



11

CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Revolutions and revolutionary wars are inevitable in class society and without them, it is impossible to accomplish any leap in social development and to overthrow the reactionary ruling classes and therefore impossible for the people to win political power.

— *On Contradiction*

Without a people's army the people have nothing.

— *On Coalition Government*



Our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman
Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Shachiapang

Editors' Note

Below we present the Peking opera *Shachiapang*, one of our revolutionary model works. In our September issue of 1964 we published the Peking opera *Spark amid the Reeds*, the forerunner of *Shachiapang*. *Spark amid the Reeds* had a positive ideological content but also some serious shortcomings. In 1964, our most respected and beloved Chairman Mao attended a performance of this opera. Later that year, Comrade Chiang Ching passed on our great leader's valuable comments to the No. 1 Peking Opera Company of Peking, and personally helped the revolutionary comrades there to transform *Spark amid the Reeds* into *Shachiapang*. This was done by giving prominence to armed struggle, embodying Chairman Mao's thinking on people's war and strengthening the images of the heroic characters in the opera. In this number we also present two articles: *Learn from Revolutionary Heroes* written collectively by the PLA unit in which the sick and wounded soldiers depicted in *Shachiapang* served, and *Create Heroic Images by Applying Mao Tse-tung's Thought* by the Peking opera actor Tan Yuan-shou.

CHARACTERS

Chen Tien-min	secretary of the Communist Party Committee of Changshu County
Sister Ah-ching	member of the Communist Party, underground liaison officer
Kuo Chien-kuang	company political instructor of the New Fourth Army
Yeh Ssu-chung	platoon leader
Old Squad Leader	
Little Ling	army nurse
Young Wang	soldier
Young Tiger	soldier
Young Li	soldier
Lin Ta-ken, Huo Teh-yung, Chang Sung-tao and other New Fourth Army men	
Aunt Sha	peasant activist of Shachiapang
Dragon	her son
Ah-hsiang	revolutionary peasant
Ah-fu	revolutionary peasant
Wang Fu-ken	revolutionary peasant
Other peasants of Shachiapang	
Hu Chuan-kuei	commander of the puppet "Loyal and Just National Salvation Army"
Tiao Teh-yi	his chief-of-staff
Adjutant Liu	
Tiao Hsiao-san	cousin of Tiao Teh-yi, a puppet officer
Other puppet soldiers	
Kuroda	Japanese colonel
Chou Jen-sheng	interpreter for the Japanese army
Two Japanese soldiers	

SCENE ONE

Making Contact

Changshu County in the province of Kiangsu during the War of Resistance Against Japan. A highway held and patrolled by the Japanese with a path leading to the village of Shachiapang. At the front of the stage is a big tree. It is midnight. The moon is obscured by dark clouds.

(Enter Dragon, Ah-hsiang and Wang Fu-ken, followed by Sister Ah-ching.)

Ah-ching: *Party Secretary Chen has sent word:**
Tonight the wounded men will be brought to our village;
Some villagers have come with me to meet them...
We must watch out for Japanese patrols.

(Enter Chen Tien-min.)

Chen: Sister Ah-ching!

Ah-ching: Have all the wounded comrades come?

Chen: They're all here. See, there's Instructor Kuo.

(Enter Kuo Chien-kuang, Yeh Ssu-chung and others.)

Chen: Let me introduce you. This is Sister Ah-ching. For cover, she runs the Spring Tea-house. This is Political Instructor Kuo.

Ah-ching: Instructor Kuo!

Kuo: Sister Ah-ching!

Chen: Let's cross the enemy line right away.

Kuo: Platoon Leader Yeh, go and fetch our men.

Tiger: Instructor!... A Japanese patrol!

Chen: Get under cover. *(He leads the men off.)*

(A small Japanese patrol crosses the stage.)

(Enter Dragon. After looking round, he beckons to Sister Ah-ching and Chen Tien-min. Enter Chen Tien-min, Kuo Chien-kuang and the wounded men. Sister Ah-ching and Kuo shake hands with Chen in farewell and leave.)

(Curtain)

SCENE TWO

Leaving the Village

To the left of Aunt Sha's house is a willow tree. In front of her house are some bamboo chairs and a small table.

*Lines in italics in the text are sung or declaimed.

(Aunt Sha is mending clothes. Little Ling is sorting out bandages and medicine. Young Wang is folding sacks.)

Ling: Young Wang! Come and let me change your dressing.

Wang: There's no need.

Ling: Why not?

Wang: Little Ling, it's so hard to get medicaments, we ought to keep them for the serious cases. My wound will soon heal.

Ling: It's true we don't have much left, but our mobile hospital will soon bring us more. Your wound may not be too serious, but it's not light either.

Wang: I'm a light casualty.

Ling: Light casualty? Then why weren't you with the light casualties whom the instructor took to help the villagers bring in the rice crop?

(Young Wang has no answer for this.)

Ling: Young Wang, come and have your dressing changed!

Wang: Nothing doing!

Ling: These are the instructor's orders.

Sha: Young Wang, you wounded comrades should do as the doctor and nurse say. Don't be pigheaded!

Ling: See, Aunt Sha disapproves of your behaviour too.

Wang: Hmm! Aunt Sha's taken a special fancy to you, so she always takes your part.

Sha: I've taken a fancy to her, you say. Yes, I have. This girl always talks sense and does what's right. That's why I like her.

Wang: Aunt Sha, when we leave, we'll take Dragon along with us and leave Little Ling behind to stay with you. We'll give you a daughter in exchange for your son.

Sha: That will be fine. Seven sons I've had, but never a single daughter.

Ling: Aunt Sha, you often mention your seven sons; why have we seen only Dragon?

Sha: That's all past and done with. Why bring it up again?

Wang: Aunt Sha, please tell us about it.

Ling: Yes, we all want to hear your story.

Sha: *It's a long story...*

*In those years we were too poor to raise children,
Five of my seven sons died in infancy;
Then I borrowed from the Tiaos in a year of famine,
And to pay our debt my fourth son worked for them;
That old miser Tiao was a poisonous snake, a scorpion,
He wore my fourth son out with work,
Then beat him to death.
Dragon, my seventh, has such a fiery temper,
He charged to Tiao's house to have it out with him;
Tiao accused him of breaking in at night to rob them,
And had the poor sixteen-year-old thrown into prison.
When the New Fourth Army entered Shachiapang,
Dragon was freed and once more saw the light of day.
So the Party is as dear to him as his mother.*

Ling: Well said, Aunt Sha!

Sha: *Without the Communist Party*

My whole family would have perished long ago!

Wang: Now that we have the Communist Party, Aunt Sha, we poor people are not afraid of them any more.

(Enter Ab-hsiang with a bowl of rice-balls.)

Ah-hsiang: Aunt Sha!

Sha: Yes, Ah-hsiang?

Ah-hsiang: Ma told me to bring some rice-balls for the instructor.

Sha: I've already steamed some for them.

Ah-hsiang: Ma says this is only a small way of showing our love for our army men.

Sha: That's right. Put them in this basket. I'll warm them up for them later.

Ah-hsiang: Young Wang, Aunt Li's waiting for you to bring her the rice sacks to be filled.

Wang: Oh, yes. *(He picks up the sacks to go, but turns round.)* Aunt Sha, where is that old miser Tiao now?

Sha: Still thinking about that, are you? Old Tiao died long ago. But he had a son who has been away from home studying for years. We don't know what's become of him.

Ling: Enough of that. You don't have to get to the bottom of the matter now. Aunt Li is waiting for those sacks so that she can hide the grain.

Ah-hsiang: Let's go together. *(He goes off with Young Wang.)*

(Aunt Sha picks up a basket to go and wash clothes.)

Ling: Aunt Sha, washing clothes again! Let me do that.

Sha: The instructor's taken the light casualties to help us with our work. It's only right that I should wash a few clothes for them.

Ling: Then let me go with you. *(Exit with Aunt Sha.)*

(Enter Kuo Chien-kuang, Yeh Ssu-chung and Young Li in a boat. Yeh and Kuo unload basket after basket of grain.)

Kuo: Platoon Leader Yeh! *(He points at the baskets of grain.)* Go and store them away for Aunt Sha.

Yeh: Right. *(He carries the baskets to the back of Aunt Sha's house.)*

Kuo: *The glory of the morning is reflected on Lake Yangcheng,*

The reeds are in full bloom,

The fragrance of the paddy fills the air,

On the bank of the lake are rows and rows of willows.

The hands of working people

Have made a beautiful picture

Of this southern region teeming with fish and rice.

Not one inch of our fair land will we surrender

To these ferocious Japanese invaders.

I left the battlefield after being wounded

And came to Shachiapang to recuperate.

I keep thinking of my commanders and comrades-in-arms

And wondering where they have gone.

The army and people are ready

To counter the enemy's mopping-up campaign;

Soon we shall raise our swords to kill these wolves.

*Day and night our wounded long to regain their strength,
To go back, as soon as may be, to the front!*

(Enter Aunt Sha with Little Ling.)

Sha and Ling: Instructor!

Kuo: Aunt Sha!

Ling: Instructor, Aunt Sha helped wash our clothes again.

Sha: And so I should, lass. Are all the comrades back?

Kuo: Yes, they're back. We've finished harvesting the rice. We've hidden your share in the dug-out behind your house.

Sha: That's fine. You must be tired out. Come and take a rest. Look! Here are some rice-balls Ah-hsiang brought you.

Kuo: The villagers are too good to us!

(Enter Dragon. Yeh Ssu-chung comes out from behind the house.)

Dragon: Ma, I've caught a fish.

Sha: Did you go fishing, Dragon, straight after work?

Dragon: Yes. To give the comrades something to go with their rice.

Sha: Give it to me. I'll clean it.

Dragon: Let me do it. *(He goes into the house.)*

Yeh: Instructor, several of our comrades have asked to rejoin their units.

Kuo: How impatient they are! Well, Platoon Leader Yeh, I think those who have recovered might leave first.

Sha: Leave? Where would you go?

Kuo: To look for our units.

Sha: To look for your units? How can you!

You comrades were wounded in battle,

So Shachiapang is your home;

If the villagers haven't looked after you well,

Tell me and I'll take them to task.

Kuo (to Yeh): Aunt Sha's asking for our opinion. *(To Aunt Sha)*

There's a point I'd like to raise, aunty.

Sha: Go on. Out with it.

Kuo: All right.

*The other day the comrades started chatting,
And all their talk was about you, Aunt Sha.*

Sha: What did they say?

Kuo: *Once their tongues began wagging
There was no stopping them.*

Sha: They must have a lot of complaints.

Kuo: *Each and every one raised his thumb
And sang your praises.*

Sha: Get along with you, instructor! I haven't done anything worth talking about.

Kuo: *You treat our comrades like your sons,
Wait on us hand and foot,
Never stop mending and washing our things,
And cook us three meals a day with fish and shrimps.
Our comrades say: If we rest here much longer
We shall soon be too fat and lazy to walk or climb,
Not to speak of going back to the front to fight.*

Sha: What nonsense you're talking!

Kuo: *When the comrades have fully recovered—*

Sha: *Even when they've recovered,
I shan't let them leave.
I want you to have three good meals a day
And sleep until the sun is in the west,
Until each of you is like an iron tower,
Strong enough to mount your horses....*

Kuo: *We shall gallop south to kill the enemy,
Wipe out traitors and bandits,
And drive the Jap pirates out.
And when clouds scatter, when the sun comes out
And a red flag hangs in front of every house,
We'll come back to see our revolutionary mother!*

Sha: Good. I'm longing for that day.

Yeh: You will surely see that day, Aunt Sha. You and the villagers take such good care of us that we'll certainly be able to drive the Japs out of China!

Sha: Eh?

Kuo: Surely! Chairman Mao says: "The army must become one with the people so that they see it as their own army. Such an army will be invincible, and an imperialist power like Japan will be no match for it."

Sha: That's a fine saying of Chairman Mao's.

(Sister Ah-ching comes in hurriedly from the other side.)

Ah-ching: Instructor! The Japs have started "mopping up." They're moving fast. The county Party committee wants you to hide in the marshes for a time. I've got a boat and provisions ready.

Kuo: Sister Ah-ching, tell the militia to take the villagers to a safe place and to hide all the grain you have left.

Ah-ching: Don't worry about us. Go into the marshes and take cover at our arranged spot. When the coast's clear, I'll come to fetch you. Aunt Sha, let Dragon and Ah-hsiang take the comrades there.

Sha: You see to it, Dragon. *(She goes into the house.)*

Dragon: Where's the boat?

Ah-hsiang: At the northwest corner of the village.

Kuo: Platoon Leader Yeh, tell the comrades to assemble at the northwest corner.

Yeh: Right. *(Exit with Little Ling and Young Wang.)*

Ah-ching: Brother Dragon, mind you keep under cover. Don't let anyone see your boat.

(Enter Aunt Sha.)

Sha: Take these rice-balls and rice crusts along with you. *(Sighs.)* There's no shelter in the marshes. How can the wounded comrades stand it?

(Dragon takes the basket.)

Kuo: Aunt Sha, we've taken over the tradition of the Red Army men who crossed snowy mountains and swamps. No difficulties will be able to stop us.

(Guns rumble in the distance.)

Ah-ching: You'd better hurry, instructor.

Kuo: Sister Ah-ching, you must be careful too!

Ah-ching: I know.

Kuo: Ah-hsiang, Dragon, let's go. *(Exit with Dragon and Ah-hsiang.)*

Ah-ching *(to Wang Fu-ken):* Take some militiamen to help the villagers evacuate. Hurry! And send men to hide the grain.

Fu-ken: All right. *(Exit.)*

Ah-ching: Aunt Sha, you'd better get your things ready too, while I go and see to the comrades.

Sha: All right.

(Exit Sister Ah-ching. Aunt Sha enters the house.)

(The light fades. The gunfire draws closer. Flames flare up in the distance. Villagers rush past with Japanese troops in pursuit. Enter Colonel Kuroda with two Japanese soldiers and his interpreter Chou Jen-sheng.)

Chou: Report! No New Fourth Army men here, colonel. No wounded either.

Kuroda: Go find the Loyal and Just National Salvation Army. . . .
(In a whisper) They must catch the New Fourth wounded.

Chou: Yes, sir.

(Sporadic gunfire.)

(Curtain)

SCENE THREE

Collaboration

Three days later. Headquarters of the "Loyal and Just National Salvation Army."

(As the curtain rises, Tiao Teh-yi and Chou Jen-sheng are conferring in whispers. They burst out laughing.)

Tiao: I'm sure there'll be no problem. This bandit chief is in a fix, caught between your Imperial Army and the New Fourth Army. If he wants to have a good time, gorging and boozing, he's got to attach himself to the Imperial Army.

Chou: Attach himself to the Imperial Army? I don't think Commander Hu has made up his mind to that yet. In his force what he says still goes.

Tiao: What he says goes? In a little while it'll be what I say goes.

Chou: You're smart, all right.

(Enter Adjutant Liu.)

Liu: Report! The commander is here.

Tiao: Ask him in.

Liu: Please come in, commander. *(Exit.)*

(Enter Hu Chuan-kuei.)

Hu: *In troubled times heroes spring up everywhere
And any man with a gun can be a chief;
I get along by keeping in with three sides:
Chiang Kai-shek, the Japs and the bandit gangs.*

Tiao: Let me introduce you. This is Commander Hu Chuan-kuei, of the newly reorganized Loyal and Just National Salvation Army. Commander, this is Mr. Chou Jen-sheng, interpreter for Colonel Kuroda of the Japanese Imperial Army.

Hu: Good, good, good. Sit down, sit down.

Tiao: Commander, Mr. Chou has come with a proposal from the Imperial Army.

Hu: Let's hear what it is.

Chou: Commander Hu, last time Chief-of-staff Tiao and I agreed that in this mopping-up campaign we'd attack the New Fourth Army together. But we haven't succeeded in wiping them out, so the Japanese are not at all pleased with you.

Hu: So what? The New Fourth Army has kept on the move. If the Japanese didn't come to grips with them, why should I? Frankly, I'm not going to strike an egg on a rock. In this force I'm still the boss.

Chou: It's true that this force is still under your command, but the Imperial Army wants to command you!

Tiao: Commander, Colonel Kuroda wanted to destroy our troops. We should thank Mr. Chou for helping us out.

Hu: Helping us out? What's the use of fine talk? What our troops need is money, guns and ammunition.

Tiao: They've got all those ready for us.

Chou: If we come to terms, the Imperial Army will post you to Shachiapang.

Tiao: That's a rich district, commander, with plenty of fish and rice.

Hu: Old Tiao, Shachiapang is a communist area. And the New Fourth Army can make things hot for us.

Chou: So can the Imperial Army, commander.

Tiao: "Whoever suckles me is my mother," commander. With the Imperial Army to back us up, let's have a go at the Reds! Have you the guts?

Hu: All right. That's settled then.

Chou: There's another small condition.

Hu: So many conditions!

Chou: The New Fourth Army left some casualties in Shachiapang. The Imperial Army expects you to capture them.

Tiao: That's easy. I'll see to that.

Hu: Since we're fighting the Reds together, this is nothing. Orderly!

(Enter Tiao Hsiao-san and Adjutant Liu.)

Hsiao-san: Here, sir.

Hu: Pass on my orders: At three this afternoon we're marching to Shachiapang.

Hsiao-san: Right!

Tiao: Well, commander, now you're backed openly by Chiang Kai-shek and secretly by the Japanese. You can take advantage of both and save the nation by a devious path. You're really one of the heroes of our time.

Hu: Open or secret, this is all thanks to you. And you'll be going back to your old home. You can restore your family fortune

and bring glory to your ancestors. I may be a dragon here, but I'll be no match for a snake in its old haunts.

Chou: You're both doing all right. *(Exit, laughing.)*

(Curtain)

SCENE FOUR

A Battle of Wits

After three days of "mopping up," the Japanese troops have withdrawn from Shachiapang, leaving it a shambles. The Spring Tea-house at the cross-roads near the wharf is a typical tea-house in a southern market-town. It has three small rooms and a mat awning outside, but not many seats. The Japanese troops have smashed some of the tables, chairs and crockery and knocked the awning askew.

(Several peasants pass, refugees returning home. Sister Ah-ching is among them.)

Old Man: Thank you, Sister Ah-ching, for all your help on the way.

Ah-ching: It was nothing, the least I could do.

Old Man: See what a shambles they've made of the place!

(Enter another group of villagers.)

Villagers: Sister Ah-ching!

Ah-ching: So you're all back.

Villagers: Yes. Let us give you a hand in cleaning up this place.

Ah-ching: Do sit down and take a rest. I'll boil some water for you.

Village Woman: Don't bother. We're going home to have a look.

Ah-ching: Sure you won't stop a while?

Village Woman: We mustn't, really.

Ah-ching: Give grandpa a hand, then, will you?

(Exit villagers.)

Ah-ching: *The enemy raids lasted three whole days,
This morning they left the village;
All our neighbours who fled are coming back,
I must send a boat to fetch our wounded comrades.*

(As she turns to go, Aunt Sha and Dragon enter.)

Sha: Sister Ah-ching!

Ah-ching: So it's you.

Dragon: I see you're back too, Sister Ah-ching.

Ah-ching: Yes, I'm back.

Dragon: Now that the Japs have gone, we should fetch those wounded comrades back.

Ah-ching: Right. Let's go at once.

*(Voices offstage: "Hu Chuan-kuei's troops have entered the village.")
(Villagers cut across the stage. Enter Wang Fu-ken and another young man.)*

Fu-ken: Sister Ah-ching, Hu Chuan-kuei's troops will be here very soon.

Ah-ching: Hu Chuan-kuei, eh? How did he arrive so fast, on the heels of the Japanese? Did you see his men?

Fu-ken: Yes. Over a hundred of them.

Ah-ching: Over a hundred?

Young Man: They have Kuomintang insignia on their caps and a banner showing that they belong to the "Loyal and Just National Salvation Army."

Ah-ching: "Loyal and Just National Salvation Army" . . . and Kuomintang insignia . . .

Fu-ken: They say Tiao Teh-yi is back too.

Sha: Tiao Teh-yi is the son of the old miser Tiao.

Ah-ching: Better go and make sure.

Young Man: Right, I will. *(Exit.)*

Ah-ching: We don't know how long Hu will be here or whether he's just passing. We'd better not fetch the wounded men yet but try to send some provisions to them instead.

Fu-ken: I'll fry some rice flour.

Dragon: I'll get the boat.

Ah-ching: Be on your guard.

Fu-ken: Yes. *(Exit.)*

Dragon: Of course. *(Exit.)*

(Sister Ah-ching enters the tea-house.)

(Voice offstage: "Halt!")

(Villagers cut across the stage.)

(Voice offstage: "Halt!" Enter Tiao Hsiao-san in pursuit of a girl holding a small bundle.)

Hsiao-san: Running away, eh? Stop! We're fighting to save the country, and have driven the Japanese away for you. So you've got to give us something as a reward.

Girl: What right have you to take my things?

Hsiao-san: Not only your things, but you too! *(He rushes towards her and snatches her bundle.)*

Girl: Sister Ah-ching!

(Sister Ah-ching comes out and intercepts Tiao Hsiao-san.)

Ah-ching: What's this? We're all fellow-countrymen.

Hsiao-san: What are you trying to do? Obstruct me?

(Enter Adjutant Liu.)

Liu: Hey, Hsiao-san! The commander will be here any minute. What are you doing here?

Ah-ching: Why, it's Adjutant Liu!

Liu: Sister Ah-ching!

Ah-ching: So you're back again.

Liu: Yes, it's a long time since I last saw you, Sister Ah-ching. How are you?

Ah-ching: Very well, thank you.

Liu: We're among friends, Hsiao-san. What have you been up to?

Ah-ching: I've never met your friend before. He wasn't being very reasonable.

Liu: Hsiao-san, this is Sister Ah-ching who once saved the commander's life. If he knew you'd kicked up a row here, you'd catch it.

Hsiao-san: How was I to know? I slipped up just now, Sister Ah-ching, but I'm sure you're too broad-minded to hold it against me.

Ah-ching: That's all right. Now we know each other. I'm not the sort to count on powerful connections or tell tales behind someone's back. Isn't that true, Adjutant Liu?

Liu: Sister Ah-ching's a decent sort.

Ah-ching (*to the girl*): Run along now.

Girl: He's taken my bundle.

Ah-ching: Your bundle? What does he want that for? He must have taken it for fun, I'm sure.

Liu: Yes, just for fun. But why here of all places?

(*Tiao Hsiao-san hands the bundle to Sister Ah-ching.*)

Ah-ching: Take it and go home.

(*Exit the girl.*)

Liu: Hsiao-san, go and meet the commander and chief-of-staff. Go on!

Hsiao-san: See you later, Sister Ah-ching.

Ah-ching: Come back presently and have some tea.

(*Exit Tiao Hsiao-san.*)

Liu: He's our chief-of-staff's cousin, sister. You mustn't mind him.

Ah-ching: Of course not. Sit down, Adjutant Liu. When the water boils I'll make you some tea. You're a rare guest. It's not often we have such company in our small tea-house.

Liu: Don't go to any trouble, sister. The commander sent me to tell you he'll be here soon himself.

Ah-ching: The commander?

Liu: Old Hu.

Ah-ching: What, is Old Hu your commander?

Liu: That's right. He's a big shot now, much richer, with plenty of men and guns. Not fowling-pieces either, but real artillery.

Ah-ching: Well, isn't that grand! You've been away for some time, adjutant.

Liu: Yes, quite a while.

Ah-ching: You must stay longer this time.

Liu: Yes, we've come to stay.

Ah-ching: For good?

Liu: We're going to make Shachiapang our base. Our headquarters will be in Chief-of-staff Tiao's house. We've sent men to fix it up. The commander said he'd drop in first at your tea-house.

