taking the sub-machine-gun, Wang unlocked the breech and took out the magazine. "Ha! A full magazine. If we meet the enemy now we'll have the right to speak!" He was so happy that he forgot his dizziness.

Chou's eyes narrowed in a smile at Wang's high spirits. From his haversack he took two hunks of dried beef and put them in Wang's hand.

"Eat them! You must be hungry. Want some water?"

"No need! I've just drunk too much water," Wang answered, bolting the beef.

Suddenly three shots sounded faintly in the distance. They listened hard, but heard no more. These three shots were Choi's signal to Liang Han-kuang that he had killed the enemy escorting their motorcycle. But how could Chou and Wang know that?

"Perhaps with the help of Kiung Ko, Team Leader Liang and the others have arrived at the pool in the forest," whispered Wang after the shots stopped. "They may have got in touch with the Korean guerrillas and discovered the enemy artillery emplacements."

"No trouble at all when they have the help of the Korean comrades," Chou said confidently. "Can you walk, Young Wang? We must leave here. Once it's light it will be difficult to move."

"Sure, let's go." Carrying the sub-machine-gun and his hunger assuaged, Wang set off in high spirits. Having left the lake they cautiously advanced along well-concealed rough paths through valleys and forests. Chou took the lead, turning back from time to time to warn Wang about obstructions on the way. However, Wang soon noticed that his squad leader's right leg was limping badly. He stopped to ask:

"What's wrong with your leg, squad leader?"

"Nothing, just a flesh wound. Come on!" Racked by pain, Chou made an effort not to limp. He stuck his empty pipe in his mouth and bit hard on the stem, joking: "Not being able to smoke is what's really tough."

In fact, the pain in his leg was getting worse. By the moonlight, Wang saw sweat oozing from his forehead. He offered to take his arm, but Chou refused. Picking up a bough he used it as a stick.

They crossed a valley and entered another wood. There Wang insisted that they stop for a rest. Chou nodded. They sat leaning against a tree on a slope where they could take cover. Chou mopped his face, then rolled up his trouser leg to rebandage his wound. Wang was shocked to see that the bandage was soaked by blood.

"Such a bad wound, squad leader!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"It's only a gash, it hasn't touched the bone." Chou bound the wound tightly, then teased: "Young Wang, you dared jump down from such a high cliff, how come you're frightened by this scratch on my leg? It's like listening to the roar of guns for three years, then jumping at the sound of fire-crackers."

"It's all my fault, squad leader. If I hadn't gone and exposed myself, they wouldn't have fired and you wouldn't have got hurt. Our unit wouldn't have had so much trouble either."

"What's a graze or two in wartime?" Chou retorted. "You may have slipped up, but I'm to blame as squad leader. You've only been in our unit less than three days. . . ."

"No, it was all my fault," cut in Wang with bitter self-reproach. "What a fool I was not to see that Li Sung Yae was shamming dead." He sighed. "What sort of scout am I? Anyone else would at least have chucked a stone at him."

"If I'd been you," said Chou thoughtfully smoothing his bandage, "under those circumstances, I wouldn't even have thrown a stone at him."

"What! Let him escape?" Wang stared. "Didn't you say we should capture an officer familiar with the situation?"

"Yes, if and when we decided to capture someone. For that the whole unit would have to co-operate. It's no good one person taking reckless action. Our job is to capture an officer without exposing ourselves. Taking the initiative and striking lucky are two quite different things. Did you, at that moment, think of the consequences?"

"No," Wang answered candidly. "Those devils' white armbands reminded me of how they killed Kim Chang Yung and wounded Aunt Kim. And of what they did at Kiosakrie and Sinparie. I just exploded!"

"I hate those swine every bit as much as you do. The American devils and Sygmann Rhee have murdered countless Koreans. The U.S. imperialists have murdered countless of us Chinese too. We'll make them pay blood for our blood. To kill a flunkey like Li Sung Yae isn't enough. Our folk at home and all the Korean people expect us to wipe the enemy out completely and thoroughly!"

"But..." Wang, unable to express himself, fell silent, his hands automatically tearing off the leaves of a weed he had pulled up.

Squad Leader Chou was silent too for a second. He drew out the dagger and gazed at it as if deep in thought by the moonlight. Then in a low voice charged with feeling he said:

"Before the fifth campaign started, I was sent to the enemy rear to find out the American disposition in the Sangyokchon area. I disguised myself as a Korean road builder, slipped into Kiosakrie, found Aunt Kim and gave her the password.

"A U.S. officer of a sapper unit lived in a large tiled house at the west end of the village. With the help of Aunt Kim, I nipped into his room and got hold of a plan of the enemy defences. But before I could leave the house the fellow came back with some puppet officers. It wouldn't do for me to be found in his room. Aunt Kim who was keeping watch at the door was frantic. But she was very quick-witted. She picked up a jar of slops and emptied it over the U.S. officer, pretending that this was an accident. The Yank flared up. The flustered puppet officers cursed and swore at Aunt Kim as they cleaned him up, and the interpreter kicked her. I seized this chance to slip out by a side door. The plan hidden in my kit, I mixed with the crowd, ready to leave the village when dusk fell.

"Soon, the U.S. officer found the plan had gone. He hopped with rage and immediately put the whole village under martial law. Meanwhile they seized and questioned Aunt Kim, beating her savagely with the butts of their rifles. Blood streamed from her wounds. But not a word passed her lips about the plan or the partisans in the village.

"In desperation, the American officer had all the villagers, men and women, old and young, driven under a large camphor tree at the end of the village. Aunt Kim was bound to a stake. A fire was lit near her. Iron bars were heated in it. The American rolled up his sleeves, pointed to the crowd, and ordered Aunt Kim to pick out the partisan. She just threw back her head and ignored him. With a pair of pincers he picked up a red-hot iron bar and pressed it on her back. We heard a sizzle, saw blue smoke rise up. Aunt Kim gave a cry of pain and fainted away. She had bitten her lips so hard they



spurted blood. At that moment, I thought my heart was going to burst. I got ready to fight it out with the enemy.

"Just then, Aunt Kim opened her eyes. She spotted me in the crowd and saw my expression. Fighting down her agony, fixing me with her eyes, she cried: 'Don't move! Listen to me!'

"These words which seemed addressed to the enemy were really a warning to me. I didn't move.

"At Aunt Kim's shout, the American lowered his rifle. The interpreter yelled: 'Afraid at last, eh, old woman? Well then, talk! Who's your *comrade*? Hand him over and you'll be released. The American army's humane. This is your last chance.'

"'Afraid! The Korean people are not afraid of you beasts!' Aunt Kim held her head high. Her face was wet, streaming with blood and sweat. Blood had dyed her white hair red. 'Go on burning and killing!' she shouted. 'Our people's army and the Chinese Volunteers will avenge us!'

"'Avenge you? Pah! Perhaps your comrades are here.' The U.S. officer indicated the crowd. 'If they won't lift a finger to save you, who's to avenge you?'

"'Our army will soon fight back. They'll wipe out you beasts by the thousands, yes, wipe you out completely!'

"Her eyes on me as she lashed the enemy, Aunt Kim was urging me: 'Be patient, comrade. You must get that plan out. Then our army can really thrash them. That will avenge me, avenge millions of our people!'

"What happened then?" Wang demanded.

"Aunt Kim wouldn't speak, so the enemy detained her. That same night, I slipped out of the village, back to my unit. Next day, we launched the fifth campaign and quickly liberated Sangyokchon. I went straight to Kiosakrie to find Aunt Kim, but the Korean villagers told me that when the fighting started Korean guerrillas had mopped up the enemy stationed in the village and rescued her. Several days later, after our unit wiped out the main force of the enemy, we were drafted to the Chulyuriung area. I never dreamed that I'd meet her again here or that Aunt Kim was the mother of Kim Chang

Yung. His father heads the guerrillas of Eagle-Beak Height. They're really a heroic family!"

Taking the dagger from Chou, Wang gripped it tightly, too excited to speak.

"I shall never forget Aunt Kim's words," said Chou half to himself. "They always remind me of our duty as scouts."

"Squad leader, I understand. I shall remember too," declared Wang firmly, handing back the dagger.

"Fine, harder tasks lie ahead of us." Chou rose to his feet, putting away the dagger. "Come on. We'll go straight to the pool in the forest to join Team Leader Liang and the rest of our unit."

27

In the grey twilight, Wang Chen-hua and Squad Leader Chou Liang-tsai, helping each other, trudged through wood after wood and climbed over hill after hill. Now the ridge they were on divided into two, one running north, the other south, enclosing a wide valley.

"There may be a village," said Young Wang, looking at the dark foliage of trees down in the valley. "But I don't know the name of this place."

"I fancy we were here during the fifth campaign." Chou looked round thoughtfully.

Having looked up to see where the Dipper was, they headed for the valley. Going down the hill, they entered a dense wood.

"Now that they've failed to find us," said Wang, "Li Sung Yae and his gang may have gone to Hwangrimdong for further instructions."

"Let them go," Chou replied. "Once our big guns speak they'll be done for."

A gust of wind blew through the woods, rustling the leaves. Facing the wind, Chou took a deep breath.

"Look out!" he warned suddenly in a low voice, slowing down. "Enemy near by."

"Enemy?" Wang was surprised for all was still in the woods.

"Just smell the wind."

Wang sniffed. Sure enough, a faint smell of gasoline hung in the air. There must be enemy trucks in the vicinity.

The two men groped their way forward cautiously. All of a sudden a blinding light flared up amidst the trees several hundred metres away and an engine started chugging. The light approached; the sound grew louder and louder. A truck rolled past the place where they lay hidden.

"Yanks!" Wang said softly.

"Queer," muttered Chou, gazing after the receding truck. "What are the Yanks doing in a place like this?"

"Could the valley be Hwangrimdong?"

"No." Chou shook his head. "Judging by the distance we've covered, it's at least one hour's walk away — northeast of this hill."

They walked cautiously on to the road along which the truck had just passed. It was nothing more than a narrow track through the woods. Going further, they found a black oil stain on the ground which reeked of gasoline. It was clear that the truck had been repaired here just now.

"Squad leader," Wang said, "there must be enemy in the valley. Shall we avoid them by skirting the ridge?" He glanced at the blood-stained bandage on Chou's calf. "But with that leg wound of yours. . . ."

Instead of replying, Chou looked up and down the road before stepping on to it. Then he stooped to inspect the ground.

"Look, Young Wang, what's this?"

Wang bent to look too. In the rain-soaked soil were two deep furrows.

"Ruts! So deep!"

The earth between the ruts was turned up like a ploughed field. By the dim light of the moon, Wang saw caterpillar tracks.

