

CHINESE LITERATURE

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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Representing the great majority of the nation, Lu Hsun breached and stormed the enemy citadel; on the cultural front he was the bravest and most correct, the firmest, the most loyal and the most ardent national hero, a hero without parallel in our history. The road he took was the very road of China's new national culture.

— *On New Democracy*

This couplet from a poem by Lu Hsun should be our motto:

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

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

— *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*

In Commemoration of Lu Hsun

Lu Hsun (1881-1936), a great thinker, great revolutionary and a great man of letters in modern China, died thirty years ago. To commemorate him, more than 70,000 members of the great army of the cultural revolution — Red Guards, workers, peasants, soldiers and representatives of literary and art workers in Peking and other parts of the country — held a rally on October 31, 1966, which was attended by Chou En-lai and other leading members of the Party and the government. At this rally Yao Wen-yuan, one of the group in charge of the cultural revolution under the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, delivered a long speech entitled “Commemorate Lu Hsun and Carry the Revolution Through to the End.” Speaking after him were Hsu Kuang-ping, Lu Hsun’s wife; the writer Kuo Mo-jo; Huang Ping-wen, a student at the Peking Institute of Geology; and Liu Lu, a student at the Long March Middle School in Peking. The concluding speech was made by Chen Po-ta, a member of the Standing Committee of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and leader of the cultural revolution group under the Central Committee. These speakers expressed their determination to hold aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought, to develop Lu Hsun’s fearless and thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit, to take Lu Hsun as their example and, fierce-browed, to coolly defy US imperialism, Soviet modern revisionism and the reactionaries of all countries. They resolved, head-bowed, like a willing ox, to serve the revolutionary people of China and the rest of the world, defend to the death the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao, thoroughly smash the bourgeois reactionary line, carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end and make still greater contributions to the revolutionary cause of the world proletariat.

Other great commemorative meetings were held in Shanghai, where Lu Hsun spent the last ten years of his life and put up such a brilliant fight, and in the southern

city, Kwangchow, where he worked during the twenties. Workers, peasants and soldiers, Red Guards, representatives of the revolutionary cadres and Lu Hsun's relatives and friends in his native place — Shaohsing County, Chekiang Province — also met to commemorate this great revolutionary fighter.

Below we print a *Hongqi* editorial, speeches delivered at the meeting in Peking and some of Lu Hsun's essays.

Commemorating Lu Hsun — Our Forerunner in the Cultural Revolution

— Editorial of *Hongqi*, No. 14, 1966

The great proletarian cultural revolution surges to a new high in its advance along the revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao Tse-tung. The broad revolutionary masses are thoroughly criticizing and repudiating the bourgeois reactionary line. It is in this excellent situation, and in a spirit of militant pride that we commemorate Lu Hsun — our forerunner in the cultural revolution.

Chairman Mao has given the most comprehensive, the most penetrating appraisal of Lu Hsun. He said: Lu Hsun was **“the greatest and the most courageous standard-bearer of this new cultural force.”** He was **“the chief commander of China's cultural revolution”**; **“representing the great majority of the nation, Lu Hsun breached and stormed the enemy citadel; on the cultural front he was the bravest and most correct, the firmest, the most loyal and the most ardent national hero, a hero without parallel in our history.”**

The life of Lu Hsun was a life of struggle. He always stood at the forefront of the times, waging an unswerving struggle to over-

This manuscript reproduced here is a poem by Lu Hsun in Chairman Mao's handwriting. The poem reads:

A myriad families plunged into sorrow; men perish amid brambles
and weeds.
Could my grief and lamentations but shake the earth!
My thoughts roam wide, stretching over the vast wilderness;
Amid the silence I hear the rumble of thunder.

This was written by Lu Hsun in China's darkest years — darkness before dawn. In 1961 Chairman Mao copied out this poem with a brush-pen and presented it to some Japanese guests to encourage the heroic Japanese people resolutely engaged in revolutionary struggles

萬家墨迹而
漫寫菜下教
有孔吹動
比象心事
浩道連廣宇
于無聲處
家道清。

魯迅詩一首。

一為李東

一九二一年十月

月七日書贈

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的朋友

throw imperialism and its lackeys, sweep away the old culture of the exploiting classes, and spread and promote the new culture of the masses.

The old semi-feudal, semi-colonial system and culture of the China of the past was a prison that kept the masses incarcerated and rigidly shackled their minds. Lu Hsun had an implacable hatred for all man-eating systems and cultures. He sounded "the call to charge forward" to "clear out" and "sweep away" all the old forces, old ideas, old cultures, old customs and habits and trample them down, whether they were ancient canons, rare texts, sacred oracles, precious idols, traditional recipes or secret nostrums. With the fighting spirit of a man "breaking through all snares and traps," he attacked the old world courageously. He put daring above all else and boldly declared war on all the enemies, using his pen as a javelin to throw at the enemy's heart. He was fearless in face of threats, of isolation, of detraction and slander, of overt or covert persecution, of death itself. "Fierce-browed, I coolly defy a thousand pointing fingers" — Lu Hsun always despised the "flunkey-ism" of being "servile and submissive" to the enemy. He broke completely with old traditions and old forces. He was a genuine revolutionary, free from the slightest trace of philistinism; he had not a moment's regret for the death of the old world. He repudiated the old world in the most merciless way. The force of his pen was such that the enemy was vanquished wherever it pointed.

Destruction comes first, and construction comes in the course of destruction. A new world can only be discovered in the course of repudiating the old world. This was precisely the course followed by Lu Hsun. He once said that at first, he had no idea what the new was like. It was in the course of struggling against the old system and old culture, and especially in the struggle against such reactionary bourgeois ideas as "the theory of human nature," "humanitarianism" and "vulgar evolutionism" and in the struggle against the Trotskyite gang that he found Marxism and learned the Marxist theory of class struggle. With this weapon he observed society, attacked the enemy and at the same time constantly "dissected himself" to transform his world outlook and consciously temper himself into a revolutionary.

It was through such sharp class struggles that Lu Hsun was transformed from a radical democrat into a great communist fighter. He firmly believed that "the future belongs to the newly rising proletariat alone" and placed the hopes of the Chinese revolution in the Chinese Communist Party led by Chairman Mao.

Today, as we commemorate Lu Hsun, we must follow Chairman Mao's teachings and learn from Lu Hsun's utterly fearless fighting spirit and spirit of thoroughgoing revolution.

The phrase "beating a dog in the water" is an outstanding expression of Lu Hsun's thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit. Lu Hsun resolutely opposed any talk of "forgiving" or "showing mercy" to the enemy. He sharply rebutted the drivel which vilifies the spirit of "beating a dog in the water" as "going to extremes" or "being too harsh in hating evil." He clearly pointed out that "the nature of the dog" would not change and that if it were allowed "to crawl ashore" and catch its breath, it would some day "bite to death" many revolutionaries. We say: Listen, you who are always charging us with "going to extremes"! Can we talk about "forgiving" in regard to our class enemies at home or abroad, the counter-revolutionary revisionists or the handful of persons who are in authority and are taking the capitalist road? Can we allow them to rise up again some day to "bite to death" revolutionaries? No! We must learn from Lu Hsun's thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of "beating a dog in the water," and beat them to the earth so that they never get up again.

Lu Hsun bitterly hated those seemingly "fair" and "just" "peacemakers," the "fence-sitters" who pretend to be "unbiased" between two armies locked in battle. "Conciliation" or "eclecticism" means "obliterating the differences between good and bad" and "serving as the enemy's jackal." To practise eclecticism in a life-and-death class struggle means in fact to stand on the side of the enemy. At every crucial moment in the class struggle, the eclectics invariably raise a hue and cry or mumble complaints. But history has booked these characters for a tragic role. There is no middle road in the present struggle between Marxism-Leninism and modern revisionism with

the CPSU leadership at its centre. Those who advocate a middle road will inevitably slip down into the quagmire of revisionism.

In the great proletarian cultural revolution, there is also no middle road in the struggle between the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao and the bourgeois reactionary line. To practise conciliation and eclecticism in this struggle between the two lines is, in fact, to defend the bourgeois reactionary line and oppose the proletarian revolutionary line. Every revolutionary should do as Lu Hsun did: "enthusiastically uphold what is right" and "spiritedly attack what is wrong," be clear-cut in what he loves and hates and persist in a principled stand.

From start to finish, in the revolutionary struggle, Lu Hsun fought on stubbornly and unyieldingly, no matter how long and tortuous the road or how many the difficulties, dangers and obstacles on the way. He opposed those who regarded the revolution as something simple, easy, and all plain sailing, and who would be thrown into a state of "despair and despondency" whenever things got difficult. This was the "tenacious" fighting spirit that Lu Hsun firmly upheld, this was that revolutionary staunchness characterized by down-to-earth effort, dauntlessness and defiance of all difficulties and refusal to give up before the aim is achieved. Enemy encirclement and persecution made him all the more resolute. The enemy encirclement and persecution brought out and tempered Lu Hsun's fighting spirit. Lu Hsun did not feel alone when dark clouds obscured the sky and he was isolated. This was because he breathed the same air as the masses and threw in his lot with them, because he stood with Chairman Mao, the great leader of the Chinese people. At the time, although on the surface he was isolated, truth was on his side; he represented the interests of the proletariat and the broad masses of working people of China and the path of historical advance.

Reactionary encirclement and attack brings out and tempers the revolutionary Left. Such are the dialectics of history. In the great proletarian cultural revolution, all comrades of the Left should understand this truth, and be fearless in the face of twists and turns, encirclement and isolation, consciously tempering themselves in the class struggle and making themselves into staunch and steeled fighters.

“Head-bowed, like a willing ox I serve the children” — Lu Hsun had confidence in the people and a great love for them. Because of this, Lu Hsun was adept at discovering the newborn forces in society and resolutely supported them. Throughout his life, Lu Hsun carried the banner for the emerging new things in society, cheered for their growth and sounded the clarion to clear the way for them. He spared no effort to “bring forth a large number of new fighters.” With great enthusiasm he concerned himself with the growth of the young generation and encouraged them to go into battle. He saw China’s hopes and future in the proletariat, in the masses of the people and in the revolutionary youth, and this strengthened his revolutionary confidence and militant courage. One’s attitude towards new things emerging in society, of supporting or not supporting or opposing them, is an important criterion of whether one is a revolutionary, or not a revolutionary or opposes the revolution. Proletarian revolutionaries can see the infinite vitality and the great future development of a new thing as soon as it emerges on the horizon and they will enthusiastically greet it and resolutely support it. As for the political philistines, they are blind, they cannot see the new things, or else dare not support them for fear of getting their fingers burnt. Representatives of the decaying forces heap scorn and abuse on, and ruthlessly seek to overthrow and destroy new emerging things. In the great proletarian cultural revolution, new, revolutionary things are constantly emerging and the newly emerging forces are continuously growing stronger. Before them, one must swiftly show one’s attitude and make a choice.

What most of all deserves emulating in Lu Hsun was his boundless esteem and love for the great leader Chairman Mao. In his early years he had “wandered,” but once he had found Marxism, especially after he had found the Communist Party of China represented by Chairman Mao and had found the revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao, he became resolute, obeyed orders and willingly became “a foot soldier” and “an ordinary soldier” in the proletarian revolution. Ignoring the White Terror of the Kuomintang reactionaries, the lies and slanders of the Trotskyite gang and the deceit and attacks of the Chou Yangs, Lu Hsun resolutely followed Chairman



Lu Hsun, great writer, thinker and revolutionary

Mao from start to finish and courageously defended the correct line represented by Chairman Mao.

“The heart of the hero in his old age is as stout as ever.” The older Lu Hsun grew the stronger his revolutionary will and the more pronounced became his militant youthful vigour. What force inspired him? It was the Communist Party of China represented by Chairman Mao; it was our great teacher Chairman Mao. Genuine revolutionaries must all be like Lu Hsun, resolutely follow Chairman Mao, follow him for ever, and march forward along the way pointed out by Chairman Mao. Today, we are much luckier than Lu Hsun in that we can hear Chairman Mao’s instructions in person. We must make revolution throughout our lives, read Chairman Mao’s writings throughout our lives, study Mao Tse-tung’s thought throughout our lives, and be for ever loyal to Chairman Mao, loyal to the people and loyal to the cause of communism.

Thirty years have elapsed since our forerunner in the cultural revolution, Lu Hsun, left us, but his revolutionary spirit lives on in the heart of every revolutionary comrade.

In the tempestuous waves of the great proletarian cultural revolution we need people of unyielding proletarian integrity armed with Mao Tse-tung’s thought; we need all-round revolutionary pathbreakers with penetrating insight, and wisdom and courage. The revolutionary spirit of Lu Hsun and his experience in struggle are a precious heritage. We must act according to Chairman Mao’s teachings, emulate Lu Hsun’s example, use Mao Tse-tung’s thought as our guide, and take over and carry forward Lu Hsun’s spirit of daring to make revolution and being good at making revolution, of daring to struggle and being good at struggling. We must hold still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought, thoroughly criticize and repudiate the bourgeois reactionary line, resolutely implement the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao, and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

Commemorate Lu Hsun and Carry the Revolution Through to the End

Comrades! Red Guard Comrades-in-Arms! Friends!

Held during the high tide of the vigorously developing great proletarian cultural revolution and after our great leader Chairman Mao has reviewed for the fourth time one and a half million of the forces of the cultural revolution, our solemn commemoration of Lu Hsun, the great standard-bearer on the proletarian cultural front, is of great international and domestic significance.

Only the revolutionary people are entitled to commemorate the revolutionary fighters. The best commemoration of the proletarian revolutionary fighters of the past can only be the continuous carrying forward of the revolution under new historical conditions. With the leading clique of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union at their centre, the modern revisionists who bow down obsequiously before imperialism and the bourgeoisie, the representatives of the bourgeoisie who, in the period of socialist revolution, hold on like

grim death to the old bourgeois ideas, culture, customs and habits, the counter-revolutionary double-dealers who advocate "new skills but old ideas," and the flies and mosquitoes which flit endlessly over the garbage dumps of the decadent culture of the exploiting classes and refuse to leave them — all these are utterly disqualified from talking about commemorating Lu Hsun. Those who are today most qualified to commemorate Lu Hsun are the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and the heroic Red Guard fighters who, in the great proletarian cultural revolution and under the shining banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, are vigorously destroying the "four olds" (old ideas, culture, customs and habits) and fostering the "four news" (new ideas, culture, customs and habits), and the revolutionary people of the whole world who, wave upon wave, are waging struggles against US imperialism and its lackeys. The great deeds done by the Red Guard fighters in their fierce attack against the old things of the exploiting classes are the best commemoration of Lu Hsun!

Chairman Mao has given the most correct, most comprehensive and fullest appraisal of the historical contribution of Lu Hsun.

Chairman Mao said: **"The chief commander of China's cultural revolution, he (Lu Hsun) was not only a great man of letters but a great thinker and revolutionary. Lu Hsun was a man of unyielding integrity, free from all sycophancy or obsequiousness; this quality is invaluable among colonial and semi-colonial peoples. Representing the great majority of the nation, Lu Hsun breached and stormed the enemy citadel; on the cultural front he was the bravest and most correct, the firmest, the most loyal and the most ardent national hero, a hero without parallel in our history. The road he took was the very road of China's new national culture."**

Lu Hsun's contribution is many-sided. Its soul and core is the proletarian revolutionary spirit pointed out by Chairman Mao. To cast away the revolutionary spirit of Lu Hsun means to cast away his soul or Lu Hsun as a whole. The commemoration of Lu Hsun means, first and foremost, in accordance with the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, to greatly develop this fearless and thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of daring to think, speak, act, break through and

make revolution, steel oneself into a fighter with the unyielding integrity of the proletariat, and carry through to the end the fight against imperialism headed by the United States, modern revisionism with the leading clique of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union at its centre, the cliques wildly gesticulating and adding their shouts to the big anti-China chorus, the reactionary forces at home and abroad, and all kinds of ghosts and monsters.

We commemorate Lu Hsun because in the period of the May 4th Movement he used his sharp and pungent pen to launch heroic attacks against the reactionary, decadent cultures of imperialism and feudalism and ruthlessly criticize the entire old world where man eats man. Wherever his pen struck, it was invincible. The old feudal diehards and the lap dogs lost their courage when they heard his name.

We commemorate Lu Hsun who, following the Kuomintang betrayal of the revolution in 1927, and in the course of stubborn struggles against imperialism and its lackeys, faced with the bloody lessons of the class struggle, continued to "dissect himself" strictly, remoulded his world outlook, established the Marxist-Leninist world outlook and developed from a bourgeois revolutionary democrat into a great communist fighter.

We commemorate Lu Hsun who, at the end of the 1920s and in the 1930s, used the weapon of Marxism-Leninism to wage great and heroic struggles against imperialism and the Kuomintang reactionaries, against all sorts of ghosts on the cultural front, and the revisionists who had wormed their way into the Party and donned the cloak of revolutionaries; who smashed all kinds of bourgeois reactionary thoughts and reactionary culture; who thoroughly exposed the despicable faces of the lackeys of the landlord and bourgeois classes such as Hu Shih,* Liang Shih-chiu** and the advocates of "a nationalist literature";*** who reflected the revolutionary "soul of the Chinese

*A reactionary writer of the compradore class who was later sent as an ambassador to Washington by the Kuomintang government.

**A reactionary bourgeois writer of that time.

***Referring to Huang Chen-hsia and his like who were reactionary Kuomintang men of letters.

masses," and performed immortal deeds in the cause of the Chinese people's liberation.

We commemorate Lu Hsun, particularly his last years. At that time, firmly taking the correct stand of the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao, he defended the anti-Japanese national united front put forward by Chairman Mao and sharply denounced the capitulationist line of Wang Ming's Right opportunism that was being followed by Chou Yang and others. Lu Hsun sharply exposed these persons' reactionary nature as "truly dissipated descendants of bankrupt families" disguised as "so-called revolutionary writers"; he uncovered their sectarian methods of "whispering campaigns and stirring up trouble" and their "evil propensity" for double-dealing; he exposed their criminal acts of surrendering to the Kuomintang reactionaries and spreading of their treason and renegade philosophy under the pretext of forming a "coalition front." Lu Hsun insisted on raising the proletarian slogan of "a literature of the masses for the national revolutionary war" and criticized the bourgeois slogan of "a literature of national defence." In "Reply to a Letter from the Trotskyites" Lu Hsun wrote: "I count it an honour to have as my comrades those who are now doing solid work, treading firmly on the ground, fighting and shedding their blood in defence of the Chinese people." This boundless love for the Chinese Communist Party headed by Chairman Mao, this unswerving faith in the great thought of Mao Tse-tung and his resolute implementation of the correct line mapped out by Chairman Mao showed Lu Hsun's most profound proletarian feeling in his last years. These things will always deserve our deep respect.

The proletarian revolutionary line has always existed in opposition to the bourgeois reactionary line and developed in the struggle with it. The history of the revolution tells us that the revolutionary cause has developed and advanced successfully whenever the correct line represented by Comrade Mao Tse-tung held sway, and suffered setback or defeat whenever an erroneous line contravening Mao Tse-tung's thought became dominant for a time. The struggle in literature and art reflects the political struggle and serves it. Lu Hsun's struggle on the cultural front during the 1930s against the revisionists

attack Lu Hsun and revealed the reactionary bourgeois essence of the slogan of "a literature of national defence." It was a struggle to defend Mao Tse-tung's thought and the correct line represented by Chairman Mao. The struggle between the proletarian and bourgeois lines continues today in the great proletarian cultural revolution and, as it deepens, assumes certain new forms. We must resolutely defend and carry out the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao and overthrow the bourgeois reactionary line! We must raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, criticize and repudiate all erroneous tendencies opposing Mao Tse-tung's thought and the mass line, and clean up the poison of the bourgeois reactionary line!

In a letter of May 1936 and with those revisionists in mind who, under the cloak of "Left-wingers," had covertly attacked him and tried to get him into trouble, Lu Hsun wrote indignantly: "Those so-called 'men of letters' of Shanghai are really rotten.... I really want to write an article of at least fifty or sixty thousand words to spell out all the unspoken vexations I have suffered these past years. This would in fact also be a little legacy left to the future." This shows that Lu Hsun had wanted to launch a large-scale counter-attack against the rotten group of Chou Yang and company. It is a pity that Lu Hsun died before he could realize his wish. Today, we should realize this wish of Lu Hsun's, carry on the struggle to expose and criticize the revisionist line on the literary and artistic front represented by Chou Yang and do a thorough and exhaustive job of it!

The imperialists, reactionaries of all countries and modern revisionists are scared out of their wits by the great proletarian cultural revolution. They see the great proletarian cultural revolution as something as dangerous as a deluge or wild beasts. They are on tenterhooks that they will be wakened from their dreams by roars of the revolution. The words "Red Guards" grip them with fear as if the death sentence has been passed on them and they are on edge and alarmed all day. They have started all their propaganda machines going to give vent to their fear and hatred and to curse the Red Guard movement and our great proletarian cultural revolution. But as Lu Hsun pointed out: "Cultural reforms flow on like great rivers

and cannot be checked." The roaring tide of the revolution and the spread of revolutionary truth cannot be stopped by the puny shouts of the reactionaries. In those days, literary men of all stripes in the service of the Kuomintang reactionaries and revisionists who had wormed their way into the ranks of the "Left-wingers" both staged campaigns of "encirclement and suppression" against Lu Hsun. What was the result? As Chairman Mao has said: **"It was in the very midst of such campaigns of 'encirclement and suppression' that Lu Hsun, who believed in communism, became the giant of China's cultural revolution."** One can be sure that curses hurled by the world's reactionaries against China's great proletarian cultural revolution can only, by providing a negative example, result in helping to spread the sparks of the proletarian cultural revolution throughout the world, hasten their own downfall, and enable people of the world to see more clearly the historic, epoch-making significance of that great revolution and the tremendous impetus it gives to the world communist movement and the history of mankind!

The modern revisionists, with the leading clique of the CPSU at their centre, have of late been using the occasion of the Lu Hsun commemorations to vilify Lu Hsun and so shamelessly slander the great proletarian cultural revolution. They had the effrontery to malign Lu Hsun as a "humanitarian" and a "singer of fraternity," alleging that Lu Hsun upheld the literature and art of the old times as of "permanent value," and that he opposed the revolution in the cultural field and the idea of literature and art serving proletarian politics. This is indeed the basest fabrication against Lu Hsun. During his lifetime, Lu Hsun most bitterly hated those deceivers who publicized class conciliation. When he said "The oppressed are either slaves or enemies of the oppressors but can never be their friends," he had in mind the slavish philosophy that advertises "fraternity" and "forbearance." What a clear-cut proletarian stand he took! This is indeed a hard knock at the heads of the revisionists who deceive and lull the oppressed people with talk of "fraternity" and "humanitarianism"; it reveals their true features as servants of imperialism and the bourgeoisie. Throughout his life Lu Hsun opposed the pursuit of "permanent values," and was always the most

enthusiastic supporter and singer of the cultural revolution. He said: "China can have no genuine new literature and art without pathbreakers who break away from all traditional ideas and methods." He sharply denounced the reactionary bourgeois theory which held that "literature is permanent whereas political phenomena are temporary so the former cannot be related to the latter"; he revealed that "the third category of people" who sang this tune did so precisely to serve the butchers who slaughtered the people. He always insisted that literature and art should serve the current revolutionary struggle and pointed out that the "three treasures — universality, permanence and completeness" — of the bourgeoisie are nothing but "nails which would nail a writer in his coffin." As a matter of fact, the "permanent value" advertised in modern revisionist art is nothing but the shopworn tune of the theory of human nature copied from bourgeois literature and art; it is nothing but the decadent life and a fashionable trade mark picked up from the rotten culture of the Western capitalist countries characterized by shamelessness, emptiness and vulgar taste. All this is dross which will soon be washed away by the tide of history. How can it have any "permanent value"?

The militant legacy which Lu Hsun left us includes many profound ideas which summed up the historical experience of class struggle on the cultural front and deserve to be studied and developed by us. Here let me cite a few points:

Firstly, we must develop Lu Hsun's fighting spirit of "beating a dog in the water." It is necessary to have this militant spirit both in order to overthrow the reactionary state power of the landlords and bourgeoisie and also to defend the proletarian dictatorship. Lu Hsun was highly vigilant against the enemies of the people. He saw through the enemies' utter cruelty and cunning and he would certainly show them no mercy. If you do not struggle against him; he will struggle against you. You may not "hate evil as you do your enemy," but he will "hate goodness as he does his enemy." You think of letting him go, but he definitely will not let you go. He will put on various masks to trick you into compromise, but he himself will never compromise. In his famous essay "'Fair Play' Should Be Put Off for the Time Being," Lu Hsun summed up many lessons learned at

the cost of blood, and pointed out that "preaching not to 'beat a dog in the water' is very harmful." If those "dogs in the water" are not beaten thoroughly, once they crawl back on to the bank, they will bite to death many revolutionaries. This will cost more blood; and at the very least they will splash people all over with water. He said: If you think "to give a free hand to evil is to show mercy," and talk about benevolence with regard to ghosts and monsters "to allow them to breed quickly," "this will cost a lot more energy and lives" on the part of future revolutionaries.

To those so-called "simple people" who refuse to beat "a dog in the water," Lu Hsun said that some dogs only seemed to have fallen into the water, but actually had not. At most they only pretend to be limp so as to appeal to people's sense of pity. Then they will start by biting these "simple people" first as soon as they have a chance for a come-back. He also said: "The nature of a dog cannot be changed. Things may be different ten thousand years later, but we are now talking about the present. If you regard those "in the water" as very pitiful, then there are many harmful creatures that look pitiful. Even cholera germs, though they breed quickly, seem simple in nature. But a physician definitely will not let them go."