(*Footsteps offstage.*)

Liu: The commander has come.

(*Enter Hu Chuan-kuei and Tiao Teh-yi.*)

Hu: Well, Sister Ah-ching!

Ah-ching: Commander Hu!

Hu: How are you?

Ah-ching: Very well, thank you. What good wind has blown you back?

Hu: How's business?

Ah-ching: Thanks to you, I'm not doing too badly.

Hu: I'm glad to hear that.

Ah-ching: Please take a seat, commander.

Hu: Well, let me introduce you. This is my chief-of-staff, Tiao Teh-yi, son of old Mr. Tiao, the wealthiest man here.

Ah-ching: I'm making a humble living in your worthy village, chief-of-staff. You are a big tree with deep roots. I hope you'll take me under your protection.

Hu: That's right. You must help her.

Tiao: You're being too polite.

Ah-ching: Please sit down, chief-of-staff.

Hu: Where is your husband?

Ah-ching: That wretch! We had words and he cleared out.

Hu: He's such a restless fellow, he can't sit quietly at home. Where did he go?

Ah-ching: Someone saw him doing business in Shanghai. He said he wouldn't come back till he'd made good.

Hu: That's the spirit. A man should aim high.

Ah-ching: How can you stick up for him!

Hu: Sister Ah-ching, I want to thank you for saving my life that time. It's owing to you that I've got where I am today.

Ah-ching: No, it's just that you were born under a lucky star. But here I am talking without offering you two gentlemen any tea. Sit down a while. I'll get you some tea. (*Sister Ah-ching goes into the tea-house.*)

Tiao: You seem to know her very well, commander. Who is she?

Hu: You mean Sister Ah-ching?

*Some time ago I started raising troops
And had barely a dozen men, half a dozen rifles.
When we ran full tilt into the Japanese,
And with the Imperial Army in hot pursuit,
I fled to Shachiapang.
Luckily I found Sister Ah-ching
Who pluckily hid me in her water vat;
She filled her kettles and didn't turn a hair.
And when she had got the Japanese to leave
I climbed out of the vat again.
I shall always be grateful to her for saving my life.
(Sister Ah-ching returns from the house.)
A gallant brigand of the good old school
Never forgets his friends.*

Ah-ching: Why make so much of such a little thing? The idea just came to me in desperation. How scared that business left me!

Hu: Ha, ha, ha!

Ah-ching: Have some tea, Chief-of-staff Tiao. (*Recalling something*) I forgot to bring cigarettes. Let me go and get some. (*She enters the house.*)

Tiao (*watching her as she goes away*): Commander!

*Though I went to school in Japan
Shachiapang is my home;
Yet I have no recollection of this Spring Tea-house
And I never set eyes on its proprietress.*

Hu: *When guns boomed and fighting started in Shanghai,
She and her husband came to Shachiapang.*

*With no one to turn to for help,
They opened this tea-house.
All those years you were studying in Japan,
So how could you know this woman?*

Tiao: She's no ordinary woman.

Hu: What? Do you mistrust her?

Tiao: When she saved your life? Of course not!

Hu: The same old Tiao.

Tiao: Ha, ha, ha!

(Enter Sister Ah-ching.)

Ah-ching: Chief-of-staff, have one of these poor cigarettes. Commander Hu, please have one too.

Tiao (*glancing at her back as she passes*): *This is no ordinary woman.*

Ah-ching: *What tricks is Tiao Teh-yi up to?*

Hu: *This fellow Tiao leaves me no face.*

Ah-ching: *This fool is a useful wall to keep off the wind.*

Tiao (*opens his cigarette case and offers Ah-ching a cigarette*): Have a smoke?

Hu: What's the idea? You know she doesn't smoke.

Tiao: *She's neither humble nor pert.*

Ah-ching: *He's neither fish nor fowl.*

Hu: *What can Tiao Teh-yi be up to?*

Ah-ching: *Are they for Chiang Kai-shek or Wang Ching-wei?*

Tiao: *I must sound her out.*

Ah-ching: *I shall have to watch my step.*

Tiao: Sister Ah-ching!

*I've just heard of your brave deed
From the commander.*

*I admire your coolness and courage,
The nerve you had to trick the Japanese;
It takes real patriotism
To risk your life for another.*

Ah-ching: *I don't deserve such praise, sir;
I didn't risk my life;
I keep a tea-house and hope for good business,
It's brigands who set store by gallantry;
Commander Hu was a frequent customer,
A big tree, I wanted to enjoy its shade.
It's because he was born lucky
That he escaped danger.*

Tiao: *The New Fourth Army was many months in this village,
That's a big tree with fine shade;
You had plenty of dealings with them,
I'm sure you took pains to look after them.*

Ah-ching: *My kitchen stove isn't choosy,
My kettle doesn't ask where water comes from,
My tables are used by people from every side;
Whoever comes here is a customer
And I have to be pleasant to him;
I greet all comers with a smile,
Once they've gone I don't keep them in mind.
When the customer leaves, the tea grows cold —
What pains did I take to look after them?*

Tiao: Sister Ah-ching, you're the right person to run a tea-house.
You give nothing away. My respects to you!

Ah-ching: What does he mean by this, commander?

Hu: He's like that, a cynical fellow. Don't pay any attention, sister.

Ah-ching: That's all right. *(She enters the house.)*

Hu: Old Tiao, Sister Ah-ching once saved my life. You must give me a little face. Why do you keep pestering her with questions? What are you up to, anyway?

Tiao: Commander, she's a shrewd, fearless, level-headed woman. If this is to be our base for saving the nation by a devious path,

she could be very useful to us. We don't know, though, whether she's for us or not.

Hu: Sister Ah-ching? Of course she's for us.

Tiao: She's bound to know about the New Fourth Army. But if we ask her, I doubt if she'll tell us anything.

Hu: Well, let me ask her. You'd only get snubbed.

Tiao: Of course. You're her hero.

Hu: Ha, ha, ha!

(Enter Sister Ah-ching.)

Ah-ching: Try some melon-seeds, commander. The full flavour of the tea is coming out now.

Hu: That's right. The full flavour. There's something I'd like to ask you, Sister Ah-ching.

Ah-ching: So long as it's something I know....

Hu: It's about the New Fourth Army.

Ah-ching: The New Fourth Army. Of course....

You don't have to ask, commander;

There were many New Fourth Army men here.

Hu: Many of them, eh? Any wounded?

Ah-ching: Yes.

Quite a few wounded men,

Some worse injured than others.

Hu: Where did they stay?

Ah-ching: *Here in the village.*

Each household took some in;

They came to my small tea-house too

To drink tea, fetch hot water and wash towels.

Hu *(very pleased, to Tiao):* Well?

Tiao: Where are they now?

Ah-ching: Now?

Once the order came to muster,

The whole lot up and left.

Hu: The wounded too?

Ah-ching: The wounded?

*The wounded disappeared without a trace,
Heaven only knows where they've gone.*

Tiao: All gone?

Ah-ching: All gone. If they hadn't, the Japanese would surely have found them. For three whole days they went through the village with a fine comb.

Tiao: The Japanese don't know this place, they blunder round blindly. Nothing's easier than to hide a few men in a big place like Shachiapang. Take the case of Commander Hu. Didn't you hide him in your water vat right under the noses of the Japanese? Ha, ha! . . .

Ah-ching: Oh, I suppose Chief-of-staff Tiao thinks I'm hiding the wounded men of the New Fourth Army? What nasty insinuations! I shouldn't have saved you, Commander Hu. See what you've got me into.

Hu: Now, sister, don't. . . .

Ah-ching: No, no, no, I'm not standing for this, commander. While you're here, make your men search my tea-house inside and out. Let them turn it upside-down. Otherwise I'll be under suspicion and hard put to it.

Hu: Now see what you've done, Old Tiao.

Tiao: I was only joking. Why take it so seriously?

Hu: That's right, he was only joking.

Ah-ching: It's no joking matter, Commander Hu. *(Exit.)*

Tiao *(watches her leave and then turns to Hu):* Commander, those wounded men must be hereabouts. They can't have gone far.

Hu: Where are they then?

Tiao *(pointing to the marshes):* Most likely in the marshes opposite.

Hu: The marshes? Right. Orderly! *(Enter Tiao Hsiao-san.)*
Go and search the marshes.

Tiao: Hold on a minute. You're not a local man, commander, you don't understand. Those marshes are so large, so full of lakes and channels, it would be like looking for a needle in the ocean. Besides, they'll be under cover while we're in the open.

They'd just pick us off. We want to do this job for the Japanese, but that's no way to go about it. We'd be the losers.

Hu: What do you suggest then?

Tiao: Get them to come out themselves.

Hu: You're dreaming. Why should they come out?

Tiao: I've a way to make them. Hsiao-san, fetch all the villagers to the back of the tea-house. I want to talk to them.

Hsiao-san: Yes, sir. *(Exit.)*

Hu: Why are you sending for the villagers?

Tiao: I want them to go to Lake Yangcheng to catch fish and crabs.

Hu: Catch fish and crabs? What's the big idea?

Tiao: In every boat we'll put some of our men in civilian clothes. If there are New Fourth Army men in the marshes, when they see the villagers going out to catch fish they'll imagine the coast is clear and they'll come out. Then we'll fire at them from the boats. And then. . . .

Hu: You've got something there, Old Tiao! Ha, ha, ha!

(The voices of villagers offstage come closer. Enter Tiao Hsiao-san.)

Hsiao-san: All the villagers are here.

Tiao: Tell them I've an announcement to make.

Hsiao-san: Hey! The chief-of-staff is going to speak to you.

Tiao: Villagers, we are the Loyal and Just National Salvation Army, out to fight Japan. We realize you're too poor to give us much of a welcome. That's not your fault. But we'd like you to catch some fish and crabs in the lake. We shall pay you the market price.

(Voices offstage protest: "No! We'd be killed if we ran into Jap motor-boats!")

Tiao: That's all right. Don't worry. We're sending three of our men in each boat to protect you.

(Voices off: "Nothing doing!" "We won't go!")

Hu: Damn it! Who dares to refuse? I'll shoot anyone who refuses to go.

(Exit Tiao Teh-yi, Hu Chuan-kuai and Tiao Hsiao-san.)
(Sister Ab-ching comes out of the house.)

Ah-ching: *You scoundrel, Tiao Teh-yi,
Poisonous snake, vicious wolf!
You are setting a trap
And our men may be fooled by it.
If the fishing boats set out
There is going to be trouble.*

(Offstage the villagers protest and the puppet soldiers put pressure on them.)

Ah-ching: *If the villagers disobey orders,
There will be bloodshed, reprisals;
If only I had wings to fly to the marshes!
I'm utterly at a loss.*

(A puppet soldier shouts: "You won't go? All right then, I'll shoot.")

Ah-ching: Shoot?
*Shooting in the village
Would warn our men in the marshes;
They would sense danger
And hide themselves in the reeds.
Yes, let them shoot . . . I know what!
Steady on, don't panic!
A sudden splash will make them open fire.*

(Sister Ab-ching throws a kettle into the water, then runs inside. Tiao Hsiao-san rushes in.)

Hsiao-san: Someone's jumped into the water.
(Enter Hu Chuan-kuai and Adjutant Liu in haste.)

Hu: What's happened?

Hsiao-san: Someone's jumped into the water.

Hu: Fire!

*(Adjutant Liu, Tiao Hsiao-san and Hu Chuan-kuai fire several shots.
Tiao Teh-yi hurries in.)*

Tiao: Stop that! Don't shoot, damn it all!

Hu: Why not?

Tiao: Do you expect the New Fourth Army men to come out after hearing all this firing?

(Sister Ab-ching enters surreptitiously.)

Hu: Why didn't you say so before? Hsiao-san, arrest some ring-leaders.

Tiao: Adjutant Liu, stop all boats from leaving the village. I'm going to starve them out.

(Exit all but Sister Ab-ching.)

(Curtain)

SCENE FIVE

Holding Out

Immediately following the previous scene, in the marshes. The sky darkens, a storm is brewing.

(Some soldiers and Kuo Chien-kuang are straining their eyes towards Shachiapang.)

(Enter a soldier.)

Soldier: Report! No new enemy movements after the rifle shots.

Kuo: Keep on watching.

Soldier: Right. *(Exit.)*

Kuo: Comrades, set up the reed-sheds first, move the seriously wounded in, and tell Platoon Leader Yeh I'm going to the water-front to have a look.

All: Right.

(Exit Kuo Chien-kuang.)

Chang: What does that rifle fire from Shachiapang mean?

Young Li: It means that enemy troops are there, either Japs or traitors.

Tiger: Then the villagers are in for a tough time again.

Huo: If the enemy are still at Shachiapang, we'll have to stay where we are for the time being. But we've run out of food and medicine. This is really quite a problem.

(Enter Kuo Chien-kuang.)

Tiger: Why did we come here? How much better if we'd stayed at Shachiapang to fight the enemy!

All: Right.

Old Squad Leader: That would have been downright foolhardy. If you want to fight, you'll have to wait for orders. Haven't we been told to set up reed-sheds? Come on, let's do that first.

All: Let's go. *(Exit.)*

Kuo: *Shots from the opposite shore resound through the marshes.*

For several days we've been watching for enemy movements

And trying to make out the situation;

Our hopes have risen and ebbed like the tidal flow.

Shachiapang in the distance is lost in clouds and mist;

Why are there no passing boats, no sails on the lake?

Why hasn't Sister Ab-ching come to see us?

These are signs of big trouble ahead.

Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei are in league with the Japs

There are sorrow and death in store for the villagers,

My men long to go out to kill the enemy,

One by one they've expressed their eagerness to fight.

Their state of mind is easy to understand —

They're burning with class hatred and national feeling.

I must try to curb their impatience

And make them keep the whole situation in mind,

Keep a tight grip on their guns, and wait for orders;

We must hold out firmly and coolly among the reeds,

Get more medicine and solve our food shortage;

If the masses are mobilized to find ways and means

This region is a natural granary;

If we unite, with hearts true to the Party,

We shall be as firm as rock, as hard as steel.

(Enter Young Tiger hurriedly.)

Tiger: Instructor! Young Wang has fainted!

(Enter Lin Ta-ken, carrying Young Wang on his back, with Yeh Ssu-chung, Young Li and Little Ling following. Enter other soldiers.)

All: Young Wang! Young Wang. . . .

Kuo: Have a look at his wound, to see if it's any worse.

Ling: Yes, getting it wet has made it a little worse. But it's not too serious. The trouble with him is that malaria has given him a fever, and he's weak from hunger. . . .

Kuo: Has he had any medicine?

Ling: We've run out of quinine. We've quite a few malaria cases, but no medicine for them.

Kuo: How are the seriously wounded?

Ling: A little worse after the rain. Their medicine, too, is running out.

Yeh: Instructor, medicine and food are our chief problem.

All (softly): Young Wang, Young Wang!

Kuo: We must find a way out.

All: Young Wang, do you feel any better?

Wang: Look at me, comrades. There's nothing wrong with me.

Soldier: Young Wang, I've a rice-ball here. Take it.

All: Go on, Young Wang.

Wang: Comrades, our instructor gave his ration to the badly wounded. You take it, instructor, and eat it!

Kuo: Young Wang, comrades, though medicine and food are our chief problem, I'm sure the local Party organization will try every means to help us, and so will the people here. But it seems that right now the Party and the people have met with some difficulty so that they can't come to our rescue straightaway. What are

we to do? Are we fighters, trained in the old Red Army tradition, to be beaten by a little difficulty?

Huo: No, we're not! On the Long March our Red Army men climbed snowy mountains, crossed swamps, and overcame all sorts of difficulties. We can hold out just as they did.

All: That's the spirit.

Kuo: Right.

(The chug of a motorboat is heard. Enter a soldier.)

Soldier: Report! We've spotted a motorboat on the lake.

Kuo: Keep it under observation.

(Exit the soldier.)

Kuo: Platoon Leader Yeh, take two comrades with you to guard the water-front.

(Yeh Ssu-chung, Chang Sung-tao and Young Tiger go off.)

Kuo: You two, go and take care of the seriously wounded.

(Exit a soldier and Little Ling.)

Kuo: Comrades! Get ready for battle!

(All gaze in the direction of the motorboat. The sound of its engine grows fainter.)

(Enter Yeh Ssu-chung, Chang Sung-tao and Young Tiger, then a soldier and Little Ling.)

Yeh: Instructor, the motorboat's heading towards Shachiapang.

Kuo: Judging from what's happened, the Japanese must have withdrawn. A moment ago there were rifle shots at Shachiapang. Now a motorboat has appeared on the lake...

Yeh: Only the Japs have got motorboats.

Kuo: My idea is to send two comrades across the lake to scout.

All: Let me go! Let me go!

Kuo: Lin Ta-ken and Chang Sung-tao, you two take a boat and row over. Don't call on Sister Ah-ching, she must be in a tough spot

herself. After you have reconnoitred, try to get some medicinal herbs from the villagers. And then come straight back.

Row in disguise, both of you, to the opposite shore,

Moor your boat under a tree west of the village,

Get us some herbs for the wounded,

And bring back news of the enemy's position.

Our comrades have full confidence in you,

We all expect our scouts to come back triumphant.

Once we know the enemy's actual situation

We shall regain the initiative

To advance, withdraw, strike or take cover,

And to deal dexterously with the enemy.

Our wounds healed, we'll rejoin our units and ask for action,

March back eastwards and wipe out the enemy.

Beating drums and unfurling our glorious red banner,

At one stroke we'll recapture the region south of the river.

Lin and Chang: We will carry out the task resolutely.

Kuo: Go and get ready.

(Lin Ta-ken and Chang Sung-tao go off.)

(Enter the old squad leader at a run.)

Old Squad Leader: Instructor! Look, instructor! The young shoots of the reeds, aren't they edible?

Kuo: Yes, they are! With these to eat, we shall be able to hold out here. Chairman Mao has taught us: **"Frequently a favourable situation recurs and the initiative is regained as a result of 'holding out a little longer.'"** Comrades!

No difficulties daunt heroes,

The people's wisdom is boundless.

Young reeds taste sweet to hungry men,

If we struggle on, victory will be ours tomorrow.

Comrades! These marshes are the front, our battlefield. We must hold out here, and wait for orders from above.

All: Yes, we must wait for orders, fear no difficulties and hold out till victory is won.

(A high wind springs up.)

Tiger: There's a storm coming!

Kuo: *We must be like the pines on the summit of Mount Tai!*

All (in chorus): *We must be like the pines on the summit of Mount Tai,
Standing erect and proud against the sky.
No hurricane can blow them down,
No thunderbolt rend them asunder;
The fiery sun of summer cannot kill them,
They grow greener and fresher in winter's snow and frost.
Those pines have weathered fearful storms,
They are covered with wounds and scars,
Their branches seem made of iron, their trunks of bronze,
Lusty, tough and vigorous.
All men admire such noble qualities.
Let us eighteen wounded soldiers
Stand as firm as eighteen pines!*

(Curtain)

SCENE SIX

A Rescue Plan

Shortly after the previous scene. The Spring Tea-house. The storm has just passed, but the sky is still dark and louring. It is sultry and oppressive. There is nobody under the awning outside the tea-house. The clatter of mah-jong tiles can be heard indoors.

(Enter Sister Ah-ching.)

(Enter a young man.)

Young Man: Sister Ah-ching, were you looking for me?

Ah-ching: Are Dragon and Ah-hsiang back yet?

Young Man: I haven't seen them.

Ah-ching: As soon as they get back, ask them to come here.

Young Man: All right. *(Exit.)*

(Enter Adjutant Liu.)

Ah-ching: Adjutant Liu.

Liu: Sister Ah-ching, is Chief-of-staff Tiao inside?

Ah-ching: Yes, he's in there watching the game. Are you here on business?

Liu: Yes.

Ah-ching: What is it?

(Adjutant Liu makes no reply but walks straight inside. Sister Ah-ching promptly follows him.)

(Tiao Teh-yi and Adjutant Liu come out of the house.)

Tiao: What is it?

Liu: Mr. Chou, the interpreter, has come over and wants to see you on urgent business.

Tiao: Oh!

Liu: The Imperial Army has telephoned to ask whether or not we've found the sick and wounded of the New Fourth Army.

Tiao: What hard masters the Japanese are! All those paupers we seized said they knew nothing about those wounded soldiers. Where am I to look for them?

Liu: That fellow Wang Fu-ken....

Tiao: Wang Fu-ken?

Liu: The one who kicked up the row the other day.

Tiao: Very well, let's start working on him.

Liu: You'd better hurry. The motorboat is waiting, and Interpreter Chou is leaving right away.

Tiao: I'll go and see him. Hey, you'd better stay here. I'll be back directly.

Liu: Chief-of-staff, I'd better keep out of the way. The last couple of days the commander has kept losing his temper with me. If he has no luck at mah-jong today, he'll give it me hot again....

Tiao: You think it's you he's angry with? I know better than that. I'll back you up. Go in and see if he wants anything.

Liu: Very well, just as you say.

(Exit Tiao Teh-yi. Adjutant Liu goes inside.)
(Sister Ah-ching comes out of the house and scans the sky and the lake.
She seems worried.)

Ah-ching: Tiao Teh-yi is always hanging around, and Hu Chuan-kuai keeps playing mah-jong inside. I can't go out or leave the place. Dragon and Ah-hsiang aren't back yet from taking food to the comrades. This is the fifth day they've been in the marshes. What can I do to get them out of danger?

*The wind is howling, dark rain clouds hang low in the sky,
I'm frantic with worry!*

*Our men have no food or medicine, and we've lost touch;
They'll be flooded out in the marshes.*

*The revolution needs these precious lives,
These eighteen men are our own flesh and blood,
My task as liaison officer is heavy,*

Entrusted to me by Secretary Chen;

Yet now, in face of danger, I'm at a loss,

After all these years of training by the Party.

*Last night I sent Dragon and Ah-hsiang with food to the marshes;
What can be keeping them away so long?*

I should have gone myself to see our comrades,

But I'm spied on here and can't leave.

Tiao Teh-yi has posted guards and seized the boats.

What's to be done?

I'm in a fearful dilemma.

Dear Party!

Give me wisdom, give me courage,

To pass this test and beat the enemy.

(Enter Aunt Sha with Dragon.)

Sha: Sister Ah-ching.

Ah-ching: So Dragon's back. Did you get the food to them?

Dragon: No. Ah-hsiang and I hadn't rowed far last night when we were spotted by the enemy. We jumped into the water and got away, but they seized our boat.

Ah-ching: Where's Ah-hsiang?

Dragon: In bed with a cold, trying to work up a sweat.

Sha: Sister Ah-ching, what do you think we ought to do?

Ah-ching: We must somehow get hold of a boat and send them some food.

Dragon: I'll try and make off with a boat tonight.

Ah-ching: Here comes Adjutant Liu. Let Dragon pretend to be ill. Then we'll ask him for a boat to send Dragon to town for treatment.

(Adjutant Liu comes out of the house, and Dragon leans over a table as if he were ill.)

Ah-ching: Adjutant Liu.

Liu: Sister Ah-ching. *(Sees Dragon.)* Hey, who's that?

Ah-ching: Aunt Sha's son.

Liu: What's he doing here?

Ah-ching: He's ill.

Sha: The lad's ill, Adjutant Liu. Do us a favour. Lend us a boat to take him to town to see a doctor.

Liu: What? Lend you a boat? Out of the question.

Sha: Sister Ah-ching, please put in a good word for me.

Ah-ching: Yes, Adjutant Liu, see how ill the lad is! We've got no doctor here. Please do us this small favour.

Liu: It's not that I don't want to help, Sister Ah-ching, but it's not in my power. As to boats, there are plenty of them over there, but none of them is to be touched. That's the chief-of-staff's order. You'd better mind your own business, Sister Ah-ching, or you'll find yourself in trouble.

