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# CHINESE LITERATURE

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## Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

The working class must exercise leadership in everything.

The people's democratic dictatorship needs the leadership of the working class. For it is only the working class that is most far-sighted, most selfless and most thoroughly revolutionary. The entire history of revolution proves that without the leadership of the working class revolution fails and that with the leadership of the working class revolution triumphs.



Our great teacher Chairman Mao Tse-tung

## On the Docks

### CHARACTERS

<b>Fang Hai-chen</b>	36, woman, secretary of the Communist Party branch of Brigade Five of the dockers
<b>Chao Chen-shan</b>	43, man, chief of Brigade Five, member of Party branch committee
<b>Kao Chih-yang</b>	40, man, a section chief of Brigade Five, member of Party branch committee
<b>Han Hsiao-chiang</b>	21, man, docker
<b>Ting Ke-chien</b>	22, man, docker, member of the Communist Youth League
<b>Tao</b>	21, man, docker
<b>Chang</b>	23, man, docker, member of the Communist Youth League
<b>Hung</b>	21, woman, pull-truck driver, member of the Communist Youth League
<b>Ma Hung-liang</b>	66, man, retired docker
<b>Chien Shou-wei</b>	55, man, warehouse keeper
<b>Liu</b>	23, man, docker of Brigade Nine
<b>Men and women dockers</b>	

## PROLOGUE

The curtain parts to reveal a portrait of Chairman Mao and one of his quotations hanging on the inner curtain. Fang Hai-chen and Kao Chih-yang, each carrying a little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, enter with dockers and form ranks.

**Fang:** First let us respectfully wish our great leader Chairman Mao a long life.

**Dockers:** Long live Chairman Mao!

**Fang:** And let us respectfully wish good health to Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, Chairman Mao's close comrade-in-arms.

**Dockers:** Good health to Vice-Chairman Lin Piao!

**Fang:** Chairman Mao teaches us —

**Dockers (recite):** "It will take a fairly long period of time to decide the issue in the ideological struggle between socialism and capitalism in our country. The reason is that the influence of the bourgeoisie and of the intellectuals who come from the old society will remain in our country for a long time to come, and so will their class ideology. If this is not sufficiently understood, or is not understood at all, the gravest mistakes will be made and the necessity of waging the struggle in the ideological field will be ignored."

To the strains of *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*, the outer curtain closes.

## SCENE ONE

### A RUSH SHIPMENT

Time: Early summer, 1963. Noon.

Place: A dock on the Huangpu River, in Shanghai.

The long blast of a steam whistle. To the strains of militant music, the curtain rises. Directed by Kao Chih-yang, dockers are loading a ship. Cranes are in operation, carts shuttle to and fro. A scene of bustling activity.

On one crane hangs "Long Live the General Line for Socialist Construction."

The Customs House clock strikes, its notes spreading far....

(Dockers come off the ship, one after another. Kao blows his whistle. Offstage, someone shouts: "Take a break, comrades." Kao looks, stirred, at the scene around him.)

**Kao:** Shanghai certainly is — (Sings.)

*A port that never sleeps.*

*Thousands of ships come and go,*

*Our dockers move grain in*

*Millions of jin with*

*Their left hands, while their right*

*Shift steel by the ton.*

*Neither mountains nor seas can block*

*Our revolutionary fervour,*

*We send our sincere friendship*

*To all parts of the globe.*

(Ting Ke-chien shouts offstage: "Section Chief Kao." Enters.)

**Ting (excitedly):** At our pre-shift meeting today, Comrade Fang our Party secretary spoke to us about the importance of this shipment. We all put on speed, and now there are only three thousand sacks of rice left to be loaded.

**Kao:** Good.

**Ting:** But some of our comrades are complaining.

**Kao:** Oh? What's the trouble?

**Ting:** They say they don't like easy jobs. They say we should add another two thousand and they'll get them aboard without even breathing hard. Since it's to support our Asian, African and Latin American brothers, they say, we ought to do it in style.

**Kao:** Hey. That's the kind of talk I like to hear. Tell the men to rest well during the break and get ready for a bigger battle.

**Ting:** Right.

**Kao:** I'm going to the brigade chief to ask for another assignment.

(Exits.)

(Ting is about to leave when Tao rushes on.)

**Tao:** Have we got the new job yet?

*(Han enters, pushing an empty cart.)*

**Han:** Come on, Tao, it's break time. *(Swings an imaginary ping-pong bat.)* I'll take you on.

**Ting:** Wait till we go off shift.

**Han:** Why?

**Ting:** We must get ready. The chief's gone to ask for a new assignment.

**Han:** A new one, eh?... We'll pitch right into it.

**Ting:** Right. The best comrades are the ones who look for the hardest jobs.

**Tao:** You've got to match your words with deeds, Han. Don't let your old moodiness act up again.

**Han:** What do you mean? I wasn't a bit lax today.

**Ting** *(encouragingly)*: You were fine during the first half of the shift. I'm sure you'll keep on that way. I'll go and get the others ready. Come over after your break. *(Exits.)*

**Han:** Now there's a man who's fair.

**Tao:** All right. We'll see how good you are during the second half of the shift.

**Han:** You'll see how good I am?

**Tao:** Let's compcte. What about it?

**Han** *(reluctantly)*: All right.

**Tao:** Let's go.

*(Liu enters carrying several long-handled dustpans on his shoulder.)*

**Liu:** Is it break time yet, Han?

**Han:** What are you doing with those dustpans?

**Liu:** Cleaning up our worksite. We're loading fibreglass today.

**Tao:** Brigade Nine gets all the fragile jobs.

**Liu:** That's right. *(Jestingly)* How about it, Han? Want to play with some more fibreglass?

**Han:** Not me. The other day I grabbed a handful of that stuff and it stuck into my flesh. The fibres were so fine I couldn't get them out.

**Tao:** Who told you to fool around? Serves you right. Lucky you didn't swallow any. If it got into your intestines, you'd —  
*(Closes eyes and staggers back. Liu hastily supports him. Both laugh.)*

*(The sky darkens. Thunder is heard.)*

**Liu:** Thunder. Let's go.

**Han and Tao:** Let's go. *(All three exit.)*

*(Thunder rumbles in the distance.)*

**Fang** *(singing offstage)*: *We've got to rush this loading job, (Enters.)*  
*The foreign freighter is leaving ahead of time.*

*(Thunder rumbles.)*

*Dark clouds are piling in the sky,  
A storm will hit our seaport soon.  
We must get the rice aboard on time  
And speed the wheat into the warehouse.  
I'll talk this over with Old Chao,  
We'll organize and fight the problem through.*

**Kao and Chao** *(offstage)*: Comrade Fang. *(They enter.)*

**Kao:** You've come just at the right time, Fang.

**Chao** *(pointing at Kao)*: He's sticking to me like glue.

**Fang:** Old Chao, I think he's...

**Kao:** When you put out the call today, our men really pitched in. It looks like there won't be enough for us to do in the second half of the shift.

**Fang:** Your appetite seems to be getting bigger and bigger.

**Chao:** If you increase the assignment again, it will upset my whole plan.

**Fang:** Plans must be appropriately adjusted.

**Chao** *(startled)*: Oh!

**Fang:** The district chief just came down with new orders. The rice going to Africa has to be loaded on lighters today and be put on the foreign freighter in Wusung bay. It'll be sailing tomorrow morning.

**Chao:** But that's two days ahead of time.

(Thunder. Ting and Tao enter.)

**Fang:** Listen to that thunder. It's going to rain any minute. There are two thousand sacks of wheat here. We've got to get them into the warehouse, fast.

**Kao** (*seizing the opportunity*): Old Chao, give us the job.

(Chien Shou-wei enters.)

**Chien:** Brigade chief.

**Chao:** What's up, Chien?

**Chien:** All that wheat out in the open, and no telling when it's to be shipped abroad. If it gets soaked in the rain, don't blame me. I'm only the warehouse keeper. I can't be responsible.

**Kao** (*cheerfully*): We'll move it inside.

**Chien** (*with a false smile*): You always step forward in a pinch, Section Chief Kao. (*Sticks up a thumb.*) Good man.

**Kao:** I just do my duty to the revolution.

**Fang:** We'll take care of moving the wheat. Go back to the warehouse and make room for it.

**Chien:** Fine, fine... (*Exits.*)

**Kao** (*forcefully to Chao*): Then it's all settled.

**Chao:** Your section still has three thousand sacks of rice to load. If you have to move these two thousand sacks of wheat as well, won't it be too much?

(Thunder.)

**Kao:** Nothing to it. If the sky falls, we'll prop it up.

**Ting and Tao:** That's right. If the sky falls, we'll prop it up.

**Fang:** It's really going to pour. We'll have to get the rice loaded and wheat into the warehouse at the same time.

**Chao:** We haven't enough men for that.

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

**Kao:** The leadership thinks of everything. That will make it surer.

**Chao:** If too many people come, there won't be enough machinery for them to use.

**Kao:** Give it all to the office comrades who'll be loading the rice.

**Chao:** What about you fellows?

**Kao:** We'll tote the two thousand sacks of wheat on our shoulders.

**Chao:** And where do you expect to get an approval for that?

**Kao** (*to Fang*): Didn't you say our Chinese working class will support the world revolution even if it means climbing mountains of knives and going through seas of fire? Why make such a fuss over carrying a few sacks of grain?

**Ting and Tao:** That's right. We can tote them.

**Chao:** Are you sure you can manage?

**Ting:** Our backs are strong and our legs are steady.

**Tao:** We're tough and energetic.

**Ting and Tao:** No question about it.

**Chao** (*to Fang*): What do you think?

**Fang:** This is a special situation that only happens once in a great while. These young fellows have never toted loads, and we haven't done that kind of work in a long time. It will be good for all of us to toughen up.

**Chao** (*half convinced*): All right, then.

**Kao** (*delightedly*): Call the whole section together.

(*Ting and Tao assent and go off.*)

**Fang:** They're all behind you, Old Chao. You can make your guarantee to the district head boldly. I'll work with their shift.

**Chao:** Good. (*Exits.*)

**Fang** (*to Kao*): This is a rush job, but make sure the men get a few breaks.

**Kao:** Right.

**Ting** (*offstage*): The whole section, assemble!

(*Dockers enter, form ranks in high spirits. Lightning and thunder.*)

**Kao:** We're letting our comrades from the office use the machinery to load rice. We'll carry the wheat on our shoulders.

**Dockers:** Of course.

**Fang:** Comrades, this wheat is going abroad to aid our brothers in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Every sack will play a part

in the struggle against imperialism. The tenser the situation and the busier we are, the more we must remember Chairman Mao's injunction: "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."

**Dockers:** We guarantee no torn sacks will go into the warehouse and no spilled grain will be put on board ship.

**Fang (sings):** *The comrades, full of vigour, step forward*

*To be first to carry heavy loads;*

*Bold in spirit, bodies strong, toting*

*Thousands of sacks on iron shoulders;*

*Guarantee quality, prepare to fight,*

*Finish the job and beat the rain.*

**Dockers:** Let's go, let's go. (*Sing.*)

*Finish the job before it rains.*

**Fang:** Let's go. (*Exits.*)

**Dockers:** "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory." (*Reciting quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung, they exit boldly.*)

(*Curtain*)

## SCENE TWO

### A SACK IS SPILLED

**Time:** The same afternoon, about 2 p.m.

**Place:** A corner of the dock near the loading zone. There is a booth for smoking, a bucket of tea, and bottles of soda water.

A conspicuous slogan reads: Workers of All Countries, Unite!

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

**Ma (sings):** *Although I've retired and left Shanghai,*

*I can't forget my days on the docks.*

*Six years have passed by in a flash,*

*Today I've come again to see my daughter.*

*How fine the docks look,*

*With machinery lining the waterfront;*

*Those great cranes — really terrific,*

*Lifting tons of steel, light as a feather.*

*The Big Leap Forward has changed the docks,*

*Tears of joy spring to my eyes.*

(*Uan enters, takes a drink of soda water. Suddenly notices Ma.*)

**Han:** Aren't you old Master Ma?

**Ma:** Who are you, young fellow?

**Han:** Don't you remember me? I'm Han Hsiao-chiang.

**Ma:** Aiya! Old Han's boy. When did you start working here?

**Han:** Several months ago.

**Ma:** The docks are mechanized and you boys are taking over. I know everything's all right, now.

**Han:** Mm...

**Ma (excitedly):** You've shot up overnight. When I left here, you were only this high. (*Gestures.*)

**Han:** I was still in junior middle school.

**Ma:** So you were. That night of the National Day celebration, when I brought you to the docks to watch the fireworks, I kept worrying that I'd lose you in the crowd.

**Han (reminiscently):** It was the first time I'd ever watched fireworks from the docks. People jammed the river bank. The docks were all lit up. Coloured fireworks burst in the sky. Rows of steamers rode on the river.

**Ma:** I can see you've had some book learning. You talk real literary.

**Han:** Naturally. I'm a senior middle-school graduate.

**Ma:** A senior middle-school graduate, you're not a kid any more.

**Han (excitedly):** The year I started senior middle school, I came again to the docks to watch the fireworks the night of National Day. I made up my mind that I'd become a sailor in New China's merchant marine and pilot a made-in-China ocean liner through wind and wave, that I'd ride the bounding main and sail all over the world...

**Ma:** Sail all over the world?

**Han:** To win glory for our country. But I failed my college entrance exams and hung around the house for six months. Later on I was given a job here as a docker. (*A bit ashamed*) I never thought it would be in this place that I'd meet you again.

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

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

**Ma:** If that's how you feel, you ought to talk it over with Hai-chen . . .

**Han:** She's discussed the matter with me several times.

**Ma:** What does she think?

**Han:** She says we never had educated dockers until my generation.

**Ma:** That's right.

**Han:** Oh, she's concerned about me, all right, but she hasn't solved my problem.

**Ma:** Problem? Your ideas are different than mine. Look at this port of ours. (*Sings.*)

*Making progress every day,*

*The workers are masters and full of drive.*

*Broad and bright is the dockers' future . . . (Pointing at this and that, he leads Han towards the waterfront.)*

(*Fang enters.*)

**Fang** (*sings*): *How is the loading coming on?  
I'm going to the lighter to find out.*

**Fang** (*in pleased surprise*): Old Master Ma!

**Ma:** Hai-chen!

**Fang:** When did you arrive?

**Ma:** Just now.

**Fang:** We've missed you.

**Ma:** Out in the country, I think of you comrades all the time.

**Fang:** Have you seen your daughter?

**Ma:** Not yet. I just had to come to the docks first.

**Han:** We're in the middle of a rush job, Master Ma. I've got to go now.

**Fang:** Rest a while longer, Han. This is the first time you've carried loads on your shoulders. Don't strain yourself.

**Han:** I'm all right. I can manage.

**Fang:** Concentrate on what you're doing. Don't pull any back muscles or sprain a leg.

**Han:** Right. Come to our house when you have time, Master Ma. (*Trots off.*)

**Ma** (*happily stirred*): These young fellows have plenty of energy. I wouldn't mind toting a few sacks myself.

**Fang:** It's six years since you went back to the country. You're healthier than ever.

**Ma:** Thanks to the Party and Chairman Mao.

**Fang:** Right. How are things in the country?

**Ma:** Our commune is splitting the mountains and channelling in water. We're building fertile fields in a big way. We've had a bumper wheat harvest this year. Our paddy is doing fine, too.

**Fang:** The countryside is certainly in great shape.

**Ma:** You've also made big changes here on the docks. Even an old docker like me can't recognize the place.

**Fang** (*sings*): *The revolution is developing fast,  
Militantly, we shoulder heavy loads.*

*Full sets of equipment are no sooner shipped,*

*Than grain and cloth must be put aboard.*

*Our industry and agriculture, spurring ahead,*

*Bring a large boost to our export trade.*

*New hands and veterans work day and night,*

*Loading and unloading ten thousand ships.*

**Ma:** Excellent. Our country indeed has friends all over the world.

**Fang:** Ships come and go on the river. We trade with over a hundred different countries and regions.

**Ma:** You have a lot of responsibilities, Hai-chen, and our ranks have expanded. For a girl who started work as a coal shoveller, you've got a heavy burden to shoulder.

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

**Ma** (*laughs*): What are Kao and the others doing?

**Fang**: Moving wheat.

*(A horn blows. A train of carts, laden with sacks of rice, backs on to the stage.)*

**Ma**: Is that the wheat?

**Fang**: No, it's rice for Africa.

**Ma** (*excitedly*): Export rice? Some of it may be from my commune.

*(Hung enters with a kettle.)*

**Fang**: What's happening with your train, Hung?

**Hung**: I've got to put some water in the radiator.

**Fang**: Why are you stopping here?

**Hung**: They're loading complete sets of equipment up ahead. The dock is full of trucks. I got out of their way to give them room. I'm detouring around from here. (*Remembers.*) Oh, the brigade chief wants to see you.

**Fang**: Where?

**Hung**: On the lighter.

**Fang**: That's just where I was heading.

*(Hung goes off.)*

**Fang**: The wheat is nearly all moved into the warehouse. I'd better get down there and see how they're doing, loading the rice.

**Ma**: You're busy. Go ahead.

**Fang**: You've come just at the right time, Master Ma. There's something I want to discuss with you.

**Ma**: What is it? Speak up.

**Fang**: It will take a little time to explain. How about this? (*Picks up Ma's luggage.*) First, I'll see you to the office of the Party branch. Later, when the shift is over, we'll have a long talk.

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

**Fang**: All right. Be careful.

**Ma**: Don't worry. I'm an old docker. (*Laughs.*)

*(Both exit in opposite directions. Chien enters.)*

**Chien** (*carrying a long-handled dustpan, talking to himself*): That young fellow from Brigade Nine did me a good turn. He left this new pan by the rubbish bin. Just what I needed. (*Gesticulates, unaware that he is dumping out the fibreglass that was in the pan.*) Saves me the trouble of writing a request slip, stamping it and going all the way over to the supply section.

*(Voices offstage shout: "Faster. Step on the gas.")*

**Chien** (*taps the pan a few times against a capstan*): Those young fellows are racing each other, carrying big sacks. Where do they get the energy?

**Tao** (*offstage*): You're falling behind, Han.

**Han** (*offstage*): I'll catch up, never fear.

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

*(Han enters, a sack of wheat on his shoulder.)*

**Han**: What do you want?

**Chien**: Why do you run like that? Do you want to kill yourself?

**Han**: They're running and I'm competing with them.

**Chien**: Toting a big sack isn't playing basketball. Look how you're sweating. (*Helps Han to put down his sack on the top of the rice sacks on the train cart.*) What are you competing for? They're big husky fellows who are used to this kind of work. you're the frail intellectual type.

