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CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Front Cover: Organize Contingents of the People Militia on a Big Scale

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

The majority or the vast majority of the students trained in the old schools and colleges can integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers, and some have made inventions or innovations; they must, however, be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers under the guidance of the correct line and thoroughly change their old ideology. Such intellectuals will be welcomed by the workers, peasants and soldiers.

A Red Heart Loyal to Chairman Mao

From the banks of the Hsunho River under the foot of the Lesser Khingan Range rose a resounding song for a hero armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. Soaring into the clouds, it gladdened the mountains and rivers and spread the name of the hero far and wide throughout the country. He was Chairman Mao's good Red Guard Comrade Chin Hsun-hua, a member of the Standing Committee of the former Congress of Red Guards of the Shanghai's Middle Schools and an educated youth who voluntarily went to the Shuangho Production Brigade of the Hsunho Commune in Hsunko County, Heilungkiang Province to become a commune member, and heroically laid down his young life to save the country's property in the battle against unusually serious floods.

The hero's deeds stirred everyone. People flocked to the place where he died. A smile on his quiet face, Chin seemed to be greeting them. The old army uniform he liked the best lay on the bank, a copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* in the pocket together with a sheaf of paper on which he had written a speech to denounce the social-imperialists.



People looked at the torrential river, and their hearts swelled like the waves. Chin, good Red Guard of Chairman Mao! You did not die! Your smiling face, your red heart loyal to Chairman Mao, your vigorous revolutionary spirit remain in the people's hearts and will live for ever!

I

The water in the Huangpu River rippled with golden waves. The beating of gongs and drums shook the streets of Shanghai. Chairman Mao's instruction **"It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants"** was published in the evening of December 21, 1968. In the office of the Standing Committee of the Congress of Red Guards of Shanghai's Middle Schools a dozen of Red Guards sat around a radio under the bright lights, listening attentively to Chairman Mao's instruction. Some memorized it, some wrote it down. They discussed the instruction excitedly.

"Our red commander has said what is in our hearts," a Red Guard stood up and said with great emotion. "We must arouse the educated youth to go to the countryside." It was Chin Hsun-hua.

Chin graduated from the senior class of Shanghai's Wusung No. 2 Middle School in 1968, where he had been a member of the Standing Committee of the Congress of Red Guards of Shanghai's Middle Schools. He was only twenty. He was from a worker's family and grew up in the Mao Tsetung era. Chin was a young Red Guard tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. With a red heart boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, he charged wherever Chairman Mao showed him the way.

In May 1966, when our great leader Chairman Mao personally kindled the flames of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, when hundreds of millions of the revolutionary masses rose in criticism of the counter-revolutionaries Teng To, Wu Han and Liao Mo-sha, he closely followed Chairman Mao's great strategic plan, using Mao Tsetung Thought as a weapon. He threw himself into the battle and lashed out at these counter-revolutionaries.

In the days when the white terror of the bourgeois reactionary line held sway, he raised high the great banner **"It is right to rebel against reactionaries"** and, breaking through all encirclements, rebelled against the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party.

When the young Red Guards began their widespread marches to carry out extensive exchange of revolutionary experiences, Chin hurried to Shaoshan to pay homage to the place where Chairman Mao was born. Later, in Peking he was among those reviewed by our great supreme commander Chairman Mao, and enjoyed the happiest moment of his life in seeing Chairman Mao, an event he had longed for day and night.

When the January Revolution storm arose, Chin joined the proletarian revolutionaries in seizing back that portion of power which the handful of the capitalist roaders in Shanghai had usurped. In the fierce struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines, he always stood firm on the side of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, and contributed to consolidating the great revolutionary alliances and defending the revolutionary "three-in-one" combinations.

From his practice in struggle, he came to recognize this truth: "Being loyal to Chairman Mao gives strength and closely following Chairman Mao means victory."

Now the great supreme commander Chairman Mao had pointed out the way for young people to march. How could he not feel encouraged? Greatly moved, he expressed his resolve in these written words: "I am determined to go to the countryside to do manual labour all my life, wage a life-long struggle against revisionist influence in my mind, closely follow Chairman Mao in making revolution throughout my life, and patiently and honestly serve the people whole-heartedly till the end of my life."

In late March 1969, the Shanghai Municipal Revolutionary Committee arranged for a group of educated youth, including Chin Hsun-hua, to visit Heilungkiang Province. The poor and lower-middle peasants extended them a warm welcome. They said they hoped educated youth from Shanghai would settle in the province as quickly as possible. The pitch-black fertile soil and the vast grassland sparked Chin's boundless love for the great motherland and his

bitter hatred for the Soviet social-imperialists. With deep revolutionary feelings, he said to his comrades-in-arms: "There are still long stretches of borderland yet to be opened up. How urgent is the need of the poor and lower-middle peasants for a large number of educated youth to join them and paint with their own hands fresher and more beautiful pictures on the frontier. We must never allow the social-imperialists to occupy a single inch of our motherland's rich and magnificent territory!"

After returning to Shanghai, Chin formed a liaison station for educated youth going to Heilungkiang Province to become commune members. He wanted to be in the revolutionary vanguard of intellectuals integrating with the workers and peasants and, by his example, encourage more educated youth to defend and build up the frontier region. He busied himself day and night with his comrades-in-arms, carrying out extensive mobilization work among educated youth in the form of reports, criticism meetings, forums and house-to-house visits, encouraging them to go to the countryside and the mountainous areas.

In these activities, the young people talked at great length about the future of the motherland and the destiny of mankind; they relentlessly criticized the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi's trash of "going to school in order to climb up," and "going to the countryside to gild oneself."

One day as Chin and his younger sister Shih-ying were studying Chairman Mao's great teaching that young people with education should go to the countryside, he urged her to go to Heilungkiang and become a commune member. The girl readily agreed, but their mother was somewhat worried. She said to him: "Your younger sister is only sixteen. . . ."

Knowing full well his mother's feelings, he attempted to console her, saying, "True, my sister is young, but didn't you say that when you were exploited and oppressed in the old society as a child worker, you were even younger than my sister is now? We now entrust her to Chairman Mao and to the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Though physically she will be far from you, her heart is drawing closer to Chairman Mao. Why can't you set your mind at ease?"

These words drew a strong response in his mother's heart. She recalled her sufferings in the old society and contrasted them with her happy life in the new. Then she gladly prepared everything for the departure of the brother and sister.

On May 25, 1969, while brave eagles were flying in the boundless blue sky, a passenger-train left Shanghai amid gongs and drums. After saying goodbye to the Huangpu River and his native place, Chin began waving his powerful hands to conduct his comrades-in-arms to sing militantly with great feeling. The train, laden with educated youth, ran forward on the vast land. The young people were on a new march illuminated by the brilliance of Mao Tsetung Thought.

II

Chin Hsun-hua died only 77 days after he had come to the Shuangho Brigade. In those brief 77 days, Chin displayed the revolutionary spirit "Seize the day, seize the hour" in fighting self and criticizing revisionism. He underwent a painstaking process of tempering but made swift strides in scaling the peak of the proletarian world outlook. In those brief 77 days, he struck deep roots among the poor and lower-middle peasants and made rapid progress on the road of integrating himself with the workers and peasants.

Chin studied Chairman Mao's works conscientiously every day. Not only did he himself study and apply Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way, he also helped his comrades to do the same.

One hot summer evening some of his comrades felt very tired after a day of hard work in the fields. They wanted to go to bed earlier than usual after supper and did not want to go on with their daily study of Chairman Mao's works. But Chin told them: "What is the most arduous and happy thing? It is the study and application of Chairman Mao's works in a living way by the kerosene lamp after a day of hard work." He did exactly what he said. He persisted in his study every day, no matter how tired he felt or how late it was.



One evening, more than ten young educated youth sat by a kerosene lamp in a thatched house. Holding a volume of the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*, Chin led them in study. Some complained that studying by the dim kerosene lamp would spoil their eyesight; others remarked that the smell of the oil offended them and the smoke would blacken their nostrils. Chin retorted: "However bright a lamp may be, if your thinking is dim, the lamp will seem dim too. However small the wick may be, when you study Chairman Mao's works, your mind is always bright; and the more you study, the brighter it gets. It is Mao Tsetung Thought that illumines our way forward." Chin regarded perseverance in his living study and application of Chairman Mao's works and writing about his fighting self and criticizing revisionism by a kerosene lamp as an act of the greatest loyalty to Chairman Mao and a sharp weapon in fighting self and criticizing revisionism. Regardless of the circumstances, he made it a rule to study and write about his fighting self and criticizing revisionism every day. Despite his smoke-filled nostrils and his blurred eyes, his heart was always aglow with Mao Tsetung Thought.

Different classes have an entirely different understanding of and attitude toward the concept of hardship and comfort. In the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, Chin accepted adverse conditions as the best environment for tempering his revolutionary will.

Soon after his arrival, the poor and lower-middle peasants taught him how to bind millet stalks. Displaying great enthusiasm, he started working, but due to carelessness, his hands were cut by the stalks and began to bleed. Although he was in pain, he knew that the poor and lower-middle peasants defied any hardship and were heedless of the prickling stalks, so he went on working without let-up. In the evening, he again studied by a kerosene lamp Chairman Mao's teaching: **"If you want the masses to understand you, if you want to be one with the masses, you must make up your mind to undergo a long and even painful process of tempering."**

As he examined himself in the light of this teaching, he became aware that he feared being pricked because he was still finicky; a big discrepancy in thoughts and feelings remained between him and the

poor and lower-middle peasants. He wrote about his fighting self and criticizing revisionism in these words: "Why is it that my hands bleed, but the hands of the poor and lower-middle peasants don't? This shows that my hands and my thoughts have been detached from the workers, peasants and manual labour, and I have been influenced



by the poisonous revisionism. I must undergo a long process of tempering among the worker and peasant masses.”

Thereafter, he took the initiative in picking heavy tasks and volunteered to bear hardships with a view to tempering his revolutionary will. As he worked, he grew very tired and sweated profusely. The commune members advised him to rest but he firmly declined and said: “The more I sweat, the less finicky airs I will retain.”

When someone asked whether he was afraid of hardships, he answered: “The Red Army didn’t fear hardships and danger and followed Chairman Mao on the 25,000-*li* Long March. Why can’t we also show the spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death and follow Chairman Mao to complete the Long March of integrating ourselves with the workers and peasants?”

To an inquiry regarding whether he was afraid of bites by mosquitoes and other insects, he staunchly replied: “Our revolutionary martyrs risked their lives fighting amidst the roaring guns and flying bullets and defeated every powerful enemy. Surely we can overcome little insects and mosquitoes.”

Whenever Chairman Mao’s latest instructions were published, Chin studied them first and then mimeographed them and sent them to the homes of the poor and lower-middle peasants. He never lost any time in publicizing Chairman Mao’s latest instructions.

One day, when Chairman Mao’s latest instructions were relayed, he braved the rain and went from door to door to distribute them to the poor and lower-middle peasants. Upon reaching the home of Grandma Sung, an army dependent, he found that all the family members had already gone to bed. Tapping at the window, he called out: “Grandma Sung, we have come with Chairman Mao’s latest instructions for you!”

Grandma Sung immediately woke up the entire family members and they sat in a circle by a kerosene lamp, studying them word for word and sentence by sentence. She also run a family study class in the deep night to fight self and repudiate revisionism. In the light of the great leader’s instructions all the family members vied with each other to speak, making a criticism of selfishness. Chin saw this and was very moved. In Grandma Sung’s family he saw the profound pro-

letarian feelings of infinite love the millions of the poor and lower-middle peasants cherished for Mao Tsetung Thought. He made up his mind to learn from the poor and lower-middle peasants’ honest attitude toward Chairman Mao’s latest instructions, an attitude characterized by their conscientious study, profound grasp, resolute implementation of these instructions and their achieving quick results from these actions, and to temper his loyalty to Chairman Mao.

Upon publication of Chairman Mao’s latest instruction “**Fear neither hardship nor death,**” Chin examined himself in this light and mercilessly fought his idea of “claiming credit and becoming complacent.” On fighting self and criticizing revisionism, he wrote: “I used to think that I had made tremendous contributions during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. If the contributions are not to be counted, still I can say I have done hard work. Even if hard work is not to be mentioned, still no one can deny that I have spared no strength and worked myself to the point of exhaustion for the revolution. . . . But like an artillery shell, this latest instruction of Chairman Mao’s has dealt my thinking a heavy blow. I see that my thoughts are contrary to Chairman Mao’s teachings. I must severely criticize such thinking before I can foster the proletarian outlook on hardship and comfort, an outlook characteristic of the spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death, and then strive to rapidly advance along the road of revolutionization.”

III

Upon his arrival, the first thing Chin Hsun-hua did was to inquire who were the poor and lower-middle peasants, who were army dependents or families of martyrs and who were peasants whose livelihood was provided for by the people’s commune. He also asked who were the landlords and rich peasants. He tried to draw a clear line between ourselves and the enemy, look for his good teachers and serve the people diligently and conscientiously. He always carried water and collected firewood for the army dependents and those taken care of by the commune. Grandpa Wang, a 67-year-old retired worker,

was paralysed and confined to his bed. Chin took good care of him, swept his floor and cleaned his bed, defying the filth and fatigue.

In view of the fact that Chin had been a member of the Standing Committee of the Congress of Red Guards of Shanghai's Middle Schools, some poor and lower-middle peasants were over-polite to him. When Chin became aware that in some respects he was divorced from the masses, he sincerely sought the opinions of the cadres and the poor and lower-middle peasants in the brigade. He told them: "We've come here to accept re-education from the poor and lower-middle peasants. You are our best teachers. If you discover that I and other educated youth have any shortcomings, please point them out boldly, sternly criticize us without sparing our personal feelings and handle everything in accordance with Mao Tsetung Thought." On his own, Chin paid visits to the poor and lower-middle peasants, had heart-to-heart talks with them and earnestly accepted their re-education.

Some of the educated youth remarked: "Comrade Chin has a high cultural level. He is not only a senior middle school graduate but also a member of the Standing Committee of the Congress of Red Guards. He can certainly be a cadre in the village!" Hearing this comment, Chin once again joined his comrades in further refuting the fallacies of the big renegade Liu Shao-chi, namely, "going to school in order to climb high" and "going to the countryside to gild oneself." He stated: "We've come for re-education by the poor and lower-middle peasants; we seek neither fame nor gain, nor official posts. Our sole purpose is to strive to become ordinary peasants with socialist consciousness!"

Another thought came to his mind and later he wrote: "When one person is revolutionary, he is only a single red spot. When all of us are revolutionary, we are a vast expanse of red. . . . I must make strict demands on myself, unite with the comrades to advance together."

Tang, an educated youngster, began drinking and smoking soon after he arrived at the village because he neglected the remoulding of his ideology. Realizing that this was no small matter, Chin told him: "The reason we're here in the countryside is to be re-educated by the

poor and lower-middle peasants, not to become pleasure seekers. When you behave like this, you're practically throwing the door wide open for bourgeois ideology to seep back into your mind. It's dangerous if you go on this way!"

He helped Tang study Chairman Mao's works. He advised other activists: "We must regard Tang's problem as a major issue involving the struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat to win over the youth. Tang is one of our comrades-in-arms. We must help him earnestly and prevent his being won over to the side of the bourgeoisie."

With the patient help of Chin and other comrades, Tang stopped smoking and drinking. Like his comrades, Tang studied and applied Chairman Mao's works in a living way, fought self and criticized revisionism and made great progress along with them in revolutionizing his thinking.

Chen Wei-piao, one of the educated youth, lacked a sense of discipline in labour. Chin had talks with him, befriended him, helped him patiently and ideologically and encouraged him when he made progress. Chen changed very quickly and advanced promptly. Soon he became an activist among the educated youth and later risked his own life to rescue Chin when he was in danger in the torrential river.

Chin remained strict with himself and checked his actions against the following maxim: "Whatever you do, ask yourself whether it meets the needs of the people; whatever you say, ask yourself whether it conforms to Mao Tsetung Thought; whenever you take a step forward, make sure you're following Chairman Mao's revolutionary line."

After the publication of the New Constitution of the Communist Party of China, Chairman Mao's thinking on Party building penetrated deep into Chin's heart like dew and sunshine. He fostered the communist ideal "When all mankind is emancipated, I will be emancipated; for the people, I will fight to the last drop of my blood!"

In order to carry out more successfully the heavy tasks of helping to bury imperialism, revisionism and reaction and aiding in emancipating all mankind, he strove to temper himself into a staunch communist

fighter as quickly as possible. He applied for Party membership. In his diary he recorded these words: "Party, oh, Party! Your young Red Guard will always follow you in forging ahead! I am determined, in this vast rural area, to strive to remould my world outlook so that I can join the great, glorious and correct Chinese Communist Party at an early date, both ideologically and organizationally. Closely following our great leader Chairman Mao, I will strive hard all my life for the realization of communism throughout the world!"

IV

One evening, the poor and lower-middle peasants of the Shuangho Brigade went to see a film at Peitakou. When they came back they noticed Chin Hsun-hua accompanying two militiamen on patrol duty. "It's quite late," they said. "Why don't you go to bed?"

Chin answered: "Social-imperialism is engaged in frantic activities against China, and the class enemy at home is supporting it, so how can we sit back and relax!" In praise, the poor and lower-middle peasants noted: "Chin is always conscious of the enemy's presence. He is indeed a good fighter of Chairman Mao!"

The Shuangho Brigade is situated at the confluence of the Hsunho and Chanho Rivers, where the water flows very rapidly. To step up preparedness against war, Chin got in touch with other militiamen and they decided that swimming in the rapid stream should become a part of the militia's training.

One day as Chin approached the river bank, he noticed that the current was very swift. He hesitated, uncertain as to whether he should jump in. Instantly he recalled Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"Even great storms are not to be feared. It is amid great storms that human society progresses."** With determination he jumped into the river and began swimming.

Later, in summing up his training experience, he remarked: "Torrents can temper one's courage and wisdom. . . . Facts prove that provided one has a strong revolutionary will and is good at learning, he can overcome any strong wave. By always closely following the

great leader Chairman Mao, Chinese youth, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, will be able to weather swift currents and dangerous reefs."

On the evening of August 14 Chin, by the light of a kerosene lamp, wrote his last words in his diary: ". . . The revolutionary young people living in the Mao Tsetung era are not to be bullied. Should U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionist social-imperialism dare to come for a trial of strength with us, then let them taste the iron-fists of the third and fourth generations of China!"

On August 15, a downpour of mountain floods submerged the banks of the Hsunho and Chanho Rivers.

At four p.m. that day, Chin worked with several militiamen in building a dam against the flood. Suddenly brigade leader Chiang rushed up and reported to the militia company commander Chia: "All the electric poles on the river bank are under water and may soon be washed away!"

"We must save the poles! Please give me the task!" Scarcely had Chiang finished reporting when Chin asked the militia company commander for the assignment. The commander agreed and placed him in charge of five militiamen.

Upon reaching the river side, they discovered that two poles were being swept away by the torrent. The water was flowing downstream at a speed of seven to eight metres per second, carrying two poles off like flying arrows. Chin was very concerned. As he ran, he threw off his clothes and shouted at the top of his voice: "Come with me, try to save the poles immediately!" He was the first to plunge into the river.

Someone from the river bank called out, attempting to stop him: "The current is too swift. It's too dangerous!" But Chin shouted: **"When we die for the people it is a worthy death."**

The brigade leader, knowing that Chin had a stomach ailment, cried out: "You can't catch up with the poles. Come back at once!" He was afraid that Chin couldn't hold out and an accident might occur. But Chin shouted, in a firm voice: "Don't worry about me. I'm off!"

He battled the monstrous waves bravely. As one big wave dashed him into a whirlpool, he raised his head and made for a nearby pole. Another wave whipped him back into the whirlpool, but again he

emerged and rushed ahead for the pole. A third big wave descended upon him. With tenacity he pushed his head to the surface and dashed toward the pole.

To Chin, the floating poles were not merely two pieces of wood. They were part of the tele-communication lines which should stand upright on the vast expanse of our motherland's frontier. They were the means through which Chairman Mao's words and the news of victories in struggles could be transmitted.

The tests Chin experienced in battling the three monstrous wave onslaughts and the nature of his struggle for life but not fearing death are a powerful criticism of the revisionist "philosophy of survival." In fighting against the three onslaughts, Chin was carried deeper and deeper into the water and was removed farther and farther away from the banks, but he was climbing nearer and nearer the ideological peak of fearing neither hardship nor death.

"Forward, forward, seizing the pole means victory!" Only one metre separated Chin from the pole. But just then another torrential wave rushed in and engulfed him. . . .

V

Comrade Chin Hsun-hua died a martyr's death. The poor and lower-middle peasants and the educated youth of the Shuangho Brigade were deeply grieved at the loss of their dear one. At the same time, they were very proud of the emergence of such a hero imbued with the spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death.