Ah-ching *(sighing):* Poor boy, he's in a bad way.

Liu: Hmm....

(A bell rings offstage. A puppet soldier shouts: "Halt! Who goes there?")

Chen *(off):* I'm a doctor.

Sha: Ah! The doctor's come!

Ah-ching: What a piece of luck! He'll be able to cure the boy.
Don't let him go! Adjutant Liu, please let the doctor examine the lad.

Liu: No, can't be done.

Ah-ching: Surely it can.

Sha: Adjutant Liu, since you won't lend us a boat, do at least allow the doctor to examine my boy!

Liu: Can't be done, aunty. It's forbidden.

Ah-ching: But, adjutant, the doctor's already here. Must we really send him away without asking him to look the boy over? Do let him examine the boy!

Liu: You know very well, sister, that I'll not be able to account for this to Chief-of-staff Tiao. He's given explicit orders that no stranger is to come here.

Ah-ching: But this is such a trifle. Not to say the chief-of-staff, even Commander Hu himself would grant us this small favour.

Liu: Very well, the commander is inside. Go and ask him.

Ah-ching: Do we have to trouble him with such a little thing?

Liu: It's not in my power to decide.

(Enter Hu Chuan-kuei.)

Hu: What's the matter?

Liu: Ah, commander! A doctor has come. Sister Ah-ching wants us to let him examine this lad.

Hu: Examine this lad?

Ah-ching: It's like this. The boy is ill, and a doctor happens to be passing by. I put in my oar and suggested that he should examine the lad. Adjutant Liu said you wouldn't mind granting us the favour, but that would put you in an awkward position if Chief-of-staff Tiao came to know of it. After that, I didn't dare ask you.

Hu: To him, even a fart from Chief-of-staff Tiao smells sweet! His least word is law.

Ah-ching: Actually Adjutant Liu's not to blame. He told me you were a generous, kind-hearted man. I was afraid of the unpleasantness for you, commander, if the chief-of-staff should take the matter seriously. So we'd better let the doctor...

Hu: Examine the lad!

Liu: Come over here, doctor.

Ah-ching: Thank you, commander, on behalf of the boy.

Sha: Doctor!

(Enter Chen Tien-min.)

Chen: How are you all?

Sha: Well, thank you. Please come here and feel his pulse.

Chen: All right. *(Feels Dragon's pulse.)*

Ah-ching: Commander Hu, how's your luck today?

Hu: Shocking. I didn't win a single game in four rounds. That's why I came out for a breath of air.

Ah-ching: After taking this turn, you'll be able to turn the tables on them. When you go back, I'm sure you'll win three games in a row with a full house.

Hu: Since you've wished me luck, I'll stand you a treat if I win.

Ah-ching: That's a promise. Now go in. They're waiting for you.

Hu: All right, all right. *(Enters the house.)*

Liu: Where are you from?

Chen: Changshu. My father and grandfathers were doctors before me.

Liu: Got your identification papers?

Chen: Yes.

Liu: Let's have a look.

(Chen Tien-min produces his identification papers and hands them to Adjutant Liu.)

Ah-ching *(bringing two cups of tea):* Adjutant Liu, you and your men have been kept busy the last couple of days: guards posted along the shore of the lake, boats seized, the villagers not allowed to go out to fish. What's really happened?

Liu: Nothing, really. It's just that New Fourth Army men are said to be in the marshes. The chief-of-staff wants to...

(Makes a grabbing gesture.)

Ah-ching: New Fourth Army men? Then why don't you send troops to track them down?

Liu: The chief-of-staff says the marshes are too big. We'd never find them. But let's change the subject. (*Turns to Chen Tien-min.*) Hurry up!

Ah-ching: Doctor, the lad is suffering from....

Chen: I know, without being told, my patient's symptoms and the cause of the trouble. If what I say tallies with the facts, take the medicine I prescribe. If not, I'll not ask you for a single cent.

Liu: Now then, don't boast. We'll soon see how good you are.

Chen: This illness is owing to some obstruction. The patient must feel a constriction and a stifling sensation.

Liu: Wait a moment. (*To Aunt Sha*) Does that fit?

Sha: Yes, just now he complained of feeling stifled.

Liu: So the fellow really knows his job.

Chen: Let me look at your tongue. (*Dragon sticks out his tongue.*) There's a hot humour in the stomach. Not eating properly, lacks nourishment.

Sha: That's right, lacking nourishment.

Chen: The liver is congested. That's liable to make him restive.

Sha: Very restive, yes.

Liu: What, restive over a headache and a touch of fever?

Chen: Don't worry. I'll make out a prescription. I guarantee one dose will set him right.

(Adjutant Liu fixes his eyes upon Chen Tien-min and Sister Ah-ching. Aunt Sha looks anxious. After thinking for a moment, Sister Ah-ching enters the house.)

Chen: Don't worry! The case isn't serious;
I can set your mind at peace.
Let someone take good care of him at home....

(Sister Ah-ching returns.)

Ah-ching: What are you looking at, Adjutant Liu?

Liu: I'm interested in medicine.

Chen: One dose of medicine will put him right.

Liu: Give that to me! (*Takes the prescription.*)

Chen: Well, well.

(Enter a puppet soldier.)

Puppet Soldier: Adjutant Liu, the commander wants you.

Liu: Sister Ah-ching, please keep an eye on things here for me. I'll be back in no time.

Ah-ching: All right.

(Adjutant Liu goes in. Sister Ah-ching hurriedly tells Dragon and Aunt Sha to keep a look-out. She and Chen Tien-min confer in whispers.)

Ah-ching: Secretary Chen, quite a few people here have been arrested.

Chen: Hmm. From the information we have, Hu Chuan-kuei has definitely gone over to the Japanese.

Ah-ching: What's to be done then?

Chen: We must wipe him out. The main body of our army will be here very soon. Find out the disposition of the enemy forces. I'll send for the information in a couple of days.

Ah-ching: Good. What about those wounded comrades?

Chen: Move them at once to Red Stone Village.

Ah-ching: All right.

(Dragon coughs as a signal. Enter Adjutant Liu.)

Liu: Sister Ah-ching, the commander has won the game and says he promised to stand you a treat, so I'm to go shopping for him. (*To Chen Tien-min*) Hey, why are you still here?

Sha: Doctor, here's a little something for your trouble. (*Offers Chen some money, which he declines.*)

Chen: I'm off now. Mind he takes that medicine in good time, not later than this evening.

Liu: Get going, hurry!

Chen: All right, I'm leaving.

Sha: Doctor, the sky's overcast and it's raining. Be careful!

Ah-ching: Yes, the road's rough and muddy, with puddles everywhere. Do be careful!

Chen: Don't worry about me. Take good care of the patient.

Liu: Hurry along! Off with you!

(Exit Chen Tien-min and Adjutant Liu.)

Ah-ching: The county committee wants us to move the comrades to Red Stone Village. We've got to get a boat.

Dragon: I have an idea.

Sha: What is it?

Dragon: I'll dive into the water, cut the moorings of a boat and quietly push it out. I won't use a pole or oars. Since the boat will be empty, it won't make much noise. If I can push it out half a *li*, to the middle of the lake, there should be enough mist to hide it. As things stand now, that's our only possible way.

Sha: He's a good swimmer, sister. Let him go.

Ah-ching: He's our only hope now. Take that path, Dragon, and find a good place to get into the water. But you must be very careful.

When you cut the moorings and push the boat,

Look out for enemy soldiers on the shore.

Once you're far enough out

Row as fast as ever you can.

Dragon: Yes, Sister Ah-ching. I'm off, ma.

(Dragon and Aunt Sha leave. Enter Ah-fu.)

Ah-fu: Sister Ah-ching, last night the instructor sent Lin Ta-ken and Chang Sung-tao to my house.

Ah-ching: What did they want?

Ah-fu: Information about Hu Chuan-kuei and medicinal herbs.

When they'd got those, they went away.

Ah-ching: Didn't you give them any food?

Ah-fu: Yes, I did. They took it with them.

Ah-ching: That's good. You can go back now.

Ah-fu: All right. *(Exit.)*

Ah-ching: *I'm sure the comrades will reach Red Stone Village.*

(Exit Sister Ah-ching. Adjutant Liu comes running in.)

Liu: Sister Ah-ching, here are my purchases. *(Enters the house.)*

(Enter Tiao Teh-yi and Tiao Hsiao-san from the opposite direction.)
(Adjutant Liu comes out of the house.)

Liu: Chief-of-staff Tiao, has the interpreter, Mr. Chou, gone?

Tiao: Yes, he's gone. Commander Hu is getting married.

Liu: Getting married! Who's the lucky girl?

Tiao: Interpreter Chou's sister.

Liu: Needless to say, Chief-of-staff Tiao is the go-between.

Tiao: Adjutant Liu, I shall have a good job for you in a couple of days.

Liu: What is it, chief-of-staff?

Tiao: A trip to Changshu to buy things for the wedding.

Liu: Very good, sir. Thank you.

(Tiao Teh-yi climbs a slope on the shore and looks across the lake through binoculars.)

Tiao: Hey! There seems to be a boat on the lake.

Liu: A boat! There's been a strong wind all day. Maybe it snapped the moorings, so that an empty boat has drifted out.

Tiao: No, that can't be it. An empty boat with its rope snapped would drift with the wind and the current. This boat is going against them. Someone in the water must be pushing it.

Liu: Someone in the water?

Tiao: Get a few men and give chase!

Liu: Yes, sir.

(Curtain)

SCENE SEVEN

Denouncing the Enemy

Shortly after the previous scene. A hall in Tiao Teh-yi's house.

(Offstage a puppet soldier torturing a villager shouts: "Out with it, quick! Speak out!")

(Hu Chuan-kuei, in a temper, gulps down some wine, while Tiao Teh-yi paces anxiously to and fro.)

Tiao: *The New Fourth Army men have moved out of the marshes.*

Hu: *How am I to stand this high-handed Japanese pressure?*

(Offstage the torturers can be heard conducting a cross-examination.)

Tiao: *We've grabbed some beggars and asked which are the Communists.*

Hu: *Hours of questioning*

Have got nothing out of them!

Has anyone come clean?

Hsiao-san (off): No one.

Hu: See here, Old Tiao, why not shoot a few of them?

Tiao: Yes, I was wondering whom to shoot first. Orderly, bring Wang Fu-ken in!

Hsiao-san (off): Yes, sir.

(Tiao Hsiao-san and Adjutant Liu drag in Wang Fu-ken.)

Hu: Speak! Where have the wounded New Fourth Army men gone?

Tiao: We'll set you free as soon as you tell us which of the villagers are Communists.

Fu-ken: You're a bunch of traitors and stooges, riding roughshod over the people!

Hu: Orderly! Have him shot for those other beggars to see.

Fu-ken: You stooges!

Tiao: Get going.

(Wang Fu-ken is dragged out.)

(Offstage Wang Fu-ken shouts: "Down with traitors and stooges! Down with Japanese imperialism!" Rifle shots.)

Tiao: Tiao Hsiao-san, have that old man Liu shot too. His son is in the New Fourth Army.

Hsiao-san (off): Yes, sir.

(Offstage Old Liu shouts: "Down with all traitors! Down with Japanese imperialism!" Rifle shots.)

Hu: Orderly!

(Enter Tiao Hsiao-san.)

Hu: Have that old woman Sha shot too.

Tiao: Wait! Lock them all up.

Hsiao-san: Yes, sir. *(Exit.)*

Tiao: We can't shoot that old woman, commander. The Imperial Army has told us explicitly to make her talk. We must spare her life so as to find out who the Communist is, working behind the scenes.

Hu: Communist? We wouldn't know him if we saw him. Not even if he were sitting right in front of us.

Tiao: Commander, there's one person who's highly suspicious.

Hu: Who's that?

Tiao: Where did Adjutant Liu start shooting so rashly that day? Where did we lose one of the boats we'd confiscated?

Hu: Well?

Tiao: Both happened near the Spring Tea-house!

Hu: You mean to say....

Tiao: Sister Ah-ching!

Hu: What about her?

Tiao: It's most suspicious.

Hu: What do you want to do then? Have her arrested?

Tiao: No, of course not. She saved your life, commander. Let's invite her over and ask her a few questions.

Hu: Questions? What questions? — "Are you a Communist?"

Tiao: Certainly not. We could invite her to help.... *(Whispers in Hu's ear.)* How about that?

Hu: All right, do as you please.

(Enter a puppet soldier.)

Puppet Soldier: Report! Sister Ah-ching is here.

Tiao: Show her in. *(Exit, following Hu Chuan-kuai.)*

(Enter Sister Ah-ching.)

Ah-ching: *The New Fourth Army is marching back to smash the "mopping up,"*

The sun will soon shine again over Shachiapang,

Hu Chuan-kuai has sold himself to the Japs and is trampling on our people;

This debt of blood must always be kept in mind.

I have reconnoitred all enemy positions

Except for this headquarters;

Now I've found a pretext to enter the tiger's lair

To see what's going on —

(Enter Hu Chuan-kuai and Tiao Teh-yi.)

Ah-ching: Commander Hu! Chief-of-staff!

Hu: Sister Ah-ching.

Ah-ching: *Congratulations, commander, on your coming wedding!*

Hu: So you've heard the news?

Tiao: You are very well informed.

Ah-ching: Why, it's the talk of the village. Hasn't Adjutant Liu told every family to send "voluntary" gifts?

Tiao: Very well, please sit down. Serve tea.

Ah-ching: Commander, they say the bride is very good-looking.

Hu: Oh! You've heard that too?

Ah-ching: Of course I have. She's a well-known beauty in the city of Changshu, with an excellent character, very talented, and strikingly good-looking. A girl in a hundred!

Hu: Ha, ha, ha! Sister Ah-ching, how well you talk! I sent for you today to ask your help over the wedding. Can you come over that day to lend us a hand?

Ah-ching: Of course. That's only right. I'll come early in the morning to make tea and wait on the guests....

Hu: I wouldn't think of troubling you to do that. But when the bride arrives in her sedan-chair, I hope you'll see to it that we do things right and don't bungle the business.

Ah-ching: You can rest assured of that. As soon as she arrives in her sedan-chair, you can leave everything to me. I'll see that she observes all the proprieties, so that none of your relatives or friends can find fault with her. Please set your mind at rest, commander.

Hu: Fine. She has a whole pack of relatives who like to pick fault. But with you here to help, I shan't worry.

Ah-ching: Where's the bridal chamber?

Hu: In the back court. When everything is ready tomorrow, I'll ask you over again to have a look.

Ah-ching: All right, I'll certainly come.

Tiao (*bangs the table with a cigarette tin and asks sternly*): Has that old woman Sha come clean?

Hsiao-san (*off*): No, not yet.

Tiao: Bring her in!

Ah-ching: Since you have business, commander, I'll go now, so as not to be in the way.

Tiao: You can sit and rest here, sister, while we get on with our business.

Hu: Yes, stay a little longer, since the chief-of-staff asks you.

Ah-ching: Very well, I'll stay a little longer.

Tiao: Bring in the old woman!

Sha (*off*): *I'm so thankful our men have escaped! (She is dragged in by Tiao Hsiao-san and Adjutant Liu.)*

I don't mind even if they break my bones;

I shall face the enemy boldly — (She is startled to see Sister Ah-ching.)

What's Sister Ah-ching doing here? (She thinks for a moment and the truth dawns on her.)

The enemy hopes to trap her!

I must protect her,

And take full responsibility myself.

Hu: Well, old woman, are you going to speak or not?

Sha: What do you want me to say?

Hu: Did your son Dragon row the New Fourth Army men out of the marshes?

Sha: I don't know.

Hu: Where is he now?

Sha: I don't know.

Hu: Who got you and your son to do this? Who was behind it?

Sha: I don't know.

Hu: Damn you! "I don't know." "I don't know." I'll teach you to say you don't know.

(Before he can beat her Tiao Teh-yi hastily intervenes.)

Tiao: Steady on, commander. Let's talk this over calmly. *(To Sha)* Sit down, sit down, old woman. You've been put through the mill. Now, listen to me.

Don't be so stubborn, Aunt Sha,

Let me put it to you straight;

You never leave the village and you're old,

How could you plan such a thing?

There must be someone giving you instructions,

Staying behind the scenes while you take the stage;

Now you're being cruelly tortured

While she sits watching calmly.

Just tell us her name,

And I guarantee you'll never lack rice or fuel.

Hsiao-san: Old woman, think it over carefully.

Tiao: Have you got the idea, Aunt Sha?

(Aunt Sha remains silent.)

Tiao: Sister Ah-ching, won't you persuade her?

Ah-ching: Me?

Tiao: You and Aunt Sha are neighbours. Try to make her see reason.

Hu: Yes, sister, try to make her see reason.

Ah-ching: All right. Since Chief-of-staff Tiao has such a good opinion of me, I'll try. But I know this old lady's temper. I don't expect I shall get anywhere either. *(She approaches Aunt Sha.)* Aunt Sha, the chief-of-staff says your son took a boat to the New Fourth Army men. Is that true?

(Aunt Sha looks angrily at the three of them and keeps silent.)

Ah-ching: Aunt Sha, you've only the one son. How can you bear parting with him?

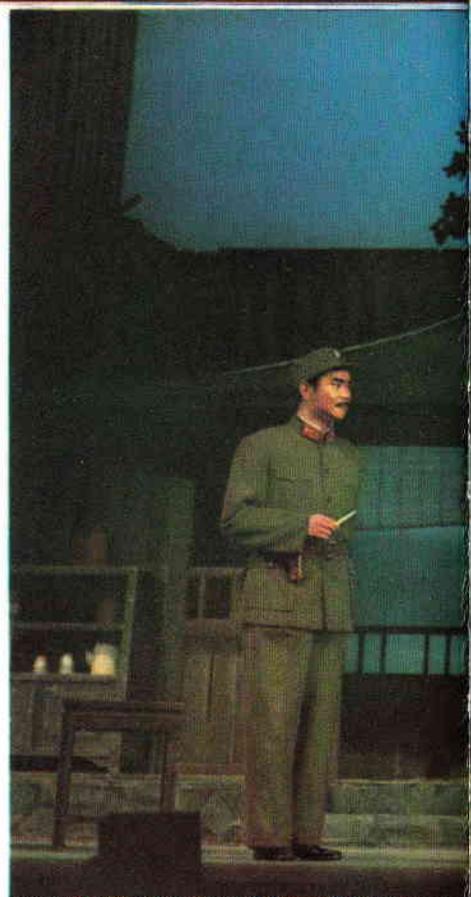
Sha: When a child grows up, he has to choose his own way.



Kuo Chien-kuang, the political instructor



▲ Aunt Sha tries to prevent the wounded soldiers from leaving
Sister Ah-ching wages a battle of wits against Tiao Teh-yi and Hu Chuan-kuei ►



The wounded soldiers led by Kuo Chien-kuang hold out in the marshes





◀ Aunt Sha denounces the enemy
Kuo Chien-kuang leads the vanguard in a surprise attack on
Shachiapang ▼





Hu: Tell me, what good has the New Fourth Army done you?

Sha: I'll tell you.

*In August, 1937, the Japs invaded Shanghai,
Our land south of the Yangtse was lost;
Corpses piled up like mountains, seas of blood were shed,
Flames scorched the earth far and wide.
The Party and New Fourth Army resisted Japan,
Endured hardships and marched east to the enemy rear,
Freeing towns and villages;
Where the red flag flies, there is singing,
As people see the light of day again.
Your "Loyal and Just National Salvation Army"
Hasn't fired one single shot at the Japanese.
Tell me: which country do you want to save?
Why help Japan instead of saving China?
Why fight only the Communists?
In what way are you loyal and just?
You are traitors, stooges of the enemy,
With no sense of shame, no conscience!*

Hu: Shut up!

Sha: *You dare not tell the people what you're after;
You can cut me into pieces for all I care!
The day will come when Shachiapang is freed,
And you traitors will meet your end!*

Hu: Take her out! Have her shot!

(Tiao Hsiao-san and Adjutant Liu drag Aunt Sha off.)

Ah-ching: Commander Hu!

Tiao: Stop. Sister Ah-ching has something to say.

Ah-ching (casually): ...It's time I left.

(Tiao Teh-yi and Hu Chuan-kuei register dismay.)

Ah-ching: It's not for us to interfere when you're settling public business.

Hu: Oh, no, we'd like to hear your opinion.

Tiao: The commander wants to shoot Aunt Sha. As a good neighbour of hers, won't you try to save her?

Ah-ching: Others will come to save her.

Hu: What others?

Ah-ching: If Dragon took a boat to the New Fourth Army, he's bound to come back to save his mother. The men of the New Fourth Army will come to her rescue too.

Hu: If I have her shot now, they'll be too late.

Ah-ching: Exactly. If you have her shot now, no one will come. If no one comes, you won't catch anyone.

Hu: Ah, you mean we should keep this woman as bait to catch bigger fish? Tempt them into a trap?

Tiao: In other words, better not shoot her?

Ah-ching: You're the man with the gun. The decision's up to you. I was thinking what would be best for the commander.

Hu: Quite right.

Tiao: Good. Sister Ah-ching is really on our side. All right, we'll set Aunt Sha free at once and ask you to take her home. Will you do that?

Ah-ching: Of course I will, chief-of-staff, since you trust me so much.

Tiao: Very well. Orderly! Set the old woman Sha free.

(Adjutant Liu drags in Aunt Sha.)

Sha: Put me to death at once. None of your dirty tricks!

Hu: Old woman, we're setting you free. Don't be so stubborn.

Tiao: You're free now, Aunt Sha. Sister Ah-ching, won't you see her home?

Ah-ching: Aunt Sha, let's go.

(Exit Aunt Sha, followed by Sister Ah-ching.)

Tiao (to Adjutant Liu): Follow them and listen to what they say.

Liu: Yes, sir. *(Exit.)*

Hu: Old Tiao, what tricks are you up to?

Tiao: If they start talking confidentially, it'll prove that they're in cahoots. Then we can arrest them at once and question them together.

(Enter Adjutant Liu.)

Liu: Report! Chief-of-staff, they're fighting!

Hu: Who started it?

Liu: Old woman Sha.

Hu: Bring the old creature back!

Liu: Yes, sir. *(Exit.)*

(Enter Sister Ah-ching.)

Ah-ching: What a devil that old woman is! As soon as we were outside, she attacked me and called me bad names—"traitor," "stooge" and the like. Aiya! Look at me! My clothes torn, my teeth bleeding. Just look!

Hu: You're not as clever as you think, Old Tiao. Now are you convinced? Sister Ah-ching, I hope it's not serious? My wedding....

Ah-ching: I'll see to your wedding. My, that old creature's out of her mind, imagining she could get the better of me. Of course she's no match for me. I soon settled her hash.

Tiao: You don't suspect me of foreseeing this, do you, sister?

Ah-ching: Hmm! If I were so suspicious, I'd take good care to steer clear of suspicious types.

Hu (pointing at Tiao): He's crazy!

(Curtain)

SCENE EIGHT

Preparing for the Attack

Three days later, before dawn. In the fields.

(Enter Chang Sung-tao and Yeh Ssu-chung. After looking round, they go off.)

Kuo (off): *The moon lightens our path,
Breezes cool us on our way....*

(Enter Kuo Chien-kuang and soldiers.)

Kuo: *Crossing mountains, rivers and sleeping villages,
Our unit has cast a net
To wipe out Hu Chuan-kuai's traitorous gang of bandits.
The vanguard will take the lead
In a surprise attack on Shachiapang.
This sharp dagger thrust into the enemy's heart
Will take them unawares.
Their whole line will be in confusion,
Like a scalded ant-hill
Or beehive set on fire!*

(Enter Chang Sung-tao and Yeh Ssu-chung.)

Yeh: An enemy patrol!

Dragon: Let's finish them off!

Kuo: Get under cover!