**Han**: I ... I'm supporting Asia, Africa and Latin America...

**Chien**: Supporting, supporting. Well ... hmm! Better rest a while. After all, what difference will it make if you bring a sack or two less? (*Takes out a ticket.*) I just met my son over in Brigade Nine. Here's the film ticket you asked him to buy.

**Han**: *Braving the Waves*, isn't it? (*Puts the ticket in his identification book.*) Wonderful.

**Chien:** Both of you wanted to be seamen, didn't you? Two minds with the same ideal.

**Han:** We graduated together, and took the entrance exams together....

**Chien:** How fine it would have been if you could have got into the Sea Transport Academy together. One day you would have been first mates, and then captains. White uniforms, visored caps, black leather shoes, shiny gold insignia and epaulets....

**Han** (*disdainfully*): That isn't what attracted me.

**Chien:** I know. You only wanted to be a seaman.

**Han:** That's right. (*Dreamily*) To take my turn at the wheel of a new Chinese steamer, to bring the friendship of our people to the ports of Asia, Africa and Latin America. There, the people would present us with flowers and applaud. It would be glorious.

**Chien:** A high ideal. But today.... (*Sighs.*) And that son of mine. A failure. A mere docker. He's made me lose face.... I just lectured him again. I said he must put in another request to be transferred away from these docks.

**Han:** Leave the docks?

**Chien:** Everybody looked down on dockers before liberation. "Stinking coolies" they were called. Very menial workers.

**Han:** Oh.

**Chien:** (*glancing towards the warehouse*): That wheat's nearly all in. (*Taking up the dustpan*) I've got to clean up after the dockers and sweep the warehouse. (*Sighs, starts to leave, then turns back.*) Don't forget. The film starts at three-fifteen. (*Exits.*)

**Han** (*depressed, steps forward. His sack drops from the cart. Sings*):  
*Master Chien has really upset me,  
A middle school graduate has become docker,  
To be a seaman has proved only a dream,  
I can't go out and earn glory for our country.*  
Identification book, when will you become a seaman's ticket?  
(*Puts book in his pocket.*)

(*The Customs House clock strikes two.*)

**Han:** Nearly time to knock off. (*Sees that his sack has fallen and that some of the grain has spilled. Startled.*) Aiya! I've spilled some wheat. (*Hastily scoops wheat and crams it back into sack. Re-ties the opened corner. Tries to lift sack, but it is too heavy. Thunder rumbles. Looks up worriedly at sky. Gets an idea. Pulls a rice sack from top of train cart on to his shoulder and goes off.*)

(*Hung enters carrying kettle. Sees wheat sack.*)

**Hung** (*surprised*): How did that rice sack fall off? The faster I try to work, the more trouble I get into. (*Looks off, shouts.*) Tao, Tao.

(*Tao, offstage, calls a reply, enters, carrying a sack.*)

**Hung:** Come over here and give me a hand. I've got to get this sack of rice back on the cart.

**Tao** (*rests his sack of wheat on a capstan*): Is this the rice that's going on the lighter to Wusung for loading on the foreign steamer? How did that sack roll off?

**Hung:** Some careless devil must have bumped it.

(*The two lift the sack of wheat to the cart. Hung goes out, and the train cart rolls off. Han enters quickly.*)

**Tao:** Han.

**Han:** Is that you?

**Tao:** We haven't had our after-shift meeting yet. Where are you going?

**Han:** Me? Oh, I've something to do.

**Tao:** What is it?

**Han:** Ask the section chief to excuse me. I can't go to the meeting today.

**Tao:** Why not?

**Han:** I'm going to the movies.

**Tao:** To the movies?

**Han:** They're showing *Braving the Waves*. It's about merchant marine seamen.

**Tao:** So you want me to get you excused to see a movie. Not me, mister pilot.

**Han**(*pleading*): It's a rare chance. Be a pal and ask for me.

**Tao:** What time is the show?

**Han:** Three-fifteen.

**Tao:** You've still got plenty of time.

**Han:** I must have a bath first, and eat.

**Tao:** You are a nuisance. All right, but this is the last time.

**Han**(*happily*): Thanks a lot. (*Turns to go.*)

**Tao:** Not so fast. Lend me a hand with this bag.

**Han:** All right. (*Helps Tao to swing the sack on to his shoulder, then both exit separately.*)

(*Thunder rumbles, the sky darkens. Kao enters.*)

**Kao**(*sings*): *We carried the wheat upon our shoulders,  
Rushing it in to beat the rain, although  
My back is sweat-drenched my heart's at ease,  
I must check on the work at the waterfront.*

(*Lightning flashes. In the glare, Kao notices the wheat on the ground.*)

**Kao:** Aiya! Wheat. (*Startled.*) Someone has spilled his load. (*Agitated*) This is bad. An accident! (*Sings.*)

*I'm angry and worried and ill at ease,  
Seeing this wheat upon the ground,  
Our export standards are the highest,  
We can't let spilled sacks to pass from our hands. (Sweeps up the wheat, calls.)*  
Hey, Ting.

(*Ting enters. Rain comes pouring down. Thunder crashes.*)

**Kao:** Notify the whole section. We're meeting immediately.

**Ting:** Right.

(*Curtain*)

## SCENE THREE

### THE INVESTIGATION

**Time:** Immediately following the previous scene. The rain has stopped and the sky cleared.

**Place:** A small park near the waterfront. Before a fence stands a large signboard with this quotation from Chairman Mao: "**We the Chinese nation have the spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood, the determination to recover our lost territory by our own efforts, and the ability to stand on our own feet in the family of nations.**"

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

**Han**(*sings*): *On coming off shift I'm a soaring gull,  
A horse that has slipped its tether,  
Hurrying to the canteen after leaving the bath,  
This ticket brings me my dream of "Braving the Waves."*

(*Chien enters, carrying a lunch box.*)

**Chien:** Still here?

**Han:** I'm going as soon as I've had something to eat.

**Chien:** What about your daily after-shift meeting?

**Han:** I've asked to be excused.

**Chien:** The eight hours today are hard enough, eh?

**Han**(*rubbing his shoulders and flexing his waist*): You can say that again.

**Chien:** Your section chief likes to show off. He doesn't use the machinery but makes you fellows carry the loads on your shoulders. Who can stand such heavy work?

**Han**(*agreeing*): That Old Kao of ours really is...

**Chien:** Anyhow, when your eight hours are up, you're free. Don't waste time. Eat, and go off to your movies.

**Han**(*gratefully*): You're very good, Master Chien. (*Runs off.*)

**Chien**(*to himself*): You should have known me in the old days...  
'That's when I was really "good." As a warehouse keeper I could take home anything in it I liked. But since liberation,

even when the Huangpu River is at flood tide I can't take so much as a drop of water. Good? What's so good about me now?

(*Ting, Tao and Chang enter, talking.*)

**Chang:** Fine, fine. A beautiful mess.

**Tao:** Don't get excited.

**Chien** (*sidles up to them*): What's wrong?

**Chang:** Someone in our section has spilled a sack.

**Chien:** Is that all? "If you walk frequently by the river, you're bound to get your shoes wet."

**Tao:** How can we export wheat that's been spilled?

**Ting:** Whether for home consumption or for abroad, we have to guarantee quality.

**Chien:** Right, right. Everyone knows your section holds the red banner for the district.

**Tao:** What if we do?

**Chien:** Now the red banner section has had an accident. The effect will be bad. If the sack that's been spilled can't be found, not only will your section lose its red banner. I, the warehouse keeper, will have to suffer as well.

**Ting** (*impatiently*): Our section will be responsible for its own blunders.

**Chang:** Right. We'll definitely find that sack.

**Chien:** You're determined. That's good. But how are you going to find it among all the thousands of others?

**Ting:** We can move mountains and fill in the seas. As long as everybody pitches in, we're sure to find it.

**Chien:** Fine. You're determined. But it's easier said than done, young fellow.

**Ting:** We dockers don't make empty boasts.

**Chien:** Of course, of course. (*Sighs.*) Even the red banner section has had an accident. People will say....

**Tao:** Say what?

**Chien:** They'll say people like our dockers can't run the docks.  
(*Goes out.*)

**Tao:** Damn!

**Chang:** Don't start getting down in the dumps.

**Tao:** Who's down in the dumps? Didn't you hear what Chien said?

(*Kao enters.*)

**Ting** (*thoughtfully*): People always speak according to their class. Did you fellows get the implication?

**Kao:** Implication in what?

**Tao:** In what Chien just said about the spilled grain.

**Kao:** What did he say?

**Chang:** He said: "If you walk frequently by the river, you're bound to get your shoes wet."

**Kao:** Ah.

**Tao:** He also said: "Now the red banner section has had an accident. The effect will be bad."

**Kao:** Hm.

**Tao:** He also asked how are we going to find that sack.

**Kao:** Chairman Mao says: "What really counts in the world is conscientiousness, and the Communist Party is most particular about being conscientious." We'll check the sacks one by one.

**Ting:** Chien said: "Fine. You're determined. But it's easier said than done."

**Kao:** Oh? (*Alertly*) What else did he say?

**Ting** (*angrily*): He said: "Our dockers can't run the docks."

**Kao** (*aroused*): He did, eh?

**Ting:** Let's get at those sacks in the warehouse.

**Kao:** Go ahead.

(*Ting, Tao, Chang go off.*)

**Kao:** "Our dockers can't run the docks." (*His fury rises.*) "Our dockers can't run the docks." (*Sings.*)

*A tossed stone raises a thousand ripples,*

*My heart is turbulent as the Huangpu.*

*I am reminded of the past.*

*Huangpu,*

*Centuries of your flowing waters  
Can't wash all the hatred from our hearts.  
Before liberation battleships and freighters  
Flying the stars and stripes, anchored haughtily,  
Bringing weary dock workers only  
Tears of blood and aching wounds.  
Then the cannon of the PLA  
Dispersed the clouds that hid the sun,  
And a powerful hand grasped the revolutionary seal,  
The Party calling on the dockers to show their strength.  
A great golden bridge rose from the rubble,  
Boats and steamers sailed in all directions.  
Dockers maintain the highest standards, loading and unloading,  
Heroic Shanghai harbour wins glory for our land.  
Chien's sneers and insinuations over the spilled sack  
Are like daggers in my heart.  
Our comrades feel badly about the accident,  
We'll be letting down our people and our Party  
Unless we find that sack.  
And find it we will,  
Though it be harder than locating  
A needle at the bottom of the sea.*

*(Han enters.)*

**Han:** So here you are. Your wife was looking for you. She says your kid is sick and has been sent to the hospital. She wants you to come home right away.

**Kao:** What? The kid's sick? *(Thinks.)* I can't go yet. That sack hasn't been found.

**Han:** All right. I'm off. *(Turns to go.)*

**Kao:** Han.

**Han** *(halts)*: What is it?

**Kao:** Why didn't you come to our after-shift meeting?

**Han:** I'm in a hurry to go to the movies.

**Kao:** Do you think it's right to miss a meeting because of a film?

**Han:** I told Tao to ask that I be excused.

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

**Han** *(stammers)*: Who says I don't? . . .

**Kao:** Our section has had an accident.

**Han** *(startled)*: Oh? What happened?

**Kao:** Someone spilled a sack of grain.

**Han** *(nonchalantly)*: Is that all?

**Kao:** Everyone's very worried about it.

**Han:** But why?

**Kao:** What are you saying?

**Han:** Spilling a sack of grain. That's a small thing. . . .

**Kao:** You've forgotten we guarantee the quality of everything that goes out of here.

**Han:** I couldn't forget even if I wanted to. It's dinned in our ears all day long: "A torn sack can't be put on board ship, a sack that's been spilled can't go into the warehouse." That's all we do around here — load and unload, shift and move. . . .

**Kao:** Why not? What's wrong with that?

**Han:** Loading, unloading, shifting, moving — what's so special about it?

**Kao** *(patiently)*: You shouldn't talk like that. Everything you eat and wear and use — how does it get here? And Shanghai's products are sent all over the country. None of this could happen if it weren't for our loading, unloading, shifting and moving.

**Han:** Everyone understands those generalities. You needn't preach. *(Looks at his film ticket.)* Excuse me. It's almost time. I've got to go.

**Kao** *(stops him)*: Do you know who spilled the sack?

**Han** *(mumbles)*: It was your idea that we tote them. Don't ask me.

**Kao:** What are you saying?

**Han:** I'm saying that my shift is finished for the day. *(Starts to walk away.)*

**Kao:** Wait. Let's talk it over.

**Han:** I've no time. We'll talk tomorrow.

**Kao:** Where are you going?

**Han** *(shouts)*: To the movies.

**Kao:** How can you do that? We still haven't found the spilled sack.

**Han:** When my eight hours are up, I'm free.

**Kao:** Han!

**Han:** What about it?

**Kao:** You....

**Han:** Well?

**Kao:** The way you talk ... you don't sound like one of our working class.

**Han:** Me? The son of a docker, a boy who grew up under the red flag — I don't sound like a member of the working class? Are you claiming I sound like a capitalist?

**Kao:** Bilge. We're workers.

**Han:** Workers? (*Contemptuously*) Men who load and unload?

**Kao:** What's wrong with loading and unloading?

**Han:** We're just menials.

**Kao** (*unable to suppress himself*): Anyone who thinks like that can never make a good docker.

**Han:** Who wants to be a docker? I'm going to the brigade chief and ask for a transfer. (*Rushes off.*)

**Kao** (*calls after him*): Han. Han. (*Sings.*)

*The gale whips up the waves,*

*One wilder than the other.*

*No clue to the spilled sack and now*

*Han crops up with another problem.*

*He won't say a word about the sack,*

*He only fences and evades.*

*Han's irritation,*

*Chien's innuendoes,*

*Are certainly worth thinking about,*

*Can there be something behind them?*

*Fang's at the waterfront, I'll report to her,*

*We must analyse and work out our next steps.*

(*Curtain*)

## SCENE FOUR

### TRACKING DOWN THE SOURCE

Time: Immediately after the previous scene.

Place: Office of the Communist Party branch of the dockers brigade. High on the wall runs the slogan: "Hold aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and boldly advance." A picture of Chairman Mao hangs on the wall. Quotations from Chairman Mao are posted on either side of the picture. One reads: "Political work is the life-blood of all economic work." The other says: "The people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history." Furnishings consist of desks and chairs and other things for office use. A carrying pole leans upright in a corner.

(*As the curtain rises, Fang, deep in thought, enters, carrying a shoulder cloth.*)

**Fang** (*sings*): *This accident deserves attention,*

*We're a sack to find and an ideological*

*Problem to solve; I've asked*

*Kao to come for a detailed talk....*

(*Kao enters, carrying a bag.*)

**Kao** (*sings*): *I'm quite upset that we can't find the sack.* (*Puts bag on the desk. To Fang*)

*Here's the wheat I swept up.*

**Fang:** I've been thinking. Could the spilled sack have been....

(*Chao enters hurriedly.*)

**Chao:** Aiya, Kao, what have you been saying to young Han?

**Kao:** We've been trying to locate the spilled sack. Every time I asked him a question, he snapped back at me.

**Chao:** That boy is a real headache. You've spent a lot of effort on him. Let's just transfer him out and get someone good to take his place.

**Fang:** Transfer him?

**Kao:** I don't agree.

**Chao:** You don't? Wait till you see this. (*Hands Kao a sheet of paper. Sings.*)

*Han has sent in this request.*

**Kao:** Oh, a request for a transfer.

**Chao (sings):** *Transferring him will save us trouble.*

**Kao (hands back the request. Sings):** *We can't cast a class brother away.*

**Fang (sings):** *Kao's words are worth considering.*

**Chao (sings):** *That boy Han has many shortcomings.*

**Fang (sings):** *All the more reason we should help him to progress.*

**Chao (sings):** *He's been complaining ever since he's come to the docks.*

**Kao (sings):** *But he works with a will when he's on the job.*

**Chao (sings):** *He's been very moody these last few days.*

**Kao (sings):** *He's probably been listening to provoking talk.*

**Chao:** Oh. Who's been provoking him?

**Kao:** Don't you think a man like Chien has an influence on him?

**Chao (sceptically):** Chien? He's always shooting off his mouth. But he's been much better ever since I gave him a good bawling out last year. He knows this field and he does his work pretty well.

**Kao:** You shouldn't look only at the work side, comrade.

**Chao:** I'm a brigade chief. How can I disregard the work side?

**Kao:** Read that. (*Points to the quotation from Chairman Mao Tse-tung, which is pasted on the wall.*) Chairman Mao teaches us that "political work is the life-blood of all economic work."

**Fang:** Kao's right, Chao. Last September, the Party held its Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee. We've all studied the communique the session issued. We ought to use a class outlook to analyse the rumours floating around.

**Chao:** But...

**Fang:** We must never forget what the communique said: Classes and class struggle continue throughout the transition period from socialism to communism, and the influence of the bourgeoisie and the force of habits of the old society also remain. The minds of people like Chien are crammed with bourgeois ideas. You can't change them just by criticizing them once or twice.

**Chao:** What's wrong with him, anyhow?

**Fang (taps her head):** His problem is here. We dockers have become the masters and are running the docks. Do you think he's happy about it? He was very dissatisfied when his son failed his college entrance exams and was assigned here as a docker. Chien is full of complaints. He is bound to voice them and influence others. We must be vigilant.

**Chao:** True. We must be vigilant. But what's all this got to do with the spilled sack?

**Fang:** Every blade of grass has its roots. Behind every word is a thought... The situation isn't clear yet. We can't come to any conclusion. We'll have a meeting of the branch Party committee soon.

**Chao:** Good.

**Fang:** We'll go over the whole thing thoroughly and see whether we can't get to the bottom of it.

**Kao:** Good. I've had my say. Now I'm off to the warehouse.

**Fang:** Someone is taking charge of searching for the sack, Kao. You'd better go to the hospital and see your kid.

**Kao:** They're looking after him there. They can do much more for him than I can. Anyhow, I can't go till we've tracked down this accident. (*Exits.*)

**Fang (calls after him):** Kao, Kao.

**Chao:** Kao, Kao. (*Pursues him a few steps, then turns back to Fang.*) I wish I could take my heart out and show Kao what's really in it. His section is the red banner holder for the whole district and they're on an important assignment. How can we let young Han give us more trouble...

**Fang:** You know Kao well enough. He won't give a problem to others just because it's troublesome. A red banner section has to meet the test of wind and wave to be really worthy of the name.

(*The telephone rings.*)

**Fang (picks it up):** Party branch office. Yes, he's here. For you, Chao.

**Chao** (*takes the phone*): Chao speaking. All right. I'll be right over.  
(*Puts down the phone.*) The district chief wants to see me.  
We'll go on with this later.