"A tank?!" he exclaimed.

"There's some mystery here. We must get to the bottom of it before we leave." Chou made a new decision. In time of war, enemy dispositions kept changing. A conscientious scout must investigate anything that looked suspicious.

"Go to that bend in front and have a look," he said to Wang.

"Yes." Wang felt tense and excited. Carrying his sub-machine-gun, he broke into a run. Chou, using a branch as a stick, limped after him.

The road wound up a hillock. Lying down on the top of it, Wang strained his eyes ahead. Indistinctly, he saw a barbed-wire fence in a field and behind it what looked like several rows of mounds.

Another truck came out of the woods, heading for the valley by the hillside road. Presently it came to a halt. Two tall sentries lit up by its headlights waved it on, and the truck moved on to disappear among the mounds.

No doubt about it. There were U.S. troops stationed in the valley. As Wang was about to turn back Chou arrived.

"Those were Yanks too in the second truck," Chou said, his eyes sweeping the rough ground before the barbed-wire fence. "What's a camp of this size doing here? Come on, we'll try to penetrate it."

They crawled to the left, down the slope. The soft earth, overgrown with weeds, was dotted here and there with poplars and firs. Chou suddenly felt something hard on the ground. As soon as he touched it, he froze.

"A mine!" he whispered, signing to Wang to halt.

It was too dark to make out colours, but Chou knew by the feel of the thing that it was a trip mine. On either side of it were two small firs. No doubt the mine was wired to them. A sloppy job they had made of it, Chou thought.

Now both scouts crawled round the firs into the bed of a brook. Stooping, they waded down it towards the valley. The water soon became deeper, reaching their chests. They waded on till they reached the centre of the valley. Here weeds fringed the channel which had widened out.

A dozen metres ahead the barbed-wire fence spanned the brook. Its lowest wire touched the water. But under the water there was no obstruction. This also showed, just as in the case of the mine, that the work had been done in a hurry.

"The Yanks can't have been here long," Chou thought.

He lifted the barbed-wire a bit to let Wang plunge past it. Soon Wang's head appeared on the other side of the wire. Wiping the

water from his face, Wang nodded cheerfully to his squad leader. Chou in turn submerged and got past the enemy fence.

The brook ran past a mulberry tree, then turned eastward. When the two scouts came to this bend they elbowed aside the burdocks and reeds which almost hid the brook from sight and looked out.

It was light enough now to see the outlines of objects. Not far from them, in a clump of elms, were heaps of packing-cases. Tanks and trucks were camouflaged with twigs, nets spread out over trees and dugouts. There were also trim rows of large tents which the scouts had mistaken for mounds. It was these which now attracted their attention. For no attempt had been made to camouflage them, and in each squatted something massive.

"What are those?" Wang's eyes widened as he stared at this hardware, unlike anything he had ever seen before.

"They're bazookas," the squad leader whispered. There were nine of them altogether. "What are they doing here in the rear?" he wondered. "There must be guns as well."

He looked further and saw a huge tree. Countless wires stretched from its trunk to the foot of the opposite hill. There, the mist was too thick to make out anything except for several huts.

Just then, an American soldier emerged yawning from a tent and slouched towards the brook where Chou and Wang were crouching. Chou gave Wang a nudge and both of them ducked, leaving only their heads above water.

The American soldier came up to the brook, took off his jacket and threw it on to the reeds. Then squatting down he splashed the water noisily on his face and hairy chest. One of the sleeves of his jacket, dangling less than a metre away, showed the scouts a strange armband: between two crossed sticks, the U.S. artillery badge, coiled a snake with a flat neck and small vicious eyes.

Having finished washing, the soldier took his jacket and slouched back, yelling something to the men in the tents. The two scouts quickly waded forward, their hands softly paddling the water. They stopped by a mound covered with undergrowth.

"We've found the 'Cobra' unit, that's for sure!" said Wang excitedly. "But why here of all places?"

Chou was stirred too. It was as clear as daylight that this was the American artillery position. The bloody "Cobra" had sneaked into this valley! "You've sloughed your skin but you can't get away from us," he exulted. From his breast pocket he fished out a military map wrapped in water-proof paper and found out that this valley was named Kiungbongdong.

"We must report straight back to our team leader," whispered Wang.

"No hurry," replied Chou firmly. "We must locate their gun emplacements first."

Wang nodded eagerly. He poked his head out of the undergrowth to look round. But because of the morning mist the trees and mounds in the distance were only a blur.

"Damn this mist!" he cursed angrily.

"Don't worry," the squad leader said calmly. "When the sun rises, all monsters must show their true colours."

This casual rejoinder was pregnant with unshakable determination. Only a dauntless soldier, a loyal fighter who devotes his whole life to the revolutionary cause can be so optimistic, so cool-headed. A veteran scout, Chou was noted for his intelligence, prudence and rich experience. He knew only too well the difficulty and danger involved in reconnoitring the enemy camp in broad daylight. But this place they had stumbled upon and the information they had gleaned about "Cobra" were just what the scout unit was hunting for. To expose the secrets of this "snake", which the Yanks had gone to such pains to conceal, would be of the utmost importance in enabling our main force to annihilate the enemy.

Wang did not think the matter through so carefully. But he agreed with his squad leader's decision: they must wait until it was light. Dangerous though it was, he was confident that with his squad leader there they would win through. However, he was anxious. Time ticked away so slowly that he kept turning his head to look at the east.

Dawn arrived at last. The eastern horizon flushed pink and then, in a flash, became scarlet. Fleecy clouds, gilded a glorious golden-red, surged like brilliant waves skimming the vast expanse of the sea.

But our scouts were not in the mood to appreciate the magnificence of the sunrise. As soon as the first sunbeams dispersed the mist they concentrated on surveying the valley.

The morning sun made everything clear and bright. The ground mist, like dust on a glass, was wiped away. Howitzer barrels, covered with twigs, pointed north. The camouflaged tanks for hauling big guns looked like graves overgrown with weeds. The once arrogant Americans had learned at last to guard against air attacks. But their disguise could not deceive Chou's sharp eyes. He was busy with a ruler, carefully marking the artillery emplacements on the map, while Wang stood on guard with his sub-machine-gun in hand.

Having marked the location of five batteries, Chou looked round, mopping his perspiring face, to see whether there were any more. Abruptly, his head swam and his vision blurred. He knew that he had lost too much blood, hence this spell of dizziness. He closed his eyes, clutching at a tuft of plants, and leaned against the bank. After a while, he looked out again. But his view was obstructed by a mound covered with trees.

"I'm going up there," he told Wang. "You stay here on watch."

"Let me go, squad leader," pleaded Wang. "Your wound. . . ." He had seen with dismay that the brook was reddened with blood.

"You're not a draughtsman, and I am," Chou insisted.

This silenced Wang. Inwardly, he determined to learn this skill from his squad leader on their return. Handing over the folded map to Wang, Chou went on, "Keep an eye on me. If anything happens, take this map to the guerrillas or Team Leader Liang. Report all we've found to the division command as soon as possible."

Wang nodded gravely.

To reach the top of the hillock, Chou had to climb a small but rather steep slope. Normally it would have presented no difficulty, but today he could hardly move his wounded leg, which felt as heavy as lead. He felt his calf. The bandage had come off and the pain from his wound was excruciating. Grasping some weeds and wedging his sound foot against small trees, inch by inch he crept slowly up. When finally he arrived at the top he had a clear view of everything

below him. One hundred metres away, in a small wood, stood several large tents and eight camouflaged big guns. "This is the sixth battery," Chou thought. "Forty-eight guns in all, that's quite a lot!" Not contented with his findings he went on searching. There at the foot of the south hill, not far from the sixth battery, he saw wires fixed up in a clump of trees. Through the gaps in the leaves, he spotted two jeeps and some American soldiers, with officers among them, moving about.

"Is this the headquarters?" Chou wondered, crawling forward. Just then he dislodged a large pebble from the sandy soil. The size of a small egg, it rolled down the slope. Looking anxiously down, Chou was startled to see a foxhole in which two Americans were eating something from tins. The pebble happened to hit one tin with a clang. One of the Yanks looked angrily right and left. The other flinched, pointing up the hillock and screamed. The former dropped his fork in a panic then and snatched at something. As Chou crawled away, his head low, he heard a piercing whistle from the foxhole.

The whistle reverberated through the valley. Wang, still in the brook, heard the alarm and turned anxious eyes to the hillock.

The shrill blast continued. Hastily taking out his last hand-grenade, Chou lifted his sweating face, ready to fight.

The alarm let up for a second, then sounded again. All the American soldiers in the valley started milling about in confusion. Some ran helter-skelter into the woods, others dived head first into ditches. Trucks were stopped by sentries and left in the shade of trees while their drivers ran for their lives. A moment later the whole place became dead still.

Chou was at a loss to know what had caused this commotion. Then he heard the drone of aircraft from the sky. He looked up and saw a squadron of silvery "Swallows", white jets trailing behind them, flying towards the valley. With a cry of joy he wiped his face and grinned. So the Yanks had not spotted him; it was the aircraft which had caused such panic. The dead calm in the valley, the two Americans huddled in the foxhole, made him feel exuberant and proud. Their vaunted "air control" and "air supremacy" could not

stop the Yanks from being scared stiff by the Chinese and Korean air forces. He seized this chance to take a good look at the small woods at the foot of the opposite mountain. The leaves of some boughs there were withered. Behind this camouflage was a dark cave. Installed between two tall pines in front of the cave was a trapezoid antenna connected with the cave by wires. This must surely be the "Cobra" headquarters. Having estimated its location Chou clambered back. As soon as he slipped gently into the brook, Wang gripped him by the arm, eyeing him with mingled joy and surprise. Without even stopping to speak, Chou took the map from Wang and marked in his new discoveries. Licking the point of his pencil, he firmly drew a little square round the "headquarters". Then he wrapped the map up again in water-proof paper and put it back into his pocket.

"It's all here," he said exultantly, patting his pocket. "Now we must get back."

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The silvery "Swallows" were hovering over the valley. Their roar, such a heart-warming sound to the scouts, kept the Americans cowering on the ground, in gullies or under the trees. Thus none of them noticed the scouts wade back up the brook towards the barbed-wire fence.

Having circled a couple of times, the squadron flew south in neat formation. The bright trail left in its wake broadened out then faded. The Yanks, like creatures ending their hibernation, resumed their activities.