(They take cover.)

(A patrol of puppet soldiers crosses the stage.)

Kuo: Platoon Leader Yeh and Chang Sung-tao!

Chang and Yeh: Here.

Kuo: Look, Shachiapang is just in front of us. The two of you reconnoitre. Go ahead!

Chang and Yeh: Right. *(They go off.)*

Kuo: March on!

*The blockade line is dotted with sentries and pillboxes,
But to us they are merely paper fortresses.
Now Shachiapang is in sight,
We'll destroy the bandits' den and capture their chief. (Exit.)*

(Curtain)

SCENE NINE

Breaking Through

Immediately following the previous scene. Outside the back yard of the headquarters of the "Loyal and Just National Salvation Army."

(A puppet soldier is on sentry duty.)

Puppet Soldier: The commander has invited Japanese to his wedding, so he's made us post more guards. *(Sighs.)* Just my damn luck!

(Enter Yeh Ssu-chung and others. They capture the sentry.)

(Enter Kuo Chien-kuang leading the vanguard, and Sister Ab-ching leading the militia.)

Ah-ching: Instructor, that's the wall of Tiao Teh-yi's back court.

The enemy dispositions are unchanged,

As shown on the map we sent you.

Their main force is stationed east and west,

With only one squad at the gate;

The militia has cut their telephone line,

They can't summon reinforcements;

The men inside are at a wedding-feast,

Playing drinking games, raising a fearful din.

Climb over this wall and dash into the court,

And you'll wipe out this gang of monsters at one stroke.

Kuo: Dragon!

You lead the firing force to the front court

To destroy the enemy guards. (To Sister Ab-ching)

You go to the end of the village to meet our main force.

(Dragon and Sister Ab-ching lead off some soldiers and the militia.)

(Kuo Chien-kuang and other soldiers vault over the wall.)

(Curtain)

SCENE TEN

Wiping out the Enemy

In Tiao Teh-yi's front courtyard.

(Enter Chou Jen-sheng, Tiao Teh-yi, Kuroda, Hu Chuan-kuei and others.)

Chou: Tiao Hsiao-san, is everything ready?

Hsiao-san: The motorboat is waiting.

Kuroda: No can telephone through. Situation no good. You be careful. Lead on, lead on. *(Exit.)*

(Artillery rumbles.)

Hu: Where's that firing?

Tiao: I don't know.

(Enter a puppet soldier.)

Puppet Soldier: Report! The New Fourth Army is already in the back court.

Hu: Hold them! Hold them! *(He dashes off.)*

(After a short engagement, the vanguard wipes out Hu Chuan-kuei's troops.)

(Enter Chen Tien-min and others of the main force, with Kuroda and Chou Jen-sheng in custody. Enter Kuo Chien-kuang and soldiers with Hu Chuan-kuei and Tiao Teh-yi in custody.)

(Enter Sister Ah-ching and other villagers. Those freed from prison carry handcuffs and shackles. When the freed prisoners see Hu Chuan-kuei and Tiao Teh-yi, they raise their shackles in anger to strike them, but are stopped by Sister Ah-ching.)

Kuo: Fellow villagers! Let's hand these traitors over to the Anti-Japanese Democratic Government for a public trial!

Ah-ching: Fellow villagers! They must stand a public trial.

Hu: You?

Ah-ching: I am a member of the Chinese Communist Party!

Kuo: Take them away!

(The soldiers take Hu Chuan-kuei, Tiao Teh-yi, Kuroda and Chou Jen-sheng off in custody.)

(Enter Aunt Sha. She joins Chen Tien-min, Kuo Chien-kuang and Dragon. The people of Shachiapang under the leadership of the Party once more see the light of day.)

(Curtain)

A Battle in the Gulf of Bac Bo

The battle flames of Bac Bo Gulf have caught the attention of the people of the world.

The waters of Bac Bo Gulf are a tie in the flesh-and-blood friendship of the Chinese and Vietnamese people.

The heroic exploits of the members of the Chinese freighter 1018 in their battle in the Bac Bo Gulf to resist U.S. imperialism and aid Vietnam are another paean to the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung.

For three consecutive hours these men, with indomitable courage, stubbornly resisted piratical bombing and strafing by U.S. planes. Afterwards in the sea and on barren islands, they conquered incredible hardships and finally managed to return home.

Their noble dedication to their socialist homeland and to the world revolution is a typical example of the lofty internationalism, patriotism and revolutionary heroism of China's sons and daughters in the era of Mao Tse-tung.

On August 28, 1966 two small freighters, 1018 and 1019, flying the flag of the People's Republic of China and laden with friendship between the Chinese and the Vietnamese people, set sail to cheers of "Long live Chairman Mao!"

Freighter 1018 led the way over the bounding main, followed by 1019. Cleaving wind and wave, the ships rode steadily towards their destination.

Gradually they left the ships of their fleet behind in the night. Thoughts surged through the men's minds as they gazed at the seas ahead. Where they were going a decisive battle was being waged between the forces of light and darkness. The U.S. imperialists were slaughtering the Vietnamese people, while the Soviet revisionists and their partners were using every scheme to extinguish their revolutionary flame. But the heroic people of Vietnam were bravely fighting to resist U.S. imperialism and to save their country.

Hatred for the U.S. invaders and love for the Vietnamese people burned in the breasts of the Chinese seamen. Time and again before they set sail they had studied Chairman Mao's works and reviewed his teachings:

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

They had angrily denounced the U.S. imperialists for their invasion of Vietnam, for their murder of the Vietnamese people, for their repeated bloody criminal attacks on China's merchant ships and fishing boats upon the high seas.

They had proclaimed to the Party that they would fear neither hardship, difficulty nor death, that they were prepared to give their lives for the world revolution at any time. Solemnly, they vowed:

"Chairman Mao's thought is our lighthouse. Comrade Bethune is our model. No matter how large the dangers, no matter how great the sacrifice, we shall never waver in our determination to aid Vietnam and resist U.S. imperialism."

Swiftly, the ships sailed on. A bright moon floated up out of the sea, spreading its silvery beams. Gathered on the bridge of 1018 were Chen Yung-shang the political commissar, Chen Ta-ying the commander, and Huang Pu-san the captain. They peered into the distance through binoculars, examined the surrounding sea and checked the course with navigation maps and compass. Alert seamen manned their posts. The men on duty again plotted the ship's position. 1018 was following a normal line through the western portion of the Gulf of Bac Bo.

Two flares suddenly lit up the sky ahead.

"Battle alert," shouted the helmsman.

Everyone on deck vigilantly watched the night sky. They could hear the muffled drone of planes.

"Look sharp, comrades. Prepare for battle. Proceed on course."

At one-thirty in the morning of August 29, a series of illumination flares turned the sea and sky as light as day. Two American planes came at the ship in a screaming dive, spurting cannon fire and dropping bombs. Explosions raised high pillars of water not far from the gunwales.

Through the loudspeaker system the voice of the political commissar, ringing, determined, grave, could be heard above the deafening bursts:

"Comrades, this is our time to be tested. Our great Party, our great Chairman Mao are with us together. We shall fight to the finish."

His burning, militant voice was filled with hatred for the enemy, with love of country and confidence in victory.

The ship, flying the five-starred red flag, was part of China's sacred territory. Its deck was a front line position in the fight to aid Vietnam and resist U.S. imperialism. Chairman Mao's great thought was their most powerful weapon. They would defend their country's honour, though it cost them their lives.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"We the Chinese nation have the spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood, the deter-**

mination to recover our lost territory by our own efforts, and the ability to stand on our own feet in the family of nations."

Chen Ta-ying the commander stood in the wheelhouse, a towering figure glaring at the planes. On his orders to the helm, the ship was kept nimbly turning and veering, making it an elusive target for the enemy attackers.

The second mate, Lin Yung, who was at the wheel, put all his strength and agility into his task. Bombs again fell wide of their mark as the freighter swung swiftly to the right.

Two minutes later, the planes dived again. Once more the ship swerved sharply, this time to the left, again avoiding the enemy strafing.

Thus, like a petrel in a storm, the heroic 1018 played tag with the enemy planes on the open sea, eluding their fire time after time.

"See it through, comrades."

The strong steady tones of the commissar were an encouragement to all.

Four Communists, Tsao Chih-yung, Tsai Chin-tang, Liang Hua-pao and Hsiung Yao-chang, boldly stood their posts on the heaving deck, keen eyes watching the planes.

In the hot stuffy engine room, Li Tzu-lien, Communist and chief engineer, and Communist Wu Chin, drenched in sweat, tended their machines with the deepest concentration. When others wanted to relieve them, they refused. "No," they said. "We can stick it out." They kept their engines turning normally, changing speeds in accordance with orders from the bridge.

Braving a hail of bullets, 1018 pushed onward, ploughing the waves.

The American planes bombed and strafed for over an hour. Finally, they were forced to depart.

But the seamen knew that the savage, crafty enemy would not be content to leave it at that. Another, more serious, battle was impending.

Half an hour later they were raided by a still larger force. Flares were dropped on all sides, turning the sky above the ship into a sheet of dazzling brightness. Shells from rapid fire cannon, bombs and rockets deluged down on the little freighter.

Wounded in this rain of fire, Hsieh Jui-yu, the first mate, stood on deck, directing the fight to quench a blaze which had been started. Sailor Huang Ta-yao, a Communist, leaped into the burning, smoking hold, together with Li Ta-tsai and Huang Cho-en. They put out the flames.

Radio operator Huang Wei-chao coolly tapped out a rapid message in code to the homeland: "Urgent report, urgent report..."

Suddenly, a violent shock wrenched the key from under his hand. Smoke and flame rose on the forward deck, followed by an explosion which snapped the radio's aerial. Billows of thick smoke engulfed the ship.

The engine room had been hit. Nineteen-year-old Youth Leaguer Wang Hsing dashed in. Using all the strength in his body and clinging to the ladder, he carried badly wounded Communist Wu Chin up to the deck.

Communist Li Ta-tsai, as a rocket exploded, threw himself over a wounded comrade beside him. Mao Tse-tung's thought had become the very soul of this hero and he unhesitatingly gave his life to protect a class brother.



Smoke filled the wheelhouse. Commander Chen Ta-ying and sailor Huang Ta-yao were flung into the sea by the shock wave. Captain Huang Pu-san, who was at the wheel, received a severe body wound and a fractured skull. As he regained consciousness, the first thought that came into his mind was: Keep sailing. With an astonishing display of will power, covered with blood, he struggled to his feet. Seizing the wheel, he shouted: "Full speed ahead."

But the rudder didn't respond. The ship listed heavily to one side, raising the propeller out of the water.

Their heads could crack, their blood could flow, but they'd never give up Mao Tse-tung's thought. Radio operator Huang Wei-chao, holding aloft his gleaming red copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, came charging out of the radio room. Like a flash of lightning in the night sky, the shining book seemed to illuminate the furiously thundering Gulf of Bac Bo.

A howling wind whipped up phosphorescent waves. The ship was sinking fast. Political Commissar Chen Yung-shang walked across the steeply slanting deck to bid farewell to five Communists



who had bravely perished: Li Ta-tsai, Li Tzu-lien, Tsao Chih-yung, Tsai Chin-tang and Wu Chin.

He took out his notebook. Facing the sea, he wrote rapidly and angrily.

He penned a denunciation of the American imperialists for their crimes. Bloody debts must be paid in blood. The American gangsters would be punished tenfold.

He wrote an epic of China's sons and daughters in the era of Mao Tse-tung. These heroes would live for ever in the hearts of hundreds of millions of people. Their spirit would battle eternally in Bac Bo Gulf.

Freighter 1019 was damaged. 1018 was sunk. Political Commissar Chen Yung-shang was the last to leave the ship. Wounded seamen who had jumped into the water had called to him:

"Commissar ... commissar..."

"I'm here, comrades," he had replied.

Then the savage American raiders had attacked again, going after the injured seamen. They continued to call to their commissar over the misty sea, but they never heard his voice again.

The night before the freighters sailed, the commissar had told his sons they must be worthy successors to the revolutionary cause. "In my shipping job, we have to battle against the U.S. imperialists and against typhoons," he said. "Men get killed in battles. Are you afraid?"

"We're not afraid," the boys had answered. "When we grow up, we're going to serve the people, just like you. We'll be good pupils of Chairman Mao."

The seamen couldn't help weeping when they recalled their comrades who had been killed. "The U.S. imperialists have sunk our ship," they said to themselves, "but they can't destroy Mao Tse-tung's thought which is in our minds, nor can they shake our determination to aid Vietnam and resist U.S. imperialism."

Their sorrow turned to anger, their hatred turned to strength, and they swam towards the nearest island.

Commander Chen Ta-ying and member of the Party branch committee Huang Ta-yao, who had both been thrown into the sea by a bomb blast, found a life preserver. Holding on to this, they helped dress each other's wounds, then read from their books of Chairman Mao's quotations. With all their might they swam towards an island through the rolling sea, and they seemed to hear Chairman Mao's words, transcending all other sounds:

"Be resolute," recited one of them, pushing forward.

"Fear no sacrifice," continued the other, riding over a wave.

"And surmount every difficulty,"

"To win victory."

At that same time, eight other men were pushing a small life raft on which Huang Pu-san the captain lay unconscious. The big waves soon scattered them, until only young Communists Hsu Chun-jui and Hsiung Yao-chang were left with the captain. The raft was heavy and the waves high. Every inch they advanced it took an enormous effort. Hsu had been wounded in thirty-one places and had lost a lot of blood. He was dizzy, sparks danced before his eyes. The salt water made his wounds very painful. But great Mao Tse-tung's thought gave him the strength to conquer pain for the sake of saving others.

Hsu remembered Chairman Mao's teaching: "... All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other." And he said to himself: "Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao, I will follow your instructions. As long as there's a breath left in my body, I'll fight to save my class brothers from the sea."

Huang Pu-san awoke on the raft at daybreak. He anxiously called to his comrades.

"Don't worry, captain," said Hsu. "Hsiung and I are Communists. If we live, we'll get you to the island."

Fog and rain covered the sea. A cold morning wind made them shiver and knotted their legs into cramps. After hours in the water, they were still two kilometres from the island and their strength was giving out.

Just then, two enemy planes skimmed over, low. The seamen recalled how their great leader Chairman Mao had swum the Yangtse. "He's past seventy," they thought. "If our beloved leader can swim the Yangtse at his age, why can't we young fellows cross a bit of sea? The enemy wants to wipe us out to the last man. They're hoping in vain. We're going to get our revenge and wipe them out."

Hsu and Hsiung seemed to see their great leader before their eyes, waving encouragingly. "Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao, we will push on through wind and wave, and go forward with you."

The sun rose red from the eastern sea. Having forced their way through a hail of enemy bullets and thousands of white-capped waves, eleven brave seamen, after hours of struggle, reached different parts of the shore of a small island in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam around ten in the morning of August 29.

It was an uninhabited jumble of rocks and cliffs, overgrown with brambles, vines and bushes. There was no food or fresh water. The men had no medicines and no clothing except for what was on their backs. Their wounds ached, they were hungry and cold, they were constantly tormented by mosquitoes and big ants.

Even here, the barbaric American air pirates gave them no peace. They strafed the island, bombed it...

Again the heroic seamen were faced with a severe trial.

"In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage."

Loudly, the seamen recited this quotation from Chairman Mao Tse-tung. More deeply than ever, they felt the incomparable power of Chairman Mao's teachings. When they were hungry, the great thought of Mao Tse-tung was more important than food. It was warmer than fire when they were cold. When their wounds hurt it was more effective than medicine.

Communists always stand in the foremost front line. That afternoon they called a Party group meeting and analysed their situation. They agreed it was most important to bear Chairman Mao's teachings in mind; as Communists, they should be models for the others. They had to care about their comrades, rally them, and encourage them to fight and conquer difficulties.

A meeting of all the seamen was held on the barren island. In excited tones, Chen Ta-ying, the commander, spoke.

"Comrades," he said, "the enemy's bombing couldn't scare us, wild waves couldn't stop us. We've won."

Each of the men spoke in turn. Member of the Party branch committee Huang Ta-yao said:

"Although we're here on this deserted island, we're not alone. Behind us are the 700 million people of our motherland. Before us are the 30 million people of Vietnam. We will get home and return to Chairman Mao's side, without a doubt."

In the face of the enemy, the seamen were bold fighters. In the face of hardships, they were men of iron. They had no fresh water, so they drank the rain water that remained in the hollows of rocks. They had no food, so they picked berries in the groves and gathered clams by the shore. Although they were in a very tough spot, they maintained a high revolutionary optimism.

"We not only have fine mountain fare," they joked, "we've delicious seafood as well. An ideal set-up for protracted warfare."

As night drew near, a bone-chilling wind blew in from the sea. The men lay back to back for warmth in the damp grove and covered themselves with leaves.

"What we need most now is to hear the voice of our homeland, to hear the voice of Chairman Mao."

"My dearest wish is to be able some day to see Chairman Mao, our great leader."

Chairman Mao, beloved Chairman Mao, you are like a sun illuminating the whole world. Although we are far apart, your far-reaching rays light up the militant road before us.

Homeland, beloved homeland, you are in the high advancing tide of the great cultural revolution. In your vast land hundreds of millions are fighting heated battles, labouring, working, in a new and seething environment. . . . The seamen burst forth into their favourite song: *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*.

The stirring song rose above the tree tops and flew across the water to echo over Bac Bo Gulf.

They were still singing and talking when enemy planes swept over and bombed. On the Vietnamese mainland, opposite, intense gunfire of the brave Vietnamese people hit an American air pirate. It trailed a long tail of flame, then burst asunder in the sky.

The men applauded and cheered. "Good shot. Nice shooting."

At the sight of the battle, they hated the enemy worse than ever. Huang Ta-yao said:

"If the enemy comes here, sticks and stones will be our weapons. We'll fight guerrilla warfare in the groves and bushes."

"Right," the men cried. "We'll fight them to the finish."

Late at night, as waves crashed against the rocky shore, Communist Liang Hua-pao and radio operator Huang Wei-chao, their bare torsos covered with leaves against the cold, kept a vigilant watch. Rather than awaken their sleeping comrades, they remained on guard a number of extra shifts.

From time to time the sleepers were roused by bites of the big ants crawling over them. But they didn't think of their own aching wounds, they worried about their badly injured captain Huang Pusan, who was lying in a cave.

Twenty-four-year-old Communist Hsiung Yao-chang, on behalf of everybody, went to see him frequently. To get there, he had to push through brambles and climb a cliff. He lacerated the soles of



his feet and the palms of his hands doing so, and his chest and back were deeply scratched. But he persisted in his calls, a hollowed bamboo with water in one hand, clumps of wild fruit in the other, leaving a trail of bloody footprints.

This son of a poor peasant became known as a "living Lei Feng" because of his concern for others. Whenever he found water or fruit he always let his mates have some first. He was wearing a tunic when they landed on the island, but he gave it to one of the wounded. At night, walking around bare from the waist up, he turned blue with cold.

"Never mind the colour of my skin," he said, slapping himself on the chest. "I'm as hot as fire, inside."

Raising and supporting the captain, he fed him water, mouthful by mouthful. Huang, reviving a bit, asked in concern:

"Have all the comrades reached the island?"

"Yes, captain. And we'll definitely be able to get back home."

Injured in thirty-five places, Huang hung between life and death, but he thought mainly of his comrades and his homeland. He had gone to sea at twelve, to slave on the fishing boat of a tyrannical mas-

ter. The Party and Chairman Mao had rescued him from his bitter lot, and now he had risen to the position of captain of a fishing craft. This Mai Hsien-teh type of hero showed an amazing will and determination. Aided by the care of his comrades, he stubbornly battled pain, hunger and cold on the barren island. Whenever he was awakened by the sound of enemy bombing, he encouraged himself by saying:

"Dear Chairman Mao, no matter how savagely the enemy behaves, I'll stick it out."

How could they leave the desolate island? How could they return to their beloved homeland? Only by swimming over to the big island, opposite, and making contact with the Vietnamese people.

Between the two islands was ten kilometres of water. Treacherous currents, sharks, and constantly circling enemy planes were all dangers a swimmer would have to face.

But heavy seas cannot daunt a hero, big waves strike no fear into a revolutionary heart. Communist Liang Hua-pao seemed to hear the words of Chairman Mao, their 'great leader: **When we die for the people it is a worthy death.** "Right," he thought. "Now is the time to risk my life for the revolution." Warm blood coursed through his veins. He sought out member of the Party branch committee Huang Ta-yao and said:

"I'd like permission to swim across and make contact with the Vietnamese people."

Youth Leaguer Wang Hsing, although he was not a good swimmer, was absolutely devoted to the cause of the people.

"I was only lightly wounded," he said. "I'm the one who should go."

Finally, it was decided to let them both go, so that they could look after each other. At eight in the morning of August 30, the two set out. Their comrades, who saw them off at the water's edge, called:

"Surmount every difficulty to win victory."

"Don't worry. We're a Communist and a Youth Leaguer. No matter how difficult it is, we swear to complete our mission."

They waded into the waves. The weather was fickle over the strait and the wind fierce. It was darkly overcast at the moment, and raining hard. Great waves raised them high on their crests, and tumbled them deep into their troughs.

Wang soon tired, and Liang swam over and supported him. "We must hold out and surmount every difficulty to win victory," he urged.

In the tossing sea Wang didn't have the strength to go on. He told Liang to leave him, but Liang refused. Instead, stirred by a deep class brotherhood, Liang untied one of the straps of his life jacket and said:

"Take hold of this. I'll tow you across."

Liang's armpits had been chafed raw by the life jacket, but he tenaciously endured the pain and pulled his companion for several hours. At dusk, the tide began to ebb, and they were still far from the big island.

"Neither of us will make it, this way," Wang thought. "I'm only one person. I can't tire him out because of me." Again, he pleaded with Liang: "You go on ahead. Here, you're just helping me. But if you reach the island you'll save a lot of comrades."

Liang was torn by conflicting emotions. But realizing that the lives of all the comrades on the island depended upon him, he turned and shook Wang warmly by the hand and said to him encouragingly:

"Keep swimming. If you can't make it, go back to the island. That will be a victory for us, too."

They separated and Liang pushed on. The following morning Wang was carried back to the barren island by the tide. He had been in the water for twenty-five hours and his skin was bleached white. He was too exhausted to speak. Lin and Hsieh, who had been on watch, quickly dressed him in their own clothes and hugged him for warmth. They fed him fruit and water and, with a high level of class love, finally revived him.

A day and a night had passed, but the seamen still did not see the signal indicating that Liang had crossed the strait. On the morning of the 31st, they decided to send another group of swimmers.

Huang Wei-chao, Huang Cho-en, Chen Ta-ying, Huang Ta-yao, Hsu Chun-jui and Hsiung Yao-chang entered the water in teams. The ever-changing current soon separated them. Some were driven back to the barren island, others were swept to a different island, also small and uninhabited. Communist Hsiung Yao-chang gave his life for his motherland in the wind and waves.

After fifteen hours in the tempestuous sea, Huang Cho-en landed on a small island to the west. In the days that followed, he tried several times to continue his swim. Each time he was unsuccessful. But he never lost confidence that he would get home.

There wasn't a morsel of grain on the island, and his stomach pained him severely. "I'll go on fighting as long as my heart continues to beat," he said to himself. He remembered Chairman Mao's teachings:

"This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield. No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on."

He recalled how, for the sake of the revolution, the Red Army ate grass roots and tree bark during the Long March. "If the older generation did that," he thought, "why can't I?" He gave himself an order:

"For the sake of the revolution — eat leaves!"

He picked some leaves, soaked them in water, softened them further by rubbing them between his hands, then gulped them down in large mouthfuls. On the fifth of September, after five days on the island and eight days after he had left the ship, just as he was about to make his fourth attempt to swim the strait, he was found by a Vietnamese search party.