**Fang**: Tell him about the spilled sack.

**Chao**: Right. (*Sighs.*) It's bad enough being so busy. (*Hands Han's request for a transfer over to Fang.*) Why must we have ideological problems as well? (*Hurriedly goes out.*)

**Fang** (*lifting up the bag, looks at the request, sings*):

*Spilled wheat and a transfer request —*

*Both thought-provoking.*

*Thoughts tumble through my mind*

*Like tides and twisting gales,*

*They strike a warning bell.*

*Han is moody and impetuous,*

*Chien spreads confusion with his talk;*

*There's disagreement within the Party branch,*

*Politics must lead in spurring work.*

*The red flag has led the way these fourteen*

*Years, the pathbreaker which brought*

*Bustling prosperity to our port.*

*We must keep clear heads in victory,*

*Class struggle exists every step of the road.*

*Revolutionaries fear not storms and gales —*

*The red flag flaps stronger in the wind,*

*The evergreen stands straighter in the rain,*

*The stormy petrels skim through lowering clouds,*

*Straight sails pierce the fog and mist,*

*We fight still more gallantly in the storm.*

*Revolutionize, stride on, heads high,*

*Shanghai port we'll link with every*

*Corner of our land, and support national*

*Construction and the people the world over. (Gazes at picture of Chairman Mao, thinks a moment, then reads aloud.)*

Chairman Mao says: "... China is a land with an area of 9,600,000 square kilometres and a population of 600 million

people, and she ought to have made a greater contribution to humanity...."

(*Ma enters.*)

**Ma**: Hai-chen.

**Fang**: If you'd come a few minutes earlier, you could have seen Chao and Kao. They were both here.

**Ma**: I met them on the road. They're very busy.... (*Recalling*) I just passed that building where the American boss used to have his office. Why are so many people coming and going there?

**Fang**: That's what I wanted to talk to you about. The district Party committee has set up an exhibition on class education in that building. It's opening tomorrow. We want to invite some old dockers to lecture on the history of the port. Why don't you do it?

**Ma**: Me? Lecture? I don't know how.

**Fang**: Just talk about the past. Compare it with the present.

**Ma**: Conditions on the docks are fine now. Anyone can see that.

**Fang**: It's because conditions are so good that the Party wants us to see our existing problems and give more class education. You know what Chairman Mao says, Master Ma: The new social system has to be consolidated step by step. It is necessary to carry on constant and arduous socialist revolutionary struggle and socialist education on the political and ideological fronts.

**Ma**: That's true. But where should I start?

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

**Ma** (*takes pole, torn by conflicting emotions*): Pole, my old partner. I've a bellyful of stories I can tell about you.

(*Music rises. Fang and Ma both hold pole, deep in thought.*)

(*Kao enters quickly.*)

**Kao** (*loud and urgent*): The situation's very serious, Fang.

**Fang**: What's wrong?

**Kao:** We still haven't found the spilled sack, but we've discovered several other wheat sacks in the warehouse with bits of fibreglass sticking to them.

**Fang** (*startled*): Brigade Nine is moving fibreglass today, but they're a long way from us. Where did that fibreglass come from? (*Picks up bag and examines contents.*) Take a look at this, Kao. You see — this is very bad. There must be fibreglass in the swept-up wheat that was put back into the sack as well.

**Kao:** Terrible!

**Ma:** What's all this about fibreglass, Hai-chen?

**Fang** (*sombrely*): Fibreglass is very useful industrially, but if it gets mixed in with food and people swallow it, it sticks to the intestines and can be. . . . (*Sings.*)

*Very dangerous.*

**Ma:** Oh. (*Sings.*)

*Who is responsible for this calamity?*

**Fang:** We must take emergency measures immediately, Kao. Let's get over to that warehouse.

*(Tao runs in, followed by Ting.)*

**Tao:** I want to report.

**Fang:** Go ahead.

**Tao:** It's like this. . . .

**Fang:** Speak calmly.

**Tao:** When we were moving wheat today, I rested my sack on a capstan. Maybe there was fibreglass on the capstan which stuck to my sack and got transferred to other sacks when I put mine in the warehouse.

**Ting:** I looked around that capstan he's talking about. There *is* fibreglass on it and near the smoking booth.

**Kao:** That's strange. How did fibreglass get to an area where we were shifting wheat?

**Tao** (*stamps his foot*): What a mess.

**Fang:** Did you spill your sack?

**Tao:** No.

**Ting:** I checked a few of the wheat sacks carefully. None of them had been spilled.

**Fang:** In other words, the sack that was spilled and then refilled with grain and bits of fibreglass still hasn't been found.

**Kao:** That's right.

**Fang:** I say, Tao. Did you see Han at the time?

**Tao:** I did.

**Fang:** Was he carrying a sack?

**Tao:** No.

**Fang:** Was he holding any fibreglass?

**Tao:** He wasn't doing that either.

**Ting:** I saw him playing with some of that stuff a few days before, though not in the grain area. I bawled him out about it.

**Fang** (*meditatively*): The situation is very complicated. Tao, bring Han here immediately.

*(Tao exits quickly. Enter dockers discussing situation.)*

**Chang:** This is the first time our section has ever had such a serious accident.

**Dockers:** We must find the person who spilled that fibreglass.

**Fang** (*calmly*): We will get to the bottom of this, comrades. At the moment, the important thing is to find the spilled sack. . . .

**Kao:** And remedy the accident.

**Dockers:** Right.

*(Chao enters hurriedly.)*

**Chao:** It's a disaster, Fang.

**Fang:** You know?

**Chao:** District just notified me. The wheat must be loaded tomorrow. What shall we do?

**Kao** (*stands forward*): My proposal is — Check every sack in the warehouse.

**Chao:** What? All of them? Kao — (*Sings.*)

*It would upset our entire schedule,*

*And where would we get the extra labour?*

**Kao (sings):** *We have the will, we'll solve this thing,  
Find the sack first, then load the ship.*

**A dockert (sings):** *The warehouse is filled with sacks of wheat,  
How can we move them, how can we check?*

**Kao (sings):** *Our arms and shoulders are tempered steel,  
What though the wheat be piled mountain high.*

**Chao (sings):** *Why do it now? We can check  
The wheat when we're taking it out.*

**Ting (sings):** *Too risky I fear, if that sack  
Slips through, it will go abroad.*

**Kao (sings):** *Our duty is to help our foreign brothers,  
The political effect counts most of all.*

**Ting (sings):** *You must make a decision quickly.*

**Kao (sings):** *The sacks in the warehouse must be checked.*

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

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

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

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

**Fang:** You should consider all these comrades' opinions, Chao.  
It's up to you.

**Chao:** But our brigade's plan...

**Fang:** Compared with 650 million Chinese people and the three billion people of the world, our brigade is pretty small.

**Chao:** All right. We'll go through the warehouse. I'll report to the district chief. *(Exits.)*

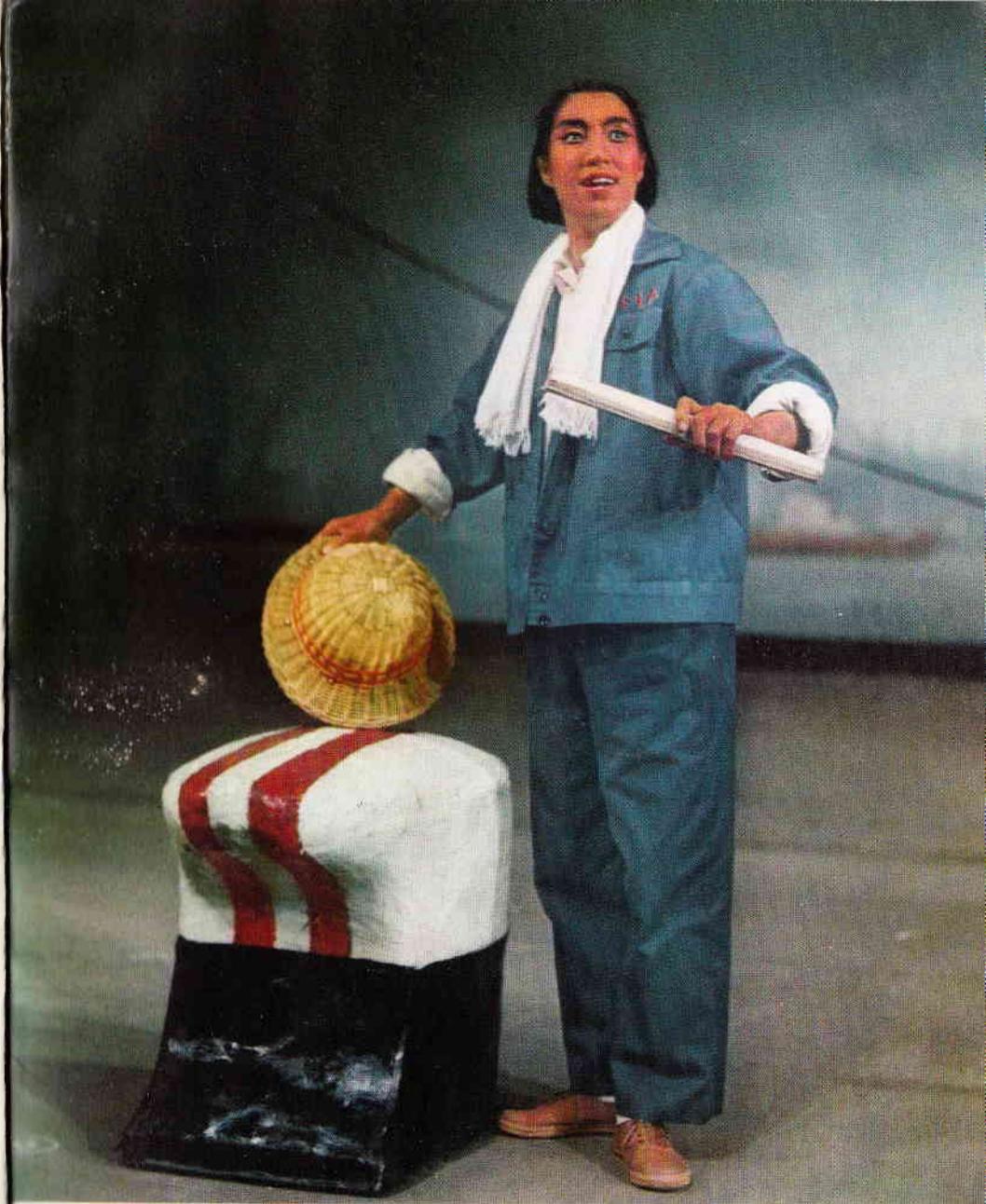
**Fang:** Comrades. *(Sings.)*  
*One spilled sack is extremely serious,  
A severe task confronts us ahead.  
True gold does not fear the fire,  
True fighters never shirk.  
This is a political battle,  
Firmly, thoroughly, make our search.*

**Dockers (chorus):** *Firmly, thoroughly, make our search.*

**Fang:** Search the warehouse.

**Dockers (chorus):** Search the warehouse.

*(Curtain)*

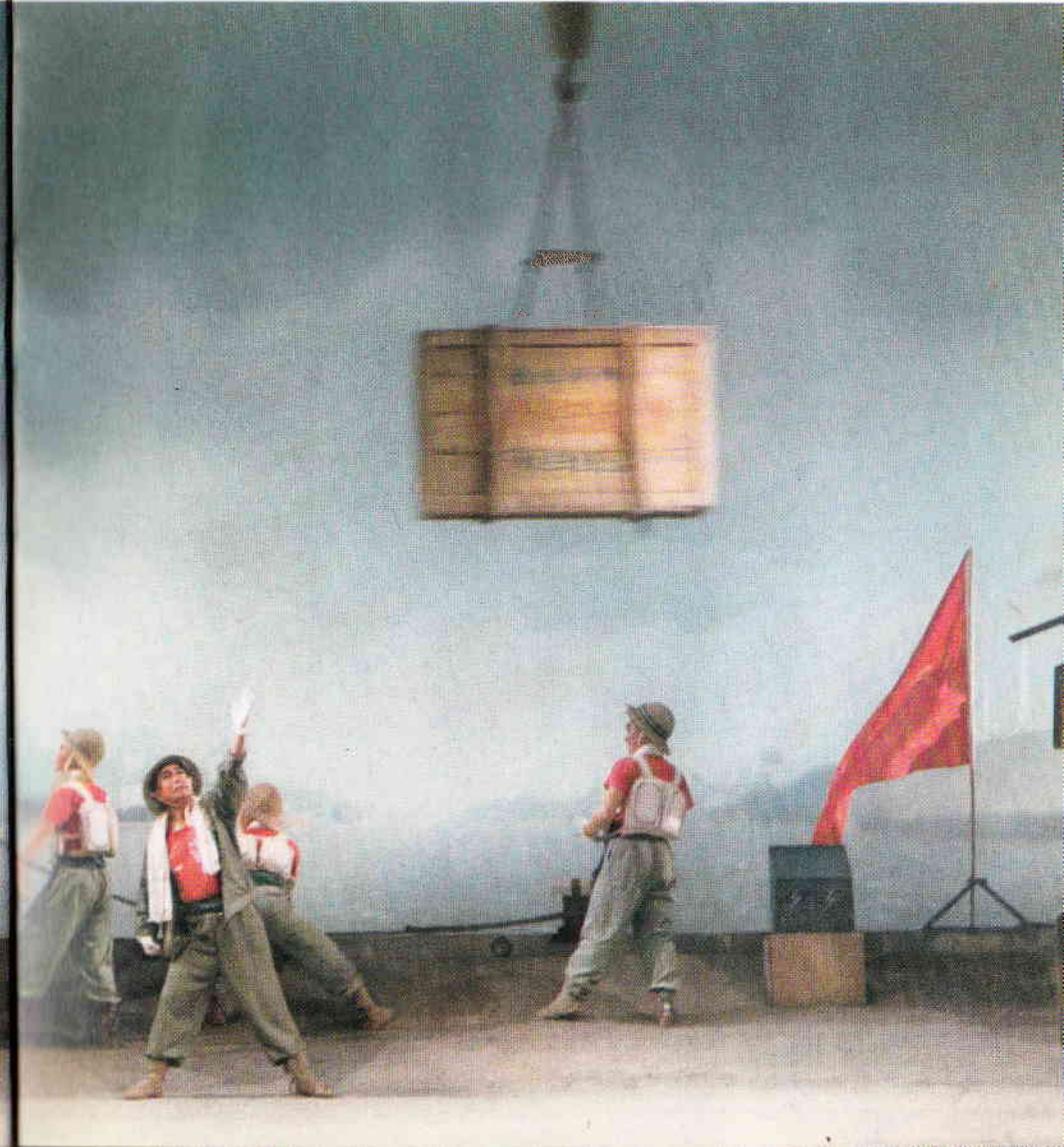
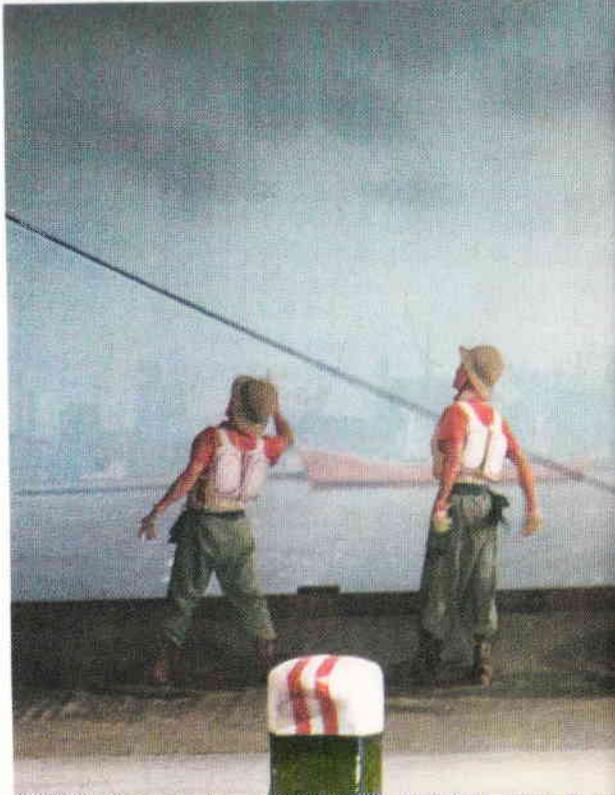


Fang Hai-chen, the Party secretary

## Stage Photographs from «On the Docks»



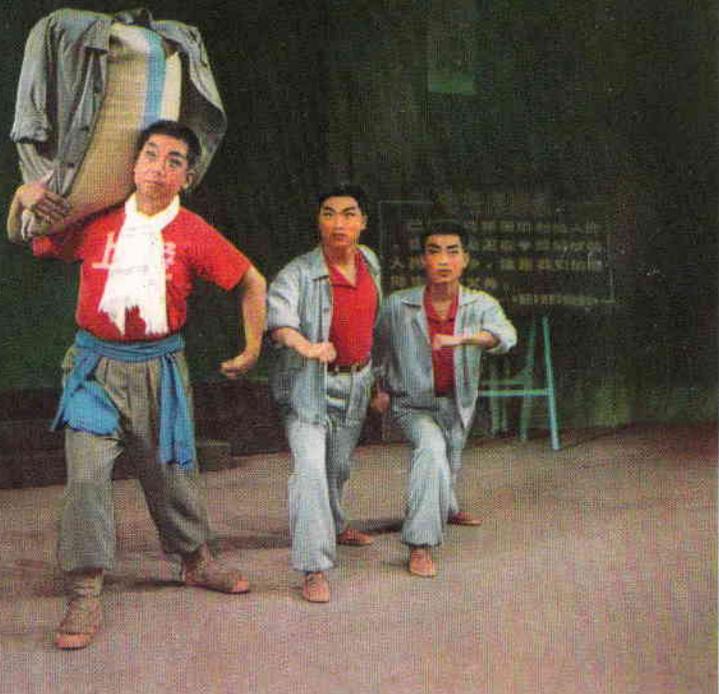
◀ Kao Chih-yang  
The bustling Shanghai dock ▼