When Chou and Wang reached the bend in the brook where they had seen the "Cobra" badge, a heavily armed soldier, a cigarette between his lips, sauntered towards them. The scouts, still a hundred metres from the fence, had to hide themselves again among the flat green blades of plants. The American stood on the bank, deep in thought. He was in no hurry to leave. He dragged on his cigarette, then threw the stub into the brook where it hissed in the water within arm's reach of the scouts. "Why doesn't he move on now?" Wang

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wondered anxiously. Far from moving on, the guy plonked himself down on a stone and, laying his carbine on his knees, took out a letter which he started reading. After that he fished out a pair of silver bracelets, a gold ring, two bright brass spoons distinctively eastern in style, and two roots of celebrated Korean ginseng. He fingered this loot fondly, then wrapped it up in a soft gauze headsquare, another of his "spoils of war". He then started whistling cheerfully, his big booted feet beating time to the tune just above the two scouts' heads.

His eyes blazing with exasperation, Wang shot an inquiring glance at the squad leader. Chou too was on edge. For a squad of fully accoutred U.S. soldiers was filing towards the brook from the other direction. It should be easy for them to spot the scouts.

There was no time to be lost. Chou tipped Wang a wink and quietly drew his dagger. Wang caught on. He grabbed the boots just over his head and pulled the American into the brook. Before the man could yell he was submerged. Chou raised his dagger and stabbed. Blood reddened the swirling water but soon dispersed while Chou sheathed his dagger and took the dead man's carbine. Wang, groping in the water, retrieved two hand-grenades one of which he gave to Chou. So now each of them had both a gun and a hand-grenade. With a last glance at the approaching enemy squad, they waded quickly towards the barbed-wire fence.

When the patrol squad saw the loot on the bank, they promptly broke formation.

"OK!" cried the soldier at the head. "Finders keepers." He bent clumsily to pick up the headsquare and bracelets.

"Get away, you swine!" the second cursed, planting one foot on the headsquare. The light gauze tore.

The first man jumped to his feet and collared the other, who clamped both hands round his opponent's neck. Before they could come to blows, a third soldier let out a yell. Everybody turned to look where he was pointing. There amid crushed clumps of reeds in the brook the sluggish water flowed scarlet. On it floated a helmet with the "Cobra" badge!

A sergeant blew his whistle. The soldiers instantly divided into two groups and, firing at random, searched in opposite directions along the bank.

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Chou and Wang, wading painfully towards the fence, were inevitably discovered. Carbines fired. Bullets zipped around them in the brook and earth showered on their heads. The Yanks who had gone in the other direction came rushing back to outflank them. The scouts started firing back. The two Yanks in the lead threw up their hands and crashed into the brook. The others threw themselves down on the ground and loosed off with their guns.

The air-raid warning sounded again. All the Yanks swarmed out of their tents, guns in their hands. Shots, cries, whistles and the air-raid alarm rent the air. The whole valley was a scene of utter confusion.

While firing, Chou and Wang had been retreating quickly to the fence. As Chou threw a hand-grenade, Wang ducked past the wire; then he flung his own grenade to cover Chou's withdrawal. Stooping, they ran as fast as they could up a little gully leading to the wooded hillside.

The Americans gave chase, but the fence blocked their way. So they concentrated their fire on the gully.

Chou and Wang shot back in turns as they were running. Just before they reached the woods, Chou was struck and fell.

"Squad leader, what's wrong?" panted Wang. He helped Chou to his feet and, putting Chou's arm round his shoulder, dragged his squad leader into shelter behind a mound. Chou had bled so much that his face was the colour of wax. A bullet had pierced his right shoulder, his jacket was dyed red by blood.

"Wang," Chou urged, gasping, "go quickly. Leave the rearguard action to me." He groped in his breast pocket.

"No! I'll cover you. You go!"

"Nonsense! I'm already wounded..." Chou handed over the blood-stained package containing the map to Wang. "Take it. Run."

"I can't leave you, squad leader," Wang pleaded. "Let me carry you."

"Comrade Wang Chen-hua, don't forget you're a revolutionary fighter, a scout of the Chinese People's Volunteers," Chou said sternly.

Biting his lower lip, his eyes dilated, Wang took over the map.

"This is more important than life, mind you get it back," Chou continued solemnly. With an effort, he drew the dagger. "Take this too. Remember, come what may, you must find our guerrillas or our scout unit."

"Right!" Wang took the dagger, his eyes wet.

"Quick now. I'll cover you."

"Squad leader!" Wang was on the verge of tears. How could he leave Chou like this?

"Go quick — those are orders!"

Dashing the tears from his eyes, Wang turned and ran into the woods.

By now the enemy had smashed the barbed-wire fence with hand-grenades and were charging towards the slope.

Gritting his teeth, Chou leaned against the mound and fired a few shots. The Americans flopped to the ground. Chou husbanded his bullets, shooting only at the nearest enemy. Prolonging the battle would give Wang a better start.

More and more of the enemy were coming. Having hurled his last hand-grenade, Chou took aim again with his gun and pulled the trigger. But after only one shot, the gun was empty. Noticing this, the Americans too stopped shooting. Cautiously they clambered the slope. A man in an officer's cap yelled something that Chou could not understand. Whether it was "catch him alive" or "surrender", Chou did not care. With a scornful smile he calmly looked round for some stones. Suddenly he spotted the two firs not far off. The trip mine! His eyes brightened. Throwing away the puppet army's cap he had been wearing, he crawled towards the mine.

The sun beat brightly down. His teeth clenched, clutching at the weeds, Chou struggled on. When he reached the firs, the enemy was already close behind him. The green mine lay half-hidden among the undergrowth. The wire tied to the firs glittered in the sun. Chou stretched out his hand to reach it. But before he could do so he lost consciousness.

The Americans closed in apprehensively, knowing that this was a minefield.

Four of them surrounded the unconscious scout. They shouted at him, but Chou lay motionless. In muffled voices then they started discussing whether this man streaming with blood was dead and, if not, how to move him away from the trip mine. One of them bent to touch Chou's head. Chou came round.

Half opening his eyes he saw before him the muzzles of guns, the hairy arms and the ugly faces of the Yanks. One of them, glaring like a wild beast, reached for his head.

"Stop, you bastard!" cried Chou. With a stupendous effort he raised himself and seized the trip mine's wire. The Americans' faces contorted with fear. They shrank back. At once Chou felt brimming over with strength. He stood up and tugged at the wire.

The mine exploded. The deafening blast shook the valley. For what seemed a long time, smoke and dust hung in the air. The Yanks prostrate on the slope were petrified. Taking four invaders with him, Squad Leader Chou Liang-tsai of the scout unit had died a hero's death.

The sound of this explosion reverberated far away in the mountains. A long time elapsed before the American soldiers rose fearfully to their feet. On the slope they found a yellow-stemmed pipe with a black-lacquered bowl. On the stem were the neat Chinese characters:

"China — my mother!"

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Wang Chen-hua, his heart aching with grief, stumbled along through the trees up the ridge of the mountain. Suddenly he heard a land-mine explode in the distance. He could descry a cloud of smoke and dust swirling above the trees. The explosion had sounded long after the shooting had stopped. Wang understood what it meant.

"Squad leader!" In a transport of rage he stabbed the dagger into the trunk of a tree. His blood was boiling, he was moved to shout: Vengeance! I must avenge my squad leader! Raising his face wet with tears and with the sub-machine-gun tightly gripped in one hand, he wheeled around to go back. Then, he pulled out the dagger. The sight of its glittering blade tugged at his heart-strings.

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A light flashing from it seemed his squad leader's stern gaze, and Chou Liang-tsai's earnest voice rang in his ear.

"Comrade Wang Chen-hua, don't forget you're a revolutionary fighter, a scout of the Chinese People's Volunteers."

"This is more important than life, mind you get it back."

Halting, Wang felt the pocket of his tunic. His fingers touched the squarely folded map in water-proof paper, on which Squad Leader Chou had marked the enemy's gun-emplacements with his blood. Wang knew this must be given to Team Leader Liang and reported to divisional headquarters. This was the task Chou had entrusted to him.

Wang overcame his grief and sobered up.

"Squad leader, set your mind at rest. I shall carry out the assignment," he vowed, his eyes on the smoke.

The dagger stuck under his tunic, he put on a spurt. The scenes of the previous night flashed through his mind. During the last few days, Chou had taught him so much about how to be a good scout. Only now did he realize how little he really knew about his squad leader. Just before they set out on their mission he was told that Chou, orphaned while a small child, had been brought up by his grandmother who had lost the sight of one eye from constant weeping. She had died, worn out, when he was only seven. Then he had herded buffaloes for a landlord. Later, he made his way to Nanchang and found work as a porter in the railway station. In the year when the Japanese occupied Nanchang, he was rounded up with others and sent by train to a mine in northeast China. Working in the pit, he had fought back against the aggressors and tried with his fellow-coolies to escape. However, each attempt left him scarred with fresh wounds, deepening his hatred for the enemy.

"Squad leader, set your mind at rest!" Wang repeated to himself. He had a better understanding now of the significance of what Chou had told him the previous night.

Two hours passed. At long last he reached the end of the dense, well-nigh impenetrable woods. He leaned against a tree to catch his breath. Before him stretched a smooth slope on which grew clumps of horse-tail pines and some shrubs that came up to his waist.

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Further on was a little orchard. Owing to the war it had not been tended for some time, yet the trees were doing well, some were in full blossom, on others the fruit was ripening. The sight warmed his heart. The chestnut trees were a mass of creamy flowers. A plant with small leaves, whose name he did not know, was covered with purple berries. He stepped eagerly forward to pick some to quench his thirst. But then he remembered his commander's injunction: "Take good care of every blade of grass, every tree, belonging to the Korean people." Licking his parched lips, he thought: We Volunteers must stick to discipline, even in the enemy rear. He lowered his hand. He was wondering where he could get some water when he heard three cuckoo calls.

At once, his thirst forgotten, he pricked up his ears. The cries were repeated: cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo! Giving three answering cuckoo calls, he hurried towards the spot from whence the sound came. Before he reached it, a cuckoo flapped up from the bushes and flew away over a plot of maize to disappear like a small black dot into the woods on the opposite hill. With it went Wang's jubilation.

Judging by the orchard and plot of maize, Wang guessed that there must be people living near by. All of a sudden he saw two men coming up the path through the maize field.

He ducked behind some shrubs and watched them through the branches.

The two approached unhurriedly, sometimes hidden from sight by the bushes. Gradually Wang made out that each of them was carrying a tommy-gun. Next, he recognized their uniforms as those of the Korean People's Army. The badges on their caps gleamed in the sunlight.

So, they're comrades of the People's Army, guerrillas! Wang sprang to his feet in excitement to accost them. But then he halted. It seemed rather strange, the careless way they were strolling along and chatting. You would expect more vigilance in the enemy rear, surely? He crouched down once more and gave three cuckoo calls, watching the men as he did so.