During his life, Chin had on many occasions sent applications for membership to the Party branch, expressing his desire to be a proletarian vanguard fighter. The Party branch of the Shuangho Brigade, after discussions among all the Party members, concluded that Chin Hsun-hua, born into a worker's family, had boundless love for and loyalty to Chairman Mao. Step by step, he had followed Chairman Mao closely and devoted his life to him. He had diligently studied and applied Chairman Mao's works in a living way, and on his own initiative accepted re-education from the poor and lower-middle peasants. By conscientiously remoulding his world outlook, he had

fostered the idea of serving the people wholly and entirely. He never forgot class struggle. He was most courageous in the struggle against the class enemies and displayed the staunchest spirit of fighting against imperialism and revisionism. Finally he gave his life in defence of the frontier. He had lived up to the requirements for a communist fighter. With the approval of the Party nucleus group of Hsunko County, Comrade Chin Hsun-hua was recognized posthumously as a member of the Communist Party of China.

During his life Chin was a militia platoon leader and liked to wear an army uniform and carry arms. He was determined to be a staunch fighter in the battle against imperialism and revisionism. At the request of the poor and lower-middle peasants and with the approval of the leading organization of a PLA unit, he was dressed in a new green army uniform after he died, letting him look more bright and brave.

Chin wished to be a seed of the revolution. The poor and lower-middle peasants of Shuangho Brigade buried him on a slope of pine trees. They wanted to let his revolutionary spirit take root, sprout and bloom on the borderland and let the younger generations follow his example.

Column after column of educated youths and Young Pioneers came to the martyr's tomb and made this pledge: We shall follow Chin Hsun-hua's example, learn from him ideologically, take the hero's road, create heroic deeds and give our lives to the great cause of defending and building the borderland.

The poor and lower-middle peasants and educated youth resolved to turn the brigade into a big red school of Mao Tsetung Thought, a heroic collective, and to build the frontier into a bastion of iron. Chin Hsun-hua's younger sister Shih-ying said: "I am determined to take over the red treasured book my brother used to read and temper my loyalty to Chairman Mao in the three great revolutionary movements. I pledge to take over my brother's pen and write about how I fight self-interest and criticize revisionism, just as my brother did. I will take over my brother's rifle and fight against imperialism, revisionism and all reaction to the end and defend the sacred frontier of the motherland."

She happened to be on patrol duty on the evening her brother died. Out of concern her comrades-in-arms urged her to rest. But she firmly refused. Full of hatred for imperialism, revisionism and all reaction, she went alertly to her post on time, neither shedding tears nor giving way to grief.

A memorial meeting for Comrade Chin Hsun-hua was held on August 26 in Hsunko County and the county revolutionary committee made a decision that the whole county must learn from Chin Hsun-hua, a communist fighter who feared neither hardship nor death. Recently, decisions were also made to learn from Chin Hsun-hua in Heilungkiang, Kiangsu and Shanghai Revolutionary Committees. The Heilungkiang Provincial Revolutionary Committee also decided to confer posthumously upon Comrade Chin Hsun-hua the title "A Revolutionary Martyr."

Though Comrade Chin Hsun-hua has died, his revolutionary spirit will live up for ever. The hero's great deeds have spread across the land, greatly inspiring the broad masses of revolutionary youth. They have all expressed their determination to follow the example of Comrade Chin Hsun-hua, be boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, and firmly integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers all their lives.

Excerpts from Comrade Chin Hsun-hua's Diary

July 1

Today is the forty-eighth anniversary of the founding of our great, glorious and correct Chinese Communist Party.

It is the Party and Chairman Mao who have raised me from an ignorant child. My maturing is due to education by our great leader Chairman Mao.

Party, oh, Party! Your young Red Guard will always follow you in forging ahead. I am determined, in this vast rural area, to strive to remould my world outlook so that I can join the great, glorious and correct Chinese Communist Party at an early date, both ideologically and organizationally. Closely following our great leader Chairman Mao, I will strive hard all my life for the realization of communism throughout the world!

July 2

Today's work is binding millet stalks. My hands are really no good. I hadn't bound more than a few sheaves before my hands began to bleed. I wanted to rest for a while, but Chairman Mao's teaching came

to my mind: **“It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants.”** Why is it that my hands bleed, but the hands of the poor and lower-middle peasants don't? This shows that my hands and my thoughts have been detached from the workers, peasants and manual labour, and I have been influenced by the poisonous revisionism. I must undergo a long process of tempering among the worker and peasant masses.

When the poor and lower-middle peasants saw my difficulties, they patiently taught me how to do the job. In accordance with Chairman Mao's teaching, I conscientiously regarded them as my teachers and learned to do the job. After a while I mastered the technique and worked with increasing energy. This shows that we educated youths must be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants in the course of the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, and eliminate our petty bourgeois intellectual wavering and vacillation. Only in this way, can we carry the revolution through to the end.

July 3

When one person is revolutionary, he is only a single red spot. When all of us are revolutionary, we are a vast expanse of red. This means that a revolutionary must rally the broad revolutionary masses in making revolution. A single red spot is no use; he cannot win the revolution. A single flower doesn't form a spring. But when hundreds of flowers bloom, spring fills the gardens.

A revolutionary, a youth living in the Mao Tsetung era, must be one of hundreds of flowers, an element of communism. I must make strict demands on myself and unite with my comrades to advance together.

July 5

Hoing the land can be called a tiring job. It really is when you do it for several hours on end. It might not be if you did less. It depends on the attitude you take towards labour and how you accept re-

education by the poor and lower-middle peasants. Being determined to accept this re-education is only the beginning of meeting the requirements for successors to the revolution put forward by Chairman Mao. To be a reliable successor to the revolution of the proletariat and the poor and lower-middle peasants, you must fear neither hardship nor death. This is the only way.

July 7

I weeded the land with a hoe today. I thought that hoeing weeds wouldn't be hard for me. After all, I've had many years of education. Hoe out the weeds, and leave the maize—the more left standing, the bigger the harvest.

The poor and lower-middle peasants said that if everyone hoed like me, there'd be no bumper crop this year. But I thought I was still right! I didn't know that the maize is stunted when too many plants are left. This would certainly give a poor yield. I came to understand this later. This shows that what I learned in the past is divorced from practice. I must earnestly accept re-education by the poor and lower-middle peasants so as to remould my thinking and integrate theory with practice.

July 8

The smell of gunpowder has recently become stronger. Anyway I have decided that as soon as the guns of the aggressors sound off, I will fight against the imperialists and revisionists and stand any tests the Party gives me on the battlefield.

July 10

I am a young Chinese of the new generation, a Chairman Mao's Red Guard tempered in three years of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. I have come to the motherland's border area with determination to oppose imperialism and revisionism, to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants and to carry the socialist revolution through to the end.

July 16

We did not go to work today because it's raining. I took this opportunity to study two of Chairman Mao's works: *Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society* and *Preface and Postscript to Rural Surveys*. Through this study I came to see that only by making a demarcation line between enemies and ourselves can we deal blows at the enemy more effectively and unite with our friends. This is a question of the first importance for the revolution. Therefore it is necessary to know the class situation in the countryside. We must carefully investigate first, only then have we the right to speak. If you don't carefully investigate and just shoot your mouth off, the brigade's poor and lower-middle peasants won't listen. Chairman Mao says: **"There are many people who 'the moment they alight from the official carriage' make a hullabaloo, spout opinions, criticize this and condemn that, but, in fact, ten out of ten of them will meet with failure."** I must honestly take the poor and lower-middle peasants as my teachers and try not to be that kind of person.

July 17

Yesterday was the third anniversary of our great leader Chairman Mao's swim in the Yangtze River. Our great leader Chairman Mao is so fit! This is the greatest happiness for the Chinese people and the revolutionary people of the whole world. Let us cheer countless times, "Long live Chairman Mao! We wish Chairman Mao a long, long life!" Let us, led by our great leader Chairman Mao and guided by Mao Tsetung Thought, advanced bravely in the new high tide in the world revolution and the storms of class struggle at home and abroad. Following Chairman Mao means victory!

This afternoon I had a bellyache and didn't feel like working. But then I thought of how busy we are, and how short-handed. It's true they could get along without me, but it would make a bad impression. So I went. After working a while, I didn't feel so much pain. That shows that young people, especially those with education, can relieve some ailments through work. I've made up my mind to toughen my body at the same time I'm improving my ideology.

July 18

After I studied the article by *Renmin Ribao* commentator and the heroic deeds of Yang Shui-tsai, a communist fighter who feared neither hardship nor death, I was immensely moved. His complete dedication to the public interest and the revolution stirs me and encourages me to keep pressing ahead. Yang Shui-tsai was a worthy communist fighter and an excellent example for me to follow. I must learn from him to be more concerned about the people than about myself, to relentlessly fight the class enemies, and to **"dare to make sun and moon shine in new skies."** But most important of all is to learn his boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao, and really fulfil the pledge to "live and die for the defence of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line." In learning from Comrade Yang Shui-tsai, I will conscientiously accept re-education by the poor and lower-middle peasants, fear neither hardship nor death, and take my stand in the vast countryside.

July 20

At noon I went swimming in the river. The current was very swift. I debated whether to go in or not. Chairman Mao's teaching flashed through my mind: **"Even great storms are not to be feared. It is amid great storms that human society progresses."** Torrents can temper one's courage and wisdom. So I jumped into the river and swam.

Facts prove that, provided one has a strong revolutionary will and is good at learning, he can overcome any strong wave. By always closely following the great leader Chairman Mao, Chinese youth, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, will be able to navigate swift currents and dangerous reefs.

July 22

We did not go to work because it's raining. I was at home all day.

In two months, I have formed the habit of working. If I don't work, I feel uncomfortable. It makes me boundlessly happy to fight against nature.

July 23

The poor and lower-middle peasants are our best teachers. They are completely loyal to Chairman Mao. When a joint editorial by *Renmin Ribao*, *Jiefangjun Bao* and *Hongqi* carried Chairman Mao's new instruction on consolidating the Party organization, we went to the homes of the poor and lower-middle peasants to tell them about it.

It was very late by the time we reached the home of Grandma Sung, a delegate to the county congress of activists in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. Grandma Sung had already gone to bed, but as soon as she heard that there was a new instruction by Chairman Mao, she got up and took a copy of it from us. She immediately roused her whole family. Lighting a small kerosene lamp, they studied it together.

I was very moved. How loyal to Chairman Mao the poor and lower-middle peasants are! When we set out I was worried that the poor and lower-middle peasants might not let us in because it was so late. That shows the difference between me and them. Obviously, my feelings are not the same as theirs yet. I must earnestly take the poor and lower-middle peasants as my teachers, change thoroughly and become a worthy successor to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

July 25

Comrades recently asked me to take part in a theatrical performance. I hesitated. It's my duty to popularize Mao Tsetung Thought, but I don't know how to act or sing. I turned to Chairman Mao's works. Through study I was able to get over this hurdle in my thinking. Having become clear, I quickly acquired some skill in performing. I must take up the weapon of literature and art to popularize Mao Tsetung Thought and to serve the poor and lower-middle peasants well. This is something young educated people should do after coming to the countryside.

July 26

Whatever you do, ask yourself whether it meets the needs of the people;

Whatever you say, ask yourself whether it conforms to Mao Tsetung Thought;

Whenever you take a step forward, make sure you're following Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

July 28

Make strict demands on yourself and mild demands on your comrades. The achievements I have won are the result of the nourishment of Mao Tsetung Thought.

I am a correspondent of our newspaper. I must try my best to propagate heroic deeds around me, and learn from the heroes. I am willing to be an ox to the people and whole-heartedly serve the poor and lower-middle peasants all my life.

August 1

Army day. The editorial *The People's Army is Invincible* which appeared in *Renmin Ribao*, *Jiefangjun Bao* and *Hongqi* brings us the voice of our great leader Chairman Mao: **"I am for the slogan: 'Fear neither hardship nor death.'"**

I used to think that I had made tremendous contributions during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. If the contributions are not to be counted, still I can say I have done hard work. Even if hard work is not to be mentioned, still no one can deny that I have spared no strength and worked myself to the point of exhaustion for the revolution.

Chairman Mao's latest instruction struck me. This self-appreciation of "contributions," "hard work," "exhaustion" is alien to Chairman Mao's teaching and must be sharply criticized. Only thus can I **"fear neither hardship nor death,"** take a proletarian view of what is hardship and what is pleasure, and make big strides on the road of revolution.

August 5

Today is the third anniversary of the publication of **"Bombard the Headquarters — My Big-Character Poster"** by Chairman Mao.

This poster sounded the battle call for the offensive against the bourgeois reactionary line. What tremendous changes have taken place in the past three years! Inspired by this poster, the working class and the poor and lower-middle peasants, revolutionary cadres and the Red Guards dug out Liu Shao-chi, the number one capitalist roader who had wormed his way into the Party, and his agents in other parts of the country. We rooted out the time bomb hidden by the side of Chairman Mao. The wheel of history is thus able to roll on triumphantly.

Through repeated struggles and practice in the dynamic Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, I have come to a profound understanding of this great truth: By following Chairman Mao closely we'll be victorious, and by being loyal to Chairman Mao we'll have strength. I am determined to take the road pointed out by Chairman Mao, and travel it to communism.

August 6

A revolutionary mass criticism meeting was held this evening to criticize Liu Shao-chi's theory of "the dying out of class struggle." Reality has taught us that class struggle is by no means over. In one brigade there are several landlords who have never stopped dreaming of seizing back their property. One counter-revolutionary went out in the middle of the night to sabotage. When seized by the militiamen he even dared to threaten the people with suicide. The class enemies are still around, unreconciled to their defeat. They dream all the time of regaining their "paradise." We must firmly bear in mind Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**Never forget class struggle.**" We must use Mao Tsetung Thought, the sharpest weapon, to hit hard at Liu Shao-chi's theory of "the dying out of class struggle" and to hit the class enemies hard. Particularly now when the class struggle abroad and at home is very sharp, we must heighten our vigilance and be prepared against war, so as to smash all the new intrigues of the class enemies.

August 7

During our meeting yesterday evening it suddenly rained. We rushed out and moved indoors the mud-bricks that were drying on the threshing ground. There were many people, so we finished quickly. I felt very happy.

Another vivid lesson for me by the poor and lower-middle peasants!

August 10

We tied wheat stalks this morning, one person per row. In the afternoon we carried the stalks to the threshing ground. I felt the job was light at the beginning, but after I finished toting one row I felt it was harder than my work in the morning. That shows if you don't have Mao Tsetung Thought in your head, bourgeois thinking will inevitably come to take over, and you will start looking for easy jobs and give up ideological remoulding. I must go on studying Mao Tsetung Thought, arm myself with it and never stop advancing.

August 13

We were talking about lamps and came to this conclusion: However bright a lamp may be, if your thinking is dim, the lamp will seem dim too; however small the wick may be, when you study Chairman Mao's works, your mind is always bright; and the more you study, the brighter it gets. This is because Mao Tsetung Thought illuminates our way forward.

August 14 (the day before his death)

My anger ran high today when I heard over the radio the note of our foreign ministry (on August 13 the Chinese Foreign Ministry lodged a strong protest with the Soviet Government for ordering the Soviet armed forces to intrude into the Tiehlikti area in Yumin County of the Sinkiang Uighur Autonomous Region, China, and creating a fresh incident of bloodshed). Chairman Mao teaches us: "**We must never be cowed by the bluster of reactionaries.**" The 700 million Chinese people and their army in full battle array will deal resolute blows to the aggressors. We warn the imperialists, revisionists and

other reactionaries throughout the world that the revolutionary young people living in the Mao Tsetung era are not to be bullied. Should U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionist social-imperialism dare to come for a trial of strength with us, we shall let them taste the iron-fists of the third and fourth generations of China!

We are the new generation of young people in socialist China. U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism pin their hopes for "restoration" on us. Nonsense! They are day-dreaming!

Down with U.S. imperialism!

Down with Soviet revisionist social-imperialism!

Defend the territory of our motherland at any cost!

Safeguard Mao Tsetung Thought at any cost!

Defend Chairman Mao at any cost!

*Chin Hsun-bua—Chairman Mao's
Red Guard (gouache) ▶*



Song of Chin Hsun-hua

The Express Speeds on

The whistle cuts through the skies,
As wheels riding on the east wind
Rumble in their swift advance,
Carrying to our frontier province
Young Red Guards who point
To our mountains and rivers,
Singing all the way.

Oh, rolling white smoke,
Do not screen the carriage windows,

These poems were written collectively by Chou Hsuch-pao, Chien Kuo-liang and Chang Hung-hsi who are workers in Shanghai.

Because our Chin Hsun-hua,
His heart surging,
Wants to look back....

Shanghai, heroic city,
Birthplace of our Party,
Home where I was raised.
The storm of January Revolution
Toughened my young wings.
The red star on the Huangpu shore
Inspires me to continue the revolution.
I shall be a red seed
That grows into a great pine
Ever green, deep-rooted,
In our frontier land....

Oh, rolling white smoke,
Do not screen the carriage windows,
Because our Chin Hsun-hua,
His bosom with passion swelled,
Wants to look forward....

Gleaming rails white as snow
Stretch to the horizon,
Across the boundless plain,
Over the broad Yangtse....
For twenty years this express train
Of our motherland has raced
With flying velocity,
Without let-up for a single day,
Along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

The series of semaphores
Call to mind the strategic plan
Outlined by Chairman Mao;
Every station
A starting point
For a journey
Of continuing the revolution.
Our destination —
The emancipation of mankind!

Today
The splendid victory
Of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution
We have achieved
Is but the first step
On a long march.
The rebellion against the capitalist roaders
Is only a first test on the battlefield,
A first combat in the storms.

Twenty years ago I was born,
The same as our People's Republic.
The milk of the working class,
The dew of the Party,
The sunlight of Mao Tsetung Thought
Nurtured me into manhood.
My life belongs to Chairman Mao,
Belongs to our great Party.

Under the Oil Lamp

Outside the thatched cottage
Wind sighs in the pines like a heaving sea
Under a sky studded with glittering stars.
Inside the thatched cottage
The oil lamp projects
A lofty figure on the earthen wall.

He is poring over the treasured red book,
Every night like this by the lamplight,
Lost in the thought —
Fight self and repudiate revisionism,
To open a battlefield in the soul.
The struggles during the day
Like scenes in a film
Pass through the mind incessantly:
“The words I utter,” he muses,
“Do they fit in with Mao Tsetung Thought?
The path I trod,
Is it in line with the revolution?”

Opening the treasured red book,
He visualizes
Our great leader Chairman Mao,
In cloth shoes,
An umbrella under his arm,
In wind and frost,
Going into the coal-pits to disseminate truth
Or chatting with poor peasants on a *kang*.

What a glorious example
Of revolutionary practice!
It inspires us to strike roots
Deep in the soil
Of the workers and peasants.

How beautiful the scenes
Of our northern frontier,
A vast land in itself,
A classroom for revolution.
He has lived here a fortnight.
Sleeping on the *kang*,
He thinks of the cave dwellings in Yen-an,
And a warm current runs through his heart.
Biting into a corn muffin,
The Long March comes to his mind,
And the coarse fare tastes delicious.
Cutting the hay,
He sees spring in Nanniwan,*
And his sickle works faster.

Carrying water for an old grandpa
He remembers Norman Bethune,
And his steps quicken,
And the carrying pole sings.
Chopping wood for an old granny,
He recalls Chang Szu-teh,

*A place in the neighbourhood of Yen-an where the army-men and civilians started a great campaign to raise production during the period of the War of Resistance Against Japan.

And his axe grows light....
Revolutionary traditions always radiant,
The red banner of martyrs
He holds high.

Who can call the thatched cottage small?
A revolutionary fighter's chest is large enough
To contain the storms of the Five Continents
And the billows of the Four Seas.
Who can say the oil lamp weak?
A revolutionary fighter's vision is sharp enough
To look into the galaxy of stars
And see the brightness of our prospects.
Who can say frontier life is hard?
A revolutionary fighter has a strong will,
He transforms heaven and earth for the people —
A task that brings him delight.
Let these hands grow stronger,
And hold firmly and for ever
The revolutionary seal.
Let these feet grow still hardier,
And accomplish the long march
Without lagging a step.
Let these shoulders grow still sturdier,
And carry the heavy revolutionary load,
Steadily, in the march forward!

Outside the thatched cottage
The wind sighs in the pines like a heaving sea
Under a sky studded with glittering stars.

Inside the thatched cottage
The lofty figure of Chin Hsun-hua,
The treasured red book in his hands,
Diffuses crimson beams far and wide....

Ever Ready to Go to the Front

Dawn spreads a red glow in the east,
Pine woods shimmer with golden lights.
The militiamen come back from their patrol,
Their uniforms wet with dew.
Chin marches in front,
Strides big, chest high.

How many times late at night
Has Young Chin, rifle on his back,
Stood outside the village
While villagers watched films on the square.