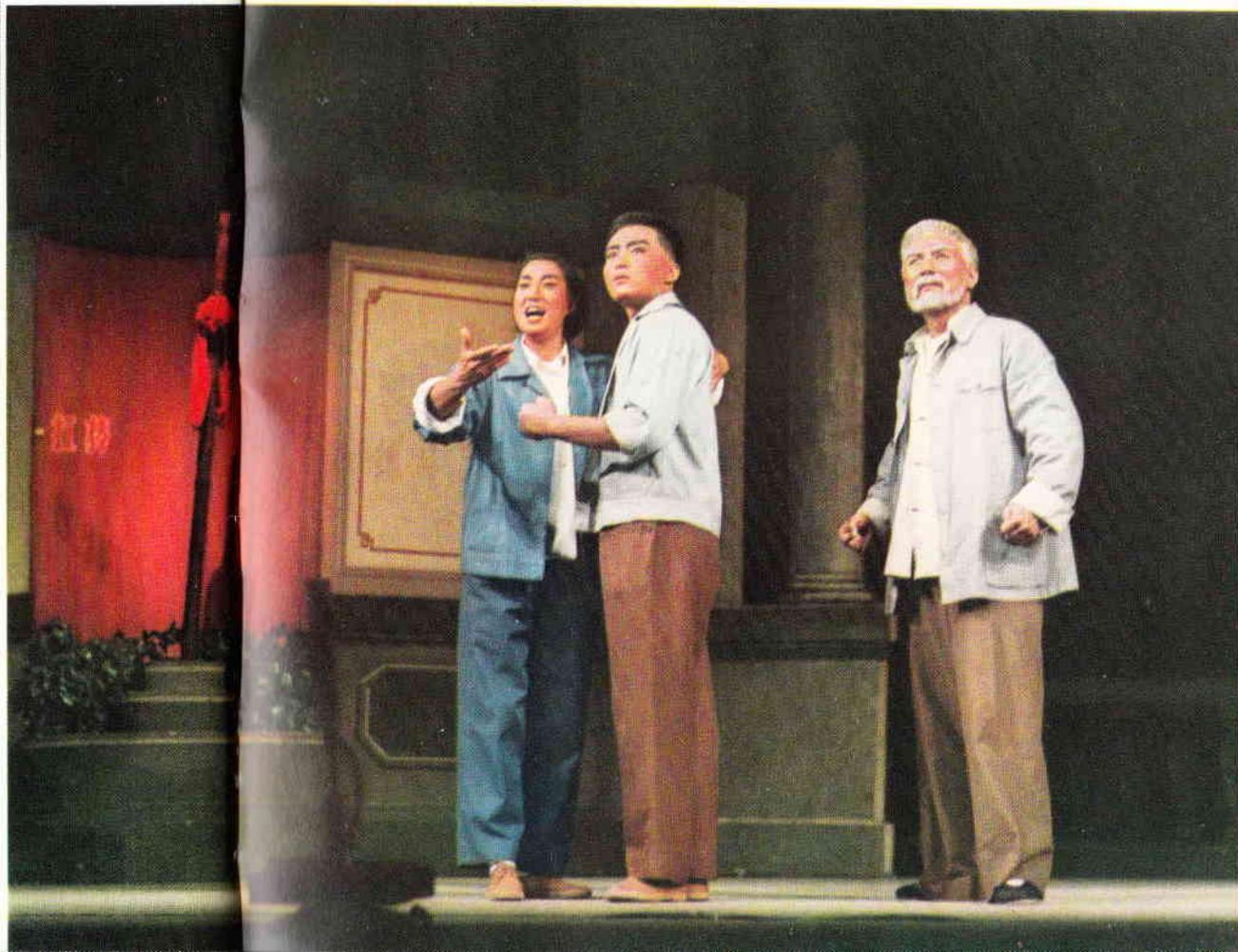


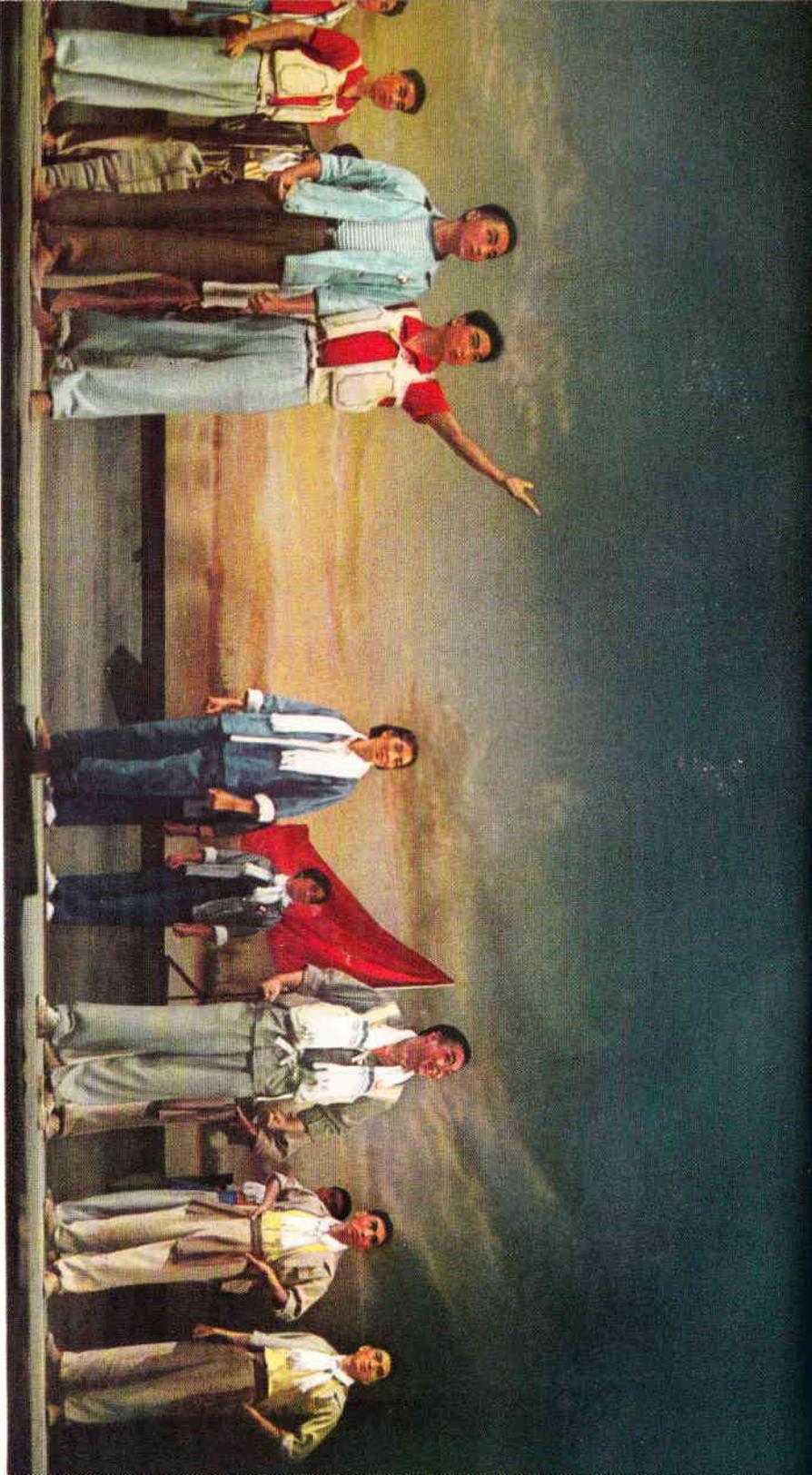
◀Retired docker Ma Hung-liang talks to Fang Hai-chen about the changes in Shanghai port  
The dockers have soaring minds ▼





◀Kao Chih-yang goes after the lighter in the storm  
Fang Hai-chen and Ma Hung-liang talk to Han Hsiao-chiang about  
the bitterness of the old society at the exhibition on class education▼





## SCENE FIVE

### CHECKING THE WAREHOUSE LATE AT NIGHT

**Time:** Late at night.

**Place:** A corner of the outer warehouse, brightly lit. On either side of the big doors the slogans are posted: "Stress politics" and "Put ideology first." On a blackboard near the doors is this quotation from Chairman Mao: "The people who have triumphed in their own revolution should help those still struggling for liberation. This is our internationalist duty."

*(As the curtain rises Kao, Ting, Ma and dockers, under Fang's direction, are moving sacks of wheat in a check of the warehouse.)*

**A docker:** We've been through them all. None of these sacks has been spilled.

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

**Dockers:** Let's go.

*(Kao, Ma and dockers swarm out.)*

**Chien (sighs):** Ai. *(Exits.)*

**Fang:** Ting, you fellows wait a moment.

*(Ting and Chang remain.)*

**Fang:** How do the men feel about putting in this extra time in the warehouse?

**Chang:** They're all burning with anxiety to find that sack.

**Ting:** The Youth Leaguers have vowed not to let that spilled sack leave our shores. It would violate our spirit of supporting Asia, Africa and Latin America. They won't quit till we've discovered the sack.

**Fang:** The more determined our men are and the harder they work, the more we have to consider their health and see to it that they get proper rest.

**Ting:** Right.

**Fang:** Han has not shown up to help check the warehouse. Tao went to his house but he wasn't home. What sort of spirits has he been in lately?

**Chang:** That boy is really something. He's good for a spell, then bad for a spell, hot one minute and cold the next. Always talking about his "ideal." He doesn't like working as a docker.

**Ting:** The Youth League committee made a special study of his problem. It seems he's become very chummy with old Chien lately.

**Fang:** I know about that. What did Chien say to him today?

**Chang:** I didn't pay any attention.

**Ting:** Han told Tao to ask leave for him. Maybe Tao knows.

**Fang:** Let's go into the warehouse, then, and ask him.

*(Starts to leave.)*

**Ting (recalls):** Didn't Hung take part in that rush moving job, Comrade Fang?

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

**Chang:** She's already gone off shift. I'll go to her home and ask her.

**Fang:** All right. Take a run over. *(The three separate and go out.)*

*(Han enters.)*

**Han (sings):** *Fang summons me in the middle of the night,  
Can it still be about the spilled sack?  
I spilled it during the rush moving job,  
It's my fault and I'll take the blame.*

*(Chien enters.)*

**Chien:** What are you doing here?

**Han:** Fang sent for me.

**Chien:** Ah, probably about that spilled sack.

**Han:** It's only a question of fixing responsibility.

**Chien (mysteriously):** That's all it would be ordinarily, but today. . . .

**Han:** What about today?

**Chien:** It's not just that a sack's been spilled. Fibreglass got into it.

**Han:** Fibreglass?

**Chien:** This is a serious political incident.

**Han (startled):** A political incident?

**Chien:** Yes. Some clumsy young oaf dropped some fibreglass and spilled wheat that was going abroad, then swept it all back into his sack. It's created such complications that I still haven't been able to knock off and go home. Disgraceful.

**Han (aside):** What's it all about?

**Chien:** They're turning the warehouse inside out, but there's not a shadow of the spilled sack. Everybody is furious. If they ever get their hands on that young fellow, they'll make it pretty hot for him, I can tell you.

**Han (sings aside):** *This is more complicated than I thought,  
I didn't know they'd search the warehouse.*

**Chien (rambling):** Not much future in this job but plenty of responsibilities. And when I told my son to apply for a transfer, everyone criticized me. Huh!

**Han (sings aside):** *The sooner I get away from here the better,  
I must push my transfer through.*

I've already put in my request.

**Chien:** What? You're asking for a transfer too? . . . It may not be approved.

**Han:** I'll put up a fight for it.

**Chien:** It's something that affects your entire future.

*(Fang enters.)*

**Fang:** You've come, Han, good. *(To Chien)* What have you two been talking about?

**Chien:** Nothing . . . nothing special.

**Fang:** Young people are very naive. Be sure to lead them along the correct road.

**Chien:** Yes, of course. With your teaching, Secretary Fang, the young people are all taking the correct road.

**Fang:** Everything's fine, then, according to you. We can all relax and go to sleep.

**Chien:** Yes, that's it. Oh, I mean no. . . .

**Han:** Have you seen my request for a transfer, Comrade Fang?

**Fang:** I have indeed, Han. Why do you want a transfer?

**Han:** To tell the truth I can't see why I should have to be a docker after twelve years of school.

**Fang:** According to your way of thinking a person who's been to school and received an education shouldn't become a docker. But today education is universal. Everyone can go to school. Who do you think ought to do this job?

**Han:** Well...

**Fang:** Your son has the same problem, hasn't he, Chien? What do you think?

**Chien:** Oh, there's no question about it in my mind. And my son is content with things as they are.

**Fang:** Really?

**Han (to Chien):** But you just said...

**Chien (interrupting):** Listen to the Party secretary.

**Han (grumbles):** You may be straight in your mind, but I'm not in mine.

**Fang:** Are you really clear on this, Chien?

**Chien (stammers):** Why ... yes ... yes.

**Fang:** What do you think we ought to do, Han? Set aside a group of people to be dockers and keep them out of school, let them be eternally illiterate?

**Han:** I haven't thought about those things. I've only thought of my own problem.

**Fang:** What about it? Your talents are being wasted as a docker, is that the idea?

**Han:** I....

**Fang:** Chien, you've been working on the docks for scores of years. Give us your opinion.

**Chien:** Dockers are the masters here, now. They ought to be satisfied. I've checked all the wheat in the warehouse, Secretary Fang. The number tallies. I must be going home. You two go on with your chat.

**Fang:** Very well.

**Chien (taking his umbrella and handbag):** I'll be going, then.

**Fang:** You've checked over the warehouse, but you also ought to check over your ideology.

**Chien (startled):** Oh ... yes.... (Exits.)

**Han (takes the initiative):** You must approve my transfer request, Comrade Fang.

**Fang:** Our docks can berth ten-thousand-ton freighters, Han. Why can't they accommodate your heart? This is revolutionary work we're doing.

**Han:** Other jobs are also revolutionary, and I can make a bigger contribution. Why must I stay here?

**Fang:** We've talked about this several times, haven't we?

**Han:** If you don't approve my request, I'll continue to raise it.

(Ma enters.)

**Fang:** I've sent for you, Han, to ask you about something.

**Han:** What?

**Fang:** Do you know that someone spilled a sack in your section?

**Han:** I heard.

**Fang:** When he put the wheat back, he swept some fibreglass in with it.

**Han (impatiently):** I heard that too.

**Ma (irritably):** What kind of attitude is that?

**Han (beatedly):** People who don't understand a situation have no right to speak.

**Ma:** How ... how can you talk like that?

**Fang (pointing at the inner storeroom, explains):** You see, Han, everybody is spending the whole night checking through the warehouse....

**Ma:** While all you do is sulk.

**Han:** I've asked for a transfer. That's not illegal.

**Ma:** You....

**Fang:** Don't lose your bearings, whatever you do.

**Han:** My mind is absolutely clear.

**Fang:** Don't let others fool you.

**Han:** My ideas are my own.

**Fang:** You're not your usual self today, Han.

**Han:** My whole future is at stake.

**Fang:** We do whatever jobs the revolution requires of us.

**Han:** I've decided. I insist on being transferred.  
**Ma:** You're absolutely lawless.  
**Han:** Don't go pinning labels on people.  
**Ma:** Who, me?  
**Fang:** What if the organization doesn't approve your request?  
**Han:** Not approve?  
**Ma:** In view of your thinking and attitude, we couldn't possibly approve.  
**Han:** My mind's made up. Whether you approve or not. (*Takes out his docker's identification card.*) I....  
**Ma:** What are you doing?  
**Han:** I quit. (*Tosses his identification card on the desk and turns to go.*)  
**Ma** (*shouts*): Han.

(*On the verge of weeping, Han runs off.*)

**Ma** (*furious*): Shameful. What should we do, Hai-chen?  
**Fang:** We'll all take a hand and straighten him out.  
**Ma:** Good. Count me in.  
**Fang** (*gives card to Ma*): Take Han to the exhibition on class education and have a good talk with him. When I get through here, I'll join you.  
**Ma** (*takes the card*): Right. (*Agitatedly turns to go.*)  
**Fang** (*drapes a coat over his shoulders*): Don't lose your temper.  
**Ma:** I won't lose my temper. I'll stay perfectly calm. (*Runs out.*)

(*Sound of wind.*)

**Fang** (*sings*): *I must suppress my anger and think,  
Han's attitude is very strange.  
Han —  
Perhaps someone has cast you adrift without oars,  
Alone, you may drown in the murky waters; although  
An evil wind has whipped up the waves,  
I must set out in the storm;  
I'll haul your sailless boat back to port,  
Setting our course by the revolutionary markers.  
(Chao enters in a hurry.)*

**Chao:** The time for loading the wheat has been advanced again.  
**Fang:** What?  
**Chao:** Another emergency directive has come down from district. The new big Chinese freighter *S.S. Chang feng* is berthing at dawn to take on our wheat.

(*Fang ponders.*)

**Chao:** How is the search for the spilled sack going?  
**Fang:** We've finished checking the outer storeroom. It's not there. Now the comrades are checking the inner.

(*Kao enters swiftly, followed by dockers.*)

**Kao:** We've gone through both storerooms. Every sack is accounted for. Not a single one is missing. But there's no sign of a re-tied sack.

**Dockers:** We can't locate it. We're nearly frantic.

**Chao:** These men ought to have a rest, Fang.

**Dockers:** How can we rest? We'll check again.

**Fang:** When we run into difficulties, comrades, we should remember Chairman Mao's teachings. Chairman Mao says: "**What we need is an enthusiastic but calm state of mind and intense but orderly work.**" Study the problem, comrades. Why can't we find the spilled sack? Can there be some special reason?

**Kao** (*understands*): Come on. We'll talk it over.

**Dockers:** Good. Let's go.

(*Kao and dockers exit. Fang starts to go with them.*)

**Chao** (*calls*): Fang, district wants us to find that sack, and at the same time to load the wheat on schedule. The consignee has sent a cable, saying they need it in a hurry. District says to let them know immediately if we can't find the sack. They'll take emergency measures. We'd rather suffer a big loss financially than create the slightest bad political effect. Fang, what's your opinion?

**Fang:** The leadership is prepared for the worst possible eventuality, but we must strive for the best possible result. We must over-

come every difficulty, find the sack and get the wheat loaded on time. What do you say, Chao?

**Chao:** I agree. District wants to know where the fibreglass came from. I'll go and check on that.

**Fang:** Go ahead. I'll be holding the fort here.

**Chao:** Right. (*Exits.*)

*(Thunder and lightning. A gale blows over the river. The Customs House clock strikes two.)*

**Fang:** 'Two o'clock. Only three more hours till daylight. How time flies. (*Sings.*)

*The clock strikes two and the river wind blows fiercer,  
Our comrades are uneasy, having checked the warehouse.  
Why is there no sign of the sack that spilled? How will  
We load the wheat on the "S.S. Changfeng" at dawn?  
Can that sack still be among the others?  
Perhaps it never entered the warehouse.  
Why does no one admit to the mistake?  
Was it an accident or a political act?  
It's very hard to figure this out...  
Communist Party — wind in our sails, navigation light...  
Wind, send us through the billowing waves,  
Light, illuminate our long voyage course.  
Thinking of the Party gives me vision and strength,  
It's the dockers on whom we must rely.  
They can level mountains to make a road,  
They can bring up a needle from the depths of the sea.  
Listening to the Party, we'll drive ahead.*

*We won't leave the field until we've won. (To herself)*

Yesterday afternoon Hung stopped her cart train in our loading area. The sack was spilled near where she halted. On the train was rice. What was spilled was wheat. Can it be that... (*Crosses one hand over the other, indicating an exchange.*) That's it!

