

JSLA

# CHINESE LITERATURE



1976 3

## CONTENTS

### TWO POEMS — MAO TSETUNG

- Chingkangshan Revisited — to the tune of *Shui Tiao Keb Tou* 3  
Two Birds: A Dialogue — to the tune of *Nien Nu Chiao* 5

Magnificent Poems That Inspire Us in Battle — *Yuan Shui-po* 8

### STORIES

- The Commune Secretary — *Chen Chung-shih* 18  
Bulldozer Wang — *Sun Po* 58  
Transplanting the Saplings — *Hsieh Tsung-nien* 71

### SKETCHES

- The Creators of Spring — *Hsu Kang* 77  
A Visit to Shashihyu — *Hao Jan* 84

### CRITICISM OF "WATER MARGIN"

- What Sort of Character Is Sung Chiang? — *An Wen* 91

### NEW FILM

- The Second Spring — *Tsung Shu* 99

A Very Special Gift — *Su Tung-hai* 104

CHRONICLE 107

### PLATES

- Spring Preparations (woodcut) — *Chen Li-ping* 70-71  
Spring Comes to the Huai River (woodcut) — *Wu Chung-ping* 90-91  
Songs over the Wanchuan River (woodcut) — *Hsien Li-chiang* 98-99

Front Cover: Getting Ready — *Ouyang Ning*

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



**Our great leader Chairman Mao on the Ching kangshan  
when he revisited the place in 1965**

## TWO POEMS



MAO TSETUNG

### Chingkangshan Revisited

— to the tune of *Shui Tiao Keh Tou*

May 1965

I have long aspired to reach for the clouds,  
Again I come from afar  
To climb Chingkangshan, our old haunt.  
Past scenes are transformed,  
Orioles sing, swallows swirl,  
Streams purl everywhere  
And the road mounts skyward.

Once Huangyangchieh is passed  
No other perilous place calls for a glance.

Wind and thunder are stirring,  
Flags and banners are flying  
Wherever men live.  
Thirty-eight years are fled  
With a mere snap of the fingers.  
We can clasp the moon in the Ninth Heaven  
And seize turtles deep down in the Five Seas:  
We'll return amid triumphant song and laughter.  
Nothing is hard in this world  
If you dare to scale the heights.

## Two Birds: A Dialogue

— to the tune of *Nien Nu Chiao*

Autumn 1965

The roc wings fanwise,  
Soaring ninety thousand *li*  
And rousing a raging cyclone.  
The blue sky on his back, he looks down  
To survey man's world with its towns and cities.  
Gunfire licks the heavens,  
Shells pit the earth.  
A sparrow in his bush is scared stiff.

“This is one hell of a mess!  
O I want to flit and fly away.”

“Where, may I ask?”

The sparrow replies,

“To a jewelled palace in elfland’s hills.

Don’t you know a triple pact was signed

Under the bright autumn moon two years ago?

There’ll be plenty to eat,

Potatoes piping hot

With beef thrown in.”

“Stop your windy nonsense!

Look you, the world is being turned upside down.”

#### EXPLANATORY NOTE:

*Shui tiao keb tou* and *nien nu chiao* are forms of classical Chinese verse known as *tzu* which in ancient times were set to music and could be sung.

The roc, or *peng* in Chinese, was a mythical bird described in the chapter “Hsiao Yao Yu” of *Chuang Tzu* by Chuang Chou (c. 369-286 B.C.). Legend had it that in the northern ocean there was a fish called *kun* which was thousands of *li* in size; it changed into a bird called *peng*, also thousands of *li* in size, which would soar aloft ninety thousand *li* so that its wings, overspreading the sky like clouds, roused raging cyclones.

A sparrow in a bush jeered at the *peng*, “How far can it go? When I flit and make a leap, I rise some dozens of feet then come down and hover in the bush, and that is as high as anyone can fly.”

This fable made it clear that a giant bird like the *peng* and a small sparrow each had a different view of the world and therefore a different criterion of distance.

Potatoes and beef refer to “goulash”.

— The Editors



## Magnificent Poems That Inspire Us in Battle

At a time when the people of the whole country are striding with revolutionary vigour into another militant spring, the publication of Chairman Mao's two poems *Chingkangshan Revisited* — to the tune of *Shui Tiao Keh Tou* and *Two Birds: A Dialogue* — to the tune of *Nien Nu Chiao* has not only given immense joy to China's cultural circles, it is also a momentous event in the political life of the Chinese people.

These two poems, written in a pithy style and with lively imageries, epitomize the excellent situation in the Chinese revolution and the world revolution. With profound feeling they pay tribute to the indomitable revolutionary spirit of the Chinese proletariat and revolutionary people and eloquently point out the truth that Marxism will surely triumph over revisionism and the revolutionary people will sweep away all pests. Integrating revolutionary lyricism with the epic style, the two poems are at once a song of victory and a clarion call to continue the revolution. They are a tremendous inspiration to the Chinese people to closely follow the leadership of the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao, take class struggle as

the key link, persist in continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, go on consolidating and developing the achievements of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, oppose restoration and retrogression, build China into a modern and strong socialist state and struggle for the lofty cause of communism.

These two poems are splendid examples of integration of revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. The theme in both, whether in singing the praises of the people or hurling taunts at the enemy, is the same: strategically, the enemy is nothing to be afraid of and difficulties are not to be feared. As Chairman Mao has taught us: **“Even great storms are not to be feared. It is amid great storms that human society progresses.”** Armed with Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, the revolutionary people will overcome every obstacle, turn the old world upside down and scale the heights of the great revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

*Chingkangshan Revisited*, written in a leisurely and flowing style, depicts the fulgent splendour of the cradle of the Chinese revolution — Chingkangshan<sup>1</sup> — today, and extols the socialist revolution and construction in this old revolutionary base area. The dismal darkness of the old China has been banished and in its place is a luxuriant and vibrant scene where **“orioles sing, swallows swirl, streams purrl everywhere and the road mounts skyward”**. Doesn't this epitomize our socialist motherland? From these splendid lines we can feel keenly the elation of our great leader Chairman Mao when he returned **“from afar to climb Chingkangshan, our old haunt”** after a lapse of thirty-eight years.

**“And the road mounts skyward.”** This line depicts the landscape, but the metaphoric imagery calls to our mind the revolutionary road of Chingkangshan which led to the Chinese people's liberation. **“Past scenes are transformed.”** Victory has been won under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. A correct line emerges and develops through continuous struggle against erroneous lines. Chairman Mao revisited Chingkangshan in 1965. Thirty-eight years before that, in 1927 the revolutionary war led by the Chinese Communist Party met with defeat, after which Chairman Mao liquidated the Right opportunist line of Chen Tu-hsiu<sup>2</sup> and map-

ped out the road of agrarian revolution and armed struggle, thereby saving the Chinese revolution from the dire predicament brought about by the capitulationists. The armed workers and peasants raised aloft the red banner of an armed independent regime of workers and peasants and marched up Ching kangshan. Later, Chairman Mao fought the "Left" putschism of Chu Chiu-pai<sup>3</sup> and the capitulationist ideas of Lin Piao<sup>4</sup> who despaired of the future of the revolution. The enemy's repeated "encirclement and suppression" campaigns were smashed and the first rural revolutionary base area was firmly established. Ching kangshan was the important starting point of the Chinese revolution and it was the Ching kangshan road that led to the victory of the Chinese revolution. The road of integrating the universal truth of Marxism-Leninism with concrete revolutionary practice, as pointed out by Chairman Mao, is a ladder that pierces through fogs and clouds, mounts skyward and leads to victory in the revolution.

**"Once Huangyangchieh is passed, no other perilous place calls for a glance."** Again this is about the landscape, but as the landscape evokes memories of the past the description is fraught with feeling. Depiction of the immediate scene embodies ideas of far-reaching significance. More than thirty years ago Chairman Mao wrote *Ching kangshan* — to the melody *Hsi Chiang Yueh* extolling the battle fought at Huangyangchieh. Over thirty years later, Chairman Mao again mentions Huangyangchieh in his *Ching kangshan Revisited*, stressing once more the historic significance of the battle to defend this pass. In the autumn of 1928 the Kuomintang reactionaries tried to destroy at one blow our Ching kangshan base area. Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, the young Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, fighting with a force of less than one battalion, hurled back the enemy units from Hunan and Kiangsi, achieving the miracle of defeating a numerically superior and powerful enemy with a small and weak force. The line **"No other perilous place calls for a glance"** points to the fact that Huangyangchieh is the most perilous and crucial of the five passes on the Ching kang Mountains and that, once it is passed, no other place calls for a glance. This line also signifies that the Chinese proletariat and revolutionary people who have withstood such severe tests as the battle at Huangyangchieh and who

have been tempered in revolutionary storms over the past few decades will never be cowed by any hardship or peril. These majestic and powerful lines are an apt description of the revolutionary optimism of the proletariat which slights all difficulties and despises all enemies, as well as their heroic determination to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.

**"Wind and thunder are stirring, flags and banners are flying wherever men live."** Looking afar from the top of the Lohsiao Mountain Range, one saw a forest of flags and banners fluttering in the wind and thunderstorm. At that time the Red Army had only a force of less than four regiments in the Ching kang Mountains and the local population was only two thousand. The enemy was much stronger than we. But the newborn revolutionary force which represented China's future was full of vitality and no reactionaries could vanquish it. A single spark can start a prairie fire. The revolution finally won victory. **"Thirty-eight years are fled with a mere snap of the fingers."** In the long history of mankind, thirty-eight years is just a twinkling of the eye; but the revolutionary people, once they grasp the truth of Marxism and have a correct line, can work wonders. Events between the establishment of the first revolutionary base area in the Ching kang Mountains and the founding of the People's Republic of China and, indeed, the entire history of the new democratic revolution and the socialist revolution, have fully testified to this great truth. **"We can clasp the moon in the Ninth Heaven and seize turtles deep down in the Five Seas."** It was with such magnificent spirit and powerful words that Chairman Mao depicted the lofty aspirations of the Chinese proletariat. In the more than two decades since the founding of New China, we have smashed blockades and subversive conspiracies by imperialism and social-imperialism, won through four major two-line struggles<sup>5</sup> and transformed a poor and backward country into a socialist state with initial prosperity. And in another twenty years or so, we will certainly frustrate resistance and sabotage by any enemy, triumph over revisionism, build China into a modern and powerful socialist country and, thenceforth, forge ahead on the road of continued revolution. **"Nothing is hard in this world if you dare to scale the heights."** Like music that is full



of vigour, these two concluding lines impart to us inexhaustible strength. The Chinese revolution has already won great victories but the road ahead is even longer and the tasks more arduous and greater. As long as we adhere to the Party's basic line,<sup>6</sup> give full play to the dauntless revolutionary spirit and dare to fight as well as know how to fight all class enemies at home and abroad, we can certainly surmount every difficulty and obstruction, and continuously advance the revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

*Two Birds: A Dialogue* — to the tune of *Nien Nu Chiao* was written in the autumn of 1965. That was a year after the downfall of Khrushchov, when his successors Brezhnev and company were carrying on and developing his revisionist line. It was at this crucial hour when the international communist movement needed above all to persevere in the struggle against revisionism that Chairman Mao wrote this poem. A unique artistic epitome and graphic summing-up of the great polemic between Marxism and revisionism in the contemporary era, this poem forcefully exposes the feebleness of modern revisionism and vividly portrays the new tsars as mere paper tigers. In popular language easy to understand because of its colloquialism, the poem is full of humour. As Engels put it, to conduct a fight with a sense of humour **"is the best proof of how sure they (the workers) are of their cause, and how conscious of their superiority"**.

The dialogue between the roc and the sparrow is adapted from the fable entitled "Hsiao Yao Yu" in *Chuang Tzu*. Chairman Mao recast this ancient fable and enriched it with the important theme of the contemporary struggle against revisionism. Here the roc personifies the Marxists and the sparrow in the bush refers to the Soviet revisionist renegade clique.

The first stanza of the poem describes the entirely different outlooks of the roc and the sparrow on the world as it is today. In fact, the contrast between two typical images here is a contrast between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, the Marxist-Leninist line and the revisionist line and the world outlooks of the proletariat and the bourgeoisie. **"The roc wings fanwise, soaring ninety thousand li and rousing a raging cyclone."** This gives a very vivid picture of

the militancy and grandeur of the roc spreading its wings in the teeth of a storm. **"The blue sky on his back, he looks down to survey man's world with its towns and cities."** This speaks of an excellent world situation in which the seas are rising and the continents are rocking as the people's revolution and national liberation wars, co-ordinating with each other, surge forward wave upon wave. Scared out of its wits by the excellent revolutionary situation in which **"gun-fire licks the heavens"** and **"shells pit the earth"** the sparrow in his bush mumbles and sputters in great panic. Revolution, which is a grand festival so far as the people are concerned, is **"one hell of a mess"** and a disaster to the revisionist overlords. Thus these lines have thoroughly exposed the feeble nature and reactionary stand of these creatures who are afraid of and hostile to the people's revolution and national liberation wars.

The second and last stanza of the poem exposes the hypocrisy of the Soviet revisionist renegade clique in talking pompously about "a world without arms, without troops and without wars" and in mouthing pseudo-communism. The sparrow cries: **"I want to flit and fly away."** But where? **"To a jewelled palace in elfland's hills,"** a most wonderful place, it is said. But all this is boloney. **"Don't you know a triple pact was signed under the bright autumn moon two years ago?"** This refers to the so-called partial nuclear test ban treaty the Soviet revisionists concluded with the United States and Britain in 1963. A treaty of this kind was in fact a fraud perpetrated by the men in the Kremlin to betray the interests of the Soviet people and the people of the world at large; it was also a manifestation of how they and the imperialists deceive, blackmail and contend with each other overtly and covertly. While paying lip service to "disarmament" every day, they are actually engaged in arms expansion. In spite of the fact that the Soviet Union and the United States have produced more agreements on nuclear weapons limitation following the signing of the triple pact, they have since engaged in a nuclear race that has become more intensified with each passing day, and there are endless scandals about how each is trying to undermine the other. The lie about "a world without arms, without troops and without wars" can in no way cover up the expansionist nature of the

Soviet revisionists. Their pretence of creating a "lasting peace" is actually meant to serve their purpose of seizing world hegemony and building a big colonial empire of the new tsars.

As to the "appetizing dish of goulash", it is no more than a dud cheque signed by Khrushchov to fool the people. Khrushchov never made good his promise and only made himself a laughing-stock in history; this is still of practical significance today. Since Brezhnev took office, he has proved himself an equal to his predecessor, with the result that the economy in the Soviet Union is now a mess, the agricultural crisis is worse than ever and news of crop failures keeps pouring in. The rank-and-file office workers and students in the cities, to keep body and soul together, have found it necessary to go to the countryside to scrounge for even the tiniest potatoes, and children are forced to glean the "badly needed grain" left in the fields. Meanwhile, a handful of bourgeois elements are living an extravagant, dissipated life with, of course, more beef than they can consume. The broad masses, by contrast, are in such dire straits that they are growing poorer with each passing day, and often do not even have potatoes to eat! Judging by the polarization between the rich and the poor in the present-day Soviet Union, it is clear that to advertise "goulash communism" is merely an attempt to cover up the sanguinary fascist dictatorship of the bourgeoisie.

It is said that "in the seas are fairy hills, hills out in the misty void".<sup>7</sup> "The world without arms, without troops and without wars" and "goulash communism" are all crap. Chairman Mao has often taught us that we are still living in the era of imperialism and proletarian revolution. **"Look you, the world is being turned upside down."** Countries want independence, nations want liberation and the people want revolution — this had become an irresistible historical trend. The factors for both revolution and war are clearly increasing. Whether war gives rise to revolution or revolution prevents war, the world situation invariably develops in the direction favourable to the people. The people of the whole world, including the Soviet people, have come to see more and more profoundly the social-imperialist nature of the Soviet revisionist renegade clique. Looking fierce and not to be challenged, it is in fact outwardly strong but inwardly weak; it is beset

with crises and the going is getting tougher and tougher. By acting perversely it runs counter to the objective laws of social development and pits itself against the people at home and in the rest of the world. It cannot escape the fate of being buried completely by the people.

These two poems by Chairman Mao, like his thirty-seven other poems published before, profoundly reflect the tremendous changes in the history of the Chinese revolution and the world revolution. *Ching Kangshan Revisited* and *Two Birds: A Dialogue* were written on the eve of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. In the light of the situation in class struggle both at home and abroad at that time, we keenly realize the profound political and immediate significance of these two brilliant poems. Taking into account the practice of the Chinese revolution and the world revolution, Chairman Mao has summed up the experience and lessons of the international communist movement, the capitalist restoration in the Soviet Union in particular, and indicated the direction of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. Not long after he wrote the two poems Chairman Mao, with great revolutionary valour, initiated and led the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. It was a great revolution aimed at combating and preventing revisionism, another great ascent of Ching Kangshan. Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, the people of the whole country, displaying fearless revolutionary spirit, after repeated trials of strength between the classes, finally demolished the bourgeois headquarters with Liu Shao-chi as its chieftain. Following this, they waged a struggle against the Lin Piao anti-Party clique. Thus the intrigues of Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao as well as Khrushchov and Brezhnev to restore capitalism in China were dashed to pieces.

**"Nothing is hard in this world if you dare to scale the heights."** This is a summing-up by Chairman Mao of the Chinese people's prolonged revolutionary struggle and an encouragement to the whole Party and the whole nation to continue the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. It inspires us to continue our march forward and scale one height after another. An undaunted revolutionary spirit was necessary in order to overthrow the three big mountains of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism; this spirit was also

needed in carrying out the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Today we need to preserve and do our best to give full play to this spirit in order to defend, consolidate and develop the gains of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and persist in continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. **“While the prospects are bright, the road has twists and turns.”** We will forever follow Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line, continuously scale new heights in socialist revolution and socialist construction and win one fresh victory after another.

#### NOTES:

1. Ching kangshan, or the Ching kang Mountains, is a region with many basins hemmed in by precipitous mountains. It is in the middle section of the Lohsiao Mountain Range, encompassing a number of counties in western Kiangsi Province and Hunan Province. Chairman Mao established China’s first rural revolutionary base area here in October 1927.

2. Between 1924 and 1927 was the period of the First Revolutionary Civil War in China to oppose imperialism and feudalism. This period saw the first co-operation between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communist Party, at the proposal of the latter; the Northern Expedition was successfully carried out, and the revolution rapidly spread from the south to the Yangtse and Yellow River Valleys. Seeing that the northern warlords were unable to check the Chinese revolution, the imperialists started armed intervention. The rightist faction in the Kuomintang headed by Chiang Kai-shek connived with the imperialists to betray the revolution, while Chen Tu-hsiu within the Communist Party carried out a rightist capitulationist line and a policy of compromise and surrender to the counter-revolutionary actions of the Kuomintang rightists, handing over the Party’s own worker-peasant armed forces to the Kuomintang. Finally on April 12, 1927, Chiang Kai-shek staged a counter-revolutionary coup and savagely massacred workers, peasants and Party members. Since the masses were deprived of their arms this revolution ended in failure.

3. After the failure of the revolution in 1927, the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party led for a short period by Chu Chiu-pai made the mistake of “Left” putschism. Chu Chiu-pai considered the Chinese revolution as a “permanent revolution” and the revolutionary situation as a “permanent upsurge”. He was therefore against organizing an orderly retreat, but hoped to rely on a few people to stage a series of local uprisings throughout the country although

these had no prospect of success. In this way the revolutionary force which had been preserved suffered still further losses.

4. In October 1927, Chairman Mao led the worker-peasant forces to the Ching kang Mountains and set up the first revolutionary base in the countryside. In the face of enemy onslaughts Lin Piao lost heart and raised the question, “How long can we keep the red flag flying?” Chairman Mao then wrote his glorious work *A Single Spark Can Start a Prairie Fire* to criticize Lin Piao’s rightist capitulationist ideas.

5. The first of the four big struggles between different lines was against the anti-Party alliance of Kao Kang and Jao Sou-shih; the second was against the anti-Party clique of Peng Teh-huai; the third was to overthrow the bourgeois headquarters of Liu Shao-chi; the fourth was against the anti-Party clique of Lin Piao.

6. At the working conference of the Central Committee at Peitaiho in August 1962 and at the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party in September of the same year, Chairman Mao put forward the basic line of our Party for the whole historical period of socialism: Socialist society covers a considerably long historical period. In the historical period of socialism, there are still classes, class contradictions and class struggle, there is the struggle between the socialist road and the capitalist road, and there is the danger of capitalist restoration. We must recognize the protracted and complex nature of this struggle. We must heighten our vigilance. We must conduct socialist education. We must correctly understand and handle class contradictions and class struggle, distinguish the contradictions between ourselves and the enemy from those among the people and handle them correctly. Otherwise a socialist country like ours will turn into its opposite and degenerate, and capitalist restoration will take place. From now on we must remind ourselves of this every year, every month and every day so that we can retain a rather sober understanding of this problem and have a Marxist-Leninist line.