Eyes alert
Searching in every direction,
He patrols the fields in wind and rain,
Or guards the granary,
His uniform drenched in moonlight,
Or in muddy straw sandals paces on the dam....
He never forgets the exhibition
That he saw about class struggle.
Vicious scenes flash through his mind:
Rich peasants set fire

To wheat stacks in the dark;
Landlords examine their hidden title deeds
And usurious accounts at night...
With a heart red as fire
Chin patrols for the collective,
And for the revolution mounts guard.

How many times in the study class,
Stirred with emotion, his rifle high,
Has he reflected:
Oh, gun,
You are the pillar of our political power,
Main girder of our motherland!
I must concentrate my vigilance
On your sight
And inject my hatred
And put my red heart
On your trigger,
And crystallize my courage
On your bayonet point!

I must never forget how
The poor and lower-middle peasants,
With tears and blood,
Struggled in the old days:
Armed landlords pressed them for debt,
How many people were driven to death
And their families ruined...
Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.
I must never lose hold of the weapon.

Mao Tsetung Thought arms me,
I in turn shall arm the gun.

How many times in militia training
Young Chin took the lead
Jumping into the swift Hsunho River,
Battling with the turbulent waves.
Whirlpools
Test his sagacity,
Roaring billows
Temper his courage,
Adverse currents
Try his staunchness.
He always remember
Chairman Mao's teaching:
Fear neither hardship nor death.
Ready always for a bayonet fight,
Or to leave his warm blood
On the battlefield.
Raging torrents daunt not a fighter
Who has the morning sun in his heart.

On the summit of the mountain,
Gazing at the morning sun,
Rifle slung on his shoulder, back straight,
Young Chin sings to his heart's content:
Oh, Chairman Mao,
Your Red Guard
Will be a sentinel for you
All his life!

A Triumphant, Soaring Song

On the first days of his arrival
A green carpet of lush sprouts covered the land.
In the twinkling of an eye
A bumper crop awaited his sickle.
Time flies fast in battle,
He has lived in our frontier land
For seventy-seven days already.

Seventy-seven days
Pass so quickly.
Chin Hsun-hua cherishes
Every second, every minute.
For him each chime of the clock
Is a bugle call to march;
Every tick of the time-piece
Is a beat on the battle drum.
Heading for the peak of "public interest,"
With wings extended his red heart soars
Towards the lofty height day and night.

Seventy-six pages of his diary
Flash with the fire of youth.
And the last page,
Written in the present,
Will shine through the millenium.

For ever remember —
August the fifteenth, ninteen sixty nine,
The clock strikes four past noon.

Taking people unawares
Down roll mountain torrents,
Overflowing rivers and streams,
Inundating the valley of the river Hsunho.
Paddy fields submerged,
Giant trees topple.
Shouts the production brigade leader:
"The torrent must not wash away
The pile of telephone poles from the bank!"
Young Chin stands out at the call:
"The pile must remain intact!
Give me the task."

Young Chin dashes to the spot.
Muddy billows roar,
Breakers assail the shore,
Rolling away two poles.
You, mountain floods,
Shall not swallow our state property.
Young Chin gives chase.
Swift torrents, foaming surge,
Mean nothing to his fiery heart.
He sees before his eyes
Myriad flashes of dazzling light:
Huang Chi-kuang blocking the muzzle
Of a machine-gun with his chest;
Tung Tsun-jui propping the explosives
With his very hand;
'Tsai Yung-hsiang removing
A wood block on the rail;

And Yang Shui-tsai's wheelbarrow never falls. . . .

Thousands of heroes who serve the people
Are living examples for today.

"Follow me!"

Young Chin's voice shakes the earth and sky,

"We will collect the poles!"

The youthful fighter jumps into the water.

"Come back quick!"

With profound class feelings

The brigade leader calls out.

Beating the fierce waves with both arms

Our hero answers back:

"When we die for the people

It is a worthy death."

Battling in the ferocious water,

A petrel in the storm,

He defies the onset of breakers

And the siege of the whirlpools.

His resolve mounts high.

Each time he emerges from the crushing torrents

He fights and advances with redoubled vigour,

Before his feet the breakers bow.

Three times he cleaves the waves,

Three times he goes down and refloats.

In this critical moment

His heart remains calm.

He has mounted to the heights of "public interest,"

Composing a triumphant, soaring song!

To the bank of the river Hsunho

People converge like tides,

Bidding farewell to our hero.

They look into the heavens:

Our youthful fighter stands in rosy clouds,

Sparkling with the colourful rainbow rays.

Thousands of lush blue pines drop tears,

Hundreds of green hills take off their mist-caps.

Boiling blood accelerates

The surge of emotion in every one's heart.

The age of Mao Tsetung breeds heroes.

The spring wind blows

Amid ten thousand willow branches.

A life of only twenty years

Is weightier than Mount Tai,

Never will it fade away.

A heart red as flame will illuminate

The world of man through the ages,

A new guiding light

On the course to communism!

Ten Years in the Countryside

An autumn morning, 1958.

Light fog brooded over the surface of the Chiyun River. Villages and growing crops on both side of the river, draped in white mist, were intermitently visible. High dykes wound along the banks, running from east to west. Rows of straight poplars crowning the dykes stood like vigorous sentinels, vigilantly guarding day and night the fields and villages of the people's commune. In the distance, through the morning mist, a girl approached.

Her name was Hsing Yen-tzu. She was a Communist Youth Leaguer of eighteen, a student at the agricultural middle school in Paoti County, Hopei Province. She wore a faded tunic of purple flower pattern and home-spun blue cloth trousers. Tall, ruddy complexioned, round faced, she had large eyes that glowed with warmth, boldness and determination. Anyone could see at a glance that here was a girl with a mind of her own.

She gazed with pleasure at the beauty of her native place. Pearls of dew glittered on the fiery red sorghum. Millet bowed under the

weight of full, plump ears. The air was filled with the fragrance of autumn crops and the bitter-sweet freshness of hay. Yen-tzu breathed deeply. How delicious!

Here she spent her childhood, and witnessed with her own eyes the tremendous changes in the countryside.

Paoti County is in a basin. Before liberation the river overflowed every year. When the torrents washed down, houses collapsed, men and animals were swept away, the fields were flooded. Of the ten foot high sorghum, only the tips were visible. There was nothing but water for dozens of *li* around.

The reactionary Kuomintang government was interested only in making levies and collecting taxes, not caring whether the people lived or died. Supporting the old and carrying the babies, the peasants left their homes in tears and wandered far.

After liberation, under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, the local people built dykes and reservoirs, and their days of bitter sufferings ended, never to return.

In 1958 the people's communes came into being, with battle drums of the Great Leap Forward shaking the heaven and earth. This made Yen-tzu all the more enthusiastic. She thought of Chairman Mao's teaching that **"Ours is still a very poor country, that we cannot change this situation radically in a short time, and that only through the united efforts of our younger generation and all our people, working with their own hands, can China be made strong and prosperous within a period of several decades. The establishment of our socialist system has opened the road leading to the ideal society of the future, but to translate this ideal into reality needs hard work."**

She walked faster in excitement. Sweaty bangs adhered to her broad forehead. Wiping away the perspiration, she looked around. Fields bathed in bright sunlight, fiery red sorghum stretching to the horizon. What a vast expanse of land! The splendid sight reminded her of Chairman Mao's teachings: **"All intellectuals who can work in the countryside should be happy to go there. Our countryside is vast and has plenty of room for them to develop**



their talents to the full." Hot blood rushed through her heart like the surging Chiyun River.

"Chairman Mao, oh Chairman Mao! You are the great liberator of the labouring people! Your teachings are the beacon light guiding us to the bright future—communism. Now you call upon us to work in the countryside. As a Communist Youth Leaguer and the daughter of a poor peasant, I am determined to respond to your call. I shall be a humble pupil of the poor and lower-middle peasants and devote my whole life to the countryside."

At this moment, Grandpa Wang's words resounded in her ears: "Yen-tzu, when will you graduate? Come back soon. A people's commune has been set up in our Big Basin. Everything is in full swing now. We badly need educated people like you." Yen-tzu seemed to see the hopeful gaze of the poor and lower-middle peasants. Her heart beat fast. She longed to fly to them and join them in building a socialist countryside.

A gentle breeze lightly caressed her cheeks. Through golden fields laden with rich crops, commune members, hoes on their shoul-

ders, were going to work. Yen-tzu's heart felt as abundant as the autumn fields. The wonderful ideal she had cherished for years seemed to float before her eyes. Winding paths became irrigation ditches with clear water feeding the fertile earth; green wheat shoots drank to the full and grew rapidly; in the blink of an eye, golden wheat waves covered the land, harvesters ran to and fro and the joyous people sent cart after cart of their produce to the cities and factories. . . . She also seemed to see by the side of the Chiyun River a towering hydroelectric station bringing light to every household; a new upsurge in building socialism taking place in her home village and in every other village all over the great motherland. . . .

Deeply stirred by her own imaginings, she could not refrain from murmuring to herself: "Oh, Big Basin! When the time comes, we will produce more grain and fruit to support the state." She quickened her pace.

Two tall poplar trees stood not far ahead. To the east was a little hamlet near the dyke. A narrow street about two hundred metres long wound from east to west flanked by two neat rows of tiled-roof houses. This was Yen-tzu's birth place—Szuchia Village.

Yen-tzu hurried into the house, and her sudden appearance greatly surprised her grandpa. "Why are you back, Yen-tzu?" he asked. "Is it holiday time?"

"No. I've just come home," she answered blithely. "Grandpa, I've decided to be a peasant all through my life. I'm not going back to school any more."

"What?" Grandpa could hardly believe his ear. "Be a peasant and not go back to school?"

"That's right. I'm going to be a peasant and never return to the school," Yen-tzu repeated loudly in his ear.

"How can you be so off-hand, child?" Grandpa reproved her anxiously. "You can't do that. Does your father agree?"

"He says it's a good idea. He agrees completely," she replied cheerfully. Her father, a deputy director of the pottery mill in Tientsin, had written her a letter warmly approving of her returning to the countryside to take part in farm work.

Grandpa was silent for a long while. Finally he said with a sigh: "In the dark old society, our family was blind for generations, though we had eyes to see. Only since liberation, have we poor and lower-middle peasants had the chance to go to school. You are the first 'girl scholar' our family has ever had. I've hoped that you would do well in school and show what stuff we poor and lower-middle peasants are made of. But now, you've come back . . ."

"I understand that, Grandpa." Yen-tzu said softly, looking at his wrinkled brown face. "But, don't you see, since the people's communes were set up, every village has been advancing fast. That means they need educated people more than ever. If we peasant kids only read books but don't live and work with our folks, how can we show what stuff we poor and lower-middle peasants are made of? We study so that we can build up our socialist motherland. Though I've left school, I can still go on studying. Grandpa, you always tell me: 'Follow Chairman Mao's instructions; if it were not for Chairman Mao, we poor and lower-middle peasants would not enjoy the good life we have today.' I've come back in response to Chairman Mao's call, to show the mettle of us poor and lower-middle peasants. Can't you see that?"

Grandpa gave no answer, but puffed silently on his pipe. After meditating for a long while, the wrinkles in his face smoothed out and he smiled.

"So you say Chairman Mao has called for this? As long as you listen to Chairman Mao, I agree."

The news that Yen-tzu had returned spread through the village like wildfire. That evening, Grandpa Wang, Grandpa Feng and Grandma Hsieh, all poor peasants, came to see her. The little courtyard seethed with excitement.

"Yen-tzu," Grandpa Feng called loudly as he entered the gate, "they say that you've come back to be a peasant. Is that true?"

"Yes." Yen-tzu put down the willow basket she was weaving and stood up to greet them.

"Good for you!" exclaimed Grandpa Wang. "Ever since our people's commune was established, we've been badly in need of people

with education. Registering work points, reckoning the accounts, making scientific experiment . . . you can't do any of them without culture. A few youngsters left the village and forgot us poor and lower-middle peasants after some years of schooling. You mustn't be like them, Yen-tzu."

Yen-tzu was about to reply when Grandma Hsieh grasped her hand and cut in protectively:

"Our Yen-tzu is not such a girl. She has a head on her shoulders and will never forget her origin. See these hands of hers. They're as strong as ours though she's been in school for several years."

Yen-tzu's grandpa sat beneath the grape-vine. His neighbours' praise of his grand-daughter did his heart good. He nodded. "This girl has the right idea. The road she's taking is correct."

The old timers always talked about the past whenever they met. They recalled Yen-tzu's grandpa who had to run away because of debt, of Yen-tzu's father who had to leave home; later he joined the Communist Party. Grandma Hsieh recalled her own bitter sufferings when she was a beggar some eighteen years before.

Yen-tzu, tears in her eyes, listened to these bitter memories in silence. Her young heart was filled with hatred for the old society and love for Chairman Mao, for the Communist Party and the new society.

She got up early the next morning. After cleaning the rooms, she took a hoe, intending to go to the fields. Just then a shrill voice was heard outside. "Uncle Hsing! May I borrow your carrying pole?"

A woman in her late forties appeared. Her cheeks were flat as tiles, her nose was pitted with big pockmarks, her little eyes darted furtively like a rat's. She was the wife of Chiao Yu-yin, a rich peasant.

As soon as she entered the room she cried with an affected air:

"Ah me! When did you come back niece? You must drop into my house and have a chat. How pretty you've grown, charming as a flower. Like parents, like children. How fortunate your father is in having you!"

She gabbled on, sputtering moistly. Her sallow face was wreathed in smiles which prominently displayed her yellow buck-teeth.

Yen-tzu was nauseated. She asked coldly: "What brings you here?"

"I've come to borrow a pole." The woman glanced her slyly. With a false smile she went on: "Yesterday afternoon, I was told that you've come back to be a peasant. I can't believe it. A clever girl like you wouldn't do such a stupid thing. With your looks and personality you could easily marry a cadre in the city, to say nothing of the fact that your father is a factory director. You can eat and drink the best your whole life. I tell you this from the heart, the countryside is no place for girls like you..."

"None of your nonsense!" Yen-tzu angrily cut her short. "Who are you calling 'niece'? Why shouldn't I stay in the countryside? What's wrong with the countryside? You don't like it because your land was distributed, because we've taken away your power. That's it, isn't it?"

"Why... whatever are you saying..." Like a person whose dark secret has been revealed, "tile-face" lost her head, and could only stammer.

"So you don't want me stay in the countryside. Well, just for that I'll strike roots here. I am determined to follow the road indicated by Chairman Mao, and don't you forget it." With these words Yen-tzu marched out, hoe on shoulder.

Her words had struck "tile-face" like a hammer. The rich peasant's wife scurried away, pale with chagrin.

II

The sun-dried clods in the Big Basin were hard as rock. Although Yen-tzu had worked in the fields as a child, she never did any hoeing with the commune members. This was the first time. She struck the ground with her hoe and her hands were shocked numb. But she had barely scratched the surface.

Gritting her teeth, Yen-tzu gripped the handle of her hoe more tightly and went on weeding. Soon she was soaked to the skin and white salty moisture appeared on her blue tunic. Though a day

of hard work in the fields raised bloody blisters on her hands, she was still unable to keep up with the others.

When they knocked off, Yen-tzu went home. Her grandpa saw her sun-burnt face and said affectionately: "You must be tired, Yen-tzu. Wash your face and take a rest."

Once seated Yen-tzu did not want to stand up again. Grandpa brought her tasty dishes, but she just had a few mouthfuls and then put down her chopsticks. She was too tired.

That night Yen-tzu tossed restlessly on her bed. Her whole body felt out of joint, she ached all over. Raising her head, she looked at the picture of Chairman Mao on the wall. She seemed to hear the great leader say:

"How should we judge whether a youth is a revolutionary? How can we tell? There can only be one criterion, namely, whether or not he is willing to integrate himself with the broad masses of workers and peasants and does so in practice." "If you want the masses to understand you, if you want to be one with the masses, you must make up your mind to undergo a long and even painful process of tempering."

These words gave her infinite strength. She said resolutely: "Chairman Mao, you may rest assured I'll stand any test and undergo the long and painful process of tempering."

The next day Yen-tzu went to the fields before dawn, with two pieces of kaoliang bread in her pocket. By the time the other commune members arrived she had already hoed a row. At the break, the others sat down to rest, chatting and laughing. But Yen-tzu did not stop. She went on with her weeding.

"Are you crazy, Yen-tzu?" Tsui-hua threw a small clod at her and shouted laughingly. "Come over here and rest. You're soaking the field with your sweat."

"That will make it easier for you to hoe," Yen-tzu retorted with a smile as she raised her head and mopped her face.

By noon the ground was scorching hot. Tsui-hua and other girls seized Yen-tzu's arms and said: "Now you'll have to quit. We're all going home for lunch."

"You go ahead. I'll come as soon as I've washed my feet." Yen-tzu shook her arms free and said smilingly.

After the other girls left she took out her kaoliang bread, sat down at the edge of the field and began to eat.

"Go home and have a hot meal," said one of the older men. He was concerned about her. "Don't wear yourself out."

"Don't worry, uncle," Yen-tzu replied. She stood up, patted the kaoliang crumbs from her tunic, shouldered her hoe, and went back to the field.

She went on like this day after day. "Rest when you feel tired, Yen-tzu," the commune members urged her. "Don't be impatient. You've only just joined us to hoe. There's no need to do as much as the others."

"I'm not tired," Yen-tzu laughed, her big eyes flashing. "I don't feel tired physically as long as I keep alert politically."

Yen-tzu finally was able to keep up with the others. An autumn of labour in the open darkened her skin and thinned her face, but her two expressive eyes shone darker and brighter. Grandma Hsieh felt the calluses on her hands and smiled.

"Our Yen-tzu is a real country girl now!" she said.

A year had passed since Yen-tzu came back to the countryside.

Green willow trees stood along the dyke. Wild flowers were scattered on the river banks like stars, yellow, violet and pink. Strong crops with oily leaves grew shining under the sun. A good prospect for a bumper harvest!

But several unexpected rainstorms before autumn enraged the Chiyun River and ruined the fruits of the people's labour. In Szuchia Village floods created considerable difficulties.

The Party and Government sent a large quantity of grain and goods to aid the flooded district and urged the people to develop side-occupations and overcome the disaster through self-reliance. Under the leadership of the Party branch a screen weaving group and a fishing group were soon organized in the village. The women were assigned to the weaving group and the men to fishing. Because most of the men had gone to build a reservoir in the upper reaches of the Chiyun

River, only a few strong men were left in the village. They could not haul a big net and had to use a small one. Though they worked from early morning till dark, they could only gather a few dozen *jin* of fish a day.

One winter evening Yen-tzu returned to her group after delivering reeds. As she entered the house she heard Grandma Tung and Aunt Li, two middle-peasant women, complaining.

"A few dozen *jin* of fish a day are not enough," one said.

"Our conditions are worse than other villages," the other countered. "We can't support ourselves. We must rely on the state for relief."

When they saw Yen-tzu they rushed to her and pleaded: "You must report our difficulties to the leadership and ask for more relief grain from the state."

Yen-tzu was greatly surprised. She thought: These two were in high spirits, talking and laughing all the morning. Why have they changed so quickly? She glanced at them and asked: "Whose idea is that?"

"Chiao Yu-yin's wife's," Hsiu-lan burst out. "Not long after you went out that scurrying rat came over." She imitated the woman's shrill voice: "We're busy day and night. When will we see the end of it? The state has big granaries. They only have to give us a little, and we'll have enough for years. If we all raise a rumpus the leadership will have to come across."

"We hushed her on the spot and she turned tail," Tzui-hua said angrily. "You can't get ivory from a dog's mouth. No one would listen to her."

"Tzui-hua is right," Yen-tzu nodded. "What kind of person is 'tile-face' anyway? She would be more than willing to see our new society collapse, the sooner the better, so that her class would be able to lord it over the people again. We mustn't let ourselves be fooled by her."

The two middle-peasant women lowered their heads, their faces red.

Yen-tzu told Grandpa Wang and Grandma Hsieh about the incident.

"It's different, coming from Chiao Yu-yin's wife, than from somebody else," Grandpa Wang said. "She and her clique are not just

asking for more grain to tide them over. They want to undermine socialism. They oppressed us in the past and now they are sniping at us. Well, we'll see who will triumph over whom. Yen-tzu, can you think of a way to get the women to do more side-occupations? Chairman Mao has called on us to become self-reliant. We must listen to him and not be going to the state for hand-outs."

Yen-tzu nodded. She felt deeply that the poor and lower-middle peasants were more thoughtful and far-sighted than herself.

Because the supply of reeds was limited, the women couldn't all produce screens. Yen-tzu talked it over with Tzui-hua and Hsiulan. They decided that the girls would join the men's fishing group. When they showed up at the fishing group, Liu Ta-hai, the deputy leader, couldn't imagine what they wanted. Yen-tzu forestalled his question. She said with a laugh:

"You don't have enough people in your fishing group, uncle, so we girls want to join you. What do you say?"