*(Kao, Ting and Tao enter quickly.)*

**Kao:** We've checked every sack, and the spilled sack is not there. Our men think it probably never went into the warehouse at all.

**Fang:** Just what I've been thinking.

*(Hung runs in, wet from the rain, followed by Chang.)*

**Hung:** Comrade Fang, Comrade Fang. When we were loading rice today, I stopped my train to add some water. I saw that a sack had fallen off....

**Tao:** Yes. And I helped you put it back.

**Hung:** That sack — could it have been the sack of wheat we're looking for?

**Fang:** It certainly could. Kao, the wheat sacks were tied with yellow cord, the rice with white. Checking through the sacks in the warehouse at night, it was hard to see the difference. That was something we overlooked.

**Kao:** So we did.

**Ting** (*taking his flashlight*): I'll go check again.

**Kao:** Good.

*(Ting runs out, followed by Tao, Chang and Hung.)*

**Fang:** Our preliminary judgment is that the wheat sack with the fibreglass was probably loaded on to the lighter with the rice.

**Kao:** If it's put on board the foreign freighter, the results may be disastrous.

**Fang:** We must prevent that from happening, at all costs. It's our internationalist duty, we must take full responsibility.

**Kao:** Right. What do you think we should do?

**Fang:** How long since the lighter set sail?

**Kao** (*looks at alarm clock on desk*): Fifty-eight minutes.

**Fang:** There's no time to lose.

*(Ting enters, carrying a sack. Dockers follow.)*

**Ting:** This sack of rice was among the wheat, sure enough.

**Fang and Kao:** Rice? (*Fang pokes in a tube and pulls out a sample of rice.*)

**Kao:** Rice!

**Fang:** I'm going to ask instructions from the Party committee,  
Kao. Everyone take a rest. Wait for orders. (*Exits quickly.*)  
**Dockers:** The spilled sack is on the lighter. What shall we do?  
The foreign freighter is sailing at dawn.  
**Kao** (*heavy-beardedly*): Rest. Wait for orders.

(*Ting and the dockers go out. Thunder and lightning. Kao is agitated and worried.*)

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

(*The clock strikes three times.*)

*The Customs clock strikes, the river  
Roars, every second presses.  
Our country's honour is on that lighter,  
We can't let it be stained by impure wheat.  
The revolutionary friendship that lighter carries  
Must never be besmirched by harmful food.*

(*A huge clap of thunder is followed by pouring rain. The river tide swells tumultuously.*)

*Though thunder crashes in a deluge of rain,  
Though the tide rises swiftly in the deep of the night;  
Though the waves are wild and the current swift,  
I shall brave them all and set out in pursuit.  
Neither mountains of knives nor seas of flames  
Can stop a Communist from doing his duty.*

(*Ting and Tao enter.*)

**Kao** (*removes his tunic, wraps it round the sack of rice, raises sack to his shoulder. In a stentorian voice*): Get the steam launch ready.  
We've got to go after the lighter and bring back that sack of wheat. Come on.

(*Curtain*)

## SCENE SIX

### SOARING DETERMINATION

Time: Dawn.

Place: The class education exhibition hall. There are photos and exhibits. Quotations from Chairman Mao are on the walls to left and right. One reads: "Never forget class struggle"; the other "Carry the revolution through to the end."

As the curtain rises a red neon sign can be seen on the opposite side of the river. It reads: Long Live Chairman Mao.

(*Han enters from side, followed by Ma.*)

**Ma:** I've been talking and talking but you don't say a word.

**Han:** I have been listening.

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

(*Sings.*)

*Who snarled and bared their claws like wolves?  
Who worked like horses and toiled like oxen?  
Who set up steep and narrow gangways?  
Who fell off from sheer exhaustion?  
Compare before liberation and after,  
Look at those tattered clothes, the foreman's  
Whip, those manacles....  
Look carefully, at each and every one.*

**Han:** I know all that.

**Ma:** If you really knew.... (*Takes out Han's identification card.*)  
You wouldn't throw this away.

(*Han reaches to take it.*)

**Ma:** You want it? It's not so easy to get. I ask you — where did this come from?

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

**Ma:** What?

**Han:** It was issued.

**Ma:** Issued? You don't know — (*Sings.*)

*What it was like to be whipped and manacled,*

*The poisonous and sly ways the bosses exploited,  
Worried and trembling we often waited all night,  
For a ticket to a job the following day.  
Though we sweated and strained with all our might,  
A docker's family was always hungry and cold,  
Across a high plank we staggered with coal,  
Many a weary docker plunged to his death.  
If an over-laden docker fell into the Huangpu,  
We weren't allowed to pull him out. In our  
New society, thanks to the Party and Chairman Mao,  
Dockers are cared for all their lives.  
How can you casually toss away  
Your red identification card?  
Have you forgotten the roots  
From which you've grown?*

**Han** (*arguing*): Of course not! My father toted a carrying pole for years. Now, that's all changed....

**Ma**: Well?

**Han** (*in an aggrieved tone*): Why should I still have to tote a carrying pole for a living?

**Ma**: Tote a carrying pole for a living! How can I make it clear to you? (*Sings.*)

*Tears in my eyes, I take my carrying pole  
And softly cry  
Carrying pole, old pal....  
You know what we dockers have been through,  
In severe winter you were with me as I worked the docks,  
In the heat of summer my sweat from you dripped....*

(*Fang appears at the entrance.*)

**Han** (*sings*): *I know all about those times.*

**Ma** (*sings*): *Only a fraction, a tiny bit.*

**Han** (*sings*): *It's not a good living, whatever you say.*

**Fang** (*sings*): *The pole is the docker's precious heirloom.*

**Ma**: Hai-chen!

**Fang** (*sings*): *This pole was with us in our times of trial,  
Our weapon it was in our hundred years' struggle.  
Then the Party awakened the toilers' rage, united,  
We smashed the shackles on our hands and feet.  
We overthrew imperialism, compradors,  
Feudal foremen and gangster dogs,  
Till the red flag flew  
Over our waterways at last.*

**Ma**: Did you hear that, Han?

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

**Fang**: Don't dockers make a contribution?

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

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

**Han**: But....

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

**Fang** (*gravely*): What you've discarded is not your identification card, but the revolution.

**Han** (*shocked*): Oh.

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

**Han**: I....

**Ma**: If you don't tell her, I will. He... he said we were "stinking coolies."

**Han**: It wasn't me who said it.

**Ma**: Yes it was.

**Fang**: Only someone like Chien would say a thing like that.

**Han:** He's the one.

**Ma:** Chien, eh? Before liberation, he was the warehouse keeper and we were dockers. We weren't the same.

**Han:** But today we all work together. We're the same now.

**Fang:** We consider our work an honour. He thinks work is demeaning. Is that the same?

**Han:** We work a regular shift and so does he. What's the difference?

**Fang:** We work to serve the people. We put our whole heart into everything we do. He just goes through the motions. When the question of the spilled sack arose, he said it couldn't be helped. Is that the same?

**Han:** He has an identification card, the same as us.

**Fang:** We workers have risen to our feet and become the masters. We love the Party and Chairman Mao and our new society. We're completely devoted to the affairs of our port. He hankers for the old society. With every step he looks back three times. He mocks us and claims we can't do a good job of running the docks. Can you say his ideas and feelings are the same as ours?

**Han:** Well... he does his job the same as we do ours. What's the difference?

**Fang:** We're concerned about the whole country, our eyes are on the entire world. For the sake of the sack, Kao and the others chased after the lighter in the storm....

**Han (startled):** They did?

**Fang:** But Chien doesn't like our aiding foreign countries. While our comrades were still anxiously checking every sack in the warehouse, Chien thought only of himself and went home to sleep. Can you compare his mean behaviour with our bold internationalism?

**Han:** I....

**Fang (sings):** *Don't think all is peaceful on the docks,  
This port has always been a battlefield.  
The Yankee bosses have fled but they're dreaming still  
Of returning one day to their office suites.*

I remember when we took over the port facilities shortly after liberation, and the army representative led us into this building. The American bosses pretended to comply, but behind our backs they cursed us. They said the "stinking coolies" wouldn't be able to manage, they predicted we'd make a mess of things. Chien is also that kind of person. They think the old days were better than today, that the West is better than China. They spread bourgeois ideas camouflaged in a perfumed mist. If we're not careful, they'll disarm us ideologically.

**Han:** Disarm us ideologically?

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

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

**Ma (sings):** *In fourteen years the docks have totally changed,  
Our traditions, the price we paid — can you forget?*

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

**Han (with angry self-reproach):** I've been a fool.

**Ma:** As long as you're clear now....

**Han:** I understand. Chien, he....

**Ma:** What about him?

**Han:** He's not the same as us.

**Ma:** Absolutely right.

**Fang** (*earnestly*): You must be on your guard, Han. Although we're in a period of socialist construction, we still have sharp, complicated class struggle.

**Han** (*startled*): Class struggle? Comrade Fang, old Master Ma, I...

**Ma** (*kindly*): Whatever is on your mind, tell it to Hai-chen.

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

**Han:** I spilled that wheat sack, Comrade Fang.

**Ma:** You?

**Han** (*painfully*): But when I swept up the wheat, I didn't know there was any fibreglass around.

**Ma:** That fibreglass....

*(Chao enters with a dustpan, followed by dockers.)*

**Chao:** I've just been over to Brigade Nine. They're missing a dustpan. I found this one in our warehouse.

**Fang:** Ah.

**Han** (*comes forward, takes over the dustpan*): I've seen this one before.

**Chao:** Oh?

**Fang:** When?

**Han:** When we were moving the wheat.

**Fang:** Who was holding it?

**Han:** Chien.

**Fang:** Where?

**Han:** Near the smoking booth.

**Fang:** Where was he coming from?

**Han:** He'd been to Brigade Nine to see his son.

**Fang:** That's it, then. Chien brought the dustpan from Brigade Nine, with the fibreglass inside it, to where we were shifting the wheat....

**Chao:** But who spilled the sack?

**Han:** I did.

**Chao:** Why didn't you say so before?

**Han:** Because Chien.... Oh, I really hate that man.

**Dockers:** Chien's a dirty dog.

**Chao:** He dumped the fibreglass on the ground, so we've had a serious accident.

**Fang:** He also spread a lot of bourgeois ideas which are not easy to detect. That's even more serious.

**Chao:** Fang.... (*Apologetically*) Ai.... This has been a big lesson to me.

**Fang:** Yes, we all should learn from it, and turn a bad thing into a good.

**Han** (*close to tears*): Comrade Fang, I....

**Fang:** Because your thinking was scatter-brained your wheat also scattered. Because your ideas had gone wrong, your sack went wrong too.

**Han:** I.... (*Sings.*)

*I've been infected by bourgeois ideas, I can't forgive  
Myself for influencing our task to aid foreign countries.  
I've let down our class brothers, let down the Party,  
And made comrades spend all night in the warehouse and  
Comrade Kao go out on the stormy river.  
Punish me, Comrade Fang.*

**Fang:** Our comrades make strict demands on you, Han, in order to help and protect you. What are you crying about? So you've taken a fall. Get up and push on ahead.

**Ma:** You must listen to Chairman Mao from now on.

**Dockers:** We all must listen to Chairman Mao.

**Fang:** Chairman Mao teaches us to serve the people of China and the world wholly and entirely. That is our highest ideal. (*Sings.*)

*A gale of revolution is sweeping the world,  
Awakened people look to Peking.  
Mao Tse-tung's thought flies  
On the east wind's wings,  
On all five continents,  
Bugles sound the charge.*

*Steel-strong heroes in New China appear,  
Huang Chi-kuang, Lo Sheng-chiao,  
Yang Ken-szu, Chiu Shao-yun . . .  
Against U.S. imperialism, for the people,  
Bravely they advance, displaying a militant internationalism.  
Heroes by the millions we have without end;  
From them we must learn  
To fight to the end for world revolution,  
To be a never-rusting cog  
In the great revolutionary machine,  
This is the grand ideal  
Of every ardent revolutionary.*

*(The sky grows light. A hooter blows in the distance.)*

**Han:** The steam launch. Can that be Kao coming back?

**Fang:** Let's go and see.

*(Curtain)*

## SCENE SEVEN

### MORNING ON THE DOCKS

Time: Immediately following the previous scene.

Place: A corner of one of the docks.

As the curtain rises scarlet clouds herald the dawn of a joyous day and strike bright reflections on the river waves.

*(Kao enters in high spirits.)*

**Kao (sings):** *We return victorious to our docks,  
A glorious eastern sky, joy on both banks of  
The river. Last night we chased the lighter,  
Urged on by anxious lights along the shore.  
Waves broke against our chests, our backs  
Were drenched by gale-driven rain.  
Firmly we pressed on, eyes bright,*

*Steering the launch through the waves,  
Holding the red navigation lamp,  
Heads high, standing erect.  
Then we caught the lighter, and  
Our hearts burst into bloom . . .*

*(Voices offstage. Fang, Ma, Han and dockers surge in. They happily shake hands, smiling and cheering. Han goes out and returns with a sack of wheat, followed by Ting and Tao.)*

**Ma (sings):** *Our dockers have a will of steel.*

**Fang (warmly):** You men have had a hard night, Kao.

**Ma (excitedly):** Good work. You've brought back the spilled sack.

**Kao:** Yes, we've got it.

**Ma:** The foreign freighter?

**Kao:** It sailed on schedule.

**Fang:** We've traced the fibreglass to Chien.

**Kao:** Chien?

**Fang:** Preliminary investigation shows that he picked up a dustpan with fibreglass in it at Brigade Nine and spilled it in our loading area. This is a very serious matter. It nearly damaged our national reputation. We must investigate further and deal with the matter strictly.

**Kao:** Right. Who spilled the wheat sack?

**Han:** I did . . .

**Kao:** We're workers, Han. When we're wrong, we correct ourselves.

**Ting (enthusiastically):** You see, everybody welcomes your changed attitude. Chairman Mao says: "The world is yours, as well as ours, but in the last analysis, it is yours. You young people, full of vigour and vitality, are in the bloom of life, like the sun at eight or nine in the morning. Our hope is placed on you. . . . The world belongs to you. China's future belongs to you." Under no circumstances should we be unworthy of the hopes which our great leader Chairman Mao places in us.

**Han (grasping his hand):** I'll certainly never forget Chairman Mao's words. *(Turns to Fang.)* Give me back my request for a transfer.

*(Fang hands it to him. He tears it into shreds and tosses them in the river. Ma gives Fang the boy's identification card.)*

**Fang** *(returns it to Han)*: This card is an honour, Comrade Han. It represents our people's trust in you. You should cherish it more than your life.

**Han**: I definitely will listen to the Party, reform my thinking and be a revolutionary all my life.

**Fang**: We ought to put both the spilled sack and the dustpan in our class education exhibition.

**Kao**: Let them serve as a warning to us all.

**Fang**: We must always remember this lesson in the course of class struggle and the struggle for production.

**Han** *(steps forward)*: I'll carry the sack.

**Kao**: Good. *(Helps him raise it to his shoulder.)*

*(Han goes out with sack, then returns. Calling "Fang," Chao enters with a telegram.)*

**Chao**: Comrades, here's a telegram to our dockers' district from the foreign freighter with the rice.

*(Animation.)*

**Chao** *(reads)*: China's seaports are remarkable,  
Their loading efficiency is first-rate.  
Chinese dockers are famed throughout the world  
For their deep friendship and noble spirit.

*(Everyone talks and smiles. A long whistling is heard.)*

**Fang** *(sings)*: Thousands of ships, sail from our port,

**Dockers** *(sing)*: Across the seas to every continent.

**Fang** *(sings)*: Standing on the docks we gaze afar,

**Dockers** *(sing)*: Everywhere rise raging flames against imperialism.

**Fang** *(sings)*: The people of the world are all determined,

**Dockers** *(sing)*: Helping each other, we're mighty and strong.

*We dockers go with our Communist Party,  
Militantly we do what we say we'll do.*

*Holding the red flag high, we charge,*

*Rushing on towards communism.*

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

**Dockers** *(sing)*: The thought of Mao Tse-tung shall shine for ever more,  
The thought of Mao Tse-tung shall shine for ever more.

*(A glowing portrait of Chairman Mao is flashed on the backdrop.  
The curtain falls amidst heroic music.)*

*(The End)*

## Three Revolutionary Stories

### The Torch

It was drizzling one evening. Freighter S, a foreign vessel, had to cease its work of loading and unloading for the time being. The crew left the ship one after the other for the seamen's club. Only Amandu the cook, was not among them. Was there something the matter with him? Off duty, a Chinese inspector went aboard the ship to look him up.

Amandu shared a cabin in the fo'c's'le with other seamen. It was stuffy and the air there was foul. Amandu lay on a berth almost unable to move. His swollen face was black and blue, dried blood still remained at the sides of his mouth. At the sight of the Chinese friend whose acquaintance he had made the day before, he was overjoyed and tried to prop himself up. With pain and fury he related what had happened that day.

Before noon, Osborn, the second mate ordered Amandu to prepare a roast chicken specially for him. Amandu scorched the chic-

ken a little because his fire was too hot. But Osborn held that Amandu played a trick on him on purpose and apparently felt that his "dignity" as a white man had been assailed. So he made up his mind to punish him.

That evening when work was finished on Freighter S, neatly dressed and in high spirits, Amandu was ready to go ashore. As he was about to do so Osborn suddenly appeared on deck and punched him in the face. When this happened the seaman's identity card and seaman's permit in Amandu's hand were jolted into the water. Taken unawares, Amandu was knocked out on the spot. The crew heard the disturbance and hurried up. They would not let Osborn go and immediately took up the matter with the captain entering a complaint. But what made them very angry was that the captain shielded Osborn and declared that there was no charge against him.

As he told this Amandu raised his clenched fist and bit his thick lip with anger. A fierce flame of class hatred and rage was burning within him.