7. These two lines are from the well-known poem *Song of Eternal Sorrow* by the Tang-dynasty poet Po Chu-yi (772-846).

*Chen Chung-shih*

### The Commune Secretary

Early winter. The autumn crops were in. Young wheat carpeted the fields with a luscious green while the crops sown later were just sprouting in long straight lines. Bright red tractors were ploughing the fields where cotton and sweet potatoes would grow the following year.

A new surge in the movement to build fields and improve the soil was under way in the countryside in Shensi Province. On one of its roads Hsu Sheng-chin was cycling against a piercing northwest wind, his bedding roll behind him. He had just been appointed Party secretary of Red Flag People's Commune. A transfer in work was nothing new for Hsu who had always worked at the grassroots level in the countryside. But this time he was more excited than usual, for Red Flag Commune's Changchai Brigade was the place where he had worked for many years as Landlord Chang Shou-jen's hired hand and the present commune deputy Party secretary Chang Chen-ting was a work-mate from those days. Many memories came back to him.

When Hsu pedalled into the courtyard of the commune office, a young woman took him into a building. She pushed open a

door and he saw his old friend Chang Chen-ting sitting at a chess-board next to the stove deploying generals and knights in a tense battle with his adversary. Near them, a young man was pacing the room anxiously, his brows knitted. "Someone to see you, Secretary Chang," the young woman announced.

Chang's general was surrounded by his opponent. Without stirring or raising his eyes from the game, he said, "Tell him to wait."

The young woman glanced helplessly at Hsu. He smiled and said softly, "Never mind." He went out to put his bicycle away, walked back into the room, sat down on a chair and took a pipe out of his pocket.

Chang never looked up from the chess-board. Impatiently, the young man walked over to him and demanded, "When will you discuss our construction plan and approve it, Secretary Chang?"

"Well, young man, building a reservoir in South Gully is not a small matter. How can I make a decision all by myself? You can go home now. I'll let you know when the Party committee has talked it over."

"Do you think the plan can be approved?"

"You want my opinion? I think it's too impractical."

"But. . ."

"Check!" Chang shouted, his face muscles relaxing at his bright move.

The young man looking disgruntled glanced at the newcomer and left.

Victorious, Chang now looked up. Seeing Hsu, he threw down the chess piece in his hand, stood up and shook Hsu's hand vigorously. "You! Why didn't you. . .?"

"You were so absorbed just now," Hsu laughed heartily. "Who would dare to interrupt?"

The game ended, Chang's adversary left. The young man came in again. "Secretary Chang," he said, "have you read the report and the self-criticism we sent in about our brigade's side-occupations?"

"What's the hurry? I can't spend all my time on Changchai Brigade. Let's talk about it later. Can't you see I'm busy?" Chang indicated Hsu.



At the door, the young man turned and growled, "What's the hurry, eh? Why don't you go to the commune members and lend them an ear? You certainly take it easy, sitting beside a stove playing chess. . . ." He turned and strode away.

Furious, Chang walked abruptly to the door and looked at the young man's retreating figure. Then he took the kettle from the stove and made tea. Still too angry to speak, he motioned Hsu to help himself to the tea.

"Who was that?" Hsu asked.

"Chang Chiang-yung, secretary of the Changchai Brigade Party branch. He's the son of Chang Kai who was killed in Korea. Too good a background for me to be his superior."

"Chang Kai's son?" Hsu was very pleased. Chang Kai, also his companion in his hired-hand days, had responded to Chairman Mao's call to help resist U.S. aggression and aid Korea after Liberation. This fine son of the Chinese people had laid down his life on the battlefield. "That's why he looked so familiar to me. He looks like his father."

Not wanting to talk about the annoying young man, Chang changed the subject. "I knew you were coming. But I didn't expect you so soon."

"I could hardly wait to see you."

"Me too." Chang's spirits began to rise and he opened his heart to Hsu. "Let me tell you the truth. I've been thinking of asking for a transfer," he said frankly. "When I heard that you were coming, I made up my mind to stay."

"Excellent! Let's work together and make things go well in Red Flag Commune. I have a soft spot for these parts. Of course, you even more than I," said Hsu. "But, you know me and you can point out my shortcomings ruthlessly."

"Sure," said Chang. "If we can work together and co-operate well I don't mind where I am." He paused, then said, "You know, Old Hsu, the relations between Liu and me have been somewhat awkward. I don't know why he's so set on making a name for himself and putting me on the spot. . . ."

Liu was the former secretary of the commune Party committee who had been transferred to the county. Hsu, now replacing him in the commune, had met him several times in county meetings and remembered him as a simple, honest man. Anxious to change the subject, Hsu stood up and walked over to a bookcase. The top shelf was taken up by many political books and pamphlets covered with dust. The second shelf was lined with bottles of medicine in all sizes.

"What are you running here? It looks like a small pharmacy."

Chang shook his head and sighed, "My health isn't very good. Don't be deceived by my appearance. I'm a paper tiger, strong outside, but everything inside going wrong. Getting old, I guess." Chang suddenly made a discovery. He exclaimed, "Why, you seem to be in fine health! Look how fit you are! A stranger wouldn't know we were the same age!"

Chang looked him over, appraising him. Tall, with thick hair, bushy eyebrows and a ruddy face, Hsu had eyes that glinted with ability, determination and tenacity. Youth seemed to have stayed with him.

Hsu measured his friend too. Short and tubby, his hair thinning, his eyes were dull and his age told on him.

"What did Chiang-yung want from you?" Hsu asked.

"Oh, him?" Chang took a sip of tea. "He proposed to build a reservoir at South Gully. What's the use of a reservoir when there's no water?"

"Hasn't he thought of such a simple thing?"

"He wants to accumulate the water from a little spring which dries up to a trickle in times of drought, ha ha..."

Not knowing the situation, Hsu couldn't argue for the reservoir. "What kind of a man is he?" he asked.

"Not bad. He was promoted to Changchai Brigade's Party branch secretary only recently. He's young. Has a lot of drive," said Chang. "But he's too reckless, likes to show off."

Hsu laughed. "You seem to be surrounded by people who are too smart. Why did you promote him if he has so many shortcomings?"

"I wanted to put it off a bit. But Liu insisted on doing it right away. Like attracts like, doesn't it? Well, let's forget about it."

"He mentioned the side-occupations and about sending in a report and a self-criticism. What was it all about?" Hsu prompted.

"That? They made a contract to transport sand for a construction unit in the city. Now they want to cancel the contract to keep the men on the reservoir. Got themselves into a mess, haven't they? They sent in a report and a self-criticism to the commune, hoping that we would get them out of it. What can the commune Party committee do? How can we clean up the mess for them?" Anger mounted in Chang. "Besides, opinions differ in their brigade too. We don't know what to do."

"But things have to be straightened out anyway. The young man was quite worried."

"It's so complicated that it gives me a headache," Chang said. "Well, let's forget about it for now. How's your family, old pal? How are your wife and children?"

"They're fine. Wife's health is better. Daughter has gone to the countryside and the son is still in school."

Hsu asked then how fast the work of basic reconstruction of the fields was going.

Chang answered easily, telling him how things were arranged, how the masses were mobilized, the speed of their work and then the general situation of the various villages. His gestures and tone showed confidence and satisfaction. When he finished, he snapped to attention and said, "There, I've made my report! Please give me my instructions."

"Pretty sharp!" Hsu retorted, smiling. "What arrangements have you made for the commune cadres?"

"They all go to work in the villages. As my health is poor, I stay here to look after things."

"From all the noise and bustle in the other rooms, it sounds like they're all here."

"They've just returned from the villages."

"Why? Do you have a special meeting this evening?"

"No. Each cadre looks after one brigade. He goes there in the morning and comes back in the afternoon. We meet every evening to see how the work is going on."

Hsu began to see how things were run. "Not a very good method, Old Chang. In this busy season while the nights are so long, most of our work in the villages can only be done in the evenings. Why spend so much time on travelling?"

"My dear comrade! You've worked in the commune for years, don't you know that the county is always demanding reports? One day the speed of building fields and improving the soil, the next the amount of grain and cotton sold to the state, the amount of vegetables supplied to the city, and then the number of pigs and eggs and what not. Who knows how many things I'll have to report? If all the cadres stay in the villages, what am I going to report to the county?"

"You're in quite a fix, aren't you?" Hsu interrupted, a trifle sharply.

"That's the way things are and I'm not exaggerating." Growing irritated, Chang complained, "We commune cadres work harder than anyone else. Nobody knows how many hours we work a day. We're only off duty when we go to bed."

"Quite a lot of grievances, old pal," commented Hsu. "The whole country's embarked on a bigger movement to learn from Tachai, building fields and improving soil on a large scale — how can we talk of working only eight hours, my dear buddy?"

"I'm just grumbling. I do everything that has to be done."

"To make the movement a success, the most important thing besides a correct political line is for the cadres to go among the masses. Making daily trips to the brigades and back is a waste of time and energy."

Chang listened with a frown. But he stood up promptly and said, "All right. We'll give it a try if you think the cadres should stay out in the villages."

"You make the arrangements. I've come back to the commune only recently and the Cultural Revolution has brought about a lot of changes in the villages. I'll go down to the villages to get familiar with things. You can give directions from here."

Their first meeting gave each of them much food for thought. Hsu couldn't go to sleep that night, recalling his conversation with his old friend. This commune deputy Party secretary was quite a

different man from the Chang Chen-ting who had been daring and hard-working in the land reform. Was the difference caused by poor health and age? No. Then what was it that Chang lacked or should get rid of? And how should he himself work?

Chang also turned and tossed that night. He was disappointed by Hsu's attitude, finding much in it that he disliked. It looked as if his relations with Hsu were going to be worse than his relations with Liu. Then wouldn't people say he was the sort of man who couldn't co-operate with anyone?

Chang got up early the next morning. He went over to get Hsu and show him where to wash up. Hsu's room was locked. The lock must have been there since before dawn for it was now crusted with a thin layer of frost. A flush of anger rose up to Chang's thinning hair. Shaking his head he took a basin and went to get water.

## 2

While Chang Chen-ting had been standing shaking his head at the frosted lock, Hsu Sheng-chin, the new Party secretary of Red Flag Commune, was walking along a mountain path with his bed-roll. Frost had gathered on his eyebrows and on the brim of his cap. He was heading for Changchai Brigade halfway up the mountain. A winter sun, climbing belatedly up the other side of the mountain, shed its weak morning rays on the silvery branches. Tempered by the Cultural Revolution Hsu, in his late forties, was glowing with revolutionary youth.

When he came to a mountain pass his heart leaped with excitement. Thirty years ago when he left his home in these mountains now bathed in sunshine, he had gone to work as a hired hand for the landlord, Chang Shou-jen, through this very pass. It now widened into a cart road. And the once bare slopes on either side had been made into terraced fields. Feeling very stirred he walked into Changchai Village.

Silence reigned in the village. No people, no voices. A horse neighed, telling him where the stable which he had been looking for was.



Hsu made for the stable. A neatly woven mat hung across the doorway. He lifted it. An old man was mixing fodder. He had white hair and beard, his face, though lean, was ruddy and healthy. It was Uncle Chang Tai who had slept back to back with him for many winters to stave off the cold in the landlord's stable. How could he ever forget that?

The old man turned. Squinting he asked, "Who do you want?"

"You, Uncle Chang!" Hsu laughed.

"Good heavens. It's you! My eyesight's not so good." The old man, surprised and happy, threw away the rod in his hand and walked up to Hsu. Holding arms they looked each other over, laughing, and asked about each other's health.

Hsu took out a pipe and filled it from Chang Tai's black leather pouch. "Good tobacco!" he exclaimed as he puffed. Chang Tai laughed contentedly. "Where are all the people?" Hsu asked. "Why don't I see anyone?"

"They're out building a reservoir!" The words came out with force and a hint of stubbornness. "Yesterday afternoon as soon as Chiang-yung returned from the commune, he called a Party branch meeting and then in the evening a meeting of the entire brigade. The leaders and the brigade members decided to follow the Tachai spirit of conquering heaven and earth and start the construction of the reservoir today. Whether the commune approves it or not, we're working on it anyway."

"Is there enough water?"

"We've investigated. The water sources are sufficient. We're going to punch holes into the mountains on both sides of the gully to lead the water out."

"Good idea!" Hsu exclaimed.

"Chiang-yung got the idea when he went on a trip to the plateau across the ridge to see how deep wells were sunk," explained the old man, in high spirits.

"Can you finish it before the summer flood season so that you won't flood the factories down the hill?"

"Look at you!" The old man knocked the ashes from his pipe. "One minute you're afraid there isn't enough water, and the next

that the factories will be flooded! You don't have to worry. Our Changchai people have changed since the Cultural Revolution, their political consciousness is higher and they work harder. Besides, Chiang-yung has drawn up a careful schedule. The reservoir will be finished in time, all right."

Hsu nodded in approval.

Pipe glowing again the old man went on to tell Hsu that they were working in three shifts in order to lead the water out before summer.

"Do you have different opinions in the Party branch?" Hsu asked.

"We certainly do. And it's a long story."

He explained that Chang Tsung-lu, member of the Party branch committee and vice-chairman of the brigade's revolutionary committee, had made arrangements on his own to transport sand for a construction unit in the city. He told Chiang-yung about it only after the contract was signed. The reservoir needed labour power. But at the same time they shouldn't hold up the state's construction. Chiang-yung sent in a report asking to cancel the contract and made a self-criticism. But the commune Party committee hadn't said a word except to blame them for getting into trouble too big for the commune to handle. According to the old man, ever since Chiang-yung wrote a big-character poster on Chang Chen-ting during the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius, the bold young man had met with a lot of difficulties in the commune.

Hsu listened in silence. Then he stood up. "We'll have a good talk this evening. I'm going to the work-site right now."

From the top of the slope Hsu saw a lively battle scene down in South Gully. People were busy pushing carts, carrying earth, tamping and digging. Over a loudspeaker system the music was sometimes interrupted by directions from the commander. Several men were dangling in mid air with a rope around their waists to chisel out a flat surface for a slogan. Hsu admired the good organization of the two or three hundred people at the very beginning of the project. He strode quickly down a new road until he reached a mat shed on level land near the bottom of the gully. It was probably the command post of the project. Sticking his head in, he saw Chiang-yung speak-



ing into a microphone. Chiang-yung, dressed in a red sweater, had his face streaked with dirt and sweat, his hair covered with dust. In a sharp voice he was warning some unit to pay attention to safety measures. As he turned around his eyes met Hsu's. He started, "Ah, you're. . ."

"Ha! Don't you recognize me?" Hsu laughed. "You're quite bold to start so big a project."

Uncertain whether Hsu meant support or otherwise, Chiang-yung was at a loss for words. His big eyes gazing inquisitively at Hsu, he asked, "You're. . ."

"I've come to the commune only recently. . ."

A woman's voice interrupted, "Make it clear whether you're for or against it." Hsu turned around to face a crowd of young people standing outside the shed who must have taken him for someone coming to interfere with them.

"What if I'm for it? And what if I'm not?"

"Come what may, we're going to build it!" the same voice said. Laughing, Hsu strode out and headed towards the gully.

Chiang-yung looked after Hsu's retreating figure. Suddenly his knitted brows smoothed out and his eyes shone with pleasure. He pulled a young man over to him, punched him hard on the shoulder and pointed. "Look. . ."

Hsu was helping a commune member push a cart of earth. Chiang-yung wiped the sweat from his face, grabbed his padded jacket and made for the gully.

### 3

For the last few days, or to be exact, since Hsu had stepped into Chang's office, though for only half a day and then never showing up again, Chang's annoyance had been increasing.

From different channels, stories about Hsu who was now in Changchai Brigade found their way to Chang's ears.

"The first day he came to Changchai, he carted earth the whole morning."

Chang didn't think much of that. "A new broom sweeps clean." He raised his head and laughed.

Another story was that when a large room was cleaned up for Hsu, he wouldn't leave the stable, insisting on sleeping on the same *kang* with the stockman. The trough was full when Old Chang Tai got up at night to feed the horses. In the morning he found the water jar filled to the brim. And there was always more earth than he needed to cover the floor of the stable. Nothing he said could stop Hsu from doing these things. The old man got angry in the end. "If you keep on like that I'll throw you out," he threatened.

The stories were not meant especially for Chang's ears. Yet Chang found them irritating.

Someone knocked. Chang opened the door to Chang Tsung-lu, vice-chairman of the Changchai Brigade revolutionary committee who was in charge of side-occupations.

"What's the matter? You look in a bad way!" Chang Tsung-lu exclaimed.

"Why?" Chang's hand went up to his face.

"Your face is swollen. Didn't you sleep last night?"

"Well! We work day and night, don't we?"

The clever leader of side-occupations knew the feelings of his younger cousin very well. Changing the subject, he said, "I heard that our new Party secretary has arrived and is now staying in our village."

"Yeah," Chang answered casually. Then, in order to find out more about Hsu, he asked, "Didn't you see him?"

Chang Tsung-lu, who had observant eyes, read his cousin's irritation with the new Party secretary in his expression and tone.

"No. But I heard a lot about him."

"What?"

"He's merely a good manual worker — at it from morning to night," he said sardonically.

"That's no way to talk," said Chang, although secretly pleased. "Cadres are required to take part in labour."

"In my opinion, a cadre's work is directing. He is not expected to compete with commune members in labour."

Chang couldn't help laughing. "What a tongue you've got! Of course he can't be carting only."

Chang Tsung-lu became bolder since Chang didn't check his cynicism.

"Well, aside from carting, he's only finding fault with people."

"That's too much!" Chang had to protest. But Chang Tsung-lu, who knew that his cousin was actually pleased with what he had said, went on, "You don't believe it? He wants to criticize capitalist tendencies and he wants to check up on me."

"Criticizing capitalist tendencies is arranged by the county Party committee," said Chang. "Is there any loophole in your side-occupations?"

"My dear Secretary Chang, you know everything about our side-occupations, from the beginning to the end. What loophole is there?"

"Then you have nothing to fear," said Chang.

"But he's trying to pick on me." He looked as if he was greatly wronged. "Not only me. You're dragged in too."

"Me?" Chang exclaimed.

"Quite a lot." Chang Tsung-lu's expression turned solemn. "Ever since Hsu moved over to the stable, the commune members visit him day and night. Chang Tai can't drive them away with his rod. They tell him this and that, mostly about me, but you've been dragged in too."

"What about me?" Chang asked anxiously.

"They told him that you bought the timber allotted to the brigade to build your own house and made a wardrobe."

"What else?" Chang frowned.

"And that you put on airs. When you go home to Changchai on Sundays you ignore your neighbours and the villagers. You just stay home and eat good food."

"They're sticking their nose into other people's business!" Unable to contain his fury any longer Chang threw away the cigarette butt which had nearly burned his fingers and stood up. "Sunday is a holiday. I can stay home if I want to."

"That's true. Cadres should rest on Sundays. And it's entirely justified to enjoy food bought with the salary the state pays you for your hard work. Let them talk. It doesn't pay to get angry."

Chang sat down again and sipped his tea in silence.

Chang Tsung-lu tried to console him. "How about winding up the side-occupations, Chang?" he blustered.

"Why? Side-occupations can't be neglected. It helps agriculture, too." It was Chang's turn to console the other. "You mustn't be too hot-blooded."

Chang Tsung-lu laughed in his sleeve. "You were the hot-blooded one a minute ago, not me!" Yet he still put it on a little. "What's the good of doing side-occupations? What do I get by running my legs off? I can do all kinds of farm work and earn good work-points. Why should I go to all that trouble?"

Chang was too annoyed to listen to him, his head seemed to be stuffed with a tangle of hemp. "Skip it," he said impatiently. "Haven't I warned you against blowing up? Uh, where're you going now?"

"To the city. To settle the side-occupation accounts." Chang went outside and brought in a fur coat from his bicycle. "Here's the fur coat. And the price was quite reasonable."

Chang had asked him to buy a fur coat to wear to meetings at night. Taking the coat he felt the curly fur and said, "Very good fur. What's the price?"

"Twenty yuan. Not bad, eh?"

"Sure. Where did you get it?"

"The commission shop."

.....

Chang paced the room, as was his habit when he used his brains, especially when he had met with something particularly bothersome. All the irritating things he had seen and heard in the past few days revolved in his mind.