They showed no reaction, but stopped under a fruit tree. One plucked some berries and stuffed them into his mouth. The other lit a cigarette. Then they started complaining.

"Two nights roughing it, dammit, but nothing to show for it," swore one of the men. "We'll be lucky if we don't get caught ourselves."

"Not so loud!" the other hissed. "Want your throat slit?" He raised one hand to his neck with a hacking motion.

This doesn't sound right, Wang thought. Who are they? Enemy masquerading as men of the People's Army? He edged forward a little in order to hear better. Crack! A dried-up branch under his foot snapped and rolled away.

"Who's there?" the two yelled. Levelling their guns they dodged behind a tree.

Wang held his breath, not moving.

"Are you blind?" bawled a gruff voice some distance away. "What have you to report?"

A dozen puppet soldiers headed by a second lieutenant emerged from the forest.

"Report! We found nothing," replied the two bogus "armymen" stepping out from behind the tree. It was this patrol they had been challenging.

As the lieutenant came up to them, one man fished out a cigarette and offered it to him, the other flipped a lighter and held it out.

"Colonel Li orders every brigade to make a thorough search immediately." Puffing at his cigarette, the lieutenant went on: "Our task is to search these woods. I want results this time. The adviser says rewards are being offered: a week's leave in Hwachon county town for the capture of a communist soldier, a fortnight in Seoul for the capture of an officer."

"Yes, sir!" chorused the puppet soldiers.

Then the lieutenant led his men off toward the woods through which Wang had passed.

"What a narrow escape! I nearly fell into their trap." Biting his lips, Wang reproached himself for being too credulous. Having glanced at the enemy marching off, he looked downhill and made up his mind to climb the opposite mountain. Stooping, he crawled through the bushes into the shelter of the maize growing at the foot of the mountain.

This plot of maize was not large. By it flowed a stream from which projected rocks, some of them overgrown with shrubs and weeds. The clear water, rippling silver, meandered through the rocks to the foot of the hills. Near the opposite bank stood a solitary thatched hut.

Coming to the end of the maize field Wang looked round, then crawled down a ditch to the stream and nimbly slid into it. Just at this moment he noticed two round, jet-black eyes peering at him from behind a mossy boulder. Fear, curiosity and doubt could all be seen in those eyes fixed intently on him, a mysterious man in a puppet uniform, obviously tired out yet so cautious in all his movements.

As he made out that this watcher was a Korean boy, Wang fearlessly beckoned to him. The boy stepped forward. He was under ten, stripped to the waist and bare-footed with big twinkling eyes. He looked like a wary tiddler, ready at any moment to turn tail or plunge out of sight under the water. He took a few quick steps towards Wang, then looked at the depth of the stream. Abruptly he doubled back and disappeared into the maize field.

Puzzled by the boy's behaviour, Wang went on. The bank of the stream was cool. He crouched down, cupping his hands, and had a good drink. Wiping the water from his face and making sure that the map was still in his pocket, he walked on.

A few turns further there was a small tumbledown wooden bridge. Where there is a bridge, there must be a road. Where there is a road, there are likely to be people. Wang had learned to be more cautious. He looked about alertly till he found a path near the bridge overgrown with weeds. There was not a soul in sight. Feeling reassured, he stepped toward a big rock. The stream swirled past this rock, its clear water racing over the moss-covered stones. Treading carefully on the moss Wang crossed the stream.

"Don't move!" a voice shouted from behind the rock.

Wang turned to see two men in faded uniforms of the Korean People's Army. Tommy-guns in their hands, they watched him coldly.

"We've been waiting for you a long time. So you're looking for guerrillas? Here we are!" A tall soldier smiled caustically.

Wang turned away and gave three cuckoo calls.

The two soldiers, one tall and one swarthy, exchanged swift glances and responded with the same bird calls. Then the three of them stepped towards each other, their eyes meeting.

"Brothers," Wang began, "are you here looking for this?" Suppressing his excitement, he drew the dagger with the golden star set in its handle. "This was given to us by Comrade Kim Chang Yung the liaison man of the guerrillas before he died."

The tall man was about to speak when two new arrivals came running up and jumped down from the rock. One was the boy Wang had met, the other a good-looking youngster also in the uniform of the People's Army.

"That's him!" the boy, red with excitement, pointed at Wang. "I saw him first. I'm the one who told you uncles."

The other youngster stared at Wang, then exclaimed, "Young Wang! At last we've found you."

Wang was mystified to hear that the voice was a girl's. Who was it? The youngster taking off her cap let a long glossy plait fall over her shoulder. And then he recognized her. It was Kiung Ko the woman guerrilla who had led them to break through the enemy's encirclement the previous evening.

"You are . . . Comrade Kiung Ko!" he cried.

"Ah, comrade!" The tall soldier smiled and threw his arms around Wang.

"Comrade!" The swarthy man beamed. "I'm Pak Tae Rue."

Wang smiled with tears in his eyes and punched Pak's broad shoulder. The two men hugged each other.

The lad hitched up his trousers and sniffed, rolling his big dark eyes. At last he caught on.

"Uncle Volunteer?" he greeted him hesitantly. The next instant he had flung himself at Wang and twined his arms round his neck. "I saw you first. I found you!"

Illustrated by Tung Chen-sheng

SONGS FOR CHILDREN



LIU CHANG-SO

Our Crayons

With my red crayon I draw a boat,
A red flag at its prow;
High floats our revolution's flag. . . .
Our helmsman's Chairman Mao!

I draw a yellow sunflower
Turned to the sun, golden, gay;
It's the Party that I turn to,
It's Chairman Mao I obey.

Together we draw Tien An Men
Where red flags flutter now;
Beneath the red flags everyone is singing,
Singing of our dear leader Chairman Mao.



CHANG YUNG-MEI

Building Blocks

Small building blocks are pretty things
And as they play the children sing:
We're building Tien An Men because we love
Our Party and our capital — Peking.



CHIANG LIEN-MING

Studying Marxism-Leninism

Stars twinkle,
The moon shines bright,
My big sister's studying Marxism under the light.
The breeze knocking at the door brings warmth of spring,
Tick-tock, the clock approves: Quite right, quite right.

Line after line,
Page after page,
Sis writes notes on what she's read.
The moon grows tired and, peeping through the window,
Urges her: Hurry up and go to bed!

Pulling a face
Sis sits tight,
Making the moon sink west in shame and fright.
My sister never tires of studying,
She's going to sit up working hard all night.



**PANG LIEN-YU and
WANG TIEH-LIANG**

Small Fighters

A small square blackboard underneath a tree
Is where we battle with the enemy.

We small red soldiers, full of fight,
With chinks as weapons strike with all our might.

That swindler Lin Piao and Confucius too,
Black-hearted devils — watch us run them through!

The poplars rustle as if to applaud us:
Well done! Put paid to Lin Piao and Confucius!



CHANG YUNG-MEI

Seeing a Model Opera

This year, to celebrate Children's Day,*
My granny took me to see a play;
It showed revolutionaries of our age,
And I must learn from those heroes on the stage.

*June 1 is International Children's Day.



KAO CHIEH

The Speckled Hen

The speckled hen
Lays an egg
And sets up a loud cackling.

Little Tieh-chu scolds:
"Cut your cackle!
PLA uncles are camping in our village.
The moment they arrived,
Not stopping to rest,
They chopped firewood and filled
Our water vats for us;
Now they're sleeping after lunch
And you mustn't wake them."

But the speckled hen
Won't listen.
If he shoos her, she may
Cackle even louder.
What's to be done?
Ah, got it!
Fetching a handful of millet
He coaxes the hen away.



CHANG YUNG-MEI

The Willow

The willow grows green as green,
Planted anywhere it will take;
Learn from the willow and take root
Where life is hard — for the revolution's sake.



CHANG YUNG-MEI

Paper Boat

Paper boat, put in the river,
Drift with the wind to the South China Sea
Where well they fought, Hsisha's soldiers and civilians . . .
Carry them greetings from me!



LI HSING

The Golden Trumpet

A tree shaped like a T
With a flower above it.
What flower? A Golden Trumpet,
A talking trumpet.

Loud the voice of the Golden Trumpet,
Every brigade and commune loves to hear it.
What news, then, does it broadcast on every side?
It is spreading Chairman Mao's teachings far and wide.

TIEN LIEN-YUAN

Something More to Report

One Sunday afternoon, Aunt Chao was cooking in the kitchen. She stoked the stove, chopped the vegetables, placed the pan on the stove and poured some oil into it. But when the oil was about to smoke she removed the pan. Why did she do that? Her son Ta-hsing, a driver in the county transportation company, had not come back yet. Aunt Chao wanted to cook him a good meal on his day off, something hot and tasty. She would wait until he came home before stir-frying his favourite dish. When the door creaked, she quickly put the pan back on the stove.

She turned around. It wasn't her son but Lao Wei, leader of the company propaganda group, Youth League committee member Hsiao Ma and someone she didn't know.

"Well, Lao Wei. Fancy you dropping in. Come on in."

"I've brought a newspaper reporter with me, aunty. He has come to see Ta-hsing, to write something about him for the eleventh anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's inscription 'Learn from Comrade Lei Feng'."

"Write something for the newspaper? Well! What has he done to deserve that?"

The reporter spoke up. "Aunty, Comrade Ta-hsing was in the same regiment with Lei Feng, wasn't he? And he's done outstanding work since leaving the army. Not so long ago, when he was rushing seed rice to a commune a man asked him for a lift. When he found out from this fellow's conversation that he was a black-marketeer, he took him straight to the police station. Isn't that right?"

"How would I know? This son of mine never tells me what he's up to. Besides, he's hardly ever home, not even on Sundays. This is his day off and he's been out for hours, yet he hasn't turned up for his supper. I'm cooking him. . . . Gracious, the oil is almost on fire!" She snatched the pan off the stove.

Lao Wei's watch showed five o'clock. What was keeping Ta-hsing, he wondered. "Go and have a look at the bus station, Hsiao Ma," he said. "He may be there. Tell him to come straight home. Someone's waiting for him."

Hsiao Ma returned in no time.

"He's out driving."

"What do you mean? He's off duty today."

"I know. But Old Wang got called home by telegram. So Ta-hsing's substituting for him. He's driving a bus to Hsiangyang Ridge."

"Well. We'll have to wait, Comrade Reporter. The bus to Hsiangyang Ridge gets back at half past five."

"It's all right. Comrade Ta-hsing is a busy man."

At half past five there was still no sign of Ta-hsing.

"Will you go to the station once more, Hsiao Ma?"

"Right."

Hsiao Ma returned in a few minutes.