The life of Lu Hsun was a life of fighting uncompromisingly against the reactionaries both at home and abroad. He never forgave the enemies of the people. Many times he rebutted the "idea of making no distinction between right and wrong." In his opinion, revolutionaries should always maintain a clear-cut stand, make a clear differentiation between right and wrong, and have a strong sense of likes and dislikes. Most of all he hated those "gentlemen" who made a show of "righteousness" yet in fact stood on the side of the old forces. He drew a most incisive portrait of the ugly features of these "gentlemen": "Although they are dogs, they look very much like cats, so eclectic, just, conciliatory and fair, their smug air seeming to proclaim: 'Everyone else goes to extremes, but I practise the Doctrine of the Mean.'" In his essay "Ghosts and Monsters in China's Literary World," he mercilessly showed up the ugly features of those who said they were "definitely not Left-wingers, nor Right-wingers, but

stand far above both," saying that "no deception can last long." This is really an excellent portrait of some modern revisionists who today describe themselves as "far above others" and "fair." Take a look at those in the international communist movement who consider that they "alone are pursuing the Doctrine of the Mean"; they are in fact showing themselves up as the most vulgar of revisionists. We must develop this fighting spirit of never compromising with the enemies, see through all the plots of those dogs in the water or not yet fallen into the water, tear the eclectic masks off those "gentlemen" of a new type, expose the ugly features of those lap dogs who "although dogs, look very much like cats," in order to carry resolutely to the end the fight against imperialism headed by the United States and modern revisionism with the leading group of the CPSU at its centre, and resolutely to carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

Secondly, we must develop Lu Hsun's revolutionary spirit of tenacity and perseverance. Lu Hsun said: "In the struggle against the old society and old forces, it is necessary to be firm, enduring and to pay attention to strength." He said: "Without tenacity, nothing can be achieved in culture." This is because no reactionary force or reactionary idea will ever step down from the stage of history of its own. It is necessary to have many trials of strength and to wage repeated struggles in order to wipe them out step by step; this can never be done "at one stroke." It calls for the greatest tenacity to win victory step by step, to consolidate and extend victory, and to make bankrupt all kinds of counter-attacks by the old forces and all their attempts to soften up the revolutionaries.

During his lifetime, Lu Hsun many times experienced the ebb and flow of the revolution, victories and failures, zigzags and reversals, unity and division. Time and again the revolutionary ranks were divided into two, with "some going higher in rank and some going to live in seclusion," "some withdrawing from the ranks, some deserting, some becoming despondent and some, traitors." But he stood firm as a proud pine in the wind and frost, fearless of darkness and violence; he kept marching forward, persisting unswervingly in a protracted, heroic struggle against imperialism and its lackeys,

constantly assimilating the experience of class struggle, and he ultimately grasped the great truth of Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought, and tempered himself into a man of staunch proletarian integrity.

Today, under the dictatorship of the proletariat, we have launched the great proletarian cultural revolution, a movement without parallel in history. This great, torrential revolutionary movement was started by Chairman Mao on the basis of a summing up of the experience of the class struggle in China and in the international arena and of the historical experience of the dictatorship of the proletariat, and taking into account the profound aspirations of the revolutionary masses. This is a great innovation in the international communist movement, a great innovation in the socialist revolution in our country, a revolutionary movement of the proletariat carried out at a higher stage and after the proletariat has seized state power and transformed private ownership, with the aim of remoulding the outlook of society and remoulding the ideological outlook. This is an extremely great revolution, a far-reaching and deep-going revolution that touches the people to their very souls. All classes, all kinds of social ideas and political groups will come to the stage to give their performances; a handful of persons who are in authority and are taking the capitalist road will never of their own accord step down from the stage of history. In such a great revolution, it is only natural that stubborn resistance should be encountered from the old forces of the exploiting classes, as well as many new problems, extremely complex struggles and all manner of reversals. It therefore calls urgently for just such a proletarian tenacity as that displayed by Lu Hsun.

A staunch revolutionary of the proletariat, a true Communist Party member, must have a firm proletarian class stand and a militant spirit of holding fast to principles; he must be able to stand up to the tests of storms as well as attacks by sugar-coated bullets. When he has met with temporary setbacks, he should not lose heart, complain, be disillusioned, or run away; he should be fearless in face of attacks from all sides, and not be scared of "isolation." Fearing nothing, he puts his trust in the truth, sums up the lessons, persists in the struggle and resolutely advances according to the main orientation pointed

out by Chairman Mao. Once a victory is won, he must not relax his vigilance, grow complacent, cease to make progress or become light-headed; he must pay attention to rallying the great majority, pay attention to the new problems cropping up among the masses, continue to sum up the lessons, persist in the struggle, and advance according to the main orientation pointed out by Chairman Mao. Only with this revolutionary spirit of tenacity and perseverance tempered in accordance with the teachings of Mao Tse-tung's thought, will it be possible to carry the proletarian revolution through to the end, dig out, bit by bit, all the roots of revisionism and shoulder the great historic mission of thoroughly wiping out the bourgeoisie and bringing to reality the ideal of communism.

Thirdly, we must learn from Lu Hsun's dialectical viewpoint in looking at problems. In his *Speech at the Chinese Communist Party's National Conference on Propaganda Work*, Chairman Mao particularly mentioned the need to learn from Lu Hsun's method of analysing problems as shown in his later essays. He said: **"The analytical method is dialectical. By analysis, we mean analysing the contradictions in things. And sound analysis is impossible without intimate knowledge of life and without real understanding of the pertinent contradictions. Lu Hsun's later essays are so penetrating and powerful and yet so free from one-sidedness precisely because he had grasped dialectics by then."** After he became a Marxist in the later period of his life, Lu Hsun overcame certain shortcomings characteristic of the metaphysical and one-sided views expressed in his earlier articles; he skilfully used dialectics in analysing all sorts of problems and thus lifted his fighting activity on to an entirely new ideological plane. Lu Hsun's fighting experience shows that to be a staunch proletarian revolutionary on the cultural front, one must grasp dialectics and overcome one-sidedness. In the present great proletarian cultural revolution, we have come up against all kinds of complex contradictions and so it is particularly necessary for us to make a further advance in creatively studying and applying those great philosophical concepts of genius of Chairman Mao and use Marxist dialectics to make class analyses. Lu Hsun's later essays and other articles shine with the unquenchable light of

struggle and serve as a very good example from which to learn to analyse problems.

Fourthly, in emulating Lu Hsun the most important and fundamental thing is his great communist spirit in bending his back to his dying day for the proletarian revolutionary cause. Here let us restudy Chairman Mao's teaching: **"This couplet from a poem by Lu Hsun should be our motto:**

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

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

We must follow Chairman Mao's teachings and do as Lu Hsun did, never yielding to any enemy, however ferocious, and daring to wage tit-for-tat struggles against them, despising them, overpowering them and defeating them. Like Lu Hsun, we should whole-heartedly serve the proletariat and the masses, and be the honest servants of the people and the "oxen" of the people; we should talk with the masses on an equal footing; work for the masses; struggle for and serve the masses to our last breath; we must overcome individualism and discard the bureaucratic airs of the exploiting classes who consider themselves superior to the masses of the people. Like Lu Hsun, we should have an ardent love for the proletariat, the masses and the revolutionary young people; and fight, study and advance side by side with the revolutionary people.

Our revolutionary younger generation should also learn from this spirit, discard all selfish ideas, unite with the broad masses, and identify themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers; they should develop the spirit of hard struggle, strive to foster in themselves the proletarian world outlook in the course of the struggle and train themselves to be fighters boundlessly loyal to the cause of communism.

Thirty years have passed since Lu Hsun's death. In this time, earth-shaking changes have taken place in China. Lu Hsun once enthusiastically put forward this appeal: "We should train large numbers of new fighters," but this could not be done in his time. Today, there is a mighty cultural revolutionary army of new fighters. Millions upon millions of people have now become critics of the old world and old culture and the breadth and depth of this criticism are beyond comparison with anything in Lu Hsun's time. We have seen with our own eyes that tens of thousands of heroic young fighters have come forth group by group in the course of sharp class struggle. They have mastered the truth of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and have been following a correct orientation and a correct line. Representing the majority of the people, they dare to wage brave and fierce struggles against those old things that appear very strong. They have indeed overthrown all the formidable obstacles that hindered the advance of the revolution. This is a historical truth: the "unlearned" have overthrown the "learned," the revolutionary "small fry" have defeated the counter-revolutionary "big shots." This is the cause undertaken by tens of millions of revolutionary people under the leadership of the Party and Comrade Mao Tse-tung. The representatives of the reactionary classes have finally been toppled from their thrones and their true nature as paper tigers has been exposed because they act contrary to the development of the revolution, because they follow an incorrect orientation and an incorrect line, and because they are against the revolution, against the people and against Mao Tse-tung's thought. They have been transformed from "big shots" into unimportant persons and finally they have become something not worth a rap. This is true of reactionary fools everywhere in the world, the Khrushchov modern revisionists and Chou Yang and company. This holds good and will hold good with all the representatives of the bourgeoisie both inside and outside the Party. History never stops its advance; it inevitably casts aside group by group the handfuls of people who act against the revolution. In the light of the history of such class struggles, Lu Hsun's spirit in always going forward and carrying the revolution through to the end has become more precious than ever. We must act as Lu Hsun did and constantly re-

mould our ideology, keep up with the constantly developing situation, and always follow Chairman Mao, our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman in making revolution. Together with all the revolutionary people, we must always diligently study new things and warmly support new things. In the raging flames of the class struggle in the socialist revolution, we must constantly forge ahead and carry the revolution through to the end; we must never retreat in mid course, never drop behind the advance, and be always loyal to Chairman Mao, always be his good students and fighters.

May Lu Hsun's proletarian revolutionary spirit live for ever!
Long live the victory of the great proletarian cultural revolution!
Long live the great Chinese Communist Party!
Long live the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung!
Long live our great leader Chairman Mao!

Learn from Lu Hsun, Be Faithful to Chairman Mao For Ever

This year is the thirtieth anniversary of Lu Hsun's death and we Red Guards commemorate this great communist fighter with boundless reverence.

As Chairman Mao said: **"Representing the great majority of the nation, Lu Hsun breached and stormed the enemy citadel; on the cultural front he was the bravest and most correct, the firmest, the most loyal and the most ardent national hero, a hero without parallel in our history."**

Lu Hsun was the deadly enemy of imperialism and the Kuomintang reactionaries and was an intrepid fighter in the very forefront of the revolution. Using his biting, humorous and powerful pen he depicted the monstrous features of the forces of evil and the diabolical appearance of hideous imperialism. The way in which he portrayed them so accurately, exposed them so thoroughly and repudiated them so point-

edly fully showed his ability to make a deep and penetrating survey of society.

Lu Hsun was a thorn in the side of all feudal and traitorous literary hacks, paid literary hacks of the Kuomintang reactionaries and the reactionary bourgeois academic "authorities"; and he was the biggest obstacle in the way of the Chou Yangs who were trying to push their bourgeois line in literature and art forward. In his lifetime, Lu Hsun sharply repudiated and forcefully attacked the revisionist line in literature and art represented by Chou Yang. The slogan "Literature of the masses for the national revolutionary war" that he raised was a proletarian, revolutionary slogan based on the anti-Japanese united front policy of the Party's Central Committee and Chairman Mao. The line in literature and art which he resolutely safeguarded was the proletarian line in literature and art. Lu Hsun was the great standard-bearer of proletarian literature and art and was a great figure of the Chinese cultural revolution.

Lu Hsun was a fine son and a faithful servant of the people. He closely integrated his life with the broad masses of the labouring people and with the fate of the proletarian revolutionary cause. His was a life of revolution, a life of struggle and a life dedicated to serving the people heart and soul. The two lines from Lu Hsun's poem:

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

is a concentrated reflection of his proletarian world outlook and a vivid portrait of his character. We revolutionary Red Guards are resolved to firmly keep in mind Chairman Mao's teachings, learn from the example of Lu Hsun and take as our motto this poem so as to spur ourselves on and continuously advance.

Our country's great proletarian cultural revolution is sweeping the whole country and shaking the whole world with the force of an avalanche at present. The vestiges of the old society — the old ideas, old culture, old habits and old customs of the exploiting classes — are like the sun setting in the western hills. But Chairman Mao has taught us: **"Everything reactionary is the same; if you don't hit it, it won't fall."** Therefore we must learn from the thorough-

going revolutionary spirit of Lu Hsun and completely sweep away every remnant left by the exploiting classes.

We must learn from Lu Hsun's spirit of daring to struggle and daring to make revolution, persist in fully airing our views and using big-character posters and big debates to expose and criticize thoroughly, and to resolutely continue the righteous and severe denunciation of the open and hidden representatives of the bourgeoisie. We must put destruction first and daring in the lead. We must dare to think, dare to speak, dare to do, dare to act, dare to make revolution, dare to rebel, and vehemently beat a "dog in the water," relentlessly pursue the tottering foe and never withdraw our forces until complete victory is won.

We must learn from Lu Hsun's militant spirit of "tenacity," be good at struggle and good at making revolution. We are not afraid of being attacked, of setbacks, of dark clouds and heavy fog, of wild whirlwinds, thunder and lightning, of powerful resistance, or of many reverses; we will carry the revolution through to the end and rebel to the end without flagging. We will stand staunchly under the great banner of Chairman Mao, fully and completely repudiate the reactionary bourgeois line and safeguard the revolutionary proletarian line represented by Chairman Mao. Down with conciliationism, down with eclecticism, down with slavishness. We will learn to swim in swimming, be steeled and tempered and grow up in the fiery crucible of class struggle, and turn ourselves into staunch and reliable successors to the proletarian revolutionary cause. We pledge to carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

We must learn from Lu Hsun's clear proletarian distinction between love and hatred: Fierce-browed, we furiously defy imperialism headed by the United States, revisionism with the leadership of the CPSU at the centre, and all reactionaries; furiously defy those who have wormed their way into the Party, who are in positions of authority and are taking the road of capitalism, as well as the reactionary bourgeois academic "authorities"; sweep away all ghosts and monsters and be promoters of the proletarian revolution. We have boundless love for our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman Chairman Mao, and have infinite love for the

great, glorious and correct Chinese Communist Party. We have unbounded love for our heroic and great people and for our beautiful socialist motherland. We must study well Chairman Mao's works *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune* and *Serve the People* to become a good "ox" working for the proletariat and the masses of the people and be a good red soldier of Chairman Mao, devoting our lives to the noble and splendid cause of communism.

Lu Hsun died for the people, and his death is weightier than Mount Tai. In commemorating Lu Hsun we solemnly pledge to all revolutionary predecessors: We will be successors to the revolution, be successors to Mao Tse-tung's thought and carry the revolution through to the end!

Learn from Lu Hsun, and be for ever faithful to Chairman Mao and Mao Tse-tung's great thought!

May Lu Hsun's revolutionary spirit live for ever!

Long live the victory of the great proletarian cultural revolution!

Long live the great Communist Party of China!

Long live our great leader Chairman Mao, and long life, long, long life to him!

Rebutting Simonov

Today amidst the upsurge of the great proletarian cultural revolution and at a time when we are bombarding the bourgeois reactionary line, we commemorate the great communist fighter Lu Hsun. This is of great significance for us in staunchly carrying the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end, to final victory.

Lu Hsun's life was a life of struggle, a life of revolution. He dedicated himself wholly to the revolutionary cause of the Chinese people. Our great leader Chairman Mao has given a very high appraisal of Lu Hsun.

In commemorating Lu Hsun, we Red Guards must learn from his revolutionary spirit, to rebel like him against imperialism, against the bourgeoisie, against revisionism; learn to be like him: "Fierce-browed, I coolly defy a thousand pointing fingers; Head-bowed, like a willing ox I serve the children."

While we have been commemorating Lu Hsun, the modern revisionists, with the CPSU leadership as their centre, seized the oppor-

tunity to blow up a malicious wind, to raise a hue and cry to vilify Lu Hsun and viciously attack China's great cultural revolution.

There is a fellow in the Soviet Union called Simonov, a most mean creature and a big renegade from the Soviet revolution. When Stalin died, he wrote: "... no words can express how we grieve over you, Comrade Stalin..." But the ink was hardly dry before, hard on the heels of Khrushchov, he joined in outrageously slandering, maligning and attacking Stalin, in smearing the dictatorship of the proletariat in the Soviet Union, writing one long putrid revisionist piece after another reviling Stalin and the Soviet people, and thus becoming one of the chief abettors of the anti-Stalin campaign. It is no other than this representative of the high salaried stratum, this new aristocrat of the Soviet bourgeoisie, who, on the pretext of commemorating Lu Hsun, wrote an article in the Soviet *Literary Gazette* of October 18 calumniating the great communist fighter Lu Hsun and attacking China's great proletarian cultural revolution. We will never tolerate the besmirching of the glorious name of Lu Hsun by such a renegade.

In his article, this lordly Simonov wildly clamours that "all that is happening in China now and is called the 'cultural revolution' is a phenomenon that is alien to the people and transient."

Chairman Mao has taught us: **"... (it is bad as far as we are concerned if a person, a political party, an army or a school) is not attacked by the enemy, for in that case it would mean that we have sunk to the level of the enemy. It is good if we are attacked by the enemy, since it proves that we have drawn a clear line of demarcation between the enemy and ourselves. It is still better if the enemy attacks us wildly and paints us as utterly black and without a single virtue, since it demonstrates that we have not only drawn a clear line of demarcation between the enemy and ourselves but achieved a great deal in our work."**

The lordly Simonovs allege that our cultural revolution is alien to them. It is only natural that our great proletarian cultural revolution should be alien to revisionists like you. You are flunkies of imperialists, faithful sons of revisionists. We want to rebel against you. How could you possibly feel good about what we are doing? The torrent of the great proletarian cultural revolution is washing

away completely the stinking, nauseating rubbish that you represent. Of course you are scared to death and mortally hate it. Do you dare to do as we are doing now and rouse the whole nation to put up posters in big characters giving full and frank expression of views and opinions, carry out a nationwide exchange of revolutionary experience and organize Red Guards? You dare not. You shudder with fear. If you dared to do it, you would not survive for a single day. All you are good for is to ride on the heads of the people, suck their blood and eat their flesh.

To be attacked by the enemy is not a bad thing but a good thing. If they praise us, will it not mean that we are working hand-in-glove with them?

You gentlemen, who are as stupid as asses, harbour the illusion that our revolution is "transient." You had better give up that ideal! We, revolutionary Red Guards, are bent on carrying the great proletarian cultural revolution right through to the end. We are bent on rebelling against anything that is not in keeping with Mao Tse-tung's thought. We are bent on completely uprooting the poisonous origins of imperialism and revisionism, and lift them out by their roots. We are bent on fighting to the end, until all the demons and monsters in the world are completely wiped out and we will not stop short of complete victory!

This gentleman Simonov rants frenziedly about our "chorus of crude and unworthy anti-Soviet yells." In actual fact, it is not we, but revisionists like Simonov and his like who, using their foul pens to blacken the glorious history of the Soviet people, are really anti-Soviet. Simonov and his like have written novels, made films, put on plays and written poems defaming Stalin, the Soviet Red Army and the Soviet people, presenting Soviet socialist society under the leadership of Stalin as a mess. Isn't all this a big anti-Soviet campaign? Isn't all this a most contemptible anti-Soviet campaign? In actual fact, today, it is the Soviet revisionist gentlemen who are making a chorus of crude and unworthy yells against China. You follow hard on the heels of US imperialism, yelling for all you are worth, and snapping at people at random like rabid dogs. US imperialism says east and you dare not say west; US imperialism says the sun

is black and you dare not say it is red. You tell lies everywhere, spread rumours everywhere and everywhere engage in calumny and vilification, everywhere advertising your philosophy of survival and selling out the revolution, selling out the truth and everything else for the sake of a few crumbs. Everywhere you are chiming in with US imperialism and you are vainly trying to sell out the Vietnamese people's revolution to US imperialism. Some time ago, you cruelly suppressed the just demonstrations organized by revolutionary students of various countries studying in the Soviet Union, and the incidents resulted in serious bloodshed. Recently, you went further and drove home our students studying in the Soviet Union. By your words and actions you have proved yourselves the ringleaders of the anti-China chorus. It is you who are making "a chorus of crude and unworthy yells" against China.

Simonov also rants about Lu Hsun's name "sounding out louder and clearer." Lu Hsun's name is sounding out louder and clearer because he was a vanguard fighter on the proletarian cultural front, the staunchest of revolutionary rebels, a man of unyielding integrity with the most clearly defined loves and hates and the firmest of stands. An abject renegade such as you has no right to mention Lu Hsun's name! We, Red Guards, give warning to you Simonov that your despicable efforts to take advantage of this occasion to discredit the Chinese people and advertise yourself will be fruitless. It is the same as the braying of a donkey, and it will be spurned by the revolutionary people. In Lu Hsun's presence, renegades like you should feel so ashamed of yourselves that you dare not show your faces.

We are the young red fighters of Chairman Mao, we are red rebels. Holding aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, using Mao Tse-tung's thought, this sharpest of weapons, and with Lu Hsun as our model, we will carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end! We shall turn heaven and earth into realms of Mao Tse-tung's thought and arm all the people with it! We will plant the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought all over the world! We will make revolution to the end! We will rebel to the end! We shall give our youth and blood for the world proletarian revolutionary cause!

We pledge to carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end!

Be loyal for ever to Chairman Mao!

Be loyal for ever to Mao Tse-tung's thought!

Long live the great Communist Party of China!

Long life, long, long life to our great leader Chairman Mao!

橫眉冷對千夫指
俯首甘為孺子牛

魯迅

Lu Hsun's couplet in his own handwriting: ▶

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

Mao Tse-tung's Thought Illuminates Lu Hsun

Comrades, Red Guards, Friends:

I am moved beyond words that, in the midst of the upsurge of the great proletarian cultural revolution personally initiated and led by our most, most respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao, the Cultural Revolution Group under the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party has called this meeting to commemorate Lu Hsun, the great standard-bearer on the cultural front. The raging flames of the cultural revolution kindled through the length and breadth of our country by our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman Chairman Mao have shaken the whole world. How Lu Hsun would have rejoiced if he had lived to this day and witnessed this all!

I am deeply convinced that today as in the past it is none other but our most, most respected and beloved and our greatest leader Chairman Mao who thinks of Lu Hsun the most, who understands Lu Hsun

the most, who has most correctly, most comprehensively and most penetratingly estimated Lu Hsun.

Chairman Mao has said:

The chief commander of China's cultural revolution, he was not only a great man of letters but a great thinker and revolutionary. Lu Hsun was a man of unyielding integrity, free from all sycophancy or obsequiousness; this quality is invaluable among colonial and semi-colonial peoples. Representing the great majority of the nation, Lu Hsun breached and stormed the enemy citadel; on the cultural front he was the bravest and most correct, the firmest, the most loyal and the most ardent national hero, a hero without parallel in our history. The road he took was the very road of China's new national culture.

Chairman Mao extolled Lu Hsun as the chief commander of the cultural revolution, but Lu Hsun always looked upon himself as a mere soldier doing his duty for the Party. He regarded his revolutionary activities as carrying out the "general's orders," and described his revolutionary literary works as "literature written to order." Throughout his lifetime the orders Lu Hsun obeyed and carried out were the orders of the revolutionary people, the orders of the proletariat, the orders of the Party and Chairman Mao. He tried hard to study and grasp the Party's guiding principles and policies laid down by Comrade Mao Tse-tung. He strained himself to the limit in working for proletarian culture. Like a soldier on patrol, he kept a good watch all the time on developments on the cultural front and put himself in the fighting ranks. Indefatigable and fearless of danger and difficulty, he trained and fostered new cultural forces for the Party, and denied himself to save up money to support the Party's cultural publications. All this I remember to this day, and I shall remember it all my life.

Lu Hsun's admiration and love for our most beloved Chairman Mao knew no bounds. When the Red Army led by Chairman Mao victoriously completed the Long March of 25,000 li to reach north Shensi, Lu Hsun wired a message of greetings and congratulations. Full of enthusiasm, Lu Hsun in his telegram acclaimed: "On your shoulders rests the hope of the Chinese people and humanity." In

those darkest years of reactionary Kuomintang rule, Lu Hsun already clearly saw that the revolutionary people's war of the Chinese people waged under the leadership of Comrade Mao Tse-tung would not only win the liberation of China's toiling masses but bring in its train limitless prospects for all mankind as well. We could see how Lu Hsun beamed with love for Chairman Mao in his "Reply to a Letter from the Trotskyites," written just before his death. Under the Kuomintang White Terror, he cast personal safety to the winds and openly declared that he considered it a great honour to be one of Chairman Mao's comrades. At that time, Lu Hsun and Chairman Mao were separated by vast distances, yet Lu Hsun's heart was with Chairman Mao, beating with Chairman Mao. For Lu Hsun, our great leader Chairman Mao was the reddest red sun in his heart.

Our great leader Chairman Mao is the supreme commander not only on the political and military front but on the cultural front as well. In those days the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung was the supreme guiding principle for Lu Hsun and all revolutionary cultural workers. Acting under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, Lu Hsun was a most courageous fighter who breached and stormed the enemy citadel on the cultural front; he was also a great standard-bearer. Especially in the struggle between the two lines on the cultural front in the 30s, Lu Hsun, guided by the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, held aloft the banner of the proletarian revolutionary line led by Chairman Mao and put forward the proletarian slogan "literature of the masses for the national revolutionary war." He thus mercilessly unmasked the reactionary features of those "four toughs" — Chou Yang, Tien Han, Hsia Yen and Yang Han-sheng — who were followers of Wang Ming's Right opportunist line, and ripped the bourgeois slogan "a literature of national defence" to shreds. This proletarian slogan, "literature of the masses for the national revolutionary war," which made Chou Yang & Co. go wild with hatred was precisely formulated by Lu Hsun in accordance with Chairman Mao's great directive. It was the radiance of Mao Tse-tung's thought that guided and inspired Lu Hsun to become the great champion of communism he was.

Those counter-revolutionary revisionists such as Chou Yang and his like who had long racked their brains to oppose Mao Tse-tung's

thought nursed an inveterate hatred for Lu Hsun. They thought up various malicious ways to persecute him. Chou Yang used the pen-name Chih Yin for an article he wrote in a gutter sheet to attack him. When Lu Hsun was laid up with a serious illness and the doctors advised going away for a cure, Hsu Mao-yung was the "first to come bursting in" at his home. This not only did not make Lu Hsun any better, it aggravated his condition. The result was that Lu Hsun could not make the trip, and he became fatally ill. The persecution by Chou Yang & Co. had a direct bearing on Lu Hsun's death. Chou Yang and his kind not only attacked Lu Hsun during his lifetime but continued to do so even after his death. In 1958 the Chou Yangs, hoisting a "red flag" to oppose the red flag, turned the publication of *The Complete Works of Lu Hsun* into an opportunity to falsify history, prettify their class capitulationist line and slanderously brand Lu Hsun with "Left sectarianism." There also was Cheng Fang-wu who as late as 1959 was still maligning Lu Hsun. These people calculated that with the positions of authority they had usurped they could do as they pleased to deceive the world. But the brightness of Mao Tse-tung's thought glowed on Lu Hsun. The intrigues of Chou Yang & Co. have been exposed during the current great proletarian cultural revolution and their features as counter-revolutionary revisionists completely exposed before the masses. In the course of this struggle we have come to understand still more clearly that he who supports Chairman Mao, takes the side of Chairman Mao and firmly carries out Chairman Mao's line is a thoroughgoing revolutionary and is able to make his contribution to the people. He who opposes Chairman Mao and stubbornly boycotts Chairman Mao's line is a counter-revolutionary revisionist and consequently can only knock his head against a wall and ruin himself. Lu Hsun who supported Chairman Mao's line became a great Communist, whereas Chou Yang & Co. who opposed Chairman Mao's line ended up as insignificant revisionists. Such is the verdict of history!