#### 4

All the reports about Hsu which had reached Chang were true. The fiery enthusiasm with which the Party secretary worked, his determination, clear-cut attitude and dare-devil style of work had taken Chang Tai by surprise. When Hsu first carted earth the people thought, "Well, a new bride is diligent for three days." They began to change their minds when Hsu kept it up day after day. Cadres who had not been taking part in labour, feeling uneasy, came to the construction site too and managed their so-called "urgent" business at other times. People said that Hsu had cured the cadres' laziness without even talking to them about it.

Hsu was always surrounded by people, young and old, peasants and cadres while he worked, rested or ate. They made suggestions about the reservoir construction and the winter wheat field management. They discussed the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius and talked about capitalist tendencies in the brigade's side-occupations. Every day, Hsu gathered a great deal of lively news, for the vil-

lagers liked to talk with this leading cadre who smoked a pipe and sweated beside them. They often talked until the stars began to dim and the cocks crowed.

For years Hsu had always worked in a practical manner, knowing the moods and thinking of the masses and investigating everything. He could find out the characteristics of the struggle between the two classes and the two lines of a brigade, however complicated it was, and grasp the main contradictions. Then at a suitable time, he would call a meeting of the Party branch or other necessary meetings.

One night Hsu summoned Chiang-yung to the stable. "How many of the commune members are truly building the reservoir to change the face of Changchai and contribute to the revolution?" he asked. "Can you make an estimate?"

Chiang-yung stared. When he had made reports in the past they always concerned the pace of the work, outstanding workers or events, and existing problems. This was the first time he had been asked such a question. Smiling foolishly, he stuttered, "I think everyone works pretty hard."

"That's too vague. Make an estimate."

Chiang-yung said frankly, "You're with us on the site, Old Hsu. What do you think of our work? I think eight out of ten are working very hard."

"It's true that many peasants in Changchai work whole-heartedly on the reservoir. But among those who are for the reservoir, some are saying, 'We get work-points just the same, whether it's building a reservoir or doing other work.' And there are others who want to go out to work with Chang Tsung-lu on side-occupations instead of sticking to farming. These people are influenced by capitalist tendencies, aren't they?"

Chiang-yung, sitting on the *kang* and gazing at Hsu, was astonished. Having plunged heart and soul into the work of the reservoir, he had never given a thought to what the villagers were thinking.

Sitting against the wall, Uncle Chang Tai was smoking a long pipe and smiling good-naturedly at the embarrassment of the young secretary of the Party branch.

Hsu removed his own pipe from his mouth. "You've done a good job in organizing so many brigade members to come to work on this big project, Chiang-yung."

"Don't make fun of me, Old Hsu. It's a far cry from doing my work well." Chiang-yung smiled wryly.

"I mean it," said Hsu. "You have done good ideological work. Many of your villagers are determined to take the road to socialism and make socialist revolution; they are your solid core. But you haven't taken pains to educate the ones who lack revolutionary ideals and farm only for their own good, especially the ones whose hearts aren't in agricultural production but hanker after side-occupations. Capitalist tendencies will eat into the flesh like a boil if they're not attended to."

The horses and the oxen chewed contentedly beside them. In the young Party branch secretary's mind, a new realm was opened up. He waited for Hsu to go on.

"How do you divide the income from the side-occupations?" Hsu asked.

"The individual gets forty per cent and hands in sixty per cent to the brigade. We have a hunch that's not right. I've written a report to the commune. The commune leaders haven't said anything yet."

"I've worked it out already. Forty per cent of the income goes to the individual while sixty per cent goes to the collective — which still has to give subsidies to the individuals and buy tools. The collective doesn't actually get very much. Take the second production team for example. Their side-occupations can't cover their expenses and need money from agricultural production. How can side-occupations help agricultural production that way?"

Chiang-yung flushed. "I've made the same calculation and arrived at the same conclusion. That's why I sent in a self-criticism."

"I want to say something," Uncle Chang Tai put in. "There's something fishy going on, Old Hsu."

He told Hsu that when the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius started Chiang-yung put up a big-character poster on Chang Chen-ting saying:

"In winter a charcoal brazier,  
In summer a fan.  
A cup of tea, a cigarette,  
A newspaper — and the whole morning's gone.  
When will we see a change in Red Flag Commune?"

Chang had borne a grudge against Chiang-yung ever since. He criticized Chiang-yung when work in the brigade didn't go well. And when it improved he claimed that Chiang-yung was trying to be smart. When Chiang-yung sent in a report on side-occupations, Chang told Chang Tsung-lu, "Criticizing capitalist tendencies doesn't mean we can do away with side-occupations. Loading and transporting sand is hard work and subsidies are necessary. That's called 'To each according to his work.'" So Chang Tsung-lu was tough when he came back to the brigade. "The commune leader knows the policies better. You have no call to be smart and report on people."

A head under an old felt hat appeared around the door curtain unnoticed and said in an unctuous voice, "Am I disturbing you, Secretary Hsu?"

"Who is it?" Hsu turned around.

"Chang Tsung-lu," Chiang-yung told him. Turning around he called, "Come in! Skip the formalities."

Laughing, Chang Tsung-lu walked in. "Don't you recognize me, Secretary Hsu?"

"I certainly do, no matter what shape you're in. You were the head of the hired hands at Landlord Chang's, weren't you?"

"Yes. We were all hired out to people." Changing the subject, he said, "My wife told me a lot of things about you when I came home tonight. She is full of praises for you. I told her I knew you from way back. We all led a miserable life in the past. Then you took the lead in the land-reform movement, and went through the war against U.S. aggression in Korea..."

"Did you come here to praise me or is there something you want?" Hsu asked him sharply.

"Well, I have a mind to wind up side-occupations and call the men back."

“Why?”

“Now that we’re learning from Tachai and building a reservoir to change the face of our brigade and make more contributions to the state, when Secretary Hsu is working so hard, I feel bad to be away from home. Of course working in the city is no easy job, but I feel that that’s not quite right.”

“You certainly have a good brain. How can you call the men back when you’ve made a contract with a state project?” asked Hsu.

The muscles on Chang Tsung-lu’s face stiffened. He stammered, “Well! You’re busy. I must go now.”

The well-dressed man in charge of the brigade’s side-occupations went away. Hsu laughed outright and said, “He certainly changes his mind quickly!”

“Yes. He’s got ball bearings in his head,” said Old Chang Tai. “When one hair moves, his whole body answers.”

“Something fishy about him,” Chiang-yung commented.

Hsu glanced at him encouraging him to continue.

“He wants to make things difficult for the people we contracted with by calling men back. Actually, he’s tearing up the contract because we’re criticizing capitalism.”

“Go on,” said Hsu.

Frowning, Chiang-yung meditated. “They must have lined their pockets already and hurried back to the reservoir before we criticize their capitalist tendencies. This sudden change doesn’t mean an improvement in their thinking but that they’ve got something to hide. We have to do some analysing.”

“Yes. You look below the surface of things,” said Chang Tai. “He’s a money-grabber. He can’t change so suddenly.”

A cock crowed. Others followed in a chorus. The three men showed no sign of fatigue.

## 5

Back from the construction site after a day’s work, Hsu hurriedly ate his meal in the home of a commune member, then went directly

to the stable. There Old Chang Tai was filling the troughs with well-mixed wheat stalks. Hsu picked up a wooden shovel to help. But he immediately saw that the old stockman was in a very bad temper, so much so that his bearded chin was jerking, his brows knitted in a frown. Bewildered, Hsu kept on supplying the feed. Finally the old man broke the silence. “Hsu,” he burst out, “tell me whether our Party has set different demands on different cadres.”

“I don’t understand what you mean. . . .” Hsu replied, more perplexed.

“Really?” The old man, then, put it bluntly, “Is it true that some cadres are required to go through hardships while some others can loaf about and live in comfort?”

Hsu burst into laughter. “Uncle, you. . . .”

“What’s so funny about that? I’m only speaking the truth,” Old Chang Tai countered. “Don’t you know His Excellency Chang’s back home?”

“His Excellency Chang! Who’s that?”

“Red Flag Commune’s deputy Party secretary, Chang Chen-ting.”

“That’s no way to refer to him, uncle.”

“Why not? I always call him that to his face.”

“When did he come home, then?” Hsu turned serious. “Is he still here?”

“It’s Sunday. He’s been sitting at home all day long, not taking so much as a look at our reservoir. This is the first big project folks here have ever seen started, yet it means nothing to him at all!”

“Let me go and have a word with him, uncle.”

“What’s the use?” rejoined the old stockman, still indignant. “Let him loaf around as he pleases.”

“That’s not right, uncle. It’s our duty to help him.”

“You have a good heart, but what about him? You mark my word, nothing’ll come of it except that you’ll leave his house furious.”

Leaving the stable Hsu headed west. The moon was bright, the air crisp. Over the loudspeaker the brigade announcer was reading an article debunking Lin Piao and Confucius written by the brigade’s theoretical study group. In front of several black-painted

walls where lights had been rigged up, groups of young villagers were writing up new articles for the bulletin. The movement to repudiate capitalist tendencies was on.

Chang Chen-ting's new house stood at the west end of the village. Surrounded by high mud walls, the courtyard was an enclosure with a row of rooms on three sides, leaving the fourth to the entrance and gatehouse of solid bricks. Hsu pushed the gate open and stepped in. Crossing the courtyard, he walked straight to the centre room facing the entrance where an electric light was burning brightly. There Hsu found Chang holding a large mirror, while two carpenters, evidently not from their village, were trying to fit it into a wardrobe standing against the wall.

Chang put down the glass with a pleased air and dismissed the craftsmen, telling them to come back the next day. Then he showed Hsu into the adjoining room. It was furnished with a large newly painted square table, flanked by two rattan armchairs. Dishes and wine cups from dinner still cluttered the table. Under the window was a wooden bed, rare in a village where people were used to sleeping on a *kang*.

"Quite a snug nest you have here," observed Hsu with a smile. "I'd never dare enter without invitation."

Gratified, Chang Chen-ting laughed, then cordially sat his guest down in a chair. "Well," Chang said, "I owe all this to socialism." He went over to the coal stove to make tea for his guest.

Hsu began by asking about the commune's progress in the basic work of transforming the land, as well as in the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius and to repudiate capitalist tendencies. Chang replied confidently, "Everything's going well. Only the day before yesterday I went to report to the county Party committee on our achievements. It seems our progress is faster than the average."

Hsu leaned forward.

"But recently I took time out to call on the few brigades on the slopes. I found that the repudiation of capitalist tendencies has not yet been started, and potentialities for the basic work in agriculture are still untapped."

At this Chang was silent. However, after a pause he admitted, "You're right. There are problems, to be sure, but achievements are the main thing."

"The villagers here have made quite a good start these days," Hsu observed, refusing a cigarette from Chang but lighting his own pipe. "It seems to me that young fellow Chiang-yung has a lot of fire in him."

"Yes, of course, since the secretary of the commune Party committee is with them. When the number one cadre gives personal attention to a brigade, success is only natural." He paused, then resumed, "But we on the Party committee should keep in step with each other. In future, you might drop us a hint first before you do anything."

Hsu knew what Chang was driving at — the reservoir. He wanted to explain but he held back, somehow feeling it unnecessary.

Hsu's silence induced Chang to think that he had hit the other's weakest point, so he pressed on. "You and I should see eye to eye on a problem before we say anything definite, otherwise our contradictory attitudes will encourage some people to take advantage of our differences."

Hsu simply listened, saying nothing.

"The villagers won't like it if I say 'no'. But they'll be happy if you go and reverse my decision. If things go on like this, how am I to carry out my work? What do you say, old pal? Ha, ha!"

Chang's complacent laugh grated on Hsu's ears. What an idea — "keep in step with each other"! He's only trying to get me to follow his wrong steps, Hsu said to himself. Does he want me to help him suppress the revolutionary enthusiasm of the masses? Even if he says "no", I don't believe that people shouldn't express their own views and contradict it with a "yes". Why should different opinions necessarily make it difficult for him to work?

When Hsu came to this point in his thoughts he laughed and said, "Your thinking is on the wrong track, old pal."

"I don't think so. Take Changchai's project. When Chiang-yung came to me for approval, you happened to be there, too. What did I say to him then? 'Wait till the Party committee makes a study of it.' But you. . . ." He threw out his hands, palms up-



ward. "Why, it was you who set the people going on it the minute you arrived at the project. Well, even if that's what you wanted, we should have exchanged opinions first, otherwise the brigade members take me as a conservative, a stumbling block in their way."

"Well!" Hsu said. "With your devious way of thinking, no wonder you're losing your hair! The fact was that they had already started their project when I arrived. They dared to think and act, and made a good start on it. The credit should go to them, not me."

"So you've tailed after them!" said Chang, annoyed, the offensive he had just taken petering out.

"No. I listened to the opinion of some of the cadres and brigade members. My first reaction was that their idea of building a reservoir was good. I felt I didn't have the right to pull them out of South Gully where they were working."

"But many people told me that the minute you arrived at South Gully, you gave them full support."

"I came to support their plan, in the main, after making a further study of it. Then I urged them to do a good job of it."

Chang had nothing more to say, but he felt very disgruntled.

Hsu continued earnestly, "Since they started work their progress has speeded up every day, and they're working with more and more vigour. The success or failure of their reservoir is not just important to Changchai Brigade — it will provide experience for other irrigation projects in this district. During my preliminary round of the nearby area and talking with the people I met, I found about fifteen other gullies which could be transformed."

"Well, it's true that building reservoirs is going to change the features of this district," Chang agreed. "And in fact, at every brigade cadres' meeting we've called on them to go ahead with such projects and later done follow-up work on them too. What for? To see them get at it. But the Changchai project is a serious matter. If anything goes wrong and the factories below are flooded, who'll be responsible for it, you or me? The crux of the matter lies here."

Hsu knew quite well that Chang was dominated by the fear of being labelled a conservative. But since the root of his trouble lay deep in his mind, it was not going to be easy to solve. He decided first to

encourage Chang and kindle his enthusiasm, then tackle his ideological problem next.

"Old pal," Hsu suggested, "why don't you go to South Gully tomorrow before you go back to your office? You'll be struck by the seething activity over there."

"Everybody thinks his own child looks best!" Chang remarked with a laugh. "If you weren't here, I'm afraid you wouldn't think so highly of it."

Hsu was disgusted by Chang's personal approach to problems. Just listen to him, he thought. But he kept his temper, reflecting: Maybe he'll be moved when he sees the grand scene at South Gully with his own eyes. So he continued trying to persuade him. "Old pal, building a reservoir is a great event for Changchai Brigade. You'd better go tomorrow and bolster up their morale."

"No. If I'm late back at the commune who'll believe that I'm staying here to see the reservoir? I'll fix another date to make a special trip there in order to learn. Don't worry, your success will never be hidden under a bushel."

Hsu said in all seriousness, "Look, old friend, after more than twenty years of work I never expected you to criticize me again and again for wanting to be in the limelight. If I've been too pushing, it seems to me you're just the opposite — always holding back."

Hsu stood up and left, walking out of the warm snug house into the moonlit street. The evening breeze in the mountains was cold and dry. He felt instantly refreshed. Quickening his steps he headed for the stable.

On the way he turned things over in his mind. What actually was it that had been hindering the commune in learning from Tachai? The advance of the revolution and the coming nationwide leap forward, he thought, demand that all of us seize the hour, not allowing any of us to dilly-dally. Is Chang Chen-ting's case simply one of ordinary rightist conservatism? What does he actually lack and what does he have too much of? These questions had popped up in Hsu's mind when he first met his old friend. Now they were cropping up again.

When he entered the stable Chiang-yung was there waiting for him.

"See, what did I say before you went?" exclaimed Old Chang Tai. "You must have run your head up against a stone wall. I can see it on your face."

"Old Hsu, something's gone wrong," Chiang-yung interrupted. "What is it?"

"The man we sent to investigate our sidelines has come back to report a case of embezzlement. Chang Tsung-yi is stock-keeper in that factory with which we have a contract to deliver sand. He and Chang Tsung-lu misappropriated some state funds and divided them between themselves."

Hsu was not surprised. It was almost as if he had expected something of the kind.

"The matter isn't clear yet," Chiang-yung said, "but this is an important clue. The factory's Party committee wants us to send two men along to start a joint investigation."

"That's all right. Send two of your Party branch members and make sure they're competent. By the way, the name Chang Tsung-yi sounds familiar. Who is he anyway?"

"The third son of Landlord Chang Shou-jen," Old Chang Tai answered for Chiang-yung. "When his father was sweating us he was in college. After Liberation he was kept on at the factory and is now in charge of materials."

Hsu clamped his fingers on the bowl of his pipe. One hand on his hip, he fixed his eyes on the two of them — the aging leader of the poor and lower-middle peasants' association, and the young secretary of the Party branch. "Uncle Chang, Chiang-yung! Comrades, see how the capitalist forces in city and in country connive! If we don't repulse their attack, both our revolution and our production will suffer."

Hsu looked at the young man and said, "Chiang-yung, don't go home tonight. Let's make a good study of the whole business. I have something to talk to you about."

"But you didn't sleep a wink last night. And again tonight. . . ." Old Chang Tai broke in.

"Uncle, stoke up the fire and boil some water for tea!" Hsu rejoined with determination.

A big snowfall had covered the mountains, fields and roads with white. When the sky cleared, the snow at the ends of the fields and on the roadsides began to thaw in the warm midday sun, seeping on to the roads between the villages. Though already swept clear of snow, they were frozen in the morning and wet at noon. Some of the narrow bypaths were badly soaked.

After consulting Chiang-yung and making a short-term plan for the work at Changchai Brigade, Hsu decided to prepare for an enlarged meeting of the commune Party committee. Pulling on his faded army cap, he bound his trouser-legs tight at the bottom and tied strong straw ropes to his shoes to make them less slippery. Then he strode off among the mountains of Red Flag Commune.

In the following few days Hsu tramped through the whole commune listening to the village cadres' work reports. He made good use of his meal hours and spare time, especially evenings, to talk with the cadres and hold free group discussions, trying to find out how the movement to learn from Tachai had been going on. As he went, he also helped solve some of their problems on the spot. By the time he started back to Changchai Brigade his head was full of facts and figures.

On his way Hsu pondered over all his facts, analysing and digesting them until he came to the conclusion that the fundamental experience of the advanced production brigades was persist in taking the socialist road and criticize capitalist tendencies. No matter how complicated or confusing the problems of a brigade were, the root trouble generally lay in their failure to criticize capitalism. The universal lesson was that the more trenchantly and thoroughly capitalism was repudiated, the more united the commune members and the greater their verve. Only then could they go all out in any undertaking. On the other hand, in places where capitalist tendencies had gone quite far, he found that either those in power were taking the lead or they were people who didn't dare do anything about it. Merely heaping blame on the cadres at the grassroots didn't do any good. First of all, rectification had to start from the members of the commune's Party

committee. They should set an example in revolutionizing their thinking.

When he reached Changchai the sun was setting. Always concerned about the reservoir, he went straight through the village without stopping and headed for South Gully. Reaching its upper end he saw huge characters painted on the opposite cliffs, now hacked and chiselled smooth. They were slogans — “In agriculture, learn from Tachai”, “Fight hard for a year to bring water up the mountain” and so on. He was again impressed by the enthusiasm, intensive work and high morale at the work-site. As he strode down to the gully, his fatigue from his recent travels disappeared. He went up to a middle-aged villager, took the rope of the tamping stone out of his hands and said, “Go have a smoke.” Then he threw himself into work.

When Chiang-yung saw this he ran over to Hsu, took him by the arm and said loudly, so as to make himself heard above the work chant, “I want to talk to you a minute.”

“Anything important?” Hsu shouted back. “Can’t you leave it until this evening?”

“No, it’s too important. I’ve been waiting for you.”

Hsu followed him to a quieter spot.

“The men we sent to the factory came back today,” Chiang-yung began. “They told me that both Chang Tsung-lu and Chang Tsung-yi finally confessed that they embezzled and shared over a thousand yuan from state funds. Investigation is still going on. We’ve got to prepare a ‘reception’ for Chang Tsung-lu when he comes back.”

“Right. His ‘home-coming’ will make our planned criticism of capitalism a real event.”

“Another thing,” Chiang-yung drew close to Hsu and lowered his voice. “Chang Tsung-yi gave a fur-lined coat to Chang Tsung-lu who later sold it to our Deputy Secretary Chang at a much reduced price, saying he had bought it from a commission shop. According to Chang Tsung-yi, that coat had been his father’s property and was transferred to him during the land reform. He had its satin cover changed for a cloth one.”

“The fur coat of that old blood-sucker draped on the Communist Party secretary of a commune, and reaching him through such a channel! Shocking!” Hsu muttered, frowning deeply.