Liu Ta-hai was shocked. Women fishing in the severe cold winter! This was unheard of in their county. But he knew that Yen-tzu meant what she said. What's to be done? After pondering a moment he said:

"All right, you can be the men's assistants . . ."

"Nothing doing," the girls retorted. "We'll help pull the big net. That will bring in more fish."

"You want to pull the big net, eh?" Liu's eyes widened. He looked doubtfully at the girls. "That net is more than one hundred feet long. It's no plaything." He shook his head.

The girls went to the Party branch secretary, who gave them warm support.

The next day before dawn, Yen-tzu and the other girls went against the cold wind to the banks of the river. The men began breaking the ice. But the girls, because the work was new to them, did not know what to do. They simply stood watching. Some of them became discouraged.

"There's plenty of other work we could do. Why should we hang around here?" Wang Yung-jung said to Yen-tzu irritably.

After thinking a while Yen-tzu called the girls together, took a notebook from her pocket and said firmly: "Let's study a passage of Chairman Mao's works." She opened her notebook and read:

"What is work? Work is struggle. There are difficulties and problems in those places for us to overcome and solve. We go there to work and struggle to overcome these difficulties. A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater." Then she asked in a clear voice: "Can we say we are good comrades, if we beat a retreat in the face of difficulties?"

"We won't retreat," the girls answered resolutely. "We must listen to Chairman Mao and stick it out."

Yen-tzu gave a report to the Party branch that evening. The Party branch encouraged the girls and assigned Communist Wang Hsueh-chih to teach them to net fish. Wang was known for his placid disposition and skill at farming. When the girls heard he would be their teacher they were beside themselves with joy.

From then on, they worked on the ice with the men every day. Their hands became swollen but they did not stop. The piercing cold wind cut their faces like knives, but they carried on. They worked on clear days and in whirling snowstorms. They went out to the river before dawn and returned to the village at dusk, with icy corn-bread as their lunch in the open. Sometimes their hands were so numb they could not grip the net-rope, and the girls warmed them in their mouths or under their armpits.

In nearly one hundred days of hard work on the river Yen-tzu did not miss a single day, nor did she rest. She always took the heaviest jobs on herself. When breaking holes in the ice she took the part to hold the iron-rod. Ice chips spattered her face. When hauling the net she stood on the very edge of the water. Often, the net froze to her hands and tore off a layer of skin. In a severely cold January, the backs of her hands cracked and bled. Just moving them was agony. In moments like these, she set her teeth and recited Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

Time and again Hsueh-chih saw how tired Yen-tzu was, and urged her to rest. But Yen-tzu always replied with a smile:

"It's nothing. This is much better than what the Red Armymen had to put up with during the Long March." And she continued hauling the dripping net.

The fishermen were greatly moved by the girls' enthusiasm. Those who had not believed the girls could do this kind of job changed their minds.

"Those girls are really something."

"If they had not joined us, we few men would not have been able to pull the big net."

The fishing group increased its catch every day, from a few dozen *jin* of fish a day to a hundred, from a hundred to three or four hundred, occasionally more than five hundred. At the sight of the piles of silver fish Yen-tzu felt very happy and the girls sang and danced joyously around the fish they caught.

In winter the day is short and night long. Yen-tzu thought: If we do some work at night we can contribute more to building our country and improving the living conditions in our village. At the same time, the higher leadership provided the village with more reeds. Yen-tzu suggested to other girls that they do fishing during the day and weave screens at night.

"Good," the girls gladly approved. "So long as you take the lead, Yen-tzu, we'll go wherever we're needed."

When Grandma Hsieh heard this she said with concern: "You girls are a great help to the commune members, and a day's work on the ice in the cold winter is hard enough. At night you ought to rest."

"Weaving screens is easy," Yen-tzu smiled. "The nights are long, who wants to go to bed so early? It's better to work than just sit idle."

The girls spread the reeds in the street and began weaving that evening under a hand-lamp, working in teams of two. Each team completed three or four screens.

"Don't work too late," the old brigade leader urged the girls. "Go home and rest. What you can't finish tonight, you can do tomorrow evening. Don't catch cold. . . ."

"Right," the girls acquiesced. But they continued working.

It was deep in the night. The moon rose, and the little village became a world of silver. Thin frost coated the roofs, the trees, the screens and the girls' hair and shoulders. Dazzling lamp light reflected red on the girls' happy faces. They hummed songs softly, and the reeds seemed to dance in their hands.

Thanks to the care and guidance of the Party and Chairman Mao, the people of Szuchia Village learned to rely on their own efforts. They worked hard and triumphantly tided over the difficult period. The plot of Chiao Yu-yin to prevent this was thoroughly smashed.

Soon afterwards, "The Swallows," a team consisting of sixteen girls who were good in their thinking, their class origin and their work, was formed at the suggestion of the Party branch. Yen-tzu was elected team leader. Early the following spring they braved the cold wind and frost and planted 430 *mu* of spring wheat in less than twenty days, and together with other commune members reclaimed more than 490 *mu* of wasteland in three months. One of the biggest harvests was gathered that year.

Yen-tzu was admitted to the glorious Chinese Communist Party on September 18, 1960. She has been fighting for the revolution with increased vigour ever since.

III

The year 1963 witnessed another bumper harvest in Szuchia Village. While the cadres were discussing the distribution of grain for that year, news arrived of an exceptionally big flood in the middle of the Hopei plain. The Party and Government called on the people in regions where the harvest had been good to show their revolutionary class love and aid the stricken areas. Yen-tzu, now deputy secretary of the brigade Party branch, promptly urged the brigade members to sell more grain to the state. Her proposal was warmly approved. The people of Szuchia Village turned in their very best grain to support socialist construction and aid their class brothers in the flooded areas.

This, however, involved a sharp class struggle.

One day when Yen-tzu was winnowing on the threshing ground east of the dyke, Grandpa Feng ran up in a huff.

"I've been looking all over for you, Yen-tzu. Go and see what the devil they're up to on the other threshing ground, quick!"

Yen-tzu couldn't make head or tail of it. Smiling, she said, "Take it easy, Grandpa Feng. What's it all about?"

"Is that any way for cadres to behave?" the old man shouted, unable to calm down. "Assistant brigade leader Liu and Chiao Yu-yin are putting inferior grain in the bottoms of the sacks they're filling. They're cheating the state and fooling our class brothers. I've never seen such a cadre!"

"Have all the sacks been filled?" Yen-tzu asked anxiously.

"They were still working when I left. I suppose they are loading the carts by now," replied the angry old man.

"Grandpa Feng is always enthusiastic and honest. His information is reliable," thought Yen-tzu. She threw down the wooden shovel and rushed straight to the western threshing ground. She ran so fast she didn't even notice when the wind blew her kerchief off her head.

Carts were waiting to be loaded. "Wait a minute," Yen-tzu cried. She came over to the bulging sacks and asked the commune members, "Where is Liu Teh-mu?"

People gazed at the young deputy Party secretary in surprise. Meanwhile, Liu, the assistant brigade leader, squeezed his way through the crowd and came forward in a flurry. At sight of Yen-tzu he suddenly changed colour.

"Who's filling the sacks?" Yen-tzu looked at him with sharp eyes and asked sternly.

"Chiao Yu-yin, Kung Chang-lin and me."

"Open them, I want to have a look."

"Is it necessary? They're all sewn up." Liu pretended to be impatient.

"Open them, I want to have a look!" Yen-tzu raised her voice.

Dejected, Liu untied some of the sacks. Yen-tzu pushed aside the fine wheat on the top, shoved her hand down and dug out a handful of the grain. Everyone crowded over. There was poor wheat

beneath the good, and small clods of earth. The crowd became indignant and cried:

"Whose trick is this?"

"Isn't this cheating the state?"

Yen-tzu was pale with anger. She stretched her hand before Liu's eyes and demanded, "How do you explain this?"

"It's not only for my own sake; holding back some good grain benefits us all..." Liu grumbled, casting down his eyes.

"How can you say such a thing! Don't you know what it means to deceive the state and the masses? It means you're undermining socialism. This is good for the landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists, but it's not good in the least for us poor and lower-middle peasants." Yen-tzu's voice became strident with agitation. She waved her hand and exclaimed, "Empty the sacks and fill them again!"

That evening the Party branch called an enlarged meeting. All those present severely criticized Liu Teh-mu's errors.

"Comrade Teh-mu, both of us are from poor families. We grew up in the same village," said Yen-tzu. Though her words were strong, her tone was kindly. "When I first returned home, you took the



lead in every task and discussed things with the poor and lower-middle peasants. We all had trust in you and chose you to be our assistant leader, hoping you would work earnestly for us poor and lower-middle peasants. But you've changed, changed so much that you're no longer of the same mind with us. Now you're messing around with rich peasants like Chiao Yu-yin. He invites you to drink, you never refuse; he presents you with gifts, you simply accept them. Aren't you aware that there is arsenic in his honey? Everyone of us worried to see you slipping. Time and again we've reminded you to be careful, but today see how you behaved. Aren't you ashamed?"

The assistant brigade leader sat silent with his head between his hands.

"Teh-mu," Yen-tzu glanced at him sorrowfully and continued, "making a mistake is nothing to worry about. You will be our good comrade again so long as you're willing to correct your mistakes. We're all watching you eagerly. Everyone of us poor and lower-middle peasants will gladly lend you a helping hand. Don't disappoint us."

Liu Teh-mu rose to his feet all of a sudden and said regretfully: "I'm wrong. I am to blame! What all of you have said is right. It's true that I've changed in these last two years. . . . I've fallen into the trap of Chiao Yu-yin and his like, the foxes, I've been hit by their sugar-coated bullets. It was Chiao's idea to put inferior grain in the sacks and sell it to the state. I pretended not to see and let him do it. Grandpa Feng found out and tried to stop me, but I was bewitched and rejected his advice. I didn't realize that Chiao was sabotaging socialism. If Yen-tzu hadn't prevented me in time, who knows what the result would have been. I shouldn't have. . . ." He choked and had to pause. Then raising his head he said, "I request punishment from the Party. . . ."

"That can wait," put in Ching-chen, secretary of the Party branch. "You should first consider what road you've been taking these last two years. Chairman Mao taught us long ago, **'There may be some Communists, who were not conquered by enemies with guns and were worthy of the name of heroes for standing up**

to these enemies, but who cannot withstand sugar-coated bullets; they will be defeated by sugar-coated bullets. We must guard against such a situation.' You've forgotten this warning and so you were defeated by the enemy. However, if you make a conscientious examination of your mistakes, correct them and draw lessons from them, the Party and the poor and lower-middle peasants will welcome you as they did in the past."

"You will see my actions from now on," Liu said with emotion, his eyes moist.

The next day the Party branch organized a mass rally to denounce the rich peasant Chiao Yu-yin. Liu Teh-mu was the first to open fire. He furiously unveiled to the public the whole story of how Chiao had wheedled and corrupted him. This aroused great rage in the masses.

Grandpa Feng dashed to the platform. Pointing at Chiao he shouted: "Do you remember, everybody? Last year Chiao's father died. When the old devil's coffin was being carried past my house Chiao had his son weep and howl. He wanted the old fiend to open his eyes and have a look at his former house. Think of it. That house was allotted to me during the land reform more than ten years ago. But Chiao, the dog, is unwilling to take his defeat lying down. He's still dreaming of a come-back."

"Down with Chiao, the rich peasant!"

"Long live the dictatorship of the proletariat!"

Slogans rang across the meeting place.

To close the rally Yen-tzu made some profound remarks. She said: "Chairman Mao taught us many years ago, **'The imperialists and domestic reactionaries will certainly not take their defeat lying down and they will struggle to the last ditch. After there is peace and order throughout the country, they will still engage in sabotage and create disturbances in various ways and will try every day and every minute to stage a come-back. This is inevitable and beyond all doubt, and under no circumstances must we relax our vigilance.'** Since liberation, the enemy has never ceased attacking us. And they will continue to do so in various ways. We mustn't relax our vigilance. Analyse every person and

every happening from the viewpoint of class struggle. We must ask ourselves: To which class does a person belong? Why does he say certain things, what is he after? Only in this way can we tell the difference between friends and enemies and be sure that we will never go off course in the storms of class struggle."

IV

A few years passed. The socialist revolution was developing steadily, and socialist construction was thriving in Szuchia Village. Yen-tzu became a model worker famous throughout the land, setting an example for young people everywhere.

She attended the Third National People's Congress in 1964. September 26, what a stirring day for her! In the evening of that day, she had the honour of seeing the great leader Chairman Mao. She was so excited that she forgot everything around her. Boundlessly happy, she looked at the great leader and cried from the bottom of her heart: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!" As she shook Chairman Mao's hands which guide the world revolution, happy tears streamed down her cheeks. She could find no words to express her deep feelings, she only kept shouting: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Then she sat down by the side of Chairman Mao who fondly questioned her. Only then did she begin to speak, haltingly. Like a child who has just learned to talk she made a report on her work to the great leader. Chairman Mao explained class struggle at home and abroad, and encouraged her to be modest and prudent always.

That night Yen-tzu was too happy to sleep. She stared, still able to see Chairman Mao's wise eyes and kindly face. She listened, still able to hear Chairman Mao's warm, strong voice. An ordinary country girl like her had been able to shake hands and talk with Chairman Mao. What a lofty honour it was for her! She recalled every sentence and every word Chairman Mao had said, all demonstrating his trust in the younger generation.

"How high Chairman Mao stands, how far he sees. Our dear Chairman Mao teaches us to link ourselves with the world revolu-

tion and the current struggle. In the past, I knew only the small plot of land in our village, and that I must work hard. I never realized that I am a fighter in international communist movement and everything I do contributes to the world revolution. My ideology is a far cry from what Chairman Mao demands!"

When she thought of this, she could not lie still any longer. She jumped up from her bed and walked to the window. Gazing at the lights of Chungnanhai, she said with great emotion: "Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao, you are still painstakingly working for the Chinese people and the world's people so late at night. Your large mind is like the boundless universe, embracing the entire world. Your brilliant thinking is like a never-setting sun which illuminates the highway to communism. You have led me to the road of revolution. I'll listen to you for ever and remain modest though I've made a few small achievements. I'll take the road of integrating myself with the workers, peasants and soldiers all my life, and devote myself to the cause of communism."

The congress ended. Yen-tzu took the bus back to Paoti. She gave her seat to an old woman who was standing.

"Where are you from, sister," the old woman asked gratefully.

"From Paoti."

"Doesn't Hsing Yen-tzu live there? She's probably not too far from you. Do you know her?"

"No, not too far. I know her," Yen-tzu answered with a smile.

"She often goes to meetings and visits places around Peking and Tientsin. Doesn't she still take part in collective labour?" The old woman queried.

"Of course she does. She's just an ordinary commune member." Yen-tzu was quite surprised by the old woman's question.

"But she's a model worker for the whole country. You mean to say she still does manual labour?"

"We should be modest and prudent, guard against arrogance and rashness, and serve the Chinese people heart and soul. . . ." Chairman Mao's teachings at once sounded in Yen-tzu's ears. She replied: "Because she is a model worker and is famous, that's all

the more reason for taking part in manual labour. How could she be a model worker if she didn't work?"

The passengers sitting beside them were intrigued by their conversation, and many of them expressed approval of Yen-tzu's viewpoint. They said: "What this sister says is true. If Yen-tzu didn't take part in manual labour, she'd change character. How could she be a model worker?"

Yen-tzu felt that what the revolutionary masses said was a good reminder. Be an ordinary labourer for ever, she urged herself, never become divorced from the masses, from practice and manual labour.

When she returned to her village, all the commune members crowded around her, and vied to grasp the hands which had shaken Chairman Mao's. They asked her many things, particularly about seeing Chairman Mao. Yen-tzu excitedly told them:

"Our great leader Chairman Mao is glowing with excellent health and is in high spirits! He is very much concerned with our socialist revolution and socialist construction, and hopes that we will continue to work hard and make bigger contributions to the world revolution."

After that, she rolled up her trousers, swung a spade to her shoulder, and went to dig ditches with the others.

V

The fierce flames of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, initiated and led by Chairman Mao, spread over the country in 1966. Szuchia Village was also boiling with enthusiasm. Big-character posters written by the poor and lower-middle peasants, criticizing Liu Shao-chi and refuting his counter-revolutionary revisionist line, were pasted in courtyards and streets throughout the village. The poor and lower-middle peasants and revolutionary youths, holding high the revolutionary banner of **"It is right to rebel against reactionaries,"** violently attacked Liu Shao-chi's bourgeois headquarters and all the old ideas, culture, customs and habits.

Yen-tzu firmly stood on the side of the poor and lower-middle peasants. Responding to Chairman Mao's call **"grasp revolution and promote production,"** she went to the fields during the day and

took part in the movement at night. She spent many such days and nights. Her eyes became red and inflamed, she got much thinner, but her militant enthusiasm soared high. What did it matter if she got a bit tired? She was determined to defend the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao and ensure that proletarian political power would never change colour, even if it cost her life.

With the poor and lower-middle peasants and the members of Yen-tzu's team taking the lead, the cultural revolution in Szuchia Village blazed into high flame. Whether it was eighty-year-old Grandma Hsieh, or eight-year-old little Hsiu-hua, everyone plunged into the criticism and repudiation of revisionism. Yen-tzu was delighted.

But as Chairman Mao has pointed out: **"The imperialists and domestic reactionaries will certainly not take their defeat lying down and they will struggle to the last ditch."** A man named Kung Ching-shun, who had concealed his rich peasant status, pretended to be a "rebel," and opposed Yen-tzu and her comrades. Kung and his cronies directed their spearhead against Yen-tzu. Using deception, rumour-mongering, vilification, and all kinds of base manoeuvres, they tried to muddy the waters so as to usurp political power in the brigade and restore capitalism.

When the activities of this handful of class enemies was most frenzied, the old poor peasants constantly encouraged Yen-tzu to go on fighting bravely.

One day, while she was reading some big-character posters, Grandpa Wang, much concerned, asked her:

"Yen-tzu, have you seen the big-character posters they've written about you last few days?"

"Yes, I have," she turned round and answered.

"Not very pleasant, are they?"

"At first, I didn't feel too happy about some of them," she smiled and said frankly. "I thought what they said wasn't true, and I felt they were unjust. But after I studied Chairman Mao's works, I became enlightened. Class struggle is not as simple as I thought. I've discovered quite a lot in these big-character posters. Some people give me sincere criticisms and want to help me. But some

of the posters are just nasty jibes. I am sure the class enemy is behind them!"

"I've got the same feeling myself." Knocking the bowl of his pipe against the sole of his shoe, Grandpa Wang smiled and said, "These last few days I've noticed Chang Lien-fu and some others going to Kung Ching-shun's house almost every day. They stay until midnight. Who knows what dirty business they're up to. Chang suffered a lot in the old society. What is he doing with that bastard Kung? Kung is no damn good! I remember during the land reform he was classified as a rich peasant. But later he somehow became a middle peasant. He's been very active lately. He's got a few people together and they write a lot of slanderous big-character posters. Yen-tzu, you'd better keep an eye on him. We ought to talk this over with Chang Lien-fu and the others. Don't let them be taken in by Kung."

Yen-tzu nodded. "I was thinking the same thing."

That night, together with Grandpa Wang, Grandma Hsieh and Grandpa Hsing, all former poor peasants and each with a copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, Yen-tzu visited the Changs.

Sincerely, she asked for their criticisms of her. Then, she studied with Chang and his wife Chairman Mao's great instruction: **"Who are our enemies? Who are our friends? This is a question of the first importance for the revolution."** They talked all night, recalling the past bitterness and savouring their present happiness, while analysing the class struggle in their village. Strong class feelings moved the Changs. They held Yen-tzu's hand tightly and said with tears rolling down their cheeks:

"We have been taken in by the class enemy and have directed the spearhead against our own class sister. Now, you have opened our eyes. We'll follow Chairman Mao's teachings hereafter and work together with the poor and lower-middle peasants. We'll put ourselves on the alert against the class enemies and will never be fooled by them again."

The following day, Yen-tzu and the poor and lower-middle peasants put up many big-character posters, exposing in detail how Kung

Ching-shun had exploited the poor and lower-middle peasants before liberation. Given a rich peasant classification during the land reform, he later had it changed to middle peasant with the help of a capitalist roader. In the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution he incited the masses to struggle against each other, and plotted to usurp power.

The whole village was aroused. Kung Ching-shun and the capitalist roader who had sheltered him were dragged out to be criticized and struggled against. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of Szuchia Village was brought to a new pitch.

In a panic, the capitalist roaders in the commune and in the county considered Yen-tzu a thorn in their side which had to be pulled out by any means they could find.

Once, the commune organized a meeting to repudiate Liu Shao-chi. Though bed-ridden with a backache Yen-tzu struggled to her feet and took part in the meeting.

Holding high a portrait of Chairman Mao, Yen-tzu and her team members marched under their red team flag to the threshing ground where the meeting was being held, singing songs of quotations from Chairman Mao. Their arrival stirred the people who shouted excitedly: "Yen-tzu is here! Yen-tzu is here!"