"The Hsiangyang station has called to say that the bus has not arrived, Lao Wei."

"What happened? Did it break down on the way? Did you call the stations *en route*?"

"No."

"Why not? Quick, go and find out what's up."

Hsiao Ma went away. Aunt Chao was looking anxious. She knew quite well that the highway to Hsiangyang Ridge wound up the mountain. Even a good driver on that route had to drive with extra care.

"Think there's been an accident, Lao Wei?"

"Don't you worry, aunty. Ta-hsing has steady hands. No harm can have come to his bus."

"You never know. He may have slipped up for once."

"No. I don't believe it."

Hsiao Ma shot in again now, quite worked up.

"Lao Weil They're saying in the street that Ta-hsing's in hospital."

"What? In hospital?"

"And all the passengers too."

"Come on. Let's go and have a look. What about you, Comrade Reporter?"

"I'm coming too."

They hurried to the hospital to find out what had happened.

That afternoon, Ta-hsing's bus had left the county town for Hsiangyang Ridge. Seated steadily behind the steering wheel which he gripped firmly in his powerful hands, the big man fixed his gaze on the road ahead. Under his bushy eyebrows his big eyes shone. Suddenly he saw two figures on the highway. "What a place to stand," thought Ta-hsing, pressing the horn. The two figures spun around and came dashing towards the bus. Ta-hsing braked to an abrupt stop. "That's a dangerous thing to do, comrades," he said.

They were an old man and a woman. In his arms the old man had a three-year-old child. And the woman beside him held a rubber bag with a tube, one end of which was inserted in the child's nostril. Sweating profusely and panting, the old man cried:

"Pinwonei paliga, comrade!"

He was a Korean who in his anxiety had forgotten all his Chinese. But Ta-hsing understood no Korean.

"What did you say, uncle?"

"Pinwonei paliga!"

"I don't understand you, uncle."

"He wants to go to the hospital. It's urgent, Comrade Driver," the woman explained.

"The hospital?"

"Uncle Kim's grand-daughter has a bean stuck in her windpipe. We must get her to the county hospital right away. But the bus to the county town has just left and we'd have to wait too long for the next one. So we're trying to get a lift. I'm the brigade's barefoot doctor. My name is Chang. We've brought along a bag of oxygen for the child but it won't last more than an hour. We can't afford any delay. Can't you help us, comrade?"

The little girl Chun-tzu was breathing hard, her face ashen. She should be rushed straight to hospital, thought Ta-hsing, but what about all these passengers I'm taking to Hsiangyang Ridge? He turned and told them the situation, then made a suggestion. "How about this, comrades? Those who are in a hurry can get off and take the next bus. The rest of you can come along to the county hospital. I guarantee to take you to Hsiangyang Ridge afterwards. What do you say?"

"Saving a life comes first," said one of the passengers. "Tell them to get on quickly."

The conductor opened the door. Uncle Kim and the barefoot doctor climbed on to the bus with the little girl. The door slammed. The bus turned back.

Ta-hsing realized that he had to race with time. Gripping the steering wheel, his eyes intent on the road, he stepped on the gas. The bus flew like a swallow down the mountain highway.

The passengers were very concerned for the little girl. Some reached over to feel her hand. Others put their clothes under her to make her more comfortable. As bubbles gurgled in the filter flask, sweat dripped down Uncle Kim's face.

"Will it last till we get to hospital?" he asked Hsiao Chang.

"Just about."

"It takes more than an hour usually to get there."

"I know. But the driver is driving extra fast."

To Ta-hsing, this was a battle. He must speed up to save time, save the child's life. Drawing on all his skill as a veteran driver,

he accelerated until the speedometer showed that top speed had been reached.

Ahead he saw someone waving a red flag. They were near a reservoir worksite and the red flag meant that an explosion was due. He would have to wait for fifteen minutes. During that time quite a lot of oxygen would be used up. To the little girl these fifteen minutes meant life or death. Ta-hsing couldn't possibly wait. Usually the flagman signalled a couple of minutes before the fuse was lit. At his present speed he could get past. Right. Full speed ahead! He pressed hard on his horn. Yet the louder he honked the harder the man waved the flag. Ta-hsing had to brake sharply right in front of him.

Throwing open the cabin door Ta-hsing called, "Make way, comrade. Let me through."

"I can't. The dynamite charge will go off any minute."

"Never mind. I've got a child here who is dying, the air in the bag's running out."

"What!?"

To the men on the hill the flagman signalled: Hold it! Ta-hsing's bus flashed past.

Staring after it the flagman was puzzled. "What did he mean by the air in the bag?" He couldn't make any sense of it at all.

The bus had barely passed the danger zone when they heard an explosion. "You may set off as many explosives as you like now," thought Ta-hsing. "We'll soon be in the county town."

Just then he heard someone cry, "Look! No more oxygen left."

"What can we do, comrade?"

"Don't worry, Uncle Kim. We'll do our very best — while there's life there's hope. Put away that bag. The county hospital is just ahead."

Ta-hsing wished that his bus could sprout wings to fly to the hospital. He put on a final spurt. At last they were there!

Gathering the little girl in his arms Ta-hsing dashed into the hospital. Without stopping to see whether it was the internal medicine, surgical or pediatrics department, he just stormed into the first room he came across, nearly scaring the wits out of the nurse Hsiao Liu.

"What do you want, comrade?"

"Quick, this little girl's got a bean in her windpipe. Hurry up and see to her!"

"Good gracious me. Why didn't you come earlier?"

"Is it too late?"

Little Chun-tzu had stopped breathing.

"Can't you do something, comrade?"

The nurse felt the little girl's hand. "We'll do our best."

She ran with the child to the emergency room where the doctors and barefoot doctors swiftly converged. Rescue operations began.

Waiting in the corridor, Ta-hsing, Uncle Kim and the passengers held their breath, staring in silence at the glass-panelled door of the emergency room. When a nurse came out, Ta-hsing asked, "May I go in?"

"All right."

Ta-hsing opened the door and went in.

"May I go in too?" Uncle Kim stepped forward.

"There mustn't be too many people in the emergency room. Since her father's in there you had better stay here."

The nurse had mistaken Ta-hsing for the little girl's father.

Now Aunt Chao, Lao Wei and the reporter filed into the hospital. The corridor was full of people yet none of them spoke. Something serious must have happened. Aunt Chao walked up to them slowly, sizing up the expression on each face.

"Who are you, comrades?"

"Passengers on a bus."

"Where's the driver?"

"In the emergency room."

Hurrying over Aunt Chao ran into Hsiao Liu.

"Is the patient in there?"

"Yes, we're doing what we can."

"How are things going?"

"You shouldn't have come to hospital so late — after breathing had stopped."

"What?" Aunt Chao was reaching out to open the door when Ta-hsing came out of the room.



"What are you doing here, mother?"

"Ta-hsing! What's happened?"

When he told her, the old woman grew more anxious. "You did right, son," she said. "Tell me: is the little girl going to be all right?"

"She's out of danger. The operation will be over soon."

The bus conductor came in. "Shall we leave now, Ta-hsing?"

"Yes. Chun-tzu is out of danger. All aboard the bus, comrades! Let's go to Hsiangyang Ridge."

"Just a minute, Ta-hsing," Lao Wei interrupted. "A newspaper reporter wants to interview you."

"I must take these passengers to Hsiangyang Ridge first. Can he wait till I come back?"

"That won't do."

"Suppose I make the trip with Ta-hsing, Lao Wei," the reporter cut in.

"What for?"

"I've something more to report now besides his exposure of that black-marketeer."

"All right. Get on the bus then."

Ta-hsing and the reporter climbed on to the bus, followed by Uncle Kim.

"Do you work for a newspaper, comrade?" the old man asked the reporter.

"Yes, uncle."

"You must write up what happened today — all the brigade's bare-foot doctors, the doctors in the county hospital and the passengers on the bus have done. And don't forget the driver, mind! My Chun-tzu would have died if not for their help. In the old society, my daughter had a boil on her shoulder and because we couldn't afford a doctor, she died. In any case, there were no doctors then in the countryside even if you had the money. Today, my granddaughter was saved although she was at her last gasp, because we live in a good country and a good society led by our great leader Chairman Mao."

"I'll write all that up, uncle, don't worry. You'd better get off now. The bus is starting."

"I'm not getting off. Now that Chun-tzu is hospitalized I'm returning to my brigade. I want to learn from Lei Feng too and put the collective first."

"Let's sing a song, comrades," one of the passengers suggested. "We'll Learn from Lei Feng's Good Example. Ready? Sing."

The engine revved up, the horn tooted and the stirring strains of singing filled the bus as it sped forward on the road of revolution.

Illustrated by Chen Yi-fei



An Interrupted Performance

Dusk. The din of drums and gongs filled the mountain village where the propaganda team of a PLA unit out on field manoeuvres was going to put on a performance for the poor and lower-middle peasants. Men and women, old and young from scores of miles around flocked to the threshing-floor where a makeshift stage with a curtain had been rigged up.

The place was crowded. But behind the curtain the atmosphere was tense. Pacing up and down, the political instructor of the team anxiously looked at his watch.

"Almost six-thirty. Why hasn't he turned up yet?" he wondered.

The man he was waiting for, Wang Kang, had gone on an errand that morning but should have returned by half past five. He was due to play the main part in the last item on the programme, a one-act play. Without him it was likely to be a flop.

Even more anxious was Little Yu, the announcer. He had been hunting everywhere for Wang Kang. Now he panted up to the instructor.

"Shall we begin now? Everyone's here. Hear them clapping!"

"Wang Kang isn't back yet."

"You mean: wait for him?"

"No need. We can start without him."

"Suppose he doesn't show up?"

"Wang Kang never overstays his leave," said the instructor. "Something must have happened today to hold him up. I expect he'll arrive when we're halfway through. If he doesn't... we'll manage without him. We can't keep these good folk waiting. Announce the first item."

"Right." Little Yu stepped out in front of the curtain.

The items put on by the PLA men were short but varied and lively. They included cross-talk, clapper ballads, dances, solos, acrobatics and arias from revolutionary model operas. The audience loudly applauded each in turn.

They were halfway through now, but still no sign of Wang Kang. Little Yu was frantic. He ran backstage and said, "He's still not back, instructor. What's to be done?"

"What's keeping him?" The instructor was worried too.

It would really be difficult to manage without Wang Kang. The play, entitled *On the Way Back*, was about a soldier who stopped on his way back from home leave to put out a fire in the storehouse of a production brigade and thus delayed his return. When he arrived at the barracks his comrades were discussing what they had learned from the old army song *The Three Main Rules of Discipline and the Eight Points for Attention*. The soldier joined them without explaining his reason for being late. But then the peasants of that brigade, beating drums and gongs, came to express their gratitude. It was Wang Kang who was going to play the role of the hero.