Meanwhile Chiang-yung took a letter out of his pocket and handed it to Hsu, saying, “This came from the county organization department by special messenger.”

Hsu opened it and found an application for transfer of work signed by Chang Chen-ting. After he finished reading the three-page letter, his frown grew deeper. From Hsu’s expression Chiang-yung guessed it must be another thorny problem.

“Chiang-yung, come over to my place this evening straight after supper. Don’t delay. We have to study the new developments in the situation, which is more complicated than we thought several days ago.”

“Why not talk it over right now? It won’t do for you to miss another whole night’s sleep. You can’t go on like this.”

“Never mind. Let’s go and work with the villagers now. Physical labour is the best cure for mental fatigue. Are you coming? I’m going back to the tamping.”

The young man gazed at Hsu’s receding figure. At sight of him striding forward in his muddy trousers, Chiang-yung felt a warm current rushing through his veins. His eyes dimmed with tears.

Old Chang Tai dropped his own pair of cotton-padded shoes in front of Hsu. Like a stern father he said, “Change! Look at your shoes! They’re just one mass of mud.”

Hsu took off his shoes obediently, then put them next to the stove to dry, saying calmly, “Chang’s leaving us. He’s applied for a transfer.”

The old man had gone back to feeding the animals. Hearing this he banged his mixing rod in the trough and fumed, “Let him go! The quicker, the better!”

“Transfer or no transfer — that’s another matter. The point is: if his ideological problem isn’t solved, he won’t be able to do anything no matter where he goes. I think we should try to have a good

talk with him before the next enlarged Party committee meeting. We must do our very best to pull him back."

"Old Hsu!" somebody called outside. A boy around seventeen appeared in the doorway lifting the straw-mat curtain. "My father'd like you to come over to our house."

It was the younger son of Chang Chen-ting.

"When did your father come home?" asked Hsu.

"This afternoon."

"Ask him to come here. I was just going to look for him."

The lad nodded and left.

"He has taken the initiative. Let's start our work right away," said Hsu.

## 7

A few minutes later Chang Chen-ting came into the stable. He appeared to be quite light-hearted and, all smiles, greeted the three of them as if there were nothing on his mind. Taking off his fur coat and hanging it on the peg where old Chang Tai usually hung his kit, he sat down near the fire.

After some initial chat, Chang got down to business. "It's this. I want to transfer somewhere else."

"Why so abruptly?" Hsu queried.

"My health isn't good enough for rural work."

"Aren't you forgetting what you said to me when I first arrived?"

"Well . . . sure . . ." Chang pretended to have recalled it. "But facts prove that I'm not fit and I can't keep pace with you. I meant to do well but I'm just not up to it. If you don't believe me, tell me what you think."

"Well, I'll speak frankly, and I hope you won't get angry," Hsu said with a smile. "You hold something against me, rather strongly too, but don't like to speak out. What's bothering you is that you had strained relations with Old Liu before and, if that happens again with me, you're afraid people who don't know much about it will think you're not a co-operative type. So you prefer to leave. Right?"

Hsu's sharp yet kind eyes were fixed on the deputy secretary. Although Chang protested that this wasn't true he spoke without conviction, forced to admit to himself that Hsu's analysis was hitting home. This fellow appeared able to see right through him!

"Get it off your chest if you have anything against me," Hsu said. "Bring it out straight from your heart."

"I have nothing against you. Really nothing. Do you want me to make up something?"

"If you won't talk, I will. I have something against you, a criticism," said Hsu, trying to induce his old friend to disclose his real thoughts. If he can do that, Hsu thought, things will become easy, even if Chang flares up. The worst thing is for him to keep his mouth shut. "This is how I feel," he said. "Applying for a change in work is another matter. You can work for the Party at any post. But the key is that you should have some 'changes' in your thinking first. You should pull yourself together and regain your enthusiasm for revolution. We are old comrades-in-arms, excuse me for being blunt. . . ."

"Well, go on." Chang Chen-ting listened attentively.

"I remember very well how we struggled together against the despotic landlord Chang Shou-jen during the land reform. You fought as fearlessly as a tiger — standing sentry, rousing the peasants to action, working day and night, rain or shine, so that your eyes got bloodshot. The land-reform work team commended you several times and made you a cadre in the prefecture."

"That's true," Chang Chen-ting responded, infected by Hsu's enthusiasm. "At that time I was only a boy and didn't know the meaning of fear or difficulty. I was strong and healthy too."

"But when I came here this time I found that Tiger Chang Chen-ting had become a completely different person. You've lost your old verve and vitality. Now you think only of your nice, cosy home, with no more ambition to go all out to speed up changing the face of the countryside. . . ."

"Enough!" Chang glowered, his face darkening. "What I don't have is the ambition to show off the way you do!"

"Why, just a minute ago you said you didn't have anything against me." Hsu couldn't help laughing at his furious friend. "Anyway, it's good to see you speaking out. When you've got anything to say, out with it. When you have a grievance, air it."

"You! You're getting close to fifty yet you still like to show off and outshine others!" Chang retorted, still choking with anger. "You give our cadres so much work and keep them under such a strain, how can I work along with you?"

"Seeking personal recognition, of course, is bad," replied Hsu, unruffled. "But since I came to Red Flag Commune I've done nothing more than take part in some manual labour, support the villagers in building the reservoir, and arouse them to criticize capitalism. If you consider these as showing off, then I think I haven't 'shown off' enough."

"Go ahead then and make as big a splash as you want! I won't get in your way! That's why I want to quit."

"It's not so easy as all that, old pal. You know my character well. I never let a matter go until it's thoroughly accounted for and cleared up. If you think you can leave Red Flag Commune with ill feelings and a load on your mind, you're mistaken. It won't do, simply won't do, old pal."

"Then all I can say is it's my bad luck to meet a stubborn mulish fellow like you," mumbled Chang, crestfallen. He lit a cigarette and looked away.

"You mustn't forget what you said the night before you left for the prefecture after land reform. Sitting on Uncle Chang Tai's *kang*, you said, 'If not for the needs of the revolution I really couldn't leave you all. But as I'm only going to a new post, I'll strain every nerve to do my work just as well.' Then uncle smiled and said to you, 'But you mustn't become disgusted with cow dung and coarse homespun cloth once you're wearing a cadre's jacket. If you do, you'll have no place in the new society, and no way out.' How did you reply? You said, 'In that case, you can spit at me without having to say anything. Others may not have the nerve to do it, but you have.' Do you remember all that, old pal?"

Chang Chen-ting drew on his cigarette, brooding: This fellow Hsu really has a one-track mind! Imagine him remembering every episode and every conversation from all those years ago and bringing them up now. What a fix he's got me into!

Hsu went on, "The night you people sent me off to join the Volunteers you said, tears in your eyes, that you couldn't part with me. And I didn't feel like leaving you all either. How beautifully you put it: 'As you're going to the Korean front, I'll get to work organizing mutual-aid teams to produce more grain and cotton as your rear support. If either one of us slackens or changes his mind, he is good for nothing, worthless. As I said once before, if that happens, let Uncle Chang Tai spit in his face.' As I see it, I haven't done much for the Party these past few years, so I should let uncle spit at me. You can't escape it either, mind you."

"Huh! How would I dare spit at him! He can't even accept any word that displeases him!" growled the old stockman.

Chang shook his head in great embarrassment and said with a bitter smile, "In fact, there are worse things than being spit at."

Hsu continued, "Now, you criticized Old Liu saying he loved the limelight. Then you called Chiang-yung 'too smart' when he suggested building the reservoir and 'too radical' when he proposed criticizing capitalist tendencies. In other words, you label all our comrades' revolutionary enthusiasm as seeking recognition and praise. But I feel you're the one who ought to do some soul-searching and ask: 'Isn't it I who's lost his revolutionary fervour?' Besides, facts prove that the young man trying to 'outsmart' others, as you put it, is right. His South Gully project is very 'smart', providing useful experience for setting up irrigation systems on mountain slopes. When he wrote that report on capitalist tendencies in Changchai Brigade, if you had approved it in time, the building of the reservoir would have proceeded quicker and Chang Tsung-lu wouldn't have committed a crime."

"Chang Tsung-lu did it on his own. What's that to do with me?" Chang Chen-ting retorted, afraid of being connected with such a scoundrel.

"Don't go up in smoke, please." On his feet now Hsu said gravely, "How does it happen that the fur coat of that bloodthirsty landlord

Chang Shou-jen is now draped over your shoulders, the shoulders of a Party secretary of a commune?"

"I paid for it!" bellowed Chang, springing to his feet.

Hsu cut him short. "You may not have known where it came from, but Chang Tsung-yi certainly did. His confession is clear enough. Shouldn't this arouse our vigilance?"

Chang dropped to his seat, his lips trembling with rage, and swore, "Damn Chang Tsung-lu! The dog's smeared me!"

His old comrade-in-arms' indignation made Hsu continue earnestly but more mildly, "Better not put the blame on Chang Tsung-lu first. I feel we should give more thought to a basic problem: After the Party and the people give us cadres power, are we going to serve the people whole-heartedly or become arrogant officials out for our own comfort? Isn't that the demarcation line between the two kinds of world outlook — proletarian or bourgeois?"

"I don't agree with your point of view. How can you say that? You're too radical."

"Comrade, this isn't my point of view. It's what we've been taught by Karl Marx and Chairman Mao," Hsu went on patiently. "In summing up the historical experience of the Paris Commune, Marx pointed out that the officials of the bourgeoisie must be replaced by proletarian public servants of society. How do we understand the term public servants? It means servants of the people who serve the people whole-heartedly, just as Chairman Mao wants us to do."

Chang remained silent.

"In order to get this question clear," Hsu went on, "it is necessary to recall our past struggles. Now's the time to get Uncle Chang Tai to recall the bitter days we went through in the house of the landlord Chang Shou-jen. I hope you haven't gone so far as to have forgotten how you were coerced into becoming the landlord's hired hand."



Chang Chen-ting was now chain-smoking, lighting one cigarette from the end of another, enveloping himself in smoke. Hsu poured him a cup of tea, then helped himself to some and sat down to drink it.

So far Old Chang Tai had been silent, but he had not missed a word of this argument between the two leading cadres who had once been his young work-mates. When Hsu stopped talking, he laid down the straw rope he had been twisting, and moved closer to the stove. He said to Chang Chen-ting, "D'you really need me to remind you? I don't believe you can forget all those past nightmares, can you?"

There were four of them in the room. Except for Chiang-yung who had not been born at the time, none of them could forget the past. Old Chang Tai sat down and went on plaiting rope as he refreshed their memories.

"When Chang Chen-ting's father was done to death by Chang Shou-jen," he began, "the boy was only nine. For the next four

years he had to beg from door to door. Then with two small wicker baskets he made himself and the few dollars his mother had borrowed for him, he followed some other bankrupt villagers and became a pedlar. He had a very hard time carrying fruit from up on the mountains down to nearby towns to sell. He didn't make much but it was better than begging. In summer he sold fruit and melons, in early winter persimmons. In icy weather, a basket on his back, he trudged from one village to another to peddle steamed bread. The poor boy sold baskets and baskets of fresh fruit, yet when he was thirsty he had to drink from the ditches. He carried basket after basket of steamed bread on his back, yet had to be content himself with the mouldy bran mixed with wild plants he had in his pocket. We neighbours saw him grow up and we all agreed that though he was only a boy he was good at fending for himself. When he was about eighteen he changed his baskets for bigger crates holding a hundred and twenty cattles. Carrying heavy loads from childhood had stunted his growth but made him spry in running uphill and down.

"That spring, when the first cherries ripened he got up before daybreak to carry a load to town. But he'd barely left the village when some bandits robbed him of his entire load. He didn't give up and set out with a fresh lot of fruit, but again he was looted by bandits. The two losses finished up the meagre capital he had saved cent by cent. He got so angry that he chopped up his shoulder-pole to use as firewood.

"Just then along came one of Chang Shou-jen's thugs who tricked Chang Chen-ting into going to work for his master. He had dreamed of bettering himself as a pedlar; now that these hopes were dashed, he took the same path as his father and became a hired hand. It wasn't until land reform that the two robberies were exposed—the bandits had been none other than Chang Shou-jen and his thug!"

At this point Old Chang Tai turned to Chang Chen-ting and asked him to his face, "Do you still remember the first day you went there to work? You were told to grind flour but you spilled some wheat on the ground. For this that cursed Chang Shou-jen flogged you hard. When I put my arms around you to protect you, his lash fell on me; then I hit back with my fist, and for that I was locked up in

his dark cell for ten days. I'm not mentioning this to get your gratitude. But remember how you felt in those days! You missed me if you didn't see me for one day, and at night you slept close by my side. Now you're in office and so high and mighty that you ignore me. You close your ears to anything said by an old clod-hopper like me!"

Chang Chen-ting's eyes were wet. Stealthily wiping his tears, he said: "You've got me wrong. I don't look down on you."

"I don't mind if you do," retorted the old man. "But I do mind when they tell me that Chang Tsung-lu bought you bricks and tiles and helped build your house, that you bought the timber earmarked for the commune and got him to deliver it to you for nothing, then praised that scoundrel for being so capable. All these things disgusted the villagers and made me so angry, I decided never to speak to you again."

Chang Chen-ting sat with his cigarette, leaning his head on his hand, saying nothing.

"You've treated all my words as hot air," the old stockman continued. "But just think, have you done right by any of us? Here are you and Hsu, two of my three young work-mates of those days. You say Hsu always tries to 'show off'. Then let me ask you: if Hsu can go to the work-site whenever he's got time to work with us, why don't you 'show off', as you call it, the same way? Instead you're wearing that fur coat of Landlord Chang Shou-jen's!"

Chang Chen-ting's face flushed bright red. Old Chang Tai's words pelted down on him like hail-stones, stinging him to the quick. Sweat began streaming down his forehead.

Hsu stood up again. Touching Chiang-yung's shoulder, he said, "Look at Chiang-yung, son of Chang Kai, who laid down his life for the revolution. Why, he's never even seen his father's face!" Whenever Hsu mentioned Chiang-yung's father, his blood seethed and his heart grew heavy. "On the last day of his life I held Chang Kai in my arms while the medical orderly dressed his wound. It was fatal. As he lay dying, he gazed at me through closing eyelids and urged me, 'When you go back to the motherland to help build our socialist society, don't forget to double your efforts. . . . Do



your share as well as mine in the service of the Party and the people. . . .”

Chiang-yung glanced at Hsu. His heart was in such a tumult, he could not help joining in. “In my family, my father and the two generations before him toiled like beasts of burden, so cruelly ground down by the landlords that some died, others fled. Only in my father’s days were we liberated. Then my father laid down his life for the Party and the people. If I don’t follow in his footsteps and go all out for revolution as he did, I’m not worthy to be his son.”

“Well said!” Hsu, standing with arms akimbo, his blood racing, added, “Thousands upon thousands of revolutionary martyrs have given their lives in the interest of the people. Some of them saw New China before they fell. But how many more of them didn’t even see it when they sacrificed their lives? They are all worthy to be called true Communists. They didn’t see victory with their own eyes, but we have. They didn’t enjoy the happiness victory brought, but we have. We’ve better clothes, food and houses than ever they had. But if we forget their sacrifice and stop halfway on the revolutionary course, only caring for our own comfort and calculating our own personal interests, that’s betrayal!”

“Exactly! You have the right word for it,” Old Chang Tai threw in.

Flames leaped in the burning stove and the red coals crackled. Chang Chen-ting leaned his head on his hand, still holding his cigarette. Staring at the fire, he let his cigarette burn on and on, forgetting it.

After a long silence, he raised his head and said painfully, “My thinking seems to be . . . backsliding. . . .”

“What’s the reason?” rejoined Hsu. “We must thrash this out.” The thinking of his old comrade-in-arms was beginning to come back to the right track, gradually getting closer to the essence of his problem. Hsu advised him, “Look back and sum up past experiences. It may help. Compare your stand now with your stand during the land reform and agricultural co-operation movement. Compare your drive now with your drive during the movement to set up the people’s communes. And don’t forget who rallied around us to fight

during the Cultural Revolution. Who gave us power? And what does the Party’s basic line call on us to do now? In a word, Chang, the question is whether you want to be the people’s servant and liberate the whole of mankind or you want to become a high and mighty official — now that we’ve dethroned the emperor, are you going to drape his royal robe over yourself? This is a question that must be solved. Otherwise, learning from Tachai can only be an empty slogan. Only when you make a serious study of the writings of Marx and Lenin and Chairman Mao can all those things be seen in the right perspective and a correct answer obtained. And that answer is: you must continue to make revolution!”

“I . . . I . . .” Chang Chen-ting hung his head in shame.

“Get up at the spot where you fell,” said Hsu. “The enlarged Party committee meeting is going to be held soon. We should study things well during the meeting, listen to what the masses have to say about us and rectify our working style. I have a lot of failings too, I need the masses to help me correct them.”

“All right,” Chang said slowly. “Let the masses help us. I’ll humbly accept what they have to say. I’ve always felt . . . well, let’s say no more about it now. . . .” He broke off, at a loss for words.

Seeing the state Chang was in, Hsu thought: It’s impossible to solve ideological problems and change someone’s world outlook in one evening. Since my old comrade shows that he’s thinking over his problems and instead of being stubborn is beginning to have doubts about his past ways of doing things, that’s a victory, a significant step onward.

The Party committee meeting was held as planned. In the spacious hall of the brigade’s Class Education Exhibition Centre, the former temple where Chang Shou-jeu had strung up and beaten the poor, sat the members of Red Flag Commune’s Party committee and all the secretaries of the various brigade Party branches. All those present, young and old, men and women, were poring over copies of the *Manifesto of the Communist Party*. In the morning, all of them had taken part in the work at South Gully. The entire afternoon had been spent in study and discussions.

When the meeting entered its second phase, dealing with the rectification of working styles, the county Party committee passed down Chairman Mao's important directive on studying theory. Concentrating hard, a pen in his calloused hand, Hsu copied out the directive in his notebook:

**"Why did Lenin speak of exercising dictatorship over the bourgeoisie? It is essential to get this question clear. Lack of clarity on this question will lead to revisionism. This should be made known to the whole nation."**

**"Lenin said that 'small production engenders capitalism and the bourgeoisie continuously, daily, hourly, spontaneously, and on a mass scale'. They are also engendered among a part of the working class and of the Party membership. Both within the ranks of the proletariat and among the personnel of state and other organs there are people who take to the bourgeois style of life."**

Each time the revolution makes fresh headway, entering an important new historical stage, and the proletarian revolutionary ranks seek to make a further advance, Chairman Mao's instructions and directives always give the huge revolutionary contingent a unified aim and make the direction clear.

Greatly excited after the meeting, Hsu jumped on his bicycle and left the county seat for home.

The red-covered notebook in his pocket was like a ball of fire, setting his heart aflame. In spite of the wintry weather and the piercing wind, he felt warm, and though he had missed his noon meal his legs seemed to have inexhaustible energy. The wheels of his bike flew at top speed.

"Chairman Mao's instructions have come just at the right time," he said to himself. Though he could not fathom at once all the deep and far-reaching significance of Chairman Mao's words, the problems he had been pondering over so many sleepless nights on Uncle Chang's *kang* in the stable were now clarified, like a clear sky after the clouds have dispersed. "Chang Chen-ting's ideological problem can be solved — and completely!" he thought confidently as he pedalled along still faster.

Hands tight on the handle-bars, his head high, Hsu sped along in the teeth of the icy wind along the poplar-lined road. He wanted to get back quickly in order to pass Chairman Mao's directive on to the enlarged meeting of the Party committee as soon as possible. With Chairman Mao's theory on the necessity of the dictatorship of the proletariat as a guide, the problems before the meeting would be resolved. More than that, Hsu Sheng-chin could see the day coming soon when Red Flag Commune would make a new stride forward in the movement to learn from Tachai. And how great that stride would be!

*Illustrated by Shen Yao-yi*



## Bulldozer Wang

Spring sunshine gilded the bright bulletin board at the door of the canteen where a chart showing the emulation between two digging teams was posted. Eager young miners, rice bowls in hand, pushed their way into the crowd to peek at the miniature rockets on the board.

This board had been set up two months ago when the decision to dig a new 3,200-metre tunnel, linking together seven workable coal seams, was made. The proposal raised by Bulldozer Wang was approved by the mine's three-in-one designing team made up of workers, technicians and cadres for it aimed at fully tapping the potentials of the old mine and increasing coal output. Two shock teams composed of crack hands selected from among the best workers were to tunnel in from opposite ends. Bulldozer Wang himself and his former apprentice Liu Teh-san volunteered for the assignment and now headed a team each. A socialist labour competition began between them and this bulletin had been put up to enable everyone to see the battle results at a glance.