Hearing this story of Osborn's mean action, the Chinese inspector felt indignant. He helped Amandu make a strong protest to the captain. Finally the captain was compelled to lay the complaint against Osborn. After that the Chinese inspector took out a red book, an English edition of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and read this passage slowly to Amandu:

**"People of the world, unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs! People of the world, be courageous, dare to fight, defy difficulties and advance wave upon wave. Then the whole world will belong to the people. Monsters of all kinds shall be destroyed."**

Listening to this Amandu was greatly encouraged. He said excitedly, "Chairman Mao's words have given me courage I need in my life and struggle." When the inspector was about to go, Amandu requested, "Please leave this valuable book with me!"

That night Amandu was sent to hospital. In bed, he held the red book with both hands and read this line repeatedly: **"People of the world, unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs!"** Then he drew a torch with a red pencil at the left-hand corner

of the passage and said to a nurse, "Chairman Mao's words have kindled a fire in my heart and shown me the way I should go."

From then on, every morning Amandu read Chairman Mao's quotations aloud, one passage after another. Every word of Chairman Mao seemed to apply to the oppressed peoples and to light up in him a desire to do battle for them.

By sailing day Amandu had completely recovered. As he left the hospital he asked the nurse for a glittering Chairman Mao badge and showed his pleasure as he pinned it on his jacket carefully. Then he went back to Freighter S.

Some time later Freighter S berthed at the port of Shanghai again. This time Amandu did not come. According to one of the seamen in the ship, Amandu had quitted Freighter S and returned to his homeland where, together with some companions he had joined the guerrillas and was fighting for the independence and emancipation of his country. In letters to his friends he described his full life as a liberation fighter: "They sat around a cheerful bonfire and read the great leader Chairman Mao's works. Upholding the torch of revolution, they were planting on the tops of the mountains one red flag after another amidst songs of triumph. They were marching on the road pointed out by Chairman Mao to greet the dawn of African freedom."

## All Due to Chairman Mao

"Chairman Mao, you saved our lives. We thank you and your people from the bottom of our hearts and wish you a long life."

This is the message to the great teacher Chairman Mao from the Pakistani and Jordanian seamen who were rescued at sea off the coast south of Huitung County, Kwangtung Province when the Greek ship *SS. Captain G* struck a hidden rock and sank in a strong gale.

On the evening of August 21, 1968, when *SS. Captain G* was sailing with more than ten thousand tons of fertilizer towards Huitung County, a typhoon suddenly struck it. The ship's engines became useless and the ship struck the hidden rock and was cut into two.

One half remained wedged on the rock, the other when it broke off slipped into the sea.

The force of the wind did not abate, the huge waves kept beating down and the section of the ship with the crew on it was slowly settling. The seamen's lives were in danger.

That night Chinese commune members, militiamen and PLA soldiers heard about the disaster. They remembered the great leader Chairman Mao's teachings and took Dr. Norman Bethune as their example. In a spirit of internationalism, they rushed to the sea, put out and pushed through the dangerous wind and waves to rescue the seamen. With the ship already under water, the seamen were exhausted by hunger and as a result of being pounded by the waves. Some were seriously injured, others had lost consciousness. The Chinese rescuers gave them immediate treatment. When the victims recovered they found themselves lying in a comfortable room and saw standing before them a group of people with shining Chairman Mao badges on their breasts. On the wall they saw pictures of Chairman Mao and some of his quotations. The seamen were so moved that hot tears welled up in their eyes. They stuck up their thumbs and said in their appreciation: "Mao Tse-tung is great!" "China is good!"

With deep class feeling for our great leader, the seamen asked the Chinese workers for Chairman Mao badges.

The Chinese workers gave one to each of them. The seamen looked at the bright badges in their hands with great satisfaction. Excitedly they pressed the badges to their hearts and then pinned them on their breasts. There was so much they wanted to say, but it all boiled down to one sentence: "Mao Tse-tung is great! Long life to him!"

With medical treatment and careful looking after, the seamen got well very soon. On the day they left they tidied their clothes, pinned on the badges and admired themselves in the mirror. Then they stood beneath the portrait of Chairman Mao and took a picture to provide a memento of this happy occasion.

## Chairman Mao Is Our Hope

It was on board the liner "H." Kosoff, a Bulgarian seaman, walked over to a Chinese inspector and gave him a warm invitation to come to his cabin.

Kosoff took two wineglasses from the cabinet, filled them full to the brim and proposed a toast to the health of Chairman Mao. Then he clasped his guest's hands in his as if he were an old pal he had not seen for a long time. "I haven't had much sleep for three nights," he said in one breath, "I've been so looking forward to reaching a Chinese port as soon as possible so that I can go ashore to see for myself the great developments of the proletarian cultural revolution. I'm a regular listener to Radio Peking and I see that the revolution started and led by the great leader Chairman Mao himself is the key to the future of the revolutionary people of China and of the world."

Then he went on to tell his guest of his family and personal adventures.

Kosoff's father, a veteran Communist, sacrificed his life in struggle against the fascists. While he was dying he wrote his son a letter and enclosed a badge of Lenin. In this will he urged Kosoff to strive for the liberation of Bulgaria and of the whole of mankind.

Soon afterwards Kosoff joined the Communist Party and, full of faith, set himself to the task of building up his country. But when he came to see the way the Communist Party was hanging on the skirts of the Soviet revisionist ruling clique he became extremely angry.

One day his ship cast anchor in a Soviet harbour. As soon as he and his mates landed a few dubious characters came over furtively, making offers to buy American dollars and asking for foreign-made cigarettes. With his own eyes Kosoff had seen the Soviet working people living in broken-down houses and with diseased potatoes for food. He had also heard them speaking angrily about this, saying: "Look at our monthly wages which we count out in tens of roubles while the privileged few are collecting their thousands!" Kosoff paused

and sighed: "The red star on top of Moscow's Kremlin has grown dim after the death of Lenin and Stalin."

At this our inspector dipped into his pocket for a copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and gave it to his host as a present. The Bulgarian seaman, quite familiar with it, quickly thumbed the pages to the place he was looking for and read from it aloud: **"Revisionism is one form of bourgeois ideology. The revisionists deny the differences between socialism and capitalism, between the dictatorship of the proletariat and the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie. What they advocate is in fact not the socialist line but the capitalist line."**

Then Kosoff turned to the front of the book and looked at Chairman Mao's picture: "It's true Comrade Mao Tse-tung is the greatest Marxist-Leninist of the era. This great proletarian cultural revolution he has personally started and led makes it impossible for revisionism to emerge in China and reassures us about the world of tomorrow. We of the younger generation can now look forward to the future with hope."

Holding aloft the little red book, he said with emotion: "The day will come when the red star over the Kremlin will sparkle again. We the people of Bulgaria cherish a great love for Chairman Mao and we place our hope in him."

Filling his own glass, he brought a stool over, stood on it and touched the ceiling with the glass. He explained, "This is a custom of the Bulgarians to honour a great leader. May Chairman Mao live ten times ten thousand years!"

**EDITORS' NOTE:** During August and September, 1968, our great leader Chairman Mao issued his latest instructions: **"It is essential to bring into full play the leading role of the working class in the great cultural revolution and in all fields of work."** **"To accomplish the proletarian revolution in education, it is essential to have working-class leadership."** Under these instructions, Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams formed by industrial workers marched into the schools and colleges and all parts of the superstructure to lead the struggle-criticism-transformation. Many poems were written by workers, peasants and soldiers in honour of this historic event. Printed here are four of them.

*Tsai Yung-pin*

## Chairman Mao's Latest Instructions Spread

Chairman Mao's latest instructions spread,  
Like spring breeze bringing flowers in full blossom.  
Workers' propaganda teams enter the schools and colleges,  
Drums and gongs shake the earth and rise up to the sky.

---

Tsai Yung-pin is a postal worker.

Our song stirring, our steps in perfect trim,  
Our working class ranks are vigorous and strong.  
Lifting high red banners, loyal to the Party,  
Struggle-criticize-transform in every place of learning.

Culture is fathered by the worker and the peasant,  
The reversal of history must be now set right!  
Have you heard "Workers don't understand education"?  
Where find stupidity to equal this?

With Mao Tse-tung's unconquerable thought in mind,  
We can smash the schools' old bourgeois yoke,  
We'll bury the revisionist line in education,  
Begin a revolutionary era of proletarian education.

*Hsing Shu-ti*

## Marching Song

Chairman Mao's latest instructions shake the earth,  
Factories and mills send out propaganda teams.

Roaring along the surging torrent's flow,  
The working class marches to colleges and schools.

Stepping out strongly, banners red as fire,  
Our class is the one which conquers all.

The campuses are decked with colour in the sun,  
To greet the propaganda teams as they arrive.

---

Hsing Shu-ti is a PLA man.

Revolutionary students and teachers with tears of joy,  
Grasp tight the hands that open the earth and sky.

In turbulent waves surge the rivers and seas,  
The struggle-criticism-transformation together we'll achieve.

Entering the schools, memories come to mind,  
Contrasting past with present, high tides flood our minds.

For many years and many generations long,  
The gate of every school did bar our class.

For many generations and many years long,  
The institutions were subject to those bourgeois hands.

Under the heavy weight of the three big mountains,\*  
Workers were turned to beasts of burden then.

The more we recall, the greater is our hatred,  
In our hearts the anger blazes like white coals.

The cultural revolution like an avalanche moves on,  
The working class rises and charges forward.

Through all parts of the superstructure battles rage,  
On the field of education our red banners we will raise.

Propaganda teams now in our schools take root,  
Breaking the grasp of the bourgeois intellectuals.

---

\*Referring to the reactionary forces of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism.

Lifting the red precious books and revolutionary banners,  
Smash completely the old system in education.

The mass repudiation and transformation press ahead,  
All our mountains and rivers will be dyed with red.

As the peak of the high mountain supports the sky,  
The working class shall always lead the way.

On and on runs the speeding train of time,  
Drawn by the engine of the working class.

Sunflowers face the sun, stars surround the Dipper,  
Closely the working class follows Chairman Mao.

Riding through dense forests, blazing a new trail,  
Goes the working class, most thorough in revolution.

Petrels strike at the waves, eagles pierce the clouds,  
The working class is the main force in the three great revolutions.\*

Wheels flying, furnace blazing against the sky,  
On the "calloused hands" will building communism depend.

Who says the "amateur" can't lead the "professional"?  
In running the schools workers reveal their abilities.

Each class speaks a language of its own,  
The working class has earned the name of teacher.

---

\*Referring to class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment.

Our great commander waves his signalling hand,  
The working class marches and we must aid.

Following our Chairman's great strategic plan,  
We'll sail undaunted through the wildest storm.

Chairman Mao's latest instructions like the wind,  
Bring a breath of spring into all the schools.

In the field of education shoot up sturdy pines,  
Red successors emerge in numbers beyond counting.

*Yung Chung-tung*

## On to the Battlefield of Educational Revolution

### Setting off

The moment I knock off, on my hammer to rest,  
Smudged all over with pleasant-smelling grease,  
Notice to set off comes into my hand,  
My heart thumps so, I cannot find a word.

Outside the shop cymbals and drums hurrying,  
At the gate fire-crackers deafening,  
But over all, rise up the farewell cries:  
"Salute! Salute the propaganda team!  
To the battlefield they'll go!"

First one under the banner stands Li,  
Veteran captain of the pickets in the historic strike;

---

Yung Chung-tung belongs to an airforce unit at Wuhan.

Close by is Master Wang who in the old society  
Swallowed such a bitter cup, totally wronged;  
Among others too is Chen Hsiang-yang,  
A PLA man here to support the Left.

Ready to start, precious book held high,  
To Chairman Mao the team gives loyal pledge:  
"By your command ready now for action,  
Holding aloft the crimson-streaming flag,  
To the battle front, off we march!"

### Mounting the Platform

Master Wang's eyes flaming hot  
The whole classroom does begin to smoulder.  
Holding the little red book,  
Up the platform he walks.  
With force like a bolt from the sky,  
This is what he says:

"When in the past the *haves* a mill would build  
Its walls were but the *have-nots'* flesh piled up,  
Workers' blood and sweat mixed into the plaster,  
From their dry bones its every girder made.

"Once I carried the boss' daughter  
To school in a sedan-chair.  
Gnawed away by hunger, legs waning,  
There I went — rolling down the roadside.  
As cruel as his master, the arrogant lackey  
Rained lashes on my chest."



His finger on the scars, Master Wang's heart  
Bursts into flames of wrath:  
Oh, the whipping and the blood and tears,  
The thongs have left a network of stripes,  
Every mark a tally in that bitter score  
Which he must settle without fail.

"Liu Shao-chi and capitalists are birds of a feather,  
He but a renegade, traitor, one of the gang  
Of Chiang Kai-shek the bandit,  
Crouching for years in schools and colleges,  
His poisonous revisionism to spread,  
His target ever in his mind —  
Rearing up young followers in his wake.

"Give ear, wolf Liu Shao-chi in your sheep's skin,  
To change the colour of the nation —

It's but a fantasy!"  
Waves of anger surging within,  
Master Wang thumps the floor in anger.

"Chairman Mao sends us workers  
To halls of higher learning;  
In our hands lies power to carry out  
Struggle-criticism-transformation.  
The 'unschooled' will for ever take the floor;  
Give up the stage of history?  
Never! Never! Never! must our answer be."

Within the hearts of the young fighters  
His words bring hatred of the enemy;  
Resounding throughout the room  
Thunderous clappings and loud cries:  
"Chairman Mao has sent us dear ones,  
We'll hold aloft the red banner  
And follow close wherever they tread!"

### Master Li at the Repudiation Meeting

Turning, Master Li's angry eyes  
Focus on the capitalist roader,  
His piercing words sound clear,  
Strong enough to cut fine steel:

"What are you driving at when you mumble:  
The propaganda team is good but...  
How can any school be run  
By the 'unschooled' the rough workers?"

"Look, now that Chairman Mao himself  
Power has given into our hand,

If we don't rule the school,  
Who will? Who can?

"Let's peel off your outer layer  
And then let's look inside,  
You are the big boss  
Of the 'black' dyeing works.

"Your one concern was to envenom  
With 'black' poison the young in your hands,  
Screeching, 'Study to be a big success!'

"Towards children of workers and peasants  
It's bitter hatred that you bear,  
Trying all your tricks to wall them off.

"This is but a capitalist tune you play,  
In service of Liu Shao-chi himself  
And his attempt to change the country's hue.

"From Chairman Mao come now his latest words;  
Their golden message makes the matter clear  
That now the workers rule and you are doomed.

"Most loyal to our leader we 'unschooled,'  
To save the future will ever keep your kind  
Firmly beneath the proletarian thumb.

"Struggle-criticism-transformation —  
With contempt, the high tide we raise up  
Shall throw you down and wash off each disguise.

"This is where we stay, to exercise power  
In the houses of higher learning  
Till the world becomes red all over!"

*Shih Hsueh-tung*

## A Living Lesson

Lift up your voices and sing songs of praise,  
Let iron arms beat the rejoicing gongs,  
The workers must exercise leadership in everything,  
Let's celebrate; our joy cannot be held.

Here comes Master Chang, already in his sixties,  
Big banner on shoulder, his face wrinkling in joy;  
Feet moving in firm strides, and  
Grinning with delight, betrays his missing tooth.

"Come forward, young students!  
The 'toil-taught' has a lesson to give. . . ."  
Ripping back his shirt, he points at his chest,  
The web of whip-marks lays bare.

What is oppression, exploitation?  
Hardships, hunger, famine?  
Clear well-grounded logic, honest presentation,  
And those simple words,  
How they drive home!

Who says "Exploitation merits reward"?  
It's only a fantastical venture  
On us shackles to forge.  
"Down with Liu Shao-chi!"  
Show exactly what he stands for —  
This our resolve will be.

Him we'll expose, accuse, repudiate  
On an ever greater scale,  
Flames of hate burning  
In the hearts of all.  
Let's bury to the last inch  
His revisionist educational line  
In the overwhelming tidal waves  
Of struggle-criticism-transformation,  
As powerful as the Yellow River in spate. . . .

## Dockers Hail the Performance of "On the Docks"

**Wu Feng-chien** (veteran worker in the Third Loading District, Shanghai Port Affairs Bureau):

*On the Docks*, the modern revolutionary Peking opera, is a good drama. It puts dockers on the stage for the first time. Like *The Red Lantern* and *Shachiapang* and other revolutionary modern operas, it appeared only after a sharp and complicated struggle. Chairman Mao took a personal interest and Comrade Chiang Ching assumed direct leadership of its production.

Chairman Mao teaches us that to win victory in the revolution we must rely both on our armed forces and on our cultural forces. This is a very wise instruction. Under the sage leadership of the Party and Chairman Mao, we used armed revolutionary strength to defeat armed counter-revolutionary strength, and won our liberation in 1949.

But in the seventeen years since the founding of the People's Republic, the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party controlled our theatres. There, they gave free rein to dramas praising feudalism and capitalism. They filled the stage with kings and aristocrats and lords and ladies who flaunted their wealth and position, and oppressed and insulted the labouring people.

I often felt that in our new society, although we working people had risen to our feet in the political sense, we were still under feudal and bourgeois rule on the stages of our theatres. I remember one spring festival holiday. I went to the theatre in high spirits. But what did I see there? A landlord's pampered daughter with a crowd of servants dancing attendance on her. The servants were hit and cursed. I couldn't stand it. I got so mad I went home before the end. After that, I never felt much like going to the theatre.

It's only now I realize that in the years since liberation our theatre was in the hands of the little clique of capitalist roaders and the counter-revolutionary revisionists. They peddled absurd ideas like "We needn't insist on reflecting present-day life," and "Different types of theatre should deal with different subjects." They were trying to use the theatre to create public sentiment for the restoration of capitalism.

*On the Docks* is a revolutionary modern Peking opera. Its successful presentation has been a hard slap in the face for the handful of capitalist roaders and counter-revolutionary revisionists. It smashes their dream of making a counter-revolutionary comeback. We have seized back our authority over the theatre.

The opera portrays the heroic images of dockers who hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. People like Fang Hai-chen and Kao Chih-yang act according to Chairman Mao's instructions at all times and in all things. Bold and determined, they do their work with the utmost care. They are concerned about national and world affairs, they are concerned about their class brothers. When I see our dockers standing proudly on the stage, their eyes on Tien An Men, the whole world in their hearts, I know that we workers not only have mounted the political stage, we've mounted

the theatrical stage as well. The more I think of it, the happier and more excited I feel.

Under the great leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, we dockers have become masters of the country, as you can see in *On the Docks*. The difference between this and the days before liberation, when we couldn't even go near the docks without a work ticket, is the difference between heaven and hell.