Liang reached the shore of the big island past nine in the evening of August 30, following a whole day's battle. But he didn't have the energy to stand. He could only lie in the water and crawl forward a step with each incoming wave. At last he got on to the beach, and there he was found the next day by Vietnamese people and army men.



The story of the Chinese seamen's heroic struggle against enemy planes, hunger, painful wounds and the sea spread rapidly throughout the island. That night, Vietnamese soldiers and people, in spite of the enemy aircraft circling overhead, set out for the barren island in a small boat with food and medicines to welcome their Chinese brothers and comrades-in-arms.

When they arrived, the Vietnamese men immediately took off their clothing and shoes and gave them to their Chinese comrades. The militia girls draped their scarves over the Chinese seamen's shoulders. The medical personnel gave them emergency treatment and redressed their wounds. Nguyen Nac, leader of the rescue mission, said in a moved voice:

"We want you Chinese comrades to feel that Vietnam is your own home. Many of you have given your lives for the Vietnamese people. You certainly are courageous."

The ardent friendship of the Vietnamese comrades was like hot blood coursing through the seamen's hearts. Chen Ta-ying was unable to control his emotion. He burst into the Vietnamese song

Liberate the South, singing it in Vietnamese. The Vietnamese comrades immediately joined in.

Their singing stirred the hearts of the sons and daughters of both countries, bathing them in fraternal and militant friendship.

“Here come the Chinese comrades!”

This warm, affectionate cry greeted them wherever they went. The Vietnamese people hailed them as their own victorious heroes. Men and women, old and young, thronged the streets, waving and cheering. A grey-haired old mother gently ran her hand over their wounds and said with tears in her eyes:

“You shed your blood for us. You truly are good comrades educated by Chairman Mao.”

The Vietnamese people gave the Chinese comrades their very best food. When Huang Cho-en, who hadn't eaten a morsel of grain in seven days, was handed a bowl of hot, steaming rice, he wept.

On the Vietnamese mainland the seamen of freighter 1018 had a triumphant reunion with their mates of 1019, and all were solicitously visited by responsible local leaders of the Vietnamese government. The wounded were given excellent medical care. A representative of the Chinese embassy made a special trip from Hanoi to convey the concern of Chairman Mao and the Chinese people. Vietnamese comrades, at a reception party in their honour, praised the seamen, saying:

“You have not been nurtured by Chairman Mao's thought in vain. You are excellent fighters, good sons of the Chinese people. With the support of the Chinese people and the people of the whole world, we Vietnamese will certainly win final victory in our battle against the Yankees.”

A representative of the seamen warmly thanked the Vietnamese government and people for their care. He said:

“Chairman Mao teaches us that to aid you in your resistance against the U.S. aggressors is our internationalist duty. You are a heroic people and a heroic nation. We firmly support you in your just struggle to resist U.S. aggression and for national salvation. We are with you to the end, until the last American invader is driven from Vietnamese soil.”

On the fifth of September, the night before they left for home, they heard on the radio a statement broadcast by a spokesman of the Chinese Ministry of National Defence. In steely tones he condemned the American air pirates for their lawless attack on our freighters 1018 and 1019. The statement said:

Once again we seriously warn the U.S. aggressors: these blood debts will have to be repaid in blood. Armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, the Chinese people will never let the U.S. imperialists perpetrate their criminal acts at will. We have told you in advance and we mean what we say. If the U.S. imperialists dare to impose war on us, we will ruthlessly break the backs of the U.S. aggressors and wipe them out resolutely, thoroughly, totally and completely.

Feng Chih-hsien

The Bell

At the end of Hsiangyang Village in Chingfengtien Commune, there is a big tree, on which hangs an old bell. This bell means a great deal to all the villagers.

In the days of the War of Resistance Against Japan, the bell tolled to warn the village guerrillas to get ready to resist the invaders and the villagers to conceal their belongings and take shelter in the underground tunnel. At the time of the land reform, the villagers waged struggles against the landlords and the land was distributed under the big tree. When the co-op was set up, the bell rang more often. Every day at dawn its chimes could be heard throughout the village. It had become a symbol of the collective, a bugle for battle. The villagers said: "As soon as the bell rings, all our hearts are linked closer together."

When we talk about the bell, we must not forget Wang Mu-shui, the man who has sounded it for several decades.

Wang Mu-shui is an old brigade leader. He is more than sixty, white-bearded, of medium height. Every day at the crack of dawn,

without fail, he goes to the old bell and sounds it lustily. He works so hard for the collective that he is seldom at home. As his wife says: "Home, to my old man, is like a railway station to a train. He no sooner gets in than he's off again."

Because Old Wang worked so hard for the collective, he was chosen as the brigade leader and sounded the bell when it was time to set off for work or to attend a meeting.

One morning, a short time after the cultural revolution reached the village, the bell suddenly stopped ringing.

That morning when the old brigade leader went to sound the bell as usual, he saw some big-character posters pasted on it. Among them was a verse written in particularly big characters.

Our brigade leader, Old Wang,
Likes his own way in everything;
What he says goes,
And nobody else must "butt in."

The old brigade leader was so upset by this that he went straight home in a huff, without ringing the bell.

This news soon spread through the whole village. The spring ploughing was fast approaching.

"Someone's got to sound the bell," said Kuo Wei-tung, representative of the revolutionary masses. "Since the old brigade leader hasn't yet wakened up to himself, we'll strike the bell for him for the time being."

At the crucial moment when the spring ploughing was about to begin, the letter of the Party Central Committee to the poor and lower-middle peasants and cadres at all levels in the rural people's communes was published, along with the *Hongqi* editorials "Cadres Must Be Treated Correctly" and "On the Revolutionary 'Three-in-One' Combination." The revolutionary commune members and militiamen made a very careful study of the instructions of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee, and also of the editorials. Naturally, they considered the problem of Old Wang.

"We all know our old brigade leader well," said Kuo Wei-tung with great feeling, at a discussion on how to treat cadres. "He

has his shortcomings and has made mistakes in his work. But he has a good history of struggle behind him, and we're all clear about his strong points. He started working for a landlord at the age of ten, and joined the Chinese Communist Party when he was young. All these years he's worked away in wind and rain. Each plot of land in our village has been watered with his sweat. He's more experienced than the rest of us, too, both as regards class struggle and production. He's a treasure. We must help him and respect him."

Kuo Hsiao-hua, a five-good militiaman, put in: "Last spring just when the wheat was turning green a drought began. Our old brigade leader had a bad cold, but he fought the drought with us day and night. Hai-ti and I made him go home and take some medicine and asked his wife to guard the door, so as not to let him go back to work. But when his wife went out to see to her chickens, he sneaked back to the fields. There's no denying his concern for the collective."

Scarcely had Kuo Hsiao-hua finished speaking when Tung Yu-chi chimed in: "Last summer we had a flood which threatened to burst the dike. Old Wang stayed on guard watching for three whole days and nights. His old woman sent to tell him that the back wall of their house was about to cave in. She asked him to go home and prop it up. But he refused to go."

One after another, the villagers aired their opinions about the old brigade leader, both about his good points and his shortcomings and mistakes. At the end of the discussion they concluded: "We must help our brigade leader to realize his shortcomings and correct his mistakes, and together with us to take firm hold of the revolution and promote production."

The night had fallen before the discussion was over. Instead of going home, Kuo Wei-tung and Hsiao Hai-lung went to see their old brigade leader, but he was out. Although they waited for some time, he still did not appear.

"When the Central Committee's letter came," Old Wang's wife told the two young men, "my old man read it over and over again. Then he opened his *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and studied

page after page. Finally, he slipped out alone to the big tree to read those big-character posters. I think there's a struggle going on in his mind."

The truth dawned upon the two young fellows. They jumped to their feet and rushed to the end of the village. As they neared the big tree, sure enough, they saw the old brigade leader standing stock-still under it, looking up at the bell.

Kuo Wei-tung took off his padded jacket and tiptoed forward to put it lightly over Old Wang's shoulders. The old brigade leader turned round and, when he saw them, a sudden warmth flooded his heart just as if he had drunk a cup of heated wine. He made them sit down and told them:

"I've read these big-character posters over and over. I'm coming, more and more, to feel they're right. In the past few years I've changed a lot. I don't listen to people's opinions or accept their criticisms, so I've caused the Party and people quite a few losses. Take the wheat threshing last year, for instance. The meteorologist told me it'd rain and not to do the threshing, but I refused to listen to him and insisted on doing it according to plan. He told me three times, and the commune members advised me to wait a while, too. But far from taking their advice, I lashed out at the meteorologist. Well, less than two hours after we'd spread the wheat over the threshing-floor, it started to pour with rain, and a good deal of grain was spoiled." He lowered his head.

"Old brigade leader," remarked Kuo Wei-tung. "You've not been afraid of hardships and fatigue and you've worked wholeheartedly for the collective. We all know that. Where you've gone badly wrong, though, is in cutting yourself off from the masses."

Kuo Wei-tung stopped for a moment. When he saw that Old Wang was listening attentively, he continued with deep feeling: "Before, when the bell rang, all the villagers with one heart and one mind followed the man who'd sounded it to fight the Japs, struggle against the landlords, share out the land and, later, set up a co-op and a people's commune. Why? Because in those days your heart was linked with theirs. You listened to them and knew what was in their minds."



“You’re right, lad.” The old brigade leader was deeply stirred, his white beard quivered with emotion.

“It’s Chairman Mao who launched and is leading this great proletarian cultural revolution,” put in Hsiao Hai-lung. “He has complete faith in the masses, relies on them and respects their initiative. The cultural revolution is a people’s war in the ideological field. Some commune members have written big-character posters to help you correct your shortcomings and mistakes, which damage the people’s interests.”

As the two young men spoke, by turns, the old brigade leader kept on nodding his head.

It was dawn. Red clouds appeared above the eastern horizon of the north China plain. Stick in hand, the old brigade leader turned towards the rising sun. Standing under the big tree he struck the bell several times. “Dong, dong, dong...” It sounded clearer than ever before.

At the sound of the ringing the poor and lower-middle peasants, members of the revolutionary mass organizations and militiamen immediately gathered around under the bell. When they saw their old brigade leader back on the job, their faces lit up with smiles. Old Wang, standing in their midst, made a heartfelt self-criticism to the commune members.

Glad that he had the courage to admit his mistakes, the commune members declared, “You’re our good bell-ringer, brigade leader, when all’s said and done!”

“No.” The old man’s eyes were wet. Then he cried in a voice as clear as the sound of the bell: “You’ve rung the warning bell for me. The good bell-ringer’s not me, but you, my comrades, you!”

A Vivid Lesson

It was early April, a very busy time in the countryside. We worked until dusk helping the commune members to prepare the paddy fields for planting out seedlings. Then our company commander bent down to wash his hands in the ditch by the fields. "Let's go," he said as he straightened up. "We're having supper with Aunt Chi."

I was puzzled. Aunt Chi lived about four *li* away and we'd planned to have another study meeting that night. The day before, we had studied the article *Patriotism or National Betrayal?* and inveterate hatred for the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road had filled our hearts to bursting point. Why had the company commander changed his mind about tonight's lesson?

"Company commander, aren't we supposed to have another lesson tonight?" I asked.

"I haven't forgotten," was his ready reply.

Sung Miao-fang is a fighter in the PLA.

We went with him to a newly-built thatched cottage where we found the lamp already lit. It made the many quotations from Chairman Mao on the walls more brilliantly red.

On a table were a few bowls of wild herbs: purslane, wild aster and several other kinds unknown to me.

"Ah, we're going to have a meal to recall the bitter past," cried sharp-witted Young Chang excitedly.

The company commander made us all sit down. When we had finished reading some quotations from Chairman Mao, he cleared his throat and said, "We've asked Aunt Chi to give us a lesson today. In the old days, Aunt Chi had her full share of enslavement and exploitation. She hates the old society with a burning hatred. The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road ranted that 'exploitation is glorious,' and 'exploitation is meritorious.' Now, let's see what it really is, this exploitation he lauds to the skies!"

The wild herbs tasted bitter and set our teeth on edge, but more bitter still were Aunt Chi's sufferings....

Aunt Chi used to live in northern Kiangsu. Before liberation, her family owned neither a single tile over their heads nor an inch of land. Her parents were both hounded to death by the landlord, leaving her, at the age of fourteen, completely alone. Sold like a chattel to a landlord named Yang in southern Kiangsu, she had to slave for him like a beast of burden and was cruelly exploited and bullied. One spring, not a drop of rain fell for two whole months. Her master made her work on the waterwheel without stopping to snatch a wink of sleep for three days and three nights. At last, too exhausted to bear up, she dozed off while still pedalling the wheel. The next thing she knew, her foot slipped and she hurtled down. The churning waterwheel broke her leg and, since she was crippled, the vicious landlord drove her out of his house.

Aunt Chi's cruel sufferings aroused boundless hatred in our hearts. When we remembered how the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road talked about "exploitation saves the people" and "the more exploitation there is, the better off we shall be," we hated him so much we could have swallowed him alive! Young Chang jumped to his feet. Raising a tightly clenched fist and with tears

streaming down his face, he shouted, "Never forget class bitterness; always remember these debts of blood and tears!"

"Exploitation's a crime!"

"Down with the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road!"

Angry slogans made our hearts throb like the roll of a war drum.

Aunt Chi went on to recall what had happened since the liberation.

"In 1949, Chairman Mao rescued us from suffering, from a sea of flames. The land reform was carried out and then we set up mutual-aid teams and started agricultural co-ops. Things looked up from day to day—like the flowering sesame, rising higher and higher! Just when we poor and lower-middle peasants were marching happily down the socialist road, someone suddenly objected, 'Co-ops have been started too early; they're a mess. It's time to call a halt.' That was like a knife piercing my heart. 'Who says so?' I wanted to know. It couldn't be wrong for us to take the collective road. We didn't know that we had the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road to thank for this!" Aunt Chi was growing more and more indignant. Her lips trembling with fury, she continued, "He was chopping down not only the co-ops but the life-roots of the poor and lower-middle peasants." She looked up at Chairman Mao's portrait on the wall before going on with emotion, "Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao! If it weren't for you backing us up and launching this great cultural revolution, who knows what sufferings we poor and lower-middle peasants would have met up with again!"

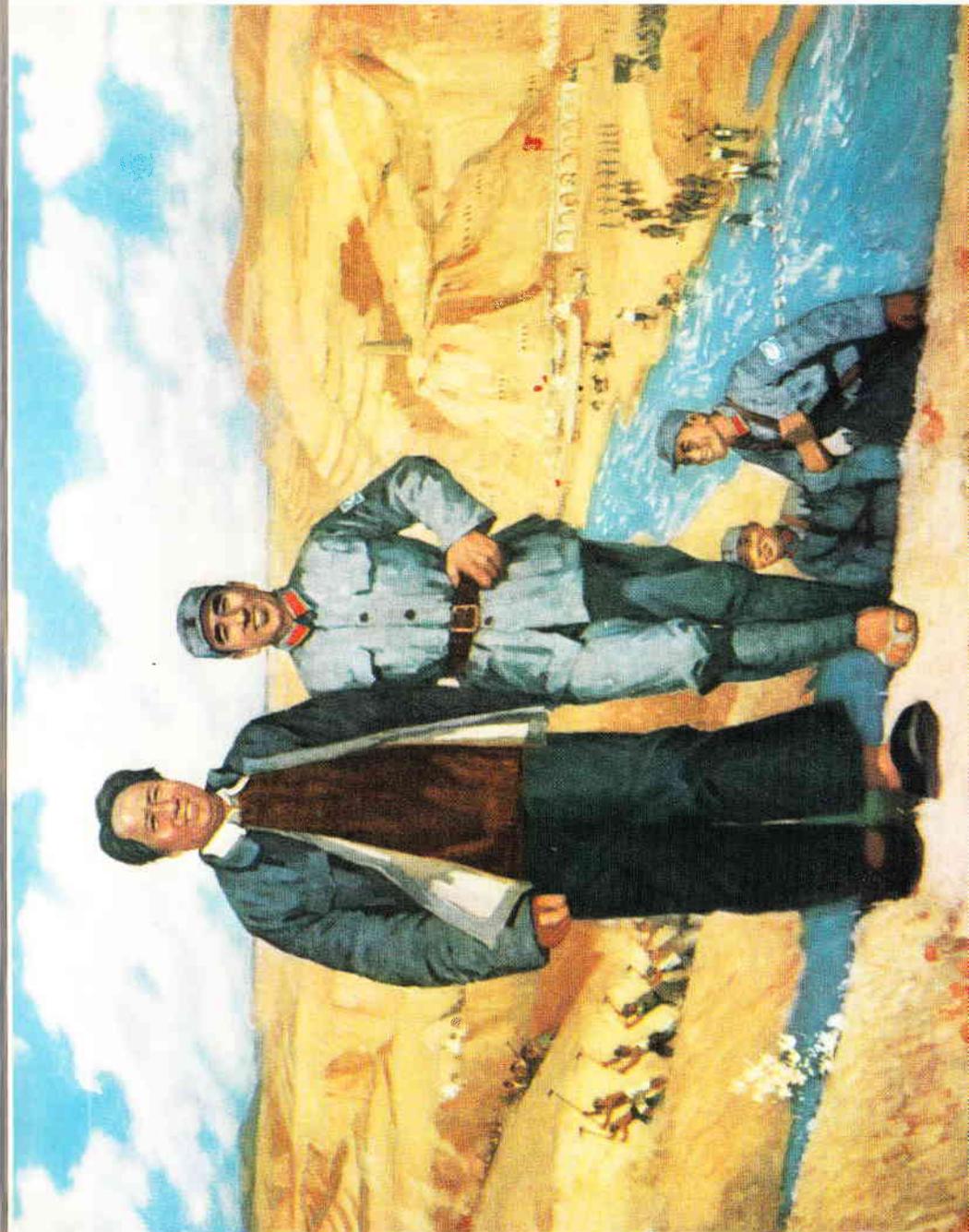
The company commander sprang to his feet. "Whoever called a halt over co-ops, we'll unhorse him!"

"Whoever opposes Chairman Mao, I'll fight to the death with these old bones of mine!" Aunt Chi's voice was a little hoarse.

"Fight to the death!" echoed many voices, as all of us gritted our teeth with hatred and indignation, wrathfully condemning this Khrushchov of China.

After a short pause we walked together to the portrait of Chairman Mao, the reddest, red sun in our hearts, to pledge:

Chairman Mao and Comrade Lin Biao
in the Yenan Days (oil painting) ▶



“We are the people’s army which you yourself personally founded and command. We shall always be faithful to you and to your great proletarian revolutionary line. We will thoroughly overthrow the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road and carry the great proletarian revolution through to the end! Let the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought be handed down generation after generation. . . .”

Through the spring night, this solemn majestic pledge rang out. On the wings of the spring breeze this heartfelt determination of our fighters was carried through the fields and gullies, flying to our great capital Peking, to our golden sun. . . .

Paving the Road

After breakfast the company commander announced that Li Fei, leader of seventh squad, was to be transferred to another organization.

As soon as I heard the news I rushed to the company headquarters to find my squad leader. My heart was full and I wanted to have a talk with him. When I arrived he was chatting with the political instructor.

"I'll still be paving the road with you, today," said the squad leader before I had a chance to speak. "If you've anything to talk over with me, please leave it till then."

I went to the work site and made preparations for work. A moment or two later the squad leader came up.

"Squad leader, let's try to finish this stretch today," I cried eagerly.

"You're all on your own today, so I'll be your assistant." He gave me a quick look.

"Squad leader," I grasped his hand. "I promise to make a good job of this, don't worry. But you've been a five-good soldier for

seven years, you must tell me how to serve the people 'wholly' and 'entirely.'"

"Let's get cracking!" said my squad leader as if he had not heard me. He started fetching paving-stones for me.

I was rather upset that he hadn't answered my question. But I thought to myself: This is the last time I'll be able to work with him. I must make a good job of the paving.

I began. With level and trowel, I tried to lay the stones as well as possible. Bending down on one knee I checked each one carefully, sometimes lying down to get a better look. I was happy to see that all the stones were laid squarely and on the level, and thought my squad leader would be happy, too.

I did not realize that my squad leader had come up behind me. A smile on his perspiring face he remarked, "Not bad, eh?"

"No! It's not a patch on your work." Although I answered modestly, his praise had warmed my heart. "Will you check up on it, squad leader?" I asked. "If there's anything wrong, please point it out to me."

The squad leader nodded, and then began his check-up. He knelt down on the ground and, with one eye closed, squinted along each line in turn. Next, his face clamped to the paving, he moved slowly forward, checking with the level. Then he picked up the trowel and sounded the stones one after another, stooping down to listen. As the trowel advanced, his face was wreathed in smiles. He had almost come to the end of his examination and he had found nothing wrong. I was overjoyed and smiled all over my face.

As he came to the last few stones the squad leader suddenly stopped. He sounded them over and over again, his ear close to the ground. Then, straightening up, he stamped his feet on the stones. I rushed over and found that one of them had sunk down half a centimetre under his weight. I squatted down and tapped it. It sounded hollow. At once I realized that the sand underneath it had not been properly tamped down. My heart began to beat faster and my cheeks burned.

The squad leader did not seem to see me. He squatted on the paving, pointed at the stone and said, "It looks level, but it'll subside after being trodden on or washed by rain." Turning to me, he con-



tinued, "It's easy to pave a road well, and yet in a way it isn't easy. I say it's easy because it doesn't involve too much complex technique. It's not easy because the sand must be solidly tamped down under each stone. Any carelessness will cause trouble later on. A road's constructed with paving-stones, one by one. But if one of them can't stand pressure or being washed by heavy rain, the road will start cracking up there. The roads we revolutionary soldiers build should stand the weight of thousands of feet and exposure to countless storms. When we build a road we must keep in mind that thousands upon thousands of people and carts will pass over it. So, each time we tamp the soil or lay a stone, we mustn't forget Chairman Mao's instruction to serve the people whole-heartedly."

I was deeply moved, realizing that every word he had said was full of meaning. I gripped his hand tightly.

"I'll be leaving soon to catch the train, Chang Feng," said my squad leader. "What else would you like to talk over with me?"

I gazed at him. I had asked him to tell me how to serve the people "wholly" and "entirely." Now I was beginning to understand a little better what this involved. What else could I ask him? After a good deal of thought I had only one thing to say, "Squad leader, all my life I promise to act according to Chairman Mao's teachings!"

Chang Ching-kung

Criticism Meetings in the Fields

Bright the red sun in the blue, far-stretching sky,
As soldiers and peasants stop for a break in the fields;
The *Quotations* in hand,
They criticize the book on "self-cultivation,"
Opening heavy fire on China's Khrushchov.

A poor peasant, Grandad Chang, is the first to speak,
He lays aside his pipe and grinds his teeth.
"Such rubbish about 'four freedoms'!^{*}
It's nothing but miser's talk.
Half my life I worked for a landlord,
Worse off than a beast of burden—I'll never forget it.
He wants me to go through that hell again?
He's dreaming! Not on his life!"

^{*}The four freedoms are: freedom to practise usury, freedom to hire labour, freedom to buy or sell land and freedom to run a business.

Young fellows join in at the top of their voices,
Each word, each sentence, sharp as a knife:
"Self-cultivation behind closed doors?
Who's he fooling?
That leads to revisionism and self-interest.
Chairman Mao tells us to temper ourselves in storms;
This is the only bright road;
If we took the path of 'self-cultivation,'
We'd lose all our revolutionary resolve."

Our fighters raise their iron fists, flex their muscles,
Their speeches are bursts of gunfire:
"Never forget the class struggle;
The enemy won't be caught napping.
That book on 'self-cultivation'
Wants us to lay down our arms and give up the struggle.
But no, a thousand times no!
We'll keep a firm grip on our guns and pens,
Dig up all the roots of counter-revolution,
Follow Chairman Mao for ever
To make revolution,
And go through fire and water
Without hesitation."