The rockets on the chart showed the progress of the two teams. At the moment one was much higher than the other, the higher one

being Team Two's. Led by Liu Teh-san this team had a red flag pinned by its rocket and the red flashed like a torch, catching everyone's eye and causing a lot of discussion round the bulletin.

"Last month when Team Two came out on top I thought it just a flash in the pan. Now it seems Bulldozer Wang's really going to be beaten by his own apprentice."

"It's certainly most unexpected. Last month I thought Bulldozer Wang had dropped behind because even the best horse may stumble once in a while. Who'd expect a veteran advanced worker like Wang to be left behind again? What's happened?"

"I'm afraid Wang's getting old and there's no more fire in him."

Suddenly a big man with broad shoulders came towards the canteen, a lunch box under one arm. "Speaking of the devil, here's Bulldozer Wang himself," whispered a veteran to a new arrival at the mine. Many of the new miners had heard about Wang. Now they



looked with curiosity at this much talked of man. He was in his forties. Big eyes and a prominent nose set off well his square jaws. "The greater the danger, the harder I press forward. . . ." Humming a passage from a Peking opera, he sauntered into the canteen, cheerful and relaxed.

As the green painted door swung to behind him, another buzz of comments began.

"I call that real revolutionary optimism. Why, if I were in his place I'd feel simply crushed. Imagine singing like that!"

Wang's full name was Wang Tsin. Because tunnel workers at the colliery were often called trail-blazers, people gave Wang the nickname Bulldozer. The fact that he liked to say, "Our difficulties may be mountain-high, but we'll mow them down and roll them out of the way!" helped to make the name stick.

Whenever Bulldozer Wang's name was mentioned people always raised a thumb to show their admiration for his progressive outlook and technical know-how. He was the holder of several records in tunnelling and had been elected to several conferences of advanced workers held by the mine or by the mining bureau.

When the emulation first started, many people said speculatively, "That Liu Teh-san has a nerve to take on his master. He's sure to be. . . ."

Unexpectedly, after the first month, Wang's apprentice left his master sixty metres behind. By the end of the second month, the gap amounted to one hundred and thirty metres. People looked puzzled. What ever had happened?

For lunch Bulldozer Wang bought himself two cattles of savoury wheat cakes. Having sat down, he quickly polished off more than half of his meal and then, his hunger appeased, glanced down at his watch.

"Come," beckoning to the miners at the next table, he said, "we've still a little time. Let's go over this once more." Soon, the square maroon table by which he sat was surrounded.

One of the cooks, Hsin Ying, her sleeves rolled up ready to mop the tables, imagined some important news was being passed on at Wang's table, so many people were gathered round it. Hastily tuck-

ing back a tuft of hair that had escaped from her white cap, she pressed nearer to see what was happening, one hand still clutching her mop cloth. Across the shoulders of the others, she saw to her surprise Wang poking holes into what was left of a big wheat cake.

"Hey, you there!" cried the girl, her voice high and shrill. "You're an old miner. What do you mean by playing with good food? Is this the sort of example to set the young ones?" Loud though her voice was, Wang continued without bothering to raise his head. Hsin Ying was mad now. Pushing aside two younger miners, she reached Wang's side.

"Why are you spoiling good food?" she cried. "Didn't you hear me?"

Wang looked up, taken aback. "Yes, I heard you," he said smiling. "Don't worry, every bit of this food will find its way into my stomach." He bent his head once more and was soon poking more holes into the cake. Chao Ta-meng, a young miner who knew Hsin Ying's quick temper, told her with a smile, "Our team is tunnelling and has come to an igneous rock so hard it's like solid metal. A blast makes only a small indent. Master Wang's telling us how to make multiple blasting holes." Hsin Ying made a face and slipped off with her mop cloth.

Leaving the canteen, Wang put on overalls to go down the pit. The first shift, working at the end of the tunnel, was busy boring blasting holes, their pneumatic drill held tight while water dripped on their heads. Water mingled with beads of sweat rolled down their faces but nobody bothered to wipe it off. Wang stepped up to Han, one of his top-notch drillers. Helping him to prop up the drill, he asked above the din, "Not enough time for another blast — only ten minutes or so before you go off — why are you still drilling?"

"Won't that make it easier for the next shift? They can start blasting right away. We've got to seize every second. Our team's been left so far behind." Han had to shout too to be heard.

All those bustling sweating figures around him touched Wang. He nodded and tightened his grip on the drill.

In a few minutes Chao and the others came on. By the time they were to bore new blasting holes, Wang told them, "This time let's

drill the holes the new way. We can compare the results." Then he started drilling with renewed energy. The whole work-face buzzed and boomed like a battlefield.

There was a succession of blasts. Dust rolled and smoke whirled. A strong smell of gunpowder assailed the nostrils. Without waiting until the dust settled, Wang rushed in eagerly. He beamed at sight of the big piles of rock at his feet. Chao pressed over too. "How wonderful this new way is, Master Wang. We'll be able to progress twice as fast as before."

Using both brains and muscles, Shock Team One worked desperately for several months. The gap between the two teams gradually narrowed from one hundred and thirty metres to one hundred then eighty and then forty. The discussion before the bulletin board took a new turn.

"They've met their match all right. The two teams have come to the 'finals' stage."

"Ginger is hottest when it's old. Wang's got what it takes. Now he can hum the passage from the opera about pursuing in victory."

But Bulldozer Wang was not as happy as people expected him to be.

In the deep purple of twilight, the undulating mountain range turned from grey to black, melting quickly into the darkness of night. All the miners had gone off shift but a light still burned in Shock Team One's office. Eyes fixed on a progress chart on the wall Bulldozer Wang pulled silently on his pipe. A few minutes later the door banged, admitting a young miner in his early twenties. From his features to the build of his sturdy frame, he was the split image of Wang except for the sparkle of youth in his eyes. This son of Wang's was named Chi-hsien. He was a fine driller of blasting holes. Passing the office on his way back from a Youth League branch meeting, he had come in to see why the light was still on. There sat his father, brows tightly knit, puffing at his pipe and muttering to himself: "After the soft shale comes the limestone and the limestone is close to the igneous rock."

Chi-hsien was most surprised. His father had not even puckered an eyebrow during the few months when they fell far behind the other

team. He had merely said, "Difficulties may pile up like the mountains but we'll mow them down. We'll roll them out of our way." Now that victory was in sight, why had the old man started to worry? Peering into his face, Chi-hsien said, "In another couple of months, we'll catch up and pass Team Two. What are you worried about?" Wang shook his head without a word. This puzzled young Wang even more.

He knew from experience that his father was a man hard to fathom. He still remembered how, when he first started to drill, he kept breaking the long steel bits. He did not know why that happened and was frightened he'd get a severe dressing-down. But his father had not been angry.

"You can't do it that way!" The old man came to his side. "You've got to hold the drill right and adjust your tool so that the water comes out at the correct angle. Select your point and steady your arm so as not to shake the drill." Wang demonstrated as he talked to make it easier for the young man. Sometimes when Chi-hsien couldn't space his holes just right, his father taught him how. "Here, I'll help you hold the drill while you locate the point." He was very patient and painstaking. But if you made the mistake of setting up a prop the least bit crooked, Wang came cracking down at once. Chi-hsien hadn't thought it really mattered, but Wang would glower: "Do you think you can get away with speed at the expense of quality and economy? When you do such slipshod work, you're not being responsible to the people and the revolution. Take it down and reset it!"

While Chi-hsien wondered what was going on in his father's mind, Bulldozer Wang cleared his throat. The next moment he had left the room. Chi-hsien could do nothing but slip quietly home.

Outside there was a misty moon and it was bitterly cold. Like clusters of stars, lights dotting the hillside trembled in the chill air. Wang pulled his jacket tighter and strode towards the office of Team Two. When a knock on the door brought no reply, he pushed the door open to find the room empty. An open volume of the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* lay on the desk beside a red-covered notebook.

Wang picked up the notebook for a closer look. Surprise and understanding lit up his serious deep-set eyes.

"So, that's why," he muttered. "I knew you weren't the type to knuckle under easily. I just couldn't understand why you let us catch up with you so swiftly. Ah... so the cause of the trouble is here..." He put down the notebook and began to think. First he blamed his apprentice for not letting him know the real situation, then he blamed himself for being so absorbed in the task of tackling the igneous rock that he had not shown enough concern for Team Two.

Dawn came and tinted the tall pit-head gear in a rosy glow. The slogan "Go all out, aim high and achieve greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism" blazed in fiery red. In the light of early morning, Bulldozer Wang arrived at the office of Team Two with his second and third best drillers, Chao and Han, each of them carrying three brand-new steel bits.

Young team leader Liu Teh-san was giving his men a pre-shift pep talk. Standing with one foot on a bench, he was like his master even in the posture he took. His voice was full of confidence and power. Son of a miner, he started work under Wang the day he joined the mine. Just turned thirty, he was strongly built and quick in the uptake. In less than three years he became known in the mine as an able tunnel worker, good at drilling, setting up props, paving the way and every kind of work.

It was Wang, his master, who suggested that he be put at the head of Team Two. Liu felt the weight of his responsibility in the beginning, being young and not so experienced. When Wang discovered that he was worried, he told him, "What are you afraid of? Big trees take years to grow and good metal is not steeled in one firing. You need tempering. What's more, if anything goes wrong now,



you have the Party organization and so many people to help you. Just be bold and go ahead."

Liu Teh-san realized that his master was carrying some of the burden of his responsibility for him. His love and respect for the older man increased. He tried to be like Wang whenever difficulties cropped up. He would study Chairman Mao's writings. He would consult the members of his team. When some of the others in his team felt depressed, he talked to them about the excellent situation at home and abroad as he knew his master would do. His own voice, full of confidence in victory, warmed the workers' hearts. Now, imitating the way Old Wang talked, he was saying, "Comrades, this project we are working on will rejuvenate our old mine so that we can increase

coal output and contribute more to the socialist construction of our motherland. Just think how much this battle we are fighting will mean. The Party and the people have their eyes on us. Can we be frightened by the bit of trouble before us?" He paused before continuing in a voice full of pride, "What care we if hardships pile up into a mountain, we'll mow them down. . . ." At this point Wang entered with his men. Picking up where Liu had left off, he said, "We'll join forces to do battle and win victory." Liu seized Wang's hand. "Master," he cried, "why are you. . . ?"

Chao, always impatient, said, "We've come to help you."

Wang turned round to glare at Chao. Then he explained, "Not exactly to help you. But these two here would like to work on your team for a bit."

Naturally Liu wouldn't accept such a generous offer. "Don't worry about us, master. Our team's doing all right. We're not in trouble. Besides, your own team's been working against such odds. . . ." Wang did not let him finish. He went up to the younger man and took the red-covered notebook from his pocket, turning to the page with a paragraph written in uneven lines:

"For the last month our team's been battling with extra hard igneous rock. To make matters worse our two crack drillers are laid up. We've also broken a number of steel bits. We're up against it all right. But we are workers armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. As long as we trust and rely on the masses, integrate our drive with a scientific attitude, and declare war on the igneous rocks, there's no rock stratum we can't pierce!"

Bulldozer Wang gave Liu Teh-san a look as if to say, "I know you won't come clean unless I produce evidence."

Sharp-tongued Chao Ta-meng couldn't hold back any longer. "Listen Liu, our Master Wang's got hold of your secrets long ago. This morning when he told us you people were having a hard time, all of us wanted to come and help out. We're all one family, so why should you stand on ceremony with us? Don't you remember last year when Master Wang was away at a conference, how much help you gave us? Now that you're fighting against difficulties, why shouldn't we come to do what we can?"

"Last month when we had trouble with our pump," put in Han, "didn't you lend us your good one?"

Liu laughed. "That was only right. After all, you people were tackling the harder end."

"Now that you've run into trouble, shouldn't we do the same by you?" Wang knew this was a good chance to drive the point home.

Liu was tongue-tied now. Party secretary Old Keng happened to come in at that moment and, considering him a possible ally, Wang told him everything from beginning to end. Keng punched Liu on the shoulder. "You needn't try to keep your troubles secret any longer. Our Party branch already knows about them and is planning to help you out. We didn't know your master would get in first. Well, you two may as well go in for some mutual aid." With Party Secretary Keng talking so convincingly, Liu could do nothing but agree.

Jubilant at this turn of events, the other miners were all raring to go when Wang's son Chi-hsien came in without a word and took his father to the door. Stopping outside under a locust tree, he pulled a long face. "Dad, why are you so set against my helping out in Team Two?"

"Hm," hedged Wang. "I was afraid you might give it too much 'careful thought'." At that Chi-hsien squirmed, flushing all over, for there was a story behind these words.

It had happened when the two teams were discussing how to divide the work. Young Wang had heard somewhere that one end of the tunnel started in soft shale, the other in hard igneous rock. A few minutes before the meeting to assign the two teams their tasks, Chi-hsien ran panting to his father's side.

"Dad, listen," he said, his face full of mystery. "If we don't come out on top in this competition, we'll lose face. Now, the key to winning lies in today's meeting when you decide which end of the tunnel you'll choose. Mind you use your head now."

Chi-hsien felt there was no need to say more. He was sure his father would take the hint. However, looking up he saw that Wang's bushy brows were drawn into a thick line. The older man strode



off without a word to the meeting. Still worried that his father would not ask for the softer end, Chi-hsien called after him, "Dad, when you choose our team's place, mind you give it careful thought." Wang started at that and turned to cast his son a stern glance. "Yes, this calls for careful thought," he answered.

Back home that evening, Bulldozer Wang was furious. He was on the verge of giving his son a thorough tongue-lashing when he remembered that he shouldn't behave like a feudal patriarch at home. How could he lecture his family like a despot? He was a Communist and must rely on Mao Tsetung Thought to educate people. When young people went astray in their thinking, it was up to him to lead them back to the right track. And so instead of lecturing Chi-hsien, he told him about his own life. Orphaned at the age of three, he had begged for food to keep alive until he started to work in the mine at twelve. He talked about the bitterness of his own childhood and went on to the happy life in the new society. He contrasted Liu Shao-chi's wrong line and use of "material incentives" and "prizes" with the socialist labour emulation guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Of course Chi-hsien had heard something of all this before, but never was his heart so deeply touched as now. His eyes were moist when his father finally said, "Don't forget, son, that there are many suffering people still not liberated in this world. Although we miners work deep in the bowels of the earth, we mustn't let the layers of rocks block our vision. We should see the bright prospect of communism." Chi-hsien nodded. "I understand now."

That was nearly six months ago. Since then Wang Chi-hsien had made much progress. But his father was wary lest wrong thinking still lurked somewhere in the young man's mind. Hence he thought it necessary to recall this earlier incident.

Chi-hsien looked aggrieved. "Dad, you're talking of dialectics all the time and emphasize the fact that things change and develop continually. So why keep looking at me with your old eyes? I understood long ago."

"Really? Suppose you tell me why you want to go and work in Team Two?"

"Aren't you always saying that they are tunnelling and we are tunnelling and we all do it for the revolution? Besides, there's plenty I could learn from Team Two if I'm modest enough."

This conversation between father and son delighted Secretary Keng who happened to overhear it. He told himself that only an exacting teacher could bring up a really fine youngster.

Chi-hsien could see his father was no longer adamant. To strike while the iron was hot, he went in and brought out the Party secretary.

"Well, you know the situation better than I," Secretary Keng told Wang. "Can you spare them three of your men?"

Chi-hsien, still worried about his father, put in quickly, "Although we're still a couple of metres behind them, dad, that's nothing. If Team Two can't keep up their old pace, it'll affect the whole work. That's more important, isn't it?"

"The whole work!" The wrinkles on Bulldozer's face smoothed out. His son had answered his test paper to his full satisfaction. Now, in using the new method, Chi-hsien was the acknowledged number one hole driller in Team One. But, to try him out, Bulldozer had purposely refused to let him go with the others. Having satisfied himself that his son's thinking was way above the level of six months ago, he whacked his palm and said: "All right, make it three then." Young Chi-hsien jumped with joy and the Party secretary too looked very pleased.

A couple of months flew by. The two rockets on the bulletin board shot up quickly. Although Team Two still led by thirty metres or so, people were not misled by simple figures for a verse pasted in a corner of the bulletin told the whole story:

Like a spring tide we race for revolution,  
All full of drive and not to be outdone;  
No end to the new deeds our men are doing,  
Just take the case of Shock Team One.  
Last year when the work was assigned,  
They vied for the heavier with fearless ardour;  
Unlike, the two ends of the tunnel,  
Yet they gladly tackled the harder.

They charged to take each hurdle in their stride,  
Racing after us without a second's delay;  
So that when our team ran into trouble,  
Who came to our aid but they?  
Men and tools, they supplied the lot,  
And the know-how of miners who no hardship shirk;  
Team One lives up to its fine reputation  
With its communist style of work!

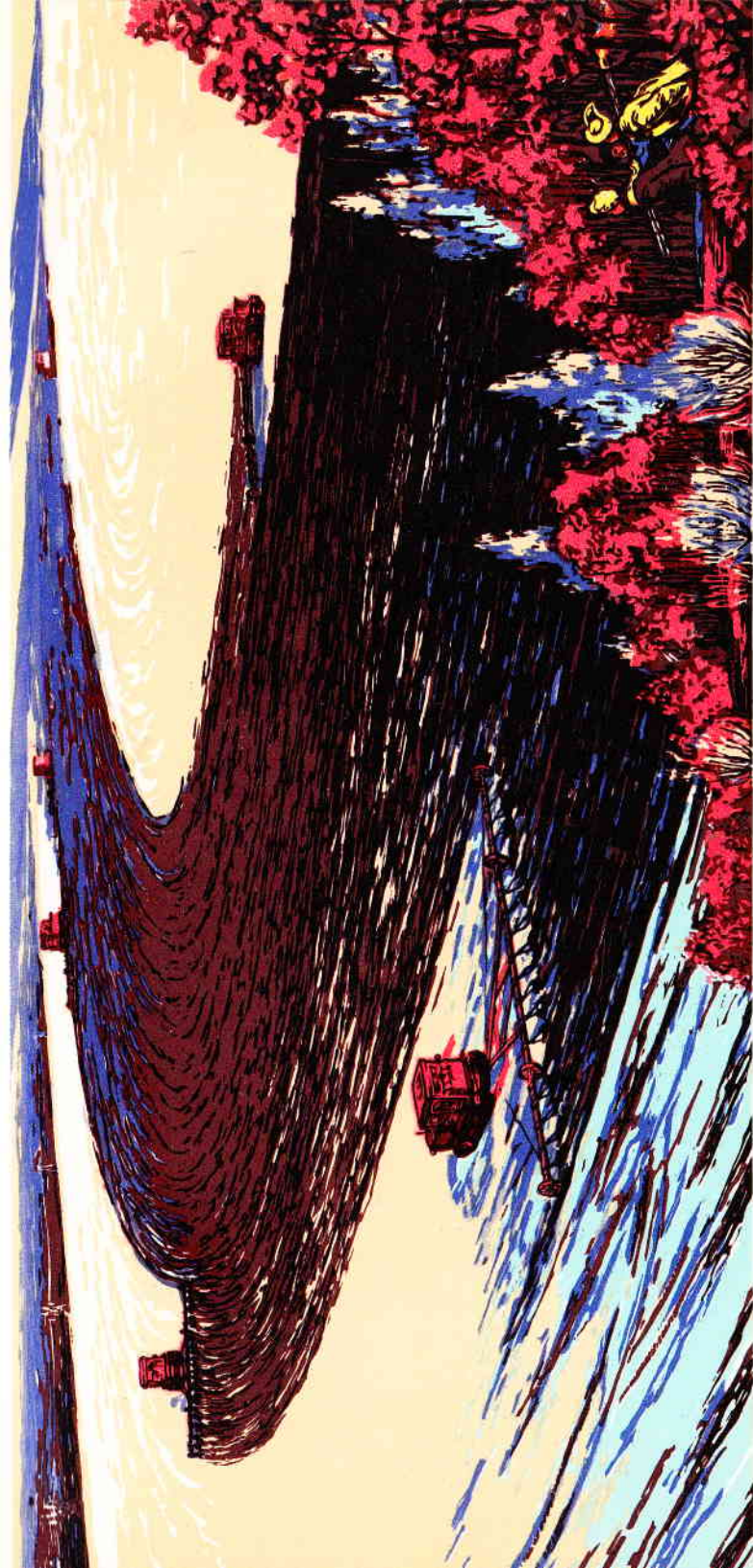
This verse was signed: All members of Shock Team Two. It made people understand at last what had been puzzling them for months. A chorus of praise rose from the crowd around the bulletin board.

Meanwhile the socialist emulation continued with ever greater vigour.