I began working on the docks at the age of twenty, and I'm fifty-eight today. I've known many a robust class brother who could carry a load of hundreds of catties on his back. But in the old society, because we never had enough to eat and wear, because we were beaten and cursed and harmed in all sorts of ways, many ended up roaming the streets, and were found frozen or starved to death.

We refused to accept this oppression and exploitation. Under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao, we joined together and bravely fought battle after battle against exploitation and oppression and the feudal work gang bosses. We couldn't afford to go to the theatre in the old society, but today we are portrayed on the stage. This proves what Chairman Mao says in the *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*: **"If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people; it must be one or the other."**

The new opera describes our finest personalities on the docks. Retired docker Ma Hung-liang taught me a lot and made a deep impression on me. Although he has retired from his job, he hasn't retired in his thinking. He's happy the moment he sets foot on the docks again. He loves them. His heart is linked with the cause of the revolution.

Ma is very concerned about the development of the younger generation, the successors to the revolutionary cause. He feels that, as a veteran, this is his absolute duty. He not only sees the new aspects of the docks and savours the sweetness of the new society, but he bears always in mind the bitterness of the old society. And so, he has a limitless love for the Party and Chairman Mao.

The opera also reflects the fact that we dockers are doing our part to support the people's revolutions all over the world. This is a very inspiring thing.

During the great proletarian cultural revolution we have denounced the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party and thoroughly criticized and repudiated the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art. This is a great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. It provides very favourable conditions for the creation of more revolutionary Peking operas on contemporary themes.

We dockers not only support *On the Docks*, we support the production of all revolutionary modern drama. We are convinced that the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers will always dominate our stages and will banish the kings and aristocrats, the lords and ladies for ever.

**Liu Fu-chu** (assistant leader, Brigade Nine, Third Loading District, Shanghai Port Affairs Bureau):

*On the Docks*, a modern revolutionary Peking opera, does something which Peking opera never did before. For the first time, men who were "coolies" in the old society are presented on the stage. The successful performance of this drama shows that we workers are politically masters of our socialist society, and that we have been liberated culturally as well. This is a great encouragement to us.

The drama portrays the spiritual face of us dockers in our new society. We are very familiar with the kind of people and events the opera describes. In the old society dockers had no regular employment. We had to get up at three or four in the morning, rush to the gate of the dock area and line up for work tickets. If you got there late, they were gone, and you had no work that day. Injury and death on the job were common. Every day we saw corpses floating on the Huangpu River. The dockers' history is one of blood and tears.

After the People's Republic was established, politically we rose to our feet and became masters of our country. We changed the docks thoroughly, mechanizing the work and eliminating heavy physical labour.

But we didn't see much change in the theatre. The stage was populated by lords and ladies, emperors and aristocrats. Bad plays like *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* were put on, viciously attacking the Party.

In 1942, in his *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, Chairman Mao said: **"All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use."**

But a handful of capitalist roaders had taken control of literature and art. These rascals didn't act according to Chairman Mao's instructions, they weren't willing to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, they didn't want to put on revolutionary modern dramas.

For example, the comrades of the *On the Docks* Performance Group came to our Third Loading District to get the feel of our work and atmosphere. They had to struggle to create that opera. The first time they appeared on our docks was several years ago. But after working on the story for a while, they had to stop again. We heard that some "big shot" was very critical of the play. The leadership of the Peking Opera Theatre of Shanghai wasn't keen on it being produced either. They transferred the men writing it to the "Hai Jui" company. It's very clear now that this was because a counter-revolutionary revisionist line was in operation in literature and art at the time.

*On the Docks* truly portrays the heroic images of our dockers. It shows our energy, our revolutionary spirit of being "physically present on the docks, but having the whole country in our hearts, the whole world on our mind." We feel very close to these workers, and we learn from them.

Kao, leader of the section, sings: "Neither high mountains nor wide seas can stop us from waging revolution; our deep friendship we shall send to all corners of the earth." These words come right from the hearts of New China's dockers. Lately, in order to do our work faster, we've been pitching in fearlessly. As proletarian revolutionaries, we dare to speak, act, drive ahead and make revolution. We dockers are determined to make new contributions during the course of our great proletarian cultural revolution.

The Peking opera *On the Docks*, in which Chairman Mao has taken a warm interest and whose production Comrade Chiang Ching has led personally, is now being successfully performed. It not only brings dockers on to the stage, it revolutionizes Peking opera. The Shanghai troupe took the opera to Peking to let our great leader Chairman Mao see how militantly we dockers are carrying on. This makes us happier than we can say.

**Chao Shan-yang** (Third Loading District, Shanghai Port Affairs Bureau):

For the first time in history *On the Docks*, a modern revolutionary Peking opera, presents dockers striding masterfully upon the stage. This is a great victory for the thought of Mao Tse-tung in literature and art.

The opera depicts the struggle between advanced proletarian thinking, personified by such outstanding representatives of the working class as Party branch secretary Fang Hai-chen and loading section chief Kao Chih-yang, and bourgeois thinking, as manifested by warehouse keeper Chien Shou-wei. It reflects the class struggle on our docks, particularly the ideological aspect of it.

Fang is a good cadre, educated by Mao Tse-tung's thought. Kao is a good worker armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Their class stand is firm, they distinguish sharply between what they love and hate. Standing high and gazing far, they demonstrate the grand sentiments and lofty thinking of our working class.

They adhere constantly to Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Never forget class struggle,"** applying it at all times in all matters to analyse and settle problems, winning victory after victory in class struggle and the struggle for production.

Class struggle also took place before the opera could be put on. It extended over several years. At first some of the writers and directors followed the tone set by the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party and drew a dismal picture of the docks. The workers were interested only in money. Han, a young docker, was vilified as a negative character. All this was completely in keeping with writing

about "middle characters" as advocated by counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang and his adherents.

Comrade Chiang Ching, bold standard-bearer of the great proletarian cultural revolution, led the revolutionary literary and art fighters in a determined battle. During the cultural revolution they smashed the sinister revisionist line in literature and art, and Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line won complete victory. This greatly bolstered the spirit of the working class and deflated the arrogance of the bourgeoisie.

In the opera, Party branch secretary Fang stresses proletarian politics, and studies and applies Chairman Mao's works creatively. She constantly uses Mao Tse-tung's thought to analyse what is taking place around her. "Don't feel that all is serene on the docks. The port of Shanghai is a raging battlefield," she says, to arouse herself and educate the masses and raise everyone's revolutionary vigilance. Chien, a warehouse keeper with reactionary ideas, wants to transform our port in conformity with his bourgeois world outlook. He tries in subtle ways to corrupt young docker Han. Fang firmly opposes this bourgeois ideological attack. She insists that the port be transformed in a proletarian manner. She educates and arms the young workers with Mao Tse-tung's thought, training proletarian successors to the cause of the revolution.

Chairman Mao's most recent directive says: **"Our country has 700 million people, and the working class is the leading class. It is essential to bring into full play the leading role of the working class in the great cultural revolution and in all fields of work."** *On the Docks* fully reflects the revolutionary spirit and heroic will of our working class. They are all for others, with no thought of self, and show an extreme sense of responsibility to the revolution, working entirely in the interests of the people.

As we see from the developments in the play after the accident of the spilled sack, the workers are not afraid of hardships and sacrifice. Theirs is a revolutionary spirit of daring to cross mountains of knives and seas of fire. Although physically they are on the docks, the whole country and all the world is their concern. Seeing this opera is an education and a great encouragement.

Today, we dockers, like the hundreds of millions of revolutionaries throughout the country, are holding aloft the red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. We are bringing into reality Chairman Mao's latest directives, and are advancing the struggle-criticism-transformation phases of the cultural revolution to high tide.

Not only in grasping revolution and promoting production must our working class serve as models. We must lead always in all things. We must for ever dominate the theatre and fight for the development of new proletarian literature and art.

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*Follow Closely Chairman Mao's Great  
Strategic Plan (gouache) ▶*



## Peasants Criticize the Revisionist Line in Literature and Art

**EDITORS' NOTE:** The Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team, the poor and lower-middle peasants and the revolutionary cadres of the Yangtougang Brigade, Chengkuan Commune in Fangshan County, Peking Municipality, recently held a meeting at which they criticized and denounced the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art whose representative was Chou Yang and whose chief backer was Liu Shao-chi. Below is a transcript of the highlights of the meeting.

**Chen Chi-yueh** (commune member and militiaman, former poor peasant): Our great leader Chairman Mao has called on proletarian writers and artists to sing the praises of the proletariat and the revolutionary people. In the *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* he said: "Why should we not eulogize the people, the creators of the history of mankind? Why should we not eulogize the proletariat, the Communist Party, New Democracy and socialism?"

These supreme instructions go right to the heart of all labouring people. Take us poor and lower-middle peasants. Under the great leadership of Chairman Mao, we've produced heroes without number during the period of socialist revolution and socialist construction. Chairman Mao says in his poem *Snow*: **"To find men truly great and noble-hearted we must look here in the present."** That's an absolute fact.

Proletarian heroes in books, on the stage and in the films can encourage and educate the people. But the representatives of the bourgeoisie who wormed their way into the arts and their sinister backers — the handful of top capitalist roaders within the Party, took a bourgeois reactionary stand. The heroes the people loved and praised, they examined with a microscope, picking petty fault, claiming that they weren't true to life, that they'd been prettified. These gentry ran up their tattered banner and howled that all authors must "write the truth."

Men speak according to their class. What the counter-revolutionary revisionists mean by "write the truth" is to distort and vilify our beautiful socialist society in every way and advertise and promote capitalism. The poor and lower-middle peasants in our village got a good taste of their "truth." Do you remember what happened in 1962? The class struggle in China and internationally was very acute that year. Liu Shao-chi sent the counter-revolutionary revisionist Wu Leng-hsi to our brigade....

**Wang Jui** (chairman of the brigade's Revolutionary Committee): I remember it well. That fellow heard what a few of our well-to-do middle peasants who had capitalist tendencies were saying, and his counter-revolutionary instincts told him this fitted in exactly with what he and his backer Liu Shao-chi wanted: He began preaching that according to the "true ideas" of the "peasants" the teams should leave the brigades and divide into still smaller teams, and that each family should be responsible only for a fixed output quota to be produced in a particular field. He even advised me to become leader of one of the smaller teams after Team Two, that I belong to, would split up.

But what really was the situation? The truth was that we poor and lower-middle peasants of Team Two, every one of us, wanted to go with Chairman Mao on the broad bright road of socialism. We refused to split up our team or adopt the "fixing of output quotas based on household" system. In less than half a month we hooted that fellow out.

If you ask me, Liu Shao-chi, the top capitalist roader within the Party, and his representatives in literature and art wanted to "write the truth" so as to clear the way for a restoration of capitalism. We poor and lower-middle peasants refused to be taken in.

Different classes have different conceptions of the truth, different conceptions of literature and art. We read Chairman Mao's works, follow his teachings, and travel the bright highway he has pointed out. This is the very essence of our truth. During the cultural revolution our brigade's Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team produced programmes like *Don't Forget Class Bitterness*, *Always Remember Bloody Tears of Hatred*. These items praise the heroism of the poor and lower-middle peasants in overthrowing the landlords and resolutely taking the shining road of socialism. That's what I call really good, really true.

**Chen Chi-yueh:** To disguise themselves, sometimes the counter-revolutionary revisionists also talked of "writing about heroes." Actually they went out of their way to create "heroes" who were full of faults and had deeply troubled, complex personalities. These characters had nothing in common with genuine worker, peasant and soldier heroes, but were simply neurotic reactionaries. This is perfectly obvious. For who were the people who felt "miserable" in socialist China? Who were the complicated individuals that were neither ghost nor human? Who except the traitors and spies, the die-hard capitalist roaders, the landlords, rich peasants and counter-revolutionaries, the bad elements and rightists? Their stand is reactionary. They hate our worker, peasant and soldier heroes to the marrow of their bones.

A landlord in our village said venomously to a commune member who had once been a poor peasant: "Why work so hard? You'll kill yourself."

We poor and lower-middle peasants had exposed his crimes at mass meetings and divided up his land. Of course he hates us bitterly. With us in control, his power is finished.

The rascals who made and promoted the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art supported the class enemies and puffed them up. They used fancy tricks to speak on their behalf. To this counter-revolutionary collusion they gave the high-sounding name — “a deepening of realism.” Some “deepening”! They went deeper into the thoughts and emotions of the bourgeoisie, deeper into the capitalist mire. They wanted to drag us back to the sufferings of the old days. But we poor and lower-middle peasants are armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung. We mercilessly exposed them, thoroughly criticized and repudiated them, smashed their criminal plot to restore capitalism.

**Wang Jui: “History is made by the people.”** It is only right that literature and art should portray worker, peasant and soldier heroes. In an editor’s note to *Chen Hsueh-meng, a Leader in Building Co-operatives*, Chairman Mao says: **“There are tens of thousands of such heroes in China, but unfortunately, authors have not yet sought them out.”** The counter-revolutionary revisionists savagely opposed Mao Tse-tung’s thought in the fields of literature and art. Not only didn’t they depict revolutionary heroes, they devoted reams of paper to describing the “middle characters” — typically superstitious, backward individuals, lawless and undisciplined. In the countryside they were the loafers, the stumbling blocks on the road to socialism.

Counter-revolutionary writers spent many pages on such characters, even holding them forth as heroes. Their aim was to spread doubts and suspicions about the socialist road and to create dissatisfaction with it, to confuse the people’s thinking and lure them towards capitalism. That was something we poor and lower-middle peasants would never consent to, not in a million years.

How could a few clowns stop the rushing torrent of socialism? How could a few poisonous mists obscure the heroic figures of workers, peasants and soldiers who constantly emerge in the revolu-

tionary struggle and the struggle for production? Led by the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought, our workers, peasants and soldiers have, once and for all, taken possession of the realm of literature and art. Ours is a new era, an era of heroes, in which the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, our great standard, has become universal throughout the land. All our lives we shall sing of our great leader Chairman Mao, of his thought, his revolutionary line, and the tens of thousands of revolutionary heroes armed with his thought.

**Hsu Teh-shui** (commune member in charge of the brigade’s Mao Tse-tung’s thought propaganda team and former lower-middle peasant): Chairman Mao, in the *Talks*, teaches us: **“In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines.”** He says literature and art should operate as **“powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy.”** Without question, our proletarian literature and art should stress important revolutionary themes.

Which themes are important? Starting with a definite stand in the struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines, writers and artists should severely criticize Liu Shao-chi’s counter-revolutionary revisionist line and all types of bourgeois thought. With the utmost enthusiasm, they should praise our great leader Chairman Mao, his invincible thought and his revolutionary line. They should sing of how workers, peasants and soldiers, under his leadership, have frustrated the attempt to restore capitalism, strengthened the dictatorship of the proletariat and waged epic struggles. They should extol the tens of thousands of heroes these struggles have brought forth.

But what kind of rot did Liu Shao-chi preach? “Dramas harmless to our cause can be performed. The harmful ones can be revised.” “Don’t feel that just because something isn’t a present-day drama it should be slighted. Entertainment, relaxation, all increase socialist enthusiasm.”

His flunkies followed their master's reactionary logic, and invented a theory of opposition to "subject matter as the decisive factor," saying that authors "should choose any themes they please." What this actually meant was a refusal to permit dealing with important themes which served proletarian politics and inciting writers to concentrate on kings and ministers, lords and ladies, instead. The aim was to resurrect these spooks, so that they and the landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, rascals and rightists could run freely about, spreading their poison.

Counter-revolutionary revisionist Lu Ting-yi revealed this plainly. "In the old days the small capitalists had a hard time, though the workers had it harder," he said. "If you don't know how to write about workers, write about the small bosses."

And the revisionist authors did indeed write about small bosses, like the one in *The Shop of the Lin Family*. This was in order to hawk Liu Shao-chi's dictum — "exploitation has its merits," to bemoan the poor bosses' "hardships," to call back the soul of capitalism from the dead.

Liu Shao-chi and his gang of counter-revolutionary revisionists were a pack of heartless wolves. We poor and lower-middle peasants were oppressed and exploited in the old society. Now we've risen to our feet as masters. Can we let that theory of opposition to "subject matter as the decisive factor," continue to stand? Certainly not, since it serves the class enemy. **"All erroneous ideas, all poisonous weeds, all ghosts and monsters, must be subjected to criticism; in no circumstance should they be allowed to spread unchecked."**

**Chang Shu-chun** (commune member, formerly a poor peasant, member of Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team): The gang who were peddling a counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art pushed a concept which they called "the broad path of realism." They felt that the path of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers hampered their freedom to restore capitalism, so they wanted to open another "broad" road. Last year revolutionary students from the Peking Drama School came to work in our village. They told

us that for years Peng Chen and his counter-revolutionary revisionist clique had been compelling the school to stage many dramas about kings and ministers, lords and ladies. Peng Chen often got the young people up in the middle of the night to perform plays for him about the ancient, the dead and the wicked.

Was this just for entertainment? No. The revisionists were promoting "the broad path of realism" in order to oppose directly Chairman Mao's line in literature and art of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and to lure us down the dead-end road of restoring capitalism. In our opinion, the road of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers is the broadest and brightest road. No other road goes through.

**Kao Yi** (commune member, former poor peasant): That's right. Liu Shao-chi's line that any subject matter would do was simply a way of opposing Chairman Mao. Our literature and art, Chairman Mao teaches, **"... are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use."** But that gang of reactionaries wanted authors to write about landlords, rich peasants and capitalists, to take the reactionary stand of the exploiting classes, to praise and prettify them.

Peng Chen had the nerve to say that "Many landlords and rich peasants have changed and become members of the farming co-ops." Those cannibals, those blood-suckers, oppressed and exploited us all our lives. Could their real nature change? It's perfectly clear that the Liu Shao-chi gang and the landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and rightists were birds of a feather. They wanted to reverse the wheels of history and force us to return to the dark days of the old society. We poor and lower-middle peasants will overthrow that bunch come what may.

**Chao Lin-yu** (commune member, former poor peasant): Liu Shao-chi and his gang, because they represented the interests of the exploiting classes, sweated to make the old masters and mistresses and their spoiled brats dominate our theatres and books. They were the same merchandise as the kings and ministers, the lords and ladies, the landlords and rich peasants, the counter-revolutionaries, the bad

elements and the rightists. There's a lot of class struggle in books, dramas and films. We certainly will always remember the words of our great leader Chairman Mao: **"Never forget class struggle."**

**Chang Shu-chun:** Waving their signboards of opposition to "subject matter as the decisive factor" and while touting "the broad path of realism," the class enemy was actually engaging us in class warfare. We saw a poisonous film called *Nightless City*. It prettified the capitalists, caricatured the workers and preached the "dying out of class struggle." The aim was to dull our revolutionary will and thus make it easier for the reactionaries to realize their criminal scheme of restoring capitalism. We must sharpen our revolutionary vigilance and thoroughly refute the class enemy's absurd and reactionary theories.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"We should support whatever the enemy opposes and oppose whatever the enemy supports."** The programmes we put on should serve politics. They should co-ordinate with the main task of the moment and enthusiastically spread Mao Tse-tung's thought. During the cultural revolution we staged an item called *Don't Forget Class Bitterness, Always Remember Bloody Tears of Hatred*. Because it was closely in step with the movement and gave class education, the people liked it very much. It was a big education to us, too.