Yen-tzu greeted them cordially as she walked towards the platform and mounted it. A man rushed forward and demanded fiercely:

"What are you doing on this platform?"

It was none other than the capitalist roader in the commune, about whom Yen-tzu had written big-character posters. In 1958, he had fiercely opposed the three red banners — the Party's general line for building socialism, the people's commune and the Great Leap Forward; in 1962 he had faithfully implemented Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line of restoring capitalism in the countryside. He bustled about during the cultural revolution, inciting the masses to struggle against each other. Yen-tzu realized that a face-to-face struggle was inevitable. She held down her anger and retorted bravely:

"I want to repudiate Liu Shao-chi!"

"Who do you think you are? I don't know you!" The capitalist roader said, playing innocent.

"It doesn't matter whether you know me or not," Yen-tzu glared at him. "I want to repudiate Liu Shao-chi. It's Chairman Mao who's given us the right. You can't interfere."

At a loss for words, the capitalist roader rushed to the microphone and shouted:

"Go home! The meeting's over!"

The audience was thrown into a turmoil. His little coterie deliberately added to the confusion.

Yen-tzu grabbed the microphone. "Comrades," she cried. "Let's go on with our meeting and criticize Liu Shao-chi!"

"Right! Let's continue."

"Down with Liu Shao-chi!"

"Long live Chairman Mao! We wish Chairman Mao a long, long life!" The poor and lower-middle peasants shouted in support of Yen-tzu's revolutionary act. Thunderous applause encouraged her to speak. With tears in her eyes, she gazed at the enthusiastic and trustful eyes of her audience, and her fighting courage doubled.

"We'll settle with anyone who tries to sabotage the meeting!" shouted the angry audience as the capitalist roader attempted to stop her again.

He turned pale and started to slip away. But the masses hemmed him in. There and then Yen-tzu told how he faithfully implemented Liu Shao-chi's reactionary revisionist line, and exposed his wrecking activities in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. To the growing fury of the masses, Yen-tzu went on to denounce Liu Shao-chi's heinous crimes: feverishly advocating a rich peasant economy in the countryside; stifling the movement of co-operation; peddling the trash of private enterprise, and his futile attempts to restore capitalism.

Based on her own personal experiences, she repudiated Liu Shao-chi's fallacious theories. Thunderous applause broke out again when she related how, by using Mao Tsetung Thought, she had fought a tit-for-tat struggle against Liu Shao-chi's agent in the former Propaganda Department of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. He had sought to make her deviate from Chairman

Mao's revolutionary line and become a bourgeois individualist striving for fame and fortune.

The meeting was more and more animated. Poor and lower-middle peasants and educated young people spoke one after another. It ended amid victorious shouts of "Down with Liu Shao-chi!"

Night had fallen by the time the commune members reached home. Though they hadn't eaten all day, they were exhilarated as they recalled their militant battles that day.

From then on, Yen-tzu relied more firmly on the poor and lower-middle peasants and studied and applied in a living way Chairman Mao's works more conscientiously and seriously. Guided by Mao Tsetung Thought the movement in Szuchia Village advanced daily in depth.

Once demons and ghosts like Chiao Yu-yin and Kung Ching-shun were exposed, the demarcation line between friends and foe became clearer. With heightened revolutionary verve the poor and lower-middle peasants of Szuchia Village reaped excellent harvests for three successive years.

In 1968, revolutionary committees were established in all the provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions of China (with the exception of Taiwan Province). Yen-tzu was elected committee member or standing committee member of the provincial, regional, and county revolutionary committees and, of course, the one in her own commune.

On April 1, 1969 she saw our great leader Chairman Mao once again when she had the great honour to take part in the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China.

VI

Through the foliage of the poplars the sun shed its rays on the Chiyun River. On a high bank walked a young woman in a blue tunic, a pair of old army trousers and a pair of black cloth shoes. Slung on one shoulder was a green army knapsack, with the characters "Serve the People" embroidered in red. Yen-tzu was returning from the Party's Ninth National Congress.

The rapid Chiyun River stirred jubilantly, now circling around her, now rushing towards the distance. With the roaring waters, Yen-tzu's heart flew back to Peking, to Chairman Mao. She thought to herself: I'm just an ordinary country girl who has only done her duty for the past ten years, but the Party and the people have honoured me so highly. Were it not for Chairman Mao there would have been no Hsing Yen-tzu. And without the re-education by the poor and lower-middle peasants I would not be what I am today. Even if I gave my all I would not be able to repay Chairman Mao. I would not be worthy of the concern the poor and lower-middle peasants have shown me even if I used every ounce of my strength. I was able to sit in the great hall where Chairman Mao discussed state affairs and made Party policy, to hear him urge us to hold fast to political power with our work-callused hands. I must prove worthy of his expectations. All my life I will follow his teachings and fight to eliminate the system of exploitation all over the world and to liberate the whole of mankind.

Happily she advanced, looking at the levelled fields and the green wheat on both sides. She saw in the healthy looking wheat the beautiful future of our great motherland. **"Unite to win still greater victories,"** the great call made by Chairman Mao at the Ninth National Congress again rang in her ears.

"When I get home I'll firmly implement the spirit of the Ninth National Congress, raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought and, uniting with the poor and lower-middle peasants, do my job better in order to deal heavy blows at any enemy which dares to invade us. I'll also support the world revolution with all my might..." These were her thoughts as she walked with quickened steps to the rustle of the poplar leaves.

The two poplars were right ahead of her. Standing on the dyke she wiped her sweat and looked at the red flags fluttering in the east where a group of people were singing. She drew a deep breath and ran happily forward.

The people crowded around her, shouting, "Yen-tzu is home!" Their cheerful voices startled thousands of swallows, darting into the sky, high and far.

Revolutionary Stories

A New Family

By the side of the Shehyang River, in the Talou Production Brigade of the Hsinkou Commune, Funing County, Kiangsu Province, there lives a poor peasant family, three generations of them, altogether thirteen people under one roof. They study Chairman Mao's works and act upon the great leader's teachings. They regularly exchange their experiences in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought and encourage one another to continue the revolution and to achieve new successes for the people. This is the family of Granny Liu who is an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought in the Yencheng region.

The waters of the Shehyang River flow for ever eastward, the hearts of the poor and lower-middle peasants turn always to Chairman Mao. Granny Liu, although seventy years of age, was a most enthusiastic student in the study of Chairman Mao's works.

She was the first to organize a family study class of Mao Tsetung Thought in the Talou Production Brigade. Her eldest son, Liu Chih-cheng, was head of the class, her daughter Liu Chih-yin the teacher, while the others, in accordance with their age and level of literacy, formed into "pairs" of "one helping the other" with the aim of "both



becoming red in thinking.” Thus the whole family became a school of living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought.

Granny was most conscientious and painstaking in her study. Of course, as an old woman who never had the opportunity of going to school in the old society, she encountered many difficulties. The first lesson she learned was a quotation from Chairman Mao: **“Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.”** At first she could not memorize it exactly. But she derived strength from Chairman Mao’s teachings, which she always followed with great perseverance. She repeated the quotation from morning till evening whether she was walking, sitting or working. She was so absorbed that when she cooked, the rice boiled over, and

when she went to feed the pigs she carried the swill to the river instead. She kept repeating the quotation persistently for three or four days. Finally she managed to memorize it. She looked up at Chairman Mao’s portrait, beaming with smiles and said:

“Oh, Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao! By following your teachings even an illiterate old woman can surmount difficulties.”

It did not take Granny long to memorize more than a hundred quotations from Chairman Mao. But to learn by heart a whole article by Chairman Mao was a different thing. She found, for instance, the Three Constantly Read Articles extremely difficult for her, although she spent a lot of time on them. She was so worried she could not sleep. One sultry summer night, mosquitoes were humming all around her. She took refuge inside the mosquito net and asked her grand-daughter Yu-chen to teach her sentence by sentence. Being a child, Yu-chen kept dozing off, by the side of a kerosene lamp.

“Yu-chen,” said Granny, “the old society gave your grandmother no chance to learn a single character. That’s why I now find it so hard to study Chairman Mao’s works. But thanks to our great leader you can go to school in the new society. To wage revolution we must follow Chairman Mao closely, so we must study his works conscientiously. To learn one more article by Chairman Mao means a lot to me. It means I’ve gone a step further in my loyalty to him, and made some contribution to the revolution, however small.”

Yu-chen was moved. So the grand-daughter and grandmother set to work in real earnest. They studied together by the kerosene lamp, one evening after another, without respite. Granny Liu was finally able to recite the Three Constantly Read Articles fluently.

As she went on studying, her proletarian feelings for Chairman Mao deepened and her consciousness of class struggle and the struggle between two lines was greatly enhanced.

“We’ll forget our origin if we don’t read Chairman Mao’s works,” she used to say. “And we shall be disloyal to him if we don’t put into practice what we have learned.”

She always stressed applying what she learned. She took an active part in the revolutionary mass criticism. As she couldn't write, she asked her children to help her. In a few days she put out more than forty big-character posters repudiating such trash as "the dying out of class struggle" and "work points in command."

"Chairman Mao calls upon us to care about the affairs of the state," she said. "And revolutionary mass criticism is an important affair that affects the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat. I can do without meals, but I can't do without participating in the revolutionary mass criticism."

Inspired by Granny, the three generations of the family studied and applied Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way. Everybody took an active part in the struggle against selfishness and in the repudiation of revisionism. They made it a rule in the family that each person must regulate his time and actions and guide his ideology with Mao Tsetung Thought.

Granny Liu's eldest son Chih-cheng, a Communist of forty-six, was very conscientious and enthusiastic about his work as leader of a production team.

He came home one day, out of sorts.

"I shall resign! I shall resign!" he grumbled.

"What's wrong with you?" asked Granny.

"I've worked harder than others," he complained. "But now that the movement has started, I have to be criticized."

Granny realized that her son was trying to throw off the responsibility entrusted to him by the public. She took this very much to heart. This was how she looked at the matter: Chairman Mao leads us to wage revolution and gives us poor and lower-middle peasants the power and lets us wield it. But now Chih-cheng wants to stop his work. Are we worthy of our great leader? In the evening she put the problem before the family study class.

A hot debate ensued.

"Chairman Mao teaches us," Chih-cheng's younger sister Chih-ying said, "**All our cadres, whatever their rank, are servants of the people, and whatever we do is to serve the people. How**

then can we be reluctant to discard any of our bad traits?' Elder brother, because you are stiff in your working style and methods, it's quite natural that people should criticize you. You shouldn't resign from your job just on that account. Do you think this attitude of yours fits in with Chairman Mao's teachings?"

These sharp words hit the nail right on the head. But Chih-cheng still didn't think that he was wrong. Then his own children joined in the criticism, and were by no means milder. As Chih-cheng found no one in the family who sympathized with him, he left the room in a fit of temper, utterly dejected.

"It doesn't matter much if he refuses to be a team leader," Granny said. "What matters is that he has forgotten the dictatorship of the proletariat. This is something we mustn't overlook. We must help him understand his mistake. We must go on with our criticism in the class until he walks the right road."

According to Granny's plan, the subject for the study class the following evening was to be Chairman Mao's teaching on the importance of the proletariat holding political power. Her purpose was to raise her son's consciousness on this fundamental problem of revolution. Unfortunately Chih-cheng went to bed much earlier than usual on the pretext of being tired.

"Well," Granny said, "we'll move our study class into his bedroom."

The family gathered round his bedside. They began their study with two quotations from Chairman Mao: "**The aim of every revolutionary struggle in the world is the seizure and consolidation of political power**" "**Never forget class struggle.**" Then Granny gave an account of their family history. Listening to her, no one could withhold their tears. But Chih-cheng lay in bed without the slightest stir, his head muffled in the quilts.

"Chih-cheng, when you were only ten months old," Granny continued, "we left the village for Yungan in a shabby boat because of famine. We took shelter in a riverside wharf. The landlord who owned the place, wouldn't allow us to stay unless we agree to sell you to him. He offered three piculs of rice for you. We put our heads together, your pa and I. We decided not to throw you into the tiger's jaws. Yes, we were poor, very poor. But we were

determined to live with heads high. If we had to starve to death, we would die together, as a family. That was our decision. Without a second thought, we rowed away. . . .”

Granny’s reminiscence was interrupted by a sudden burst of convulsive sobs from Chih-cheng. The whole family broke into tears.

“Don’t forget the sufferings of our class, always remember the wrongs we went through in tears and blood,” Granny went on. “Were it not for Chairman Mao, we wouldn’t be what we are today. We lived in bitter agony and misery in the past because we didn’t have political power in our hands. Today Chairman Mao has given us that power, that’s where our sweetness comes from.”

“Pa, if you were sold to the landlord,” put in Yu-feng, Chih-cheng’s daughter, “do you think we could have a family like this today?”

Chih-ying wiped her eyes and said: “Brother, we poor and lower-middle peasants must keep the power firmly in our hands—that’s what Chairman Mao wants us to do. But you? You want to give up the authority of the proletariat. Do you think we should hand it over to the landlord class?”

Then they began to repudiate Liu Shao-chi’s fallacious theories of “the dying out of class struggle” and “the disadvantage of being cadres.” Everybody spoke his mind, one after another.

Chih-cheng could no longer stay in bed. He jumped up, turned up the wick to make the lamp brighter and opened the treasured red book *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* to: **“A Communist should have largeness of mind and he should be staunch and active, looking upon the interests of the revolution as his very life and subordinating his personal interests to those of the revolution.”**

On the third day, early in the morning, Chih-cheng came to Granny’s room before she got up and assured her that henceforth he would exercise power on behalf of the poor and lower-middle peasants and for ever follow Chairman Mao in waging revolution.

“That’s right!” Granny Liu said, happy beyond measure.

Six sturdy oxen were tethered at the edge of the production team’s threshing ground. Granny Liu’s husband, Liu Chung-chih, looked

after them with meticulous care, regularly feeding, washing and brushing them. He was really conscientious about his job.

“Grandpa Liu has a fiery red heart, although old,” the commune members all said. “Utterly loyal to the collective, he is a true activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought.”

What accounted for this great enthusiasm in the old man? There was a story behind it: Once a heated struggle had taken place in his family against selfishness in connection with his job of tending cattle.

A few years before, the old man used to get high work points for his work. In addition, he received a bonus for each new-born calf. So he earned much more than an ordinary able-bodied young man. Later on, the Tachai system of counting work points was introduced into the brigade. Comparing the new practice with the old, the old man came to the conclusion that he was “losing.” He did not want to have anything to do with oxen any more.

This state of affairs aroused a good deal of discussion among the commune members: What, Grandpa Liu doesn’t want to tend the oxen. What shall we do then? He’s such an expert, and so conscientious about his job!

Somehow Granny got wind of this talk that was going on in the village. The moment the old man came back from the threshing ground she questioned him about it. And a debate ensued.

“You don’t want to tend oxen, I hear,” she said. “It’s the spirit of selfishness that has cast a spell on you.”

“I earn my work points by sheer labour,” the old man replied. “There’s nothing ‘selfish’ about it.”

The argument lasted for a good while, with no result.

In the evening the family study class commenced as usual. Taking the initiative, the old man hastened to speak first:

“Because I earned a little more work points in the past, Granny blames me, saying that I did it out of ‘selfishness.’ Now I want to have a change. All the work I do is for the collective in any case. But Granny say that I am selfish. Tell me please, is she right?”

“Of course it’s ‘selfishness,’” daughter-in-law Wang Kuo-chen commented. “You don’t want to tend the oxen because now you earn less work points than before. Mother is right.”

"You've been poisoned by Liu Shao-chi, pa," Chih-ying joined in. "You've only work points in mind, not revolution. You are disloyal to our great leader Chairman Mao."

These criticisms made the old man quite uneasy. He stood up, very impatient, and said:

"I've raised you into grown-ups, but you still don't know the difference between right and wrong. It's for you that I want to earn a few more work points. You think I want to take them into my coffin?"

"The heart of the matter is," said Chih-cheng, "pa has only our family in mind. Chairman Mao teaches us to **'serve the Chinese people heart and soul.'** You don't want to tend cattle even for the collective, how can you serve the people of all China?"

The old man was tongue-tied. But he felt it rather awkward to admit it. The rest of the family spoke up, one after the other, repudiating the fallacious theories of "putting work points in command" and "material incentive" pushed by Liu Shao-chi. To supplement this revolutionary mass criticism, Granny recalled the misery they had suffered in the old society. This evoked in the old man many bitter and painful memories:

It was a summer night. Although he had worked under the blazing sun for a whole day, he had to keep watch over the landlord's cattle and cart during the night. Dead tired, he dozed off. The vicious landlord took the cattle away and hid them in the rushes by the riverside. Then he came back to wake Liu up, demanding that the hired hand compensate him for the animals supposedly lost. Liu, in a fix, grew panicky. He tried hard to find the cattle, but in vain. After beating him up badly, the landlord kicked him out without paying him a penny in wages. Liu had to leave his native village and wander about begging for a living. As he thought of this now, tears rolled down his face. . . .

Then a quotation from Chairman Mao's article about Norman Bethune came to his mind: **"We must all learn the spirit of absolute selflessness from him."** A current of warmth ran through his heart. He asked himself: In the past when I tended cattle for the landlord, I was starved and beaten. Why? Because we didn't have political

power. Today, under the leadership of Chairman Mao, we have the power in our hands, the cattle are our own property. Then how is it that I don't want to tend our oxen? I'm under the spell of Liu Shao-chi's "putting work points in command" and "self-interests." No mistake. If things go on like this, I surely will end up on the capitalist road. I'll be unworthy of Chairman Mao.

During this session of the family study class, the old man was the last to speak. He severely criticized his own selfishness and denounced all the revisionist ideas. He resolved that he would always act on what Chairman Mao taught him, and tend the cattle conscientiously.

"Learn from Granddad!" his grandchildren shouted simultaneously.

Seeing that her better half now understood where he was wrong, Granny felt happy from the bottom of her heart.

"As long as a person corrects his mistakes, that's fine," she said.

"Right," the rest of the family joined in, "anyone who doesn't act in accordance with Mao Tsetung Thought, no matter who, must be criticized."

Autumn. The entire landscape wore a mantle of gold. With a good harvest in sight, all the commune members were happily gathering the rice crop. Among those carrying rice sheaves was a girl with two short plaits dangling from her head. She looked particularly cheerful, and sang merrily while transporting the heavy bundles. When advised to rest, she replied:

"Revolutionaries don't fear hardships. We get better tempered in hardships." This girl was none other than Liu Yu-feng, Granny's eldest grand-daughter.

The members of her team often said, "Yu-feng is a good student of Chairman Mao's works. She loves the collective and is all for the public good. She's a fine young revolutionary sprout."

But this fine young sprout did not spring up by herself. She was the fruit of the pains taken by the two elder generations of Granny's family, who nourished the girl with Mao Tsetung Thought.

Granny's original home was a tiny shed in which the landlord had kept waterwheels. It stood quite a distance off from their newly built house. People suggested to her to pull the shed down. Granny, however, refused.

"Keep it there," she said. "It will remind our children and grandchildren what a terrible dwelling a family of seven had to live in before liberation. They will understand what bitter days we went through in the old society. This will make them remember their origin and remain loyal to Chairman Mao always."

She often took Yu-feng and other young people to this shed, told them their family history, and taught them what exploitation and classes meant and how to carry on the revolution.

Once Yu-feng was assigned the job of draining the fields. Seeing that the others had not yet started, she first emptied a few buckets of water from her own private plot. Granny was very unhappy about this. How can a child so young be infected with selfishness, she thought. She brought this matter up for discussion in the family study class. With the help of the entire family, Yu-feng's political consciousness was greatly raised.

"Our private plot came to my mind first," she said. "Yet every bucket of water I emptied from it meant another ounce of selfishness in my thinking, while every bucket of water from the commune fields meant another ounce of public spirit. On the surface a bucket of water doesn't seem like much. In fact it's a sign of struggle between proletarian and bourgeois ideology."

Last spring the team put out the slogan: "Grasp revolution, promote production and achieve better results to greet the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China." Yu-feng and all the members of the "Red Girls Fighting Group" immediately volunteered for the dredging shock brigade. It was the first time women in this district had worked on dredging boats. In two days Yu-feng's hands were covered with big running blisters. Drenched in the water and lashed by the wind, her skin also cracked, causing her sharp pain.

"Pa," she said, "you always tell us to take the lead in our work. See what happens!"

She showed her hands to her father, feeling quite sorry for herself.

"Yes, take the lead in doing heavy work," Chih-cheng said. "There's nothing wrong in that."

"Nothing wrong! I'm dog tired. I sway even in my sleep, as if I were still on the boat."

"It's always like that in the beginning. But you'll get used to it after a few days. When you feel tired, just think how the Foolish Old Man removed the mountains."

"The job is terrible," Yu-feng protested. "I can't do it."

Seeing that she could not get out of the tangle of her erroneous ideas, he patiently explained.