Chairman Mao has said, "**Lu Hsun was a man of unyielding integrity, free from all sycophancy or obsequiousness.**" In face of evil forces and violent attacks, he stood like a sturdy, massive oak; he was not like delicate grass leaning or falling to either side. Once

he clearly saw the political direction, he would apply himself with single-minded courageousness to carry through the struggle; Lu Hsun would never stop halfway, surrendering or compromising. Some people joined the struggle at first and later "skulked." Lu Hsun hated these types and fought them. As I remember, he saw through Hsia Yen and Pan Han-nien as bad sorts quite early, and so when they came he never introduced them to me.

In the long fighting years of his life Lu Hsun often found himself hemmed in by the enemy — by the repression of the Kuomintang reactionaries and the opportunists' attacks in his own camp. Towards the opportunists, Lu Hsun sharpened his vigilance and carried on a determined struggle with them. In this great proletarian cultural revolution which has no parallel in history, I would like to emulate Lu Hsun's example and together with the Red Guard youngsters firmly defend the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao and carry on an irreconcilable struggle against the reactionary bourgeois line.

The great proletarian cultural revolution of our country has dug out the roots of capitalist restoration. Consequently this arouses fear and panic and rabid vilification among the imperialists, the revisionists and the reactionaries of all countries. They make up stories, they hurl venomous shafts at us, they viciously attack us for "destroying culture" and "destroying writers." They have even sunk to the depths of trying to distort Lu Hsun's illustrious image, in a vain attempt to counterpose Lu Hsun with our cultural revolution so as to attack and vilify the great proletarian cultural revolution in our country. The great lords of revisionism in the Soviet Union in particular are trying their utmost in this respect. Turning truth inside out, they have twisted the great Communist Lu Hsun into a bourgeois "humanitarian," misrepresenting Lu Hsun's thought as "humanitarian in nature" marked with a "pacifist tendency." Recently I came across the journal *Soviet Woman* which, in the name of "commemorating the 85th anniversary of the birth of Lu Hsun," published an article by someone who interviewed me ten years ago. The article went so far as to say this:

“From Hsu Kuang-ping’s reminiscences it is simply impossible not to compare the many characteristics of Lu Hsun’s life with the activities of Chernyshevsky and Dobrolyubov, Russia’s great revolutionary democrats, and with their peerless prestige and influence among the revolutionary youth of Russia.”

To meet the needs of the revisionist leading group, this man dared not in any way refer to what our great leader Chairman Mao described as the “great Communist Lu Hsun.” He chimed in from the other end with the counter-revolutionary revisionists of our country and compared Chernyshevsky and others, bourgeois democrats of the 19th century whom Chou Yang & Co. lauded to the heavens, with the proletarian revolutionary Lu Hsun of the 20th century, thus passing off fish eyes for pearls to mislead people. He was not satisfied with saying this himself but even went to the length of ascribing this to me. This is shameless slander of the worst kind. Just see to what extent the modern revisionists have debased themselves!

The great proletarian cultural revolution in our country has hit the counter-revolutionary revisionists at home very hard; it has also hit the counter-revolutionary revisionists of all descriptions abroad very hard. Try as they might to make a last-ditch struggle, they are doomed to complete destruction. Their fate is sealed.

Long live the great proletarian cultural revolution!

Long live the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung!

Long live our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman Chairman Mao! Long life, long, long life to Chairman Mao!

Commemorating Lu Hsun’s Rebellious Spirit

Our commemoration of Lu Hsun in the midst of the upsurge of the great proletarian cultural revolution is of profound and far-reaching significance at home and abroad.

The life of Lu Hsun was one of fighting and rebellion.

He fought on without let-up until he breathed his last — against feudalism, imperialism, bureaucrat-capitalism, fascism and modern revisionism which was represented by Chou Yang’s “literature of the whole people.”

Our great leader Chairman Mao has made a very high appraisal of Lu Hsun. Chairman Mao said:

The chief commander of China’s cultural revolution, he (Lu Hsun) was not only a great man of letters but a great thinker and revolutionary.

Representing the great majority of the nation, Lu Hsun breached and stormed the enemy citadel; on the cultural front he was the bravest and most correct, the firmest, the most loyal and the most ardent national hero, a hero without parallel in our history.

The road he took was the very road of China's new national culture.

Naturally, Lu Hsun's life underwent a definite process of development. He put Chairman Mao's revolutionary theory into practice. In the course of his persevering struggle he came under the influence of the developing revolutionary forces in China, which prompted him to go forward constantly and this in turn promoted the constant progress of China's revolutionary culture.

In his later life, during the cultural "encirclement and suppression" campaign by the Kuomintang reactionary forces, Lu Hsun made extremely brilliant achievements in his fight. He rose from a democrat to become one who believed in communism.

Chairman Mao said: "It was in the very midst of such campaigns of 'encirclement and suppression' that Lu Hsun, who believed in communism, became the giant of China's cultural revolution."

Chairman Mao also said: "Lu Hsun's later essays are so penetrating and powerful and yet so free from one-sidedness precisely because he had grasped dialectics by then."

Lu Hsun's spirit of study and his revolutionary spirit are complementary to each other. "Study tirelessly and fight indefatigably" is something that can truly be said of him. Study is for revolution and revolution is for the people. Chairman Mao has constantly taught us that revolutionaries must trust and rely on the people and whole-heartedly serve them, and that revolutionaries should act as pupils before they act as teachers. Lu Hsun unerringly lived up to these teachings.

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

This widely quoted couplet of a poem by Lu Hsun is an outstanding self-portrayal.

Chairman Mao especially appreciates this couplet and considers that it "should be our motto."

In commemorating Lu Hsun today, we should act according to Chairman Mao's instruction: "... learn from the example of Lu

Hsun and be 'oxen' for the proletariat and the masses, bending their backs to the task until their dying day."

Lu Hsun always followed the Party's correct leadership. He considered the Chinese Communist Party to be the general headquarters of the cultural revolution.

In his essay "Reply to a Letter From the Trotskyites" dated June 9, 1936 (just over four months before his death), Lu Hsun praised Chairman Mao over and over again while severely denouncing the Trotskyites of that time. Plainly and squarely, he said:

"But whatever my faults, I am convinced that my views are quite different from yours (Trotskyites). I count it an honour to have as my comrades those who are now doing solid work, treading firmly on the ground, fighting and shedding their blood in defence of the Chinese people."

Lu Hsun considered it "an honour to have as comrades" Chairman Mao and his close comrades-in-arms. In my view, that can be taken as an application for Party membership submitted by Lu Hsun shortly before his death. Chairman Mao later confirmed Lu Hsun to be a Communist, and that can also be regarded as approval of Lu Hsun's application by the Party.

Two months later, on August 6, 1936, in his letter "Reply to Hsu Mao-yung and Concerning the Anti-Japanese United Front," Lu Hsun further said:

"I see and support the anti-Japanese united front policy presented by China's revolutionary parties of today to the people throughout the country, and I join this front unconditionally."

Thus Lu Hsun consistently paid attention to what the Party said, unconditionally supported the Party's policies and sang the praises of the Party and especially had ardent faith in Chairman Mao.

This is the good example handed down to us by Lu Hsun, and this is what we should learn from him. Our present era is vastly different in all conditions from Lu Hsun's time. Almost every one of us has with him *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung, Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* and Chairman Mao's poems and verses. Our eyes are dazzled by brilliant achievements and our ears are ringing with majestic songs. We can also see Chairman Mao with our own eyes

and listen to his instructions with our own ears. How happy we are! We should strengthen our efforts a hundredfold to "study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions and be his good fighters."

We are very happy today to see that the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung has become the unified thinking of China's 700 million people, and will be the guide in all our work for generations to come. Thus we have a unified understanding, a unified will and a unified feeling that will not only ensure that our impregnable state power will never change colour but also that the people all over the world who want emancipation and progress will take the same road as we have taken.

If Lu Hsun were still alive today how happy he would be! He would certainly have stood in the first ranks of the cultural revolution front, breached and stormed the enemy citadel, and together with us, blazed, under the leadership of Chairman Mao, a road which no one had taken before and scaled heights which our predecessors had not been able to reach.

Finally, I would like to mention an event which calls for your attention. September 25 of this year marked the 85th anniversary of the birth of Lu Hsun. In certain countries, there were also people who commemorated that day. We are encouraged by the tribute international friends paid to Lu Hsun. But, it need not be concealed that there were people who were out to misrepresent Lu Hsun and launch frantic anti-China campaigns in the name of commemorating him. The Soviet modern revisionists are a case in point.

According to material reaching me, a Soviet magazine published an article entitled "The Writer Continues the Struggle" in a column called "On the 85th Anniversary of the Birth of China's Great Writer Lu Hsun."

In this article of around 2,500 words, not a single word was quoted from Chairman Mao's praise of Lu Hsun. It deliberately distorted and negated Lu Hsun's revolutionary fighting spirit, describing him as a writer "with deep humanity and love for people."

Since the article says that "the writer continues the struggle," then whom and what is he struggling against?

An insignificant Soviet paper, which published an article "Reminiscences of Lu Hsun," also used the same tactics.

These paltry followers of the modern revisionists, using the pretext of commemorating Lu Hsun, wildly misrepresented Lu Hsun in an attempt to attain the criminal aim of frantically opposing China, opposing communism and opposing the people and Mao Tse-tung's thought.

We have to warn these buzzing flies and the seemingly more powerful tigers and leopards that in the era when **"the Four Seas are rising, clouds and waters raging; the Five Continents are rocking, wind and thunder roaring,"** the days are not far when you vermins will be completely swept away by the peoples!

The rebellious spirit of Lu Hsun is immortal!

Carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end!

Long live the great Communist Party of China!

Long live the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung!

Long live Chairman Mao, the great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman!

Concluding Speech at Meeting in Commemoration of Lu Hsun

I wish to say a few words at the conclusion of our meeting to commemorate Lu Hsun, that great fighter on the cultural front.

On the eve of his death, Lu Hsun made a famous testament. It contains some penetrating remarks which are worthy of deep thought even today.

Lu Hsun wrote: "Never mix with people who injure others yet oppose revenge and advocate tolerance."

He also said: "... once during a fever (Lu Hsun had tuberculosis and often suffered attacks of fever) I remembered that when a European is dying, there is usually some sort of ceremony in which he asks the pardon of others and pardons them. I have a great many enemies, and I thought, what should my answer be if some modernized persons should ask me my views on this? After considering it, I decided: Let them go on hating me. I shall not forgive a single one of them."

I feel this a most important testament Lu Hsun has left us, something we must never forget.

Lu Hsun was hitting out at the renegades of that time who went over to the enemy but pretended that they had "foresight." Lu Hsun mockingly dubbed them "modernized persons."

At that time, Lu Hsun actively supported the Anti-Japanese National United Front advocated by our Party and our great leader Chairman Mao. The counter-revolutionary Trotskyites, however, bitterly opposed Chairman Mao's proposal for unanimous resistance to Japan, so Lu Hsun denounced them scathingly. Lu Hsun sharply pointed out that the Trotskyites' behaviour "runs counter to the present-day standards of morality of the Chinese people." At the same time, Lu Hsun entirely supported Chairman Mao's policy of both unity and struggle in the united front, and his policy of maintaining proletarian independence within the united front. Lu Hsun bitingly exposed the fact that "ever since the 'coalition front' was proposed, those 'revolutionary writers' who had gone over to the enemy have reappeared posing as pioneers of the 'coalition front.' All their contemptible acts of surrendering to and traffic with them are now made out to be 'progressive,' 'glorious deeds.'"

Lu Hsun accepted Chairman Mao's thought and was diametrically opposed to the capitulationism of Wang Ming, Chou Yang and their like.

Now, thirty years later, Lu Hsun's prophetic words have not lost a ray of their lustre. Let those shameless modern revisionists listen to them! Was not every word of Lu Hsun's exposure of capitulationism and the traitors of that time also meant for them?

The modern revisionists with the CPSU leadership as their centre have betrayed the great Lenin and are on a honeymoon coexisting with the US imperialists. In this criminal cause, they are using the name of so-called "united action" in an attempt to sell out the revolutions of the world's peoples and to sacrifice the world-shaking, heroic and great struggle of the Vietnamese people.

I think it is very useful today, as we commemorate Lu Hsun, to recall his testament, for it helps to reveal the schemes of the modern revisionists and the US imperialists in their united opposition to

revolution, to the people, to communism, to the Vietnamese people's anti-US war, and to New China. Once the people of the various countries see through the schemes of the modern revisionists in capitulating to imperialism headed by the United States, then, as our Chairman Mao has often pointed out, they will take their destinies into their own hands and their revolutions will be ever-victorious.

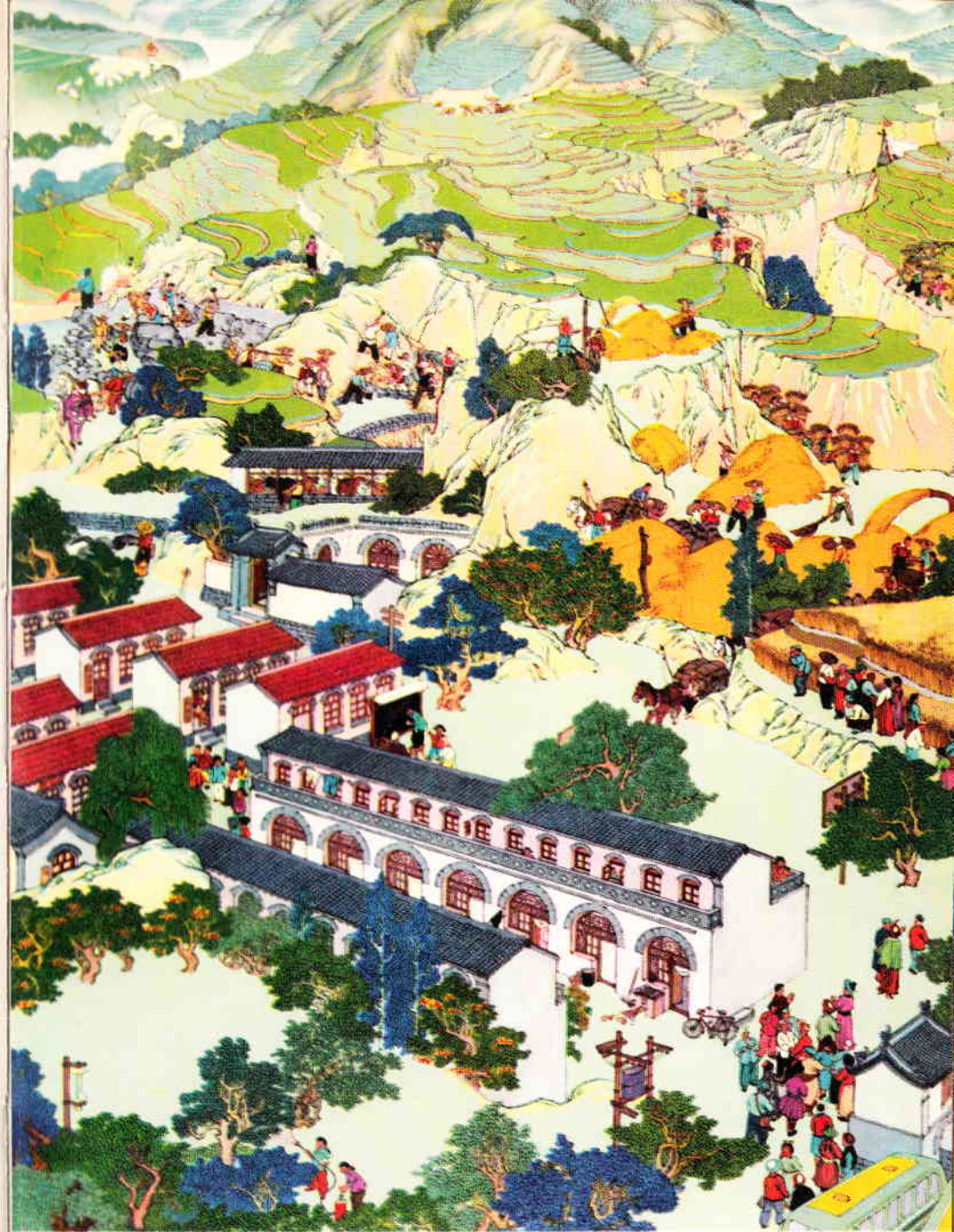
Long live the spirit of Lu Hsun, the great comrade-in-arms of Comrade Mao Tse-tung!

Let us follow in the footsteps of Lu Hsun, the forerunner of the cultural revolution, and march forward!

Let us forge ahead along the road of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung!

New Tachai (wall painting) ▶
by Chao Kuo-chuan, Li Hsiang and
Chang Yin-lin

This is a collective work of three cultural workers in Shansi Province. Tachai is a village in Shansi where the peasants by hard work transformed a backward mountain region into a prosperous place.



Some Notions Jotted Down by Lamplight

There was a time, in the second or third year of the Republic, when the credit of the notes issued by some of the national banks in Peking was growing better every day, was indeed going from strength to strength. I heard that even the country folk who have always been under the spell of silver realized how convenient and safe these notes were, and were glad to accept and use them. As for the more discerning, to say nothing of the "special intellectuals," they very early stopped weighting their pockets with cumbersome silver dollars, which give so much unnecessary trouble. In fact, apart from those who had a special love or feeling for silver, practically everyone was using banknotes, for the most part Chinese notes. But all of a sudden, alas! there came a serious setback.

In the year when Yuan Shih-kai wanted to become emperor,* Mr. Tsai Ngo slipped out of Peking to start a revolt in Yunnan. One of the repercussions here was that the Bank of China and the Bank of Communications stopped giving cash for notes. But although the notes were not honoured by the banks, the government could still force the merchants to use them; and the merchants had their own way of dealing with the situation — instead of refusing to take them, they said they had no change. I do not know what happened if you went shopping with fifty or hundred-dollar notes, but if all you wanted was a pencil or a packet of cigarettes you could not pay a whole dollar for it, could you? Not only would this go against the grain, but no one had so many notes. Then if you tried to change them for coppers, even at a reduced rate, all the shops said they had no coppers. If you went to borrow cash from your friends and relatives, they did not have any either. So then people lowered their standards, stopped talking about patriotism, and tried to get the notes issued by foreign banks. But these were now equivalent to cash, and anyone who would let you have these would let you have real silver dollars.

I remember at that time having in my pocket notes for thirty or forty dollars from the Bank of China and the Bank of Communications, but I suddenly became a pauper with starvation staring me in the face and fell into a regular panic. I suppose after the Russian Revolution the feelings of those rich men who had all their money in paper roubles must have been the same or, at the most, more intense. When I inquired whether the notes could be converted into silver at a reduced rate, I heard there was no rate. But luckily in the end you could change them on the quiet for a little over sixty per cent of their printed value. I was overjoyed, and lost no time in selling half I had. When later the value rose to seventy per cent, I was even more overjoyed and changed all my notes into silver, which weighed down

*Yuan Shih-kai (1859-1916), one of the chief northern warlords in modern Chinese history, is known as the “usurper of the throne.” After the Ching dynasty was overthrown by the 1911 Revolution led by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, he seized the position of President of the Republic, and declared himself emperor in 1915. Tsai Ngo, a member of the revolutionary party, raised a revolt in Yunnan in protest, and the whole country followed suit, so that Yuan was forced to abolish the monarchy.

my pocket as if with the whole weight of my life. And yet, in normal times, I would not take one copper less from the money-changers.

But as I put the packet of silver in my pocket, reassured by its very weight, in the midst of my joy a thought flashed into my mind: How easy it is for us to become slaves, and to revel in our slavery!

There are despots who “treat men as less than human,” and not only as less than human but as even lower than cattle — as dirt — so that people envy cattle and lament that “a man in time of trouble is not as good as a dog in time of peace.” If at this point the rulers treat people more like oxen or horses — for instance, the Yuan dynasty (1271-1368) law decreed that whoever killed a slave should give his master an ox as compensation — all citizens will be happy and contented and praise such a good, peaceful reign. Why? Because though they are not ranked as human, at least they are equal to cattle.

We need not make a reverent study of the imperial editions of the *Twenty-four Histories*,* nor go to research institutes to consider the sublimity of our spiritual culture. All we need do is look up the children's *Concise History*, or, if even that is too much, refer to the *Chronological Tables* and we should see that this “ancient land with more than three thousand years of culture,” about which so much fuss has been made in histories, amounts to no more than this. And yet in the recently compiled so-called history books for schools, this is not made too clear: they merely seem to say that we have always been treated very well.

The fact is, though, the Chinese people have never succeeded in being rated as men but at the best only as slaves, and this is still true today. Indeed, on many occasions we were worse off than slaves. The Chinese people are neutrals. In a war, they do not know which side they are on. However, it makes no difference. When rebels come they consider the people as under the government, and therefore kill and plunder them. When government troops come they ought to consider the people as their own, but they kill and plunder

*The collective name of the twenty-four celebrated histories edited in the Ching dynasty. Starting with the *Historical Records* by Szema Chien, they record historical events in China up to the end of the Ming dynasty.

them too as if they were on the rebels' side. At such times the people long for some definite master to take them as his subjects — no, that is asking too much — as his cattle rather. They will gladly look for fodder themselves, if only someone will tell them which way to run.

If only there were someone to make decisions for them and draw up rules for slaves, that would be "infinite imperial favour." The pity is that there is often no one to do this. To take a few examples: during the time of the Five Tribes and Sixteen States,* the revolt of Huang Chao,** the Five Dynasties,*** the end of the Sung and the end of the Yuan dynasties, in addition to the customary forced labour and grain tax there were other unexpected troubles too. Chang Hsien-chung**** was even more eccentric: he killed those who refused to do forced labour or pay taxes, as well as those who worked and paid; he killed those who opposed him as well as those who surrendered. Thus he tore to shreds all the rules for slaves. Then the people longed for a master who would show more consideration for their rules, not caring whether these were the old rules or new ones so long as there were rules which would enable them to get into their groove as slaves again.

"O sun, may you perish betimes, even though I perish with you!"***** This is simply angry talk, and not many men would

*Between 304 and 439 China was invaded by the Hsiung Nu, Chieh, Hsien Pei, Ti and Chiang, who established sixteen kingdoms with the Han people.

**The leader of the peasant revolts towards the end of the Tang dynasty (618-907). Starting in 875, Huang Chao led an uprising of armed peasants in several victorious battles against the imperial forces, finally capturing Changan the imperial capital and becoming Emperor of Chi. Internal dissensions and attacks by non-Han tribal allies of the Tang forces brought about his defeat in 884, when he committed suicide.

***907-960. The Five Dynasties comprised the Later Liang (907-923), the Later Tang (923-936), the Later Tsin (936-947), the Later Han (947-950) and the Later Chou (951-960).

****A leader of a peasant revolt in the 17th century. He and Huang Chao were wrongly described by feudal historians as having killed many people.

*****Two lines from an ancient folk song in which the people expressed their indignation and hatred against their rulers.

really go so far. In fact, usually after a period of utter confusion when banditry is rife, some stronger, cleverer or more cunning leader or foreigner appears, to take over the land and establish better order. He draws up rules for forced labour, the payment of the grain tax, kowtowing, or praising the government. And these rules, unlike those we have today, do not change all the time. Then "there is general rejoicing" and, to use a stock phrase, "the whole world is at peace."

But however fine the phrases of those splendour-loving scholars, however grand the expressions they use in their chronicles, such as "the rise of the Hans," "the age of Han expansion," or "the age of Han resurgence," while appreciating that their motives are of the best, we cannot but feel their wording is too ambiguous. A much more straightforward mode of expression would be:

1. The periods when we longed in vain to be slaves;
2. The periods when we succeeded in becoming slaves for a time.

These periods form a cycle of what earlier scholars call "times of good rule" and "times of confusion." From the viewpoint of later subjects, the rebels were simply paving the way for their "masters." This is why it was said "They cleared the path for the sagacious sovereign."

I am not quite sure what period we are in now. But if we consider our classicists' veneration of national characteristics, our writers' praise of Chinese civilization and our philosophers' eagerness to return to the ancient ways, we can see that they are all dissatisfied with the present. But which way are we going? Whenever the people are confronted by a war they cannot understand, the richer among them move into the foreign concessions while women and children take refuge in the churches, for such places are relatively safe. For the time being they are not reduced to longing in vain to be slaves. In short, whether classicists or refugees, wise men or fools, worthy men or rascals, all seem to be longing for the peaceful days of three centuries ago when the Chinese had succeeded in becoming slaves for a time.

But are we all like the men of old, to be content for ever with "the good old ways"? Are we all like those classicists who, dissatisfied with the present, long for the peaceful days of three centuries ago?

Of course, we are not satisfied with the present either, but that does not mean we have to look backwards, for there is still a way forward. And to create a third type of period, hitherto unknown in Chinese history, is the task of our young people today.

II

But more and more people, including some foreigners, are praising China's ancient civilization. I often think that if any foreigner coming here were to frown in disgust and show his hatred for China, I should thank him from the bottom of my heart; for such a man would not batten on our people's flesh!

Yusuke Tsurumi* in his essay "The Charm of Peking" refers to a Westerner who came to Peking intending to stay for one year, but was still here five years later and no longer wanted to leave. One day they had dinner together.

"We sat down at the round mahogany table, served with a never-ending stream of delicacies from land and sea, and started discussing curios, paintings and politics. A Chinese style lampshade over the electric light diffused mellow rays through the room so well furnished with antiques. Such topics as the proletariat seemed as unreal as a passing breeze.

"Intoxicated by the Chinese atmosphere, I pondered over this charm which has so fascinated foreigners. The Mongols conquered China, but were conquered in turn by the beauty of the Chinese way of life. The Manchus conquered China too, but were also conquered by the Chinese way of life. Now it is the same with the Westerners: though they talk about 'democracy' and all the rest of it, they too are being bewitched by the Chinese way of life, which has been built up over six thousand years. No one who stays in Peking can forget its distinctive flavour. Neither the dust blown up thousands of feet by a high wind, nor the fighting the warlords play at every three months, can destroy the charm of the Chinese way of life."