A meeting is held in each field,
Flames of anger light up the sky;
The first shots have sounded in this "people's war,"
And there is nowhere for China's Khrushchov to hide!

Li Hsi-hung

The Mobile Repair Team Has Come to the Commune

Carrying the works of Chairman Mao,
Clad in the glory of the morning clouds,
The people's fighters come down to the village
To repair tools for the brigade.

They light a forge by the stream which flows past the village,
Swing their big hammers under the locust tree,
And make propaganda while they make repairs—
How briskly their clappers sound!

Wherever they go, they make propaganda,
Keeping Chairman Mao's teachings in mind;
To support the Left, support the workers and peasants,
They will cross mountain peaks and never tire.

A sickle has been made for the bumper harvest,
An eight-pound hammer mended,
A double-shared East Wind plough welded;
The cart they have repaired runs like the wind!

Poor peasants, beaming, praise the PLA;
All flock, smiling, to see them off.
"The troops trained by Chairman Mao are really fine,
A new generation they are, hearts red, hands skilled!"

"We are the people's soldiers,
The colour of the Red Army will never fade.
A red flag flies above our heads—
Fighting force, production force, propaganda force!"

*Fei Hung-chih and
Chang Cheng-hua*

The Raftsmen

The river seems a pan of boiling water
With shoals like the fangs of a wolf;
There, among rolling, white-capped waves,
Our fighters float logs downstream.
They battle with the current
And shoot shallow rapids
As if riding chargers on the battlefield!

The cold, howling wind cuts like a knife,
Foam buffets their faces;
Cross-currents assail them head-on,
Trying to drag the rafts back;
Whirlpools menace them, baring their fangs,
Eager to engulf them.

But there is no dragging them back,
No engulfing them;
Together the fighters shout: Charge!
They cleave the wind-tossed waves;
Invincibly, they sweep aside every foe,
Their battle songs ring across the swirling waters,
As out from the gorges
The convoy shoots like an arrow!

Out of the gorges, earth and sky open wide,
The landscape on both banks is like a painting.
Huge waves subside to flow in gentle ripples,
The rafts are beset on every side by shallows,
It is hard to hold the course in mid-stream,
And the breeze tempts them to anchor!

But there is no stopping them,
No holding them back,
The fighters raise poles and punt on!
They break through each obstacle and press ahead,
Raising foam on the calm water;
On, on they speed, leaving the last shallow behind,
The whole sky ringing with their songs of triumph.

None more united than they, and none more brave,
For none more obedient to Chairman Mao;
On their chests they wear Chairman Mao badges,
At the head of each raft hang quotations from Chairman Mao,
Their red flags flutter as they float downstream,
Dyeing the whole of the river a glorious red.

Sung Hsieh-lung

Battle Songs on the Snowy Mountain

The snowy mountain towers to the sky,
Its summit lost to sight in a sea of clouds;
A raging blizzard blusters through the forest,
Challenging the fighters to a trial of strength!

Hey there! Don't boast too soon!
Your peaks may rise a thousand feet
But our resolve is a hundred times as high;
If you want a fight, we'll take you on
And make this snowy range our battlefield.

In golden armour, on our caps red stars,
We are Chairman Mao's sappers;
Your wind and snow may cut like knives,
But our loyal hearts turn towards the red sun!

Three feet of ice underfoot, even in mid-summer,
Yet we drip with sweat, cold as it is.
We swing iron hammers on the rocky heights
To build a great road to Peking.

We surge through the clouds like a dragon,
Erect in the wind, sturdier than any pine;
Our red flags flutter against the sky,
Wind and snow are vanquished by the rising sun. . . .

What makes them sing so loud and clear?
What makes these men so strong?
Listen! Together the soldiers recite
The three best-loved articles by Chairman Mao.
Look! Each man holds the precious red book!

Wu Yung-tso

Sounding the Sea

A howling gale lashes the waves sky-high,
The red flag billows in the wind;
The sounding vessel rocks on the crest of the waves,
Tossed dizzily up and down.

Look up at the pilot's bridge,
Where a saying of Chairman Mao's sparkles red;
Boundless strength will flow through your limbs
To stand erect, firm as a mountain.

The fighters who take soundings
Are absolutely true to Chairman Mao
And carry out all his wishes.
Bravely their words ring across the mountainous sea:
"This little squall is a small test."

Wiping their sweat, they cleave the waves to take soundings,
Salt crystals sparkling on their eyelashes;
They recite a quotation from Chairman Mao,
And songs of triumph soar like the wind to the sky!

Yu Hsiao

The Red Searchlight Squad

At dead of night,
In softly twinkling starlight,
Who have thrown up those long rainbows,
Voicing the resolution of our fighters?
Who are wielding those shafts of light,
Defending the night sky of our motherland?
It is we, the men
Of the red searchlight squad;
Night after night we keep watch
For our seven hundred million countrymen,
Safeguarding our land's great cultural revolution.

No matter how misty the night,
How dense the clouds,
We have a "mirror for unmasking monsters"
Given us by Chairman Mao.
Manning the searchlights we can ride the clouds
To capture any devils lurking there;
No enemy aircraft, be it ever so cunning,
Can hope to escape from our net!

Tan Yuan-shou

Create Heroic Images by Applying Mao Tse-tung's Thought

A struggle between the proletarian revolutionary line and the bourgeois reactionary line ran right through the creation and performance of the Peking opera *Shachiapang*. The success of *Shachiapang* and the other revolutionary modern operas is a great victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art.

When *Spark amid the Reeds*, as the opera was originally entitled, won preliminary success in the First Festival of Revolutionary Drama on Contemporary Themes, the former Peking Municipal Party Committee suddenly put on a great show of enthusiasm. They published two editorials in succession in the former *Peking Daily*, lauding the opera to the skies and printing articles and photographs as well.

Tan Yuan-shou is a member of the Peking Revolutionary Committee and of the No. 1 Peking Opera Company of Peking.

Why did they go to such lengths? First of all, they wanted to snatch these first-fruits for themselves, as capital to boost their own achievements. Secondly, they wanted to use this opera to give big publicity to their revisionist black line on literature and art, so as to oppose Chairman Mao's correct policy of "let the new emerge from the old" and "make the ancient serve the present, the foreign serve Chinese." In this way they attempted to tie the hands of the revolutionary workers in Peking opera, drag revolutionary modern Peking opera back on to the old road, sabotage the revolution in Peking opera and create public opinion for the restoration of capitalism. Thirdly, they wanted to utilize this opera to oppose the great truth expounded by Chairman Mao that "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun" and "without a people's army the people have nothing."

Spark amid the Reeds had its positive ideological content but it also had a very serious shortcoming. It mishandled the relationship between armed struggle and underground activities. In this opera, the underground workers were extremely active while the New Fourth Army was placed in a passive position, that of being protected. The character of Sister Ah-ching, the underground liaison officer, was fairly well-rounded off, but that of political instructor Kuo Chien-kuang appeared insipid and flat. In the course of changing the original Shanghai opera into a Peking opera, the scene "False Warning" was added to show Sister Ah-ching fooling the enemy and winning their confidence. Stress was also laid on the part played by Sister Ah-ching in making arrangements for Hu Chuan-kuei's wedding. This placed Sister Ah-ching in the position of directing everything there. These changes aggravated one of the opera's original shortcomings, turning it into a serious mistake. The counter-revolutionary revisionist clique in the former Peking Municipal Party Committee exploited this situation for all they were worth. They gave elaborate "instructions" to the company on certain details of underground work without saying a word about the New Fourth Army.

Our great leader Chairman Mao attended a performance of this opera. This was the greatest honour which could have been shown

us, and marked the turning point after which the shortcomings of the opera were corrected and its ideological content was raised to a higher level. This was also the time when the title was changed from *Spark amid the Reeds* to *Shachiapang*.

Comrade Chiang Ching told us that prominence should be given to armed struggle. The wiping out of Hu Chuan-kuei and the liberation of Shachiapang village should be achieved by the New Fourth Army fighting its way in. We should cut out a few scenes to leave space for the presentation of the New Fourth Army. All of us, and I in particular, can never forget how much of her heart's blood Comrade Chiang Ching expended in portraying the heroic figure of Kuo Chien-kuang. She urged us to give great thought to the achievement of this through our musical score. This could be done by giving him many fine arias to sing. She attended many performances especially to listen to the passage beginning "Shots from the opposite shore resound through the marshes," and pondered over every word and note, to ensure that the singing should vary in tempo and tone and not be a "solid block." She told me to make the word "resound" ring out forcefully and to put great feeling into the line "There are sorrow and death in store for the villagers," in order to express deep concern for the well-being of the masses, this concern also shown by many leading comrades who are interested even in such details as the amount of daily rainfall. . . .

She pointed out that the wounded should help the villagers harvest the rice crop and that Kuo Chien-kuang should treat Aunt Sha as if she were his own mother. She also pointed out that while taking cover in the reeds, Kuo Chien-kuang should send scouts across the lake and not just sit idly by, waiting. As for the choreography of the scene "Breaking Through," she proposed that we should present a whole group of heroes featuring certain outstanding figures. She pointed out that this was an extremely important guiding principle not only for this opera but for all Peking operas in the future.

One line originally read, "White the reed flowers, yellow the paddy and green the willows." After investigating, Comrade Chiang Ching discovered that the reeds flowered before the early rice ripened and so she changed this passage to: "The reeds are in full bloom,

the fragrance of the paddy fills the air, on the bank of the lake are rows and rows of willows." She took the trouble to find out whether there were hills in Changshu because of one line in the opera, "Crossing mountains, rivers and sleeping villages." She did all this because she wanted to create a heroic image of Kuo Chien-kuang, to present correctly the relationship between the army and the people, between the officers and men, and to bring out the great thought of Chairman Mao on people's war.

The revision of *Shachiapang* and the establishment of the heroic image of Kuo Chien-kuang were frantically opposed by the former Peking Municipal Party Committee. They fanned ill winds and kindled a vicious fire so as to pin the opera down to its original level. Li Chi, head of the propaganda department of the former Peking Municipal Party Committee, passed on the opinions of his counter-revolutionary revisionist chiefs to the Party person in authority taking the capitalist road in our company, saying: "This opera has already received the stamp of approval and it has a great influence among the masses; don't be in too much of a hurry to revise it. The scene 'False Warning' is full of drama; don't mess up a good opera. . . ."

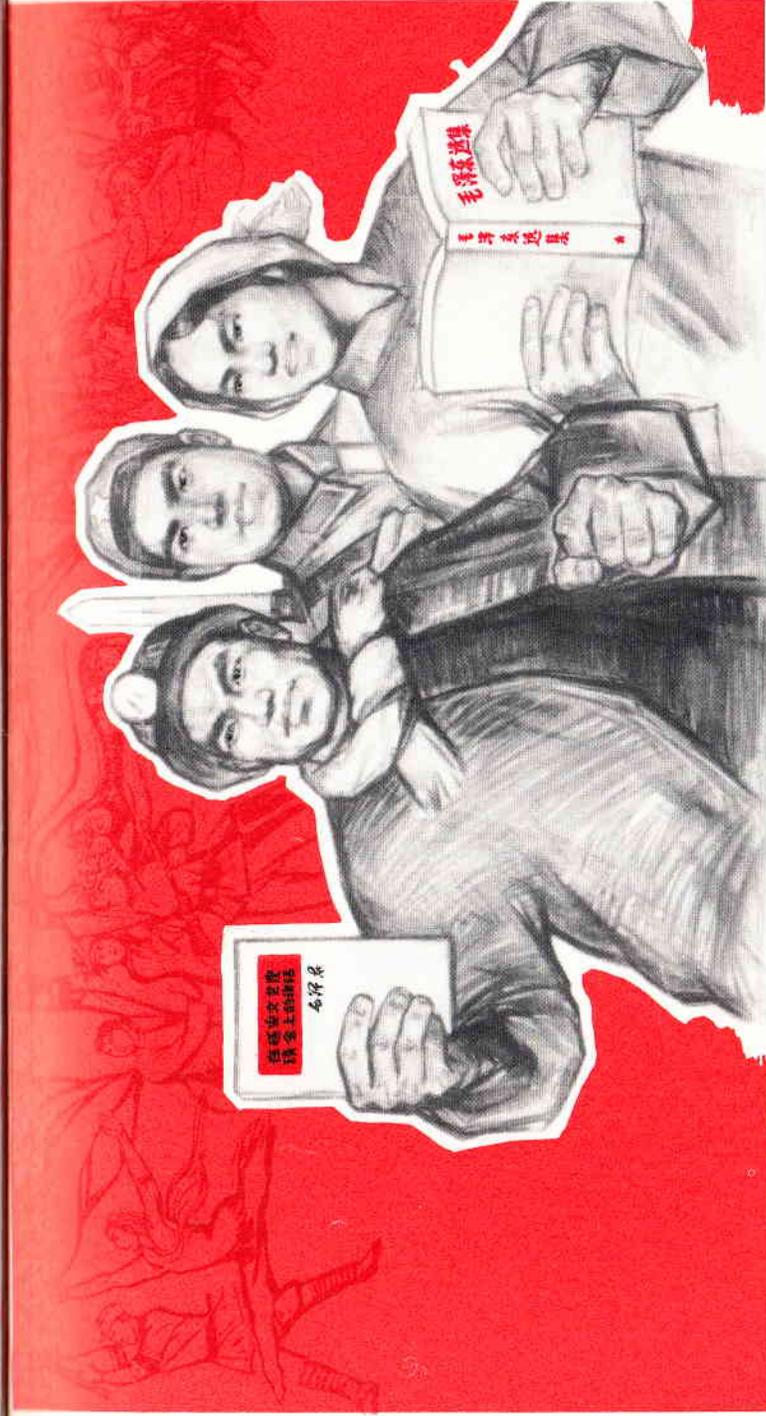
But the Peking opera workers who wanted to make revolution were firm in refuting this nonsense. Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, we completed the revision of this particular period. The finalization of the script of *Shachiapang* was done in Shanghai, not in Peking. The successful performance of this opera, which won the approval of the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers as the prototype of a revolutionary modern Peking opera, also took place in Shanghai and not in Peking.

The former Peking Municipal Party Committee, having failed to obstruct the revision of *Shachiapang*, tried to restrict its presentation. When we returned to Peking from Shanghai, the reaction of the Peking press towards it was extremely cold. They even refused to allow us the use of suitable theatres, forcing us to perform in theatres with stages too small for our sets. They said, "Since yours is a prototype opera, you should be able to perform it in any theatre." Meanwhile the counter-revolutionary chief of the former Peking

Municipal Party Committee flew into a rage at the word "prototype." "What's this prototype you talk about?" he ranted. "I'm the head of the Central Committee's group of five, but I know nothing about it." From this it is easy to see how viciously they hated *Shachiapang*.

Chairman Mao teaches us: "We should support whatever the enemy opposes and oppose whatever the enemy supports." Their frenzied opposition to *Shachiapang* gave us more reason to make every effort to improve it. We mean to produce more and even better revolutionary modern operas. We will raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and strive always to implement thoroughly the revolutionary proletarian line on literature and art put forward by Chairman Mao in his *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art*. We dare to destroy and we dare to construct! We will march courageously forward!

A poster based on the quotation from Chairman Mao: "All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use." ▶



我们的文学艺术都是为人民大众的，首先是为工农兵的，为工农兵而创作，为工农兵所利用的。

Learn from Revolutionary Heroes

Under the brilliant light of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and guided by Comrade Chiang Ching, tremendous efforts were made by the revolutionary comrades of the No. 1 Peking Opera Company of Peking to bring the revolutionary modern Peking opera *Shachiapang* in its new form to the Peking opera stage.

This opera sings of heroic characters armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung and inspires us to march forward victoriously along the broad road of revolution. It expresses Chairman Mao's great thought on the seizure of political power by armed force, and teaches us never to forget class struggle and the proletarian dictatorship. It embodies Chairman Mao's teachings on supporting the army and cherishing the people, strengthening the unity of the army and the people so that we shall always stand invincible.

The revolutionary opera *Shachiapang* generalizes in an art form the heroic deeds of thirty-six sick and wounded soldiers who persisted in the anti-Japanese struggle by Yangcheng Lake in the early period of the founding of our armed unit.

In the early days of the War of Resistance Against Japan, the People's Anti-Japanese Volunteers south of the Yangtse who were attached to the New Fourth Army went out to open up new anti-Japanese bases, leaving thirty-six sick and wounded men by Yangcheng Lake. Guided by the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought they persisted in fighting the Japanese behind the enemy's rear, developing rapidly in size and strength, and becoming a powerful revolutionary battalion which was the forerunner of our unit.

Our unit, like other brother units, has a brilliant revolutionary history. The memory of countless heroic deeds for ever inspires us to go forward. How eagerly we longed to see the revolutionary history of our armed units presented vividly and truthfully on the revolutionary stage! The revolutionary comrades of the No. 1 Peking Opera Company of Peking followed Chairman Mao's teaching that, **"If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people."** Under the close guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching, they created one of the best revolutionary modern Peking operas — *Shachiapang*. This depicts on the stage the life of our armed forces in the old days and successfully presents a group portrait of proletarian heroes. This opera makes a particularly strong appeal to us. We are both delighted and inspired by it, for from it we have received a profound class education as well as a lesson on revolutionary traditions.

The need to seize political power by armed force has always been part of the great thought of our leader Chairman Mao. *Shachiapang* brings this supreme teaching to the stage and has taught us a great deal.

Chairman Mao says: **"The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is the central task and the highest form of revolution."** He also says, **"Without armed struggle neither the proletariat, nor the people, nor the Communist Party would have any standing at all in China and it would be impossible for the revolution to triumph."** This is a summing up, at a high level, of the experience of the Chinese revolution

and a universal truth that is applicable everywhere, a truth every revolutionary must abide by. The sick and wounded men of the New Fourth Army in *Shachiapang* rely on this glorious thought of Chairman Mao, persist in armed struggle and thus are able to develop and grow under the extremely adverse conditions of repeated frenzied attacks from the Japanese, the puppet troops and the reactionaries.

In the winter of 1939, soon after the forming of the People's Anti-Japanese Volunteers south of the Yangtse, its sick and wounded men, following the instructions of Chairman Mao, ambushed themselves at Patzu Bridge near Changshu and completely routed a unit of Japanese and puppet soldiers. This victory greatly encouraged the people's resistance against Japan in the Yangcheng Lake area. They made guns, grenades and daggers, and organized their own peasants' armed forces — the Anti-Japanese Self-defence Corps and the Anti-Japanese Militia, adopting various methods of struggle in close co-ordination with the army. With courage and intelligence they inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy and won victory after victory.

The army and people on the banks of Yangcheng Lake proved, by their practice in battle, the glorious truth that **"political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."** Within the short period of a year or two the sparks of revolution became a fire which spread throughout Soochow, Changshu, Taichang, Kiangyin, Wusih and other districts, opening up a vast revolutionary base. Like a knife thrust into the heart of the enemy, it brought the hope of victory to the people's anti-Japanese struggle south of the Yangtse.

Under the guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching, the revolutionary comrades of the No. 1 Peking Opera Company of Peking presented on the stage Chairman Mao's great thought on the subject of armed struggle. The revolutionary Peking opera *Shachiapang* faithfully depicts the historical facts of armed struggle by Yangcheng Lake in those days and warmly praises Chairman Mao's brilliant thought on the seizure of political power by armed force.

We set great store by armed struggle. But the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road brought out his book on "self-cultivation" in 1939, at a time of war and in the midst of trials of various kinds. He wanted people to divorce themselves

from the class struggle in reality, to forget the fundamental task of seizing political power by armed force and to indulge in "self-cultivation," becoming political philistines and servile stooges of imperialism. Such violent opposition to armed struggle on the part of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road can only arouse our vehement hatred for him. We must bear firmly in mind Chairman Mao's instructions, to carry on and further develop the glorious revolutionary tradition, never to forget class struggle, never to forget proletarian dictatorship, raise high Chairman Mao's revolutionary banner of the seizure of political power by armed force and carry the Chinese revolution and the world revolution through to the end.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The army must become one with the people so that they see it as their own army. Such an army will be invincible..."** *Shachiapang* warmly lauds Chairman Mao's great thought on people's war, praises the excellent revolutionary tradition of the people's army which maintains close unity with the masses and shares weal and woe with them.

The sick and wounded men followed Chairman Mao's instructions and firmly relied on the masses on the shores of Yangcheng Lake in their struggle against the Japanese. They often broke through the enemy's "clearing up" and "encirclement" campaigns, and sent out their battle-front service corps and civil transport work teams to carry out widespread propaganda among the local people. They helped them to establish anti-Japanese political power. In the intervals between battles, they often helped with the farming and established a flesh and blood relationship with the masses. The people had a boundless love for their own army, and often, at the risk of their lives, protected the sick and wounded, seeing to it that they were safely removed from besieged villages. They also brought information to the troops, and delivered grain and medicine so that this small detachment of the people's anti-Japanese army, consisting of thirty-six sick and wounded, developed within the short time of a little over a year into a powerful anti-Japanese armed force which struck terror into the hearts of the enemy.

Today, these veterans' revolutionary tradition of forging close links with the masses is passed on from generation to generation in the

armed forces. Our soldiers have always kept as close to the masses as fish are to water. They, too, are anxious over what worries the people, and take their problems to heart. They ardently propagate the thought of Mao Tse-tung to the people. Especially during the present great proletarian cultural revolution, we most resolutely respond to the great call of Chairman Mao that the People's Liberation Army should give active support to the broad masses of the Left, sending out large numbers of officers and men to villages, factories and schools to spread Mao Tse-tung's thought by all possible means. We learn from the revolutionary masses, and together with them criticize and repudiate the bourgeoisie. We take part with them in productive work, look upon the struggle of the revolutionary Left as our own struggle and their victory as our own. We establish a deep revolutionary comradeship with the revolutionary Left, and they regard us as their own people.

Let Us Write Songs in Praise of the Heroic Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

The situation in our country is fine, with the great proletarian cultural revolution winning victory after victory. Especially is this so since the launching of the mass movement to repudiate and struggle against the black line in literature and art peddled by Lu Ting-yi, Chou Yang and a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and their chief boss behind the scenes, China's Khrushchov. At a time like this, a fresh study of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* and other important writings on literature and art brings home their profound lessons and solves more problems for us than ever before. We know from previous experience that if we act according to the *Talks*, our work succeeds and is welcomed by the masses, and there are no difficulties we cannot overcome. If we go against it, however, we are bound to make mistakes and may even take the enemy's stand and unwittingly join their ranks.

At the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party, Chairman Mao issued the call: "Never forget the class struggle." At the same time he pointed out: The overthrow of

political power is necessarily preceded by efforts to seize hold of the superstructure and ideology in order to prepare public opinion. This is true both of the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary classes.

For years I have been a song-writer, and my personal experience has taught me the incomparable brilliance and correctness of Chairman Mao's teachings. For the last seventeen years a fierce class struggle has been waged in the field of literature and art. No matter how involved this struggle, in the last analysis it centres round the question of political power. The top Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road, hoping to bring about a capitalist restoration, instructed Lu Ting-yi, Chou Yang and their gang to utilize the positions they had usurped to push through a counter-revolutionary revisionist black line on literature and art in order to prepare public opinion for such a restoration. Revolutionary literary and art workers, on the other hand, upheld Chairman Mao's proletarian line on literature and art in order to consolidate and strengthen the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Chairman Mao teaches us in the *Talks*: "This question of 'for whom?' is fundamental; it is a question of principle." At the same time he points out explicitly: "All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use."