"You mustn't fear hardship if you want to wage revolution," he said. "See how warmly you're clothed and how well fed you are today. To build up socialism, to till the land for revolution, is the sweetest thing no matter how hard it may be. I started to work for a landlord at fourteen. Once I weeded a rice field for hours. The landlord didn't even give me a meal, let alone wages. That's really hardship."

Then he and his daughter studied a quotation from Chairman Mao: **"Give full play to our style of fighting—courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting (that is, fighting successive battles in a short time without rest)."** After that they jointly repudiated Liu Shao-chi's "philosophy of survival." This gave Yu-feng a profound lesson. The next day she stepped, her head high and with determination, into the dredging boat, while singing confidently: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

All sunflowers turn to the sun; all waters run into the sea.

Granny Liu's family, living in the great era of Mao Tsetung is but one of thousands upon thousands of ordinary poor and lower-middle peasant families in China. The advanced behaviour of the three generations of her family in their living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, is but one example of how Mao Tsetung Thought has been popularized among the masses on an unprecedented scale. It is a beautiful flower brought into bloom by the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

Sunflowers Turn Towards the Sun

Sunflowers turn towards the radiant sun, stars cluster around the bright Dipper. We fighters, on an island far from the mainland of our country, think of our great leader Chairman Mao and long to see him, the red sun in our hearts, day and night. Many a morning we have stood under the fiery red sky and sung *The East Is Red*, while facing the sun rising from the East China Sea. On moon-lit evenings we have looked at the bright Dipper and our hearts turned to Peking.

Very good news came to our little island. The higher leadership had decided to send me to Peking to attend a Mao Tsetung Thought study class. What an undreamed-of joy for me! My spirits surged jubilantly like the spring tides of the East China Sea. Peking, heart of our great motherland! Peking, where our beloved great leader Chairman Mao lives!

Early the next morning all my comrades-in-arms hastened over to congratulate me. They tightly gripped my hands voicing their fond hopes and best wishes. Old fighter Shao Ken-sheng of Squad Three suddenly thought of something. He took off his new uniform and handed it to me.

"You'll be leaving for Peking," he said, "and you'll surely see Chairman Mao. Although I shall miss the chance this time, you wear my uniform and let Chairman Mao see it with his own eyes. That will be my greatest happiness."

"Right," said new recruit Lu Kuang-fu as he put his new army cap on my head. "Let the great supreme commander see my cap with his own eyes. This will be my greatest happiness too."

All the comrades made requests of me. The deputy company commander was a thoughtful man. He brought me a new canteen and asked me to fetch some water from the stream under the Chin-shui Bridge in front of Tien An Men Gate. The comrades gazed at me with great affection. Looking at the shining stars on their caps and the attractive tabs on their collars, I knew that they had entrusted me to assure Chairman Mao of their utter loyalty.

Breasting the waves, the steamboat sailed onward; the train hurtled forward on the wings of the east wind. I kept recalling how the island fighters had shown their boundless love for the great leader Chairman Mao:

We had a well-designed album in our post which we called "The Album of the Red Sun." It included more than one hundred pictures of Chairman Mao, showing the great leader in the various periods of the revolutionary struggle. Whenever we opened it and saw our supreme commander, we seethed with joy and determination. We never wanted to put the album down. The pictures had been collected by all the comrades in our squad from newspapers, pictorials, magazines and books over a three-year period.

We also had picked many coloured shells along the shore and with them made a facsimile of Tien An Men.

Every National Day evening we listened to the broadcast about the parade which had taken place at Tien An Men that morning. The programme seemed to bring us to Peking, right beside Chairman Mao.

One night Young Chang, a new fighter in Squad Eight, shouted in his sleep: "Long live Chairman Mao!" When he was awakened and asked what he had dreamed, he said he saw Chairman Mao. He

described in detail how he met the great leader. His tale moved us deeply.

At an exhibition on class education we saw the over-sized scoops in which the landlords "measured" the grain they collected as rent, and baskets with which poor peasants went begging. Former poor fishermen told us the bitter history of the island and the commune Party secretary led us in studying quotations from Chairman Mao. Recalling the bitterness of the past and savouring the sweetness of the present, we began to sing with deep feeling, our eyes fixed on the portrait of Chairman Mao: "Red is the east, rises the sun. China has brought forth a Mao Tsetung...."

"Too-toot...." A whistle blast aroused me from deep thought. We had arrived in Peking. I ran out of the station, walked through the streets and came to the magnificent Tien An Men Square.

Tien An Men, oh, Tien An Men, how great and majestic! Standing on the Chinshui Bridge and looking at the portrait of Chairman Mao on the Tien An Men Gate, I hastened to adjust my uniform, polish the star on my cap. With profound respect I raised my right hand and gave my noblest revolutionary salute to the great leader. As I put my hands gently on the red wall of Tien An Men, I felt boundlessly happy, like a child nestling against his mother. How I longed to see Chairman Mao, the red sun in our hearts!

The day came at last. I sat in the bright receiving hall and my heart throbbed like surging waves. Time and again I opened my treasured little red book and happily looked at the portrait of Chairman Mao on the first page and sang the song *We Wish Chairman Mao a Long, Long Life*.

The sun shed its rays and thunderous cheers rolled. Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin came to receive us! Chairman Mao, glowing with excellent health and in high spirits, waved to us. Vice-Chairman Lin, a copy of the little red book in his hand, was all smiles. They came striding towards us. Like a drop of water I was poured into the jubilant sea of happiness. I raised my little red book and shouted again and again: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

I was wearing the new cap Young Lu put on me and the new uniform Shao the veteran gave me. In this joyous moment the familiar faces of my comrades appeared before my eyes. They had requested me to shout "Long live Chairman Mao!" a few more times for them. This was the earnest wish of every one of our island fighters. And so, at the top of my voice I cried with all my might: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!"

Happy tears filled my eyes. My excited heart seemed to be bursting from my chest. I looked intently at Chairman Mao, and the great leader smiled at us. The red sun was nourishing us to grow steadily.

Though my days in Peking were steeped in happiness, I did not forget what my comrades on the island had demanded of me. With what beautiful words would I use to describe my feelings to my comrades? What gifts should I bring back to them? These things kept me wondering. Should I take back a parcel of earth from Chungnanhai or should I buy some pictures of Tien An Men? Should I pick some leaves from the trees on Changan Boulevard or should I return with a small Peking pine?

The comrades in the study class gave me some suggestions which helped me to decide. One day a comrade came to me and handed me a small parcel wrapped in red paper. I opened it and found in it some sunflower seeds.

"They are from Chungnanhai," he told me with a smile. I re-wrapped the seeds and held them close, for they came from beside Chairman Mao and grew nourished by the red sun.

On April 1, 1969, the Ninth National Congress of the great, glorious and correct Chinese Communist Party opened victoriously in Peking. I took the canteen the deputy company commander had given me, and polished it carefully. I decided to fill it with the water from the stream under the Chinshui Bridge on this red-letter day.

The streets were full of people streaming to celebrate the opening of the congress. I passed through the joyous columns and came to the Chinshui Bridge. After greeting the guard on duty there I asked him to help me fill the bottle. When he learned I was from an island on our country's border, he immediately complied.



“Chairman Mao is the red sun in our hearts, comrade,” the guard grasped my hand tightly and said with great excitement. “And the water from this stream is the most precious dew in the world. When you deliver it, please also give your comrades the best wishes of us fighters standing guard at Tien An Men.”

I took the water and saluted him. This bottle of water embodied the deep feeling of the guards and was refined in the brilliance of the red sun.

A parcel of sunflower seeds from Chungnanhai and a canteen of water from the stream under the Chinshui Bridge were the best possible gifts and souvenirs from Peking.

Towards the rising morning sun I returned to the island with the profound friendship of the comrades-in-arms in the capital. All my comrades hurried over to shake hands with me and greet me. When they heard me say: “Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman

Lin are enjoying excellent health,” they burst out: “Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!”

A canteen of water in one hand and a parcel of sunflower seeds in the other, the deputy company commander spoke movingly of them. The fighters were so stirred, some shed hot tears of happiness, others shouted slogans. Applause kept breaking in on his remarks.

The next morning, as the sun reddened the sky, all the fighters of the company gathered in front of the barracks and selected four activists in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought to plant the sunflower seeds on behalf of the whole company. They loosened the soil, put in the seeds and moistened them with water from the canteen. All the fighters watched attentively. When the last seed had been planted slogans rose again from the crowd: “We will be loyal to Chairman Mao for ever!” “Long live Chairman Mao!”

Nourished by the sun and dew, the sunflower plants grew taller and stronger by the day, their green leaves beaded with dew.

Soon they were in bloom, their golden petals shining. They looked beautiful, sturdy and brave.

We revolutionary fighters are like sunflowers and Mao Tsetung Thought nurtures us to mature steadily. As sunflowers turn towards the sun, we will for ever turn to Chairman Mao, the red sun in our hearts.

From battle stations along our shores our clear voices ring out: “Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao, you are the brilliant sun while we are the sunflowers. Under your rays we are happily blossoming....”

Crossing Barren Ridge at Night

Spring night in the Changpai Mountains. It was very dry and cold. Lashing wind mixed with snow beat against the mirror. Our truck was going to cross Barren Ridge in a minute, so I told my assistant Young Yu to turn on all the lights.

Local people called Barren Ridge "Killer Ridge." A herder had composed a clapper ballad about it:

A truck driving in the clouds, in one *li* makes ten turns.
The front wheels touch the mountain edge, the rear a white cloud churns.
It no sooner starts than it three times bumps,
And sinks into the mud with groans and thumps.

Then our PLA fighters came here with pick-axes and opened a winding road. But this was only a temporary one. The mountain was so high and the road so dangerous that nine out of ten of our company's trucks got stuck in the mud. I was a bit nervous, driving at night, since I was a green hand and had got my licence only recently.

Before we started, our company commander said: "Tenth Company needs cement for the arches of a bridge they're building.

You must get it to them tonight, otherwise they won't be able to work tomorrow."

"How about it?" he asked me.

What a question! I'd go even if I had to cross a mountain of knives or a sea of fire. I accepted the task with pleasure.

"Strategically we should despise our enemies, but tactically we should take them all seriously," our company commander reminded me. "It is very difficult to cross Barren Ridge at night. You must be careful."

I pasted a quotation from Chairman Mao in my cab: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" This gave me more courage.

As the truck was climbing Barren Ridge, I told Young Yu to pay close attention to the road ahead so that I could pull the emergency brake in case of danger. We reached the top of Barren Ridge in one breath. Yu heaved a sigh of relief and wiped the sweat from his forehead with a towel. I smoothly shifted into the middle gear, and started down.

Suddenly, the truck bumped and I stopped it. What had happened, I asked myself. I got off and had a look. "Bad luck!" I exclaimed, punching the fist of one hand into the palm of another. The truck had slid into a hoof-shape pit. I told Young Yu to press on the accelerator while I pushed it from behind.

The truck roared loudly, its wheels spinning, but didn't move. Instead it sank deeper and deeper. I felt very dejected. But when I thought of the social-imperialists now bullying us and trying to intrude into our great motherland, I burst with anger and my blood boiled. I filled up the pit with stones and pushed the truck again with all my strength. The roaring of the engine spread over the valley in the night.

Suddenly, I discovered three additional pairs of hands helping me. I was astonished, and turned round to have a look. Three villagers in sheepskin coats. One was an old man with a shaggy hat of dog fur, the other a young man and the third a girl with a kerchief.

"Sorry to trouble you, neighbours," I said gratefully.

"No trouble at all!" The old man waved his hand, meaning that we should keep pushing, and the other two smiled.

I told Young Yu to press on the accelerator again. The truck roared more loudly. We pushed as one, but the truck wouldn't budge an inch.

The old man came to the front of the truck, and bent to make a careful inspection. He pondered a moment, then walked over to the two young people and whispered to them.

I was puzzled. The old man turned and said to me: "The problem is that the rear wheels don't grip. We'll give them some traction." The three quickly took off their coats and pushed them beneath the wheels before I could stop them.

What a lofty deed they did! Those were no ordinary fur coats. They epitomized the spirit generated by the broad revolutionary masses tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. I was very moved by their spirit of utter devotion to others. I took off my cotton-padded coat and draped it over the old man's shoulders. But he returned it to me, saying: "You mustn't catch cold! You still have to finish the task given you by the people."

He waved his hand toward the two young people: "Be resolute! One — two — push!" Four of us with our four pairs of hands pushed the truck until its rotating wheels gripped the fur coats. As we chanted and shoved, the truck climbed out of the pit.

I picked up the coats, which were heavy with ice and muddy water. I felt quite disturbed about this. "Give you too much trouble, grandpa," I said to the old man.

"The army and people are one family," the old man replied. "Without you PLA men keeping guard for us in ice and snow, could we now have such happy days? My children's mother died a miserable death, wronged and insulted by the Japanese imperialists. Because we had no political power, we poor lived in bitterness. Today, we are the masters of our country. Life is sweeter than honey. The reason is that we have political power in our hands."

How weighty his words were! I gazed at the Chairman Mao badges gleaming on their chests. "It is so late," I said. "Why aren't you at home, resting?"

"Chairman Mao has called on us to criticize and repudiate the bourgeoisie. During the day, we must strive to raise production; in

the evening, we join the Mao Tsetung Thought study class organized by our commune. We live more than ten *li* away, but that can't stop us. We're determined to follow Chairman Mao's great strategic plan. This evening the three of us spoke at the meeting. We told how to study and apply Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way. We were on our way home when we heard your truck rattling with its engine. We knew there must have been an accident. Barren Ridge is far from any village or inn, so of course we had to lend you a hand."

"Grandpa, your clothes are thin. It's very cold." Young Yu said with concern, coming down from the truck.

"I'm not afraid! The social-imperialists are trying to throw their weight around. They invaded our sacred territory time and again. We must fear nothing and be prepared to fight against them."

The old man's beard trembled with anger. After a little while, he smiled. "My home is over there," he said, pointing towards a faint lamp glow at the foot of the mountain in the distance. It was the only habitation on Barren Ridge.

The old man continued: "We raise bees there for the commune. Drop in when you have time. This is my son and daughter."

The two young people smiled. The old man said to us again: "You'd better hurry on with your delivery. Goodbye." He and his son and daughter, carrying their sheepskin coats, turned and strode away.

"Grandpa," I shouted. "What are your names?"

"We are poor and lower-middle peasants!" The old man's strong voice was carried far by the night wind. I was deeply stirred.

"We are Chairman Mao's militia!" the two young people shouted back. Their voices were resonant.

I turned my head and found Yu was gazing at the quotation board, lost in thought. I hurried forward and read in the reflected glare of the snow these lines written in golden letters: **"Every comrade must be helped to understand that as long as we rely on the people, believe firmly in the inexhaustible creative power of the masses and hence trust and identify ourselves with them, we can surmount any difficulty, and no enemy can crush us while we can crush any enemy."**

Every word of Chairman Mao's is truth: it makes everything perfectly clear.

The snow was falling heavier, the wind was becoming more ferocious, but our confidence doubled.

We crossed Barren Ridge in the snowstorm. Although neither of us said any thing, we had a common thought: We fear nothing, be it a mountain of knives or a sea of fire. What is there to be afraid of? We have seven hundred million people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought behind us. With their support is there any hardship we cannot overcome or any foe we cannot smash?

Carrying on the Yenan Spirit for Ever ▶



A Reactionary Novel Which Commemorated an Erroneous Line

—*Comments on Ouyang Shan's "A Generation of Noble Spirits"*

EDITORS' NOTE: *Three Families Lane* and *Bitter Struggle*, the first and second volumes of the novel *A Generation of Noble Spirits* by reactionary writer Ouyang Shan were published in 1959 and 1962 respectively. Today they are being criticized once again by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers.

Pretending to reflect China's revolutionary history, Ouyang Shan in fact distorted it, and tried to make a case for the erroneous lines which had brought severe harm to the Chinese revolution. He also sought to create public opinion for the restoration of capitalism in China by Liu Shao-chi.

The following article was written by the Shanghai Revolutionary Mass Criticism Group.

Six years ago a fierce battle broke out between the adherents to Chairman Mao's proletarian line in literature and art and the followers of the revisionist line of renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. It centred around the appraisal of *Three Families Lane* and *Bitter Struggle*,

volumes one and two respectively of a long novel by Ouyang Shan entitled *A Generation of Noble Spirits*.

The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, and revolutionaries in literature and art who were armed with Mao Tsetung Thought could see that the novel had a very corrupting effect, especially on the youth. And so they severely criticized it, by word and by pen.

The Liu Shao-chi clique and their spokesmen in literature and art hastily tried to suppress the criticism and counter-attacked. Chou Yang, who commanded the revisionists in these fields, consoled Ouyang Shan personally. "You're being given a raw deal," he said.

Tao Chu, who was playing a two-faced counter-revolutionary game, assured the author of his backing. "They'll never knock you down as long as I'm still around," Tao Chu boasted.

With such powerful support, Ouyang Shan was wildly exultant. "I won't knuckle under, even in my next incarnation," he cried.

What Ouyang Shan was actually proclaiming was that the class he represented, the bourgeoisie, intended to go on fighting the proletariat for generations to come. Plainly, the struggle between the two classes, the two roads, the two lines, in literature and art as in every aspect of Chinese life, was far from over.

Liu Shao-chi and his gang had their reasons for rating *A Generation of Noble Spirits* high. As the *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Piao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching* pointed out: "Some works distorted the historical facts, and concentrated on the portrayal of erroneous lines instead of the correct one." *A Generation of Noble Spirits* certainly "concentrated on the portrayal of erroneous lines." Criticizing this reactionary novel once again helps us to complete the purge of the poisonous influence of Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"In examining the subjective intention of a writer or artist, that is, whether his motive is correct and good, we do not judge by his declarations but by the effect of his actions (mainly his works) on the masses in society. The criterion for judging subjective intention or motive is social practice and its effect."**

Let us dissect *A Generation of Noble Spirits* and other works by Ouyang Shan in the light of this teaching and see which line, in the final analysis, they serve.

I

Concerning *A Generation of Noble Spirits* Ouyang Shan boasts that he had "a better understanding of the origins and development of the Chinese revolution" after taking part in a rectification movement in the liberated areas, and he therefore "decided to write a novel about them."

"The origins and development of the Chinese revolution" can only be explained in terms of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. In his brilliant *Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society* and other works written during the First Revolutionary Civil War Period (1924-1927), Chairman Mao trenchantly criticized the Right and "Left" opportunist lines of Chen Tu-hsiu and Chang Kuo-tao,¹ and established for our Party the Marxist-Leninist line, which is the only correct one. It was this line which has subsequently defeated successively the opportunist lines of Chu Chiu-pai, Li Li-san, Wang Ming² and Liu Shao-chi, and which has been leading the Chinese revolution victoriously onward.

Which line does *A Generation of Noble Spirits* follow in reflecting "the origins and development of the Chinese revolution"?

The novel centres around three families who live in a small lane in Kwangchow. The Chen's are compradors, agents for foreign capitalists. The Ho's are big landlords and high-ranking Kuomintang officials. The Chou's are workers. These three families have links with individuals in every stratum and every class of society. Through them the author attempts to present in microcosm the society of a city in semi-colonial, semi-feudal China.

As Chairman Mao's *Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society* and the historical and present facts testify, a lane where such severe class differences prevail is bound to be the scene of extremely sharp class struggle.

But Ouyang Shan reverses that logic. He smothers the class relationships between the exploiters and the exploited in a sentimental bog of relationships between neighbours, relatives and lovers. For the life-and-death struggle between revolution and counter-revolution he substitutes "charming southern customs," like enjoying the moonlight at the Mid-Autumn Festival and wandering through the countryside in spring. Of course such a fairyland was nowhere to be found in a Chinese society torn by class conflict. It existed only in the author's wishful thinking. The *Three Families Lane* which he concocted distorted the realities of class relationships. It also prettified the reactionary lines of Chen Tu-hsiu, Wang Ming and Liu Shao-chi, all of which preached class compromise, collaboration and surrender, opposed Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, and were in direct antagonism to Chairman Mao's *Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society*.

Ouyang Shan has Miss Chen, daughter of a comprador capitalist, and Chou Jung, a "Communist" and a worker's son, sing a reactionary duet, each with the same vicious intent, against Marxist-Leninist class analysis. "How can a perfectly good society suddenly become so fragmented?" shrills the soprano. "What is a class? That's 'not clear' to me," complains the male voice. "Now you see it, now you don't."

Is it really "not clear"? *A Generation of Noble Spirits* touts in a big way for the landlord and capitalist classes and for the erroneous line which reflects their interests. It seeks to perpetuate their name. The reactionary line Ouyang Shan pushes is perfectly clear, and runs through the entire novel. There's no "now you see it, now you don't" about it.

Three Families Lane, the first volume of *A Generation of Noble Spirits*, deals with the period surrounding the defeat of the Great Revolution in 1927. This was a time of life-and-death struggle between revolution and counter-revolution. It was also a time of extremely fierce struggle within the Party between the two lines.