*Illustrated by Chen Yu-hsien*

---

Spring Preparations (woodcut)  
by Chen Li-ping



## Transplanting the Saplings

The PLA railway engineering unit was busy clearing the way for a new railway line when Ku Hsiao-yu joined it, fresh from the training centre for new recruits.

One day as Fang Ming, a veteran fighter, was sawing a tree with him, Ku looked up and wondered aloud: "Don't you think our squad leader's a bit. . ."

"A bit what?" Fang countered, stopping work.

"A bit, well, *strict!*"

"Then you've to be more watchful," someone broke in. Looking round Ku saw Yeh Cheng-ching standing right behind him. Ku grinned sheepishly. "So it's you, squad leader."

Looking at the young man's bare hands, Yeh pulled off his work gloves and pressed them on the surprised Ku who had been mulling over his squad leader's warning.

Axes thudded and saws rasped all over the work-site. Row upon row of trees fell while bushes full of thorns and high weeds disappeared. The work was in full swing when Yeh came running up. "Wait a minute, comrades," he shouted.

"What's the matter?" Fang asked anxiously.

Expectant eyes turned towards Yeh who wiped the sweat from his forehead, then explained, "I've just had another look around, comrades. I think we should save the one hundred-odd pine saplings in our section. Not a single one should be cut down."

"I don't agree," Ku boomed like a shot. Knowing Yeh's straightforward manner, Ku spoke his mind, "Don't you realize there's no time to lose? We can't let a hundred saplings hold up the work."

Yeh was astonished. Then he recalled an incident that had occurred a few days before and a thoughtful look came over his face.

He and Ku had argued about how to cut down a big tree until both men became aggravated. Yeh maintained they should saw nearer the ground than Ku wanted to, and neither would give in. Finally, Ku lost patience and burst out: "You're so busy trying to get a few extra inches of wood that you haven't even noticed the terrain here."

He had a point there. They would have to squat to cut the tree lower, which meant they couldn't use their full strength. Yeh set to shovelling to level the ground round the tree. Then he said, "Let's switch. You take my end." They took hold of the saw, but the same quarrel began once more.

"Lower," Yeh directed.

"But we'll have to saw close to the ground then," Ku muttered.

"That's right."

Ku could no longer restrain himself. The words he'd held back now shot out like bullets from a machine-gun. "Then do it yourself if you're so good at it!" He flung away the saw and plumped down some distance away, fuming.

After a while, the squad leader went over to Ku and said conciliatorily, "Come on. Don't throw a tantrum. If you have objections, you can raise them later on. Now let's get on with it." He handed Ku one end of the saw and the two resumed their work.

It was Yeh who'd finally broken the silence: "Whatever the job, Young Ku, we must never forget the correct orientation. Take cutting trees. If we slant the saw, the cut won't be straight."

"But we've left stumps no higher than the norm."

"That's right. But we should keep a still higher standard in mind."

That sounded reasonable enough, but Ku couldn't straighten out his ideas all at once. He was thinking: "Still and all, you are a bit too. . . ."

The incident hadn't been mentioned since and Ku had long forgotten it. But not Yeh. In the light of that incident, Yeh was not astonished by Ku's latest outburst. He calmly suggested they hold a discussion.

At the meeting Ku again fired the first shot. He argued that one hundred saplings were only a drop of water compared to the vast sea of forest. Carried away, he concluded bluntly, "Which is heavier, squad leader, three melons or two dates? You're just being obstinate. No wonder. . . ." He suddenly broke off.

"Ku, you're. . ." Fang began, but Yeh cut in: "Go on, Young Ku." Yeh wanted to hear Ku out to better gauge the new fighter's thinking. "Go ahead and tell us," the squad leader urged.

"I've nothing more to say." Embarrassed, Ku clamped his lips tightly.

Yeh did not insist. But after supper he went over to Ku. "Let's go out for a walk and have a talk, Young Ku."

"You can talk to your heart's content," Ku thought morosely. "But I still haven't said my last word."

They left the camp and strolled along the highway, talking.

"I know you haven't spoken your mind, Young Ku." The squad leader seemed to have read the young man's thoughts.

Ku spoke frankly: "I admire you in many ways, squad leader, but you're a bit. . . ."

"A bit what?" Yeh encouraged him.

"Hasn't anyone ever told you?"

"Tell me what you think."

"People say you're too . . . strict." The word had come out at last.

Yeh laughed, then replied, "You know, I think I'm not strict enough. For instance, last time when we were making tools, Fang Ming broke the rules by chopping down a sapling. And I haven't even got round to criticizing him."

Ku flushed. He opened his mouth, but was too ashamed to speak.

"Whatever we do," Yeh continued, "we should never forget that our army's sole aim is to serve the people whole-heartedly. When we were in the Ching Kang Mountains, we wouldn't take even a needle and thread from the masses; during the War of Liberation, we didn't eat one apple belonging to the people. How can we abandon this glorious tradition of ours now? How can we destroy the state's resources just because we're building a railway?"

Too moved to continue, Yeh climbed a hill and gazed into the distance. Before him, the boundless forest stretched to the horizon like rolling billows.

"Young Ku," he resumed, his voice trembling with emotion. "The building of socialism can be compared to this vast forest, that continually renews itself. Don't you think our revolutionary tradition should be renewed too?"

The squad leader's words went to Ku's heart. He did not interrupt as he usually did, for his mind was in a tumult. Involuntarily he slowed his pace.

"Hurry up, Young Ku," Yeh shouted to him.

Looking up he found that he had lagged far behind the squad leader. He hurriedly caught up with Yeh and confessed, "Squad leader, I'm the one who cut down that young pine-tree."

The squad leader was delighted, for he had known all along that Ku had done it, but had been waiting for him to bring it up himself. "I'm glad you've admitted your mistake. But why didn't you speak out sooner?"

"I didn't think it was that important. Besides, I didn't cut it down on purpose. And then Fang Ming said that as a veteran he should bear the responsibility. So I didn't..." Overcome with regret, he let his voice trail away. "Criticize me, squad leader," he pleaded.

"There's no need. You've seen the light yourself."

"But what about those saplings?"

"We'll transplant them," the squad leader declared resolutely.

The following morning, Yeh led his squad to the work-site. The rising sun hung brilliant in the sky ahead. On the way Fang Ming



deliberately turned to Ku and asked, "Say, Ku, don't you think our squad leader's a bit, er... Oh, you know what I mean."

Ku riposted with mock sternness: "A veteran fighter ought to think more carefully before speaking." The men roared with laughter.

The saplings were soon dug up and replanted in a fertile place. Since they were having a dry spell, the squad leader led his men in fetching water from over three miles away. They watered the trees and loosened the soil round them morning and evening. The men had a special place in their hearts for those young pines.

As the saplings turned green, the day the squad leader was to be demobilized drew nearer. Ku couldn't bear to see him go. On the

day of his departure, Yeh led his men to loosen the soil and water the trees for the last time. Then, before the grove of young pines, he gripped the new squad leader's hand and told him: "Comrade Fang Ming, I'm leaving today. I entrust these saplings to you. I hope you'll carry on our army's glorious tradition and keep them for ever green."

"Squad leader!" Ku stepped forward and took hold of Yeh's hand, too moved to speak.

"Comrade Ku Hsiao-yu," Yeh said, "take this shovel as a remembrance." He handed it to Ku.

"Young Ku," Fang Ming added, "the handle was made from the young pine-tree you inadvertently cut down. Treasure it as a reminder of our squad leader's deep concern."

The arrow-straight handle was finely polished. Engraved on it were the words "Carry the revolutionary tradition forward to win still greater victories".

Ku gripped the shovel tightly, his heart beating fast.

*Illustrated by Liu Pai-jung*

## SKETCHES

*Hsu Kang*

### The Creators of Spring

Many have sung the praise of Ching kangshan in springtime, their hearts thrilled by the cascading waterfalls, the orioles and swallows, the flaming azalea blossoms and the orchids which cover the mountains. Now, though winter reigns, all the trees on Ching kangshan seem to me to be just as flourishing, as full of vitality.

Stepping into this sea of forests, I part the thick layers of fallen leaves and find that pine-seeds are sprouting although it is still winter. Climbing up to Huangyangchieh, one can see eagles soaring towards its snowy summit: first one, then several, then whole flocks of them. Their proud cries pierce the air, re-echoing in the valleys below. . . .

This adds to the grandeur, the majesty of the mountains, making everyone more entranced and enrapt by the sight. Ching kangshan, when did your winter first become imbued with such fighting vigour? A veteran of the old insurrectionary detachment and a boy of the new generation here answer my question: Ever since that winter of 1927, Ching kangshan has changed — its mountains are greener, its trees more luxuriant, its water sweeter, its people's hearts red as fire! In those days the local people made this song:



New Year is here, New Year is here,  
We take axes and sickles in hand;  
In the depth of winter flowers bloom on the hills;  
We smash the despots and share out the land.  
New Year is here, New Year is here,  
How different this from any past New Year!  
Commissioner Mao has come to Ching kangshan,  
All birds are singing, brooks flow sweet and clear!

That was when the spark of fire on Ching kangshan burst into flame. By those mountain brooks, those bamboo groves and thatched huts, in those months of hard pioneering and high endeavour Chairman Mao led the Red Army fighters, wearing straw sandals in the bitter cold and sleeping on planks with nothing but straw for cover, to drive back hundreds of thousands of Kuomintang troops. Just a spark of fire, yet it was to set the whole of China ablaze! If not for that winter of 1927, would the establishment of the People's Republic of China have been proclaimed on the first of October 1949? If not for the spark of ever-blazing fire on Ching kangshan, would there have been salvos and fireworks to celebrate festivals at Tien An Men? If not for the crimson azaleas on the graves of Red Army martyrs, would a hundred flowers be blossoming today all over our motherland? Ah, winter of 1927, you will always have a glorious place in the annals of the Chinese revolution.

Forty-eight years have since passed. It is now the winter of 1975 and the first heavy snow of the year has just fallen. What are the people of Ching kangshan thinking and doing? How do the mountains look today? Let us go first to Big Well where Chairman Mao led Red Army troops to fight. Seated by the red wall of the house where Chairman Mao stayed, a charcoal brazier before us, a former leader of the insurrectionary detachment and a comrade of the local Party committee tell me: Two years from now will be the fiftieth anniversary of the setting up of the revolutionary base by Chairman Mao. What can we do to celebrate this glorious commemoration? What achievements can we report to Chairman Mao? We must further transform our mountains, the faster the better! This said, they recall with deep feeling how Chairman Mao revisited Ching kangshan in May 1965. When our great leader came here, he slept on a plank

bed just as in the old days, with a white cloth bedding which he had brought for cover. In the daytime he had long talks with the local people, who bared their hearts to him; and at night his light stayed on till very late as he sat for hours writing at his desk. . . .

How I envy that old comrade of the local Party committee! Ten years ago he saw Chairman Mao and was photographed with him, and he also read the chairman's poem *Ching kangshan Revisited*.

With tears of joy in his eyes, he recited this brilliant poem. At once I seemed to hear the babbling of brooks carried by the spring breeze and the orioles singing in the woods; I seemed to see the stately pines guarding the approach to Huangyangchieh and the highway winding up the mountain to reach the clouds. . . . This poem and the memorable spring of 1965 are indelibly imprinted in the minds of Ching kangshan's people, who have indeed shown the thorough-going revolutionary spirit described in the lines:

**We can clasp the moon in the Ninth Heaven,**

**And seize turtles deep down in the Five Seas.**

In this spirit they achieved a great victory in the Cultural Revolution and the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius. They are for ever transforming Ching kangshan.

In little over a month during the winter of 1975, the Ching kangshan Party committee led more than thirteen hundred people at Big Well to raze a small hill, change the course of three streams, and transform more than seven hundred irregular plots of land into eight big fields. These square fields are enclosed by stone embankments, and



water gurgles through their straight irrigation ditches. . . . The north wind is howling now, the deep snow has not yet melted, long icicles hang from the borders of the ditches; but the poor and lower-middle peasants of Big Well declare with infinite pride, "With our own hands we are going to create spring!" Under those fluttering red flags work is in full swing in each field. Each hilltop is verdant with spring. Singing and laughter sound from every side. This is Ching-kangshan's winter and also Ching-kangshan's spring!

As I climb the mountain road I think over these words: With our own hands we are going to create spring. I recall that this also formed the subject of a lively conversation which I had with some youngsters when I first came here and spent the night at Sanwan Village. Some of those youngsters were from Kiangsi Province, but there was also young Yao who after being demobbed from the army had decided not to go back to the cities but to come here to work on the land, as well as Ying who had chosen to be a peasant after graduation from college, and another girl from the northern frontier of our motherland. . . .

It was just an ordinary winter night in Sanwan. The stars were twinkling, a bright moon lit up the ground. From time to time maple trees rustled. In our room the glowing charcoal in the brazier cast a rosy light on the faces of the young people as we spoke of the stirring times on the revolutionary road, spoke of the winters and springs of Ching-kangshan. Yes, in the history of the proletarian revolution, spring remains the true symbol of our communist tomorrow. When these youngsters first came to Ching-kangshan and saw the slogan cut on a stone wall by former Red Army men, "Our sickles cut through past traditions; our axes carve out a new world", they thought it over at length, pondering how best to follow in the footsteps of their fore-runners on the revolutionary path. Then these young people with high ideals vowed to themselves: The older generation charged the enemy to topple the three big mountains of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism, and we must fight hard too to eliminate the three big differences between workers and peasants, between the cities and the countryside, and between brain work and manual labour. Old traditional ideas weigh as heavily as a mountain, but these young-

sters are determined to cut through them with their sickles and smash them with their axes. They have taken up the unfinished task of the past revolutionaries to build the new world of communism. Breaking the fetters of old ideas, they are melting the ice and snow with their flaming fervour to usher in the spring. They have already taken the first step in their ascent of the mountain.

It was a very significant first step. When young Yao came to Sanwan, the first test for him was carrying loads with a shoulder-pole up the mountain. The path disappeared in places as it wound up the cliffs, and viewed from below it looked like a straw rope suspended from the clouds. As the young man climbed up, his pole over his shoulder, the track grew steeper and steeper, his load heavier and heavier. When he stopped halfway to rest, an old local peasant showed him how to climb, how to negotiate turnings, how to shift his load from one shoulder to the other. At this point a veteran Red Guard would clear his throat and, a smile lighting up his face, sing a folk-song describing how Chairman Mao carried grain up Ching-kangshan.

Green the bamboos on Ching-kangshan's high hills,  
What fine and sturdy shoulder-poles they make!  
Commissioner Mao is toting grain uphill,  
Thousands of fighters follow in his wake.

Along the path up which Chairman Mao carried grain young Yao climbed resolutely until his shoulders became stronger and stronger. Eyeing the fresh young bamboos on the hill and watching Yao climb while eagles circled over his head, the Sanwan peasants told each other with delight: "Lads like this can carry loads however heavy."

Yes, Ching-kangshan has been transformed, its hills, fields and streams have changed out of recognition; but the most important change is that in the people. Though the hair of the former members of the insurrectionary detachments and Red Guards has turned white, they have lost none of their old fire; while a new generation of youngsters with lofty ideals is already following bravely in their steps up the mountain path. How should we view these young hopefuls of the new generation?



When Ying decided to go to Ching kangshan in response to Chairman Mao's call to study the theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat, some people protested or even asked caustically, "What's the idea? When you've the chance of a good job why choose such a hard life?" She flashed back incisively, "In Russia under the revisionists a university diploma is a commodity. Our way must be the opposite of theirs. As the Communist Manifesto says, we must make a complete break with old traditional ideas, to work for the liberation of mankind and the dawn of communism."

Yes, this is the way to combat and prevent revisionism by taking up and continuing the revolution. In this way young Yao and Ying began a new life on Ching kangshan. There are blood blisters on their hands and mud on their clothes, but their constant concern is how to bring in the spring of communism as quickly as possible. The climb before them is hard and tortuous but they are deterred neither by fear nor self-interest. Big rivers have their source in mountain brooks, saplings grow into a forest. The newly born is invincible. In the hearts of the younger generation on Ching kangshan are the seeds of flowers, victory, a glorious future. . . .

What if the ice and snow have not yet melted? I know from the

battles past and present at Ching kangshan that only weak grasses perish in the winter, only cowards flee from storms. The new shoots piercing the earth cannot be wiped out. Those who aspire to a magnificent spring and will fight for its realization are utterly fearless.

Ah, Ching kangshan, beloved mountains, I shall always remember the exhilaration and broadening of vision I experienced as I



climbed up to Huangyangchieh. Taking deep breaths of the air purified by snow, I felt my heart leap up within me; listening to the skylark's warbling, I sensed suddenly that spring was all around me. As I gazed at the road winding up the mountain I remembered Marx's saying that those who are the first to plunge whole-heartedly into a new life are greatly to be envied. The two generations who have fought and are fighting on Ching kangshan to create the spring of communism are people of this kind, people most to be envied.

Let us once more read aloud Chairman Mao's magnificent lines:

**Nothing is hard in this world**

**If you dare to scale the heights.**

In the not far distant future, we shall see all the fresh sprigs of revolution on Ching kangshan burgeon like bamboo shoots after rain to flower and bear fruit in the hearts of millions, the hearts of our whole generation.

*Illustrated by Tung Chen-sheng*

## A Visit to Shashihyu

Shashihyu, in the northeast of Hopei Province, was known for its "barren hills and dearth of water". Outlying ranges of the Yenshan Mountains, their crags worn down by centuries of erosion, cluster in a circle here; and scattered through this circle live the hundred or so households of Shashihyu. If the topography is likened to a basin, it would be more accurate to call it a stone basin, its sides and bottom all being of hard rocks. According to the village elders, although this place is by no means remote people only began to live here about a hundred and fifty years ago. Peasants forced to leave their own villages came here and tenaciously tilled the rock crevices to grow grain. To get drinking water they had to walk more than a dozen *li*. The plots of land they claimed were no bigger than "a basin, a bowl or a straw hat". Shashihyu was a byword for poverty.

Chairman Mao's call "Get organized!" pointed out the socialist road to the people in Shashihyu. The villagers stood up dauntlessly, formed mutual-aid teams and organized agricultural co-operatives. They worked together to challenge their "barren hills and dearth of

water". In 1957, they not only put an end to their history of eating relief grain but sold 5,700 catties of surplus grain to the state. This was very little compared to the over a hundred thousand catties they sell each year now, but it was a tremendous and lasting encouragement for the Shashihyu people. In the winter of that same year, when their old Party secretary went to Peking to see an agricultural exhibition, he got hold of a copy of Chairman Mao's brilliant work *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. He hurried back that same night to Shashihyu to fire the co-op members with the revolutionary determination to use their own two hands, just as the Foolish Old Man had done, to transform the countryside. The villagers, men and women, old and young, gathered on a slope, wielding pick-axes and spades, carrying stones and earth. By toiling for ninety days and nights they combined small plots the size of "basins" and "bowls" into a three-*mu* terraced field, the biggest in Shashihyu. It was a red-letter day when, for the first time, they ploughed this field with a draught animal!

That made them aim higher, gave them fresh drive, and they battled on for seven or eight winters and springs until they had transformed the 23,000 small plots on slopes and in gullies into over 6,600 flat terraced fields. Then, advancing in victory, they sank wells, dug ditches, planted fruit trees and afforested the bare slopes. Their "barren hills and dearth of water" turned into "rich hills with abundant water" and the average output per *mu* soared to more than 900 catties. The commune members' life improved, they made new clothes, built new houses and started putting money in the bank. Today, the commune has accumulated a public fund of over 300,000 yuan and stored over 300,000 catties of grain. Shashihyu is also known far and wide as a model brigade in learning from Tachai.

The old Party secretary led me along a dirt road built on the rocks.

We walked through a stable filled with horses and mules.

We passed a yard where tractors and rubber-tired carts were parked.

We skirted a piggery which was full of fat pigs.