"Little Yu," said the instructor, looking at him, "if Wang Kang isn't back in time you must take his place."

"Me?"

"Yes. You're his understudy, aren't you?"

"But I haven't rehearsed recently, I hardly know the part!"

"It doesn't matter. I've the script. I'll prompt you if you forget."

"All right... But, you know, stage fright affects my hearing."

"Don't worry. I'll speak up."

"Fine."

However, Little Yu was nervous. After the announcement of each item, he hurried backstage to memorize the part.

Now it was time for the last item. When the curtain was raised, a squad of soldiers were sitting together having a meeting. Little Yu stood behind the backdrop, his heart thumping violently.

"Mind you prompt me loudly, instructor," he pleaded.

"I will, don't worry."

Just at this moment Wang Kang returned. Rushing backstage he gasped:

"Am I in time?"

"At last, thank goodness!" cried Little Yu. "Quick, it's your turn to go on."

"How can I?"

"Quick!"

"I haven't made up yet."

Wang was puffing and blowing, his face was wet with sweat. But that just suited his part.

"You don't need to make up," said the instructor. "Go on just as you are!"

So Wang made his entrance, to the great relief of all the actors on the stage.

"I'm back, squad leader," he announced.

Standing up, the squad leader asked, "Why are you late?"

"I overstayed my leave."

"For what reason?"

"... No reason."

"What? For no reason? You're a soldier of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. You ought to keep our discipline in mind. You must have some reason for being late. Why don't you speak out?"

A hush fell on the stage, among the audience too. Suddenly an old man, a basket on his arm, elbowed his way through the crowd. Eyes fixed on the stage, he yelled:

"You lay off him, comrade! I'll tell you why he's late." The old man strode on to the stage and put down his basket. "Getting a dressing down, eh?" he asked Wang Kang.

"Why, uncle," said Wang Kang, "do you mind waiting backstage for a minute? We're in the middle of a scene."

"I can see he's making a scene — bawling you out, eh?"

They looked at one another, while all the actors stared. The spectators were even more puzzled.

Someone asked, "Why did that old actor mount the stage from in front?"

Another answered, "Our PLA men don't stick to the old conventions. It's more lifelike going on from the front, don't you see?"

"Isn't that old man Tsui from our village?"

"Hey, Uncle Tsui! What are you doing up there?"

"You don't understand," Uncle Tsui called back over his shoulder. "You won't understand until I can explain."

"You've only messed things up!"

It was impossible to continue the performance. The instructor had to come out from behind the backdrop. The man playing the squad leader said to Tsui, "This is our political instructor. Go ahead and tell him whatever you have to say."

"Comrade," said the old man, "here's what happened. This morning my son went up the mountain to fell trees for our brigade and, through his own carelessness, let one tree smash his leg. It was this comrade who carried him to hospital. They gave him injections and medicine and this comrade donated his own blood to give my son a transfusion. By the time I got there my son was out of danger. Imagine how grateful I felt to this PLA comrade! But in the general commotion he disappeared. I inquired for him everywhere and heard that there was a PLA unit putting on a show here. So I hurried here from home and what do I find? He's being criticized for turning up late. If I don't explain, he'll be unfairly blamed. But this PLA man, comrade, is one of the fine people's soldiers brought up by Chairman Mao."

Tsui's words made everything clear. Someone in the audience shouted, "Learn from the PLA!" Then performers and spectators together cried, "If the army and the people are united as one, who in the world can match them!"



"Take these eggs, comrade," urged the old man, picking up his basket. "This PLA comrade should have a good rest and build up his strength to beat the enemy. I know you won't take a needle or a thread from the people, but this is just a token of our gratitude. Take it. Why not? Look, let's ask the audience whether you should or not."

"Take it!" the peasants cried in chorus.

We can't, thought Wang Kang.

"Take the eggs, Wang Kang," said the instructor calmly.

"What?"

"Go on."

"..."

Wang had to take the basket of eggs. And there the performance ended. The PLA men invited Old Tsui backstage and entertained him with tea and cigarettes. After chatting for a while he took his leave, a triumphant smile on his face. But as soon as he reached home, what did he see? The basket of eggs on his table. How come, he wondered. Not an egg was missing. On top of them was a note:

Field manoeuvres temper loyal hearts. Army and people are close as fish and water.

A PLA soldier

"I've been taken in," Tsui realized. "No wonder they offered me tea and cigarettes! They wanted time to send my basket back. Now I'll take it back to them."

But when he returned to the threshing-floor the PLA unit had gone off on a night march. They were already some distance from the village. When he learned this, Old Tsui gave chase. But it was too late. All he could hear was the echo of resonant voices far off in the mountains:

"Every revolutionary armyman must remember:

"The three main rules of discipline and the eight points for attention..."

Illustrated by Chen Yu-hsien

NOTES ON LITERATURE AND ART

HSIAO LAN

New Achievements in Modern Drama

A dramatic festival featuring works from Shanghai, Kwangsi, Hunan and Liaoning was held this year in Peking in August and September. Following the dramatic festival of the north China region held last spring, it was another important review of the new achievements in our proletarian art revolution. Its one-act and full-length plays such as *Battle in the Shipyard* and *The Young Vanguard* from Shanghai, *The Main Lesson* from the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region, *Maple Valley* from Hunan, and *Seething Mountains* and *Building Roads for the Revolution* from Liaoning with their fresh themes, characters and ideas brought a new look to our socialist stage and were given a great welcome by worker-peasant-soldier audiences. This rich harvest of modern plays was one of the things which made this festival so noteworthy.

PRAISING THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution initiated and led by Chairman Mao was a great political revolution launched by the proletariat against the bourgeoisie and all exploiting classes. It involved profound social changes. The masses were fully mobilized, countless new socialist phenomena emerged, and our people steeled themselves and raised the level of their political understanding of class struggle and the struggle between two lines. Tens of thousands of revolutionaries, who carried out and defended Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, made a fine contribution to consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat and preventing the restoration of capitalism. The stirring events of the Cultural Revolution supplied our socialist literature and art with a wealth of material; at the same time they presented our writers and artists with a glorious task — the task of reflecting and praising the great victory of the Cultural Revolution and of portraying the heroic workers, peasants and soldiers who emerged in the course of this revolutionary struggle.

Battle in the Shipyard is a play which won unanimous praise in this festival. By presenting one facet of the shipbuilding workers'

From *Battle in the Shipyard*



life and struggles, it paints a glowing picture of the fine situation and vigorous political atmosphere which resulted from the Cultural Revolution, as well as of the new generation of spirited young workers steeled by this movement, bringing home to us the importance of defending the fruits of victory of the Cultural Revolution.

The story of this play is as follows: In the spring of 1970, Lei Hai-sheng, a new cadre promoted from the ranks of the workers, is put in charge of building an ocean-going liner *The Orient* in Shanghai's Tachiang Shipyard. After consultation with the revolutionary masses, he proposes building this ten-thousand-ton liner in a small dry dock, and this idea meets with enthusiastic support. However, the vice-head of the revolutionary committee Chao Ping is against the proposal. Having previously been influenced by Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line, conservative-minded Chao puts his faith in bourgeois experts and has failed to see the tremendous strength of the masses in the Cultural Revolution. So this idea of building a big vessel in a small dry dock dismays him, and he just cannot "see eye to eye" with the workers. The situation is aggravated by a hidden counter-revolutionary, Tung Yi-wen, who hates the Cultural Revolution. First Tung tries to alienate the cadres and the workers; then he proposes building the ship in sections, in an attempt to wreck the whole scheme. Finally he sabotages the crane by pouring brine into its engine.

Thus a whole series of contradictions, struggles and problems emerge in the process of building this new liner. Throughout, Lei Hai-sheng relies firmly on the Party and the masses and resolutely opposes revisionist and other wrong ideas. In this way he succeeds in exposing the class enemy and educating and uniting Chao Ping. Finally *The Orient* is successfully built and launched.

Lei Hai-sheng, the main hero of this play, is a typical heroic character of the time of the Cultural Revolution. He epitomizes the key features of that period: a strong sense of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines, revolutionary daring to go against the tide, determination to carry out the Party policy and Party line, strict differentiation and correct handling of different types of contradictions, close ties with the masses. . . . In the new situation following the great victory of the Cultural Revolution, such heroes remain cool-



From *Battle in the Shipyard*

headed, keeping firmly in mind the Party's basic line, aware that although there is a new leadership the problem of which line to follow still exists, and that the battle in the shipyard is in essence a struggle between two lines, a struggle of vital importance concerning whether or not to defend this great victory. That is why Lei Hai-sheng keeps on attacking the counter-revolutionary revisionist line and the hidden class enemy, upholding Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, daring to fight and to win.

Lei Hai-sheng's courage comes from his revolutionary outlook and breadth of vision. In the fight to build a big ship in a small dry dock, he consistently subordinates his own personal interests to the Party's cause and the needs of the revolution. Chairman Mao's call to build a "railroad" on the seas has fired him with energy and enthusiasm. He fumes with rage at the revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi

and Lin Piao who claimed that "building ships is not as advantageous as buying ships; buying ships is not as advantageous as chartering ships". His determination to carry out and defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line makes him fearless in the face of raging tides. When the struggle is fiercest he says with emotion: "The Party and the masses have made me a leading cadre; they expect me to stand firm and defend the Chairman's revolutionary line. However heavy the task, I feel assured with these veteran workers beside me. . . . However fierce the storm, I must stand firm and fight to the end. I'll die content if only I can serve as a sleeper or stone to build this 'line' over the seas."

Lei Hai-sheng in addition to courage has tactical skill. In line with Party policy he pays constant attention to uniting with and relying on the masses, and warm-heartedly helps his comrades to raise their political level. When some workers angered by Chao Ping's wrong line demand his removal from the revolutionary committee, Lei firmly tells them: "No, we can't make him step aside, we must make him step forward." This eagerness to help his comrades forward shows that Lei is a fine cadre with a good grasp of Party policy who is armed with Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tsetung Thought. He is not a hero fighting alone but a proletarian vanguard leading the masses forward along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. From him we can see clearly the new spirit of the worker-peasant-soldier heroes tempered in the Cultural Revolution.

Because of its successful creation of this hero which pays tribute to the Cultural Revolution, this play vividly expresses the characteristics of our age and has a topical significance.

REFLECTING NEW SOCIALIST PHENOMENA

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution was a mass movement to combat revisionism. And this social upheaval spurred the development of many new socialist phenomena such as the revolution in literature and art, the revolution in education or the flow of school-leavers from the cities to the countryside. Another outstanding feature of these new plays is the rapidity with which they have reflected these new socialist phenomena.