*A Japanese bourgeois critic.

I have no means as yet of refuting him. Our ancient sages gave us maxims for preserving the old, but also prepared great banquets for our conquerors in which they sacrificed our children and our treasures. We Chinese are a hard-working people and we have many children, so these things provided material for the feasts. Even now these qualities are praised by our patriots. When the Westerners first entered China they were called barbarians and naturally made a wry face at that; but now the time has come to present to them the sumptuous feasts which we gave before to the Tobas, the Nuchens, the Mongols and the Manchus. They go out in cars and travel with an escort; they have free passage when the roads are cleared for officials; when they are robbed they receive compensation; and even if the bandit Sun Mei-yao kidnaps them and makes them stand in front of his brigands, the government troops dare not open fire. So what must it be like when they partake of rich feasts in palatial mansions? As they enjoy these banquets, they naturally praise China's ancient civilization; yet some of our optimistic patriots seem to rejoice at this, in the belief that these Westerners are about to be naturalized by us. The ancients used women to gain a short respite in war, and deceived themselves by giving this the beautiful name of "peace through marriage." We moderns still slavishly present our children and treasures, and give this the beautiful name of "naturalization." So only those foreigners who are qualified to attend the feast but still curse present-day China are truly good and worthy men!

But we have already prepared ourselves well in advance by having noble and common, great and small, high and low. Men may be oppressed by others, but they can oppress others themselves. They may be eaten, but they can also eat others. With such a hierarchy of repression, the people cannot stir, and indeed they do not want to. For though good may come of it if they stir, trouble may also result. Let us have a look at the excellent system devised by the ancients:

"There are ten suns in heaven, ten degrees among men; so those below serve those above, and the rulers wait on the gods. Thus princes are subject to the king, knights to the princes, gentlemen to

the knights . . . and so on down to the lowest slave." (*Tso Chuan*.* From the record of the seventh year of Duke Chao.)

The lowest slaves have no subjects, which seems rather hard on them. But we need not worry on this score, for they have wives and children who rank even lower. And there is hope for the children too, for when they grow up and rise to be slaves they will have wives and children below them to serve them. Thus in this cycle everyone is all right, and whoever dares to object is condemned for trying to rise above his station.

Though this happened so long ago, in the seventh year of Duke Chao (535 B.C.), those who hanker after the past need not feel pessimistic. To all appearances there is still peace; for though there are often wars, droughts and floods, have you ever heard anyone raise his voice in protest? There is fighting and revolt, but do any gentlemen speak out against them? This tyranny towards our own people and submission to foreigners is surely the same as the old hierarchy. China's ancient spiritual civilization has not been destroyed by the "Republic" after all. The Manchus have simply left the feast: that is the only difference from the past.

Thus even today we can still see all manner of feasts: mixed grill as well as shark's fins, Chinese as well as Western. But under thatched roofs plain rice is also served, beggars eat scraps by the roadside, and in the country men are starving to death. The rich and mighty regale themselves regardless of expense, while half-starved children are sold at eight coppers a pound. (See Number 21 of *Modern Review*.) Our vaunted Chinese civilization is only a feast of human flesh prepared for the rich and mighty. And China is only the kitchen where these feasts are prepared. Those who praise China because they do not know this are excusable, but the rest deserve to be condemned for ever!

Those foreigners who praise us, not knowing this, are excusable. And so are those whose high position and pampered life have made them dull-witted and blind. But there are two other types. One

*Chronicles of the Later Chou dynasty (770-403 B.C.), believed to have been compiled by Tso Chiu-ming.

considers the Chinese an inferior race which deserves to be no better off than it is, and therefore deliberately commend all that is old in China. The other likes every country in the world to look different in order to make travelling more interesting. In China they expect to see queues, in Japan wooden shoes, in Korea bamboo hats. If everyone looked alike they would find it boring; hence they oppose the Westernization of Asia. Both these types are detestable. As for Mr. Bertrand Russell, who praised the Chinese when some sedan-chair-bearers smiled at him at the West Lake,* he may have been actuated by other motives. But if chair-bearers could stop smiling at their fares, China would long since have stopped being the China she is.

Foreigners are not the only ones to be intoxicated by this civilization: every Chinese too is smiling in intoxication. Because the hierarchy handed down since ancient times has estranged men from each other, they cannot feel each other's pain; and because each can hope to enslave and eat other men, he forgets that he may be enslaved and eaten himself. Thus since the dawn of civilization countless feasts — large and small — of human flesh have been spread, and those at these feasts eat others and are eaten themselves; but the anguished cries of the weak, to say nothing of the women and the children, are drowned in the senseless clamour of the murderers.

Feasts of human flesh are still being spread even now, and many people want them to continue. To sweep away these man-eaters, overturn these feasts and destroy this kitchen is the task of the young folk today!

April 29, 1925

*A famous scenic spot in Hangchow, Chekiang Province.

“Fair Play” Should Be Put Off for the Time Being

I. Broaching the Subject

In Number 57 of *The Tatler* Mr. Lin Yu-tang* refers to fair play, and remarks that since this spirit is extremely rare in China we should do our best to encourage it. He adds that “Don’t beat a dog in the water” supplements the meaning of fair play. Not knowing English, I do not understand the full connotation of this term; but if “Don’t beat a dog in the water” represents one aspect of the spirit of fair play, then I must beg to differ. In order not to offend the eye — not to “add false antlers to my head,”** I mean — I did not state this explic-

*A shameless reactionary of the comprador class who later died in the United States.

**Chen Yuan, a reactionary professor wrote in an article: “Everyone likes flowers and hates the devil, but some people go so far as to put colour on flower petals and add false antlers to the devil’s head in order to please others. This seems to us not only pointless but quite nauseating.” By this, he was insinuating that Lu Hsun’s writings were popular merely because he was posing as a fighter. Here Lu Hsun exposes him in passing and hits back.

itly in my title. What I mean, anyway, is this: a dog in the water may — or rather should — be beaten.

II. On Three Kinds of Dogs in the Water Which Should Be Beaten

Modern critics often compare “beating a dead tiger” with “beating a dog in the water,” considering both as somewhat cowardly. I find those who pose as brave by beating dead tigers rather amusing. They may be cowards, but in an engaging way. Beating a dog in the water is not such a simple issue, however. You must first see what sort of dog it is and how it fell in. There are three chief reasons for a dog’s falling into the water:

1. It may fall in by accident.
2. It may be pushed in by someone.
3. It may be pushed in by you.

In the first two cases, of course, it is pointless if not cowardly to join in beating the dog. But if you are in a fight with a dog and have pushed it into the water yourself, even to go on belabouring it with a bamboo pole is not too much, for this is different from the two other cases.

They say that a brave prize-fighter never hits his opponent when he is down, and that this sets a fine example for us all. But I agree to this only on condition that the opponent is a brave pugilist too; for then once he is beaten he will be ashamed to come back, or will come back openly to take his revenge, either of which is all right. But this does not apply to dogs, who cannot be considered in the same class; for however wildly they may bark, they really have no sense of “propriety.” Besides, a dog can swim, and will certainly swim ashore. If you are not careful, it will shake itself, splattering water all over you, then run away with its tail between its legs. But next time it will do exactly the same. Simple souls may think that falling into the water is a kind of baptism, after which a dog will surely repent of its sins and never bite men again. They could hardly be more mistaken.

So I think all dogs that bite men should be beaten, whether they are on the land or in the water.

III. Pugs, in Particular, Must Be Pushed into the Water and Soundly Beaten

Pugs or pekes are called Western dogs in south China, but I understand this is a special Chinese breed. At international dog shows they often win gold medals, and a number of the photographs of dogs in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* are pictures of our Chinese pugs. This is also a national honour. Now dogs and cats are mortal enemies, but this pug, although a dog, looks very much like a cat, so eclectic, just, conciliatory and fair, its smug air seeming to proclaim: "Everyone else goes to extremes, but I practise the Doctrine of the Mean." That is why it is such a favourite with influential persons, eunuchs, and the wives and daughters of rich men, why its line remains unbroken. It is kept by toffs because it looks so cute, with a tiny chain attached to its neck, and its function is to patter after Chinese or foreign ladies when they go shopping.

These dogs should be pushed into the water, then soundly beaten. If they fall into the water themselves, there is no harm in beating them either. Of course, if you are over-scrupulous, you need not beat them; but neither need you feel sorry for them. If you can forgive these dogs, there is no call for you to beat any other dogs; for though the others are also snobs they at least look something like wolves and are rather wild — not such fence-sitters as these pugs.

But this is just a digression, which may not have much bearing on the main subject.

IV. On the Harm Done to Posterity by Not Beating Dogs in the Water

So whether or not a dog in the water should be beaten depends first of all on its attitude after it crawls ashore.

The nature of a dog cannot be changed. Things may be different ten thousand years later, but we are talking about the present. If you regard those in the water as very pitiful, then there are many harmful creatures that look pitiful. Even cholera germs, though they breed quickly, seem simple in nature. But a physician definitely will not let them go.

Present-day officials and Chinese or foreign-style gentlemen call everything that does not suit them "Red" or "Bolshevik." Before 1912 it was slightly different: first they referred to such people as Kang Yu-wei's partisans,* then as members of the revolutionary party,** and even informed against them. They were trying, for one thing, to keep their dignity, but they may also have wanted "to stain their cap button red with human blood."*** But at last the revolution came, and those gentlemen with their high and mighty airs suddenly panicked like homeless curs and wound up their little queues on their heads. And the revolutionaries were very up-to-date, which was what these gentlemen used to detest. They were so very "civilized." They said: "The revolution is for all. We will not beat a dog in the water. Let it crawl ashore." This was just what the others did. They lay low till the second half of 1913 and the time of the Second Revolution,**** then suddenly came forward to help Yuan Shih-kai kill many revolutionaries, so that things became daily worse in China again. Thus now, besides the old die-hards, there are many young ones. This is thanks to those martyrs who were too kind to these snakes in the grass and allowed them to multiply. The young people who understand this will have to strive much harder and sacrifice many more lives to oppose the forces of darkness.

*Referring to those who participated in or supported the 1898 Reform Movement led by Kang Yu-wei at the end of Ching dynasty (1644-1911).

**Referring to those who participated in or supported the revolution against the Ching government.

***In the Ching dynasty, the mandarins' ranks were distinguished by the colour of the beads on their caps. The first rank wore a coral bead. Some officials arrested or killed revolutionaries in order to gain promotion, hence this saying.

****In 1913, a campaign against Yuan Shih-kai was launched in Kiangsi, Kiangsu, Anhwei, Hunan, Fukien and Kwangtung Provinces. It was known as the Second Revolution because it followed the 1911 Revolution.

Chiu Chin* died at the hands of informers. Just after the revolution she was called a heroine, but this title is rarely heard now. When the revolution started, a general came to her district — what we would call a “warlord” today — and he was her comrade. His name was Wang Chin-fa.** He arrested the man*** responsible for her death and collected evidence to avenge her. But in the end he let the informer go because — so they say — the Republic had been founded and by-gones should be by-gones. When the Second Revolution was defeated, however, Wang was shot by Yuan Shih-kai’s stooge; and the man who brought about Chiu Chin’s death and whom Wang had set free had a great deal to do with this.

Since then this informer has died peacefully in bed. But because there are still many of his sort lording it in that district, Chiu Chin’s native place has remained unchanged from year to year and made no progress at all. From this point of view, Miss Yang Yin-yu**** and Professor Chen Yuan are really supremely fortunate to come from China’s “model district.”*****

V. Those Who Have Fallen from Power Are Not the Same as Dogs in the Water

“To be wronged but not to seek revenge” is forgiving. “An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth” is just. In China, however, most things are topsy-turvy: instead of beating dogs in the water, we

*1875-1907. A woman revolutionary who was one of the leaders of the movement against the Ching monarchy. She was arrested in 1907 and killed in her home town Shaohsing, Chekiang Province.

**The commander in charge of Shaohsing Prefecture after the 1911 Revolution who was killed by Yuan Shih-kai’s stooge Chu Jui, a general in control of Chekiang Province.

***Referring to Chang Chieh-mei, a big landlord in Shaohsing.

****In 1924, Yang Yin-yu was appointed principal of the Peking Women’s Normal College. Relying on the feudal forces, she brutally oppressed the students. She was a representative of those who advocated a slavish feudal and colonialist education.

*****Wusih, described as “a model district” by Chen Yuan.

let ourselves be bitten by them. This is no more, though, than what simple souls deserve.

“Kindness is another name for folly,” says the proverb. This may be going too far. Yet if you think carefully, this is not intended to lead men astray, but is the conclusion reached after many bitter experiences. Thus there may be two reasons for the reluctance to beat a dog in the water. It is either because we are not strong enough, or because we have made a false analogy. We need not go into the first possibility. As regards the second, we can find two serious flaws. First, we make the mistake of considering dogs in the water as the same as men who have fallen from power. Secondly, we make the mistake of considering all those who have fallen from power as alike, without drawing a distinction between the good and the bad. The result is that evil-doers go unpunished. At present, for instance, since the political situation is unstable, men rise and fall all the time. Relying on some short-lived authority, a bad man may commit any crime he pleases until one day he falls and has to beg for mercy. Then simple souls who have known him or suffered at his hands consider him a dog in the water, and instead of beating him feel sorry for him. They imagine justice has already been done and they may as well be magnanimous, unaware that the dog is not really in the water but has long since prepared its hide-out and laid in food in the foreign concessions. Sometimes it may look hurt, but this is put on: it pretends to limp to enlist sympathy, so that it can go into hiding comfortably. It will come out later and make a fresh start by biting simple souls, then go on to “throw stones at someone who has fallen into a well” and commit all manner of crimes. And the reason for this is partly that those simple souls would not beat a dog in the water. So, strictly speaking, they are digging their own graves, and they have no right to blame fate or other people.

VI. We Cannot Yet Afford to Be Too Fair

Humanitarians may ask: In that case, don’t we want fair play at all? I can answer this at once: Of course we do, but not yet. This is using their own argument. Though humanitarians may not be

willing to use it, I can make out a case for it. Do not Chinese and foreign-style gentlemen often say that China's special features make foreign ideas of liberty and equality unsuitable for us? I take this to include fair play. Otherwise, if a man is unfair to you but you are fair to him, you will suffer for it in the end: not only will you fail to get fair treatment, but it will be too late to be unfair yourself. So before being fair, you have to know your opponent. If he does not deserve fair treatment, you had better not be polite. Only when he is fair can you talk to him of fair play.

This sounds rather like a proposal for a dual morality, but I cannot help it; for without this China will never have a better future. The dual morality in China takes many forms: different standards for masters and for slaves, for men and for women. It would be going to extremes and premature simply to treat dogs in the water and men in the water as the same. This is the argument of those gentlemen who say that while freedom and equality are good, in China it is still too early for them. So if anyone wants indiscriminate fair play, I suggest we wait till those so-called "dogs in the water" are more human. Of course, this does not mean that fair play cannot be practised at all at present; the important thing, as I have just said, is first to know your opponent. And a certain discrimination is required. In other words, your fairness must depend on who your opponent is. Never mind how he has fallen into the water, if he is a man we should help him; if a dog, we should ignore him; if a bad dog, we should beat him. In brief, we should befriend our own kind and attack our enemies.

We need not trouble ourselves just now with the aphorisms of those gentlemen who have justice on their lips but self-interest in their hearts. Even the justice so loudly demanded by honest folk cannot help good people in China today, but may actually protect the bad instead. For when bad men are in power and ill-treat the good, however loudly someone calls for justice, they will certainly not listen to him. His cry is simply a cry, and the good continue to suffer. But if the good happen for once to come out on top while the bad fall into the water, those honest upholders of justice shout: "Don't take vengeance! . . . Be magnanimous! . . . Don't oppose evil with evil! . . ." And this time their outcry takes effect instead of going unheeded; for the good

agree with them, and the bad are spared. After being spared, though, they simply congratulate themselves on their luck instead of repenting. Besides, they have prepared hide-outs in advance and are good at worming their way into favour; so in no time they become as powerful and as vicious as before. When this happens, the upholders of justice may raise another outcry, but this time it will not be heard.

Nevertheless it is true that when reformers are "being too harsh in hating evil" and over-zealous, like the scholars at the end of the Han dynasty or those of the Ming dynasty, they defeat their own ends. Indeed, this is the criticism usually levelled against them. But though the other side "hate good folk as if they were enemies," nobody reproaches them for it. If there is no fight to the finish between darkness and light, and simple souls go on making the mistake of confusing mercy with giving rein to evil, and continue pardoning wicked men, then the present state of chaos will last for ever.

VII. On Dealing with Them as They Deal with Others

Some Chinese believe in traditional Chinese medicine, others in Western medicine, and both types of doctors can now be found in our larger towns so that patients may take their choice. I thoroughly approve of this. If this were applied more generally, I am sure there would be fewer complaints and perhaps we could even secure peace and prosperity. For instance, the usual form of greeting in the Republic is to bow; but if anyone disapproves of this he can kowtow instead. The new penal code has no punishment by bastinado; but if anyone approves of corporal punishment, when he breaks the law he can have his bottom specially spanked. Bowls, chopsticks and cooked food are the custom today; but if anyone hankers after ancient times he can eat raw meat. We can also build several thousand thatched huts and move all those fine gentlemen who so admire the age of Yao and Shun* out of their big houses to live there, while those

*Two legendary Chinese rulers of the earliest times, described in old books as living in thatched huts.

who oppose material civilization should certainly not be compelled to travel in cars. When this is done there will be no more complaints, for everyone will be satisfied and we shall enjoy peace and quiet.

But the pity is that nobody will do this. Instead they judge others by themselves, and hence there is all this trouble in the world. Fair play is particularly liable to cause trouble, and may even be made use of by the forces of evil. For example, when Liu Pai-chao* beat up and carried off students of the Women's Normal College there was not so much as a squeak from *Modern Review*. But when the buildings were recovered and Professor Chen Yuan encouraged the students of the Women's University to stay on in the dormitories, the journal said: "Suppose they don't want to go? Surely you aren't going to carry off their things by force?" If they remained silent the first time when Liu Pai-chao beat up students and carried things away, how was it that this time they felt it would not do? It was because they felt there was fair play in the Women's Normal College. But this fair play had become a bad thing, since it was utilized to protect the followers of Chang Shih-chao.

VIII. Conclusion

I may be accused of stirring up trouble by this argument between the old and the new or some other schools of thought, and of aggravating

*In the autumn of 1924, the students of the Women's Normal College rose against their reactionary principal Yang Yin-yu and kept up this struggle until 1925 when Chang Shih-chao, Minister of Education of the warlords' government, disbanded the College. Liu Pai-chao, a department head of the Ministry of Education who was sent to take over, employed hooligans and women beggars to beat up and carry off students. The establishment of a new Women's University in the same premises aroused strong opposition in educational circles. After Chang Shih-chao's dismissal from office in November the students of the Women's Normal College moved back. Then Chen Yuan wrote articles inciting the students of the Women's University to drive them out. Together with some other reactionary professors, he set up a Society to Maintain Justice which supported the Women's University set up by Chang Shih-chao and exerted pressure on the students of the Women's Normal College and progressives in the field of education.

their enmity and sharpening the conflict between them. But I can state with certainty that those who oppose reform have never relaxed their efforts to injure reformers, and have always done their worst. It is only the reformers who are asleep and always suffer for it. That is why China has never had reforms. From now on we should modify our attitude and our tactics.

December 29, 1925

Thoughts on the League of Left-wing Writers

— A Talk Given at the Inaugural Meeting of the
League of Left-wing Writers on March 2

I need not speak about subjects already dealt with in detail by others. In my view, it is very easy for “Left-wing” writers today to turn into “Right-wing” writers. First of all, if you simply shut yourself up behind glass windows to write or study instead of keeping in touch with actual social conflicts, it is easy for you to be extremely radical or “Left.” But the moment you come up against reality all your ideas are shattered. Behind closed doors it is very easy to spout radical ideas, but equally easy to turn “Rightist.” This is what is meant in the West by “salon-socialists.” A salon is a sitting-room, and it is

The League of Left-wing Writers was founded in Shanghai on March 2, 1930 and dissolved at the beginning of 1936. Lu Hsun was one of its founders and chief leader. This talk given in 1930 became the fighting programme of Left-wing writers.

most artistic and refined to sit discussing socialism — with no idea of bringing it into being. Socialists like this are quite unreliable. Indeed today, with the exception of Mussolini who is not a professional author, it is rare to find writers or artists without any socialist ideas at all, who say workers and peasants ought to be enslaved, killed and exploited. (Of course, we cannot say there are none whatsoever, as witness the literati of China's Crescent Moon clique and D'Annunzio,* the favourite of the aforesaid Mussolini.)

Secondly, it is easy to become “Right-wing” if you do not understand the actual nature of revolution. Revolution is a bitter thing, mixed with filth and blood, not as lovely or perfect as poets think. It is eminently down-to-earth, entailing many humble, tiresome tasks, not as romantic as the poets think. Of course there is destruction in a revolution, but construction is even more necessary to it; and while destruction is straightforward, construction is troublesome. So it is easy for all who have romantic dreams about revolution to become disillusioned on closer acquaintance, or when a revolution is actually carried out. The Russian poet Yesenin is said to have welcomed the October Revolution at first with all his heart, shouting: “Long live the revolution in heaven and on earth! . . . I am a Bolshevik!” But afterwards, when the reality proved completely different from what he had imagined, he grew disillusioned and decadent. And they say this disillusionment was one of the reasons for his subsequent suicide. Pilnyak** and Ehrenburg*** are other cases in point. And we find similar instances during our 1911 Revolution. Writers like those of the South Society**** started as most revolutionary; but they cherished the illusion that once the Manchus were driven out there would be a return to the “good old days,” and they could all wear wide sleeves, high hats and broad girdles, and tread with majestic strides. To their surprise, though, after the Manchu emperor was driven out and the Republic set up it was all quite different. So they

*An Italian fascist writer.

**A “fellow-traveller” in the early days of the Soviet revolution.

***A Soviet writer who is now a flunkey of the modern revisionists.

****A literary organization formed in 1908. The members wrote articles and poems advocating a revolution against the Ching government.

were disillusioned and some of them even opposed the new movement. Unless we understand the true nature of revolution, it will be easy for us to do the same.

Another mistaken view is this notion that poets or writers are superior beings, and their work nobler than any other work. For example, Heine thought since poets were the noblest beings and God was infinitely just, when poets died they went up to sit by God who offered them light refreshments. Today, of course, no one believes that about God offering refreshments, but some still believe that the poets and writers who support the labouring people's revolution today will be richly rewarded by the working class when the revolution is accomplished, enjoying special treatment, riding in special cars, and eating special food. The workers may even offer them bread and butter, saying: "Eat this, because you are our poets!" This is another illusion: it simply could not happen. Probably things will be harder after the revolution than they are now. There may not even be black bread, let alone bread and butter, as happened for a year or two after the Russian revolution. If we fail to understand this, it is easy for us to become "Right-wing." The fact is that no workers, unless they are the type described as "deserving" by Mr. Liang Shih-chiu, feel any special respect for intellectuals. Look at Metik, an intellectual in Fadeyev's *The Nineteen* which I translated, who was often laughed at by the miners. Needless to say, intellectuals have their own tasks which we should not belittle; but it is certainly not the duty of the working class to give poets or writers any preferential treatment.

Now let me mention a few points to which we must pay attention.

First, in the struggle against the old society and old forces, it is necessary to be firm, enduring and to pay attention to strength. The roots of the old society go deep, and we cannot shake it unless our new movement is even stronger. Besides, the old society has good means of making our new forces compromise, although it will never compromise itself. There have been many new movements in China, yet each has succumbed to the old, largely because they lacked definite, general aims, their demands were too modest, and they were too easily satisfied. Take the movement for the vernacular, which was opposed

at the start by the forces of the old society. Before long they sanctioned writing in the vernacular, granted it a wretched sort of status and allowed essays written in the vernacular to appear in odd corners of newspapers, because from their point of view they could permit this new thing to exist as it was perfectly harmless, and the new for its part was content now that the vernacular had the right to live. It has been much the same with the proletarian literary movement of the last couple of years. The old society has sanctioned working-class writing because it is no menace — in fact some of the die-hards have tried their hand at it themselves and used it as an ornament, for putting a workman's coarse bowl beside the old porcelain and antiques in the sitting-room seems so exotic. And once working-class writers had their small corner in the world of letters and were able to sell their manuscripts, they stopped struggling and the critics sang paeans of triumph: "Proletarian literature has conquered!" But apart from the success of a few individuals, what has proletarian literature itself achieved? It should be an intrinsic part of the proletarian struggle for liberation, growing apace with the social strength of the working class. The fact that proletarian literature has a high position in the world of letters while the social status of the proletariat is so low only goes to show that the writers of proletarian literature have become divorced from the proletariat and gone over to the old society.

Secondly, I think we should broaden our battlefront. Last year and the year before we did have some battles in literature, but on too limited a scale. Instead of dealing with the old literature and old ideas, our new writers started scrapping with each other in one corner, allowing the old school to watch in comfort from the side.

Thirdly, we ought to bring up a host of new fighters, for today we are really short-handed. We have several magazines, and quite a few books are published; but because they all have the same few writers, the contents are bound to be thin. Nobody specializes, each dabbles in everything — translation, story-writing, criticism, even poetry. Of course the result is poor. But the reason for this is the dearth of writers. If we had more, translators could concentrate on translating, writers on writing, critics on criticism; then when we

engaged the enemy our forces would be strong enough to overcome them easily. Let me give an illustration of this in passing. The year before last when the Creation Society and the Sun Society* attacked me, they were actually so weak that even I lost interest later on and there seemed no point in making a counter-attack, for I realized they were using "empty city tactics."** The enemy devoted their strength to raising a din instead of drilling troops. And though there were many articles abusing me, you could tell at once that they were written under pseudonyms — all the abuse boiled down to the same few remarks. I was waiting to be attacked by someone who had mastered the Marxist method of criticism, but no such man appeared. I have always thought it important to train a younger generation of fighters, and have formed several literary groups in my time, though none of them amounted to much. But we must pay more attention to this in future.