Hills with distinctive silhouettes rose all around us. I turned round slowly to enjoy the sight. Starting with the pass in the south from which I had entered Shashihyu, I gazed east, north and west and then



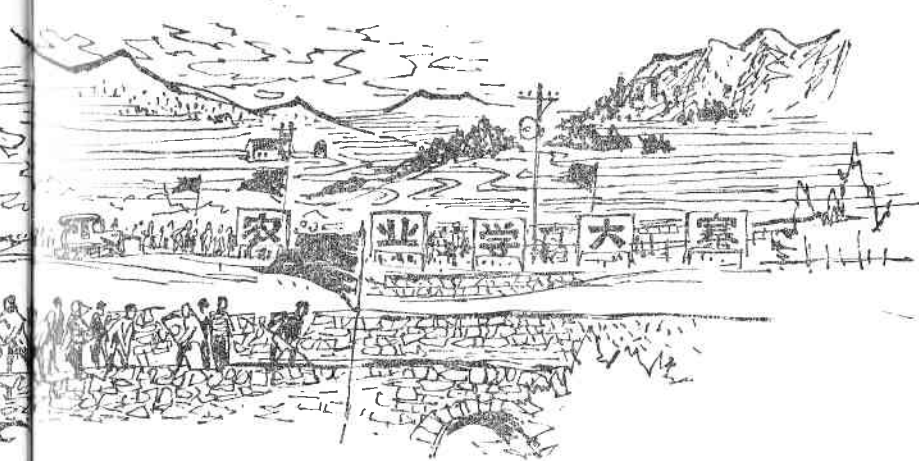
at Wolf Gully in the southwest, feasting my eyes on the circle of embankments and fruit trees. Seen from the foothills the tiers of embankments looked like a huge city wall rising up at a slight angle to a great height. Extremely imposing and magnificent! We mounted several terraced fields and looked down at an entirely different scene. Tier after tier of lush green wheat stretched down to the bottom of the basin where emerald orchards, trees with fiery red foliage and golden ribbon-like roads flanked by buildings of all colours and shapes lay below us. A rich medley of sound waves floating up to us enlivened the atmosphere.

Walking up to a tall stone tablet by the road, the old Party secretary patted it with his thickly-calloused hand, telling me, "This is where we first made up our minds to learn from Tachai."

I stepped over to the stone tablet on which were inscribed two lines of red characters:

A thousand loads carried ten thousand *li* for one field,  
From our rocky hills we're going to wrest a high yield!

The old secretary told me that, learning from the example of Tachai, the commune members of Shashihyu had grasped the need to continue the revolution under proletarian dictatorship and decided to do their



bit by bringing more land under cultivation and increasing the yield per unit area. A hundred sturdy militiamen were chosen to carve out fields on the rocky slopes. With hammers and spikes they chiseled out troughs in the rocks and filled them with earth fetched from five *li* away. Quarrying in the day-time and carrying earth at night, they walked ten thousand *li* in ten nights and brought back a thousand loads of earth which they spread — only a few inches deep — over a *mu* of land. Everyone, young and old, took part in the struggle to build Tachai-type fields, their slogan being "Bring earth back on every trip, never come home empty-handed". Whoever went to meetings or markets outside or visited friends and relatives elsewhere made a point of bringing earth back. Children grazing sheep or going to school went out of their way to fetch earth. Little by little the soil in the field increased until it was over two feet thick. Moved by their spirit, people from all parts of the country brought earth with them when they visited Shashihyu, and friends from abroad brought earth from the five continents. . . .

I, too, was stirred by this as I realized that the Shashihyu villagers had built their fields and watered their trees and crops with their own sweat. Shashihyu was like a large exhibition hall, with the blue sky

as its roof and the buildings and machinery on its small levelled plots as its rich variety of fine exhibits. The terraced fields under our feet were the biggest and most significant exhibit as well as a viewing stand carpeted with green.

When I voiced my appreciation to the old Party secretary his wrinkled face took on an even more solemn expression. "Now that the revolution is going ahead so fast and the situation is so fine," he said, "it gladdens our hearts but puts pressure on us too! We must keep pressing forward, like Tachai, to make new and bigger contributions every year."

An explosion went off to our west. It was followed by another and yet another, shaking the hills and valleys. Birds took flight, branches quivered, stones and sand were scattered, clouds of smoke soared up. Several well-built embankments were blown up, the terraced fields on them were overturned and a few spreading trees toppled on to the road by a ditch.

Staggered, I asked the old Party secretary, "What project is that?"

With a smile he answered, "This is our first battle to implement the spirit of the National Conference on Learning from Tachai in Agriculture."

This announcement shook me even more than had those sudden explosions. So the heroes of Shashihiyu had made up their minds to destroy all the terraced fields they had built up so painfully with their bare hands in the last twenty years, in order to build new ones! As far as I was concerned, such a decision beggared the imagination. And indeed when the plan was first proposed, Shashihiyu was thrown into a ferment. With tears in their eyes some of the villagers sought out the old Party secretary to talk him round.

"We worked so hard to build our land, old Party secretary, smashing the rocks, carrying all those loads of earth. . . ."

"I know," said the old Party secretary.

"Then why do you want to destroy it?"

"To build socialism in a big way like the people of Tachai," explained the old man.

"By destroying good fields?"

"By destroying the old we can produce something new. How can we build big tracts of land where machines can be used if we don't destroy these narrow terraced fields? How can we mechanize our farming?" the old man argued.

"We're a mountainous region."

"All the more reason for us to have greater determination and work with more grit so as to create the conditions for mechanization. We have no other way out. We can't build socialism if we're unwilling to break a few pots and pans."

"We've already done not badly. The fields we've made and the trees we've planted are bringing in more and more income every year. We've nothing to worry about all the rest of our lives."

"What about our sons?"

"They're in luck — the soil is fertile, the trees haven't yet reached their prime."

"What about our grandsons then? And the grandsons of our eight hundred million people?" the old man reasoned.

"We're only commune members, we can't see to so many people or look so far ahead."

"No!" came the ringing retort. "We peasants of socialist China should think big."

Warmth surged through me when I heard this. It was as if a lamp had been lit in my heart making me see clearer and spurring me on. I quickened my steps to catch up with the old Party secretary.

Ahead, a group of commune members were hard at work pulling down embankments, removing stones and drilling rocks, to the accompaniment of shouts and laughter. Bulldozers charged, roaring, behind them, shovelling up the golden soil brought here in "a thousand loads carried ten thousand *li*".

With pride the old Party secretary told me that their new battle plan was to tear up the 6,600 terraced fields and low-lying plots and convert them into ten big tracts: four high-yield tracts, totalling a hundred *mu*, in the former low land and gullies; and six large, level terraced fields along the walls of the basin. Pointing to the east he said, "The six terraced fields will start from Youth Forest over there, circle round the village and end right here where we are. They'll

each be 1,500 metres long and 17 to 18 metres wide with an area of 100 *mu*, and each will be skirted by a ditch. Lines of fruit trees will be planted according to the new terrain. Sluice gates in the canal will release water to irrigate all the six fields. Starting from the east, tractors, harvesters and trucks will be able to drive right round to the south end. This will pave the way for mechanization, irrigation and scientific farming as well as bigger harvests of grain and fruit. A goal like this has put us on our mettle; we're all working as hard as we can."

A torch seemed to blaze before me when I saw another stone tablet with two lines of red characters:

Press on another ten thousand *li*

And never cease a thousand loads to carry.

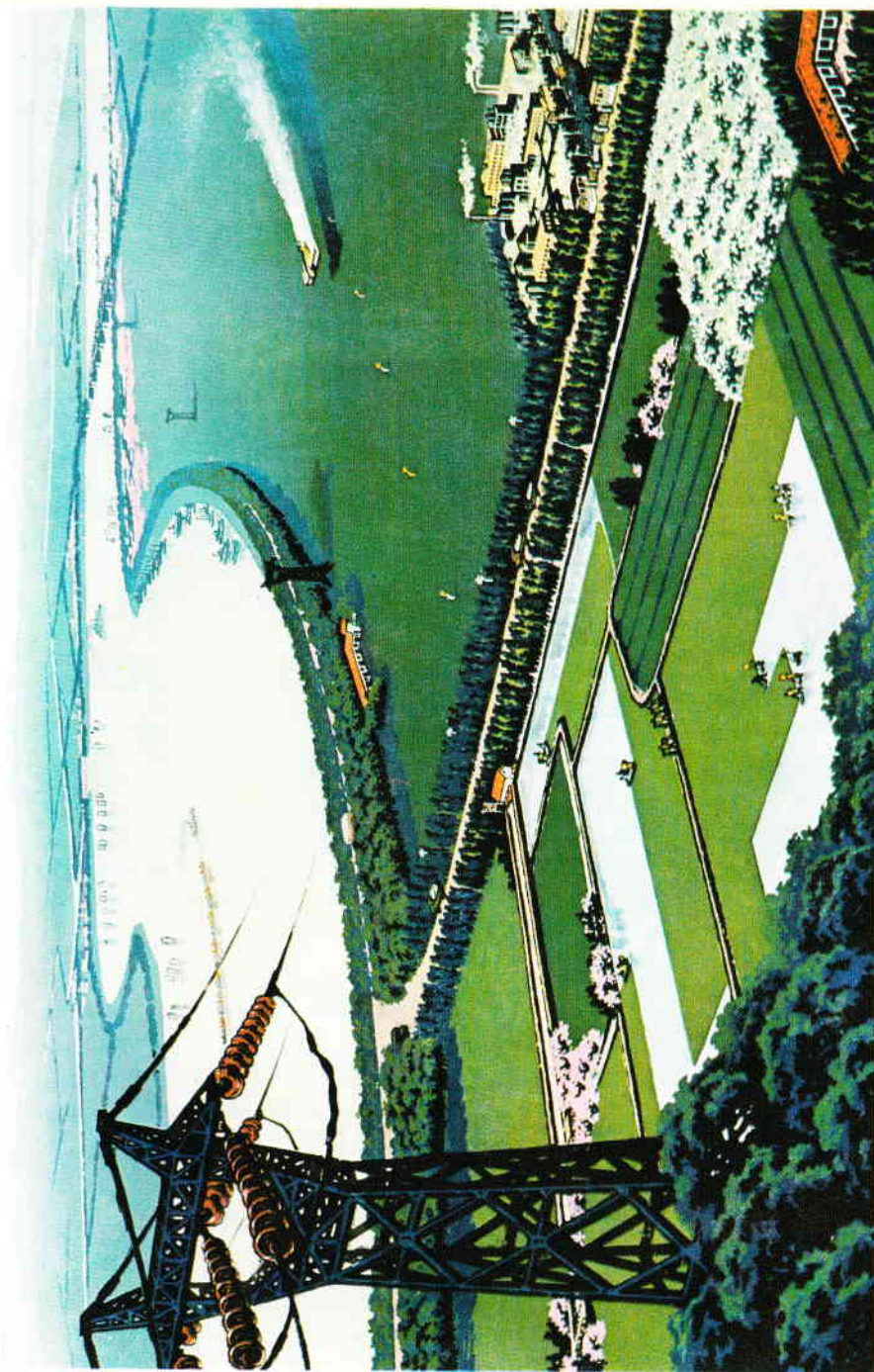
This truthfully conveys the heroism with which the Shashihiyu people are building socialism. Their task is hard, they have a long way to go, and they will meet storms and higher peaks on the way. But Chairman Mao's teaching, "Never forget class struggle", burns like a blazing torch in the hearts of the cadres and villagers of Shashihiyu. Who can doubt their ability to win new victories when we witness the advances they have made, guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, in the past twenty years and more, and the heroic scene of battle unfolding before us?

The shouts of the Shashihiyu heroes and the bugle sounding the charge are echoing repeatedly in my heart.

*Illustrated by Chen Yu-bsien*

---

Spring Comes to the Huai River  
(woodcut) by Wu Chung-ping





## CRITICISM OF "WATER MARGIN"

An Wen

### What Sort of Character Is Sung Chiang?

What sort of character is Sung Chiang, protagonist of the classical Chinese novel *Water Margin*?\* Is he a revolutionary or a capitulationist? In the past there have been controversies over this issue and many people have wrongly considered Sung Chiang as the leader of a peasant revolt, a praiseworthy hero.

As Chairman Mao pointed out recently, **"The merit of the book *Water Margin* lies precisely in the portrayal of capitulation. It serves as teaching material by negative example to help all the people recognize capitulationists."**

Writers of different classes in different periods of history all create characters according to their own ideology and political bias. The aim of *Water Margin* is to preach capitulation, and this is done by glorifying its chief character Sung Chiang. Hence to expose Sung Chiang's true features as a capitulationist is essential for our understanding of the novel as teaching material by negative example.

---

\*See *Chinese Literature* No. 12, 1975.

In this novel Sung Chiang is presented as a member of the landlord class who before he joins the peasant insurgents at Liangshan has served as a minor police clerk in the county office of Yuncheng, Shantung. Having studied the Confucian classics in his youth, his main aspiration in life is to serve the emperor loyally and be a filial son; in other words, he wants to be a good follower of the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius, a loyal subject and an obedient son, for he hopes in this way to win a high official position and leave a "good name" in history. So when Chao Kai rallies a peasant insurgent force, making Liangshan their base for armed revolt and repeatedly defeating government troops, Sung Chiang considers his revolutionary action "unpardonable in the eyes of the law" for which he deserves to have his "whole clan wiped out". From such remarks we can see his consistent opposition to peasant revolts.

The fact that Sung Chiang nevertheless joins this peasant insurgent force is owing entirely to the complexity of the class struggle at that time. The main contradiction in a feudal society is that between the peasantry and the landlord class, all other contradictions, including those within the landlord class, being subordinated to this principal contradiction. The intensification of the struggle between the peasant and the landlord classes inevitably aggravates the contradictions in the landlord class itself, so that under the fierce onslaught of peasant revolts those landlords who are worsted in their fight for position and fame may sneak into the ranks of the peasant rebels. This is what Sung Chiang does. Although a loyal subject and filial son, he fails in the fight for power and gain within the landlord class. The novel describes how his attempts to climb up the social ladder are frustrated by corrupt officials such as Kao Chiu, until one day after drinking in an inn by the Hsuniyang River he writes out two poems expressing his discontent. These poems are interpreted as a wish to revolt and he is condemned to capital punishment, but Chao Kai and his followers at Liangshan rescue him from the executioner. Under these special circumstances he is forced to join the peasant insurgents.

So joining the insurgents is only a temporary expedient. In Sung Chiang's own words, "I am simply using the marshes as my refuge for the time being, until the court pardons my crime and enlists me in the army."

As soon as Sung Chiang arrives at Liangshan he embarks on a counter-revolutionary plot, manoeuvring within the ranks of the insurgents to seize power step by step. When Chao Kai the insurgents' leader is killed in battle, Sung Chiang takes over the command and immediately changes the name of their assembly hall from Assembly of the Righteous to Hall of the Loyal and Righteous. The former name symbolized Chao Kai's revolutionary line and emphasis on continuous revolt, for the Liangshan insurgents had vowed to live and die together for their cause — the overthrow of the Sung Dynasty. By changing the name to Hall of the Loyal and Righteous, Sung Chiang implies that they are loyal to the reactionary government. Thus this change in the name signifies a radical change in the political line of the insurgents. During Chao Kai's lifetime Sung Chiang dared not act openly, only trying to gather followers in secret; but once Chao Kai is dead he blatantly reveals his capitulationist scheme.

Whereas Chao Kai opposed the emperor as well as corrupt officials, the capitulationist Sung Chiang "revises" this line and merely opposes officials but not the emperor and makes every effort to win an amnesty. The emperor in feudal society was the arch-representative of the landlord class, the head of the official hierarchy; so a peasant revolt could not succeed by opposing only a few corrupt officials — it must try to overthrow the reactionary landlord government with the emperor as its head. When Chao Kai decides to rise in revolt at Liangshan, he first sets fire to his house and resists the pursuing government troops to show that he has renounced the landlord class and is determined to oppose feudal rule to the end. Under his leadership the peasant insurgents have a clear, militant line. "Unafraid of Heaven and earth, unafraid of the government," they vow to "oppose the Sung emperor", and to "fight their way to the East Capital and seize the throne". Such resolute defiance shows a clear revolutionary stand and determination and embodies the line of the peasant insurgents. Sung Chiang, on the other hand, is "loyal to the

sovereign but hates evil ministers", and as soon as this capitulationist gains control he restricts the peasant revolt to opposing only certain corrupt officials, thoroughly changing Chao Kai's line and betraying the revolution.

Actually Sung Chiang's slogan of opposing only evil ministers is nothing but a pretext. The truth about him is that he does not oppose the emperor and simply makes a pretence of opposing corrupt officials. In the novel, when his capitulationist scheme is being resisted by some insurgent leaders, during one battle with the government troops they capture the evil official Kao Chiu. This is a good opportunity for Sung Chiang to eliminate this enemy of his, but instead he bows to this high official and begs his pardon, even saying shamelessly, "I implore the High Marshal to have pity on me and save me from the abyss, so that I may see Heaven and the sun again." This reveals him as a despicable renegade; it also shows that he and Kao Chiu are birds of one feather. Though there is personal animosity between them, their attitude towards the insurgents is the same. The only difference is that one tries to sabotage the peasants' revolt from within while the other attacks it from without; one urges the insurgents to surrender, the other attempts to wipe them out by force. It is because Sung Chiang has infiltrated the insurgents' camp and helps the government from within that the peasants' revolt at Liangshan is finally crushed. Thus Sung Chiang achieves what Kao Chiu could not achieve.

## 2

Since Sung Chiang wants to induce this base of peasants' revolt to capitulate, he must deprive the true revolutionaries of power and rally more renegades and capitulationists.

While Chao Kai leads the insurgents, Sung Chiang resorts to all manner of double-dealing tricks in an attempt to usurp his authority and build up his own clique. When there is to be a major battle, he advises Chao Kai not to lead the troops in person, saying, "Brother, as the head of our mountain stronghold you mustn't take any risks."

Although on the surface he seems to be showing respect, he is actually depriving Chao Kai of his authority. He takes the field himself as the chief commander and the victories he wins build up his own prestige. Having first usurped military power in this way, he goes on step by step to seize more power.

Chao Kai's death removes the greatest obstacle to capitulation; but it is still opposed by such revolutionary leaders as Li Kuei, Wu Yung and the three Yuan brothers. Wu Yung rose in revolt with Chao Kai, and he has played a big part in setting up and strengthening the revolutionary base at Liangshan. If he assumes authority, Sung Chiang will not be able to carry out his scheme; so Sung Chiang invites Lu Chun-yi from some distance away and makes this big landlord who is a mortal enemy of the peasant insurgents his second in command, putting Lu over Wu Yung. He thus succeeds in changing the core of the leadership in order to achieve his end.

To further extend the power of the capitulationists, he invites more big landowners and high officials to join them, putting them in key posts as the force to rely on. Such men have either been prevented from getting ahead owing to contradictions within the landlord class and retain their former character while taking temporary refuge in Liangshan, or they have been captured in battle and are willing to bide their time there. By gathering such men together, Sung Chiang builds up a fifth column within the ranks of the peasant insurgents so that, organizationally, his preparations are made.

## 3

Sung Chiang's capitulationist line is determined by his reactionary landlord-class stand and his world outlook. It stems from his faith in Confucianism.

After going to Liangshan he still hankers after the court. He subscribes to the Confucian belief that the emperor is the symbol for Heaven; to be loyal to the emperor accords with the will of Heaven, and to rebel is counter to Heaven's will. This is his ideological basis for his capitulationist line.



The feudal ruling class forced the people to treat the Confucian doctrines as sacred canons. In order to capitulate, Sung Chiang must therefore use Confucianism as his tool to promote the Confucian line among the insurgents. In accordance with Confucian ideas, he advocates the "will of Heaven" and "loyalty and righteousness" to enfeeble their spirit and remould them in line with the wishes of the landlord class. So after Chao Kai dies Sung Chiang openly puts forward the slogan "carry out the true Way on behalf of Heaven", making this their capitulationist programme. The novel contains many descriptions of the "will of Heaven". In one incident, Sung Chiang and others are sacrificing to the gods one night before the assembly hall when suddenly a ball of fire descends from heaven and disappears underground. Sung Chiang orders his men to dig there and they discover a stone tablet inscribed with such terms as "carry out the true Way on behalf of Heaven" and "exemplary in both loyalty and righteousness", as well as the names of 108 men with Sung Chiang heading the list. At once he declares that their gathering together at Liangshan and their respective ranks are in accordance with Heaven's will, therefore "each must keep to his own place and not disobey Heaven". By means of such superstitious devices he manages to give important posts to those former officials and landlords who will help him to work out his scheme and silence those who oppose capitulation.

Sung Chiang spares no pains to preach "loyalty and righteousness", urging the insurgents "to keep loyalty and righteousness in mind and achieve great deeds for the state". When he uses "loyalty and righteousness" as the guideline he does not of course want the rebels to be "loyal" to their revolutionary cause but to the Sung Dynasty. He tries in this way to enslave their minds and make them serve the supreme feudal ruler, the emperor.

However, the struggle between the two lines of capitulation and revolt does not end even after the insurgents surrender. Li Kuei, who comes from a poor family, is one who retains his rebellious spirit and proposes time and again to go back to Liangshan to raise the banner of revolt anew. When Sung Chiang finds that "loyalty" alone is not enough to hold such men in check, he uses the concept of "right-

eousness" or brotherhood transcending classes to deceive the rebels, and tries to win their affection and respect by little deeds of kindness. The novel depicts him as a gallant open-handed man who helps people with money, rescues men from danger and treats them as his brothers. Actually these are simply his tricks to deceive people. In this way Sung Chiang uses ideological weapons to crush the insurgents' rebellious spirit and extinguish their revolutionary fire.