From *The Main Lesson*

The Main Lesson is a compact one-act play very true to life. It describes how a group of school-leavers come to settle in a mountain village in Kwangsi. They make good progress there thanks to the Party's care and the help of Brigade Leader Wei Chun-sung, a former poor peasant. An ex-landlord, the Leech, hates these youngsters and decides to sabotage the collective by poisoning their boar, in the hope that this will make the young people leave. Since he cannot make trouble openly under the dictatorship of the proletariat, he gets his son to trick middle peasant Huang Hsi-tsai into giving him a special type of sweet potato from his field and with this he poisons the boar. Then trading on Huang's selfish instincts he incites him to steal the dead boar, thereby shifting suspicion to Huang. Faced with such a complex class struggle, inexperienced young Li Ming is taken in and believes Huang to be the culprit. But Brigade Leader Wei makes detailed investigations which enable him to find out the truth; then he and the youngsters together expose the real enemy.

The brigade leader Wei Chun-sung is a splendid example of our revolutionary peasants. He understands the vital importance of training young people to succeed to our revolutionary cause, and he gears all his actions to the Party's basic line. He guides the youngsters so that they become steeled and their thinking matures in the storm of specific class struggles. His advice and, still more, his example educate them and they come to realize the great significance of Chairman Mao's instruction that class struggle is the "main lesson" for the younger generation. So the message forcefully put across by this short play is that it is very necessary for school-leavers to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants.

The Young Vanguard is a tribute to the young people who are growing up in the movement to revolutionize education. Yang Po, a Red Guard in her teens, keenly studies the works of Marx, Lenin and Chairman Mao and takes an active part in the movement to revolutionize education under the leadership of the school Party branch and the workers' propaganda team. When the mathematics teacher Sun sets tricky problems to induce the students to spend more time memorizing equations and tables, a few of them start shirking physical labour and concentrate on getting better marks. Yang Po, however, sees that this is a misguided attempt to lure students away from politics and real life. She leaves the examination hall in protest against this wrong method of teaching which uses higher marks as an incentive to lead students astray. Supported by the Party branch and the workers' propaganda team, Yang Po and some other students put up a revolutionary big-character poster, pointing out that their school is still under the pernicious influence of the revisionist line in education which makes marks and individual aptitude more important than politics. In this struggle she unites the teachers and students and together they debunk the revisionist line. The ability of a girl of sixteen like Yang Po to use Marxism, Leninism and Mao Tsetung Thought to differentiate between right and wrong and defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line shows the success of the proletarian revolution in education. Yang Po's spirit is typical of that of many other young vanguards who have grown up in the Cultural Revolution.

Building Roads for the Revolution is a play about Hung Chih-kuo, a veteran lineman who rallies round him his fellow-workers and their families to reconstruct a railway ahead of schedule. It portrays the heroism of the Chinese working class since the Cultural Revolution, showing how our self-reliant workers as masters of the country are going all out to speed up the building of socialism in China.

These three plays *The Main Lesson*, *The Young Vanguard* and *Building Roads for the Revolution*, by depicting facets of different fronts and reflecting the new people, new things and new spirit in China today, affirm the magnificent victory of the Cultural Revolution.

DEPICTING THE HISTORY OF REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLES LED BY THE PARTY

Under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party, the Chinese people waged revolutionary struggles for more than half a century before winning today's great victory. Some of the plays in this festival depict the class struggles and struggles between two lines in different periods of modern Chinese history, celebrating the splendid victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. *Seething Mountains* and *Maple Valley* are two full-length plays of this type.

Seething Mountains shows how some miners in the northeast during the War of Liberation, relying on their own efforts and working hard, uproot hidden enemy agents and reconstruct the people's mine to support the War of Liberation. *Maple Valley* unfolds for us a picture rich in colour and atmosphere of the Hunan peasant movement during the First Revolutionary Civil War.

The story of *Maple Valley* is as follows: In 1926, a peasant movement starts under the leadership of the Communist Party and soon sweeps like a tempest over the region between Kiangsi and Hunan. In Maple Valley Village in the mountains of Hunan, the revolutionary storm is also brewing. Chao Hai-shan, son of a poor peasant persecuted by the local landlord, was forced to flee ten years ago, but having been educated by Chairman Mao's teachings he is now sent back by the Party as a vanguard of the Chinese proletariat. He rallies the villagers and organizes a peasants' association in Maple Valley to

struggle against the despotic landlord Tang Han-chih and his son. The latter connive with foreign imperialists and Kuomintang reactionaries to exploit the peasants, and try to exchange grain for guns to suppress the peasant movement. But their plots are foiled by the revolutionary villagers.

In the spring of 1927, Chao Hai-shan carries out Chairman Mao's instruction to set up the peasants' own armed forces to overthrow the landlords. Resisting the Right-opportunist line advocated by Chen Tu-hsiu, he organizes a peasant self-defence corps to start armed struggle. He wipes out the landlords' force and executes Tang Han-chih for his crimes. Poor peasants who have toiled for long years like cattle at last stand proudly erect. The whole of Maple Valley is transformed by the revolution. Inspired by the good news of the Autumn Uprising led by Chairman Mao in Hunan, the local peasants join up with a revolutionary contingent from the county and march off to join the Red Army.

The Autumn Uprising led by Chairman Mao marked a turning-point in modern Chinese history. After it, the Chinese revolution took the road to victory — the road of seizing state power by armed

From *Maple Valley*



struggle. This play points out once again that **“the correctness or incorrectness of the ideological and political line decides everything”**. Only by following Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line can we win victory in our revolution.

These new plays have appeared because our revolutionary workers in modern drama are guided by Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line in literature and art. They have made a serious study of the experience gained in producing the revolutionary model theatrical works. Integrating revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, they have stuck to the principle that the positive characters should be emphasized, especially the heroic characters and, in particular, the chief hero or heroine. Thus both the scripts and the staging of these plays reveal many new features different from those of the earlier modern drama, and these convey the strongly militant spirit engendered by the Cultural Revolution. Of course this doesn’t mean that these new plays are perfect; they have some shortcomings. Further polishing and improvement are needed. However, the artists who took part in this dramatic festival are determined that by strictly following the Party’s basic line they will further carry out the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius, and make greater efforts to promote the development of our proletarian literature and art so as to produce more and better literary and art works.



Reunion (traditional Chinese painting) by Hsu Chun-chung

Art Works by Shanghai Workers



Battling with Both Gun and Pen (traditional Chinese painting) by Chou Hsiao-yun



Melon Vendor (traditional Chinese painting) by Wang Chiu-pao and Liu Tung-pang



The Furnace Is Red (traditional Chinese painting)

by Wang Chun-yen, Chou Hsiao-yun and Shih Ta-wei



Forging (oil painting) by Wang Li-ku.



Textile Workers (gouache) by Yang Shun-tai



Paintings by Shanghai Workers

Amidst celebrations of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China, the National Fine Arts Exhibition and the Exhibition of Paintings by Workers of Shanghai, Yangchuan and Luta opened in Peking at the China Art Gallery on October 1st. This article introduces the works of the Shanghai workers.

On display were eighty-seven works done by spare-time worker artists from Shanghai. They include traditional Chinese paintings, oils, woodcuts, serial paintings and gouaches. Closely linked with the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, these works are positive reflections of the workers' militant lives.

The current movement in China to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius is a political and ideological struggle in which Marxism triumphs over revisionism and the proletariat over the bourgeoisie and the Shanghai worker artists vividly express the daring spirit of this movement. The woodcut *Dare to Trample on the "Analects of Confucius"*, for instance, depicts a group of iron and steel workers who, conscious of their role as masters of history, are making a thorough-



The World Has Changed (woodcut) by Shen Chiung, Wang Hsiao-to and others

going criticism of the doctrines of this reactionary thinker, a representative of the slave-owning class. The *Furnace Is Red*, a traditional Chinese painting, portrays an impressive scene: workers standing before a giant ten-thousand-ton hydraulic press made by themselves are refuting the theory of genius peddled by Lin Piao and Confucius and the latter's saying "The highest are the wise and the lowest are the stupid." Another traditional Chinese painting *Battling with Both Gun and Pen* expresses the new outlook of the working class. It depicts a worker-militia contingent returning from target practice and joining another group of workers who have just put up big-character posters repudiating Lin Piao and Confucius.

The paintings of Shanghai workers pay warm tribute to the new socialist phenomena emerging from the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and include such themes as educated young people going to the countryside, barefoot doctors and worker lecturers. The woodcut *Worker Lecturers Are Fine* shows students welcoming an old master worker who has come to teach them about class struggle. The painting *Reunion* depicts three former Red Guards from different posts who meet each other again at a Youth League congress. One of them has just come from a people's commune, another from a factory and the third from a unit of the PLA. They are eagerly discussing what each has learned and the battles they have won through. Another painting *Sending Off Father* shows a little girl and her mother packing for the father who is about to leave for a border region to visit educated young settlers there.

Other works like the traditional Chinese paintings *New Steed on the Transport Front* and *Grasping the Main Task* and the woodcut *Electronic Control Panel* show the vigorous development of our socialist construction and the technical innovations of the Shanghai workers who, inspired by the Cultural Revolution and the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius, adhere to Chairman Mao's policy of self-reliance. *New Steed on the Transport Front* triumphantly records the workers' success in producing by their own efforts a giant truck with a 300-ton flat trailer. All these show the vigorous activity on Shanghai's transport and trading front and testify to the victorious advance of China's socialist construction.

The spare-time worker artists of Shanghai have studied the experience of the artistes producing the model theatrical works and, like them, are concentrating on giving prominence to heroic figures. Being workers themselves who battle at the front line of production, they are close to the masses and familiar with the heroes of the working class so they have a good understanding of their noble spirit and its ideological source. This is why the heroes they depict seem so true to life with such vivid working-class features. The traditional Chinese painting *Melon Vendor* shows a dedicated saleswoman carefully selecting the best water-melons to be sent to nurseries and hospitals. The two artists are salespeople themselves who had never previously done any painting. However, in their eagerness to convey the splendid spirit of workers wholly dedicated to the service of the people, they let no difficulties daunt them and did more than a dozen drafts before they were finally satisfied. Another painting *The Furnace Is Red* not only highlights the workers' criticism of Lin Piao and Confucius but shows different workers with characteristic features. The theme of the oil-painting *Forging* is the tempering of young workers. A master worker and his apprentice are concentrating on a steel part they have just removed from the furnace and are placing under the steam hammer. The older man, beaming kindly, is giving instructions to the young one who listens attentively. The red-hot steel lights up the faces of the two generations of workers.