While we urgently need to create a host of new fighters, those of us now on the literary front must also be "tenacious." By tenacious I mean we should not be like those Ching dynasty scholars who used the eight-legged examination essays as "a brick to open the door." These essays were the means by which scholars passed the examinations and became officials in the Ching dynasty. Once you passed the examinations on the strength of this "introduction, elucidation, change of approach and summing up"*** you could then throw it aside and never use it again for the rest of your life. That is why it was called a "brick," for it was used only to open the door, after which it could be thrown aside instead of being carried around. Similar methods are still being used today. We notice that after men have published one or two volumes of verse or short stories they often disappear for ever. Where do they go? After winning a greater or lesser amount of fame by publishing a couple of books, they become

*Two progressive literary organizations who at one time opposed Lu Hsun.

**Chuko Liang, the famous strategist of the Three Kingdoms period, is said to have invited the enemy into an undefended city. The enemy, fearing a trap, dared not go in.

***The four chief parts in this form of essay.

professors or find some other job. Since their name is made and they need not write any more, they disappear for ever. This is why China has so little to show in literature and science. But we need some works, for they would come in useful. (Lunacharsky even proposed preserving Russia's peasant art because foreigners would buy what the peasants make, and the money would come in useful. I believe if we had some contribution to make in literature and science, it might even help us in our political movement to free ourselves from the imperialists.) But to achieve anything in literature, we must be "tenacious."

Last of all, I think it essential for a united front that we have a common aim. I seem to remember hearing someone say: "The reactionaries already have their united front, but we have not yet united." In fact, theirs is not a deliberate united front, but because they have a common aim and act consistently they seem to us to have one. And the fact that we cannot unite shows that we are divided in our aims — some of us are working for a little clique, some for themselves. If all of us wanted to serve the broad masses of workers and peasants, our battlefield would naturally be united.

On the "Third Category"

The last three years have seen very few arguments about art and literature. Apart from those protected by the sabre, who under a "Left-wing" signboard find arguments for the freedom of art in Marxism and for killing off communist bandits in Leninism, practically no one else can speak. The "art-for-art's-sake" writers are still "free," of course, because no one suspects them of accepting roubles. But even those of the "third category" who "cling for dear life to literature" cannot but have the bitter premonition that Left-wingers will call them "flunkeys of the bourgeoisie."

In Numbers 3 and 6 of the magazine *Modern Age*, Mr. Su Wen protests on behalf of this "third category." (I should point out here

This essay was written in 1932 when the reactionary bourgeois writers had become very unpopular with the reading public while Left-wing literature had made considerable headway in spite of brutal suppression by the Kuomintang. Su Wen, Hu Chiu-yuan and other Trotskyites appeared at this juncture and called themselves the "third category" and "free men" transcending classes and politics. Lu Hsun wrote this in answer to their attack on the Left-wing literary movement.

that I say "on behalf of" the "third category" for convenience' sake, though I know that just as Mr. Su's "group of writers" may well disapprove of such indefinite terms as "perhaps," "more or less" or "influenced," they do not approve of definite terms either, because once you have a definite label you stop being free.) He believes that Left-wing critics call authors "flunkeys of the bourgeoisie" on the least provocation, that they even consider neutrals as partisans, and that once a man stops being neutral he risks becoming a "flunkey of the bourgeoisie." He says that whereas Left-wing writers abstain from writing, the "third category" want to write but dare not. And so the world of letters is a blank. Still, a part at least of literature is said to transcend the class struggle, and this is the literature of the future, the true, immortal literature to which the "third category" cling. Unfortunately, though, the Left-wing theorists have scared authors off writing such literature by giving them a premonition of trouble before they start.

I have no doubt authors do have such a premonition, especially those who call themselves members of the "third category." There may also well be writers, as Mr. Su says, with a good understanding of theory who find it hard to change emotionally. But when the emotions are unchanged, the degree of theoretical understanding is bound to differ somewhat from cases in which they have changed or changed a little, and this leads to a difference in views. So to my mind, Mr. Su Wen's view is wrong.

Of course, since Left-wing literature came into being the theorists have made mistakes, and some Left-wing writers not only abstain from writing, as Mr. Su Wen claims, but veer from left to right and even join the ranks of nationalist literature, or become managers of bookshops or spies in the enemy party. Still the Left-wing literature discarded by those writers who have tired of it remains. Not only so, it goes on developing and overcoming its failings as it advances towards its sacred goal.

Mr. Su Wen asks: Why haven't they succeeded in correcting their mistakes after three years?

The answer is: True, they must go on correcting them, perhaps for another thirty years. But while correcting mistakes they can forge

ahead. They will not be such fools as to wait till all their failings are overcome before going forward. Mr. Su Wen says, as a "joke," that Left-wing writers are accepting payment from capitalist publishers. Now I would like to say seriously that Left-wing writers are still being oppressed, imprisoned and killed by the laws of this feudal-capitalist society. That is why all Left-wing journals have been trampled upon or lead at the most a precarious existence, appearing irregularly; and there are very few critical reviews, while those there are do not dub writers "flunkeys of the bourgeoisie" on the least provocation or repudiate "fellow-travellers." Left-wing writers are not angels sent down from heaven, nor foreign foes who have fought their way in from abroad. In addition to those "fellow-travellers" who have gone a little of the way with them, they want to call on all the on-lookers by the roadside to advance together with them.

Let us ask another question, though. At present the Left-wing writers are too crushed to publish many critical articles, but if a day should come when they are in a position to do so will they dub the "third category" "flunkeys of the bourgeoisie" on the least provocation? I think if Left-wing writers have not given their word not to do so and we take a gloomy view of things, then this is possible — in fact, even worse things are conceivable. But I believe such predictions are as unnecessary as committing suicide on the off-chance that the earth may split one day.

It is said, though, that Mr. Su Wen's "third category" have "laid down their pens" because they are afraid of this terror to come. But would they do such a thing because of some imagined evil which they have not yet experienced? Is the grasp of these writers who "cling for dear life to literature" so weak? Would two lovers be afraid to embrace for fear of social censure at some future date?

The truth is that the "third category" have not "laid down their pens" because Left-wing criticism is too harsh. The real reason is that there can be no "third category," and if no such men exist they cannot have pens of the third category, let alone lay them down.

No writer living in a class society can transcend class, no one living in a time of wars can leave the battlefield and stand alone, and no one living today can write for the future — this is sheer fantasy. There

are no such men in real life. To try to be such a man is like trying to raise yourself from the ground by tugging at your own hair — it can't be done. You may fume, but it is not because others shake their heads that you stop tugging.

So even this "third category" cannot overstep class. If Mr. Su himself anticipates a class criticism, how can any writing get away from class interests? It cannot get away from the fighting either. First Mr. Su protests in the name of the "third category," though he does not want to be accused of "protesting"; and as one cannot overstep the present, before he writes a work for posterity transcending class he starts worrying about Left-wing criticism.

This is certainly an awkward predicament. It arises because dreams cannot come true. Even if there were no Left-wing literature to complicate matters, there still could be no "third category," let alone works of this category. But Mr. Su Wen has dreamed up this despotic Left-wing literature which stops his imaginary "third category" from emerging and prevents the birth of future literature — all these crimes are laid at its door!

Admittedly, Left-wing writers are not very wonderful: they write picture books and scripts for operas. But they are not as worthless as Mr. Su Wen thinks, they want Tolstoy and Flaubert too. However, they do not want Tolstoys and Flauberts who "strive to write for the future" (because no one today will read them). Tolstoy and Flaubert wrote for their contemporaries. The future is determined by the present, and only something which has meaning today can have meaning for the future. Tolstoy, in particular, wrote stories for peasants, but he did not style himself a "third category," and no amount of attacks from the bourgeoisie could make him lay down his pen. Though, as Mr. Su Wen says, the Left-wing is not so stupid as not to know that "picture books cannot give birth to a Tolstoy or Flaubert," it does think they may give birth to artists as great as a Michelangelo or a Leonardo da Vinci. And I believe that opera scripts and storytelling may produce a Tolstoy or Flaubert. No one has a word against Michelangelo's paintings today, but were they not actually religious propaganda and a picture book of the *Old Testament*? They were done, too, for the artist's contemporaries.

In brief, Mr. Su Wen is not wrong when he says that rather than deceive others or sail under false colours the "third category" should do their best to write.

And with even more truth he asserts:

"A man must have the courage to believe in himself before he has the courage to work!"

But Mr. Su Wen says that the premonition that Left-wing theorists will criticize them has made many lesser and greater members of the "third category" lay down their pens!

"What is to be done?"

October 10

Reply to a Letter from the Trotskyites

I. The Letter

June 3

Dear Mr. Lu Hsun,

After the failure of the 1927 Revolution, instead of withdrawing in order to prepare for a comeback, the Chinese Communists took to military adventurism. Abandoning work in the cities, they ordered Party members to rise everywhere although the tide of revolution had ebbed, hoping to make Reds out of the peasants to conquer the country. Within seven or eight years hundreds of thousands of brave and promising young people were sacrificed on account of this policy, so that now in the high tide of the nationalist movement there are no revolutionary leaders for the city masses, and the next stage of the revolution has been postponed indefinitely.

This was written in 1936.

Now the Reds' movement to conquer the country has failed. But the Chinese Communists who blindly take orders from the Moscow bureaucrats have adopted a "New Policy." They have made a *volte-face*, abandoned their class stand, issued new declarations and sent representatives to negotiate with the bureaucrats, politicians and warlords, including those who slaughtered the masses, in order to form a "united front" with them. They have put away their own banner and confused the people's mind, making the masses believe that all those bureaucrats, politicians and executioners are national revolutionaries who will resist Japan too. The result can only be to deliver the revolutionary masses into the hands of those executioners for further slaughter. These shameless acts of betrayal on the part of the Stalinists make all Chinese revolutionaries blush for shame.

Now the bourgeois liberals and upper strata of the petty bourgeoisie of Shanghai welcome this "New Policy" of the Stalinists. And well they may. The traditional prestige of Moscow, the blood shed by the Chinese Reds and their present strength — what could play better into their hands? But the greater the welcome given to this "New Policy," the greater damage will be done to the Chinese revolution.

Since 1930, under the most difficult conditions, our organization has made unremitting efforts to fight for our ideal. Since the defeat of the Revolution in 1927 we have opposed the putschism of the Stalinists and advocated a "revolutionary democratic struggle." We believe that since the Revolution failed, we must start all over again from the beginning. We have never ceased to rally together revolutionary cadres, study revolutionary theory, accept the lessons of defeat and educate revolutionary workers so that during this difficult period of counter-revolution we may lay a firm foundation for the next stage of the revolution. The events of the past few years have proved the correctness of our political line and method of work. We were against the opportunist, putschist policies and bureaucratic party system of the Stalinists. Now we resolutely attack their treacherous "New Policy." But precisely because of this we are under fire from all sorts of careerists and party bureaucrats. Is this our good fortune or is it a misfortune?

For the last decade and more, sir, I have admired your scholarship, writing and moral integrity, for while many thinking men have fallen into the quagmire of individualism, you alone have fought on without respite to express your own outlook. We should count it a great honour to hear your criticism of our political views. I am sending you a few of our recent publications, which I beg you to accept and read. If you are good enough to write a reply, please leave it with Mr. X — I shall go to his house within three days to fetch it.

With best wishes,

Chen X-X

II. The Reply

June 9

Dear Mr. Chen,

I have received your letter and the copies of *Struggle* and *Spark* which you sent me.

I take it that the main drift of your letter is contained in these two points: You condemn Stalin and his colleagues as bureaucrats, and the proposal of Mao Tse-tung and others — "Let all parties unite to resist Japan" — as a betrayal of the cause of revolution.

I certainly find this "confusing." For do not all the successes of Stalin's Union of Soviet Socialist Republics show the pitifulness of Trotsky's exile, wanderings and failure which "forced" him in his old age to take money from the enemy? His conditions as an exile now must be rather different from conditions in Siberia before the revolution, for at that time I doubt if anyone so much as offered the prisoners a piece of bread. He may not feel so good, though, because now the Soviet Union has triumphed. Facts are stronger than rhetoric; and no one expected such pitiless irony. Your "theory" is certainly much loftier than that of Mao Tse-tung, yours is high in the sky while his is down-to-earth. But admirable as is such loftiness, it will unfortunately be just the thing welcomed by the Japanese aggressors. Hence I fear that when it drops down from the sky it will

land on the filthiest place on earth. Since the Japanese welcome your lofty theory, I cannot help feeling concern for you when I see your well-printed publications. If someone deliberately spreads a malicious rumour to discredit you, accusing you of accepting money for these publications from the Japanese, how are you to clear yourselves? I say this not to retaliate because formerly some of you joined certain others to accuse me of accepting Russian roubles. No, I would not stoop so low, and I do not believe that you could stoop so low as to take money from the Japanese to attack the proposal of Mao Tse-tung and others to unite against Japan. No, this you could not do. But I want to warn you that your lofty theory will not be welcomed by the Chinese people, and that your behaviour runs counter to their present-day standards of morality. This is all I have to say about your views.

In conclusion, this sudden receipt of a letter and periodicals from you has made me rather uncomfortable. There must be some reason for it. It must be because some of my "comrades-in-arms"* have been accusing me of this and that. But whatever my faults, I am convinced that my views are quite different from yours. I count it an honour to have as my comrades those who are now doing solid work, treading firmly on the ground, fighting and shedding their blood in the defence of the Chinese people. Excuse me for making this an open reply, but since more than three days have passed you will probably not be going to that address for my answer.

Yours faithfully,
Lu Hsun

*Referring to the counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang and others who had sneaked into the Left-wing literary ranks and who had attacked Lu Hsun.

Death

While preparing a selection of Kaethe Kollwitz's* works for publication, I asked Miss Agnes Smedley** to write a preface. This struck me as most appropriate because the two of them were good friends. Soon the preface was ready, I made Mr. Mao Tun translate it, and it has now appeared in the Chinese edition. One passage in it reads:

All these years Kaethe Kollwitz — who has never once used any title conferred on her — has made a great many sketches, pencil and ink drawings, woodcuts and etchings. When we study these, two dominant themes are evident: in her younger days her main theme was revolt, but in her later years it became motherly love, the protective maternal instinct, succour and death. All her works are pervaded by the idea of suffering, of tragedy, and a passionate longing to protect the oppressed.

Once I asked her: "Why is it that instead of your former theme of revolt you now seem unable to shake off the idea of death?" She answered in tones of anguish: "It may be because I am growing older every day..."

At that point I stopped to think. I estimated that it must have been in about 1910 that Kaethe Kollwitz first took death as her theme,

This essay was written in 1936.

*A German woodcut artist.

**An American journalist and writer.

when she was no more than forty-three or four. I stop to think about it now because of my own age, of course. But a dozen or so years ago, as I recall, I did not have such a feeling about death. No doubt our lives have long been treated so casually as trifles of no consequence that we treat them lightly ourselves, not seriously as Europeans do. Some foreigners say that the Chinese are most afraid of death. But this is not true — actually, a lot of us die with no clear understanding of the meaning of death.

The general belief in a posthumous existence further strengthens this casual attitude towards death. As everyone knows, we Chinese believe in ghosts (more recently called “souls” or “spirits”); and since there are ghosts, after death we can at least exist as ghosts if not as men, which is better than nothing. But the imagined duration of this ghostly existence seems to vary according to a man’s property. The poor appear to fancy that when they die their souls will pass into another body, according to Buddhist teaching. Of course the transmigration taught in Buddhism is a complicated process, by no means so simple; but the poor are usually ignorant people who do not know this. That is why criminals condemned to death often show no fear when taken to the execution ground, but shout: “Twenty years from now I shall be a stout fellow again!” Moreover, according to popular belief a ghost wears the clothes he had on at the time of death; and since the poor have no good clothes and cannot therefore cut a fine figure as ghosts, it is far better for them to be reborn at once as naked babies. Did you ever see a new-born infant wearing a beggar’s rags or a swimming-suit? No, never. Very well, then, that is a fresh start. Someone may object: If you believe in transmigration, in the next existence you may be even worse off or actually become a beast — what a fearful thought! But the poor don’t seem to think that way. They firmly believe that they have committed no sins frightful enough to condemn them to becoming beasts: they have not had the position, power or money to commit such sins.

But neither do those men with position, power and money believe that they should become beasts. They turn Buddhist in order to become saints, at the same time advocating the study of the Confucian classics and a return to ancient ways in order to become Confucian

sages. Just as in life they expect to be a privileged class, after death they expect to be exempt from transmigration. As for those who have a little money, though they also believe they should be exempt from transmigration, since they have no high ambitions or lofty plans they just wait placidly to become ghosts. Round about the age of fifty, they look for a burial place, buy a coffin and burn paper money to open a bank account in the nether regions, expecting their sons and grandsons to sacrifice to them every year. This is surely much pleasanter than life on earth. If I were a ghost now, with filial descendants in the world of men, I should not have to sell my articles one by one, or ask the Peihsin Publishing House for payment. I could simply lie at ease in my *nanmu** or fir coffin, while at every festival and at New Year a fine feast and a pile of banknotes would be placed before me. That would be the life!

Generally speaking, apart from the very rich and great, who are not bound by the laws of the nether regions, the poor would like to be reborn at once, while those comfortably-off would like to remain ghosts as long as possible. The comfortably-off are willing to remain ghosts because their life as ghosts (this sounds paradoxical but I can think of no better way of expressing it) is the continuation of their life on earth and they are not yet tired of it. Of course there are rulers in the nether regions who are extremely strict and just; but they will make allowances for these ghosts and accept presents from them too, just like good officials on earth.

Then there are others who are rather casual, who do not think much about death even when they are dying, and I belong to this casual category. Thirty years ago as a medical student I considered the problem of the existence of the soul, but did not know what to conclude. Later I considered whether death was painful or not, and concluded that it varied in different cases. And later still I stopped thinking about the matter and forgot it. During the last ten years I have sometimes written a little about the death of friends, but apparently I never thought of my own. In the last two years I have been ill a great deal and usually for a considerable length of time, which has

*A hard wood with a fine grain.

often reminded me that I am growing older. Of course, I have been constantly reminded of this fact by other writers owing to their friendly or unfriendly concern.

Since last year, whenever I lay on my wicker chair recovering from illness, I would consider what to do when I was well, what articles to write, what books to translate or publish. My plans made, I would conclude: "All right — but I must hurry." This sense of urgency, which I never had before, was due to the fact that unconsciously I had remembered my age. But still I never thought directly of "death."

It was my serious illness this year which clearly set me premeditating on death. At first I treated my illness as in the past, relying on my Japanese doctor, S —. Though not a specialist in tuberculosis, he is an elderly man with rich experience who studied medicine before me, is my senior and knows me very well — hence he talks frankly. Of course, however well a doctor knows his patient, he still speaks with a certain reserve; but at least he warned me two or three times, though I never paid any attention and did not tell anyone. Perhaps because things had dragged on so long and my last attack was so serious, some friends arranged behind my back to invite an American doctor, D —, to see me. He is the only Western specialist on tuberculosis in Shanghai. After his examination, though he complimented me on my typically Chinese powers of resistance, he also announced that my end was near, adding that had I been a European I would already have been in my grave for five years. This verdict moved my soft-hearted friends to tears. I did not ask him to prescribe for me, feeling that since he had studied in the West he could hardly have learned how to prescribe for a patient five years dead. But Dr. D's diagnosis was in fact extremely accurate. I later had an X-ray photograph made of my chest which very largely bore out his diagnosis.

Though I paid not too much attention to his announcement, it has influenced me a little: I spend all my time on my back, with no energy to talk or read and not enough strength to hold a newspaper. Since my heart is not yet "as tranquil as an old well," I am forced to think, and sometimes I think of death too. But instead of thinking

that "twenty years from now I shall be a stout fellow again," or wondering how to prolong my stay in a *nanmu* coffin, my mind dwells on certain trifles before death. Only now am I finally sure that I do not believe that men turn into ghosts. It occurred to me to write a will, and I thought: If I were a great nobleman with a huge fortune, my sons, sons-in-law and others would have forced me to write a will long ago; whereas nobody has suggested this to me. Still, I may as well leave one. I seem to have thought out quite a few behests for my family, among them these:

1. Don't accept a cent from anyone for the funeral. This does not apply to old friends.
2. Get the whole thing over quickly, have me buried and be done with it.
3. Do nothing in the way of commemoration.
4. Forget me and look after your own affairs — if you don't, you are just too silly.
5. When the child grows up, if he has no special talent let him take some small job to make a living. On no account let him become a writer or artist in name alone.
6. Don't take other people's promises seriously.
7. Never mix with people who injure others yet oppose revenge and advocate tolerance.

There were other injunctions, too, but I have forgotten them. I remember also that once during a fever I recalled that when a European is dying there is usually some sort of ceremony in which he asks pardon of others and pardons them. I have a great many enemies, and I thought, what should my answer be if some modernized persons should ask me my views on this? After considering it I decided: Let them go on hating me. I shall not forgive a single one of them.

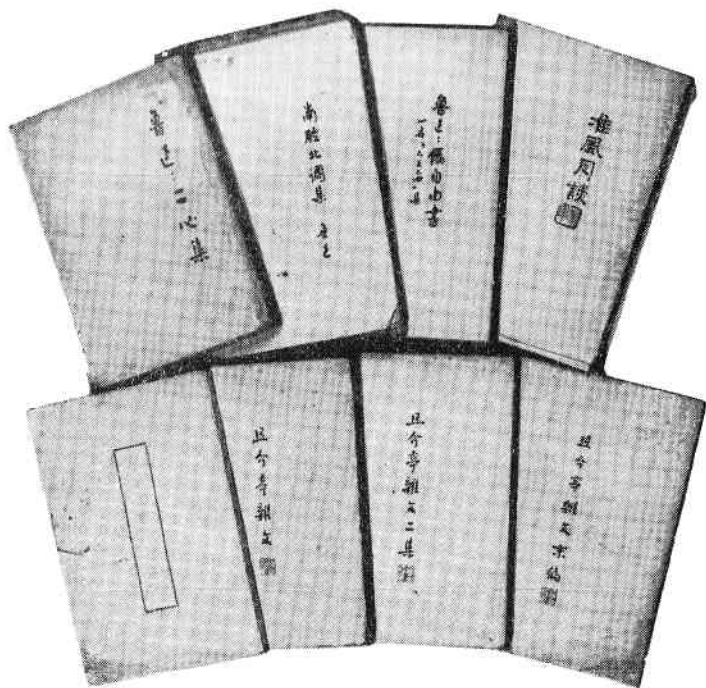
No such ceremony took place, however, and I did not draw up a will. I simply lay there in silence, struck sometimes by a more pressing thought: If this is dying, it isn't really painful. It may not be quite like this at the end, of course; but still, since this happens only once in a lifetime, I can take it. . . . Later, however, there came a change for the better. And now I am wondering whether this was really the state just before dying; a man really dying may not have such ideas. What it will be like, though, I still don't know.

September 5



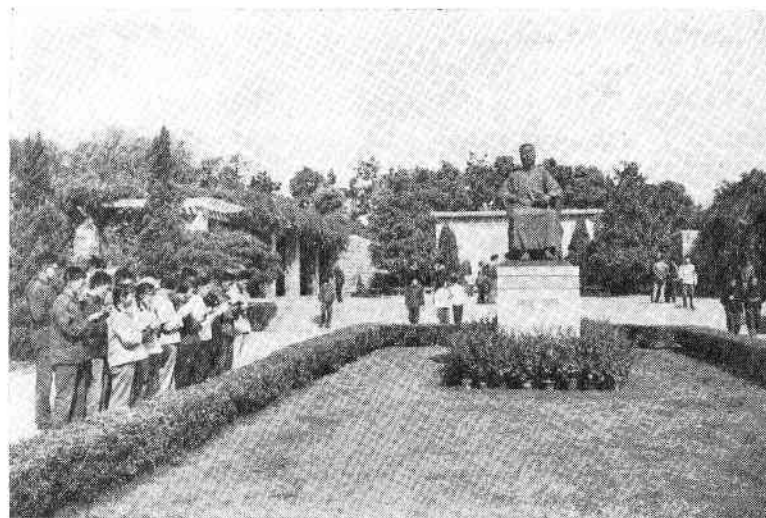
In November 1932 Lu Hsun returned to Peking from Shanghai! Many students of Peking universities and middle schools warmly welcomed his return. The picture shows him speaking to the students at Peking Normal College ▲

First editions of collections of Lu Hsun's later essays, most of the covers were designed by Lu Hsun himself ▼



In Lu Hsun's Memorial Hall at Shaohsing, Lu Hsun's birthplace, Red Guards look at the relics showing Lu Hsun's struggle in the thirties against the bourgeois cultural line represented by Chou Yang ▲

Lu Hsun's tomb in Hungkew Park, Shanghai ▼



Chen Kuang-sheng

Chairman Mao's Good Fighter — Lei Feng

Hatred Steeped in Blood

Hatred of that savage imperialism and dark society was bred in my bone, small as I was at the time. If only someone would rescue me, I resolved to take up arms and smash those brutes, to avenge my father and mother.

— From *Lei Feng's Diary*

The River Hsiang flows swiftly. In the bad old days it bore away the tears of the wretched, the blood of the oppressed, and witnessed innumerable tragedies.

Lei Feng was born on December 30, 1939 in Anching Township of Changsha (originally Wangcheng) County in the province of Hunan. His parents were poor peasants. Those were troubled times, when the flames of the War of Resistance Against Japan had spread north and south of the Yangtse. The shameless Kuomintang reactionaries were retreating before the Japanese advance, abandoning huge tracts

of our fair motherland to the enemy. Soon the iron hoofs of the invaders were trampling over Hunan and Hupeh. Both banks of the River Hsiang fell into the vicious hands of traitors, running dogs and landlords, who stooped to every conceivable crime and slaughtered the common people. For the labouring masses life was misery.

While Lei Feng was still a child, he received one heavy blow after another from the old society.

His father Lei Ming-liang worked as a coolie for Jen Ho Fu Oil and Salt Shop in Changsha. But the scanty wages for which he sweated so hard were barely enough to support the family. In 1938, the Japanese advance towards Tungting Lake, although this was still a long way from Changsha, so terrified the Kuomintang reactionaries that they hastily evacuated the city, having first set fire to it and reduced it to smoking ruins. Disbanded soldiers and bandits preyed on the countryside, raping women, looting, committing every crime. While Changsha burned, Lei Feng's father had been savagely beaten by some of the retreating Kuomintang troops. He had to go home to the country to recover.

Back in his native village, he paid a deposit to Moneybags Tan, the landlord, to rent seven *mou* of his land and weak as he was started to till the fields. But although he toiled from early till late, they still went cold and hungry. The family was so desperately poor that a few years later, to have one less mouth to feed, the parents decided to send Lei Feng's elder brother to the Hsinsheng Machine Works in Tsinshih.

Elder Brother was only twelve then. But in order to keep body and soul together he had to leave his parents and home and put up with inhuman conditions in a factory where the boss milked the workers dry.