#### 4

As we have seen, the main capitulationist trend of the novel is expressed by idealizing the capitulationist Sung Chiang. The revolutionaries headed by Chao Kai are representatives of the peasantry who persist in revolt; the capitulationists headed by Sung Chiang are representatives of the landlord class who want to carry out a capitulationist line. However, this novel places Sung Chiang and his capitulationist line in the limelight, as the principal aspect of the contradiction throughout the book; and this decides the main tendency of the novel — it plays down Chao Kai's role and glorifies Sung Chiang, vilifying the revolutionaries and praising the capitulationists to advocate capitulationism.

This is why the novel presents a despicable renegade such as Sung Chiang as the "benefactor" of Liangshan, describing this slavish character as "timely rain" giving life to all things, and his reactionary capitulationist line as acting "in accordance with the will of Heaven and the wishes of men". The shameful farce of surrender is acclaimed as a grand festive occasion for Liangshan, and this renegade who suppresses the peasant revolt led by Fang La is lauded as a hero rendering service to the people. To further emphasize Sung Chiang's "virtue", the novel describes him as unrepentant even when dying. After he knows that he has been poisoned, he sends for his sworn brother Li Kuei who is devoted to him and makes Li Kuei drink poisoned wine too so that he will have no chance to revolt again. Only then can he die content. This incident fully brings out Sung Chiang's faith in his capitulationist line, showing him a thoroughgoing capitulationist, the personification of Confucian "loyalty and righteousness".

The age described in the novel is the end of the Northern Sung Dynasty (960-1127), but the book was written in the mid-fourteenth century. At that time peasant revolts sweeping the country had dealt a crushing blow to the feudal rule, and the landlord class was in a state of panic. While trying in vain to stamp out the revolts with force, they also attempted to induce the peasants to surrender. The glorification in this novel of a capitulationist like Sung Chiang met the political needs of the feudal rulers of that time who hoped to put down these peasant revolts. By depicting such a character as Sung Chiang the writer was providing a model for the faithful followers of the landlord class to emulate; but, contrary to his wishes, it has supplied the revolutionary masses with teaching material by negative example, fully revealing the contemptible features of a renegade of the peasant revolution.

---

Songs over the Wanchuan River  
(woodcut) by Hsien Li-chiang



## NEW FILM

*Tsung Shu*

### **The Second Spring**

*The Second Spring* is one of China's recent feature films in colour. It shows the heroism with which the Chinese people are building their socialist national defence by self-reliance and hard work. With revolutionary fervour, it praises the dauntless spirit of Chinese workers who, disdaining malicious harassment by the social imperialists, stick to the principle of "maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts" and successfully trial-produce a new vessel *Sea Eagle*.

The story starts in the unforgettable first spring of the 1960's. Feng Tao, political commissar of a naval unit, comes to East Port as secretary of the Party working committee of a shipyard. Chi Ta-tung, the director, once fought side by side with Feng in the army. Ten years have passed since they last met. It is a joy for these old comrades-in-arms to work together again. But a sharp struggle unfolds between them on the subject of the *Sea Eagle*.

The day Feng arrives, the main engine of *Sea Eagle* blows up in a test run. It was the product of three years of hard work. Pan Wen,



Party Secretary Feng Tao

the chief engineer and a self-styled authority, claims it will take three more years to find the cause of the explosion. He eggs on Director Chi to accept "aid" from the social imperialists and shift to building another vessel designed by them, the *Flying Fish*, instead of persisting with *Sea Eagle*. Chi, daunted by the setback, accepts Pan's suggestion. Disregarding the indignant objections of the workers, he makes an arbitrary decision to stop investigating the cause of the mishap to *Sea Eagle*.

Party Secretary Feng sees and understands the workers' determination to build *Sea Eagle* by China's own efforts. The veteran worker Hsia Chang-fa makes a bold proposal for getting to the root of the accident in three months. Feng gives him clear-cut support at an enlarged meeting of the Party working committee which decides to continue work on *Sea Eagle*.

The workers, by prodigious effort, find the cause of the trouble. But a new problem confronts them. A special metal needed for the

main engine is unavailable. On the excuse that there is "no other way out" Director Chi again insists on giving up *Sea Eagle* and pinning his hope on the social imperialists. Secretary Feng, by contrast, knows only too well what their "aid" means. He recalls how, in a sea battle, the main engine of a recently imported vessel stalled and the spare parts supplied for it did not fit, so that an enemy vessel though already hit was able to escape. He also remembers how, in manoeuvres using live ammunition, a young fighter lost his life as a result of faulty equipment provided as "aid". Now again, three "mistakes" turn up in the blueprints of the *Flying Fish*. All these facts sharpen Feng's suspicions.

With Feng and Chi at a deadlock, Chief Engineer Pan Wen brings a "new suggestion" from Khovansky, the expert supposedly helping with the *Flying Fish*. It is that *Sea Eagle* be built after all, but as a joint project of the two countries. Lacking vigilance, Chi draws up a contract and jubilantly asks Feng to sign it. Feng refuses and warns,

Feng and Liu studying Marxism-Leninism





“This is a trap, not a way out.” Chi stubbornly clings to his own view. Their struggle intensifies.

Khovansky, foiled in his plans for “joint trial-building”, uses another pretext to get hold of the blueprints of *Sea Eagle*. When that too fails he instigates Pan to steal the data for him. Pan, an extreme individualist who does not hesitate to betray his own country’s secrets and sell himself to the social imperialists, pilfers the secret file from the office to take to Khovansky. Feng Tao and Liu Chih-ying, the woman designer of *Sea Eagle*, stop him in time.

Though Khovansky does not himself appear in the film, his ugly revisionist face is unmasked. At this juncture the social imperialists, all their tricks having failed, tear up their contracts with China and call back their experts, hoping to subdue the Chinese people to their baton by shameless political blackmail. Shipment of the promised main engine for the *Flying Fish* is thus held back.

But the Chinese people have strong backbones, they cannot be crushed. Feng valiantly fights against the revisionists’ pressure. “We can live better without them!” is his ringing reply.

The trial-building of *Sea Eagle* succeeds. As the second spring of the sixties approaches, a new vessel cleaves the billowing East Sea at record speed. On the deck of a warship, people warmly acclaim China’s own *Sea Eagle*.

*The Second Spring* gives a good image of the revolutionary cadre Feng Tao, its theme is clear-cut and its story exciting.

Feng, guided by Chairman Mao’s teaching of “maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts” in developing our military industry, wages an irreconcilable struggle against the revisionist line in the proper revolutionary spirit. Politically acute, vigilant and skilled as a leader, he makes a deep investigation of the facts and sticks to the mass line. Relying closely on the workers, he gives patient help to revolutionary young people, and unites and helps old intellectuals who are patriotic to integrate themselves with the workers. At the same time he struggles with Director Chi on matters of principle, not giving an inch, but

with true proletarian friendship helps him to return to the revolutionary line. Feng’s character is shown in depth, and its main features stand out in sharp relief.

*The Second Spring* reflects the struggle between the two lines in the building of our national defence in the early sixties. Its theme has practical importance for today as well.



## A Very Special Gift

Thirty-nine years ago, a young American journalist ran the gauntlet of Kuomintang troops and made his way to north Shensi to write about our revolutionary base. This journalist was Edgar Snow, a friend of the Chinese people.

He arrived in July 1936, soon after the victory of the Long March, when the revolutionary movement under the leadership of the Communist Party was working towards national unity to resist the Japanese aggressors. However, Chiang Kai-shek was trying hard to prevent the news of our victories from leaking out and had the Kuomintang reactionaries spread rumours to distort the facts. In search of the truth, Snow journeyed to our base deep in north Shensi. The revolutionary people of the base warmly approved this initiative and gave him their confidence. Soon after his arrival, the Red Army presented him with a grey uniform and a cap with a bright red star on it. He wore this uniform during his four months' stay in the liberated area.

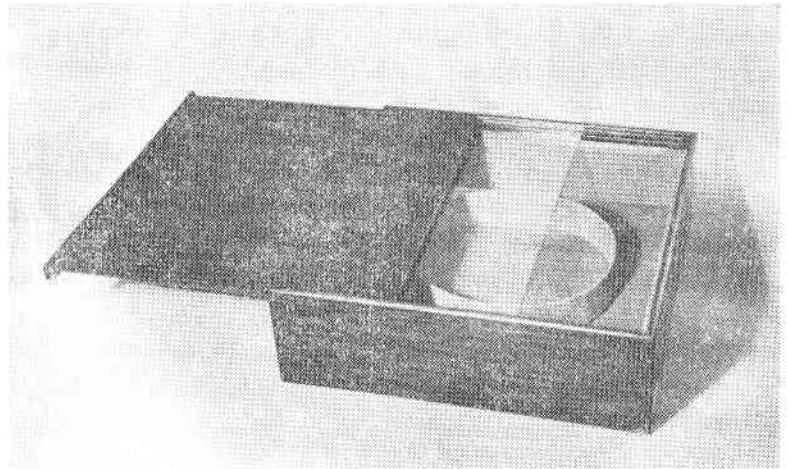
When he left, he had at least ten notebooks filled from cover to cover and twenty-four rolls of film. Among these records of his stay, two stand out: his interview with Chairman Mao and the photo,

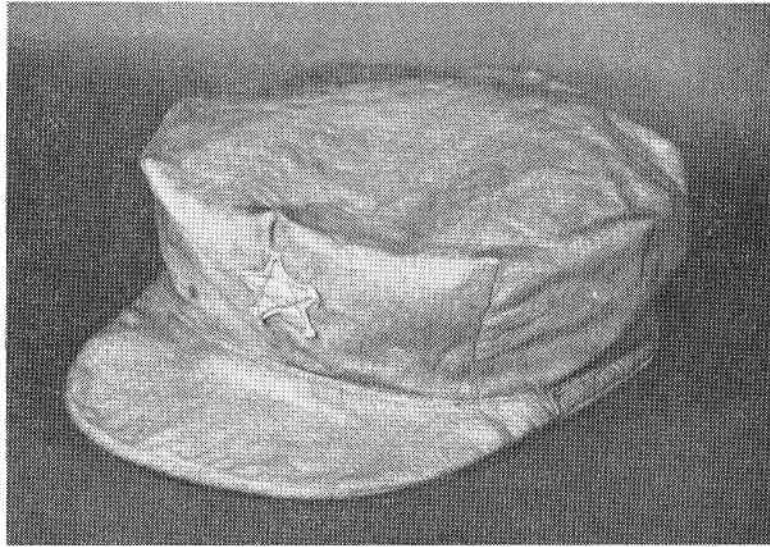
loved by all of us, *Chairman Mao in Northern Shensi*. In this picture taken by the journalist, Chairman Mao stands before his dwelling cave, wearing Snow's cap.

In his book *Red Star over China* and other writings, Snow exposed Chiang Kai-shek's lies to the world. He also recorded in this book how he felt the day he left the many friends he'd made in the north Shensi base among both civilians and soldiers: "It was very depressing. I felt that I was not going home, but leaving it." In another volume of reminiscences, he said: "The people I met in it seemed the freest and happiest Chinese I had known. I was never afterward to feel so strongly the impact of youthful hope, enthusiasm and invincibility in men dedicated to what they conceived was a wholly righteous cause."

Snow carefully kept the cap Chairman Mao had put on for the photo, as a precious reminder of his friendship with Chairman Mao and the Chinese people. He carried it through the Kuomintang and Japanese lines and while he travelled in other parts of the world. When he returned to the United States, he had a special case made for it. The redwood case, thirty-two centimetres square and ten centimetres high, is lined with purple velvet and has a steel stand in the centre to preserve

The cap case





The cap

the shape of the cap. The case is fitted with two lids, an outer one of wood and an inner one of glass, so the cap can be seen without opening the box altogether. The infinite care Snow took in designing the case shows his deep feeling for Chairman Mao and the Chinese people.

Edgar Snow died in 1972, leaving the cap to his wife, Mrs. Lois Snow. The Snow family decided to give the cap to the Chinese people for the Fortieth Anniversary of the Long March. During her visit to China in October 1975, Mrs. Snow presented the cap to Comrade Teng Ying-chao, a good friend of her late husband. It is now on display in the Chinese Revolutionary Museum as part of the exhibition to commemorate the Fortieth Anniversary of the victory of the Long March.

## CHRONICLE

### The Journals "Poetry" and "People's Literature" Republished

The two national literary journals *Poetry* and *People's Literature* resumed publication in January this year in the excellent situation arising from the victories won in the proletarian revolution in literature and art.

Two poems written by our great leader Chairman Mao in 1965, *Chingkangshan Revisited* — to the tune of *Shui Tiao Keh Tou* and *Two Birds: A Dialogue* — to the tune of *Nien Nu Chiao* were presented in the first new issue of both journals.

Many of the items carried in the first issue of *Poetry* sing warm praises of our great leader Chairman Mao and hail the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and new socialist things. Among them are excerpts from a long poem, a lyric dealing with politics, a translated poem, children's rhymes and the words and music of songs on a wide range of subjects and in a rich variety of forms.

Contributions include both new works by veteran poets and lines full of deep emotion by members of the younger generation, but the majority come from the pens of workers, peasants and soldiers. Composed in workshops, on farms or at frontier outposts, these worker-peasant-soldier poems and songs are fresh, pungent and militant, with a strong flavour of real life.

A salient feature of this new issue of *Poetry* is the appearance on the stage of socialist poetry of workers, peasants and soldiers and this, too, marks a victory for the proletarian revolution in literature and art.

On the front cover of *People's Literature* is the journal's title in Chairman Mao's handwriting and on the fly-leaf is the inscription, also in his own handwriting, "I hope that more good works will be turned out."

"To the Readers" says that this journal aims to promote an efflorescence in creative work, enliven literary criticism, encourage a greater number of new writers and consolidate and develop the achievements of the revolution in literature and art. It also stresses that *People's Literature* will firmly carry out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art and the Party's principles of "Letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend", "Making the past serve the present and foreign things serve China" and "Weeding through the old to bring forth the new". It will conscientiously study and use the experience in creating model revolutionary theatrical works to portray typical proletarian heroes, criticize the bourgeoisie, revisionism and the ideology of all exploiting classes, and propagate Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought.

Among the items in this issue are also the libretto of the revolutionary modern Peking opera *Boulder Bay*, stories, poems, prose, reportage, notes on literature and art and essays. Most of these contributions are by worker, peasant and soldier writers who warmly praise Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, socialism, the great victories of the Cultural Revolution and new socialist things.

### Literary and Art Workers in Peking Acclaim Chairman Mao's Poems

Over 400 Peking literary and art workers gathered on January 3 for a lively discussion of what they had learned from Chairman Mao's two brilliant poems: *Chingkangshan Revisited* — to the tune of *Shui Tiao Keb Tou* and *Two Birds: A Dialogue* — to the tune of *Nien Nu Chiao*.

Sponsored by the Ministry of Culture, the meeting was attended by writers, composers and performers of the model revolutionary theatrical works, pathbreakers in the revolution in literature and art, as

well as veteran literary and art workers who have achieved new successes in the revolution in literature and art. Among them were also cinema workers, painters, musicians and dancers as well as worker-peasant-soldier students of art schools and institutes.

Chairman Mao's magnificent poems were warmly praised at the meeting. The revolutionary literary and art workers pointed out that these two poems, through art media which splendidly combine revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism, expressed the lofty aspirations and determination of the proletariat, delineated the excellent situation in the Chinese revolution and the world revolution, enthusiastically extolled the daring revolutionary spirit of the Chinese proletariat and people, and set forth the truth that Marxism is sure to defeat revisionism and the revolutionary people are certain to sweep away all pests. They enhanced the morale of the Chinese people who take class struggle as the key link and adhere to the Party's basic line, to continue the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat and develop the excellent revolutionary situation to win still greater victory.

Composer Yu Hui-yung, Minister of Culture, said at the meeting: "The two brilliant poems by Chairman Mao have, through the political conviction they inspire and their immense artistic impressiveness, educated the revolutionary people in class struggle and the struggle between the two lines, in the revolutionary traditions and revolutionary optimism, and in the current revolutionary situation and the lofty revolutionary ideal. The poems have also provided a brilliant example, with regard to literary and artistic creation, of combining revolutionary realism and revolutionary romanticism, of achieving the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form, of striving to portray the heroic image of the proletariat and of 'making the past serve the present' and 'weeding through the old to bring forth the new'."

Yuan Shui-po, a poet, spoke of the background against which the two poems were written, and about their political significance and artistic features.

Yang Chun-hsia, a young actress who played the part of Ko Hsiang in the revolutionary modern Peking opera *Azalea Mountain*, said:



“While writing and rehearsing the opera, our group lived in Ching-kangshan, the cradle of the revolution, and participated in physical labour there. We saw with our own eyes the thriving scene of **‘Orioles sing, swallows swirl, streams purl everywhere and the road mounts skyward’** as described by Chairman Mao in his poem *Ching-kangshan Revisited*. Moreover, we were deeply moved by the great fighting spirit displayed by Chairman Mao when he kindled the flames of the Chinese revolution on Ching-kangshan in 1927.”

The revolutionary literary and art workers in their speeches made the pledge: Inspired by Chairman Mao’s revolutionary poems, they would persist in Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line in literature and art, deepen the criticism of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art, work hard to create literary and art works with the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form, strive to scale the artistic height of depicting typical proletarian heroes, make socialist literature and art more flourishing and carry the revolution in literature and art through to the end.

### New Films on Show

A number of new feature, documentary and science films, 25 in all, were released on New Year’s Day. These films portray the important themes of socialist revolution and construction.

*Breaking with Old Ideas*, a feature film in colour, presents an acute struggle waged by the proletariat against the bourgeoisie in the field of education through the growth and development of a new communist type of university which combines education with productive labour. Another colour feature film *The Bright Road* adapted from the novel by the same title depicts the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, the socialist and capitalist roads, and Chairman Mao’s proletarian revolutionary line and the revisionist line during the period of mutual-aid and the co-operation movement in the countryside.

Among the other films are *Young Trail-blazers* which takes the revolution in education as its theme; *Blue Sea and Red Waves* which sings the praises of the Chinese and Korean armies and peoples in their heroic fight against U.S. aggression; *The Yellow River Boy* describing the maturing of a young fighter in the period of the War of Resistance Against Japan; as well as *Ferry Crossing* which tells the story of a little girl’s brave struggle against a class enemy.

The new documentary and science films include *South China Sea Islands*, *Hsiyang County*, *Red as Fire*, *High Morale of the People of Earthquake-stricken Haicheng County*, *Multi-purpose Walking Tractor* and *Nursing Sturdy Seedlings*.

### Exhibitions of Art Works and Photos by PLA Soldiers

The Exhibition of Art Works by PLA Soldiers and the Exhibition of Photos by the PLA were held in the Military Museum of the Chinese People’s Revolution in Peking from last December to February this year.

More than 900 art works and photos were put on display. Embodying the strong spirit of our time and full of life, all the exhibits show the ardent love of both the commanders and fighters of the whole army for the Party and Chairman Mao and their immense vigour and vitality. Some depict how hard the PLA commanders and fighters have studied the theory of the proletarian dictatorship; some present the moving scenes of the army and the militia taking part together in military training and building up our national defence; others convey the unity of the officers and soldiers, the army and the people, showing that the people’s army commanders have been carrying on the revolutionary tradition by going down to companies to be fighters or do work at the grassroot level, and that they have taken the lead in preventing and combating revisionism. There were also art works which sing warm praises for new socialist things. From different angles the exhibits showed the great victories achieved in the fields of education, literature and art and health work as well as the love of the people’s army for new revolutionary phenomena.

# *On the Long March* *with* *Chairman Mao*

by Chen Chang-feng

This book is a record of the author's six years from 1930 to 1936 when he served first as Chairman Mao Tsetung's orderly and then as bodyguard. Here are his impressions of the Chairman's life and work, focussing on the Long March, and of the Red Army in time of trial. These reminiscences of the revolution highlight the historical events of that period and bring out vividly Chairman Mao's revolutionary outlook and plain living.

132 pages  
With illustrations

12.2 × 19 cm.  
cloth and paper back

Published by: **FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS**, Peking, China  
Distributed by: **GUOZI SHUDIAN** (China Publications Centre), Peking

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



Studying During the March (woodcut)

by Liu Tzu-tsai



# 中國文學

英文月刊1976年第3期

本刊代号2—916