But China's Khrushchov and his henchmen — Lu Ting-yi, Chou Yang and their crew — consistently opposed this. They blatantly resisted and distorted the spirit of Chairman Mao's *Talks*, putting forward "serve the broad masses of the people" and other counter-revolutionary revisionist slogans aimed at serving the handful of bourgeoisie and landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists. They did all in their power to promote bourgeois liberalization, and preached "broad subject-matter and the reflection of many aspects of the people's life." Thus, in fact, they opposed reflecting the fiery struggles of the workers, peasants and soldiers, only permitting the reflection of the decadent life of the bourgeoisie. They ranted that performing *The Drunken Beauty* and *Swan*

Lake would "exhilarate and refresh" the workers, peasants and soldiers and serve them in this way. So they invented the nonsensical theory of "indirectly serving the workers, peasants and soldiers" to enable works beneficial to the bourgeoisie but harmful to the proletariat to spread unchecked. All these years they laid stress on the literature and art of the past and looked down on that of the present, admired what was foreign and despised what was Chinese, honoured the dead and scorned the living, enabling emperors and princes, generals and ministers, talented scholars and beauties to dominate our stage.

In the field of music they attacked and discriminated against revolutionary music, doing all in their power to belittle it. Going into rhapsodies over the classical bourgeois music of the West, they encouraged young musicians to prostrate themselves before it and strain every nerve to reach the heights of the bourgeois music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. They acclaimed the performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* as a milestone in the history of the development of music in China. They were all in favour of light music too, and we were repeatedly urged by Lin Mo-han to write more "music for relaxation." These counter-revolutionary revisionists in musical circles called on us to compose love songs, and even songs about those "crossed in love." This was how they opposed music serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, using bourgeois music to undermine people's fighting spirit and corrupt their minds, to serve their nefarious end of a capitalist restoration.

We must adopt a tit-for-tat policy against such dealings. Revolutionary music must call aloud for the consolidation and strengthening of the proletarian dictatorship. For this dictatorship represents the fundamental class interest of the workers, peasants and soldiers; and without it there can be no question of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. Revolutionary literary and art workers must keep a firm hold on the weapon of literature and art, creating works for the workers, peasants and soldiers, works for their use. The bourgeois revisionists extolled the classical music of the Western bourgeoisie as "the pinnacle of human culture" in an attempt to suppress revolutionary music and fetter its creative energy. Actually, as far as its

content goes, classical Western music expresses the selfishness, rapacity and futility of the corrupt life led by old gentlemen and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters. Proletarian music, on the other hand, expresses the splendid selflessness of the workers, peasants and soldiers and the enthusiasm with which they strive to build up their country under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought. This alone suffices to make it clear that we have far outstripped bourgeois music.

**To find men truly great and noble-hearted
We must look here in the present.**

We have every reason to state that the proletariat alone can compose music which is the pinnacle of human culture. The revolutionary symphonic music *Shachiapang* is distinguished by the highly successful integration of its lofty revolutionary content and fresh, pleasing artistic form. Thus it occupies a proud place on the musical stage of China and the world. Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's proletarian line on literature and art we shall undoubtedly compose many more and better works, immortal works, reflecting this great age of ours.

Chairman Mao says in the *Talks*: "**Our specialists in music should pay attention to the songs of the masses.**" In this vast country of ours, which is brimming over with vitality, tens of millions of people burst into song every day in the course of their work and struggles. We composers should pay special attention to this and, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, firmly occupy the position of music. The songs we write should effectively spread Mao Tse-tung's thought, sing the praises of our great leader and the worker, peasant and soldier heroes, establishing what is new in the sense that it is socialist, and what is distinctive in the sense that it is proletarian. We should strive to perfect our skill while speedily composing more and better revolutionary songs with a mass appeal. As Chairman Mao has pointed out in the *Talks*: "**All the dark forces harming the masses of the people must be exposed and all the revolutionary struggles of the masses of the people must be extolled; this is the fundamental task of revolutionary writers**

and artists.” We must carry out these instructions and see to it that each of our songs is a dagger thrust into the enemy’s heart, a revolutionary clarion call to encourage the people. Our songs must safeguard the dictatorship of the proletariat and play their part in the struggle to bring into being the finest society mankind will have known — a communist society.

We must take up this task, and resolutely carry out Chairman Mao’s directions to literary and art workers in the *Talks*: **“They must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the process of going into their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society. Only in this way can we have a literature and art that are truly for the workers, peasants and soldiers, a truly proletarian literature and art.”** This is the road literary and art workers must take to revolutionize their thinking, to create a revolutionary literature and art which is proletarian and militant.

First we must make a conscientious, painstaking study of Chairman Mao’s works, regarding ourselves as part of the motive force of revolution and at the same time as the target of revolution. We must constantly rebel against our own bourgeois ideas on literature and art, rebel against the vacillation of the petty bourgeoisie and establish the supreme ascendancy of Mao Tse-tung’s thought on literature and art in our own minds, so that neither tempests nor sugar-coated bullets can make us retreat or falter. Past experiences teach us that a literary or art worker must have a firm proletarian stand and brim over with revolutionary spirit and political enthusiasm. He must, first and foremost, be a vigilant proletarian fighter who stands for ever in the forefront of the class struggle.

When I look back, the songs of mine which have been well received by the masses were all written at a time when my revolutionary enthusiasm was high and my sense of political responsibility was relatively strong. After the defeat of Japan, for instance, when Chiang Kai-shek plotted to steal the people’s fruits of victory and, with the help of U.S. imperialism and the Japanese and puppet troops, to attack the liberated areas in force, I went with our troops to do battle

outside Paoting and, enraged by the suffering which the enemy was inflicting on our people, I wrote the song *Chiang Kai-shek Is in a Mess*.

In 1962, when the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries seized on the temporary difficulties in our country to set up a great anti-China chorus, the counter-revolutionary revisionists at home attacked the Party, Chairman Mao, the general line, the big leap forward and the people’s communes. They had such a pernicious influence on the literary and art world, too, that a number of sentimental songs were produced similar to Soviet revisionist songs like *As We Walk Along a Small Path*. It seemed to me that a revolutionary composer should build up the morale of the working class by giving the enemy tit for tat. Then stirred by the fearless revolutionary spirit of our 700 million people and their heroic struggles to overcome difficulties and make China strong, I wrote *We Are Taking the Broad Highway*.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“China’s revolutionary writers and artists, writers and artists of promise, must go among the masses; they must for a long period of time unreservedly and wholeheartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle, go to the only source, the broadest and richest source, in order to observe, experience, study and analyse all the different kinds of people, all the classes, all the masses, all the vivid patterns of life and struggle, all the raw materials of literature and art. Only then can they proceed to creative work.”** The process of going among the workers, peasants and soldiers and getting to know them well is also a process of learning from them, of transforming one’s world outlook, of drawing from the source of creative work by integration with the workers, peasants and soldiers.

During the War of Resistance Against Japan, the War of Liberation, the socialist revolution and socialist construction, I learned lessons which I shall never forget and which still bring the tears to my eyes. I learned from the workers, peasants and soldiers who saved our country for the people and who are creating wealth for our motherland. The soldiers who stormed enemy fortifications with no thought of their own safety, the steel-workers dripping with sweat by their flaming furnaces, the peasants working by starlight in the fields — they

have the richest history of struggle and the noblest qualities of all mankind. They are the finest, cleanest people on earth, and we should never cease to learn from them.

I shall never forget the nights I spent talking on the *kang* with elderly poor peasants or young fighters. They hate the old society to the marrow of their bones, for each one has a history of blood and tears. It was the Party and Chairman Mao who led them to stand up, to escape from the sea of their suffering and become the masters of the new society. This accounts for their boundless love for the Party and Chairman Mao, their boundless loyalty to the revolution, their splendid staunchness and readiness to lay down their own lives for the revolution. I should try to learn all these qualities from them.

In 1943, having been sent to do mass work during an enemy "mopping-up" campaign, I lived and fought with the peasants day after day, and they taught me some most profound lessons. Our resistance to the "mopping-up" lasted three months and the struggle was extremely cruel. Every day I witnessed or heard of most moving incidents. When some men of our Eighth Route Army saw from a hilltop the enemy raping and killing village women, they charged down in fury to rescue the villagers, then died the death of heroes.

One old man of over seventy preferred to die rather than serve as guide for a Japanese. With his sickle he hooked the enemy off his horse and killed him. He was badly wounded in this struggle himself, but when we went to ask after him he declared: "I've not done anything worth talking about. Any decent fellow would have a bash at a Jap."

What stirred me even more that year was the villagers of Yehchang in Wanhsien. Even when threatened by enemy machine-guns and bayonets, they refused to give away military secrets. A hundred and eighteen of them met their death gloriously, shouting: "Long live the Communist Party! Long live Chairman Mao!" The superb heroism of these villagers showed me my own paltriness. Petty-bourgeois intellectuals cannot measure up to their splendid qualities. I must follow Chairman Mao's teachings, become their pupil and sing of them with all my heart.

During this period I was so much inspired by these heroes that I wrote a number of ballads about them, ballads which gained a fairly wide currency because of the people's devotion to their heroes. I realized that my earlier songs, compared with the glorious exploits of the masses, had failed to convey their resolute militancy, failed to convey that **"we the Chinese nation have the spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood."** How pallid my songs were, compared with the lofty images of the masses! **"The masses are the real heroes, while we ourselves are often childish and ignorant, and without this understanding it is impossible to acquire even the most rudimentary knowledge."** How significant is this teaching of Chairman Mao's!

Chairman Mao tells us in the *Talks*: **"If our writers and artists who come from the intelligentsia want their works to be well received by the masses, they must change and remould their thinking and their feelings. Without such a change, without such remoulding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits."** This change in thinking and feelings is a change from one class to another. The only way to accomplish it is by going for a long period of time, unconditionally and whole-heartedly to "muck in" with the workers, peasants and soldiers. I know from experience that if a composer himself is not moved by the subject he means to praise, he cannot expect his works to move other people. Only one who knows the masses well can hope to be well received by the masses.

When I started writing songs, I knew so little about the thoughts and feelings, the life, language and artistic taste of the workers, peasants and soldiers, that I often composed Western-style tunes which appealed to my own petty-bourgeois taste but which proved unacceptable to the masses. When I got to know the masses better, I overcame my bad habit of composing songs to suit myself, realizing that these could not convey the simple, staunch images of China's workers, peasants and soldiers. To my mind, if a musician can familiarize himself with the masses, it will be easy for him to solve the question of national form in his music.

China's Khrushchov disapproved of contact between literary and art workers and the masses. He wanted writers and artists to go to the

grass-root level in specially made caravans in which they could eat and sleep, instead of living and working with the workers, peasants and soldiers. He attacked and slandered the "native" writers trained in the course of mass struggles, alleging that "all they know is something about the common people," which was not good enough. They must "cultivate" themselves or change their job. If they ignored these warnings, they were attacked and denounced even more bitterly. His gang wanted young literary and art workers to model themselves upon "old authorities" and "old masters" instead of drawing close to the workers, peasants and soldiers and remoulding their own thinking. And yet, it is no easy matter to learn about the masses. I still regret having let slip so many opportunities for this in the past, and not having tried harder to learn more. I am absolutely convinced that a literary or art worker who has no regular links with the masses will find himself drying up, and by degrees his thinking will degenerate.

In 1964, Chairman Mao sharply criticized the bad style of those people in literary and art circles who "had acted as high and mighty bureaucrats, failed to go to the workers, peasants and soldiers." It is evident from the facts that if literary and art workers act as high and mighty bureaucrats over a long period of time instead of going to the workers, peasants and soldiers, they will fail to reflect the socialist revolution and construction, and are bound to verge on revisionism or to become completely bogged down in it. This is fully proved by the lessons of the last ten years and more.

In all the years which I have spent writing songs, I have learned that truly revolutionary songs come from the hearts of the masses, that the workers, peasants and soldiers are the most authoritative critics of revolutionary music as well as its true composers. But the bourgeoisie and the revisionists, in order to train an intellectual élite, usually regard a composer's efforts as his private concern, his work as the outcome of his distinctive talent, and the masses as most ignorant of music. They claimed, "If composers keep pandering to the masses, they will never raise the standard of music." This is out-and-out nonsense. I know very well from my own experience that without the struggles and help of the masses I could never have written a single revolutionary song. Had I not been stirred by the deep love

for Chairman Mao of the people of Hsingtai, hard hit by an earthquake, had I not heard their revolutionary sayings, I could never have written *Chairman Mao Is Dearer to Us than Our Parents*. Had I not been thrilled and stimulated by the revolutionary initiative of the Red Guards in the cultural revolution, I could never have set Chairman Mao's quotations to music. The Red Guards helped me to revise many of these, and even supplied a number of the tunes.

The letters which I receive every day from all parts of the country are a great encouragement to me. They urge me to be Chairman Mao's good fighter on the literary and art front, and send me the words of songs as well as invaluable comments on my music. Once a letter arrived with some criticisms of my song *In Praise of Our Motherland*. The writers said: "Please believe us when we assure you that the interest we take in this song is no less than yours, the composer's." They had obviously spent a good deal of time revising the different verses, with a view to giving greater prominence to praising Mao Tse-tung's thought and cutting out what was of less importance. But when I took up my pen to answer their letter, I found they had given no names or address, simply signing themselves, "a turner, a welder and a technician." I deeply regret being unable to reply to all those who sent me such cordial and well-meant advice. I must do my best to revolutionize my thinking, and express my gratitude by making my work more revolutionary.

In the past, influenced by bourgeois ideas on literature and art, workers in the field of music paid little attention to going among the workers, peasants and soldiers. Sometimes they lived with them for a while, but failed to link this with their own thought reform or the composition of music. They put too much trust in technique and individual "talent." It is true that pieces of music can be written by relying on "the rules of composition" or on imitation. But mere exercises in virtuosity will make no appeal to the audience. Composers not only need experience of life, they need much deeper and more extensive experience; for the workers, peasants and soldiers, these people from different walks of life, want us to sing of them. If you try to write a song about steel-workers, for instance, you will be unable to convey their distinctive characteristics unless you understand

their thoughts and feelings and the special features of their life. I once wrote a *Song of the Surveyors' Team*. All I knew about surveying at the time was based on films I had seen; so although I thought my song most poetic and healthy in spirit, after going to Taching and learning something about the life of the oil workers there, I realized that instead of presenting the spirit of surveyors I had written something more like a song about university students camping out.

In the past we laid great emphasis on basic musical training, and were reluctant to interrupt this by going to the workers, peasants and soldiers. Actually, going among the workers, peasants and soldiers is the most basic of all basic drills, and the one that must not be interrupted. The experience literary and art workers accumulate of the life of the workers, peasants and soldiers is like thought remoulding: we can never rest on our laurels because time is marching on, the masses are advancing, and we mustn't lag behind on the old path. During the war years, for instance, we were unable to meet steel-workers; but it is no use trying to express the life of steel-workers today on the basis of our knowledge of peasant life in the war years. So we should seize every chance to go deep into the life of the workers, peasants and soldiers. We must not regard this as a dangerous course. If we persist in trying to learn from and serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, we shall find infinite happiness and inspiration in living with the masses. The whole-hearted love of the workers and peasants for Chairman Mao, their enthusiasm for socialist construction and their tremendous revolutionary drive have the greatest power to spur us on in our work.

While living in Anshan and Taching, I witnessed or heard of many moving events, but what made the most profound impression on me was the countless heroes who came to the fore in the hard years, men and women who overcame self in the public interest and battled on in the face of grave difficulties; steel-workers who raced against time in appalling heat to produce more steel; the teams manning the derricks who braved icy winds to extract oil. Day and night they created wealth for our motherland. The places where they worked were like the battlefields of the war years, with each man a heroic soldier of the vanguard. These brilliant scenes of socialist construction

were the most magnificent symphony music on earth. And these superb achievements, as well as the heroes responsible for them, must be splendidly portrayed in our socialist music. To speak of creating "the voice of our age" while ignoring this aspect is only empty talk.

Our socialist reality is incomparably rich. In the three great revolutionary movements* the workers, peasants and soldiers have achieved miracles. If we act according to Chairman Mao's instructions and plunge into these movements, we shall find an inexhaustible source for our creative work and will receive a great education ourselves. Last year I spent some time in the part of Hsingtai affected by the earthquake. On every side I heard stories of the love which the poor and lower-middle peasants have for Chairman Mao; on every side I saw the heroism with which the people armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought were battling with natural calamities. We put on a show one day for the disabled, and started singing a song in praise of Chairman Mao and the PLA. We couldn't finish it, though. We were interrupted by the peasants, tears streaming down their cheeks as they shouted, "Long live Chairman Mao!" Why did they welcome our performance so warmly? Because the song was so good? Because we sang so well? No. Because we were singing of the red sun in our hearts, our great Chairman Mao. I went back to my lodgings too much moved to sleep and stayed awake all night thinking. I recalled what I had learned from Chairman Mao's *Talks* when I read it for the first time in the enemy's rear while we were countering a "mopping-up" campaign. I recalled the arduous yet happy life of combat of our cultural troupes in the army during the War of Resistance Against Japan and the War of Liberation; I also thought of the situation of our literary and art workers now. That was an unforgettable night for me. The masses had taught me so much that from the depths of my heart I too cried: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

Chairman Mao says: **"No revolutionary writer or artist can do any meaningful work unless he is closely linked with the masses,**

*Class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment.

gives expression to their thoughts and feelings and serves them as a loyal spokesman.” As I thought over this injunction again, how it warmed my heart! At the same time I reflected with a pang that for the last ten years and more I had not acted entirely in accordance with Chairman Mao’s teachings. I realized that a Communist who shows enthusiasm in promoting feudal and capitalist art, but no zeal in promoting socialist art, is betraying the proletariat.

In the great proletarian cultural revolution initiated by Chairman Mao himself, the masses have swept like an angry tide to topple the “Court of the King of Hell” which dominated literary and art circles, and China’s Khrushchov, the chief boss behind the scenes. The leadership of literature and art is being seized back into the hands of the proletarian revolutionaries, who are establishing the absolute supremacy of Mao Tse-tung’s thought on literature and art. This is splendid and of the utmost significance. I count myself fortunate, and young literary and art workers doubly fortunate. Now the masses in their tens of millions are using both the spoken and written word to denounce the handful of top Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road, lopping off the black hands they have thrust into so many fields. The revolutionaries in literary and art circles are determined to struggle against, overthrow and discredit the authorities in literary and art circles taking the capitalist road as well as the reactionary academic “authorities.” The brilliant prospects for our country’s proletarian literature and art fill me with tremendous excitement. Comrade Chiang Ching, a bold fighter in the great proletarian cultural revolution, has broken through countless obstructions and taken a hand herself in establishing a number of revolutionary model operas and model musical compositions for us. These are examples of literature and art serving proletarian politics, serving socialism and serving the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are the most brilliant embodiment of Mao Tse-tung’s thought on literature and art. Revolutionary musicians can surely advance boldly along this road and struggle for the composition of proletarian music and songs in praise of the entrance of the world’s people into the great age of Mao Tse-tung’s thought.

Epics of the Victory of People’s War

The victory of the Chinese revolution is the victory of people’s war. The history of the Chinese revolution is the history of people’s war. It is the sacred duty of proletarian art and literature to correctly reflect and warmly praise people’s war, and to praise the tens of thousands of heroic characters who have emerged from people’s war. However, for a long time, monsters such as Lu Ting-yi, Chou Yang and Lin Mo-han in art and literary circles, supported by the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, following closely behind the Khrushchov revisionist clique, advocated the most reactionary nonsense— “oppose the smell of gun-powder” and “discard the classics and rebel against orthodoxy” —and frenziedly cursed revolutionary war. Under their auspices, a number of poisonous weeds opposing people’s war and praising bourgeois pacifism appeared.

This article was written by the revolutionaries of the People’s University in Peking.

It was in these circumstances that Comrade Chiang Ching came forward to organize and lead the revolutionary comrades in literary and art circles, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and persisting in Chairman Mao's proletarian line on art and literature. She waged a tit-for-tat struggle against Chou Yang's black gang and successfully created a number of works of art and literature praising people's war. *Tunnel Warfare*, *Guerrillas on the Plain*, *Fighting North and South* and *The Battle of Sangkumryung* are four of the fine films.

To propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought or to belittle Mao Tse-tung's thought? To show the triumphant road of people's war or to curse people's war? To praise the great people's army, the great Chinese people and the revolutionary relationship between the army and the people or to slander the people's army, to vilify the revolutionary people and to distort the relationship between the army and the people? Here lies the fundamental demarcation line between proletarian art and literature and bourgeois and revisionist art and literature.

The themes of these four films are the Chinese people's War of Resistance Against Japan, War of Liberation and War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea. They embody the victorious road of people's war, present the people's army, reflect the revolutionary relationship between the army and the people, and warmly praise the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. Chairman Mao's thinking on people's war runs, like a red line, through these four films.

The Army and the People Are the Foundation of Victory

Chairman Mao says: **"The richest source of power to wage war lies in the masses of the people." "The revolutionary war is a war of the masses; it can be waged only by mobilizing the masses and relying on them."** People's war means organizing the masses in their millions to form a vast sea in which to drown the enemy, and arming the masses in order to wage a powerful campaign of encirclement in which the enemy would find themselves

in dire straits. The process of waging people's war is the process of mobilizing, organizing and arming the masses.

These four films vividly embody Chairman Mao's brilliant concept that **"the army and the people are the foundation of victory."**

In *Tunnel Warfare*, the people of Kao Family Village are cruelly slaughtered by the ferocious Japanese invaders before they are mobilized and organized. After the secretary of the Party branch there, following Chairman Mao's instructions, bravely steps forward to train everyone as a soldier and make everyone participate in the war, the situation undergoes a fundamental change. The villagers no longer wait for death, empty-handed. With picks in one hand and guns in the other, they build a network of tunnels to form an underground "Great Wall" which reaches in all directions and is excellent for defensive as well as for offensive purposes. They bravely fight against the enemy both above and below the ground, forming an indestructible bastion of iron, ensuring that death overtakes the vicious enemy. Finally, they combine with the army's main forces, the local troops and the masses of the neighbouring villages, sweeping down like a raging torrent to completely and thoroughly wipe out the invaders. A tense militant atmosphere pervades the whole village; the people are filled with the joy of struggle and the happiness of victory.

In *Guerrillas on the Plain* the guerrilla forces led by Li Hsiang-yang are able to move freely on the plain among numerous enemy fortifications and blockade ditches as well as a net of highways, they are able to go in and out of the county seat although it is heavily guarded by enemy troops, and the villages strictly watched by special agents and traitors. That is because the broad masses of the people are behind them, protecting them and supporting their activities by every means at their command. Furthermore, they also have large numbers of the militia at their back. In the end the guerrillas occupy the county seat and win complete victory over Matsui. This is due to close co-ordination with the army's main forces and the masses of the people.

In *Fighting North and South* the victory won by our army is inseparable from the support given by Aunt Chao and the broad masses

of Yao Village in the base area, and co-ordination with the guerrillas. In the fight to protect the bridge, the holding of which is crucial to the whole battle, the guerrilla fighters play an important role. Here, the relationship between the PLA, the guerrillas and the masses is like that of family members.

Chairman Mao says: **“A revolutionary war is a mass undertaking; it is often not a matter of first learning and then doing, but of doing and then learning, for doing is itself learning.”** A people’s war is a big school. The masses of the people learn to wage warfare through warfare and constantly raise their level of strategy and tactics. The wisdom and talent of the masses are displayed most fully and completely in people’s war.