**Chao Hung-chen** (commune member, former poor peasant, member of Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team): We are following the broad road of proletarian revolutionary literature and art pointed out by Chairman Mao, which means that in our cultural works we sing the praises of the workers, peasants and soldiers with the fullest warmth and portray them as the masters. We shall make literature and art serve proletarian politics always and take important revolutionary matters, first and foremost, as the themes for our creations. During the cultural revolution, our Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team produced a dance *Long Life to Chairman Mao*, as well as skits and songs extolling heroes, and numbers criticizing and repudiating Liu Shao-chi. This was a victory for Chairman Mao's pro-

letarian revolutionary line in literature and art. We shall push forward for ever along the shining road Chairman Mao has indicated.

**Chen Chi-yueh:** Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is the central task and the highest form of revolution."** **"Comrades throughout the Party must never forget this experience for which we have paid in blood."** Today we are using literature and art to reflect and teach people's war precisely because **"Every Communist must grasp the truth, 'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.'"** When our books and films were about revolutionary war, the Liu Shao-chi gang hated them and were very frightened. They wrote various things themselves, but nothing about the armed seizure of political power, because they were opposed to it. They feared the revolutionary "smell of gunpowder." But we workers, peasants and soldiers love it. All over the country, under the wise leadership of Chairman Mao, the people used guns to win a red New China. This was a great victory for Chairman Mao's concepts of people's war. The Liu Shao-chi gang fought tooth and nail to prevent our artistic creations from depicting people's war, and substituted weak sticky stuff in an attempt to paralyse our revolutionary will.

Were they really against the use of guns? Not at all. They schemed every minute to get the guns into their own hands. We dug out of landlords' and rich peasants' homes, during the cultural revolution, all sorts of old title deeds and debt records, which proves that the class enemy has not been asleep. They've been sharpening their knives and hoping day and night for a capitalist restoration. If the counter-revolutionary revisionists thought they could cover up for the class enemy and dull our revolutionary determination by opposing the "smell of gunpowder" in our literature and art, they were out of their minds.

**Chang Yung-li** (commune member, former poor peasant, political instructor): Chairman Mao says: **"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."** This is absolutely true. Our literature

and art must present revolutionary armed struggle in a big way and make the revolutionary "smell of gunpowder" good and strong. Revolutionary model theatrical creations like *Shachiapang*, *Red Detachment of Women* and *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, whose production our dear and respected Comrade Chiang Ching personally supervised, all radiate with the glory of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, all stress armed struggle. We poor and lower-middle peasants hail them with joy.

In the documentary film *The Red Sun Illuminates the Ballet Stage* we saw a few scenes from the ballet, *The White-Haired Girl*, in which the spirit of revolt of the girl and her father has been strengthened and armed struggle is stressed. That's just what we poor and lower-middle peasants want to see. Our village put on a show *Militia Women*, during the cultural revolution, which also was welcomed by the poor and lower-middle peasants. That was because it showed our common desire to defend our socialist land.

**Chao Hung-chen:** We love the revolutionary "smell of gunpowder." Tens of millions of revolutionary martyrs died heroically so that we might have a happy life today. We must treasure this happy life and never forget the bitterness of the past. Even more, we must remember how these good days were won.

Countless class brothers and sisters are still being exploited and oppressed all over the world. The imperialists and domestic reactionaries will not accept their own destruction. If we don't grasp our guns tightly, how can we defeat enemies who are armed to the teeth, how can we defend our socialist motherland?

We shall never forget class struggle and the dictatorship of the proletariat. We shall raise our revolutionary vigilance a hundred-fold and grasp our guns tightly until all pests and vermin are completely exterminated.

## Chronicle

### Tenth Anniversary of the Publication of Chairman Mao's Splendid Poem "Farewell to the God of Plague" Celebrated

1968 marks the tenth anniversary of our great leader Chairman Mao making public his splendid poem *Farewell to the God of Plague*. To celebrate this, a grand rally attended by over ten thousand people was held in Kiangsi Province.

This magnificent poem was composed to mark the wiping out of schistosomiasis which had wrought havoc for years in Yukiang County of that province. Caused by infestation of the blood by a parasitic fluke called schistosomes, this crippling disease had been prevalent in many parts of the countryside of old China. After liberation the broad masses of the working people, under the brilliant leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao, displaying the revolutionary spirit of daring to think and to act, adopted a series of active measures against it. They effectively put an end to the threat of epidemics that had been seriously undermining the health of the people like the god of pestilence. In June 1958 Yukiang County where schistosomes had been most rampant succeeded in exterminating the water snail, the intermediate host, and so wiped out schistosomiasis, bringing about a fundamental improvement in the health situation of the local peasants. On July 1 Chairman Mao wrote this poem, speaking highly of the revolutionary spirit of the broad masses of the working people.

In the past decade the work of schistosomiasis-prevention and treatment in Kiangsi, guided by Mao Tse-tung's invincible thought and inspired by his immortal poem, has shown still greater successes. In the footsteps of Yukiang quite a number of regions in the province have wiped out schistosomiasis, the face of the infested areas has been everywhere changed and tens of thousands of people stricken by this disease have been given treatment and regained their health. Yukiang — the red standard-bearer on the front of schistosomiasis-prevention, with its initial victory consolidated, has gained fresh ones and presents new signs of welfare and prosperity.

On October 3, 1968 more than fifteen thousand representatives of the workers, peasants and soldiers and the revolutionary masses from all parts of Kiangsi gathered together at the Yukiang county seat for a grand celebration of the tenth anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's poem *Farewell to the God of Plague*. Representing various circles, proud and triumphant in spirit, they looked back on the decade's magnificent successes they had scored, under the illumination of Chairman Mao's thought, in disease-prevention and in other fields and put forward new objectives for their work and struggle. In one voice they said Chairman Mao's inspiring poem embodies not only the supreme directive for them to do their health work well but also gives them a spiritual atom bomb of incomparable power with which to conquer the class foes and the antagonistic forces in nature, including all the diseases that are to be eliminated. They pledged that in this day of seizing all-round victory for the proletarian cultural revolution, they would further bring into play the thorough-going revolutionary spirit contained in the poem, carry out well the struggle-repudiation-transformation on all fronts and produce splendid results in the revolution, production and construction work in order to be worthy of the warm concern of our great leader Chairman Mao.

#### **Large-size Portraits of Chairman Mao in Hunan Embroidery**

Recently, the embroidery workers and technicians in the Research Institute of Hunan Provincial Arts and Crafts Company, with un-

qualified love for our great leader Chairman Mao, succeeded in producing with meticulous care two large-size embroideries, *Portrait of Chairman Mao* and *The East Is Red* to represent the heroic image of the great teacher during the proletarian cultural revolution.

Hunan is famous for its popular craft of embroidery, identified by the name "Hunan embroidery." The style has a history of nearly a hundred years. But in the past the motifs and patterns for the needleworks were all out-moded ones, confined to feudal characters of emperors, princes, generals, ministers, scholars and beauties, or subjects from nature like flowers, grass, fish and insects, or "lucky" things such as dragons, phoenixes, mandarin-ducks etc., quite out of keeping with the socialist era. During the momentous cultural revolution the Hunan embroidery workers, with Mao Tse-tung's thought as their weapon, strongly repudiated the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art promoted by Liu Shao-chi and company, a handful of capitalist roaders in the Party. With the skills typical of Hunan embroidery the workers have produced many new works reflecting the realities of life to the liking of the workers, peasants and soldiers, so that this old folk craft has got a new lease of life.

In order to offer a tribute to the 19th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic they were determined to execute well the two large-size embroidery works, which they looked upon as an honourable political task. When they were given the pictures of the two designs they were greatly elated. They said, "The two drawings show us Chairman Mao in the best of health, which not only gives the greatest satisfaction to us, the embroidery workers, but also to the whole Chinese nation and the people of the world. When we see Chairman Mao receiving the young Red Guard fighters and revolutionary masses we feel as if we were also standing there before him." Therefore they decided to try to impart their loyal feelings for Chairman Mao to every thread and every stitch of their needlework.

With a view to reproducing the portraits of Chairman Mao on the embroideries as accurately and perfectly as possible, they carefully mapped out three alternative plans for doing the work. After repeated trials, comparison and revision, they finally decided upon

the one they were most satisfied with. In their struggle for perfection they made a point of going to the workers, peasants and soldiers to seek and listen to their criticism and suggestions for improvement. They made a particular effort to call on a unit of the People's Liberation Army to have a look at the many fine portraits of Chairman Mao in embroidery done superbly by the people's soldiers. In a humble spirit they tried to learn from their deep proletarian feelings of immense love for Chairman Mao as well as make the best use of their new skills.

### **Workers' Propaganda Teams Marching into Schools and Cultural and Art Circles**

Since September 1968 in such big cities as Peking, Shanghai, Tientsin, Kwangchow and the like, the Workers' Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Teams composed mainly of fine industrial workers and with the participation of PLA fighters have been marching in contingents into schools and colleges and different departments of culture and art, including those concerned with films, the drama, music, journalism, health, publication and other cultural affairs, to exercise leadership over the whole course of struggle-repudiation-transformation.

In various fields of the superstructure — culture, art and education— ever since liberation nineteen years ago, there have been fierce struggles between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between the proletarian revolutionary line and the counter-revolutionary revisionist line. A handful of Party persons taking the capitalist road headed by the renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi stubbornly promoted the latter in opposition to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line so that the various domains of the superstructure were subjected to bourgeois dictatorship for a long time. Under the excellent situation of having won a decisive victory for the proletarian cultural revolution, our great leader Chairman Mao issued a significant directive that **“the working class is the leading class. It is essential to bring into full play the leading role of the working class in the great cultural revolution and in all fields of work,”** and it was immediately

after the publication of this directive that the workers' propaganda teams were organized. Their entry into the ideological and cultural spheres proclaimed the fiasco of Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line and ensured the establishment of the strong dominant position of the working class there.

In order to successfully take up this great task of honour, before they entered the fields of culture and education the workers' propaganda teams made a thorough job of setting up Mao Tse-tung's Thought Study Classes, conscientiously studied Chairman Mao's successive directives recently issued and the Party's various policies and principles so as to fully grasp the great historic significance of the occupation of the position in the superstructure by the working class. With immeasurable loyalty to great leader Chairman Mao, all of the workers' contingents, experienced in class struggle, have full confidence in completing this honourable political task. They say: “We all read newspapers and tune in to the radio everyday; we go to shows, films and concerts. If by failing to enter these domains we give them up to the bourgeoisie so that they can use them as means to poison our minds, we shall become revisionists, our country will change its colour and we shall lose our power.” Hence they are determined to see that the power in the cultural fields will forever be firmly in the hands of the proletariat.

Upon entering these departments the workers' propaganda teams went ahead with all their energies to spread Mao Tse-tung's thought, assumed political leadership with the revolutionary thought of the proletariat and set about the task of seeing that Chairman Mao's latest series of directives are put into action in full. Carrying out steadfastly the various policies and principles laid down by Chairman Mao, they closely linked themselves with and relied on the broad revolutionary masses, they emphasized investigation and study, and encouraged the masses to exchange their views and to compare the bad old days with their socialist present on the widest scale. They did deep-going and careful ideological work among the revolutionary teachers and students, revolutionary cadres and revolutionary intellectuals to raise their political consciousness and understanding

of the class struggle and to mobilize to the fullest extent all the positive factors, so making the great cultural revolution in these departments go deeper step by step and score one victory after another.

At the same time the workers' propaganda teams persisted in the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works and vigorously grasped the revolutionizing of their own thinking. They were determined that, following still better Chairman Mao's directives, they would unite with the broad masses of proletarian revolutionaries in these departments, be constantly vigilant against the attacks of the bourgeoisie with "sugar-coated bullets," to preserve always the revolutionary character of the working class, and fulfil with distinction the great historic task assigned to them by Chairman Mao.

#### **National Institute of the Peasant Movement Renovated and Newly Decorated**

After renovation and re-decoration the old site of the National Institute of the Peasant Movement run by our great leader Chairman Mao more than forty years ago was re-opened as a museum to the public on October 15, 1968. The work of renewal was executed under the leadership of the Revolutionary Committees of Kwangtung Province and Kwangchow Municipality (Canton), by the combined efforts of the city's workers, poor and lower-middle peasants and broad revolutionary masses, as well as the PLA men stationed there.

With its front gate and walls now fitted with neon lights, at night the premises appear grand and majestic against the glowing sky. The hallways are lit with spotlights for the convenience of night visitors. Chairman Mao's office, classrooms, students' quarters, the mess room and the department of military training have been restored to their original condition and lighting has been installed. The exhibits have also been rearranged and renewed. Before the dean's office stands a towering full-size statue of our great leader Chairman Mao. His quotations can be seen everywhere. The Institute as it is now is more impressive, sparkling everywhere with the splendour of Mao Tse-tung's ever victorious thought and is like

a big classroom where the revolutionary masses from all parts of the country and friends from all the continents come to learn Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The National Institute of the Peasant Movement was run under the personal supervision of Chairman Mao in 1925-1926. There a great number of fine cadres were trained for China's revolution. While giving lectures on such important questions as "The Peasant Problem in China" and "Rural Education" at the Institute, Chairman Mao edited the Peasant Problem Series to guide the peasant movement. It was there that his brilliant article *Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society* was first delivered as a lecture. This historic institute since its opening as a museum in 1953 has been visited by millions of revolutionary people from all parts of China and numerous friends from all corners of the earth, becoming a school for them to learn Mao Tse-tung's thought. However, Liu Shao-chi the top capitalist roader within the Party and his local agents did all they could to sabotage its restoration, renovation and display of exhibits. By means of unscrupulous distortion and falsification of events, they vainly tried every possible way of hindering the spreading of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The great proletarian cultural revolution, unprecedented in history, has swept into the open these "ghouls and demons" hidden in the dark corners. The workers, peasants and soldiers at one stroke seized their power and dismissed them from office, and became the masters of history. The new organs of power, the Provincial and Municipal Revolutionary Committees, gave much attention to the renovation and re-decoration of this National Institute of the Peasant Movement established by Chairman Mao. The workers and other revolutionaries, full of proletarian loyalty to their great teacher, set to work in the latter part of September, 1968. After a couple of weeks' concentrated work the institute was transformed inside and out. While the work was going on workers' propaganda teams, PLA men and young Red Guard fighters came to volunteer their labour and much help was given also by the revolutionary masses of all circles.

### Class Education Exhibition in Tientsin

Not long ago an exhibition of class education was inaugurated at the "Three Stones" Historical Museum in Hungchiao District, Tientsin.

In Tientsin there is a place called "Three Stones" where North China's machine-making and foundry industries originated — it was the cradle of Tientsin's working class. As early as 1958 the workers there began planning the construction of a historical museum to keep a record of their past blood and tears and the glorious history of their struggle. But, Liu Shao-chi and his local agents tried to distort the purpose of this exhibition and to make it glamorize the bourgeoisie and show how they had come to be prosperous. The great proletarian cultural revolution however smashed their scheme and as a result, the exhibition on class education finally came into being.

The exhibition has three sections: the birth and growth of the working class at "Three Stones," their stories of suffering and their history of struggle. On display in the first section are detailed charts and materials which demonstrate that over 95 per cent of the workers living there came from impoverished peasant families. The exploitation and robbing of these working people who, deprived of all their means of production had become totally destitute, provided capitalists with their fortunes. The second section exposes the bloody crimes of the capitalists' political oppression and cruel exploitation of the workers by putting on display objects such as serf-worker bonds, workshop rules and regulations, "life-taking bells," "black-hearted clocks," whipping rods and so on, which the capitalists used to enslave and suppress the workers. There are also series of drawings describing the workers' tragic lives. The last section is a tribute to the revolutionary spirit of the workers of "Three Stones," to those heroic fighters who, united together, waged undaunted struggles under the brilliant guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought and the correct leadership of the Chinese Communist Party.

The first group of visitors to attend the exhibition were the old workers of "Three Stones." It was with great emotions that they

went to see the exhibition. Deeply impressed, many of them said, "Seeing the exhibition calls up memories of the suffering we went through in the old society when we were bitterly exploited and plundered by the blood-sucking capitalists. It makes us appreciate better the happiness we know now. It also makes us remember who we have to thank for our new life. It's true that parents are dear to us but Chairman Mao is still dearer. Another thought that comes to us strongly is that of all things the most important is to defend proletarian dictatorship." Since the exhibition was opened to the public it has attracted every day large numbers of workers, peasants, PLA men, young Red Guard fighters and revolutionary masses. Greatly moved, many visitors vow that they will never forget class bitterness and will always remember the great wrongs done to them. They swear to follow Chairman Mao to make revolution all their lives and that they will never let the nightmarish history of the past repeat itself.

*Just Off the Press*

## MAO TSE-TUNG

### Report to the Second Plenary Session of the Seventh Central Committee of the Communist Party of China

A Marxist-Leninist document of epoch-making significance, the "Report to the Second Plenary Session of the Seventh Central Committee of the Communist Party of China," made by Chairman Mao Tse-tung on March 5, 1949 was republished on November 25, 1968. Published at the same time was an important editorial of *Renmin Ribao*, *Hongqi* and *Jiefangjun Bao* entitled *Conscientiously Study the History of the Struggle Between the Two Lines* which carries the latest instruction of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. They are now available in one pamphlet in the following languages:

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

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

*Important Document*

**Communique of the Enlarged 12th  
Plenary Session of the Eighth  
Central Committee of the Communist  
Party of China**

**(Adopted on October 31, 1968)**

Available in Arabic, Bengali, Burmese, English, French, German, Hausa, Hindi, Indonesian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Lao, Mongolian, Persian, Portuguese, Pushtu, Russian, Serbian, Spanish, Swahili, Tamil, Thai, Turkish, Urdu, Vietnamese and Esperanto.

12.7 × 9 cm.

Pocket size with paper cover

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

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

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**GUOZI SHUDIAN**, P.O. BOX 399, Peking, China

中国文学

英文月刊1969年第1期

本刊代号2—916