When the Japanese occupied that district, Lei Feng's father, pressed into working for them as a coolie, was cruelly beaten again. This undermined his health, already poor, so that he began spitting blood and passing blood. He died the year that Lei Feng was five.

Lei Feng's mother wept over this bitter blow until she fainted away.

In those years the poor had no money to buy coffins and nothing they could sell. Since their friends were too poor to lend them anything, their only way out was to borrow from the landlord; but the high in-

terest he charged piled up so fast that a loan was like a rope around your neck. In her desperation Mother solved the problem by subletting half the land on which they lived. With the deposit she bought a coffin and, helped by the neighbours, made shift to bury her husband.

After that, leading little Lei Feng by the hand and holding his younger brother in her other arm, Mother struggled to keep starvation at bay. Heaven and earth were deaf to her cries for aid. The only comfort and sympathy she received came from poverty-stricken neighbours. But in those days every poor household had its own share of grief. Lei Feng's was not the only family in which a wife had lost her husband, the children a father.

To bring up the children, she resolved to live on.

But the widow and her fatherless boys were in desperate straits when Elder Brother contracted T.B. in the factory. His heartless boss did not care if the workers died once no more profit could be squeezed out of them. Since nothing could be made out of a boy with T.B., he drove the lad away. The family had not enough to live on, let alone to cure Elder Brother. Ill as he was, he soon had to go as an apprentice to a dyeing works in Jungwan not far from Changsha. The appalling working conditions and hard life made his illness worse. He rapidly wasted away. When Lei Feng was six, Elder Brother died of T.B. and privation.

This second blow struck like a knife at Mother's heart. Grief nearly killed her. Little Lei Feng wiped his tears and stamped as he cried: "I want Elder Brother! . . ."

Elder Brother lay there motionless. Never again would he take Lei Feng out to play.

With tears in her eyes, Mother buried her eldest son. But troubles never come singly, and now her youngest contracted typhoid fever. Wasted as he was by undernourishment, before long he too breathed his last in Mother's arms.

This series of disasters so drained Mother's strength that she could not even sob.

Lei Feng was all alone now except for Mother. She took him in her arms and stared at him woodenly. Struggling against cruel adver-

sity, this good woman strained every nerve to bring the boy up. She endured cold and hunger, the scorn and taunts of the rich, and battled through those dark days to keep her son alive.

For lack of any other work she went as a servant to Landlord Tan, till his heartless, profligate son, Seventh Master Tan, raped her. . . . Then, returning home, bowed down by grief, fury and shame, she seemed to have lost her wits. Her hair tousled, tears coursing down her cheeks, she would go alone to weep over her husband's grave. Life's heavy burden had crushed and stifled her. The loss of her dear ones, one after another, had broken the poor woman's heart. But there was no one to redress her wrongs, nowhere to tell her grief. Seeing no way out, she came at last to a desperate resolve.

One autumn evening in 1947, when the poor had not even gruel to eat, the rich prepared moon-cakes for the mid-autumn festival. As the saying goes: The full moon shines on all the land, on happy homes and sad. Her grief intensified by memories of earlier festivals, Mother wept bitterly.

Taking Lei Feng by the hand, she called him by his childhood name and said, "Keng-ya-tzu,* look how grubby your hands and face are! What would you do without ma to look after you?" Fetching a basin of clear water to wash him, she told him earnestly, "Never forget how your folk have died, Keng-ya-tzu." As soon as he was clean, she kissed him and went on, "Go and spend the night with Granny in Sixth Uncle's house. I'm off to find something to eat."

With no inkling of what was in her mind, Lei Feng gazed at her eagerly and said, "All right. But don't be long!"

That evening Mother hung herself from a beam.

This good soul had found the courage to stand up to the tragic death of her husband and two of her sons. For long years she had put up with suffering and hardship. But now, burning with hatred and longing for revenge for her vile treatment at the hands of the landlord class, she was driven to take her own life. Her death was an accusation against that vicious old society.

*Literally, child born in the 7th cyclical year.

In three years Lei Feng had lost four of his dear ones. Three years had destroyed his family and orphaned him.

It's the poor who help and sympathize with the poor. When the old couple in Sixth Uncle's home saw that Lei Feng had lost both father and mother and had no one to fend for him, they reached out helping hands and took him in, although they themselves could hardly make ends meet.

Sixth Uncle and his wife were kind to the boy, and warm-hearted neighbours made or patched clothes for him. But Lei Feng had sense enough to know how hard things were for his relatives, and young as he was he went up the hills to cut firewood.

Every day with an axe and carrying-pole he climbed the hills to chop faggots and dig up the roots of bamboos or stumps of trees, which he carried home to sell in the plain below. Twigs gashed his skin, thorns scratched his hands and feet. Sometimes the axe slipped and cut the back of his hand so that it was covered with blood, but with one cry of "Ma!" he put up with the pain and as soon as the bleeding had stopped went back to work. He was discovered cutting fuel on the East Hill one day by the mother of Landlord Hsu Sung-lin. Without a word she snatched his axe away and savagely slashed the back of his left hand. Lei Feng nursed his fury, determined to have revenge.

He did not begrudge the children of the rich their fine clothes or rich fare; but each time he passed the school and saw them troop in with their satchels or heard the chanting of lessons from inside, he felt consumed with envy. Since schooling was utterly out of the question for him, he had to trudge quietly up the hill with his axe.

So Lei Feng managed to live on. Like all his poor neighbours, worn down by hardships and anxiety, he longed for the dawn to break.

The End of Sorrow and the Start of Joy

When I think of the past, I hate our three big enemies — imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism — to my bones.

When I think of the present, I thank the Party and Chairman Mao with all my heart for their goodness.

When I think of the future, my confidence increases a hundredfold. I brim over with energy, determined to struggle to the end for the cause of communism.

— From *Lei Feng's Diary*

In August, 1949, Wangcheng County in Hunan was liberated by the PLA.

Lei Feng and the other poor peasants who had suffered such misery saw the sun at last. The people of Anching Township, like those in so many other parts of the country, joyfully celebrated their liberation. Young men and girls danced to the accompaniment of gongs and drums and performed *yangko* dances. The care-worn faces of the old beamed with smiles.

"We've won through!" everyone said.

Very soon political power was established at the grass-roots level. Now that the people were the masters of the land, those who had suffered most in the old society received special care from the people's government.

Peng Teh-mou, formerly an underground Party member, became chairman of the fifth branch of the Peasants' Association in Anching Township. Subsequently he was appointed township head.

Uncle Peng took good care of Lei Feng and showed constant concern for him.

"The world belongs to us now, lad," he said. "Those landlords and local despots who butchered the poor won't dare to bully anyone again."

Young Lei Feng listened carefully, wide-eyed, and remembered everything that Uncle Peng said. The township head told him earnestly:

"Remember, lad, it's Chairman Mao, the Communist Party and the PLA who have saved us. The Party and Chairman Mao rescued us poor folk. When you grow up you must do what Chairman Mao says."

Lei Feng nodded and murmured:

"When I grow up, I'll do what Chairman Mao says."

One evening Lei Feng was on the bridge at sunset when he saw a contingent of troops approaching. It was the PLA! He could have danced for joy. Hearing that the troops intended to spend the night there, he led them eagerly into the village and rushed left and right with the village cadres to prepare billets and food for the soldiers. Unable to wipe the smile off his face, he stuck close to those PLA uncles all evening.

The next day as the troops prepared to move on, Lei Feng caught hold of one of the officers.

"I want to be a soldier," he cried. "Take me with you."

"We can't. You're too small. Why d'you want to be a soldier?"

"To take revenge!"

"We'll all take revenge for you," replied the PLA officer. "You must study hard and be Chairman Mao's good student, so that when you grow up you can help to build our new China."

Lei Feng repeated quietly, "Study hard and be Chairman Mao's good student." He followed the soldiers with his eyes until they were out of sight.

In 1951 the stupendous land reform movement reached Lei Feng's home.

The broad masses of peasants, educated by the Party, launched a fiery class struggle. Countless rallies were held in the township. At these rallies the peasants who had suffered most from feudal oppression in the old society mounted the platform to pour forth their bitterness and get at the root of their poverty. Awakened now, they burned with the hatred stored up over thousands of years. Rents, forced labour, usury and all the vicious methods used by the landlord class to prey on the poor were exposed one by one, till the whole company was sobbing.

"Down with the landlord class!"

"Avenge our poor-peasant and hired-hand brothers!"

The meeting place rang with slogans.

The accusations presented by his neighbours reminded Lei Feng of his own experience, and he shed tears. He leapt on to the platform, his small face red with fury.

"How now, you old bitch? Will you slash me with an axe again? I bet you don't dare. You couldn't do it now!"

This stormy struggle against the feudal forces was a good class education for Lei Feng. Taught by the Party and by countless facts, he gradually came to understand that the landlords, capitalists and imperialists were his mortal enemies, mortal enemies of all his class brothers. The imperialists and Kuomintang reactionaries had beaten his father to death; the heartless capitalists had snatched away his elder brother's young life; the vicious old society had left his mother with no way out but suicide and had made underdogs of all the poor.

When land was divided out, according to the policy Lei Feng as an orphan received a double share; and when the fruits of the struggle were distributed, the Peasants' Association showed him special consideration. This helped him to understand that Chairman Mao was leading the poor to stand up, and that following the Party was the only way to ensure a happy future. These events left an indelible impression on the boy's mind.

In 1950, thanks to the concern and help of the Party and the people's government, Lei Feng was able to attend primary school.

His happy school life reminded Lei Feng of many things in the past. He had had to look on while the landlords' sons went to school, for such good fortune was beyond his dreams in the old days. Many a time he had passed the school gate in those days and enviously watched the school children at study or play, wishing with all his heart that he could join in. But it was unthinkable then for a poor orphan to pass through the school gate. Only in new China led by the Communist Party and Chairman Mao could he straighten his back and walk proudly into school, where great care was lavished on him. In no previous dynasty in history had such good things happened.

His heart overflowing with gratitude to the Communist Party and Chairman Mao, Lei Feng opened the first page of his new textbook and saw Chairman Mao's kindly face. He quietly resolved to study well and be Chairman Mao's good student. As soon as he was able to write he wrote "Long live Chairman Mao!" in big characters in his notebook.



There were few schools in those parts just after liberation. After completing the first few years of primary school he had to walk fifteen *li* to Chingshuitang to attend a school with fifth and sixth-year students. Most of those who lived so far away became boarders; but Lei Feng, determined to complete his schooling, got up at dawn to go to school and did not get back to supper until it was dark. If he overslept a little, he hurried off without even stopping for breakfast. Neither wind nor rain could deter him. He was very seldom absent or late. During his holidays he would cut firewood in the hills or till the fields, taking a book so that he could read while he rested. Lei Feng showed tremendous will-power in overcoming difficulties in study. He spared no pains in his pursuit of knowledge and consistently got good marks. He loved manual labour too and eagerly helped his classmates. In the autumn of 1954, he joined the Young Pioneers' group in that school and put on a red scarf. He would tell his friends:

"We are Chairman Mao's Young Pioneers and must study hard, so that when we grow up we can build up our new China."

Every day he used to sing:

....
Following the example of our fathers and brothers,
We fear no difficulties,
No burden however heavy.
We are struggling to build a new China
And learning from our great leader Mao Tse-tung.

In 1955 Lei Feng transferred to a new primary school four or five *li* from his home. They were just preparing to set up a Young Pioneers' group there. Lei Feng flung himself enthusiastically into this work, explaining the rules of the organization to his schoolmates, what would be expected of them as Young Pioneers, and how to fill up application forms. He tried patiently to arouse the class consciousness of some of them, saying, "As the children of poor peasants and hired-hands, we should be keen to join the Young Pioneers."

Lei Feng loved his red scarf, while the white shirt given him by the people's government was his most treasured item of clothing, the "uniform" which he wore in summer with his scarf. After school he always washed it carefully and put away his red scarf, neatly folded, in his satchel.

Lei Feng made rapid progress with the education and encouragement he received from the Young Pioneers. He concentrated on his lessons in class, worked hard during manual labour, and took a keen part in cultural and athletic activities. Any task entrusted to him by the Young Pioneers was excellently done. Once their group decided to visit the Martyrs' Park in Changsha, and Lei Feng was given the job of sounding the big drum. He was so short that it was most tiring for him to carry a big drum on his back all that way, and after marching about a dozen *li* his face was beaded with sweat. But when the instructor told someone else to take over, Lei Feng refused. "This is a job given me by the Young Pioneers," he explained. "It's up to me to carry it out." He managed to carry the drum all the way to the park.

In the autumn of 1955, when Lei Feng moved up to the sixth form, a drive to eliminate illiteracy was due to start in their co-op. But no teachers happened to be available. As soon as Lei Feng knew this he suggested to his schoolmates:

"Why don't we help the co-op by teaching in the evening school?"

"Who? Us?" The others were taken aback, for they were only in their early teens while the students in the evening school were all adults. How could youngsters teach grown-ups?

"Yes, us. We can do it, so we should volunteer."

With the help and encouragement of the Party branch, the school got going. The classroom was the main room of a peasant house, the "students" young men and women who had had no chance to study in the old society. After school every day, when Lei Feng had finished supper, he would go from house to house with the other "teachers" encouraging the "students" to go to class. If other "teachers" ran into difficulties, Lei Feng tried to persuade them to stick it out.

In the old society, feudalism, capitalism and imperialism had made it very hard for Lei Feng to survive. In the new society, thanks to the concern and loving care of the Party and government, he began to mature. This was something he never forgot. At the age of twenty he wrote in his diary:

The coming of the people's saviour, the great Chinese Communist Party, rescued me from a fiery pit... Today, in our socialist society and big revolutionary family, life has become infinitely good in the great age of Mao Tse-tung. I am deeply aware of this in my own case. We mustn't "forget the pain once the wound has healed." "When drinking water we must remember the source." Comparing past and present, how can we fail to approach everything from the standpoint of the revolution? We must raise higher the red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and develop the spirit of hard work and struggle and the fine tradition of our revolutionary forefathers. We must plunge whole-heartedly into socialist construction and make more and better contributions to our country, so as not to disappoint the hopes of those who gave their lives for the revolution, so as not to prove unworthy of the concern and encouragement of the Party and our great leader Chairman Mao.

Life Beckons

Youth is always splendid, but true youth belongs only to those who never cease to go all out and aim high, who always work selflessly, always remain modest.

— From *Lei Feng's Diary*

In 1956 Lei Feng finished primary school.

The movement for agricultural co-operation was then sweeping the whole country like a river in spate in spring, while industry was forging ahead too. A rich, varied life beckoned to every youngster. Many young school-leavers joined the industrial and agricultural fronts.

Lei Feng, like a fledgeling whose wings have just grown, was eager to spread them and fly.

Before long he was posted as a messenger to the township government. He delivered notices and messages, helped to compile statistics and draw up forms. He turned his hand to whatever he could do. Everyone was very satisfied with his work.

Soon he was transferred as an orderly to the office of the Wangcheng County Party Committee.

This was the start of a new life for Lei Feng, now seventeen. He worked hard all day and attended a spare-time middle school in the evenings, determined to show his appreciation to the Party which had rescued him from such misery and given him such good living conditions. Because of his competent work, care for public property and initiative in buying state bonds, his colleagues elected him as a model worker.

Lei Feng spent most of his time with Secretary Chang, who showed great concern for him. They became very close to each other. He delivered letters and documents for the secretary, accompanied him when he went down to the country or attended meetings, and sat up to see to his comfort when he worked through the night. Secretary Chang had his hands full with work but he made time to tell Lei Feng stories about the revolution, the August First Uprising, the struggle in the Chingkang Mountains, the Red Army's Long March and the War of Resistance Against Japan. Once he described how, during

the Harvest Uprising in Hunan led by Chairman Mao, a Communist was captured; but although the enemy tortured him cruelly he chose to die rather than capitulate.

"That's the sort of man I want to be," said Lei Feng, deeply stirred.

"Good for you," said Secretary Chang. "You must work and study as hard as you can. Try to join the Communist Youth League and the Communist Party, so that you can make a bigger contribution to the revolution."

Lei Feng never forgot Secretary Chang's advice, and tried to model himself in every way on the comrades in the County Party Committee. While escorting the secretary to a meeting one day, he noticed a screw on the road and casually kicked it aside. The secretary, seeing this, walked over without a word and bent down to pick up the screw which he pocketed. Lei Feng could not imagine what use this screw was to a Party secretary.

A few days later, however, when Lei Feng had a letter to deliver to the Agricultural Machine Plant, the secretary handed him the screw with these words:

"Our country is so poor that we'll have our work cut out building it up. A screw may seem small to you, but machines can't do without them. Remember that a river is made up of many different drops of water, that a crate has to be filled with many separate grains of rice."

Lei Feng stared round-eyed at the secretary. And after that he never wasted a cent but put all the money he could save into the bank.

Apart from looking after Lei Feng in daily life, Secretary Chang helped him politically and educated him so that his class consciousness steadily improved. Lei Feng felt very keenly that being with the secretary gave such an added zest to everything that he could go without sleep for several nights and not feel tired.

The warm, comradely class friendship which he found here contrasted strongly with his earlier life. Each time he thought of his mother, his heart ached and he could not hold back his tears.

Secretary Chang, finding him like this one day, asked:

"Why are you crying?" He handed the youngster his own handkerchief. "Tears won't help matters. Come on, wipe your eyes."

Lei Feng gave a sob.

The secretary kept silent for a while in sympathy, holding the youngster's hand and stroking his head.

"It's very important for us to keep recalling the past, never to forget it. A revolutionary must draw great strength from past sufferings to impel him to work better for the revolution."

From eyes still brimming with tears Lei Feng gazed fixedly at the secretary, eager to fasten on every word he said.

Eyeing the scars on his hand Secretary Chang continued:

"Your sufferings were those of our whole nation and class. The happy life you're leading today was given you by the Party and Chairman Mao, won with the blood of countless revolutionary martyrs. You're still young, you must study hard. There's no end to the work you'll be required to do for the revolution in future."

These words served as a key to unlock Lei Feng's mind. Like a brilliant beacon the revolutionary truth lit up the soul of this lad who had gone through so much. Working in the County Party Committee, he could advance in the light of the revolution. From the comrades there and from his whole personal experience, he reached a clearer understanding of the great significance of the revolution.

Lei Feng developed rapidly in the revolutionary ranks. On February 8, 1957 he had the honour of being admitted to the Communist Youth League.

Near Wangcheng County flowed the great River Wei which before liberation had often flooded, bringing misery to the people on its banks. Late in the autumn of 1957, the people's government decided to set about controlling the River Wei. Many people volunteered to work on this project. Lei Feng applied three times to go, and finally received the consent of the Party committee. He worked enthusiastically there, rolling up his trouser legs to dig or carry earth whenever he could, darting swiftly and nimbly through the other workers. For his keen, conscientious work, he was voted a model worker.

Shortly after, the County Party Committee decided to start a farm at Tuanshanhu. The Youth League committee responded eagerly to this call and mobilized all the young people in the county to donate

a tractor. Lei Feng, thoroughly approving, contributed his whole savings, explaining to the secretary of the Youth League, "I can't spend all the money the Party pays me every month. As it's no use to me, I'm giving my whole savings for a tractor for the state farm."

Secretary Chang was very pleased when he knew that Lei Feng was one of the biggest contributors among the young people of the entire county.

"Is it true you've donated all your savings?" he asked.

"Don't you approve?" countered Lei Feng in some surprise.

"Of course I do. This shows how keenly you support socialist construction."

Such praise and encouragement warmed Lei Feng's heart. He naively cocked his head and burst out laughing.

"Seriously though," added Secretary Chang. "How would you like to be sent to learn to drive a tractor?"

"To learn to drive a tractor?" Lei Feng sobered up. In a way this sounded too good to be true. He had just given all his money to help procure a tractor to cultivate the soil of his old home; and now the leadership wanted him to learn to drive this "iron ox." He could scarcely speak for excitement. The snag was that he could hardly bear the thought of leaving Secretary Chang.

Early in 1958, when the trees were in bud and spring just around the corner, Lei Feng went to the glorious working front of the Tuanshanhu State Farm to learn to drive a tractor. When he climbed up beside the driver for his first lesson, he could have jumped for joy. Sitting there, he watched carefully all the driver did, how he turned, how he started the engine. . . . As the driver explained what to do and told him the names of the different parts of the tractor, Lei Feng made a mental note of every word, writing out these instructions on his return to the hostel. For several days he could hardly sleep for excitement, but tossed and turned in bed recalling all he had learned. The earlier he was able to drive the tractor the better, the sooner he could start doing his bit for the country.

When Lei Feng had spent a week studying the fundamentals of driving he was told to make a trial run. The driver vacated his

seat and stood at the youngster's side to give advice. Lei Feng's heart pounded as he took his place. Suppose he failed to get the thing to start, was too weak to control it, or made a mess of steering or braking. . . . Excitement and nervousness set his hands and feet trembling.

"Don't be nervous," said the driver. "You must keep cool."

He started the engine and let in the clutch, and the tractor rumbled forward. Instead of doing as he wanted, though, it kept lurching from side to side. But when presently he steadied down and stopped trembling it began to obey his orders, to his great joy. And when he looked back at that rich fertile soil being ploughed up so rapidly, it conjured up a vision of far-stretching lush green crops.

"Today was a red-letter day, I learned so much," he thought to himself on his return from the fields. During supper he kept swaying from side to side as if still in the driver's seat. When he picked up his chopsticks, he seemed to be holding the steering wheel, and as his hand moved his feet pressed instinctively down as if on the brake and the accelerator.

Lei Feng became one of the best tractor drivers in Wangcheng County, driving all over the Tuanshanhu State Farm. The sight of the virgin soil which had lain dormant so long there but was now being turned over by his "iron ox" to produce golden paddy for the motherland reminded him of his own fate. He too had "turned over" in the new society and, like this fertile soil, he should make a greater contribution to his socialist motherland. His heart overflowing with gratitude, he wrote an article for the county paper entitled *I Have Learned to Drive a Tractor*. In this he explained how he, a poor boy, had mastered the art of driving. And in his notebook he wrote a poem filled with jubilation, praising the socialist state farm and our great Communist Party.

Swallow flying south,
Newly-arrived,
Long-awaited,
In your flight from north to south
You skim lightly over Tuanshanhu,
Looking round with astonished eyes.
I hear you ask yourself:

What has caused such a change this year
In barren Tuanshanhu?

Swallow flying south,
Let me tell you:
Tuanshanhu, once virgin soil,
Through the boundless strength of the Party
Has been made a new state farm;
It is the farm-labourers
With their industrious hands
Who have transformed Tuanshanhu.

Swallow flying south,
Did your mother tell you of the bad old times?
In the old days Tuanshanhu

Was a tangle of weeds, a waste,
A sea in time of flood;
Three times a reclamation fund was raised,
Three times it was embezzled;
Reclaiming Tuanshanhu remained a dream.

But today Tuanshanhu

Is a sea of golden grain, of fertile fields,
The wind is laden with the scent of paddy,
The new dike is a wall of bronze,
No longer can the river spread destruction,
The socialist state farm flies a red flag,
The barns are filled with grain, the boats with fish;
China has another "region of fish and rice."

Swallow flying south,
You need not look amazed;
That is not spring thunder rending the blue sky
But a tractor's heavy rumble;
Brooks have not learned to flow backward,
But a pump is pumping out the excess water.
And that commotion on the grassy plain?
Herdsman tending horses and oxen!

Swallow flying south,
How swift you wing your way,
As if enchanted by this lovely sight;
The winding river seems a silver pipe
Watering this fertile land,
While Wu Mountain opposite

Provides a natural screen for Tuanshanhu.
This scene is like a poem or painting,
And the workers active in this lovely landscape
Are sturdy as dragons and tigers;
Some are old hands at wielding hoes,
Some have only lately laid down pens or guns;
But alike they declare with pride:
This new state farm of ours
Is an open-air factory,
A school to train workers truly red and expert.

Swallow flying south,
Do you ask: What keeps these men so hard at work?
You do not understand their aspirations.
The water-melons they plant will be bigger than pumpkins,
The pigs they raise will be as strong as oxen,
The paddy they grow will reach the height of a man,
They will raise the sorghum and maize of the north in the south.

Swallow flying south,
Stop searching for the rafters of years gone by;
No matter where you fly,
You will find none of your old haunts;
Last year this land lay waste,
Today huge buildings stand here,
We welcome you to visit our new hostels;
But you must tell us,
In all the places over which you've flown,
In this year's upsurge of the big leap forward
How many new state farms of this kind have appeared?

Lei Feng's selfless work achieved excellent results and he received many prizes and citations from the state farm leadership.

Obey the Party

I realize that someone who obeys the Party and Chairman Mao and works hard can do a lot for the Party. Still, the strength of one individual is limited, he cannot go far or fly high. He is like a small brook which unless it flows into a river will never be able to rush a thousand *li* forward.

—From *Lei Feng's Diary*

In May 1958 the Central Committee of the Party drew up the General Line of "going all out, aiming high and getting greater, quicker, better and more economical results to build socialism." The people of the whole country, responding eagerly to this Party call, brought about a tremendous upsurge in the leap forward.

That autumn, no sooner had a fine harvest been reaped on the 20,000-odd *mu* of the Tuanshanhu State Farm than the Party called for a big increase in steel production. This magnificent call stirred all China and the whole world. It stirred Lei Feng's young heart too. He longed to become a steel worker right away to contribute to China's socialist industrialization by working at a fiery furnace. Just then good news came from the county. To meet the increased need for steel, the Anshan Steel Works had sent to recruit young workers. Lei Feng set his heart on going to Anshan to become a steel worker.

He applied to the leadership for a transfer. Naturally, they were rather reluctant to let him go, having just trained him as a tractor driver and model worker, a Youth Leaguer highly thought of by the masses. Some of his mates said to him:

"You can build socialism on a state farm too."

"It's perishing cold in the northeast, Lei Feng. Southerners just can't take the climate."

"I don't believe it," he answered. "Plenty of people live in the northeast, and they don't freeze to death. You can't scare me like that. Besides, to build up our motherland, young fellows should go wherever the work is hardest."

Lei Feng's eagerness to become a steel worker would not let him rest. Even at night he dreamed of the Anshan Steel Works. He imagined himself standing beside the furnace in canvas overalls, holding long steel pincers, his back wet with sweat from the heat, while red molten steel cascading out like a fiery dragon was transformed into rows of tractors, heavy trucks, planes and big guns.... Then he saw a splendid vision of the countryside after the establishment of people's communes: tractors raced over the huge fields, trucks shuttled to and fro on the highways, pumps kept up a cheerful din, power plants brought light to mountain villages.... This,

surely, was why Chairman Mao had called for boosting steel production. How marvellous it would be when all China's villages were mechanized!