Before and after the First Revolutionary Civil War our great leader Chairman Mao staunchly fought the Right opportunist line of Chen Tu-hsiu. In his article *Introducing "The Communist"* Chairman Mao sums up the initial phases as follows: **"In the early and middle phases**

of this stage the Party's line was correct and the revolutionary zeal both of the rank and file and of the cadres was exceedingly high; hence the victories in the First Great Revolution."

In the final and most critical phase of that stage, however, the revolution suffered defeat because Chen Tu-hsiu's Right opportunist line dominated the Party. **"The characteristic feature of Chen Tu-hsiu's Right opportunism was that it led the proletariat to accommodate itself to the selfish interests of the bourgeoisie and its political party, and this was the subjective cause of the failure of the First Great Revolution."**

Revolutionary literature and art reflecting this period should, in accordance with this scientific analysis, create and extol worker, peasant and soldier heroes in the revolutionary storms and epitomize the class struggle in society and the battle within the Party between the two lines, as do the model revolutionary operas and ballets created by revolutionary workers in the arts who are led by Comrade Chiang Ching. Then they would truly reflect "the origins and development of the Chinese revolution" in the light of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, and demonstrate that only when China's revolution follows the course pointed out by Chairman Mao can we defeat the enemy and win victory.

Ouyang Shan does just the opposite. In *Three Families Lane* he gives us a conversation between two of the Chou brothers, which reveals his own views on the counter-revolutionary coup of April 12, 1927³ and on the future of the revolution. Chou Jung, the "Communist," grumbles: "Why is the Kuomintang so bad to us when we're so good to them? They always get the lion's share, we always get the leavings."

Brother Chou Chin, also a "Communist," says angrily: "We've been fooled, cheated, insulted. They ride in the sedan chair while we do the carrying. They're the bosses, we're the porters." Dejectedly, he adds: "What is this national revolution, anyway? It has no future."

Chou Jung, from being "very annoyed with the Kuomintang," now suddenly regards it "very hopefully." "The main enemies are still before us. Everybody can see them," he declares. "You

mean to say Chiang Kai-shek can't see them? Even the Kuomintang has its Wang Ching-wei,⁴ its left wing. We should be patient, and wait and see."

These are the "Communists" Ouyang Shan writes about! To them the First Revolutionary Civil War was led not by the proletariat and the Communist Party, but the bourgeoisie and the Kuomintang Party. Communists and the proletariat merely "got the leavings," "did the carrying," were just "porters." If this isn't turning the class relationships during the First Revolutionary Civil War Period completely upside-down, what is? It hands the leadership on a platter to the bourgeoisie, to the public enemy number one — Chiang Kai-shek. These "Communists" are plunged into despondency over the future after the April 12 betrayal of the revolution. They say the revolution "has no future." They pin their hopes on Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei, believing that all we can do is bend the knee to the Kuomintang and Chiang Kai-shek and "wait and see." What sort of outlook is that? It is the outlook of Chen Tu-hsiu, a thoroughly Right opportunist outlook.

Bitter Struggle, the second volume of *A Generation of Noble Spirits*, covers the rural struggle in the Kwangtung area between 1928 and 1931. Chairman Mao, in *The Struggle in the Chingkang Mountains, On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party, A Single Spark Can Start a Prairie Fire*, and other brilliant articles, thoroughly and trenchantly sums up both the positive and negative aspects of the Chinese Revolution in this period, and maps out the course to victory. Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line called for arousing the peasant masses to engage in guerrilla warfare, for developing a land revolution, establishing rural bases, for having the countryside surround the cities and, finally, for taking the cities themselves.

Instead of reflecting this line, Ouyang Shan, through the medium of super-romantic "Communists" flitting around like ephemeral ghosts, thumps the drum for the "Left" opportunist line which prevailed in the Party at that time. His "Communists" are quite putschist at first. They are all for attacking the big cities. "Only if we occupy Kwangchow and seize political power, can we save the workers and peasants of this province," they cry. "Nothing else is of any use."

"Victory always comes suddenly," they rave. "Maybe it will be today, maybe tomorrow." But then they are overcome by pessimism, and they moan: "Lost, lost, everything is lost."

How is it that Ouyang Shan, who claims to have obtained "a better understanding of the origins and development of the Chinese revolution" as a result of his taking part in the Yen-an rectification movement, doesn't know that Chairman Mao sharply criticized both the "Left" and Right opportunist lines? Doesn't he really know that Chairman Mao, in the great article he wrote at that time, *On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party*, called for the eradication of putschism, of "the ideology of roving rebel bands," of "the purely military viewpoint"? Of course he knows. He deliberately distorted the Party's history and blurred the line between revolution and counter-revolution in order to re-open the case for the old line. Isn't it plain enough what kind of political objective he was trying to attain?

II

In works of literature a writer always reveals his political stand and ideals through the characters he creates, particularly the leading characters. Who are the "noble spirits" in *A Generation of Noble Spirits*? First and foremost is Chou Ping, youngest son of the Chou family. The author delineates him in considerable detail, and does his utmost to present him in the best possible light. Chou Ping is the central figure, Ouyang Shan's ideal "revolutionary hero" who reflects "the origins and development of the Chinese revolution."

What sort of person is Chou Ping? Revolutionary slogans thunder from his lips, but actually he is an opportunist, a renegade and scab who has wormed his way into the workers' movement. He is the typical protagonist of the "Left" and Right opportunist lines which the author so ardently publicizes.

In *Three Families Lane* Chou Ping makes his first opportunist display when he joins in the big demonstration of the striking workers of Kwangtung Province and Hongkong.⁵ Though physically in the ranks of the marchers, he thinks of nothing but his beautiful Ou Tao, a girl completely bourgeois in her mentality. And when she

falls, an imperialist bullet through her chest, his joy turns abruptly to despair. From being absolutely full of himself, he becomes absolutely empty. The world had revolved for him and Ou Tao alone, and she existed only to be possessed and enjoyed by him. This boils down to the fact that the world exists solely for Chou Ping. A man with such an extremely selfish and egoistical bourgeois world outlook is bound to be a brazen opportunist. He can, for selfish motives, join the revolution and, for the same motives, sell it out.

And so, after Chiang Kai-shek betrayed the revolution in 1927, Chou Ping, although keeping under cover, pursues Chen Wen-ting, a daughter of a comprador capitalist. Ignoring the warnings of his comrades, he sends her love letters which result in the death of Chou Chin and the exposure of an underground arsenal.

His second opportunist act is joining the 1927 Kwangchow Uprising, which he does for reasons of personal vengeance. When the uprising is defeated, he complains: "All my beautiful hopes have burst like soap bubbles." Again he is "plagued by pain, loneliness and sorrowful fury," and he cries: "The proletarian revolution is finished."

He shamelessly accepts the help of Chen Wen-hsiung, a comprador capitalist and Ho Shou-jen, a bureaucrat-landlord, whom he formerly cursed as "scabs" and "traitors," and escapes by ship to Shanghai. There he stays as a guest in the mansion of Chang Tzu-hao, the head of a Kuomintang secret agency, and has an affair with his wife Chen Wen-ying.

These are the episodes Ouyang Shan contrives for his "hero." Isn't it clear what type of person he praises, what kind of life he advocates?

In *Bitter Struggle* Chou Ping, bearing a letter of introduction from Chen Wen-ying moves to Chennan Village. As his third opportunist gambit, he becomes the political instructor of the "First Red Guards Detachment." Although he talks in a high-flown "Leftist" putschist way, he saves Ho Shou-jen, Chen Wen-hsiung, Chang Tzu-hao and Li Min-kuei, a Kuomintang Party hack, from drowning when their boat capsizes. Twice he plead for favours from Ho, who finally makes it possible for him to return to the Three

Families Lane which he had once regarded as "corrupt, dirty, chaotic and absurd." There he accepts the protection of the Chen and Ho families and becomes a fawning puppy of the landlord and comprador classes.

From opportunistically joining the revolution to pessimism, despair, treachery and finally joining the enemy. Three "revolutionary" actions and three betrayals, these then were the trio of Chou Ping's "revolution." People like Chou Ping are not rare in the realities of class struggle. Every time a mighty revolutionary torrent sweeps forward, it inevitably carries some scraps of flotsam with it. When the revolution reaches a high tide, they float to the surface, heads up and tails erect, more "revolutionary" than the revolution. But when the revolutionary tide ebbs, they immediately sink, and throw themselves on the bosom of the counter-revolution, quite without shame. Persons of this type, whom Ouyang Shan extols as "a generation of noble spirits," are obviously nothing but a generation of dirty flotsam.

To put a gloss on his idealized Chou Ping, that traitor and scab, Ouyang Shan simpers and coos over "the power of beauty." Semi-feudal, semi-colonial China was being crushed by the three mountains of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism. But because Chou Ping was "handsome," not only was he welcome guest in the homes of landlords, compradors and politician officials, he was also the darling of their wives and daughters. What better proof of "beauty's" miraculous power! Nonsense! It's all a cover for Chou Ping's betrayal of the revolution and his surrender to the landlord and capitalist classes. In a class society, beauty and love have a class nature. The daughter of a comprador capitalist, talking about Chou Ping's brother Chou Jung, says coldly: "He considered us enemies, so we must take him over."

As a matter of fact, Chou Ping, like his brother, was not only a captive of the landlord and capitalist classes, he was their faithful slave. Three times he joined the revolution, and three times he betrayed it. He was a time bomb in the revolutionary camp, serving a counter-revolutionary function which the counter-revolutionary classes could not have performed for themselves. That is the real

reason why landlords, warlords, bureaucrats and compradors were so appreciative of Chou Ping.

The author's use of the marvellous "power of beauty" to plump for class compromise, co-operation and surrender is a well-worn trick of bourgeois and revisionist writers, old style and new. Isn't Western imperialist fiction full of "love at first sight" between men and women of hostile classes, and doesn't it spread this poison in an attempt to persuade working people that betrayal of their own class and throwing their lot in with the ruling class is the only way to get ahead? And don't we have in the scribblings of the modern revisionists a lot of similar bilge — such as selling oneself body and soul to a counter-revolutionary all for the sake of a pair of blue eyes? Ouyang Shan is only a contemptible worm crawling in the shadow of the bourgeoisie and the old and modern revisionist writers.

Ouyang Shan once proudly compared his *Three Families Lane* with the classic novel *The Dream of the Red Chamber*. He said there were only two slight differences: "First, the *Dream* has no revolution in it, and no war. Second, my novel has Kwangchow phrases."

A brazen distortion of the ancients to puff up himself. There is no comparison between the two books. *The Dream of the Red Chamber* takes the side of a rebel against the feudal landlord class in the middle of the eighteenth century. *Three Families Lane* and *Bitter Struggle* take the side of a capitulator to the landlord and comprador capitalist classes in the era of proletarian revolution in the twentieth century. The *Dream* exposed the evil, corruption and decadence of the landlord class. *A Generation of Noble Spirits* touts for the restoration of capitalism and feudalism. In function and in result Ouyang Shan's novel serves the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. Could anything be plainer?

III

Ouyang Shan's *Three Families Lane* and *Bitter Struggle*, which allegedly describe "the origins and development of the Chinese revolution," do not present Chairman Mao's revolutionary line but write up the

erroneous lines of the Right and "Left" opportunists. They praise not worker, peasant and soldier heroes, but renegades and scabs. Is this accidental? No. It is a reflection of the author's consistent class nature. *Three Families Lane* and *Bitter Struggle* are merely a concentrated exposure of that nature.

Ouyang Shan made his appearance in the literary arena at the end of the twenties, writing under the pen name of Lo Hsi. Already he was wildly lauding bourgeois egoists and gilding the image of all sorts of renegades and scabs within the revolutionary camp. Because of this, the Kuomintang reactionaries gave him the glad eye, and in 1927 he began his career as a professional author, specializing in writing about counter-revolutionaries and counter-revolutionary lines.

Ouyang Shan boasts that he "did political education work in the National Revolutionary Army" during the Great Revolution period. True. Like the Chou Ping he so meticulously portrays in his novel, he was carried along by the revolutionary torrent between 1925 and 1927. But when Chiang Kai-shek made his counter-revolutionary coup in April 1927, and the blood of revolutionary martyrs was still dripping from his knife, Ouyang Shan sought to win the favour of the butchers with a long novel he had completed by the end of that same month entitled *Faded Roses*, in which the main character is an extreme egoist. As he admits in the novel's "Afterword": "Not long after I finished this novel I applied for the post of editor, with the rank of lieutenant, in the propaganda section of the political department of the Kuomintang Central Military and Political Academy."

In May of the following year he wrote *Mr. Tao's Sweetheart*. Besides shamelessly lauding the leaders of Kuomintang trade unions, the author, through the mouth of a so-called "positive" character, makes the extremely reactionary remark: "Treating human life as an implement, that's typical communist behaviour." By cursing the innumerable heroes who laid down their lives for the ideals of communism Ouyang Shan proves that it is his own writing which are the "implements" — implements of anti-Communist propaganda. The "political education work" he did consisted of strenuously exerting himself for the Kuomintang reactionaries.

Ouyang Shan openly expressed his opposition to proletarian politics as early as 1928. In the preface to his *Swift Current of Love* he says: "Politics does not necessarily solve all strife." What does, then? He supplied the answer in the early and middle part of the thirties. It is what Hu Feng later called "primitive force," "madness" and "convulsions." Soon after Ouyang Shan placed his writings in the service of reactionary politics, he met Hu Feng, who was a renegade, secret agent and counter-revolutionary. They at once hit it off beautifully, and became bosom pals. From then on, Ouyang Shan's writings were completely in accord with the reactionary literary theory which Hu Feng later described as "bearing the scars of spiritual slavery." As an author, Ouyang Shan loyally carried out the counter-revolutionary theories of Chou Yang and Hu Feng.

During this period, renegades and scabs constantly appeared as the "ideal heroes" in Ouyang Shan's stories. He wrote *Kang Po and His Daughter* in 1934 and *The Vanquished Defeated* in 1939. Both of these short stories have scabs and traitors as their central characters. The first praises Kang Po's haughty eccentric personality. It says his sell-out of the workers' movement is entirely deserving of our sympathy, and that the workers' recrimination against him for his treachery is unreasonable, and shows they are "sissies" who bully the weak and fear the strong.

The second story deals with the suddenly awakening conscience of a dying professional traitor. With "sorrowful, regretful, feeble groans," he vows that "in his next incarnation" he shall be "a draught animal" and work for the revolutionaries he has betrayed. It is on despicable, crafty enemies like these that Ouyang Shan lavishes his sympathy and pity.

These writings were a kind of sabotage team, disguised as revolutionaries, which the Kuomintang threw into the counter-revolutionary cultural "encirclement and annihilation" campaign they ran between 1927 and 1936. Its spearhead was directed against Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. At the same time it attacked the standard bearer of the new army of the cultural revolution, Lu Hsun.

Not long after Lu Hsun died in October 1936, Ouyang Shan, in the name of "commemorating Lu Hsun," hypocritically wrote "in sorrow"

a medium-lengthed novel entitled *A Den of Ghosts*. Typically Hu Feng in manner, the novel brings forth the "ghosts" of the hundreds of people murdered by the Kuomintang reactionaries during the Kwangchow Uprising. It describes, in much detail, their "madness," their "convulsions," how, for no rhyme or reason, they "fight, curse, flirt and tear off their clothes," how they "howl terrifyingly like savage beasts. . . ." Is this "commemorating Lu Hsun"? It is an absolute slander of that great man!

During the Anti-Japanese War, there appeared what was known as "National Defence Literature,"⁶ which served Wang Ming's Right capitulationist line. Ouyang Shan eagerly peddled the concept of "National Defence Literature" and wrote that kind of stuff himself. He opposed the revolutionary slogan put forward by Lu Hsun, who followed Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, of "literature for the masses in the national revolutionary war." In a number of his "works" Ouyang Shan claimed that class struggle "has already ended," and made reactionary propaganda for class capitulation.

His novel *Kao Kang-ta*, although written after he attended the Yen-an rectification movement in 1942, is counter to Mao Tsetung Thought and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Going directly against what Chairman Mao has always taught, it insists that the movement for cooperative farming must guarantee that "every family get rich" and "make profit on the investment." The border region peasants, then already under the leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao, he describes as a bunch of pitiful muddle-heads who, in spite of the fact that the border region was surrounded by the forces of the Japanese, Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei, cared not a whit for state and national interests, but thought only of "crop dividends." Kao Kang-ta, the central character, is pictured as a Communist with "the scars of spiritual slavery," a man so incredibly timid and so terrified of ghosts that he is practically schizophrenic. And this is held out as the image of a typical poor peasant or hired hand, educated by Mao Tsetung Thought, in the liberated areas!

After China's revolution entered the socialist phase, Ouyang Shan worked openly to expand the cohorts of the reactionary line in literature and art, rounding up cadres, money and positions. At the

same time he hastily produced poisonous novels like *Three Lives of Hero* and *The Bright Future* in a feverish effort to build public opinion for the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi. In 1959 he produced a story about the Kwangtung Uprising called *Near Red Flower Hill*. This dubbed out and discounted Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and extolled the "Left" opportunist line of Chu Chiu-pai which prevailed in the Party at the time of the Kwangtung Uprising, while tirelessly singing the praises of that two-faced counter-revolutionary Tao Chu. Although the novel is of only medium length, Tao Chu appears six times.

In 1960 and 1961, Ouyang Shan wrote *The Remarkable Villager* and *In the First Class Sleeping Car*, savagely attacking the Big Leap Forward and the socialist system. These stories took the position that the condemnation of Right opportunists within the Party should be reversed, and claimed that Rightists among the bourgeoisie had been treated "unfairly." Actually, this was a sly attempt to clear the way for the restoration of capitalism by the bourgeois headquarters of Liu Shao-chi. Counter-revolutionaries like Chou Yang loudly hailed the venomous hatred for socialism which these stories displayed.

An author's writings are his mirror. In the "works" of Ouyang Shan we see him reflected clearly. From the end of the twenties to the sixties, from the new democratic revolution to the socialist revolution, Ouyang Shan, taking now a Right, now a "Left" opportunist position, has consistently opposed Chairman Mao, Mao Tsetung Thought and Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. The proofs are irrefutable and mountain high.

Ouyang Shan's reactionary writings utilize as their raw material the social dregs of semi-feudal, semi-colonial China, and reflect the wickedness and corruption of the old society's decadent classes. They are a literature of rascals and scabs, in the real sense of the word. The emergence and development of this type of writing has deep class and social roots.

In the collection of articles entitled *The Seventh Death Anniversary*, there is one, *Literature and I*, in which Ouyang Shan tells about his class background. His father was a small bureaucrat who later became an inveterate gambler. Ouyang Shan grew up in Kwangchow, which

was then permeated with imperialist and comprador ideology. He was a "wild brat" who devoured large quantities of degenerate and sexy feudal and bourgeois fiction. His friends were "idlers who wenched, gambled and extorted," "shady inn keepers in the hills," "witch doctors who wrote charms and chanted gibberish," "grooms who accompanied riders on the city wall" as well as "the kid brother of a prostitute." This pack of riff-raff, swirling like flotsam in the turbulent stream of the times, became beloved characters in Ouyang Shan's writings.

Marx described this milieu, in which Ouyang Shan lived and which he so ardently praised, as the leech, chaff and dregs rejected by the various classes. With extreme ease they joined the revolution, and with equal ease they sold it out. Wang Ming, renegade, traitor and secret agent, was one of their representatives. Ouyang Shan painted them as "heroes."

The laws of class struggle tell us that the bourgeoisie, in order to strengthen its political control, or to wrest that control back from the proletariat, needs to create counter-revolutionary public opinion. It especially needs it within the ranks of the proletariat so as to promote class compromise, co-operation and capitulation, and to whitewash renegades and scabs. Measured by these counter-revolutionary political standards, Ouyang Shan's writings are indeed considered ideal by exponents of the imperialist, bourgeois and counter-revolutionary revisionist lines.

That is why when Chiang Kai-shek launched his counter-revolutionary "encirclement and annihilation" campaign in the field of culture, when revolutionary and progressive authors, of whom Lu Hsun was the standard bearer, were being persecuted and murdered, when revolutionary and progressive books were being ransacked and put under lock and key, Ouyang Shan, writing under the name of Lo Hsi, produced novels that ran to several editions. The Kuomintang censors gave them the green light, the bookstore bosses hailed them as "best-sellers." That is also why this reactionary author, and his reactionary writings, after the founding of the People's Republic, were praised to the skies by Liu Shao-chi and his gang, and why, the moment they were criticized by the revolutionary masses, Chou Yang rushed

to offer consolation and Tao Chu guaranteed protection. The whole bourgeois headquarters was in ferment.