In *Tunnel Warfare* the tunnels first dug by the people of Kao Family Village serve only as a simple means of defence, a place in which to hide from the enemy. However, that is only passive defence. In their struggle they seek guidance from Chairman Mao’s writings and come to grasp the great truth: **“Destruction of the enemy is the primary object of war and self-preservation the secondary.”** **“Only by destroying the enemy in large numbers can one effectively preserve oneself.”** So they go ahead and improve on the tunnels, linking them together, making them waterproof, fireproof, gas-proof and “un-get-at-able” by the enemy, good both for defence and attack. Thus, they turn defensive tunnel warfare into active offensive tunnel warfare, raising tunnel warfare to a new height.

In *Guerrillas on the Plain* people are able to push guerrilla warfare to a victorious conclusion only after a lesson of blood. These films tell us that as long as we act according to Mao Tse-tung’s thought, mobilizing and relying on the masses, forming a threefold force of the main army, the local troops and the masses, and fighting shoulder to shoulder, we can overcome every difficulty, grow stronger in the course of fighting, and always be victorious.

The Strategy and Tactics of People’s War

These four films correctly express the strategy and tactics of people’s war.

Scientifically analysing every situation both on our side and that of the enemy, Chairman Mao correctly pointed out that the War of Resistance Against Japan led by our Party was a “protracted war” and decided that its strategy and tactics were: **“Guerrilla warfare is basic.”** *Tunnel Warfare* and *Guerrillas on the Plain* truthfully show how, during 1942 and 1943, the army and the people of the base area in the enemy’s rear in north China, led by the Party, hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought and, guided by the concept of “protracted war,” with everybody and every village fighting as a single unit, creatively wage guerrilla warfare on the plain. They defeat the cruel “mopping-up” of the Japanese invaders and smash the enemy’s policies of “burn all, kill all, loot all,” and of “nibbling” at our territory, thereby achieving a great victory.

Comrade Lin Piao has pointed out that due to the change in the balance of forces between us and the enemy, our strategy during the War of Liberation was based mainly on mobile warfare. *Fighting North and South* vividly describes how a detachment of the PLA, aided and supported by the militia and masses of the base area, unafraid of fatigue and taking no rest, advancing and withdrawing in bold strides, fiercely attacks, then charges and pursues the Chiang Kai-shek bandit troops. This is a brilliant example of mobile warfare in which a small force defeats a numerically superior enemy.

The Battle of Sangkumryung describes tunnel warfare on the Korean battlefield, stressing Chairman Mao’s concept of a war of annihilation. The Chinese People’s Volunteers, with very few forces at their command, firmly defend two ridges. Surmounting every difficulty and fighting for 24 days and nights, they tie down tens of thousands of U.S. aggressors, taking the initiative to attack and annihilate the enemy in large numbers. They wipe out more than 30,000 enemy troops on their position, which is less than three square kilometres, smashing the enemy’s “large-scale offensive” and laying a solid basis for our forces’ big victory along the whole front. This is a unique achievement in the history of war.

The development of people’s war in the Chinese revolution fully embodies Chairman Mao’s strategy and tactics of people’s war.

Imperialism and All Reactionaries Are Paper Tigers

“Imperialism and all reactionaries are paper tigers.” This great thesis is the basic point of Chairman Mao’s great strategy of people’s war. It is a powerful ideological weapon with which the Chinese people and the world’s revolutionary people can wage people’s war.

The great Chinese people, taught by Chairman Mao, clearly recognize the decadence of imperialism and all reactionaries who are outwardly strong but inwardly weak, divorced from the people and obstructing the development of history. This is their basic reactionary nature. Therefore the Chinese people dare to struggle, dare to win and despise all their enemies. In the face of armed invasion and bloody slaughter by the Japanese and U.S. imperialists and Kuomintang reactionaries, they show not the slightest cowardice or defeatism but resolutely resist with the revolutionary heroism of the proletariat. In specific struggles they strictly observe Chairman Mao’s teaching that, tactically, they should take the enemy seriously. They pay attention to the art of struggle, adopting the correct strategy to win complete victory in people’s war.

The guerrilla forces in *Guerrillas on the Plain* are few in number and poorly equipped. Yet they dare to tackle the barbarous Japanese forces under Matsui which have occupied the county seat and the villages. Kao Family Village in *Tunnel Warfare* lies on a vast plain, with no strategic advantages, and is menaced by the aggressors’ “strict blockade,” “fragmentation” and “repeated mopping-up.” But despite the fact that the main forces of the Eighth Route Army have gone to fight elsewhere, the villagers dare to keep up a steady resistance and to enlarge the scope of guerrilla warfare, evolving the tactics of tunnel warfare and opposing the enemy’s “mopping-up.” In *Fighting North and South* a battalion of our army dares to fight a decisive battle with one of Chiang Kai-shek’s armies which greatly outnumbers it and is equipped with aircraft, tanks and heavy artillery. The company of the Chinese People’s Volunteers in *The Battle of Sangkumryung* is cut off from the rear and surrounded by the enemy. Yet they dare to defend the tunnel to the last and put up an absolutely unyielding fight against the arrogant U.S. aggressors. In the end,

these people who dare to tackle the Japanese imperialists, Kuomintang reactionaries and U.S. gangsters armed to the teeth, be they guerrillas on the plain, the people of Kao Family Village, army units fighting north and south, or the heroic Eighth Company defending the tunnel on Sangkumryung Ridge for 24 days and nights, all win splendid victory. Every enemy, without exception, meets his doom. Why? There is only one answer: Chairman Mao’s brilliant thesis that **“imperialism and all reactionaries are paper tigers”** guides our people in fighting the enemy; Chairman Mao’s brilliant teaching **“dare to struggle and dare to win”** illuminates their path and enables them to win victory.

It Is People, Not Things, Who Determine the Outcome of a War

Imperialism, modern revisionism and all reactionaries make propaganda everywhere, and their theory is that weapons decide everything. They are trying to intimidate the world’s revolutionary people, so that they will not rise up and make revolution. We resolutely oppose this fallacy. To us, **“weapons are an important factor in war, but not the decisive factor; it is people, not things, that are decisive.”** People are living; weapons dead. It is people who must handle weapons. The primary factor is people. Those who finally resolve problems are the people armed with Mao Tse-tung’s thought. These four films fully embody this brilliant teaching of Chairman Mao’s, eloquently proving that the Chinese people armed with Mao Tse-tung’s thought are invincible.

The action in *Tunnel Warfare* and *Guerrillas on the Plain* takes place during the War of Resistance Against Japan. At that time the Japanese imperialists thought that since they had aircraft and heavy artillery they could conquer China and all Asia. They did not realize that the Chinese people cannot be bullied. The Chinese people, under the leadership of the Party and Chairman Mao, taking up spears and shouldering rifles, plunged into the great War of Resistance.

The Japanese marauders relied upon modern weapons, while we relied upon the masses who were imbued with a high degree of revolutionary political consciousness. The enemy had aircraft

and heavy artillery; we had landmines, rifles and hand-grenades. The enemy built fortifications and dug trenches; we built a "Great Wall" underground. Thus, courtyard was linked with courtyard, village with village, to form a complex of strongholds; and these were manned everywhere by the angry masses with rifles at the ready, to take revenge. The enemy were in a desperate situation, unable to flee and unable to find any target of attack. Their aircraft, heavy artillery and machine-guns were of no more use to the Japanese devils than scrap iron. Our rifles, hand-grenades, clubs and red-tasselled spears, when we took them from the entrance of a tunnel, beside a kitchen stove, the corner of a wall or behind a door, became "new-type" weapons to wipe out the enemy. *Tunnel Warfare* and *Guerrillas on the Plain* truthfully reflect the miracles performed by our guerrillas and militia, basing themselves on the flexible strategy and tactics laid down by Chairman Mao, in defeating the foreign devils with native weapons, during the War of Resistance Against Japan. Such films greatly heighten the morale of the revolutionary people and deal a heavy blow to the arrogance of the enemy.

Fighting North and South tells about the War of Liberation, *The Battle of Sangkumryung* about the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea. In the former war we fought against the Chiang Kai-shek reactionaries supported by the U.S.A.; in the latter we dealt directly with the Number One enemy of the world's peoples — U.S. imperialism.

U.S. imperialism not only had more aircraft and artillery than the Japanese before them; they also had nuclear weapons and atom bombs. With this superiority they meant to kill the young People's Republic of China in its cradle. However, the U.S. gangsters miscalculated. They had chosen the wrong opponent. In the autumn of 1952, U.S. imperialism sent tens of thousands of troops, countless aircraft, artillery and tanks to launch a frenzied attack on Sangkumryung Ridge — an important military stronghold on the 38th Parallel. The Eighth Company defending the position on the main peak was confronted with a strong enemy and numerous hardships. But they knew that they were fighting for their motherland and for

world peace. They vowed to resolutely wipe out the invaders and not let an inch of the position be lost.

The enemy's artillery can only cut down mountain tops and smash rocks; it can never destroy the fighters' determination to defend their motherland and world peace. These heroic fighters, with boundless loyalty to the motherland, the people and Chairman Mao, and with a lofty internationalist spirit, surmounted inconceivable difficulties. **"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)."** Using rifles, bayonets and hand-grenades, they inflicted heavy casualties on enemies possessing modern weapons and won the glorious Battle of Sangkumryung Ridge — a world-shaking victory.

Comrade Lin Piao says: "What is the best weapon? It is not aircraft, heavy artillery, tanks or the atom bomb. The best weapon is the thought of Mao Tse-tung. What is the greatest fighting power? It is the men who are armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung. It is courage, not to fear to die." This truth is vividly attested by these four films.

Revolutionary Heroism and Revolutionary Optimism

All Right opportunists and revisionists, without exception, curse and oppose revolutionary war, raising pacifist slogans to counter the Marxist view of war. In the present-day international communist movement, Khrushchov of the Soviet Union has put forward the reactionary slogans of "peaceful co-existence, peaceful transition and peaceful competition" and a "Party of the whole people" and "state of the whole people." China's Khrushchov also advocates the line of capitulating to the imperialists, the revisionists and the reactionaries of different countries and stamping out the flames of world revolution. To meet this political need they utilized novels and films in the field of art and literature to exaggerate the horror and cruelty of war, attributing all the misfortunes of mankind to war and opposing all wars whatsoever. In reality, as Chairman Mao says, **"Revolutions and revolutionary wars are inevitable in**

class society, and without them it is impossible to accomplish any leap in social development..." "The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is the central task and the highest form of revolution." "We Communists oppose all unjust wars that impede progress, but we do not oppose progressive, just wars." Therefore, works of literature and art describing revolutionary wars must energetically advocate revolutionary heroism and optimism. Such works will encourage and strengthen the people and fill them with the confidence that the revolution will be victorious, so that they will cast away illusions and take up the road of armed revolution. These four films play such a role.

They describe the struggle in three historical periods of China's revolution. The enemies we confronted were the strongest in the world. They possessed modern weapons; their ranks were enormous; they were most barbarous and ferocious, carrying out a series of inhuman tactics such as the policy of "burn all, kill all, loot all," the "policy of blockhouses" and the "scorched earth policy." There were many difficulties; the struggle was arduous. It was absolutely necessary for these films to describe the hardships of war. By so doing they tell the people that the victory of the Chinese revolution has not been won easily; all ideas of winning victories by luck without hard and bitter struggles are very wrong. At the same time, by describing the hardships of war, it is possible to portray the characters of the heroic figures, showing how they grow in stature through arduous struggles. While presenting the hardships of the struggle, these films do not exaggerate the horror of war. The basic tone is always militant. The films are permeated with revolutionary heroism and optimism. Our fighters confronting hardships and a sinister enemy fight bravely on, wave upon wave. They firmly believe that victory belongs to them. These films fully embody the heroic spirit expressed in these words, **"This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield."**

These four films are songs in praise of people's war, epics of the victory of people's war, a summary in an art form of the road of

people's war which the Chinese people have trodden, led by the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao. They are the fruit of the victory won by the proletarian revolutionaries in art and literary circles, represented by Comrade Chiang Ching, in their struggle against the black counter-revolutionary revisionist line on art and literature. They are a resounding slap in the face for all who have betrayed people's war, including the Khrushchov clique and the Chinese top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road.

Today, the radiance of Mao Tse-tung's thought shines far and wide. Chairman Mao's theory of people's war is arming the world's revolutionary people, especially the oppressed nations and peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America. The practice of the Chinese revolution has already proved that the road of people's war leads to victory. The revolutionary people of Asia, Africa and Latin America advancing along this road are bound to win a splendid new world. People's war, on Chinese soil, has defeated Japanese imperialism, U.S. imperialism and its lackeys — the Chiang Kai-shek reactionaries. People's war on a world scale is bound to bury thoroughly and finally the most ferocious enemy of the people of the world — U.S. imperialism, and old and new colonialism.

Chairman Mao's Portraits Distributed All over the World

More than 840 million copies of portraits of Chairman Mao, or over five times the number produced in the preceding 16 years, were printed in the 11 months from July 1966 to the end of May 1967 by the revolutionary staff members and workers in China's photography and fine arts publication circles to meet the pressing demands of revolutionary people all over the world.

There are 33 different portraits of the great leader of the world's people. Printed in colour or in black and white, most of them show Chairman Mao reviewing the mighty army of the cultural revolution and his whole-hearted support for the revolutionary mass movement. These portraits have been supplied in large numbers to all of China and are distributed widely in vast areas covering Asia, Africa, Latin America and other continents.

Chairman Mao is the greatest Marxist-Leninist of the present era who, with genius, has creatively inherited, defended and developed Marxism-Leninism in an all-round way and raised it to a completely new stage, that of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The revolutionary people in all of China and all over the world look to Peking; their hearts turn to Chairman Mao. Thousands upon thousands of urgent telegrams, cables and letters come to Peking from inside and outside China with requests for Chairman Mao's portraits.

When obtaining a portrait of Chairman Mao, people say they feel as if he is at their side and this fills them with strength and confidence. Foreign friends often burst into cheers: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!" They all regard it as one of the happiest moments in their lives when they get a Chairman Mao portrait.

Speedy Development of Revolutionary Mass Criticism in Peking's Art and Literary Circles

Since July 1, the proletarian revolutionaries of art and literary units, art schools and colleges, film studios, museums and cultural relics departments in Peking, holding high the great banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, have launched a general offensive to liquidate the handful of top Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road in art and literary circles—Lu Ting-yi, Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han, Hsia Yen, Chi Yen-ming, Tien Han, Yang Han-sheng, Hsiao Wang-tung, Chen Huang-mei, Chang Chih-hsiang and Shao Chuan-lin. This mass criticism is the central task of the art and literary workers, the motive force for expediting their great alliance. It further reveals the struggle in the former Central Propaganda Department and Ministry of Culture between the two classes, two roads and two lines. It further exposes the criminal scheme of China's Khrushchov and his agents in art and literary circles to bring about a capitalist restoration and helps to eliminate the poisonous influence of their counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art.

Chairman Mao has pointed out: **"Those representatives of the bourgeoisie who have sneaked into the Party, the government, the army and various cultural circles are a bunch of counter-revolutionary revisionists. Once conditions are ripe, they will seize political power and turn the dictatorship of the proletariat into a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie."** During the past 17 years, and indeed for more than 30 years, Lu Ting-yi, Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han, Hsia Yen, Hsiao Wang-tung and company, protected and supported by the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, have sneaked into the Party and into art and literary circles, usurping leading posts and exercising a bourgeois

dictatorship over the proletariat. They did their best to push through their counter-revolutionary revisionist line, a black line based on bourgeois and modern revisionist art and literature as well as the so-called art and literature of the thirties. They created a murky atmosphere in art and literary circles and spread poisonous weeds, to prepare public opinion for a capitalist restoration in China. They were a bunch of counter-revolutionary revisionists of the type described by Chairman Mao. The struggle in art and literary circles is a life-and-death struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, for and against a capitalist restoration, a struggle to seize power in the ideological field.

Our revolutionary art and literary fighters have taken the first step in uniting together to unfold mass criticism and struggle, illuminated by the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung and guided by the Cultural Revolution Group Under the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. But they know that "the road after will be longer, the work greater and more arduous."

**With power and to spare we must pursue the tottering foe
And not ape Hsiang Yu the conqueror seeking idle fame.**

The broad ranks of our revolutionary art and literary fighters, with greater militancy and holding high the big banner of revolutionary criticism, are determined to fight on still more courageously, to completely repudiate, discredit and overthrow the handful of big and small Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road, to seize back all the positions of art and literature usurped by the counter-revolutionary revisionists. The great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought will fly all over Chinese art and literary circles, over all China and the world!

"The Night Battle at Sea" on Show

The Night Battle at Sea, a full-length play warmly praising the brilliant victory of our great supreme commander Chairman Mao's military thinking, had its première in Peking on the eve of the 40th anniversary of the founding of the Chinese People's Liberation Army.

This play was collectively produced by the ensemble of the proletarian revolutionaries in the three services of the PLA stationed in Peking and the "Red Rebel Fleet" of the art troupe of the general political department of the navy. It deals with the victorious sea battle of August 6, 1965, in which two Chiang Kai-shek warships, S.S. Chienmen and S.S. Changchiang, were sunk. The play pays warm tribute to the naval units guarding our motherland's southeast coast and the masses who, holding aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's teachings, giving prominence to politics and stepping up their combat readiness, have heroically repulsed the enemy. It brilliantly presents the great victory of Chairman Mao's military line, embodying the spirit of Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's maxim that the best weapon is Mao Tse-tung's thought; the greatest fighting power is people armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought; it is courage and no fear of death.

This play shows that the PLA is a people's army of a new type, infinitely loyal to Chairman Mao and with high proletarian political consciousness. Every word, every deed of the characters in the play glitters with the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, showing the stiff backbone of proletarian revolutionary fighters who dare to charge mountains of swords for the people, plunge into seas of fire for the revolution, engage in close combat, night combat and fight to the finish. The performance of this play is a powerful criticism and repudiation of the bourgeois line on army-building advocated by the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road and his agents in the armed forces, Peng Teh-huai and Lo Jui-ching.

The writing and performance of *The Night Battle at Sea* are a brilliant victory for Chairman Mao's thought on art and literature, a fine achievement of the great proletarian cultural revolution. Two years ago, following Chairman Mao's teachings that art and literature must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, and revolutionary artists and writers must go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, the proletarian revolutionaries of the navy's art troupe went to the front-line army units on the sea coast, to study, live and fight together with the soldiers. After they had come to know the fighters' thoughts, feelings, language and life, they wrote and performed this

play which propagates the tremendous power of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Its performance met with support and praise from PLA commanders and fighters as well as from the revolutionary masses.

Story-tellers in the Mass Criticism Movement

In Fengwei Commune in the suburbs of Shanghai, a group of story-tellers criticizing China's Khrushchov has emerged from the revolutionary mass criticism movement. Their stories are aimed at refuting various revisionist concepts of China's Khrushchov, each story debunking one viewpoint. This has given full play to the militant role of revolutionary stories in the current mass criticism.

The story-tellers bear in mind Chairman Mao's teaching that **"all our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use."** They have made up a series of stories with definite targets of attack, based on the crimes of China's Khrushchov exposed by the local poor and lower-middle peasants at accusation meetings and their bitter history of class oppression and class exploitation in the old society, as well as capitalist fallacies advocated by China's Khrushchov, such as the fallacies of "the dying out of class struggle" and "exploitation is meritorious," and his bourgeois reactionary line of attacking the revolutionary masses and revolutionary cadres. They tell these stories in tea-houses and in the fields, asking the poor and lower-middle peasants for their opinions and revising their scripts accordingly. Thus these revolutionary stories come from the masses and then go to the masses.

This group of story-tellers is a light cavalry unit propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought. Holding the red-covered *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, they tell stories wherever they go. Their stories have evoked a great response among the commune members, enabling the poor and lower-middle peasants to see the counter-revolutionary features of China's Khrushchov more clearly.

Performances by Somali Artists' Delegation

The Somali Artists' Delegation visited China and performed many items in July and August this year. In the dances and songs they presented, both Somali and Chinese, the artists warmly expressed the Somali people's love for our great leader Chairman Mao and eulogized the friendship between the Chinese and Somali people.

On the stage, golden light radiated from the backdrop showing a portrait of Chairman Mao, the red sun in the hearts of the world's people. With surging emotion the Somali artists, holding copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and standing before Chairman Mao's portrait, sang the Somali song *Sing the Praise of Chairman Mao* and the Chinese songs *The East Is Red*, *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* and *Long Live Chairman Mao*. There was stormy applause from the audience.

While the Somali artists were in Peking, Premier Chou En-lai and other leading comrades attended their performances and received all the members of the delegation.

做无产阶级和人民大众的“牛”

Be "Oxen" for the Proletariat and the Masses

要把立足点移到工农兵这方面来

Must Move Their Feet Over to the Side
of the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

一切共产党员，一切
yi chieh kung chan tang yuan, yi chieh
革命家，一切革命的艺术工作
ko ming chia, yi chieh ko ming ti wen yi kung tso
者，都应该学鲁迅的榜样，那
ch eh, tu ying kai hsueh lu hsun ti pang yang, tu
应该学鲁迅的榜样，做无产阶级和
ying kai hsueh lu hsun ti pang yang, tso wu chan chieh chi ho
人民大众的“牛”，鞠躬尽瘁，
jen min ta tsung ti "niu", chu kung chin tsui,
死而后已。鞠躬尽瘁，死而后已。
szu erh hou yi. chu kung chin tsui, szu erh hou yi.

All Communists, all revolutionaries, all revolutionary literary and art workers should learn from the example of Lu Hsun and be "oxen" for the proletariat and the masses, bending their backs to the task until their dying day.

我们的文艺工作者一定要
wo men ti wen yi kung tso chieh yi ting yao
完成这个任务，一定要把立足点
wan cheng chieh ko jen wu, yi ting yao pa li tsu tien
移过来，一定要把立足点移过
yi kuo lai, yi ting yao pa li tsu tien yi kuo
来，一定要在深入工农兵
lai, yi ting yao tsai shen ju kung nong ping
群众、深入实际斗争的过程中，在
chun tsung, shen ju shih chi tou cheng ti kuo cheng chung, tsai
学习马列主义和社会主义的
hsueh hsi ma ko szu chu yi ho hsueh hsi sheh hui ti
过程中，不断地移过来，移到
kuo cheng chung, chu chien ti yi kuo lai, yi tao

工 农 兵 这 方 面 来, 移 到 无 产 阶 级
kung nung piung cheh fang mien lai, yi tao wu chan chieh chi

这 方 面 来, 只 有 这 样, 只 有 这 样,
cheh fang mien lai. chih yu cheh yang, chih yu cheh yang,

我 们 才 能 有 真 正 为 工 农 兵 的 文
wo men tsai neng yu chen cheng wei kung nung piung ti wen

艺, 真 正 无 产 阶 级 的 文 艺。
yi, chen cheng wu chan chieh chi ti wen yi.

Our literary and art workers must accomplish this task and shift their stand; they must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the process of going into their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society. Only in this way can we have a literature and art that are truly for the workers, peasants and soldiers, a truly proletarian literature and art.

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The world has entered the great new era of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The revolutionary people of the world love Chairman Mao. They are eager to know how the Chinese people, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, are carrying out their great proletarian cultural revolution, building a socialist new China and supporting the struggles of the revolutionary people of the world against imperialism headed by the U.S.A., modern revisionism with the Soviet leading clique as its centre and reactionaries of all countries. Below is a list of periodicals published in China in English.

PEKING REVIEW, a weekly
CHINA PICTORIAL, a monthly
CHINA RECONSTRUCTS, a monthly
CHINESE LITERATURE, a monthly
CHINA'S MEDICINE, a monthly

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(Monthly in English and quarterly in French)

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- * Works reflecting the Chinese people's new socialist life and the great proletarian cultural revolution
- * Articles introducing the experience of Chinese literary and art workers and the masses of worker-peasant-soldier writers in carrying out Mao Tse-tung's line on literature and art
- * Literary and art criticism
- * Cultural activities in China
- * Modern Chinese art works

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