The Party agreed to transfer Lei Feng. His heart singing, he left home and took the train to Anshan.

This was Lei Feng's first experience of a city, and his blood raced as he left the agricultural front to fight on the industrial front. The sheer size of the huge buildings and towering plants of the steel city made this lad from the country exclaim in astonishment.

Since Lei Feng had picked up some technical skill by driving a tractor, the personnel department assigned him to the coal-distillation plant in the Anshan Chemical Works to operate a mechanized scoop. Great was his disappointment at not being able to take a direct part in smelting steel.

As soon as he reported in to Director Yu of the coal-distillation plant, Lei Feng said frankly, "I came here with my heart set on smelting steel. Why have I got to operate this scoop?"

Director Yu, who had once been a worker himself, appreciated this bluntness.

"You've only just arrived, Young Lei," he said. "You don't understand how complex a process smelting steel is, or the ramifications of big industrial production. Operating a scoop is for steel production too. Take this coal-distillation plant of ours, for example. We have to make coke out of the tons of coal delivered here every day, because without coke you can't smelt steel. And the gas we produce in the process goes to the foundry, which couldn't do without it either. Large-scale industrial production is like a machine. Each workshop and process is one part of that machine, one screw in the whole. Each is indispensable. A machine couldn't work, could it, if its screws were missing?"

Screws in a machine. That was what Secretary Chang had said, yet Lei Feng had forgotten. His ideas straightened out by this explanation, he threw himself keenly into learning how to operate a scoop. He always turned up ahead of time to help the master worker with his preparations, so as not to waste any time. Standing at one side to signal directions while the master worker operated the scoop,

Lei Feng carefully observed each movement he made. Between the shifting of one trainload of coal and the arrival of the next, the scoop had to wait out in the yard, and when it was cold Lei Feng used to urge his master:

"Go inside and warm up. I'll keep an eye on the scoop."

Seated in the cabin, he familiarized himself with the controls. As soon as a train arrived he would notify the master worker and help him. If a machine was being repaired, he would stay on after work to lend a hand in order to pick up more skill. Once their scoop broke down. Usually the master worker did the repairs while his apprentices acted as assistants, handing him spare parts and tools. But Lei Feng asked his master to supervise while he crawled underneath the scoop to repair it, then asked him to inspect the job he had done. In this way he quickly grasped the potentials of the scoop and learned to operate it. The master workers were most satisfied with "Young Lei."

Before long Lei Feng was operating a scoop on his own. One day he bumped into the railway line and dented one of the rails, which earned him a dressing-down. He felt very bad. Later his master reflected that, since this had been an accident and Lei Feng always worked so well, he had been too hard on him. He sought the youngster out to reassure him.

"I felt bad about damaging state property," said Lei Feng. "As for your criticism, I thought it too light. You were trying to help me make fewer mistakes in future. I'm still very unskilled. You should make higher demands of me, master, to help me to make progress."

While shifting coal, the scoop sometimes picked up dirt too. Most operators, concentrating on speed, considered that a little dirt in that mountain of coal did not matter. Lei Feng, however, took it seriously as it might affect the quality of the coke, which in turn might influence the smelting of steel. That would be really serious, nothing to be casual about. So he always removed any earth picked up by his scoop and helped other to do the same. For this he was commended several times by the master workers and the leadership. After one rally at which his master had praised his exemplary conduct,

Lei Feng asked, "Why do you keep commending me, master? You'd far better point out my shortcomings."

"Why do you always want to have your shortcomings pointed out?" His master grinned.

"So that I can overcome them."

....

A train loaded with black coal rumbled into the coalyard. With a great clatter the wagons tipped out their loads. Then Lei Feng's scoop, like a giant iron shovel, shifted the coal to below the mobile crane, which transferred it to the furnace where coke and gas were produced for the use of the smelting furnaces, foundries and other workshops.

Once Lei Feng understood the significance of his work he gave his whole energy to it. Though they worked out of doors in the bitter cold, his heart was always warm.

One day after work, most of the young fellows had a bath and changed into smart warm clothes to see a film or stroll in the park in town. Lei Feng had no smart clothes, and someone said:

"A bachelor like you can't be short of money. Buy something decent to wear! You're not in Tuanshanhu now. You need some decent togs for holidays."

At first Lei Feng paid no attention.

But as time went by it did strike him that his old clothes were out of place in this up-to-date town. After considerable hesitation he took his savings to the state department store and bought a leather jacket and serge trousers. He went back to the hostel in high spirits and dressed up in front of the mirror.

"Look how Lei Feng's smartened up!" Other youngsters in the hostel crowded round to study this transformation. Lei Feng, though a little embarrassed, was also pleased.

Not long after, the Party called for increased production and the practice of economy to build up the country; and the leadership urged them all to carry forward the Party's tradition of hard struggle. This made a forceful impression on Lei Feng.

That evening after a meeting of the Youth League he went back to his hostel to bed, but he could not sleep. He punched his own head in disgust. "How could I tog myself out like this, and start taking such an interest in clothes?" he wondered. "I nearly forgot the Party's splendid tradition of hard work and plain living. I've let you down, Chairman Mao. I've forgotten whose son I am."

That night the tragic scenes of his early life rose before his eyes again. His heart ached and he could not hold back his tears at the thought of all the suffering in the old society. Making strict demands of himself and laying stress on remoulding his ideas in this way was typical of Lei Feng. Later he wrote in his diary:

A screw must be kept clean, in good condition, and not allowed to rust. The same applies to people's ideas. We must overhaul them regularly, or something will go wrong.

After this, besides working with all his might, Lei Feng started studying seriously. His conscientious study of Chairman Mao's works dated from this time and resulted in rapid progress.

When he started studying Chairman Mao's works, Lei Feng found it far from easy. But if an article was hard to understand he re-read it; if he still couldn't understand he asked help from others. In the evenings, when the others went to sleep, he sat on his bed reading until he had completed one article. Each work by Chairman Mao which he read greatly increased his strength. He wrote in his diary:

Since studying Chairman Mao's works, I've come to understand a whole lot of things. They've lighted up my mind and given me fresh drive in my work, drive which I feel can never be exhausted.

This inexhaustible drive gave him the will-power and courage to overcome difficulties. His Stalin 80 scoop was so high that it required a tall man to operate. Lei Feng, being short, kept having to stoop or stand up in order to see outside or reach the controls. To make things easier for him, one of the heads of the plant suggested that he switch to a DT-54 model, for then he could remain seated and save his energy.

"I can cope. This is nothing," said Lei Feng. "A big scoop shifts more coal. After getting used to this, I'd have no patience with a small one."

As the steel output rose, the Anshan Steel Works decided to set up a coke plant among the mines. Some men would have to be transferred to build this up. Assistant-director Sun explained this to Lei Feng and some other workers in their plant, and asked how they felt about going. Since this was necessary for the work, Lei Feng promptly stood up and volunteered:

"I'll go! Don't you worry, director. There's no problem."

After the meeting a few backward youngsters said:

"Only fools would go up there. The grub and accomodation will be lousy. There's no pay increase or commendation either. Catch us going!"

To this Lei Feng replied indignantly:

"If everybody were as 'clever' as you, there'd be no one to build socialism. The Party teaches us to go wherever the difficulties are greatest, wherever we're most needed. If that's being a 'fool,' I'm glad to be a 'fool.'"

The Work Site Among the Mines

I would rather be a pine high on the rocks in the hills than a willow down by the river. I would rather temper myself in stormy, difficult struggles than pass my life in peace and quiet.

— From *Lei Feng's Diary*

Late in August 1959, Lei Feng and many of his mates, determined to do all they could for socialist construction, went to the new work site high up in the mountains.

They had to start from scratch here and before their hostels were built lived in old mud huts too ramshackle to keep out the cold, howling wind, so that they had to curl up in bed for warmth, while if it rained the roofs leaked, their bedding was drenched, and sound sleep was out of the question. The leadership saw to it that their mess was well organized, but even so it could not compare with the food in Anshan, and as there was no club they had little in the way of entertainment or recreation. Some youngsters found it hard to

settle down, but Lei Feng had no complaints. He used to say cheerfully, "Why, we're lucky to have beds to sleep in."

Sleeping next to Lei Feng was an old master workman of another section.

"You cold, Young Lei?" he asked one evening, putting his own extra quilt over the lad.

"Keep that for yourself. I'm not cold." Lei Feng sat up to pass the quilt back.

"You youngsters from the south can't stand cold like us northerners." The older man insisted on covering him with the quilt.

Deeply touched by the warm solidarity and class feeling evident everywhere in their big socialist family, Lei Feng said with emotion, "I've tasted every kind of bitterness, master. . . ."

He described his childhood then, and the other men in the hut shed tears as they listened. In conclusion he said:

"If we compare past and present, how good our life is today!"

When Lei Feng and his mates started building hostels, he was one of those given the task of mixing mud to hold the bricks together. Armed with shovels and pitchforks, wearing rubber boots, they stood by a cistern and stirred earth into the water. This was slow work and they failed to break up all the clods. The brick-layers grumbled:

"What sort of mud do you call that? So full of lumps. It's a sloppy job you're doing."

This made Lei Feng feel very bad. It seemed to him that by going about their work this way they were holding up the whole project and producing shoddy results. Without a word he rolled up his trouser legs and stepped into the cistern to break up the earth by trampling. Soon his rubber boots got bogged down. In a flash he pulled them off and went on trampling barefoot.

"Are you crazy? In this cold!" Someone tried to pull him out.

"It's all right. Moving about keeps you warm." Lei Feng grinned as he broke up the clods of earth. The icy mud numbed his feet but he stuck to the job, singing *Socialism Is Good*. Fired by his spirit, his mates followed suit, working with a new drive which made them forget the cold.

As the walls grew higher supplying mud to the brick-layers became more difficult. Lei Feng racked his brains for some dodge to get round this. Still trampling the mud, he puzzled the rest by holding out his spade at different angles. Young Yeh who had come with him from Hunan asked, "What's the idea, flourishing your spade like that?"

"Look, Young Yeh, help me figure something out." Lei Feng climbed out of the cistern and called a few of his mates to one side. "Let's fix up a hoist," he suggested. "That'll make it easier to supply them with mud." Squatting down, he scratched a cross on the ground and explained what he had in mind.

"Good. That should do the trick," approved the others. They hurried off together to the office.

They found the production chief and explained their plan for speeding up the delivery of mud. He adopted their suggestion and commended them for daring to think and daring to act. This support from the Party gave Lei Feng fresh drive. With the help of an old master workman he worked through the night fixing up a wooden hoist, which proved so successful that it greatly speeded up the supplying of mud.

The stones for the hostel foundations were brought in from near by. But when they came to the last building there were no stones left in the vicinity. It seemed the nearest ones were in the mountains two or three *li* away. The steep paths up there were too narrow for carts, so the men would have to carry the stones themselves. Since not too many were needed, the leadership asked the men to search closer to home, and they discovered some stones in a shallow stream near the work site. They hurried there to prize them out. But the edges of the stream were frozen over and the larger stones lay in the middle of the channel, so that considerable time and effort were needed to haul out even one. This was too slow for Lei Feng, who rolled up his trouser legs again and stepped into the water, which covered his knees. Young Wang seeing this did the same. Their teeth chattering, they started lifting big stones out of the icy water, and soon forgot the cold in their pleasure at seeing the large pile growing on the bank as other young fellows followed their example.

After a day's hard work, most of the men played chess or cards in the evening. Sometimes Lei Feng joined in their games, but more often he sat beside the lamp studying. He had set himself a fixed amount of time for reading Chairman Mao's works every day. If they had a meeting until late in the evening, he stuck to his plan by cutting down on sleep. The master workman often protested: "You'll ruin your eyesight. Studying is all very well, but you're driving yourself so hard you'll soon fall ill."

Though Lei Feng appreciated his comradely concern, as soon as he picked up a book he forgot these warnings. When the others saw that they had no effect, they tackled the problem from a different angle. "You're wasting electric light, Lei Feng, by sitting up so late to read," they said. "Stopping us from sleeping too." He took this more seriously. As soon as the new dispatcher's office was finished, he started going there in the evenings to study.

Lei Feng was studying in the office one evening when he suddenly heard the hiss of rain outside. Walking out, he was buffeted by wind and rain. The night was so black, he could hardly see his hand in front of him. Dispatcher Chen was frantic.

"There are 7,200 sacks of cement in that train by the work site," he said. "They're not covered. If they get wet, they'll be spoiled. I must find people at once to see to this."

The thought of his responsibility as a Youth Leaguer filled Lei Feng with boundless strength. He rushed back, staggering in the dark, to call a few dozen young workers out from his hostel. Braving the wind and rain, they fixed matting and tarpaulins over the cement.

There were not enough mats and tarpaulins for every wagon, however. Without hesitation Lei Feng whipped off his coat to use as a cover and dashed back to the hostel for his quilt to lay over the last few sacks.

His coat and quilt were soaked and muddied, but Lei Feng was happy in the knowledge that he had done what was right.

In the Anshan ranks of industrial construction Lei Feng was cited as an advanced worker for his selfless labour and care for state property.

He summarized this phase of his life in his diary as follows:

... I owe everything to the education given me by the Party, the boundless strength given me by Chairman Mao's thought, and the support of the masses. I must always remember:

A drop of water never dries up only if it is poured into the sea;

An individual is only strong if he integrates himself with the cause of the collective.

Strength comes from unity, wisdom from labour,

Actions from ideas, and honour from the collective.

I must always guard against pride and hastiness, and advance continuously.

One winter morning, when Yeh set out to catch the first bus into town, he started shivering as soon as he set foot outside. The north wind, whirling snowflakes, was bitterly cold. His hands tucked into his sleeves, he headed for the highway. Suddenly, in front of him, he saw a short, shadowy figure, the earflaps of his cap flapping in



the wind. He had a crate for dung in one hand, a shovel in the other, and kept stooping from time to time. Yeh thought to himself: These northerners are really tough, getting up so early in the cold to collect dung. But as he drew nearer he gave a gasp of astonishment. It was Lei Feng.

Running forward to grab the crate he asked in surprise:

"Are you going to start farming that you get up at dawn to find dung?"

"Of course not. I'm doing this to help the commune. Didn't the Party branch call on us to do some good deeds for the communes? Besides, by getting up early I can train myself to stand the cold."

Yeh felt both impressed and ashamed. If not for catching the bus, he'd still have been lying snugly in his warm quilt; but here was Lei Feng responding to the Party's call by getting up so early that his crate was already half full. Yeh decided to put off his private business in town and help his friend to collect dung instead.

They chatted as they walked on. Lei Feng was wearing so little that Yeh asked:

"Where's your padded jacket?"

"I made Grandad Lu put it on just now."

Grandad Lu was an old shepherd in Anping People's Commune whom Lei Feng had met when they put on a show there during the Spring Festival. Lei Feng was very drawn to the old man when he learned that the bitter life he had led before liberation had now made him determined to work whole-heartedly for the commune, to build up a new socialist countryside. Meeting the old shepherd today and noticing how thinly clad he was, Lei Feng had offered him his own padded jacket. When Old Lu refused to take it, he insisted. Yeh knew the close relationship between them, though he did not fully understand that this was based on the class sufferings they had shared.

"Aren't you cold, wearing so little?" he demanded.

"It's my experience," said Lei Feng, "that doing someone a good turn will warm your heart even if you feel a bit cold."

After that Yeh made a point of getting up early to collect dung with Lei Feng. They dug a pit behind their hostel, and whenever it was full they delivered the dung without a word to one of Anping

Commune's production teams. They sent over more than two thousand catties in all.

At first the cadres of the team had no idea where this pile of dung had come from. As soon as they found out that this was Lei Feng's doing, they told all the commune members. The peasants were so touched that they promised to learn from the working class and Lei Feng, and to grow more grain to aid industrial production.

(To be continued)

Singing in the Peking of Chairman Mao

High the blue sky, deep the sea; Chairman Mao loves the people best, he's always planning for their welfare, concerned about their interests; Chairman Mao knows the hearts of us poor and lower-middle peasants....

As the great cultural revolution approached its high tide, a troupe of fifty amateurs of poor and lower-middle peasant family origin, selected from over forty production brigades in nine special regions, trod the stages of China's capital. Themselves a part of the main forces of this revolution, they sang its praises. Their *Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants Love Chairman Mao Best of All* won the unprecedented enthusiastic acclaim of workers, peasants and soldiers; Red Guards said of their performance: "They fill the stage with the new proletarian spirit, with workers, peasants and soldiers, with Mao Tse-tung's thought." Students at Peking University wrote them a letter,

This is a commentary written by a *Hsinhua* correspondent on the performance of the Amateur Theatrical Troupe of Hopei Peasants. See the discussion by members of this troupe on p. 127.

saying: "Your performance knocks the bourgeois reactionary 'authorities' on the head. It is a triumph for the thought of Mao Tse-tung!"

Born in the Sharp Class Struggle

The Amateur Troupe of Hopei Peasants was born and developed in the course of sharp class struggle.

A few years ago, when China was suffering temporary economic difficulties, certain ghosts and monsters, in the name of offering artistic guidance to the peasant clubs, pushed the revival of theatrical pieces saturated with the poison of feudal, capitalist or revisionist ideology. Once again emperors and nobles of the past occupied the rural stages. Hopei Province has a glorious revolutionary history. When the former poor and lower-middle peasants saw these mouldy old antiques they were furious. They recalled Chairman Mao's injunction to "... **never forget the class struggle,**" and they made up their minds to fight uncompromisingly.

In the summer of 1964 the well-known Kuochuang militia battalion, under the leadership of its Communist Party branch, was the first to rise and strike back with two skits which they wrote and performed themselves — *Hold Tight to Your Gun* and *Militiamen Have Guts*, rousing militant plays that reflected their ardent life of struggle and were welcomed with cheers by peasant audiences. At about the same time, the poor and lower-middle peasants in other parts of the province also began staging revolutionary pieces of their own creation. A hard core of amateur theatre people began to take shape.

The present troupe was formed in the spring of 1965, selecting its members from peasants who participated in a province-wide amateur theatrical festival. The troupe, on three different tours, gave performances in almost every part of the province. Coaching while performing they spread socialist culture wherever they went and roused people's spirits, broadening the socialist cultural base in the countryside.

Take Over the Stage

The new troupe not only had to battle the ghosts and monsters in the countryside to win its place on the stage. It also had to wage a relentless battle against Chou Yang's line in literature and art, which was opposed to the Party, to socialism and to Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In 1965 the troupe wrote several good songs with a distinct folk flavour. The reactionary bourgeois "authorities" were contemptuous. "Crude," they said. "Not artistic.... No pleasure in it at all...." They wouldn't permit the troupe to perform in Tientsin.

Also at this time, a peasant club in the Chihuahua district, in keeping with Chairman Mao's call for young people to toughen themselves by swimming in rivers and seas, wrote a one-act play entitled *Hurry to the Sea*. When the troupe performed it, they added some rhymed dialogue and a few dance movements. The "experts" were outraged at these innovations. "A vaudeville act," they called the play. "A freak."

But it was these songs and this play which most delighted the workers, peasants, soldiers and cadres in the Tientsin area, and which evoked the most applause when presented during a tour of the farm country.

Chairman Mao says: **"Our literature and art are for the people, for the workers, peasants and soldiers first of all. They are created and used for the benefit of the workers, peasants and soldiers."** The peasant amateurs guided themselves by these words of Mao Tse-tung, and firmly battled the reactionary bourgeois "authorities."

"Our material is written, performed and sung for the poor and lower-middle peasants," they said. "As long as they like it, that's good enough. Who cares what the bourgeois gentry thinks!"

In March, 1965, when the troupe went on its first tour of the rural areas, Chou Yang, in his capacity as assistant head of the Propaganda Department of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, arrived in Tientsin. The peasant amateurs enthusiastically put on a special performance for him, hoping for his support. But this leader of the reactionary black line in literature and art watched the show without applauding once. His attitude was non-recognition of the peasants' art.



Look How Good Our Crops Are! (song and dance)

The Amateur Troupe got together for the second time in the spring of 1966. When they passed Peking in their tour of the rural areas, someone proposed that they perform in the capital itself. But the small clique of anti-Party and anti-socialist Rightists then in control of the municipal cultural departments said there was no stage available for them in Peking; in fact they demanded that those who had already seen the peasants' performances should "sterilize" themselves.

The amateurs were furious. "You may not approve of us," they said, "but the vast majority of poor and lower-middle peasants, and labouring people in general, do. No stage for us in Peking, eh? Well, the whole countryside is our stage. We poor and lower-middle peasants are the backbone of the revolution. Lu Hsun said: 'Fierce-browed, I coolly defy a thousand pointing fingers.' That's how we are. We don't have to beg any favours from the like of you."

Then, like a clap of thunder, came the cultural revolution — originated and led by Chairman Mao personally — and shattered the monopoly of the clique of bourgeois literati over the Chinese

stage. As the great proletarian cultural revolution reached its high tide, the peasant troupe went on tour for the third time. It was invited by the Ministry of Culture to perform during the National Day celebrations in Peking.

“Long live Chairman Mao,” shouted the peasant amateurs. “Long live the great proletarian cultural revolution.”

Premier Chou En-lai attended their show on the eve of National Day and went on stage afterwards to shake their hands. He greeted them on behalf of the Central Committee and Chairman Mao. Many of the comrades were moved to tears. They said:

“Today, the Party has given us a stage and Chairman Mao himself has authorized us to mount it. Our dearest wish — to perform in the Peking of Chairman Mao — has been fulfilled. We want nothing more than to go on joyously singing and dancing here for a thousand years, to sing till red flags flutter everywhere and Chairman Mao’s thought illuminates the world.”

Sing Joyously in Praise of the Red Sun

A bright red sun is Chairman Mao, lighting up our hearts. Inspired by his thought, the people of the world beat battle drums, and hundreds of millions sing: “You are the sun in our hearts — respected, beloved Chairman Mao.”

This was the song the Amateur Troupe of Hopei Peasants wrote and dedicated to their great leader, Chairman Mao.

The more the anti-Party and anti-socialist bourgeois “authorities” attacked Mao Tse-tung’s thought, the more the poor and lower-middle peasants sang its praises. They said: “Chairman Mao’s thought is our source of life. Who but we should sing of it?” And, as the cultural revolution progressed, sing of it they did, and of the leadership of the Party and Chairman Mao, in the powerful voices of the age of socialism, gaining vigour and enthusiasm as they sang.

On August 18, 1966, while performing in Poyeh County, Hopei Province, they heard a radio broadcast of the reception by Chairman Mao of a million members of the cultural revolutionary army. Very thrilled, the moment the broadcast ended they wrote a rhymed dialogue *Chairman Mao, Our Great Helmsman*, and they recited it in unison:

When Chairman Mao shook hands with the masses in Peking, he was shaking hands with us poor and lower-middle peasants. Hot blood raced through our veins, hot tears came to our eyes. Using the hands that Chairman Mao shook, we’re going to build a better world, to rearrange the globe!

At the same instant a bevy of young peasant girls, listening at their radio, were moved to tears. Short plaits bobbing behind them, they immediately improvised a song:

We see the picture of Chairman Mao before us, and a red sun rises in our hearts. He wears an army uniform of green. How simple and serious, how kindly and healthy he looks. We’re delighted, our bodies fill with strength. . . .

Thus *Chairman Mao Wears a Green Uniform* was born.

Who would have thought that such a fine song could be composed by country girls who can’t even read a note of music? It welled naturally from their hearts. Poor and lower-middle peasants love Chairman Mao, and when they give this limitless love artistic form it becomes an excellent article, a beautiful poem, or a stirring song. The ardent feelings of poor and lower-middle peasants for their great leader cannot be told in a thousand words or sung in a million songs.

Faithfully Disseminate Mao Tse-tung’s Thought

Warmly received wherever it goes, the Hopei troupe is a first-rate propagandist for the thought of Mao Tse-tung. The peasant amateurs worked enthusiastically to spread it in every village and hamlet. From the day the troupe was formed, they decided it should be a training class in the study of the Chairman’s works as well as a propaganda force of his thought. A third of them had already distinguished themselves in the study of the writings of Chairman Mao in their respective counties and regions, and all help the peasants in the study of his works. They look upon the dissemination of the thought of Mao Tse-tung as the highest purpose of their performances. No matter how busy they are with rehearsals or performances they always devote two hours a day to the study of Chairman Mao’s works.

In the sixty-five days of their tour last spring, they gave sixty-six performances, covering most of the rural districts of Hopei Province. They used no make-up and built no stages, giving their shows out in

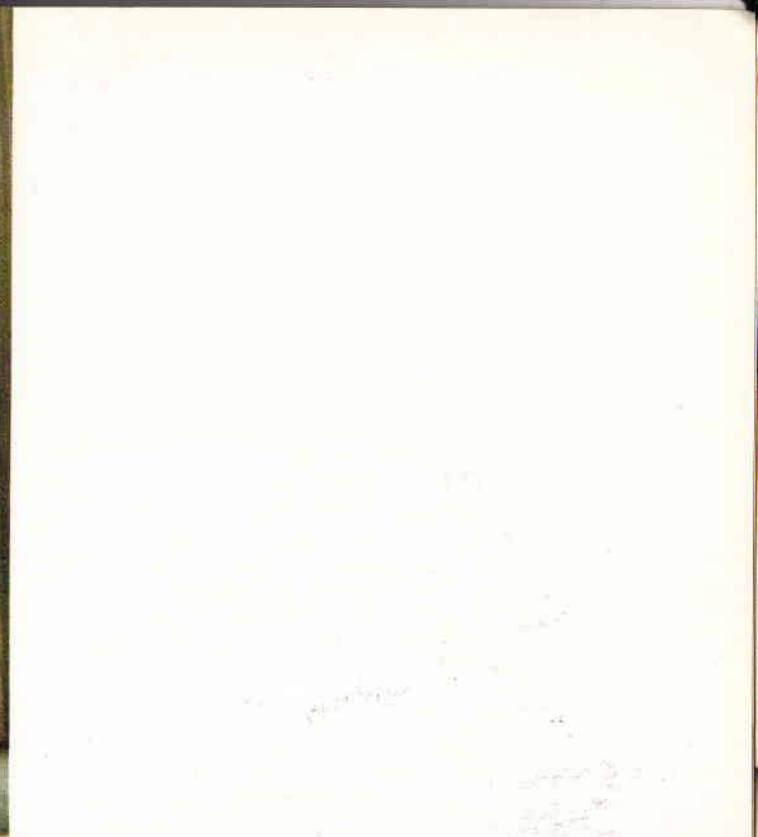
the fields. In addition, they helped peasants study the works of Chairman Mao. When the Hsingtai district was hit by earthquake, early in 1966, they rushed there to offer their class brothers spiritual nourishment — the thought of Mao Tse-tung — and thus greatly encouraged the people of the stricken area to fight against the effects of the disaster.