The painting *At the Rally* portrays a steel worker hurrying to the rostrum of a rally, in his hand a note pledging his determination to grasp revolution and promote production. From the white towel round his neck and the beads of sweat on his brows we can see that he has just left the fiery scene of battle by the furnace and rushed straight to the rally. This picture is a graphic expression of the revolutionary fervour of steel workers in the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius. The presentation is original, evoking the scene of the rally by the simple outline of one corner of the rostrum in the background and conveying the new spirit of the working class by highlighting the spirit and features of one representative worker.

Militant art comes from a militant life. The Shanghai spare-time artists have shown great initiative in creating works of art which serve

the current class struggles. A series of woodcuts entitled *The World Has Changed*, an original collective work contrasting the past and present of textile workers, portrays typical images by generalizing the experience of many workers. Two of the artists who are textile workers bitterly hate the old society and whole-heartedly love the new. Eager to refute Lin Piao and Confucius who advocated restoration and retrogression they tried using art to do battle. This series of ten woodcuts shows from different angles the tremendous changes in the lives of textile workers under two different social systems and expresses the determination of the working class to carry the revolution through to the end. Fresh in form and with a clear message, it is well thought out. In the first woodcut, *At the Congress*, we see a textile worker in the Great Hall of the People, once a slave but now a representative of the working people who are the masters of the country, her heart filled with gratitude to Chairman Mao and the Communist Party. Paired with this is the woodcut *The Struggle*, depicting a scene in the old society when contract labourers united to denounce the reactionaries. The contrast between the two brings out the significance and salient features of each. A third woodcut *The University Welcomes Workers, Peasants and Soldiers* shows that the working class now controls the country not only in political affairs but also in the cultural field. The warm welcome given to the new students by the workers' propaganda team and staff of the university brings out the theme of the picture — that worker-peasant-soldier students have entered the higher institutes of learning to manage and reform them. By contrast the companion work *The Poor Are Barred from School* depicts children unable to go to school in the old society. The woodcut *Criticism Meeting in the Workshop* presents a stirring scene of textile workers, determined to continue the revolution, resolutely criticizing the criminal attempts of Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao to restore capitalism and so defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Its companion woodcut *Struggle Brings Liberation* portrays the militant spirit of textile workers before Liberation. Holding high the banner of anti-imperialism and anti-feudalism and using the slogan "Down with the Confucian Shop!" they put up a fearless struggle against all reactionaries. The current struggle is

closely tied up with past struggles. The thoughtful arrangement of the subject-matter brings out fully the message of this series of woodcuts, and its artistic effect is enhanced not only by contrasts in content but by contrasting colours and light and shade. The iniquitous old society is shown in dark sombre colours whereas light and vivid shades portray the brightness of the new society. The artists also borrow techniques from Chinese New-Year pictures in their use of line contours and blank spaces to highlight the figures. Clear-cut lines and limpid colours further heighten the artistic effect.

In landscape paintings too, different classes have different styles and methods of artistic expression. The proletariat must employ all good artistic means to depict our magnificent socialist motherland. The traditional Chinese painting *A New Peak Among the Hills*, while retaining certain useful techniques, breaks with other conventions of old landscape painting and adopts the Western use of heavy colours and light and shade to indicate distance. In this way the luxuriant and verdant landscape of our motherland serves as a foil for the central subject, a new peak in the hills. And what peak is this? — the mammoth machinery conveyed by a giant 300-ton flat trailer-truck produced by the Shanghai Transport Company's repair shop to speed up the socialist revolution and socialist construction. This machinery towers like a peak among the hills as the trailer-truck speeds along the mountain highway.

Practice shows that the working class is not only the creator of material wealth but of spiritual wealth as well. Note should be taken of the fact that more than eighty-five per cent of the pictures on display were done by spare-time artists during the Cultural Revolution. Most of them are young workers whose class consciousness and awareness of the two-line struggle has been much heightened in the course of the Cultural Revolution and the current movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius. They are quick to understand and accept new socialist phenomena and dare to innovate in art. This is why their works are so vividly contemporaneous and fresh in style.

CHRONICLE

Rich Theatrical Programme for National Day

During the gala days to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China, over 80 professional and amateur theatrical troupes presented 54 different repertoires in nearly 300 performances for worker-peasant-soldier audiences in Peking.

Among the National Day items were the modern revolutionary Peking operas *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* and *Song of the Dragon River* performed by the Shanghai Peking Opera Troupe; the modern revolutionary Peking operas *The Red Lantern*, *Red Detachment of Women* and *Fighting on the Plain* performed by the China Peking Opera Troupe; the modern revolutionary dance dramas *Red Detachment of Women*, *The White-Haired Girl*, *Sons and Daughters of the Grassland* and *Ode to Yimeng Mountain* performed by the China Dance Drama Troupe; and the modern revolutionary Peking operas *Shachiapang* and *Azalea Mountain* performed by the Peking Opera Troupe of Peking. The Central Philharmonic Society presented the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, the symphonic arrangement of the Peking opera *Shachiapang* and the piano concerto *The Yellow River*. The modern revolutionary Peking operas *The Rocky Bay*, *Investigation of a Chair* and *Struggle on the Stormy Sea* produced by the Shanghai Peking Opera Troupe and *Red Cloud Ridge* produced by the Shantung Red Cloud Ridge Opera Group were staged on an experimental basis.

Also shown on National Day were a number of model revolutionary theatrical works adapted to such local opera forms as the Hunan

huaku, *pingchu*, Hopei clapper, *hsiangchu*, *kuoichu*, *huaichu*, *tsaitiao*, *chinchu* and *yuchu*.

Many of these were new creations rich in content and varied in form, including Peking operas, plays, local operas of various kinds as well as music, dances and *chuyi* (balladry, story-telling and cross-talk). Among them were *Battle in the Shipyard* by the Shanghai Modern Drama Company, *The Old Man with a Loyal Heart* and *Picking Cinders* by the Shanghai *Huaichu* Drama Company, *Maple Valley* by the Hunan Modern Drama Company, *The Main Lesson* by the Kwangsi Modern Drama Company, the chorus *Battle of the Hsisha Archipelago* from Liaoning, the plays *Fighting Holidays*, *Frontline Position* and *Green Pine Ridge* staged on an experimental basis by the China Modern Drama Troupe, *The Store Facing the Sun* by the Peking *Pingchu* Opera Troupe as well as the new play *Battle Song over Cloud Spring* by the Peking Modern Drama Company.

On this great occasion shows were also put on by the spare-time propaganda teams of government departments, army units stationed in the capital and various Peking municipal organizations. A great variety of colourful items by children vividly portrayed the happy life and progress of Chinese children nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought.

Many art troupes also went to factories, mines and communes in the suburbs of Peking as well as to army units to give special performances for the workers, peasants and soldiers there.

New Films on Show

A number of new films were released in Peking and other parts of the country on October 1. Among them were the six feature films *Bright Red Star*, *From Victory to Victory*, *A Steel Giant*, *Silver Needles Under the Operating Lamp*, *A Leather Safety Belt* and *Story About a Compound*; five documentaries including *The People of Huibsi County Are Doing Fine* and *The Chengtu-Kunming Railway*; and thirteen science and educational films such as *Petroleum* and *High Yielding Fields in Tibet*.

The six feature films marked a new advance in China's film industry since the appearance of *The Fiery Years*, *Bright Sunny Skies*, *Green Pine Ridge* and *Fight the Flood* at the Spring Festival this year.

The new documentary and science films also showed that a higher standard has been reached both in ideological content and artistry.

Fine Arts and Photographic Exhibitions in Peking

The National Fine Arts Exhibition, the Exhibition of Paintings by Workers of Shanghai, Yangchuan and Luta, the National Photographic Art Exhibition and the Exhibition of Photographs from Hsisha — one of our country's archipelagos in the South China Sea — opened in Peking on October 1.

The National Fine Arts Exhibition displayed 647 works: traditional Chinese paintings, oils, woodcuts, sculptures, New-Year pictures, serial pictures, posters, lacquer paintings, water-colours, gouaches and scissor-cuts. Many of them had attained a high level both in ideological content and technique. Many of the works warmly praised our great leader Chairman Mao and his revolutionary line, presenting the thriving scenes of the socialist revolution and construction on all fronts, and reflecting from different angles the deepening mass movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius. The fine composition of many works, especially the woodcuts and oil paintings, has reached a higher level than ever before.

The Exhibition of Paintings by Workers of Shanghai, Yangchuan and Luta showed how the Chinese workers have taken up the brush to depict their militant life, political struggles and profound proletarian feelings. Their paintings are full of fighting spirit and extremely lifelike.

The National Photographic Art Exhibition presented 320 works covering a wide range of interesting subjects. The Exhibition of Photographs from Hsisha displayed nearly one hundred photographs in colour to show the heroic deeds of the armymen and people who, firmly united, are fighting to defend and build up the Hsisha islands in the South China Sea.

Children's Art in Huhsien County

Huhsien County in the province of Shensi is the home of peasant paintings famed throughout China. During the present movement

to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius the children in this county have also thrown themselves eagerly into art work. Within a period of only two months, May and June this year, more than 500 art works produced by 400 children were sent by their schools to an exhibition held recently in the county town. They included cartoons, pencil and crayon drawings, sketches, scissor-cuts, groups of pictures and small serial pictures, praising the great victories of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and the new changes in the countryside brought about by the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius, and depicting the study and life of Chinese children as well as their sterling qualities, their love for the collective and physical labour. These works won warm acclaim from the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Since the start of the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius the Huhsien Party organizations at all levels have paid great attention to children's art work. Groups consisting of representatives of the poor and lower-middle peasants, teachers and schoolchildren have been organized in almost every school to guide this activity and each school has set up an art gallery for the children.

With keen concern for the upbringing of their younger generation, the Huhsien peasant artists often go to the schools to advise the children or help in the selection of their works. Some of them even serve as art teachers themselves.

Magazines From China

PEKING REVIEW a weekly magazine of political affairs and theory published in English, French, German, Japanese and Spanish
Airmailed all over the world

CHINA PICTORIAL a large-format pictorial monthly in 16 languages: Arabic, Chinese, English, French, German, Hindi, Indonesian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Russian, Spanish, Swahili, Swedish, Urdu and Vietnamese

CHINA RECONSTRUCTS a richly illustrated monthly of general coverage on China in Arabic, English, French, Russian and Spanish

CHINESE LITERATURE a periodical on Chinese literature and art, monthly in English, quarterly in French

PEOPLE'S CHINA a comprehensive monthly in Japanese

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