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, in his political report at the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party, trenchantly pointed out: "Whether the proletariat is able to take firm root in the positions of culture and education and transform them with Mao Tsetung Thought is the key question in carrying the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution through to the end." The revolution in literature and art is a deep-going social revolution. We must be persistent and painstaking. An important factor is the further development of revolutionary criticism. The struggle against bourgeois and revisionist thinking must be waged persistently. An airy, careless attitude, just going through the motions, won't do. This is no way to win the battle to up proletarian and down bourgeois ideology.

"The proletariat must exercise all-round dictatorship over the bourgeoisie in the realm of superstructure, including the various spheres of culture." We must constantly improve our grasp of Mao Tsetung Thought in the course of struggle. Only thus can we accomplish our historic task. Let us closely follow our great leader Chairman Mao and press forward boldly to win still greater victories.

NOTES:

¹Instead of struggling against the Kuomintang, the Right opportunist line represented by Chen Tu-hsiu formed alliances with it. They were afraid of peasant revolution and gave up proletarian leadership, particularly the leadership of the armed forces, to the Kuomintang. This led to the defeat of the Great Revolution in 1927. Chen Tu-hsiu and a handful of other capitulationists later became Trotskyists and betrayed the revolution.

The "Left" opportunists represented by Chang Kuo-tao were opposed to the proletariat allying with the peasants. In 1935, during the Long March, he tried to split up the Red Army and the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. He ended as a renegade and joined the enemy.

²The "Left" opportunist line represented by Chu Chiu-pai, Li Li-san and Wang Ming dominated the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party three times in the period between 1927 and 1935. It opposed establishing rural bases

and having the countryside surrounding the cities, as advocated by Chairman Mao, and obstinately carried out the "Left" adventurist line of making the cities the centres of revolution. This resulted in tremendous losses to the Party and the revolutionary forces. After 1935, from a "Left" line Wang Ming swung to the Right. He advocated that the War of Resistance Against Japan should be led by Chiang Kai-shek's reactionary Kuomintang Government which represented the big landlords and bourgeoisie. He opposed Chairman Mao's correct policy of Party independence and self-reliance.

³The coup launched by Chiang Kai-shek in Shanghai in which a considerable number of Communists and revolutionary people were massacred.

⁴Wang Ching-wei was a ringleader of the Kuomintang and an arch traitor who organized a counter-revolutionary coup in 1927, resulting in the massacre of thousands of Communists. He openly capitulated to Japan in 1938, set up a puppet government in Nanking in 1940, and assisted the Japanese aggressors in their attacks against the Communist-led anti-Japanese bases.

⁵The Kwangtung and Hongkong workers carried on a strike for sixteen months from June 1925 to October 1926.

⁶Advocated by the counter-revolutionary revisionist Chou Yang in 1936. In 1935-1936 the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao called on the whole country to resist Japan and laid down the policy of an anti-Japanese united front with workers and peasants as its main force. The Right opportunists within the Party, who were headed by Wang Ming, tried to distort the class nature of the united front. Utilizing the contradictions between China and Japan to efface the class contradictions within the country, they wanted unqualified unity with the bourgeoisie and the landlord class.

At that time Chou Yang was one of the Party leaders of the Left wing literature and art movement in Shanghai. He promoted Wang Ming's Right opportunist line in literature and art, calling for a "National Defence Literature." This type of writing exaggerated the "revolutionary nature" of the bourgeoisie and the landlord class and their "desire to fight imperialism." It stressed unity but neglected struggle, calling for a "literature for the whole people." The effect was to give up the leadership of the Party in the united front on literature and art and to efface the class nature of literature and art.

More Criticism of “Morning in Shanghai”

As revolutionary mass criticism is intensified, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and other revolutionary people in Shanghai, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, besides criticizing the bourgeoisie and its representatives, are deepening and broadening their criticism of the reactionary writer Chou Erh-fu's novel *Morning in Shanghai*, which besmirches the working class and praises the bourgeoisie. Most of their critical articles appeared in the daily *Wenbui Bao* of Shanghai.

Since the beginning of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers have severely censured the novel, condemning it in clear-cut language as a poisonous weed which aimed to create public opinion for the restoration of capitalism in China by Liu Shao-chi (an article criticizing this reactionary novel in detail appeared in *Chinese Literature* No. 5, 1969). The present criticism of this novel started from the refutation of an article written by a person named Sang Wei-chuan of the Shanghai Gas

Company, who complained that earlier criticism of this novel had been unjust.

Sang Wei-chuan's article was published in *Wenbui Bao*, accompanied by an editorial note stating that the editors totally disagreed with the points raised by him.

“Our principle is to convert poisonous weeds into fertilizer,” said the editorial note, “Chairman Mao teaches us: **‘What is correct invariably develops in the course of struggle with what is wrong. The true, the good and the beautiful always exist by contrast with the false, the evil and the ugly, and grow in struggle with the latter.’** What is now before us is actually a struggle between refutation and counter-refutation of revisionism. . . .”

Counter-refutation inevitably provokes renewed refutation. As soon as they had read Sang Wei-chuan's article, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, with intense hatred for revisionism, added further censure of the reactionary novel. In the press and in speeches, they refuted Sang Wei-chuan's fallacious arguments, which in essence tried to reverse the verdict passed on the novel. A fierce mass criticism was thus initiated.

The reactionary novel *Morning in Shanghai* has for its background the “five-anti” campaign* in the cotton mills of Shanghai. The workers of the cotton mills in the Yangshupu area were particularly indignant over Sang's attempt to reverse the public's condemnation of the novel.

At a meeting of mass criticism organized by *Wenbui Bao* they said: “We are workers in cotton mills. We can criticize the novel with authority.” They pointed out that in the novel the author Chou Erh-fu goes out of his way to slander the working class. Sang, however, sings his praises, asserting that from “an analysis of the situation in that particular period” Chou's description is “truthful” and that “there is nothing extraordinary about it.” Actually Sang works hand in

*This campaign was started in 1952 throughout the country against five illegal capitalist practices — bribery of government workers, tax evasion, theft of state property, cheating on government contracts and stealing economic information from government sources.

glove with Chou Erh-fu to smear the working class from the position of the bourgeoisie.

Those present at the meeting were mostly veteran workers who had been brutally exploited by capitalists in the past. With stark facts from their own experiences, they eloquently exposed Chou Erh-fu's distortion of truth and Sang Wei-chuan's absurd quibbles in his support.

This is what Chen Chu-mei, veteran worker of the Thirtieth State Cotton Mill, said with indignation: "In the novel the worker Tang Ah-ying is described as a woman who was not only able to have a home of her own, but to send half of her wages home to her parents shortly after she started working in the cotton mill. The author tries in this way to indicate that the capitalists 'kept the workers alive.' This is a pure distortion. At that time we could hardly keep from starving. How could we send half of our wages to our parents? Sang Wei-chuan insists that we should start from 'an analysis of the situation in that particular period.' If we don't include exploitation by the capitalists, on what basis can we make the 'analysis'?"

"Did the workers keep the capitalists alive or vice versa?" asks Wang Lin-mei, worker in the Thirty-first State Cotton Mill. "We workers can speak on this question with authority. No distortions can fool us. I went to work in a mill at the age of nine. For more than a year I was not paid a single penny. Where did my wages go? Into the pockets of the bosses. In the old society the three big mountains of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucratic-capitalism weighed heavily upon us. We were worse off than cattle. We know better than anyone what oppression and exploitation mean. As Chou Erh-fu describes us, we workers are dull and feelingless. This is an excuse for Liu Shao-chi's theory 'there is merit in exploitation.' Now someone goes to the extent of saying 'there is nothing extraordinary about it.' Both these gentlemen are birds of a feather, speaking from the standpoint of the bourgeoisie."

Hao Hsiu-yin, a worker in the Seventeenth State Cotton Mill who took part in many strikes in Shanghai before liberation, also spoke at the meeting.

"During those strikes," she said, "we had only one desire — to defeat the capitalists! There was not a single person among us like Tang Ah-ying, described by Chou Erh-fu as being afraid of death, and wanting only to save her own skin. By creating such a character the anti-revolutionary author has gone all out to smear us workers and prepare public opinion for the restoration of capitalism by Liu Shao-chi. Sang Wei-chuan praised this falsification as a creation of a 'historical character.' This proves that he not only does not understand history, but that he is deliberately distorting history as well."

The broad revolutionary masses also felt outraged by Sang's attempt to explain away Chou Erh-fu's criminal distortion of the images of the workers. In words and in writing they declared: "Slander of the working class is forbidden!"

They further pointed out that the great working class of Shanghai, under the leadership of the Party, has a militant history of thirty years standing, that having engaged fearlessly in many battles with class enemies, it possesses the highest degree of political consciousness, the most compact organization, the strongest combat strength and the richest fighting experience. Chou Erh-fu distorts the truth by contrasting the workers' "ignorance" with the capitalists' "wisdom" in an effort to create public opinion for the restoration of capitalism by Liu Shao-chi and for the abolition of leadership by the working class. Sang Wei-chuan, by commending such falsification, exposes without reserve his own evil designs.

While criticizing the misrepresentation of the working class in *Morning in Shanghai*, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers also censured the novel for its embellishment of reactionary capitalists. The author devotes much space to a so-called "red" capitalist who does not exploit and who undergoes a "historic transformation" overnight. Sang Wei-chuan maintains that this portrayal "conforms to actual reality" and does not "efface the class nature of the bourgeoisie." This erroneous statement has met with powerful denunciation.

Ho Yun-lung, a retired worker who worked in a factory for fifty years, said:

“According to the novel the capitalists did ‘quite a few good things for the state.’ This is sheer nonsense. What kind of ‘good things for the state’ has any capitalist ever done? What ‘merit’ have they shown? I know very well. In our factory the boss, who exploited us workers cruelly, contributed a large sum to the purchase of an aeroplane for the Japanese aggressors whose hands were smeared with the blood of the Chinese people. This was done at a time when the Japanese occupied Shanghai and were killing our compatriots. Can we say this was ‘good thing for the state’? To prettify the capitalists is to efface the class nature of the bourgeoisie.”

Cadres of the financial and tax departments of Shanghai, who had taken part in the “five-anti” campaign, also spoke of deliberate distortion by Chou Erh-fu and Sang Wei-chuan. Chin Sung-nien, a cadre who had been active in the “five-anti” campaign on Nanking Road, gave the boss of a department store as an example. This gentleman, he said, during the War of Resistance Against Japan, had procured a large quantity of copper and lead and resold them to the Japanese aggressors, who manufactured arms for their massacre of the Chinese people.

This fact is an eloquent refutation of Chou Erh-fu’s claim in his novel that “impelled by a desire to save the country and the people, the industrialists and businessmen of the older generation have done much for China. . . .” What adulation for traitors and blood-suckers!

Chin further pointed out that the “five-anti” campaign gave ample proof that every single capitalist on Nanking Road engaged in one or more of the five criminal practices. Capitalists fight till their very last moment in history. This is their class nature. No capitalist could have undergone a “historical transformation” overnight in the campaign as alleged by Chou Erh-fu.

The workers’ critical group of the Twenty-first State Cotton Mill had this to say in an article:

“Sang Wei-chuan insists that the characterization of the capitalist in the novel *Morning in Shanghai* ‘conforms to the actual reality.’ Our opinion is just the opposite. Chou Erh-fu takes our mill as the background for his poisonous weed *Morning in Shanghai*. The real situation in our factory was that the lawless boss gave in only when we

workers fought and defeated him. The author came to our mill in his sumptuous car ‘to experience life,’ and certainly saw and heard the ‘actual realities.’ But oddly enough he disregarded these, insisting that a capitalist could undergo a ‘historical transformation’ overnight. By covering the class nature of the bourgeoisie he was in fact trying to benumb the fighting will of the people.”

Pan Chih-hao of the Workers’ Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Team in the Railway College, Shanghai, concentrated his fire in an article against the embellishment by Chou Erh-fu of the so-called “red” capitalist.

“In actual life,” he pointed out, “‘red’ capitalists don’t exist. Chou Erh-fu creates a capitalist who accepts Marxism-Leninism, has socialist consciousness and even fights against other capitalists who violate the laws and regulations. This is sheer fabrication. Sang Wei-chuan sings in tune with the author by asserting that this capitalist, in spite of his bourgeois standpoint, could study and apply Marxism-Leninism for his own benefit and in the interests of his class. Chou Erh-fu’s creation of this character and Sang Wei-chuan’s sophistry in defence fit in perfectly with Liu Shao-chi’s fallacious theory that the bourgeoisie “can master Marxism-Leninism the same as the proletariat!”

“In *Morning in Shanghai*,” continued the article, “the ‘red’ capitalist becomes a model of ‘self-revolutionization’ who, lawless in his practical activities, remoulds himself and accepts the socialist road overnight. Where is the nature of the bourgeoisie and the class struggle in this case? *Morning in Shanghai* asserts that the bourgeoisie has changed its nature. The aim is obvious. The author uses the novel to oppose the great, glorious and correct Communist Party of China and invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, and attempts to provide a theoretical basis for Liu Shao-chi’s theory of ‘the dying out of class struggle’ and the restoration of capitalism. Sang Wei-chuan’s aim in insisting that *Morning in Shanghai* does not efface the class nature of the bourgeoisie is to attack the dictatorship of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie in the ideological field, and to raise the prestige of a novel that opposes the Party and socialism and Mao Tsetung Thought.”

In the mass criticism a series of questions were raised with regard to the principal character of the novel Yang Chien, “a Party leader.”

Which class does he actually represent? At whom is his spearhead directed? To what class do the ranks he organized belong? Whose political line does he implement? The broad masses refuted the fallacious arguments of Sang Wei-chuan point-blank and hit the nail on the head when they said that "Yang Chien is a running dog of the bourgeoisie."

"In the novel," said Chang Ah-mao, veteran worker of the Twentieth State Cotton Mill, "Yang Chien, head of an inspecting team in the 'five-anti' campaign, declares that once Hsu Yi-teh, the boss, makes a thorough confession of his illegal practices, the campaign in the Shanghai Cotton Mill could be concluded in complete victory. What absurdity! Was the purpose of our 'five-anti' campaign solely to make the capitalists confess how much illegal money they pocketed? Our main objective was to wage a revolution against the bourgeoisie, to wrest the power from their hands. What Yang Chien says actually represents the concept of purely economic struggle expounded by Liu Shao-chi. To concentrate merely on getting 'confessions' from capitalists about financial manipulations would lead ultimately to a situation where the capitalists could recapture power."

"In the novel," commented a worker from the Shanghai Refinery Plant in another article, "the big capitalist Hsu Yi-teh attempts to disrupt the 'five-anti' campaign by stopping meals in the canteen, and halting work and the supply of raw material. When the indignant workers demand revolutionary action against him, Yang Chien takes Hsu's side, saying, 'If we act that way, we will lose ground. What Hsu is doing is certainly not legal. . . . But we shouldn't counter one illegality with another.' Yang Chien's idea of 'legality' is the same as that of the bourgeoisie, namely that the capitalists can attack the proletariat but the working class cannot counter-attack the capitalists. This is exactly how the strike in the Anyuan Coal Mine in 1922 was suppressed and the bourgeoisie defended by Liu Shao-chi in his capacity as a scab and henchman of the capitalists. Yang Chien, like this predecessor of his, is an out-and-out running dog of the bosses."

Sang Wei-chuan's article also aroused a strong protest from the revolutionary workers of the Metre and Instrument Plant of the

Shanghai Gas Company. They wrote several militant criticisms at the side of their machines during breaks. The comrades of the political section of the plant's revolutionary committee, in their letter to the editors of *Wenbui Bao*, pointed out:

"Yang Chien is a spokesman of Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line of capitulation, and he pushed it without reserve. Although 'a Party leader' he doesn't mobilize the masses and rely on the working class in the 'five-anti' campaign. On the contrary he relies on capitalists, engineers, the head of the accounts section, the head of the maintenance and repair section, and even on a capitalist's concubine. He never leads the revolutionary workers in struggle against the capitalists. He puts his hope of victory for the 'five-anti' campaign on peaceful negotiations with the bosses. By praising Yang Chien as 'having implemented the basic aspects of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line,' Sang Wei-chuan is in fact attacking Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and shamelessly touting Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line."

The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, as masters of culture, are taking part in this revolutionary mass criticism militantly and enthusiastically. Many of the veteran workers and revolutionary cadres suffered much in the old society, and they hate it bitterly. They can speak from personal experience in "five-anti" campaign as well. With absolute facts they are thoroughly refuting the fallacious arguments of Chou Erh-fu and Sang Wei-chuan, exposing them as adulators of the bourgeoisie. Like rats chased out into the open street Chou and Sang are now deprived of any possibility of cover. The masses of workers, peasants and soldiers realize that this hand-to-hand fight is not merely a refutation of a literary work, but a class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie.

The struggle has yet not ended. The mass criticism is still in progress.

Cultural Revolution Group Under the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Sponsors Soirees

Last December, the Cultural Revolution Group Under the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party sponsored soirees to entertain the leading comrades of fraternal Marxist-Leninist Parties in Peking and comrades of the Albanian People's Army Art Troupe who were here on a performance tour. They saw the model revolutionary Peking operas *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, *The Red Lantern* and *Shachiapang*, and the model revolutionary ballet *The Red Detachment of Women*.

Under the close attention of the Party Central Committee with Chairman Mao as its leader and Vice-Chairman Lin Piao as its deputy leader, the model revolutionary theatrical works have been raised to a new level through repeated improvements and conscientious rehearsal for perfection.

The performances attended by our foreign comrades drew thunderous applause. The final curtain fell in an extremely warm, revolutionary friendly atmosphere, and the guests, in the company of responsible comrades of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, went on stage to shake hands with the revolutionary artists and pose for photographs with them.

Model Revolutionary Theatrical Works Staged Again in Peking and Shanghai

Model revolutionary theatrical works radiant with Mao Tsetung Thought were put on again in Peking and Shanghai during the New Year holiday.

In Peking were the revolutionary Peking operas *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, *The Red Lantern* and *Shachiapang*, the revolutionary ballet *The Red Detachment of Women*, the symphonic music *Shachiapang*, and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing. In Shanghai were the revolutionary Peking opera *On the Docks* and the revolutionary ballet *The White-Haired Girl*.

Thanks to the loving care of the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao, and with the enthusiastic support of the workers, peasants and soldiers, these model revolutionary theatrical works are shining with still greater splendour after being meticulously polished and repeatedly rehearsed for perfection.

The revolutionary performers have studied and applied Chairman Mao's works in a living way. They have thoroughly repudiated the revisionist line in literature and art and various kinds of bourgeois ideas, and made great progress in revolutionizing their thinking. Following Chairman Mao's great teachings, they have constantly pooled together the wisdom of the masses to improve these theatrical works with unswerving revolutionary will and in a scientific attitude. Thanks to their endeavours and repeated practices, these revolutionary theatrical works, imbued with the radiance of Mao Tsetung Thought, now sparkle with much more brilliance than ever before.

Chinese Photo Exhibition Abroad

A Two-day Chinese Photo Exhibition sponsored by the France-China Friendship Society was held in the 14th Arrondissement in Paris in the middle of December last year. It was warmly received.

In the centre of the exhibition hall hung a huge coloured portrait of the great leader Chairman Mao, the flag of the People's Republic of China, and a large banner inscribed with "Long Live France-China Friendship."

More than 200 photos, paper-cuts and posters showed in detail the brilliant achievements the Chinese people have won under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist Party in the course of the socialist revolution and socialist construction. They also show how the Chinese people are studying and applying Chairman Mao's works in a living way, China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China. The exhibits vividly demonstrate the remarkable accomplishments the Chinese people have made in various fields in response to Chairman Mao's great call, "**Grasp revolution and promote production and other work and preparedness against war,**" and the tremendous changes that have taken place in New China during the past 20 years. A Chinese film was shown at the exhibition.

Many visitors were elated and encouraged by the great victory won by the Chinese people. Cherishing deep respect and love for Chairman Mao, they gathered around the book-stand to read or buy Chairman Mao's works and various Chinese publications.

In December last year, Chinese photo exhibitions were also held in Brussels by the Belgium-China Friendship Society, and in Toyama City by the Toyama Branch of the Japan-China Friendship Association (Orthodox).

Men Ho — Good Cadre Boundlessly Loyal to Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line

(In English)

Comrade Men Ho was deputy political instructor of the 2nd Battalion of the 4th Regiment of a unit under the Chinghai Provincial Military Area Command of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. On September 5, 1967 while carrying out the task of helping the Left on the Bacang Farm, the charge of one of the home-made rockets which were being set up to disperse clouds and prevent hailstorms, ignited accidentally. To save twenty-seven class brothers at the work site, he quickly threw himself on the exploding charge and so gave his life bravely.

Born in a poor peasant's family, Comrade Men Ho had, during all the twenty years since he joined the revolution, eagerly studied and applied Chairman Mao's works in a living way, firmly defended his proletarian revolutionary line and fought unremittingly against the counter-revolutionary revisionist line represented by big renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. This booklet describes in moving detail Comrade Men Ho's heroic life.

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