Everywhere, they spread their propaganda — on trains, in the fields. Everywhere you can hear their lively songs and their recitations of quotations from Chairman Mao. They are seeders, sowing the thought of Mao Tse-tung. Peasants in former revolutionary base areas hail them affectionately as an “Eighth Route Army Propaganda Team.”



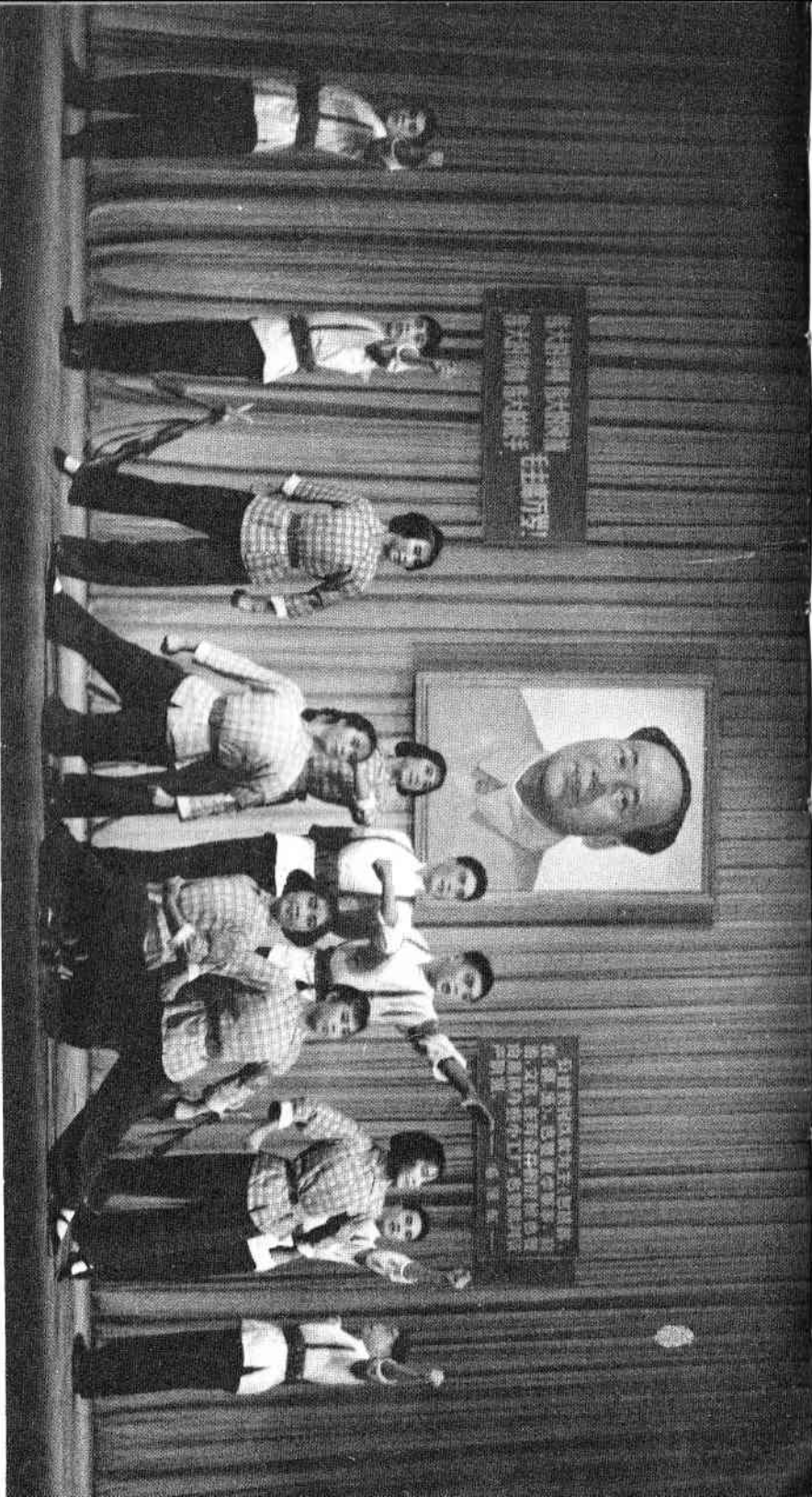
Grow Cotton for the Revolution (song and dance)

Photographs of Performances by the Amateur
Theatrical Troupe of Hopei Peasants



▲ Chairman Mao Wears a Green Uniform (women's chorus)
 Most Respected and Beloved Chairman Mao, You Are the
 Red Sun in Our Hearts! (round singing) ▼





Be Propagandists of Mao Tse-tung's Thought All Our Lives

— A Discussion by Members of the Amateur Theatrical Troupe of Hopei Peasants

PAI HO-YUNG (a 23-year-old girl of the Hui nationality, member of the Red Guards, leader of the village club and Five-Good commune member):

I was born in a poor peasant family in the mountains of Hopei Province and grew up there. With the establishment of the People's Republic we were genuinely emancipated and I had a chance to go to school. My spare-time theatrical activities began at the age of twelve when I joined the club which had been started by a group of young fellows in our village. Using our free evenings, we organized a chorus, a *yangko* team, a ballad singing group and put on short, lively shows. Our club also participated twice in the provincial theatre festivals.

At first, I had no idea how to perform, because I hadn't had much education and had never been to any school of arts. I found the solution in Chairman Mao's works. Chairman Mao said: **"Reading is learning, but applying is also learning and the more important kind of learning at that. Our chief method is to learn warfare through warfare. A person who has had no opportunity to go to school can also learn warfare — he can learn through fighting in war."** Chairman Mao's words showed me the way and gave me great inspiration and encouragement. I made up my mind to learn acting through acting and to raise my ideological and artistic level. During rehearsals and during performances I guided myself by the instructions of Chairman Mao.

However, our activities met with all kinds of obstructions. I am a Hui youth, and the reactionary *Abung* attempted to intimidate me, saying, "How dare a little thing like you paint your lips and your cheeks. You'll sink into the water dungeon in the next world," and other such things. The landlords and rich peasants in the village sneered and said: "How can ignorant kids who used to scrounge through the ash heaps for coal do anything artistic?" They wanted to get us down.

But we weren't scared. Last year, during the socialist education movement in the countryside we composed and performed many shows based on real life and exposed the class enemy's attempt at a capitalist restoration. We spread Chairman Mao's instructions never to forget classes and class struggle. We performed in neighbouring villages as well as our own and out in the fields. Of course this took up a lot of our spare time and was quite strenuous. Sometimes we had to miss a meal or two, but when we thought of Chairman Mao's teaching that literature and art are a part of the revolutionary cause, we didn't mind going hungry.

Most of the items we performed were of our own creation. We drew themes from our life and work and based our dance movements on them. We found it as natural and easy to perform as to work and there was no need for pretensions or fancy artistry. To me, our performances are simply artistic presentations of our daily life and work.

In short, I would say it is because of the brilliant leadership of the Party and Chairman Mao that poor children like us can appear on the Peking stage today. I myself grew up nurtured by the thought of Mao Tse-tung. Without the Party and Chairman Mao, we would have nothing of what we have today. A thousand words and ten thousand phrases can't express the boundless gratitude and love we former poor and lower-middle peasants have for the Party and Chairman Mao.

When we came to Peking we saw Chairman Mao, the reddest sun in our hearts; I was overjoyed. I couldn't see enough of him. It was the happiest moment of my life and the most unforgettable. From now on, I'm going to study Chairman Mao's works all the harder and produce more grain for the state. I'm also going to take a still more active part in spare-time rural theatricals and be a propagandist of Mao Tse-tung's thought all my life.

YEN PAO-YU (a 26-year-old Red Guard, Five-Good militiaman and Five-Good commune member):

I am ever so happy and proud that as a representative of the more than 500 former poor and lower-middle peasants of the 109 households of Shashihyu, I was able to perform in Peking, capital of our great motherland and the centre of the great proletarian cultural revolution. This was something I wouldn't even have dreamed of in the past. At my age, my father and uncles who lived in the old China slaved like beasts of burden for the landlords all day long. It was the great Communist Party and our great leader Chairman Mao who rescued us from that sea of suffering and bitterness. Chairman Mao is the great saviour of us poor and lower-middle peasants and all the people of China. Our Shashihyu used to be a poverty-stricken mountain village, but since liberation, particularly in the past few years, because we did as Chairman Mao taught us, and relied on our own efforts, we have completely changed our formerly poor and backward situation. Our grain output has increased year by year and our standard of living is steadily rising. Our brigade is now one of the best in Hopei Province. This is due to following Chairman Mao's instructions; it is a victory of the thought of Mao Tse-tung. That is why every poor

and lower-middle peasant household in Shashiayu loves the Party and Chairman Mao with deep class feeling.

Coming to Peking this time, I went on stage with my heart full of boundless love for them. How I wanted to express this deep feeling of mine in every song and every gesture so that I could instil it into the hearts of every person in the audience. Whenever I perform *Sunshine Reddens Shashiayu*, my heart beats with excitement, exhilaration and pride. It seems as if all the poor and lower-middle peasants of our village are there on stage with me, pouring out their boundless love and esteem for our great leader Chairman Mao and his invincible thought.

CHANG HSIU-LAN (a 19-year-old girl, member of the Red Guards, Five-Good youth, Five-Good commune member):

My father is a miner. I started farm work in 1962. Later, I joined in the study of Chairman Mao's works at our club and learned about classes and class struggle. We came to understand that the overthrown class enemies are not reconciled to their defeat and continue their reactionary activities through decadent books and dramas. To win back this cultural position, we launched a campaign among the former poor and lower-middle peasants, asking them to remember the hardship of their families in the past and contrast this with today's sweet life. By this means, our class consciousness was greatly raised. All of us hated the old society and the capitalist system even more bitterly and loved our happy life today more ardently.

Our club drew on the histories of the poor and lower-middle peasants and created theatrical items so that people will never forget classes and class struggle. We also staged a number of skits depicting the new spirit of the people in our villages, mostly based on fact.

For instance, two years ago several girls in our village who were secondary-school graduates got together and formed a manure collecting team. They started work before daybreak every morning, but their zeal met with the mockery and jeers of certain backward elements. The girls began dropping out until only three of them were left, but these three persevered.

They studied Chairman Mao's works together, including *Serve the People*. This strengthened their determination and they worked with more zeal than ever. The Party organization praised and encouraged them. Others followed their lead and a campaign to collect manure during the winter season was successfully launched.

To stage this event, the young people of our club used a traditional local *Piyung* opera tune as a basic melody, then, with one humming a line here and another there, we created the melody and the words. We also composed dance movements taken from real life, after which we revised, polished and conventionalized until our skit *Manure Collecting Girls* was produced. When we took it to the various brigades and communes, our audiences were greatly moved. They vied with each other to be like the good characters portrayed and a mass movement to collect manure during the winter season was launched. Many members gladly carted the manure they had stored to the collective fields. This led to quite a rise in our farm output.

Our performances during the past few years have shown me that our spare-time theatrical activities do not merely provide recreation and enjoyment but are, as Chairman Mao says, "**cogs and wheels in the whole revolutionary machine.**" They are a part of our revolutionary work. Our shows did not prevent us from farming, in fact they helped produce more, since all our commune members were inspired and educated by the advanced characters and thought we portrayed. Our collective approach was strengthened and we show more drive in our work.

And so, I now have a deeper love for spare-time theatricals. I will gladly be a spare-time actress, performing for the workers, peasants and soldiers all my life.

HAO HSIAO-CHAO (a 26-year-old Red Guard, leader of a militia platoon, Five-Good militiaman and Five-Good commune member):

Started in 1947, our village club now has a history of twenty years. But in the past we always performed the same old stuff: family ties, flowers and moonlight, emperors, princes, generals and ministers. We peddled feudal superstition and bourgeois ideology which corrupted people's minds. The former poor and lower-middle peasants

were tired of these old, negative things and demanded a change. They wanted literature and art to depict their new, exciting life and work, to reflect the new deeds and new moral qualities of our time.

In view of this, members of our club studied Chairman Mao's works. We learned that if the proletarian ideology and culture do not prevail, bourgeois and feudal ideology and culture will. This is an inevitable law of class struggle. We made up our minds to propagandize the new ideas, new culture, new habits and customs of the proletariat.

Since then, the young people of our club, under the leadership of the Party, have centred our activities round the study of Chairman Mao's works and performed many quick-rhymed ballads, comic dialogues, songs and poems as well as acts with singing and other theatrical items in support of various campaigns in the villages. These portray outstanding people in the villages and teach Mao Tse-tung's thought, greatly inspiring and educating the audiences.

Seeing our great leader Chairman Mao in Peking this time, I could hardly check the happy tears that over-flowed from a full heart. The sight of him stirred a stronger feeling in me for our motherland, for socialism and for the Party, and inspired me throughout our rehearsals and performances. When I return to my village, I shall study Chairman Mao's works more thoroughly and follow his instructions so that I can give better performances for our commune members and devote myself to the construction of a new socialist countryside.

WU FENG-PING (a 17-year-old girl, member of the Red Guards, activist in the study of Chairman Mao's works, Five-Good militiaman and Five-Good youth):

I joined in club activities at the age of twelve and used to caper around the stage during New-Year holidays and other festivals. But I wasn't quite clear as to why we were giving performances. Then a class to study Chairman Mao's works was organized in our village and we read his *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art, Serve the People* and other writings. I began to understand that theatrical activities are also part of the revolutionary cause, that we were performing to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and to serve socialist construction. With a clear purpose in mind, our energy

and zeal increased and our shows improved. Through the study of Chairman Mao's works we also came to realize that if we wished to portray good people, good deeds and advanced characters, we must first of all become good people and do good deeds ourselves. Therefore, we strove to set good examples both in our daily lives and in our work.

Many of the items we staged were written on the basis of the good deeds and good people emerging among us. For instance, this spring the young folk of our village organized a team to dig out pond mud for fertilizer. However, the pond was full of water and there was a thick layer of alkali soil which had to be removed first. It was rather difficult and some of them began to balk. However, we went on with the work, at the same time studying Chairman Mao's *How the Foolish Old Man Removed the Mountains*. Repeated reading gradually increased our enthusiasm and confidence. After several days and nights of hard struggle, we succeeded in channelling out the water and getting a great deal of rich bottom loam for the collective. The use of this additional fertilizer on the fields resulted in an increase of 40 catties of grain per *mou*.

We composed a number about this which was warmly acclaimed by our commune audiences. Many went out and dredged their own ponds. I realized then that the thought of Mao Tse-tung is like a magic herb which can cure all kinds of ideological ailments. As long as we act according to Chairman Mao's instructions, our difficulties can be overcome.

Our club has set an important example to the whole county. Every evening we have cultural activities. We write wall-newspapers and blackboard bulletins, organize propaganda teams for the study of Chairman Mao's works, send theatrical troupes to perform in other communes, and help them set up troupes of their own. We have been very well received by the peasants and are able to influence their thinking. Some who used to over-emphasize the importance of their private plots and cared little for the collective good, now have a collective approach and a determination to farm for the revolution. All this shows that our performances are not just entertainment but are a useful form of education.

How does our club produce our items? To put it in a nutshell, we rely on our collective energy and brains. Whenever we discover something interesting in our daily work and life, the young fellows of the club get together and have a full discussion. We brew over the theme, the content and the plot, then one person is chosen to write out a first draft. This is studied and revised by the rest of us. We hold many rehearsals and ask the villagers to attend. More revisions are made on the basis of their opinions before the item is staged. The most outstanding feature of our theatrical activities is that all our things are written and performed by ourselves, with everyone contributing ideas and effort. We even make some of our musical instruments.

I have been active in the club for five years. During this time we took part three times in provincial and special region drama festivals. When we performed in Peking this time, I saw Chairman Mao during the National Day celebrations and was stirred to the depths of my heart. I feel that my growth is inseparable from the instructions of the Party and Chairman Mao. The Party has indeed guided the clubs well. How can I refrain from singing of the heartfelt feelings of the working people and of our deep love for Chairman Mao!

PA YAO-TING (a 26-year-old leader of his village club):

When the socialist education movement began in my village in 1965, I had just been demobbed from the army. We reorganized our club and started a lot of spare-time activities, writing and performing many song and dance items about the class struggle in the countryside. It wasn't easy. For one thing, we had never composed any dances before. In fact we had hardly been to more than a few dance performances. So we composed collectively. Someone tried out a few dance steps, another did it another way, then we compared to see which gave the best depiction of what we wanted to portray. After combining various movements, polishing and revising them we finally composed a whole dance. We wrote music in the same way.

Because everybody uses his head and we have the help of the county cultural station, many of our numbers are pretty good. They

are true to life and have a real local flavour. We also put a lot of feeling into our shows.

In the old society, my parents were so poor that we lived off the streets. Today we're our own masters and I have even performed on a Peking stage. We have become the main force of the great cultural revolution. I saw our most esteemed and beloved leader Chairman Mao in the capital. This is something I'll never forget as long as I live. It has made me understand even more the great love and concern of Chairman Mao for us all.

We visited the Chinese revolutionary museum the day before yesterday and I learned that it was no easy task to win the good life we have today. Forty years ago our revolutionary forbears started the revolution with two kitchen knives. Today our country has developed to such an extent that we have been able to conduct four nuclear tests successfully. How many people have shed their blood and died in bitter struggle to make this possible. Chairman Mao teaches us "to serve the people whole-heartedly" and I shall certainly remember his instructions and be a "cog" of the revolution all my life.

CHOU SHU-CHIN (a 23-year-old girl, Five-Good commune member and Five-Good youth):

I am a primary school graduate. In 1962 I became active in our village club. In those days not only did the landlords and rich peasants mock and jeer, some conservative old people also looked down on us. They thought that our activities took time from our work and would never get us anywhere. We ourselves didn't fully understand the great significance of spare-time cultural activities in the countryside. We would get together and start something when we were in the mood, and when no one was particularly interested we would disperse. Only after the Party branch took over the leadership of the club and helped us study Chairman Mao's works did we get on the right track. All of our items are based on real characters and incidents in the villages. This makes them doubly interesting to commune members. It is only natural that they should want to learn from the good characters in the plays and do better work. Now, instead of

criticizing us, people are glad to help and encourage us. More and more have joined in our club's spare-time theatrical activities.

During the great proletarian cultural revolution, with boundless love and deep emotion for the Party and Chairman Mao, we have mounted the stage and performed. We feel that every one of our items is a bullet aimed at those bad elements who are anti-Party, anti-socialist and opposed to Mao Tse-tung's thought. The reason our gestures and movements are so full of verve is because we are expressing what we really feel. Without this deep class feeling we certainly couldn't make such a success of our performances.

Chronicle

Chairman Mao's Poems in Pocket Editions

Shortly before National Day (October 1, 1966), pocket editions of *Chairman Mao Tse-tung's Poems* in simplified characters horizontally printed were published by the Peking People's Literature Publishing House and the Cultural Relics Publishing House. These editions, circulated throughout the country, were warmly welcomed by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers.

Chairman Mao Tse-tung is the greatest Marxist-Leninist of the present era. His poems are an important component part of his brilliant writings. China's millions of revolutionary masses, who have such boundless love for their great leader, were eager to get copies of *Chairman Mao Tse-tung's Poems*. Various editions had been printed in vertical lines with the old, unsimplified characters, but the number of copies was far from sufficient to satisfy the demand of the revolutionary masses. And what worker, peasant and soldier readers wanted was a handy pocket edition in simplified characters horizontally printed in the manner to which they are now accustomed. The workers and staff of the publishing houses and printing offices gave full play to their revolutionary enthusiasm and worked day and night so that a large number of copies were off the press before National Day. This is another victory of the great cultural revolution on the cultural front.

The Cultural Relics Publishing House also printed photostats of Chairman Mao's manuscripts of his poems. Besides reprinting the small-size single sheets already in circulation they put out eight new middle-size single sheets suitable for display on walls. These are: *Swimming* — to the melody *Shui Tiao Keb Tou*, *Yellow Crane Tower* — to the melody *Pu Sa Man*, *Double Ninth* — to the melody *Tsai Sang Tzu*, *Huichang* — to the melody *Ching Ping Lo*, *Loushan Pass* — to the melody *Yi Chin O*, *The Long March* — a *lu shib*, *Mount Linpan* — to the melody *Ching Ping Lo* and *The Fairy Cave* — inscription on a picture taken by Comrade *Li Chin*.

Quotations from Chairman Mao Set to Music and Widely Sung

The excellent development and deepening of the great proletarian cultural revolution have given fresh impetus to the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works by China's revolutionary masses bringing about a new upsurge. Moving scenes are to be witnessed everywhere, on construction sites, in the fields, in classrooms, barracks and at sentry posts, as people enthusiastically study Chairman Mao's works and recite quotations from them. The broad revolutionary masses who creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's works have long urged that quotations from them be set to music and sung, as a means of making them still more widely known. To meet this demand of the masses, revolutionary musicians composed many tunes for quotations from Chairman Mao. This brand-new art form with revolutionary significance is helping to spread the thought of Mao Tse-tung and deepening its influence among the people. These songs include: *The Force at the Core Leading Our Cause Forward*; *Policy and Tactics Are the Life of the Party*; *We Must Have Faith in the Masses and We Must Have Faith in the Party*; *Work Is Struggle*; *Our Educational Policy*; *Who Is a Revolutionary, Who Is a Counter-revolutionary, Who Is a Revolutionary in Words Only?*; *We Should Support Whatever the Enemy Opposes and Oppose Whatever the Enemy Supports*; *To Distinguish Friends from Enemies*; *To Win Victory*; *Our Hope Is Placed on You*; *To Rebel Is Justified*; *A Revolution Is Not a Dinner Party*; *If You Don't Hit It, It Won't Fall*; *In No Circumstance Should They Be Allowed to Spread*

Unchecked; *Wholly and Entirely for the People*; *We Hail from All Corners of the Country*; *In Memory of Norman Bethune*; *We Must All Learn from Him*; *Utter Devotion to Others Without Any Thought of Self*; *We Must Pluck Up Our Courage*; and *When We Die for the People It Is a Worthy Death*. These songs are greatly welcomed by the broad masses of workers, peasants, soldiers, Red Guards and youngsters and have quickly become very popular. People say: We love best to sing songs with words based on quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung. When we sing these songs we think of Chairman Mao, think of his teachings and feel that he is near us. The more we sing these songs the more enlightened our minds become, the clearer our eyes, and the more militant our spirit.

The music for these songs was written by Chieh-fu and other composers as well as by the Central Orchestra.

Documentary Hailing China's Three Successful Nuclear Tests

The documentary in colour hailing China's three successful nuclear tests, *The Great Victory of Mao Tse-tung's Thought*, produced by the August First Film Studio, was shown in all parts of the country in October 1966. Its release coincided with China's fourth nuclear test — the successful test of a guided missile with a nuclear warhead.

The film records the on-the-spot happenings when China's first three nuclear tests took place at 15:00 hours on October 16, 1964, 10:00 hours on May 14, 1965 and 16:00 hours on May 9, 1966. These great events shook the world and overwhelmed people with joy. It took China a year and a half from the explosion of her first atom bomb to a successful test of nuclear explosion containing thermonuclear material. This big-leap-forward speed fully proves that the Chinese people, armed with the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, dare to surmount all difficulties and produce all kinds of wonders. The film truthfully shows how the entire testing area was a great school for the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works. All who participated in the tests held high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, gave prominence to politics, concentrated a su-

perior force to wage a campaign of annihilation and worked together in close unity and effective co-operation. Hence their success.

The film stresses that at no time and in no circumstances will China be the first to use nuclear weapons. As in the past, the Chinese people and government will continue to carry on an unswerving struggle, together with all other peace-loving people and countries, with the noble aim of completely prohibiting and thoroughly destroying nuclear weapons. The mastery of nuclear weapons by the Chinese people has greatly boosted the morale of the revolutionary people of the world. They warmly proclaim: Nuclear weapons in the hands of the Chinese people are nuclear weapons in defence of world peace, nuclear weapons encouraging the revolutionary people of the world to fight against US imperialism. They mark a great victory of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Lively Cultural Activities in Kwangchow, Wuhan and Urumchi

With the further development of the great proletarian cultural revolution, mass cultural activities throughout China have become richer and more lively.

The performances put on for a week by workers, peasants and soldiers in Kwangchow held aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, together with revolutionary students, proudly mounted the stage as masters of the new proletarian culture and performed many strongly militant new items with a clear political content. Items like *Chairman Mao Is with Us* in praise of our great leader and *Heroes of a Sea of Fire* eulogizing the No. 32111 Drilling Team presented by spare-time artists of the army units in Kwangchow, *Kwangchow Chemical Workers Have High Aspirations* performed by Kwangchow workers, *Huabsien People Obey the Party* by members of Huabsien Commune and *Red Guards Sing the Praise of Chairman Mao*, a dance presented by students, all paid tribute with boundless enthusiasm to our respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao, the great Chinese Communist Party, the great achievements of socialist construction, the heroic figures among

workers, peasants and soldiers, and the splendid victories of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

At the same time a large-scale song and dance performance, *Millions of People Follow Mao Tse-tung*, was presented in Wuhan. Depicting how the people of Hungshan in Hupeh Province have destroyed the old, established the new and transformed nature, it presented in glowing colours the heart-stirring way in which the revolutionary masses are creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works. The performance was divided into five scenes: *Ode to Mao Tse-tung's Thought*, *The Red Sun Rises in Our Hearts*, *We Are All Revolutionaries*, *Great Changes in Hungshan*, and *Millions of People Follow Mao Tse-tung*. While its magnificent mass scenes can be performed in theatres, different episodes from them can be presented separately on a smaller scale in the mountains or countryside, in factories or army units to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

In Urumchi, Sinkiang, performances by a cultural group consisting of poor and lower-middle peasants also met with an enthusiastic reception. The artists included Uighur children and greybeards as well as Red Guards and the wives of workers. Their songs, dances and recitations fully expressed the boundless love of the people of various nationalities for our great leader Chairman Mao, their support for the great proletarian cultural revolution and fervent love for their happy life.

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